

GOD AND THE MAN

"Ideal" photo-play version of Robert Buchanan's famous novel.
The story adapted for "Pictures" by IVAN PATRICK GORE.

I.—The Beginning of Hate.

"NAY, but 'twill be unjust, dear!" Richard Orchardson shrugged his broad shoulders. "Call it what you will, Kate, business is business, and seldom suits all parties. As for the disaster that followed, we are not to blame for that!"

"'Twas terrible!"—the girl shivered at the recollection—"when my father came home he was furious—*yours* had taunted him—'The lad was not trespassing,' he said 'he came but to look upon that which will soon be his own.' Oh, Richard, for hundreds of years the land had belonged to us, but father mortgaged it and could not meet the demand, then when he found that the mortgage had been bought up by the Squire, all the hate of centuries flamed into life. He came home and bade us swear to have naught to do with any Orchardson—then, even as he held the Bible for us to swear on—he fell dead."

"And you, Kate, Kitty—did you swear to hate the Orchardsons, root and branch?"

The girl clung to him. "Oh, how can you ask that, dear heart? I braved the dear dead man's curse, and my mother's anger, for I love you, Dick!"

Richard Orchardson smiled. For the first time for centuries Orchardson and Christiansen had met on friendly terms, and he, the son of one house, held the daughter of the other in his arms.

"Dick, Dick," Kate pleaded, insistently, "say you will not change, that you will never turn from me, for I have given you all a woman can, and soon—"

"Hush!" he clapped his hand over the girl's mouth as footsteps sounded in the undergrowth, then he peered through the trees. "'Tis Christian, your brother!"

She clung to him wildly. "If he saw us together he would kill me."

"Go then—hasten—and trust to me!"

In a moment she was gone and the smile on Orchardson's lips changed to one of evil triumph, as he turned to meet the man of about his own age as he came swiftly from among the trees.

"So, Christian Christiansen," he jeered, "have you come to say farewell to the dunes and woodlands?"

"D—n you!" Christian Christiansen's face grew livid under its tan; "you dare to insult me before my father's body is scarce cold in his grave!"

Orchardson laughed. "Bah! What has the old man's death to do with me? He should have been more temperate in his hate, more careful in his dealings. But now," he added, threateningly, "get off *my* land—d'you hear me, Christian Christiansen, take your last look at glade and dune, and go!"

He laughed again, and the taunting

sound of it drove the last vestige of caution from his companion's thought. Swift as lightning his arm rose and with a cry the scoffer measured his length on the ground.

For a moment Christiansen looked at the fallen figure, then shrugging his shoulders, turned and retraced his steps towards the homestead Orchardson's hate had rendered desolate.

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When Squire Orchardson heard his son's story, he was furious. "Gad, to insult you upon my own land! By heaven, but they shall pay—Garth, do you saddle me the roan mare—by the Lord Harry, we'll show these people how far they can go with impunity!"

But when he clattered red-hot into the courtyard of the other homestead, it was to meet a stern-faced old woman, who snatched at his mare's bridle.

"Back, Squire Orchardson," she cried, "the home of the man you drove to death is no place for you—back, I say—"

"Are you mad, woman?"

"Maybe—and listen—on the Book I have sworn my hate, and my children's against you and yours. May you be accursed, may your son prove a sorrow to your old age, may your fortune rot and wither—this will I pray for night and morning—"

"And I," the Squire rose in his stirrups and struck wildly at her with his heavy hunting crop, "for my part accept your hate, meeting it with like and I swear that I'll leave nothing undone that will help to ruin you and drive your brood from these broad lands, and to this—I add my son's curse on you and yours."

The months wore on and for a time the feud seemed at a standstill, and soon the countryside found other things besides the live-long hate of Christiansen and Orchardson to marvel at—for to the great Manor House came a Mr. Sefton and his daughter Priscilla, and soon all tongues were wagging. The gentleman, it was said, had been a great court gallant, a roysterer, and a gambler, but one day he chanced to hear Mr. Wesley preach. . . . He went to scoff and stayed to pray. . . . Ever since then he had been one of the pioneer Methodist's most ardent supporters.

Christian Christiansen met the one-time gallant and his daughter, and fell to the demure light that shone from Priscilla's glorious eyes—and lured on by the new hope in his heart, he had become a follower, and soon became a frequent visitor to the simple services held at the cobbler's cottage. But the path was anything but smooth for John Wesley's faithful followers—for every convert a hundred paused to jeer, until one night things reached a climax.

Escorted by Christian, Priscilla had just left the humble cottage when a stone was thrown. Another followed, and soon the girl and her companion found themselves surrounded by a crowd.

"Throw that stone, Carling," Christian cried furiously, "and you'll rue it!"

But the village rough took no heed of the warning, and the stone was thrown. Then like an infuriated bull the young man charged the mob . . . the ring-leader went down before his iron fist, and although one or two of the preacher's tormentors made a stand and struck shrewdly back, the village street was soon clear of the ruffians. "They'll trouble you no more, I'll stand for that, Miss Sefton," Christian said as he regained his trembling companion.

"Thank you, thank you, but—" a maidenly blush drove the pallor from her cheeks, "will you not walk home with me—my father would like to thank you for what you have done to-night!"



"Became a frequent visitor to the simple services held at the cobbler's cottage."