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FOREST GLORIES.

Gorgeous Picture of Autumn-Tinted Canadian Maples in the Laurentides—Moose Killed Near St. Alexis.

The glow of an autumn sun on Canadian maples in the Laurentides last week made pictures gorgeous beyond anything the painter with either pen or brush might convey to either eye or senses. One could only gaze in wonderment and adore the land of such magnificent landscapes, with veneration for the creator of it all. Quite a few Montreal gentlemen and ladies who visit St. Agathe have talked of the beauties of tree-clad hills, slashed all with the flame-tinted maple, softened by the yellow-tinted birch and the deep green cones of the spruce and balsam shooting, between like spears. Having seen our own glorious Mount Royal and the woods of Montreal Island, with journeyings through the Eastern Townships, one might think he had seen all that there could be of autumnal forest beauties. They were fortunate travelers that passed along the Great Northern Railway last Friday and Saturday—perfect days—and saw the fringe of the Laurentides. The railway is splendidly built and the passenger cars very comfortable and clean. After passing New Glasgow, the blaze of glory of the woods was with us all the way, even to St. Paulin Station, where we stopped for a dive into the heart of the great masses of the woods for nineteen miles, says a writer in The Montreal Witness.

Lac à l'Eau Claire, nine miles drive from St. Alexis, was the objective point—the country seat of the Hon. George W. Stephens. St. Alexis was a ten-mile drive from St. Paulin. The way was along the banks of the pretty winding river, and the farmers and their houses, the flocks of cattle and the milk preparations for the creameries were pleasant to see, with in two or three places a saw-mill, where the power is good. To see farmers painting their houses means the presence of good times, for paint is a luxury. So, those farmers who were doing this were generally fairly well off—the result of the high price for cheese and their ability to produce it economically and good. In St. Paulin there were storekeepers actually laying water pipes for house service indoors. Generally the farmers were thriving, and their families well looking. There was no sign of anything but thrift. So, we drove through the sunny air and the glory of landscape, and the blue of which what could picture?

Winding hither and beyond ran the river, its banks very heavily clad with foliage and suggesting a canoe course of pleasant smoothness, mile after mile until of a sudden an up-rising of the hillside showed a fall of more or less torrent-like picturesqueness that might easily have been the original that Jan Ridd describes in "Lorna Doone" as the back door to the Castle of the Doones. A pause to examine and enjoy the wealth of color all around, and then the pony carriage is swiftly on a detour of more than a mile. We came through the rear of a farmer's yard, past byre, barn and home house. Then from the rise we saw Lac à l'Eau Claire. It was delightful. The sunlight upon the home house, boat-house and bathing-house tinged the white paint with mellow light, and the yellow sheen of the mirror-like surface of the lake was only dimpled here and there with a fly or trout ripple. The forest fringes of the lake were reflected vividly, and one might easily imagine from the opposite island the lady of the lake and the boat coming to meet us at the silver strand—only the strand was rather of the golden hue. It is safe to say that never in all his life did Sir Walter Scott view a more romantic scene than this. Neither did he hear the cry of the loon—nor the wailing and scream of Canadian wild duck. But the sunset left no gloaming, bright as was the setting it gave to the picture, when the shadows were cast by its going down.

Soon afterwards the same deft hand had captured a three-pounder. That was enough for the hour. Exploring the lake, inlets or bays, and examining the island over away much more time than fishing. Then the log fire in the spacious fireplace, the library and the story followed. The farmers had killed a moose three miles on the railway side of St. Alexis, and considered the feat no small one. They had not heard of these animals having been so far into the cultivated area before, and it was explained that the incident was not to be taken as indicating any increase in the moose family, but merely that one had lost its way and had thus been discovered and shot on sight by the farmer who could get in the first load of buckshot.

Museums for Indian Relics. In Orillia and in Collingwood it is proposed to follow the example of Penzance, and set apart a space in the public library as a museum for the collection of Indian relics. Orillia has been moved to this step by the fact that Mr. C. W. Hartman of New York, who was in that locality this summer, went about among the people and bought up at small prices a lot of rare Indian relics which he carried off to New York to be presented to a public museum. There are many private collections in Simcoe County.

Explained. Smith—Why is it that intellectual women do not make good mothers? Brown—They don't usually get a chance, my boy!

ABNER DANIEL

By... WILL N. HARBEN
Author of "Westerfelt"

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Continued from Yesterday.

"Lord, God Almighty," he began, his lower lip hanging and quivering, as were his hands clasped in the seat of his chair, "thou knowest the struggle thy creatures are makin' on the face of thy green globe to live up to the best of their lights an' standards. As I bend before thee this mornin' I realize how small a bein' I am in thy sight an' that I ort to bow in humble submission to thy will, an' I do. For many years this family has enjoyed thy bounteous blessings. We've had good health an' the influence of a Bible readin', God fearin' communion, an' our children has been educated in a way that raised 'em head an' shoulders above many o' their associates an' even blood kin. I don't know exactly whar an' how I've sinned, but I know I have displeased thee, fer thy scourge has fallen hard an' heavy on my ambitions. I wanted to see my boy heer in Atlanta, son an' my daughter ther in Atlanta, but they mix with an' so I reached out my hands fer them, but they were hid out by a snake in the devil's service. I don't know—thou knowest. Anyways, I steered my course out o' the calm waters o' content an' peace o' soul into the whirlpool rapids o' avarice an' greed. I loved I was in a safe haven an' didn't dream o' the stormclouds hangin' over me till they burst in fury on my head. Now, Lord, my Father, give them hearts of patience an' forgiveness fer the blunders of thy servant. What I done I done in the bullheaded way that I've always done things, but I meant good and not harm. These things we ask in the name o' Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord and Master. Amen."

During the latter part of the prayer Mrs. Bishop had been staring at her husband through her parted fingers, her face pale and agitated, and as she rose her eyes were glued to his face.

"Now, Alfred," she said, "what are you goin' to tell me about the railroad? Is it as bad as brother Ab thought it would be?"

Bishop hesitated. It seemed as if he had even thought to tear himself from the clutch of his natural stubbornness. He looked into all the anxious, waiting faces before he spoke, and then he gave in.

"Ab made a good guess. If I'd 'a' had his sense or Alan's, I'd 'a' made a better trader. It's like Ab said it was, only a sight wuss, a powerful sight wuss."

"Wuss?" gasped his wife in fresh alarm. "How could it be wuss? Why, Brother Ab said—"

"I never have told you the extent o' my deals," went on Bishop in the current of confession. "I never even told Perkins yesterday. Fust an' last I've managed to rake in fully twenty thousand acres o' mountain land. I was goin' on what I loved was a dead sure thing. I secured all I could lay my hands on, an' I did it in secret. I was afraid even to tell you about what Perkins said, thinkin' it might leak out an' spile my chances."

"But, father," said Alan, "you didn't have enough money to buy all that land."

"I got it up"—Bishop's face was doggedly pale, almost defiant of his overwhelming disaster—"I mortgaged this farm to get money to buy Maybry and Morten's four thousand acres."

"The farm you was going to deed to Alan?" gasped his wife. "You didn't include that?"

"Not in that deal," groaned Bishop. "I swapped that to Phil Parsons fer his peapier an' crops belt."

The words seemed to cut raspingly into the silence of the big room. Abner Daniel was the only one who seemed

unmoved by the confession. He filled his pipe from the bowl on the mantelpiece and pressed the tobacco down with his forefinger; then he kicked the ashes in the chimney till he uncovered a small live coal. He eyed it for a moment, then dipped it up in the shovel, rolled it into his pipe and began to smoke.

"So I ain't a-goin' to git no yearly pass over the new road," he said, his object being to draw his brother-in-law back to Perkins' action in the matter.

"Perkins was a-lyin' to me," answered Bishop. "He hain't admitted it yet, but he was a-lyin'. His object was to be the Tompkins sell out fer a decent price, but he can't be handled. He's got me on the hip."

"No," said Abner. "I'd ruther keep on swappin' gold dollars fer mountain land an' lettin' it go fer taxes 'an to try to be a lawyer at his own game. A courthouse is like the devil's abode, easy to git into, no outlet an' nothin' but scorch while you are ther."

"Hush, fer the name o' goodness," cried Mrs. Bishop, looking at her husband. "Don't you see he's dyin' from it? Are you all a-goin' to kill 'im? What does a few acres o' land ur debts amount to beside killin' a man 'at's been tryin' to help us all? Alfred,



"Wuss!" gasped his wife. "It ain't so mighty awful. You know it ain't! What did you do an' you have when we started out but a log house boarded up on the outside, an' now we've got our children educated an' all of us in good health. I rally believe it's a sin agin God's mercy fer us to moan an' fret under a thing like this."

"That's the talk," exclaimed Abner Daniel enthusiastically. "Now you are gittin' down to brass tacks. I've always contended—"

"For God's sake, don't talk that way!" said Bishop to his wife. "You don't mean a word of it. You are jest a-sayin' it to try to keep me from seein' what a fool I am."

"You needn't worry about me, father," said Alan firmly. "I am able to look out for myself and for you and mother. It's done, and the best thing to do is to look at it in a sensible way. Besides, a man with 20,000 acres of mountain land paid for is not broken by a log jump."

"Yes, I'm gone," said Bishop, a wavering look of gratitude in his eyes as he turned to his son. "I figured on

it all last night. I can't pay the heavy interest an' come out. I was playin' for big stakes an' got left. Ther's nothin' to do but give up. Me burin' so much land has made it rise a little, but when I begin to try to sell I won't be able to give it away."

"Thar's some'n in that," opined Abner Daniel as he turned to leave the room. "I reckon I might as well go haul that tan bark. I reckon you won't move out 'fore dinner."

Alan followed him out to the wagon. "It's pretty tough, Uncle Ab," he said. "I hain't the slightest idea it was so bad."

"I wasn't so shore," said Daniel. "But I was jest a-thinkin' in thar. You've got a powerful good friend in Rayburn Miller. He's the sharpest speculator in north Georgia. Ef I was you, I'd see him an' lay the whole thing before him. He'll be able to give you, good advice, an' I'd take it. A feller that's made as much money as he has at his age won't give a friend bad advice."

"I thought of him," said Alan, "but I am a little afraid he will think we want to borrow money, and he never lets out a cent without the best security."

"Well, you needn't be afeerd on that score," laughed the old man as he reached up on the high wagon seat for his whip. "I once heard 'im say that business an' friendship wouldn't mix any better'n oil an' water."

CHAPTER V.

THE following Saturday Alan went to Darley, as he frequently did, to spend Sunday.

On such visits he usually stayed at the Johnston House, a great old fashioned brick building that had survived the civil war and remained untouched by the shot and shell that hurried over it during that dismal period when most of the population had "refugeed farther south."

It had four stories and was too big for the town, which could boast of only 2,000 inhabitants, one-third of whom were black. However, the smallness of the town was in the hotel's favor, for in a place where no one would have patronized a second class hotel opposition would have died a natural death. The genial proprietor and his family were of the best blood, and the Johnston House was a sort of social clubhouse where the church people held their affairs and the less serious element gave dances. To be admitted to the hotel without having to pay for one's dinner was the hallmark of social approval. It was near the ancient looking brick car shed, under which the trains of two main lines ran, and a long freight warehouse of the same date and architecture. Around the hotel were clustered the chief financial enterprises of the town—its stores, postoffice, banks and a hall for theatrical purposes. Darley was the seat of its county, and another relic of the days before the war was its courthouse. The principal sidewalks were paved with brick, which in places were damp and green and sometimes raised above their common level by the undergrowth roots of the sycamore trees that edged the streets.

In the office of the hotel, just after registering his name, Alan met his friend Rayburn Miller, for whose business ability, it may be remembered, Abner Daniel had such high regard.

He was a fine looking man of thirty-three, tall and of athletic build. He had dark eyes and hair and a ruddy, outdoor complexion.

"Hello!" he said cordially. "I thought you might get in today, so I came round to see. Sorry you've taken a room. I wanted you to sleep with me tonight. Sister's gone, and no one is there but the cook. Hello, I must be careful. I'm drumming for business right under Sanford's nose."

"I'll make you stay with me to make up for it," said Alan as the clerk behind the counter laughed at his natural over the allusion to himself.

"Blamed if I don't think about it," said Miller. "Come round to the office. I want to talk to you. I reckon you've got every plover going such weather as this."

"Took my horse out of the field to drive over," said Alan as they went out and turned down to a side street where there was a row of law offices, all two roomed buildings, single storied, built of brick and bearing battered tin signs. One of these buildings was Miller's, which, like all his fellows, had its door wide open, thus inviting all the lawyers in the "row" and all students of law to enter and borrow books or use the ever open desk.

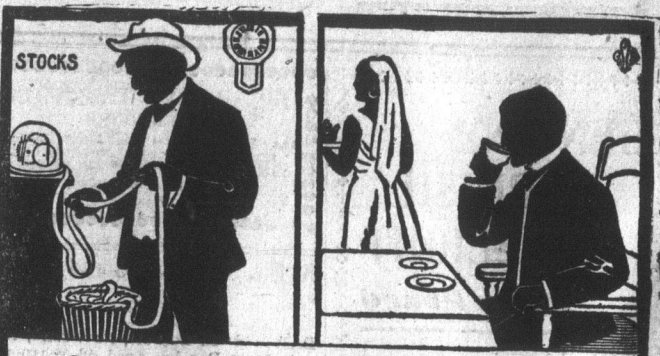
Rayburn Miller was a man among ten thousand in his class. Just after being graduated at the state university he was admitted to the bar and took up the practice of law. He could undoubtedly have made his way at this alone, had not other and more absorbing talents developed within him. Having had a few thousand dollars left him at his father's death, he began to utilize this capital in "note shaving" and other methods of turning over money for a handsome profit furnished by the unsettled conditions, the time and locality. He soon became an adept in many lines of speculation, and as he was remarkably shrewd and cautious it is not to be wondered at that he soon accumulated quite a fortune.

"Take a seat," he said to Alan as they went into the office, and he threw himself into the revolving chair at his littered desk. "I want to talk to you. I suppose you are in for some fun. The boys are getting up a dance at the hotel, and they want your dollar to help pay the band. It's a good one this time. They've ordered it from Chattanooga. It will be down on the 13th. Got a match?"

Alan had not, and Miller turned his head to the open door. An old negro happened to be passing, with an ax on his shoulder.

"Heigh, there, Uncle Ned!" Miller called out.

To Be Continued.



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