**DID HE DECEIVE THEM?** 

SCHOOLMASTER'S ASSERTION WAS NEVER VERIFIED.

True or Not, However, It Had the Effect of Making Culprits Own Up to Guilt and Take the Consequences.

Describing the lighter side of school life, Ian Hay, the Scotch novelist, tells of a schoolmaster who called his boys together.

"A very unpleasant and discreditable thing has happened," he said. "The municipal authorities have recently erected a pair of extremely ornate and expensive lampposts outside the residence of the mayor of the town.

"Those lampposts appear to have attracted the unfavorable notice of the school.

seven and eight o'clock, they were at all my winter cabbages." tacked and wrecked, apparently by At this uncanny reading of his volleys of stone."

school to whom the news of this out been discovered. rage was now made public for the stored instant silence

tinued "must have passed these lamp. a severe example of them."

His voice rose to a blare.

fair fame of the school lowered in the for the joy of coming back. eyes of the town by the vulgar barlittle street boys. You may go!"

The audience rose to their feet and ears for the sound of Blossy's voice they were puzzled. The Old Man was he hurried the faster. no fool, as a rule. Did he really imagine that chaps would be such mugs key was not under the mat; it was not as to own up?

the door the head spoke again.

"I may mention." he added very gently, "that the attack upon the-er able to identify one of the culprits, tions for dinner. whose name is in my possession. That is all."

And quite enough, too. When the second school he found 17 malefactors meekly awaiting chastisement.

But he never divulged the name of the boy who had been recognized, or, for that matter, the identity of the warm friend of the school. I wonder!

## Canada's 72-Inch Reflector.

instrument, which will be probably, still no sound in reply.



Author of "The Story of Saruh" "The Ship of Dreams" Etc.

Copyright by The Century Co. 13 CHAPTER XVIII-Continued.

"Ah, yew young rascal!" cried Sam-"Last Sunday evening, between uel. "Yew're the feller that eat up

mind Mr. Cottontail darted off into There was a faint but appreciative the woods again to seek out his mate murmur from those members of the and inform her that their guilt had

Finally, Samuel came to the break first time. But a baleful flash from in the woodland, an open field of rye, the schoolmaster's spectacles re green as springtime grass, and his

own exquisitely neat abode beckon-"Several parties of boys," he con- ing across the gray rail fence to him. How pretty Blossy's geraniums posts on that evening, on their way looked in the sitting-room windows. back to their respective houses after Even at this distance, too, he could chapel. I wish to see all boys who see that she had not forgotten to wain any way participated in the out ter his pet abutilon and begonias. How rage in my study directly after second welcome in the midst of this flurry of school. I warn them that I shall make snow-how welcome to his eye was that smoke coming out of the chim-

neys! All the distress of his trip away "I will not have the prestige and from home seemed worth while now

Before he had taken down the fence barities of a parcel of ill-conditioned rail and turned into the path which led to his back door, he was straining his

began to steal silently away. But gossiping with Angy. Not hearing it,

The kitchen door was locked. The But before the first boy reached stone pickle-pot. He tried the door in the safe on the porch, behind the

again, and then peered in at the window. Not even the cat could be discerned. lampposts was witnessed by a gentle- The kitchen was set in order, the man resident in the neighborhood, a breakfast dishes put away, and there was no sign of any baking or prepara-

He knocked, knocked loudly. No answer. He went to a side door, to schoolmaster visited his study after whole house locked, and no key to be the front entrance, and found the discovered. It was still early in the morning, earlier than Blossy would

have been likely to set out upon an errand or to spend the day; and then, too, she was not one to risk her health in such chilly, damp weather, with every sign of a heavy storm.

Samuel became alarmed. He called Work is progressing rapidly on this Rose!" No answer. "Ezra!" And His alarm increased. He went to the barn; that was locked and Ezra nowhere in sight. By standing on tiptoe, however, and peeping through a crack in the boards, he found that his horse and the two-seated surrey were missing. "Waal, I never," grumbled Samuel, conscious once more of all his physical discomforts. "The minute my back's turned, they go a-gallivantin'. I bet yer," he added after a moment's thought. "I bet yer it's that air Angy Rose. She's got ter git an' gad every second same as Abe, an' my poor wife has been drug along with her." There was nothing left for him to do but seek refuge in his shop and pleted by October next .- Scientific await their return. Like nearly every other bayman, he had a one-room

an' my kerridge? Haow'd yew git | She turned to him with a little cry. here? What'd yew come fer? When'd | and he saw that her face had changed yew git here?" "What'd yew come fer?" retorted Abe with some spirit. "Haow'd yew

sit here?" "None o' yer durn' business." A glimmer of the old twinkle came back into Abe's eye, and he began to chuckle.

truth, Sam'l. We both tried to be so all-fired young yesterday that we got observed her entrance or her exit. played out, an' concluded unanermous that the best place fer a A No. 1 spree was ter hum." Samuel gave a weak smile, and

drawing up a stool took the cat upon his knee.

found out fer one that I hain't no spring lamb." "Ner me, nuther," Abe's old lips

trembled. "I had eyester-stew an' drunk coffee in the middle o' the night; then the four-o'clock patrol wakes me up ag'in. 'Here, be a sport.' they says.

an' sticks a piece o' hot mince pie under my nose. Then I was so oneasy I couldn't sleep. Daybreak I got up, an' went fer a walk ter limber up my belt, an' I sorter wandered over ter the bay side, an' not a mile out I see tew

men with one o' them big fishin'scooters a-haulin' in their net. An' I walked a ways out on the ice, a-signalin' with my bandana han'kercher; an' arter a Angy see him in the light of the revetime they seen me. 'T was Cap'n Ely from Injun Head an' his boy. Haow them young 'uns dew grow! Las' time I see that kid, he wa'n't knee-high tew a grasshopper.

Waal, I says tew 'em, I says: Want ter drop a passenger at Twin Coves' 'Yes, yes,' they says. 'Jump in.' An' so, Sam'l, I gradooated from yer school o' hardenin' on top a ton o' squirmin' fish, more or less. I thought I'd come an' git Angy," he ended with a sigh, "an' yer hired man'd drive us

back ter Shoreville; but thar wa'n't nobody hum but a mewin' cat, an' the astounded. "'An' we've got five thouonly place I could git inter was this sand shares! Fifteen dollars, an' I here shop. Wonder whar the gals has paid ninety cents! Angy, ef ever I gone?"

No mention of the alarm that he must by this time have caused at the station. No consciousness of having committed any breach against the laws of hospitality. But there was that in an' Blossy says not ter send word tew the old man's face, in his worn and wistful look, which curbed Samuel's wait till mornin' an' go see Sam'l's tongue and made him understand that as a little child misses his mother so Abe had missed Angy, and as a little there An' the lawyer at fust he didn't there An' the lawyer at fust he didn't the place he knows best so Abe was hastening back to the shelter he had scorned.

So, with an effort, Samuel held his peace, merely resolving that as soon the phone. 'Tenafly Gold is sellin' fer as he could get to a telephone he twenty dollars on the curb right this would inform their late hosts of Abe's minute!' An' he says, says he: 'Yew safety.

to the Quogue station, and from there mornin'." forwarded to Bleak Hill.

"I've had my lesson," said Abe. "The place fer old folks is with old folks." "But"-Samuel recovered his au- and at the much mended lace over her thoritative manner-"the place fer an slender wrists. old man ain't with old hens. Naow,

marvelously-grown young, grown glad, grown soft and fresh with a new excited spirit of jubilant thanksgiving. "Oh, father! Were n't yew s'prised tew git the telephone? I knowed yew'd come a flyin' back." Blossy appeared from the room be-

yond, and slipped past them, knowing "I guess we might as waal tell the intuitively where she would find her lord and master; but neither of them Angy clung to Abe, and Abe held her close. What had happened to her, the undemonstrative old wife? What made her so happy, and yet tremble

so? Why did she cry, wetting his cheek with her tears, when she was so "Yes," he confessed grudgingly, "I palpably glad? Why had she telephoned for him, unless she, too, had missed him as he had missed her?

Recalling his memories of last night, the memories of that long-ago honeymoon-time, he murmured into his gray beard, "Dearest!"

She did not seem to think he was growing childish. She was not even surprised. At last she said, half between sobbing and laughing:

"Oh, Abe, ain't God been good to us? Ain't it jist bewtiful to be rich? Rich!" she cried. "Rich!"

Abe sat down suddenly, and covered his face with his hands. In a flash he understood, and he could not let even latton.

"The minin' stock!" he muttered; and then low to himself, in an awed whisper: "Tenafly Gold! The minin' stock!"

After a while he recovered himself therefore knew nothing.

"Did I git a offer, mother?" "A offer of fifteen dollars a share. The letter come last night fer yew, an'

"Fifteen dollars a share!" He was ketch yew fishin' yer winter bunnit out of a charity barrel a'gin, I'll- Fifteen dollars!"

"But that ain't the best of it," interrupted Angy. "I couldn't sleep a wink, yew, 'cuz mebbe 't was a joke, an' to 233 Madison St., 'pear tew think very much of it; but

Blossy, she got him ter call up some broker feller in 'York, an' 'Gee whizz!' he says, turnin' 'round all excited from

There was no direct way of tele-phoning; but a message could be sent he, 'I'll realize on it fer yer termorrer L & M. Auto Repair Co., 369 Barthare Are, Farthand, Gr

Abe stared at his wife, at her shin-Ing silk dress with its darns and care-ful patches, at her rough, worn hands, and at the much mended lace over her slender wrists. "That mine was closed down 18 years ago: they must 'a' opened it un ing silk dress with its darns and careful patches, at her rough, worn hands,



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## FARM HELP.

minute!' An' he says, says he: 'Yew git yer husband, an' bring that air AUTOMOBILE REPAIRING AND DRIVING But I came across some poems by a



ous thought by a suggestion of agreeable sensations is as fatal to happiness as to virtue; for when amusement is uniformly substituted for objects of moral and mental interest, we lose all that elevates our enjoyments above the scale of childish pleasures .- Anna Maria Porter.

Bad Habit to Cultivate.

The habit of dissipating every seri-

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

#### Fireproof Wood.

To make wood fireproof, slake a small quantity of fresh lime and add water till it has the consistency of cream, stir well and add one pound of alum, 12 ounces of commercial potash and about one pound of salt. Stir again and apply while hot. Two or three coats will keep wood fireproof % for many months.

Slap at Chicago Culture.

Miss Ritta-"Aren't you fond of dia-When in need of good, reliable farm and dairy belp write or wire, our expense. Pioneer Employ-ment Company, 16 North Second Street, Portland. Oregon. Established 16 years. Miss Ritta—"Aren't you fond of dia-lect poetry, Mr. Drestbeeph?" Mr. Drestbeeph (of the Chicago Browning Drestbeeph (of the Chicago Browning society)-"Well, James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field do very well;

## Many Uses for Cotton.

One hundred and eighty million yards of cotton cloth carry cement yearly to build the great office buildings, and the electrical industry of the country yearly consumes four

scope in the world, pending the completion of the 100-inch reflector for Mt. Wilson. The disk for the great mirror started from Antwerp about a week before the war broke out. After its arrival at New York the Pennsylvania railroad was about a week in finding a suitable car to transport it to Pittsburgh, and then there was further delay before an iron wagon could be obtained to transport it to Doctor Brashear's workshop, where it was finally placed on the grinding table. The hazardous work of boring and smoothing off the hole in the center of the mirror has been accomplished with entire success. It is expected that the mounting will be com-American.

#### Motorcycle Ambulances.

The uses of the motorcycle are unlimited. They are used as pleasure vehicles, for delivering messages, packages, and lately are developing into useful conveyances for heavy loads, as they are built more powerfully and with more endurance each succeeding year. The last word in usefulness is their adoption by several European nations as conveyances for the wounded in battle.

A side-car containing an ambulance stretcher is attached to the machine. the said stretcher being removable so that it can be taken to any part of the field of battle. Much time is saved by using this conveyance, as it can be driven to many places that an automobile cannot penetrate, and much more ground can be covered in less time than a wagon or a corps of men afoot could do.

#### Appearances Deceptive.

Whilst making his usual daily inspection of the stables the colonel noticed Private Jones giving his horse a piece of lump sugar.

"I am very pleased to see you mak ing much of your horse, Private Jones," he said; "It shows that you regard him with the true spirit, and I will not forget you for it."

Private Jones waited until his com manding officer was out of earshot, and then turned to his neighbor.

"I wasn't making much of him," he said. "The blighter threw me off this morning, and I'm trying to give him the blinkin' toothache."

## Great Expectations.

Millionaire-A fit husband for my daughter? Why, in the first place, she is half a head taller than you! Suitor-Well, sir, I don't expect to be so short after I am married .- Bulletin (Sydney)

shanty, which he called the "shop." and where he played at building boats. and weaving nets, and making oars and tongs.

This structure stood to the north of the house, and fortunately had an old, discarded kitchen stove in it. There, if the wanderers had not taken that key also, he could build a fire, and stretch out before it on a bundle of sail-cloth. He gave a start of surprise, how

ever, as he approached the place; for surely that was smoke coming out of the chimney!

Ezra must have gone out with the horse, and Blossy must be entertaining Angy in some outlandish way demanded by the idlosyncrasies of the Rose temperament.

Samuel flung open the door, and strode in; but only to pause on the threshold, struck dumb. Blossy was not there, Angy was not there, nor

anyone belonging to the household. But sitting on that very bundle of canvas, stretching his lean hands over the stove, with Samuel's cat on his lap, was the "Old Hoss"-Abraham

Rose!

## CHAPTER XIX.

## Exchanging the Olive-Branch.

The cat jumped off Abe's lap, running to Samuel with a mew of recognition. Abe turned his head, and made a startled ejaculation.

"Sam'l Darby," he said stubbornly, 'ef yew've come tew drag me back to that air beach, yew're wastin' time. I won't go!"

Samuel closed the door and hung his damp coat and cap over a suit of old all. oilskins. He came to the fire, taking off his mittens and blowing on his fingers, the suspicious and condemnatory

tail of his eve on Abraham. "Haow'd yew git here?" he burst

Abe, of yew think yew kin behave yer- | years ago; they must 'a' opened it up self an' not climb the flagpole or jump | ag'in;" he spoke dully, as one stunned. over the roof, I want yer to stay right Then with a sudden burst of energy, here, yew an' Angy both, an' spend yer week out. Yes, yes," as Abe would have thanked him. "I take it," plunging his hand into his pocket, "yew ain't stowed away nothin' since that mince ple; but I can't offer yer nothin' to eat till Blossy gits back an' opens up the house, 'cept these here pepp'mints. They're fine; try 'em.'

With one of those freakish turns of the weather that takes the concelt out of all weather-prophets, the snow had now ceased to fall, the sun was strug- in his speech. "We must see that Ishgling out of the clouds, and the wind was swinging around to the west.

Neither of the old men could longer fret about their wives being caught in a heavy snow; but, nevertheless, their anxiety concerning the whereabouts of the women did not cease, and the homesickness which Abe felt for Angy, and Samuel for Blossy, rather increased than diminished as one sat on the roll of canvas and the other crouched on his stool, and both hugged the fire, and both felt very old, and

very lame, and very tired and sore.

Toward noontime they heard the welcome sound of wheels, and on rushing to the door saw Ezra driving alone to the barn. He did not note their appearance in the doorway of the shop; but they could see from the look on his face that nothing had gone amiss. Samuel heard the shutting of the kitchen door, and knew that Blossy was at home, and a strange shyness submerged of a sudden his eagerness

to see her. What would she say to this unexpected return? Would she laugh at

him, or be disappointed? "Yew go fust," he urged Abe, "an' tell my wife that I've got the chilblains an' lumbago so bad I can't hardly git tew the house, an' I had ter come hum fer my 'St. Jerushy Ile' an' her receipt fer frosted feet."

#### CHAPTER XX.

#### The Fatted Calf.

Abe had no such qualms as Samuel He wanted to see Angy that minute, and he did not care if she did know why he had returned.

He fairly ran to the back door under the grape arbor, so that Samuel, observing his gait, was seized with a fear that he might be that young Abe of the Beach, during his visit, after

Abraham rushed into the kitchen without stopping to knock. "I'm back mother," he cried, as if that were all the joyful explanation needed.

She was struggling with the strings forth. "What yew bin an' done with of her bonnet before the looking-glass my wife. an' my horse, an' my man, which adorned Blossy's parlor-kitchen.

his eyes still on his wife's figure "Mother, that dress o' yourn is a dis grace fer the wife of a financierer. Yew better git a new sllk fer yerself an' Miss Abigail, tew, fust thing. Her Sunday one hain't nothin' extry.'

"But yer old beaver, Abe!" Angy protested. "It looks as ef it come out o' the ark!"

"Last Sunday yew said it looked eplendid:" his tone was absent-minded again. He seemed almost to ramble mael gits fixed up comfortable in the Old Men's home; yew remember haow he offered us all his pennies that day he offered us all his pennies that day we broke up housekeepin'. An' we must do somethin' handsome fer the Darbys, tew. Ef it hadn't been fer Sam'l, I might be dead naow, an' never know nothin' erbout this here streak o' luck. 'Tenafly Gold," he continued to mutter. "They must 'a' struck a new lead. An' folks said I was a fool tew invest."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

painter, condemned at the Bellevue- turning from circuit, how he had got Stratford in Philadelphia a lascivious on. "Well," was the reply, "I saved painting, on the ground that such the lives of two or three prisoners." paintings create ignoble thoughts. der?"

Anthony," said Mr. Sloan. "Its cre- prosecuted them for it." ator heard the other day that Slash, the critic, had been to see it. So he hurried to the gallery and asked:

"'What did Slash say when he saw my picture, "The Temptation of St. Anthony," boys?'

"'He said.' the attendants chorused amid roars of vulgar laughter-'he said it, mother, but I don't love it enough." that it was the first time he ever wished he was a saint.""

Wronged.

Representative Henry told at a tea in Waco an international alliance story.

"The fair young daughter of the billionaire"-such was Mr. Henry's sneering beginning-"had accepted the earl of Lacland; but her father still seemed ill at ease.

"'I don't believe,' the old man complained, 'I don't believe that boy has sound ideas of finance.'

"'You are wrong, papa,' the young girl answered. 'Why, he stopped right in the middle of his proposal to ask how many interlocking directorates you held."

The Supreme One.

"He's never made any effort to support himself."

"Oh, yes, he has. To my certain knowledge he's proposed to every girl with money he knows."

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## Where He Came In.

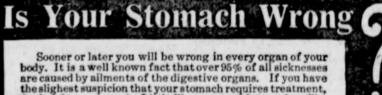
A witty barrister, says an English paper, who did not object to a joke at John Sloan, the famous etcher and his own expense, was asked, on re-"Then you defended them for mur-"No," was the rejoinder, "I

#### Some Love Lacking.

Helen was playing on the porch, where she spied a white moth and asked her mother to kill it. Her mother sald, "But, Helen, you ought to love the poor little moth." "I do love

linen and toilet articles should be effectively protected from possible contamination from boots and clothes. Boots should, if possible, be packed

.



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## Handicaps to Church.

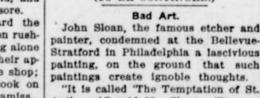
The church is also handlcapped by the persevering person who gets converted every winter, but whose religton won't keep through the sum-

## Avoid Despair.

If we are to escape the grip of despair, wrote Amiel, we must believe either that the whole of things at least is good, or that grief is a fatherly grace, a purifying ordeal.

## Packing Hint.

In packing, handkerchlefs, underby themselves.



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The Important Question.

umbrellas the coming season, says an

expert on fashions-or on umbrella

stealing one forgets which. But will

it he fashionable to return some of

those stolen last season?

It will not be fashionable to steal