

A Noble Sacrifice

By Eva Warrington

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Verne Purcell had a double experience in a single day that marked the turning point in his whole life; he met Albin Marsh, dreamer and inventor, whose personality, once excited, it was difficult to forget; he met also the loveliest young lady he had ever seen—Janice Marsh.

It was because young Purcell was a mechanical engineer, something of an inventor himself and a member of a city technical club, that he became acquainted with the old man. The latter invited him to his home, a quaint, humble cottage, but surrounded by a garden that comprised a veritable floral paradise.

In the midst of it, suggesting a fairy queen of roses, and perfumes, and sweetness, stood the lovely Janice, framed in a background of bewildering color. Purcell for a moment stood riveted, as one in a trance. Then he was conscious that his host had proceeded some distance in advance and rejoined him.

"This is my workshop," said Marsh, as they entered a little square many-windowed building at the rear of the garden.

"And this is the machine I told you about," and proudly the old inventor designated a huge, intricate mass of springs, levers, rods and piping set upon a heavy platform. "The model will be easier to understand," and he moved towards a bench on which was a duplicate in miniature of the large construction.

"If I can perfect this invention," continued Marsh with the glowing eyes of a dreamer and enthusiast, "I shall be rich, famous and content. It is a machine that will do away with half a dozen machines now used in the manufacture of print paper."

Purcell uttered a quickly suppressed ejaculation. His face had paled, a mystifying expression came into his eye. He steadied himself with an effort.

"How—how long have you been working on this invention here?" he asked in a husky tone of voice.

"Eight years," replied Mr. Marsh. "Oh, I must not fall now, so much is involved. A large paper mill has offered me fifty thousand dollars to pro-



"And This is the Machine."

duce the machine I have thought out and nearly worked out. A close friend has invested several thousand dollars in financing me through the years. It would grieve me to death if I could not repay him the generous loan. Observe," Mr. Marsh added, "when I turn this wheel the mechanism works perfectly."

"Yes, I see," nodded Verne in an abstract way.

"But I miss some connection to keep up the power. I know I shall yet find it. Then!"—His eyes sparkled with hope. A dull misery now haunted those of Verne. He was glad to be alone, to think, to recover from a shock, when his host said, "You'll have tea with us and I will go and tell Janice to have it in the garden."

Verne leaned heavily on the workbench when the inventor had gone. He viewed the model with gloomy eyes. The glance was not unfriendly, rather disappointed, though intense. The truth was that he had been working along the same line for the past two years. He had to admit to himself that Marsh had precedence as to the original idea and that he had worked out the mechanical problem far in advance of his own conception. Yet it was hard to surrender one of his own fond dreams of success.

"He lacks the one element I have got," murmured Verne. Then he added in a more gentle tone: "It would break his heart to fail."

He forgot the battle of his emotions when he was introduced to the inventor's daughter. The table had been

set under a spreading oak. All about were roses, and hollyhocks, and pink. It seemed a favorite spot for the birds, that charming garden spot, and the dainty hostess fitted about descending upon the luscious strawberries of her own raising, and the fresh, crisp vegetables from a little patch all within her own keeping. Never had Verne Purcell spent so pleasant an evening.

It led to others quite as enjoyable. That little garden and its bird domains became a cherished spot to Verne Purcell. Much passed in his mind of which his two new friends had no conception. He was fighting a battle all by himself, and unselfishness and sacrifice won in the strong mental struggle he underwent. Secretly he had been working on the missing mechanism of the inventor's machine. He never spoke of it to Marsh nor to Janice, for he designed a vast surprise for the former, and as to Janice—he was in a constant daze of delight when in her company.

He found her alone in the garden one afternoon when he called. There were traces of tears in her eyes and she looked sorrowful and anxious. Deftly he drew from Janice that she was worried about her father.

"He is growing thin and distracted over his troubles," she finally acknowledged to Verne. "He often rises at day break and shuts himself into his workshop and scarcely rests to eat until nightfall. Father says there is one little piece of mechanism that will put the finishing touch to the machine."

"And he cannot find it?" suggested Verne.

"He insists he dreams it, but then when he works he cannot reproduce it. He keeps the blueprint on the workbench table all the time, hoping the missing link will come to his mind. Oh, I hope he will not fail to complete the machine!"

"He shall complete it!" ardently breathed Verne to himself, and he was so attentive and sympathetic all that evening that when he left and Janice returned to her room, she sat at its open window in the dark, thinking of him, and fell into slumber unaware.

Janice awoke with a start as she noticed a light in the workshop. Straining her gaze, she recognized someone bending over the work table where the blueprint lay. She gave a great gasp. It was Verne Purcell.

The light was extinguished and Verne stole across the garden and disappeared. The heart of Janice sank. Why this clandestine and mysterious visit? Was Verne Purcell not what he seemed? Was he bent on stealing her father's invention? The first impulse of Janice was to arouse her father and tell him of the incident. Then her faith in Verne overcame her suspicions.

She was preparing breakfast the next morning when her father came rushing into the room in a frantic state of excitement.

"Eureka!" he shouted. "Oh, Janice, my child! I have succeeded. I have been half mad with despair and discouragement. Now I am lifted to the very heights. I have found the connecting link—think of it—the blueprint! I must have drawn it when half dazed, the echo of my dream!"

He and his model left the house an hour later. Janice visited the workshop. A deep thoughtfulness settled down over her as she examined the blueprint and picked up a pencil from the floor.

She received a brief note from Verne that afternoon. "Please tell Mr. Marsh that I am called away from the city for a day or two." It ran, and the day following there came a telegram to Janice from her father: "Model accepted. Money paid and royalties during life of patent."

The heart of Janice fluttered strangely as Verne Purcell put in an appearance two evenings later. She handed him the telegram she had received from her father.

"Grand! Glorious!" exclaimed Verne, and slightly started. "What is this?" he inquired.

"The pencil you dropped in my father's workshop the night you placed on the blueprint the connecting suggestion of the machine. Why this great sacrifice?"

"You ask!" said Verne, with emotion, "when it means the lifelong happiness of your dear father? Miss Marsh—Janice, you share my secret—he must never know. It would crush his pride, his ambition. His was the invention first. It is just that I should step aside."

"It is noble!" cried Janice, with shining eyes. "Oh, my friend!"

She placed her trembling hands within his own, and Verne Purcell knew that there was a reward in store for him, her undying love, for the asking.

Thought "Lieutenant" First Name.

When General Sibert, now in France with General Pershing, was graduated from West Point as a second lieutenant many years ago, he went back to his boyhood home in Kentucky and for a vacation took a hunting trip with an old fellow known as one of the best hunters in the state. Years passed and Lieutenant Sibert was promoted through intermediate ranks until he reached the grade of major general. Again he went to his boyhood home and hunted with his old friend who had hunted with him years before.

The two had a fine time, but General Sibert noticed that the hunter persisted in calling him "lieutenant."

It finally got on the general's nerves, and he blurted out: "Say, I like you a whole lot, but why do you keep on calling me 'lieutenant'?"

The old fellow was abashed, but he didn't lose his nerve.

"Why, ain't that your first name?" he said.

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American Indian Aided Much in Winning War.

Washington, Dec. 16.—The American Indian, by enlisting in the army and navy, by subscribing liberally to the liberty loans, by increasing the productions of foodstuffs on Indian lands, and by contributions to relief agencies, greatly aided the United States and the allies in winning the war, declared Cato Sells, commissioner of Indian affairs, today in his annual reports.

Mr. Sells said that out of 33,000 eligible for military duty, more than 6,500 Indians entered the army, 1,000 enlisted in the navy. Commissioner Sells said that Indians now hold the equivalent of one \$50 liberty bond for every man, woman and child of their race in the nation.

Through it all, Commissioner Sells declared, a new view of life and responsibilities is coming to the Indian. "In the midst of the most decisive and expensive achievements of history," said the report, "he is learner of the eternal principles involved. He is a student of the rights of individuals, of nations and of international ethics. It is something to challenge attention when eight or ten thousand of a race, which within the memory of living men knew little beyond the restraints of barbarism, cross the ocean as crusaders of democracy and civilization."

The policy adopted in 1917 of giving control of their own affairs to as many of the Indians as possible has proven successful and fully justified the report declared.

Many Berlin Workers Demand Higher Wages.

Berlin, Dec. 13.—The Zeitung Am Mittag and the afternoon editions of the Tagelblatt and Vossische Zeitung were not published today because of a strike arising from wage demands made by the men in the composing room.

Skilled workers receive good wages. The fact that the members of the soldiers' and workmen's councils are drawing pay on the same scale has stimulated employes in many branches to accept that figure as the standard of pay.

The Weerthum department store shut down today as the result of the firm's refusal to meet the demand of the women employes for an extra war allowance ranging from 100 to 1,000 marks each. The amount involved would total 1,500,000 marks.

That the labor situation in many of the big industrial plants in Berlin is rapidly becoming acute is evidenced

MOUNT AIRY MANS LUCKY FIND.

Will Interest Readers of the News.

Those having the misfortune to suffer from backache, urinary disorders, gravel, dropsical swellings, rheumatic pains or other kidney and bladder disorders, will read with gratification this encouraging statement by a Mount Airy man.

Dick Roberts, prop. of furniture store, 148 Haymore street, says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills and am glad to recommend them. Doan's entirely cured me in a short time of an attack of backache and kidney trouble. I had been having pain in the small of my back for several weeks and on hearing of Doan's I got a supply. I took less than one box and I have had no trouble from my kidneys since." (Statement given December 23, 1907).

On July 15, 1918, Mr. Roberts said: "I haven't used Doan's Kidney Pills for some time. I believe the cure they gave me is permanent and gladly give this endorsement."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Roberts had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y. 12-19

by the peremptory demands made by the workmen and clerical forces in the Siemens and Halske electrical works and the allied Siemens-Schuckert plant at Spandau. The wage schedules with which the management is being confronted by call for increases amounting to 124,000,000 marks annually.

SOME WOUNDED SPEND WEEKS IN BATH TUBS

London, Nov. 30.—A moving picture audience in bath tubs through which warm water flows is the entertainment oddity provided in film shows by the American Y. M. C. A. at the hospital under the shadows of King's college Cambridge, where wounded men from France are treated. In one ward certain of the patients who have had very serious, septic wounds are having the water treatment.

To look at these men you might think the ywere lying comfortably in bed, propped up with pillows. They are really sitting in bath tubs in water to their waists. A constant stream of water with a temperature of 98 is kept running through the tub, purifying and cleaning the wounds, which have no other dressing. A kind of magnified lap-board covers the top of the tub, and is in turn covered by a long bright patch quilt. And there the men sit on air cushions, leaning against air pillows, day and night, sometime for weeks at a time. Only the most serious cases are put into these baths, men who otherwise have little chances of recovery and none without the amputation of a limb. But never yet has a case so treated been lost.

"It's beastly uncomfortable the first week," said the record case of the ward, a British Tommy who was for 11 weeks in the bath. "Your legs ache, and you have the water rash. But in a week, at most, you get over that and, then it is more comfortable than being in bed. In fact after they put you in bed you can't sleep for a while, it's so hard."

The American Y. M. C. A. has been sending these men "movies" twice a week. A screen has been arranged at one end of the hut and there all the screen favorites play their parts while the men sit comfortable in their warm tubs. And when the show is over all they have to do is turn out the lights and go to sleep.

Stomach Trouble.

"Before I used Chamberlain's Tablets I doctored a great deal for stomach trouble and felt nervous and tired all the time. These tablets helped me from the first, and inside of a week's time I had improved in every way," writes Mrs. L. A. Drinkard, Jefferson City, Mo.

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