

THE MAN OF A THOUSAND

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1914, by Associated Literary Press.

They called him "Judge" Dale because in the far west you never "mistake" a man when you can call him "colonel" or "judge." As James Dale looked more like a judge than a colonel, they called him as I have said. He was a mine owner, and when things went wrong he could make hot times for his engineers and foremen, but he didn't do it in a vulgar way. He was always a gentleman, even when he cussed the hardest. As a matter of fact, the judge's motto was "good form," and he carried it out in his clothes, his cigars, his dinners.

I have it on good authority that Judge Dale was not vulgarly startled when he received word from Denver that his handsome wife, to whom he had been married five years and who was visiting friends, had taken an old lover's arm and severed conjugal relations by eloping. He went through the daily routine just the same for two or three days, and he had the same placid look and the same even voice as he called his head clerk into the private office and said:

"Thomas, I am going away for a few days, and you will take charge."

"Yes, sir," replied Thomas, and the next morning the judge was on his way to Denver. He picked up his clew there without having elbowed anything or soiled the polish of his shoes. He met friends and talked politics and real estate and mines, and, lighting a fresh cigar, he took a train for the east. Arriving in New York city, he paid a detective to locate the couple.

A steamer was sailing for the Mediterranean at the end of the fourth day, and when she departed the judge was one of her passengers. There were more than a hundred others, and as the weather was also stormy for the first two or three days out no one commented on the fact that the passenger who was registered as Major Davis stuck close to his cabin and had his meals brought to him by a steward. Judge Dale had changed his name, but he had no idea of changing his identity. There were laughter and conversation and a clatter of dishes as all the passengers finally gathered for dinner for the first time since leaving Sandy Hook. To the right of the captain sat one of the handsomest ladies and one of the finest looking gentlemen on the list; but, taken altogether, it was a grand array of wealth and culture. Dinner was fairly under way and the lady on the captain's right was beaming when she happened to cast her eyes down the table, and her face went as white as death in a second. Half a dozen people caught her words as she whispered to her supposed husband:

"John, there is the judge!"

The man looked, and the color went out of his cheeks and his jaw fell. Near the foot of the table sat the man who had taken a new name. He was cool and placid, and only the ghost of a smile hovered around his mouth. He looked the woman and the man full in the eyes for a minute, but made no sign of recognition.

"What is it?" asked the captain as "Mrs. Bemis" shuddered and gasped and seemed on the point of fainting.

"A—A sudden illness—heart trouble!" she stammered as she left the table for her stateroom.

At every meal Major Davis faced the guilty pair. Some of the passengers suspected nothing, but others in-

sisted that there was a queer mystery about. The major gave nothing away. It wouldn't have been good form. The woman avoided him as far as possible, but two or three times a day he found excuse to speak to her.

The steamer was to call at the Azores. One morning about 10 o'clock she made harbor, and it was given out aboard that she would not get away before midnight. Everybody was anxious for a brief run ashore—everybody but Mrs. Bemis. She feared that she might over-exert and bring on another attack of heart trouble. Mr. Bemis had decided to stay with her when Major Davis hunted him out and said:

"I trust you will make one of a little party going ashore, and that you will bring your revolver along as I shall mine?"

"The party is—is"—began Mr. Bemis as his face blanched.

"A very exclusive one—just the two of us, you see. You have a pistol, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Ah, of course! We may find game, you know. Do you wish to speak to your wife first?"

"No."

"She's gone to lie down, eh? Well, let's be off."

The two engaged a boat as soon as landing and pulled away to a wooded cape, and two hours later a dead man was brought back in the boat. It was Mr. Bemis. He had accidentally shot himself while shooting at a bird.

When the accident became known and it was found that Mrs. Bemis was to go on with the ship instead of ashore to see her husband to his last resting place, there was an outcry over her want of feeling, but it did not reach her ears. She was in the stateroom under the doctor's care, and none of the passengers saw her again. When the major had finished his work at the island he took a steamer for New York and home, and upon entering his office at the usual hour and in the usual way he said to his chief clerk:

"Thomas, I am back and feeling better. Bring me the balance sheets for the past four weeks."

For a Change.

"I have been reared in the lap of luxury," exclaimed the heiress haughtily.

"Try mine for a change," suggested the impecunious young man.

Unfair Handicap.

Willie had resigned his position in the big bakery, where he labored in the pie department, and had gone to work in a carpenter's shop for smaller wages. The social investigator having heard about Willie questioned him.

"Aren't you sorry you left the bakery and came to this shop?" she asked kindly.

"No'm," Willie answered quickly.

"But you get less money."

"Yes'm."

"Well, what was the matter with the bakery?"

"Twuz this way," explained Willie. "It hurt my mouth. I wuz in de pie part, de cherry pie part, an' I had to stane cherries. An' dey got a rule over there dat all de boys has to whistle all de time dey's workin', so as to show dey ain't eatin' no cherries."—Popular Magazine.

Unshrinkable Material.

"Isn't that lawyer a rather extravagant man?"

"By no means! I've known him to make one suit last for several years!"

Flesh of the Beaver.

The flesh of the forequarters of the beaver has something of the flavor of beef, while that of the hindquarters has a fishy taste.

"It Don't Hurt a Fact to Hammer it."

The fact we wish to hammer is that Alex McNair & Co.'s store gives more quality, service and satisfaction than any other store in Tillamook county.

Our Phenominal Success Demonstates that Fact.

Remember Alex McNair & Co. for Builders' Hardware, Eave Troughing, Farm Tools, Shelf Goods, Cutlery, and everything kept in a fully stocked hardware store.

Alex McNair & Co., Tillamook, Ore.

MOVING PICTURES



Saturday Evenings

CLOVERDALE HALL

New Reels and a Good Show

Admission 15 Cents

SPECIAL AGENCY

For the Famous

"Star Brand" Shoes

The Largest Selling Brand of Shoes in the World

SOME POPULAR LINES

The "Patriot"—

A Fine Shoe for Men

The "Pilgrim"—

The Business Man's Shoe

The "Society"—

A Particular Shoe for Particular Women

"Tess & Ted" School Shoes—

For Boys and Girls

"Our Family"—

For Every Member of the Family

"Stronger-Than-The-Law"—

The Longest Wearing Work Shoe Made

"Soft and Good"—

A Work Shoe True to Name

All made of Good Leather. No substitutes for leather are ever used.

"Star Brand Shoes Are Better"

GLOVERDALE MERCANTILE CO.



Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

FIRE INSURANCE

is the only ASSET YOU MAY HAVE IN CASE OF DISASTER. WE WRITE THE KIND THAT PROTECTS.

Rates made known and information gladly given.

Rollie W. Watson

Real Estate and Fire Insurance

Tillamook, Oregon