



LULU JAMISON

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

The Colonel met him at the dining-room door, and, well, approaching rather cautiously, gave him a half-expected, half-questioning, glance.

Her face was quite groundless, however, for as soon as he had seen Margaret, and heard that she was going to leave them so soon, he had no thought for any one else.

"I don't know how we shall do without you," he said, bending over her with kindly affection. "Bertie told me you were going, and I have been anticipating my own loneliness. He took your face between his hands and regarded it with a gentleness in which a variety of emotions found expression. 'You are in a hurry to leave us, Margaret,' he added, sadly.

"Ah, no," she hastened to answer, as her eyes grew dim and a painful flush crept over her cheeks.

The gentleman did not answer for a second, during which his face worked with feeling and a tender light filled his eyes.

"You are a brave girl," he said, rather unsteadily, at last. "A true, brave girl. Heaven will bless you as you deserve. Don't let that scoundrel come near me; I might be tempted—"

"You are so hard on him, Colonel. Don't—"

"Don't blame him, I suppose. Ah, Margaret, you are like a real girl of sex—always ready to defend the man who breaks your heart. Well, well, I'll not be hard, for your sake, but when I think—"

"Never mind; we'll miss you, child—every one of us. Don't quite forget your old friends; you won't find the new ones half so true."

Again Margaret's eyes grew dim, and she found herself incapable of an answer.

Alone, noting her distress, broke in with some light remarks, which Neil took up, notwithstanding her uncle's formidable presence, and discussed briefly.

Under this respite Margaret regained her self-possession, and began to speak quite calmly.

No further allusion to her going away was made during the meal, though each one seemed quite talkative, Neil particularly so, and he seemed to be freely and cheerfully giving her the benefit of his remarks.

But when the time came to say good-bye, and Margaret was ready to go, the Colonel, disregarding the hand she held out to him, clasped her in his arms, and tenderly, almost reverently, kissed her brow.

"I knew it would be hard," she sobbed, breaking down completely. "I knew this would be the hardest of all."

"No, it shan't be, Margaret," he said, putting her gently from him. "I do not wish to pain you, child, even for a moment. But I am very deeply moved to see you go from us under such circumstances. Your bravery and devotion will have its reward—be sure of that. Remember me when you need sympathy or advice, for I would not be worthy the name of friend if I could not show my affection in time of adversity as well as prosperity, and I know that not even your own father could be more anxious to help you than I am."

For many long days Margaret carried in her heart the memory of his kind words and sympathetic voice.

As she rode home through the winter afternoon snow in the quiet, peaceful village, her fancy thrived with indescribable melancholy every surrounding object, and the melancholy lingered long after her eyes had ceased to look upon the scene that had engendered it.

CHAPTER XVI.—A NEW FRIEND.

"Margaret, I think I shall bring Wilson to dinner to-night. I met him yesterday and he asked about you. He has heard Bertie lauding you to the skies, and naturally he is anxious to see the paragon."

"Really, that is too bad of Bertie. I don't pose as a paragon, Brian, and indeed I don't care to be one. I do want to meet Dr. Wilson, though, and if you will only correct his false impression, I wish you would bring him this evening."

"I'll bring him, but I'll leave you to correct or prove his impressions. I know you'll be equal to the emergency in either case. You should really appreciate the compliment he pays you. I don't believe I ever heard him express a desire to meet any one here."

"Really? Why, I feel quite vain. I hope he isn't a cynic."

"Oh, no. It is rather indifference, I think. He isn't particularly sociable; that is, he doesn't care for visiting. People follow him up, though, like the doves, and he is considered quite a hero in the matrimonial pond. Any number of anglers would be glad to land him. The power of money, you see. Well, I must be off. I shan't be home to lunch. Good-bye. You won't be lonely?"

"Every day Brian left Margaret with this question, and every day she answered 'No,' but always after he had gone she felt she had answered untruthfully. She was lonely—very lonely. Brian sometimes came to lunch, but as often he did not. Her afternoons were spent in seeing the sights of New York, shopping, or calling on her few friends, and her evenings at the theater, when Brian would take her; but more often at home alone when he had no possible defer.

From these engagements he would return late in the night, with the heavy, stumbling steps which always struck so heavily on Margaret's heart, as she waited sleepless and lonely. This was the record of the ten days she had spent in New York, and she seemed as far away from the reward the Colonel had promised her as when she left Elmwood.

Under other circumstances she could have been, not possibly happy, because she was so thoroughly a child of nature not to miss, with an intensity few could understand, the restful, peaceful influences of her country home. Yet she could have found contentment in this charming little apartment, with its comforts and luxuries. Its situation was convenient and delightful, in the heart of the city, surrounded by places of interest and amusement, and near the various clubs, where Brian was fond of spending his time.

She was in the center of bustle and activity. From her window she could

very delightfully," he said, as if answering an argument in his own mind. "I fancy you must intend a long stay."

"Yes, it may be. That is, I don't know, I hope—It depends on circumstances, I think."

She spoke rather disconnectedly, and, anxious to divert any impression her words might make upon him, she hastened to add:

"Don't misunderstand me, please, I don't wish you to think I actually dislike the city. I find it interesting in many ways, but I have not that fascination which some people feel for it. I was born in the country, and all my associations hold the memory of green fields and bright skies. I think that must account for my tastes. I know that brick walls and paved streets tire my eyes, and I feel a longing to rest them on something that is not here. Sometimes I am almost determined to go to Elmwood just for a day. It isn't far from here, you know; but then I remember that I should have to leave after the day was over, and that would be hard. So I think I must always put that thought aside. Brian is so different in his tastes; in fact, he is a city man. He finds the country dull and lonely, and Elmwood was not the same attraction for him that it has for me. He simply endures it, but I—well, I could live there forever, because it is home—and I love it."

The last words were spoken in a lower tone, but Wilson understood the meaning they held, and his next remark was in a more feeling vein.

"We'll have to take you to love New York for something more than its paved streets and brick walls. We'll have to give you a taste of the city life. The sun, which always seemed to her prejudiced fancy to shine through a yellow, thicker atmosphere, lay warm and golden on the house tops opposite. It tempted her with its cheeriness. But, pshaw! where was the pleasure in walking sedately over the hard pavement? How could that compare with the delightful gallop over the hills at home?"

Ah, those glorious rides! Why couldn't these tall walls crumble away? Why couldn't the paved streets, this horrid noise and din by the touch of some fairy's wand give place to the familiar hills and fields? Not for long; only for one day—just one day. How she would use every hour of that day!

She would have her usual ride on Mollie's sleek back. They would canter away through the cool, still morning, and she would feel the wind against her cheek, and the glad sense of fresh, new life tingling in her veins. She would go to the Cedars and talk with Alice and the Colonel, and laugh over Nell's ridiculous nonsense, and feel so happy. She would run in to kiss the children, and they would press their little faces against the rosy window, and she would find time for a few minutes with Mrs. Martin to ask her how her rheumatism was, and hear if the old man had been out since his sickness.

Ah, there was so much she would do if she could be home to-day.

When she came in to receive the breakfast things, and she asked twice for the orders for luncheon and dinner before Margaret heard her.

"Indeed, I don't know," she said, at last, trying to fix her mind on these household details. "You and Norah expect to receive company to-day. I'd particularly like a nice dinner, as Mr. Leigh will bring a friend home with him. Men must be fed, you know, even if the world goes to pieces. It is their failing to think more of their dinners than anything else, and we have to humor it. So you and Norah must do your best."

Quite late in the afternoon Margaret rather suddenly decided that she could stand the house no longer. So, preparing herself for a walk, she was soon upon the street.

When she arrived home it was nearly dinner time, and she was surprised to find herself staying out so late, she began to dress as quickly as possible.

"I should be dreadfully sorry if Dr. Wilson should come and I not ready to receive him," she confided to her reflection in the mirror. "I shouldn't know how to excuse myself. Well, it is rather late, and if they have come I cannot help it."

When she entered the parlor five minutes afterwards she found, not Brian, but a tall, fine-looking man who arose at her approach, with an air of chivalry perfectly in accord with the noble face.

The face impressed Margaret at once. Not much with its beauty of feature and expression, as with its firmness of character, its strength of intellect, and the ennobling influence which high endeavor and strong purpose had left upon it. Instinctively she felt a quickening of her sympathies, and she felt, in an instant, an attraction toward this man, whose very appearance compelled her admiration.

During her scarcely perceptible pause in the doorway, the stranger, with a swift but critical glance, had taken in the sweet face and girlish form. Then he started forward with the half question, half assertion:

"Mrs. Leigh? I am not mistaken."

She held out her hand with a smile of welcome.

"No, you are not mistaken," she said, with the easy, gracious manner that made her personality so winning. "I am Mrs. Leigh, and you are Dr. Wilson, I know. I am very glad to meet you, and doubly glad to welcome you to my home, because I really cannot feel that you are a stranger, but rather an old friend whom I have heard of and talked of so often."

Her words gratified him very much.

"You honor me too highly," he answered, pressing the hand she offered him. "To be numbered among your friends is a privilege I esteem most deeply. Brian and I have been friends of some long standing that the pleasure I feel of meeting his wife is twofold."

"I'm afraid you find his wife very remote," put in Margaret, flushing brightly, and seating herself in the chair he placed for her. "She must really ask your pardon for not being at home when you arrived. Her excuse is a very whimsical disposition which took her out so late that she could not get back at a reasonable time."

"She is fully excused," rejoined Wilson, meeting her smiling glance. "We got here about ten minutes ago, and Brian left me to make myself more presentable. He said, 'was admiring some of your curios when you came in. I knew you at once. Bertie's description is so accurate, and I've had the picture of you in my mind.'"

"I think Bertie is inclined to exaggerate sometimes. Doctor, still I hope you have not found the original very disappointing."

"Quite the contrary, Mrs. Leigh. Brian tells me that you have only been in New York a very short time, so I suppose you have not had sufficient opportunity to see how great and important we are. But you have visited a great many places of interest, no doubt?"

"Yes, quite a number, though very far from all, I am sure. Of course it is a great city, and no doubt a delightful one, and I am ridiculously unappreciative; but, indeed, I like some less pretentious places better. It is all noise and uproar to me. Do I quite shock you? I'm incurably devoted to country life, you see. I cannot enjoy any other. I hate any other. There, that's dreadfully childish."

As she regarded her face with an intent, rather amazed, glance.

"Yet you have established yourself

THE WAY THINGS RUN
IN THE GREATEST OF GREAT
STATES, INDIANA.

Things Which Have Lately Happened
Within Its Borders—Some Pleasant and
Some Sad Reading.

Minor State Items.

The diphtheria is abating in Fort Wayne.

NOBLESVILLE has 21 teachers in her public schools.

RICHMOND has \$86,000 worth of public improvements under way.

THE EVANSVILLE Y. M. C. A. has 631 members, and continues to grow.

The seed wheat sower is making his annual rounds in Northern Indiana.

MICHIGAN CITY masons are taking steps toward building a \$50,000 temple.

JOHN REW of Huntington, was fatally injured by being trampled by a horse.

ALLEN SPINKS, a colored resident of Hamilton County, died at the age of 105 years.

DIPHTHERIA is spreading rapidly about Newport. At Perryville there are 40 cases and the schools have closed.

ROBERT WOODS, the President of the First National Bank of Indianapolis, and a pioneer of Henry County, is dead.

FOOTPADS held up Jacob Carroll near Arcadia, and while one held a revolver to his head the other rifled his pockets.

GEORGE BREYVOEL, a bi-chloride patient at Vincennes, became wild, escaped, and cut his throat. He will recover.

MRS. JAMES WATSON of Crawfordsville, made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide on account of domestic affairs.

JOHN STADLER's residence and saloon at Muncie was totally destroyed by an incendiary fire. Loss, \$3,500; insurance, \$1,400.

The public school building at Ridgeville, Jay County, was burned. Loss, \$7,000. No insurance. Supposed incendiarism.

BENTON, the Huntington burglar, who was tried in the Wabash Circuit Court, was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

FRANK HOLLOWAY, a Martin County farmer, is in jail at Shawnee for killing Thomas Gillick, his neighbor, during a quarrel.

JOHN ROEBUCK of Huntington, received a charge of shot in the knee while hunting quails, and will have to undergo amputation.

A BLIND fiddler played on Anderson street corners for a week recently, and two pennies were tossed into his box. He has moved to Muncie.

The farm dwelling of James Murdock, of the West Plains, Tippecanoe County, was entirely destroyed by fire. Loss, \$3,500; partially insured.

The two-horse team of Barclay Moon was struck on crossing the Panhandle tracks at Windfall, by the fast mail train and literally ground to pieces.

ROBERT DRAKE, a wealthy iron manufacturer of Newark, N. J., aged 72 years, died at Martinsville. His son is a surgical instrument dealer at Indianapolis.

The State Health Board has given the local Board of Lafayette to investigate the sanitary condition of the old Erie canal and fill it up if thought best.

BURGALARS secured and hauled away in a wagon clothing valued at \$1,100 from J. B. McGeehan's store, at Lebanon. Three valuable horses were also missing.

MRS. H. E. TARMAGE, an old resident of Westville, was struck by a Baltimore and Ohio engine and instantly killed. The accident occurred at a road crossing near Albion.

The Knights of the Agricultural Society, one of the most successful in the country, has determined to disband, and will sell its buildings and other property at public sale.

MISS MINERVA McGRUDER, aged 21, Greensburg, attempted suicide by shooting herself in the head and inflicting a dangerous wound. She is an orphan and was despondent.

The Peru jury, in the case of R. A. Vandyne, of Wabash charged with out-rage his niece, Miss Mulliken, a half-witted girl, brought in a verdict of eight years in the penitentiary.

At Elkhart while taking a near cut from school, Ida Roder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Roder, was run over and killed by a train in the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern yards.

THERE was a man in jail at Fort Wayne recently who had been a convict, peddler, preacher, phenomenologist, gambler, soldier, detective, had drank straight alcohol and written a book.

THE 10-year-old son of Frank Knapp, of Chesterton, died of hydrophobia, making the second death in the county from the same cause within a week. He was bitten by a mad dog about a month ago.

HARVEY SATTERTWAITE, President of the Martinsville First National Bank, and his brother-in-law, Dr. L. S. Steadman, of Lebanon, Ohio, will erect a \$20,000 sanitarium in Martinsville at an early day.

A BATTLE royal occurred at Wallace's circus winter quarters, two miles east of Peru, in which five jumbo elephants were the participants. For some time an enemy has existed between Prince and Diamond, the two greatest beasts of the herd. The enmity culminated in a big scrimmage during the absence of keeper Sweeney. Diamond, with a weight of four tons, was the aggressor, but Prince was his match and succeeded in breaking his tusk and fairly crowding him through the heavy brick wall of the building, which fell upon them both. All the elephants broke loose from their chains, at once engaging in the melee, and for half an hour pandemonium prevailed. Quiet was finally restored, but not before they were badly hurt and the place presented the appearance of a slaughter-house. The noise and confusion of the jungle could be heard for nearly a mile.

THE Edinburgh Daily Call changes hands, G. A. Quick retiring and Charles F. Pruitt taking the editorial chair and publisher's desk.

MUNCIE cigar-makers are on a strike because the manufacturers refuse to agree to the new scale of wages proposed last week.

JOSEPH SHACKMAN, of the firm of Shackman & Nadel, clothing dealers, and a pioneer among the business men of Northern Indiana, died at Elkhart of gangrene, the result of cutting a toe while trimming a corn a few days ago. He was widely known among the clothing-dealers of the country.

THE barn of Thomas Williams, five miles north of Liberty, was destroyed by fire. Five horses, including a \$500 thoroughbred mare, were burned, together with about \$1,300 worth of grain and farm machinery. Loss partially covered by insurance.

DANIEL RHODES, living near Anderson, was returning home, driving a spirited horse. When within sight of home the animal took fright at a bicycle, ridden by Walter Carpenter, a young school teacher. Mr. Carpenter dismounted, but the horse lunged, and in turning into the barnyard over the buggy. Mrs. Rhodes fell on her head. She was carried into her home in unconscious condition, from which she never recovered.

Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad

Trains run on Central Standard Time, 25 minutes slower than Columbus or former time. Took effect Sunday, June 12, 1892.

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5	No. 7
Cincinnati, Ind.	8:00am	8:00pm		
Richmond	8:20am	8:20pm		
Winchester	8:40am	8:40pm		
Portland	9:00am	9:00pm		
Decatur	9:20am	9:20pm		
Fort Wayne, Ind.	9:40am	9:40pm		
Kendallville	10:00am	10:00pm		
Home City	10:20am	10:20pm		
Valentine	10:40am	10:40pm		
LaGrange	11:00am	11:00pm		
Sturgis	11:20am	11:20pm		
Vicksburg	11:40am	11:40pm		
Kalamazoo	12:00pm	12:00pm		
Gr. Rapids	12:20pm	12:20pm		
Gr. Rapids	12:40pm	12:40pm		
D. G. H. & M. Co.	1:00pm	1:00pm		
Howard City	1:20pm	1:20pm		
Big Rapids	1:40pm	1:40pm		
Reed City	2:00pm	2:00pm		
Home City	2:20pm	2:20pm		
Traverse City	2:40pm	2:40pm		
Kalamazoo	3:00pm	3:00pm		
Macine City	3:20pm	3:20pm		

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6	No. 8
Macine City	8:40am	8:40am	8:40am	8:40am
Potosky	9:00am	9:00am	9:00am	9:00am
Kalamazoo	9:20am	9:20am	9:20am	9:20am
Traverse City	9:40am	9:40am	9:40am	9:40am
Cadillac	10:00am	10:00am	10:00am	10:00am
Reed City	10:20am	10:20am	10:20am	10:20am
Big Rapids	10:40am	10:40am	10:40am	10:40am
D. G. H. & M. Co.	11:00am	11:00am	11:00am	11:00am
Howard City	11:20am	11:20am	11:20am	11:20am
Gr. Rapids	11:40am	11:40am	11:40am	11:40am
Potosky	12:00pm	12:00pm	12:00pm	12:00pm
Kalamazoo	12:20pm	12:20pm	12:20pm	12:20pm
Vicksburg	12:40pm	12:40pm	12:40pm	12:40pm
Sturgis	1:00pm	1:00pm	1:00pm	1:00pm
LaGrange	1:20pm	1:20pm	1:20pm	1:20pm
Valentine	1:40pm	1:40pm	1:40pm	1:40pm
Home City	2:00pm	2:00pm	2:00pm	2:00pm
Decatur	2:20pm	2:20pm	2:20pm	2:20pm
Portland	2:40pm	2:40pm	2:40pm	2:40pm
Winchester	3:00pm	3:00pm	3:00pm	3:00pm
Richmond	3:20pm	3:20pm	3:20pm	3:20pm
Cincinnati	3:40pm	3:40pm	3:40pm	3:40pm

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A John C. Duerer Watch & Case . . 40.00

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No. 6, Vestibule Limited, daily for Chicago and the west. 3:20 P. M.	No. 8, Vestibule Limited, daily for New York and the east. 7:35 P. M.
No. 3, Pacific Express, daily for Chicago and the west. 2:00 A. M.	No. 12, Express, daily for New York. 1:00 A. M.
No. 1, Express, daily for Chicago and the west. 12:12 P. M.	No. 2, Accommodation, daily except Sunday. 1:53 P. M.
No. 5, Local. 10:35 A. M.	No. 30, Local. 10:35 A. M.

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