GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1916

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist—N. Main St.—Jas. W. Rose, Pastor.
Preaching services every first and Third Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 1.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.15 a.—m.—C. B. Irwin, Superintendent.

Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. J. F. Truit*. Preaching services overy Sec-end and Fourth Sundays, at 11.00

s. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. m.—E. L. Henderson, Super-intendent.

New Providence Christian Church

North Main Street, near Depot-Rev-J. G. Truitt, Pastor. Preach-mg every Second and Fourth Sun-day nights at 8.00 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.46 a. m.-J. A. Bayliff, Superin-tendent.

Christian Endeavor Prayer Meet-o'clock.

Friends-North of Graham Pub-c School-J .Robert Parker, Pas-

tor,
Preaching every Sunday at 11 a.
m. and at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. m.—James Crisco, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal, South—cor dain and Maple St., H. E. Myere

Pastor.
Preaching every Sunday at 11.00
a. m. and at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—W. B. Green, Supt.

M. P. Church—N. Main Street, Rev. O. B. Williams, Pastor. Preaching first and third Sun-days at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—J. L. Amick, Supt.

Presbyterian-Wst Elm Street-Rev. T. M. McConnell, pastor. Sunday School every Sunday at 8.45 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Su-perintendent.

Presbyterian (Travora Chapel)— J. W. Clegg, pastor. Preaching every Second and Fourth Sundays at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.—J. Harvey White, Su-perintendent.

Oneida—Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.-J. V. Pome-roy, Superintendent,

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

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.

CHAPTER IV-The Vertre bes, old town family and impoverished, call on the Sheridans, newly-rich, and afterword dis-cuss them. Mary puts into words he-parents' unspoken wish that she marr-one of the Sheridan boys.

CHAPTER V-At the Sheridan hou warming banquet Sheridan spreads hi self. Mary frankly encourages Jim She dan's attention, and Bibbs hears he is 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 matrimonial possibility. CHAPTER VII—Jim tells Mary Bibbis not a lunatic—"just queer." He proposes to Mary, who half accepts him.

CHAPTER VIII—Sheridan tells Bibbi he must go back to the machine shop a soon as he is strong enough, in a Bibbs' plea to be allowed to write. CHAPTER IX-Edith and Sibyl, Roscoe Sheridan's wife, quarrel over Bobby Lam-horn; Sybli 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 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 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 plane to

CHAPTER XVI-Roscoe and his wife quarrel over Lamhorn.

CHAPTER XVII—Sheridan finds Ros-coe in an intoxicated condition during of-fice hours and takes him home. CHAPTER XVIII—Friendship between puges and Mary ripens into a more inti-mate relation, and under Mary's influ-ence Blobs decides to return to the ma-chine shop.

CHAPTER XIX—Sheridan finds his son Roscoe's affairs in a muddled condition, owing to his intemperate habits.

CHAPTER XX-Bibbs, under the inspiration of Mary's frieniship, makes good in the machine shop. Sheridan is injured while attempting to show the boy how to do his work.

CHAPTER XXI—Sibyl, insanely jealous over Lamhorn's attentions to Edith, makes a scene in the Sheridan home, and Lamhorn is ordered out of the house-by Sheridan.

CHAPTER XXII—Bibbs finds great happiness in his work and his growing love for Mary.

CHAPTER XXIII—Edith leaves for New York, ostensibly to visit a friend. Roscoe tells his father that he is going to quit the business and go away with his wife.

CHAPTER XXIV—Sheridan announces that he is going to take Bibbs into the office with him and make a business man of him.

"Now mamma hold your horses! I

wanted him to look Bibbs over before anything's the matter. You don't suppose I'm goin' to take any chances I shut the door, and I an' ole Gurney had a talk. He's a mighty disagreeable man; he rubbed it in on me what he said about Bibbs havin' brains if he ever woke up. Then I thought he must want to get something out o' me, he got so flattering—for a minute! 'Bibbs couldn't help havin' business brains,'
lessys, 'bein' your son. Don't be surprised, 'he says—'don't be surprised at his makin' a success,' he says. 'He
couldn't get over his heredity; he couldn't help bein' a business succes

once you got him into it. It's in his blood. Yes, sir,' he says, 'it doesn't need much brains,' he says, 'an' only third-rate brains, at that,' he says, 'but it does need a special kind o' brains,' he says, 'to be a millionaire. I mean,' he says, 'when a man's given a start. If nobody gives him a start, why course he's got to have luck and the right kind o' brains. The only mir-acle about Bibbs, he says, is where he got the other kind o' brains—the brains you made him quit usin' and throw

away."
"But what 'd he say about his health?" Mrs. Sheridan demanded, im-patiently, as George placed a cup of coffee before her husband. Sheridan helped himself to cream and sugar, and began to sip the coffee.

"I'm comin' to that," he returned placidly "See how easy I manage this LIVES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS with my left hand, mamma?"
"You been doin' that all winter.
"You been doin' that all winter.

"It's wonderful," he interrupted, ad-"Its wonderful," he interrupted, and miringly, "what a fellow can do with his left hand. I can sign my name with mine now, well's I ever could with my right. It came a little hard at first, but now, honest, I believe I rather sign with my left. That's all Lever, have to write, anyway—just unctuously. "Good coffee, mamma! Well, about Bibbs. Ole Gurney says he believes if Bibbs could somehow get back to the state o' mind he was about the machine shop-that is, if he could some way get to feelin' about business the way he felt about the shop—not the poetry and writin part, but—" He paused, supplementing his remarks with a motion of his head

oward the old house next door. says Bibbs is older and harder'n what he was when he broke down that time, and, besides, he ain't the kind o' dreamy way he was then—and I dreamy way he was then—and I a whisper, and with her head bowed and, besides, he ain't the kind o' dreamy way he was then—and I should say he ain't! I'd like 'em to show me anybody his age that's any wider awake! But he says Bibbs' health'll never need bother us again

don't see any help that way. You know yourself she wouldn't have Jim." "Who's talkin' about her havin' any-body? But, my Lord! she might let him look at her! She needn't 'a' got so mad, just because he asked her, that she won't let him come in the house any more. He's a mighty funny boy, and some ways I reckon he's pretty near as hard to understand as the Bible, but Gurney kind o' got me in sible, but Gurney kind o got me in the way o' thinkin' that if she'd let him come back and set-around with her an evening or two sometimes—not reg'iar, I don't men—why— Well. I just thought I'd see what you'd think of it. There ain't any way to talk about it to Bibbs himself—I don't suppose he'd let you, anyhow—but I thought maybe you could kind o' slip over there some day, and kind o' hint around till you see how the land lays, and ask her-

"Me!" Mrs. Sheridan looked both helpless and frightened. "No." She shook her head decidedly. "It wouldn't do any good." won't try it?"

"I won't risk her turnin' me out o' the house. Some way, that's what I believe she did to Sibyl, from what Roscoe said once. No, I can't—and, what's more, it'd only make things worse. If people find out you're runnin' after 'em they think you're cheap, and then they won't do as much for you as if you let 'em alone. I don't believe it's any use, and I couldn't do the handwritin', and I read it allit if it was."

sighed with resignation. "All right, mamma. That's all." Then, in a livelier tone, he said: 'Ole Gurney

still keeping his hand in his pocket. "Wait a minute," he said, smiling. "Now it may give you just a little back to the office," he said, rising desteeny bit of a shock, but the fact is—perately. "I told—I told my partner well, you remember that Sunday when I'd be back at two o'clock, and I guess teeny bit of a shock, but the fact iswell, you remember that Sunday when Sibyl came over here and made all that fuss about nothin'—It was the day after I got tired o' that statue when Edith's telegram came-"

"Let me see your hand!" she cried,
"Now wait!" he said, laughing and pushing her away with his left hand. 'The truth is, mamma, that I kind o' slipped out on you that morning, when you wasn't lookin', and went down to ole Gurney's office—he'd told me to, you see-and, well, it doesn't amount to anything." And he held out, for her inspection, the mutilated hand. "You see, these days when it's all dic-

tatin', anyhow, nobody 'd mind just over backward. For the second time in her life Mrs. Sheridan had fainted.

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was a full hour later when he left her lying upon a couch in her own room, still lamenting that the "fuss" which she was making irked him far than his physical loss. He permitted her to think that he meant to return directly to his office, but when he came out to the open air he told the chauffeur in attendance to await him in front of Mr. Vertrees' house, whither he himself proceeded on foot.

Mr. Vertrees had taken the sale of half of his worthless stock as manna in the wilderness; it came from heav en—by what agency he did not particularly question. The broker informed him that "parties were interested in getting hold of the stock," and that later there might be a possible increase in the value of the large crease in the value of the large amount retained by his client. It might go "quite a ways up" within a year or so, he said, and he advised "sitting tight" with it. Mr. Vertrees

went home and prayed.

He rose from his knees feeling that
he was surely coming into his own. he was surely coming into his own again. It was more than a mere gasp of temporary relief with him, and his wife shared his optimism; but Mary would not let him buy back her plano, and as for furs—spring was on the sured him that Miss Vertrees would

and beamed as Mary made her appearance, almost upon the heels of the cook. She had a look of apprehension for the first fraction of a second, but ty vanished at the sight of bim, and its place was, taken in her eyes by a soft brilliance, while color rushed in her cheeks.

and see how he was gettin' along. Take a doctor with me sometimes, be gave up everything he wanted to complete says of but the certainly wanted it mighty bad—he just threw it away and walked right up and took may be you'know him? Tail, thin man; the job he swore he never would—just for you. And it looks to me as tail."

"Yes." "be down." cheeks.

"I'm sorry," said Mary. "I hoped hurt, tryin' to show Bibbs to do some-you'd come because we're neighbors."

He chuckled. "Neighbors! Some-Made me so mad I just wouldn't even times people don't see so much o' their admit to myself it was burt-and so, much as you think, nowadays," he said.

neighbors as they used to. That is, I by and by, ole Doc Gurney had to take For instance, I got kind of a suspicion ear so—lately."

"You'll stay long enough to sit down, ron't you?"

"I guess I could manage that nuch." And they sat down, facing ach other and not far apart.

"Yes,"

"Yes, he is so!" Sheridan now had

nuch." And they sat down, facing each other and not far apart. "Of course, it couldn't be called bustness, exactly," he said, more gravely 'Not at all, I expect. But there: something o' yours it seemed to me I ought to give you, and I just thought it was better to bring it myself and xplain how I happened to have it. It's this—this letter you wrote my boy."
He extended the letter to her solemnly, in his left hand, and she took it gently from him. "It was in his mail, after he was hurt. You knew he never got it. I expect." it, I expect."

"Yes," she said, in a low voice. He sighed. "I'm glad he didn't. Not," he added, quickly—"not but what you did just right to send it. You did. You couldn't acted any other way when it came right down to it. There

ow.
"You'll have to excuse me for readin' it. I had to take charge of all his mail and everything; I didn't know

"Don't Be Surprised," He Said

"I'm glad you did." "Well"-he leaned forward as if a livelier tone, he said: 'Ole Gurney to rise—'I guess that's about all. I took the bandages off my hand this morning. All healed up. Says I don't need 'em any more."

"He looked at her hopefully, as if

morning. All healed up. Says I don't need 'em any more."

"Why, that's splendid, papa!" she cried, beaming. "I was afraid— Let's see."

She came toward him, but he rose, and sat with her eyes fixed sorrowfully as in the talought and wished that she might have something more to say. But she seemed not to be aware of this glance, and sat with her eyes fixed sorrowfully as in the looked at her hopefully, as in the talought and wished that she might have something more to say. But she seemed not to be aware of this glance, and sat with her eyes fixed sorrowfully upon the floor.
"Well, I expect I better be gettin'

he'll think I'm a poor business man

if he catches me behind time. I got to walk the chalk a mighty straight line these days—with that fellow keepin' tabs on me!" in' tabs on me!"
Mary rose with him. "I've always
heard you were the hard driver."
He guffawed derisively. "Me? I'm
nothin' to that partner o' mine. You

couldn't guess to save your life how he keeps after me to hold up my end o' the job. I shouldn't be surprised he'd give me the grand bounce some he'd respected me—too much! In the day, and run the whole circus himself. You know how he is-once he goes at

couple o'—"

He had to jump for her—she went ver backward. For the second time in her life Mrs. Sheridan had fainted.

"No," she smiled.

you had a partner. I'd always heard—"

He laughed, looking away from her.

"It's just my way o' speakin' o' that "No," she smiled. "I didn't know

He stood then, expectant, staring out into the hall with an air of careless geniality. He felt that she certainly must say at least, "How is Bibbs?" but she said nothing at all, though he wait-

ed until the silence became embarrass ing.
"Well, I guess I better be gettin'
down there," he said, at last. "He

"Goodby—and thank you," said Mary.
"For what?"

"For the letter." "Oh," he said, blankly. "You're relcome. Goodby."

Mary put out her hand. "Goodby." "You'll have to excuse my left hand," he said. "I had a little accident to the other one."

She gave a pitying cry as she saw. Oh, poor Mr. Sheridan!" "Nothin' at all! Dictate everything

nowadays, anyhow." He laughed jovially. "Did anybody tell you how jovially. "Di it happened?" "I heard you hurt your hand, but no-not just how."

no—not just how."
"It was this way," he began, and both, as if unconsciously, sat down again. "You may not know it, but I used to come to see you sometimes, way, she said. But they paid the but- after Jim-that is, I mean Bibbs. He's member, I expect, I had him on a machine over at a plant o' mine; and sometimes I'd kind o' sneak in there and see how he was gettin' along. Take a doctor with me sometimes cause Bibbs and the sometimes and see how he was gettin' along.

beeks.
"Don't be surprised," he said. "Truth took to show Bibbs how to run his "Don't be surprised, he said." I read took to show bidds how to the list in away it's sort of on business I looked in here. It'll only take a minute, I expect."

"I'm sorry," said Mary. "I hoped you'd come because we're neighbors."

took to show bidds how to look out, but I wouldn't listen, and I didn't look out—and that's how I got my hand that, tryin to show bibbs to do some you'd come because we're neighbors."

thing he knew how to do and I didn't wouldn't even the said of the company to the said of th

he doesn't believe in 'sentiment in busi-ness.' But that's neither here nor there. What he wanted was, just plain

the air of a rambling talker and gossip with all day on his hands. "Take him on Bibbs' case. I was talkin' about Bibbs' case with him this morning. Well, you'd laugh to hear the way old Wei, you'd mugh to hear the way ole Gurney talks about that! 'Course he is just as much a friend as he is doc-tor—and he takes as much interest in Bibbs as if he was in the family. He thinks Bibbs isn't anyways bad off yet; and he thinks he could stand the pace and get fat on it if—well, this is what'd make you laugh it you'd been there, Miss Vertrees—honest it would?' He paused to chuckle, and stole a glance at her. She was gazing straight before her at the wall; her lips were parted, and—visibly—she was breath-ing heavily and quickly. He feared hat she was growing furiously angry; but he had led to what he wanted to litered his voice to one of confider ial friendliness, though in it he still naintained a tone which indicated that ole Doc Gurney's opinion was only a joke he shared with her. "Yes, sir, you certainly would 'a' laughed! Why, that ole man thinks you got something to do with it. You'll have to blame it or him, young lady, if it makes you feel like startin' out to whip somebody! He's actually got this theory: he says Bibbs got to gettin' better while he worked over there at the shop because you kept him cheered up and feelin' good. And he says if you could man-age to just stand him hangin' round little-maybe not much, but just metimes-again, he believed it'd do Bibbs a mighty lot o' good. 'Course that's only what the doctor said. Me, I don't know anything about that; but I can say this much—I never saw any such a megtal improvement in any-body in my life as I have lately in Bibbs. I expect you'd find him a good deal more entertaining than what he-used to be—and I know it's a kind of embarrassing thing to suggest after

the way he piled in over here that day to ask you to stand up before the preacher with him, but accordin to ole Doc Gurney, he's got you on his brain so bad-Mary jumped. "Mr. Sheridan!" she

He sighed profoundly. "There! noffced you were gettin' mad. didn't—" no, no!" she cried. "But

understand—and I think you What is it you want me to do?" He sighed again, but this time with relief. "Well, well!" he said. "You're right. It'll be easier to talk plain. I ought to known I could with you, all the time. I just hoped you'd let that buy come and see you sometimes, once

more. Could you?" "You don't understand." She clasped her hands together in a sorrowful ges ture. "Yes, we must talk plain. Bibbs heard that I'd tried to make your oldest son care for me because I was poor, and so Bibbs came and asked me to marry him—because he was sorry for me. And I can't see him any more," she cried in distress. "I can't!" Sheridan cleared his throat uncom-ortably. "You mean because he ortably. hought that about you?"

"No, no! What he thought was true!" "Well—you mean he was so much in—you mean he thought so much of you—" The words were inconceivably awkward upon Sheridan's tongue; he seemed to be in doubt even about pro nouncing them, but after a ghastly pause he bravely repeated them. "You "No! He was sorry for me. He cared for me; he was fond of me; and he'd respected me—too much! In the



"Bibbs Isn't Like Other Men."

used to worry a good deal about the youngest o' my boys—the one that finest way he loved me, if you like, for me, as I would for him, and as he knew I would. It was beautiful, Mr. Sheridan," she said. "But the cheap, bad things one has done seem cher, the baker and the candlestick that one I spoke of as my partner; and the maker, and hired a cook once more. It was this servitress who opened the door for Sheridan, and presently as if his health holds out. Well, you re-

quite a heap o' the girl he does it for. You say it was only because he was one girl he could feel that sorry for!

Yes, sir!"
"No, no," she said. "Bibbs isn't like other men—he would do anything for anybody." Sheridan grinned. "Perhaps not so

well, I was arraid his tunish. so much of you had kind o' sickened you af him—the way it does sometimes. But from the way you talk, I understand that ain't the trouble." He coughed, and his voice trembled a little, "Now here. Miss Vertrees, I don't have to go my way instead of his own—I had to do it for the sake o' my business and on his own account, too-and I expect you got some idea how it burt him to give up. Well, he's made good. He didn't come in half-hearted or mean; he came in-all the way! But there isn't anything in it to him; you can see he's just shut his teeth on it and goin' ahead with dust in his mouth. You see, one way of lookin' at it, he's got nothin' to work for. And it seems to me like it cost him your friendship, and I believe—honest—that's what hurt him the worst. Now you said we'd talk plain. Why can't you let him come back?"

and simple, for you to marry him. Well, I was afraid his thinkin' so much

She covered her face desperately He rose, defeated, and looking it.

"Well, I mustn't press you," he said

"Ah! He was only sorry for me?" He gazed at her intently. Mary was proud, but she had a fatal honesty, and it confessed the truth of her now; she was helpless. It was so clear that even Sheridan, marveling and amazed even Sheridan, maryening and amnzed,
was able to see it. Then a change
came over him: gloom fell from him,
and he grew radiant.
"Don't! Don't!" she cried. "You
mustn't-"

mustn't-' won't tell him," said Sheridan, from the doorway. "I won't tell any-body anything!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

There was a heavy town-fog that afternoon, a smoke-mist, densest in the sanctuary of the temple. The people went about in it, busy and thickening their outside and inside linings of coal-tar, asphalt, sulphurous acid, oil of vitriol, and the other familiar things the men liked to breathe and to have upon their skins and garments and upon their wives and babies and sweethearts. The growth of the city was visible in the smoke and the noise and the rush. There was more smoke than there had been this day of Febru ary a year earlier; there was more noise; and the crowds were thicker yet quicker in spite of that. The traffic policeman had a hard time, for the people were independent—they re-tained some habits of the old market-town period, and would cross the street anywhere and anyhow, which not only got them killed more frequently than if they clung to the legal cross-ings, but kept the motormen, the chauf-feurs and the truck drivers in a stew of profane nervousness. So the traf-fic policemen led harried lives; they themselves were killed, of course, with a certain periodicity, but their main trouble was that they could not make the citizens realize that it was actually and mortally perilous to go about their city. It was strange, for there their city. It was strange, for there were probably no citizens of any length of residence who had not personally known either someone who had been killed or injured in an accident, or someone who had accidentally killed or injured others. And yet, perhaps it was not strange, seeing the sharp preoccupation of the faces—the people had something on their minds; they could not stop to bother about dirt and

Mary Vertrees was not often downtown; she had never seen an accident until this afternoon. She had come apon errands for her mother connected with a timorous refurbishment; and as she did these, in and out of the department stores, she had an insistent consciousness of the Sheridan building. From the street, anywhere, it was almost always in sight, like s ored and rising limitlessly into the swimming heights of the smoke-mist. It was gaunt and grimy and repellent; it had nothing but strength and size— but in that consciousness of Mary's the great structure may have partaken of beauty. Sheridan had made some of beauty. Sheridan had made some of the things he said emphatic enough to remain with her. She went over and over them—and they began to seem true: "Only one girl he could feel that sorry for!" "Gurney says he's got you on his brain so bad—" cies and riders, and the almost gen-

darting and halting and dodging parhad taken a crisper ring: "Sixty-eight thousand dollars? Not sixty-eight thousand buttons." It startled her queerly, and as there was a glimpse of his profile she saw for the first time a resemblance to his father.

She watched them. In the middle of the street Bibbs had to step shead of the street Bibbs had to step shead of the street Bibbs had to step shead of that person or handwriting his father, and the two were separated. But the reckless passing of a truck, beyond the second line of rails, frightened.a group of country women who were in course of passage; they were just in front of Bibbs, and shoved backward upon him violently. To ex-tricate himself from them he stepped back, directly in front of a moving trolley car-no place for absent-mindedness, but Bibbs was still absorbed in thoughts concerned with what he were shricks and yells; Bibbs looked the wrong way—and then Mary saw the heavy figure of Sheridan plunge straight forward in front of the car.

football player shunting off an oppo-nent, and to Mary it seemed that they nent, and to Mary it seemed that they both went down together. But that was all she could see—automobiles trucks and wagons closed in between. She made out that the trolley car stopped jerkily, and she saw a r



He Hurled Himself at Bibbs.

nan breaking his way through the in stantly condensing crowd, while the traffic came to a standstill, and people stood up in automobiles or climbed upon the hubs and tires of wheels, not to miss a chance of seeing anything horrible.

mpossible. Other policemen came to help the first, and in a minute or two crowd became pliant, dispersing—there was no figure upon the ground, and no abulance came. But one of the policemen was detained by the clinging and beseeching of a gloved hand.

"What is the matter, lady?" "Where are they?" Mary cried.

"Who? Ole Man Sheridan? I reckwasn't much hurt!" "His son-"

"Was that who the other one was? seen him knock him-oh, he's not bad off, I guess, lady. The ole man got him out of the way all right. The fender shoved the ole man around some, but I reckon he only got shook up. They both went on in the Sheri-dan building without any help. Ex-cuse me, lady."

Sheridan and Bibbs, in fact, were at that moment in the elevator, ascending. "Whisk-broom up in the office," ing. "Whisk-broom up ... Sheridan was saying. "You got to look powadays, I tell out on these corners nowadays, I tell you. I don't know I got any call to blow, though—because I tried to cross after you did. That's how I happened to run into you. Well, you remember to look out after this. We were talkin' about Murtrie's askin' sixty-eight thousand flat for that ninety-nine-year lease. It's his lookout if he'd rather take it that way, and I don't know

"No," said Bibbs, emphatically, as the elevator stopped; "he won't get it.
Not from Us, he won't, and I'll show
you why. I can convince you in five
minutes." He followed his father into the office antercom—and convinced him. Then, having been diligently brushed by a youth of color, Bibbs went into his own room and closed the

TO BE CONTINUED

IMPORTANT QUESTION CONCERN-ING USE OF LITTLE LABOR-SAVING DEVICE.

WHERE DIFFICULTY ARRISE

Any One Who Signs Any Document in Any Way is Bound By His Signature.

The man's clumsy talk began to sing eral use made of this labor-saving, in her heart. The song was begun authority delegating device it is well er heart. The song was begun authority-delegating device, it is well to attend the reply recently made by there when she saw the accident.

She was directly opposite the Sheridan building then, waiting for the traffic to thin before she crossed, though the passage.

"Any one," says our contemporary, "Any one," says our contemporary, and one, and the point of the point. "who indorses a check or signs any other document is bound by his sigther document is bound by his sigbehind her, talking earnestly, and
started across. Both wore black; one
was tall and broad and thick, and the
other was taller, but noticeably siender. And Mary caught her breath, for they were Bibbs and his father. They did not see her, and she caught a phrase of Bibbs' meliow voice, which did not append the signature to the controversy. If he declares that he did not append the signature to the document, it will be necessary to prove that he did make it, and the is the point at which the whole difficulty arises. A written signature can be compared with others known or acknowledged to have been made by experts can testify with a consider able degree of assurance as to the genuineness of the signature in ques tion. No one can say with assurance however, whether a rubber stamp was in the hands of one person making of a disputed signature. this reason no one can reasonably be asked to adopt a signature so difficult to prove as that made with a rubber stamp."—Insurance and Commerical Magazine.

St. Louis reports a shortage of nickles. Taking a leaf from the baker's books, why does not St. With absolute disregard of his own life, he hurled himself at Bibbs like a Louis use dimes as a substitute? in the second

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