

COURT HOUSE NEWS

CIRCUIT COURT
Judge W. G. Cochran convened court again Wednesday morning. The list named below that were indicted by the grand jury, pleaded guilty on first charge of gaming.

OBITUARY

MRS. THOMAS B. FULTZ
Sarah E. Seihner was born near Dayton, Ohio, Dec. 18, 1845. When a small child, she was brought by her parents to Mooresville, Indiana, April 11, 1867, she was married to Thomas B. Fultz. They moved to Sullivan in 1867 and lived for thirty-four years in one neighborhood.

WILSON AND MARSHALL

Democrats Win Greatest Victory in the History of the Party. House Majority Increased and Senate Probably Will Be Democratic.

ILLINOIS CLOSE, WILSON IN LEAD

Moultrie County Elects Democratic Ticket and Ray D. Meeker Is Elected for State Senator.

Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, will be the twenty-eighth President of the United States. Thomas R. Marshall of Indiana goes with him to Washington, occupying the second place in our nation.

There was a landslide everywhere, and Wilson was elected by the greatest popular plurality ever given a presidential candidate. The returns as the states fell in line show that the people's choice was the democratic nominee.

In Illinois the race between Wilson and Roosevelt was very close, with Wilson in the lead at noon Friday. Judge Dunne for governor, and the entire Democratic state ticket, was elected by about 100,000 plurality.

PRESIDENT-ELECT WOODROW WILSON.



THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL, Vice President-Elect



MOULTRIE COUNTY.

- For President—Wilson 1499-650, Taft 747, Roosevelt 849
For Governor—Dunne 1478-621, Deneen 777, Funk 857
For Congress—Borchers 1499-545, McKinley 954, Chadwick 678
For State Senator—Meeker 1554-759, Dunlap 795, Blacker 756

VOTE FOR COUNTY OFFICIALS BY PRECINCTS.

- EAST NELSON, Circuit Clerk—Gaddis (dem) 156; Dunscomb (rep) 98.
States Attorney—Martin (dem) 156; Miller (rep) 97.
Coroner—Scarborough (dem) 147; Tohill (rep) 96.

- Dunscomb 1152, Martin 1576, Miller 1207, Scarborough 1534, Tohill 1215, Selby 1602, Moody 2011

Woman suffrage won in Arizona Kansas and Oregon.

Debs ran third in Nevada with Taft in fourth place.

Ray D. Meeker, for state senator, won over Dunlap by a majority of 267.

A Demented Man.

Luther Rose, of Mattoon, was found wandering in a demented condition Tuesday evening in Whitley and East Nelson townships. He was first noticed by Mrs. Earl See in the Smyner neighborhood.

Mr. Rose came to Whitley from the state of New York a number of years ago. He has been married twice, his first wife being Miss Rebecca Smyser.

Mr. Rose was in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquor to excess, which no doubt caused his trouble.

CHURCH SERVICES.

CHRISTIAN. Good audiences at both services last Sunday. We will look for you next Sunday.

Morning theme, "Spiritual Discipline." Evening subject, "The Elder Brother."

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Remember the revival service begins next Sunday morning. The preaching will be done by the pastor and the singing by Prof. Mohr of Ashley, Ohio.

Rev. C. F. Baker will preach Sunday night with quarterly conference at the close of the preaching service.

Chowder

One peck green tomatoes, 1 large head cabbage, 3 large onions. Chop fine and mix with one cup salt. Let stand over night and drain off in the morning.

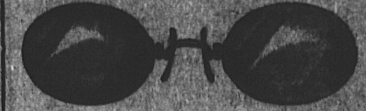
Graven Home Burned.

The four-room farm residence of Charles Gravens, together with the contents, was consumed by fire, Monday morning. The fire started from a defective flue and owing to the fact that a strong wind was blowing nothing could be done to extinguish the fire.

The house and furniture were insured in the Home Insurance Company, of which Elza Smith of Shelbyville is the agent.

MR. POULTRYMAN—If you are not getting eggs, don't blame the chickens. Help them along by feeding Conkey's Laying Tonic. A. O. BARNUM has it.

There's a law prohibiting cruelty to animals—but none for the way you neglect your eyes.



But remember you pay for the abuse you give them in more ways than one. Why do so many people wear glasses now? is asked often.

That's Our Business. Consult us at Barron's Drug Store on third Saturday of each month.

Next date, Nov. 16 Wallace & Weatherby The Optical Shop

Optometrists and Opticians 109 E. North St., DECATUR, ILL.

Gathering Stones for Teeth

Upon the rocky coasts of Normandy between Havre and Dieppe are to be seen numbers of men and boys of all ages, walking slowly up and down the shore and occasionally picking up a pebble and placing it carefully in sacks which they carry.

Dental Parlors Moved

I have moved my office to the rooms in the I. O. O. F. building, formerly occupied by Dr. Marzweiler at the southwest corner of the square.

Come to me if you want skillful and good work. —Adv. O. A. FOSTER.

Warm Coffee in the Field

If one is obliged to work in the field in late autumn, a warm drink proves most acceptable. Take an ordinary jug, such as wines and liquors are sold in, and fill it with very hot water, letting it stand until the jug itself is thoroughly heated.

Rain Election Day

The continuous rain Tuesday dampened the ardor of many of the rural voters. It also dampened the roads to the degree that autoists left their machines in the garage.

Boys' State Fair School

One phase of the growth of the Boys' State Fair School is shown in the increased enrollment. First session (1910) 124, Second session (1911) 194, Third session (1912) 212.

Rubber Goods

Not the good, bad, or indifferent kind. Just simply the guaranteed good kind. Your money back quick, if they fail to give satisfaction: at THE REXALL DRUG STORE —Adv. 44-2 South side of square

REAL ESTATE

- George W. Yates to Alice A. Lamar, lot 7, blk. 8, Caldwell's 3rd add. to Sullivan. 400.
W. R. Titus to C. & E. L. R. E. part. 550.
Minnie Clark to Thomas Duggan, see record. 5000.
Harriet Bowman to D. W. Cook, land in 34, 35, 14-4, 312-4. 1000.
Wm. D. Cox to Mary R. Smith, lots in Lovington. 1350.
Charles Walton to A. R. Scott, land in 39-14-4. 8801.70
Same to same, land in 4 and 5, 19-5. 18715.24
Same to Same, blk. G in Noble's add to Bethany. 3039.19

Illinois University Endorses Stock Show

The Hon. Eugene Davenport, in a recent interview, expressed himself as follows, relative to the International Live Stock Exposition which will, this year, be held from Nov. 30 to Dec. 2.

"It is a mistake to suppose that the promotion of agricultural interests affects only farmers. The truth of the matter is that other people are more interested and more affected by agricultural progress than are the farmers themselves.

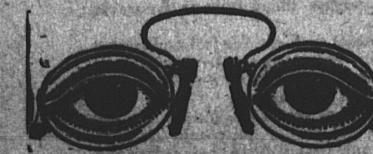
Silly Wager

Miss Katherine Henry of St. Elmo, Ill., a pretty school-teacher, became so enthusiastic in her belief that Roosevelt would win, that she promised to wear men's white socks all winter if he was defeated.

Notice to Hunters

Everyone wishing to hunt is notified to procure a hunting license as required by law. C. ENTERLINE, Game Warden.

ANNOUNCEMENT



MR. R. C. AUGUSTINE, the Decatur Optician, will be at Barber's Book Store on the

Third Saturday of Each Month

Next date, Saturday, Nov. 16

Call at his store when in Decatur, at 143 North Water street.

The Needed Church

A Sunday meeting place for people who think.

A church founded on the Beatitudes. A church that writes Hope over its portal and Love over its altar.

A church that does not ask "What is your creed?" but "What is your aim?"

A church with no devil but man's inhumanity to man, and no hell but a man's own conscience.

A church that believes enough in God to believe that he will save to the uttermost, and believes enough in man to believe he will want to be saved to the uttermost.

A church that follows Jesus Christ as John followed him, and Paul, and Franklin, and Lincoln.

A church with a star ever shining over every grave, and a rainbow ever arching every grief.

A church that holds that health, good cheer, and faith are catching, and that optimism is the only right attitude.

A church with no seats for the rich man because he is rich, or the poor man because he is poor, but with seats for every man who comes, to worship God in spirit and in truth. —Ex.

Church Reception

Rev. A. L. Caseley and wife entertained the members of the official board of the M. E. church and their wives Monday evening. Supper was served in the church, Miss Katie McCarthy being the caterer.

After supper, addresses were made by different persons. Judge W. G. Cochran was the toastmaster. W. A. Steele represented the church, E. A. Silver the Sunday school, and E. J. Miller spoke for the revival meeting soon to begin.

Mrs. Elmer Richardson made an address in behalf of the Missionary society, Mrs. E. J. Miller for the Young People's Missionary society and Mrs. J. M. David represented the Aid society.

Rev. Caseley responded to the address for the church and the auxiliaries.

Mattoon Pastor

Rev. Dr. G. P. Oliver of Wheeling, W. Va., has by an arrangement, effected at a meeting in Toledo, O., by bishops having jurisdiction over the Illinois and West Virginia conference, exchanged pulpits with Rev. A. W. Mills of Mattoon.

The charge in Mattoon was assigned to Rev. Mills at the conference in Decatur last fall, but the Mattoon congregation would not receive him.

Dr. Oliver comes to our section, recommended as a man of great ability and a preacher of great force and power. The membership in Mattoon numbers 1600.

Employment Agency.

Wanted, eight single men and four men with teams and wagons to husk corn. Five good girls to do house work. One carpenter. One married farm hand. Employers still wanted. J. E. CROWDER, Sullivan, Phone 358.

Heh! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. It cures piles, eczema, any skin itching. All drug stores sell it. —Adv.

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream Tartar

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

No Alum
No Lime Phosphates

Local News Items

Mrs. Jane Duncomb was very sick several days this week.

Mrs. Ray Warren of Tuscola spent Monday with Sullivan friends.

Robert Noble, a son of U. A. Noble of Windsor was in Sullivan Monday.

Miss Marie Barrum has been assisting in O. L. Todd's store as an extra.

The Sew-a-Bit club met with Mrs. E. E. Wright, Thursday afternoon.

The Shelbyville Catholic church was virtually destroyed by fire Sunday noon.

The Epworth League held a social at the home of Francis Ray Tuesday evening.

Harley Burwell of Monticello spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Burwell.

Miss Leota Banks returned home Monday from a two weeks' visit in Windsor and Decatur.

FOR RENT—An 80-acre farm at \$8 per acre, cash in advance.—ROSE SPRINGS, Bethany, Ill. 40-11 Adv.

Jas. Dedman and son have moved their stock of harness to the second door east of the postoffice in Steele's building.

FREE—A trial package of Conkey's Laying Tonic and 50c Poultry Book, if you bring this ad to A. G. BARRUM.—Adv. 43-4

A. Z. Eden and W. L. Hancock finished their campaign work in Chicago Saturday and got busy in Sullivan Monday.

Elmer A. Collins, the west side jeweler, will spend the week in St. Louis and Chicago, selecting a stock of Christmas goods.

A family living north of the Lock bridge has scarlet fever. Mrs. Robert Lock came to Supervisor Ray on Wednesday, asking him to aid them.

Mrs. Ruth Patterson has made her plans to spend the winter in California and will soon depart for the coast for an extended visit with her son, Ernest.

Mrs. Rebecca Dawdy, deceased, willed the Baptist church of this city \$100. On the final settlement of the estate, Monday, the money was given to the trustees.

A. G. Barrum and family moved into the C. O. Pifer home on South Main street as soon as Z. Hall and family vacate it. The Hall family moved to Ohio.

Married, at the county clerk's office Wednesday evening, Nov. 6, George Peppardine and Miss Susie Janes, both of North Okaw township, Coles county, Elder E. D. Elder officiating.

Loans made on farm lands or good personal notes. I can close all loans without delay. Office over Magill's store, west side of square.—Adv. 43-45 F. M. HARBAUGH

A Missouri editor says the biggest trust on earth is the country newspaper. "It trusts everybody, gets cussed for trusting, mistrusted for cussing, and if it busts for trusting, gets cussed for busting."

George P. Chapman's heirs are having the room at the northeast corner of the square repaired, repapered and repainted. The back wall of their room and the one where J. H. Baker has his office, is being torn down and rebuilt, as it was giving away and the brick were falling out.

Neeley Martin of Champaign was in Sullivan, Tuesday.

Mrs. Clem Rice and children are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Seoby of Coles.

William A. Miller is very sick at the home of his son, Peter Miller. His ailment is enlargement of the liver.

J. C. Hoke came home from Champaign Monday to vote, returning Tuesday morning after casting his ballot.

Irving Shuman, W. L. Hancock and A. E. Eden returned to Democratic headquarters in Chicago, Tuesday, after voting.

There was a basket supper in the West Hudson school house Friday night, November 8. Miss Fanny Showers is the teacher.

Tickets are being sold in town for a lecture course in the M. E. church. Those having this in hand deserve much credit and should be patronized.

The Ladies' Missionary society of the Methodist church held their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Daniel Thursday afternoon. It was an annual meeting.

We want a reliable agent at once to sell the best line of city mail boxes made, in a house canvass of this city for the service that goes in Jan. 16. Address Peck-Hamre Manufacturing Co., Berlin, Wis.—Adv. 42-3

Miss Sina Daugherty has rented apartments of Miss Emma Jenkins, and has moved to them from the Globe hotel, where she has been living over a year. Mr. Cunningham's are planning to move to their property in March.

The Friends in Council club held their regular weekly meeting, Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Andrew Corbin, with Mrs. B. F. Pedro as leader. The next meeting will be Nov. 11, with Mrs. Frank Craig.

The large grain elevator standing on the Illinois Central right of way in Dalton City, was burned to the ground early on Sunday morning, together with the contents, which included only a small amount of grain and machinery.

Mrs. Walter Storm of this city is neither a maiden voter or a voter of a minute portion of the ticket. She cast a vote for President McKinley in 1896. At that time, she was a resident of Wyoming and enjoyed equal suffrage with the men.

As Otha Farmer was riding on horseback Tuesday, near John Nichol's, living near Bruce, the horse that he was riding, caught the shoe on its hinder foot in the shoe of one of its front feet, which caused the horse to fall with such violence as to break its neck.

The Hal'owe'en fun here was protracted. Some of the boys were invited next day by the police to take what they had unloaded in the court house yard, back where they got it. Mart Taylor, the night policeman, is willing to help the good times along, and Tolley leads the van.

Rev. Hopper began his services at the Sullivan Christian church last Sunday. The room was filled at both the morning and evening services. Rev. Hopper is a very social, congenial gentleman and preached good sermons, thus making a good impression on his audience. He will preach regularly every Sunday.

Dr. O. A. Foster returned Thursday from a business trip to Chicago.

There will be a box social at the Union school house Friday evening, Nov. 15.

Miss Sadie Scott visited her brother, John Scott in Mattoon, the fore part of this week.

Dr. R. B. Miller will move to Rock Island, next week, where he will continue the practice of medicine.

If you want to learn how to get a good base burner free, read the ad of McPheeters & Creech on this page.

W. A. Short and Mrs. Mattie Williams were married Wednesday evening by Justice Esterline in his office.

Mrs. Lena Forest left Wednesday night for Chicago, where she has arranged to do sewing in the homes of several of the prominent families.

Luther Baker, the second son of Colbert Baker, deceased, and wife, with his family, of California, arrived in Sullivan Friday. Mr. Baker has been in very poor health for several months.

The Moultrie County Poultry Association will hold their show in Sullivan from December 9 to 14. The display will be in the armory. All poultry breeders are requested to bring their poultry for exhibition.

Mrs. Ida Stewart and Miss Fern Lewis will continue dressmaking in the rooms where they have been sewing for a lengthy term with Mrs. Lena Forest. They are experienced dressmakers and patrons will get as satisfactory work in the future as has been turned out.—Adv. 45-3.

Atty. E. E. Wright and family will move to a city in the state of New York, the last of this month. Mr. Wright is an excellent man and good citizen. Sullivan will lose a good man, one of ability and energy when he goes. He and his family are ornaments to society and the church, where he will be missed. It is with many regrets that we see him go.

Now that the presidential election is over, let us get down and boost Sullivan and Moultrie county. There is no question but Sullivan is one of the best towns in the state, a fact which is known to all fair minded people who have traveled around some. Sullivan is just what the people make it. What we would like to see is local improvements and a steady forward movement.

The stock in Corbin's furniture store is being rearranged in order that their big stock of elegant furniture may be the better displayed. The wall paper rack, and other things that were formerly in the front part of the store, were taken to the rear, and as much of the furniture as they had room for on the first floor has been transferred from the second floor and placed to the front of the store, which shows it to advantage.

The senior girls of the Sullivan high school drove to the home of Mrs. Ione Landers, daughter of J. E. Landers, last Saturday afternoon. There were eight of the girls and they went in two carriages, the distance being ten miles. They enjoyed the drive very much. The occasion of their going was their hostess's birthday. She was not looking for company. Her visitors presented her a beautiful gold bar pin for a birthday present.

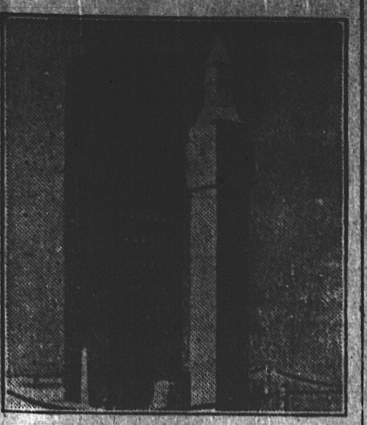
Private telegraph wires were arranged in the judge's room of the court house Tuesday to receive election returns. The circuit court room was filled with an eager crowd, women as well as men. At times the cheering was almost deafening, the democrats making the most and loudest applause as they were continually receiving encouraging returns. The orchestra furnished music during the evening. The majority of the crowd remained until 11:30 when it was announced that there would be no more returns for some time as the democratic headquarters were getting the total of the vote. A few remained until after 1 o'clock. W. H. Wyckoff, agent at the C. & E. T., took the messages on typewriters and they were read to the crowd by Dr. Scarborough and Raymond Duncan. The election went off quietly. No trouble of any kind was reported.

NOTICE—House cleaning time is here, and if you are going to purchase a vacuum cleaner, let it be the New Plan Automatic. It runs easy and gives entire satisfaction to all who have tried it. I will go to your home and demonstrate this labor-saving device if so desired. G. W. SAMPSON. Phone 297. Adv.

Hides of Cow and Horse.

The hide of a cow weighs about 35 pounds, but that of a horse is about half that amount.

ONE YEAR'S SOOT IN LONDON



One of the features of the international Smoke Abatement exhibition in London was a great pillar representing the amount of soot which falls in London in a year, placed between models of St. Stephen's Tower and Cleopatra's Needle, as shown in the illustration. The yearly sootfall in the world's metropolis is estimated at 76,000 tons.

WOMAN REPRESENTS URUGUAY

Brussels can now boast of a woman minister plenipotentiary. She is Dr. Clothilde Luisi, official representative of the Republic of Uruguay. Her advent has caused quite a sensation among foreign diplomats. At occasions of state attended by the diplomatic corps gallant statesmen find it hard to bow to precedent and relegate Miss Luisi to the very obscure place assigned to the representative of that South American state. Dr. Luisi is unmarried and still young, and has a degree from the University of Montevideo. While in Europe she hopes to make a study of modern education.

UNARMED, GETS WILD BEAST

Richard Tovey, a California trapper while hunting, freed a mountain lion leaving his snail on the ground he climbed the tree according to reports and caught the animal in the fold of his heavy hunting coat when it sprang at him.

A GREAT RECORD

HARD TO Duplicate It in Sullivan

Scores of representative citizens of Sullivan are testifying for Doan's Kidney Pills. Such a record of local endorsement is unequalled in modern times. This public statement made by a citizen is but one of the many that have preceded it and the hundreds that will follow. Read it:

Andrew Baugher, mechanic, Sullivan, Ill., says: "For three or four years kidney complaint plagued me and the use of doctor's medicine and remedies of various kinds failed to cure me. My back was extremely lame and painful and the unnatural condition of the kidney secretions showed that my kidneys were out of order. I had a too frequent desire to pass the kidney secretions, and was compelled to arise several times at night. Finally I went to Hall's Drug Store and got a supply of Doan's Kidney Pills. Their use soon improved my condition, and before long the backache and pain disappeared."

Mr. Baugher gave the above statement in March 1907 and confirmed it in detail on Dec. 21, 1909.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's and take no other. Adv.

A Severe Test

A gentleman recently lost his glasses but found the lenses in the ashes removed from the stove. The gold mountings were melted but the lenses were not injured. This was certainly a severe test for crystals. The glasses were purchased from Dr. West, eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist, Wait Bldg., Decatur, and he still has the lenses as proof. He is making a special offer in gold glasses of all kinds; latest patterns, best crystals and testing included, for \$5. He has sold glasses in Logan and Macon counties for 12 years.

42-4 Adv.

Hardy's Story of His Grandfather.

Mr. Thomas Hardy attended a meeting of the Natural History society at Dorchester, at which Mr. Alfred Pope related a story communicated to him by the novelist. The story concerned Mr. Hardy's grandfather, and told how one night he outwitted two men who were bent on robbing him.

He sat down on a furs faggot, placed his hat (on which he had previously put a number of glow worms) on his knees, struck two fern fronds on his head to represent horns, pulled from his pocket a letter he chanced to have with him, and began reading it by the light of the glow worms. In a few days there was a rumor in the neighborhood that the devil had been seen at midnight reading a list of his victims by glow worm light.—London Evening Standard.

Efforts Not All Wasted.

A Geneva ear and throat specialist declares that yawning is helpful; in fact, that it is one of the most beneficial forms of exercise. Hereafter speakers who are a little shy on eloquence may know that at least they do some good to their auditors.

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulator (25 cents per box) corrects the liver, tones the stomach, cures constipation.—Adv.

FREE! FREE!

We have decided to give away one Art Garland Base-Burner on DECEMBER 24th at 2 p. m.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

To the Person Holding the Lucky Ticket.

With every 50 cent purchase of goods at our store, or on every \$1.00 paid on account before above date, we will give one ticket on this Base Burner FREE.

So buy your Base Burners of us and get one free.



The home of the Art Garland and Round Oak Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces.

Ask for Tickets

McPheeters & Creech

Phone 166. Hardware, Heating, Plumbing

A Local Man or Woman

is desired right now to represent the Pictorial Review in this territory—to call on those whose subscriptions are about to expire. Big money for the right person—representatives in some other districts make over \$500.00 a month. Spare time workers are liberally paid for what they do. Any person taking up this position becomes the direct local representative of the publishers. Write today for this offer of

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW

222 West 39th Street New York City

Monument In Glacial Rock



The people of Denmark have erected a picturesque memorial in Copenhagen to Mylius Erichsen and his two fellow explorers who perished in the ill-fated Danish arctic expedition. The monument is a great glacial rock appropriately carved in low relief.

"Our Personal Guarantee to all Skin Sufferers"

SAM B. HALL.

We have been in business in this town for some time, and we are looking to build up trade by always advising our patrons right.

So when we tell you that we have found the eczema remedy and that we stand back of it with the manufacturer's iron clad guarantee, backed by ourselves, you can depend upon it that we give our advice not in order to sell a few bottles of medicine to skin sufferers, but because we know how it will help our business: if we help our patrons.

We keep in stock and sell all the well known skin remedies. But we will say this: if you are suffering from any kind of skin trouble, eczema, psoriasis, rash or tetter, we want you to try a full size bottle of D. D. D. Prescription. And, if it does not do the work, this bottle will cost you nothing. You alone to judge.

Again and again we have seen how a few drops of this simple wash applied to the skin, takes away the itch, instantly. And the cures all seem to be permanent.

D. D. D. Prescription made by the D. D. D. Laboratories of Chicago, is composed of thymol, glycerine, oil of wintergreen and other healing, soothing, cooling ingredients. And if you are just crazy with itch, you will feel soothed and cooled, the itch absolutely washed away the moment you applied this D. D. D.

We have made fast friends of more than one family by recommending this remedy to a skin sufferer here and there and we want you to try it now on our positive no-pay guarantee.

SAM B. HALL, Druggist, Sullivan, Illinois.

Poor Attendance.

It is seldom that a man who has nothing but himself to talk about succeeds in drawing a big audience.

Aristocratic Dairy Farm.

Dairy farming is popular as the source of income to the aristocracy.



The Choice of Course

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of it and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

By Cyrus Townsend Brady



SYNOPSIS.

Enid Mattland, a frank, free and unassuming young Philadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Mattland, James Armstrong, Mattland's protégé, falls in love with her.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued).

"And by what right did you take that one?" he demanded, the outraged young woman, looking at him beneath level brows while the color slowly receded from her face. She had never been kissed by a man other than a blood relation in her life—remember, suspicious reader, that she was from Philadelphia,—and she resented this sudden and unauthorized caress with every atom and instinct of her still somewhat conventional being.

"But aren't you half way engaged to me?" he pleaded in justification, seeing the unvoiced seriousness with which she had received his impudent advance. "Didn't you agree to give me a chance?"

"I did say that I liked you very much," she admitted, "no man better, and that I thought that you might—"

"Well, then—" he began.

"But she would not be interrupted. 'I did not mean that you should enjoy all the privileges of a conquest before you had won me. I will thank you not to do that again, sir.'"

The difference between their years was not quite so great as he declared, but womanlike the girl let the statement pass unchallenged.

"And I wouldn't insult your intelligence by saying you are the only woman that I have ever made love to, but there is a vast difference between making love to a woman and loving one. I have just found that out for the first time. I marvel at the past, and I am ashamed of it, but I thank God that I have been saved for this opportunity. I want to win you, and I am going to do it, too. In many things I don't match up with the people with whom you train. I was born out here, and I've made myself. There are things that have happened in the making that I am not especially proud of, and I am not at all satisfied with the results, especially since I have met you. The better I know you the less pleased I am with Jim Armstrong, but there are possibilities in me, I rather believe, and with you for inspiration, God!"—the man flung out his hand with a fine gesture of determination. "They say that the east and west don't naturally mingle, but it's a lie; you and I can beat the world."



She Actually Fried the Bacon Herself.

The woman thrilled to his gallant wooing. Any woman would have done so; some of them would have lost their heads, but Enid Mattland was an exceedingly cool young person, for she was not quite swept off her feet, and did not quite lose her balance.

"I like to hear you say things like that," she answered. "Nobody quite like you has ever made love to me, and certainly not in your way, and that's the reason I have given you a half way promise to think about it. I was sorry that you could not be with us on this adventure, but now I am rather glad, especially if the even temper of my way is to be interrupted by anything like the outburst of a few minutes since."

"I am glad, too," admitted the man. "For I declare I couldn't help it. If I have to be with you either you have got to be mine or else you would have to decide that it could never be, and then I'd go off and fight it out."

"Leave me to myself," said the girl earnestly "for a little while; it's best so; I would not take the finest, noblest man on earth—"

"And I am not that."

"Unless I loved him. There is something very attractive about your personality; I don't know in my heart whether it is that, or—"

"Good," said the man, as she hesitated. "That's enough." He gathered up the reins and whirled his horse suddenly in the road. "I am going back. I'll wait for your return to Denver, and then—"

"That's best," answered the girl. She stretched out her hand to him, leaning backward. If he had been a different kind of a man he would have kissed it; as it was he took it in his own hand and almost crushed it with a fierce grip.

"We'll shake on that, little girl," he said, and then without a backward glance he put spurs to his horse and galloped furiously down the road.

No, she decided then and there, she did not love him, not yet. Whether she ever would she could not tell. And yet she was half bound to him. The recollection of his kiss was not altogether a pleasant memory; he had not done himself any good by that bold assault upon her modesty, that reckless attempt to rifle the treasure of her lips. No man had ever really touched her heart, although many had engaged her interest. Her experience therefore was not definitive or conclusive. If she had truly loved James Armstrong, in spite of all that she might have said, she would have thrilled to the remembrance of that wild caress. The chances, therefore, were somewhat heavily against him that morning as he rode down the trail alone.

His experiences in love affairs were much greater than hers. She was by no means the first woman he had kissed—remember, suspicious reader, that he was not from Philadelphia—hers were not the first ears into which he had poured passionate protestations. He was neither better nor worse than most men, perhaps he fairly enough represented the average; but surely fate had something better in store for such a superb woman. A girl of such attainments and such infinite possibilities, she must mate higher than with the average man. Perhaps there was a subconsciousness of this in her mind as she silently waited to be overtaken by the rest of the party.

There were curious glances and strange speculations in that little company as they saw her sitting her horse alone. A few moments before James Armstrong had passed them at a gallop, he had waved his hand as he dashed by and had smiled at them, hope giving him a certain assurance, although his confidence was scarcely warranted by the facts.

His demeanor was not in consonance with Enid's somewhat grave and some-

what troubled present aspect. She threw off her preoccupation instantly and easily, however, and joined readily enough in the merry conversation of the way.

Mr. Robert Mattland, as Armstrong has said, had known him from a boy. There were things in his career of which Mattland did not and could not approve, but they were of the past, he reflected, and Armstrong was after all a pretty good sort. Mr. Mattland's standards were not at all those of his Philadelphia brother, but they were very high. His experiences of men had been different; he thought that Armstrong, having certainly by this time reached years of discretion, could be safely entrusted with the precious treasure of the young girl who had been committed to his care, and for whom his affection grew as his knowledge of and acquaintanceship with her increased.

As for Mrs. Mattland and the two girls and the youngster, they were Armstrong's devoted friends. They knew nothing about his past, indeed there were things in it of which Mattland himself was ignorant, and which had been known to him might have caused him to withhold even his tentative acquiescence in the possibilities.

Most of these things were known to old Kirkby, who with mastery skill, amusing nonchalance and amazing profanity, albeit most of it under his breath lest he shock the ladies, toiled along the four nervous, excited bronches that drew the big supply wagon. Kirkby was Mattland's oldest and most valued friend. He had been the latter's deputy sheriff, he had been a cowboy and a lumberman, a mighty hunter and a successful miner, and now, although he had acquired a reasonable competence, and had a nice little wife and a pleasant home in the mountain village at the entrance to the canon, he drove stage for pleasure rather than for profit. He had given over his daily twenty-five mile jaunt from Morrison to Troutdale to other hands for a short space that he might spend a little time with his old friend and the family who were all greatly attached to him on this outing.

Enid Mattland, a girl of a kind that Kirkby had never seen before, had won the old man's heart during the weeks spent on the Mattland ranch. He had grown fond of her, and he did not think that Mr. James Armstrong merited that which he evidently so overwhelmingly desired. Kirkby was well along in years, but he was quite capable of playing a man's game for all that, and he intended to play it in this instance.

Nobody scanned Enid Mattland's face more closely than he, sitting humped up on the front seat of the wagon, one foot on the high break, his head sunk almost to the level of his

matter!—had it been placed before him on the old colonial mahogany of the dining-room in Philadelphia. But up there—in the wide vista had seen the coarse bonny hair with the nest and roll of the most seasoned ranger of the hills. Anxious to be of service, she had turned her hands and embers her hair and scorched her face by usurping the functions of the young ranchman who had been brought along as cook, and had actually fried the bacon herself! Imagine a goddess with a frying pan! The black thick coffee and the condensed milk, drunk from the granite ware cup, had a more delicious aroma and a more delightful taste than the finest Mocha and Java in the daintiest porcelain of France. Optimum condimentum. The girl was frankly ravenously hungry, the air, the altitude, the exertion, the excitement made her able to eat anything and enjoy it.

She was gloriously beautiful, too; even her brief experience in the west had brought back the missing roses to her cheek, and had banished the bistre circles from beneath her eyes. Robert Mattland, lazily reclining propped up against a boulder, his feet to the fire, smoking an old pipe that would have given his brother the horrors, looked with approving complacency upon her, confident and satisfied that his prescription was working well. Nor was he the only one who looked at her that way. Marion and Emma, his two daughters, worshipped their handsome Philadelphia cousin and they sat on either side of her on the great log lying between the tents and the fire. Even Bob Junior condescended to give her approving glances. The whole camp was at her feet. Mrs. Mattland had been greatly taken by her young niece. Kirkby made no secret of his devotion, Arthur Bradshaw and Henry Phillips, each a "tenderfoot" of the extremist character, friends of business connections in the east, who were spending their vacation with Mattland, shared in the general devotion; to say nothing of George the cook and Pete, the packer and horse wrangler.

Phillips, who was an old acquaintance of Enid's, had tried his luck with her back east and had sense enough to accept as final his failure. Bradshaw was a solemn young man without that keen sense of humor which was characteristic of the west. The others were suitably dressed for adventure, for Bradshaw's idea of an appropriate costume was distinguished chiefly by long green felt puttees which swathed his huge calves and excited curious inquiry and ribald comment from the surprised dwellers of each mountain hamlet through which they had passed, to all of which Bradshaw remained serenely oblivious. The young man, who does enter espe-

You showed the Indian over to the left, sir, and at port was the terms as I recollect 'em. It's just the same with burros, you take 'em by the collar, that's by the talk, get a good tight grip on it and if you want him to head to the right, steer his stern shafts around to the left, as you got to be careful you don't get no kick back 'tich at it lands on you in some 'n the case of a mule."

Arthur faithfully followed directions, narrowly escaping the outraged brute's small but sharp pointed heels on occasion. His efforts not being productive of much success, finally in his despair he resorted to brute strength; he would pick the little animal up bodily, pack and all—he was a man of powerful physique—and swing him around until his head pointed in the right direction; then with a prayer that the burro would keep it there for a few rods anyway, he would set him down and start him all over again. The process oft repeated became monotonous after awhile. Arthur was a slow thinking man, deliberate in action; he stood it as long as he possibly could. Kirkby, who rode one horse and led two others, and therefore was exempt from burro driving, observed him with great interest. He and Bradshaw had strayed way behind the rest of the party.

At last Arthur's resistance, patience and piety, strained to the breaking point, gave way suddenly. Primitive instincts rose to the surface and overwhelmed him like a flood. He deliberately sat down on a fallen tree by the side of a trail, the burro halting obediently, turned and faced him with hanging head, apparently conscious that he merited the disapprobation that was being heaped upon him, for from the desperate tenderfoot there burst forth so amazing, so fluent, so comprehensive a torrent of assorted profanity, that even the old past master in obiduration was astonished and bewildered. Where did Bradshaw, mild and inoffensive, get it? His profanity would have appalled his rector and amazed his fellow vestrymen. Not the Jackdaw of Rheims himself was so cursed as that little burro. Kirkby sat on his horse in fits of silent laughter until the tears ran down his cheek, the only outward and visible expression of his mirth.

Arthur only stopped when he had thoroughly emptied himself, possibly of an accumulation of years of repression.

"Wall," said Kirkby, "you sure do overmatch any one I ever heard 'em it comes to cursin'; w'y, you could gimme cards an' spades an' beat me, an' I was thought to have some gift that-a-way in the old days."

"I didn't begin to exhaust myself," answered Bradshaw, shortly, "and what I did say didn't equal the situation. I'm going home."

"I wouldn't do that," urged the old man. "Here, you take the horses an' I'll tackle the burro."

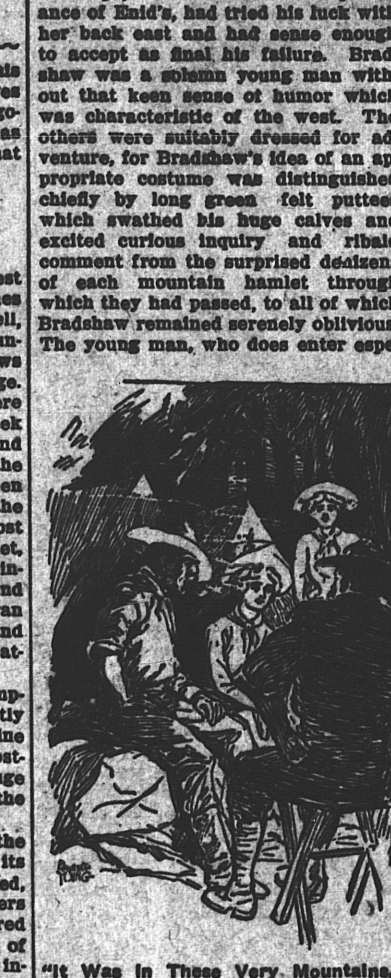
"Gladly," said Arthur. "I would rather ride an elephant and drive a herd of them than waste another minute on this infernal little mule."

The story was too good to keep, and around the camp fire that night Kirkby drew it forth. There was a freedom and easiness of intercourse in the camp, which was natural enough. Cook, teamster, driver, host, guest, men, women, children, and I had almost said burros, stood on the same level. They all ate and lived together. The higher up the mountain range you go, the deeper into the wilderness you plunge, the further away from the conventional you draw, the more homogeneous becomes society and the less obvious are the irrational and unscientific distinctions of the lowlands. The guinea stamp fades and the man and the woman are pure gold or base metal inherently and not by any artificial standard.

George, the cattle man, who cooked, and Pete, the horse wrangler, who assisted Kirkby in looking after the stock, enjoyed the episode uproariously, and would fain have had the exact language repeated to them, but here Robert Mattland demurred, much to Arthur's relief, for he was thoroughly humiliated by the whole performance.

It was very pleasant lounging around the camp fire and one good story easily led to another.

"It was in these very mountains," said Robert Mattland, at last, when his turn came, "that there happened one of the strangest and most terrible adventures that I ever heard of. I have pretty much forgotten the lay of the land, but I think it wasn't very far from here that there is one of the most stupendous canyons through the range; nobody ever goes there; I don't suppose anybody has ever been there since. It must have been at least five years ago that it all happened."



"It Was in These Very Mountains," Said Robert Mattland.

"No, only a possibility, but whether it be true or not, I do not feel that way—yet."

There was a saving grace in that last word, which gave him a little heart. He would have spoken, but she suffered no interruption, saying: "I have been wooed before, but—" "True, unless the human race has become suddenly blind," he said softly under his breath.

"But never in such ungentle ways. 'I suppose you have never run up against a real red-blooded man like me before.'"

"If red-blooded be evidenced mainly by lacking of self control, perhaps I have not. Yet there are men that I have met that would not need to apologize for their qualms even to you, Mr. James Armstrong."

"Don't say that. Evidently I make but poor progress in my wooing. Never have I met with a woman quite like you—and in that indeed lay some of her charm, and she might have replied in exactly the same language and with exactly the same meaning to him—"I am no longer a boy. I must be fifteen years older than you are, for I am thirty-two."

cially into this tale, was a vestryman of the church in his home in the suburbs of Philadelphia. His piety had been put to a severe strain in the mountains.

That day everybody had to work on the trail—everybody wanted to for that matter. The hardest labor consisted in the driving of the burros. Unfortunately there was no good and trained leader among them through an unavoidable mistake, and the campers had great difficulty in keeping the burros on the trail. To Arthur Bradshaw had been allotted the most obstinate, cross-grained and determined of the unruly band, and old Kirkby and George paid particular attention to instructing him in the gentle art of manipulating him over the rocky mountain trail.

"Wall," said Kirkby with his somewhat languid, drawing nasal voice, "that burro's like a ship with I often seed 'em when I was a kid down east afore I come out to God's country. Nature has pervided 'em with a kind of a helium. I remember if you wanted the boat to go to the right,

"There are people who do not know how to waste their time alone, and hence become the scourge of busy people"—De Rosal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

