The World Against Him

By WILL N. HARBEN.

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[illegible] than let the mob harm the fellow. He stood there with more ropes on him than he could carry and didn't look big enough to harm a fly. After Fanshaw got their attention the first thing he demanded was that they let the prisoner tell his story. He gained his point and the little chap began to talk. You could hardly hear what he said, he was so fatigued and hoarse. 'In the name of God and Christianity,' he said, 'let me have a chance to prove I'm not guilty.'

"Syd Hart, Thad Williams and their faction were too full of whisky and hatred to be moved by mere eloquence; they were there for blood, and they were going to have it; so they tried to drown out what the prisoner was saying. But Fanshaw, towering above them all on his horse, finally succeeded in getting him heard and the boy's story satisfied me of his innocence. He said the money he had was his savings from two years' hard work in an iron foundry in Chattanooga and that he was taking it home to his widowed mother, who depends on him for her support. He said he was tramping home on foot to save the expense of a railroad ticket. Somebody asked him why he had tried to escape from the sheriff, and he said he was afraid of being lynched—that he had heard of the treatment men accused of crime received in these mountains.

"Then some one asked him about the blood on his hands and shirt, and he showed them a cut on his leg which had been bound up and was bleeding.

"About that time Syd Hart became blustreperous again. Captain, I saw you talking to him just then. I wondered if you had said anything to inflame—"

"I thought I might reason with him," broke in Winkle, with a start. "I saw he was clear out of his head, wholly unreasonable, you know."

"Well, you seemed to have struck stony ground for your good seed," laughed Hasbrooke, "for he got wilder than ever."

"Oh, do go on!" cried Mrs. Lancaster. "What became of Mr. Fanshaw?"

"I was coming to him," said the old man. "As soon as he appeared on the scene, the sheriff, who had hardly opened his mouth in any sort of remonstrance, picked up his courage and began to try to get possession of the prisoner; but nobody paid any attention to him. Hart and Williams had their ears. However, young Fanshaw saw how the thing was going and brought it to a focus by the most unexpected and risky move I ever saw. Pretending that he wanted the people in the edge of the crowd to [illegible] small the prisoner was, he [illegible] little fellow onto his horse in front of him, and, before anyone suspected that he was up to, he had wheeled his horse and was off like the wind. Syd Hart pulled his revolver and aimed it at Fanshaw's back, but Dave Fanshaw [illegible] the weapon up and it went off without harming anyone. Then Dave held a pistol at Hart's head and dared him to stir a muscle. This quarrel drew the attention of the mob from the prisoner and Fanshaw bore him away without any opposition. The sheriff followed at his heels. They have gone with him to the jail in Danube. He'll be safe there."

Evelyn [illegible] Winkle; had her [illegible] heard [illegible] with a shrug and [illegible] expectations [illegible] pay well for it, in all probability," he said, coldly.

Despite her habitual command over her emotions Evelyn's face fell, but she did not gratify her enemy by replying to his thrust.

Her father agreed with Winkle.

"Yes," he said, "it is not over yet by any means. Syd and Thad will certainly be bent on revenge, and Fanshaw will be their target—I never saw a more malignant countenance than Hart's when he realized that his plans were thwarted. I guess he will lie in wait for Fanshaw on his return from Danube."

Grown suddenly faint, Evelyn turned into the hall. Mr. Hardy's voice followed her and beat pleasantly on her ears. "I certainly take off my hat to that sort of courage," he was saying. "Fanshaw has the right kind of grit. It's a pity the world has not more men like him."

Evelyn's window commanded a view of the road leading from Danube to Fanshaw's house, and the remainder of the night, sleepless and distraught, she sat gazing across the fields at a spot she knew he must pass on his way home. And there, in that awful still suspense, she read her heart as she had never read it before.

"Yes," she confessed to herself, aloud, because she loved to hear her own voice pronouncing a truth which seemed to have quickened her soul into a new and higher life, "yes, I love him! I love him!"

About five o'clock, after it had grown light—when the sky in the east was turning golden—her long vigil was rewarded. Moving along the road, with a tired step, she saw a white horse, and a moment later she recognized the rider. Then she put her icy hands to her face and burst into tears of relief.

An hour later, with a mother's solicitude, Mrs. Lancaster stole into her room and found her asleep, her head resting on the bare window board. The good woman comprehended it all, and, raising the girl's face, she kissed her eyelids till they opened.

"He is safe!" were Evelyn's first words. "I saw him come home. I intended to go to bed then, but I was saying my prayers here when I fell asleep."

Mrs. Lancaster's lips twitched sympathetically as she put Evelyn to bed and sat by her stroking her brow until sleep came again. Then the old lady sat with her chin resting in her hand, quite thoughtful.

"I really don't know which way my duty lies," she mused. "She loves him—she loves him just as I should have done at her age, and she will suffer over giving him up as I suffered when he was torn out of my life."

CHAPTER IX.

The guests and family at Carnleigh usually came down to breakfast irregularly, but this morning by eight o'clock they were all at the table, including Evelyn. The colonel, who had been out for an early business walk with one of his overseers, was the last [illegible] sit down. And as he took his place [illegible] of the table he had th[illegible] anxi[illegible] pick[illegible] "Yo[illegible] eyes,[illegible]

[illegible] ing his horse to death for nothing."

"So he reached the jail all right, did he?" inquired Mr. Hardy, as he put a spoonful of whipped cream into his coffee.

"Oh, yes, he made that trip all right, but the news has just come from Wilkin Station, on the other side of the mountain, that a negro has been arrested who has already confessed to the crime of killing the old woman."

"So the boy was innocent, after all!" cried Hardy.

"Yes; the sheriff nabbed the wrong bird at the start, and if it had not been for Fanshaw his body would have been swinging at the sport of the wind this morning."

"And a widowed mother would have been without her son," put in Mrs. Lancaster, with telling effect.

"Fanshaw did only what any man would have done who believed in the prisoner's innocence," said Capt. Winkle, with an icy smile at no one in particular.

But Mrs. Lancaster was more than a match for him. "It's only what one man did do," she retorted. Thereupon Winkle stirred his coffee in moody silence.

"I am sorry it was Ronald Fanshaw who is to get all the credit," remarked Caroline Hasbrooke, coldly. "Since he has taken up the study of law it looks as if he has a pretty good idea of his importance. Things are coming to a pretty pass when such people as the Fanshaws get into the professions usually held by gentlemen."

"Don't kick against the pricks" (it was a favorite expression of her father's), "the common people have been rising into prominence since the birth of creation."

"And the better class has been degenerating," remarked Mr. Hardy, with a slow smile. "As far as I am concerned, I'd rather employ a man like Fanshaw to defend me, if I were on trial for my life, than some man with more ancestry and less individual force."

"Bravo! bien dit," applauded Mrs. Lancaster, and she rose to accompany Evelyn out on the lawn.

The dew lay as heavy as raindrops on the grass and hung like scintillating gems from the gorgeous hollyhocks, the Indian chieftains, and the roses flared like billows of red on the silvery greensward of the sloping terraces. Mrs. Lancaster was first to break the silence.

"I need not tell you I'm glad that boy was innocent," she began. "I am especially glad because it emphasizes the nobility of Mr. Fanshaw's act. I am going to drive over to his house in the pony cart this morning. I have something to say to him."

Evelyn raised her great eyes in astonishment, but she uttered no comment.

Mrs. Lancaster's voice shook perceptibly as she went on:

"Nothing has ever affected me so powerfully as all this has. Last night the impassioned fervor of his voice while he was speaking down there brought back some of the tenderest and saddest recollections of my young married life. It reminded me of a speech in favor of secession that my husband made, just before the war broke out. There seemed to be a ring in Mr. Fanshaw's tones like my husband's. It may have been only my imagination, and the great distance, but it drove me nearly wild with the old pain. And last night in thinking of Mr. Fanshaw's danger, it seemed to be my husband who was in peril. Really, I did not sleep a wink. I went to the window a hundred times. I saw Mr. Fanshaw returning this morning, and then I drew my first easy breath. Oh, Evelyn!" (Mrs. Lancaster was gazing into the girl's eyes) "what is the matter with both of us?"

Evelyn shook her head; her rich, abundant hair glistening like threads of burnished gold in the sun.

"I know what's the matter with me," she said, with a little laugh. "I hope something else is wrong with you."

Mrs. Lancaster sighed. "When I get back from his house I may tell you what I am going for, but I shall not now—no, I shall not now."

Mrs. Lancaster had several times taken short drives in the pony cart which was always at the disposal of the guests of Carnleigh, and so, when she ordered it out at ten o'clock, no one made any comment. As she drove up near the dilapidated domicile of the Fanshaws she began to shrink from her intentions. The place certainly presented a torn-down, forbidding aspect. In front, not twenty yards from the porch, was a decaying rail fence and a gate that sagged to the earth. The roof of the porch was low and flat, dank and moss-grown, and on it lay some pieces of ragged cast-off clothing on which two or three cats lay sleeping in the sun. The two sisters half lay, half sat on the porch, and Mrs. Fanshaw stood in the front doorway, her dull gaze on the cart and its inmate. The dogs sprang from under the house and ran barking furiously to the gate, and Mrs. Fanshaw, thinking that the lady had stopped to ask some question about the road, as passers-by often did, shambled down the steps and out to the cart. She succeeded in driving the dogs back, and then leaned over the gate expectantly.

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CONSTIPATION

Mr. Busby's Christmas Gift

MRS. BUSBY was finishing a pair of "bootees" for her daughter's newest baby screwing up her mouth with the intricacy of the pattern. Mrs. Griggs in the opposite rocker watched her.

"I guess I must be going," she announced, finally. "I only ran in to wish you Merry Christmas. I won't see you to-morrow. Call Christmas a holiday! I've two people to cook for usually—Christmas it's twenty!"

"And you'd not be content on other days, if you hadn't many then," returned Mrs. Busby. "We'll go to Tom's, as usual. He married a college girl, and I told him: 'These college girls may know a sight more about the structure of the human body than the rest of us, but they don't know half as much about making it comfortable!'"

"And now she has you come over every Christmas and see what a good housekeeper she is!" finished Mrs. Griggs, knowing the story as well as her hostess.

"M'hm. Can't you stay?"

"Thank you, no. I hoped you'd show me Mr. Busby's Christmas gift."

"It's upstairs, and I'm afraid he'll come in. He hasn't seen it, though."

"So you've got ahead of him, finally?"

"I have. It beats all the way that man finds things out and then teases. Last year I got him a set of Dickens, and kept it hidden three weeks between the mattresses of the spare room bed. The night before Christmas I was thinking how I'd surprise him when he said, smiling like: 'That's a mighty nice set of books in the spare room bed, Cynthy. It's a pity to keep 'em there, with the bookcase so handy,' he says."

"But he hasn't found out this year?"

"No; I guess he was ashamed of being so mean. I've seen my present, though."

"But I thought you said it was kind of mean to try to find out—"

"Oh, that's different. My present is the handsomest kind of a wrap, Mrs. Griggs. I was over at Parker's one



"Choose for Yourself."

day and that head clerk he called me aside and let out that Mr. Busby was going to buy me one of those nice fur-trimmed coats, and wouldn't I like to choose it, without him knowing it? So I chose—and won't I have a joke on Mr. Busby to-morrow?"

"That was real nice of that clerk."

"It was, and seeing how I could trust him, I asked him to advise me which one of those nice warm bathrobes to choose for Mr. Busby—I just couldn't decide between the red one and the green one. He said—"

"Oh, by the way, he told me a real funny story about a bath robe. He says a lady wanted to buy her husband one for Christmas and asked his advice. He told her to wait until tomorrow, as some new ones were coming in then, and—"

"Why, that must have been the very day I was in; though I didn't see any new ones when I went back the—"

"M'hm. And he just called her husband in that night and told him to choose for himself, so he wouldn't have to exchange it the day after Christmas. Her husband thought it the best joke yet to think what a laugh he'd have on her when she gave it to him. So he chose a blue one and—why, what's the matter, Mrs. Busby?"

Without a word, Mrs. Busby fled up the stairs, returning a moment later with a blue bath robe in her trembling grasp.

"Did you ever in your life know anybody as mean as that clerk?" she gasped.

ELISA ARMSTRONG BENGOUGH.

A Proud Nose.

Brown—What makes your nose so red, Robinson?

Robinson—It glows with pride, sir, at not poking itself into other people's business.—Tit-Bits.

NOTES OF A BUSY WORLD.

The total deposits in Kansas banks are about $90,000,000.

During July 117 vessels of 24,460 tons were built and officially numbered in the United States.

American-made machines and implements are popular in Manitoba, and the more general use of them is simply a question of cost.

The Louisiana Purchase exposition covers two square miles, 1,240 acres. It is larger than the Chicago, Omaha, Buffalo and Paris expositions combined.

Despite the weight of 72 years, Edwin Reynolds, of Milwaukee, consulting engineer of the Allis-Chalmers company, is supervising a new model of turbine engine which is being built in the West Allis shops of the company, carefully guarded from the inquisitive eye.

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EVERY country of earth offers an apotheosis in the person of some great man who distinguished himself in some great crisis in its affairs. Switzerland idolizes William Tell, Russia her Peter the Great, Prussia her Frederick the Great, France her Napoleon, Italy her Garibaldi, England her Alfred the Great and the United States her Washington.

It is food for reflection that in the selections of heroes and in hero worship it is an invariable rule, not a single exception being known in all history, that choice is made of one who has crowned his life with deeds done in battle. By and through the flash of the sword alone has immortality of fame been won by mortals.

The scimiter of Mohammed and not his Koran conquered Arabia, Armenia and the Balkans. Moses was a lawgiver, but he also was a mighty warrior and led his followers on from one victory to another. It is he and Joshua and David and John Hyrcanus, all intrepid soldiers, who have made glorious the history of the Jewish people. The history of Mohammedanism is written in blood and Omar and Saladin stand out prominent in its records. So with other nations. Deeds, deeds only, and these calling for great holocausts of human lives, to make imperishable some individual name.

Christmas day offers an anomaly, however, in the history of men who have lived and wrought wonders. The Christ was a man of peace, deploring war. What is yet more strange, He is glorified through His words and not through His deeds. The Heavenly voice said to the simple shepherd on the plains of Bethlehem: "Behold! I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all the people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." And the accompanying choir with ineffable melody sang the refrain: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace."

The Christ-birth and the Christ-life stand forth the opposite of all other great lives that have filled pages in earth's history. Born of humble parentage in a stable, amid the lowing of kine and the raucous complaining of discontented cattle, reared in the far-away bleak hills of Galilee, engaged daily in sawing logs into boards, or planing the latter into smoothness, He steps forth suddenly, at the age of 28, as a teacher of righteousness. Not among strangers, but in the midst of His own people, He appeared, and they were astounded at the profundity of His knowledge. As though to persuade themselves that they were not mistaken as to His identity, they asked of one another: "Is not this the carpenter's son?"

His life work was brief, but four short years! Compare this with the years spent by other illuminati of earth in perpetuating their fame. Without use of money, or influence, or numbers, and without courting favor of the rich and powerful, He went about from town to town preaching His gospel of peace and love. Those who gathered to Him were poor men—fishermen, publicans, small farmers or herdsmen, rather.

The waters of the sea of Judea were but little stirred by His presence. So little was His presence felt that no contemporaneous historian of His time, outside of His immediate followers, makes any reference to His life or His works. Josephus, a voluminous and very just historian, ignores Him utterly. No record has been found at Rome of His death, so little impression did it make upon the mind of Pilate.

True it is that He healed sick men, cleansed lepers, raised the dead and cast out devils. But these were subordinate and incidental only to His life-work, which was that of proclaiming a new gospel—that men should love one another. He made no parade of miracle-working. It was only when the suffering were brought into His presence that He made exercise of His divine power in healing.

He died the most shameful, disgraceful death known to His generation. In His extremity He was deserted even by His most devoted followers. He trod the wine-press of agony alone.

Yet this Man of Sorrows has conquered the world. Other illustrious men lived out their little day and all that remains of them is the memory of their deeds. They sought to build up material kingdoms; Christ's realm is in the hearts of men. His teachings have survived the overthrow of a thousand kingdoms of earth. His words to-day are as potent to sway men as when they came burning from His lips. All the higher civilization of earth yields Him reverence and homage.

Age but serves to strengthen the might of His power and to confirm the promise of the prophecy: "At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow and every tongue confess."

WILLIAM RUSSER COBBE

HIS CHRISTMAS HOPE.



"Whatcher goin' to git for Christmas?"

"Par promised me a lickin', but I've prayed Santa Claus ter make him forgit it."

LIKED HIS LONG STOCKINGS.



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"Not till after Christmas, sis."

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7.40	.....Denton.....	8.30
7.59	.....Hickman.....	8.13
8.16	.....Greenwood.....	7.57
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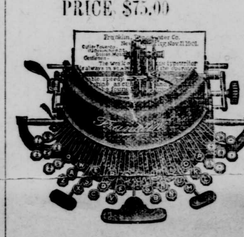
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