

# Alabaster Lamps

By MARGARET TURNBULL

Copyright, 1925, by Margaret Turnbull.  
WNU Service

"Alabaster Lamps" is a story of old love and of new love; as old-fashioned as home-grown strawberries on biscuit-dough shortcake; as modern as a low, sleek speedster—halloon, tires and bobbed-hair driver. Margaret Turnbull says it was written with the thought of showing what a practical man with a hard head, a soft heart and a yearning for the romance in life would do under certain circumstances. The tale was written on a high hill above the Delaware river, far removed from the theater and moving pictures. It was drafted out under the trees and during long, peaceful walks down the wood road. All about lay the country Miss Turnbull loves, and there live some of the finest people in the world—plain American citizens. For instance, there is C. M. Dabbs, village grocer, into whose life came some genuine romance—a romance in which figured beautiful women, adventures, a mysterious young knight from the battlefields of the World War, jousting with adversaries in the marts of trade, ocean liners, a visit to foreign shores, and a host of other things which enabled Mr. C. M. Dabbs, grocer, to gain a secret desire to view existence "through the mists of alabaster lamps."

## CHAPTER I

The grocery store of C. M. Dabbs, at the crossroads, Peace Valley, was astir. This was "late-closing" night. Parked before the door were vehicles of all sizes, sorts and descriptions, from motors to old-fashioned farm wagons and buggies, the patient horses waiting, with drooping heads, while their masters finished their interminable marketing and equally interminable conversations.

Marketing took a long time in Peace Valley. In the first place, on late-closing night it was the custom to "go down along the crossroads and do your 'storing' at Dabbs'. In the second place, hurry was a vulgar habit that had not yet reached Peace Valley.

One was "in the way of knowing what was a doing" in the village and the surrounding countryside by going to the crossroads store. The news-gathering and distributing took time, for no subject was rashly broached or rapidly discussed. One has only to listen attentively to the apparently monotonous discussions in country stores to discover that, though illiterate and totally ignorant of grammar, these solons have read deeply in the Book of Human Nature.

Two men alighted from a car just outside the grocery.

One of them, the proprietor of the shop, said: "Leave the bags, Ned. The boy'll bring them in."

He was a dark-haired, rather thick-set man. He was not tall. His face was reddened like that of a sailor or fireman; round, full and clean shaven. The hair at his temples was graying a little.

It was his eyes that made you look twice at him. "C. M. Dabbs' eyes were blue as any Italian sky, and as cold as ice, or as soft and deep as the same sky. It all depended on how Dabbs looked at you.

They were at their softest and deepest now, as he looked at his companion. He was a much younger man, not more than twenty-seven, with smooth brown hair. His clothes were all that clothes should be, and worn by one who thought about them before he put them on, and then forgot about them. He was not the type usually found in a country village and he looked about him with an interest that proved him a stranger.

"Peace Valley?" he said, softly. "It looks like it." He glanced again at the crossroads, one of which led steeply uphill, while the other wound about the valley until it disappeared behind a tall wood. The grocery store was a great old stone house, the front part of which had been transformed from a dwelling. Next door, a long low building combined the business of blacksmithing, wheelwrighting and motor repairing. The old and the new were mingled peacefully together. The post office, the brightly lighted barber shop and the cobbler's little hovel were all grouped about the crossroads.

"I didn't exaggerate, did I?" asked Dabbs.

The young man shook his head. "Peace Valley," he repeated. "I didn't believe there was such a place!" He glanced at the sign over the door and turned to the older man with a smile.

"C. M. Dabbs, General Store," he read aloud. "You told the truth about that, too. But why C. M.? Come, what is it that distinguishes you from the rank and file of Dabbses? Is it 'Charles' or 'Cyrus' or—"

The older man blushed. "C. M., I generally sign myself," he admitted, "but if you really want to know what it stands for—why, Claude Melnotte Dabbs' my name."

The young man laughed softly, repeating, "Claude Melnotte."

Mr. Dabbs smiled. "Do you blame me for sticking to C. M., or Mister?" "I do not," his companion declared emphatically. "Tell me—"

"A traveling company, pretty good one, too, I believe," Mr. Dabbs began hurriedly, "with somebody celebrated as 'Pauline,' came to the county seat

and played 'The Lady of Lyons.' My mother—"

"I didn't mean that," the young man assured him hastily, as though fearing obstretrical details. "I meant to ask is there a 'Lady of Lyons' in Peace Valley and is yours called 'Pauline,' too?"

Mr. Dabbs hesitated, shook his head thoughtfully, and said slowly: "I live alone, with Aunt Lyddy to keep house for me.

"Course, I've always thought it was a blamed silly play. All about a poor boy marrying a lady under false pretenses. Good many years since I read it, though, but as I remember, he made good. I've often wondered if in real life—"

But his companion cared nothing about discussing Lytton's old play. "I say, Claude Melnotte," he interrupted, "is your Peace Valley home lit by 'alabaster lamps'?"

Claude Melnotte Dabbs hesitated. He was home again, after a week of the Wholesale and Retail Grocers' convention in New York. Behind that calm exterior he was greatly excited.



"Come in and Meet Aunt Lyddy."

Something in the young man's question faintly stirred his memory. Surely there had been mention of "alabaster lamps" in that old play. Vaguely feeling that there was another answer, he took particular pains to be exact.

"We've got an electric light plant for the store only, as you'll notice. In the house we burn coal oil. They're Rochester lamps."

He threw the door wide open and beckoned to his companion to enter, saying:

"Welcome home, Ned. Welcome to Peace Valley and our store."

With their entrance conversation stopped and all eyes turned toward Mr. Dabbs and his companion.

Ned saw what seemed an immense cavern, lit by crudely installed electric lights which shed a garish glow over the huge stock of canned goods, flower pots, cotton cloth, hams, bacon, tea, coffee and other staples which constitute a general store.

"Hello, Sim," Mr. Dabbs began, greeting the big-headed, pale-faced man behind the counter who was ladling out sugar for a bewhiskered farmer.

But before he could introduce Ned, a clear, girlish voice interrupted:

"I beg pardon, but could—will anyone tell me the road to Clover Hollow?"

The occupants of the store transferred their attention to the girl who, unnoticed, had entered just behind Mr. Dabbs and his companion.

She was a slender, vivid, dark girl. One might suspect, and find, red lights in the brown hair almost hidden by her close-fitting hat, and a fire in the blue eyes that looked out from under long, dark lashes. Everything about her spoke of money and care expended upon every article of her clothing. She had that curious air of responsibility and knowledge that is so odd part of youth that she war has left us.

"I beg pardon," Ned began, but the girl looked past him and at the capable Dabbs, who had turned toward her and was pointing through the dark doorway as he spoke:

"Go straight along up that road until you pass Brook farm, which you'll know by the little covered bridge over the brook. Cross the bridge, turn to the right and keep on up the hill and away from Peace Valley and you'll be on the only road to Clover Hollow."

The girl thanked him briefly, though cordially, and went swiftly out. Ordinarily the crowd would have discussed her, her destination and her likelihood of being a "stayer" or just a visitor at Clover Hollow. But now there was another stranger present, and they turned their attention to Ned.

Mr. Dabbs introduced him briefly: "My nephew, Ned Carter, come to stay awhile."

Then, as the store began to wake up and get ready for speech, he turned to Ned with a curt, "Come in and meet Aunt Lyddy."

Ned followed without knowing that he had left behind a seething mass of curiosity. Dabbs knew it. That Claude Dabbs had an unknown nephew was unthinkable, and unsupported by the facts concerning the Dabbs family as known in Peace Valley.

Jim Farnum made one brave effort toward putting things on the proper Peace Valley footing. As Mr. Dabbs led Ned to the door, Jim found his voice:

"Didn't know you had a nevy, Claude," he called out, "and don't exactly see how you can, either, seeing you're the only one of the hull Dabbs family left."

"My second cousin's boy from the West. He's always called me uncle, though, instead of cousin, owing to the difference in years. Come on, Ned," and Dabbs opened the door.

Ned found himself in a queer, bare little room, almost filled by a big table-topped desk of the vintage of 1890, quite as large as a modern dining table, and a vast armchair that looked even older, though both were in an excellent state of repair. There were no pictures on the wall, only a calendar.

"My office," Dabbs explained. "But come on and meet Aunt Lyddy, one of the best women God ever put breath in, but likely to be flustered if you bring anybody on her—suddenlike."

He opened a door leading into the interior of the house and ushered Ned into the family dining room. Aunt Lyddy sat at the table, a Rochester lamp in the center on an elaborately embroidered centerpiece. The lamp had a white shade, but after the harsh light of the shop, Ned was grateful for the softer glow. Aunt Lyddy was a personable old lady, handsome despite her sixty-odd years, with a great pile of the whitest hair Ned had ever seen. She looked up as Mr. Dabbs entered and scrutinized Ned from over the rims of her glasses.

"Well, Mister Dabbs, this is a pretty time to come home! Been ajoying around somewhere, as usual, I suppose."

"Brought you something, Aunt Lyddy," Mr. Dabbs patted her on the back and placed a small package in her lap. "Just a little something to satisfy that awful craving you've got for jewelry." Then, before the delighted old woman could open the box or speak, he continued, his hand on Ned's shoulder: "But I brought a bigger present than that back with me. Aunt Lyddy, this is my adopted nephew, Ned Carter."

"H'm, adopted!" As she spoke, Aunt Lyddy's eyes remained fixed on Ned. "Yes, adopted. But remember, Aunt Lyddy, he's just 'nephew' to those gas bags in the store waiting to be filled and float round town with the news."

Aunt Lyddy nodded. "Well, you showed right good taste in selecting a nephew, Claude. He's a presentable-looking young fellow, I'll say that. If so be as he treats you as fair as you treat him, he can stay here and welcome."

"Thank you, Aunt Lyddy," and Ned smiled his friendliest. "I certainly mean well!"

Who is this brand new relation, and why hasn't Aunt Lyddy heard of him before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Medieval-Day Boxes Became Dower Chests

Large wardrobe chests of medieval days, sometimes called portmantoux, were the forerunners of the dower chests of later periods. There were no trunks, such as are in use today, and the big boxes were an important part of the impedimenta carried by the nobles of the Middle Ages on their visits to neighboring castles, says Edward Wenham, writing in the International Studio. Usually they were made of oak, but sometimes chestnut was employed. Some of them were covered with leather, upon which the coat of arms and other heraldic signs were emblazoned. In time they became dower chests, usually containing the store of household linen that the bride took to her husband. Passing from mother to daughter, they became heirlooms of great sentimental value. The chest ap-

pealed to all countries of Europe and was brought to America by the first settlers, and bridal chests were among the first pieces of early Colonial furniture constructed.

## Player-Piano Rolls

Where it used to take weeks to make the 65-note roll for a player-piano it now takes but a very few minutes for a good player to make the modern player-piano roll. On this roll only the theme is played by hand. The orchestra and jazz notes are inserted by a mechanical process. The paper on which these rolls are made is 33-1/3 cent rope or fiber. The perforated paper roll was invented in 1887 and the perforated music sheet appeared as early as 1842, when a Frenchman patented it in France.

## FAMOUS MINING STRIKES

By THOMAS E. STEWARD

### Tennessee's Famous Mineral District

A UNIQUE American mining region is that of Ducktown, Tenn., which is of particular interest in the first place because it contains copper, sulphur, iron, zinc and lead, silver and gold, and in the second place because the fumes from its reduction furnaces have been used as a basis for developing one of the world's biggest centers for the manufacture of sulphuric acid.

Copper was the metal first mined in the Ducktown district and a study of the area made for the government by W. H. Emmons, head of the department of geology at the University of Minnesota, declares that some of this metal was extracted by the Indians prior to the days of white settlement. This would indicate that the Ducktown deposit may have been worked longer than any other in North America.

This district lies in an angle of three states—Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia, but the principal mines are in Tennessee.

White men first began their search for metals near Ducktown in the '40's and as usual, the first prospecting was for gold, of which some was found. It is told that an early miner named Weaver obtained a lease to exploit a mine known as the Illwaco and shipped 31,000 pounds of ore to Boston for smelting. As it proved, this ore was extremely rich, running 25 per cent copper, but when the returns came back from the smelter Weaver had disappeared. Operations were suspended for a time and he had lost what might have been a fortune.

During the next decade, long before the great western and Michigan copper mines were known, Ducktown was a frontier center of mining excitement and speculation. In 1855 nearly 2,000,000 tons of copper were produced in its mines, mostly by small companies owned in the North or in London.

The iron, precious metals, zinc and lead of the Ducktown area have been of chief interest to geologists, having existed in quantities so small that little has ever been recovered. For the most part the precious metal content has been so low that it would not have paid to extract it by refining.

It was the existence of a great amount of sulphur in the Ducktown area that led to the mammoth development there of sulphuric acid manufacture. In the smelting of copper from these ores, the sulphur was removed. Conditions were found to be ideal for sulphuric acid manufacture and mammoth plants were built.

The importance of this substance is one often overlooked by the layman.

It is a fortunate circumstance of the Ducktown deposits that the farming areas of the states surrounding it are deficient in the very fertilizers it can produce, thus providing a nearby market for its products.

## Klondike Gold Rush

Gold was discovered in the alluvial sand deposits along the border line between American Alaska and the Canadian Klondike as long ago as 1857. For some years after that the number of miners at work in placer mines of that district gradually increased, but it was not until 1897 that the richest Klondike strikes were made, to be followed by the mad rush of Americans, Canadians and foreigners that brought to mind the previous historic rush into California.

The difficulties of getting into Interior Alaska, where the gold lay, were tremendous, yet more than 30,000 miners made this extremely arduous journey in a period of four years.

The name "Klondike" came from the principal river of this famous gold-bearing area, but it was not alone as a wealth producer. Over an area of something like 800 square miles every creek, brook and river was a source of treasure and the sands of every stream were carefully panned by the gold-hungry adventurers.

During the brief three and a half months of the Arctic summer it was a simple matter to wash the gravel along the Alaskan streams, and when winter set in the miners found their problem one of extreme difficulty. Food was scarce, camps were almost unbearably uncomfortable, and, worst of all, the sand and gravel was all frozen so hard that a pick made little impression. Under these difficulties the miners finally adopted the method of building huge fires on the sand at night. Awakening in the morning, they were able to shovel out the sand for a depth of a foot or so. This they loaded up in a stockpile to be washed when warm weather returned and thawed out the frozen mass of gold-bearing sands.

Alaskan gold production reached a maximum of \$22,000,000 in 1906, but had declined by 1906 to a little more than a quarter of that sum. The population of Dawson City, the principal Klondike camp, dwindled from 10,000 to 3,000 and then gradually sank still lower. Canadian estimates have placed the total gold extraction on both the Canadian and American sides of the Klondike border at approximately \$100,000,000 in the entire period between 1897 and 1906. (© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

## ANSWERED:

three vital questions you have asked about used car allowances

### 1 "What is my present car worth?"

**Answer:** Your used car has only one fundamental basis of value: that is what the dealer who accepts it in trade can get for it in the used car market.

### 2 "Why should dealers in different makes of cars offer me allowances that differ materially?"

**Answer:** Your used car has seemingly different values because competitive dealers are bidding to sell you a new car.

### 3 "Is it true that the largest allowance offered means the best deal for me?"

**Answer:** The largest allowance is not necessarily the best deal for you. Sometimes it is, sometimes it is not. An excessive allowance may mean that you are paying an excessive price for the new car in comparison with its real value.

First judge the merits of the new car in comparison with its price, including all delivery and finance charges. Then weigh any difference in allowance offered on your used car. Remember that after all you are making a purchase, not a sale.

# GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • OAKLAND  
BUICK • LANSALLE • CADILLAC  
GMC TRUCKS • YELLOW CABS AND COACHES  
FRIGIDAIRE—The Electric Refrigerator

## Mutual Fear Dissipated

When James H. Schnell, Hannels, Iowa, read the description of the body of a murdered man found near Mason City he felt sure that it was his brother Phil, and hurried there to identify the body. At the morgue James ran into Phil, who had also read about the dead man and was positive that it was his brother Jim. They agreed that it was a lucky mistake and went back home happier than they came.—Exchange.

## His Finish

Music Pupil—Do you think I ever will become a finished product?  
Professor—Yes, if the man next door gets hold of you.

The expression "cool as a cucumber" is based on the fact that the vegetable is usually one degree lower than the surrounding atmosphere.

## Taxation Brings Back Horses

Taxation is putting the lowly horse back into style in London, replacing the automobile. One firm has 60 more horses than before the war, and is still displacing mechanical vehicles with horses whenever there is an opportunity. With care, a horse doing ordinary work should last 15 years. They have been found more economical.

## Motors on Mail Routes

Of the 54,318 rural mail routes in the United States, 96 per cent have been motorized. The combined length of the routes is 1,249,978 miles and the total mileage traversed during the last fiscal year was 377,045,703.

## Too Fresh

Customer—Have you stuffed olives?  
Young Grocer—No, ma'am, but I have filled dates.

## "Butch" Bedbug, burglar, starts his night's work

Millions of others are starting, too! Be ready for them!



MAKE NO MISTAKE! There's only one way to exterminate bedbugs. That's with a liquid. Don't waste time shooting a spray at them. No spray can possibly reach their young and eggs.

Bedbugs are in the woodwork, along the base-boards—not in the bed clothes, as you may have thought. Don't waste time using a powder. Bedbugs don't eat. They suck. That's why only a liquid can exterminate them.

Peterman's Discovery is the right liquid. It soaks down into their nests. It will exterminate all

bedbugs, all their young and eggs in any house in 48 hours.

Here is the right insecticide for each insect:

PETERMAN'S DISCOVERY, Liquid—exterminates bedbugs.

FLYOSAN, Liquid Spray—kills flies and mosquitoes.

PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD—exterminates cockroaches.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD—exterminates ants.

PETERMAN'S MOTH FOOD—protects against moths.

You must have a specific insecticide for each insect. No single insecticide will exterminate them all. We have had nearly 50 years' experience. We know that is true.

Peterman's has the right insecticide for each insect. On sale wherever drugs are sold.

# Peterman's

200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.