

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS"

Supplied Under

Royal Warrant of Appointment to

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

At the Eleventh Hour!

CHAPTER II. "FOUND DEAD!"

He rode off toward Roncovetto and Vida hurried back to the house and sought her cousin, who was busy out in the kitchen-yard overseeing several dusky satellites who were peeling apples and putting on the big porcelain kettle preparatory to making a quantity of that toothsome dainty, apple-butter.

The warm air was delicious with the commingled odors of new cider and of purple grapes hanging heavily from the long trellis.

"I wish you could go and see the dead girl," said Vida eagerly. She shared in common with many of her sex a morbid fancy for the horrible.

"Run, Rastus, and hitch Black Beauty into the cart while I get ready!" cried Mrs. Lewis, throwing off her big gingham apron, and running into the house, every bit as eager as her cousin Vida.

And presently they climbed into the cart, and Black Beauty set off at a smart trot. Vida forgetting in her excitement that she had been staying home a week owing to herself never to budge from the place till the arrival of Stephen Belcourt.

Oh, mockery of fate! They were scarcely out of sight down the winding river-road when the "fondly wished-for, long-delayed cavalier galloped into view, and drew rein before the gate.

"Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat!" went the big brass knocker at the front door; but no one appeared to welcome the gallant candidate, though the double front door stood invitingly open, affording a view of the broad, shady hall, with a bumblebee humming lazily through it toward a vase of roses that adorned the hat-rack. Presently, however, the sound of negro laughter came to him from the rear of the house and stepping off the porch, he followed the sound till he came to a little darky turning a cinder-mill.

"Hello, Gumbo! where's Mr. Lewis?" "Up in de orchard, boss. Wait, an' I'll fetch him yere," rolling up the whites of his eyes in wonder at the stranger.

"No, just lead the way to him. Here Nance, turn the mill while he goes, won't you?" Flipping each of them a quarter, that made each one giggle with delight.

Following the agile Erastus, Stephen Belcourt entered the orchard, where several men were assisting

Be Warned by Headache

It tells of Serious Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys—Try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. You can stop a headache with powerful drugs. But it is not generally wise to do so. A headache almost always warns you of derangements of the digestive system, the liver, kidneys or bowels. Beware! the liver is healthful action by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and you not only free yourself of headache, but remove the cause which will soon lead to more dangerous results than headache. Pains are the result of poison in the system and whether you have headache, backache or aching limbs, you can be almost sure of relief and cure by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They are wonderfully prompt, as well as definite and thorough in action. You can depend upon them, no matter how long-standing or complicated your case. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box; all dealers or, J. H. B. Bates & Co., Toronto.

Farmer Lewis to gather the rosy apples into luscious piles under the trees whose branches drooped with their burden of fruit, while some distance apart he saw two female figures engaged in the same occupation.

A great outcry arose when the visitor was discovered to be Stephen Belcourt, the favorite gubernatorial candidate for that part of the county.

He was quickly surrounded by the stalwart voters, and a great talking and laughing ensued, while the two females gazed on from a distance in eager curiosity.

"Who is he, Sally Ann?" inquired Lynette Lewis of her companion, a good-natured old maid, who lived all alone in a cottage on the estate, and went out by the day to help her neighbors in all kinds of work.

But Sally Ann Sims professed ignorance of the stranger's identity.

"I donno who 'tis," she replied. "But he's a mighty pretty man, ain't he now? How tall and slim he is, an' what pretty black curly hair—"

the very image of a young man as usual to keep company with me a long time ago. Where is he now? and why didn't I marry him, you say? Oh, he was killed in the war, poor fellow; and nobody ever courted me afterward, 'cept one ornery chap that I didn't want. Well, let's set down here under the trees, an' talk 'em white the others is a-laffin' an' talkin'."

"They sat down together on the gnarled roots of the old apple-tree, the ancient maiden with her lovely story back in the far past, and the beautiful young girl with all hers before her in the unknown future. Their white sunbonnets fell back, and the fragrant breeze caressed the sparse gray locks of the woman and the rich curls of the girl.

They looked at the knot of men in animated converse, until suddenly a bright thought dawned on Lynette.

"Oh, it must be Stephen Belcourt!" she exclaimed.

"Why, maybe 'tis, honey—the new governor?"

"Not yet, Sally Ann."

"Oh, well, goin' to be, anyway."

"You don't know that, either, Sally Ann; and Lynette sang softly under her breath the refrain of an old, old song:

"There's many a slip, there's many a slip, There's many a slip, they say; There's many a slip 'twixt cup and the lip."

"Now, Lynette, don't you go predictin' 'ad luck for Mr. Belcourt. Everybody is goin' to vote for him, sure."

"Not everybody, Sally Ann."

"Well, all the Dismyrrats anyhow, and they're more o' them than Pops or 'Publicans, so he's bound to win. Why, Lynette, I've been 'lectioneerin' for him myself, an' sorry I can't cast a vote, too."

"So am I, for I want him to be elected. But, oh, dear! he's coming this very way with Uncle Jack! My heart's in my throat! Shall we run behind the tree and hide?"

"Not me, indeed! Let's stan' our ground, an' maybe we'll git interluded to him, Lynner. Only think of the honor, honey. Why, I'll be that proud all my life to hev a hand-shake from the governor!"

"Maybe you'd like to set your cap at him, like Vida?" laughed Lynette, growing rosy from brow to chin, as she felt the gaze of the approaching stranger on her face.

"I'll leave that to you, an' I think you kin cut out that red-headed Vida any day!" tittered the old woman, as she stood up hurriedly to make her curtsey.

Lynette rose too in a little bashful tremor, all sweet, rosy confusion over her scant blue gingham gown, faded and brier-torn, and the white sunbonnet hanging down her back by the strings tied under her chin.

"Oh!" she thought, distressfully, "if only I had on my best gown and

hat! There's a hole in my old shoe, I'm afraid, and this gingham is up to my ankles. Why didn't Uncle Jack take him another way?"

But it wasn't Uncle Jack's fault at all, for he had said: "I see you're looking at my women folk, Mr. Belcourt; but you needn't mind shaking hands with 'em. Thy hairn't no vote—haw! haw!"

"But the ladies can influence the men's votes, Mr. Lewis. Besides, I am a ladies' man myself, so please present me," returned Belcourt in his most urgent manner, intent on making himself agreeable all around.

So they met—the brilliant, handsome lawyer, a candidate for the highest honor of his native State—and the little farmhouse drudge, sweet Lynette—a meeting fraught with fate!

Miss Sims, by precedence of age, had the first handshake and sugared speech from the embryo governor.

Then it was Lynette's turn, and the boy and girl took first into each other's eyes.

She saw a handsome, high bred face, blue eyes, dark hair and mustache, and a winning, courtly smile.

He saw—despite torn shoes and shabby gown—the prettiest girl in Greenbrier County, or in West Virginia even—a very queen of beauty, sunburned, rosy, radiant, beguiling, her lips cherries, her teeth pearls, her eyes brown and long-lashed, her hair a mesh of chestnut, in whose rich waves the sunshine had got tangled, her form just above medium height, the embodiment of youthful, natural grace.

He released the hand he had held as long as he dared, and said in his musical voice:

"This shade is very inviting. May I rest here a while?"

He sat down close to her side, and Sally Ann drew aside and talked to Mr. Lewis. She did not intend to spoil sport, not she. Let the child have her chance, like other girls, despite jealous Vida and spiteful Aunt Jill.

And to Sally Ann's everlasting delight the grand gentleman stayed and talked to her favorite fully half an hour, though his time was so precious and he had so many more calls to make that day.

Then he rose and stood before her, hat in hand, and to Sally Ann's delighted eyes it seemed as if he could not tear himself away.

"I hope I shall see you at the fair, Tuesday?" he said, gently.

"Uncle has promised to take me," Lynette answered, with a glad smile.

To be continued.

CHAPTER III. The Candidate For Governor.

Mrs. Lewis and Vida reached home just in time for the midday dinner at the farm, and the whole talk at the table was of the mysterious case of the beautiful stranger found dead in the woods that beautiful summer morning.

"It was dreadful! I shall never forget the sight as long as I live!" cried Vida. "She lay in a pool of blood that had flowed from her side and dyed her light-gray dress a dark crimson. She was resting easily, her face upturned to the light, the deadly little pistol lying close to her hand, as if it had fallen from it in the struggle of death."

"Then it must have been a case of suicide," observed Farmer Lewis. "So everybody thought," said his wife. "But there will be an inquest this afternoon at three o'clock, and then it will be decided."

But Mrs. Lewis had been late in listening in silence to every word, with an eager interest on her thin, peaked visage, and now she broke in abruptly:

"Did the pore creature hev yaller hair—yaller as flax? An' blue eyes, an' a' d' d' d' in her chin? An' did her gray dress hev a blue silk belt an' collar?"

"Yes, she did. You have described her exactly! Wherever did you see her, Sally Ann?" exclaimed Mrs. Lewis in wonder.

"I was lookin' in her night just about sundown, an' my own house, alive an' well—talked to her, an' gin her a bite o' supper," announced the old maid, with an air of importance.

Every one at table dropped knife and fork to gaze at her in surprise, and they gave her no peace till she had told what she had seen.

It was a simple-enough story when when linked to the tragedy of to-day—the tragedy of death.

The strange girl had come to Sally Ann's door in the dusk of the day, and said abruptly:

"I'm lookin' for work—fo' plain sewing. Can you give me any?"

The old maid looked at her in wonder. She was about sixteen or twenty—bravely, but with a wild, haggard look of trouble or illness on her pale, thin face, and her eyes, which were in a cheek gray, and blue straw sailor-hat, and carried a small hand-bag.

"Why, where did you come from, anyway?" returned the startled spinster.

"I came on the train from the city, I've been out of a fever, and the doctor told me I must go to the country. But I'm poor; I must find work in some kind farmer's family, to pay my board; and she dropped wearily down on the bench outside the door.

Sally Ann, with a kind heart, went to her, spread the table and invited the wayfarer in; but she scarcely touched food, only drank thirstily.

"You are very kind," she said, pushing back the plate wearily. "Now tell me the names of some of the neighboring rich farmers whose wives might employ me."

"Good-bye, then, till Tuesday. I shall court the dayer," she laughed, gently releasing her hand.

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"The nex' farm 't'win' Bloomin' Meadows is Bonnie Bras, belongin' to Mr. Graham Prentiss, a young bachelor 'bout no famby to mention—only an ole aunt that keeps house fer him—but like enough he'll be married soon."

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UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to Aug. 12th, 1911

A	F	M	R
Adams, Emma, card	Farrell, Mary, Riverhead	Marshall, Mrs. Wm., card	Ryan, Enos, Moore St.
Aash, Richard	Farish, S. W.	Mayer, Lizzie, Hall's Hill	Rafus, Martin, ret'd.
Adams, Mary, card	Freeman, H.	Milley, Mrs. Wm. M.	Ransom, John
Adams, Mrs. James, card	French, John, St. John's	Milley, Josiah	Ryan, P. J., late Grand Falls
Ahy, Mrs. Charles	French, Mrs. Wm.	Mitchard, Daisy, care G.P.O.	Ryan, Miss Bridget
Ames, J.	French, Mrs. Wm.	Molloy, John T.	Ryan, Frank, card
Anle, Andrew, ret'd.	Fisher, Water Street	Morgan, Mrs. Wm.	Ready, Bridget
Andrews, Joseph, card	Fitzgerald, Miss Eliza	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Rice, Hettie, card
Atkins, A. H.	Fitzgerald, Mrs. John	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Rogers, James, Cabot St.
Ammission, R., ret'd.	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Rose, George F.
Bragg, Mrs. George	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Rogers, M. and Mrs. Paul
Blair, Mrs. J. H.	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Ross, Mrs. Chas.
Bennett, Miss C., card	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Rogers, Wm. J.
Bennett, Miss Mollie	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Rogers, Miss Nellie
Benson, James	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Robinson, Jennie, slip
Beddescombe, S.	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Towell, Bessie
Benson, Miss Belinda	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Skanes, Maggie
Brien, Toney, Brine St.	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Sparks, W. R.
Burton, Mrs. J. H.	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Sparks, Benjamin
Bennett, Miss C., card	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Sparks, James
Bennett, Miss Mollie	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Stapleton, Patrick, Lime St.
Benson, James	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Stade, Miss Louisa
Beddescombe, S.	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Starks, Roland Geo.
Benson, Miss Belinda	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Sparks, T. W., Water St.
Brien, Toney, Brine St.	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Snelgrove, Patrick
Burton, Mrs. J. H.	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Smith, P.
Bennett, Miss C., card	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Smith, David
Bennett, Miss Mollie	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Simmonds, Mrs. George
Benson, James	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Scott, Miss Annie D.
Beddescombe, S.	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Scott, Miss Provie
Benson, Miss Belinda	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	See Samuel Miller
Brien, Toney, Brine St.	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Sullivan, R.
Burton, Mrs. J. H.	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Try, Thomas
Bennett, Miss C., card	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Try, Thomas
Bennett, Miss Mollie	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Tumble, Ester, Castle Ray
Benson, James	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Taylor, Miss Ellen
Beddescombe, S.	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Trainer, M., card
Benson, Miss Belinda	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Taylor, Mrs. Wm. J.
Brien, Toney, Brine St.	Foster, Miss Alice	Morris, E. H., Wickford Street	Taylor, Mrs. Wm. J.
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