THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XLH

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harm in that!"

2

CHAPPER IV-The Wetreshes, old town family and impoverished, call on the Sberidans, newly-rich, and afterward dis cuss them. Mary put into words her parents' unspoken wish that she marry one of the Sheridan boys. tie down

CHAPTER V-At the Sheridan house warming banquet Sheridan spreads him self. Mary frankly encourages Jim Sheri dan's attention, and Bibbs hears he is t be sent back to the machine shop.

CHAPTER VI-Mary tells her mother about the banquet and shocks her moth-er by talking of Jim as a matrimonia possibility.

CHAPTER VII-Jim tells Mary Bibb s not a lunatic-"just queer." He pro poses to Mary, who half accepts him. CHAPTER VIII-Sheridan tells Bibbs he must go back to the machine ahop as soon as he is strong enough, in spite of Bibbs' plea to be allowed to write.

CHAPTER IX-Edith and Sibyl, Roscoe Sheridan's wife, quarrel over Bobby Lam-horn: Sybil goes to Mary for help to keep Lamborn from marrying Edith, and Mary leaves her in the room alone.

CHAPTER IX. Bibbs' room, that neat apartment for

transients to which the "lamidal" George had shown him upon his return, still bore the appearance of temporary quarters, possibly because Bibbs had no clear conception of himself as a permanent incumbent. However, he had set upon the mantelpiece the two had set upon the mantelpiece the two photographs that he owned; one, a "group" twenty years old—his father and mother, with Jim and Roscoe as boys—and the other a "cabinet" of Edith at sixteen. And upon a table were the books he had taken from his trunk: Sartor Resartus, Virginibus Puerisque, Huckleberry Finn, and Aft-enribus There were some other books erwhiles. There were some other books in the trunk—a large one, which re-mained unremoved at the foot of the bed, adding to the general impress

of translency. It contained nearly all the possessions as well as the secret life of Bibbs Sheridan, and Bibbs sat beside it, the day after his interview with his father, raking over a small collection of manuscripts in the top tray. Some of these he glanced through dublously, finding little comfort in them; but one made him smile. Then

he shook his head ruefully indeed, and ruefully began to read it. It was writ ten on paper stamped "Hood Sanl tarium," and it bore the title, "Leisure.

... For a profession adapted solely to the pursuit of happiness in thinking. I would choose that of an invalic, his money is time and he may spend it on other side of the wall, and the wall must be so thick and Wo high that he cannot her creaming of the whistles. Peace-

Having read so far as the word "peace," Bibbs suffered an interruption interesting as a coincidence of con-trast. High voices sounded in the hall just outside his door; and it became

hall

How-

girl-"

look out Ros

evident that a woman's quarrel was in progress, the parties to it having begun it in Edith's room, and continuing it vehemently as they came out into the u watch her: that's all I ask. Just you watch that woman. You'll "Yes, you better go home!" Bibbs heard his sister vociferating, shrilly. "You better go home and keep your mind a little more on your husband!" "Edie, Edie!" he heard his mother As it happened, Bibbs was literally watching "that woman." Glancing from the window, he saw Sibyl pause upon the pavement in front of the old

"Of course," said Mary, sympathet-ally accepting it. Infuriated, "swearing" to marry her rival. If Sibyl had not babbled out They arrived cally accepting it. "Yes. I've been seeing quite a lot ess plain.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST' 3, 1916

"Yes. I've been seeing quite a lot of the Kittersbys since that afternoon," Sibyl went on. "They're really delight-ful people. Indeed they are! Yes..." She stopped with unconscious ab-roptness, her mind plainly wandering to another matter; and Mary perpotness, her mind plainly wandering another matter; and Mary per elved that she had come upon a defi "Mrs. Kittersby and her daughte

"Mrs. Kittersby and her daughter were chatting about some of the people here in town the other day." said Sibyl, repeating the cooing and protracting it. "They said something that took me by surprise! We were talking about our mutual friend, Mr. Robert Lamhorn--" Mary interrupted her promptly. "We shouldn't consider Mr. Robert Lam-horn a friend of ours." orn a friend of ours."

To her surprise, Sibyl nodded eager-ly, as if greatly pleased. "That's just the way Mrs. Kittersby talked!" she cried, with a vehemence that made Mary stare. "Yes, and I hear that's the way all you old families here speak of him!"

Mary looked aside, but otherwise ily!" she was able to maintain her compos-ure. "I had the impression he was a friend of yours," she said, adding, hastily, "and your husband's."

"Oh, yes," said the caller, absently "He is, certainly. A man's reputation for a little gayety oughtn't to make a the down again, Edith. I'm going out." "No; don't go." She applied a handkerchief to her eyes, emitted a great differ to married people. great difference to married people, of course. It's where young girls are in question. Then it may be very, very dangerous. There are a great many things safe and proper for married people that might be awf'ly imprudent for a young girl. Don't you agree, Miss Vertrees?" sob, and repeated her request. "Don't go. I don't mind you; you're quiet, anyhow. Mamma's so fussy, and never gets anywhere. I don't mind you at all, but I wish you'd sit down." "All right." And he returned to his chair beside the trunk. "Go ahead and cry all you want, Edith," he said. "No

Miss Vertrees?" "I don't know," returned the frank Mary. "Do you mean that you intend to remain a friend of Mr. Lamhorn's, but disapprove of Miss Sheridan's do-

"Sibyl told mamma-oh!" she began, choking. "Mary Vertrees had mamma and Sibyl and I to tea, one afternoon ing so? "That's it exactly!" was the naiv "That's it exactly!" was the naive and ardent response of Sibyl. "What I feel about it is that a man with his reputation isn't at all guitable for Edith, and the family ought to be made to understand it. I tell you," two weeks or so ago, and she had she cried, with a sudden access of ve-hemence, "her father ought to put his foot down!"

oot down!" Her eyes flashed with a green park; something seemed to leap out and then retreat, but not before Mary had caught a glimpse of it, as on might catch a glimpse of a thing dart ing forth and then scuttling back into hiding under a bus

"Of course," said Sibyl, much mor composedly, "I hardly need say that it's entirely on Edita's account that I'm worried about this. I'm as fond of Edith as if she was really my sis ter, and I can't help fretting about it.

would break my heart to have lith's life spoiled." This tune was off the key, to Mary's ear. Sibyl tried to sing with pathos

but she flatted. "And Edith's life would be spoiled," Sibyl continued. "It would be a dreadful thing for the whole family She's the very apple of Father Sheri dan's eye, and it would be a horrible thing for him to have her marry a man like Robert Lamhorn; but h doesn't know anything about him, and if somebody doesn't tell him, what I'm most afraid of is that Edith might get his consent and hurry on the wedding before he finds out, and then it would be too late. You see, Miss Vertrees, it's very difficult for me to decide just

what it's my duty to do. nen there that Sibyl's bee "I see," said Mary, looking at her thoughtfully. "Does Miss Sheridan seem to—to care very much about crazy to get in with, and she just laid herself out to make a hit with 'em, and

IJ

"I'm Going Out."

she's been running after 'em ever since, and now she comes over here and says they say Bobby Lamhorn is him? "He's deliberately fascinated her." returned the visitor, beginning to breathe quickly and heavily. She was so bad that, even though they like his family, none of the nice people in town would let him in their houses. launched now; her eyes were furious and her voice shook. "He went after In the first place, it's a falsehood, and

I don't believe a word of it: and in the her deliberately, the way he does ev cond place I know the reason she erything; he's as cold-blooded as a fish All he cares about is his own pleasure did it, and, what's more, she knows I know it! I won't say what it is—not and lately he's decided it would be pleasant to get hold of a piece of real money—and there was Edith! And he'll marry her! He told me so last yet-because papa and all of you would think I'm as crazy as she is snaky; money-and there was Edith! And and Roscoe's such a fool he'd probably full speaking to me. But it's true! night. He said he was going to marry user you work he was the start if a said to be a so in the said he was going to marry

the word "swore" it might have been The poor woman blundered on, The poor woman blundered on, wholly unaware of what she had con-fessed. "You see," she said, more qui-etly, "whatever's going to be done ought to be done right away. I went over and told Mother Sheridan what I'd heard about Lamhorn, but Mother Sheridan under Sutha but hout

Sheridan's under Edith's thumb, and she's afraid to ever come right out with anything. Father Sheridan'd never in the world let Lamhorn come near the house again if he knew his reputation. So, you see, somebody's got to tell him. It isn't a very easy position for me, is it, Miss Vertrees?" "No," said Mary gravely. "Well, to be frank," said Sbly, sml-ter the come to see a said state and the set of the

ing, "that's why I've come to you." "To me!" Mary frowned. Sibyl rippled and cooed again. "There isn't anybody ever made such a hit with Father Sheridan in his life as you have. And of course we all

hope you're not going to be exactly an outsider in the affairs of the fam ily!" (This sally with another and louder effect of laughter.) "And if it's my duty, why, in a way, -1 think it might be thought yours, too." "No, no!" exclaimed Mary, sharply. "Listen," said Shyl. "Now sup-pose I go to Father Sheridan with this time

story, and Edith says it's not true; but suppose I could say: 'All right, if you want proof, ask Miss Vertrees. She came with me, and she's waiting in

Robert Lamborn cares the snap of his Favre.

on earth but to get his finger in that old man's money-pile, over there, next door! He'd marry anybody to do it. Marry Edith?' she cried. "I tell you he'd marry their nigger cook for that!" She stopped, afraid—at the wrong time—that she had been too vehement, but a glance at Mary reassured her. and Sibyl decided that she had pro-

duced the effect she wished. Mary was not looking at her; she was star-

it rang in Mary Vertrees' ears! The clear mirror had caught its own image clear mirror had caught its own image clearly in the flawed one at last. —Sibyl put forth her best bid to clench the matter. She offered her bargain. "Now, don't you worry," she said, sunnily, "about this setting Edith against you. She'll get over it guess you won't mind Jim's own sister-in-law speaking of it. Of course, I don't know just how matters stand between you and Jim, but sisters-in-

law can do lots of things to help matters on like that. There's lots of little things can be said, and lots—" She stopped, puzzled. Mary Vertrees had gone from pale to scarlet, and now, still scarlet indeed, she rose, without

a word of explanation, or any other kind of word, and walked slowly to the open door and out of the room. Sibyl was a little taken aback. She

supposed Mary had remembered some-thing neglected and would return in a moment; but it was rather a rude excess of absent-mindedness not to have excused herself, especially as her guest was talking. And, Mary's return being delayed, Sibyl looked at her watch and frowned; went to a window and stood looking out upon the brown lawn, then came back to the chair she had abandoned, and sat again. There was no sound in the

decided, critically. Crying "Wolf" They arrived at the Pump Works, and for an hour Herr Favre was per-sonally conducted and personally in-structed by the founder and president. too ofter was bad business. The papers would "make more in the long run," he was sure, if they published an "extra the buzzing queen bee of those buzzing

1

12

hives. "Now I'll take you for a spin country," said Sheridan, when at last they came out to the car again. "We'll take a breezer." But with his foot on the step he paused to hall a neat young man who came out of the office smiling a greeting. "Hello, young fel-low!" Sheridan said, heartly. "On the job, are you, Jimmie? Hai' They don't catch you off of it very often, I guess, though I do hear you go automobile ridin' in the country sometimes with a mighty fine-lookin' girl settin'up beside you!" He roared with laughter, clapping his son upon the shoulder. "That's all right with me—if it is with her! So, Jimmie? Well, when we goin' to move into your new warehouses? Monday?

"Sunday, if you want to," said Jim. "No!" cried his father, delighted. "Don't tell me you're goin' to keep your word about dates! That's no way to do contractin'! Never heard of a contractor yet didn't want more

"They'll be all ready for you on the minute," said Jim. "I'm going over both of 'em now, with Links and Sher-man, from foundation to roof. I guess they'll pass inspection, too!" "Well, then, when you get through

and take your girl out ridin'. George! you've earned tot George! you've earned it! You tell her

you stand high with me!" He stepped into the car, waving a waggish fare-well, and, when the wheels were in motion again, he turned upon his companion a broad face literally shining with pride. "That's my boy Jimmie!

he said. "Fine young man, yes," said Herr

"I got two o' the finest boys," said Sheridan, "I got two o' the finest boys God ever made, and that's a fact, Mr. Farver! Jim's the oldest, and I tell

you they got to get up the day before if they expect to catch him in bed! My other boy, Roscoe, he's always to the good, too, but Jim's a wizard. You wares. "Say, Yallern," said this second.

hoarse with awe, "'n't chew know saw them two new-process warehouses, just about finished? Well, Jim built who that is?' "Who?" "Who?" "It's Sheridan!" "Jeest!" cried the first, staring in-

'em. I'll tell you about that, Mr. Far-ver." And he recited this history, de-scribing the new process at length; in fact, he had such pride in Jim's sanely.

achievement that he told Herr Favre all sbout it more than once. "Fine young man, yes," repeated the and Saturday—Sheridan stopped at

was not not the short of the sh

a usuagneer now; you take her and put her anywhere you please, and she'll shine up with any of 'em, There's culture and refinement and so-clety in this fawa by the ended and waiting and by men in the latter stages "Extras" lay upon va of treatment. cant seats and showed from the pock ets of hanging coats. There was a loud chatter between to get you up for a meal with us be fore you leave town, and you'll see-and, well, sir, from all I hear the two of 'em been holdin' their own with the the door. His name science to fizz in

the door. His name seemed to fizz in best. Myself, I and the wife, never, the air like the last sputtering of a firework; the barbers stopped shaving had time for much o' that kind Q' doin's, but it's all right and good for the chuldren; and my daughter she's always kind of taken to it. I'll read and clipping; lathered men turned their prostrate heads to stare, and there was a moment of amazing sllenc up at the house. She wrote it in school and took the first prize for poetry with in the shop.

The head barber, nearest the door stood like a barber in a tableau. His left hand held stretched between thumb and forchinger an elastic secit. I tell you they don't make 'em any marter 'n that girl Mr. Farver, Yes. smarter in that girl, Mr. Parver. 108, sir; take us all round, we're a pretty happy family; yes, sir. Roscoe hasn't got any children yet, and I haven't tion of his helpless customer's cheek while his right hand hung polsed above it, the razor motionless. And then, reused from trance by the door's closing, he accepted the fact of Sheriever spoke to him and his wife about it—it's,kind of a delicate matter—but it's about time the wife and I saw some gran'chuldren growin' up around dan's presence. some gran chundren großen op around us. I certainly do hanker for about four or five little curly-headed rascals to take on my knee. Boys, I hope, or course; that's only natural. Jin's got his eye on a mighty splendid-lookin in the chuic one minute. Mist' She bered that there are no circu He stepped forward, profoundly grave. "I be through with the in the chair one minute, Mist' dan," he said, in a hushed voice. "I be through with this may chair one minute, Mist' Sheri girl; lives right next door to us. 1 exit back youder. blue-bloods here, and I guess it was a mighty good stock- to raise her! She's one these girls that stand right up and look at you! And pretty! She prettiest thing you ever saw! Good size, too; good health and good sense. Jim'll be just right if he gets her I must say it tickles me to think o' the way that boy took ahold o' that job to chair. back yonder. Four months and a half!

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"Now Good Night, Mr. Farver."

nly when something of real impor happened. xtry! All about the horble ax'nt

Extry!" a boy squawked under his

"Extry!

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NO. 25

And even then Sheridan did not un derstand. So secure was he in the strength and bigness of everything that was his, he did not know what calamity had befallen him. But he was frightened.

Without a word, he followed Bibbs heavily out through the still shop, but as they reached the pavement he stopped short and, grasping his son' sleeve with shaking fingers, swung him round so that they stood face to face. "What-what-" His mouth could

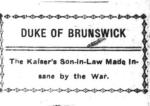
"Go on away!" said Sheridan gruffly, though he smiled. He liked to see the youngsters working so noisily to not do him the service he asked of it, he was so frightened. "Extry!" screamed a newsboy straight in his face. "Young North

But as he crossed the pavement to the brilliant glass doors of the barber shop, a second newsboy grasped the arm of the one who had thus cried his side millionaire insuntly killed! Ex try!" "Not-Jim!" said Sheridan.

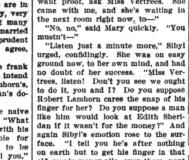
Bibbs caught his father's hand in his "And you come to tell me that?"

Sheridan did not know what he said. But in those first words and in the first anguish of the big, stricken fac Bibbs understood the unuttered cry of usation S ALE A 'Why wasn't it you?"

TO BE CONTINUED







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remonstrating, as peacemaker. "You see here!" This was Sibyl, and her voice was both acrid and tremhouse next door. She stood a moment, in deep thought, then walked quickly up the path to the door, undoubtedly with the intention of calling. But he "Don't you talk to me that way! I came he re to tell Mother Sheri-

dan what I'd heard, and to let her tell Father Sheridan if she thought she ought to, and I did it for your own did not mention this to his sister, who after delivering herself of a rather vague jeremiad upon the subject her sister-in-law's treacheries, deput to her own chamber, leaving him to his

"Yes, you did!" And Edith's gibing laughter tooted loudly. "Yes, you did! You didn't have any other reason! Oh mistions

Mary Vertrees was at that momen vondering what internal exciteme no! You don't want to break it up be tween Bobby Lamborn and me Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan was striving to naster. But Sibyl had no idea that she was allowing herself to exhibit

"Edie, Edie! Now, now!" "Oh, hush up, mammal I'd like to know if he oughtn't to come here, what about his not going to her house. anything except the gayety which sl

conceived proper to the manner of a casual caller. She was no more self-conscious than she was finely intelli-gent. Sibyl followed her impulses with "I've explained that to Mother Sheri no reflection or question-it was like i nd on the gallon after a master of

orseback. She had not even the in-tinct to stop and consider her effect. If she wished to make a certain imgirl--" This seemed to have no very sooth-ing effect upon Edith. "Shielded from a young girl'!" she shrilled. "You seem sion she believed that she made it.

She believed that she was believed. "My mother asked me to say that pretty willing to be the shield! You she was sorry she couldn't come down,' Mary said, when they were seated. Sibyl ran the scale of a cooing_simoe doesn't notice what

kind of a shield you are!" Sibyl's answer was inaudible, but ulance of laughter, which she had been Mrs. Sheridan's flurried attempts at brought up to consider the polite thing to do after a remark addressed to he

pacification were renewed. "Oh, hush up, mamma, and let me alone! If you dare tell papa-" by any person with whom she was not on familiar terms. It was intended "Well, we'll see. You just come back partly as a courtesy and partly as th in your own room, and we'llfoundation for an impression of sweet

"Just thought I'd fly in a minute," she said, continuing the cooing to re-lieve the last doubt of her geniality. Bibbs' door, jerked it open, swung round it into the room, slammed the door behind her, and threw herself, "I wanted to tell you how much I en-joyed meeting those nice people at tea that afternoon. You see, coming here a bride, I've had to depend on my husface down, upon the bed in such a riot of emotion that she had no perception of Bibbs' presence in the room. Gas ing and sobbing in a passion of tear Gasp band's friends almost entirely. Mr Sheridan has been so engrossed in busi-ness ever since he was a mere boy, she beat the coverlet and pillows with

her clenched fists. "Sneak!" she bab-bled aloud. "Sneak! Snake-in-thewhy, of course She paused, with the air of having grassi Cati"_____ completed an explanation.

her to it-and little Edith's all ready

to be persuaded!" Sibyl's eyes flas green again. "And he swore he'd de it," she panted. "He swore he'd marry Edith Sheridan, and nothing on earth could stop him!"

And then Mary understood. Her ins parted and she stared at the bab a sudda creature incredulously, vivid picture in her mind, a canvas o

6.

A strange expression began imperceptibly to alter the planes of

face, and slowly she grew as scarlet as Mary-scarlet to the ears. She went into the hall, glanced over her shoulder oddly; then she let softly out of the front door, and went as the street to her own house. cross the street to her own house. Roscoe met her upon the threshold, loomily. "Saw you from the win-low," he explained. "You must find gloomily. "Saw you dow," he explained.

a lot to say to that old lady." What old lady?"

I been waiting for "Mrs. Vertrees. I been waiting for you a long time, and I saw the daughter come out, fifteen minutes ago and post a letter, and then walk on up the street. Don't stand out on the porch," he said, crossly. "Come in here. There's something it's come time I'll shricking extra editions of the evening

shield his eyes from the setting sun, staring fixedly. "Something's the mat-ter over there," he muttered, and then, more loudly, as alarm came into his voice, he said, "What's the matter over Bibbs dashed out of the gate in an

automobile set at its highest speed, and as he saw Roscoe he made a gesture singularly eloquent of calamity, and was lost at once in a cloud of dust down the street. Edith had followed part of the way down the drive, and it could be seen that she was crying bitterly. She lifted both arms to Rose, summoning him. "By George!" gasped Roscoe. "I be

lieve somebody's dead!" And he started for the new house at a run

CHAPTER X. Sheridan had decided to conclude his

7207

Sheridan had decided to conclude his unconscious Sibyl's painting. Mary about two o'clock he left his office saw Sibyl clinging to Robert Lamhorn, raging, in a whisper, perhaps—for Ros-coe might have been in the bouse, or servanis might have beend. She saw Sibyl entrenting, beseeching, threaten-thred Generation of the second of the saw signal and the second of the saw signal and the second of the saw signal and the second of the saw Sibyl entrenting, beseeching, threaten-thred description of the saw signal and the second of the saw signal and the second of the saw signal and the second of the saw Sibyl entrenting, beseeching, threaten-thred description of the saw signal and the second of the saw Sibyl entrenting, beseeching, threaten-thred description of the saw signal and the second of the saw signal and the saw signal and the second of the saw signal and the saw signal bild it with jfty and horror: she with a man of affairs from foreign for, in a whisper, perhaps—for karnes, who had traveled far for a bus-ter might have been in the house, or wants might have been in the house, or ye antiming, beseeching, threatening, the seeking, threatening, the seeking, threatening, beseeching, threatening, the seeking, threatening, the seeking, threatening, the seeking, threatening, the seeking, threatening, beseeching, threatening, the seeking, the se ing her have the truth; and at last, in showing him the sights of the country. And Sheridan took pleasure in showing him the sights of the country.

10

H

PARE

"He Swore He'd Marry Edith Sheri-

dan."

Yes, sir-" He expanded this theme once more and thus he continued to entertain th stranger throughout the long drive Darkness had fallen before they reached the city on their return, and it was after five when Sheridan al lowed Herr Favre to descend at the door of his hotel, where boys were

But as she was moving to obey he glanced across at his father's house and started. He lifted his hand to sheld his even from the cattion and sheld his head to sheld his even from the cattion and sheld his head to sheld his head his head to sheld his head to sheld his head head to she hea forget I'm gold to come around and take you up to— Go on away, boy!" A newsboy had thrust himself almost between them, yelling, "Extry! Secon' Extry. Extry, all about the horrable accident. Extry!" "Get out!" laughed Sheridan. "Who wants to read about accidents? Get

out!" The boy moved away philosophically "Extry! Extry!" he shrilled. "Three men killed! Extry! Millionaire killed! Two other men killed! Extry! Extry!" "Don't forget, Mr. Farver." Sheri-dan completed his interrupted farewells. "I'll come by to take you up to our house for dinner. I'll be here for you about half-past five tomorrow afternoon. Hope you 'njoyed the drive

as much as I have. Good night-good night!" He leaned back, speaking to the chauffeur. "Now you can take me around to the Central City barber shop, boy. I want to get a shave 'fore I

and casualties. It was a mistake, he home."

6 1

"Ye She's one the ole suh," And of a solean negro youth who stood by, gazing stupidly, "You goin' resign?" he demanded in a fierce undertone. "You goin' take Mist' Sheridan's coat?" He sent an angry look round the shop, and the barbers taking his meaning, averted their eyes and fell to work, the murmur of sub-dued conversation buzzing from chair

"You sit down one minute, Mist Sheridan," said the head barber tly. "I fix nice chair fo' you to wait

The barber remem

"Never mind," said Sheridan, "Go on-get through with your man." "Yessuh." And he went quickly back to his chair on tiptoe, followed by Sheridan's puzzled gaze. Something had gone wrong in th

upon him.

Photo by American Press As The Duke of Brunswick, as Prince Ine Duke of Brunswick, as Prince Ernest August of Cumberland, mar-ried Princess Victoria Luise, daughter, of the German emperor, at Berlin in May, 1913. In March, 1915, a Copen-hagen dispatch reported the duke to be suffering from a nervous break-down, which was considered probably incurable.

Wooden Shoes Next.

shop, evidently. Sheridan did not know what to make of it. Ordinarily be would have should a hilarious de-"Unless the world develops a substi-tute for leather within two" years, America will be the next wooden shoe mand for the meaning of the mystery, but an inexplicable silence had been fell upon him by the hush that nation." It was stated at the conven-fell upon his entrance and by the odd look every man in the shop had bent sociation in Chicago.

Speakers declared that the country in the throes of a leather famine,

Vaguely disquieted, he walked to is in the throes of a leatner rammo, R. W. Ranney, president of the assoone of the seats in the rear of the ciation, warned the delegates that govand looked down the two lines of barand looked down the two lines or pac-bers, catching quickly shifted, furtive glances here and there. He made this brief survey after wondering if one of the barbers had diel suddenly, that Rewards American Who Killed Troops. ernmental action was necessary if main within reach of workingmen,

day, or the night before; but there was Bill Ryan, the American who, it is charged, directed a machina no vacancy in either line. no vncancy in either line. The seal next to his was unoccupied, but someone had left a copy of the picked it up and gianced at it. The first of the swollen disphy lines had little meaning to him: it is charged, directed a machine gun for the Mexicans in the batile of Carrizal, has been pro-moted from captain to Heutenant colo-nel in the Carraza army for his work. Name in the carraza army for his work. In the carraza army for his work. In the soule of the swollen disphy lines had in the carraza army for his work. In the carraza army for his work. In the carraza army for his work. he was in El Paso two days ago.

Fatally faulty. New process roof col-lapses hurling capitalist to death with in ventor. Seven escape when crash comes Death claims-Troopers of the Tenth cavalry who were in the Carrizal trap and escaped say they recognized Ryan.

You Can Cure That Backache.

hand fell upon the paper, covering the print from his eyes, and, looking up,

