The Woman In the Alcove

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By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN. Author of "The Milhonaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst Boa." Etc.

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The affair in very serious," commentdetective on leaving me. "That's and finished it? core for any trouble we may be

intelled my uncle's arm. Dere shall we go?" I asked. "The ing reom is too large. In this my eyes are forever traveling in inction of the alcove. Don't you some little room? Oh, what,

em he want of me?" whiting serious, nothing imporestered my good uncle. "Some By such as you can answer in a A little room? Yes, I know re, under the stairs. Come, I and the door for you. Why did er come to this wretched ball?" al no answer for this. Why, in-

sacle, who is a very patient man, me to the place he had picked without adding a word to the lation in which he had just ald his impatience to expend itself. once sented within and out of the of peering eyes and listening s be allowed a sigh to escape him a expressed the fullness of his

Wy dear," he began and stopped. "I bere he again came to a pause you should know"-What!" I managed to ask.

nat I do not like Mr. Durand and tothers do not like him." h because of something you knew t him before tonight?"

made no answer. because he was seen. Hke many gentlemen, talking with that wosome time before a long time beshe was attacked for her dlaand murdered ?"

rion me, my dear, he was the se seen talking to her. Some yet be found who went in came out, but as yet he is ed the last. Mr. Ramsdell

Lierence." I exclaimed the heat of my long suppressed "I am willing to stake my his integrity and benor. No old talk to me as he did early wanting with any vile intentions art He was interested, no foubt, many ethers, in one who had the of being a captivating woman,

used in sudden alarm. A look rosed my uncle's face which asme that we were no longer Who could have entered so si-? In some trepidation I turned t A gentleman was standing in corway, who smiled as I met his

this Miss Van Arsdale?" be

tly my courage, which had med to leave me, returned and am," said I. "Are you the in

ector Dalzell," he expinised a bow, which included my uncle a be closed the door. hope I have not frightened you."

ent on, approaching me with a manly air. "A little matter bas up concerning which I meen to effectly frank with you. It may to be of trivial importance; if on will pardon my disturbing you. orand-you know him?"

am engaged to him," I declared e poor uncle could raise his hand. are engaged to him. Well, that s it difficult, and yet, in some rea easier for me to ask a certain

hust have made it more difficult asy, for he did not proceed to this question immediately, but

know that Mr. Durand visited Fairbrother in the alcove a little before her death?"

have been told so." was seen to go in, but I have et found any one who saw him out; consequently we have been to fix the exact minute when

M so. What is the matter, Miss Arsdale? You want to say someba," I protested, reconst

at impulse. Then, as I met his He can probably tell you that elf. I am sure he would not hest-

shall ask him later," was the e's response. "Meanwhile, are My to assure me that since that has not intrusted you with a tricks to keep. No, no, I do the diamond," he broke in, erident dismay, as I fell back in h irrepressible indignation "The diamond-well, we hot for that later; it is another es are in search of now, one Mr. Durand might very well m in his hand without reallywhat he was doing. As it is for us to find this article, is one he might very netre passed over to you when himself in the hall with it hand I have ventured to ask

is surmise is correct." oot," I retorted flercely, glad id speak from my very heart. given me nothing to keep for de would not"-

hat peculiar look in the in-

...... for a chair and seat me in it before he took up my interrupted sentence

> "-would not give you snything to hold which had belonged to another woman? Miss Van Arsdale, you do which a young, trusting girl like yourself would hardly expect from them." "Not Mr. Durand," I maintained stoutly

"Perhaps not; let us hope not." Then, with a quick change of manner, he bent toward me, with a sidelong look at uncle, and pointing to my gloves. remarked, "You wear gloves. Did you feel the need of two pairs, that you carry another in that presty bag hanging from your arm?"

I started, looked down, and then he had mentioned. The white finger of a glove was protruding from the top. Any one could see it; many probably had. What did it mean? I had brought no extra pair with me.

"This is not mine," I began, fakerhog hato aflence as I perceived my anele fora and walk a step or two

"The article we are looking for," pursued the inspector, "is a pair of long white gloves, supposed to have been worn by Mrs. Fairbrother when she I felt, not to be mistaken. entered the alcove. Do you mind showing me those, a finger of which I see?"

whirling around me. But when I noted what trouble it was to his chansy fingers to open it my senses returned and, reaching for the bag, I pulled it think they have found them? Not in open and snatched out the gloves. They had been hastily rolled up, and some of the fingers were showing.

"Let me have them," he said. With quaking beart and shaking fingers I handed over the gloves.

email one," he observed as he slewly ness?" envelled them. "Tours is. We can

But that sentence was never finished. As the gloves fell open in his grasp he



He attered a sudden, sharp cjaculation. uttered a sudden, sharp ejaculation and I a smothered shrick. An object of superlative brilliancy had roiled out from them-the diamond, the gem which men said was worth a king's ransom and which we all knew had fust cost a life!

CHAPTER III.

thing menacing both my life "I have had nothing to do with it,"

I vehemently declared. "I did not put the gloves in my bag, nor did I know wish to state a fact." the diamond was in them. I fainted at the first alarm and"-

"There, there, I know!" interposed the inspector kindly. "I do not doubt you in the least; not when there is a man to doubt. Miss Van Arsdale, you had better let your uncle take you home. I will see that the ball is clear ed for you. Tomerrow I may wish to talk to you again, but I will spare you all further importunity tonight."

I shook my head. It would require more courage to leave at that moment than to stay. Meeting the inspector's eye firmly, I quietly declared:

"H Mr. Durand's good name is to suffer in any way, I will not forsake him. I have considence in his integrity, if you have not. It was not his hand, but one much more guilty, which dropped this jewel into the bag."

"So, so! Do not be too sure of that, little woman. You had better take your lesson at once. It will be easier for you, and more wholesome for him. Here he picked up the jewel.

"Well, they said it was a wender! he exclaimed, in his sudden admiration. "I am not surprised, now that I have seen a great gem, at the famous stories I have read of men risking life and henor for their possession. If only no blood had been shed!"

"Uncle, uncle!" I walled aloud in my

It was all my lips could utter, to uncle it was enough. Speaking for the first time, he asked to have a passye! Why did he reach out sage made for us, and when the in-

* spector moved forward to comply, he hrew his arm about me, and was endeavoring to find fitting words with to you?" which to fill up the delay, when a short altercation was heard from the door- in her lap for awhile." way, and Mr. Durand came rushing n, followed immediately by the in-

His first look was not at myself, but at the bag, which still hung from my time. arm. As I noted this action, my whole inner self seemed to collapse, dragging | before?" my happiness down with it. But my countenance remained unchanged, too much so, it seems; for when his eye finally rose to my face, he found there what made him recoil and turn with something like farceness on his companken.

"You have a talking to her," he t-beniently protested. "Perhaps you have gone further than that. What has happened here? I think I ought to knew. She is se gnileless, inspector not know men. They do many things Daksell; so perfectly free from all connection with this crime. Why have you shut her up here, and plied her with questions, and made her look at me with such an expression, when all you have against me is just what you have against some half dozen othersthat I was weak enough, or unfortunate enough, to spend a few minutes with that unhappy woman in the alcove before she died?

"It might be well if Miss Van Arsdale berself would answer you," was the inspector's quiet retort. "What slowly drew up into my hand the bag you have said may constitute all that we have against you, but it is not all we have against her."

I gasped, not so much at this seeming secusation, the metive of which I be-Meved myself to understand, but at the burning blush with which it was received by Mr. Durand.

"What do you mean?' he demanded with certain odd breaks in his reice. "What can you have against her?"

"A triviality," returned the inspector, with a look in my direction that was, "I do not call it a triviality." I burst

out. "It seems that Mrs. Pairbrother. I dropped the bag into his hand. for all her elaberate toilet, was found The room and everything in it was without gloves on her arms. As she certainly were them on entering the alcove, the police have naturally been looking for them. And where do yes the alcove with her, not in the some sion of the man who undoubtedly earried them away with him, but"-

"I know. I know." Mr. Dwand hearsely put la. "You need not my any mere. Oh, my peer Rita! What "Mrs. Fairbrother's hand was not a have I brought upon you by my weak-

> "Wes knom! We started. I started. My roice was totally unrecomirable. "I should give it another name," !

> setted cottly. For a moment he seemed to less heart, then he lifted his head again and looked as handsome as when he pleaded for my hand in the little conserva-

"You have that right," said be. "Besides, weakness at such a time and under such an exigency is little short of wrong. It was unmanly in me to endeavor to secrete these gloves, more than unmanly for me to choose for article belonging exclusively to yourself. I acknowledge it, Rita, and shall I wish to give you every chance." meet only my just punishment if you deny me in the future both your aympathy and regard. But you must let me assure you and these gentlemen also, one of whom can make it very uppleasant for me, that consideration for you, much more than any miserable anxiety about myself, lay at the bottom of what must strike you all as an act of

unpardonable cowardies. "From the mement I learned of this woman's murder in the alcove, when I had visited her. I realized that every one who had been seen to approach her within a half hour of her death would be subjected to a more or less rigid investigation, and I feared if her gloves were feund in my possession some special attention might be directed my way which would cause you unmerited distress. So, yielding to an impulse which I now recognize as a most unwise as well as unworthy one, ITH benumbed senses and a dis- I took advantage of the bustle about us mayed heart, I stared at the and of the insensibility into which you fallen jewel as at some hateful had fallen to tuck these miserable gloves into the bag I saw lying on the floor at your side. I do not ask your pardon. My whole future life shall be devoted to winning that. I simply

"Very good!" It was the inspector who spoke; I could not have uttered a word to save my life. "Perhaps you will now feel that you owe it to this young lady to add how you came to have these gloves in your possession." "Mrs. Fairbrother handed them to

"Handed them to you?"

"Yes, I hardly knew why myself. She asked me to take care of them for her. I know that this must strike you as a very peculiar statement. It was my realization of the unfaverable effact it could not fail to produce upon those who heard it which made me dread any interrogation on the subject. But I assure you it was as I say. She put the gleves into my hand while I was talking to ber, saying they incommoded her."

"And you?" "Well. I held them for a few min stes, then I put them in my pecket, but quite automatically and without thinking very much about it. She was a woman accustomed to have her own way. People seldom questioned it, I

judge. Here the tension about my throat relaxed, and I opened my lips to speak. But the inspector, with a glance of

some authority, forestalled me. "Were the gloves open or rolled up when she offered them to you?"

"They were rolled up." "Did you see her take them off?" "Assuredly."

"And roll them up?"

"Certainly."

"Not immediately. She let them

"While you talked?" Mr. Durand bowed.

"And looked at the diamond?"

"Had you ever seen so fine a diamond "No."

"Yet you deal in precious stonee?" "That is my business." "And are regarded as a judge e "I have that reputation."

"Mr. Durand, would you know this dismond if you saw it?" "I certainly should." "The setting was an uncommon one,

I hour." "Quite an unusual one." The inspector opened his hand. "Is this the article." "Good God! Where"-

"Don't you know?" "I do not."

The inspector exed him gravely "Then I have a bit of news for you.

It was hidden in the gloves you took from Mrs. Fairbrother. Miss Van Arsdale was present at their unrolling." Do we live, move, breathe at certain moments? It hardly seems so. I know that I was conscious of but one sense, that of seeing, and of but one faculty. that of judgment. Would be fineh. break down, betray guilt, or simply show astenishment? I chose to be-Heve it was the latter feeling only which informed his slowly whitening and disturbed features. Certainly it wes all his words expressed, as his giores and back again to the impostor's face.

"I cannot believe it. I cannot be Here it." And his head flew wildly to his forebead.

"Tet it is the truth, Mr. Durand, and one you have now to face. How will you de this? By any further explanations, or by what you may consider discreet slience!" "I have nothing to explain-the fact

are as I have stated." The inspector regarded him with an earnestness which made my heart sink. "You can fix the time of this visit, hope; tell us, I mean, just when you left the alcove. You must have seen

same one who can speak for you." Why did he look so disturbed and

half just then," he went on to explain.

"No one was sitting on the yellow "You know where you went, though? Whom you saw and what you did be-

fore the slarm morend? "Inspector, I am quite confused. did go somewhere; I did not remain in that part of the hall. But I can tell you nothing definite, save that I walked about, mostly among strangers, till the cry rose which sent us all in one direction and me to the side of my fainting sweetheart."

"Can you pick out any stranger you talked to, or any one who might have their biding place the recesses of an noted you during this interval? You see, for the sake of this little woman, "Inspector, I am obliged to throw

such witness to my innocence as you call for. Innocent people seldom have. It is only the guilty who take the trouble to provide for such contingen

This was all very well, if it had been uttered with a straightforward atr and in a clear tone. But it was not. I who loved him felt that it was not, and consequently was more or less prepared for the obange which new took place in the laspector's manner. Yet it pierced me to the heart to observe this change, and I instinctively dropped my face into my hands when I saw him move toward Mr. Durand with some final order or word of can-

such phenomena?) there floated into view before my retina a reproduction of the picture I had seen, or imagined myself to have seen, in the supper room: and as at that time it opened before me an unknown vista quite re moved from the surrounding scene, so it did now, and I beheld again in faint outlines, and yet with the effect of complete distinctness, a square of light through which appeared an open passage partly shut off from view by a half lifted curtain and the tall figure of a man helding back this cur tain and gazing, or seeming to gaze, at his own breast, on which he had already inid one quivering finger.

What did it mean? In the excite ment of the horrible occurrence which had engressed us all, I had forgotten this curious experience; but on feeling anew the vegue sensation of shock and expectation which seemed its natural accompaniment, I became conscious of a sudden conviction that the picture which had opened before me h the supper room was the result of a reflection in a glass or mirror of semething then going on in a pince not otherwise within the reach of my vision; a reflection, the importance of which I suddenly realized when I recall at what a critical moment it had occurred. A man in a state of dread looking at his breast, within five minutes of the stir and rush of the dreadful event which had marked this even-

A hope, great as the despair in which sharp look. I had just been sunk, gave me courage to drop my hands and advance impetuously toward the inspector.

"Don't speak, I pray; don't judge any of us further till you have heard what I have to say."

In great astonishment and with an aspect of severity, he asked me what I had to my now which I had not had

the opportunity of saying before. I "After which she passed them over replied with all the passion of a forlorn hope that it was only at this present moment I remembered a fact which might have a very decided bearing on this case; and, detecting evidences, as I thought, of relenting on his part. I backed up this statement by Mr. Durand bowed for the second an entreaty for a few words with him apart, as the matter I had to tell was private and possibly too fanciful for

any ear but his own. He looked as if he apprehended some loss of valuable time, but, touched by the involuntary gesture of appeal with which I supplemented my request, he led me into a corner, where, with just an encouraging glance toward Mr. Durand, who seemed struck dumb by my action, I told the inspector of that momentary picture which I had seen reflected in what I was now sure was some window pane or mirror.

"It was at a time coincident, or very nearly coincident, with the perpetration of the crime you are now investigating," I concluded. "Within five minutes afterward came the shout which roused us all to what had happened in the slcove. I do not know what passage I saw or what door or even what figure, but the latter, I am sure, was that of the guilty man. Something of the outline (and it was the outline only I could catch) exclew to the man I new skullthan look in that slightly deflected glass ! glances flew from the stone to the through it with terror and removes to his heart?"

"Was this figure when you saw it turned toward you or away?" the inspector inquired, with anexpected interest.

"Turned partly away. He was going from me."

"And you sat where? "Shall I show you?"

The inspector bowed, then with a low word of cantten turned to my

"I am going to take this young lady into the hall for a moment at her own request. May I ask you and Mr. Durand to await me here?"

Without passing for reply, he threw open the door, and presently we were pacing the deserted supper room seek ing the place where I had sat. I found It almost by a miracle, everything be ing in great disorder. Guided by my bouquet, which I had left behind me in my econpe from the table, I laid hold of the chair before which it lay and declared quite considently to the

"This is where I sat." Naturally his stance and mine both few to the opposite wall. A window was before us of an nausual size and make. Unlike any which bad ever before come under my observation, it sweng on a pivot and, though shut at the present moment, might very easily when opened present its hage pane at an angle capable of catching reflections from some of the many mirrors decerating the reception room situated diagonally across the hall. As all the deorways on this lower floor were of unusual width, an open path was offernyself on your mercy. I have no ed, as it were, for these reflections to be imaged here which to the persons involved would seem as safe from any ene's scrutiny as if they were taking

place in the adjoining house As we realized this a look passed between us of more than ordinary significance. Pointing to the window, the inspector turned to a group of waiters watching us from the other side of the room and asked if it had been opened

that evening. The answer came quickly.

"Yes, sir-just before the-the"-"I understand," broke in the inspect r. and, leaning over me, he whispered, Tell me again exactly what you thought you saw."

But I could add little to my former description. "Perhaps you can tell me this." be kindly persisted. "Was the picture. when you saw it, on a level with your eye or did you have to lift your head

in order to see it?" "It was high up-in the air, as it were. That seemed its oddest feature." The inspector's mouth took a satisfied

"Possibly I might identify the door and passage if I saw them," I suggested

"Certainly, certainly," was his cheer ful rejoinder, and, summoning one of his men, he was about to give some or der when his impules changed, and he

asked if I could draw. I assured him, in some surprise, that was far from being an adept in that direction, but that possibly I might manage a rough sketch, whereupon he pulled a pad and penofi from his pocket and requested me to make some sort of attempt to reproduce on paper my memory of this passage and the

My heart was beating violently, and the pencil shook in my hand, but I knew that it would not do for me to show any hesitation in fixing for all eyes what, maccountably to myself, continued to be perfectly plain to my own. So I endeavored to do as he bade me and succeeded to some extent, for he attered a slight ejaculation at one of its features and, while duly expressing his thanks, honored me with a very

"Is this your first visit to this house?" be seked.

"No. I have been here before." "In the evening or in the afternoon?" "In the afternoon."

"I am told that the main entrance is

not in use tonight." "No. A side door is provided for occasions like the present. Guests entering there find a special hall and stair-

"Yes, that is what I mean." I stared at him in wonder. What lay

back of such questions as these? "You came in, as others did, by this side entrance," he now proceeded. "Did you notice, as you turned to go upstairs, an arch opening into a small

passageway at your left?" "I did not," I began, flushing, for I thought I understood him now. "I frightened mien?" was too eager to reach the dressing room to look about me."

"Yery well," he replied; "I may want to show you that arch."

The outline of an arch, backing the sgrare we were endeavoring to klentisy, was a marked feature in the sketch had shown bim.

"V. if you take a sent pearby while make a study of this matter?"

I turned with alacrity to obey. There was something in his air and manner which made me almost buoyant. Had my fanciful interpretation of what I had ween reached him with the conviction it had me? If so, there was hope-hope for the man I loved, who had gone in and out between curtains. and not through any arch such as he had mentioned or I had described. Providence was working for me. pressed an emotion incomprehensible saw it in the way the men now moved o me at the moment, but which in about, swinging the window to and my remembrance impresses me as that fro, under the instruction of the inof fear and dread. It was not the en. spector, manipulating the lights, opentrance to the slcove I beheld—that ing doors and drawing back curtains. would have struck me at once-but Providence was working for me, and some other opening which I might ree when, a few minutes later. I was ognize if I saw it. Cannot that open asked to resent myself in my old place ing be found, and may it not give a at the supper table and take another



With a quick fork he bered his shirt front.

knew that my effort had met with the reward and that for the second time I was to receive the impression of a place new indelibly imprinted on my conscionaness.

"Is not that it?" asked the lospector, pointing at the glass with a last look any of the results of my imprudence," at the imperfect sketch I had made him and which he still held in his "Yes," I eagerly responded. "All but

the man. He whose figure I see there is another person entirely; I see ne shrinking look he unconsciously cast remorse or even fear in his looks." "Of course not. You are looking at the reflection of one of my men. Miss

Van Arsdale, do you recognize the place now under your eve? "I do not. You spoke of an arch in the hall, at the left of the carriage entrance, and I see an arch in the win-

dew pane before me, but"-"You are looking straight through the alcove-perhaps you did not know that another door opened at its backinto the passage which runs behind it. Farther on is the arch, and beyond that arch the side hall and staircase leading to the dressing rooms. This door, the one in the rear of the alcove. I mean, is hidden from those entering from the main hall by drapertes which have been hung over it for this occasion, but it is quite visible from the back passageway, and there can be no doubt that it was by its means the man whose reflected image you saw both entered and left the alcove. It is an important fact to establish, and we feel very much obliged to you for the aid you have given us in this

matter." Then, as I continued to stare at bim n my elation and surprise, he added, in quick explanation:

"The lights in the alcove and in the several parlors are all hung with shades, as you must perceive, but the one in the hall, beyond the arch, is very bright, which accounts for the Another thing and it is a very interpossible for this reflection to be noticeconsiderably higher than that of the mala floor. But for this fresk of the architect the continual passing to and Clark, drum. fro of people would have prevented the which happen but once or twice in a lifetime every condition was propitious at the mement to make this reflection a possible occurrence-even the locatien and width of the several deorways and the exact point at which the portiere was drawn aside from the entrance to the alcove."

"It is wonderful," I cried, "wonder ful!" Then, to his astonishment perhaps, I asked if there was not a small ful effort. It is not stated when the door of communication between the California trip will be made.—Times. passageway back of the alcove and the large central hall.

"Yes," he replied. "It opens just beyond the fireplace. Three small steps lend to it."

"I thought so," I murmured, but more to myself than to him. In my mind I was thinking how a man, if he so wished, could pass from the very heart of this assemblage into the quiet pea-

case, by which they can reach the up- sageway, and so on into the alcove, stairs dressing rooms without crossing without attracting very much attenthe main hall. Is that what you tion from his fellow guests. I forgot that there was another way of approach even less noticeable-that by the small staircase running up beyond the arch directly to the dressing rooms,

'And Mr. Durand?" I stammered as I fellowed the inspector back to the room where he had left that gentle man. "You will believe his statement now and look for this second intruder with the guiltly hanging head and

"Yes," he replied, stopping me on the threshold of the door and taking my hand kindly in his, "if-don't start, my dear; life is full of trouble for young and old, and youth is the best time to face a sad experience-if he is not himself the man you saw staring in frightened horror at his breast.

Have you not noticed that he is not dressed in all respects like the other gentlemen present-that, though he has not donned his overcoat, he has put on, somewhat prematurely, one might say, the large silk handkerchief he presumably wears under it? Have you not noticed this and asked yourself why?"

I had noticed it. I had noticed it from the moment I recovered from my fainting fit, but I had not thought it a matter of sufficient interest to ask, even of myself, his reason for thus aiding his shirt front. Now I could not. My faculties were too confused, my heart too deeply shaken by the suggestion which the inspector's words conveyed, for me to be conscious of anything but the devouring question as to what I should do if, by my own mistaken weal, I had succeeded in plunging the man I loved yet deeper Into the toils in which he had become enmeshed.

The inspector left me no time for the ettlement of this question. Ushering ne back into the room where Mr. Durand and my uncle awaited our return n apparently unrelieved silence, he closed the door upon the curious eyes of the various persons still lingering in the hall and abruptly said to Mr. Durand:

"The explanations you have been pleased to give of the manner in which this diamond came into your possession are not too fanciful for credence, if you can satisfy us on another point which has awakened some doubt in the mind of one of my men. Mr. Durand, you appear to have prepared yourself for departure somewhat prematurely. Do you mind removing that handkerchief for a mement? My reason for so pecullar a request will presently appear." Alas, for my last fond hope! Mr. Du-

and, with a face as white as the background of snow framed by the uncurtained window against which be leaned, lifted his hand as if to comply with the impector's request, then let it fall gain with a grating laugh. "I see that I am not likely to escape

be cried, and with a quick terk bared his shirt front. A spinsh of red defiled its otherwise uniform whiteness! That it was the red of heart's blood was proved by the

CHAPTER IV. Y love for Anson Durand died at sight of that crimson splashor I thought it did. In this spot of blood on the breast of him to whom I had given my heart I could read but one word-guilt-heinons guilt, guilt denied and now brought to light in language that could be seen and read by all men. Why should I stay in such a presence? Had not the

inspector himself advised me to go? Yes, but another voice bade me remain. Just as I reached the door Anson Durand found his voice, and I heard, in the full, sweet tones I loved so well:

"Wait! I am not to be judged like this. I will explain!" But here the inspector interposed "Do you think it wise to make any such attempt without the advice of

The indignation with which Mr. Durand wheeled toward him raised in me a faint hope.

counsel. Mr. Durand?"

(Continued Next Week.)

JUNCTION CITY NOTES It may not be generally known that Junction City has an orchestra. although of recent origin. Its members are making rapid progress and distinctness of this double reflection. will soon be able to furnish firstelass music for any and all occasions. esting point-it would have been im- Membership and instrumentation are as follows: L. E. Cook, leader and able from where you sit if the level instructor, 1st violin; William Pearof the alcove flooring had not been | man, solo | Thom, trombone; W. S. McKee, clarinet; R. C. Roberts, second B-flat cornet; H. E. Leppert, piano; L. W.

In The Guard contest which has reflection in its passage from surface been absorbing local attention for so surface. Miss Van Arsdale, it would several weeks past, closed Saturday seem that by one of those chances evening. There were six candidates in District No. 3, and Miss Hattie Cook won first place with 568,470 votes. This will entitle her to a free trip to Los Angeles. For the grand prize Miss Cook held second place, Miss Hattle is an excellent young lady and her standing in the community is well exemplified by her very flattering vote. She warked faithfully to ecure this splendid trip, and we certainly congratulate her in her success-

> CASTORIA The Kind You have Ahrays Bought

Bears the Bignature of C. A. H. Thitchie