

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Attorneys-at-Law. H. WILSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office adjacent to Post Office in Dimmock office, Honesdale, Pa.

The Blot

And How It Was Wiped Out

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The new house was finished. No detail had been omitted to make it homelike as well as beautiful and comfortable.

Below Fairdale village lay steeped in the brilliant October sunshine. From his house on the hilltop the village looked like a collection of toy houses, quaintly picturesque, without one jarring note of ugly line or crude coloring.

Paul's eyes lingered on the village and then lifted slowly to the one blot on his landscape. Hidden from view of his own estate because of a projecting spur of the mountain, the railroad circled the hill and disappeared, a glimmer of shining tracks, through a cut among the ranges.

The railroad was innocent of offense in Paul's eyes, but on a strip of hilly land bordering the tracks, quite in plain view of Paul's windows, was an immense signboard bearing in six foot letters an advertisement of "Wind-anter's Balsam For Coughs and Colds."

"Never mind getting anything," she said hastily. "I will thank you again and go."

She held out a little white hand, and for an instant it was inclosed in Paul's; then he lifted his hat and left her.

Instead of going directly home he stopped in the drug store, and with his mind still on the blot on his landscape he asked a question of the druggist.

"Who owns that piece of property on the other side of the track?"

"You mean the bill where the billboard stands?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Covington is the owner. Her husband died a couple of years ago and left all of his property to her in trust for a nephew who is only three years old at the present time. She has recently had the billboard erected there—or at least the balsam people have leased the ground from her for the purpose."

"Thank you," said Paul Main, and he went home.

He wrote a letter that evening to Mrs. Covington and explained to her what a blot that billboard was on his outlook, and as he understood the property was not for sale and that the contract could not be bought he added an appeal to her sense of the beautiful and her consideration for his feelings on observing the hideous sign from every point of view of his estate.

After he had sealed the letter and sent it to the postoffice he felt better and went out to the terrace to smoke, and under the magic of the full moon he fell to dreaming of the lovely little woman he had saved from death that day, and his hand unconsciously strayed to the little slipper in his pocket.

The next evening he received a visit from Mr. Coombs, who looked very much displeased over something and if possible appeared paler and with white hair more upstanding than usual. Paul had him out on the terrace, where they paced to and fro as they talked.

"You've gone and done it now, Main," said the lawyer bitterly.

"Done what?" demanded Paul, mystified.

"I knew you were a rich man, but I never supposed you to be a screw. It never occurred to me that robbing the widow was in your line!"

"A screw? Robbing the widow—what widow? I don't know any widows. I keep away from 'em every time!" he protested.

"You write letters to them," said Coombs testily.

"Letters?" repeated Paul vaguely, and then suddenly a light broke over him. "Do you mean Mrs. Covington?" he asked lamely.

"Yes, Man, do you know that it nearly broke that woman's heart to have that signboard put up there, but she did it to keep body and soul together. Covington died and left her pretty well off, but all the property was in trust, because I suppose he was certain she would marry again some day. A few months ago she lost some securities through a robbery in her house and has been hard pressed for money to live upon. The signboard business is merely a sop to the hungry wolf until she can find some means of earning a living for herself. She talks of taking boarders, because she has a well equipped house here in Fairdale."

"She has been to you?" Paul found voice to ask out of his depth of self condemnation.

"Yes. She has ordered me to break the contract with the balsam people and have the board removed. She does not feel that she ought to impose upon her neighbors in that way."

"What can be done to make things right?" asked Paul sharply.

"I don't know, if anything, now, only you might go around and tell her as delicately as possible that you think a strapping six footer of a man who doesn't have to worry about the butcher or baker can stand it to gaze upon a black and yellow billboard better than a frail woman can give up the income derived from said advertisement. She is a proud woman, too, Main."

"You needn't make me feel like any less than thirty cents," complained Paul.

"You ought to be made to feel—you think too much about yourself, Main."

"You're right," admitted Paul, "and now that you've ripped me to pieces let's have a little friendly talk about what I can do to make myself most useful and inoffensive in Fairdale."

The next day found Paul Main seeking the home of Mrs. Amy Covington in Fairdale village.

The Covington place was a pleasant, old fashioned white house set in the midst of comfortable grounds. Paul's ring at the doorbell brought him face to face with the blue eyed woman he had rescued two days before.

"Mrs. Covington?" she repeated, smiling, though he was sure she had been weeping. "I am Mrs. Covington. Won't you come in?"

Afterward, when he told Mr. Coombs about the interview, he added the story of the pretty shoe he had retained.

"Coombs," he said thoughtfully, "I persuaded Mrs. Covington to leave the billboard there as a reminder to me that I am a selfish sort of beast. Now I shall spend the rest of the year in persuading her that because I saved her life she should intrust that precious life to me for better or worse. If I can win her for my wife the whole landscape can be dotted with billboards advertising Windanther's balsam and I shall not care!"

"You have it bad, my dear Main," grinned Mr. Coombs, rubbing his hands delightedly. "As I understand it, there will be no blot upon your landscape if you can persuade Amy Covington to marry you."

"As I understand it," amended Paul Main, "the only blot on the landscape when will be where she is not!"

CREELMAN ON STAND.

Civil Service Commissioner Calls Buckner "Petty, Lying Lawyer."



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The session of the New York aldermanic committee which is probing police graft almost ended in a free-for-all fight when James Creelman, president of the civil service commission, called Attorney Buckner, counsel for the committee, "a petty, lying lawyer."

MAY BE NEW BECKER STAY.

McIntyre Hears From Host of New Witnesses Favorable to Client.

New York, Sept. 25.—Lieutenant Becker's counsel, John F. McIntyre, intimated that he may after all seek for further delay in the trial of his client. Mr. McIntyre said that if District Attorney Whitman is able to prevent the appearance of new witnesses favorable to Becker before the commission in Hot Springs he will ask the supreme court for a new commission and for a further stay.

From John W. Hart Mr. McIntyre received this telegram: "I have discovered three new witnesses and am well pleased with the situation."

In another telegram Mr. Hart informed Mr. McIntyre that Schepps had told James L. Graham, an attorney of Hot Springs, that he had fled from New York on the advice of James M. Sullivan, counsel for Jack Rose. Mr. McIntyre said he would investigate why Lawyer Sullivan advised Schepps to get out of town.

"Despite what the district attorney says, things are progressing very nicely in Hot Springs," Mr. McIntyre added. "We will obtain testimony there that will certainly cause the acquittal of Lieutenant Becker."

The secret John Doe inquiry before Justice Goff, to determine whether the police suppressed evidence at the time they arrested Rosenberg and Horowitz, was not continued. It was understood at the criminal courts building that Acting District Attorney Moss has failed to make a case against the police.

T. R. INVADES SOUTH.

Progressives Think He Has Chance to Carry Missouri.

Joplin, Mo., Sept. 25.—When Colonel Roosevelt left Joplin last night after a spectacular reception in this town and a hearty greeting from the people gathered along the Frisco railroad in southwestern Missouri he began the most difficult task he has yet undertaken, that of breaking into the solid Democratic south.

The colonel enjoys the prestige of having pried Missouri from the Democracy, and the Progressives in this state believe he has a chance of securing its electoral vote again. But there are other southern states the colonel will invade, beginning with Oklahoma, Iowa and Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia and North Carolina in the order named.

RUSSIAN-ENGLISH PARLEY.

Czar's Representative and Lord Grey See King George.

Aberdeen, Sept. 25.—Despite angry protests from the anti-Russian press Foreign Ministers Sazanoff of Russia and Sir Edward Grey of England and the Russian ambassador, Count Benckendorff, conferred with King George at Balmoral.

There is widespread suspicion that an agreement will be reached calculated ultimately to involve England in war.

TALE OF THE WEATHER.

Table with 2 columns: Location and Weather. Includes Albany, Atlantic City, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, New Orleans, New York, St. Louis, Washington.

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