

By Hap-Hazard By CECILLE LANGDON

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The well-dressed, smiling-faced young man who alighted from the train at Ferndell, blisk, bright-eyed, magnetic, seemed to diffuse sunshine in every direction. To the most unobservant of mortals Alvin Ritter would have suggested a being in love with the world and everybody in it. It was three months since he had been in the quaint little village. A traveling salesman, about a year previously he had made Ferndell his headquarters for the district and for a week had roomed and boarded with a Mrs. Alma Warner, who had three little children and with whom there lived a young girl just budding into perfect womanhood—Myra Worth. Twice since then Alvin had visited Ferndell. The last time he had left deeply in love with Myra, and she knew it, and with a determination to place himself in a position where he felt sure of an income sufficient to support a wife.

And now he had returned, successful and buoyant. He sang and whistled as he made his way in the direction of the humble little home that had been a lode star in view for so many weeks. Then as he reached the rustic gate a chill permeated his veins.

"Vacant!" he breathed with a quick tremor in his voice. "What does it mean?" and after trying the front door and peering in at the window Alvin crossed the yard to that of the next neighbor. The woman there nodded to him in quite a friendly way, evidently remembering him.

"The Warners—Miss Worth?" spoke Alvin in an anxious tone.

"Mrs. Warner died two months ago and the young lady moved away. Poor, dear thing! She saw no hope of getting a living here, with the three little tots on her hands."

"But—you don't know where they have gone?" interrogated Alvin.

"I don't sir, but the man who runs the garage here can tell you. It seems that Miss Worth, looking for work, went to him. He has several gasoline stations along the Western highway, and she is so spry and willing to work that he made an arrangement to employ her."

"They—she left no word?" pressed Alvin.

"No, sir, but I guess she would have wished to have seen you, in her deep trouble. I only think that because from what I saw when you used to come here; it seemed to brighten her up a great deal. She is a good girl, sir. An orphan, and no relation to Mrs. Warner; that lady took her in and they became like sisters born. She stayed two weeks after Mrs. Warner died. It appears that on her death bed Mrs. Warner told her that she had a sister, a teacher in a school at Cincinnati, who would surely provide for the children if appealed to. Miss Worth wrote to the school, but she got a letter back telling how Hilda Warner had married a rich gentleman named Despres two years before, but where they lived was not known."

Alvin went at once to the town garage and its proprietor told him of the station where Miss Worth was working for him.

"There's a little house there," he explained to Alvin, "and what Miss Worth does is to supply passing automobiles with gas, oil and air. I saw her last week and she and the little ones are getting along nicely. A fine young lady, that! She seems to think it her duty to care for the children after the kindness of their mother, and is happy to have found a position where she can keep them with her."

It was late in the afternoon of the next day that Alvin left a train some forty miles from Ferndell and started down the broad highway on a three-mile tramp for the station to which the garage man had directed him. Many automobiles dashed by him, and Alvin had covered about half the distance in view when he discerned a dark object lying at the side of the road. It proved to be a fur collar,

accidentally fallen from some speeding car, he decided. He examined it closely. A little pocket on the inside of the collar held a card that read: "Mrs. Hilda Despres, Arlington, Ohio."

"Why, this is a queer coincidence," he soliloquized. "Hilda is the name of Mrs. Warner's sister, and Despres that of the man she married. Perhaps they will miss the wrap and come back this way to look for it," and starting on again Alvin carried the collar conspicuously on one arm.

He proved to be a cogent reasoner, for shortly thereafter a machine facing him halted, its driver stepped out, explained that the collar belonged to his wife in the rear seat of the auto, and Alvin carried it to her.

Myra Worth's eyes bore a glad, welcoming light as the Despres automobile drove up to the little station with Alvin a passenger. Mrs. Despres insisted on being taken to her sister's children at once after Alvin's story. She had never been able to locate her sister, and now with wealth at her command she promised to tenderly care for the little waifs.

Another story, that of love and devotion, Alvin Ritter told to Myra Worth that evening. And the noble girl who had been willing to sacrifice herself to care for the little waifs of her benefactress, blushing and happy, hailed with joy the prospect of a home with the man she loved.

Keep Cool.

Conduct is the outward evidence of inward impulses. Impatience within is sure to make a sputtering grouch without. Things don't just happen. They are usually the product of a long train of circumstances. To be fair one should get out of patience with the whole series if you get fussed at all. But you don't. You just stew about the one thing that causes the explosion. When you have learned to be patient and wait you will have the power of changing many a problem that causes others all sorts of trouble. And it isn't a bit harder to do when you get the habit than it is to make a show of yourself. And it's a lot more comforting after the fuss is over.—Exchange.

A man's
best pal
is his smoke



"Let's take it easy for a while"

—Ches. Field

A CIGARETTE that invites you to enjoy a smoke as you never have before—that's Chesterfield.

Not merely fine tobaccos, mind you, though we use the finest of Turkish and Domestic leaf, but an exclusive blending method that brings out hidden flavors—flavors that others have failed to find.

That's why Chesterfields are different. That's why they satisfy. And this method is a closely guarded secret. That's why none but Chesterfields can satisfy.

And Chesterfields reach you in prime shape for smoking always—because every separate package is wrapped in moisture-proof glassine paper.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

They Satisfy

—and the blend
can't be copied

20 for 20 cents



PUBLIC SALE!

Having sold my ranch, I will sell at Public Sale on Section 30-17-33, twenty miles north of Sutherland, on the O'Brien ranch, just above the forks of the Birdwoods, on

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1919,

Commencing at Ten O'Clock sharp, the following described property, to-wit:

Six Hundred Head of Cattle

Consisting of 125 head of three year old steers; 250 cows, mostly all good grade White Faces; 75 two year old steers and heifers; 100 yearling steers and heifers; 125 spring calves; nine young bulls, seven of them registered; eight milch cows. These cattle are in good condition and nearly all of them White Faces.

Fifty-eight Horses and Mules

Consisting of thirty head of good work horses, most of them young mares and in foal to a good jack; ten head of yearling colts; six two year old colts; ten head of young work mules, good big ones, 3 to 7 years old; one stallion; one jack; and five good saddle horses.

270 HOGS

Consisting of 150 hogs, weight 150 to 250, 20 Brood Sows, balance thrifty shoats.

Corn, Oats, Rye, Harness, Saddles, Tanks, Ford Tractor,

Consisting of 2000 bushels of corn; 600 bushels of oats; 800 bushels of rye; 200 tons of hay and millet; 50 tons of oats and rye straw; 25 bushels of potatoes; 3 bushels of beans; 14 sets of good farm harness; 5 saddles, bridles and blankets; six 55 gallon gas tanks; three big steel water tanks; 1 cream separator; 1 Ford roadster with Knickerbocker tractor attachment with a field and road gear; 2 Ford truck bodies; 1 single buggy; 1 single harness; buffalo overcoat; 1 bear skin overcoat; 1 pair of hip boots; 4 dozen chickens; a lot of household goods; 2 rifles; 2 shot guns; and many other articles too numerous to mention.

BIG FREE LUNCH AT NOON.

TERMS OF SALE—Sums of \$25 and under cash; on sums over \$25 six months time will be given on approved notes with interest at ten per cent. No property to be removed until terms of sale are complied with.

T. J. O'BRIEN, Owner.

COLS. R. L. SHAPPELL and ED. KIERIG, Auctioneers.

RAY C. LANGFORD, Clerk

Taking the Joy Out of Rejoicing.

He was sitting in the lobby of the high-priced hotel. The high prices started in the ground floor and got lower as they went up. But no matter.

Suddenly a face caught his eye just as his face caught an eye. A woman darted from the throng of by-passers. "Wife!" he chirped, pressing her form to him.

"Husband!" she smacked. "Ah, let us go away, dear; let bygones be bygones. Let us forget everything."

Just then the hotel clerk approached. "Before you two decide to forget everything," interposed the horrid, snottous creature, "allow me to remind your husband that there is \$35 room rent and \$15 taxicab fare charged against him. After that is paid, ah, then, bless you, my children."

Matter of Gender.

The bell of a Scottish church was giving out a very poor tone and a committee was appointed to inquire as to what was wrong and to report on the best means of putting it right. After an examination the members were divided in their opinion and the kirk officer, who was in attendance with the keys, was asked his view. "Fine. A kirk what's wrong with the bell," he remarked; "it's a she-yin!" meaning that it was of the feminine gender. Pressed to explain, he added: "It's tongue owre lang—it's needin' to be clipped!" And this turned out to be really the fault. The tongue had become loosened to the extent of an inch or so, and was overlapping the curve at the rim, and therefore not striking truly.

American Buys Franklin Portrait.

A portrait of Benjamin Franklin, painted in 1778 by Joseph Sifrede Duplessis, and showing him as the American ambassador whom Parisians of that period knew, has arrived in this country, the property of Michael Friedsam, the New York Evening Post states. Franklin presented the portrait to the Freres Perier, engineers and owners of the Chaillet fire engine, when he left France, and it was from the Perier family that Mr. Friedsam purchased it this year.

The portrait, whose gorgeous frame of the period is carved in the form of a serpent, is said to be typical of the best work of Duplessis, who was made a member of the academy in 1774, and was later appointed conservator of the museum of Versailles. In Versailles is a street called Duplessis, and a statue of him stands in a public square of the city.

All His Worldly Goods.

"Was your wife pleased with your raise in salary?" asked White.

"I haven't told her yet, but she will be when she knows it," answered Brown.

"How is it that you haven't told her?"

"Well, I thought I would enjoy it myself a little while first."

Some Quarantine!

A physician was calling at a house where a child had the scarlet fever. "You keep the patient away from the rest of the children, I suppose," he remarked.

"Oh, yes, indeed," was the mother's reply. "I don't let him come near the others except for meals."—Boston Evening Transcript.

UNWELCOME GUEST

By JACK LAWTON.

The married life of Beatrice and Billy had been ideally happy. But when he entered the little flat one day and gave to Beatrice a letter, Billy's manner was constrained.

"It's from aunt," he explained tersely, "wants to come and visit us."

"Not," Beatrice said, "your Aunt Drusilla, Billy?"

"Being that Aunt Drusilla is the only aunt I possess, it is naturally herself." His tone was pettish.

Beatrice's soft eyes filled with tears.

"But Billy," she protested, "we just can't have her. We've been so blissful alone. Your father has always held up this sister of his as a paragon housekeeper. You know how very particular your mother says she was about—everything. She's unmarriageable, of course, and will criticize me, and my lack of system, and oh! you needn't tell me—"

"I know that exemplary kind of woman. She will be the snake in our Eden."

Beatrice caught herself up. "How long is she going to stay, Billy?"

The young husband avoided his wife's aggrieved eyes.

"About a month, she says," he replied.

Beatrice stiffened defiantly.

"Well, she won't stay a month here," she said.

"Aunt Drusilla writes," Billy suggested, "that she is longing to meet her new niece. She hasn't seen me since I was almost a kid. She was going to be married then. I remember, but something broke it off."

"Her own exacting disposition probably," Beatrice spitefully remarked.

"That's not quite fair of you," Billy defended. His wife smiled.

"You see," she said, "she's beginning to make trouble between us already."

Trouble indeed seemed to fall to Billy's lot. Mentally he blamed the aunt who insisted upon thrusting her presence where the presence of two, was all sufficient. And upon the day of Aunt Drusilla's arrival Beatrice fell ill.

In vain Billy telephoned various women helpers. The helpers were busy. As a last resort, and though his pocketbook could ill afford it, Billy sought a nurse's agency. No nurse could be promised within three days at least. And though the malady from which Beatrice suffered was not necessarily serious, the doctor assured him that she must have immediate care.

Billy himself prepared his wife's breakfast coffee before he went to meet the inevitable Aunt Drusilla, and Beatrice made a face over the coffee.

"It's horrid," she said, ungraciously, "and you must insist upon taking your aunt to a hotel. She can't stay here now. You see that—"

The voice ended in an invalid's wail. Billy hurriedly beat a retreat.

Billy considered his problems as he hurried his little car toward the station, and when he saw his waiting and half-forgotten aunt, his perplexity grew.

Here was not a quiet old body to be

lightly disposed of, but a smiling and assured person in pleasing attire, her shrewd eyes twinkling at him from beneath waving hair.

"My dear boy!" she cried, putting forth her gloved hand in greeting. Then, after his very brief response, an awful thing happened to Billy.

Stooping in hurried embarrassment to start the car's engine, the handle wrenched itself suddenly free from his grasp to deal him a terrible blow.

Billy, white with pain, knew what afterward proved to be true—that his arm was broken.

It was Aunt Drusilla who gently forced him into the car, and her competent self at the wheel, took him where prompt aid could be found.

When the doctor had bandaged Billy into relief, Aunt Drusilla continued to drive the car home.

White lipped and weak, Billy managed to tell his aunt of his young wife's illness and of their now helpless plight. Apologetically he suggested a hotel as her own temporary refuge.

Aunt Drusilla good humoredly waved his suggestion aside.

"I wondered," she said laughingly, "why it was borne forcibly upon me that I must spend a month with you; now I know!"

Beatrice's first intimation of her unwelcome guest was when a sweet-faced woman bent sympathetically over her bed, proffering, as she introduced herself, an invitingly arranged luncheon tray.

"Billy has had an injury to his arm," the new aunt informed her. "and I have made him comfortable upon the couch."

"Now, sit up, dearie, and let us get acquainted while you sample my cooking. I am so glad that I happened to come where I'm needed." The blue eyes twinkled through her glasses. "I'm going to have such a lovely time."

Aunt Drusilla said, "fixing you and Billy up."

"Oh! we must not impose—" began Beatrice. But the little aunt silenced her with a smile.

"My dear!" she exclaimed, "this little service will be my pleasure. I am so glad that I came."

Impulsively Beatrice held out her arms.

"I am glad, too," she said, her eyes met the older woman's honestly.

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Length of Life Extended.

In 1345-50, 25,000,000 deaths from the plague or "black death" occurred, which was one-fourth of the entire population of the world at that time. The average length of life in the sixteenth century was only 21 years, while in this, the twentieth century, the average life is forty-five years. In India, however, the average life today is only twenty-four years. We are enabled to see what the science of medicine is accomplishing in more civilized countries, where ignorance and superstition do not prevail to any great extent.

Precocious Youth

Mary and Ruth were discussing plans for playing house and Mary said, "I'll be the mother and you be my little girl."

"No," said Ruth, "I want to be the father."

"Oh," said Mary, "let's play we've got plenty of money, and then we won't need a father."