THE GODDESS

Unique Serial Story

By Gouverneur Morris.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death, Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful three-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels, who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. Tommy Barclay was her childhood chum.

CHAPTER II.

"So you are the little boy who is trying to find the little Amesbury girl, said Barclay.

Tommy Barclay had never been in such a magnificent room. The walls were lined almost to the ceilings with books in leather bindings. There was a table of some dark, dully shiny wood in the centre of the room, and here and there glowed Chinese porcelains that any self-respecting museum would have committed a crime to obtain. There were a thousand things to have drawn the attention of a sharp-eyed small boy but Tommy never took his eyes from Mr. Barclay's eyes.. This pleased the great man, who disliked people who showed fear or inattention.

"Sit down," he said.

Tommy almost disappeared into a leather arm chair.

"You were very fond of her, werent you?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy, "Can you tell me where she has gone?"

Barclay did not answer at once. "I understand," he said, "that you, too, have lost both your parents?"

"I live with my Aunt Sallie," said Tommy.

"Is she married?"

"Yes, sir."

"And has boys and girls of her own?" asked Barclay.

"Yes, sir; five."

"I understand that your aunt and uncle are not as rich as they might be, and that it is asking a good deal of them to take care of even one extra mouth. Now, I have a great big house and servants and good things to eat, and the only thing I haven't got is a little boy or girl of my own. How would you like to pay me a visit, and if we find that we like each other, to live with me as my son?"

"I should like," said Tommy naively, "to pay you a visit."

Barclay laughed heartily "You shall," he said, "and you won't have to tell your aunt about it, because I have arranged all that. You won't even have to change your name, as it is the same as mine.

"We thougnt pernaps you would be willing to come, and so she has packed up all your things and sent them here.." He touched a bell on the great table in front of him, and almost instantly and without noise what soever, a man servant appeared in the room.

"Show Barclay to his room," said Barclay, and with a pleasant nod to Tommy, " I dine at half-past seven," he said.

Tommy lingered for a moment. "You haven't told me," he said, "where she has gone."

Barclay rose and laid his hand almost caressingly on the boy's shoulder. "Tommy," he said, "your little girl has gone to heaven."

It was a very sad little boy who bathed and dressed himself in an Eton suit, a little too small for him, and went down to half-past seven dinner, but he wasn't so sad as he might have been for he was too young not to be excited and elated by his new surroundings. He not only had a bedroom as big as a cottage, but a dressing room and bathroom. The iormer covered with the thickest and softest of rugs the latter all glass and white tiles and silver plate. While he was bathing the valet laid out his clothes for him, coat and trousers over one chair, underclothes and socks on another chair, and necktie and handkerchiefs, on the dressing table, and here also was the nickel-plated watch that he carried and the few dimes, nickels, and pennies that he had had in the clothes he had taken off; also the top, one fairly long piece of fish line, half a stick of licorice, and a rusty pocket knife. In a very small glass of water was a boutonniere, consisting of one gardenia, three green leaves, and a twist of silver paper.

His first dinner in the great house was a little trying; the room was so big and he was so small. He would hear a little boy say something and realize suddenly that it was he himself who had spoken. The butler, with two footmen to assist him, served them, and of the three exceptionally tall and imposing men. Tommy was in not a little awe. His host, however, although he had none of his own, seemed to understand small boys thoroughly. It is possible that some time in his life he may have been a small boy himself. He did not patronize Tommy to talk down to him. He treated him in an offhand, matter-of-fact way, just as if Tommy had been his equal, so if the room had been a little smaller and the men servants fewer Tommy would have sooner felt at home. In time, however, Tommy grew up to his surroundings. In time it would seem to him natural to eat in a place as big as a waiting room in a railroad station and to sleep in a bed that might have contained a half a dozen other small boys.

When dinner was over Tommy sat on and ate nuts, while Barclay drank coffee and smoked a cigar. At nine o'clock the little boy went to bed. It was natural that she should feel a little sad and lonely with the unfamiliarity of everything, and that he should have one dream after another.

But they were all about the little Amesbury girl in heaven.

The heaven that he dreamed about wasn't a very big place. There was no part of it indeed that could not have been contained within the arch of a theatre. There was a dog or two; there was at least one red Indian, with wings and many streets paved with gold trees all made of gold and silver, and green enamel and jewelry. There were many curious domestic touches. Right out in the middle of a golden street he saw the little Amesbury girl, sitting in a little wooden chair at a little wooden table and giving a tea party to a fairy no bigger than your thumb. Again he saw her robed in white, playing most enviably upon a golden harp, and then she was playing in a garden and had her lap all full of jewels, and when she was tired of all these she simply got up and they all fell to the ground in a wonderful bright shower, and she simply left them there, and then he saw her in a sort of a celestial schoolroom. The blackboard had a wonderful carved and gilded frame, just like the Van Dyke portrait over the mantel in Mr. Barclay's dining room. The little Amesbury girl had a silver desk and a gold ink-stand and a pen made of ivory, and when she got tired of writing she simply let go of the penhandle and it went on writing all by itself. There was no word in English or in all the languages spoken in heaven which that pen couldn't spell. It never got hairs in it and it never inked anybody's thumb and forefinger. The school teacher was the most beautiful and charming angel imaginable. She had wings like a dove. The piece of chalk she drew with did not squak, and she smiled so beautifully that you simly could not help understanding what she was driving at. She was drawing a beautiful map. The upper part of it was heaven. She made a cross in heaven, and said in a bright, sweet voice: "That is where we are, Celestia; that is where we are having our lessons." The middle part of the map was the earth; it was most New York city and woods. England, way off at the left, looked like a bullfrog; Germany and Austria looked like two eagles, back to back; France was a little girl in a striped petticoat; sitting on a very high stool and beating a drum; the whole was surrounded with a great broad blue sash of ocean, in which all sorts of ships seemed to move, so cleverly had the angel school teacher drawn them, or such was the magic of her chalk on the blackboard. To represent what was underneath the earth she used a piece of ruby-colored chalk, and sometimes when she made a particularly broad line a little smoke appeared to rise from it.

The map which the teacher had drawn in red chalk had grown so big that you could no longer see the other maps at all, and it was blood red and smoking. It looked less and less like a map, and more and more like a face. It had horns and pointed ears, but these melted off, and it began to develop two enomous eyes with coal-black rims. Before the thing really looked like anybody that he had ever seen Tommy knew that in the very next atom of time it was going to look exactly like Professor Stilliter.

He knew that he must knock its glasses off or perish. He struck at them with all his might, and his hand passed through them, as if they had been made of smoke.

Then he walked up, and, with as loud a scream as any healthy-minded and badly frightened small boy ever succeeded in screaming.

Mr. Barclay couldn't help being fond of Tommy, but in some ways Tommy proved an awful disappointment to him.

Adopted into and brought up to be an aristocrat of wealth, he had no interest in money except to spend it. I don't mean that he was especially wasteful or especially extravagant, but only that he took no interest in how the money had been gathered or how it could be made to work. He was much more interested in horses and boats and dogs and shooting than in any of his patron's financial affairs. He went to boarding school and played on the football team and the hockey team and the baseball team. He took prizes in everything that he engaged in, except studies. It was the same with him at college. He spent half his time winning trophies for his college and the other half making friends for himself. When he graduated, Mr. Barclay tried to teach him banking, railroading, and a few other trifles all at once. Mr. Barclay had not patience with the idea that it is best to begin at the bottom and work up. He believed in beginning at the top. Tommy did his best to make good. He attended long drawn out directors meetings and he racked his brains to understand what they were all about. He traveled all over the country to inspect this property and that, and once he almost got into touch with finance; at least he found amusement in one aspect of it. In short, he was sworn in as a special deputy in a time of coal trouble and helped to put down a strike.

Mr. Barclay did not expect too much of Tommy, and soon saw that what little he did expect he was not likely to get. But he was very fond of him and tried to make the best of him. Tommy spent all his leisure time playing polo or tennis or dashing off on hunting trips, and some fourteen or fifteen years after this story opens he became very much interested in Miss Mary Blackstone.

He hadn't forgotten the little Amesbury girl. He never would forget her, but what is the use of a little girl who lives in heaven to a young man who doesn't?

Tommy often dreamed about her still. As he grew older she grew older, and the heaven in which she lived and was educated by the most scientific and philosophical of all the saints and angels became more and more sophisticated and less and less like the palace scene in a comic opera.

But Mary Blackstone did not live in heaven, did not wear a halo, did not string a golden harp, or sit around and look as if butter wouldn't melt in her houth. She lived in a low, white house near Southampton, L.I. It had gardens full of gigantic boxwood, and it had so many fluted columns to hold up its verandah roofs that Tommy with his distaste for figures, was never able to count them. Some people said the house had a hundred rooms in it; other people said that there were two hundred. These, however, did not affect Tommy. He was on the most charming and intimate terms with her father, and there was one south-west room in which he spent many and many a week-end, and which was always known to the Blackstone family as Tommy's room.

Mary Blackstone rode horses, played tennis and swamp in the surf as well as a strong and courageous boy. Tommy never knew whether she was more attractive in athletic clothes or when, as she expressed it, she was dressed to look like a real lady. Every phase of her appearance charmed him. Unfortunately, these same phases and everything else about her charmed a good many other men.

If she liked Tommy better than anybody else she was in no hurry to say so. She didn't want to cut herself off from all the other young men, whom she liked almost as well, Carlton Fitch, for instance.

Carlton Fitch was Mr Barclay's nephew, and in some ways was a great favorite of his uncle's. He took so much interest in his uncle's banks, railroads, mines, etc. that you might have thought that he expected to own them some day. He was not only a nominal director of a great many corporations, but a very real director in the affairs of half a dozen of the more important. He never neglected work for play. Some people admired him tremendously; others said they wouldn't trust him around the corner with a five-cent piece.

Outwardly, he and Tommy were always friendly and polite to each other, even after they had become open rivals for Mary Blackstone's approval, but inwardly each had a certain contempt for the other, and, in addition to this, Carlton Fitch was jealous of Tommy, for he had expected to inherit almost the whole of Mr. Barclay's money, and since Tommy's adoption it looked as if he was going to inherit very little of it indeed. He would be rich, anyway, but he was very greedy for power.

Mentally, they were poles apart. Tommy, though he loved to spend money, was given to asking foolish questions about the ways and prerogatives of capital. He couldn't understand why the majority of people in this world have to be poor and dirty and unhappy. Why the real producer should have such a small share in what he produces. He did not go into these questions very deeply, but just enough to be something of a Socialist at heart and to feel a certain contempt for people to whom the collecting of money was the most important thing in the world. Perhaps he only took up Socialistic ideas in order to amuse himself at the expense of those who maintain opposite theories, for he didn't go into anything except games very seriously or very thoroughly. He did feel very strongly however, that in a world containing so many able minds it was a shame that so much poverty and misery should be allowed to exist.

"You couldn't live in a house that had a dirty attic and a filthy cellar and tuberculosis rats behind the wainscoting," he once said to Barclay. "How then, can you live in a city, nine-tenths of it full of dirt, misery and disease?" To which Barclay had answered: "In my own house I am the master. But in the city, if I wanted to clean it up, they wouldn't let me."

"Who wouldn't?"

"Why, the very people who make it dirty. Understand, Tommy, that in this country, any man who is willing to work, oh! not six or eight hours a day, but as hard as he can, and will live on less than he earns, can be clean and rich. It's a small price to pay. Some pay it. I paid it. Others would like to pay it but still others won't let them. It isn't the rich who keep the poor down. It's the poor who band together to keep each other down and to pull the rich down on top of them, if they can."

Mr Barclay was supposed to be the coolest calculator of possibilities in America. As a matter of fact he was a man who owed his greatest success to impulse. But in the case of Tommy Barclay, whom he had adopted, not after careful deliberation and calculation, but upon impulse, it looked as if he was going to be disappointed.

He had planned in complete detail a splendid destiny for Tommy. The boy was to be one of the world's greatest names and powers; its richest man. To the millions that he was to inherit from Barclay, the Blackstone millions were to be added by marriage. Why, in case it had ever developed that government by the people is a failure, when that government should at least collapse, as in his heart Barclay thought and hoped that it would, Tommy Barclay might aspire to be—anything, a dictator, a king.

(To be Continued.)

WHERE TO SEE THE PICTURES THIS WEEK

The motion pictures of The Goddess may be seen at the Brant Theatre last half of this week, beginning Thursday, Nov. 4th.

HOOD'S PILLS Cure Biliousness. 25c. Best for all liver ills. Try them.

City Carpet Ball League

The following is the city carpetball schedule for the coming year. The schedule is divided into two series, the first series ending January 24th, and the second ending March 31st. The winners of the first series play with the winners of the second series to decide the championship. The finals will be home and home games.

FIRST SERIES

November—
8—Liberal No 1 at Court Brant C. O.F.
10—Beavers at Salisbury Lodge, S. O. E.
12—Marlboro Church at W. O. W.
12—Liberal No. 2 at Borden No 1.
15—Borden No. 2 at Liberal No. 1.
16—Borden No 1 at Marlboro St. Church.
18—W. O. W. at Beavers.
19—Liberal No. 1 at Liberal No 2.
22—Salisbury Lodge S.O.E. at Court Brant C.O.F.
23—Borden No 1 at Borden No. 2.
24—Marlboro Church at Salisbury Lodge, S.O.E.
26—Liberal No 2 at W. O. W.
29—Court Brant, C. O. F. at Borden No. 1.
30—Beavers at Liberal No 1.
December—
2—W. O. W. at Marlboro Church.
3—Salisbury Lodge, S. O. E. at Liberal No. 2.
6—Liberal No. 1 at Borden No. 1.
10—Borden No 2 at W. O. W.
13—Beavers at Court Brant, C.O.F
13—Salisbury Lodge, S. O. E. at Borden No. 1.
14—W. O. W. at Liberal No. 1.
16—Liberal No. 2 at Marlboro Church.
20—Court Brant, C. O. F. at Beavers.
21—Marlboro Church at Borden No 2.
22—Liberal No 1 at Salisbury lodge S. O. E.
24—Court Brant C. O. F. at W. O. W.
28—Marlboro Church at Beavers.
30—Borden No. 1 at Liberal No 2.
January—
3—Beavers at Borden No. 2.
7—W. O. W. at Liberal No. 2.
10—Borden No. 2 at Court Brant, C. O. F.
11—Salisbury Lodge S. O. E. at Beavers.
12—Borden No. 1 at Liberal No. 1.
14—Court Brant, C. O. F. at Marlboro Church.
19—Borden No 2 at Salisbury lodge S. O. E.
24—Liberal No 2 at Borden No. 2.

SECOND SERIES

January—
27—Liberal No 1 at Beavers
28—Marlboro Church at Liberal No 2.
31—W. O. W. at Borden No. 1.
February—
2—Court Brant C. O. F. at Salisbury lodge S. O. E.
3—Borden No. 2 at Marlboro Church.
8—Salisbury Lodge S. O. E. at Liberal No. 1.
10—Borden No. 1 at Beavers.
11—Liberal No 1 at W. O. W.
14—Marlboro Church at Court Brant C. O. F.
15—Salisbury S. O. E. at Borden No. 2.
18—Beavers at Liberal No 2.
21—Liberal No 2 at Liberal No 1.
22—Borden No. 2 at Borden No 1.
25—Salisbury Lodge S. O. E. at W. O. W.
28—Borden No 1 at Court Brant, C. O. F.
29—Beavers at Marlboro Church.
March—
1—Borden No 1 at Salisbury Lodge S. O. E.
2—Borden No 2 at Beavers.
3—Court Brant C. O. F. at Liberal No. 2.
6—Liberal No 1 at Borden No. 2.
9—Salisbury Lodge S. O. E. at Marlboro Church.
10—Beavers at W. O. W.
13—Liberal No 2 at Court Brant, C. O. F.
14—Marlboro Church at Liberal No 1.
15—Liberal No. 2 at Salisbury Lodge S. O. E.
17—Marlboro Church at Borden No 1.
21—Liberal No 1 at Marlboro Church.
23—Liberal No 2 at Beavers.
24—Borden No 1 at W. O. W.
24—Court Brant C.O.F. at Borden No 2.
27—W. O. W. at Court Brant C. O. F.
27—Beavers at Borden No 1.
28—Borden No 2 at Liberal No. 2.
29—W. O. W. at Salisbury Lodge S. O. E.
31—Court Brant C. O. F. at Liberal No. 1.
31—W. O. W. at Borden No. 2.

SUDDEN DEATH OF EDITOR OF STAATS ZEITUNG

Herman Ridder Passed Last Night After a Lingering Illness.

New York, Nov. 2.—Herman Ridder, former treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, and publisher of The Staats Zeitung, died suddenly late yesterday at his home in this city.

The cause of Mr Ridder's death was kidney trouble in an acute form. He had been ill about ten months, and for two weeks past his condition had been critical. He was in his sixty-fifth year.

Among a large number of prominent German-American citizens of the United States Herman Ridder was one of the most conspicuous figures in the newspaper publishing business and in politics. His associates in the publishing business had honored him at one time with the Presidency of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, and for many years he held high offices in the Associated Press as treasurer and a director. In politics he was such a factor that he was talked of at the national Democratic convention in Denver in 1908 as a possible nominee for vice-president on the ticket with Bryan, who, however, Mr. Ridder opposed at that time. He was also discussed later as a likely selection for Ambassador to Germany.

Mr Ridder was owner and editor of the New York Staats Zeitung, one of the foremost German newspapers in the United States, and through this he was particularly conspicuous recently in his ardent defence of the German position in the European war.

At the time of the reciprocity negotiations with Canada Mr Ridder was one of the most vigorous in the denunciation of the "paper trust" prices for newspaper print, and it was largely due to the fight which he and others made that cheaper newsprint paper was secured.

AGENTS

The Daily Courier can be purchased from the following:

CENTRAL

STEDMAN'S BOOK STORE, 160 Colborne Street.
ASHTON, GEORGE, 52 Dalhousie Street.
JOLLY, D. J., Dalhousie Street.
PICKELS' NEWS STORE, 72 Colborne St.
STEWART'S BOOK STORE, 72 Market St.
SIMON, W., 311 Market St.
WICKS' NEWS STORE, cor. Dalhousie and Queen Streets.
HARTMAN & CO., 236 Colborne St.

EAST WARD

SHEARD, A., 433 Colborne St.
AYLIFFE, H. E., 330 Colborne St.
BICKELL, GEORGE, corner Arthur and Murray Sts.
FREEBORN, A. A., 109 Elgin St.
HIGINBOTHAM & CAMERON, 373 Colborne St.
LUNDY, J. B., 270 Darling St.
MILBURN, J. W., 44 Mary St.

NORTH WARD

KLINKHAMMER, LEO J., 136 Albion St.
LISTER, A. A., 73 William St.
McGREGOR, J., corner Pearl and Richmond Sts.
MARSAW, GEO., 57 Duke St.
PAGE, J., corner Pearl and West Sts.
TOWNSON, G. E., 109 William St.

WEST BRANT

MORRISON, F. E., 119 Oxford St.
WAINWRIGHT, H., 121 Oxford St.

TERRACE HILL

McCANN BROS., 210 West St.
MALLENDIN, C., corner Grand and St. George Sts.

HOLMEDALE

SCRIVNER, W., corner Spring and Chestnut Ave.
ROWCLIFFE, J. J., 225 West Mill St.

EAGLE PLACE

KEW, M. & J., 15 Mohawk St.
MARX, F. J., 80 Eagle Ave.
WILLITS, N., 85 Emily St.

Phil H. White, trainer of street ailway spotters in New York, was jailed for fraudulent course.

Harry Landis, auto speeder, who killed a boy near York, Pa., was sent to jail for a year and fined $300.

Wood's Phosphodine
The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $1 per box, six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TOR... Windsor.

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