THE GATE THAT WON JANE.

Story of a Young Inventor Who Mada a Success. By MARY G. BENTLEY. TCopyright, 1909, by American Press Asso-cition. (Copyright, 1909, by American Press Asso-ciation.)

Farmer Tillson hadn't a generous hair in his head. He kept every cent he got and never gave out a cent.

Jane was as open hearted as Tillson was close. She was the life of the young farmer people round about, and not one of them but loved her. Her uncle did all he could to impress her with the fact that, having some capital, she should look upon marriage as

a sort of partnership in which her partner should furnish an equivalent to her own means, One day there came to Tillson's farm a young man who asked for

work. He was rather intellectual looking than muscular, a fact that did not favorably impress Tillson. But he ing than

with it."



"YE MUST TALK WITH ME 'BOUT THAT GATE."

offered to work for very low wages, and as it was harvest time Tillson em-

In spite of what had been said, he could not bring himself to believe tha the simple contrivance was of any value. Even when the "regular paployed him. Now, Jane no sooner saw young Zeke Freeman doing the hardest work there was to be done on the farm, which her pers" came, with imposing scals and blank places for him to sign his name, he regarded them more as interesting novelties than as anything that would uncle put upon the young man, than she pltied him. Pity being akin to love, she loved him. She was bright enough, however, to keep the situation affect his future. But one day a letter came which caused his eyes to open wide with amazed delight and which after a half from her uncle, who never suspected it till Freeman one day went to him hour of hard thinking carried him into

to ask for Jane's hand. "No; ye can't have Jane," snarled ald Tillson ungraciously. "She's my brother's daughter an' has money of her own, an' you aln't nothin' but a hired man with no prospects. I don't see what Jane was thinkin' on to say ye could ask me. Ye can't have her, an' that's all there is to it."

hour of hard thinking carried him into the house after his Sunday clothes. It was nearly dark when he returned from the town. Old Tillson met him at the barn door, his face dark. "What d'ye leave work for without my say 'so''' he demanded. "Business," repiled Zeke. "I heard you say 'tother day the mortgage had run by and that if you didn't raise the money soon they'd be selling you out. So I've been to a hawyer and had it Zeke opened his mouth as though to protest or to strengthen his case by further argument, but Tilison's face So I've been to a lawyer and had it fixed over in my name, to save you trouble. You can pay me whenever it was grim and forbidding, and he knew the old man too well to weaken his chances by causing useless irritation. suits. You see," in answer to the look on Tillson's face, "I got a check for two thousand on the patent and am likely to get as much more every year. I think I'll buy Dickson's big farm He turned away. That afternoon they were near the

farmyard gate. Zeke digging post holes and old Tillson patching up a wheelbarrow, when the drummer of an agricultural warehouse appeared. But, instead of going straight to Tillson, he stopped at the gate and began to examine it curiously. "Queer contrivance that," he said

presently. "Good idea, though-grand, good idea. How did you happen to think of it?" For the moment there was surprise mingled with a feeling of suspicion that Zeke had assumed his debt that he might make something by it. One

think of It?" "It's some of my hired man's dilly-dallyin'," replied Tillson gruffly. "He's forever up to something of that sort. Wastes half his time." Zeke flushed a little, but did not herk my who always acts from mean motives

look up. mind. wasted time about that," declared the drummer emphatically. "It's a valuable idea. There's money in it." me ?"

"Money?" questioned Tillson eagerly. Then he saw one of the horses squeez-ing his body through the open door way of the cornerib, and he rushed

off. He would have sent Zeke, only

years and years to make 'en all rish." The drummer smiled. "It is that way sometimes," he said, "but not al-ways. I have known inventors to have they laces come to them in a moment, in a flash of thought. But suppose we fix this thing now." **BIG CRUSADE TO**

to pay for getting out a patent," he replied, "and have half what we make."

"Not a cent." Tillson looked at him sharply, but

"An' ye didn't get any money?"

pected to hear from the man again

Y. M. C. A. Freject For Welfare of the Nation.



digging. A few moments later Tillson Let Three of Best Five Youths Go to digging. A few moments later Thison came burrying back. "The dratted horse ate a full peck of good corn," he began wrathfully. "No supper 'll be get this night. Now, what is it 'bout that gate bizness? How's there money in it?" "By getting the invention patented." enswered the drummer carelessly. "but the City, but Keep Two on the Farm, Says John R. Boardman-Declares United States Is Being Impoverished by Exodus of Its Young Men.

A new conservation movement is to ecome a factor in American life. The answered the drummer carelessly, "but Zeke and I have fixed that up. Well. become a factor in American life. greatest of the nation's natural remust be going." "But, look here!" exclaimed Tillson. surces, the country boy, is the object of its protection. Its voice is raised for the stemming of the tide "that is "Ye must talk with me 'bout that gate. It's mine! Zeke ain't nothin' to do sweeping the best manhood of the country to the great cities." "Oh, I don't want the gate," said the

country to the great cities." "Let three of the average five best youths which the farms produce go to the city." was the platform recently outlined by John R. Boardman, a leaddrummer coolly. "It's only the idea, and that, I believe, belongs to Zeke. Tillson stared at him as he walked er in the work. "The city needs them and would stagnate without them. But we insist that the other two shall stay away, the wrath deepening on his face. Suddenly he swung round to Zeite. "What did ye get?" he demanded. "Come, hand it over." in the country. The country needs them and is being impoverished by their loss." "I didn't receive anything in money." Zeke answered. "Stop!" roughly. "Don't tell any yarns. Didn't l hear the man say you an' him fixed it up? Now, how much money did he give ye for my gate? Look at me straight." Zeke did so, with a half smile. 'He's to pay for getting out a patent" he

Eighteen States Represented.

Mr. Boardman is senior secretary of the country work department of the international committee of the Young Men's Christian association. He pre-sided at a "standardization confer-ence" which was held at Chicago a ence which was need at Chicago a few days ago, where representatives of the county and state work of eight-een states and provinces gathered to systematize the undertakings of this young branch of the association's ac-

there was no decelt in the strangator ward face. Even he realized the fact. "Then ye're an idiot!" he snarled. "The man was set on the idee; I could see that from the way he spoke. Ye "The country is being depleted of its "The country is being depleted of its vitality by the lure of the city," said Mr. Boardman in explanation of the man was set on the idee; I could see that from the way he spoke. Ye could have got fifty or a hundred dol-lars jest as easy as nothin'. Mebbe we could have made a trade for a lot of his tools. An' now-huhl-ye'll never hear from him ag'in." Zeke did not answer, and presently Tillson went toward the barn grum-bilng. But his words did not disturb Zeke in the least. He scarcely ex-pected to hear from the man again. organization's mission. "It is not out of selfish interest, but with concern for the welfare of the nation, that we insist that two of every five natural leaders produced by the country shall stay in the country. The country boy is the hope of America. "We are willing to give up three to

the city, and one of the missions of our department is to see that the coun-try boys who go to the city shall go among friends and favoring influences. But the other feature of our work is to organize the Young Men's Christian associations of the small towns of the country in a way to enrich the life of the boys of the country and lead them to a life of satisfaction and usefulness

Outlines Department's Work.

Outlines Department's work. The following is a summary of what the country work department of the International Young Men's Christian association stands for, as Mr. Board-man outlined it:

man outlined it: For the recognition of the inherent value of country life in and for itself. The maximum development of construc-tive forces in rural communities. The creation of a new social community n village and in open country. Deliverance from the enervating pater-nalism of the city. Better health and sanitation in farm iomes and country communities. A redirected educational system which vill fit for life in the country.

fit for life in the country. more scientific type of crop produc-and farm administration as essential greater satisfaction in rural life. Wholesome development of the recre-

ative life. Dominance of Christian ideals in the character of the manhood and boyhood of the country.

Need of Country Leaders.

joins ours." llson stood looking at the young "The country still is the nursery of the nation's leaders," said Mr. Board-man. "But there is as great a need for leaders in the country as in the shamefacedness there, but there was none. The e was not even gratitude. cities. Not alone is the country being massed, for the country being wasted, for the country boy on going to the city, ignorant of urban condi-

"On the other hand, the majority of the college men of the whole country hail from the smaller towns and the suspects every one else of doing the same thing. His first words indicated that such was the condition of his rural districts. In the conservation of the youth of the country the country work department of the Young Men's

"What interest you goin' to charge Christian association has a mission of greatest importance. "Never mind about the interest. You can pay whatever rate you please or nothing at all." "Waal, 1 suppose you've got to be paid suthin'. What is it you want?"

"Our work is co-ordinate with that of the city associations, and it is co-operative in its concern for the welfare of the youths who leave the coun try to go to the city. The undertaking is not new, but only of recent times

IN CHARGE.

CONSERVE BOYS An Amateur Who Kept a Hotel and Made a Mistake.

> By FRANK H. SWEET [Copyright, 1909, by American Press Asso-

"Dear Phil-Mighty glad to hear from you and to know you're at leisure and contemplating a visit east. Start at once. I fired the letter as a chance shot, for I remembered you wrote to

some of your people at that place. "Seems odd we've never heard thing of each other in all these twenty five years, But never mind. I feel just as ready for a lark as I did when I said goodby on the college campus,

and I know you do. "Now to business. I'm mighty sor-ry, but a whole lot has happened since wrote you that letter seven days ago. My people are off pasturing in

"But now I am cabled that my wife has been picked up by brigands in some of the old wornout mountains and that I must hurry over with a

ransom. "It will take some money, and, what's worse, a whole lot of time, and, what's still worse, I shall not be able to see you till after I get back.

"I remember you were a pretty good fellow to take hold of things, but not very good in arranging circumstances to your own advantage, so I don't suppose you've prospered much.

"I have, in the hotel business, and think we can make your visit of mu-tual advantage. I have 300 guests al-ready in the house and 500 booked for later arrival, and there's a good man-



P HE BEGAN TO SEEK OUT GRACIE TO EN-TERTAIN HER.

ager for practical details, but not for the social side. You used to be great on that line.

"Now I'm going to ask you to fill my chair until I get back-In fact, make it sort of compulsory-for I must take the steamer this afternoon. There will not be any real work, understand, only just to have a good time with the guests. Mr. Burke, the manager, will

be looking for you. Start at once. And, oh, yes, there'll be no expense to you, of course, and if things go right there'll be something handsome when

I return. Your old chum, BILL. "P. S.-I have a little girl off at school whom I'll not have time to see. She'll not be any trouble, of course, but I'd like you to keep a general over-sight of her. She'll be home for the summer vacation in a few days. Ta-BILLY.

ta. BILLY." Philip Cudahay, just from college and recently come into possession of his father's millions, had commenced the letter with perplexed face; he end-

l it with a laugh. "Evidently thinks I am my father." be thought, "and just as evidently, from our home address being in the country, considers him a small farmer of limited means. H'mi" He drew a letter from a pigeonhole in his desk. ples. It was the one he had received seven days before and read: "Phil Cudahay, Oakwoods, Md.:

"Didn't he send any message to me?" "N-no," in some surprise. "He asked about Gracie." "Are you still living, and could you arrange to make a visit east?

"Gracie? Father doesn't know her." yes opened a little. Thea she

LOVE, THE DIPLOMAT By ALICIA MURDOCH

[Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

thing except mertiment. Ideal weather made rowing and fishing and all kinds of picnicking possible, and somehow it happened that with Belle and Ap-ker's pairing Trixy fell to him. That kent Roberts was describing the bers of his sister's house party to the five young ladies who were to be mem-bers of his sister's house party to the five students who were to figure as his guests at the same time. "They're neighbors," he went on.

"Trixy's eyes are as blue as yours, sunset heauty Just such another Apker, and her hair is on the corn glow, he was thinking, had colored all silk order. She's especially invited for you because—well, because to a dot you'll suit. One mold furnishes your-pretty helplessness.

you'll suit. One mold furnishes your-iaeals, as per"-He laughed, waving a big hand to-ward numerous pink and white wall adornments, all with the bluest of blue "She's a very humming bird," he con-tinued, still laughing. "Not a serious thought in her pretty head, but dainty

thought in her pretty head, but dainty thought in her pretty head, but dainty and lovely as anything human can be. You beauty worshipers—I guess there will be some interesting theses for the terms beginning—heartbreaks and frac-tures, you know, with cures and gen-him He sat up, confused, but Apker

rai treatment." It is an up, contrast, but Apper Be chuckled softly, pushing back in "Kent." he began quickly, "you've eral treatment."

He chuckled softly, pushing back in his chair and drawing at his clgar with the conscious comfort of a plensant task well performed and quite com-pleted. Apker was ramming fine cut into the bowi of his pipe, not in the least displeased. "There are others," he laughed—"at least one other. I think you mentioned a Belle"—"Oh, Belle"—Kent sat up, rumpling bis straight, black, bafta—"Balla is killed me I should still love her and

a Belle"-"Oh, Belle"-Kent sat up, rumpling his straight black hair-"Belle is Trixy's opposite, plain and dark and wholly given to fads. Long ago my

"Talk? Oh, yes! But don't

EBD

01

Belle!

itself.

what's the latest?' And she

shiled me I should still love her and she'd love me. I know what you'll suffer, but I can't help it. Belle and I'-"Belle!" Something intangible, that had been never fails to trot out a new article disfiguring like an ugly vell, slid from Kent's face and eyes, and the lips that for inspection. The last one was build-ing a badly needed addition to the charity hospital. She did it too. She's one of the kind that does things." had straightened suddenly smiled. "Belle!" he gasped. "I thought-E was afraid it was Trixy!"

raised twitching lips and full eyes to say quite steadily. "Yes, dear." Kent's eyes were moist, too, from very happiness, and after that there were no more prickings and twinges. There was no time, indeed, for any-thing except merriment. Ideal weather made rooting and fishing and all kinds

"Strenuous." Apker meditated. "I can't say that I admire that sort. Can she talk about anything besides her fads, you know?" NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW

Kent's laugh was sudden geniality Large Number of Exhibits and Beauti-

ful Color Scheme in Decorations. Probably the greatest of all automo-bile exhibitions ever held in the United States in point of beauty and in the total value of goods shown was re-cently inaugurated in Madison Square Garden, New York, when the tenth annual national automobile show was opened there in a setting of spectacu-lar decoration. The spacious auditori-um has been transformed into a Roman amplitheater, and from basement to dome a harmonious color scheme in the decorations is followed, showing off the beautiful cars to the best advantage. Under the steel girders near the roof is a cloth dome of azure blue, from which are suspended huge arc lights with colored shades. More than \$35,-000 has been expended to make this year's decorative display the finest ever seen at an auto show. A new feature is the reservation of a number of boxes seating 1,000 persons in front of the arena. At the entrance is seen a Roman

fountain in plaster, and in the sparkling water which flows to the large basin goldfish are seen at play amid pond lilies and water plants.

pond lilies and water plants. More than 7,000 additional feet of space has been added for the exhib-itors, and this was obtained by erect-ing platforms about the amphitheater. These platforms are surrounded by Doric columns, which are decorated in white and gold, surmounted by an eagle on a wheel, the emblem of the show. All the newest designs of mod-

"I THOUGHT - I WAS AFRAID - IT WAS TRIXY." els produced by the Association of Li-censed Automobile Manufacturers are feel that you must put yourself out, Belle won't expect it. She on view, including every conceivable kind of motor vehicle. "Since?" questioned Apker, with

The show this year is larger in num-ber of exhibits than ever before. There are more than 323 recent dis-plays, of which fifty-four are exhibits his sarcasm from somewhere received of complete cars properled by gasoline, electricity and steam; 246 are exhibits of accessories and parts, and there Kent was still laughing. "Just the are 23 motorcycle exhibits. The cars

contrary-so ancient, in fact, as to seem a matter of course. We grew up together, and it dates back to our range in price from \$750 to \$7,500. There is a comprehensive line of motor trucks and business wagons in high school days. I don't know why I haven't mentioned it, only it's just not my way-you know me-to speak the basement of the Garden. Here also is a complete exhibit of motorcycles.

There is an ususually large number "Heart: Oh. perhaps, now, a thesis"-Kent laughed with the others and of inclosed cars on exhibition. Many of the limousines are particularly lux urious. One has a spacious body con

nesslike way, has even he for the first day or two seemed a little surprised at the facility with which Phil dropped into the owner's chair. Perhaps, after all, there had been some intimation of country rearing. For the first week Phil was conscious of a strong desire to avoid the while

of a strong desire to avoid the child, who had now advanced to the famil-iarity of "Grate," but this very con-sciousness made him seek her out of tener than he otherwise would. It wa a joke, but he was personating his father, who was her father's friend. By that time the nurse, or governess, was unconsciously occupying a good deal of his interest. He began to seek out Gracie, to entertain her, as he sup-posed, but it was her companion he

posed, but it was her companie looked at, with whom he talked. "Miss Marian," as Gracie called her. was a remarkable young woman-beautiful, entertaining, accomplished, cultured-everything that Philip Cudahay thought a young woman should be and carrying all the accomplish-ments with an ease that was notice-able even in the big hotel full of people.

The guests themselves seemed to realize it, for they treated her as one of them, and many even sought her company.

Had it been any other nurse or governess Philip would have noticed and wondered. But with Marian it seemed

wondered. But with Marian it seemed a matter of course. He would have wondered had it been otherwise. And so it happened that Miss Marian became uppermost in the amateur ho-tel keeper's mind. He thought about her so much that had he not had an admirable manager in Burke the hotel would have been soon deserted by its boarders.

His attentions were ostensibly devoted to Gracie, but really to the gov-erness. He invited them both to drive with him afternoons, to go boating-indeed, to share with him those pleasures usually enjoyed by people in sum mer who have nothing to do.

One afternoon he was pulling the two along in one of the light boats used on a lake near the hotel, with his back to the bow, where he could not see what was coming. Suddenly there was a crash. A man

rowing in the same relative position had fouled him. At first it did not appear that much damage had been done, and the man who had caused the trouble pulled away. But Phil's boat had sprung a leak. Handkerchiefs were thrust into the aperture, but the water, though checked, was not stopped.

The oarsman pulled for the shore, but the water gained so rapidly that it was impossible to reach it. The boat sank some fifty feet away, leaving all three in the water. Phil was the only swimmer in the

lot. Selzing an oar, he gave it to the child; then, taking the governess by the arm, he swam ashore with her, she all the while protesting that he should

leave her and save Gracie. As soon as he got Miss Marion into shallow water he returned to her charge, who was clinging to the oar and crying vigorously for help. It was an easy matter to assist her to the shore.

"You should have been ashamed of yourself," said the governess, "to de-vote yourself to me and leave that poor little thing out in the lake." "Didn't I provide her with an oar?"

quoth Phil.

quoth Fhil. "Yes; you did that." "The oar would not have supported you. And if I had saved the child, leaving you to take care of yourself, you would have drowned. And then what would I have done?" He spoke the last words in a low

the spore the first world tell only woman that there was something or to come The same evening after they had got off their dripping clothing a cablegram came from Blackwell. "Ransom paid, Got wife. Start for home at once. How is my girl? Cable me at Naples."

Marian was on the veranda by her-self, with Gracie playing at a little dis-tance. Phil went directly to her. "Miss Marian," he began abruptly,

"I've come to ask you to be my wife. I love you and think you have grown to like me a little. It's abrupt, 1 know, but I may not remain here long. "Why." she exclaimed, rising in

some confusion and consternation, "I thought you were to have charge of the hotel all summer." "The owner's about to return. I have just received a cablegram from Na-

"So it's your idea, is it?" said the

"So it's your idea, is it?" said the drummer as he crossed to Zeke's side. "Going to have it patented, of course." Zeke laughed. "Patented!" he echoed. "That foolish thing? Why, it's noth-ing, but a lot of stores and two ing but a lot of stones and two hinges placed so the gate will shut of itself."

"But that's just the sort of thing which usually proves valuable," per-sisted the drummer. "The simpler the device, if it's useful, the better. You'll make a mistake if you don't protect the idea."

"Then I guess I'll make the mistake," said Zeke carelessly. "Patents cost money, and I haven't any. Be-sides, if I had I wouldn't risk 50 cents on that foolish thing."

The drummer regarded him thoughtfully. "Look here," he said suddenly, "how would you like to make a trade? I could appropriate the idea for myself if I did business that way, but 1

don't. Still, I like to make money wherever I see a chance. My house does a good deal in patent articles, and I can generally guess pretty close whether there's money in an idea or not. Now, if you say so, I will put

friend. this through at my own expense and keep half the profit. What do you say?

You mean use stones like that and all?" asked Zeke skeptically. "No; it's only the idea I want. We

would find some substitute for the

Zeke's indifference began to vanish. "If you really think it's worth any-thing," he said doubtfully, "I'll be glad to have you fix it up. But I don't want you to lose money." Then, a lit-tle wonderingly, "I thought patents were made of pulleys and springs and -and such things and that 'twas gen-iuses who got 'em up who studied

"Jane." "Oh, that's the pay you're after." The moment the old curmudgeon's interest came to the front he was less "You and she can settle that. I sup-As long as she's satisfied I suppose I'll have to be."

Tillson stood looking at the young an with mouth and eyes wide open the expression on his face was a

dy.

One would expect to see some

Jane was perfectly satisfied, and be-ore long there was a wedding. But Zeke didn't buy Dickson's farm.

He drifted into the employ of a firm engaged in the development of me chanical contrivances and is now a very rich man.

Two Hundred Per Cent Loss.

He was no college bred business man. He was just the other kind. In Lean said. the course of his commercial ventures he was induced by an acquaintance to become a partner in the grain and feed line. After about a year of it the firm went to pleces, leaving him with the

bag to hold. A college friend met him shortly after the collapse and was asking about it. "What per cent of the loss fell on you?" inquired the friend, who didn't know the particulars. "Two hundred," he responded promptly.

"Two hundred?" exclaimed the friend. "Why, man, there can't be more than a hundred per cent loss." "Come off." he countered. "There

was two of us. He lost a hundred and I lost a hundred. Don't that make "Of course not. Your loss is only

100 per cent." "Yes, but say," he explained, "I had

to settle for it all." "Oh," said the friend.

200?

Princeton Gazette.

have effective measures been found to meet conditions. The value of our work has received the recognition of work has received the recognition of the federal administration, which is desirous of the extension of the Y. M. C. A. county work into the reclamation projects of the west."

Why Be a Suffragette?

"I don't know why any woman wants to be a suffragette when she can join the Daughters of the American Revolution and run for president general," said Mrs. Donald McLean in introducing the new president general. Mrs. Matthew Scott. "Perfect happiness reigns," Mrs. Mc-Lean said. "As far as I know, with one exception many years back, there

has never been an incoming and outgoing president general who were on speaking terms before."

To Get His Money's Worth.

In a village near Edinburgh there hved an old baker and his son. Their trade was in a flourishing condition, but unfortunately in the midst of their prosperity the old man, who had once been a great drinker, turned insane. The son, who was renowned for his love of money, was forced to put him in a lunatic asylum and, according to the terms of the establishment, to pay a fee for three months in advance, amounting to £30. The old man was scarcely in a fortnight, however, when he died. The son, thinking to raise an action against the establish-ment for the recovery of the, as he termed it, unused money, inquired of whether he thought it would be pru-dent to try to recover the money or not. The chip of the law, putting on a grave face, replied seriously, "D'ye no think it wad be best to gang and put in the rest of the ima correct"?" Her Gamble. "Did you ever gamble, ma?" "Only once, my son." "And when was that?" "When I married your father."— think it wad be best to gang in the rest o' the time yersel?"

BLACKWELL." BILLY Her Phil's answer to this had been equal-

ly brief and to the point: "Certainly. Am contemplating a visit east even now. What'll you have?" "Don't seem as if I ought to take

advantage of it," he said, still grin-ning, as he thrust the letter back into would be

its pigeonhole, "but it would be a lark to run a big hotel with a capable manager to hold the relax. The child would be the real trouble, though I've been told I have a way with children.

"H'm! I can't write and say father

is dead, and the thing is jammed down into my pocket, with the owner al-ready out of sight, and my idea of the man from his letter is that he didn't tell Manager Burke a thing except that a Phil Cudahay would have charge.

could be twenty or eighty, with any old size or looks, so long as the name proves up. H'm! I'll do it." Hotel Amberset was seven miles from the nearest railroad point and reached by stage.

A number of people were in the ame car, apparently guests for the notel, but only one child. He wondered if it could be Blackhotel.

well's daughter. He noped not, for the child was peevish looking and evidently mischievous. Having charge of her would be a task as onerous as unpleasant.

With her was a young woman as nurse, or perhaps, as the child was ten or twelve, she was governess.

But instead of avoiding them at the station, as he was inclined, he lifted the little girl into the waiting bus and then their phene he did in the met then took a place beside them. The whole thing was a great joke, but some of the component parts were likely to be very earnest.

Burke, the manager, accepted him as a matter of course, in a practical, busi-"Well, I declare!" gasped the old man weakly as he sank into his seat.-

comprehended and smiled.

"Yes. Didn't you know I was Miss Blackwell? Gracie is an unpromising child in my mission class, picked up from the street. I brought her down this summer in hope of reforming

Phil changed color, then collected himself.

"About my question?" he insisted. An hour later a cablegram was on its way to Naples.

"Girl all right. Everything all right. Anxious to meet you. PHIL.'

Simply a Man Hunt. "I declare!" shouted a beliboy in one of the big downtown hotels as he

dashed into the lobby "I declare!" he shrieked again, or at least it sounded like that.

An irascible old gentleman whose eardrums were jarred by the shrill screech wheeled about and glared at the boy.

"I declare!" he piped louder than before.

"Well, what's the answer?" demanded the old man gruffly. "I declare!" came the shrill reply.

"Oh, you do, eh?" snorted the old ellow. "Well, why the deuce don't fellow.

The bellboy cast a withering glance at him, gazed searchingly about the room and emitted a shrill "Declare!" 'Say," exclaimed the old chap, collaring the boy, "what the dickens is wrong with you, anyway? Are you going crazy?" "Naw, I ain't goin' crazy," replied

the brass buttoned one. "I got a tele-gram fer 'em; that's all. Aw, look fer yerself!" exclaimed the boy disgusted-ly as he shoved the yellow envelope under the old fellow's nose. It was addressed "I. D. Clair."

ie first fe v days was pl gratified with the attentions showered "Belle is charming, of course," he confessed to himself in high elation.

thing had changed her. That much

Kent caught at a straw. She was

happy that he was home again, that

such sympathy and understanding as

was nothing-not a cloud, not a mote-to mar the fair fabric of their future.

Belle, again her old self, sat on the

the long summer, their very last apart.

was certain. But, then-

of matters close to my heart."

37

strong sarcasm. "We six have chum med for three years. Seems to me"-

a sudden impetus-"seems to me we'd

naturally have heard of it. But per-

Apker Belle won and I are engaged."

haps it's recent!'

jealous.

structed to permit carrying a wash-stand and other tollet facilities as well

as carrying five passengers in the back On the roof is space for two trunks, A rack for three more is in the rear. Among the luxurious electric cars is a "And then they're complimenting my

But at the end boys!" But at the end of the week there were strange little prickings and twinges of—he didn't know what. It coupe finished in black and gold, up holstered in golden bronze brocaded satin, with tufted satin head lining and silk shades. It has a cut glass flower vase, and the metal parts are was not that he was distrustful or "Most certainly not," he reiterated and affirmed. Yet, try as he would, his eyes persistently followed Belle, transformed from the earnest gold mounted. It has cardcases and other dainty conveniences.



A Reliable

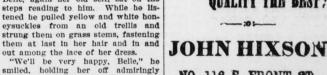


was before them for planning their honeymoon and the life that was to come afterward. How perfect it was For all kind of Tin Roofing. Spouting and Coneral Job Werk, to bel Troubles? Yes, of course. Troubles came to everybody, but with

Stoyes, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

they gave to each other troubles would be easily met and borne. There PRICES THE LOWEST! The last vestige of disquiet fled while





NO. 119 E. FRONT ST.

them at last in her hair and in and "We'll be very happy, Belle," he smiled, holding her off admiringly admiringly

when he had finished, and Belle had

you?

Burke, the manager, accepted him as