

The Case of Jennie Brice

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coming forward and everything to lose. Very well, she was alive on Monday. We know where she was on Tuesday and Wednesday. Anyhow, during those days her gem of a husband was in jail. He was freed Thursday night, and from that time until his rearrest on the following Tuesday, I had him under observation every moment. He left the jail Thursday night, and on Saturday the body floated in at Se-wickley. If it was done by Ludley it must have been done on Friday, and on Friday he was in view through the periscope all day."

Mr. Reynolds came in and joined us. "There's only one way out that I see," he said mildly. "Two women have been fool enough to have a name tattooed over their hearts. No woman ever thought enough of me to have my name put on her."

"I hope not," I retorted. Mr. Reynolds' first name is Zachariah.

But, as Mr. Holcombe said, all that had been proved was that Jennie Brice was dead, probably murdered. He could not understand the defense letting the case go to the jury without their putting more stress on Mr. Howell's story. But we were to understand that soon, and many other things. Mr. Holcombe told me that evening of learning from John Bellows of the tattooed name on Jennie Brice and of how, after an almost endless search, he had found the man who had cut the name away.

At 8 o'clock the doorbell rang. Mr. Reynolds had gone to lodge, he being an Elk and several other things and much given to regalia in boxes and having his picture in the newspapers in different outlandish costumes. Mr. Pitman used to say that man, being denied his natural love for barbaric adornment in his everyday clothes

took to the different fraternities as an excuse for decking himself out. But this has nothing to do with the doorbell.

It was old Isaac. He had a basket in his hand, and he stepped into the hall and placed it on the floor.

"Evening, Miss Bess," he said. "Can you see a bit of company tonight?"

"I can always see you," I replied. But he had not meant himself. He stepped to the door and, opening it, beckoned to some one across the street. It was Lida!

She came in, her color a little heightened, and old Isaac stood back, beaming at us both. I believe it was one of the crowning moments of the old man's life—thus to see his Miss Bess and Alma's child together.

"Is—is he here yet?" she asked me nervously.

"I did not know he was coming." There was no need to ask which "he." There was only one for Lida.

"He telephoned me and asked me to come here. Oh, Mrs. Pitman, I'm so afraid for him!" She had forgotten Isaac. I turned to the schoolteacher's room and opened the door. "The woman who belongs here is out at a lecture," I said. "Come in here, Ikkie, and I'll find the evening paper for you."

"Ikkie," said Lida, and stood staring at me. I think I went white.

"The lady heeb and I is old friends," Isaac said, with his splendid manner. "Her mothah, Miss Lida, her mothah—"

But even old Isaac choked up at that, and I closed the door on him.

"How queer!" Lida said, looking at me. "So Isaac knew your mother? Have you lived always in Allegheny, Mrs. Pitman?"

To be continued.

Horrors and Atrocities

"Horrors and Atrocities of the Great War" is the name of a very interesting, illustrated book, dealing with the present European crisis. Lewis Jones of Estacada is working during the vacation season taking orders for this latest description of the gigantic struggle.

Colonel Guffey's Surrender

Colonel Mardell Guffey, "Sage of the Sand Hills", Cherokee Strip, Oklahoma, has surrendered. The Cherokee Republican makes that sensational announcement. And it is sensational—astounding, too. All Oklahoma is agog over it. Colonel Mardell Guffey never surrendered—to anybody or anything—in his life.

But the stride of progress has locked step with Colonel Mardell Guffey now. And he's swinging along at a brisk pace, with his black briar pipe at the same cocky angle.

Colonel Guffey came into the Cherokee Strip with the pioneers and everything he owned strapped in the pockets of his saddle. That's "forty year ago", the Colonel says. And, by the same token, the Colonel for forty years has contended that there is one and only one sure, safe, economical, dignified means of transportation—only one mount for a gentleman. That's a cow-pony. And he's lived his life in the saddle.

Fortune has smiled upon Colonel Mardell Guffey. He has become a substantial—as well as widely beloved citizen. So, with the march of progress into the Cherokee Strip, it is not remarkable that the enterprising motor car salesman should single the Colonel out. Whole brigades and battalions of them have come confidently and departed despairingly.

Nevertheless, Colonel Mardell Guffey has surrendered—just the same. We've confirmed it. It is straight.

A few days ago a Ford agent drove a 1915 Ford into the Colonel's front yard. The Colonel viewed the familiar experiment disdainfully—through a cloud of pipe smoke. Then he took his feet down off the rail and gave "the critter the once over". Finally, he broke all precedent and "climbed aboard".

An hour later the Colonel said—"Well, you might as well leave her hitched up to the locust post yonder, and if she's sound in wind and fairly gentle, I may slip my branding iron on her".

The Colonel did. Later he was encountered on the highway. "I ain't quite got used to this here throttle yet. I keep wantin' to dig my spurs into her" said the Colonel, as he swung into the front gate on two wheels. "But she sure can single-foot better than any durned bronk I ever rode—and believe me, son, I sure have rode some good hosses in my time. Seems to me, though, I ought to mix some oats in her gasoline".

Isn't that convincing proof of Colonel Mardell Guffey's surrender. Paid adv.

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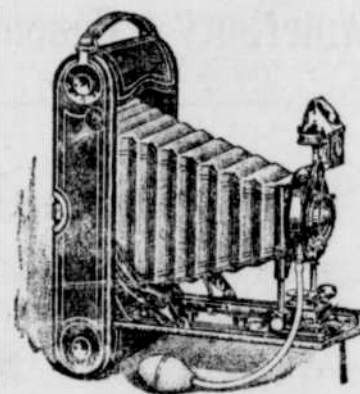
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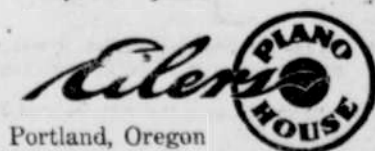
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