

STORE OPENS AT 9. A. M.
REMEMBER
THE BEST GOES FIRST

Great Bankrupt Sale Nearing the End

But the Goods Are Yours While They Last

COME PREPARED
TO BUY.
NO GOODS LAID ASIDE

TODAY'S BIG SPECIALS

From 9 to 10 a. m. We Will Put on Sale

Men's splendid quality shirts, value 65c to 85c.....	39c	Children's and Men's 40c and 45c Rubbers.....	25c
Men's \$1.25 Shirts.....	69c	Ladies' 65c and 75c Rubbers.....	49c

FROM 2 TO 3 P. M.

Men's 75c and 90c splendid Gloves.....	39c	Men's best \$4.50 and \$5 Pants for.....	\$1.87
Men's \$1.25 Gloves.....	69c	Ladies' \$1 Fine Union Suits.....	49c

Ladies' Coats, Suits, Skirts and Muslin Underwear

ALL DAY we will make a special effort to entirely clean up all Ladies' Coats, Suits, Skirts and Muslin Underwear. Our prices will surprise everyone who comes

COME YOURSELF—
DON'T
TELEPHONE

THE BOSTON STORE

Successors to the Morse Department Store

YOU'LL NEVER BUY
GOODS AT
THESE PRICES AGAIN

Billy and Betty.

By ALLEN LYNN.

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He was hardly conscious of her intrusion at first. She fitted so well into it all with her soft gray calico and chestnut hair. They were on the brow of a slope that dropped rapidly down into the valley, and she paused and threw her hand above her eyes with a quick motion, which he recognized as expressing anxiety and hope. He could see her face plainly from where he lay, and he could read in the glances which flashed from point to point something of the terror of their owner at not finding what she sought.

"What is it, Miss Betty?" he drawled as with a slow, muscular movement of his body he threw himself upon his feet and moved forward to her side. "Can I be any help?"

"O-oh! It's you, Billy? Thank God! Hurry! Hurry! Pap's knocked down by a tree an' being crushed. I couldn't lift it."

"Where?" asked Billy tersely.

"To Possum Flat. He was choppin' a bee tree, an' it fell 'fore he thought. Please, please do hurry!"

Billy nodded reassuringly. Possum Flat was three miles away by a circuitous path around craggy points and up and down declivities or one mile by going straight over the ridge and meeting a precipice by crawling out on a branch for twenty feet and sliding down the tree trunk for thirty feet more. Billy wondered if Betty had come by this route. But as he sprang up the slope he swung his hand toward the circuitous path, knowing full well as he did so, however, that the girl would do exactly as she pleased, for that was her way.

Possum Flat was the wonder and chagrin of all the mountain side, for was it not the climax of brazen industry? They all had their truck patches, but beside Possum Flat their patches were as barren fields to a land of milk and honey. Jake, the father of Betty—as he was called in contradistinction to another Jake of the same name, who was father of Meg—grew potatoes that stood him from October dig-

ging to May planting. His onions and cabbages were always above family needs and flowed over into envied sales for ready money, and, to cap it all, behind his cabin was a four acre field that every fall showed green with sprouting shoots and every spring grew heavy with swaying, golden headed wheat. No wonder he had two mules and a buckboard "kerridge," a "peazzer" in front of his cabin and a kitchen with real window glass windows behind! And no wonder he carried his head high as the mighty man of the "hillers" and looked askance at the valorous "pore trash" youth that dared to raise eyes to his daughter. But of unambitious, care free Billy he had not even thought as an object of suspicion.

So now, after that stalwart youth had removed the heavy tree trunk from his body and had lifted and borne him to his bed in the cabin as gently as a



"PAP'S KNOCKED DOWN BY A TREE."

mother might her child, he welcomed with cordial gratitude an offer to remain and look after things until he could get out. Betty was strong and willing, but her hands would be full in looking after him, and there were the mules to care for and the dozens of pigs and a cow to drive up from the valley and milk, and besides it was high time the four acres were again seeded in order that there should be a succession to the sacks of golden

grain which were now stored in the shed loft waiting for the higher quotations which rumor promised. Yes, a strong man was needed on the place, for Possum Flat, even in its splendor, was isolated. The nearest neighbor was too far away to be reached by even the report of his rifle.

Billy entered upon his new work with unwonted energy. A great heap of wood was cut and piled near the back door, where it would be handy for Betty. He brought water and fed the pigs and, in spite of her protests, insisted on doing the milking himself, and he brought the big, unwieldy plow and swung it in behind the mules and went merrily around the four acre lot in lessening parallelograms.

It was the novelty of seeing a woman about that was pleasant. He had no sisters, and his mother had long been dead. It was just the novelty and the neatness and contentedness of it all he liked. And this idea, if his thoughts took such definite form, remained with him for a month—until the invalid began to hobble about on crutches—when suddenly the truth came home to him as had her beauty that day on the ridge. Billy was in love.

Betty noticed the change in him at once, and her face grew puzzled, but only for a little while. Then an odd twinkle of humor came into her eyes as though she understood. And mingled with the humor was a tender, flickering light which had been gaining strength in her eyes these past few weeks, a light which Billy had not yet seen.

As he entered Jake looked up with angry impatience, and Billy raised a hand defensively before his face, but the invalid was not thinking of that.

"Heard anything 'bout wheat to-day?" he grumbled. "Goin' down, of course."

"Goin' up," Billy answered promptly. "A man hollered to me from the alge o' the hill this mornin' an' said 'twas seventy."

"Seventy?" Jake grabbed his crutches and rose tottering to his feet, but sank back, with a snarl of mingled rage and pain. "Seventy cents, an' I've got ninety bushels. Dum the old back! By the time I'm out ag'in it'll be down to fifty, like 'twas last year, an' that'll be a clean loss of \$18."

"Can't I go, pap?" suggested Betty. The gloomy face cleared slightly, then lowered. He loved the profits of his industry, but not so much as he loved Betty. It was thirty miles to Staunton.

"No, ye can't," he snarled. "There was a brief silence. Then Betty said:

"There's Billy, pap. He's mighty strong and willin'." The face darkened, then grew light-

er, evidently the idea, at first scouted, was being tolerated. That meant Billy had been making giant strides forward during these few weeks.

"I—dunno," doubtfully.

Billy saw his opportunity and rose to it like a man—like a man of industry. He was developing rapidly.

"I'll take it down all right," he said confidently. "I've sold wheat to Staunton afore. But mebbe it'll be worth while to hold back till you're out ag'in."

Jake snorted. "There's more fallin's than risin's in wheat," he snapped. "I've found that out. I reckon ye'd better go, an' mind, I want ye to get it all down by tomorrow. Seventy cents! Yes, ye must get it all in tomorrow."

Billy's head was whirling. But there was Betty looking at him confidently, and her father already beginning to lose some of his newly acquired confidence. He must brace up.

"All right," he answered as steadily as he could. "The mules can draw half on the long waggin, an' I'll borrow Tom Stuart's mule an' Ike Coyner's hay waggin. That'll take the other half. Ike's boy Sam can drive behind me so I can keep an eye on him. Oh, yes. We'll get on fast rate."

Jake nodded approvingly. It was a good plan.

"Seventy cents," he admonished warningly. "Try an' get it."

After the wheat was loaded the next day Billy entered the cabin for a few last instructions. Before leaving he contrived to draw Betty into the back kitchen for a moment.

"Say, Betty," he began. "I—I—say, would ye mind me buyin' a ring to Staunton, a gold ring for you an' me?" She looked at him quickly, understandingly, her face flushing. She could not remember a single one of her married acquaintances who had been given a gold ring.

"Why, no, I wouldn't mind, Billy," she said simply. "I'll be real glad."

"An—an— would ye mind speakin' to your pap 'bout it while I'm gone, Betty? It might be a good time now I'm a-totin' his wheat."

"N-no, I don't mind."

She watched him from the doorway until the heavy wagons rumbled out of sight. Then she went to her father.

"Pap," she announced abruptly. "Billy's asked me to marry him."

"An' you?"

"I've said yes," composedly. Jake controlled himself with a mighty effort. With Betty he must be diplomatic.

"Well, ye know best," he grmaced affably. "But ye know how 'tis with Billy. Ye'll have to wait till he's able to keep ye. I don't reckon he's saved enough to buy a runt pig yet."

edly. Was not Billy the best natured and the best looking man on the slope? And had he not promised her a gold ring out of the plenitude of his riches? So she said softly:

"I won't go ag'in ye, pap. Don't ye fear. We'll wait till ye say yourself that Billy's able to keep me."

But, curiously enough, at that very moment Billy was wondering dimly how he would be able to contrive the purchase of a gold ring with the 27 cents which represented the accumulation of his twenty-five years.

They expected him back by the end of the third day. It was the afternoon of the sixth when he returned. As he dismissed young Sam and attended to his mules there was a look of beatific joy upon his face, which remained there until he opened the cabin door and saw the expectant face of Jake. Then he whitened and staggered to the nearest chair.

"You poor boy!" cried Betty tenderly. "You're plumb beat out."

"Did ye get the 70 cents?" demanded Jake eagerly.

Billy gasped and tried to collect his thoughts. What did they want him to say? It was about the wheat, wasn't it? He had almost forgotten that unimportant matter after the gold ring took possession of his mind. He remembered the wheat had been taken to the storeroom of a big flouring mill and that he had told a clerk he would be back later and attend to its sale.

Then he had hurried away in search of a job hauling with the mules and had carted sand two days for \$6 and had bought the gold ring. Yes, that was it, and he had given Sam the 25 cents to pay his fare to a cousin's at Fisherville to get him out of the way for the two days. That was all—only he had forgotten to go back and sell the wheat.

"Did ye get the 70 cents?" demanded Jake for the second time.

Billy felt that it was a crisis with him, and he drew a long, hard breath. Then his gaze steadied.

"Ye see, it's this way," he said, "signs are for risin' an' I ain't sold yet. Ye might jest as well have 75 or 80 cents as for anybody else. But I'll go down"—he was about to say "to once," but restrained himself, for that might betray him; he added instead—"in a few days an' see how the risin's comin' on."

Under ordinary circumstances the invalid would not have controlled his astonishment and wrath, but this was an extraordinary opportunity, and Jake, the father of Betty, was nothing if not diplomatic. So he forced himself into a semblance of composure.

"Well, it's your lookout, Billy," he said significantly. "I ordered ye to sell, an' of course I'll hold ye responsible for all fallin's from the 70 cents."

Mind that!"

It was a very miserable Billy who went out to attend to the evening chores. He had half a mind to rush back to Staunton and remedy the evil before it grew worse. He imagined all sorts of fallings—to 60 cents, 50, perhaps 40; to a life of toil spent in atoning for the carelessness; to the probable loss of Betty. But he stuck it out until the third morning. Then he left the cabin with steady, confident strides, which, however, changed to frantic haste as soon as he was beyond view of Betty in the doorway.

But the mills of the gods sometimes turn out unaccountable grist. Every moment since Billy had been told from the hill that wheat was "goin' up" the mills of the Chicago pit had been grinding out good flour for his chaff. The west had been scoured, the markets of the world invoked and the many tongued lines of telegraph brought into the game. And all had redounded to the honor and glory of Billy of Coon Hill. When he returned to Possum Flat at the end of one short twenty-four hours his face was again expressive of beatific joy.

Going straight to Jake, the father of Betty, he handed him a roll of bills.

"The risin' was even better than I 'lowed on," he said nonchalantly. "I sold for \$1 a bushel. Ye see, there was signs o' breakin', an' I 'lowed I'd better not hold on any longer."

There are varying signs of wonder, chagrin, incredulity and satisfaction, but the mingling of them all which gathered on Jake's face was of the kind that cannot be put into words. He gazed at the money, at the strong, handsome figure before him; at Betty, smiling a few feet away, and bowed his head in surrender.

"I reckon I might 'a' been mistooked, Betty," he said submissively. "Billy 'll be able to keep ye, sure 'nough."

OPEN SHOP.

DENVER, Feb. 14.—Notices were posted at the Rio Grand shops yesterday to the effect that after March 13 all agreements with shopmen as to wages, and hours of work will be abrogated. Union men take this to mean that the future policy of the road will be to employ union and non-union men alike.

COFFEE

is perishable, it ought to be kept in tight packages, not exposed to air.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best; we say him