

THE CHIPLEY BANNER.

VOLUME V.

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NUMBER 1.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE



LULU JAMISON

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

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

Her tears were 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. Have you grown tired of us so soon?"

He took her 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 overspread 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 coward 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 the rest of your 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.

Alice, noting her distress, broke in with some light remarks, which Nell took up, notwithstanding her uncle's formidable presence, and discussed volubly.

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 to talkative, Nell particularly airing her opinions freely, and receiving no reproof for her verbosity.

But when the time came to say good-by, 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. I'll be 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 toward the chain of beautiful hills which shut in the quiet, peaceful village, her fancy tinged with luscious 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."

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 such 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 only 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. I was admiring some of your curios when you came in. I knew you at once. Brian'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."

He regarded her face with an intent, rather puzzled, glance.

"Yes, you have, established yourself 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 some people feel as I do. 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; he likes this busy life. He finds the country dull and lonely, and Elmwood has 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.

"Let me have a chance to show you to love New York for something more than its paved streets and brick walls. We Gothamites are very proud. We think that all things good and delightful are to be found in this great noisy city of ours."

Margaret smiled. "You have many desirable advantages, that is certain; but while you are proud of your wealth you should not forget your poverty."

"True. And we have enough of it. The condition of the poor in this city is miserable in the extreme, and perhaps, what is more incredible, the most opposite conditions of prosperity and want exist in such close proximity. I was most forcibly impressed with this fact a few days ago. I was passing along one of the streets just off from Fifth avenue. There were elegant mansions all around me, and handsomely dressed children playing under the eyes of watchful nurses. Yet a little further on I passed into a scene so different that I could scarcely credit the testimony of my eyes. Amid an actual scene of poverty, squalor and sin were running riot. It is terrible to think of it. A physician whose practice lies amid such scenes is obliged to see so much of the heartaches of life."

"I suppose so," returned Margaret, with a sigh. "Such an experience wouldn't do for me at all; so much wealth on one side and so much want on the other would make me lose my faith in God. It is dreadful to say it, I know. I have taken myself to task for even thinking of it, but my sense of justice cannot be reconciled. There is some wise decree, no doubt, in what seems so unwise, but—Tell me, don't you ever feel like taking the world to pieces and making it over again?"

He smiled, amused at the question and the expression which accompanied it.

"I have often thought it might be changed to advantage, but I do not know that I could manage it successfully."

He smiled, amused at the question and the expression which accompanied it.

The earthquake engages itself in a piece of underground work.

CHAPTER XVII.
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 before."

"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 deuce, and he's considered quite a catch in the matrimonial pond. Any number of angels 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-by. You won't be lonely?"

"No."

Every day Brian left Margaret with a question, and every day she answered "No," but always after he had said she had answered untruthfully. She was lonely—very lonely, and so little to interest her—so to fill the long dull mornings, sometimes came to lunch, but as did not. Her afternoons were

DUTY PUT ON RAW COTTON

GOES ON THE LIST AT TWENTY PER CENT AD VALOREM.

SENATOR BACON SCORES VICTORY

Georgian Secures Amendment to Tariff Bill After a Hard and Spirited Fight in the Senate.

By the decisive vote of 42 to 19 the Senate Tuesday adopted an amendment to the tariff bill placing raw cotton on the dutiable list at 20 per cent ad valorem.

It is the first time in the history of tariff legislation that a duty on cotton has been incorporated in a bill.

The amendment was proposed by Mr. Bacon, (Ga.), on his individual responsibility and without the approval of the finance committee, which thus far has been requisite to the success of every amendment except a minor one which went through by default.

The amendment led to a spirited debate, democratic senators disclosing a wide difference of views and at times exchanging sharp personal criticisms.

On the final vote six democrats—Bacon, Clay, Georgia; Ennery, of Louisiana; McLaurin and Tillman, of South Carolina, and Rawlins, of Utah—voted with the republicans for the Bacon amendment, while the negative vote was solidly democratic with one exception, Kyle, populist.

The debate on cotton took up the most of the day and but little progress was made on the bill. Early in the day the sugar schedule was passed over and the agricultural schedule taken up. Less than two pages were disposed of during the day. The paragraph on cattle went over, but the balance of the agricultural schedule up to and including paragraph 228 was agreed to as reported, all amendments except that of Mr. Bacon being rejected.

Senator Bacon, who led the fight, was ably seconded by Senators Clay, McLaurin, Tillman and several other democrats, but the successful passage of the amendment came only after one of the most sensational debates of the session.

It was a debate in which Senator Bacon had arrayed against him Jones and Vest and Gray and Caffery, and in which the Georgian more than held his own. He not only made an unanswerable defense of his position, but rattled the contentions of his critics.

FATHER SHOTS HIS BOY.

His Innocent Prattle Disturbed His Drunken Slumber.

At Atlanta, Tuesday night, Thomas J. McClain, a painter, jumped from a bed on which he was lying in a half drunken stupor, and, seizing a pistol, sent a bullet into the brain of his five-year-old son.

By the side of a table the little boy was finishing his evening meal. The father had been on a debauch for some days and lay upon the bed apparently asleep. The prattle of the innocent child disturbed his drunken slumber. Without a word of warning he sprang from the bed, and, picking up a revolver, leveled it at the child, and with an oath pulled the trigger. The man then ran from the room and escaped.

STRENGTH OF INSURGENTS.

Eight Thousand Well Armed Men and Many Others Not Armed.

After months passed in compiling data, which is confirmed by competent, well informed, impartial parties, the correspondent of the Associated Press at Havana is able to announce that in the country comprised between Cape San Antonio, Pinar del Rio and Necaromor military line of the province of Puerto Principe, there are 8,000 insurgents well armed with rifles and subdivided into small bands.

The latter live during the best part of the year in the woods and mountains. Besides these bands there are many thousands of Cuban natives in the insurgent camps who are either unarmed or only armed with machetes.

FIREWORKS FACTORY BLOWN UP.

Match Dropped by Workman Caused Disaster—Many Persons Injured.

A match carelessly dropped by one of the workmen in the fireworks factory of M. Shure, at Chicago, caused a terrific explosion a few minutes after 6 o'clock Tuesday night.

It was shortly after closing time and many of the workmen had gone home, otherwise the loss of life would have been very heavy.

As it was a number of employees were badly hurt and the flying rockets and candles struck several people who were passing on the sidewalks.

Twenty-five persons were more or less injured by flying missiles.

FLORIDA CENTRAL AND PENINSULAR RAILROAD.

New Florida and Northern Air Line and Florida Trunk Line. TIME TABLE IN EFFECT JAN. 20, 1897.

Station	Time	Station	Time
Yule	8:00	Yule	8:00
Yule	8:15	Yule	8:15
Yule	8:30	Yule	8:30
Yule	8:45	Yule	8:45
Yule	9:00	Yule	9:00

Station	Time	Station	Time
Yule	8:00	Yule	8:00
Yule	8:15	Yule	8:15
Yule	8:30	Yule	8:30
Yule	8:45	Yule	8:45
Yule	9:00	Yule	9:00

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