

IFE is a quarry, out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character. - Goethe.

## . . . Rose of Old Harpeth

By MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

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THE Senator bent forward and finished his sentence in his most beguiling tone as he poured the hateful glance all over her again, so that her blood stopped in her veins from very fear and repulsion.

from very fear and repulsion.

"No," she said slowly, with her eyes down on the bowl of butter on the table before her; "no, things couldn't go on as they have any longer. I have felt that for some time." She paused a second, then lifted her deep eyes and looked straight into his, and the wounded light in their bis, and the wounded light in their of the glane. "One of the price of the glane." "One of the price of the glane." "I would be the provided by the property of the glane." "I would be the provided by the provided must not be kept out or your will-longer. But you will-will you give me just a little time to—to get used to—to thinking about it? Will you to—to thinking about it? Will you go now and leave me—and come back in a few days? It is the last favor I shall ever ask of you. I promise when you come back to—to pay the debt." And the color flooded over her face, then receded, to leave her white and controlled

"I felt sure you would see it that way; immediately, immediately, my dear," answered the Senator, as he rose to take his departure. A rose to take his departure. A triumphant note boomed in his big gloating voice, but some influence that it is given a woman to exhale in a desperate self-defence kept him from bestowing anything more than an ordinary pressure on the cold hand laid in his. Then with a heavy jauntiness he crossed the Road, mounted his horse and, tipping his wide hat in a conquering-hero wave, rode on down Providence Road toward Boliver.

Providence Roat toward BOHER.

And for a long quite moment Rose
Mary stood Ieaning against the old
stone table perfectly still, with her
hand pressing the sharp-edged paper
against the heart; then ahe sank into
a chair and, stretching her arms
acrose the cold table, she let her bead
sink until the chill of the stone came
cool to her burning cheeks. So this cool to her burning cheeks. So this was the door that was to be opened in the stone wall—she had been blind and hadn't seen!

and hadn't seen!
And across the hills away by the
sea he was tired and cold and hungry—with only a few hundred dollars in
his pocket. He was discouraged and
overworked, and a time was coming
when she would not have the right to
saleter his heart in hers. Once when
be had been so ill, before he ever became conscious of her at all, his head
had fallen over on her breast as she
had tended him in his weakness—the
throb of it hurt her now. And perhaps he would never understand. She
couldn't tell him because—because of
his poverty and the hurt it would couldn't tell him because—because of his poverty and the hurt it would give him—not to be able to help—to save her. No, he must not know until too late—and never understand! Destoo late—and never understand! Des-perately thus wave after wave swept over her, crushing, grinding, mocking her womanhood, until, helpless and breathless, she was tossed, well nigh

unconscious, upon the shore of ex-haustion. The fight of the instinctive woman for its own was over and the sacrifice was prepared. She was bound to the wheel and ready for the first turn, though out under the skies, "stretched as a tent to dwell in," the cycle was moving on its course turned

hard tack instead of trying to grind it up friendly for them, cause the swal-loring of the trouble has to come in the end; but Gid minced facts faithful for me, according to his lights. I didn't rightly make out just what he did expect, only we couldn't go on as we were—and that I've been knowing for some time."

"Yes, we've both known that," said Rose Mary, still suspending her an-nouncement, she scarcely knew why.

"He talked like he was a-going to the tarked like he was a going to turn the Briars into a kinder orphan asylum for us old folks and spread-eagled around about something he didn't seem to be able to spit out with good sense. But I reckon I was kind-er confused by the shock and wasn't right peart myself to take in his language." And Uncle Tucker sank into a chair, and Rose Mary could see that he was trembling from the strain. that he was trembing from the strain. His big eyes were sunk far back into his head and his shoulders stooped more than she had ever seen them.

more than she had ever seen them.
"Sweetie, sweetie, I can tell you
what Mr. Newsome was trying to say
to you—it was about me. I—I am what Mr. Newsome was trying to say to you.—it was about me. I—I am going to be his wife, and you and the aunties are never, never going to leave the Briars. He has just left here and—and, oh, I am so grateful

the state house to name laws and on der. In our home we have welcomed traveler, man and beast, and come traveer, man and beast, and come sun-up each day we have worshipped at the altar of the living God—but we've never sold one of our women yet! The child of that English girl never leaves my arms except to go into those of a man she loves and wants. Yes, I'm old and I've got still older to look out for, but I can strike older to look our for, but I can strike the trail again to-morrow, jest so I carry the honor of my women folic along with me. We may fall on the march, but, Rose Mary, you are a Harpeth Valley women, and not for sale!?

## CHAPTER IX. THE EXODUS.

"Well, it just amounts to the whole of Sweetbriar a-rising up and declaring of a war on Gid Newsome, and I for one want to march in the front ranks and tote a blunderbus what I couldn't hit nothing smaller than a barn door with if I waster try," exclaimed Mrs. Rucker as she try." exclaimed Mrs. Eucker as and waited at the store for a package Mr. Crabtree was wrapping for her.
"I reckon when the Senator hits Sweetbriar again he'll think he's step.

Sweetbriar again ne'il think he's stepped into a nest of yellar jackets and it'll be a case of run or swell up and bust," answered Mr. Crabtree as be p it up the two boxes of baking-pow.
der for the spouse of the poet, who
stood beside his wife in the door of the

"Well," said Mr. Rucker in his "Well," and Mr. Rucker in his long drawl as he dropped himself one the corner of the counter, "looks as the Honorable Gid kinder fooled along and let Cupid shed a feather on and then slong come somebody tring to pick his posey for him and in come to the thin up. You all 'pear to far get that old saying that it's all's a fair fight in love and war.

"Yee, fight; that's the word! Take off his cost. atran his gallues tiek!

off his coat, strap his galluses tight, apit on his hands and fight for his girl, not trade for her like hogs." was the bomb of sentiment that young Bob exploded, much to the amazement of the gathering of the Sweet-briar clan in the store. Young Bob's devotion to Rose Mary, admiration for Everett and own iender state de heart had made him become articulate with a vengeance for this once and be spat his words out with a vehemence that made a decided impression on his audience.

"That are the right way to talk, Bob Nickols," said Mrs. Rucker, be stowing a glance of approval upon the fierce young Corydon, followed by ose of scorn cast in the direction of the of soorn cast in the direction of the extenuating -circumstances pleading Mr. Rucker. "A man's heart six much use to a woman if the mucker of his arms git string-halt when be oughter fight for her. Come a disputs the man that knocks down would keep me, not the buyer," and this time the glance was delivered with a still greater accent.

greater accent.

"Shoo, honey, you'd settle ast ruckus about you 'fore it not goig by a kinder cold-word dash and pasalong," answered the noet propitatingly and admiringly. "But I values a wondering why Mr. Allory and Miss. Boo. Mary was no." just a-wondering why Mr. Allowa and Miss Rose Mary was so."
"Tain't for nobody to be a-wes

dering over what they feels and does, exclaimed Mrs. Rucker defensively be exciained Mrs. Rucker defensively be-fore the query was half uttered. "They've been hurt deep with som-kind of insult and all we have got is do is to take notice of the trauble aid git to work to helping 'em all we ca. Mr. Tucker ain't said a word to be-hold." but Tucker aint said a word to se body about it, nor have Rose Mar, but they are a-getting ready to move the last of the week, and I deal know where to. I jest begred Ros Mary to let me have Miss Viney as Miss Amandy.
(Continued next week.)

## encentration and the contration When a Man is a Failure

When he is so burdened by his business that he finds no time for rest and recreation.

When he loves his own plans and interests more than humanity. When his friends like him for what he has more than for what he is.

When he knows that he is in the wrong, but is afraid to admit it. When he envies others because they have more ability, talent or wealth

When he does not care what happens to his neighbour or to his friend as long as he is prosperous

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by the same force from the same source that numbers the sparrows.

"Rose Mary, child," came in a gentle voice, and Uncle Tucker's trembling old hand was laid with a caress on the bowed head before she had even heard him come into the milkhouse, "now you've got to look up and get the kite to going again. I've been under the waters, too, but I've pulled myself ashore with a-thinking nothing's a-going to take you from me and them. What does away from me and them. What does it matter if we were to have to take it matter if we were to have to take the bed covers and make a tent for ourselves to camp along Providence Road just so we all can crawl under the flap together? I need nothing in the world but to be sure your smile is not agoing to die out."

"Oh, honey-sweet, it isn't — it isn't," answered Rose Mary, looking up at him quickly with the tenderness breaking through the agony in a perfect radiance. "It's all right, Uncle Tucker, I know it will be!" "Course it's all right because it is

answered Uncle Tucker brave-, with a real smile breaking through ly, with a real smile breaking through the exhaustion on his face that show-ed so plainly the fight he had been having in his fields, now no longer his as he realized. "Gid has got the of it, and is wasn't honest of us to hold on at this losing rate as long as we did. There is just a little more value to the land than the mortgage, I take it, and we can pay the behind interest with that, and when we do more offen the place we won't leave debt to nobody on it, even if we do leave—the graves."

"Did he say—when—when he ex-pected you to—give up the Briars?" asked Rose Mary in a guarded tone asked Rose Mary in a guarded tone of voice, as if she wanted to be sure of all the facts before she told of the climax she saw had not been even suggested to Uncle Tucker.

"Oh, no; Gid handled the talk mights kind-like. I think it's better to let folks always chaw their own

by the same force from the same to keep it—for you—and them. I source that numbers the sparrows.

"Rose Mary, child," came in a gen—pected such—a—door in a tone tie voice, and Uncle Tucker's tremb—wall." And Rose Mary's voice was ling old hand was laid with a carees firm and gentle, but here even you on the bowed head before she had looked out over Harpeth Valley with the agony of all the ages in their

But in hoping to conceal her tragedy Rose Mary had not counted on the light love throws across the dark places that confront the steps of dark places that confront the steps of those of our blood-bond, and in an instant Uncle Tucker's torch of com-prehension flamed high with the paspresention finding after the pas-sion of indignation. Slowly he rose to his feet, and the stoop in his feeble old shoulders straightened itself out so that he stood with the height of his young manhood. His gentle eyes lost the mysticism that had come with his years of sorrow and baffling toil, and a stern, dignified power shone straight out over the young woman at his side. He raised his arm and pointed with a hand that had ceased to tremble over the valley to where Providence Road wound itself over Old Harpeth.

Rose Mary," he said sternly in "Rose Mary," he said sternly in a quiet, desirve voice that rang with the virility of his youth, "when the first of us Alloways came along that wilderness trail, a slip of an English girl walked by him when he walked and rode the pillion behind him when he walks. She fiviable that the walked and rode the pillion behind him when he walks. and rode the pillion behind him when he rode. She fit-ished that journey with bleeding feet in a common had bought from an Indian common he had bought from an Indian common he had bought from an Indian rought had been and found this spring he halted wagons and teams and there on that hill she dropped down to sleep, worn out with the journey. And while she was askep he stuck a stake at the black-curled head of her and one by the little, tirred, ragged feet. That was the measure of the front door-sill to the Briars up there on the hill. was the measure of the front door-sill to the Briars up there on the hill. Come generations we have fought off the Indians, we have cleared and till-ed the land, and we have gone up to

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The Sowi

T. G. Raynor, Seed. The spring time son when farmers, a ing the seed in the the teachings of Gallilee's shores look farmer scattering t marked "Behold a to sow

Occasionally one is former methods of so hung over his should hands proceeds to a it done by machiner perhaps that is the r of the sower is havi

all appearances.
What is it the fa
ood, pure, vital seed
What a blessing it were universally true, it is discovered that seeds of various kin the soil along with th seed itself ranges from and indifferent. Wh vest be? It is nature Apostle Paul says "the man soweth that shall If a man sows the w

