

ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN
Author of "Western"

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"No, I didn't, for you are just my sort of a Christian—better'n me, a sight, for you don't shoot off yore bazoon on one side or t'other, an' that's the habit I'm tryin' to quit. Ef I could hold in when Dole gits to spoutin', I'd be a better man. I think I'll do better now. I've got a tenpenny nail in my pocket, an' whenever he starts to spout, I go to bite it an' keep my hoit on it."



"Ef you are a-goin' home, I'll rest yore leg."

"Will he stop. Yes, you are jest my sort of a Christian. You believe in breathin' fresh air into yore windpipe, thankin' God with a clear eye an' a good muscle an' takin' what he gives you an' axin' 'im to pass more of it's handy. You know the Lord has sent you a invite to his table, an' you believe in eatin' an' drinkin' an' makin' merry. Jest like you'd have a body do that was stoppin' over night with you. Yes, I wanted to say some'n else to you. As I got to the Widder Snowden's house, a mile this side o' Darley, she came out an' axed me if I'd object to deliverin' a couple o' smoke cured hams to a feller in town that had ordered 'em. Of course that's what a old back 'sine's her fer, so I let 'er fling 'em in the back end."

"The Widder paused and smiled knowingly. Alan noticed that she slowed this by drawing firmly on the reins, as if she feared that their arrival might interrupt what she had to say."

"Alan," you delivered the message, "you were looking straight ahead. You were fer Colonel Seth Barclay. I drive up to the side gate after I'd belloed in front till I was hoarse, an' who do you reckon come trippin' out o' the dinin' room? It was her. Ef you hadn't never ketched 'er off'n her guard round the house, you've missed a treat. Durned ef I don't like 'er better without a hat on than with all the duff flamdoode that she put on when they go out. She was 'bout as new pin, an' seemed powerful glad to see me. That made me bless the Widder Snowden fer sendin' me her. She said the cook was out o' her, an' that old nigger Ned, the kitchen man, was in the garden patch behind the house, so she was thar by herself. She actually looked like she wanted to tote in the hams 'erself, then her mother me, but you bet my old ones hopped off'n this seat quicker'n you could say Jack Robinson with yore outh open."

"I was afeerd my team wouldn't hold, fer feller was a scootin' by on top o' the dogs. Then I went back to wagon. She followed me to the house, an' I noticed that some'n was with 'er. She looked so funny droopy about the mouth, an' kept lookin' like she was afeerd I'd fly off. Axed all about Adele an' how she was makin' out down in Atlanta, an' she'd heard that Sis was mighty an' with the young men, an' from the axed about my craps an' the axin' goin' on at Big Bethel. Finally she right white about the mouth, an' kinder shaky that she was you was mad about some'n her old about you, an' I never seed a as nigh cryin' as she was with 'er of it."

"Ef I was at the fust of it, but I don't know how worried you've looked late, an' so I told 'er I'd been comin' had come betwixt you an' she put her hand down on all o' the fence an' held it thar a minute. After awhile she put her hand on me all about it an' axin' me ef I thought she was in the matter. I told 'er so, an' she said a daddy had acted so that I couldn't hold in. I told 'er so, an' she said what I 'im, an' the more I raked 'im the better she seemed. I tried to pin 'er down to what willin' to do in a pinch ef 'er used to hold out agin you, but too sharp to commit 'er self. It did like she wanted to make up

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Fifty Pills, in box, 50c., at all druggists. Reject Substitutes.

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with you an' didn't want no row nuther."

The horses stopped to drink at a clear stream of water which ran across the road on a bed of brown pebbles. The bridges were too tight to allow them to lower their heads, so Alan went out on the heavy tongue between the pair and unfasted the reins. When he had regained his seat, he told the old man in detail all that had happened at the dance at the hotel, ending with the advice he had received from Rayburn Miller.

"I don't know about that," Abner said. "Maybe Miller could call a halt like that an' go on like nothin' had happened. I don't say he could n'r couldn't; but it's fool advice. You might miss it, an' regret it to yore dyin' day."

Alan looked at him in some surprise. He had hardly expected just that stand on the part of a confirmed old bachelor like his uncle. The old man's glance swept dreamily over the green fields on either side of the road across which the red rays of the setting sun were streaming. Then he took a deep breath and lowered the reins till they rested on the backs of the horses.

"My boy," he began, "I'm a good mind to tell you some'n that I hadn't mentioned fer mighty nigh forty year. I don't believe anything but my instinct in that town gal an' you would make me bring it up. Huh! Ray Miller says you kin pass 'er over jest as ef you'd never seed 'er, does he? An' go on an' pick an' choose agin. Huh! I wasn't as old as you are by five year when the one I'm talkin' about passed away, jest a week after me an' her'd come to a understandin'. I've seed women, women, women, since I seed 'er corpse that day amongst all that pile o' wild flowers that old an' young fetched from the woods whar me an' 'er used to walk, but ef I live to be as old as that thar bill I'll never forget my feelin'. I kin see 'er right now as plain as I did then, an' sometimes my heart aches as bad. I reckon you know now why I never got married. Folks has poked a lots o' fun at me, an' I tuck it as it was intended, but a lots o' times what they said made me suffer simply awful. They've picked out this an' that an' from spring chickens to hags o' all ages, shapes an' sizes, but the very thought o' givin' anybody her place made me sick. Thar never was but one fer me. I may be a fool, but I believe I was intended fer her. Shucks! Sech skip abouts as Miller may talk sech bosh as that, but

Deranged Nerves

AND

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Mr. R. H. Sampson, Sydney, N.S.,
Advice to all Sufferers from
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"GET A BOX OF
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PILLS."

He says: "I have been ailing for about a year from deranged nerves, and very often weak spells would come over me and be so bad that I sometimes thought I would be unable to survive them. I have been treated by doctors and have taken numerous preparations but none of them helped me in the least. I finally got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Before taking them I did not feel able to do any work, but now I can work as well as ever, thanks to one box of your pills. They have made a new man of me, and my advice to any person troubled as I was, is to get a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

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it's because the Lord never give 'em the glory o' the other thing.

"It lart me the truth about the after-life. I know that's a time to come, an' a blessed one, ur the Lord never would 'a' give me that taste of it. She's somer's out o' harm's way, an' when me 'n' her meet I'll not have a wrinkle an' I'll be able to walk as spry an' hopeful as I did when she was heer. Thar ort to be punishment reserved fer hard headed fools that separate lovin' young folks beca'se one ur t'other hain't jest so many dollars tied in a rag. Don't you listen to Miller. I don't say you ort to plunge right in an' make the old man mad, but don't give up. Ef she's what I think she is, an' she sees you ain't a-goin' to rug after no fresh face, she'll stick to you like the bark on a tree. The wait won't hurt nuther one of you either. My wait ain't a-burtin' me an' yore'n won't you. I never seed a young woman I liked better 'n I do the one you selected, an' I've sent up many a petition that you'd both make it all right."

The old man raised his reins and clucked to his horses.

"Uncle Ab," said Alan, "you've made a better man of me. I've had a lot of trouble over this, but you make me hope. I've tried to give her up, but I simply cannot do it."

"She ain't agoin' to give you nuther," replied Abner; "that's the purty part about it. Thar ain't no give up in 'er. She ain't that sort. She's goin' to give that daddy o' her'n a tussle."

CHAPTER XI.

ONE morning early in June, as Alan was passing Pole Baer's cabin on his way to Darley, Pole's wife came out to the fence and stopped him. She was a slender, ill clad woman, who had once been pretty, and her face still had a sort of wistful attractiveness that was appealing to one who knew what she had been through since her marriage.

"Are you goin' to town, Mr. Alan?" she asked nervously.

"Yes, Mrs. Baker," Alan answered.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" She did not reply at once, but came through the little gate, which swung on wooden hinges, and stood looking up at him, a thin, hesitating hand on his bridle rein.

"I'm afeerd some'n's happened to Pole," she faltered. "He hain't been home fer two whole days an' nights. It's about time fer 'im to spree agin, an' I'm powerful afeerd he's in trouble. I loved while you was in town that you might inquire about 'im an' let me know when you come back. Thar'd sorter free my mind a little. I didn't close my eyes all last night."

"I'll do all I can, Mrs. Baker," Alan promised. "But you musn't worry. Pole can take care of himself, drunk or sober. I'll be back tonight."

Alan rode on, leaving the pathetic figure at the gate looking after him. "I wonder," he mused, "what Uncle Ab would say about love that has that sort of reward. Poor woman! Pole was her choice, and she has to make the best of it. Perhaps she loves the good that's in the rascal."

He found Rayburn Miller at his desk making out some legal document. "Take a seat," said Miller. "I'll be through in a minute. What's the news out your way?"

"I'm doin' all right," said Alan. "I've been away for two days. Not havin' anything else to do, I made it my business to ride over every foot of my father's big investment, and to tell you the truth, I've come to you with a huge idea. Don't laugh. I can't help it. It popped into my head and sticks, that's all."

"Good! Let me have it," said Alan. "I want you to promise not to ridicule me. I'm as green as a gourd in business matters. But the idea has hold of me, and I don't know that even your disapproval will make me let it loose."

"That's a good way to put it," laughed Miller. "The idea has hold of you, and you can't let it loose. It applies more closely to investments than anything else. Once get into a deal and you are afraid to let it go, like the chap that held the calf and called for help."

"Well, here it is," said Alan. "I've made up my mind that a railroad can and shall be built from these two main lines to my father's lumber bonanza."

Miller whistled. A broad smile indulged the pucker of his lips, and then his face dropped into seriousness. A look almost of pity for his friend's credulity and inexperience came into his eyes.

"You must say you don't want a little thing, my boy," he said indulgently. "Remember you are talking to a fellow that has rubbed up against the moneyed world considerably for a chap raised in the country. The trouble with you, Alan, is that you have got heredity to contend with; you are a chip off the old block in spite of your belonging to a later generation. You have inherited your father's big ideas. You are a sort of Colonel Sellers, who sees millions in everything you look at."

Alan's face fell, but there remained in it a tenacious expression that won Miller's admiration even while he deplored it. There was, too, a ring of confidence in the young farmer's tone when he replied:

"How much would a railroad through that country, eighteen miles in length, cost?"

To Be Continued.

New England are preparing for a grand Christmas entertainment and the Methodist church of North Buxton are preparing for a grand concert about Christmas.

Minard's Liniment for Sale Everywhere.

DISTRICT DOINGS

FLETCHER.

P. G. Murphy has bought a farm from Thomas McCarr. Nelson Ball has bought a farm from Frank Bagen. Miss Ida Murphy has returned to Detroit after a few weeks visit with her parents.

Farmers here have very little of their fall ploughing done on account of the early winter. Albert Murphy is visiting at his home here.

Mr. O'Leary shipped a carload of cattle from here on Saturday.

JEANNETTE'S CREEK.

F. C. Peck received a car of hard coal Tuesday.

H. Forbes returned on Saturday from three days' quail shooting with eighteen quail and two partridges. Mr. Bussey spent Tuesday in Chatham.

There will be a special thank offering service in the Methodist church Sunday.

Munyon's Great Work.

"I have had Rheumatism for 17 years, and have been in bed for three months at a time. I tried many different doctors and medicines, but they did me no good at all. The pains attacked the muscles in my shoulders and neck, and they were in such a chronic, painful condition that I despaired of ever getting well. At times I could not stand on my feet, the pains were so frightful. The first bottle of Munyon's Guide to Health gave me a great relief, and the second bottle cured me."—Madame E. Gadbois, 904 Berri street, Montreal.

If you are nervous, if your liver or blood is out of order, if you have any kidney disease, if you have piles, or any ailment, ask your druggist for "Munyon's Guide to Health." It is free and will tell you how to cure yourself for 2c. Thousands of testimonials. 20B

MULL.

Charles Jacques returned home after a couple of months with relatives in Woodstock.

Mr. Philip Green moved to Ridgetown last week, where he recently purchased a valuable house and lot.

Miss Newcombe of Thamesville visited friends and relatives in the neighborhood last week.

A large number from here attended the anniversary services in the Methodist church at Forbes Sunday. Services were conducted in the morning and evening by the pastor, Rev. H. E. Kellington.

Everybody intends taking in the annual concert at Rushton's Corners on Friday evening, Dec. 4. Concert in aid of the school there. The teacher and pupils are doing all in their power to make this the event of the season.

The report of the gun is heard on all sides. The hunters report a scarcity of quail in this section, while the rabbits are very numerous.

Mr. Ed. Reim is moving into the house recently vacated by Mr. Philip Green.

JEANNETTE'S CREEK.

On Saturday, Nov. 28th, the wife of G. T. R. section foreman W. Ouellette, a daughter, Mrs. C. C. J. students remained in Chatham Monday night to attend the "Pierce Entertainment."

Charles Hadley was here on business a few days last week.

Conn. Garbutt received three carloads of soft coal for the pumping house this week.

There was quite a large shipment of fish on Monday night, consisting of small mull.

Mrs. H. Forbes entertained our C. C. students to a quail and partidge supper on Friday evening.

There was a large attendance at the Methodist church on Sunday but there was no minister.

The annual Christmas entertainment for the S. S. will be held in the Hall on the evening of Dec. 23.

The Rev. Mr. McCormick's brother visited him here last week.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Minard's Liniment for Sale Everywhere.

OIL CENTRE.

The Edwards Gusher, which last January was the cause of so much excitement here, has again aroused the interest of the neighborhood. For a long time it has been dormant, and although going through the necessary movements, not a drop of oil has been produced for months.

A few days ago the pump was pulled, cleaned and lowered and operations began afresh with astonishing result. The pump did its work and inside of a week the well had yielded ten barrels of oil and at one time it even flowed of itself. Howard well No. 5 was completed last week and a fair show of oil obtained.

Mrs. Alex. Forsythe is visiting at the residence of Mr. Soutar.

Mr. McAffey, of Bothwell, visited his brother Richard, of this place, last week.

Austin Soutar has resigned his position with the Kipp Oil Company and has resumed farm work.

GUILDS.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moorehouse, of Shetland, were the guests of Mr. T. Guilds one day this week.

George Dennis, who has spent the summer here, has returned to his home in Michigan.

Mrs. Wm. Irwin, of Blenheim, spent a few days this week with her sister, Mrs. Wesley Clow.

Mrs. Thomas Jenner visited relatives in Chatham last week.

This neighborhood was visited by quite a fall of snow last Sunday.

Miss Myrtle Perrin is visiting friends in Raleigh.

Miss Mary Ingram, of Ridgetown, is visiting the Misses Searsons this week.

Mr. Wesley is on the sick list. It is said he will have to stop work.

Mrs. William Spencer is visiting friends in Morpeth.

Miss T. Smith is visiting relatives in St. Paul, Minn.

Rev. Mr. McGee and brother, of Trowbridge, visited Rev. C. W. Bristol for a few days this week.

Miss Bertha Searson is in Duart this week attending the wedding of her cousin, Mr. Searson.

Arthur Bentley left on Wednesday for California, where he will spend the winter. On Tuesday evening his many friends gathered at his home to bid him farewell. A most enjoyable time was spent by all present.

CHATHAM TOWNSHIP.

At the manse, by the Rev. Dr. Batist, Nov. 25th, at 7 o'clock, Loretta D. Weaver to Miss Anna Huff. The witnesses were Miss Ethel M. Weaver and Alexander Whyte.

Maurice Abraham has entirely recovered and is able to be out again.

We are pleased to say Mr. Robert Fuester, who is in the Public General Hospital with pneumonia, is improving rapidly.

Wm. Abraham is on the sick list. Miss Ethel Weaver, who has been keeping house for her brother, Lovell Weaver, for the past six months, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Arnold and Burwell visited our neighborhood last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Weaver and Miss Myrtle Weaver visited Mrs. Thos. Shaw last week.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't hurt clothes.

FLORENCE.

Corn threshing is all the go these days.

Miss Edna Sweet has returned home, after several months' visit in Sarnia.

Rev. Mr. McMullen occupied the Newbury Methodist pulpit, and Mr. Wright, Thamesville, 1st. Sunday evening.

Mrs. Chas. McCreary, Dresden, was in town last Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Olive Weaver has returned, after spending a few weeks in Detroit.

Ernest Webster is visiting his brother in Chicago.

Wm. Carey spent Sunday in Chatham with his brother Richard, who is seriously ill.

Rev. Mr. Blatchford, B. A., of Thamesville, preached an edifying sermon in the interest of the B-concentenary fund in the Methodist Church last Sunday evening.

The Crown Moving Picture Co., under the leadership of Prof. Newman, Thamesville, will hold a concert in the Orange Hall on Friday evening. A treat is in store for those who attend.

SOUTH BUXTON.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morris, of Detroit, who have been visiting their parents here, Mr. and Mrs. James Morris, returned home yesterday.

The Raleigh plains Sunday school concert promises to be a very pleasant affair. Mr. Bell is working up a fine program.

Court Raleigh Foresters have issued a call for a meeting to be held on the second Saturday in December to elect officers. Every member is requested to be present.

Bert Roy left for Windsor last night.

We are getting winter in good shape.

Miss McIsaac, our popular teacher, is certainly out-doing all former efforts in getting up a school concert program, which takes place on Friday next, the 4th, and on each ticket there is a verse, and the lady that will recite the verse best will get a pair of kid gloves as a prize. Hasten and secure your tickets and learn the verse. The concert is looked forward to with increasing interest.

Mr. J. Pickering and Mr. R. Markaby, of Blenheim, have been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Holland. Mr. Pickering has his celebrated bird dog with him and they were enjoying a cruise through the forest.



The canny Scot knows good tea. He appreciates the delicacy of taste and fragrant aroma of Blue Ribbon Tea.

It's all pure tea—not more than 6 per cent. of tannin—not enough to injure the stomach or cause constipation. The most delicate can drink it without fear.

Obtained exclusively from six tea gardens in Ceylon—the quality is always the best.

Black Mixed Ceylon Green **Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea** **Ask for the Red Label** **40 cts. and worth it**

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DARRILL.

Mrs. Scott, of concession 4, attended the funeral of the late Mr. Right at Botany last week.

Owing to the fact and genius of Mr. Collins, our S. S. Bible class teacher at French's church, the attendance has greatly increased during the past few Sundays. Over forty of the members were present Sunday.

H. French and L. Gregory enjoyed a day's outing to Kent Bridge Thursday. They report game scarce.

The S. S. committee met at Mrs. Jenks' Tuesday evening in preparation of a New Year's program for a concert to be held in French's church at New Year's.

The Misses Clements are visiting with friends of this neighborhood.

The snowfall on Saturday night was almost sufficient to coax out the bells.

Albert Peck, who has resided in this community during the fall season, and who has been an active member of the famous Darrell football team, returned on Monday to Dover, where he will spend the winter with his uncle. Peck holds the high esteem of every member of the team, and it is hoped that he may again be with them in their sport.

Mr. White, agent for the London Fire Insurance Co., drove through this vicinity and did considerable business in his line of work.

Do not forget the place

A. H. Patterson's,

Three Doors East of Market.

DRIVE AWAY THAT NERVOUS FEELING

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will do it—What they did for M. Mongeot, of Masson, Que.

Do you feel nervous and irritable? Do little things bother you? Does your work seem a trouble and life as a whole hardly worth living? Do you know that it is your stomach that is to blame? That the most frequent effects of indigestion are nervousness, and that irritable feeling and low spirits?

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will prove this to you. Carry a few of them in your pocket, take one or two after eating and you will soon find your nervousness gone and yourself in good spirits and at peace with all the world.

Thousands of others have proved this. M. Mongeot, of Masson, Que., says:

"I suffered from Dyspepsia and was terribly troubled with nervousness. For eighteen months I was miserable. One box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets helped me considerably and continuing their use I was soon cured."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Skates :- Skates

If you will look in our window, you will see samples of all sizes and kinds of skates, from 50c. up to \$5.00 per pair. We can suit you, as we have the largest assortment in Chatham. Do not fail to call and see us before you buy elsewhere, as we are selling our skates lower than the lowest prices in Chatham.

A. H. Patterson's,

Three Doors East of Market.

Full Dress Suitings...

WHEN properly clothed you feel