

THE END OF HIS TIME.

By JAMES KNAPP REEVE.

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CHAPTER V.



"Do you care for her?"

Chalmers found the governor in his comfortable office in the capitol, and introduced himself, presenting the letters which explained his business. The governor looked them over carefully and patiently.

"I am sorry you have come to me, Mr. Chalmers," he said finally. "I can do nothing for you. I am familiar with the case," he added, as Chalmers was about to interpose, "and my personal sympathies are always with a young man in his first effort."

After a moment he continued: "It is beyond my province to advise you; but I have to see a man, in whom there is doubtless much good, condemned to such a soul-destroying place and fellowship. I would be glad to help you, if I could—to give him another chance before it is too late. Has every legal resource been exhausted?"

"Yes, I thought of that first. Nothing seems to have been neglected or left undone by my brother's attorneys."

"Then I fear you can do nothing that will help him," said the governor confidentially. "I am making a study of the matter. I mean to accompany some retrial during your term. Now you are going to see your brother. Keep your eyes open, and after that come and see me again and let me have your suggestions."

"The sympathy of the man and the individual had given way at once before the ambition of the politician, anxious to mark his administration with a 'reform' that would attract the public glance."

Chalmers saw that nothing could be gained here. He went next to the prison. The brothers met in the office of the warden. The elder studied to make the interview free from restraint, as though they were meeting on common ground. But he could not shut his eyes to those horrid stripes that would round and round his brother's form—the badge of crime and servitude. This was almost the worst of it—that not for a moment could they blot out this ocular evidence of the impassable gulf between them.

ent to walk quite as straight as you," returned the other carelessly.

"Well, we won't talk of the past. Let us see what we can do for the future."

"If you are going to do anything, I hope it will be soon. I can't stay here forever. I am tired enough of the place now."

"I must have time to think. There must be some way. Perhaps I shall try the board of pardons. At any rate I shall not desert you; I will be here again soon."

"You will find there is but one way. Money is the only key that will unlock this place."

They were standing up now, and Chalmers noticed that they were just the same height and seemed to have about the same power of chest and shoulders. Again he wondered if they would still look alike in that dress, and both closely shaven.

And this thought took root and grew. He had had his chance at life, and had made precious little of it. Why not give the chance now, such as remained of it, to George, and let him try it over? There was no reason why this could not be done; it would be simple enough to arrange the details, and though he had tried to encourage George with the hope that he could see secure his release, he could see no other way in which it could be accomplished.

With Chalmers to think was to plan, and to plan was to act. He made a hasty journey to New York and put his affairs there into necessary shape. Then to Cleveland, and made certain that his compact with Laura Leonard had been carried out. Then he went to see Lina Tennant again.

"I can do nothing," he said, in answer to her look of inquiry. "I shall go away and wait until my term is out. Then perhaps I can help him."

ened a pardon," returned the younger man, with sudden interest.

"No, but I can help you now; more quickly and ask no questions. Put on my clothes."

"But what will you do? What if the guard comes back?"

"Never mind me. The guard will not dare make trouble. He has already broken his orders in bringing me here. Dress and we can talk afterward."

As he spoke he was already divesting himself of his clothing and helping to place them upon his brother. When this was done he drew on a portion of the convict's dress and sat down upon the side of the cot.

"Now look at me," he said. "No one could say that I am not you; and you resemble exactly the man who just came in here. You are a free man. Go out with the guard when he comes."

"But what will become of you?"

"I have no trouble about that. They cannot harm me. But you must take my name." He spoke low and hurriedly, but every word was distinct and forcible, as if he had studied how to say the most in the briefest possible time.

"Take my keys, go to my room at the hotel and open my trunks. Examine all my papers, they will tell you how to put yourself in possession of my fortune. You will find full instructions in the City of Mexico. You will find good opportunities there; engage in business; do the best you can and remain until I come, and remember you are always 'Ogden Chalmers.'"

and was soon recognized as a valuable man in promoting matters of value in the internal development of the newly awakening republic. In these matters he threw himself with all his arbor, trying to put the past behind him. But it would not wholly do. He often thought of Lina Tennant and would have written to her had it not been for Ogden's injunction. He had wholly given her up now; in fact had done so in his own mind that sooner or later she must know the depth and force of her nature and how much she had cost him.

She might forgive much, but she would not forgive him Leonie. It might be best if he should write now and tell her of his plans, and that she might come to care for Ogden, now that he was out of the way.

If she knew what Ogden had done—and what he himself had permitted—perhaps it would help her to give him some recompense. So, taking his promise to Ogden as an excuse, he put it off from day to day and it became harder and harder to do. She had loved him once and now to belittle himself before her, thus, and show how unworthy he had been of her love and trust, was more than he could bring himself to do.

And Leonie! Ogden had no right to impose restrictions upon her, but he had at least no right beyond what might be implied by the use of his money. But in a little while George had money enough of his own, and this he might use as he chose. If there was to be no more of Leonie, he would not matter to Leonie.

It was not difficult to get trace of her, and she came to him at once, and gladly. They went to the hotel and she found that the less conventional southern life suited them capitally. She told him of his brother's manumission to her.

"I pretended to be terribly grieved at the banishment," she said. "But I was not going to stand in the way of his helping you. I knew you would find me quick enough when you had the chance," she added confidently. "And I am sorry that he had not had me. I have used only a little. He said I had ruined you; so I thought if you came out a beggar this might help you a little."

With this she tossed toward him a shower of bills.

"All honest money," she cried, "earned by being good and staying away from you. Just think how rich I could be in ten years."

She smiled quietly as she rattled on, and after a little she attracted her notice. She looked at him curiously.

FOR THE COMPLEXION

Practical Pointers Concerning Powders and Cosmetics.

How to Make Face Masks and Skin Bracers—A False Nose about the Nose for the Summer Girl—Internal Cosmetics.

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The GREATEST damage done to the complexion is by the constant change of treatment and outward application. The mixing of many harmless ingredients on the delicate texture of the skin is as bad as the steady application of one that is not outwardly applied. It gives rise to eruptions which cannot possibly harm and may help.

Pure powder, properly applied, never of itself hurt any skin. Aside from the temporary effect it refines the texture and preserves it by catching dust and soil and the sun's rays. It is cheap powder carelessly used that hurts. It must be kept perfectly clean, the cosmetics frequently washed, but above all powder must never be washed off by soap and water. This makes a soiled plaster which lodges in the pores, makes it dark and yellow, and is one of the most fruitful sources of "blackheads."

A thoroughly good and well prepared preparation is this: Beat the white of an egg stiff, add fifteen drops of almond oil, a trifle more of rosewater, about as much as the finger of a doctor gives in a quinine powder, stir well together into a sweet smelling cream. Spread upon a cloth in which eyes, nose and mouth have been cut and tie on at night by means of three strings in each side.

Raw wool or best applied in this way is a method used with great success by many for freshening up a skin jaded by overwork. It is one of Mrs. Langtry's private beautifying secrets.

One of the most efficient and simple skin bleaches in the world is: To five cents worth of glycerin add an equal quantity of rosewater. Mix one ounce of borax and half an ounce of alcohol and add one teaspoonful of the mixture to the above. Some are afraid of glycerin, but there is not enough of it to harm any, and its effects are made valuable by the other ingredients.

In bygone times ladies wore masks during outdoor exercises, especially during the hunt. I wish the practice might be restored for our summer rambles. A false nose certainly might be introduced, but the width of the box and high enough to enable a person sitting to see the books open on the top shelf were nailed firmly to each end. These were first cut out at the top in V shape, leaving a right angled opening. Over this was laid a long board projecting at each end, to whose lower edge a strong cloth of wood was fastened, as on a reading desk. A piece of board was also fastened, slanting in the box below, to support the big volumes set on edge therein. On the shelf above a dictionary or other large volume was held in position by the clear and tin library supports slipped under the end book.

ULCERS, CANCERS, SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM, RHEUMATISM, BLOOD POISON.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC SSS



ELIZABETH G. JORDAN.

partments and doing general editorial work. During this time she was also a special writer for the St. Paul Globe, Chicago Tribune and a number of large southern dailies.

In 1888 Mrs. Jordan went to Chicago and did special writing for The Tribune of that city. She went to New York early in 1890, at the invitation of Colonel Cockrell, then editor in chief of the New York World. She has been connected with The World ever since. During the first year she did all around reporting. Her special out of town assignments included a trip through the Virginia and Tennessee mountains, which she made on horseback, accompanied only by a negro guide, sleeping in the cabins of the mountaineers by night, and identifying herself with their home life as closely as possible.

The work on which she made her reputation was the publication of The World's "True Stories of the News," one of which appeared in The World every morning. They were chronicles of the happenings in a great city, and ranged from the humorous to the deeply tragic. The preparation of these articles took Miss Jordan into the hospitals, police stations and police courts, the morgue and the great east side tenements of New York. She soon became known to the majority of the city officials, who were very helpful to her in gathering her material. One night she went to the charitable hospital on Blackwell's island to write up the death of a dyspeptic. She sat by the side of the dying woman from 6 o'clock in the evening until twenty minutes past 2 the next morning, when the patient expired. Another time she went to the morgue at midnight to find the body of a baby whose parents could not afford to give it burial, and which had died in their arms on the street as they were taking it to the hospital. Her story of this baby brought in enough money to bury the child in Greenwood and to make the parents comfortable for some time to come.

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