Satan Sanderson

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES,
Author of "Hearts Courageous," Etc.

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ht and fear had slipped beneath blood and sweat.

he end came quickly. Harry stepped meet him, there was a series of ft passes—then one, two lightning- blows, and Devlin went down te and stunned in the dust of the dway.

o high was the tension and so in- taneous the close that for a mo- t the crowd was noiseless, the spell upon them. In that moment Tom er came hastily forward, for, gh sharing the general dislike, piration was strong in him, and, wing the temper of the bystanders, xpected trouble.

e man who had administered Dev- punishment, however, did not see approach. He was looking some- re above their heads—at the upper ony of the hotel opposite—staring kind of strained and horrified ex- tancy at a girl who leaned forward, hands clinching the balustrade, eyes fixed on his face. There was hing in that face, in that in- e look, that seemed to cleave the y veil that swathed Harry Sander- 's past.

nly an instant the gaze hung be- en them. It served as a distrac- , for other eyes had raced to the ony.

he clamoring voices were suddenly hed, for there was not wanting in crowd that instinctive regard for proprieties which belongs to com- nities where gentlewomen are few. that instant Felder put his hand on arm of the staring man and drew to the door of the hotel.

inside, quickly!" he said under his th, for a rumble from the crowd him the girl had left the balcony e. He pushed the other through doorway and turned for a second he threshold.

Whatever private feelings you may e," he said in a tone that all heard, n't disgrace the town. Fair play, matter who he is! McGinn, I should nk you, at least, were big enough to le your grudges without the help crowd."

Chapter 13

THE man whose part the lawyer had taken had yielded to his touch al- most dazedly as the girl disappeared.

"That was a close eak," said Felder to him. "Do you lize that? In five minutes more 'd have been handled a sight worse n you handled your man, let me tell !"

he man of no memories smiled, the e smile that had infuriated the bar- m—and yet somehow it was more lcult to smile now.

s it possible," he asked, "that ough an unlucky error I have nced the local archbishop?"

elder looked at him narrowly. Be- th the sarcasm he distinguished un- hillarity, aloofness, a genuine aston- ment. The appearance in the person Hugh Stires of the qualities of nerve l courage had surprised him out of usual indifference. The "tinhorn mbler" had fought like a man. His sent sang froid was as singular. d he been an absolute stranger in town he might have acted and ken no differently. Felder's smooth ven, earnest face was puzzled as he wered curtly:

You've trounced a man who will re- mber it a long time."

Ah!" said the man addressed easily. e has a better memory than I, n!"

He gazed over the heads of the silent mful to the simmering street, where vlin, with the aid of a supporting n, was staggering into the saloon in ich his humiliation had begun. hey seem agitated," he said. The ling of embarrassment was passing; e old daring was lifting. His glance, nning the room, set itself on a shab- clear figure in the background apol- etic, yet keenly and pridefully inter- ted. A whimsical light was in his e. He crossed to him and, resch- g out his hand, drew the violin from der his arm.

"Music hath charms to soothe the vage breast," he said, and, opening e case, he tucked the instrument der his chin and began to play.

What absolute [illegible]

what insane prompting possessed, can scarcely be imagined. Felder looked for a quick end to the folly, but he saw the men in the street even as they moved forward waver and pause. With almost the first note it had come to them that they were hearing music such as the squeaking fiddles of the dance halls never knew. Those on the opposite pavement crossed over, and men far down the street stood still to listen.

More than the adept's cunning that had at first tingled in his fingers at sight of the instrument was in Harry Sanderson's playing. The violin had been the single passion which the old Satan Sanderson had carried with him into the new career. The impulse to "soothe the savage breast" had been a flare of the old character he had been relieving, but the music, begun in bravado, swept him almost instantly beyond its bounds. He had never been an indifferent performer. Now he was playing as he had never played in his life, with inspiration and abandon. There was a diabolism in it. He had forgotten the fight, the crowd, his own mocking mood. He had forgotten where he was. He was afloat on a fluctuant tide of melody that was carrying him back, back, into the far-away past toward all that he had loved and lost.

"It's 'Home, Sweet Home,'" said Barney McGinn. "No, it's 'Annie Laurie.' No, it's—hanged if I know what it is!"

The player himself could not have told him. He was in a kind of tranced dream. The self made music was calling with a sweet insistence to buried things that were stirring from a long sleep. It sent a gulp into the throat of more than one standing moveless in the street. It brought a suspicious moisture to Tom Felder's eyes. It drew Mrs. Halloran from the kitchen, wiping her hands on her apron. It called to a girl who crouched in the upper hall with her miserable face buried in her hands, drew her down the stair to the office door, her eyes wide with a breathless wonder, her face glistening with feeling.

From the balcony Jessica had witnessed the fight without understanding its meaning. A fascination she could not gainsay had glued her eyes to the struggle. It was he—it was the face she knew, seen but once for a single moment in the hour of her marriage, but stamped indelibly upon her memory. It was no longer smooth shaven, and it was changed, evilly changed. But it was the same. There was recklessness and mockery in it and yet strength, not weakness. Shunned and despised as he might be—the chief actor, as it seemed to her, in a cheap and desperate barroom affray, a coarse affair of fisticuffs in the public street—yet there was something intrepid in his bearing, something splendid in his victory.

To Jessica, standing with hands close clasped, the music seemed the agony of remorse for a past fall, the cry of a forlorn soul, knowing itself cast out, appealing to its good angel for pity and pardon. Hugh had often played to her, lightly, carelessly, as he did all things. She had deemed it only one of his many clever, amateurish accomplishments. Now it struck her with a pang that there had been in him a deeper side that she had not guessed. Since her wedding day she had thought of her marriage as a loathed bond, from which his false pretense had absolved her. Now a doubt of her own position assailed her. Had loneliness and outlawry driven him into the career that had made him shunned even in this rough town, a course which she, had she been faithful to her vow "for better, for worse," might have turned to his redemption? God forgave, but she had not forgiven. Smarting tears scorched her eyelids.

For Harry Sanderson the music was the imprisoned memory, crying out strongly in the first tongue it had found. The slumbering qualities that had stirred uneasily at sight of the face on the balcony awoke. Who he was and had been he knew no more than before, but the new writhing self consciousness, starting from its sleep with almost a sense of shock, became conscious of the gaping crowd, the dusty street, the red sunset and of himself at the end of a vulgar brawl sawing a violin in silly braggadocio in a hotel doorway.

The music faltered and broke off. The bow dropped at his feet. He picked it up fumblingly and turned back into the office as a man entered from a rear door. The newcomer was Michael Halloran, the hotel's proprietor, short, thickset and surly. Asleep in his room, he had neither seen the fracas nor heard the playing. He saw instantly, however, that something unusual was forward and, blinking on the threshold, caught sight of the man who was handing the violin back to its owner. He clinched his fist, with a scowl, and started toward him.

His wife caught his arm.

"Oh, Michael, Michael!" she cried. "Say nothing, lad! Ye should have heard him play!"

"Play!" he exclaimed. "Let him go fiddle to his side partner, Prendergast, and the other riffraff he's run with the year past!" He turned blackly to Harry. "Take yourself from this house, Hugh Stires!" he said. "Whether all's true that's said of you I don't say, but you'll not come here!"

Harry had turned very white. With the spoken name—a name how familiar!—his eyes had fallen to the ring on his finger—the ring with the initials H. S. A sudden comprehension had darted to his mind. A score of circumstances that had seemed odd stood out now in a baleful light. The looks of dislike in the barroom, the attitude of the street, this angry diatribe, all smacked of acquaintance, and not alone acquaintance, but obloquy. His name was Hugh Stires! He belonged to this very town! And he was a man hated, despised, forbidden entrance to an uncouth hostelry, an unwelcome visitant even in a barroom. He turned to Felder and said in a low voice to him, not to the hotel keeper or to the roomful:

"When I entered this town today I did not know my name or that I had ever set foot in it before. I was struck by a train a month ago and remember nothing beyond that time. It seems that the town knows me better than I know myself."

He turned quietly and walked out of the door. Pavement and street were a hubbub of excited talk. The groups parted as he came out, and he passed between them with eyes straight before him.

As he turned down the street a fragment of quartz thrown with deliberate and venomous aim flew from the saloon doorway. It grazed his head, knocking off his hat.

Tom Felder had seen the flying missile, and he leaped to the center of the street with rage in his heart. "If I find out who threw that," he said, "I'll send him up for it, so help me God!"

Harry stooped and picked up his hat and as he put it on again turned a moment toward the crowd. Then he walked on down the middle of the street, his eyes glaring, his face white, into the dusky blue of the falling twilight.

A fresh shipment of National Biscuit Co's. crackers, at The Bridge Store

Board Public Instruction Meets

The Board of Public Instruction met in regular session Saturday, October 31, 1908, with all members present.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The treasurer's report was examined and approved.

Election returns were received from Harrison City special election, showing a majority vote in favor of a special tax district, three mills voted to be assessed and collected for the ensuing two years, and M. H. Harrison, H. M. Craft and J. E. Barnes were elected trustees.

The State Bank of Bowling Green made a loan of $5,000 to the Board for three months at 8 per cent interest.

A petition was received from the voters of Ona calling for an election for the purpose of forming a special tax district; also one from Wauchula calling for an election for the purpose of enlarging their special tax district, both of which were ordered published for four weeks, the Ona petition in The DeSoto County News and Wauchula's in the Florida Advocate.

Regular monthly warrants were drawn and other regular business transacted.

Board adjourned to meet Tuesday after the first Monday in December.

J. S. CARLTON, Sec'y.

Get with the crowd and everybody read THE CHAMPION.

Champion for Job Printing.

WOMAN

Sending a Girl to College—Health Means Both Mental and Physical Happiness—Unfit For Matrimony.

"I do so want to send Marcia to college," little Mrs. Charming sighed as she laid aside the fancy work she was making for the woman's exchange.

"I wonder why," mused her friend the doctor as he watched the overtired little mother.

Aloud he said, "Do you think it would do her any good to go there?"

"Why, can you doubt it?"

"I do doubt it very much," the doctor answered. "You may think it's because I'm old fashioned, but it is only because I'm practical. What do you want to make of Marcia, anyway?"

"Well," the little mother admitted, "I hope she will marry come good man and be as happy with him as I was with her father, but if the right man doesn't come along we are so reduced in circumstances I'm afraid she'll have to earn her living in some way."

"Then let us consider how the college education you are slaving so hard to give her will help her along those lines," answered the doctor. "In the first place, as regards marriage, you are shutting her away from men during four of the most attractive years of her life. You are filling her with a lot of higher education, none of which will fit her to be a good wife, but quite the contrary. The college girl, as a rule, does not marry easily, she is not a success socially, and she has none of those soft little airs and graces which make a girl popular with both men and women. She is so highly educated along book lines that she has contempt for a man who does not know Virgil and Homer even though he does know practical life and makes millions in the hardware business. When she marries, unless she becomes

KNOWS MORE THAN HER HUSBAND.

the bride of a college professor, she feels she knows more than her husband, and that does not tend toward married happiness. If you want to make a learned woman out of Marcia send her to college, but if you want to make her a happy one, contented with her husband and her home, don't.

The Age of Specialization.

"Now as regards earning her living. Don't you realize that this is the age of specialization? What does general knowledge do for any one? Why, nothing. You have to know some particular thing and do it thoroughly. Unless you want Marcia to become a teacher her four years in college won't do her a bit of good. After she leaves there she will know Latin and Greek and a few sciences, but of the real business workaday world she will be absolutely ignorant, and, mark my words, you will have to send her for at least six months to some training school where she can be taught something practical, which will bring her in money. No, my dear lady, if you have this object in view for Marcia don't kill yourself to earn money in order to send her away to the very place which will help her the least."

Health Means Happiness.

If more women realized that health means happiness there would be more healthy women in this world and fewer visionary ones.

Most of the conditions we believe mental are just as physical as they can be.

Take care of your body and your body will gratefully take care of your mind and your disposition.

Worry and matrimony don't go well together.

The worrying, nagging wife will soon be all by her lonesome. No man is going to stick to her. He will spend his days at the club, in the saloon or on the corner, anywhere to get rid of her presence.

There are lots of women who do very well single, but are never intended for the broader existence and the deeper joys and troubles which come from being associated with another human being.

They ought to realize this and shape their lives accordingly.

MAUD ROBINSON.

WELL GROOMED WOMAN.

She Always Is Attractive to the End of Her Days.

"If there is any more attractive quality than being well groomed I should like to know it," remarked the clever woman. "It is the greatest gift a girl can possess."

"It is simply a matter of clothes," sniffed her companion. "Give me something substantial, like beauty."

"Simply a matter of clothes!" ejaculated the clever woman. "My dear woman, it is a special gift born with one. I have seen the most splendidly gowned women in the world so sloppily put together I was positively ashamed to be seen with them, and I have gone

"THE SLOPPY GIRL MAKES THE SLOPPY WIFE."

out with a girl who wore a $2.98 blouse, and it was so fresh and so daintily put on I was proud to be considered her friend. And, as for beauty, look at Miss Blank over there. She has a lovely face, hasn't she? But can you find it attractive at this moment when she is wearing that badly fastened blouse with the ruff of soiled tulle around the neck? If I were a man I could see nothing but that spotted waist and that passe chiffon.

"Look at Miss Smartleigh, on the contrary. Isn't her plain white tailored waist attractive with its simple laundered collar and little black string tie? See how beautifully her hair is brushed, how bright her skin is and how her teeth shine like pearls. She is not a pretty girl, but her attractiveness is something far stronger, something which will last all her life.

"I say you men do well to notice such things. The sloppy girl will make the sloppy wife, and don't you forget it. The well groomed woman, on the contrary, will be a success always, no matter what the family fortunes are.

"It is not only the home woman who wins out by being well groomed. The business woman finds this quality to be an actual necessity. Her appearance is part of her stock in trade and gives her an immeasurable advantage over other women who scorn curling irons, face powder and smart clothes as being a waste of time."

HELEN ALBERT.

Georgia Prison Commission.

Atlanta, Nov. 5.—This morning at 10 o'clock the convention of the county commissioners of Georgia will be called to order in the hall of the house of representatives by Judge J. S. Turner, of the prison commission.

It is estimated by the commission that several hundred will be in attendance. From those counties where there are no county commissioners, the ordinaries charged with the usual duties of commissioners of roads and revenues, will be the delegates.

Practical discussions on the working of convicts to secure improved roads, will be the feature of the gathering.

Captain Wiley Williams takes the oath of office as successor to Commissioner Tom Eason, who has retired.

The earliest mention of corn in Kansas is found in the account of Coronado's expedition in 1541-2. Professor Williston found charred corn in the ruins of prehistoric Indian pueblos in Scott county, estimated by him to be at least two and a half centuries old.