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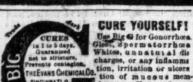
ing symptoms? Sore Throat, Ulcerso the Tongue or in the Mouth, Hair Falling ont, Aching Pains, Itchiness of the Skin, Sores or Blotches on the Body, Eyes Red and Smart, Dyspeptic, Stomach, Sexual Weakness—indications of the second stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't ruin rour system with the old fogy treatment, mercury and potash—which only supresses the symptoms for a time, only to reak out again, when happy in don teed to cure you. Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds, that the dis-ease will never return. Thousands of ease will never return. Thousands o patients have been already cured by on New Method Treatment for over twent years. No experiment, no risk-not "patch-np," but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited. We treat and cur Nervous Debiffty, Sexual Weakness Gleet, Blood Poison, Stricture, Vericoccel Kidney and Bladder Diseases, and al diseases peculiar to men and women.

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## \* AN HUMBLE

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Melvin began to feel nneasy. He didn't like the idea of another man coming there claiming to be a prospector for minerals. It didn't have the right look, and it smacked of some thing wrong.

"Did he tell you his name?" he asked "He told me a name," Turner replied "A name! Do you think he didn't

tell you his own name?" "Lord a-massy, how can I tell? You fellers come down yere an say your names is so an so, an how do I know whether you're tellin the truth or whether you ain't?"

Melvin blushed and eyed the old man keenly. Such talk made him suspiclous. Then he was not easy about that newcomer. He wondered if Turner had heard something to arouse his suspicions. When one is in continual suspense, it requires but little to alarm him. Quietly enough, however, Melvin asked:

"What name did that man give you?" "Waite-W-a-i-t-e. He spelled it out for me. Said he belonged to the firm of Waite & See."

"Waite & See! Humph!" "That ain't your firm, I reckon."

"Don't know nothin bout 'em, guess.'

"Quare name for a firm, ain't it?" "Rather."

"That's what he said it was, though asked him his name, an he said 'Waite.' Then I asked him who he worked for, an he said 'Waite & See.' " "Humph! What kind of looking man

was he?" "Putty slick lookin feller-sorter young, sorter tall, sorter dark, sorter slim an sorter clean shaved. I mought 'a' found out more 'bout him, but you know I'm pow'ful backwards 'bout askin questions an 'peared like he didn't keer 'bout answerin what I did

"How came he to tell you that he had come down here to prospect for miner-

"Why, we got to talkin an runnin on bout one thing an another, an I up an mentions bout you a-bein yere, an he asks all 'bout you an 'bout what you was doin yere. When I says you are yere a-smellin round for mineral, he says, 'Then I reckon I want to meet that man, seein's we're both on the same line of business.' That's jest how he come to mention his object in comin yere."

Melvin was silent a long time and deeply thoughtful. The coming of that stranger annoyed and worried him. times particles of albumen, and color Turner's description of the man, be of a thin milkish hue, again chang- though vague and general, suited very not care to see, the brother of the man whose life he had taken.

The claim of the stranger that he, too, had come there to prospect for mineral made his appearance all the more alarming to Melvin, for no one knew better than Melvin that no capitalists were going to waste money in useless prospecting in that section. That claim would do very well, he thought, to fool the natives with, but no one with ordinary business sense

would believe it for a minute. He was half inclined to leave the Ridge at once, and had it not been for Mrs. Banks he would have done so. He felt that even at the risk of his life he must remain there until he had succeeded in gaining one more interview with her. Strange how weak a man, strong in all things else, can be when it comes to woman and love! By and by Melvin broke the silence by saying, You said that man was here today,

o I presume he is not here now?" "Lord a-massy, no! No, sir-ee! He wanted to stop, but we had no place for him 'less we put him to sleep with you, an we 'lowed we'd best not do that, seein's you are so doggoned par-

"I'm glad you came to that conclusion," Melvin replied, "for I certainly should have objected to sharing mx bed with any one else."

"That's the way I figgered it. You seem to be 'bout as squeamish an exactin as the feller that stopped down to Squire Beeson's oncet. Ever hear bout that chap?"

"Guess not." "Waal, sir, he was a good un shore, Reg'lar blame crank, as the feller says. Got mad 'cause the bed fell down with him in the night an he had to sleep on the floor. Squire explained to him that it was all jest a accident, an you know accidents will happen spite of anything, but that feller was so doggone unreasonable that squire's explanation didn't satisfy him. Next mornin he got madder 'an a wet hen 'cause while he was eatin breakfast a cat jumped on the table an snatched the meat outen his plate an run off with it.

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\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* squire ketched the dad burned cat an took the meat away from it an put it back on the feller's plate, thinkin nat'rally that he done all anybody could expect of him, but he found he was mistaken. Feller, 'stid of thankin squire, r'ared up an said he wa'n't goin to stop at no sich place, Squire, in co'se, feels hurt to be talked to that a-way after all his pains to please, so



"A cat jumped on the table an snatched the meat outen his plate."

he charges the feller a dollar an tells him to git. Pow'ful unreas'nable sort of a chap, that feller was, wa'n't he?"

matter how much you put yourse'f out fer 'em, they ain't goin to be pleased." "Yes; that's true. But about that man who was here today. I wonder where he went."

"Oh, he went on down the road, 'lowin he'd find a place somewhar to hang up his hat. S'pect' mebby he'll stop with old Hi Jenkins. I most forgit, but I ruther think this ain't old Hi's day for chillin. If it ain't, he'll be in good humor, an he's moughty nigh shore to let that feller stop.'

"I pity that man if it should turn out that this is Hi's day for chaling," Melvin remarked, thinking of his own experience with Mr. Jenkins.

"Lord a-massy, yes?" Turner agreed. "He's a pow'ful fine man when he's rightly at hisse'f, but when his ager's a-workin on him he ain't as patient as he mought be, an it nat'rally riles him to be picked an nagged at at sich times.'

Metvin arose and began to pace slow to and fro across the yard. His hands were crossed behind him, and his head was bent, and to all outward appearances his mind was busy with

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"Worse," remarked the fellow with the pawn ticket. "It will take the coat off his back." watched him from under his shaggy brows, and he, too; was having some houghts far deeper and far more serious than any one knew. After awhile Melvin stopped in front

of Turner and asked: "How far is it over to Hi Jenkins' place?"

"'Bout two mile, I reckon," Turner replied, "risin clost on to that anyhow. You thinkin of goin over thar?" "Oh, no. I have no business there, Melvin answered disinterestedly.

was just wondering how far it was. I guess I shall have to ride over to Beckett's Mill tonight, though. I presume the store will be open?" "Oh, yes, the store'll be open." Then Turner added to himself, "All the store you'll want, young feller."

CHAPTER XII

A RASH THREAT. Pap Sampson, coming down the street from the store, saw a woman dressed in musty black leave his house as he approached and walk away in the opposite direction. Her head was bent, and her attitude and movement gave unmistakable evidence that she was in deep trouble.

As Pap entered the yard Mrs. Sampson appeared in the open front door, a look of troubled anxiety on her wrinkled, homely, but kind old face.

"Mirandy," Pap said eagerly, "wa'n't that the widder Mann that jest went

Mrs. Sampson nodded. "I thought it was," Pap went on, though I wa'n't clost enough to see her face. Somethin wrong with her ain't they?"

"The pore critter's in a peck of trouble," Mrs. Sampson answered. "I'd say't!" Pap exclaimed thoughtfully. "Humph! All along of what folks are a-sayin of her an Sim Banks,

I reckon." "Waal, it's along of that, Pap, but not 'bout that exactly. You know she's got a piece of wheat down on her farm, an it's ripe and needs cuttin."

"Waal?" "An it 'pears lack she'd made a trade with Sim a good spell ago to cut it for her on the sheers."

"She did, Mirandy. I was a witness to the trade, an I mind it well." "Waal, now, becus of all the talk that's a-gwine 'bout, Sim he's backed out an won't tech that wheat."

"Why, I wonder?" "Becus he says if he did it'd give more color to what folks are a-sayin.' "An it would, too, Mirandy; it would shore."

"So, not havin no money to live with an not bein able to make no trade with nobody else, Mary Mann is plumb at the end of her row, an she don't know which way to turn."

"Nat'rally she would be, Mirandy. Yes, sir-ee!" Pap paused for quite while, during which time he chewed his tobacco vigorously, showing that he was engaged in earnest thought. Then he added slowly: "Yes, sir-ee! Nat'rally she would be; nat'rally she

"Can't you see no way out for her, Pap?" Mrs. Sampson asked.

"I was jest a-thinkin, Mirandy. I hain't no great admiration for Mary Mann, an I guess thar ain't many as has, but for all that she's a woman, an a widder woman at that. Wonder when her wheat'll do to cut."

"Tomorry, she said." "Waal, it won't nigh do to let that wheat go to waste; so, as thar don't seem to be nothin else for it, I guess I etter go out this evenin an gather up a handful of men an take 'em over

thar tomorry an cut it for her." Mrs. Sampson's face brightened at once. She was one of those great souled plain people who can never bear to see any one in trouble without wanting to move heaven and earth to relieve his distress.

"Are you shore you can git the men to go?" she asked. "Lord, yes! Yes, sir-ee! Thar's Ja-

son Roberts. Jason an me has it up an down sometimes, an I reckon the chief enjoyment of his life is to take sides ag'in me in ever'thing I say; but, my land, that ain't nothin, an when it comes right down to the pinch Jason will sw'ar by me. Yes; Jason'll go an Sam Morgan an Ebenezer Sparks an a lot of the others." Do you reckon they won't want to

charge her for their work, though?" "Lord, Mirandy, you don't know them fellers shorely! Charge a woman, an a widder woman at that, for helpin ner out of a pinch! Land! You jest let Mary Mann give us a good dinner, an we'll have all the pay we want. We'll even go to the length of furnishin our jug of liquor if we can git a boy to go to the still after it, an I guess we

shorely can." Pap Sampson was busier that afternoon than he had been for a long time. He hunted around till he found six good men to accompany him to Mrs. Mann's farm. Then he hunted up cradles, and last, but not least, he hunted a boy to go after a jug of whisky.

"Mought jest as well try to git 'long without cradles as without a jug of liquor," he said to himself as he pottered about getting everything in readiness. "A getherin without a jug wouldn't be no getherin at all."

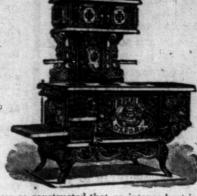
Pap was in great spirits the next morning when he marshaled his force hato the wheatfield and got the cradles to going. He hopped about as spry as a boy and gave orders like a general. He even grasped a cradle and prepared to lead the way with the first swath, but Jason took the cradle out of his hands and wouldn't let him,

"No, Pap," Jason said, "we can't have that. Thar's plenty of us sounger men here. You jest set down in the shade somewhar an take it easy." Pap flared up with resentment in an

"Me set down in the shade!" he cried. "Have you got a notion, Jason Roberts,

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