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GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown and William R Martin, Associates Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Thomas L. Day.

County Commissioners—Wesley Jarrell, Pres.; James B. Wright, Franklin P. Medford.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John F. Dawson, Chief Judge; J. Olan Clark, Wm. H. Deen, Associates.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

States Attorney—T. Alan Goldsborough.

Sheriff—Wm T. Hignutt, of E.

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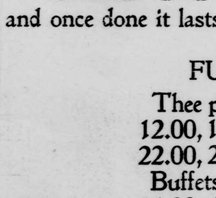
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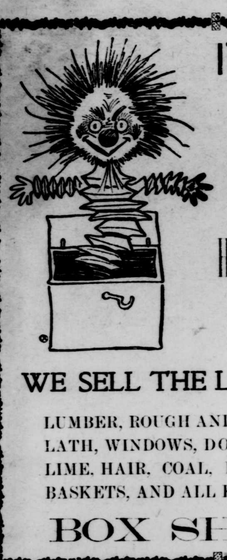
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Goldey College, Wilmington, Del.



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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Ronald is the one promising member of the Fanshaw homestead, unappreciated by any of the others, save his brother David. The proceeds of a mortgage had saved the life of Col. Hasbrooke, the county's greatest planter, and when, splendid hotel was known as "Carnleigh."

CHAPTER II.—At Carnleigh, James Hardy, a Charleston cotton merchant and editor for the land of Carolina, Hasbrooke's eldest daughter, and Capt. Fanshaw, an admirer of Evelyn, are guests. Evelyn's school days over, Ronald is sent by his father, when she recalls Ronald's hiding her the night he had made with the angry bull which had threatened her life. She is glad of rebuke he had given Winkie, and a few minutes before, who had come grossly threw him a coin for a little pocket-book.

CHAPTER III.—Ronald, returning home with his brother, is overtaken by the Hasbrooke trap. Winkie, holding the reins, tries unsuccessfully to ride Ronald down. The trap comes so near as to knock the basket in his hand to the ground. Ronald pretends to have satisfaction.

CHAPTER IV.—The next morning, with two revolvers in his pockets, Ronald makes his way to a place where Winkie may be met. Winkie refuses to fight in addition to Ronald's position in life. Ronald, bent on humiliating the cowardly fellow, him by the collar and deliberately cuts off buttons and shoulder straps from his military uniform. Winkie stoops to the ground, Evelyn, who had been gathering flowers, has witnessed the affair, and is deeply sorry for what he had done in anger. He gives her the buttons and shoulder straps, that they might be put again on the captain's coat.

CHAPTER V.—That night in the drawing-room at Carnleigh, Hasbrooke tells the sad story of Mrs. Lancaster, one of his guests. In early life during the war, her husband, a confederate officer, had been killed by mountain bushwhackers, and her baby son, perhaps killed. A little later Capt. Winkie gives a thousand dollars for his meeting with Fanshaw. He is so struck by Evelyn whom she knows at first sight, that he threatens to tell her father of her having met correspondence with Fanshaw. She, not having learned of the affair in that way, scoffs the idea of a settlement, and loses of having the buttons and shoulder straps in her possession.

CHAPTER VI.—One July morning Ronald finds a negro just on a woman has been murdered for her money, and the negro, caught with blood-stained hands and considerable money, had escaped from the sheriff and known to be in hiding in the swamp. Young Fanshaw determines to thwart the mob.

CHAPTER VII.—The mob beats the negro, but Ronald goes from man to man, trying to dissuade them from their purpose of lynching the man when captured. Evelyn learns of his noble course, and wants to write a note of encouragement. Mrs. Lancaster, who has kept much aloof, disapproves, but compromises by writing such a note herself.

CHAPTER VIII.—It is after dark when the fugitive is finally captured. Ronald speaks to the crowd, and, on the pretext of giving the crowd how small he is, he lifts the lad to the saddle, wheels his horse, and is off for the jail at Dunnsville. Hart, ringleader of the mob, finding himself thwarted, flies at the threats of Ronald. David knocks the gun barrel up, so that no one is hurt. Evelyn anxiously watches the road until in the early morning she sees him safely return to his home.

CHAPTER IX.—At the breakfast table the guests at Carnleigh hear of the capture of a negro who has confessed to the killing of the woman, and Ronald is highly praised. Mrs. Lancaster, who had been struck by the resemblance of Ronald to her lost husband, calls at the Fanshaws. She learns of Ronald's love for Evelyn, but also that on account of their different stations in life, he has no hope of winning her.

CHAPTER X.—Hart, thwarted on the night of the attempted lynching, seeks a quarrel with Ronald. Ronald, warned by Evelyn, is armed when the clash comes. Hart is mounted, and during the fusillade of the shots taken effect, and he fatally wounded. Thad Williams, one of the Hart gang, rides up just in time to hear the man's last words.

CHAPTER XI.—Ronald, burdened with knowledge of having killed a man, starts to give himself over to Sheriff Ratcliffe. He finds Evelyn, who is on her pony-cart. She offers to drive him to Ratcliff's house, but objects to compromising her by letting them be seen together at this time. She, however, carries her point. On the way they meet Capt. Winkie.

CHAPTER XII.—Ronald is driven to the jail at Dunnsville. The judge is found to be away. It being Saturday, so Fanshaw is locked up until Monday.

CHAPTER XIII.—On reaching home Evelyn is confronted by her sister Caroline on defending Ronald, who, according to Winkie's account, had been guilty of cold-blooded murder. In the meantime Winkie has gone to Hasbrooke with his story of the duel, and says he had seen Fanshaw and Evelyn riding together toward the railway station, presupposing an elopement. Hasbrooke flies to call his daughter, but she has to confirm that part of the story as to her having been with Ronald after the killing of Hart. After Winkie leaves, Evelyn tells her father of her love for Ronald, a plea how to thwart them.

CHAPTER XIV.—Sunday morning Evelyn, the news under which Fanshaw had been studying for the bar, called to see the prisoner. He has found his old preceptor as far as securing immediate legal account of testimony Williams is determined to give.

CHAPTER XV.—The trial comes off with dark prospects for Ronald, but the dramatic discovery is made in court that the bullet which caused Hart's death must have come from Hart's own revolver. Williams is then forced to falsify that recording to Hart's last words, it was the rattling of the horse that had caused the discharge of the pistol in such a way as to mortally wound him. The prosecution then only move the discharge of the prisoner.

CHAPTER XVI.—Col. Hasbrooke, who was present at the trial, is the first to break the news of the result to Evelyn, who almost faints with joy.

CHAPTER XVII.—It is only a little later that Caroline tells him of Hardy's proposal of marriage to her. He only asks her if she has thought it over, honestly to "write him it is all right." After supper he sends quietly for Ronald. He congratulates him on the developments made at the trial, then speaks to him of Evelyn. He says it isn't a pedigree he desires with his daughter's husband, but he does to have her marry into a family which has had the record Fanshaw have. Ronald admits he loves Evelyn, but assures him he had never gotten so far as to hope to marry her. Evelyn at this point comes into the study, is surprised to find Ronald there, and learns with a sad heart, but composed features, the object and result of the conference.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Christmas day of Fanshaw suffers a paralytic stroke. Knowing the end is near, Mr. Fanshaw says that the man had let his life insurance lapse two years before. Ronald passes it, however, by stating that he has paid the premiums to keep it in force. The light of Ronald strangely excites the old man, and Mrs. Fanshaw says it is better to humor him by keeping out of his sight.

CHAPTER XIX.—Two days later Judge Fanshaw is dead. After the funeral Ronald learns from his mother that he is not Fanshaw. She tells him of the killing of a confederate officer during the war by her husband's gang of bushwhackers, and the capture of a baby, which Mrs. Fanshaw had kept as her own child, to raid to the loneliness of those days. He could not, however, find out who this officer was.

CHAPTER XX.—Summer is come again. Ronald is Redding's law partner. One morning Redding comes to his office with word for Ronald to go to Carnleigh. Mrs. Lancaster can tell him about his parentage.

CHAPTER XVII.

The colonel began to walk back and forth in the room. Now and then he would stray across the hall and pause in the doorway to give half an ear to Caroline, who was listlessly playing the piano. Her music had never touched him as had Evelyn's. Evelyn's songs—her lightest touch—seemed to invite the sweetest memories to his heart. Caroline looked up and saw him standing in the doorway.

"Father," she turned on the stool, "Mr. Hardy has written asking me to marry him; he says he will write to you if I encourage him to do so."

Hasbrooke advanced till he stood behind her. Somehow he had little inclination to touch this one of his daughters. "Well," he asked, "have you thought it over?"

Caroline turned a page of her music-book leisurely.

"I like him as well as I ever liked anybody," she said, slowly. "You know he is well off; he has a nice home—the Hardys are good people. I have always wanted to live in Charleston."

"Then write him it is all right," returned Hasbrooke, wearily, and they went in to supper. Evelyn came down a moment later. Her father wondered at the transformation in her. In her evening dress, she looked like a flower which had never been touched by storm.

After they had left the table she followed him to the door of his study, but he coldly begged to be left alone, and asked her to send James to him. The servant found him at his desk.

"I want you to bear a message for me, James," he said. "I want to have a private talk with Mr. Ronald Fanshaw. Go over to his house and present my compliments, and ask him if he will do me the honor of calling on me this evening if he has no previous engagement. You remember my exact words, James?"

The servant repeated them.

"That will do, and when he comes show him into this room, and see that we are not disturbed."

"Thank you, suh."

About eight o'clock Ronald rode up to Carleigh and turned his horse over to a waiting groom. At the foot of the steps he was met by James, who, in a low, guarded voice, invited him into his master's study. As he passed the window of the drawing-room the young man had a flashlight view of Evelyn as she sat reading at the center table under a tall lamp with a pink shade. He had never seen her countenance so radiantly aglow. The thought took possession of his brain that it was due to his release from prison, and that idea was infinitely sweet to him after what he had been forced to endure.

As he entered the colonel's study, from the walls of which family portraits leaned downward in deep, old-fashioned gilt frames, a casual observer would have taken him for a man of the world rather than a man whose life experiences were bounded by the limits of a single county.

"First of all," said the colonel, as he extended his hand, stiffly, "I must congratulate you upon your escape from that disagreeable affair. I was rejoiced at the outcome."

Ronald thanked him, surprised at his own calmness; the warm memory of Evelyn's face, as he had just seen it, inspired him with strange, unexpected confidence in himself. The chair he had been given was quite near Hasbrooke's, and as the colonel continued to speak he leaned his head on his hand, his elbow resting on his desk. This posture threw his face somewhat into the shadow.

"I may as well come directly to the point, Mr. Fanshaw," in a forced, tense tone. "To be frank, I find myself completely in your power, and, since it must be so, it is a comfort to be in the power of a fearless man, and one who would, I am confident, despise to take unfair advantage of me."

"I am sure I do not understand," faltered the visitor, in surprise.

The old man twisted himself round in his chair; the lamplight brought his strong features out in minute lineality against the wall behind him.

"You have me, Mr. Fanshaw, as completely in your power as if I lay at your feet and you held a saber against my heart. My daughter has withheld nothing from me. Be her judgment good or ill, she loves you as she loves her life. She believed you had been greatly wronged—always misunderstood—and that has intensified her love. At first I was inclined to blame you for taking unfair advantage of her experience in worldly matters, but I am now forced to admit that you have done nothing I should not have done had the woman been as attractive personally as my daughter. I know you must care for her, Fanshaw, and that is why I have sent for you to unbosom myself."

The speaker's words had been growing more and more indistinct, until they finally died in the still room. Ronald knew that he was expected to reply, but he could gather nothing befitting the moment from the mass of thoughts and emotions that seethed in his heart. At this point a bar of soft, rippling notes came from the piano, and they were caught up by a sweet, well-trained voice singing a happy song. The old man held up his hand.

"You see how she feels, Fanshaw," he said, huskily; "since your arrest she has looked more dead than alive. I was seriously afraid she would not survive. But you see how she is now; I told her the news just before supper, and she almost fainted with joy. That is why I sent for you; I am unable alone to fight a love like hers. You and I must decide on what to do—between us!"

"Between us," repeated Ronald, still in the dark as to what was expected of him.

Hasbrooke's face [illegible] as he began to [illegible] the nap from the [illegible] the mechanical action.

"Perhaps, Mr. Fanshaw, [illegible] well to begin by our admitting that our social training has been different from yours. In my cradle I imbibed certain conventional ideas of the duty of a man of my name to his stock. From your standpoint, doubtless, I am wrong—from mine, right. I am coming to the point, and I trust you will pardon me for being painfully plain. Fanshaw, as far back as my family records run—and we have volumes of them, sir—we have never found the line tainted with dishonor."

Hasbrooke paused, taking a full breath. It was evident to Ronald that the climax was near, but he made no comment. The room was very still; outside of it could be heard only Evelyn's sweet, ringing notes. A vague, unaccountable despair had seized on the young man's heart. He knew not what was coming, but whatever it was would not be pleasant.

"You see, Fanshaw," the colonel seemed to pull himself up to his task with extra effort, "if my daughter must marry and bring children into the world, I should naturally desire the alliance to be with a man against whose family there had never been a charge of—dishonesty!"

Ronald breathed hard. The last word had fallen like a powerful weight which crushed out the last bit of hope he had ever had of fighting the world's difficulties.

"I think I understand, Col. Hasbrooke," he heard his words jarring against the sweet floating sounds of Evelyn's voice, which was rising like a happy prayer to heaven.

The colonel leaned forward almost in an attitude of pity.

"Don't understand me to say, Mr. Fanshaw," he said, "that I should demand a pedigree with my daughter's husband, for I think there are good people who have not kept up their family records, but if I knew—actually knew of dishonesty in a family that, sir, I should try to save my child from as I would from hereditary consumption or insanity. I had a dear friend, Mr. Fanshaw, in Virginia, who belonged to one of the best families—distantly related to the Carnleighs. He had a beautiful daughter who fell in love with a self-made man, whose grandfather had been accused of dishonest dealings. My friend reluctantly gave his consent, but the only issue of that marriage, Mr. Fanshaw, was a son who became an outlaw and broke the hearts of both his parents. Pardon me, sir, but I started out to be plain, and remember, we are consulting about the welfare of one we both love. Mr. Fanshaw, my father's brother, who lived in East Tennessee, was the judge who sentenced your grandfather, Abraham Fanshaw, to prison for 20 years for theft. I know nothing of your father's life in Tennessee, but it pains me to say that I detected him five years ago loading a wagon with wheat from one of my barns. He confessed his guilt and threw himself on my mercy, and I did not, thinking of his family and his old age, prosecute him."

Hasbrooke paused; he was not looking at Ronald, who had covered his face with both his hands and sat as still as a statue.

"God forgive me if I have given you needless pain," said the colonel. "I would not have spoken if I could have seen any other way of making my awful fears clear to you. Fanshaw, if these things were not true of your people and you had not a dollar to your name, I should, seeing how my daughter loves you, turn over to you and her all the property which is to go to her at my death. As God is my judge, I wish I could end it all by giving her to you, but I cannot! I simply cannot!"

Ronald rose to his feet; he reeled a little as he reached for his hat, which lay on the desk.

"I have really never hoped to win her," he said, unsteadily. "You are right. It ought never to be. Children of mine shall never live to curse the world! I see my duty to her—to you. May God have mercy on me!"

The music had ceased; there was a light step outside and Evelyn suddenly opened the door, pausing on the threshold with an exclamation of surprise.

"I did not know—" here she broke off as her eyes fell to studying her lover's agonized face. "Papa," she asked, coming forward and standing between the two men, "what does this mean?"

[illegible] man collected his senses [illegible] aid, after an awk[illegible] ve sent for Mr. Fan[illegible]ith him in regard to [illegible] and together [illegible] to be thoug[illegible] Evelyn fastened [illegible] distrustful gaze on h[illegible]

"Do you think it would [illegible] you to give me up?" were h[illegible] each delivered after a little [illegible] ulous halt. "You see, Ronald, I have never known whether I could be a help to you. If you should want me, I would be ready to stand by you through trouble, adversity—everything that might come; but you are the man; you know best, and if" (her eyes went darting from one rigid face to the other) "if—" she made an other beginning, but broke down and put her handkerchief to her eyes. Her breast heaved high.

Hasbrooke nodded despairingly to Ronald and the latter took the hint.

"Circumstances beyond our control make it advisable that we should separate," he said, automatically.

She uncovered her face, disclosing no trace of tears. "Am I to be told about the—the circumstances?"

"They concern only myself," answered Ronald, with another glance at her father. "I would rather not speak of them."

"Very well, then," she drew herself up erect. "I may as well say good-by." As she gave him her hand the eyes of her father flashed with subtle

pa[illegible] ecess on th[illegible] stepped on a na[illegible] clear through his [illegible] ured in several exciting [illegible] and while engaged in the m[illegible] iness he chased three men who [illegible] his pocketbook, containing over $300 with a corn knife and recovered the money.

PROVERBS.

Content.

Enough is great riches.—Danish.

Enough is as good as a sackful.—German.

Enough is as good as a feast,
To one that's not a beast.

He is rich enough who does not want.—Italian.

A man is only as rich as he is contented.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.—Shakespeare.

Content is the true philosopher's stone.

No tent so good to live in as content.

A contented mind is a continual feast.

A little stream as well as a river may quench the thirst.

Contentment consisteth not in heaping more fuel, but in taking some fire.—Fuller.

Contentment does not mean stagnation.

Contentment does not mean less work but more cheer.

Be content with your lot while you look for better.

When one has not what one likes, one should like what one has.—French.

If the time doesn't suit you, suit yourself to the time.—Persian.

Taking things as they come does not wear out so fast as dodging them.

Take the world as it is, not as it ought to be.—German.

While awaiting the tragedy, enjoy the farce.—Voltaire.

He that hath a good harvest may be content with some thistles.

Enjoy your little while the fool is seeking more.—Spanish.

Take the good the gods provide thee.—Dryden.

Better lose the wool than t[illegible] sheep.—French.

Better lose the anchor t[illegible] whole ship.—Dutch

Drink the wa[illegible] don't stir up

Don't let [illegible] be a m[illegible]

Cut[illegible]

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LEROY LO[illegible] Vest Denton.

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