

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

Building permits issued by the city of Salem during the year totaled \$268,415.

A carload of flour is to be Klamath county's donation to the Belgian relief fund.

Irrigationists from all over Oregon gathered at the Imperial hotel in Portland Thursday, for the fourth annual session of the Oregon Irrigation Congress.

The Ashland sub-station of the Oregon-California Light & Power Company, situated across Bear Creek, outside the city limits, was burned with a loss of \$15,000.

A special short course for the teachers of Oregon whose terms of school end early has been announced by the Oregon Normal School at Monmouth, to commence on April 5.

Pras Lewis, president of the Grand Ronde Cash company of La Grande, was admitted to \$1000 bond following his arrest at Burley, Idaho, on a charge specifying larceny by bailment.

The completion of the new \$125,000 high school for The Dalles, which will be ready for occupancy February 1, will give that city the best and most complete educational building of its class in the state of Oregon.

All pawnbrokers and second-hand dealers of La Grande must keep a record of all articles purchased or otherwise acquired, the ordinance being the result of petty thieving which was reported in the last few months.

The prune acreage in Polk county has been increased greatly this fall by the planting of many young trees in each of the prune districts, according to a recent survey of the various sections of the county.

Extensive plans have been made by the Polk County Association for the eighth annual show which will be held in Dallas, January 18, 19, 20 and 21. Numerous cash prizes, a number of valuable ribbons and eight silver cups are among the prizes offered.

Howard B. Woods, manager of the Wehhard ice and storage plant at Springfield, was arrested in that city, charged with violating the state white slave act. He is accused of transporting two women from Eugene to Springfield for immoral purposes.

George Moar, one of the oldest pioneers of Yamhill county, died at the home of his sister in Lafayette, on December 29. Mr. Moar was born at Lafayette on December 26, 1851. He was the son of Oliver and Hester Moar, pioneers of 1845, and one of a family of nine children.

The fees of the motor vehicle department of the state totaled \$77,592 for 1914, according to a report of Secretary of State Olcott. Fees are paid for registrations of dealers, chauffeurs, motor vehicles and motorcycles. In 1913, they totaled \$56,873, making the gain for 1914 \$20,719.

According to data assembled by Colonel Lawson, warden of the state penitentiary, 226 life-terminers have been received at the institution since it was established, in 1854, and to the total Multnomah county has contributed the greatest number, 51, and Marion county the second largest, 15.

That the action of the state board of health in attempting to remove Dr. J. A. Van Brakle, an osteopath, as health officer of Clackamas county, was illegal, was the decision of the supreme court in an opinion by Justice Dean. The court affirms the findings of Circuit Judge Campbell.

The new year found all state institutions and departments, excepting those having continuing appropriations, penniless, and they will remain in that condition until the legislature comes to their rescue. It is specifically provided that money appropriated by the last general assembly may not be used after January 1, and, as a result, a number of the institutions and departments will find themselves in the unhappy position of impoverishing themselves for the benefit of the general fund.

Because of an oversight of the framers of the law providing for an interstate bridge connecting Portland and Vancouver, the state tax commission has notified the county commissioners of Multnomah county that no provision has been made in the tax levy for the payment by the state of \$62,500 interest for the first year on the \$1,250,000 bond issue of that county. Under the law the county is to provide Oregon's share of the expense of building the structure and the state is to provide the annual interest on the bonds. Just what complications will arise as a result of the oversight no one is able to predict.

S. G. Sargent, state superintendent of banks, in a supplement to his biennial report, announces that his department will turn back into the state treasury \$5221.03 of the appropriation for 1914. He also announces that if a plan now being considered to turn over all the banking business of state departments, including the filing of articles of incorporation of banks, now filed with the corporation department, to his department, it would be self-supporting. The receipts, not including the appropriation of \$10,000 for 1914, totaled \$13,655.45 or \$2,555.67 more than in 1913.

OREGON NEWS NOTES  
OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Purchasers Would Withdraw Attention. Salem.—A tentative proposition was made to the state land board to have the state withdraw proceedings for recovery of 20,000 of the 60,000 acres involved in the Hyde-Benson dummy frauds, upon the payment of \$2.50 an acre by the innocent purchasers. The consent of the government is necessary before the state can carry out the agreement.

A report of the purchasers asserted that they had secured the school tracts in good faith, and that to push the suit to recover title would be to inflict a hardship on them. Some of the tracts have passed through several hands, it is said.

New Freight Terminal at Pendleton. Pendleton.—Vice-President and General Manager J. P. O'Brien, of the O. W. R. & N., announces that the proposed freight terminal at Pilot Rock Junction, near the Pendleton city limits, will probably be started early in the spring, but that an actual beginning depends upon the disposal of anti-railroad legislation at the coming session of the legislature. Mr. O'Brien says that the European war is not responsible for shortage of funds with which to improve the railroad system, but that legislation opposed to the railroads, together with high taxes is mainly responsible.

Pioneer Quarry Reopens. Newport.—Pioneer stone is once more being quarried after a lapse of 18 years and promises to develop an industry in Lincoln county which has been neglected. The last stone taken from the quarry at Pioneer was used in the construction of the Call building in San Francisco.

WASCO FARMER IS SHOT

Clarence Bettis Kills Ralph Brown at Kaskela. The Dalles.—While entering the gate of his ranch home at Kaskela, Oregon, in southern Wasco county, in company with his wife, Ralph Brown, a well-known stockman, was shot and instantly killed by Clarence Bettis, age 21, an employee of the man he murdered. No reason can be given for the killing. Bettis himself being unable to tell the same story twice, when he was brought to this city by Sheriff Chrisman and put in the county jail. Sheriff Chrisman says that Bettis had evidently been drinking and believed himself a bad man. After he had shot down his employer, Bettis shot several times at Mrs. Brown, who was with her husband, returning from a party, but the bullets went wild. Bettis immediately fled to the hills, and was not seen until 8 o'clock in the evening, when he appeared at the B. A. Marks home. He told Marks what he had done, and Marks advised him to surrender to the sheriff.

Farm Course is Conducted.

Corvallis.—Pursuing their policy of "taking the college to the people," the extension service of the Oregon Agricultural College will conduct a series of itinerant schools during the early days of the new year. They opened Tuesday, January 5, with a four-day session at Creswell, where the experts of the extension service and some of the regular instructors of the college gave demonstrations and illustrated lectures.

Endowment Campaign a Success.

Newberg.—In a fine rally that began in the afternoon and was renewed in the evening, the friends of Pacific College on Thursday completed their campaign for the \$100,000 endowment, and the gifts keep coming in. The total is now over \$115,000, and the campaign for funds will be pushed still further, as a still larger sum is greatly needed.

Seven are Indicted on Recall Fraud.

Portland.—Seven secret indictments in connection with alleged frauds in circulating petitions for the recall of Mayor Albee and Commissioners Dieck and Brewster were returned by the grand jury here. False names and addresses, said to have been written in the petitions, were the basis of the charges.

S. P. Pump Tender With Record Dies.

Eugene.—With no demerit in eight years of service on his record, Jerome Smith, a pump tender on the Southern Pacific, died here after a long illness. Eight bar medals gave him the record for the most perfect service on that line in Oregon. He had been with the company for 20 years.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, vs. Frank J. Cheney.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of CHENEY'S CURE, that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE, by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE, sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1914.

A Conversion From Vanity

A Story For Halloween

By MARTHA V. MONROE

The young artist after this spent considerable time at the villa, and though his infatuation for Bertha deepened, he kept his promise to appear unconscious of her beauty and since he was poor and was too honorable or proud to make love to her, refrained from doing so. Bertha, who had been used to having every one who came near her express admiration in looks if not in words, was taken aback at this first experience of one who showed no consciousness of her gift. Whether she was astonished or piqued or indifferent she did not make known. She certainly displayed no interest in Wakeley whatever.

Kimball, being a friend of both parties, observed the situation with interest. It occurred to him that possibly Wakeley might be made use of to win Bertha from her captor. The artist's control of himself in concealing his admiration for what had enthralled him promised to be an element of success. Kimball laid a scheme first to give Bertha a glimpse of what she would be as an old woman, then to make a match between her and Wakeley.

The hot season in Italy was over and gave place to that mellow autumn which renders Italy famous for its soft skies. Bertha was sitting one evening in the Townsend villa, situated on a height from which she could look down on the city of Florence. On the embankments of the Arno the lamps were being lit, faint in the still starry twilight.

Bertha's gaze was fixed on the Ponte Vecchio bridge, the business cathedral and other monuments of medieval times, growing dim in the advancing night. But none of those interested in her as her own beauty. From a table beside her, covered with books and periodicals, she took up a handglass with a view to getting a glimpse of her features while it was yet possible to see them. She was about to replace the mirror on the table when there came a flash of dazzling light.

In the mirror she saw a mingling of two faces: one her own, the other that of an old woman. The skin was wrinkled, the cheeks were hollow, the eyes sunken, the teeth discolored. With a cry she threw down the mirror and ran into the house.

From the time she saw the spectral reflection she was changed. Her treatment of Wakeley lost all antagonism, but it was still indifferent. Those who knew of the young man's adoration for her could not see that there was anything in it. Wakeley himself was quite disinterested, and so expressed himself to Kimball.

"Gee up," said the latter. "I have done a part of my work and am waiting for an opportunity to attempt the rest. If I have luck I shall render you great assistance."

A few evenings after this Kimball was sitting on the terrace with Bertha where she had seen her face reflected as an old woman.

"Tomorrow at this time," he said, "will be Halloween. Do you propose to try the usual method of seeing the features of your future husband?"

"I never look into a mirror again except when making my toilet."

"Why not?"

"That I do not care to tell."

"I should suppose you would make an exception of Halloween. Come out here at dusk tomorrow evening, look into a mirror, and I fancy you will see the face of the man you shall marry."

Bertha made no reply to this, but Kimball was confident she would do as he had suggested.

True enough, just before dark the next evening she went out on to the terrace. Kimball, who had been dining at the villa, followed, unseen by her, and stood back in a vestibule through which she had passed. She sat for some time looking out on the view before her and when darkness had settled down upon it took up the hand mirror and held it before her face.

Kimball raised his hand, there was a flash, and in the mirror Bertha saw the features of Albert Wakeley.

Bertha, who had believed that the former flash was not supernatural, turned quickly to see who was responsible for the light, but so vivid had been that her vision was dimmed.

Kimball had no difficulty in getting away before her eyes were capable of revealing him to her.

From this time Bertha seemed more sensible to Wakeley's attentions, and it was not long before the encouragement he received was sufficient to warrant his declaring his love for her. He was accepted, and when Wakeley finished his art studies they were married. After the wedding Wakeley said to Kimball:

"I am sure I owe the change in my wife from vanity and the fact that she has come to me. Tell me how you did it."

"I employed an artist to blend a picture of Bertha in youth and old age in a mirror, the duplicate of the one she kept on the table on the terrace, and substituted it for hers. Then I flashed a light behind her when she was looking into it. Next I substituted a mirroring on which your features had been painted. This she saw on Halloween."

A MAN WHO DARED

Singular Way in Which a Woman's Love Was Won.

By RALPH COBINO

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Darnel looked very intently at his friend, John Barking's face. He was thinking that the day of miracles was not over.

"I've knocked about the world a good deal," he said. "I've seen astonishing things, but the most astonishing of them all is the change in your face."

Barking knocked the ash off his cigar with deliberate slowness. Then he said, "When a man's happy, his all he ever asked for, he ought to look different."

Darnel nodded. "I see. Contentment wiping away discontent."

Barking spoke frankly. "It's more than that. It's a clean life wiping away a soiled one. You used to see the history of dark days in my face. Now you see the history of bright ones and clean ones."

Darnel was silent for a minute. When he spoke finally he moved to another phase of Barking's experience.

"In the old days you said you hadn't the making of a lover in you. Now you're by way of being a model in that respect. I believe you're never off your knees, so to speak, before Lucy Parker's shrine."

"I never am," Barking spoke quickly, "seemed indeed glad of this chance of putting his experience into words. "She's to me what the sun is to a dark day. I've come out of the blackness of despair to a place of light."

Again by his silence Darnel showed his comprehension. His mind held a rapid review of Barking's history. He had been left an orphan, rich, free to lead his life as he pleased. And his mood had led him to the card table, the whisky bottle.

Then had come his engagement to Lucy Parker and a complete transformation in his life.

"I don't think you know the details of my first acquaintance with the Parker family," Barking said. "I'd like to tell you."

"I've wondered about it," Darnel admitted. "When I went away you were fascinated by—"

"Cards and the whisky bottle," Barking laughed a little grimly. "I was, I wasn't a free man till I met Lucy Parker. It was one night coming out of the theater I first saw her. I'd been refreshing myself freely between the acts. Coming out, I believe I made more or less of a fool of myself. And she was in the vestibule waiting for a carriage. I can't tell you how she looked. But something in me shuddered. Anyhow, I went home and thought, I saw myself for a fool and worse. The curious thing was that after that night I saw Lucy's eyes looking at me every time I lifted a glass of whisky to my lips. I couldn't drink it. She cured me."

"Then something happened," he went on. "I was able to help old Parker through a financial crisis. I'd got a considerable fortune, as you know, though I'd played ducks and drakes with some of it. I owned the land on which Parker's factory stood and most of the workmen's cottages were on my land too. I helped Parker tide over a stiff time, didn't bother him for a moment. Naturally the old man was glad to avert a smash. That's how I got to know Lucy well."

"I'd left off cards and the whisky bottle—found it easy, mind you," he added. "There's a considerable touch of the Puritan in the Parker family. I doubt if old Parker wouldn't have faced a crash rather than accept a loan from a man who drank too much and gambled. But he knew of the leaf I'd turned over. Later on when Lucy and I made it up he gave his consent."

"When's the wedding coming off?" Darnel asked.

"Next month."

"I wish you joy, old chnp. And I'm wishing something you're sure to get," Darnel leaned forward in his chair and gripped Barking's hand. "Here's to the good days that are coming to you."

"Thanks," Barking said.

Left alone presently in his room, Barking went to the glass and stared at himself. His thoughts played about Darnel's remark: "I've seen astonishing things. But the most astonishing

of them all is the change in your face."

"I must tell Lucy that," Barking said to himself. "She wrought the change." He swung on his heels with an abrupt movement and stood listening. His ears held the sound of rustling skirts and the tap of a woman's foot on the stairs. Barking strode to the door and flung it wide.

"Lucy—you!" he exclaimed.

"I had to come," she said. She sounded breathless. "There are things I must say to you."

She went past him into the room. She gave a gesture of refusal when he would have brought her a chair.

"You'll think it strange for me to come here. But I must see you alone. I must!"

Urgency spoke in her last word. She took a quick step toward him. "I want to try and make you understand."

"Understand?"

"Understand that I can't—marry you!"

Barking stared at her. Somewhere in his forehead a pulse began to throb. She spoke again.

"I've come to throw myself on your mercy. If you love me as you say you do you'll set me free." She held her hands toward him as though she felt them chained. Entreaty was about her as an enveloping cloak. "It would be magnanimous of you to release me."

"Have I done anything to vex you, said anything?"

"No," she told him. "a thousand times no."

"Then you mean you've ceased to care for me?"

"I never cared enough," she said. "I was going to marry you from gratitude. You had lent my father money and saved us from ruin."

Barking spoke harshly:

"I didn't know your father had told you. It was merely a little matter of business between the two of us."

"He told me. And I thought I could have married you, content with that. I dreamed that happiness might grow from esteem. Color leaped into her face. "But I have learned that it isn't enough. There must be something else."

"And some one else?" He tried ineffectually to rob his voice of bitterness.

"Yes."

"Suppose you tell me a little more. Since we were to have been married next month, I have the right to ask that."

"You have the right." She made the admission frankly. Her words rushed now. It was as if she sought to lessen the prick of them by speed. "I have met some one I love. And I know now that I could never live with a man I merely like. The man who has taught me this is Robert Grant. You've met him. He came home from Canada a few months ago from the war. We were children together. We used to play as sweethearts. When we met again after the years we knew that there was happiness in each other's love. I have tried to be true to you, but I love him. You will be—magnanimous."

Barking jerked his shoulders back.

"You are free!" he said.

"But how—how?" Her hands dropped and she looked down at her fingers, playing with them nervously. She seemed fearful of the sound of her next sentences. "You see, my father will be angry. You helped him. It will be difficult to make him understand. He will insist on my keeping my promise."

Barking said: "I'll put it right with your father. You need have no fear."

He could not meet the sudden radiance in her eyes.

He glanced at the clock. In an hour and a half's time he was due to dine at the Parkers'. He went to his bedroom and dressed quickly. In half an hour's time he walked into Key's restaurant and sat down at one of the small tables.

"A glass of whisky," he said to the waiter.

The whisky was brought, and Barking drank it deliberately. He called for more. There was something of fierceness in his way of drinking. Now and then he consulted his watch.

Darnel was one of the guests at the Parkers'. He described the evening in a letter he wrote to a mutual friend of his and Barking's a few days later.

"Barking was the last guest to arrive," Darnel wrote. "They must have been twelve or fourteen of us in the drawing room when he came in. Old Parker had just been talking to me about the wedding that was to come off next month when Barking was announced. There was an abrupt silence as he came into the room. He'd been drinking. The sudden glare of the lights half blinded him, and he staggered, caught hold of the back of a chair to steady himself. Then he stood grinning at us all. Nobody spoke."

"I glanced at Barking with a face as white as her dress. Parker's a puritanical old fellow, you'll remember, and he looked concentrated disgust. So did Robert Grant, that young cub who's turned up from Canada. I saw Lucy's eyes flash from Barking's face to Grant's, noting the sneer on it. All at once Barking began to sing. He sang a comic song in a hoarse, cracked voice. And we stood and stared at him like fools."

"It seemed as if Barking in his drunkenness had a ghostly kind of control over the rest of us who were sober. Presently his legs failed him, and he crumpled up into a heap on the floor. That broke the tension."

"Old Parker rang the bell, and the servant who answered it he said, pointing to Barking, 'Carry that man out and to young Grant, Grant, if you mind helping?'"

A Conversion From Vanity

A Story For Halloween

By MARTHA V. MONROE

The young artist after this spent considerable time at the villa, and though his infatuation for Bertha deepened, he kept his promise to appear unconscious of her beauty and since he was poor and was too honorable or proud to make love to her, refrained from doing so. Bertha, who had been used to having every one who came near her express admiration in looks if not in words, was taken aback at this first experience of one who showed no consciousness of her gift. Whether she was astonished or piqued or indifferent she did not make known. She certainly displayed no interest in Wakeley whatever.

Kimball, being a friend of both parties, observed the situation with interest. It occurred to him that possibly Wakeley might be made use of to win Bertha from her captor. The artist's control of himself in concealing his admiration for what had enthralled him promised to be an element of success. Kimball laid a scheme first to give Bertha a glimpse of what she would be as an old woman, then to make a match between her and Wakeley.

The hot season in Italy was over and gave place to that mellow autumn which renders Italy famous for its soft skies. Bertha was sitting one evening in the Townsend villa, situated on a height from which she could look down on the city of Florence. On the embankments of the Arno the lamps were being lit, faint in the still starry twilight.

Bertha's gaze was fixed on the Ponte Vecchio bridge, the business cathedral and other monuments of medieval times, growing dim in the advancing night. But none of those interested in her as her own beauty. From a table beside her, covered with books and periodicals, she took up a handglass with a view to getting a glimpse of her features while it was yet possible to see them. She was about to replace the mirror on the table when there came a flash of dazzling light.

In the mirror she saw a mingling of two faces: one her own, the other that of an old woman. The skin was wrinkled, the cheeks were hollow, the eyes sunken, the teeth discolored. With a cry she threw down the mirror and ran into the house.

From the time she saw the spectral reflection she was changed. Her treatment of Wakeley lost all antagonism, but it was still indifferent. Those who knew of the young man's adoration for her could not see that there was anything in it. Wakeley himself was quite disinterested, and so expressed himself to Kimball.

"Gee up," said the latter. "I have done a part of my work and am waiting for an opportunity to attempt the rest. If I have luck I shall render you great assistance."

A few evenings after this Kimball was sitting on the terrace with Bertha where she had seen her face reflected as an old woman.

"Tomorrow at this time," he said, "will be Halloween. Do you propose to try the usual method of seeing the features of your future husband?"

"I never look into a mirror again except when making my toilet."

"Why not?"

"That I do not care to tell."

"I should suppose you would make an exception of Halloween. Come out here at dusk tomorrow evening, look into a mirror, and I fancy you will see the face of the man you shall marry."

Bertha made no reply to this, but Kimball was confident she would do as he had suggested.

True enough, just before dark the next evening she went out on to the terrace. Kimball, who had been dining at the villa, followed, unseen by her, and stood back in a vestibule through which she had passed. She sat for some time looking out on the view before her and when darkness had settled down upon it took up the hand mirror and held it before her face.

Kimball raised his hand, there was a flash, and in the mirror Bertha saw the features of Albert Wakeley.

Bertha, who had believed that the former flash was not supernatural, turned quickly to see who was responsible for the light, but so vivid had been that her vision was dimmed.

Kimball had no difficulty in getting away before her eyes were capable of revealing him to her.

From this time Bertha seemed more sensible to Wakeley's attentions, and it was not long before the encouragement he received was sufficient to warrant his declaring his love for her. He was accepted, and when Wakeley finished his art studies they were married. After the wedding Wakeley said to Kimball:

"I am sure I owe the change in my wife from vanity and the fact that she has come to me. Tell me how you did it."

"I employed an artist to blend a picture of Bertha in youth and old age in a mirror, the duplicate of the one she kept on the table on the terrace, and substituted it for hers. Then I flashed a light behind her when she was looking into it. Next I substituted a mirroring on which your features had been painted. This she saw on Halloween."

A Conversion From Vanity

A Story For Halloween

By MARTHA V. MONROE

The young artist after this spent considerable time at the villa, and though his infatuation for Bertha deepened, he kept his promise to appear unconscious of her beauty and since he was poor and was too honorable or proud to make love to her, refrained from doing so. Bertha, who had been used to having every one who came near her express admiration in looks if not in words, was taken aback at this first experience of one who showed no consciousness of her gift. Whether she was astonished or piqued or indifferent she did not make known. She certainly displayed no interest in Wakeley whatever.

Kimball, being a friend of both parties, observed the situation with interest. It occurred to him that possibly Wakeley might be made use of to win Bertha from her captor. The artist's control of himself in concealing his admiration for what had enthralled him promised to be an element of success. Kimball laid a scheme first to give Bertha a glimpse of what she would be as an old woman, then to make a match between her and Wakeley.

The hot season in Italy was over and gave place to that mellow autumn which renders Italy famous for its soft skies. Bertha was sitting one evening in the Townsend villa, situated on a height from which she could look down on the city of Florence. On the embankments of the Arno the lamps were being lit, faint in the still starry twilight.

Bertha's gaze was fixed on the Ponte Vecchio bridge, the business cathedral and other monuments of medieval times, growing dim in the advancing night. But none of those interested in her as her own beauty. From a table beside her, covered with books and periodicals, she took up a handglass with a view to getting a glimpse of her features while it was yet possible to see them. She was about to replace the mirror on the table when there came a flash of dazzling light.

In the mirror she saw a mingling of two faces: one her own, the other that of an old woman. The skin was wrinkled, the cheeks were hollow, the eyes sunken, the teeth discolored. With a cry she threw down the mirror and ran into the house.

From the time she saw the spectral reflection she was changed. Her treatment of Wakeley lost all antagonism, but it was still indifferent. Those who knew of the young man's adoration for her could not see that there was anything in it. Wakeley himself was quite disinterested, and so expressed himself to Kimball.

"Gee up," said the latter. "I have done a part of my work and am waiting for an opportunity to attempt the rest. If I have luck I shall render you great assistance."

A few evenings after this Kimball was sitting on the terrace with Bertha where she had seen her face reflected as an old woman.

"Tomorrow at this time," he said, "will be Halloween. Do you propose to try the usual method of seeing the features of your future husband?"

"I never look into a mirror again except when making my toilet."

"Why not?"

"That I do not care to tell."

"I should suppose you would make an exception of Halloween. Come out here at dusk tomorrow evening, look into a mirror, and I fancy you will see the face of the man you shall marry."

Bertha made no reply to this, but Kimball was confident she would do as he had suggested.

True enough, just before dark the next evening she went out on to the terrace. Kimball, who had been dining at the villa, followed, unseen by her, and stood back in a vestibule through which she had passed. She sat for some time looking out on the view before her and when darkness had settled down upon it took up the hand mirror and held it before her face.

Kimball raised his hand, there was a flash, and in the mirror Bertha saw the features of Albert Wakeley.

Bertha, who had believed that the former flash was not supernatural, turned quickly to see who was responsible for the light, but so vivid had been that her vision was dimmed.

Kimball had no difficulty in getting away before her eyes were capable of revealing him to her.

From this time Bertha seemed more sensible to Wakeley's attentions, and it was not long before the encouragement he received was sufficient to warrant his declaring his love for her. He was accepted, and when Wakeley finished his art studies they were married. After the wedding Wakeley said to Kimball:

"I am sure I owe the change in my wife from vanity and the fact that she has come to me. Tell me how you did it."

"I employed an artist to blend a picture of Bertha in youth and old age in a mirror, the duplicate of the one she kept on the table on the terrace, and substituted it for hers. Then I flashed a light behind her when she was looking into it. Next I substituted a mirroring on which your features had been painted. This she saw on Halloween."

A Conversion From Vanity

A Story For Halloween

By MARTHA V. MONROE

The young artist after this spent considerable time at the villa, and though his infatuation for Bertha deepened, he kept his promise to appear unconscious of her beauty and since he was poor and was too honorable or proud to make love to her, refrained from doing so. Bertha, who had been used to having every one who came near her express admiration in looks if not in words, was taken aback at this first experience of one who showed no consciousness of her gift. Whether she was astonished or piqued or indifferent she did not make known. She certainly displayed no interest in Wakeley whatever.

Kimball, being a friend of both parties, observed the situation with interest. It occurred to him that possibly Wakeley might be made use of to win Bertha from her captor. The artist's control of himself in concealing his admiration for what had enthralled him promised to be an element of success. Kimball laid a scheme first to give Bertha a glimpse of what she would be as an old woman, then to make a match between her and Wakeley.

The hot season in Italy was over and gave place to that mellow autumn which renders Italy famous for its soft skies. Bertha was sitting one evening in the Townsend villa, situated on a height from which she could look down on the city of Florence. On the embankments of the Arno the lamps were being lit, faint in the still starry twilight.

Bertha's gaze was fixed on the Ponte Vecchio bridge, the business cathedral and other monuments of medieval times, growing dim in the advancing night. But none of those interested in her as her own beauty. From a table beside her, covered with books and periodicals, she took up a handglass with a view to getting a glimpse of her features while it was yet possible to see them. She was about to replace the mirror on the table when there came a flash of dazzling light.

In the mirror she saw a mingling of two faces: one her own, the other that of an old woman. The skin was wrinkled, the cheeks were hollow, the eyes sunken, the teeth discolored. With a cry she threw down the mirror and ran into the house.

From the time she saw the spectral reflection she was changed. Her treatment of Wakeley lost all antagonism, but it was still indifferent. Those who knew of the young man's adoration for her could not see that there was anything in it. Wakeley himself was quite disinterested, and so expressed himself to Kimball.

"Gee up," said the latter. "I have done a part of my work and am waiting for an opportunity to attempt the rest. If I have luck I shall render you great assistance."

A few evenings after this Kimball was sitting on the terrace with Bertha where she had seen her face reflected as an old woman.

"Tomorrow at this time," he said, "will be Halloween. Do you propose to try the usual method of seeing the features of your future husband?"

"I never look into a mirror again except when making my toilet."

"Why not?"

"That I do not care to tell."

"I should suppose you would make an exception of Halloween. Come out here at dusk tomorrow evening, look into a mirror, and I fancy you will see the face of the man you shall marry."

Bertha made no reply to this, but Kimball was confident she would do as he had suggested.

True enough, just before dark the next evening she went out on to the terrace. Kimball, who had been dining at the villa, followed, unseen by her, and stood back in a vestibule through which she had passed. She sat for some time looking out on the view before her and when darkness had settled down upon it took up the hand mirror and held it before her face.

Kimball raised his hand, there was a flash, and in the mirror Bertha saw the features of Albert Wakeley.

Bertha, who had believed that the former flash was not supernatural, turned quickly to see who was responsible for the light, but so vivid had been that her vision was dimmed.

Kimball had no difficulty in getting away before her eyes were capable of revealing him to her.

From this time Bertha seemed more sensible to Wakeley's attentions, and it was not long before the encouragement he received was sufficient to warrant his declaring his love for her. He was accepted, and when Wakeley finished his art studies they were married. After the wedding Wakeley said to Kimball:

"I am sure I owe the change in my wife from vanity and the fact that she has come to me. Tell me how you did it."

"I employed an artist to blend a picture of Bertha in youth and old age in a mirror, the duplicate of the one she kept on the table on the terrace, and substituted it for hers. Then I flashed a light behind her when she was looking into it. Next I substituted a mirroring on which your features had been painted. This she saw on Halloween."



the man who was singing came songs in his drawing room the night before. His reply knocked me over.

"Certainly I consent."

"And Lucy herself?" I queried.

"Parker leaped across the table and spoke in a whisper. 'Have you ever seen worship in a woman's eyes? Since last night there's worship in Lucy's eyes when she speaks of Barking.'"

"You voice riddles," said I.

"Parker drew himself up with a jerk. 'So I do,' he said. 'You don't hold the key to them.'"

"Well, it's a mystery. We others must let it go at that. In some curious fashion Barking has emerged from a cloud as an angel with wings. There's something else that's queer. I used to fancy that Lucy's feeling for Barking was less fervent than his for her. Last night I didn't think so. If ever I saw adoration in a woman's face I saw it in Lucy's as she knelt here by Barking's side. I wish you could have heard her voice when she said, 'He's a hero.' And the contempt in her voice when she said to Grant, 'You're not worthy to touch him.'"

Darnel lifted his pen from the paper. He hesitated for a moment. Then he added:

"I was standing near Lucy when Barking was singing. I heard her say to Grant at her side, 'You wouldn't have gone down into the depths for me as this man has.'"

"And she looked at Grant as if when compared to a giant she suddenly found him a pygmy."

Peanuts as They Grow.

The peanut plant somewhat resembles clover in its foliage and has small, yellow single flowers. After blossoming the little pods bend down and thrust themselves into the soil, where they grow into the well known thick shelled fruits. In cultivating the pods are covered with earth, thus insuring a large crop.

Peanuts are natives of tropical America, but are now grown in many warm countries. In the southern United States they constitute an important crop.

Mild Reproof.

"I say, young fellow," said the nervous man to the taxi chauffeur, who was speeding.

"Well?" snapped the chauffeur.

"What is it about me that gave you the impression that I am in a hurry?"

—Detroit Free Press.

Genius and Insanity.

Dr. R. Armstrong-Jones, chief medical officer at Claybury asylum, Woodford, England, in a lecture on the relation of genius to insanity, recently stated that he knew a man who could recite the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" from cover to cover, yet his mind continued to be of the nursery type, and he did not understand what he was doing. He was a genius, but he was also an idiot.

—Advertisement.

Cured of Indigestion.

Mrs. Sadie P. Clawson, Indiana, Pa., was