

# Alabaster Lamps

By MARGARET TURNBULL

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## STORY FROM THE START

Claude Melnotte Dabbs, returning from New York to his grocery store in Peace Valley, Pa., brings with him a stranger, Ned Carter, whom he introduces to his housekeeper, Aunt Lyddy, as a chance acquaintance. Ned tells that he has broken with his folks because of their pacifistic leanings. Visiting in Clover Hollow, the two men almost run over a dog belonging to a girl whom Ned recognizes. Later Ned delivers a grocery order, and in his absence the girl, Dorothy Seiden, tells Dabbs that Ned's name is Rangeley and that he is the son of the famous banker. Next morning Ned, starting to work as a delivery boy, takes an order marked "Johnston" to the "White House," where he meets Mary Johnston. She tells him the servant has left, leaving her alone with her mother. Ned promises to get new servants. Meeting Dorothy, who is his former fiancée, Ned explains his presence in Peace Valley. He arranges with Etlie Pulsifer to begin work with the Johnstons, but she is unable to start at once. Ned returns to tell Mary about hiring Etlie, and in explaining this matter to the mother is astonished at her emotion when Dabbs' name is mentioned. The cook arrives, and Mary and Ned start to town for groceries. They are seen by Dorothy Seiden. Worried over financial difficulties, Mrs. Johnston is bothered by Dorothy, who warns her there is something suspicious about Ned. After seeing Mrs. Johnston at the inn, Dabbs tells Ned that he has something that he wants to get off his mind.

## CHAPTER V—Continued

Claude Dabbs leaned forward and looked. He was long about it and said nothing. Neither Mary nor her mother saw them. They were engrossed in the print. Mary was discussing it with the proprietor, while Mrs. Johnston examined it.

Claude quietly put out his hand and closed the door.

"Handsome woman, isn't she?" said Ned. "Absolutely different in every way from her daughter. Did you ever see such a lovely contrast as they make?"

Still Claude did not speak. He stood staring before him. Then, noticing that Ned was looking at him, he pulled himself together, muttering something about a headache.

Ned was concerned. He offered to attend to Claude's business and drive him home. He was sure Mrs. Johnston wouldn't mind in the least. Or, he could arrange with some one to bring the truck back, and Claude could occupy the front seat with him.

Claude shook his head.

"It isn't anything, my boy. Just a headache. Get them often. Guess I drove the car up too fast and had the sun in my eyes. You stick to your job."

He was off down the street, leaving Ned protesting. A moment later, Mrs. Johnston and Mary came out into the sunshine.

In the library that evening Claude was far from being in his usual form. He was fidgety and restless, unable to settle down. Ned comfortably arranged himself, lit his cigarette and asked:

"Have you always lived in Peace Valley, C. M.?"

Claude started and gave Ned a searching look.

"Just about. I was the only son of my father, and he was a grocer, too. He wasn't a very good one. Good man—but not a good grocer. No judgment. Credit to everybody and never pressed a bill. He and Mom had ideas beyond grocerying for me. They sent me to Rutgers to get an education, but I only stayed three months. I got into a kinda wild set."

"At Rutgers?"

"Yeh. I got gambled and lost fifty dollars and I got behind another fifty in my expense. Gee! It was tough. It's more'n twenty years ago, but I remember I thought of killing myself one night. What just about finished me was getting a letter from Mom telling me Pop was so sick they didn't expect him to live, and asking me to come at once."

"What did you do?"

Claude gazed at Ned, hesitated, and then said slowly: "Got home, in time, of course. Never went back though. My father died and I had to take on the grocery and run it, and—that's all."

"Take you up on that?"

Claude laughed. "It's true, and that's what's eating me tonight. Here I've lived my forty-seven years, cautious and careful-like, and never once let go and did anything real rash. And when you get to forty-seven without any one really belonging to you, why it makes a man think hard. At forty-seven a man's in a position to take a survey of life, and—oh well, what does it amount to after all?"

He sighed. "I bet you've done more in ten days than I have in all my forty-seven years."

Ned shook his head. "You can't pull that off with me, C. M. You forget I've been watching you conduct your life and business for awhile." He

leaned back to survey this new phase of the versatile C. M. Somehow he had never contemplated Claude Dabbs as restless and discontented.

To his astonishment, Claude did not wait to analyze or be analyzed further. He rose, crossed to the door, and jerking his head toward the office announced that he had to wrestle with an old account.

Ned, wholly unprepared for this move, had no time to think of anything to stop him but he had no desire to sit there reading and smoking alone.

Aunt Lyddy met him in the hall on her way upstairs. Eight o'clock, or half-past eight, was her hour for retirement. She looked at Ned with some surprise.

"Going out for a walk, Aunt Lyddy. Uncle Claude's busy."

"Suffering Saints! It's bedtime. Well, don't get into any more mischief than is natural and can't be helped." She yawned a good-night as the door closed, and took her way to bed.

Ned went past the lighted window of the office, little guessing that



"It's More Than Twenty Years Ago."

Claude Dabbs was struggling through one of the crucial moments of his life.

The woman whom Claude had seen at the Iron Hand Inn, might have evolved herself out of the Polly Johnston he had known. He wished he had been able to study her unobserved and for a longer time. If it was Polly, what a wonderful thing life was. To make out of that discontented, ambitious drudge, the woman he had seen today! He commenced several imaginary interviews and stopped them, laughing at himself. He kept saying "if," yet he felt sure that it was Polly. He imagined speaking to her, meeting her. What would her face look like as it turned toward him? He remembered how it had looked this afternoon when he saw her in the Iron Hand Inn as she spoke to the girl.

The girl! Absorbed in the thought of Polly, he had forgotten the girl. Who was she? Had Polly adopted her, or—

Dabbs smote his desk with his fist and rose from his chair. He began walking up and down, trying to piece Polly's life together, thinking, thinking, stopping, beginning again, with a new thread each time, but all pulled him back to the same question.

He bent over his desk, writing numerous letters—all to one woman. Finally he leaned back in his chair, tore up the last note and thrust it deep into the pile already in the waste basket. The thing would not solve itself. He was still at sea as to his first move.

Ned, thrusting his head into the doorway to say good-night, found a weary-looking, grim-mouthed man. This was so unlike Claude's usual face and greeting that he was puzzled. Claude stopped him.

"Don't mind the way I look and act tonight. I've got something on my mind. Something personal, and if I find it'll help any telling it, you're the one I'll come to."

"I'm your man, any hour of the day or night, Uncle, if I can really help you out."

When he had gone, Claude closed

the door heavily and went back to the desk. He gave up letter writing for the night and sat there, absorbed in his thoughts.

## CHAPTER VI

Though it was late, Ned could not sleep. Deciding to read awhile, he lit the student lamp, propped himself up on his pillow and picked up a book. He looked up as Claude Dabbs entered his room.

"Ready to drop off, Ned?" he inquired tentatively.

"Not a bit of it. All sails set for reading half the night," Ned assured him. "Come in and smoke, C. M."

Claude entered. Ned wondered what this midnight visit meant. He looked at Claude with a smile, and Claude, knocking the ashes from his cigar into a little blue vase, said:

"Ned, I told you about my being at Rutgers for three months and never getting back. But I didn't tell you all."

"No, I don't think you did."

"There was a—a girl there."

"Ah, no man ever does tell all about himself and a woman, does he?"

"Well, it isn't so easy to tell."

"Nothing about one's life and a woman ever is," Ned answered, as one deeply experienced in the world and women.

"Why, if I tried to explain to myself, let alone you, what earthly attraction I ever found in Dorothy Seiden, I'd just stamped."

"But this is different. It'll probably do me good to talk it out and be done with it. By the way—it isn't known in Peace Valley."

Ned nodded, understandingly.

"There was a young servant girl in the house where I was boarding. Now, this girl—well, an uncle of hers turned up one day with a pile of money, but he said every girl should have a husband. The girl was a regular terror for hating the men. I didn't blame her, being waitress and chambermaid at our boarding house was enough to sour any woman on young men."

"To make a long story short, the uncle was dying and he'd had an awful time finding the girl. She was the last of his family. Yet he said he wouldn't leave her a cent of his money unless she got married. She hadn't a fellow. His doctor told her the old man was getting low and there wasn't much time. He'd made a will and everything. It was quite a pile, and she got it all, providing she married before he died. She was in an awful stew about it. She hadn't told anyone in the house yet. I doubt if she'd told me if it hadn't just happened so. You see, she kinda trusted me and she wanted that money bad. Wanted to make herself into a lady. She had great ideas."

"Well, there we were. She was in a funk, and I was in a funk that night. I'd come home ready to kill myself because there was the telegram from Mom. I hadn't got the money to get home to Pop, and Mom said he was dying."

"Well, there she was fixing up my room. She always left my room to the last because she'd got to know I'd never make the row the others did or tell on her. I guess she kinda liked me. She was the only person I had to talk to, so I blurted out my troubles. She thought a moment and then she came out with hers. She hated men and didn't want to get married, or so she said—and I—well, I didn't care what I did, just so that I could get home, in time, to Pop."

He paused, glanced at Ned, then took up his confession. "Well, the upshot of it was, I couldn't borrow the money from any of the boys. I went with her to a country justice of the peace, who didn't know either of us, and we got married. I had promised that for five hundred dollars I'd do it, and never trouble her again. She could get a divorce for desertion whenever she liked."

He looked at Ned, as though expecting an interruption, but Ned simply stared at him.

In the next installment Claude tells more of his amazing marriage to Mrs. Johnston.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Campaign That Gave Vast Area to Whites

But for the success of Col. George Wright and his soldiers in the battle of Spokane Plains, a few years before the Civil war, development of the entire Northwest might have been indefinitely deferred. It was this battle that climaxed the campaign that resulted in crushing Indian resistance throughout a region as large as the present state of Oregon and made possible the settlement of the inland empire by white Americans, giving a new impetus to economic development. Earlier forces that had attempted to rout the Indians had been armed with defective, short range weapons, but Colonel Wright's men were equipped with the first high-

powered rifles and howitzers employing explosive shells that ever had been used against the natives. The trip north from Walla Walla, Wash., was a triumphal march, terminating in the total defeat of the Indians near Spokane.—Portland Oregonian.

## Dad's Wrong Impression

"Listen to the infernal racket that confounded motorcycle is making!" grumbled Audrey's father the other evening. "How can we, papa," answered little Audrey, laughing merrily the while, "when it is not a motorcycle, but a shooting gallery going by?"—Kansas City Star.

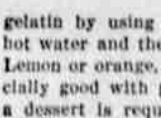
## The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Upon a crutch—her girlish face Alight with love and tender grace— Laughing she limps from place to place Upon a crutch. And you and I who journey through A rose leaf world of dawn and dew, We cry to heaven evermunch: We rail and frown at fate, while she And many more in agony Are brave and patient, strong and true Upon a crutch."

## TASTY FOODS

If convenient for one to keep a bowl of fruit gelatin always at hand in the ice chest, there may be a quick dessert or salad prepared in a short time. The pineapple juice poured from the can when it is used for various dishes is thickened with



gelatin by using half the amount of hot water and the rest the fruit juice. Lemon or orange, either flavor, is especially good with pineapple flavor. If a dessert is required, prepare a rich custard, chill and serve with the fruit gelatin. If a salad, take a tablespoonful or two of the gelatin cut into cubes, add a diced apple, a few dates and a half cupful of celery with a good salad dressing, and the salad is made.

**Apple Custard.**—Take five well-beaten eggs, add one quart of milk and one pint of strained apple sauce. Sweeten and add such flavor as the taste demands and bake carefully in a moderate oven until firm. Set the pan of custard in a dish of hot water to bake.

**Curried Salmon.**—Chop a small onion fine and fry until brown in a tablespoonful of butter. Mix together one tablespoonful each of curry powder and flour, add to the butter and onion, add slowly one cupful of hot water, stirring briskly. Cook until the sauce is well done, then add one cupful of flaked salmon. Serve with cooked rice.

**Curried Lamb.**—Fry one small onion in three tablespoonfuls of butter; when the onion is light brown add two tablespoonfuls each of curry powder and flour; cook with two cupfuls of stock for five minutes. Season with salt and pepper and strain over thinly sliced cold roast of lamb. Serve in a deep platter with a border of hot rice well seasoned.

**Delectable Chicken.**



Chicken is one of the meats that is a favorite with people the world over and when well cooked is always popular. Try cooking a pair of young chickens in the following manner:

**Country Style.**—Cut into serving-sized pieces as many young fry as will be needed. Roll in seasoned flour and brown in a mixture of butter and lard in a deep iron kettle or frying pan; when well browned cover and let cook on the back of the range or in the oven until thoroughly done. Meat separates easily from the bones when well cooked. There is nothing less palatable than half cooked chicken, or more appetizing when well cooked. Remove the chicken to a hot platter and make a brown gravy from the flour and butter in the pan. Add cream or milk for the liquid. In the country the gravy is poured over the chicken and served with it. Another method when the gravy is to be served over the chicken and makes it still more delicious, is to prepare the gravy after the chicken is browned, then return it to the gravy and cover, and finish cooking slowly for as long as needed to be thoroughly done.

Molded or jellied chicken and other meats are liked.

**Chicken Curry.**—Slit and cut the chicken at the joints into pieces for serving. Cover with boiling water, add two teaspoonfuls of salt and a few dashes of pepper. Simmer for half an hour, or longer if not tender, then drain, dredge with seasoned flour and brown lightly in butter. Fry one large onion in the same fat, mix one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of sugar, and one tablespoonful of curry powder, and brown. Add one cupful of water or stock, one cupful of tomato or one sour apple chopped, with salt and pepper to taste. Pour this sauce over the chicken and simmer until tender. Add one cupful of hot cream and serve with boiled rice.

**Jellied Chicken.**—Bring to the boiling point two cupfuls of chicken stock from which the fat has been removed, add to it one tablespoonful of gelatin which has been soaked in four tablespoonfuls of water. Press into a mold four cupfuls of seasoned chicken, pour over the stock, put under a weight and chill until firm. Any other meat may be served in the same way.

**Maryland Chicken.**—Dress and cut up a chicken, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip into flour, egg and crumbs, place in a well buttered dripping pan and bake in a hot oven, basting with one-third of a cupful of butter. Arrange on a platter and pour over two cupfuls of cream sauce.

**Peterman's**

**Pretty Selfish**  
"Bill" Tilden, the tennis star, condemned, at a dinner on the Columbus, a wife who had ruined her husband by her extravagance and then eloped with a rich neighbor.  
"She's worse," said Mr. Tilden, "than the girl who announced to her friends:  
"Well, I've thrown Tom over."  
"Why?"  
"Why? Because, of course, I couldn't marry a man with a crooked nose."  
"How did his nose get crooked?"  
"I broke it with my racket in a tennis game."

**Medicine Sent by Raft**  
To give medical relief to the tiny West Indian island of St. Vincent, the liner Andes, on its way from South America to Lisbon recently, went 170 miles off its regular course. It had received a wireless S. O. S. that influenza was raging among the islanders and remedies were scarce. The liner approached within a mile of shore, and to prevent the disease spreading to the ship, the needed supplies were placed on a raft built for the purpose, the natives rowing out to it.

## Tender, Aching, Perspiring Feet

Amazing Relief in 5 Minutes or Money Back.

Get a bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil with the understanding that if it does not put an end to the pain and soreness and do away with all offensive odors your money will be promptly returned.

Don't worry about how long you've been troubled or how many other preparations you have tried. This powerful penetrating oil is one preparation that will help to make your painful aching feet so healthy and free from corns and callous troubles that you'll be able to go anywhere and do anything in absolute foot comfort.

So marvelously powerful is Moore's Emerald Oil that thousands have found it gives wonderful results in the treatment of dangerous swollen or varicose veins.

**Might Be Either**  
"Jack's one passion is Jack."  
"Do you mean that he's in love with himself, or out for the dough?"



SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago  
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

**Safe** Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacetteschleier of Saltylschleier

**We Know Many** After an absence of three years a pigeon, has returned to its loft in Bath, England. It is described as a racing pigeon with a strong homing instinct. And that, somehow, sounds humorous rather than felicitous. We've known human pigeons of the kind.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Costly Job of Painting** One thousand gallons of special paint was used in painting the dome of the United States capitol a short time ago. Get rich-quick schemes enable a lot of people to get poor quicker. Jealousy is a tree that bears the most bitter of all fruits.



**Ye Gods! Another Atrocity**

**Flyosan still killing flies and mosquitoes by the millions**

**ARE you still fighting flies and mosquitoes by swatting them one at a time? Or do you use Flyosan—original and best liquid spray (non-poisonous)—which wipes them out by the wholesale?**

**Monquitoes and the common house-fly, the deadliest pests that invade the home, are loaded with millions of disease germs.**

**"Swatting" them creates those deadly germs into the air which you and your family breathe.**

**Flyosan floats through your rooms. It destroys all these germs as well as all the flies and mosquitoes which carry them.**

**Here is the right insecticide for each insect:**  
FLYOSAN, Liquid Spray—kills flies and mosquitoes.  
PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD—exterminates ants.  
PETERMAN'S DISCOVERY, Liquid—exterminates bed-bugs.  
PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD—exterminates that cockroach army.  
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**  
200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

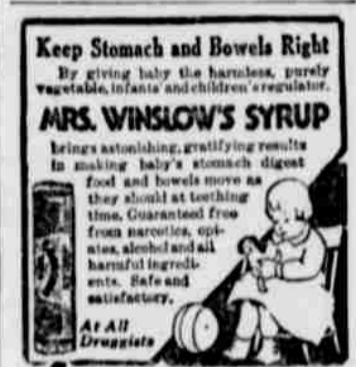
## YOUNG WOMEN MAY KEEP WELL

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Here is Proof

St. Paul, Minn.—"Here is a little advice I would like to have you put in the papers." Mrs. Jack Lorberter of 704 Dellwood Place wrote to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company. "If young women want to keep their health and strength for the next thirty years of their lives, it is best to start in right now and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have tried the Compound myself and received fine results from its use." In describing her condition before taking the Compound, she writes, "I was afraid in my own house in broad daylight, I used to lock the doors and pull down the shades so that nobody could see me." One day a booklet advertising the Vegetable Compound was left on her porch and she read it through. In so doing, she found a letter from a woman whose condition was similar to her own. "I bought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound," Mrs. Lorberter continued, "and have had fine results. My condition made me a burden to my husband. Now I ask him, 'How is housekeeping?' and he says, 'It is just like being in Heaven!' Are you on the Sunlit Road to Better Health?"



Keep Stomach and Bowels Right By giving baby the harmless, purely vegetable, infant and children's regulator, MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP



**Foiling Merry-makers** A Spanish war cannon in the courthouse park at Galesburg, Ill., is to be filled with cement so that college pranksters can no longer annoy townsfolk by firing it in the middle of the night.