

VOL. XLII

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"It's Mrs. Sheridan, isn't it?"

come in?"

"No. Good heavens!"

repaired, aren't you?"

ward the street with Sibyl.

now, and she-"

CHAPTER II-On his return Bibbs net at the station by his sister Edith. 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.

CHAPFER IV-The Vertre-Ses, old town family and impoverished, call on the Sheridana, newly-rich, and afterward dis-cuss them. Mary puts into words her parents' unspoken wish that she marry one of the Sheridan boys.

CHAPTER V-At the Sheridan housearming banquet Sheridan spreads him bl. Mary frankly encourages Jim Sheri an's attention, and Bibbs hears he is t e 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 matrimonial possibility. CHAPTER VII-Jim tells Mary Bib is not a lunatic-"just queer." He pr poses to Mary, who half accepts him.

CHAPTER VIII-Sheridan tells Bibb e must go back to the machine shop a ne 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, Roscoe Sheridan's wife, quarrel over Bobby Lam-horn; Sybil goes to Mary for help to keep 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 fam-ly 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 pleads with Bibbs to return to the machine shop for his father's sake, and he consents.

CHAPTER XIII-Bibbs purposely inter-rupts a tete-a-tete between Edith and Lamhorn. He tells Edith that he over-heard Lamhorn making love to Roscoe's wife. CHAPTER XIV-Mutual love of music arouses an intimate friendship between Bibbs and Mary.

CHAPTER XV-Mary sells her plano to help out the finances of the Vertrees fam-

CHAPTER XVI-Roscoe and his wife

CHAPTER XVII-Sheridan finds Rosice hours and takes him hom

CHAPTER XVIII-Friendship between Bibbs and Mary ripens into a more inti-mate relation, and under Mary's influ-ence Bibbs decides to return to the ma-chine shop. own adroitness-"or mentally." said Sibyl, in an odd voice. "But has he always been?" The

Sighing, Mrs. Vertrees resumed her obliqueness. "Of course," she mur-mured, "it all seems very premature, speculating about such things, but I had a queer sort of feeling that she seemed quite interested in this—" She had almost said "in this one," but checked herself. "In this young man.

It's natural, of course; she is always so strong and well, and he is—he seems to be, that is—rather appealing to the —the sympathies." "Yes!" he agreed, bitterly. "Precise-

y. The sympathies?" "Perhaps," she faltered—"perhaps you might; feel easier if I could have a little talk with someone?"

"With whom?" "I had thought of-not going about it too brusquely, of course, but perhaps GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1916

Re Ang

"I Want to Know What You Say Over the Telephone to Lamhorn."

down just about the time you began

falling out with him." He stepped close to her. "See here, Sibyl, I'm go-ing to know what it means." "Oh, you are?" she snapped. "That

was what you were going to say the

other day. Yes. What else have you to say tonight?" "Tonight," he replied, with grim swiftness, "I want to know why you

keep telephoning him you want to see

She made a long, low sound of com-prehension before she said, "And what else did Edith want you to ask me?"

"I want to know what you say over the telephone to Lamhorn," he said,

"Is that all Edith told you to ask me? You saw her when you stopped

dinner alone-because I won't eat with

him since he stopped coming here."

and swinging around to face him. was here." "Nothing, It's them! Those Vertreeses!" She wiped her eyes. "They've had to sell their piano!"

"Well, what of it?" "That Mrs. Kittersby told me all about 'em a week "ago," said Sibyl. "They've been hard up for a long time, and she says as long ago as last winter she knew that girl got a pair of walking shoes re-soled and patched, because she got it done the same place Mrs. Kittersby's cook had hers!"

"Well, well?" he urged, impatiently. "Well, I'm telling you! Mrs. Kittersby says they haven't got a thing! Just absolutely nothing-and they don't know anywhere to turn! She says the whole town's been wondering what would become of 'em. The girl had plenty chances to marry up to a year or so ago, but she was so indifferent she scared the men off. Gracious! they were lucky! Marry her? The man that found himself tied up to that girl-

"Terrible funny, terrible funny!"

"Terrible funny, terrible funny!" said Rosce, with sarcasm. "It's so funny I broke a cut glass decanter and spilled a quart of..." "Wait!" she begged. "You'll see. I saw a big wagon drive up and some men go into the house. Well, I thought I'd see, so I slipped over-and it was their plano! They'd sold it and were trying to sneek it out after shark Vertrees was perplexed by this infornal appearance, but she reflected that it might be proverbial. "Won't you "No. Oh no, thank you!" Sibyl were trying to sneak it out after dark, panted, pressing her hand to her side. "You don't know what a fright you've given me! And it was nothing but your piano!" She laughed shrilly. "I so nobody'd catch on!" Again she gave way to her enjoyment, but re-sumed, as her husband seemed about to interrupt the narrative, "Wait a just glanced out of the window, a minminute, can't you? Yes, they'd sold it: ute or so ago, and saw your door wide open and black figures of men against the light, carrying something heavy. and I hope they'll pay some of their debts. They owe everybody, and last week a coal dealer made an awful fuss at the door with Mr. Vertrees. Their And I thought I'd seen your daughte start for a drive with Bibbs Sheridan cook told our upstairs girl, and she in a car about three o'clock-and-They aren't back yet, are they?" any money, herself! Did you ever hear of such a case as that girl in your life?" "And the only thing I could think of

was that something must have hap-pened to them, and I just dashed over "What girl! Their cook?"

"That Vertrees girl! Don't you see they looked on our coming-up into this neighborhood as their last chance? -and it was only your plano?" She broke into laughter again. "I suppose you're just sending it somewhere to be They were just going down and out, and here bobs up the green, rich sheri-dan family! So they send her out fo "It's--it's being taken downtown," said Mrs. Vertrees. "Won't you come in? Id really-" get a Sheridan-she's got to get one! And she just goes in blind; and Jim in? Id really—" "Thank you, but I must be running back. My husband usually gets home about this time, and I make a little was landed-there's no doubt about

that! But Jim was lucky; he didn't point of it always to be there." "That's very sweet." Mrs. Vertre live to stay landed, and it's a good thing for him!" Sibyl's mirth-had vanished, and she spoke with virulent ra-pidity. "Well, she couldn't get you, descended the steps and walked to "I'm afraid Miss Vertrees will miss her plano," said Sibyl, watching the in-strument disappear into the big van at couldn't get Jim, because Jim died. ning, didn't you? Didn't she tell And there they were, dead broke! Do you know what she did? Do you know what she's doing?" "No, she didn't?" he met the "No, she didn't?" he met the the curb. "She plays wonderfully, Mrs. Kittersby tells me."

"No,-I don't," said Roscoe, gruffly. "Yes, she plays very well. Mr. Sheri-dan came last evening to hear her play because she had arranged with the— Sibyl's voice rose and culminated in a scream of renewed hilarity. "Bibbsf She waited in the graveyard, and drove that is, it was to be removed this aft-"Yes." Sibyl nodded. "His father's Sibyl nodded. "His father"

going to try to start him to work." "He seems very delicate," said Mrs. Vertrees. "I shouldn't think he would able to stand a great deal, either He stared unsympathetically, but her mirth was unabated for all that. "And yesterday," she continued, bephysically or-" She paused and then added, glowing with the sense of her tween tween paroxysms—"yesterday she been going on," he de-came out of the house—just as he was to know just what—" "Oh, mentally Bibbs is all right," passing. She must have been looking out—waiting the chance; I saw the old lady watching at the window! And question came with anxious eagerness. "Certainly. He had a long slege of she got him there last night-to 'play' "And you think—" "Bibbs is all right. You needn't to him: the old lady gave that away! you? You listen to your sister insinu-And today she made him take her out in a machine! And the cream of it is that they didn't even know whether he before the servants and humiliating wor-" Sibyl choked, and pressed her handkerchief to her mouth. "Good night, Mrs. Vertrees," she said, hurwas insane or not—they thought may be he was, but she went after him just the same! The old lady set her-self to pump me about it today. Bibbst "Won't you come in?" urged Mrs. Vertrees, cordially, hearing the sound of a cheerful voice out of the darkness Oh, my Lord! Bibbs!

But Roscoe looked grim. "So it's you!" beyond the approaching glare of autofunny to you, is it? It sounds kind of pltiful to me. I should think it would to a woman, too." "Oh, it might," she returned, sober-ing. He heard the door of her room mobile headlights. "Do! There's Mary But Sibyl was half-way across the street. "No, thanks," she called. "I hope she won't miss her plano!" And

"On, it might, if those people weren't alam overhead, and the sharp click of such frozen-faced smart Alecks. If they'd had the decency to come down off the perch a little I probably wouldn't think it was funny, but to

crumpled the sheets into a ball, depos-iting it (with vigor) in a wastebasket Was here." "To you object to that?" asked Siby, breathing quickly. "Yes—when it injures my wife's beathin" he returned, with a quick lift of his cose to here it was the set beside him; then, rising, he consulted Cyclopedia of Names, which a book agent had somehow sold to him years before: a volume now first put to use for the location of "Midas." Having of his eyes to hers. "You began to run read the legend. Sheridan walked up

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PARKE

and down the spacious office, exhalin the breath of contempt. "Dam' fool! the breath of contempt. "Dam' fool?" he mumbled. He felt very lonely, and this was, daily, his hardest hour. For a long time he and Jim had lunched together

habitually at a small restaurant near the Sheridan building, where they spent twenty minutes in the consump-tion of food, and twenty in talk, with cigars. But now Sheridan remained alone in his office; he had not gone out to lunch since Jim's death, nor did he have anything sent to him—he fasted until evening. It was the time he missed Jim per-

onally the most-the voice and ev and handshake, all brisk and alert, al businesslike. But Sheridan's senge o loss went far deeper. Jim was the one who would have been surest to keep the great property growing greater, year by year. Sheridan had fallen

usleep, night after night, picturing what the growth would be under Jim. He had believed that Jim was absolutely certain to be one of the biggest men in the country. Well, it was all

up to Roscoe now! That reminded him of a question he had in mind to ask Roscoe. It was a question Sheridan considered of 'no present importance, but his wife had suggested it—though vaguely—and he had meant to speak to Roscoe about it. However, Roscoe had not come into his father's office for several days, and when Sheridan had seen his son a home there had been no opportunity. He waited until the greater part of his day's work was over, toward four o'clock, and then went down to Ros coe's office, which was on a lower floor He found several men waiting for busi-ness interviews in an outer room of the series Roscoe occupied; and he sup posed that he would find his son busy with others, and that his question



he entered the door marked "R. C Sheridan, Private," Roscoe was the

And she broke away from the detain-ing grasp he sought to fasten upon her, and dashed up the stairway, pantdoor. "Some pretty good men out ther

tinctly, not moving. "Well, I guess that's all right, too

nor his father having spoken a word In the interval

forcin' my way on a grown-up son in word matters. I guess I was wrong You think them men out there are waitin' to talk business with a drunkard? You think you can come to office and do business drunk? ie to you By George I wonder how often this has been happening and me not on to iti I'll have a look over your books tomorrow, and I'll-Roscoe stumbled to his feet, laughNO. 28

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reckon if people lose things in this house and expect to get 'em back, they

"What was it he lost?" asked Edith

"He knows!" her father returned.

in the waste basket. "Good place for it," Bibbs mur-

mured, still red. Sheridan gave him a grin, "Perhaps pretty soon you'll be gettin' up early enough to find things before I do?" It was a threat, and Bibbs repeated the substance of it, later in the eve-ning, to Mary Vertrees—they had come to know each other that well. "My time's here at last," he said, as they ast forether in the malended come

they sat together in the melancholy gas light of the room which had been de-nuded of its piano. But the gas light,

though from a single jet, shed no melancholy upon Bibbs, nor could any, room seem bare that knew the glow-

ing presence of Mary. He spoke lightly, not sadly. "Yes, it's come. I've shirked and put it off, but I can't shirk and put off

any longer. It's really my part to go to him-at least it would save my face.

come to serve my sentence. Hard labor for life, I think."

Mary shook her head. "I don't think

Mary shook her nead. "I don't times so. He's too kind." "You think my father's kind?" And Bibbs stared at her. "Yes. I'm sure of it. I've feit that he has a great, brave heart. It's only

that he has to be kind in his own way, —because he can't understand any other way." "Ah yes," said Bibbs. "If that's that he has to be kind in his ow

what you mean by 'kind'!' She looked at him gravely, earnest concern in her friendly eyes. "It's go-

concern in her friendly eyes. "It's go-ing to be pretty hard for you, isn't it?" "Oh—self-pity!" he returned, smiling.

"This has been just the last flicker of

orrow I'll be a day labore

"What is it like-exactly?"

He means what he says, and the

me like I re

now? Oh yes! Seems to me like member leavin' it down at the off

mured, still red.

Magnolia ing wildly, and stood swaying, co this is the set of the Acts instantly. Stops the burning

Clears your complexion of Tan and Blemishes. You cannot know how principles, too. Be drunken all you want to-outside business hours. Don' want to-outside business hours. Don' for Gossake le'n'thing innerfere busi-ness hours! Business!! Thasit! You're good it is until you try it. Thous-ands of women say it is best of all beautifiers and heals Sunburn right, father. Drink! Die! L'every thing go to hell, but don't let innerfer quickest. Don't be without it a day longer. Get a bottle now. At Sheridan had seized the teleph your Druggist or by mail direct. 75 cents for either color, White.

upon Roscoe's desk, and was calling his own office, overhead. "Abercromble? Come down to my son Rose suite and get rid of some gentlemen that are waitin' there to see him in room two-fourteen. You needn't con in to let me know they're gone; we don't want to be disturbed. Tell Pau ley to call my house and send Claus down here with a closed car. We may have to go out. Tell him to hustle, We may

and call me at Roscoe's room as soon as the car gets here. 'T's all!" Roscoe had laughed bitterly through-out this monologue. "Drunk in busi-ness hours! Thass awf? Mus'n' do such thing! Mus'n' get drunk, mus'n'

gamble, mus'n' kill 'nybody-not in business hours! All right any other time. Kill 'nybody you want to-'s long 'tain't in business hours! Fine! Mus'n' have any trouble 't 'll innerfere business. Keep your trouble 't home. Don' bring it to th' office. Might innerfere business! Don't let your wife innerfere business! Keep all, all, all your trouble an' your meanness, an' your trad-your tragedy-keep 'em all for home use! If you got die, go on die 't home-don' die round the office! Might innerfere business!"

Sheridan picked up a newspaper from Roscoe's desk, and sat down with his back to his son, affecting to read. Roscoe seemed to be unaware of his father's significant posture.

"You know wh' I think?" he went on. "I think Bibbs only one the fam'ly any 'telligence at all. Won' work, an' di'n' get married. Jim worked, an' he got killed. I worked, an' I got married. Look at me! Jus' look at me. I ask you. Fine 'dustriss young busi-ness man. Look whas happen' to me! Fine!" He lifted his hand from the sustaining chair in a deplorable gee-ture, and immediately losing his bal-ance, fell across the chair and car-omed to the floor with a crash, re-maining prostrate for several min-utes, during which Sheridan did not relax his apparent attention to the He did not even look newspaper

round at the sound of Roscoe's fail. Roscoe slowly climbed to an up-right position, pulling himself up by holding to the chair. He was slightly sobered outwardly, having progressed in the prostrate interval to a state of befuddiement less volatile. He rubbed his dazed eyes with the back of his left hand.

"What-what you ask me while ago?" he said. "Nothin"."

"Yes, you did. What-what was it?" "Nothin'. You better sit down." "You ask' me what I thought about Lamhorn. You did ask me that. Well, I won't tell you. I won't say dam' word 'bout him!" The telephone bell tinkled. Sheridan

revolt. Nobody minds work if he likes the kind of work. There'd be no loafers in the world if each man found the thing that he could do best; but the only work I happen to want to do is useless-so I have to give it up. placed the receiver to his ear and said, 'Right down." Then he got Roscoe's "It wasn't muscularly exhausting-not at all. They couldn't give me a

coat and hat from a closet and brought them to his son. "Get into this coat," he said. "You're goin' home." "All rl'," murmured Boscoe, obediheavier job because I wasn't ently. They went out into the main hall by

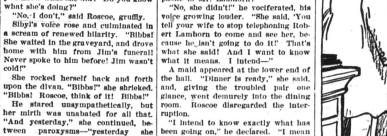
"But what will you do? I want to a side door. Roscoe walked out of the building without lurching, and twenty minutes later walked into his own

"When I left," said Bibbs, "I was "When I left," said Bibbs, "I was on what they call over there a "elip-ping machine,' and that's what I'll be or his faither having spoken a word a the interval. Sheridan did not go in with him; he source in the same and the bars to be an or the same and the same man were there are the same transmission of the same tra

"You do that all day long!" she ex-claimed. "No wonder-" She broke off, and then, after a keen glance at his

face, she said: "I should think you He is a suite of the same of t

crashing-a crash every time the jaw



Sibyl jumped up, almost touching him, standing face to face with him. "Oh, you do!" she cried, shrilly. "You mean to know just what's what, do you? You listen to your sister insinu-ating ugly things about your wife, and

He was sitting with his back to th

oor, his feet on a window-sill, and he did not turn as his father opened the

whith to see you, my boy," said Sheri-dan. "What's the matter?"

At seven o'clock on the last morn-ing of that month, Sheridan, passing

I let 'em walt sometimes myself' I just wanted to ask you a question, but I expect it'll keep, if you're workin'

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I was sorry to hear he'd been ill so much, and- Something of that kind

"You

don't know anybody that knows the family." "Yes. That is-well in a way of

course, one of the family. That Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan is not a-that is, she's rather a pleasant-faced little woman, I think, and of course rather ordinary. I think she is interested about—that is, of course, she'd be anxious to be more intimate with Mary, naturally. She's always looking over here from her house; she was looking out of the win-dow this afternoon when Mary went out, I noticed—though I don't think 能 Mary saw her. I'm sure she wouldn't

think it out of place to—to be frank about matters. She called the other day, and Mary must rather fike her— she said that evening that the call had done her good. Don't you think it might be wise?"

se? I don't know. I feel that the whole matter is impossible. "Yes, so do I," she returned, prompt y. "It isn't really a thing we should be considering seriously, of course. ly.

"I should say not! But possibly-Thus they skirmished up and down the field, but before they turned the lights out and went upstairs it was thoroughly understood between them

that Mrs. Vertrees should seek the arliest opportunity to obtain definite nformation from Sibyl Sheridan cor

cerning the mental and physical status of Bibbs. And if he were subject to was evidently startling, for there folattacks of lunacy, the unhappy pair delowed the crash of a decanter upon the cided to prevent the sacrifice they supposed their daughter intended to make of herself. Altogether, if there were spiteful ghosts in the old house that in his hand. "What's your excitement?" he denight, eavesdropping upon the woeful comedy, they must have died anew of laughter!

family

CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Vertrees' opportunity occurred the very next afternoon. Darkness had fallen, the plano movers had come.

I was going to, that day just before we himself that Bibbs' scribblings were

Phances

"Oh, Mentally Bibbs is All Right,"

Said Sibyl.

VIn 1

"Well," he began, frowning, "what I was going to say then—" He broke off, and, becoming conscious that he was still holding the wet napkin in his hand, threw it pettishly into a corner. "I never expected I'd have to say any thing like this to anybody I married; but I was going to ask you what was the matter between you and Lamhorn.

Sibyl uttered a sharp monosyllable.

"I felt the time had come for me to know about it," he went on. "You never told me anything-" "You never asked," she interposed,

curtly. "Well, we'd got in a way of not

sne ran into her own house and talking much," said Roscoe. "It looks plunged headlong upon a leather divan in the hall, holding her handkerchief over her mouth. many people do. I don't say it was my fault. I was up early and down over her mouth. The noise of her tumultuous entrance work all day, and I'd come home tired at night, and went to go to bed soon as floor of the dining room, and, after a I'd got the paper read-unless there

was some good musical show in town. Well, you seemed all right until here lately, the last month or so, I began to see something was wrong. I couldn't manded. "What do you find to go into hysterics over? Another death in the "Wrong?" sh

help seeing it." "Wrong?" she said. "What like?" "You changed; you didn't look the same. You were all strung up and ex-

"Ob, it's funny!" she gasped, sme. You were all strung up and ex-"Those old frost-bitten people! I guess cited and fidgety; you got to looking they're getting their comeupance!" peakid and run down. Now then, Lam-Lying prone, she elevated her feet in horn had been going with us a good the air, clapping her helds to getter re-peatedly, in an ecstasy. "Come through, come through!" while, but I noticed that not long ago

see 'em sit up on their pedesial all the time they're eating dirt—well, I think it's funny! That girl sits up as if she was Queen Elizabeth, and expects people to wallow on the ground before her until they get near enough for her to give erm a good kick with her old patched shoes—oh, she'd do that, all to George or Jackson for return to the "Look here," said Roscoe, heavily; "I don't care about that one way or another. If you're through, I got something I want to talk to you about, glanced at them. Having satisfied

heard about Jim." At this Sibyl stiffened quickly: her syste became intensely bright. "What is it?"

It appears that a lady will nod please anty upon some windy generalization of a companion, and will wear the most agreeable expression of accepting it as the law, and then-days afterward, when the thing is a murmy to its promutgator -she will inquire out of a clear sky: "Why did you say that the people down-town have nothing in life that a chicken haan't? What did you mean?" And she may say it in a manner that makes a haan't? What did you mean?" And She may say it in a manner that makes a sensible reply very difficult—you will be so full of wonder that she remembered so seriously. Yet, what does the rooster lack? He has food and shelter; be is warm in win-ter; bis wives raise not one fine family for him, but dosens. He has a clear sky over him. be breathes sweet at: be walks

for him, but dozena. He has a clear sky over him, he breathes sweet air, he walks in his April'orchard under a roof of flow-ers. He must die, violently perhaps, but quickly. Is Midas' cancer a better way? The rooster's wives and children must die. Are those of Midas immortal? His life is sherter than the life of Midas, but Midas' life is only a skytt² as long as that of the Galapagos tortolse.

Inter that the life of shida, but shidas life is only a sixtiff as long as that of the Galapages tortoise. The rooster is a dependent; he depends upon the farmer and the weather. Midas is a dependent; he depends upon the farmer and the weather. The rooster thinks only of the moment; Midas pro-vides for tomorrow? Nothing that the rooster will not have without providing. The rooster and the prosperous worker: they are born, they grub, they love; they grub and love grubbing; they grub and they die. Neither knows beauty. neither knows knowledge. And after all, when Midas and the rooster dies, there is one thing Midas has had and rooster has not. Midas had the excitement of accumu-lating what he has grubbed, and that has been his life and his love and his god. He cannot take that god with him when he dies. I wonder if the worthy gods are those we can take with us.

hose we can take with us. Midas must teach all to be as Midas the young must be raised in his religion-The manuscript ended there, and

something out in your mind. Roscoe made no reply; and his fa-ther, who had turned to the door

paused with his hand on the knob staring curiously at the motionless figure in the chair. Usually the so seemed pleased and eager when he came to the office. "You're ain't you?" said Sheridan. "You're all right

Sheridan was puzzled; then, abrupt ly, he decided to ask his question. wanted to talk to you about that young Lamhora." he said. "I guess your mother thinks he's comin' to see Edith pretty often, and you know him longer n any of us, so-

"I won't," said Roscoe, thickly-"I won't asy a dam' thing about him?" Sheridan uttered an exclamation and walked quickly to a position near the vindow where he could see his son's face. Roscoe's eyes were bloodshot and vacuous; his hair was disordered this mouth was distorted, and he was deathly pale. The father stood aghast. "By George!" he muttered. "Ros-

by his explanation that his lunch had "disagreed" with him a little. 'My name," said Roscoe. "Can' help that. Presently, however, he spoke effec-

Roscoe!" Blank astonishment wa Sheridan's first sensation. Probably nothing in the world could have more amazed him than to find Roscoe-the steady old wheel-horse—in this condi-tion. "I ow'd yoù get this way?" he tion. "I d demande i "You caught cold and took too much for it?"

For reply Roscoe laughed hoarsely. "Yeuh! Cold! I been drinkun all time

lately. Firs' you notice it?" "By George!" cried Sheridan. thought I'd smelt it or you a good de lately, but I wouldn't 'a' believed you'd take more'n was good for you Boh! To see you like a common hog!" Roscoe chuckled and threw out his right arm in a meaningless gesture. "Hog!" he repeated, chuckling.

"Yes, a hog!" said Sheridan, angrily "In business hours! I don't object to anybody's takin' a drink if he wants to, out o' business hours; nor, if a man keeps his work right up to the scratch Edi

I wouldn't be the one to baste him if he got good an' drunk once in two, Sheridan was not anxious for more. He I let it alone, but I never believed in

ent home, and to his yet I was a very bad hand at it." out meeting any of his family. But as he passed Bibbs' door he heard from He had kept his voice cheerful as he spoke, but he had grown a shade paler, and there was a latent anguish deep in his eyes. He may have known within the sound of a cheerful young voice humming jubilant fragment iong: it and wished her not to see it, for he

house in the same manner, neither he

Who looks the mustang in the eye? . . With a leap from the ground With a leap from the gro To the saddle in a bound. And away-and away! Hi-yay!

It was the first time in Sheridan's life that he had ever detected any musical symptom whatever in Bibbs-he had never even heard him whistle -and it seemed the last touch of irony that the useless fool should be merry today. To Sheridan it was Tom o' Bedlam

bite off a circle "How often is that?" singing while the house burned; and he "The thing should make about sixtydid not tarry to enjoy the melody, but eight disks a minute-a little more went into his own room and locked the door than one a second."

CHAPTER A.....

tively. Bibbs, whose appetite had be

his plate without dropping it and to

Sheridan remarked, grimly.

TO BE CONTINUED He emerged only upon a second sum mons to dinner, two hours later, and came to the table so white and silent that his wife made her anxiety mani-

The Best Laxative.

"And you're close to it?"

To keep the bowels regular the best laxative is outdoor exercise Drink a full glass of water an hour before breakfast and eat an aboudance of fruit and vege-tables, and also establish a regucome hearty, was helping himself to a second breast of capon from white-jacket's salver. "Here's another dif-ference between Midas and chicken," lar habit and he sure that bowels move once a day. a medicine is needed take Chamberlain's Tablets. They are pleas "I reckon berlan's Tablets. They are pleas-pour overlooked that. Midas looks to me like he had the advantage there." Bibbs retained enough presence of mind to transfer the capon breast to

respond. "Yes-he crows over it." \$100-Dr. E. Detchon's Anti-Diu-Having returned his antagonist's fire in this fashion, he blushed—for he could blush distinctly now—and his retic may be worth more to you -more to you than \$100 if you have a child who soils the mother looked upon him with pleasure. ding from incontinence of water though the reference to Midas and during sleep. Cures old and young alike. It arrests the trouble at alike. It arrests once. \$1.00. Sold by Graham Drug Company.

"He's got to be such a gadabout," th giggled.

Itch relieved in 20⁰⁷ minutes by

"I found something of his on the Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Never foor upstairs this morning, before any-body was up," said Sheridan, "I fails. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

"Did you ever see anybody improve the way that child has!" she exclaimed. "I declare, Bibbs, sometimes lately you look right handsome!"

