

CYCLE OF SAMENESS

By KATHRINE HOPSON.

It was the time of after-Christmas quiet, but there was no lull at the Heaton homestead. Wiry, little Mrs. Heaton and calm, determined Aunt Caroline bent over the quilting frames with energetically flashing needles. Lois Heaton, a slender fair girl, sat embroidering by the window. As she took deft, dainty stitches, she looked the picture of peace and contentment, but in reality she was harboring fierce rebellion.

"I had 'lowed that six quilts would be enough—with the pretty comforts we are going to make," remarked Mrs. Heaton tentatively.

"When I was married a girl always had a dozen of everything for her setting out," returned Aunt Caroline firmly. "That saved her making anything for a long time."

"Yes, but Lois says folks don't lay in such a supply, nowadays," defended Mrs. Heaton.

"Styles change so, brides like to be able to get something new once in a while," put in Lois.

Aunt Caroline sniffed. "Well, cold weather don't change none, and I guess folks need plenty of quilts now just as much as they ever did."

"That's so," returned Lois, struggling to keep the irritation out of her voice. She was becoming worn by the needless discussion that took place over every detail of her trousseau.

"I must get away where I can think." The petty confines of the crowded room seemed suddenly unbearable, and she longed for the freedom of untrammelled spaces. "I'm going for the mail," she explained to the others.

The Heaton's mail box was a half mile from the house, near four cross-roads, for the convenience of the rural carrier, and it was Lois' daily exercise to get the mail. Today, wrapped in a long, warm coat and furs, with a scarlet tam on her fluffy hair, she walked rapidly down the road, crunching the dry, crumbly snow beneath her feet.

"I can't—I can't go on," she declared stormily. "I can't give up my dreams of romance and adventure, and settle down tamely here in Endicott for the rest of my days as Will Ellis' wife. Our family has always been so practical and methodical, and Will is even more so. Oh, if something would happen—some real romance in my life!"

Jingling sleigh bells announced an approaching team, and Lois turned aside mechanically to let them pass. But the driver drew rein, and said in cordial country fashion. "We seem to be going the same way, may I give you a lift, Miss Heaton?"

She turned and saw Harry Wendell, a young man who has his counterpart in every community. Dashing, handsome, the spoiled son of wealthy parents, he furnished gossip for half the countryside.

Still in her adventurous mood, Lois graciously accepted his offer of a ride, and a moment more was seated beside him in the cutter.

"It's hardly worth while putting you to the trouble to help me in," she laughed, "for I'm only going as far as the cross roads for the mail."

"I'm on my way to Clayville—got a little business to see to at the bank—I can make the round trip in an hour and a half. What's to hinder your going too?"

"Why—nothing, I guess," she returned lightly, her hazel eyes smiling defiance to his.

"It's a go, then," he lightly flicked the horses with his whip, and they quickened their trot. The monotonously familiar landscape was buried beneath a covering of glittering, blue-white snow that made it seem a world enchanted.

Lois leaned back against the comfortable seat with a sigh of luxurious comfort. Here was unexpected romance. She had known Harry Wendell all her life and they had attended high school together, but he had never paid her any particular attention. "I'm not the type of girl he admires," she had told herself, piqued by his indifference.

But today this creature of glowing cheeks and luminous eyes who laughed and talked with joyous abandon was not the quiet demure girl Wendell had always known. He looked and looked again, and at last in the middle of something she was saying broke in: "Why have we known each other all our lives and never really been acquainted before? Or perhaps I should put it the other way around. Having been always acquainted why haven't we really known each other?"

"Probably because you have never tried to know me."

"I should have if you had shown me your real self." He leaned nearer.

"We all have so many moods, it's a problem just which is our real self." Her smile held mystery and allurements. Inwardly she was thinking that her present attractiveness to Wendell had its origin in the fact that some one else had found her attractive too. She was conscious of Will Ellis' diamond on her finger and the knowledge gave her poise and power. She appeared to Wendell now in the guise of forbidden fruit.

"It isn't too late to make amends yet," he muttered, with determination in his voice. "It's never too late for the other man until after the wedding day."

"The time for mine is set, you know."

"Perhaps nearer than you think

Listen, Lois. You probably have heard I am planning to start tomorrow for southern California. I have a good position there. I want to settle down—I will with the right woman to help me. We are almost in Clayville, what's to hinder a license, a wedding—and California together?" He was leaning close, and his eager, dominant face both attracted and repelled her. She shrank back in the seat.

"Why—everything's to hinder—Will my engagement—"

"I know, I know I shall be counted a cad for stealing another man's sweetheart; but it's for all our lives long—Lois—for all our lives long. And after all, happiness is what we're seeking."

On and on he talked in this strain, earnestly and well. Through it all Lois tried to hold fast to her Heaton instincts, but she felt old moorings slipping from her, lost in the tide of her rising emotions.

When they arrived in Clayville she had not consented in actual words, but her eyes had given tacit consent. There was joy and triumph in his face as he sprang out of the sleigh in front of the bank.

"Shall I tie the horses or will you hold the reins?" he asked.

"I'll hold them."

"I won't be gone longer than ten minutes—then the courthouse—and the minister's."

She laughed reprovingly, but her glance fell beneath his compelling eyes.

At that moment a little mongrel dog ran out and began to bark in a way that threatened to annoy the horses. Wendell, still holding the reins in one hand, took the whip from the sleigh socket, and gave the dog several cutting lashes that sent it whining and covering away.

"Oh, don't," pleaded Lois, at the look of terror in its eyes.

"I'll teach it not to bark at teams," he retorted curtly. Then in a changed tone, drawing the robes around her. "I'll be back in a very few minutes."

Left alone, Lois faced the reality of what she was about to do. Should she leave the safe conventionality of the old life for the unknown allurements of the new? She realized she could love Wendell with a more romantic love than she had ever felt for Will Ellis; but on the other hand she could also feel greater anger and greater jealousy toward him. He seemed to have the power of rousing all the turbulent emotions in her nature.

"And as he said—it's for life," she shiveringly reminded herself, and above the glamour of his personality she seemed to see again the look of abject terror in the little dog's eyes as he had whipped it. This cruelty in his nature boded ill for her happiness.

"I can't go on," she declared with a revulsion of feeling. Without any formulated plan except to get back home as soon as possible she sprang out of the sleigh, and with trembling haste lest Wendell should return before she got away, tied the horses to the rack and scurried down the snowy street.

The south-bound five o'clock inter-urban train was soon due and she resolved to catch that. She had no money with her, so she decided to stop in the grocery store at which they were in the habit of trading and borrow some from kind old Mr. Danby, who was a life-long friend of the family. As she was going in the door her name was called. Glancing around in startled fear she saw Will Ellis, the last person on earth she wished to see just then, sitting in a sleigh in front of the store.

"I'm on my way back to Endicott; will you come with me—or were you going with the other man?" The sarcasm in his tone told her that in some way he had heard of her ride to Clayville with Harry Wendell.

"I—am going home on the car," she flashed.

He alighted from the sleigh, and drew back the robes. "Get in," he said peremptorily.

Lois, surprised into docility by his unexpected firmness, obeyed. Ellis touched the horse with the whip, and they were carried swiftly away to the tune of jingling sleigh bells. Neither spoke until the town lay far behind them, then he turned:

"Have you anything to say, Lois?"

"Merely that I'm not going to marry you—or Harry Wendell either."

"You're hard to please." His lips curved in a mocking smile. "We're the two extremes for you to choose from."

She gave a hysterical little laugh. "That's it—if you'd been more like Harry, or he like you, I could really love either—or—but you're the two extremes in temperament." Then she added in resentment. "You never really tried to win me Will. You had every chance in the world but you took everything so stupidly for granted. Why, if you were half as lackadaisical in your business as you've been in your wooing, you'd have gone into bankruptcy long ago!"

There was a silence—a long throbbing silence—during which she leaned back white and spent, and the man sat with tense strained face staring straight before him as if reliving the past. Then he turned and clasped her hand that still wore his diamond.

"Will you give me another chance—Lois—begin all over again and let me try to win you?"

Her eyes answered his question as they read new strength and determination in his and the romantic side of her nature—that strain which few persons suspected—thrilled in response; while the sensible Heaton part of her noted with placid satisfaction that in the same old peaceful way, ahead of them shone the lights of home.

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AROUND THE CAMP FIRE



FIGHT AT CHANCELLORSVILLE

Stahl's German Brigade Had No Chance to Secure Their Arms to Repel Attack of Enemy.

In my opinion the Army of the Potomac was never in such fine shape as when Joe Hooker started on the Chancellorsville campaign. It was my fortune at that time to be a member of Co. A, 25th Ohio. Our regiment belonged to McLean's Second brigade, First division, Eleventh corps, writes R. M. Fulton, of Homestead, Pa., in the National Tribune.

Our regiment, or at least my company, was out on the Plank road on picket on Friday night, and when we were relieved next morning we rejoined the brigade on the line of battle, although there was no fighting going on yet. As we had been on picket all night we stacked arms back in the rear some 200 yards and remained there all day until the engagement began.

Our brigade fronted southwest, with our backs toward Fredericksburg. In the early afternoon our colonel, W. P. Richardson, and Col. Lee, of the 55th Ohio, both having seen service in Mexico, sent out three scouts from our company, under Abe Heed to see what was doing in the heavy timber in front. They came back and reported the enemy massing on our front and right flank. Col. Richardson sent Col. Lee and Capt. E. C. Culp to inform Gen. Devens of our division and ask permission to change front so as to be in shape to meet the assault that they felt sure would come. But Devens took no account of what these officers said.

Some time later I took a stroll up on the higher ground along the country road. Stahl's German brigade was off a little to the right. Their guns were all stacked, except one regiment, which was standing in line along the road facing the woods at order arms. There were two brass cannons (6 and 12 pounders) by the road. There were no horses nor artillerymen near the guns. I went back to where my regiment was and Col. Richardson had sent his scouts out again. That time the enemy's cavalry fired on them. They reported the woods full of Confederates. Col. Richardson sent Col. Lee and Capt. Culp to Gen. Devens with this information, and again asked permission to change front to be in position to meet the enemy.

Devens poo-pooed and said: "I guess Col. Richardson is a little scared. The proper place for a colonel is with his command."

In a few minutes I heard one shot, then a whole volley from the regiment of Stahl's brigade that was in line. Then came the terrible onrush of Stonewall Jackson's men, which gave the rest of Stahl's brigade no chance to get their guns, which were stacked as I saw them. I was close to Col. Richardson when Devens' adjutant-general came up on a gallop. He said: "Col. Richardson, Gen. Devens sends regards and orders you to double-quick your regiment into line and check that stampede."

We double-quick up the hill and into the young pines, but the smoke was so thick we could scarcely see. Stahl's brigade had no time to get their guns, and, of course, could not help repel the enemy, and we had to get out. About that time Col. Richardson was painfully wounded in the shoulder and was never with the regiment again.

Satisfactory to the Defendant.
Defending a soldier accused of housebreaking, a lawyer said: "Your honor, I submit that my client did not break into the commissary at all. He found the commissary window open, and merely inserted his right arm and removed the biscuits. My client's arm is not himself, and I fall to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offense committed by one of his limbs."

"That argument," said the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to three months in the Old Capitol prison. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

The defendant smiled, and with his advocate's assistance unscrewed his government cork arm and, leaving it on a camp stool, walked out.

True Gratitude.
A stranger in Rahway, N. J., bought a bag of potatoes and a 15-pound ham at a grocery store the other day and left them on the back doorstep of an aged resident named Thompson Thorne. With the supplies was this note: "This is returned to you today in honor of the fifty-first anniversary since you gave the same to an old, hungry soldier at Valley Springs, Va., during the Civil war."

Self Sustained Humor.
"How did Borum get his reputation as a raconteur? His stories are not amusing and he doesn't tell them very well."

"No. But he can laugh at them in a way that makes him sound like a crowd."

In the Beginning.
The Doctor's Daughter—Father's very proud of his skeleton.

"Why?"

"I don't know; perhaps it was his first patient."

You'll wake up with a good taste in your mouth

if you chew this after every meal.

The refreshing digestion aiding mint leaf juice does it.



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Each box contains twenty 5 cent packages

Chew it after every meal

It stays fresh until used

East to Butte.
The Boston man who, when asked if he had ever been west, replied: "Yes, indeed, I've been to Albany; has a counterpart in a chap I met on my last trip to the Rockies," said a Boston copper operator at the Plaza.

"I was in Spokane, going from the hotel to the railroad station in the hotel bus. A lanky rancher from Walla Walla was beside me.

"I'm agoin' back to the ranch," he remarked. "Where are you agoin'?"

"Oh, I'm bound for Butte," said I.

"Agoin' east all the way to Butte!" ejaculated the rancher. "I'd like to go with you, for I've never been east."

Tree Strangely Marked.
A curious tree which though sound was never known to blossom has just been cut down by Mr. James Hayden Carrigan, on his lands at Pandatown, County Kildare, Ireland. On the freshly sawn butt of the tree there was found a blood-red imprint of what closely resembled a hand and part of an arm.

Not Quiet.
"So you live on Long Island. Awfully quiet, isn't it?"

"Oh, no. You see, we live on the Sound."

The man who looks for a sitting-down job finds it hard to get up.

From Many, One.
"This is our most valuable fowl," said the amateur hen farmer.

"A fine bird," remarked the visitor, trying to look wise.

"Yes, indeed. We have named her E Pluribus Unum."

"Why the name?" the visitor questioned.

"She came from the only egg that hatched of fifty in the incubator."

Tame.
"What do you think of football?"

"Oh, it's rather tame," replied the militant suffragette.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy. Adv.

The only similarity between patriotism and politics is that they both begin with p.

Nightly coughing and torturing throat-ache quickly relieved by Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops—5c at all Druggists.

A woman's husband sometimes causes her almost as much worry as her dressmaker.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes are the easiest to use. Adv.

Few young men rise in the world until after they settle down.

35 BUSHELS PER ACRE
was the yield of WHEAT

160 ACRE FARMS
WESTERN CANADA
FREE

On many farms in Western Canada in 1913, some yields were reported as high as 80 bushels per acre. As high as 100 bushels were recorded in some districts for oats from 19 to 20 bushels per acre.

J. Keys arrived in the country 8 years ago from Denmark with very little means. He homesteaded, worked hard, is now the owner of 225 acres of land. In 1913 had a crop of 200 acres, which will realize him about \$4,000. His wheat weighed 55 lbs. to the bushel and averaged over 35 bushels to the acre.

Thousands of similar instances might be related of the homesteaders in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The crop of 1913 was an abundant one everywhere in Western Canada.

Ask for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates. Apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

W. V. BENNETT,
See Building, Omaha, Neb.
Canadian Government Agent

READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 7-1914.

715 Chamber of Commerce Building,
Chicago, October 21, 1913

Mr. W. C. Wilson, Pres.
Old Line Bankers' Life Insurance Co.,
Lincoln, Nebraska

Dear Sir:

Through your Chicago agent, Maj. E. H. Switzer, I have today received your check for \$422.86 and a paid up policy for \$1,000.00, which still continues to draw dividends and the cash value of which is \$392.11, in settlement of a policy written on the 20 pay life plan, which has now matured.

I have paid you in premiums the sum of \$538.80 and thus my total cash value is \$206.17 greater than the amount I have paid in.

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Yours very truly,
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Residence..... Chicago, Ill.
Amount of Policy..... \$1,000.00
Total Premiums Paid to Company..... \$ 538.80

SETTLEMENTS—
Surplus in Cash Paid Insured..... \$ 422.86
And Paid up Participating Policy..... \$1,000.00

Total Paid Insured..... \$1,422.86
General and special agents wanted. Write us.
Assets \$6,800,000.00