

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. O. U. W. - INDEPENDENCE. Lodge, No. 23, meets every Monday night in L. J. O. F. hall. All working brothers are invited to attend. O. F. Kennedy, M. W. W. O. Cook, Recorder.

VALLEY LODGE, NO. 42, I. O. O. F. - Meets in V. M. Hall every Thursday evening. All Old fellows cordially invited to meet with them. J. E. Hubbard, N. G. W. H. Craven, Secy.

L. YON LODGE, NO. 23, A. F. & A. M. - Meets in V. M. Hall every Saturday evening or before full moon each month and two weeks thereafter. G. W. Shann, W. M. Lee C. Bell, Secy.

HOMER LODGE, NO. 45, K. of P. - Meets every Wednesday evening. All knights are cordially invited. W. H. Hawley, G. C. M. O. Potter, K. B. & S.

PHYSICIANS-DENTISTRY.

O. D. BUTLER, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Secy. U. S. Board of Medical Examiners. Office in Opera House block.

E. L. KETCHUM, M. D. OFFICE and residence, corner Railroad and Almonmouth sts., Independence, Or.

D. R. J. ROBINSON, RESIDENT Dentist. All work warranted to give the best of satisfaction. Independence, Or.

D. R. A. B. GILLIS, SPECIALIST Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Office over Bush's bank, Salem, Or. 5-28

DRS. LEE & BABBITT, PHYSICIANS and Surgeons. Special attention paid to diseases of women. Office over Independence National Bank. T. J. Lee, M. D. W. Babbitt, M. D. C. M., Fellow Trinity Medical College.

ATTORNEYS.

GEO. A. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT Law. Will practice in all state and federal courts. Abstracts of title furnished. Office over Independence National Bank.

DALY, SIBLEY & EAKIN, ATTORNEYS at Law. We have the only set of abstract books in Polk county. Real estate abstracts furnished. Money to loan; no commission charged on loans. Office, rooms 2 and 3 Wilson's block, Dallas, Oregon.

A. M. HURLEY, ATTORNEY AND Counselor at Law. Office, next to Independence National Bank, Independence, Or.

BONHAM & HOLMES, ATTORNEYS at Law. Office in Bush's block, between State and Court, on Commercial street, Salem, Or.

SASH AND DOORS.

MITCHELL & BOHANNON, MANUFACTURERS of sash and doors. Also, scroll sawing. Main street, Independence, Or.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

D. R. E. G. YOUNG, late of Nebraska, Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist has moved to Independence, and opened an office over the Independence National bank.

TAILORS.

W. G. SHARMAN, MERCHANT Tailor, O. Street, near postoffice. Suits in any style made to order at reasonable rates.

-Learn Telegraphy- A TRADE It Pays ::: Success Sure. Address - J. C. SEYMOUR, Oregonian Building, Portland, Oregon.

HOME BUILDERS Will consult their best interests by purchasing their

SASH AND DOORS of the reliable manufacturer,

M. T. CROW, Shoemaker Independence, Or., successor to Ferguson & Van Meer. Sings pine and cedar doors, all sizes, on hand.

SCREEN DOORS.

BANKS.

THE INDEPENDENCE National Bank

Capital Stock, \$50,000.00.

H. HIRSHBERG, President. W. P. CONNORWAY, Cashier.

A general banking and exchange business transacted; loans made, bills discounted, commercial credits granted; deposits received on current account subject to check, interest paid on time deposits.

DIRECTORS. B. F. Smith, A. Nelson, I. A. Allen, H. H. Jasper, E. J. Goodman, D. W. Sears, H. Hirschberg.

Commenced Business March 4, 1889. Established by National Authority.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

of Independence, Oregon.

Capital Stock - \$50,000.00 Surplus - \$14,000.00

J. S. COOPER, L. W. ROBERTSON, President. Vice President. W. H. HAWLEY, Cashier.

DIRECTORS. J. S. Cooper, L. Robertson, Lewis Helmick, G. W. Whitteaker, W. W. Collins.

A general banking business transacted; bills and exchange on all important points.

Deposits received subject to check or on certificate of deposit. Collections made. Office hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

J. J. HARKINS, THOS. FENNELI.

Harkins & Fennell

BLACKSMITHING

Main street, Independence

At the old stand of E. E. Kregel, where you can get your

Wagon or Plow Repaired + or other iron work done.

HORSESHOEING

done in the most approved manner.

As a Horseshoer, Mr. Harkins

Is Well Known Throughout Polk County.

A. PRESICOTT, J. A. VANESS.

PREGOTT & VENESS,

Proprietors of

INDEPENDENCE SAW MILL

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

FIR and HARDWOOD

Rough and Dressed LUMBER.

J. A. WHEELER, - Manager.

MONMOUTH DAIRY

B. F. CHURCH, Prop.

Will deliver milk in Monmouth and Independence every morning for

5 Cents a Quart. Twenty tickets for one dollar. Leave orders at Walker Bros., Independence, or Mulkey & Hale, Monmouth

Best of Work. Give him a trial and you will be convinced that his work is first-class. His prices are very reasonable.

Whiteaker's Old Stand.

Independence, Oregon.

FINE JERSEY STOCK

These persons who desire to have Jersey stock in their herds are invited to inspect the thoroughbred sown by T. B. HUNTLEY, two miles south of town, on Buena Vista road.

TERMS OF SERVICE-TWO DOLLARS With Privilege of Return.

T. B. HUNTLEY Independence Oregon.

Attention

In time to any irregularity of the Stomach, Liver, or Bowels may prevent serious consequences.



Pills. Purely vegetable, sugar-coated, easy to take and quick to assimilate, this is the ideal family medicine, the most popular, safe, and useful aperient in pharmacy.

Mrs. M. A. BROCKWELL, Harris, Tenn., says: "Ayer's Cathartic Pills cured me of sick headache and my husband of neuralgia. We think there is no better medicine."

No Better Medicine, and have induced many to use it."

"Thirty-four years ago this spring, I was run down by hard work and a succession of colds, which made me so feeble that it was an effort for me to walk. I consulted the doctor, but kept sinking lower until I had given up all hope of ever being better. Happening to be in a store, one day, where medicines were sold, the proprietor noticed my weak and sickly appearance, and after a few questions as to my health, recommended me to try Ayer's Pills. I had little faith in these or any other medicine, but concluded, at last, to take his advice and try a box. Before I had used them all, I was very much better, and two boxes cured me. I am now 60 years old, but I believe that it is not too late for Ayer's Pills, I should have been in my grave long ago. I buy 3 boxes every year, which make 210 boxes up to this time, and I would not more be without them than without bread." - E. H. Ingraham, Rockland, Me.

AYER'S PILLS Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Every Dose Effective.

It was on the very night which succeeded the events which have just been narrated when suddenly into Monica Williams' head, an idea flashed that they might escape the notice of the two maidens. Bertha, the younger, had a smile or a sigh for the lovers; Monica, the elder, a frown or a shrug for the elders. Every night they talked over what they had seen, and their own dull, uneventful life took a warmth and a coloring from their neighbors, as a blank wall reflects a beacon fire.

The growing friendship of the three families, the engagement of Harold Denver with Clara Walker, the engagement of Charles Westmacott with her sister, the dangerous fascination which the widow exercised over the doctor, the suspicious behavior of the Walker girls and the unobscured which they had caused their father, not one of these incidents escaped the notice of the two maidens. Bertha, the younger, had a smile or a sigh for the lovers; Monica, the elder, a frown or a shrug for the elders. Every night they talked over what they had seen, and their own dull, uneventful life took a warmth and a coloring from their neighbors, as a blank wall reflects a beacon fire.

And now it was destined that they should experience the one memorable incident from which all future incidents should be dated.

It was on the very night which succeeded the events which have just been narrated when suddenly into Monica Williams' head, an idea flashed that they might escape the notice of the two maidens. Bertha, the younger, had a smile or a sigh for the lovers; Monica, the elder, a frown or a shrug for the elders. Every night they talked over what they had seen, and their own dull, uneventful life took a warmth and a coloring from their neighbors, as a blank wall reflects a beacon fire.

"I am sure of it. You remember I had forgotten to water the pans and then I opened the window, and I saw called me about the jan, and I have never been in the room since."

"Good gracious, Monica, it is a mercy that you have not been murdered in our beds. There was a horse broken into at Forest Hill last week. Shall we go down and shut up?"

"I don't get down alone, dear, but if you will come with me. Put on your slippers and dressing gown. We do not need a candle. Now, Bertha, we will go down together."

Two little white patches moved rapidly through the darkness, and the stars creaked, the door whirled, and they were closed it gently down and fastened the lock.

"What a beautiful moon!" said she, looking out. "We can see as clearly as if it were day. How peaceful and quiet the three horses are over yonder. It seems quite as if to see that 'To Let' card upon No. 1. I wonder how No. 2 will like his going. For my part I could better spare the No. 3 than the No. 2 with her short skirts and low ankles. But, oh, Bertha, look! look! look!"

Her voice had fallen suddenly to a quivering whisper, and she was pointing to the Westmacott's house. Her sister gave a gasp of horror and stood with a clutch at Monica's arm, staring in the same direction.

"There was a light in the front room, a slight swaying light such as would be given by a small candle or taper. The blind was down, but the light shone dimly through. Outside in the garden, with his figure outlined against the luminous square, there stood a man, his back to the road, his two hands upon the window ledge and his body rather bent as though he were trying to peep in past the blind. So absolutely still and motionless was he that in spite of the moon they might well have overlooked him were it not for that telltale light behind."

"Good heaven!" gasped Bertha, "it is a burglar."

But her sister saw her mouth grimly and shook her head. "We shall see," she whispered. "It may be something worse."

Swiftly and furtively the man stood suddenly erect and began to push the window slowly up. Then he put one knee upon the sash, glanced round to see that all was safe and climbed over to the room. As he did so he had to push the blind aside. Then the two spectators saw where the light came from. Mrs. Westmacott was standing as rigid as a statue in the center of the room, with a lighter taper in her right hand. For an instant they caught a glimpse of her stern face and her white collar. Then the blind fell back into position, and the two figures disappeared from their view.

"Oh, that dreadful woman!" cried Monica. "That dreadful, dreadful woman! She was waiting for him. You saw it with your own eyes, sister Bertha!"

"Hush, dear, hush and listen!" said her more charitable companion. They pushed their own window up once more and watched from behind the curtains.

"You will put them in a safe place, or get a friend to do so, and if you do your duty you will go to your wife and let her pardon for having even for an instant thought of leaving her."

The admiral passed his hand over his forehead. "This is very good of you, ma'am," he said, "very good and kind, and I know that you are a staunch friend, but for all that these papers mean money, and though we may have been in broken water of late we are not quite so much in straits as to have to sign to our friends. When we do, ma'am, there is no one we would look to sooner than to you."

"Don't be ridiculous," said the widow. "You know nothing whatever about it, and yet you stand there laying down the law. I'll have my way in the matter, and you shall take the papers for it is no favor that I am doing you, but simply a restoration of stolen property."

"How that, ma'am?"

"I am just going to explain, though you might take a lady's word for it without asking any questions. Now, what I am going to say is just between you four and must go no further. I have my own reasons for wishing to keep it from the

BEYOND THE CITY.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

(Copyright, 1893, by Author's Alliance. All rights reserved.)

CHAPTER XVI. A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

Now all this time while the tragedy of life was being played in these three suburban villas, while on a commonplace stage love and humor and tears and lights and shadows were so swiftly succeeding each other, and while these three families, drifted together by fate, were shaping each other's destinies and working out in their own fashion the strange, intricate ends of human life, there were human eyes which watched every stage of the performance, and which were keenly critical of every actor on it. Across the road beyond the green palings and the close-cropped lawn, behind the curtains of their crisper framed windows, at the two old ladies, Miss Bertha and Miss Monica Williams, looking out as from a private box at all that was being enacted before them.

The growing friendship of the three families, the engagement of Harold Denver with Clara Walker, the engagement of Charles Westmacott with her sister, the dangerous fascination which the widow exercised over the doctor, the suspicious behavior of the Walker girls and the unobscured which they had caused their father, not one of these incidents escaped the notice of the two maidens. Bertha, the younger, had a smile or a sigh for the lovers; Monica, the elder, a frown or a shrug for the elders. Every night they talked over what they had seen, and their own dull, uneventful life took a warmth and a coloring from their neighbors, as a blank wall reflects a beacon fire.

And now it was destined that they should experience the one memorable incident from which all future incidents should be dated.

It was on the very night which succeeded the events which have just been narrated when suddenly into Monica Williams' head, an idea flashed that they might escape the notice of the two maidens. Bertha, the younger, had a smile or a sigh for the lovers; Monica, the elder, a frown or a shrug for the elders. Every night they talked over what they had seen, and their own dull, uneventful life took a warmth and a coloring from their neighbors, as a blank wall reflects a beacon fire.

"I am sure of it. You remember I had forgotten to water the pans and then I opened the window, and I saw called me about the jan, and I have never been in the room since."

"Good gracious, Monica, it is a mercy that you have not been murdered in our beds. There was a horse broken into at Forest Hill last week. Shall we go down and shut up?"

"I don't get down alone, dear, but if you will come with me. Put on your slippers and dressing gown. We do not need a candle. Now, Bertha, we will go down together."

Two little white patches moved rapidly through the darkness, and the stars creaked, the door whirled, and they were closed it gently down and fastened the lock.

"What a beautiful moon!" said she, looking out. "We can see as clearly as if it were day. How peaceful and quiet the three horses are over yonder. It seems quite as if to see that 'To Let' card upon No. 1. I wonder how No. 2 will like his going. For my part I could better spare the No. 3 than the No. 2 with her short skirts and low ankles. But, oh, Bertha, look! look! look!"

Her voice had fallen suddenly to a quivering whisper, and she was pointing to the Westmacott's house. Her sister gave a gasp of horror and stood with a clutch at Monica's arm, staring in the same direction.

"There was a light in the front room, a slight swaying light such as would be given by a small candle or taper. The blind was down, but the light shone dimly through. Outside in the garden, with his figure outlined against the luminous square, there stood a man, his back to the road, his two hands upon the window ledge and his body rather bent as though he were trying to peep in past the blind. So absolutely still and motionless was he that in spite of the moon they might well have overlooked him were it not for that telltale light behind."

"Good heaven!" gasped Bertha, "it is a burglar."

But her sister saw her mouth grimly and shook her head. "We shall see," she whispered. "It may be something worse."

Swiftly and furtively the man stood suddenly erect and began to push the window slowly up. Then he put one knee upon the sash, glanced round to see that all was safe and climbed over to the room. As he did so he had to push the blind aside. Then the two spectators saw where the light came from. Mrs. Westmacott was standing as rigid as a statue in the center of the room, with a lighter taper in her right hand. For an instant they caught a glimpse of her stern face and her white collar. Then the blind fell back into position, and the two figures disappeared from their view.

"Oh, that dreadful woman!" cried Monica. "That dreadful, dreadful woman! She was waiting for him. You saw it with your own eyes, sister Bertha!"

"Hush, dear, hush and listen!" said her more charitable companion. They pushed their own window up once more and watched from behind the curtains.

"You will put them in a safe place, or get a friend to do so, and if you do your duty you will go to your wife and let her pardon for having even for an instant thought of leaving her."

The admiral passed his hand over his forehead. "This is very good of you, ma'am," he said, "very good and kind, and I know that you are a staunch friend, but for all that these papers mean money, and though we may have been in broken water of late we are not quite so much in straits as to have to sign to our friends. When we do, ma'am, there is no one we would look to sooner than to you."

"Don't be ridiculous," said the widow. "You know nothing whatever about it, and yet you stand there laying down the law. I'll have my way in the matter, and you shall take the papers for it is no favor that I am doing you, but simply a restoration of stolen property."

"How that, ma'am?"

"I am just going to explain, though you might take a lady's word for it without asking any questions. Now, what I am going to say is just between you four and must go no further. I have my own reasons for wishing to keep it from the

time to time a shadow passed in front of it to show that her midnight visitor was pacing up and down in front of her. Once they saw his outline clearly, with his hands outstretched as if in appeal or entreaty. Then suddenly there was a dull thump, a cry, the noise of a fall, the taper was extinguished, and a dark figure fell in the moonlight, rushed across the garden and vanished amid the shrubs at the further side.

Then only did the two old ladies understand that they had looked on while a tragedy had been enacted. "Help!" they cried, and "help!" in their high, thin voices, but their feet were so unsteady that they could not get up to see what was on the other side of the door. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and a long, heavy weeping. Finally Dr. Walker, with a poker, all ran to the Westmacotts. The door had been already opened, and they crowded tumultuously into the front room.

Charles Westmacott, white to his lips, was kneeling on the floor supporting his head on his hands. He lay sobbing and weeping from stress and