

Song and Singer. I saw him once, the while he sat and played, A stripping, with a shock of yellow hair, His own rare song, in mirth or sorrow made, But tenderly and fair.

THE END OF HIS TIME.

By JAMES KNAPP REEVE.

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CHAPTER III.

"I can't recommend the governor to pardon him."

When the door had closed between them and Chalmers found himself again in the open air he felt himself in need of physical action to relieve the mental stress under which he had held himself so long. A walk would do him good, and as he started toward the hotel to which he had sent his luggage he took definite satisfaction in crunching the frozen snow of the pavement bristly under foot.

It was after midnight and the aspect of the city had changed. The lights gleamed as brightly as ever in the tall towers, but the merry-making were gone from the streets. Virtuous and respectable folk had gone to their homes and only the wayfarer and the guardians of the peace remained. Here and there a burst of light and noise came out from the suddenly opened door of a drinking place, as a tipsy reveller came reeling out. A beggar tramped past him and asked for alms. In a doorway where had shone such a brilliant scene but a little time before, the shadows of the foliage now made queer flickering shadows on the smooth snow, and in their half light one man, who had been cast of the streets lurked and leered at him. "Poor devil," he muttered to himself as he tossed her a coin. "we're all in trouble together," and his thoughts were of his brother, who had been staring curiously at him, and of the black-haired woman, whom they both loved, but whom now neither perhaps would ever wed.

Having put his hand to the task, Chalmers now shrank from doing that which was needful to further his purpose. His first duty in the morning was to see Mr. Rodney; his next he preferred to do at that gentleman's house rather than at the bank, where he was so well known, and where he felt that he would be stared at curiously. The bank president was courteous, but firmly negatived his proposals.

"I am sorry for you, Chalmers," he said, "but I can't do a thing to help you. No, I can't recommend the governor to pardon him. It wouldn't be right. No, I don't care about the money, the bank can stand that well enough; but it's the principle of the thing, the coming of young men right here in this town are following in George's footsteps, and they've got to be scared out of it. It's the only way to stop them."

"I did not mean to say," Mr. Rodney, said Chalmers stiffly, "that stock gambling—speculation we'll call it—was so wholly opposed to your own practice."

"Speculation be blamed!" exclaimed the president, "isn't that what you want? 'I hope you don't take any stock in that cock and bull story your brother told to Miss Tennant. I thought that was only for the purpose of letting her down easy, so I didn't say a word.' I thought it was mighty hard work to keep still—when she came here to me with the deeds of every blessed thing she owned and wanted to square his accounts. That girl's a trump, I tell you, when certainties were selling for about the value of waste paper, and had got hold of more than he could carry, and had come to me and made a clean breast of it, don't you suppose I would have helped him out, even if he had been dipping into the bank's funds for the purpose? I wish to gracious somebody had had the sense to go in then, and to drag me and the bank after them. But we were all afraid—thought the bottom had dropped right out."

The president ended with a sigh at the recollection of the lost opportunity; the sight of Chalmers' white face, pale and fixed as marble before him, recalled to him the subject in hand.

"No, sir," he resumed, "that wasn't it at all. I don't want to hurt you, but you might as well know the straight story now."

He looked at his companion interrogatively, and the latter nodded to him to continue.

"The thing had been going on for three years, and while he sat and played, as many more, or until the bank was ruined, if it had not been for one of these government bank examiners, who are always poking into other people's business. He saw that things were slipping wrong, and told me so first. Then we called George into my private room, and he owned up to the whole thing at once. You see, it had gone so far he couldn't hope to cover his tracks much longer."

"You mind you," he added quickly, "And as for diamonds and other claptrap of that sort, he gave her enough to set up a shop."

"Can you give me the exact amount of my brother's defalcation?"

"Yes, sir, I can, of course. But I would rather not. We specified certain matters, sufficient to insure conviction, in the indictment, but we didn't tell the public the whole story. We have personally made good the entire loss to the bank now, and we don't care to publish just how badly we were hit through our own stupidity."

"As you please," answered Chalmers. "I only asked in order that I might be more kindly than he had last spoken, 'I would rather not.'" We specified certain matters, sufficient to insure conviction, in the indictment, but we didn't tell the public the whole story. We have personally made good the entire loss to the bank now, and we don't care to publish just how badly we were hit through our own stupidity."

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He never preached a high standard of morality for the guidance of others. He was content to take men and things as he found them. Yet he felt a strange repugnance when the necessity presented itself of going to the woman's house. Already he had associated her in his mind with George's downfall, and as the chief cause thereof, and as the cause likewise of the disgrace that had come upon them all. Toward the woman herself he felt a dull anger, more because she had crossed the clean white path of Lina Tennant's life than for any other reason.

He expected to find her coarse and loud and probably insolent. He would make his business brief and be done with her.

"I don't think I shall detain you long," he said at once when she came into the room where he waited.

"You are very hard," she whispered. "I care so much for him, and then never to see him again."

"I told you that I would not discuss that," said Chalmers. "I will make you a proposal. If you will go to Englewood at once and stay in the hotel until I can see you again, I will pay you five thousand dollars every year. But if you ever come back, if you hold any intercourse with him, if you let him know where you are, this shall stop at once, and I want you to understand that I will never see you again. Do you consent?"

"I shall go to Columbus tonight," he said. "I came only to tell you that I have done what I could today, but I am afraid it is not much."

"I will if he wishes it. I promised him that," she answered readily.

"I don't see how you can say that any man is wicked at heart," said the girl slowly. "But if you mean, 'if he had done this from base or sordid motives, if he had taken this money from the bank as a chance for him to gain up in her heart and endowed with every many and virtuous attribute as women do endow all men whom they endow likewise with their love,' would there be any chance for him to gain that which he had hoped for so long ago?"

"No, you must not say that. You must not let him think that I shall not. If he is discovered, the inevitable result is that he must go to the wall. A man takes his chances; George has taken his and lost."

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

THE CERAMIC MOVEMENT.

A Work in Which Ten Thousand American Women Are Engaged.

Ten thousand women are actively engaged in the United States in the modeling or decoration of pottery. Five thousand carry a living by china painting. The fact that 1,000 pottery decorators dwell in the vicinity of Chicago led last February to the organization in that city of the National Ceramic Association.

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TO PLEASE THE MEN.

A WOMAN NEED NOT BE UNPOPULAR WITH HER OWN SEX.

That is the Opinion of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and She Gives Cogent Reasons to Support Her Theory—Some Pertinent Anecdotes.

Other has given vent to comments upon or descriptions of the women men like, and she is invariably pronounced to be unpopular with her own sex.

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AUTUMN LEAVES.

There is to Find the Prettiest Ones and How to Preserve Them.

If you intend to gather and preserve any autumn leaves this fall, don't wait until too late in the season. It is a mistaken idea that the frost brings out the beautiful tints you admire so much. A frost turns the leaves brown and causes them to fall. A pretty leaf is one that has ripened on the tree, untouched by any frost.

You will find that the maples—particularly the soft maples—have the most brilliant colors, and retain those colors best during the process of preservation. The cannaes are really beautiful and keep their colors well, but some of them are too poisonous to handle, and unless you know which are safe and had better be on the safe side and let them all alone. The most beautiful leaves will be found near a river, or in what is sometimes called a "gully" with a brook running through it. If you can find a small maple under an oak you will probably have the most beautifully blotched and shaded leaves you have ever seen, and in them a shade of intense, rich crimson found nowhere else. The same kind of tree under a pine will give you some lovely shades of yellow and brown. Don't wait your time on oak leaves; they fade in drying. Choose a warm, pleasant day for your work.

Place your leaves in flat baskets—the common ten cent market basket is just right—being careful not to crush or fold them. If you must have other "woody" treasures take another basket for them. You must expect to climb steep places, cover rocks and fences, but when you reach home with your basket filled, and, oh, so hungry, you will feel well repaid for all your work.

And now to make these "things of beauty" last as long as possible. Don't dry them in a hot sun, and don't dry them with a waxed iron. If the iron is a little too hot it ruins them as surely as boiling could. If not hot enough the moisture will be in the leaves, and the slow process of decomposition which will follow will be as ruinous to the colors as the other extreme. It is almost impossible to have the heat just right, and the quantity of wax is equally uncertain. Don't dry and then oil them; the oil gives an unnatural transparency.

Place them between sheets of blotting paper—no one leaf overlapping another—under a moderately heavy weight. Change them every day for three days, using dry blotter each time. They should dry fast, and the weight should be just heavy enough to keep them flat, but not heavy enough to press the veins flat. On the fourth day you will find them dry, but will also find they have lost a little of their color and gloss. You can restore both by varnishing each leaf on both sides with a thin shellac varnish. If varnished on one side only, the leaves will curl.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, sole executrix of the estate of Geo. Sauter & Co., composed of Geo. Sauter and G. Lauenberger, the latter deceased, has filed in the county court of Yamhill county, Oregon, his administration of said estate; and said date, at the hour of one o'clock, p. m., of said date, at the county court room in said county, at the time and place of hearing said account.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the county court of Yamhill county, state of Oregon, administrator of the estate of the late of J. E. Swanson, late of said county, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, sole executrix of the estate of W. D. McDonald, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Yamhill County, State of Oregon, her final account of her administration of the estate of said decedent, and that, by virtue of an order of said court, said account and objections thereto will be heard by said court, in McMinnville, in said county, on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1932, at 1 o'clock p. m., of said day, at which time and place all persons interested in said estate may appear and file objections to said account, if any they have.

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