

The Shingle Blocker's Joke.

By CHARLES SLOAN REID.

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THE gleam of a pink frock far down the side of the mountain had caught Tom Awtry's eye, and he released the handle of the drag saw and sat down upon the log he was cutting. The sun showed little mercy to the shingle blocker, and Tom threw open his shirt front to invite the coolness of the breeze. His thoughts were pleasant, and they had been in that state for the past two weeks, ever since Tilly Martin had promised to become his wife. He now looked upon the old cabin with disgust. It was unfit for Tilly's occupancy. There must be a new one, and some good American dollars must be turned out of the shingle blocks before the thing could be accomplished. Under these circumstances time was precious, and the growth of the heap of sawdust at Tom's feet had a wonderful value to his eyes. But the sight of that pink frock among the laurel leaves down there along the stream brought to him the temptation to lose at least one half hour out of the morning's work.

Tilly was fishing, and with some success, for she was intensely interested and never once turned her face toward the side of the mountain above her where the shingle blocker was at work. Tom got up from the log and strode off toward the stream. The pink frock had remained motionless for some time, and Tom knew the fish were biting. When within a dozen steps of the bank of the stream a smile of mischief passed his lips, and he turned his swinging gait into a creeping step and moved stealthily forward until he was just behind Tilly, where she stood watching the bobbing of the line. Tom caught her by the arm, lifted her clear of the bank and dangled her form out over the water. Then there was a scream of fright that echoed down the gorge for a mile and started the pheasants from their hiding places among the undergrowth. But the scream had hardly escaped her lips when she was drawn back again and into the embrace of Tom, and the echo of his laughter followed that of the scream.

But when the moment of surprise had passed and Tilly had glanced up into Tom's face her cheeks went from the white light of fear to the danger signal of anger, and she broke from his arms and stood at bay against the trunk of a poplar. Her bosom rose and fell tumultuously, while two tears glistened in her eyes. Tom took a step



THERE WAS A SCREAM OF FRIGHT backward and allowed his chin to rest on his breast, crushed by the reproach of Tilly's eyes.

"Tilly, I—I—are ye mad with me?" Tilly caught her lower lip between her teeth and remained silent, her fingers working nervously. "For heaven's sake, Tilly, tell me ye ain't mad, so I can look up again!" But nothing came from Tilly save the sound of her still labored breathing. Tom's head remained bowed, and he waited a moment. The waters of the stream swished against the rocks, but the music of it did not at that moment appeal to the shingle blocker.

"Tilly! Oh, Tilly!" The cry came from the depths of his soul, and the tone of it seemed of cavernous origin. But there was only silence for an answer, and it cut into his heart like an edged tool. If he had taken a moment to consider how frightened she would be, this awful situation might have been avoided. But it was too late to think of that now. A weakness seized Tom's limbs, and, with head still bowed, he sank to his knees, with his hands outstretched imploringly.

"Tilly!" His voice was weaker, and the sadness of his tone was surely enough to declare the fullness of his repentance. "Tilly, ye're too pure an' sweet, an' yer heart's too good for ye not to forgive me."

In Tilly's eyes, her cheeks still glowed with the red fire of her vexation, her heart still stormed in her bosom, and she made no answer.

"An' ye won't forgive me, Tilly?" This time he had raised his eyes toward hers and waited. Under his gaze the two unshed tears slipped from the girl's eyes and hung upon her cheeks, and her white teeth released the quivering lower lip.

"I—I'll never forgive ye, Tom Awtry. So there! An' don't ye ever speak to me again!"

Catching up her apron, Tilly wiped the tears from her cheeks and turned quickly into the trail that led along the edge of the stream. Tom stood motionless and stared after her until the last vestige of the pink frock was buried from view among the interminable green of the laurel's foliage. Then, with his hat in his hand, he turned back up the hill toward his work. Slowly he went. The slow machinery of his brain was trying to bring out a clear realization of all that had happened. A choking sensation was struggling for a grip of his windpipe, and he tore away his shirt collar well down upon his shoulders. The plans for the new cabin now mocked him in his thoughts, and scattered to the winds was all the promised happiness of a lifetime, and all this for a little prank of mischief.

Meanwhile Tilly had wandered from the laurel path and had climbed a bowlder whence she could look back over the bluff, and she watched Tom climbing the mountain. Her anger was passing away, and already she regretted her impulsive speech. But it was now too late to recall it.

"Poor Tom!" she murmured, shading her eyes and peering through the timber. "Oh, he's so big an' strong! I'm just like a child in his hands. An' an' even if he had dropped me into the water it would not have been anything but a wetting for me—an' I have gone an' played such a fool! Poor Tom!"

She sat down on the rock and covered her face with her apron. "An' I told him never to speak to me again. I wonder if he will think I meant it sure 'nough."

A deep, audible sob came now, and Tilly's small body swayed from side to side. Presently her ears caught the swish of the drag saw far up the mountain, and she knew Tom had gone back to work.

Swish, swish, swish, swish! Tilly sat for an hour and listened. There was never a pause except for the few seconds required to change the saw for a new cut. At last the dinner horn sounded from over the stream, and Tilly went home. In the afternoon she came back to the bowlder to listen to the sound of Tom's saw.

Swish, swish, swish, swish, interminably. Tom stopped no more to rest, as he had been wont to do occasionally. There was a fierceness in the stroke and a rapidity of motion that accomplished wonders. It was work, work now, no matter what the muscles suffered.

Swish, swish, swish, swish! Tilly sat and listened through the whole afternoon. Oh, would he never stop one minute to rest his tired arms? At last the sun sank below the crown of the mountain, and when the shadow of night fell upon Tilly she drew a long breath of relief. But not until the last moment of the twilight was spent did the sound of the drag saw cease.

Tilly crept home again, picking her way along the trail that led through the laurel. An hour later the moon rose, and its white light outlined many a weird shadow on the rocks. Tilly stole out of the cabin, and sat upon the low veranda in front of the house. A terrible feeling of loneliness came over her. Tom had been coming almost every night to sit for an hour with her, to tell her every few minutes how much he loved her, to toy with her fingers and occasionally touch his lips to her forehead. Now he would not come. He would never come again. Maybe he would go away soon—out west, somewhere. A moan of intense heart-sickness escaped Tilly's lips, and she looked toward the moon for pity. Then presently a sound came to her ears from far away over the stream. It was faint, but clear.

Swish, swish, swish, swish! Tilly loved her face in her hands, and the tears scalded her fingers as they fell from her eyes.

Swish, swish, swish, swish! How the faint and faraway sound cut upon her ears! After awhile a man came to the door of the cabin from the inside.

"Tilly, what air ye settin' out here so late about?" He looked down upon the girl from the doorway.

"Nothin', dad," was the answer.

"Nothin'?" Well, then, I'd shore go to bed. Hello, what's that?"

Swish, swish, swish, swish! "Dinged if Tom Awtry ain't a-cuttin' shingle blocks by moonlight. Means to build that new cabin purty soon, I reckon, Tilly."

Tilly struggled to suppress the sob that rose in her throat.

"Well, Tom's not comin' here tonight, gal," said the man, "so ye'd as well go to bed."

"I'm goin' in a minute."

Tilly's minute lasted an hour, and the sound of the drag saw had not ceased when she went to bed. Late in the night, sleepless, she crept to the window, thrust her head out through the opening and listened.

Swish, swish, swish, swish! The sound smote upon her sense with sickening clearness, and she sank to her knees, dropping her head upon the window sill. A little later she went to sleep in this position and did not wake until the first peep of dawn.

The day passed, and another and another, and Tilly's misery deepened with the dawn of each succeeding one, and

especially since she could see from her place on the bowlder the growing weakness of the man who loved her. At so great a distance even she could see that he had grown pale, and once or twice she had seen him stumbling over trifles and catch at the saw frame for support. Saturday came, and Tilly welcomed the day. The next day would be Sunday and Tom must rest. But late in the afternoon of Saturday the drag saw stopped. Tom had sunk away from the handle and fallen to his knees. From the bowlder Tilly saw this and started forward. Then she stopped and retraced her steps, though for a moment she covered her eyes with her hands. When she looked again Tom was creeping and stumbling toward the cabin a hundred yards away from where he had been at work. Tilly watched him until the



ON THE FLOOR LAY TOM.

door was closed behind him; then she plunged into the laurel and sped along the trail toward home.

Sunday she went a number of times to the bowlder, whence she could see Tom's cabin, but not once was the door opened during the day. Monday the drag saw stood idle where the shingle blocker had left it. And now a new source of uneasiness came to Tilly. The silent, deserted look of Tom's cabin filled her with fear. It was not that she feared Tom had gone away. The unfinished work, the half cut shingle block and the disorder of things told her that he had not gone. Tom was ill—or Tilly clutched at her temples to stay the throbbing. No, Tom could not be dead.

Tuesday Tilly crept through the laurel, passed the base of the bowlder and went on slowly, but unhesitatingly, up the side of the mountain toward the cabin where Tom lived alone.

As she neared the cabin she quickened her step. Had she waited too long? Oh, if Tom would only speak to her when she rapped at the door! She stood a full minute with her small knuckles poised to strike the rough boards. Her heart beat tumultuously and her knees grew weak as she thought of what might have happened in that cabin.

At last the knuckles fell upon the board, and a faint, hollow tatter echoed from the interior. But no other sound came in answer. A terrible sense of horror fell upon Tilly, and a quick fever parched her lips and tongue. Then suddenly her knuckles beat a long nervous rattle upon the door, and, bowing her head against the board, she moaned:

"Oh, Tom!"

A moment elapsed, then—

"Tilly, Tilly!" came faintly from under the door.

With an exuberant joy Tilly reached for the latchstring, and the door swung inward. On the floor, with his head near the doorway, lay Tom. His face was sunken and sallow, and his eyes seemed far back in his head. Tilly clasped her hands and stood looking down upon him, that sickness of soul which had characterized her feelings for the last week again coming upon her.

"Tom, ye've been lyin' here since Saturday, ain't ye?" Tilly dropped by his side and took one of his hands in hers.

"An' it's all my fault, Tom. I heard yer saw goin' day an' night an' never stoppin', an' I was 'feared it was comin' to this."

"No, Tilly; it was all my fault. I—I didn't think it would scare ye so. An' arter what I'd done an' ye would not forgive me an' told me never to speak to ye again I had to work hard to keep from thinkin' about it all. Do ye forgive me now, Tilly?"

Tilly raised Tom's head on her arm and laid her cool fingers upon his brow.

"I forgive ye afore I got home, Tom, but I didn't want to go back an' tell ye. An'—an', Tom, if ye knowed how I been feelin' about it ever since I reckon ye'd forgive me."

"Forgive ye, Tilly? It's like-like takin' a peep into paradise to have ye back again. An' now when I get a little stronger we'll have that new cabin."

"Never mind the new cabin! Tom, the old one is good enough for the likes of me. An' now I'm goin' to help ye to bed an' get ye somethin' to eat."

"I'm a lot better now, Tilly. I just had a dizziness somehow. But I'm set on havin' the new cabin."

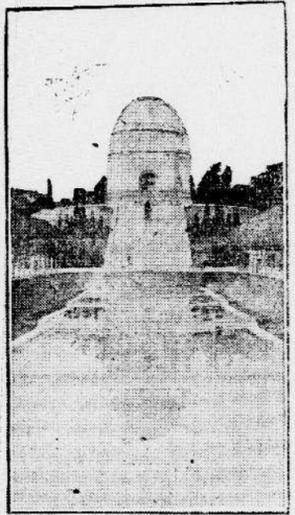
"Well, then, we'll have it, an' I'll bless every log ye touch." Tilly kissed him. And just then the sun, coming from behind a cloud, threw its warm glow through the doorway and across the cabin floor.

The McKinley Mausoleum.

THE American nation, which deeply reveres the memory of William McKinley, may take pride in the thought that a fitting resting place has been prepared for the dust of the departed statesman. This pride is increased by the reflection that the noble mausoleum at Canton in which his bones have now been placed was built through the generous offerings of the whole people.

The site of the mausoleum is the summit of a hill which rises from the borders of Canton's principal city of the dead, Westlawn cemetery. The Memorial association acquired about twenty-six acres of land adjoining the cemetery and laid it out with the idea of making the surroundings of the tomb as effective as possible.

The tomb itself is about a hundred feet in height, and the summit of the



THE MAUSOLEUM AT CANTON.

hill upon which it stands is some seventy-five feet above the surrounding level. The memorial is of circular form, with a nobly proportioned dome the material of the whole being pink Milford granite. On the interior Doric columns have been used, together with subdued light, to impart a solemn effect, and the walls are finished in light gray Knoxville marble. The sarcophagi containing the bronze caskets in which the remains of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley have been placed are of black and green polished granite, and the flooring beneath them is composed of several rare varieties of granite and marble in different colors. In the wall of the tomb are niches for the caskets containing the bodies of Mr. McKinley's two children.

Upon the grand stairway which leads up to the entrance to the tomb is a bronze heroic statue of Mr. McKinley and over the entrance is a lunette containing appropriate allegorical figures. Both statue and lunette are the work of Charles Henry Niehaus. The statue represents McKinley in the attitude of delivering his Pan-American address one hand holding his manuscript and the other pushed into his pocket.

The stairway where the statue stands is sixty-five feet in height, and at the foot of the broad flight of steps is a basin of water some 500 feet in length, technically known as the "Lengwater," in which the reflection of the tomb may be seen. The drive-ways, walks and other approaches



STATUE OF MCKINLEY BY NIEHAUS.

form, together with the mausoleum itself, a design suggestive of a cross and sword, symbolizing the fact that McKinley was a soldier in war, a chief magistrate in time of war and a martyr in time of peace.

The memorial was built from the plans of H. Van Buren Magonigle of New York and cost \$275,000, about \$100,000 of the fund raised being held in reserve for the maintenance of the tomb and its surroundings. The chairman of the Memorial association, which credit is due for the results accomplished, is Justice William R. Day

AN ADDRESS.

To the Democratic Voters of Caddo Parish, Louisiana.

Fellow Citizens: I desire to announce my candidacy to become one of your four representatives in the next Legislature. Many important questions involving the future welfare of our State will doubtless come up for consideration during the next session of the General Assembly and I sincerely trust I am sufficiently informed and actuated by such patriotic motives as may enable me to represent you creditably, honorably, and with such a degree of ability as this splendid parish is entitled to have in our legislative halls. In this campaign permit me to say at the outset, I am not the candidate of any faction whatever, nor will I represent any special class, but propose to deal fairly, justly and conscientiously with all questions that may come up for consideration. I would not exchange my political freedom for all the offices in the State, but at the same time I concede to all others the same political privileges to which they are entitled, so that I am prepared to serve all the people to the best of my ability, and to them alone I appeal for support.

In submitting my candidacy, it is but right that some expression should be given to the views entertained by me on public questions as well as the principles for which I shall stand in the General Assembly in case you shall honor me as your representative.

First—I am a Democrat and believe that the principles of that party when rightly applied will solve all the ills of our body politic. Its crowning doctrine of "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none" shall be my guiding star in all matters of government.

Second—I shall favor a financial policy looking to the utilization of the sinking fund as at present authorized for the speedy retirement of our enormous State debt, saving thereby nearly a half million dollars annually in interest that can be devoted to our public schools and other beneficial objects. I would support legislation having this object in view as well as the funding of our present bonded indebtedness at a lower rate of interest than we are paying at the present, making an additional saving of over one hundred thousand dollars per annum.

Third—Legislation should be enacted to require the State Board of Liquidation to obtain the highest rate of interest obtainable on the State deposit properly secured by State or other solvent bonds subject to the approval of the board. The number of fiscal agents should be increased so that all of the State's funds would not be kept on deposit in New Orleans alone, but each Congressional District should have a share of this deposit.

Fourth—I favor allowing the poll tax requirement as a prerequisite for voting to remain as at present. It has been tried and proven satisfactory to the people and constantly changing legislation in regard to suffrage requirements is not desirable. We want such legislation as will secure a free ballot and a fair count and simplified so that the ordinary citizen can vote intelligently on all questions submitted. I am rather inclined to the idea that each voter should register his political alignment as they do in New York. In this way only known registered Democrats can participate in our primaries and make nominations. No good Democrat is ashamed of his party nor does he want Republicans and other party men participating in our primaries, and yet in the heat of a political contest they are much inclined to do so.

Fifth—I most heartily favor amplifying and enlarging the powers of our Railroad Commission as may be recommended by them in their wisdom. The question of lower passenger rates is one entirely for the Railroad Commission to thoroughly investigate and deal out equal and exact justice between the railroads and the people. They have full authority to lower the rates. I most earnestly favor legislation abolishing what is commonly known as the railroad lobby of Third House. They participate in all kinds of legislation in order to "log roll" for some pet railroad measure or against some good legislation amplifying the powers of our Railroad Commission. I believe they more injuriously effect legislation than any other cause in existence today. They should be put out of business or else the railroads will eventually control all legislation.

Sixth—Some legislation is needed in establishing an equitable fee bill for our sheriffs and clerks. There are many inequalities at present. It is said the Secretary of State receives an enormous salary in fees. If this be so, and doubtless it is, then he should be paid a fair salary, clerical force provided and all fees paid into the State Treasury.

Seventh—We should still further reduce the rate of State taxation to fair limits if the increased assessments at that rate will provide for the expenses of the government. Our appropriation bill should be cut down to the realizable expenses of the State, economically administered, and large appropriations should not be made based on voting up the sinking fund as at present authorized, as well as the prospective revenues to be derived from increased assessments. This is a poor business policy and I would oppose all such appropriations.

Eighth—I favor such additional legislation as will insure the greatest safety to the public, who deposit their funds in the 180 State banks existing in Louisiana. If such legislation is offered by me while Bank Examiner, had been adopted some of the disastrous failures that occurred during the past year would not have happened. We should be too careful in safeguarding the people's money deposited in State banks. We can not legislate honesty into them, but we can guard against mismanagement and at the same time punish the criminal. Such shall be my purpose in this connection.

Ninth—I favor an increased appropriation for our public schools and believe the education of the masses one of the greatest benefactions we can bestow on the human race. The dark cloud of illiteracy is fast disappearing from our State under the shining rays of an enlightened public conscience. Let the good work go on.

Tenth—Ample provision should continue to be made for our Confederate Veterans, on whose every ragged gray cap the Lord God laid the sword of His imperishable knighthood. Also we should have suitable memorial monuments and tablets on the various battlefields to commemorate the valorous deeds of the sons of Louisiana.

Eleventh—Capital and labor, as we must all recognize, are interdependent. In fact we are more dependent on the labor of the country than on capital. The poet well expressed the idea when he said:

"All fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and labor
does decay;
For a bold yeomanry, a country's pride,
When ~~the~~ destroyed, can never be supplied."

The position of Labor Commissioner should largely be removed from politics and made subject to the selection of the various labor organizations of the State. While I am engaged in the banking business as the employe of the stockholders, I recognize the fact that we can not prosper unless labor is given its honest dues and unless the farmer obtains a fair return for his days of toil. I would favor all legislation tending to secure more cordial relationship between both classes of our citizens, as well as a speedy and equitable determination of all disputes that may unavoidably arise in the course of their dealings, and with the other. Some one has well said that while other nations have grown great by conquering weaker ones and despoiling colonies, ours has grown the greatest and richest by the peaceful development of its citizens. Let us endeavor to establish a greater community of interest and better mutual understanding and sympathy between all the wealth producing masses of our citizens. Reared in our State as a country boy, and now residing in one of our chief cities, I believe I can well appreciate the sentiments that actuate all our fellow citizens, without regard to locality.

Twelfth—There are many other matters that will doubtless come up for consideration at the next General Assembly, which I would favor, such as adequate game laws for the protection of birds and fish, provision for good road districts, increasing the bonds of certain tax collectors, placing additional safeguards around the State's funds, punishing miscegenation and other subjects of vital interest to the people of this State. I am a citizen of Sreveport and Caddo parish, where it is my purpose to reside the remainder of my life, hence I have an abiding interest in the future welfare of this portion of our splendid commonwealth. It shall always be my aim to use every effort in my power for the upbuilding of our city, parish and State, physically, morally and intellectually, and vote for that which is just and right. Having a very wide acquaintance throughout the State of Louisiana, I believe I am in a position to render good service to the people of this parish in securing desirable legislation. I can only do my best and render to you a faithful account of my stewardship, and if I shall receive the plaudit "well done good and faithful servant" my recompense will be ample. I have no words of criticism for any other candidate for this position, but I trust that out of the four representatives to which Caddo is entitled, you can see your way clear to favorably consider my selection as one of the number. Such a mark of your confidence will be mostly highly appreciated and my conduct shall always be such I trust as to merit this mark of your confidence and esteem.

L. E. THOMAS.

SUCCESSION NOTICE.

No. 11,508—In First District Court of Louisiana: Succession of Ben F. Gilliland.

State of Louisiana, Parish of Caddo: Notice is hereby given that Mrs. Mary C. Gilliland has this day applied to be appointed administratrix of said succession, and unless opposition be made thereon within the time specified by law, she will be appointed as aforesaid. Witness the Honorable A. J. Murff, judge of said court, this 9th day of September, 1907.

R. A. LEONARD,
Clerk.