

THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

She looked up at him appealingly. "Don't make fun of such things, Tom. Love is sacred." "I never knew you from making fun of things in my life. I mean it with every drop of blood in me. You said you didn't want to find me changed; I'm not changed in that, at least." "You ridiculous boy!" she said; but that was only a stop-gap, and Longfellow added another by coming to a stand opposite a vast obstruction of building material half damming the white road. "What are you doing here—building more additions?" she asked. "No," said Tom. "It is a new plant—a pipe foundry."

"Don't tell me we are going to have more neighbors in Paradise," she said, in mock concern. "I'll tell you something that may shock you worse than that: the owner of this new plant has camped down right next door to Deer Trace." "How dreadful! You don't mean that?" "Oh, but I do. He's a young man, of poor but honest parentage, with a large eye for the main chance. I shouldn't be surprised if he took every opportunity to make love to you."

"How absurd you can be, Tom! Who he?" "He is Mr. Caleb Gordon's son. I think you know him, but you don't; nobody does."

"Really, Tom? Have you gone into business for yourself? I thought you had another year at Boston."

"I have another year coming to me, but I don't know when I shall get it. And I am in business for myself; though perhaps I should be modest and call it a firm—Gordon & Gordon. I built this new firm, and it is all that has kept Chiawassee from going into the sheriff's hands any time during the past six months. Duxbury Farley and his son had deliberately wrecked the company."

"You must not say such things of Mr. Farley and his son to me. If you do, I can't listen."

"You don't believe what I say?" "I believe you have convinced yourself. But you are vindictive; you know you are. And I mean to be fair and just."

"Tell me one thing, Ardea, and maybe I'll shut my mouth. What is Vincent Farley to you—anything more than Eva's brother?"

"Another young woman might have claimed her undoubted right to evade such a pointed question. But Ardea saw safety only in instant frankness."

"He has asked me to be his wife, Tom."

"And you have consented?" "I wonder if I have," she said, half-misleadingly.

"Don't you know?" he demanded. "And then, 'Ardea, I'd rather see you dead and in your coffin! You don't know Vint Farley!'"

"Don't I? My opportunities have been very much better than yours," she retorted.

"That may be, but I say you don't know him. He is a white snake!"

"But you can see your particulars," she insisted. "And the evidence is all on the other way."

"The evidence isn't all one-sided," he asserted. "If you were a man, I could convince you in two minutes that both of the Farleys are rascals and hypocrites."

"Yet they are your father's business associates," she reminded him.

He saw the hopelessness of any argument on that side, and was silent again, this time until they had passed the Deer Trace gates and he had cut the buggy for the great Greek-pillared portico of the manor-house.

When he had helped her out, she thanked him and gave him her hand quite in the old way; and he held it while he asked a single blunt question.

"Tell me one thing more, Ardea: do you love Vincent Farley?"

Her swift blush answered him, and he did not wait for her word.

"That settles it; you needn't say it to so many words. I love you—love you as this man never will, never could. And with half his chance, I could have made you love me."

"Don't tempt please don't," she begged, trying to free her hand.

"I must for this once; then we'll quit and go back to the former things. You said a while ago that I was vindictive; I'll show you that I am not. When the time comes for me to put my foot on Vint Farley's neck, I'm going to spare him for your sake. Then you'll know what it means to have a man's love. Good-by; I'm coming over for a few minutes this evening if you'll let me."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Brother Japheth had concluded some business at the new foundry and the architect who was building the latest extension to the pipe-hill floor was heading across the yard to consult with young boys. Pettler paused with his foot in the stirrup to say, "Old Tom Bryerson's on the rampage again; folks up at the valley head say he's a-lookin' for you, Tom-Jeff."

"For me?" said Tom; then he laughed easily. "I don't owe him anything, and I'm not very hard to find. What's the matter?"

He thought it a little singular at the time that Japheth gave him a curious look and mounted and rode away without answering his question. But the building activities were clamoring for time and attention, and his father was willing to consult him about a run of iron that was not quite up to the pipe-making test requirements. So he forgot Japheth's half-accusing glance at parting, and the implied warning that had preceded it, until an incident at the day's end reminded him of both.

The incident turned on the fact of his walking home, ordinarily he strolled work when the furnace whistle blew, riding home with his father behind old Longfellow; but on this particular evening Kindinger, the architect, missed his South Tredegar train, and Tom spent an extra hour with him, discussing further and future possibilities of expansion. Kindinger got away on a later train, and Tom closed his office and took the long mile up the pike afoot in the dusk of the autumn evening, thinking pointedly of many things mechanical and industrial, and never by any chance forgetting to be waiting for him at the Woodlawn gate.

His hand was upon the latch of the

ornamental side-wicket opening on the home foot-path when a woman, crouching in the shadow of a great maple, rose suddenly and stood before him. He did not recognize her at first; it was nearly dark, and her head was snooded in a shawl. Then she spoke, and he saw that it was Nancy Bryerson—a Nan sadly and terribly changed, but must much of the old-curvature of face and form still remaining.

"You don't forget me, Tom-Jeff?" she asked; and then, at his start of recognition: "I allow I have changed some."

"Surely I haven't forgotten you, Nan. But you took me by surprise; and I can't see in the dark any better than most people. What are you doing down here in the valley so late in the evening?" He tried to say it superiorly, paternally, as an older man might have said it.

"You allow it ain't fittin' for me to be out alone after night?" she, with a hard little laugh. "I reckon it ain't fittin' to hurt me none; anyways, I had to come. Paw's been red-eyed for a week, and he's huntin' for you, Tom-Jeff."

"Huntin' for me?" Well, I'm not very hard to find," he said, unconsciously repeating the answer he had made to the horse-trader's warning.

"Couldn't you make out to go off somewhere for a little spell?" she asked, half-pleadingly.

"Run away, you mean? Hardly; I'm too busy at present. Besides, I haven't any quarrel with your father; what's he making trouble about now?"

She put her face in her hands, and though she was silent, he could see that she was shaking her. Being neither more nor less than a man, her tears made him foolish. He put his arm about her and tried to find the comforting word.

How Ardea and Miss Euphrasia, going the roundabout way from one house to the other to avoid the dew-wet grass of the lawn, came fairly within arms' reach before he saw or heard them, remained a thing inexplicable. But when he looked up they were there, Miss Euphrasia stridently herself aloof in virtuous disapproval, and Ardea looking as if some one had suddenly shown her the head of Medusa.

Tom separated himself from Nan in a half-hearted confusion and stood as a culprit taken in the act. Nan hid her face again and turned away. It was Miss Dabney the younger who found words to break the smothering silence.

"Don't mind us, Mr. Gordon," she said, leily. "We were going to Woodlawn to see if your father and mother could come over after dinner."

Tom smote himself alive and made haste to meet the foot-path gate for them. There was nothing more said, or to be said; but when they were gone and he was once more alone with Nan, he was fighting desperately with a very manlike passion to smother something to relieve the writhing pressure by leaving somebody.

"You were going to tell me about your father," he said, striving to hold the interruption as if it had not been, and yet fingering in every nerve to his feet. "Did you come all the way down the mountain to warn me?"

"I had to come anyway. He run me out, paw did."

"Ejaculated Tom, pricking now with a new sensation. "And you haven't any place to stay?"

She shook her head.

"No, I was allowin' maybe your paw'd let me sleep where you-uns keep the hawsees—jest for a little spell till I could make out what-all I'm goin' to do."

He was too careful to be quite clear-sighted. Yet he conceived that he had a duty laid on him. Once in the foolish, infatuated long-ago he had told her he would take care of her; he remembered it, doubtless she was remembering it, too. But her suggestion was not to be considered for a moment.

"I can't let you go to the stables," he objected. "The horse-boys sleep there. But I'll put a roof over you, some way. Wait here a minute till I come back."

His thought was to go to his mother and ask her help; but half-way to the house his courage failed him. Since the breach in spiritual confidence he had been better able to see the lovable side of his mother's faith; but he could not be blind to that quality of hardness in it which even in such chastened souls as Martha Gordon's, finds expression in woman's inhumanity to woman.

Ardea and her cousin were still in the way.

He swung on his heel undecided. On the hillside back of the new foundry there was a one-roomed cabin built on the Gordon land years before by a horse-trader, and Tom remembered that the few bits of furniture had not been removed when the old watchman died. Would the miserable shack do for a temporary refuge for the outcast? He concluded it would have to do; and, making a wide circuit of the house, he went around to the stables to harness a couple of the buggy. Luckily, the negroes were all in the detached kitchen, eating their supper, so he was able to go and come undetected.

When he drove down to the gate he found Nan waiting where he had left her; but now she had a bundle in her arms. As he got out to swing the driveway grille, the house door opened; a flood of light from the Ardea lamp handed the lawn, and there were voices and footsteps on the veranda. He turned a nervous glance over his shoulder; Ardea and her cousin were returning down the foot-path. Wherefore the made haste, meaning not to be caught again, if he could help it. But the fates were against him. Longfellow, snatching ruthlessly from his half-emptied oat-bin, made equivocal protest, yawning and being and earning himself a savage cut of the whip before he consented to place the buggy at the stone mounting-step.

"Quick!" said Tom, rising the reins on the dashboard. Chuck your bundle under the seat and climb in!"

But Nan was moving slowly, and when she tried to get in with the bundle still in her arms, the buggy in hood was in the way. Tom had to help her, was in the act of lifting her to the seat, when the wicket latch clicked and Ardea and Miss Euphrasia came out.

They passed on without comment, but Tom could feel the electric shock of righteous scorn through the back of his head. That was why he drove half-

way to the lower end of the pike before he turned on Nan to say:

"What is that bundle you're so careful of? Why don't you put it under the seat?"

"I reckon you wouldn't want me to do that, Tom-Jeff," she answered, simply. "It's my baby—my little Tom."

It was struck dumb. It often happens that in the fiercest storm of gossip the one most nearly concerned goes his way without so much as suspecting that the sun is hidden. But Tom had not been exposed to the violence of the storm. Nan's shame was old, and the gossip tongues had wagged themselves weary two years before, when the child was born. So Tom was quite free to think only of his companion. A great anger rose and swelled in his heart. What scoundrel had taken advantage of an ignorance so profound as to be the blood sister of innocence? He would have given much to know; and yet the true delicacy of a manly soul made him hold his peace.

Thus it befell that they drove in silence to the deserted cabin on the hillside; and Tom went down to the foundry office and brought a lamp for light. The cabin was a mere shelter; but when he would have made excuses, Nan stopped him.

"It's as good as I been used to, as you know mighty well, Tom-Jeff. I only wish—"

He was on his knees at the hearth, kindling a fire, and he looked up to see why she should not finish. She was sitting on the edge of the old watchman's rude bed, bowed low over the sleeping child, and again sobs were shaking her like an ague fit. There was something heart-rending in this silent, wordless anguish; but there was nothing to be said, and Tom went on making the fire. After a little she sat up and continued monotonously:

"He was like to me thataway, too; the Man at I heard your Uncle Elias tell 'bout one night when I sat on the doorstep at Little Zaar—He hadn't no place to lay His'n head; not so much as the red foxes 'r the birds 'r—I had it!"

"The blaze was racing up the chimney now with a cheerful roar, and Tom rose to his feet, and an emotion in him stirring to its awakening.

"Such as it is, Nan, this place is yours, for as long as you want to stay," he said, soberly. And then: "You straighten things around here to suit you, and I'll be back in a little while."

It was gone long than half an hour, but in that short interval he lighted another fire; a blaze of curiosity and comment to tingle the ears and loosen the tongues of the circle of loungers in Hargis' store in Gordonia. He ignored the stove-buggering comment pointedly while he was giving his orders to the storekeeper; and the contingent avenged itself when he was out of hearing.

"Te-hee!" chuckled Simon Cantrell the elder, chucking his lips around the rim of his corn-cob pipe; "looks like Tom-Jeff was givin' his orders to the right late in the evening!"

"By golly, I wonder what's doin' 'em!" said another. "Reckon he's done tuk up with Nan Bryerson, after all's been said an' done?"

(To be continued.)

THEIR DAY AT HOME.

When the first city family bought a place in Lanesboro and went up there to spend four months, the folks of the village looked at them askance, but before the season was over the new residents were on friendly terms with every one. Mrs. Deacon Holland explained the matter to a visiting cousin.

"I gave them a little hint, that's all," she said, cheerfully. "The neighbors had all been to see them and show their good will, and they'd returned the calls—the Copes had in their runabout, as they call it."

"They were running about themselves, Mrs. Cope and her daughter, the whole time, it seemed to us folks that have our own housework to do. They'd drop in mornings when we were busy as could be, and early afternoons before we got the work done up, and then they'd go riding off, scouring over the country."

"Well, one day they came in on me, right in the midst of strawberry jam, and Mrs. Cope said, 'We're thinking of having an afternoon at home every week, Mrs. Holland—Fridays. We thought the good people here would be pleased with the idea.'"

"Now we read the papers here in Lanesboro, and we keep up with the time some, but I saw my chance then, and I took it. I looked at her innocent as a lamb, and I said:

"As long as you're speaking frank to me I'll be the same with you—they will be real pleased. Of course we all like visitors, but still you do have a kind of comfortable feeling to know there's a day when nobody will drop in on you, and find you unprepared. There's a good many things you are glad to do at such a time. I take it real kind of you to let us know. And for your side of it, I said, 'I should think you'd want one afternoon to yourselves to do up what little mending you have, and so on.'"

"Folks can't keep on the go all the week without getting worn out," I told her, and then I spoke a little flatter.

"This isn't a fashionable village," I said to her, "and so there won't anybody leave a card at your house that day, just when you want to be quiet. I said, 'I'll pass the word around, and you'll have Fridays clear, to yourself. We can do our neighborhood calling other days.'"

"She opened her mouth, and then she shut it. Then she put her head on one side and looked at me, and then she held out her hand, laughing a little."

"Thank you," she said. "I'm glad you approve," and off she went.

"We all like them first rate; they've learned our ways, and they fit right into 'em now. I have been known to take my mending basket and go over there on Fridays—but 'twas by special invitation."

Mistake of Australian Colonists.

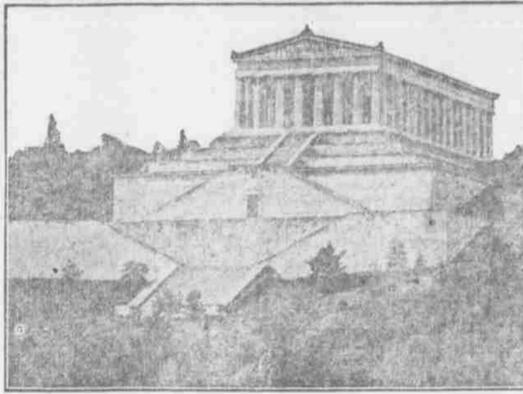
In the early days, colonists, thinking to make their surroundings more homelike, introduced rabbits. The rabbit, coming to Australia, increased and multiplied at such a rate that it overran the whole continent, and became a nuisance, to keep which in check has cost many millions of pounds, and will yet cost many millions more.

The Australian rabbit brings forth its first family—of up to nine or ten—at the age of three months. Thereafter, the doe produces the same litter every month.

The World's Wonders

STRANGE THINGS FOUND IN VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE EARTH

Walhalla of King Ludwig



About eight miles from Ratisbon, on a hill 1248 feet above the sea-level, stands the Walhalla, the German hall of fame, a magnificent marble temple erected by King Ludwig I.

From the stately portico lies a view unsurpassed in Germany for the distance it commands and the varying charm of its landscape. In the background are dark slopes of the Bavarian forests, and below and around is a stretch of country so level it would seem as if a great plane had been run over it. Through this fertile, flat ground runs the Danube, and in the distance are the towns Donauauf and Ratisbon.

The Walhalla is modeled after the Parthenon at Athens. The material is of gray marble, but so light in color as to be almost white, and its massive fluted columns, 52 of them, each 30 feet high, show with classic grace against the wooded hills and blue sky. The building is long and high which produces an interior spacious and stately.

Though busts, figures and tablets are of white marble, a pleasing warm tone is introduced into various parts. The coffered bronze ceiling has platinum blue stars and the marble mosaic pavement has a tone of brown.

The walls are faced with reddish-brown marble. Supporting the richly adorned architrave are 14 warrior-maidens of the ancient Teutonic period, wearing blue robes edged with gold. Around the halls are great, white marble chairs, tall candelabra and graceful Victorias, the latter by Rauch.

King Ludwig ruled impartially over his Temple of Fame. While none but illustrious guests were admitted to his marble house, greatness was alone the open sesame. Albertus Magnus stands opposite to Martin Luther and Kant to Saint Boniface. Marble busts of 104 celebrated Germans are in place. The last three added are those of William I., Bismarck and Moltke.

But great genius does not leave alone a portrait to admiring posterity. To perpetuate the identity of these unphotographed celebrities, King Ludwig raised tablets—61 of them. And he went still further when he placed monumental scrolls to the memory of three great men whose names are known only by their achievements. One is the architect of the Cologne cathedral. Although it is a royal company of fighters, thinkers, musicians, painters, writers, preachers, rulers, each one a king among men.

One of the most conclusive proofs of the great strength and resistance endurance of structural steel and reinforced concrete, combined, is shown by the "Mile Rock" light station. This little pharos stands as a beacon light sentinel at the southern entrance to San Francisco harbor—the Golden Gate. It has only been recently completed. Literally, the light station is firmly anchored on the rugged pinnacle of a rock which, at extreme high tide, was almost entirely covered with water. A broad rim, or shelf was

One of the curiosities of nature to be seen in Argentina is the rocking stone of Tandil, 205 miles from Buenos Ayres, on the Southern railway. The stone measures 13 feet in height by 18 in diameter and, apparently, is balanced on the crest of a huge mass of solid rock. The phenomenon is explained by the fact of a circular protrusion on the under side of the stone which, fitting snugly into a depression in the foundation, holds it in place. A strong wind causes it to oscillate perceptibly.

ROCKING STONE OF TANDIL.

"MILE ROCK" LIGHT.

STRANGE PAIR OF TWINS.

The birth of an extraordinary pair of twins has aroused considerable interest among members of the medical profession in Vienna and district, owing to the remarkable development of the infants, which were born to a gypsy woman near Brunn recently. Both children are normally developed in the upper parts, but there is only one pair of legs, while from the back what appears to be a third leg has grown, with six distinct toes. Both infants are alive and well.

FEATS OF RHETORIC.

"You used to say that boy of yours wouldn't amount to anything because he was a poet."

"I was mistaken. He makes a fine living getting up names for fancy drinks at soda fountains."—Exchange

QUEER SLEEPING-PLACE.

One of the strangest difficulties the railway people experienced in Korea was due to the fact that the native poor insisted upon using the tracks as a sleeping-place on warm nights. The Asiatics do not use a soft pillow, such as we employ, since that would disturb the hair which in China and Korea, as in feminine Japan, is put up with great care and some expense, and is expected to last several days. A hard frame of wood is therefore used, on which the neck rests. A tomato-can affords an excellent substitute for a pillow for a poor man. The cool iron rails, so neatly shaped in regulation pillow pattern, seemed just suited for use, and were quite alluring on a hot night.

STONES IN TREES.

Doctor Wilson of England recently described some interesting facts about trees and the manner in which stones are often found in their roots and stems. Among them was the instance of some trees growing in gravel pits in Kent, which had so many stones imbedded in their roots it was almost impossible to saw them. In one specimen 67 flints were found, the largest weighing several pounds.

Near Faversham are three old yew trees in two of which flints and fragments of tiles have been seen seven feet above the ground. In Molash churchyard are other trees which have flints imbedded in their trunks as much as eight feet above the ground. The stones appear to have been carried upward with the growth of the tree.

SWAN'S DEADLY DUEL.

An astounding duel to the death between two swans was fought on the River Weaver, at Northwich, England. A fortnight ago a magnificent swan, who exercises seasonal rights on the river at that place, resented an intrusion in his waters of another swan, with wife and cygnets. A lordly swan attacked and well-nigh killed the opponent, but the waterman interfered. Daily the mate bird went in search of his foe, and one night the intruding bird was again rescued, but during the small hours of the morning the jealous rival returned and finished the duel, leaving the dead body of his foe floating in the river.

HEARTLESSNESS.

Mr. Binks (reading from newspaper)—The slaughtering of albigettes has been so frightfully extensive that it is estimated these beautiful birds will be totally extinct within a very few years.

Mr. Binks—What a pity that will be! Even now, albigettes are dreadfully expensive.

NOT ENOUGH TO HURT.

Patience—Don't you think a little knowledge is a dangerous thing?

Patience—Not if you get it at a correspondence school.—Yonkers Statesman.

Worse Yet.

"I don't see," remarked the steer sadly, "how I am going to live with the price of meat so high?"

"You are crazy," replied Rover, "you don't eat meat."

"No," replied the steer, "my case is worse than that—I AM meat!"

TOOK A SECOND THOUGHT.

Aggrieved Visitor Agrees With Man Who Spoke About the Better Part of Valor.

Bishop William H. McVickar of the Episcopal diocese of Rhode Island, has hundreds of Boston friends who will be interested in a story they are reading down in Providence about him. The bishop is an big physically as he is mentally. On a certain occasion some years ago, he preached a sermon on the need for missionary work in the back towns of his state, and especially mentioned the town of Foster, which certainly deserved as much as he said about it.

There are a good many fighters in Foster, and the worst of the lot announced to all who cared to hear that when he went to Providence he would make it his business to chastise the bishop. He didn't happen to visit the city until a month or so ago. On his return he joined the crowd about the stove in the village post office.

"Well, H!" said one of the gray-beards. "Did ye lick this here Parson McVickar when ye was down to Providence?"

His spirit deliberately before he replied, "Lick him?" he said. "Say, he's eight foot tall and four foot broad. Lick him? I saw him"—Boston Traveler.

A BAD THING TO NEGLECT.

Don't neglect the kidneys when you notice lack of control over the secretions. Passages become too frequent or scanty; urine is discolored and sediment appears. No medicine for such troubles like Doan's Kidney Pills. They quickly remove kidney disorders.

A. Dasher, 241 N. Grant St., Worcester, Mass., says: "The doctor diagnosed my case as gravel, but my agony increased under their treatment, and I soon became too weak to stand alone. I had given up all hope of living more than a few weeks at the best. I was strongly urged to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after twelve days' use, I passed two gravel stones. After that, I improved rapidly until cured."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

It Was the Other Way.

"Mr. Jones," said the senior partner in the wholesale dry goods house to the drummer who stood before him in the private office, "you have been with us for the past ten years."

"Yes, sir."

"And you ought to know the rules of the house. One of them is that no man of ours shall take a side line."

"But I have none, sir."

"But you have lately got married."

"Yes; but can you call that a side line, Mr. Jones?"

"Technically, it may not be."

"You needn't fear that having a wife is going to bring me in off a trip any sooner."

"Oh, I don't. It is the fear that having a wife at home you'll want to stay out on the road altogether!"

History Cleared Up.

The third grade was "having history." Early youngsters were making guesses about the life and character of the Father of His Country, when the teacher propounded a question that stumped them all.

"Why did Washington cross the Delaware?"

Why, indeed? Not a child could think of anything but the answer to the famous choice problem: "To get on the other side," and, of course, that wouldn't do. Then little Annie's hand shot into the air. Little Annie crosses the Delaware every summer herself, hence the bright idea.

"Well, Annie?"

"Because he wanted to get to Atlantic City!"—Philadelphia Times.

His Soft Answer.

And this is the sort of excuse you put up for coming home two hours late for dinner and in such a condition—that you and that disreputable Augustus Jones were out hunting mushrooms, you wretch? And where, pray, are the mushrooms?"

"Err—any aren't dear, in m' yer pocket; and w'ile say 'ain' so many of 'em, m' dear, we had lots of fun—Gus an' I—huntin' 'em."

After marting for money, many a man wishes he had been brought up to work for a living.

A COOL PROPOSITION

And a Sure One.

The Body Does Not Feel Heat Unpleasantly if it has Proper Food—

Grape-Nuts

People can live in a temperature which feels from ten to twenty degrees cooler than their neighbors enjoy, by regulating the diet.

The plan is to avoid meat entirely for breakfast, use a goodly allowance of fruit, either fresh or cooked. Then follow with a saucer containing about four heaping teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, treated with a little rich cream. Add to this about two slices of crisp toast with a meager amount of butter, and one cup of well-made Postum.

By this selection of food the bodily energy is preserved, while the hot, carbonaceous foods have been left out. The result is a very marked difference in the temperature of the body, and to this comfortable condition is added the certainty of ease and perfect digestion, for the food being partially pre-digested is quickly assimilated by the digestive machinery.

Experience and experiment in food, and its application to the human body has brought out these facts. They can be made use of and add materially to the comfort of the user.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg. "There's a Reason."