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CHAPTER III.

Richmond at the time these events were occurring was in a tumult of excitement. The quarrel between the north and south in congress had long since reached the acute stage, and preparations were forming for that Atlantic struggle which was to shake America for four long years.

CHAPTER IV.

The morning sun striking through the eastern window of a hotel room shone full upon the face of a woman who lay sleeping there.

The bell of a tower clock near at hand rang out loudly the hour. The sleeper stirred uneasily, opened her eyes, and instantly, as full consciousness returned, bounded from the bed to the floor.

"Why was I not called for the six o'clock train?" she began in great agitation. "We call three times, ma'am—three times; an' you say 'all right' ev'ry time, ma'am."

"I answered?" "Yes, ma'am. An' we 'link, ma'am, mebbey you done change yo' min'." Something like despair came to her face.

"The time now?" "Nine o'clock, ma'am. Clock des struck, ma'am. Gem'man downstairs sen' dis eyard, ma'am, an' say—" The gentleman in question passed the speaker, stepping across the threshold.

"You may go," he said, curtly, and waited until the old servant had retired and closed the door. Then he turned coolly towards the woman.

"And now, madam, what does this mean?" "Raymond!" "Why have you left London?" The woman did not answer. She had cried the name hysterically and started forward; then, suddenly, drawing her hair from her face she shrank away from him, her gray eyes distended in terror or the expectation of violence.

"Well," he said, at length, "what is it?" "You here!" the exclamation was but a whisper. "I thought—"

"Why should I not be here? Didn't you write, requesting me to come? I was not in the city yesterday, nor last night, and have but just received your foolish letter. Are you mad, indeed—that you come to this city—that you follow me up in public?—Name of Heaven, woman, what is the matter with you?"

"Not in the city last night! Not in the city! Then—then—" She caught a chair. "Oh, I am ill—ill!" She seemed about to fall, but her companion made no movement to assist her. "There is some—mistake!" she whispered. "Some awful—mistake!"

"What are you talking about?" He stood looking curiously upon her. She turned suddenly, ran to him, and, falling upon her knees, clasped her arms about him, giving way at the same time to a paroxysm of hysteria that swayed them both with its violence.

"She is well," said Brodnar, with some constraint, "and understands." "Look here, Francis, the truth is," said Somers, rising, "I am not fond of mystery. I proposed to keep my promise and shall, but, man, I came near being involved in a lifelong affection that night, and I ask you now if I am to leave here with no further information—"

"Yes," said Brodnar, "otherwise you would defeat the object of the whole plan. Nothing could be more unfortunate for the girl than that you should see her again or knowledge of that marriage get abroad."

"So be it," said Somers, sadly. "I keep my promise. To-night we say good-by." Brodnar sat, moodily silent, drumming upon his desk, his eyes upon the floor. Suddenly he stood erect.

"Somers, I owe you something, owe you more than I may ever be able to repay; I shall tell you this much, and let you decide for the woman—"

"A telegram, doctor, for Mr. R. Somers—your care." A boy had entered hurriedly and stood waiting. Somers took the message from the doctor's hand, and the messenger vanishing, he read aloud:

"Report in person immediately to this office." "STANTON, Secretary of War."

Brodnar looked steadily into the glad, bright face of his friend, who was upon his feet in an instant and full of excitement.

"Will you report there?" "Will I? It is the dream of my life, Brodnar!—but—but—you were saying—"

"Nothing." "I don't understand you, Frank." "No member of the family, Dick, you

have entered, ever drew sword against Virginia. You must choose between the woman and—"

"My country? Is that it? How would you choose, Frank?" Brodnar was silent, looking away. "Take this message to her for me, my friend; it is the last request, perhaps, I shall ever make to you—"

"Dick—"

"Say to her that Richard Somers passes out of her life to serve his country. His duty done, please God, and she needs his arm, he will follow her to the end of the earth. Say that for me; and then, farewell."

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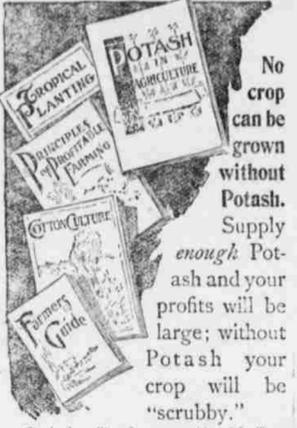
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Our books, telling about composition of fertilizers best adapted for all crops, are free to all farmers. GERMAN KALI WORKS, 67 Nassau St., New York.

were here to wind up some estate matters and would return immediately. You had no idea of returning. You intended to desert me. You lied! Where is my child, sir?"

"He took two quick steps forward and hesitated. 'It is useless, Raymond, to try to frighten me. You were born a coward—and I was not. Look to yourself!' She drew from her bosom a letter and extended it towards him.

"I found this after your departure; it is from your mother." His assumed indifference vanished. Furious, he snatched the letter from her and raised his arm.

"Wretch!" "Take care," she said, coldly, slowly withdrawing her hand. "You are dealing with a desperate woman. You are welcome to your letter. I know it by heart. In it I am called by a vile name—and you are told that a bride and fortune await you at home. You came." He was silent. "You do not deny it," she added. With a slight gesture he turned away and seated himself.

"There is no need to deny it now," he said. "Sit down, Louise." She waited a moment, and, moving a chair a few feet away, seated herself, facing him.

"We have both made mistakes," he said, coolly, preparing to light another cigarette. "And I am willing to admit that in all the matters between us I have been equally to blame, but," he added between puffs, as he smoked, "you have a full share to settle for yourself. It is, however, too late to discuss the beginning of this association. We must consider its end; for, as you evidently surmised, the time to end it has come."

"She made no reply, but waited for him to continue, her clear gray eyes riveted upon his. "You have not believed me, but it is true, nevertheless, that I am entirely dependent upon my mother. My little property has long since disappeared with yours; she holds the whip hand. Ever since her second marriage she has intended me for a young girl, her stepdaughter, in fact—"

"You have known this all along?" "Yes; and while the child was growing up she has tolerated this life of mine. Now she proposes to end it. The question is, How may you and I settle it?"

"I see!" "You are practical enough to understand that I am helpless. If I should

locked somewhat curiously up in her face. The smoke was now coming from her lips in rapid puffs; she cast aside the cigarette, "I shall not assent." The words were a mere whisper. She continued, with growing emotion: "Raymond, I have been your slave; that is ended now. From this moment, if you live, you shall obey me!"

"If I live! Do you suppose that I am to stand by and see my child's life destroyed by you! I have listened to your excuses; I have temporized, hoping against hope that you would make good your promises; I have accepted your explanation for the child's sake—and to-day I know you have lived a lie through it all; that you had not then, nor ever had, any intention to make me your wife. The time has come for me to act. Sit here by this table and address a note to the clerk of the hotel directing him to register Raymond Holbin and wife in room 28! Here is pen, ink and paper!"

"Are you insane?" he cried, rising, angry and amazed. "Yes; totally so! Insane enough to kill you!" Then she deliberately leveled a pistol at him. "Sit down and write! I leave this room with an acknowledgment from you in the hands of a witness, a wife—or a murderer. I did it once, Raymond; I can do it again. I killed a man for you last night!" As she uttered this confession her face grew pale as death, the pistol was lowered, and she stood shivering in abject error. "You have not heard of it?" she whispered. "Are not the papers full of it?" Her form, which had been erect, seemed to sink; she looked over her shoulder towards the door, listening. The man strode forward and wrenched the weapon from her cold hand. Then he forced her into a chair.

"That is all?" she asked—"there is nothing more?" "Nothing."

Her mood seemed to change. "Will you favor me with a cigarette?" He laughed, evidently relieved. "Why, certainly! Getting into your old habits? Fact is, Louise, that is the only natural thing I have heard from you since I entered. Come, now, light up and be sensible. You know what I think of you. All will work out right, and, as the stories say, 'we may be happy yet.'"

She lit her cigarette by his, and, leaning against the center table, took one or two whiffs, letting the smoke escape slowly from between her curving lips.

"There is one fatal defect in your plan," she said, at length. "Yes? What is that?" "You—do not leave—the mother a chance. You forget that I am a mother as well as a woman."

"I do not understand." "You will, though. Either way, as you put it to me, my child's life is forever blasted; there is the defect," He

refuse the old lady, I could not live 24 hours without work; nor could you. If I yield, as I must, you will be provided for—with little—Naanon." The woman gasped and pressed her hand to her throat, but with a desperate effort she controlled herself.

"Where is she?" He hesitated while he studied the blue smoke curling up from the cigarette. Shaking off the ashes, he said, at length: "I have her in good hands." Their eyes met.

"And you mean for me to understand, I suppose, that you will retain possession of her until I assent to your plans?" Again he was silent for a moment.

"Yes, that is about the way the matter stands." There was a long and painful pause, during which the woman seemed to struggle with some powerful emotion. She arose and approached him, one hand in the bosom of her dress, the other clasped until her nails sank in the flesh.

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"You told me that you—to try and get—your mother interested—in her grandchild." Her voice was strained and barely audible.

"Yes," said he, "I think I did tell you that."

"Well?" "I lied! I took her only to control you. My mother has never seen her; and," he continued, slowly, "never will, if I can prevent it."

"Inhuman wretch!" The exclamation was little more than a gasp. "From your standpoint—yes."

"Ah," she whispered, "the infamy! the infamy of it!" She hesitated a moment, turned, and, gliding to the door with a movement of incredible swiftness, locked it and placed the key in her pocket. "Now," she said, returning towards him, her face transfigured by the intensity of her excitement, "now, Raymond Holbin, what is the settlement you propose?"

He retained his position, a half smile upon his face.

"You will have no trouble for the future," he said; "you belong to the tragic stage."

"You trifle, sir. The settlement! the settlement!"

"I propose to marry my mother's stepdaughter," he said, quietly. "Her father is on his last legs, and he will bequeath to her all of his property upon the condition that she accepts me as her husband on or before her twenty-first birthday. From this money I propose to provide liberally for you and your child, with the understanding that you are to remain abroad. The fact is, I may run over to see you occasionally, Louise—after all, you are the only woman I ever cared for. This lily bride awaiting me is out of my class entirely—high-flown, romantic and inexperienced. Imagine me with such a woman, Louise."

He laughed lightly. "Really, if you are in search of revenge for fancied injuries, you will get it when you picture me in my new role."

"And by this marriage," said the woman, standing over him, "you place it beyond your power to marry me, as you have promised during all these years—you abandon your child to a life of wretchedness." Her breath came hard and trembling.

"She need never know—no one need know. And where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be otherwise."

"Let me hear it all," she said; "let me know the alternative. If I go to this mother or to this lily bride, as you call her, and tell her of my child and my wrongs, what then?"

"My mother would have the servants put you out of the house, and my bride would probably have me put out. But it would not avail you anything—nor her. Under the will my mother would still be the heir. The bride would lose her fortune and her bridegroom, and you—would lose your child."

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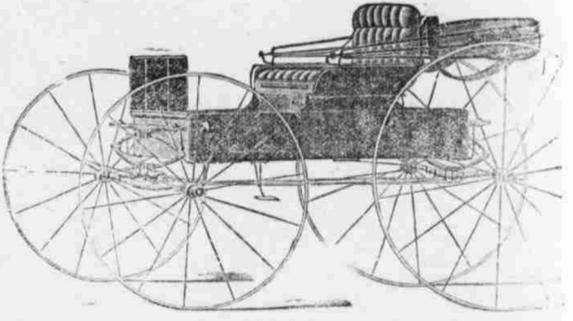
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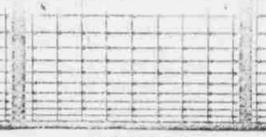
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# Here! Here!

We are going to be with you another year. Keep your eye on this space.



We have a few surries left at the cut prices. Big Bargains. Come quick before they are all gone.



## FRESH CAR

—American Fence— JUST RECEIVED.

## Field Fencing.

A fence that always keeps its shape because it's built that way—

Nothing but large size heavily galvanized wire made of best Bessemer steel and in its construction—same in all the so different styles made—turns all kinds of stress and leaves the stock unharmed while the fence stands strong and sturdy.

THIS hinge-joint makes an adjustable fence and prevents stay wires from bending—

crimp makes as tight a fence in summer as in winter, and prevents stay wire from being displaced.

There's no fence that excels it; and few, if any, as good.

## FRESH CAR

—American Fence— JUST RECEIVED.

## Prices are lower.

Christmas trade got a lot of our

## FURNITURE,

but we are receiving goods daily. For fine goods and low prices you want to see

# Satterfield & Dodson.

## Contest in Declamation.

The Henry Grady and Sam Davis Literary Societies of the Branham & Hughes' School, at Spring Hill, had their fourth annual contest in declamation Friday night, when the following programme was carried out:

1. Wm. B. Lamb, Jr., (H. G.)..... "Freedom and Patriotism."
2. Claiborne N. Bryan (S. D.)..... "To the Memory of Washington."
3. G. Sharp Lannom (H. G.)..... "The Man with His Hat in His Hand."
4. Edward G. Scott (S. D.)..... "Liberty and Union."
5. W. W. Crutchfield (H. G.)..... "The Battle of King's Mountain."
6. Jordan Stokes, Jr., (S. D.)..... "The Strenuous Life."
7. Leslie O. Hawkins (H. G.)..... "Toussaint L'Ouverture."
8. Gates P. Thurston, Jr., (S. D.)..... "The Strenuous Life."
9. E. Pierce McNeill (H. G.)..... "Speech of Vindication."
10. Wade DuBose (S. D.)..... "Jefferson Davis."

Decision of Judges. Charley's band from Nashville furnished the music, and the entire programme was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience in attendance. The judges awarded the honors of the occasion to Mr. Gates P. Thurston, Jr., of the Sam Davis Society.

## Bridge Burned.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 24.—The eastern span of the railroad bridge at Johnsonville was burned at 9 o'clock this morning, causing a loss of \$25,000. The fire is supposed to have caught from a spark in a bird's nest on the bridge. Trains for the west are being sent via Guthrie and the Louisville and Nashville. The Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis road will be delayed forty-eight hours until a temporary structure is erected.

## Big Phosphate Deal.

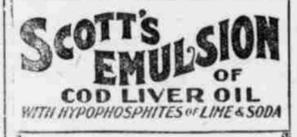
CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 22.—It was learned here to-day that the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company has bought the Charleston Mining & Manufacturing Company. The latter concern owned 2,700 acres of phosphate lands located in Charleston, Berkeley and Colton counties. The price paid, it is said, for the stock of the Charleston Company was \$130 per share, and the total sum involved is a million and a half dollars. The Virginia-Carolina concern is said, with the new plant, to control the fertilizer situation in the South.

## Not Hi. Time to Jubilate.

NASHVILLE, Feb. 23.—Gov. McMillin returned from Arkansas this morning, where he went on a short hunting trip. Asked if he was going to Washington to see McKinley inaugurated, he replied in the negative, saying that it was not his time to jubilate.

# It's Easy To Take

Thin, pale, anæmic girls need a fatty food to enrich their blood, give color to their cheeks and restore their health and strength. It is safe to say that they nearly all reject fat with their food.



## SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA

is exactly what they require; it not only gives them the important element (cod-liver oil) in a palatable and easily digested form, but also the hypophosphites which are so valuable in nervous disorders that usually accompany anæmia. SCOTT'S EMULSION is a fatty food that is more easily digested than any other form of fat. A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health. You can get it in this way.

We have known persons to gain a pound a day while taking it.

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