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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Sheridan's attempt to make a business man of his son Bibbs by starting him in the machine shop ends in Bibbs going to a sanitarium, a nervous wreck.

CHAPTER II-On his return Bibbs CHAPTER III—He finds himself an in-considerable and unconsidered figure in the "New House" of the Sheridans. He sees Mary Vertrees looking at him from a summer house next door.

a summer nouse next caces.

CHAPFER IV—The Vertre-kes, old town family and impoverished, call on the Sherdad next of the Chapter of the Chapt

CHAPTER V-At the Sheridan house

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

CHAPTER VII—Jim tells Mary Bibbs is 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 shop as soon as he is strong enough, in spite of Bibbs' plea to be allowed to write.

CHAPTER IX-Edith and Sibyl, Rosco Sheridan's wife, quarrel over Bobby Lam horn; Sybil goes to Mary for help to keel Lamhorn from marrying Edith, and Mary leaves her in the room alone.

CHAPTER X-Bibbs has to break to his father the news of Jim's sudden death CHAPTER XI—All the rest of the family helpless in their grief, Bibbs becomes temporary master of the house. At the funeral he meets Mary and rides home with her.

CHAPTER XII—Mrs. Sheridan plead with Bibbs to return to the machine sho for his father's sake, and he consents.

CHAPTER XI.

Standing in the black group under gaunt trees at the cemetery, three days later, Bibbs unwillingly let an old, old thought become definite in his mindhow many million times that had hap pened since men first made a word to name the sons of one mother. Al-most literally he had buried his strong

brother, for Sheridan had gone to pieces when he saw his dead son. He had nothing to help him meet the shock, neither definite religion nor ophy" definite or indefinite. He could only beat his forehead and beg, over and over, to be killed with an ax, while his wife was helpless except to entreat him not to "take on," her

self adding a continuous lamentation.
Edith, weeping, made truce with
Sibyl and saw to it that the mourning garments were beyond criticism. was dazed, and he shirked, jus tifying himself curiously by saying he



"Not Jim!" Said Sheridan

never had any experience in such matters." So it was Bibbs, the shy outsider, who became, during that dreadful little time, the master of the house; for as strange a thing as that, sometimes, may be the result of a death.

"Dust to dust," said the minister, under the gaunt trees; and at that Sheridan shook convulsively from head to foot. All of the black group shivered except Bibbs. He had been close upon dust himself for a long, long time, and the machine shop, if he had to go back to it, would probably bring him closer still. To Bibbs' knowledge, no one and nothing had ever prevented his father from carrying through his plans. He had the gift of terrible persistence, and with unflecked confidence that his way was the only way, be would hold to that way of "making a man" of Bibbs, who understood very well, in his passive and impersons fashion, that it was a way which might make, not a man, but dust of him. But

The truth about Bibbs was in the poem which Edith had adopted. But he had not hidden his feelings about his father where they could not be found. He was strange to his father, but his father was not strange to him. He knew that Sheridan's plans were

when I got back, just now, you were the only one here. I didn't know the other people in the carriage I came in, to the front door. He opened it, and and of course they didn't think to wait for me. That's why—"

"Yes," said Bibbs, "I—" And that Vertrees' house when we met you.

semed all he had to say just then.

Mary looked out through the dusty indow. "I think we'd better be going home, if you please," she said. I think you must be very tired, Mr. Sheridan; and I know you have reason to be," she said gently. "If you'll let me, I'll—" And without explaining her purpose she opened the door on the

side of the coupe and leaned out. Bibbs stared in blank perplexity, not

knowing what she meant to do.
"Driver!" she called, in her clear
voice, loudly. "Driver! We'd like to
start, please. Driver! Stop at the
house just north of Mr. Sheridan's,
please." The wheels began to move,
and she leaned back beside Bibbs once
worse "I noticed that he was asleep they would bring about a good thing for Bibbs himself; and whatever the result was to be, the son had no bit-terness. Far otherwise, for as he looked at the big, woeful figure, shakmore. "I noticed that he was asleep when we got in," she said. "I suppose

Bibbs drew a long breath and waitng and tortured, an almost unbearable ed till he could command his voice pity laid hands upon Bibbs' throat.
Roscoe stood blinking his lip quiverlng; Edith wept audibly; Mrs. Sheridan leaned in half collapse against
her husband; but Bibbs knew that his

once, when we were boys, for stepping father was the one who cared.

It was over. Men in overalls stepped forward with their shovels, lished before I did."

Mary Vertrees had never heard any and Bibbs nodded quickly to Roscoe, making a slight gesture toward the line of waiting earliages. Bibbs gazed steadfastly at the workmen; he knew that his father kept looking back as he went toward the carriage, and that was a thing he did not want to see After a little while, "it's too bad!" he little while, "it's too bad!" he that its lattice while, "It's too bad!" he falf was a thing he did not want to see. After a little while, "It's too bad!" he falf whispered, his lips forming the words—and his itseaning was that it was too bad that the strong brother, had been the one to go. For this was his last thought before he walked to the coupe and saw Mary Vertrees standing all alone on the other side of the drive.

She had just emerged from a grove the drive.

She had just emerged from a grove of headless frees that grew on a slope

of leafless trees that grew on a slope lence he did not know that it was siwhere the tomos were such a background-Bibbs was not insuch such a background-Bibbs was not insuch such as a background-Bibbs was not insuch such as a small increase; s where the tombs were many. Against lence. without regret. But for Mary Vertrees, here was a grotesque setting—she was a vivid, living creature of a beautiful world. And a graveyard is not the passed, leaving greater darkness. And a passed, leaving greater darkness. And a graveyard is not the ants at Jim Sheridan's funeral broke the silence.

It was Mary who perceived the She also looked startled and confused, but not more startled and con-

fused than Bibbs. All his life Ribbs had kept himself to himself—he was but a shy onlooker in the world. Nevertheless, the startled gaze he bent terval she had been thinking of her companion and not talking to him. "Mr. Sheridan," she began, not knowher unexpectedness. For Mary Verflig what she was going to say, but impelled to say anything, as she realized the queerness of this drive—"Mr. Shertier, I." trees had been a shining figure in the little world of late given to the view of this humble and clusive outsider, and spectators sometimes find their idan, I-' The coupe stopped. "You, Joe!" said hearts beating faster than those of the

spectacle. Thus with quired. "Lady said stop at first house north

ness, his fingers rumning at all the brim.
head before they found the brim.
"Mr. Sheridan," said Mary, "I'm of Mr. Sheridan's, sir."
Mary was incredulous; she felt that the said that it mustn't afraid you'll have to take me home it couldn't be true and that it mustn't with you. I—" She stopped, not lacking a momentary awkwardness of

be true that they had driven all the way without speaking. Bibbs descended to the curb. "Why, yes," he said. "You seem to be right." why — yes," Blbbs stam-"I'll—I'll be de— Won't you And while he stood staring at the dimly illuminated front windows of Mr. Vertrees' house Mary got out, unas-In that manner and in that place

plished this feat, she decided not to

"You, Joe!" cried the driver, angrily, climbing to his box. And he rumbled way at his team's best pace a spail's "Thank you for bringing me home,

Mr. Sheridan," said Mary, stiffly. She did not offer her hand. "Good night." "Good night," Bibbs said in response, and, turning with her, walked beside her to the door. Mary made that a short walk; she almost ran. Realization of the queerness of their drive was growing upon her, beginning to shock her; she stepped aside from the light that fell through the glass panels of the door and withheld her hand as it touched the old-fashioned bell handle. "I'm quite safe, thank you," she said, with a little emphasis.

"Good night," said Bibbs, and went obediently. When he reached the street he looked back, but she had

Moving slowly away, he caron against two people who were turning out from the pavement to cross the street. They were Roscoe and his wife. Mary, without more ado, got into the

coupe, and Bibbs followed, closing the door. "You're very kind," she said, some-what breathlessly. "I should have had 'Where are your eyes, Bibbs?" de usual?" But Sibyl took the wanderer by the to walk, and it's beginning to get dark. arm. "Come over to our house for a little while, Bibbs," she urged. "I

It's three miles, I think."

"Yes," said Bibbs. "It—it is beg
ning to get dark. I—I noticed that." want to-"No. I'd better-" "Yes. I want you to. Your father's gone to bed, and they're all quiet over "I ought to tell you—I—" Mary began, confusedly. She bit her lip, sat slient a moment, then spoke with composure. "It must seem odd, my—" there—all worn out. Just come for a minute.'

posure. "It must seem odd, my—
"No, no!" Bibbs protested, earnestly. He yielded, and when they were in the house she repeated herself with real feeling: "All worn out!" Well, if anybody is, you are, Bibbs! And I "Not in the-in the least." "It does, though," said Mary. had not intended to come to the ceme-tery, Mr. Sheridan, but one of the men don't wonder; you've done every bit of the work of it. You mustn't get down sick again. I'm going to make you take a little brandy."

Ife let her have her own way, folin charge at the house came and whisnn charge at the house came and while pered to me that 'the family wished me to'—I think your sister sent him. So I came. But when we reached here lowing her into the dining room, and

I-oh, I felt that perhaps I-Bibbs nodded gravely. "Yes, yes," he murmured. "

He murmured. "

He out out on the opposite side of the carriage," she continued. "I mean gloomily poured for himself a much Bibbs nodded gravely. "Yes, yes," opposite from-from where all of you were. And I wandered off over in the other direction; and I didn't realize how little time—it takes. From where I was I couldn't see the carriages leavconceived in the stubborn belief that ing-at least I didn't notice them. So wreaths. She pressed Bibbs to remain blings, and began to write:

Vertrees' house when we met you.

How did you happen to be there?"

"I had only been to the door," he said. "Good night, Shyl."

"Wait," she insisted. "We saw you

coming out."
"I wasn't," he explained. "I'd just brought Miss Vertrees home.

"What?" she cried. "Yes," he said, and stepped out upon

Sibyl."
"Wait!" she said, following him
"Wait!" she said, following him across the threshold. "How did that happen? I thought you were going to wait while those men filled the the—"
She paused, but moved nearer him insistently. +

"I did wait, Miss Vertrees was there," he said, reluctantly. "She had walked away for a while and didn't notice that the carriages were leaving When she came back the coupe waiting for me was the only one left."
Sibyl regarded him with dilating eyes. She spoke with a slow breathless

"And she drove home from Jim's funeral—with you!" Without warning she burst into laughter, clapped her hand ineffectu-ally over her mouth, and ran back up-

CHAPTER XIL

Bibbs went home pondering. He did not understand why Sibyl had laughed. At home, uncles, aunts and cousins from out of town were wandering about the house, several mournfully admiring the "Bay of Naples," and others occupied with the Moor and the plumbing, while they waited for trains. Edith and her mother had retired to some upper fastness, but Bibbs interviewed Jackson and had the various groups of relatives summoned to the dining room for food. One great-uncle, old Gideon Sheridan from Boonville, could not be found, and Bibbs went lence. The dusk, gathering in their small laclosure, was filled with a rich presence for him; and presently it was so dark that neither of the two could there's closed door on tiptoe. Bibbs

go-two daughters and a son the Lord gave me, and he has taken all away. For the Lo-ord givuth and the Lo-ord takuth away! Remember the words of Bildad the Shuhite, James. Bildad the Shuhite says, 'He shall have neither son nor nephew among his people any remaining in his dwellings.' Bil-dad the Shuhite—"

Bibbs opened the door softly. His

father was lying upon the bed underclothes, face downward, and Uncle Gideon sat near by, swinging backward and forward in a rocking the driver, reproachfully, and climbed down and opened the door.

"What's the trouble?" Bibbs inBibbs beckoned him urgently, but

"Bildad the Shuhite spake and be says, 'If thy children have sinned

There was a muffled explosion be neath the floor, and the rattled. The figure lying face downward on the bed did not move, but Uncle Gideon leaped from his chair. "My God!" he cried. "What's that?"

There came a second explosion, and Let me help you," said Bibbs, stepping toward her mechanically; and she was several feet from the coupe when he spoke. ered the source of the disturbance. Gideon's grandson, a boy of fourteen, had brought his camera to the funeral and was taking "flashlights" of the Moor. Uncle Gideon, reassured by Bibbs' explanation, would have returned to finish his quotation from Bilturned to finish his quotation from Bil-dad the Shuhite, but Bibbs detained him, and after a little argument per-suaded him to descend to the dining room whither Bibbs followed, after closing the door of his father's room.

dinner, diplomatically preventing several attempts on the part of that com forter to reascend the stairs; and it was a relief to Bibbs when G nounced that an automobile was wait-ing to convey the ancient man and his grandson to their train. They were the last to leave, and when they had gone Bibbs went sighing to his own just kill-him if he has to have any

He stretched himself wearily upon the bed, but presently rose, went to



heavier libation in a larger glass; and the window, and looked for a long time the two men sat, while Sibyl leaned at the darkened house where Mary against the sideboard, reviewing the pisodes of the day and recalling the names of the donors of flowers and half filled with fragmentary scribball.

Laughter after a funeral. In this re-action people will laugh at anything and at nothing. The band plays a dirge on the way to the cemetery, but when it turns back, and the mourning carriages are out of hearing, it strikes up, "Dark-town Louis TaxNitch". The

the way to the cemetery, but when it turns back, and the mourning carriages are out of hearing, it strikes up, "Parktown is Obut To-Night." That is natural—but there are women whose laughter is like the whirring of whips...

Beauty is not out of place among gravestones. It is not out of place anywhere. But a woman who has been betrothed to a man would net look beautiful at his funeral. A woman might look beautiful, though, at the funeral of a man whom she had known and liked. And in that case, too, she would probably not want to talk if she drove home from the cemetery with his brother; nor would she want the brother to talk... Nevertheless, too much silience is open to suspicion. It may be reticence, or it may be a vacuum. It may be reticence, or it may be a vacuum. It may be dignity, or it may be false teeth....

Silence can be golden? Yes. But needs

cion. It may be reticence, or it may be a vacuum. It may'be dignity, or it may be false teeth....

Silence can be golden? Yes. But perhaps if a woman of the world should find herself by accident sitting beside a man for the length of time it must necessarily take two slow old horses to jog three miles, she might expect that man to say something of some sort! If he did not even try, but sat every step of the way as dumb as a frozen fish, she might be right. She might be right. She might be right if she thought him about as pleasant a companion—as Bilded the Shuhite!

Bibbs closed his notebook, replacing it in his trunk. Then, after a period of melancholy contemplation, he dressed, put on a dressing gown and slippers, and went softly out into the hall—to his father's door. Upon the floor was a tray which Bibbs had sent George, earlier in the evening, to place upon a table in Sheridan's room—but the food was untouched. Bibbs stood the food was untouched. Bibbs stood listening outside the door for several minutes. There came no sound from within and he went back to his ow

oom and to bed.
In the morning be woke to a state of being hitherto unknown in his ex perience. Sometimes in the process of waking there is a little pause sleep has gone, but coherent thought has not begun. It is the moment, as we say, before we "remember;" and for the first time in Bibbs' life it came to him bringing a vague happiness. However, it was a brief visitation and was gone before he had finished dress-ing. It left a little trail, the pleased recollection of it and the puzzle of it which remained unsolved. waking happily in the morning not usually the result of a drive h from a funeral. rom a funeral. No wonder the sequence evaded Bibbs Sheridan!

His father had gone when he came downstairs. "Went on down to 's office, jes' same," Jackson informed him. sat breakfas' table, all by mself; eat nothin'. George bring nice breakfas'. but he di'n' eat a thing. Yessuh, went on downtown, jes' sam he yoosta do. Yessuh, I reckon putty much ev'ything goin' on same as it

It struck Bibbs that Jackson was right. The day passed as other days had passed. Mrs. Sheridan and Edith were in black, and Mrs. Sheridan cried a little, now and then, but no other external difference was to be seen. Bibbs went for his drive, and his mother went with him, as she sometimes did when the weather was pleas-ant. Altogether, the usualness of things was rather startling to Bibbs. During the drive Mrs. Sheridan talked fragmentarily of Jim's child-hood. "But you wouldn't remember that," she said, after narrating an episode. "You were too little. He was always a good boy, just like that. And he'd save whatever papa gave him, and put it in the bank. I reckon it'll just about kill your father to put somebody in his place as president of the body in his place as president of the Realty company, Bibbs. I know he can't move Roscoe over; he told me last week he'd already put as much on Roscoe as any one man could handle and not go crazy. Oh, it's a pity—''' She stopped to wipe her eyes. "It's a pity you didn't run more with Jim, Bibbs, and kind o' pick up his ways. Think what it'd meant to papa now! You never did run with either Roscoe or Jim any, even before you got sick.

Of course you were younger; but it always did seem queer-and you three beln' brothers like that. I don't be-lieve I ever saw you and Jim sit down together for a good talk in my life." "Mother. I've been away so long," "And since I and I hadn't much to say about the things that interested him, because I don't know much about them."

"It's a pity!. Ob, it's a pity!" she "And you'll have to learn to know about 'em now, Bibbs. haven't said much to you, because felt it was all between your father a more trouble on top of all this! You mustn't let him, Bibbs—you mustn't! You don't know how he's grieved over you, and now he can't stand any mor -he fust can't! Whatever he says for you to do, you do it. Bibbs, you do it! I want you to promise me you will."
"I would if I could," he said, sorrowfully.

rowfully.
"No, no! Why can't you?" she cried, clutching his arm. "He wants you to go back to the machine shop and all on earth he asks is for you to has come to a decision, and briskly go back in a cheerful spirit, so it won' burt you! That's all he asks. Look, Bibbs, we're gettin' back near home, but before we get there I want you to promise me that you'll do what he asks you to. Promise me!"

In her earnestness she cleared away her black veil that she might see him better and it blew out on the smoky wind. He readjusted it for her before

as I can mother," he said.
"There'" she exclaimed, satisfied. That's a good boy! That's all I want

ed you to say."
"Don't give me any credit," he said, ruefully. "There isn't anything else for me to do"

"No, don't begin talkin' that way!" "No, no," he soothed her. "We'll have to begin to make the spirit a cheerful one. We may—" They were turning into their own driveway as he. Mr. Lamhorn. spoke, and he glanced at the old house ext door. Mary Vertrees was visible in the twilight, standing upon the front steps, bareheaded, the door open be-hind her. She bowed gravely.

"'We may'-what?" asked Mrs. "Not now," returned Lamborn.

"Of all the queer boys!"

"You always were. Always! You haven't forgot what you just promised

"You as have you?"
me, have you?"
"No." he answered, as the car stopped. "No, the spirit will be as cheerful as the fesh will let it, mother. It won't do to behave like—"

It won't do to behave like—"
"The car she car she

failed to hear his final words.

"Behave like who, Bibbs?"
"Nothing."
But she was fretful in her grief.
"You said it wouldn't do to behave like
somebody. Behave like who?"
"It was just nonsense," he explained,
turning to go in. "An obscure person
I don't think much of lately."
"Behave like who?" she repeated.

"Behave like who?" she repeated and upon his yielding to her petulan insistence, she made up her mind that the only thing to do was to tell Dr. Gurney about it.
"Like Bildad the Shuhite!" was what

Bibbs said.

The outward usualness of things continued after dinner. In the library, while his wife sat in her customary chair, gazing at the fire, Sheridan le the unfolded evening paper rest upon his lap, though now and then he lifted lessly and sat in a corner, doing noth-ing; and from a "reception room" across the hall an indistinct vocal murmur became just audible at intervals.
Once, when this murmur grew louder,
under stress of some irrepressible merriment, Edith's voice could be heard—
"Bobby, aren't you awful!" and Sheri-

reception room;" there was a flurry of whispering, and the sound of tiptoeing in the hall-Edith and 'her changing quarters to a more distant room. Mrs. Sheridan returned to her

dan glanced across at his wife appeal

chair in the library. "They won't bother you any more, papa," she said, in a comforting voice. "She told me at lunch he'd 'phoned he wanted to come up this evening, and I said I thought he'd better wait a few days, but she said she'd already told him he could." She paused, then added rather guiltily: "I got kind of a notion maybe Roscoe don't like him as much as he used to. Maybe—maybe you better ask Roscoe, papa." And as Sheridan nodded solemnly, she concluded, in haste: "Don't say I said to. I migh be wrong about it, anyway."

He nodded again, and they sat fo some time in a silence which Mrs. Sheridan broke with a fittle sniff, having fallen into a reverie that brought tears. "That Miss Vertrees was a good girl," she said. "She was all right." Her husband evidently had no diffi

culty in following her train of thought for he nodded once more, affirma-"Did you How did you fix it about

the—the Realty company?" she fal-tered. "Did you—" He rose heavily, helping himself to his feet by the arms of his chir. "I fixed it," he said, in a husky voice. He went to her, put his hand upon her shoulder, and drew a long, audible, tre-mendous breath. "It's my bedtime, mamma; I'm goin' up." When he "The Realty company'll go right on just the same," he said. "It's like it's like sand, mamma. It puts me in the sand-pile and makes a hole, and another of 'em 'll pat the place with of sand run in and fill it up and set the against one another; and ther right away it's flat on top again, and you can't tell there ever was a hole there. The Realty company 'll go on all right, mamma. There ain't any-things anywhere, I reckon, that

wouldn't go right on-just the same." And he passed out slowly into the hall; then they heard his heavy tread upon the stairs. Mrs. Sheridan, rising to follow him

turned a piteous face to her son. "It's so forlorn," she said, chokingly. "That's the first time he spoke since he came in the house this must 'a' hurt him to hear Edith laughin' with that Lamhorn. She'd oughtn't to let him come, right the very first evening this way; she'd oughtn't heard what Sibyl said the other day, and-and you heard what-what-"What Edith said to Sibvi?" Bibbs

kind!" she wailed. "Oh, it looks as if movin' up to this new house had brought us awful bad luck! It scares tne!" She put both her hands over her face. "Oh, Bibbs, Bibbs! if you only wasn't so queer! If you could only been a kind of dependable son! I don't Bibbs gazed for a while at the fire; then he rose abruptly, like a man who

smoking room"—where Edith sat with Mr. Lamhorn. They looked up in no welcoming manner, at Bibbs' entrance and moved their chairs to a less co spicuous adjacency. ©
"Good evening," said Bibbs, pleasantly; and he seated himself in a

leather easy-chair near them. "What is it?" asked Edith, plainly

"Nothing." he returned, smiling.

"Nothing in the world. Father and nother have gone upstairs; I sha'n't be going up for several hours, and there didn't seem to be anybody left for me to chat with except you and

"'Chat with'!" she echoed, incredulously. "I can talk about almost anything,"

said Bibbs with an air of genial polite pess. "It doesn't matter to me. I that's what you happened to be talking about. But you aren't in business, are about. But you aren you, Mr. Lamhorn?"

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They Looked Up in No Welco

was getting cloudier than usual, I no-ticed, just before dark, and there was wind from the southwest. Rain to-morrow, I shouldn't be surprised." He seemed to feel that he had begun a conversation the support of which had now become the pleasurable duty of other parties; and he sat expectant ly, looking first at his sister, then at Lamborn, as if implying that it was their turn to speak. Edith returned his gaze with a mixture of astonishnis gaze with a mixture of asconlan-ment and increasing anger, while Mr. Lamborn was obviously disturbed, though Bibbs had been as considerate as possible in presenting the weather as a topic. Bibbs had perceived that Lamborn had nothing in his mind at any time except "personalities"—he could talk about people and he could make love. Bibbs, wishing to be cour-

teous, offered the weather.

Lamhorn refused it, and concluded from Bibbs' luxurious attitude in the leather chair that this half-crazy brother was a permanent fixture for the rest of the evening. There was no rea-son to hope that he would move, and Lamborn found himself in danger of looking silly.

"I was just going," he said, rising.
"Oh no!" Edith cried, sharply.
"Yes. Good night! I think I—"
"Too bad," said Bibbs, genially. walking to the door with the Bibbs offering to "help" Lamhorn with his overcost and the latter rather curtly declining assistance, these episodes of departure being followed by the closing of the outer door. She ran into the hall.

"What's the matter with you?" she cried, furiously. "What do you mean! How did you dare come in here when Her voice broke: she made a gesture

of rage and despair, and ran up the stairs, sobbing. She fied to her moth-er's room, and when Bibbs came up, a few minutes later, Mrs. Sheridan met him at his door.

"Oh, Bibbs," she said, shaking her head woefully, "you'd oughtn't to distress your sister? She says you drove

that young man out of the house.
ought to been more considerate.
Bibbs smiled faintly, noting Edith's door was open, with Edith's naive shadow motionless across its threshold. "Yes," he said. "He' do appear to be much of a 'man's n He ran at just a glimpse of one,"

Edith's shadow moved; her voice

came quavering: "You call yo TO BE CONTINUED

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