

Accolade

By O. HENRY

[Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.]

OT the least im portant of the force of the Weymouth bank was Uncle Bushrod. Sixty years had given of faithful service to the house of Wey-

mouth as chattel, servitor and friend. Of the color of the mahogany bank faculture was Uncle Bushrod-thus duck was he externally; white as the uninked pages of the bank ledgers was his soul. Eminently pleasing to Uncle Bushrod would the comparison have been, for to him the only institution in existence worth considering was the Weymouth bank, of which he was something between porter and general Issimo in charge,

Weymouth lay, dreamy and um laugeous, among the low foothills along the brow of a southern valley. Three banks there were in Weymouthville. Two were hopeless, misguided e derprises, lacking the presence and prestige of a Weymouth to give them glory. The third was the bank, man aged by the Weymouths-and Uncle Bushrod.

In the old Weymouth homesteadthe red brick, white porticoed mansion the first to your right as you crossed Elder creek coming into town-lived Mr. Robert Weymouth, the president of the bank; his widowed daughter, Mcs. Vesey, called "Miss Letty" by ev ery one, and her two children, Nun and Guy. There also, in a cottage on the grounds, resided Uncle Bushrod and Aunt Malindy, his wife. Mr. William Weymouth, the cashier of the bank, fived in a modern, fine house on the principal avenue.

Mr. Robert was a large, stout man. sixty-two years of age, with a smooth plump face, long fron gray hair and fiery blue eyes. He was high tempered, kind and generous, with a youth ful smile and a formidable, stern voice that dld not always mean what H sounded like. Mr. William was a milder mun, correct in deportment and absorbed in business. The Weymouths formed the family of Weymouthville and were looked up to, as was their

right of heritage. Uncle Bushrod was the bank's trust ed porter, messenger, vassal and guardian. He carried a key to the vault, lust as Mr. Robert and Mr. William did. Sometimes there was ten, fifteen or twenty thousand dollars in sacked silver stacked on the vault floor. It was safe with Uncle Bushrod. He was a Weymouth in heart, honesty and pride.

Of late Uncle Bushrod had not been without worry. It was on account of Marso Robert. For nearly a year Mr. Robert had been known to indulge in too much drink. Not enough, understand, to become tipsy, but the habit was gefting a hold upon him, and every one was beginning to notice it tiatf a dozen times a day he would leave the bank and step around to the Merchants and Planters' hotel to take a drink. Mr. Robert's unusual keen judgment and business capacity be come a little impaired. Mr. William, a Weymouth, but not so rich in experi ence, fried to dam the inevitable back flow of the tide, but with incomplete success. The deposits in the Weyprouth bank dropped from six figures to five. Past due paper began to ac chamulate, owing to intudicious loans. No one cared to address Mr. Robert on the subject of temperance. Many of his friends said that the cause of it had been the death of his wife some two years before. Others hesitated on ne count of Mr. Robert's quick temper, which was extremely apt to resent personal interference of such a nature. Miss Letty and the children noticed \$18,000 in silver. the change and grieved about it. Uncle Bushrod also worried; but he was one of those who would not have dared | Inside, nearly closing the door behind to remonstrate, though he and Marse Robert had been raised almost as companions. But there was a beavier attock coming to Uncle Bushrod than to the watcher-Mr. Robert came out. toridles and Juleus.

Mr. Robert had a passion for fishing, which he usually indulged whenever the season and business permitted. true day, when reports had been comher in relating to the base and perch, he announced his intention of making a two or three days' whilt to the lakes, He was going down, he said, to Resid

I.—The Guardian of the Now, Uncle Bushrod was treasurer of the Sons and Daughters of the Burning Bush. Every association be belonged to made him treasurer without besitation. He stood AA1 in colored circles. He was understood mong them to be Mr. Bushrod Wey-

nouth of the Weymouth bank. The night following the day on which Mr. Robert mentioned his intended bshing trip the old man woke up and ose from his bed at 12 o'clock, declaring he must go down to the bank and etch the passbook of the Sons and Daughters, which he had forgotten to oring home. The bookkeeper had bal anced it for him that day, put the can-



Mr. Robert Came Out With a Large Hand Satchel.

celed checks in it and snapped two elastic bands around it. He put but one band around other passbooks. Aunt Malindy objected to the mission

at so late an hour, denouncing it as foolish and unnecessary, but Uncle Bushrod was not to be deflected from

"I done told Sister Adatine Hoskins, he said. "to come by here for dat book tomorrer mawnin' at sebin o'clock for to kyar it to de meetin of de bod of 'rangements, and dat book gwine to be here when she come."

So Uncle Bushrod put on his old brown sult, got his thick hickory stick by Mr. Robert, and meandered through the almost descried streets of Weymouthville, He entered the bank, unlocking the side door, and found the passbook where be had left it, in the little back room used for private consultations, where be always bung his coat. Looking about ensually he saw that everything was as he had left, it and was about to start for home when he was brought to a standstill by the sudden rattle of a key in the front door. Some one came quickly in, closed the door softly and entered the counting room through the door in the fron railing.

That division of the bank's space was connected with the back room by a narrow passageway, now in deep

darkness. Uncle Bushrod, firmly gripping his bickory stick, tiptoed gently up this possage until he could see the midnight intruder into the sacred precincts of the Weymouth bank. One dim gas Jet burned there, but even in its nebulous light he perceived at once that the prowler was the bank's president.

Wondering, fearful, undecided what to do, the old colored man stood motionless in the gloomy strip of ballway and waited developments.

The vault, with its big iron door, was opposite him. Inside that was the safe, holding the papers of value, the gold and currency of the bank. the floor of the vault was, perhaps.

The president took his key from his pocket, opened the vault and went him. Uncle Bushrod saw through the narrow aperture the flicker of a candle, In a minute or two-it seemed an hour that caused by the bank president's bringing with him a large band satchel, handling it in a careful but hurried manner, as if fearful that he might be observed. With one hand he closed and locked the vault door,

With a reluctant theory forming it self beneath his woot Uncle Bushrod waited and watched, shaking in his conceuling shadow.

Mr. Robert set the satchel softly upon trice with Judge Archinard, an old a desk and turned his coat collar up thout his neck and ears. He was l

treased in a rough suit of gray as if 'or traveling. He glanced with frownng intentness at the big office clock thove the burning gas jet and then ooked lingeringly about the bank-linteringly and fondly, Uncle Bushrod hought, as one who bids farewell to lear and familiar scenes.

Now he caught up his borden again and moved promptly and softly out of the bank by the way he had come. ocking the front door behind him.

For a minute or longer Uncle Bushod was as stone in his tracks. Had that midnight rifler of safes and vaults been any other on earth than the man ne was the old retainer would have rushed upon him and struck to save the Weymouth property. But now the watcher's soul was tortured by the polgnant dread of something worse than mere robbery. He was selzed by in accusing terror that said the Weymouth name and the Weymouth honir were about to be lost. Marse Robert, robbing the bank! What else could t mean? The hour of the night, the stealthy visit to the vault, the satchel prought forth full and with expedition end silence, the prowler's rough dress, als solicitous reading of the clock and noiseless departure-what else could it mean?

And then to the turmoll of Uncle Sushrod's thoughts came the corrob orating recollection of preceding events -Mr. Robert's increasing intemperance and consequent many moods of royal tigh spirits and stern tempers; the asual talk be had heard in the bank of the decrease in business and diffiulty in collecting loans. What else could it all mean but that Robert Wey mouth was an absconder-was about o fly with the bank's remaining funds caving Mr. William, Miss Letty, little he disgrace?

onsidered these things, and then he swoke to sudden determination and

'Lawd, Lawd!" be moused aloud as he hobbled hastily toward the side door. Sech a comeoff after all dese here Senn'lous sights upon de yearth when le Weymouth fambly done turn out Bushrod to clean out somebody's chicken coop and eben matters up. Oh, Lawd! Marse Robert, you ain't gwine do dat. 'N Miss Letty an' dem chillun so proud and talkin' 'Weymouth, Weymouth,' all de time! I'm gwine to stop you ef I can. 'Spec you shoot Mr. Nigger's head off of he fool wid you, but I'm gwine stop you ef I can."

Uncle Bushrod, aided by his bickory stick, impeded by his rheumatism, hurfied down the street toward the rail road station, where the two lines touch ing Weymouthville met. As he had ex pected and feared, he saw there Mr Robert standing in the shadow of the building waiting for the train. He held the satchel in his hand.

When Uncle Bushrod came within twenty yards of the bank president standing like a huge, gray ghost by the station wall, sudden perturbation seiz ed him. The rushness and audacity of the thing be had come to do struck him fully. He would have been bappy could be have furned and fled from the possibilities of the famous Weymouth wrath. But again he saw, in his fancy, the white, reproachful face of Miss Letty and the distressed looks stewardship.

might avoid the likely danger of too was bawn. And Miss Letty's chillun, suddenly surprising the sometimes has

"Is that you, Bushrod?" called theclamant, clear voice of the gray ghost. "Yes, sub, Marse Robert." "What the devil are you doing out at

this time of night?" For the first time in his life Uncle Bushrod told Marse Robert a false hood. He could not repress it. He would have to circumlocute a little. His nerve was not equal to a direct at-

"I done been down, suh, to see ole Aunt M'ria Patterson. She taken sick in de night, and I kyar'ed her a bottle of M'lindy's medercine. Yes, suh."

"Humph!" said Robert. "You better get home out of the night air. It's damp. You'll hardly be worth killing tomorrow on account of your rheumatism. Think it it be a clear day, Bushrod?

"I low it will, suh. De sun sot red ins' night.'

Mr. Robert lit a cigar in the shadow. and the smoke looked like his gray ghost expanding and escaping into the night air. Somehow Uncle Bushrod could barely force his reluctant tongue to the dreadful subject. He stood, "Gimme dis valiss, Marsa Robertawkward, shambling, with his feet opon the gravel and fumbling with his

walking."

der," continued the old man, never heeding, "wid a s'ord and say; 'I mek you a knight, Suh Robert. - Rise up. pure and fearless and widout reproach.' Dat what Miss Lucy say. Dat's been a long time ago, but me nor you ain't forgot it. And den dar's another time we ain't forgot-de time when Miss Lucy lay on her las' bed. She sent for Uncle Bushrod, and she say: 'Uncle Bushrod, when I die I want you to take good care of Mr. Robert. Seem like'-so Miss Lucy say -'he listen to you mo' dan to anybody else. He apt to be mighty fractious sometimes, and maybe he cuss you when you try to suade bim, but he need somebody what understand him to be round wid him. He am like a tittle child sometimes'-so Miss Lucy say, wid her eyes shinin' in her po' thin face-but he always been'-dem was her words-'my knight, pure and

fearless and widout reproach.' Mr. Robert began to mask, as was his habit, a tendency to softheartedness with a spurious anger.

"You-you old windbag!" he growled through a cloud of swirling eigar smoke. "I believe you are crazy. I told you to go home, Bushrod. Miss Lucy said that, did she? Well, we haven't kept the escutcheon very clear. Two years ago last week, wasn't it, Bushrod, when she died? Confound It! Are you going to stand there all night gabbing like a coffee colored gander?

The train whistled again. Now i was at the water tank, a mile away. "Marse Robert," said Uncle Bush rod, laying his band on the satchel that the banker beld; "for Gawd's sake don' take dis wid you. I knows what's in it. I knows where you got San, Guy and Uncle Bushrod to bear it in de bank. Don' kyar' it wid you. Dey's big trouble in dat vallse for Miss During one minute Uncle Bushrod Lucy and Miss Lucy's child's chillum Hit's bound to destroy de name of Weymouth and bow down dem dat own it wid shame and triberlation. Marse Robert, you can kill dis ole nigger of you will, but don't take away dis 'er' value. If I ever crosses over years of big doin's and fine doin's de Jordan what I gwine to say to Miss Lucy when she ax me. Uncle Bushrod. le Weymouth fambly done turn out wharfo' didn' you take good care of robbers and 'bezzlers'. Time for Uncle Mr. Robert?"

Robert Weymouth threw away his arguments. cigar and shook free one arm with that peculiar gesture that always preceded his outbursts of irascibility. Uncle Bushrod bowed his head to the expected storm, but he did not flinch. If mer breeze.

"Bushred," said Mr. Robert in a lower voice than he usually employed, "you have overstepped all bounds. You have presumed upon the leniency meddle unpardonably. So you know what is in this satchel? Your long and faithful service is some excuse. but-go home, Bushrod-not another word!"

But Bushrod grasped the satchel with a firmer hand. The headlight of the train was now lightening the shadows about the station. The roar was increasing, and folks were stirring about at the track side.

"Marse Robert, gimme dis 'er' valise. of Nan and Guy should be fail in his I got a right, sub, to talk to you dis duty and they question him as to his 'er' way. I slaved for you and 'tended to you from a child up. I went th'ough Braced by the thought, he approached de war yo' body servant tell we whipin a straight line, clearing his throat and pounding with his stick so that he might be early recognized. Thus he li was at yo' weddin', and li was at yo' weldin', and li was at fur away when yo' Miss Latty



I'm gwine to hab it."

stick. But then, afar off-three miles dey watches today for Uncle Bushrod the product of a furnace is about 500 away, at the limtown switch-he heard when he come home ever evenin'. I pounds of castings daily. the faint whistle of the coming train | been a Weymouth, all 'cept in color the one that was to transport the Wey and entitlements. Both of us is old. mouth name into the regions of dia Marse Robert. "Tain't golo" to be honor and shame. All fear left him long tell we gwine to see Miss Lucy He took off his hat and faced the chief and has to give an account of our Lembroso had written a book in 1888. of the clan he served, the great, royal doin's. De ole nigger man won't be on criminality among women, so runs kind, lofty, terrible Weymouth. He spected to say much me dan be done the story, and when it was finished bearded him there at the brink of the all he could by de fambly dat owned wrote to Goron to send him "forthawful thing that was about to happen him. But de Weymonths, dey must with" some pertraits of Parisian wom-"Marse Robert," he began, his voice say dey been livin' pure and fearless en criminals. Anxious to please the quavering a little with the stress of and without reproach. Gimme dis writer, the package was made up and his feelings, "you member de day dey vallse, Marse Robert-I'm gwine to started on its tour to Italy. When ill role de tumnament at Oak Lawa- hab it. I'm gwine to take it back to de day, suit, day you win in de ridin the bank and lock it up in de rault. and you crown Miss Lucy de queen?" | Pm gwine to do Miss Lucy's biddin

"Tournament?" said Mr. Robert, tak | Turn 'er toese, Marse Robert." ing his eigar from his mouth. "Yes, i remember very well the-but what the tion. Some men were pushing trucks leuce are you talking about tourns along the side. Two or three sleepy ments here at midnight for? Go long passengers got off and wandered away home. Bushrod. I believe you're sleep into the night. The conductor stepped to the gravel, swung his lantern and "Miss Lucy tetch you on de shoul caned: "Fiello, Frank!" at some one

invisible. The bell clanged, the brakes blased, the conductor drawled: "All aboard!"

Mr. Robert released his hold on the satchel. Uncle Bushrod hugged it to his breast with both arms, as a lover clasps his first beloved.

"Take it back with you, Bushrod," Saturday, Good night."

coach. Uncle Bushrod stood motionless, still embracing the precious satchet. His eyes were closed and his tips were moving in thanks to the Master above for the salvation of the Weymouth honor. He knew Mr. Robert would return when he said he would. The Weymouths never lied. Nor now, thank the Lord, could it be said that The score book shows this to be the they embezzled the money in banks.

with the redeemed satchel. of a spring wagon, team and driver, reputation as trap shots. Half a dozen lengthy bamboo fishing

schoolmate. "It's going to be a royal person \$150 for the round trip, but the day for fishing. I thought you saidwhy, didn't you bring along the stuff? why, didn't you bring along the stuff?"

down to the depot and vetoed the whole proceeding. He means all right, and—well, I reckon he is right. Somehow He need found out of the came and spend a week at Honolulu, returning about May 4. he had found out what I had along. though I hid it in the bank vault and Beaverton Chamber of Commerce in sneaked it out at midnight. I reckon its proposed clean-up campaign, ache has noticed that I've been indulging cording to the Times, is that of "disalittle more than a gentleman should, posing of the old rail fences and brush and he hald for me with some reaching along the roads in parts of the city and otherwise improving the appear-

Robert concluded. "I've come to the conclusion that a man can't keep it

gament can't conscientiously be over- out paying-

"Still," said Mr. Robert, with a ghost of a sigh, "there was two quarts of derided and much maligned prune in the finest old silk velvet Bourbon in these words: "A 30-acre tract of land with which you have been treated to that satchel you ever wet your lips near Couser, a station not far from Al-

Salted Herrings.

Centuries ago William Buckels, a Hollander of Bierwich, made the then astonishing discovery that sait would preserve fish and that saited fish could be packed and exported. Before his of common sense resulted in a singular development of the resources of the not as prominent 500 years ago as hey are now, and Holland had for a time almost a monopoly of a market which she was able to create and to supply. Buckels had not to wait 500 years to have his claim to public gratitude recognized. Charles V. had a statue erected to the mackerel salter who became the benefactor of his country. Queen Mary of Hungary, however, paid him even greater honor. During her residence in Holland she discovered his tomb and, seated upon it, ate a salted herring.

Smelting In Bulacan. A primitive fron smelting industry. evidently of Chinese origin, exists in up to the front. Bulacan, a province of the Island of Luzon. Magnetite and hematite ores. found in the locality, are smelted by the natives in small bamboo cased blast furnaces of soft clay bricks set in clay, each furnace being seven and one-half feet high and five feet in external diameter, with a conical inner envity, tapering from forty to twenty inches. The furnace has a single clay tuyere and a Chinese double acting hand blower made from a bollow tree for plowshares and plow points, and mayor,

The Chief's Error.

Goron was chief of the Paris police when the following incident took place: the book came out Lombroso sent a copy, handsomely bound, to Goron, who saw his gift acknowledged on the first page. "It was a scholarly book," said the chief, "and would have had a large sale but for an error on my part. The pictures came out of the wrong leawer of my desk. They were not criminals at all, but women who had applied for bucksters' licenses, and a new edition had to be printed to make good a police mistake."

STATE NEWS

Klamath Falls Herald: Livestock to the value of \$1,223,500 was shipped "Take it back with you, Bushrod," from Klamath county points between said Mr. Robert, thrusting his hands july 1, 1915, and February 10, 1916, into his pockets. "And let the subject drop—now mind! You've said quite stock bought here during that time enough. I'm going to take this train. which was driven out of the country Tell Mr. William I will be back on into California, and still more was Saturday. Good night."

loaded for shipment at Dorris, Montague and Gazelle, California. A total moving train and disappeared in a of 845 carloads went out during the seven months period. This means over 120 carloads a month, or an average of 30 carloads a week,

Couilled Herald: Sunday Mrs. O. F. Smith tried out her skill as a marks-man over the local traps. She let the biggest straight run ever made by a Then awake to the necessity for fur. trap shooter on the Coquille Gun club ther guardianship of Weymouth trust grounds. Taking into consideration funds, the old man started for the bank demonstrated their skill over the same with the redeemed satchel.

Three hours from Weymouthville, in the gray dawn, Mr. Robert alighted from the train at a lonely flag station. Dimly he could see the flagues of a man ladies who handle firearms would join lightly the could see the flagues of a man ladies who handle firearms would join ladies who handle firearms who had ladies who handle firearms who had ladies who handle firearms who had ladies who had ladie Dimly he could see the figure of a man in with Mrs. Smith, it would make the walting on the platform, and the shape local trapsmen go some to retain their

poles projected from the wagon's rear.

"You're here, Bob," said Judge Archinard, Mr. Robert's old friend and steamship for the round trip, but the The president of the Weymouth bank ook off his but and counted his but and counted his but and counted his bank. took off his hat and rumpled his gray reservations are fast being taken.

There are, however, still plenty of ac-"Well, Ben, to tell you the truth, commodations and anybody who would there's an infernally presumptuous old like to enjoy the excursion should adnigger belonging in my family that dress Dean Vincent, Portland, who is broke up the arrangement. He came manager of the excursion. The Great

Among the tasks that confront the "I'm going to quit drinking," Mr. ance of the streets,"

The Medford Sun reports that the up and be quite what he'd like to be annual spring migration of wanderers from southern to northern points is pected storm, but he did not flinch. If
the house of Weymouth was to fail be
would fail with if. The banker spoke,
and Uncle Bushrod blinked with surprise. The storm was there, but it was
suppressed to the quietness of a summer breeze.

—'pure and fearless and without reproach'—that's the way old Bushrod
quoted it."

"Well, I'll have to admit," said the
judge thoughtfully as they climbed into
the wagon, "that the old darkey's argrament can't conscientiously be overgrament can't conscientiously be overgrament can't conscientiously be over-

> The Lebanon Express lauds the oft bany, is being planted to prunes. This fruit, which for a time seemed to be under a cloud, is now coming into its own again. Taken year in and year out, this fruit is a most satisfactory one to grow and brings good returns.

Albany Democrat: W. W. Haines, o. be packed and exported. Before his time herrings had to be consumed within a few days of their capture. Sugene, was in the city today, being in the county to look after his farm near Brownsville. Mr. Haines and his Buckels salted them. In 1386 William brother, of Monmouth, have the distinc-Buckels salted the first hundred of tion of being the oldest twins in Oreherrings, and, having saited them, he gon, now over 88 years. The brother is packed them in barrels. This exercise not very well, unable to get out now.

News Reporter's survey of the buildcountry. The English asheries were ing situation at Yamhil's capital: not as prominent 500 years ago as "With a new tile brick Ford garage, 0,000 Woodmen of the World temple and Science church, building activities are scriptions are free and only regular price for medicine. Dr. Stone can be

pond issue to provide a building for night. Free delivery to all parts of the high school. An addition to the city and within a radius of 100 miles.

present building is proposed.
Klamath Falls takes pride in fire
drill efficiency in the public schools.
The Central school building was cleared in 30 seconds last Tuesday.

bating and in all other lines are well

ompany here.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that acience has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hail's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical trateraity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hail's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and nucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it falls to cure. Send for lat of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENET & CO. Toledo, Q. Sold by all Drugglats, 15c.

Take Hail's Family Pills for constitution. \$100 Reward, \$100 @ Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, O. Sold by all Drunglets, 75c.
Take Rail's Family Pills for C istipation



Without Knife or Pain Ho PAY Until CURED WRITTEN GUARANTEE No X Ray or other swindle. An Island CURED . Dr. & Mrs. Dr. CHAMLEY & CO. Chamley Buildin "Strictly Reliable, Greatest Cancer Specialist if 4340 & 436E Valencia St., San Francisco KINDLY MAIL THIS to seeme with CANC

o surround yourself with Comfort -- a day -- a week -- all time -stop at HOTEL NORTONIA The house of Gracious Service -- of Unobtrusive Ministrations. The home of the Satisfied Guest - - where delicious Viands with the natural HOME-LIKE flavor compel friendship. Rooms with privilege of bath \$1 or more the day. Rooms with private bath \$1.50 or more the day The thing that appeals-moder prices. 12th and Washington

BIN SIN Best Chinese Dishes

Rice and Pork10c 410 FERRY STREET

DR. STONE'S DRUG STORE



The only cash drug store in Oregon, owes no one, and no one owes it; carries large stock; its shelves, counters and show cases are loaded with drugs, medicines, notions, and toilet articles. Dr. Stone is a regular graduate medicine and has had many years of

a new \$3000 Christian practice. Consultations are free. The people of Donald have voted a from 6:40 in the morning until 8 at

> PROFITABLE RALLIES HELD A series of very successful and en-

thusiastic school rallies were conduct-The Coos Bay Harbor boasts that thusiastic school raines were conductive times in five years North Bend's by School Supervisor H. H. Parsons, asselsols have won distinction in destine and in all other lines are well lar extension worker from the O. A. C. Thursday afternoon the Polk Station school held its annual rally and it was DIED FROM GRIEF

Seattle, Wash. Feb. 25.—Grief over the death of his mother and daughter is believed today to have caused the death of Edward E. Webster, special agent of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company here, formerly general the national state of the same of graph company here, formerly general that have met in the county, but that manager of the Independent Telephone their work was evidenced by the interest manifested throughout the after His mother and daughter died with noon. On Thursday evening Mr. Par-n six hours of each other. Mrs. Webhand blower made from a hollow tree trunk and fitted with a feather packed found him dead on the bath room floor wooden piston. An average charge is shortly after noon yesterday at their fifty five pounds of ore and ninety-five of charcoal, no flux being used. The or came here in 1905 from Minenapolis school club work that was popularly reiron made is east directly into molds tion expects to accomplish much good by its work in connection with school and has already made extensive plans for the remainder of the year.

At West Salem on Friday one of the best railies held in the county this year was successfully conducted by Mr. Parsons. Miss Cowgill and E. F. Cariton, assistant state superintendent of public instruction, were the principal speakers. This was an all day event and at the noon bour a delicious lunch-eon was served. The pupils and teach-ors of the West Salem school were greatly interested in the event and had arranged a pleasant program. The teaching staff at Wert Salem includes G. A. Burkhead, Miss Florence Cory and Miss Burkhend, Miss Plorence and Miss Arlene Bennett. At Zena da Priday evening Mr. Parsons and Miss Cowgill spoke at a meeting. Miss Cow-gill's illustrated lecture on industrial club work was entertaining and instruc-tive to the large gathering. Mr. Parsons took the meeting as the occasion to present the school with its standardization pennant. Miss Elsie Taylor is teacher at Zena.—Dallas Observer.

Try Capital Journal Want Aus.