••••••• SHE CHANGED HER MIND

But She Had a Good Rea son For Doing So

By RUTH GRAHAM

Toward midnight she was aroused by a strange pungent smell pervading her little room. Her breathing was not quite free. What could it mean?

She lay for a minute dazed, yet with what sense she could command, trying to discover the cause of the odor that was gaining in strength and stiffing up the faces of a young man and woace before the door.

strong, beautiful when I heard yoming moun-u were coming so, for, Rachel.

toward the girl

But Rachel Winton betrayed no emo-

gion.

She merely turned her dark eyes from the man's eager face and looked off across the moonlit prairie.

"I've been working and watting, Rachel," he continued, his voice husky with feeling. "until I had something to offer you. I was sure you wouldn't give up teaching for just anything—you're not that kind.

"But I've loved you ever since two

"But I've loved you ever since two "But I've loved you ever since two years ago, when we all came out to these prairies together in our covered wagons. I remember, after we were here, how bravely you worked to help your parents get started off comfortably before you went with your uncle to Wyoming to teach that ranch

the house. When it ceased to remember our old house, which father lost on that security debt, the house we were forced to leave when we came here! Mother and I were not very brave, for we shed tears most of the way, though no since knew it. We came because it was the only thing to do, but this pioneer life is a hard, hard one.

"In my heart I am at war with it and always have been. It takes away youth and kills all high and noble ambitions. See how mother has aged during the two years we have lived here. It makes me bitter. That's why I go back to teach. I'm going to make enough to take them away from this life."

"But, Rachel," he pleaded, "you shall mever work as your mother has had to. I promise it." Then, suddenly, with a catch in his voice, "Say, girlle, there's ao truth in the report about your car-want to the old couple fell back over—when he will be the mood of the back over—when he was the hollow and was rapidly filling every pail he had been able to find about the place. Acting under his directions, the girl mounted her father's pony, a "4 she and Dan carried water for Mr. and Mrs. Winton to wet the blankets, this being their only means of fighting the fire.

How they worked and fought! It seemed as if the whole world was arrayed against them, and all the while the moon looked down, cold and uncaring, while the fire swept derecely on ward until it caught in a row of dry cornstalks that reached nearly to the cable. Here the battle must be fought with renewed energy.

The smoke of the burning grass and grain assailed their nostrils, scorched their throats and blinded their eyes, but with hands torn and blistered they found the place.

"But, Rachel," he pleaded, "you shall mover work as your mother has had to. I promise it." Then, suddenly, with a catch in his voice, "Say, girlie, there's no truth in the report about your caring for that rich Wyoming ranchman?"

"Mr. Miles has been very kind to me," she answered without pretending not to understand. "He has offered to let father and mother have the lovely home he owns in Denver if I'll marry him. It would be an ideal place for them to end their days in."

"My God, girlie! I couldn't stand it to see you the wife of another!" the young man cried, his strong frame shaken with emotion.

"You mustn't care so much, Dan,"

"You mustn't care so much, Dan, the returne tender pity for his suf-fering making her tones kind. "Get better to share your home—one enough to make the

e only you. If Your ranchman, rich

"I couldn't love any man well enough "I couldn't love my man well enough
to give up all I enjoy and settle dowa
to this isolated life, this continual
treadmill of drudgery," she retorted,
turning away; then in a milder tone.
"Forget me, Dan."
Forget her! That he would never
do—he never could. There was a time
—it was when they lived in their cov-

ered wagons and camped at night by the trail; yes, and even after they were settled here—that he had thought she cared for him.

Those had been the happiest days in Southard's life. He had never dreamed that she hated those free, rolling

prairies so intensely.

Blind to this, he had been toiling on his new claim to get things in good shape before asking her to marry him.

Bitterly now he felt that it was all labor lost, for without Rachel Winton nothing was worth while.

After gazing at the girl a moment in effect reproach Southard walked over to his tethered horse, mounted and

The moon climbed higher as Rachel stood looking after the vanishing

"Poor Dan!" she murmured. "He

so strong and good. Father and mother love him like a son, but I just can't, can't!" And the tears gathered in her eyes.
"I was intended for something betar If I wasn't why should I dislike

. wavs of pioneer life

the tabin, where her arendy asleep, and TITS

mind, much against her will, busy com-paring young Southard and Mr. Niles. Dan's clear cut but somewhat boyish

A time came when the home was rebuilt and all the other property restored. The pair lived a new and a face lost nothing by comparison with that of the bearded, middle aged ranchman who had been wooing her per-stently for the past year. different life.

Life with one meant the unceasing arudgery of the prairie farm; with the other, wealth to enable her to live wherever she might choose herself and

But which of the men held the key to her heart?

to her heart?

Really ste could not tell, but she grew drows: making herself believe she would be able in any event to compel her mind with its power of judging wisely to control her heart.

Toward midnight she was aroused

Suddenly a great crimson light illumined the small window. With a quick movement Rachel sprang from bed, and as she did so there came to

er ears the rapid beat of a horse's noofs on the prairie road.

Then she heard Dan's voice burdendwith awful import.

"Rachel!" he called. "Mr. Winton! Get up! Get up quick! The prairie is

"Father! Mother!" the girl called, running to their bed, "Get up! Do you hear? There is a big fire. Yes, Dan," she called from the window as

she helped her mother to dress.
"There's not a minute to lose." Southard called back. "The fire is sweeping

this way as fast as a strong wind can bring it."

There had been no rain for three weeks, and everything was as dry as tinder.

The Wintons understood the terrible danger impending.

Not only the cabin, but stock, crops even they themselves, were at the mer

cy of those leaping flames.
"Bring the blankets, quick!" shouted
Southard. Obeying him instantly,
Rachel dragged every blanket out of

Rachel dragged every blanket out of the house.

Dan had ridden his horse to the little spring in the hollow and was rapidly filling every pail he had been able to find about the place.

Acting under his directions, the girl mounted her father's pony, a-3, she and Dan carried water for Mr. and Mrs. Winton to wet the blankets, this being their only means of fighting the fire.

When the old couple fell back over

when the old couple fell back overcome Dan and Rachel took their places
with the heavy wet blankets and workde side by side. Inch by inch they beat
back the angry flames.

Even in that terrible situation the
girl felt a singular strength and coolness in working by Southard's side.
She felt that the enemy must yield to
such grand and compelling superiority.
When the fire attacked them from
another vulnerable point it was Dan's
exhaustless energy that saved the day.
By sacrificing a patch of ripe grain,
through a prompt back fire, the foe
was met and made to recoil in wrathful flames upon itself.

After a time the great body of the
fire swept away northward, having
consumed everything of the Wintons'
except cabin and stock.

With a thankfulness in their hearts
for the preservation of these, the old
couple entered the house and threw
themselves upon the floor.

Then Southard and Rachel came back
with weary, lagging feet from their
last successful onslaught.

"Everything's safe now, Rachel," he
said huskily, starting toward his horse.
"Dan," she questioned, a queer choking in her throat, "you are not going
now?"

He stopped and looked at her. She

He stopped and looked at her. She had never appeared more beautiful to him than now, with the marks of that great fire battle upon her face and

tattered dress. "All we have left we owe to you, Dan," she went on, noting his scorched

Then she placed her blackened hand on his shoulder. How he trembled under that touch!
"I don't feel as if I could bear to

under that touch!

"I don't feel as if I could bear to have you leave us, Dan." There was a tender pleading in her tones.

"The danger's over, Rachel," he reassured her, "and I must ride all the way to Westfield before daybreak."

"Why to Westfield?" she asked.

Without a word he pointed across the blackened prairie toward his claim.

Only a mass of smoking ruins marked the place where his house and stable had been. She understood.

"You left all you had to come to us, Dan," she said, with a sob. "Now you have nothing left. Without your help everything here, even our lives, would have been sacrificed. Oh, Dan, the light of that fire has given me a sight of my own heart! I see that the true life for me is right here, and if you'll let me I'll help you make another home."

"Rachel!" he cried. "You can't mean it! Do you really love me?"

it! Do you really love me?"
"I have loved you all the time, my knight of the prairies," she answered as his strong arms gathered her to his

Saturday, Dec. 23rd

"Liberty" Episode No. 14 "A Modern Joan of Arc"

Featuring Marie Walcamp and Eddie Polo. The Serial Every one is Coming to See. WONDER WHY? "Her Chance" and "Motor Mat and His Eliv." WONDER WHY?

6 REELS

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"The Shielding Shadow"

Will be shown in the evening, also a feature in afternoon and evening. A good 2 reel comedy featuring Billie Ritchie. Get in early and avoid the rush.

Matinee 2 to 5 P. M. Evening, open 6:30, show 7:00

Tuesday, Dec. 26th

"he Emerald Pin"

A story of a society girl entrapped in the meshes of a modern evil, featuring Roberta Wilson.

Irma in Wonderland. A Capable Lady Cook

Wednesday, Dec. 27th

"The Grip of Evil" Featuring Jackie Saunders and Roland Bottomley "Into The Pit"

'Circustantial Guilt'

An astounding m stery drama Featuring Burton Law and Jack Nelson

"Lost in Babylon" and "How Do You Feel?" Comedies.

Thursday, Dec. 28th

Another of those features every one is talking about,

'The Lost Lode

stirring drama of conspiracy and a girl's pluck, feartu-ring Florence LaBadie and Edith Johnson.

The Janitor's Vendetta' Comedy.

Friday, Dec. 29th

Should She Have Told'

A dramtised story of a social outcast, a man's honor and a woman's secret, with George Beranger, Edward Hearn and Ruth Clifford. Don't miss this production. Three Parts.

Saturday, Dec, 30th

"Liberty" Episode No. 15 Universal Magazine No 1 "When He Came Home"

Legend of Fyvie Castle. (Continued from page one.)
for hire, or hackney coaches, were introduced into London in 1625 and rapbrated ghost. It seems that one of the lords of Fyvie, early in the castle's history, captured among other prisoners a little drummer boy, and because the boy refused to perform his office 300 by 1650. In Paris they were infor the enemy he was thrust into his own drum and thrown off the battlements of the castle. Ever since that time whenever a member of the family is going to die the young drum that the sign of the control of the control of the family is going to die the young drum that the sign of the family is going to die the young drum that the sign of the family is going to die the young drum that the sign of the family is going to die the young drum that the sign of the family is going to die the young drum that the sign of the family is going to die the young drum that the sign of the family is going to die the young drum that the sign of the family is going to die the young drum that the sign of the family is going to die the young drum that the sign of the family is going to die the young drum that the sign of the family is going to die the young drum that the sign of the family is going to die the young drum that the sign of the family is going to die the young drum the sign of the family is going to die the young drum the sign of the family is going to die the young drum the sign of the family is going to die the young drum the sign of the family is going to die the young drum the sign of the family is going to die the young drum the sign of the family is going to die the young drum the sign of the family is going to die the young drum the sign of the family is going to die the young drum the sign of the family is going to die the young drum the sign of mer sounds a warning by drumming through the long corridors of the cas-tile. This is only one of many cele-brated Scotch ghosts.

"Who wrote The heights by great men reached and kept were not at-tained by sudden flight, but they while their companions slept were toiling up-ward in the night?"

"I dunno. Must have been some poet who hadn't heard about the eight hour day."—Washington Star.

Not Asking Much,
"I presume you hope fortune will smile on you some day," remarked the cheery individual.

"No," replied the pessimistic man. "I'm so tired of her frowns that I would be satisfied if she simply gave me a noncommittel look."—Spokane Re-

He who is firm and resolute in will molds the world to himself.-Goethe

idly grew in popularity. Notwithstand troduced during the minority of Louis

been called "flacres." By 1694 there were over 700 of these conveyances in London.—Argonaut. (Continued from page one.) he went abroad in such a way as to prevent his directing affairs he might well be held to have disabled himself, and the vice president might act for him in his absence.—William Howard

Taft in Youth's Companion. Medium—Ah, I hear the knocking of your late wife! Patron—That so? Who's she knockin' now?—Puck.

How apt men are to hate those they injure!-Fielding.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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By J. J. Mont Mr. Bryan braska, Neb some time ag