

THE NEW CLARION

By WILL N. HARBEN

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CHAPTER XXIII

Mother and Daughter.

Nothing that astonished me a little, Abe? She went on.

"Was that when Mr. Daniel Howard just now said he thought it with 'me'—that he didn't do it?"

"I didn't say it—I didn't say no such thing." Abe put his hands on either side of his plate and stared at her fiercely. "That you go with your foot footsions. You couldn't hear what I said."

"I just said—I thought the boy—I didn't say he didn't do it. Folks all about say he done it. Lawyers all judges all witnesses say he's the one."

"You say he done it? You'll go 'fartin' with your nose tongue till I—well, you let the thing alone, that's what you do! Let the law take its course. He was ready to kill 'im. He armed 'imself for that purpose. He had no use for 'im. Howard knowed 'im, like a lot of other folks knowed 'im, for the devil that he was with helplessness, innocent young zalls."

"That reminds me, Abe," Mrs. Fulton said, curiously. "I'm not dead sure, but I thought I heard you mention poor Susy's name to Mr. Daniel. I was sort of surprised to hear you do it, too, for she was akin to you, an' most folks don't like to talk about such delicate matters in her own blood. I've knowed all along how sorry you was for Susy; but I never brought it up. Pore, pore girl!"

"Yes," I told Mr. Daniel about it. Abe faltered, after a awkward pause. He hadn't heard of that particular case, though he knowed all about several others."

"You are powerful tetchy, Abe, darlin'!" the woman went on gently. "I'd talk plain to you, but you think a woman don't know enough to give advice to a man. A woman ain't seen a plumb bob. Sometimes she feels a thing to be 'isky' an' wonders that a man passes over as if no consequence. Now, tell me, 'What are you drivin' at?' Abe demanded, seriously."

"Oh, well, I don't believe in talkin' too free to a man as good even as Abner Daniel is supposed to be," was the half-shrinking answer. "Risks is risks."

"Risks? What sort of risks? Are you plumb crazy, woman?"

"I knowed you'd fly off the handle," she said apologetically. "But I believe a woman has as much right to her own head as a man has, an' I've been thinkin' about Mr. Daniel's long drawn-out palaver."

"Long palaver?"

"Yes," she went on, more freely, for his look and tone were more inviting because more fraught with fear than anger. "He's the keenest man in this state by long odds. Abe. Folks say that 'he makes the best boss an' cattle trades of anybody about here. Now, my point is this, Abe darlin'; you wouldn't want poor Susy's name fetched up in public now that the pore thing is lyin' in a peaceful grave fur from home. You wouldn't like to hear it on everybody's tongue linked with that human scab that has got his just deserts, would you?"

"No, but what makes you think—"

"Why, I've got common sense, an' I see a 'nch before my nose, that's all," she interrupted. "Abner Daniel dependin' on Howard to help 'im out 'bout the paper he bought. It's 'is own money as it stands. You heard 'im say so. Well, don't you know that he ain't goin' to leave a stone unturned to set Howard free? An' don't you see what you come in? He kin have you summoned to court an' put on the stand to tell all you know ezin' Craig's character. Don't you see how that character up sympathy an' justify Howard in killin' a man's own sister?"

Abe stared speechlessly. "Abner Daniel dependin' on Howard to help 'im out 'bout the paper he bought. It's 'is own money as it stands. You heard 'im say so. Well, don't you know that he ain't goin' to leave a stone unturned to set Howard free? An' don't you see what you come in? He kin have you summoned to court an' put on the stand to tell all you know ezin' Craig's character. Don't you see how that character up sympathy an' justify Howard in killin' a man's own sister?"

"Then he hasn't owned up yet?"

"No, and from what some of his best friends say he never will. Mother, you remember Mary Trumbley?"

"Yes, of course. What about her?"

"She says she is a most remarkable girl." Cora's eyes were now stealthily probing her mother's face. "Frank Raymond was telling me about her. He can't talk of anything else. You know she went to work on Howard's paper, didn't you?"

"I think I heard you say something about it. But what of that?"

"The papers all around, even the big dailies, are saying her work is wonderful—simply wonderful. People here in town, too, and all through the country are admiring it. I've just been reading one of her editorials. I can tell which are hers. They really are good. The style is smooth, direct and beautiful. They are full of high ideals. Some are like essays of the best class. She—mother, she has stuck to Howard from the first day of—of his great trouble. Frank Raymond says that there has not been a single issue of the paper which has not contained a strong article from her about—about the inhumanity of accusing a person falsely. He says—Frank says—that her articles are beginning to have a wonderful effect on public opinion. People are not so sure now that Howard has not told the truth all along. His friends—his true girl friends—are sending him flowers and notes of encouragement and even strangers are writing him kind, hopeful letters."

"Well, that's all right," Mrs. Langham said coldly. "Even if he is found guilty at his trial it will be a comfort to Mary to know that she did so much for him."

"But he may not be found guilty. In fact, many now don't believe he will. They say that no guilty man could stand up as Howard is doing under such a charge and put such a brave face on the matter. They are reading what he writes and saying that his articles don't sound as if they came from a—guilty person. It is all due to—Mary Trumbley. She brought it about. Mother, most persons think money is an advantage in life. I begin to think it is a serious drawback. If Mary Trumbley had been a rich society girl an opportunity of this sort could not have come to her. I'd rather live on a farm at the foot of a mountain, as she does, and be able to do what she is doing than to marry a millionaire and

powerful careful, for a sharp lawyer will do his level best to mix you up, an' when a body is under oath on the stand they have to know what they are talkin' about. You remember how helpless you was when you was convicted that time?"

Fulton rose clumsily to his feet. He stepped down outside and moved across the grass to the wash bench. Wondering over his unexpected silence, his wife followed, tiptoeing softly to his side. The red light of the burning pine sticks in the chimney behind streamed out on the black forest in front of them. She put her hand on his arm and held it, but he said nothing. Suddenly he started, uttered a gasp and cried:

"Look! What's that comin' this way? It's a man on a horse! Great God—it is!"

"That's nothin'," the woman said so soothingly as if he were a child frightened out by dreams. "It's just your fancy. I've been talkin' too much about it—"

"It's that! That! Oh, he's comin' to me! He's on the return of the 'off'!"

"Don't be silly, Abe, sweetheart." The woman put her arms around his neck. "It ain't nothin' but your fancy. I've seed slights out of the common my self, but that ain't nothin'."

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live in a mansion in New York or London.

"Oh, bosh!" Mrs. Langham sniffed. "Of course it is good for her to have such a talent, for that's all the pore girl has, and she deserves something to give the monotony of her hard life. If I didn't think you had more sense than to do so I'd be afraid you were actually interested in Howard Tinsley."

"Why, no!" Cora's glance sank, and her lips twitched. "Don't you know he is in love with Mary Trumbley?" she faltered. "He couldn't help it after—all that has taken place recently. As for me, he hates me—that's what he does; he hates me. I've never sent him a single word of encouragement. I was afraid, you see, to stand by him. I suppose I am still. I am a coward. He'd been a friend to me, but I deserted him the moment he got into trouble. You influenced me to do it. I had no will of my own—I haven't yet, as for that matter."

"I am unworthy. I wouldn't have turned against Howard Tinsley as I did if I had been worthy. I'll never be worthy till I can stand a test such as Mary Trumbley has stood, and such a chance may never come to me now."

Cora suddenly covered her face with her hands.

"Cora, dear, you alarm me—you really do," said Mrs. Langham. "You upset me frightfully," the mother slowly said. "I see it all. It is this trouble of Howard Tinsley's. You ought never to have met such a man as he. You are allowing your conscience to bother you in a silly, fanciful way. When you entertained him at our house that day you showed by your desire not to admit other callers that you wanted him to yourself. You have never acted so with any other man. You were excited utterly. You wanted to make a good impression. I don't know what passed between you. I might have listened, but I was unable to do so without your knowing it, and—"

"I'll tell you," Cora uncovered her face and with piteous eyes stared straight at her mother. "That very visit separated me and him forever. He saw the sort of life I cling to, and if—he had ever thought of marrying me he would have done so. I saw it in his face, and I read it in his eyes. I read his contempt for every bit of gaudy display we made that day."

"He had been holding off; I thought he was leaning to Mary Trumbley, and I resorted to that contemptible subterfuge. I thought—oh, I thought that perhaps when he saw me—well, as I live at home—he would—would be influenced as other men have been—and I declare I have never been so much as I am now."

"You are idealizing a very ordinary person," the mother declared. "If he had killed that man impulsively or in anger he might deserve some little consideration, but the fact that he is deliberately lying to save his neck—"

"Don't, mother, don't!" Cora broke in. "I stick to it. I know what I am talking about. Down home yesterday I heard that Hamilton Quincy of this place, who stands at the top of the profession as a criminal lawyer, was at the Kimball House. Well, I confided in him—to some extent. I did not compromise you. I simply hinted at Howard's attentions to you and told him that I wanted to know if he thought Howard was guilty or not. Why, he actually laughed at the idea of Howard's innocence. He said, in confidence, that he had refused to defend Howard simply because of the absurd and fatal claim of innocence that he insisted on making."

"I don't believe he is guilty," Cora said sharply. "I don't care what Hamilton Quincy says. Really, mother, I am sick with shame at leaving him in the lurch. I may never have another chance to be a real woman. I've been tried and found wanting in moral courage; I have been forced to stand by and see a woman with more soul than I have obey God's holy law, while I was bound to things of the world."

(To be continued.)

PRIAM.

Priam, Aug. 29.—A large crowd attended the farewell sermon given by Rev. Michaelson at the Nels Anderson home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Isaacson and family attended church at Svea, Sunday afternoon.

Some of the people of this vicinity attended the ice cream social given at the Fransen home Saturday evening.

The Rusten and Ewan Erickson families spent Sunday evening at the Rambow home.

I wonder where Clarence's attractions were Sunday evening?

The Priam school board had a business meeting at Priam Monday evening.

Ive and Peter Rusten, Alvin Isaacson and Jennie, attended the show in Willmar Monday evening.

The Chas. Isaacson family spent Sunday evening at the Harrison home.

The L. A. Jensen family dined to Hector and Bird Island last Sunday.

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If you are run down, tired, nervous, overworked or lack strength, get Scott's Emulsion to-day. It is free from alcohol.

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NEW LONDON.

New London, Aug. 29.—Mr. Emil Johnson has left for Anetna, N. D., where he will be employed during the threshing season.

Rev. E. M. Hanson departed Monday for Minneapolis where he will attend a course of lectures.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Skoglund left Monday last week for their home at Lake Florida.

The Rykken family of Willmar was visitors in the village Sunday. Mr. Rykken conducted services in the Norwegian Lutheran church Sunday forenoon.

A number of ladies assembled at the A. Thorne home Saturday afternoon and tendered Mrs. Thorne a surprise, the occasion being her birthday anniversary. She was given a useful gift as a remembrance of the day.

A large number of New London people accompanied the band boys to Lake Andrew Sunday where a concert was given by the Belgrade and New London bands.

Gen. Packer arrived here Saturday for a week's visit before leaving for his home at Cannon Falls. Mr. Olson has been traveling with an amusement company during the summer at Nebraska. He will again be the superintendent of the local schools for the coming year.

Mrs. O. Hanson and daughter, Ruth and Lawrence Hanson leave today for Minneapolis for a visit with relatives.

Mr. A. Thorne, traveling salesman, came home to visit Saturday. He was accompanied by his sister, Ella of St. Paul.

The Swedish Lutheran congregation tendered their pastor, Rev. Almer, a surprise party Tuesday evening at the church hall where a dinner was served and the pastor was presented with a sum of money amounting to \$103. The best wishes for success and happiness was extended to him by his congregation.

Miss Alma Amundson is home at a stay at Minneapolis with her sister, Josie.

Miss Louise Thompson departed recently for Minneapolis where she will be employed as a stenographer.

Mr. Warkam of Willmar has purchased the stock at the P. Brogren Tailor Shop, also renting the shop and rooms in the Brogren residence. He commenced his work here this week and will move his family here in a short time.

Elmer Brogren of Willmar was a visitor in the village Tuesday.

Mrs. J. Carlson and Nellie Skeie went to Mora Tuesday evening, attended the wedding of Anna Storlie, Mrs. Carlson's sister, which took place Saturday evening.

NEW LONDON TIMES.

Harry Martin of Green Lake was run over by an automobile at Spicer one day last week. The wheel passed over his chest, which was severely injured as was also one leg. Dr. Hanson was called from this village to attend him. He is now getting along nicely.

Monday, Mr. Elmer Wickham and Miss Lillian Foss came down from Milaca, and were quietly married at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Blomquist, Rev. Almer of this village being the officiating minister. After a short visit at the Blomquist home the happy young couple left for Moorhead which will be their home. Mr. Wickham is an instructor in the Moorhead high school.

Mrs. John Lovin, who resides three miles west of New London started for New London in her Ford automobile, accompanied by her two children Tuesday forenoon. When near the creamery in this village the motor stalled and she lost control of the machine for the car drove the car directly into the mill pond. All four wheels were in the water before the machine was brought to a standstill, and it must have been some time before she was sitting on the highest side of the car when it came to a standstill that it did not tip, as after she and the two children were out of it, it could have easily been pushed over. Gustafson Bros. pulled the car out. After a short visit to the home of Mrs. Kastle over to see that it was all right, and later Mrs. Kastle drove home again.

HAWICK.

Hawick, Aug. 28.—Threshing has begun in earnest this week. We have three different rigs in the neighborhood. As yet, we have heard of no favorable grain yields.

Leonard Curtis left for Nashua, Montana, the first of the week.

Lee Payne is visiting relatives at Brainerd this week.

The dance in the hall was reported to have been well attended.

Lawrence Jones and Jermie Hood autoed to Spicer Thursday evening to attend the dance in the new M. W. A. Hall.

Miss Emma Jones spent a few days visiting with friends at Lake George last week.

Leslie Henry had charge of the Y. P. society Sunday evening.

Mrs. Findley delivered the sermon at the Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon in the absence of Rev. Findley who was called to Minneapolis.

PRINSBURG.

Prinsburg, Aug. 29.—Fred Greenfield and family autoed down from Pease last Saturday for a visit with the R. Roolofs family.

Jake Kragt and family called at the home of his parents, Sunday evening.

Pete Bakken and family autoed down from Rock Valley, Ia., last week for a visit at the home of his father-in-law, P. Kragt.

Neal Kragt is working for John Halma at present.

H. Maidaema has rented the farm of L. Lembeke for the coming season.

Misses Gusta De Vries and Ida Berghuis visited with Jennie Bergmans Sunday evening.

Quite a number of the Prinsburg young folks attended church at Roseland, Sunday evening.

Miss Lizzie Duannick called on Bossie Hibrik Sunday evening.

Gradus Brink returned from Pease last Friday.

Adolph Olander has accepted a position with the Gamble-Robinson Company in Minneapolis, as book-keeper.

EXTRACTS FROM THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF

JANE GREY SWISSELM

First Newspaper Woman of Minnesota.

A Remarkable Woman of Antebellum Days—1815-1885

CHAPTER XLVI.

My first public lecture was the revelation of a talent hidden in the hand, and I set about putting it to use. I wrote a lecture—"Women and Politics"—as a reason for my anomalous position and a justification of those who had endorsed my right to be a political leader, and I gave sketches of women in sacred and profane history who had been so endorsed by brave and wise men.

The lecture gave an account of the wrongs heaped upon women by slavery, as a reason why women were then called upon for special activity, and I never failed to "bring down the house" by describing the scene in the tall Kentucky man who should be a horseman and an old woman one hundred and two times, to compel her to earn two hundred dollars with which his mightiness might purchase Havana cigars, gold chains, etc., and to signs of shame by relating the fact of the United States government proposing to withdraw diplomatic relations with Austria for whipping Hungarian rebels, and the fact of the principal industry of our American chivalry.

I stated that men had sought to divide this world into two fields—religion and politics. In the first, they were content that their fathers and wives should dwell with them, but in the second, no kid slipper was ever to be set. Horace Mann had warned women to stand back, saying, "Politics is a man's world." I insisted that politics had reached this condition, and I would permit it to Satan to turn all the waste water of his mills into that pool; that this grant must be rescinded and the pool drained at all hazards. I needed the emergency was such that even women might handle shovels.

Chicago had once been in a swamp, but the City Fathers had lifted it six feet. Politicians must "raise the grade" and "level the playing field" to the height of a man, and make them and their habitations for men, not reptiles. At this an audience would burst into uproarious applause.

As for the grand division, no survey could find the line; for it was possible between religion and politics. The attempt to divide them is an assumption that there is some part of the universe in which the Lord is not sovereign. The Fathers of the Republic had no such notion, and the public thought was outside the Divine jurisdiction, and called it Politics. Because old world government had bowed to popes and prelates, they were called "Popes of the Old World," and the new world was called "The New World," and the new world was called "The New World," and the new world was called "The New World."

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