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VOL. XLV

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A STATISTICS

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1919

bring these changes? Had he changed, like that? Had they seen him? Would Gerty, would Hardin remember him?

Wasn't it his place to make himself known; wave the flag of old friendship over an awkward situation?

He found himself standing in front

"Do you remember me, Rickard?"

"You were at the Improvement club

that they had met at the Marshall's! "Oh, you telegraphed to us?" The blond arch smile had not aged. "That

Rickard had not been self-conscious

for many a year. He did not know what to say. He turned from her up-turned face to the others. Innes Har-din was staring out of the window, over the heads of several crowded

tables; Hardin was gazing at his plate. Rickard decided that he would get out of this before Gerty discovered that it

"If I had known that you were here, I would have insisted on your dining with us, in our tent. For it's terrible, here, isn't it?" She flashed at him the

look he remembered so vividly, the childish coquettish appeal. "We dine at home, till it becomes tiresome, and

then we come foraging for variety. But

you must come to us, say Thursday. Is that right for you? We should love it." Still those two averted faces. Rick-ard said Thursday, as he was bidden,

and got back to his table, wondering why in thunder he had let Marshall per-

was neither "friendly nor nice."

was friendly and nice."

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY

NO. 5

Graham Baptist Church-Rev. L. Preaching every first and third bundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p.

Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m. W. I. Ward, Supt. Prayer meeting every Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

Graham Christian Church-N. Main Street-Rev. F. C. Lester.

Preaching services every Sec-old and Fourth Sundays. at 11,00 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. M.-W. R. Harden, Super-

intendent, New Providence Christian Church

-North Main Street, near Depot-Rev. F. C. Lester, Pastor. Preach-ing every Second and Fourth Sun-day nights at 8.00 o'clock.

Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.-J. A. Bayliff, Superin-tendent. Christian Endeavor Prayer Meet-ing every Thursday night at 7.46. o'clock.

Friends-North of Graham Pub-c School, Rev. John M. Permar,

mat ager took the swivel chair behind the flat-top desk: "Sit down. I'd like to have a talk with you." "If you will common a state of the same and the same as a state of the same as a Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.-Belle Zachary, Superin-

tendent. pearance. "I—I am busy this morn-ing. Might I—trouble you—for a few minutes? My papers are in this Methodiat Enjacement.

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.

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 9.45 a. m.-Lynn B. Williamson, Superintendent

Presbyterian (Travora Chapel)-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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

JOHN J. HENDERSON Attorney.at-Law GRAHAM, N. C.

J. S. COOK, Attorney-at-Law, GRAHAM, N. C. Office Patterson Building Second Fleor.

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a new Stomach

something, so they let nim pring use books down here. He is supposed to be ferreting. But he's woozling. He used to be in the outer office. Said the noise made his head ache, so he moved in here. All the committee in the committee in the second term and occasion

The force called him Pete, which was a short cut to Frederick Augustus

The Get Rid of Tan. Sunbarn and Freckles Magnolia Balm Acts instantly. Stops the burning. Clears your complexion of Tan and Blemishes. You cannot know how good it is until you try it. Thous-ands of women say it is best of all beautifiers and heals Sunburn peaturers and neals Sunburn quickest. Don't be without it a day longer. Get a bottle now. At your Druggist or by mail direct. 75 cents for either color, White. Pink, Rose-Red.

CHAPTER IV.

LYON MFG. CO., 40 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. nounced the terminal of the road. Backed toward the station was the in-

A valuable mineral spring crowded. has been discovered by W. H. Ausley on his place in Graham. It was noticed that it brought health to the users of the water. and upon being analyzed it was

ning negro and swung onto the crowded steps.

patch of green.

mended by physicians right at home? For further informa-. tion and or the water, if you desire if apply to the under-W. H. AUSLEY.

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evitable hotel bus of the country town, town in the valley. But you can see a painted sign hanging over its side this procession every night." advertising the Desert hotel. Before he reached the step the vehicle was

"Wait, gen'iemen, I'm coming back mouth when he saw the face, carefully for a second joad," called the darky who was holding the reins. "If you wait for the second trip you

won't get a room," suggested a friend-ly voice from the seat above. Rickard threw his bag to the grin-

Leaving the railroad sheds he observed a building which he assumed was the hotel. It looked promising, attractive with its wide encircling ve randa and the patch of green which distance gave the dignity of a lawn. But the darky whipped up his stolid horses. Rickard's eyes followed the The friendly voice from above told

him that that was the office of the Desert Reclamation company. His next survey was more personal. He saw himself entering the play as the representative of a company that was distrusted if not indeed actively hated by the valley folk. It amused him that his entrance was so quiet as to be surreptitious. It would have been quieter had Marshall had his way. But he himself had stipulated that Hardin should be told of his coming. He had

Elementer ICHIG seen the telegram before it left the

Tucson office. He might be assuming an unfamiliar role in this complicated drama of river and desert, but it was not to be as an eavesdropper. The heavy bus was plowing slowly through the dust of the street. Rick-ard was, given ample time to note the limitations of the new town. They

passed two brick stores of genera merchandise, lemons and wooler goods, stockings and crackers disport its early appeal to him. There was the same fluffy hair, its ringlets a bit arth fictal to his more sophisticated eyes, the same well-turned nose. He had ing fraternally in their windows. A board sign swinging from the overhanging porch of the most pretentious been wondering about this meeting; he found that he had been expecting some building announced the post office. From a small adobe hung a brass plate advising the stranger of the sort of shock-who said that the love of today is the jest of tomorrow? The Bank of Calexico. The 'dobe pressed discovery that Gerty was not a jest brought the surprised gratification which we award a letter or composition Sank of Calexico. The dobe pressed close to another two-storied structure of the desert type. The upper floor, supported by posts, extended over the written in our youth. Were we as sidewalk. Netted wire screened away clever as that, so complete at eighteer the desert mosquito and gave the over or twenty-one? Could we, now, with all our experience, do any better, or in-deed as well? That particular senhanging gallery the grotesque appear ance of a huge fencing mask. From the street could be seen rows of beds, tence with wings! Could we make it as in hospital wards. Calexico, it was fly today as it soared yesterday? Rick ard was finding that Gerty's more ma-"Desert hotel," bawled the darky, ture charms did not accelerate his

reining in his placid team. heart-beats, but they were certainly "Yes, sah, I'll look out for your bag. Got your room? The hotel's mighty sure to be full. Not many women yit down this a-way. . . . All the men flattering to his early judgment. A he had expected her to be a shock! mostly lives right heah at the hotel."

peal, from sister to brother. "Jealous?" she pouted charmingly at her lord. "Jealous, no!" bluffed Hardin. He thought then that she knew, that Innes had told her. The Lawrence episode held no sting to him. Once, it had enchanted him that he had carried Gerty off the boarding-house belle, whom even that bookman had found desirable that bookman! A superior dude! He had always had those grand airs. As if it were not more to a man's credit to struggle for his education, even if he were older than his class, or his teach-

to dinner?'

"Why

er, than to accept it off silver plates, handed by lackeys? Rickard had always acted as if it had been something to be ashamed of. It made him sick. "They've done it this time. It's a fool choice." Again, that look of pleading from In-

nes. Gerty had a shiver of intuition. "Fool choice?" Her voice was ominously calm.

Hardin shook off Innes' eyes. Better be done with it! "He's the new general manager."

"He's the general manager !"

"I'm to take orders from him." Gerty's silence was of the stunned variety. The Hardins watched her crumbling bread on the tablecloth, thinking, fearfully, that she was going "Didn't I tell you?" Her voice, re-

And pressed, carried the threat of tears. "Didn't I tell you how it would be? He was staring into his plate of "Didn't I tell you how it would be? chilled soup. Calf-love! For he had loved her, or at least he had loved her with the way on over this again?" asked

"Must we go over this again?" at

rlosity about Hardin. The man's fail-CHAPTER V. ures had been spectacular. The young fellow was thinking loud. "The dam went November A Game of Checkers. aloud. The uneasy mood of the desert, the wind-blown sand, drove people indoors the next morning. Rickard was served 29th. Hardin was given a decent in-terval to resign. Of course he was fired. It was an outrage—" He reindifferently cooked substantial,

membered that he was speaking to a stranger and broke off suddenly. Rickbreakfast in the dining room of the Desert hotel, whose limitations were ard did not question him. He made another note. Why was it an outrage as conspicuous to the newcomer as they were nonexistent to the other men. They were finding it a soft conor why did it appear so? In perspec tive, from the Mexican barranca. trast to sand-blown tents, to life in the where he had been at the time, the failure of that dam had been another open

Later he wandered through the group of staring idlers in the office, bar sinister against Hardin "I see that you are from the Univer-sity of California?" Rickard said, and nodded at the pin of gold and blue past the popular soda stand and the few chair-tilters on the sidewalk, go

company. He discovered it to be the one engging spot in the hastily in my head. He said the Colorado thrown-together town. There were would give me more lessons—more real oleanders, rose and white, blooming in knowledge in a year than I'd get in the patt of purple blooming alfaita that stood for a lawn. Morning-glories

veranda, and on over the roof. Rick. You don't want to go back now The boy made a wry face. "He ex-pects me to go back in August. Says ard's deductions led him to the Har-What school of experience had so I must."

changed the awkward country fellow? He had resented his rivalry, not that was suggested was a rival, but that he was a boor. the young man rather consciously. It was a good deal to live up to. He al-His kisses still warm on her lips, and she had turned to welcome, to coquet with Tom Hardin! The woman who was to be his wife must be steadier than that! It had cooled his fever. ways felt the appraisement which fol-

with Tom Hardin! The woman who ways felt the appraisement which fol-was to be his wife must be steadier lowed that admission. George Mac-than that! It had cooled his fever. Lean, elder, was known among the Not for him the aspen who could railroad circles to be a man of iron, shake and bend her pretty boughs to one of the strongest of the heads of each rough breeze that blew! the Overland Pacific system. He was Men tossed into a desert, fighting to another the sort of man a son could speak keep a foothold, do not garland their lightly of disobeying.

seep a roomou, in the galaxies? Was it offices with morning-glories? Was it "Of course everyone calls me Junthe gracious sulet influence of a wife Gerty Hardin? The festive build. lor.'

a Gerty Hardin? The restrict build. "I guess you'll go back if it's the transformed by the set of t

"You did not tell me your name,"

"MacLean, George MacLean," said

room, the door banging behind him, man of Iron. "To throw me out of Every one looked up at the noisy interpolation of the solution of the solu ruption. There were several men in the long coom. Among them two alert clean-faced youths, college graduates or students out on furlough, the kind things happening every day that are a liberal education. They are only just beginning to understand what they are of stuff in his class at Lawrence. Three of the sensoned, road-coached type bucking up against. The Colorado's were leading their chairs against the cool thick walls. One was puffing at a cigar. The other, a big, shy giant, was drawing clouds of comfort from a

uade him to take this job. Hardin waited a scant minute to propipe. There was a telegraph operator dragon, but she's a tricky woman, at work in one end of the room, her she's an eel; she's giving us sums to instrument rapidly clicking. In an opposite corner was a telephone ex-change. A girl with a metal band est: "What possessed you to ask him shouldn't I? He is an old Gerty caught a glance of aparound her forehead was punching Ogilvie uses it now." connections between the valley towns

vie?" room. "You can go in. He's not here. He gion. The twin towns were on the map.

The young men returned their hastily withdrawn attention to their game of checkers. The other smoker

into the air. Rickard might not have been there.

"Anything I can do for you? Do you

the general manager. "Oh, he's not much to meet. A pale, particular. I was just looking round.' "It's the show place of Calexico. I'll "Ob, he's not much to meet, A pale, white-livered vegetarian, a theoso-phist. You've seen 'em. Los Angeles is full of 'em. He was here when Har-din was fred. You could see him see his opportunity. His chest swelled up. He looked as if he had tasted meat for the first time. He thought that he could woozle into the empty place! He went hack to Los Angeles.



Rickard lost the feeling of having gone into a remote and isolated re-

ant from Los Angeles. Put in by the O. P. when it assumed control last One of the older men returned his

year. He used to come down once a month. After Hardin went out he was watching with cross-eyed absorp-tion the rings his cigar was sending came down to stay." "Whose say-so?"

"I don't know. The accounts were rotten, that's no office secret. The One of the checker players looked

world knows that. Hardin is blamed for it. It isn't fair. Look at Sather's stone palace in Los Angeles. Look at Hardin's tent, his shabby clothes." want to see anyone in particular?" "No," it was admitted. "No one in "I'd like to meet Ogilvie," observed

take you around. It is the only place in town that is comfortable when it's



Ogilvie's Dismay Was Too Sudden.

"If you will excuse me,"-Ogilvie's

bluff was as anemic as his crushed ap-

w minutes? My papers are in this esk." Rickard now knew his man to the R. Edwards, Pastor. desk. shallow depths of his white-corpus-cled soul. "If I won't be in your way I'll hang around here. I've the day to

kill. His sarcasm was lost in transit. Oglivie said that Mr. Rickard would not be in his way. He would move his papers into the next room tomor-Preaching first and third Spa-

row The engineer moved to the French windows that opened on the alfalfa lawn. A vigorous growth of willows college—I was daffy to finish with my class, and to get me here, to get me inmarked the course of New river, which had cut so perilously near th terested-and then after I've lost my towns. A letter "b," picked out in quick river vegetation, told the story of the flood. The old channel—there it was, the curved arm of the "b," one place to pull me back. Why there are

could tell that by the tall willows-had been too tortuous, too slow for those sweeping waters. The flow had di-vided, cutting the stem of the letter, carrying the flood waters swifte down grade. The flow had dividedswiften

han' divided perhaps the danger too! An idea in that! He would see that better from the water tower he'd spled break our teeth on." "Who has the next room?" "Used to be the general manager's. at entering. Another flood, and a gamble whether Mexicali or Calexico would get the worst of it. Unless one was rendy. A levee-west of the American town! "And who did you say was Ogil-le?" They turned back into the

"Excuse me, sir-do you need me He turned back into the room. He could see that MhcLean was aching fo get out of the room. Ogivie had visibly withered. A blight seemed to fal on him as his white, blue-veined fingers made a bluff among his papers. "Thank you." Rickard nodded "Thank you." Rickard nodded a MacLean, who burst into the outer of

"It's the new general manager from Tueson—Rickard's his name." His whisper ran around the walls of the room, where other arrivals were tilt-ing their chairs. "The new general nanager! Ogilvie woozled for noth "Did myone know that he was com-ing?" Silent, the fanned giant, spoke.

Mooster, bright-eyed and wiry, re-moving his pipe. "He likes to move in a mysterious way his wonders to per form, (Used to sing that when I was a kid!) No announcement, Simply Enter Rickard."

place! He went back to Los Angeles, "More like this," said Silent. "Exit convinced them that the auditor Hardin. Enter Ogilvie. Enter Rick should be here, protect the company's interests. It sounded mysterious, sleuthlike, as if he had discovered ard."

"And exit Ogilvie," cried MacLean "It's $a \rightarrow d - d$ shame," burst out Wooster. No one asked him what he

EASY 10 GET, EASY TO KEEP-USE "DIGESTONEINE" AND WIN suick relief from heartburn, sour, gasy stomach, dizziness and other indigestion ills. Tone your entire system, stir up your appetite by fol-lowing the lead of thousands-

3 He Saw the Face, Carefully Averted. averted, of the girl he had met at the eyes jumped to her companions, the man a stranger, and then, Gerty Holmes. At least, Mrs. Hardin! Some

was raising his first spoonful to his

how, it surprised him to find her pretty. - She had achieved a variety of dis tinction, preserving, moreover, the clear-cut babyish chin which had made

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Rickard made a dive from a swirl of dust into the hotel. The long line he anticipated at the desk was not there. He stopped to take in a valley innova-tion. One end of the long counter had been converted into a soda-water bar. The high swivel stools in front of the white marbled stand, with its towering silver fixtures, were crowded with dustparched occupants of the bus. A whitecoated youth was pouring colored

"With bath?"

That was not Hardin's face. It held sirups into tall glasses; there was clinking of ice; a sizzling of siphons. was a strength and power. The outline was sharp and distinct, showing the strong "That's a new one on me." grinned lines, the determined mouth of the plo-Rickard turning toward the desk nver. There was something else, so where a complacent proprietor stood waiting to announce that there was but thing which stood for distinction-no, it couldn't be Hardin. And then, because an outthrust lip

to stare at them.

changed the entire look of the man, Rickard asked his table companions, "Bath right across the hall. Only room left in the house." The proprietor who was the man with the two ladies, awarded him the valley stare. "Going near the door.

to be here long?" He passed the last key on the rack to the darky stagger-ing under a motley of bags and suitbama became immediately oratorical. "that is a big man, suh. If the Imcases. Rickard recognized his, and folperial valley ever becomes a reality a fixtuah. It will be because of that one "L may get you another room tomo

row," called the proprietor after him as he climbed the dusty stairs. The signals of a new town waving in the dining room. The ma

jority of the citizens displayed their to know something quite different, and shirt sleeves and unblushing suspend-ers. One large table was surrounded by men in khaki; the desert soldiers, reminded the gentleman from Alabama that he had not told him the name. "The father of this valley, of the engineers. The full blown waitresse reclamation of this desert, Thomas elab rately pompadoured, were push-ing through the swing-doors, carrying heavy trays. Coquetry appeared to be Hardin, suh." Rickard tried to reset, without attracting their attention, the group of their occupation, rather than meal

erving, the diners accepting both variesonality had been so obnoxious to h ies of attention with appreciation. The supremacy of those superior maidens was menaced only by two other womhe had known had also large features,

en who sat at a table near the door. Rickard did not see them at first. The room was as masculine as a restaurant in a new mining town.

Rickard left his indoor view to look through the French windows opening on a side street. He noticed a siender but regular procession. All the men

assing fell in the same direction. "Cocktail route," explained one of his neighbors, his mouth full of boiled

her pretty childish way of lifting her husband. it. She was prettier than he had pic-

"Why didn't you tell me? Why did tured her. Queer that a man like Haryou let me make a goose of myself?" She was remembering that there had din could draw such women for sister and wife-the blood tie was the most been no protest, no surprise from Inamazing. For when women come to . She knew! A family secret is shrugged. "I'm glad, on the whole, marry, they make often a queer choice. occurred to him that that might we been Hardin—he had not wanted that you planned it as a surprise. For I carried it off as if we'd not been insulted, disgraced."

"Gerty !" expostulated Hardin. "Gerty!" implored Innes. "And we are in for a nice friendly

dinner !' "Are you quite finished?" Hardin

As the three passed out of the dining foom. Rickard caught their several expressions: Hardin's stiff, indifferent; Gerty's brilliant but hard, as she ed a finished, brave little smile in

his direction. The sister's bow was "That, suh," his neighbor from Aladistinctly haughty.

In the hall, Gerty's laugh rippled but. It was the laugh Rickard remembered, the light frivolous cadence which recalled the flamboyant pattern man, suh. Reclamation is like a se thrown on a rock. Will it stick? W of the Holmes' parlor carpet, the long, crowded dining table where Gerty had Will crowded dining table where Gerty had at is reigned. It told him that she was init take root? Will it grow? That is what we all want to know."

different to his coming, as she meant Rickard thought that he had wanted it should. And it turned him back to a dark corner in the honeysuckle-draped porch where he had spent so many evenings with her, where once

he had held her hand, where he told her that he loved her. For he had or at least he thought And had run away from her ex-

pectant eyes. A cad, was he, because he had brought that waiting look into his impressions of the man whose perher eyes, and had run from it? uld a man ask a woman to give in the old Lawrence days. The Hardin

her life into his keeping until he is but of the flaccid irritating order. He quite sure that he wants it? He was revamping his worn defense. Should he live up to a minute of surrender, of summoned a picture of Hardin as he had shuffled into his own classroom, or

tenderness, if the next instant brings up to the long table where Gerty had always queened it among her mother's sanity, and disillusionment? He could boarders. He could see the rough un polished boots that had always offend bury now forever self-reproach. He could laugh at his own vanity. Gerty Hardin, it was easy to see, had forgoted him as a betrayal of the man's inner coarseness; the badly fitting coat, ten what he had whispered to Gerty the long awkward arms, and the satis-fied, loud-speaking mouth. These fea-Holmes. They met as sober old fied, loud-speaking mouth. These fea-tures were more definite. Could time friends. That ghost was laid.

"I'll Take You Around."

cipline.

or when the wind blows, that's the program all summer. Take my place, Pete."

Pete, the young giant, with the face of his infancy enlarged rather than matured, slipped into the vacant chair. He had been the first to discover the

stranger, but he had evaded the re sponsibility. The game immediately absorbed him.

"It's nice here," repeated the young They fellow, leading the way. The followed by a few idle glances. chair with care.

Rickard looked with approval at the

thin all figure which was assuming the courtesy of the towns. The fine handsome face was almost too girlish, the muscles of the mouth too sensitive yet for manly beauty, but he liked the

type. Lithe as a young desert-reared Indian, his manner and carriage told of a careful home and rigid school dis-

He was ushered into a large cool room. The furnishings he inventoried: a few stiff chairs, a long table and a typewriter desk, closed for the Sab-

bath. "The stenographer's room," nounced the lad superfluously. "Whose stenographer" "General property now. Everyone has a right to use her time. She used to be Hardin's, the general manager's She is his still, in a way. But Ogilvie

keeps her busy most of the time. Rickard had not heard of Ogilvie, He made a mental register.

the answer would trail wisps of other information. He had a very active cu-

"When did Hardin go out?" He knew the date himself. He expected

ompanies', too. Oglivie's taking notes -wants to be the next general manager: it sticks out all over him." "What's the derivation of woozle?"

something, so they let him bring the

"Then he's doing something else by this time. That wouldn't take him five minutes unless he's a gull," snapped this with deep gravity. "Wait till you see Oglivie!" laughed his entertainer. Then as an after-Wooster, who hated Ogilvie as a rat The door opened behind them, and A. Altrost si The door opened and Rickard came

The door opened behind them, and Rickard saw the man whose descrip-tion had been so defly knocked off. He recognized the type seen so fre-quently in southern California towns, the pale demonster settle where cherter in. Almost simultaneously the outer door opened to admit Hardin. Who

would introduce the new general man-sger to the dismissed one? The thought flashed from MacLean to Sithe pale, damaged exile whose chance lent, to the telegraph operator. ,Bode of reprieve is conditioned by stern feldt doubled over the checkerboard rules of diet and sobriety. It was the

rules of diet and sobriety. It was the pretending not to see them. Confu-temperament which must perforce sion, etabarrassment was on every translate a personal necessity into a face. Nobody spoke, Hardin was religious dogma. "This gentleman's just--is just "Halls Har

"This gentleman's just—is just looking around," stammered MacLean, blundering, confused. The vegetarian nodded, taking off is felt sombrero and putting it on a bis felt sombrero and putting it on a

his felt sombrero and putting it on a that it was over.

By this time it was apparent that legs outspread, his hands in his pockno one save Hardin knew of his com-ets, ing. He was ahead of Marshall's let-"Ogilvie is satisfied with them."

ters. He did not like the flavor of his The men rather overdid the laugh. "Finding the dust pretty tough?" in "What provision is being made for quired Hardin.

the new general manager?" The question, aimed carelessly, hit "They are not talking of filling the "They are not talking of filling the "There is no need at present. The it did before." "I spent a month in San Francisco "This is a haven, though, from the street. Thought I donf for today." Was Hardin game to do the right "There is no need at present. The it did before." "I before it have bed even on the street. The subordinates? Nothing, it de-veloped, was further from his inter-

did before." Veloped, was further good his did "I heard that they had sent a man tion. Hardin, his legs outstretched the Theorem office to represent kept before his face the bland, im from the Tucson office to represent kept before his face the bland, im-penetrable smile of the oriental. It you hear his name?" stamwas clearly not Rickard's move. nered Ogilvie. checker players fidgeted. Rickard's

"Rickard." silence was interrogative. The auditor recovered himself. "I still smiled. and in close fouch with the Los An-reles office."

"It is true."

"How do you know?" Ogilvie's disfew doses of 666. may was too sudden; the flabby facial muscles betrayed him. "I'm Rickard." The new general

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