

# Save your Cremo 5 Cent Cigar Bands for Presents

Cremo Cigar BANDS and Old Virginia Cheroot WRAPPERS may be assorted

with TAGS from "STAR," "HORSE SHOE," "STANDARD NAVY," "SPEAR HEAD," "DRUMMOND" NATURAL LEAF, "GOOD LUCK," "BOOT JACK," "PIPER HEIDSIECK," "NOBBY SPUN ROLL," "J. T.," "OLD HONESTY," "MASTER WORKMAN," "JOLLY TAR," "SICKLE," "BRANDY WINE," "CROSS BOW," "OLD PEACH AND HONEY," "RAZOR," "E. RICE, GREENVILLE," "PLANET," "TENNESSEE CROSSTIE," "NEPTUNE," "OLE VARGINY," and TRADE MARK STICKERS from "FIVE BROTHERS" Pipe Smoking Tobacco, in securing these presents, ONE TAG being equal to TWO CREMO CIGAR BANDS or TWO OLD VIRGINIA CHEROOT WRAPPERS.



The above illustrations represent the presents to be given for Cremo Cigar Bands and Old Virginia Cheroot Wrappers

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY on outside of package containing BANDS or WRAPPERS, and forward them by registered mail, or express prepaid. Be sure to have your package securely wrapped and properly marked, so that it will not be lost in transit. Send bands or wrappers and requests for presents (also requests for catalogues) to C. H. Brown, 4241 Folsom Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of presents for 1922 includes many articles not shown above. It contains the most attractive list of presents ever offered for bands and wrappers, and will be sent by mail on receipt of postage—two cents. Our offer of presents for bands and wrappers will expire November 30th, 1922.

American Cigar Company

## THE STORYETTE

## DEAD LEAVES.

On the outskirts of the quaint old city of Leyden stand two houses side by side, suggesting by their rich, fanciful architecture a memory of medieval Dutch. Quiet, sleepy streets, spanning at right angles, form grotesque vistas, which carry you back a generation or two. Most tourists find Leyden dull and stupid, and dull it is to dull people. In truth the town is unproductive to sleep, but not dreamless pleasant when they people the imagination with all that is pleasant and artistic, when they paint with the colors of Rubens and Van Dyke, and you live and breathe in an atmosphere of centuries ago.

The inmates of the two houses are part of the environment, in touch with forgotten songs and that long ago of our happiest days.

But the similarity of these two ceases at this point. Nicholas Witson portrays the characteristics that his name suggests. Tall, lank in proportion, he is in striking contrast to his dapper little neighbor, the former, stern, dignified and reserved, a pessimist, the latter, cheery, bright and active, an optimist. Howbeit these two are firm friends, loyal neighbors and good citizens.

Nicholas Witson's garden is gloomy with a box of shrubbery which outlines the paths. Fir trees, throughout heavy hanging boughs no sunshine creeps, protects the windows from the glare of light which is allowed to flood every room of the house next door. The garden there is gay with flowers, rich with their luxurious growth, filling the air with heavy fragrance.

Laughing and frolicking over its sparsely way, a little brook divides the garden, but a narrow rustic bridge makes good the differences which the water creates, satisfactorily acting as a gobetween.

Neither Nicholas Witson nor Everard van Weede has ever taken to himself a spouse. To interrogate the shadows of their past would be an act of discourtesy of which I trust we are not capable. Some fruits mellow at the touch of frost, others wither and die.

On a perfect day in June Nicholas Witson strides back and forth the length of his garden path. From his long clay pipe he sends out thick clouds of smoke which suspend themselves in mid air, so still is the atmosphere.

"Bah!" he exclaims, stopping in his walk to salute his neighbor, "between your spring flowers and your autumn, your house plants and your young weeds, you've no time for the deeper musings of which the mind is capable."

Van Weede, bending all his energies toward the upheaval of a root which has torn itself to another earth, stops to wipe away the beads of perspiration which stream down his jovial face.

"Well, well, neighbor, those jovial clouds would not have should I keep my eyes between two book covers, any,

I am the garden worm, and you the other sort."

"But here is good authority for becoming something better than a grub," and drawing a volume of Plato's dialogues from the back pocket of his coat, Nicholas read: "The world of eye and ear delusions all," and here, turning a page, "and does not mind reason best when it is not drawn aside by the ear or eye."

"So, neighbor, you may be right, but give me something that my eye can look upon, your musty books attract mice, not roses, and I prefer the fragrance of a lily to the odor of old documents."

Witson closed his book with a sound between a sigh and a groan, and thrusting his two hands deep into the pockets of his knee breeches, he stood thoughtfully watching a swallow near above the tree tops and disappear into the chimney of his friend's house. Presently something touched him on the shoulder and fell to the ground—a red, red rose, rich in its magnificent beauty, lay at his feet.

"A flower for your thoughts, come, that's a good bargain, obtuse philosophies for a practical demonstration of God's power."

Witson did not answer, but stooping down he raised the flower from the ground, twirled it idly for a moment in his hand, and then throwing it into the stream, he turned sharply on his heel and strode into the house.

Van Weede chuckled softly to himself. The indignity offered his gift did not distress him, for he knew his friend.

That evening Van Weede waited before crossing to his friend's house, as, indeed, it was his usual custom to do, until the old cathedral chimes floated their melody far above the gabled roofs and high chimneys of Leyden.

He loved music as he did his flowers, his birds, and, in fact, all that was brightest and best in nature, and among his most valued possessions in the drawingroom was an old spinet, whose voice was a pathetic reminder of more brilliant achievements. Drawing forth tender old ballads, Van Weede lived in the past as he touched the keys, and his cheerful face would sadden, and sometimes a tear trembled on his cheek. He always played these long-forgotten songs when he returned from his annual mid-summer trip.

"You'll be away, very soon now, I suppose," said Nicholas, striking a flint stone, preparatory to lighting his pipe. Everard nodded. A long silence before either spoke. Were it Van Weede's midsummer trip or Nicholas Witson's in the dead of winter, neither questioned the other as to the purpose of it. They would be absent in all about three days, and then return. Everard more gentle, quieter and saddened; Nicholas, gruff, antagonistic and bitter.

"Here to the Dominie," said Van Weede, the first to speak, and pushing back his chair he made room for the visitor.

"Good evening, gentlemen, fine night this," said the minister, taking the proffered seat. "So, Master Everard, you have not taken flight as yet, though our good friend would be lonely," nodding his head toward Nicholas, "and it is my duty to relieve distress, you know, either in body or soul." He glanced toward Witson.

"Well, I imagine time does not hang heavy on your hands," gruffly answered Nicholas.

"Come, come, neighbor, surely this little town cannot have so many cases of misery?" Everard said: "It would distress me greatly should I feel that care and want surrounded me on every side."

"When will you learn, Van Weede, that misery is the lot of every human being?" Nicholas brought down the chair which he had tilted back against the door, with an emphasis. "Is your own lot so free from perplexity that you can gage other men's thereby?"

"Were it not that sometimes that my poeies did not bloom, or for some other trivial disappointment, my life would be complete; that sorrow comes to all, Nicholas, to that I can testify," Everard's tone grew more gentle. "But that we should nurse that grief, holding it like leech to our hearts till it draws all of its beauty, all the ideals, ambitions and faith from our life, then that man lives no more, he merely exists."

"Friend, your theories are fine as the lace the women of Bruges produce, but they don't fit in the box of blocks men call years; life is a mass of deceit from the cradle to the grave. When we are young St. Nicholas fails us, when we are old—God—"

Here the Dominie interrupted. "Nay, Nicholas, those are harsh words; the creed of our forefathers cannot be so lightly disregarded. Our friend is right; you would take all that makes life worth living when you deprive humanity of its faith."

"Humph," said Nicholas, "this faith of which you boast, 'tis but an opiate administered by the priests to ease the burdens of the poor, and to make straight the crooked path of the rich. I'm not so easily caught with your gilt-edged doctrines; give me facts, undisputed facts, for I prefer to live on an intellectual rock, to the shifting sands of a creed."

Neither made answer to this last speech. It was a common occurrence, these little skirmishes, and if the truth must be acknowledged, to the minister's undeniable enjoyment.

But Van Weede was sorry at these times, for beneath his friend's irony and bitterness there was much to admire; intellectually strong, his soul had sought the unattainable; the ideal worshipped was perfection, and the disappointment in life keen.

For a time no word was spoken. The glowing stars with their unfathomed mystery slowly peopled the heavens with their gray, mute evidence of an unseen power greater than we. A sound reached them from the heart of the city, the night watch on his rounds.

"All's well—well—"

"All's well!" in interrogated Witson anxiously.

"All is indeed well—" repeated Van

Weede, gently, sorrowfully. The minister nodded good-night and walked homeward, looking up to the silent heavens above him to the stretch of meadow on his right and to the town on his left, he softly whispered, "all is well, all is well."

From the window of his breakfast room Nicholas Witson could look into his friend's garden, and Van Weede was generally there busy among the flowers. It was a satisfaction to Nicholas, as he read from his book beside the plate or drank his tea, to glance now and then toward his friend clipping a branch or tying up a luxuriant growth of roses, meanwhile whistling a smothered sort of music; so Nicholas was disappointed when he seated himself the following day at the little round table not to see his friend; instinctively he knew that he had gone upon that mysterious errand.

He pushed his chair back from the table, leaving his food untouched, and stepping through the open window he stood before the little bridge. To have acknowledged loneliness would have been treason to his boasted independence, but for all that there was a queer little pain tugging at his heart, a sense of oppressive stillness and need. "Why had they not both gone at the same time, for I could have gone my way and Everard his. I am getting too old to travel during the winter," he reasoned to himself; "the last time I was laid up with a cold which lasted until spring."

"Let me see," he continued, slowly retracing his steps to the house, "yes, I can—I can go and be back before Everard returns."

A short journey from Leyden stands the ruin of a church, without door or window, roofless. It is an insignia of life, or, better said, of death, for between its ivy-colored walls there lie the peaceful dead. For years the village has kept intact this beautiful ruin, new God's acre. Outside also are well-kept graves, but our interest centers within, for standing by one of the stone slabs is Everard van Weede. He has just placed a heavy wreath of white roses over the inscription "Antoinette," and now stands bareheaded, a look of reverent rapture lighting his aged face.

There is a step almost at his side, but he needs it not, for he is far away; Antoinette has flung a jest, he smiles, then she laughs at his folly, his presumption, she says, and he leaves her, carrying the white rose she has dropped from her hair—and then—

"My God! Nicholas Witson!" At the sound of his name Nicholas draws himself erect, the wreath of ivy that he holds in his hand slips to the ground. All the passions of his youth surge through him, throbbing his pulse. The remembrance of her as she stood before him seems as yesterday; her refusal and final acknowledgement of her love for another, and Everard was that other rival. A moment of fierce anger, then his gray eyes soften, his form relaxes, and he stretches out his hand toward his friend.

"Everard," he says, a pathos in his voice hitherto unknown, "you too, have loved—" his emotion is so great that he cannot finish the sentence, but he points toward the inscription.

Van Weede does not answer, but stooping down he retrieves the ivy and the roses together in one wreath and lays it back again upon the stone.

## GREGORY CO., SOUTH DAKOTA,

Gregory County, S. D., is situated in that portion of South Dakota west of the Missouri River and joins Nebraska on the north. This is a rich and fertile section of country and has a black, sandy loam soil underlaid with a joint clay subsoil.

Gregory County is rapidly coming into prominence as one of the best counties in the state. It has many good qualities, which but few, if any in the state, have, viz: good water, good soil and land free from surface stone and gravel. It is also well supplied with wood and timber—portions of it at least. The water supply is abundant and obtainable at from twenty to sixty feet in depth and the quality is the best, being free from all alkaline substances.

With the exception of that portion lying near the river and the Whetstone and Ponca Creek, it is fine table land and principally level. The principal productions of Gregory County are wheat, corn, oats, rye and barley and such other crops as are adapted to this climate, wheat the last season yielding from 12 to 30 bushels per acre. Prices of farm products are ranging high considering the distance it is from railroad market. Corn is selling at from 45 to 50 cents, home feeders using the entire production of the county.

Gregory County is rapidly becoming a hog producing county, as they thrive well and are less subject to attacks of cholera than is the case in the older settled counties farther south and east. Stock of all kinds does well here, fine beef cattle being brought into our towns off from the range in midwinter.

Only a portion of Gregory County is settled, however, as all that portion lying west of the 99th meridian line is embraced in the Rosebud Indian Reservation, or was until September 14th, 1901, at which time a treaty was made between the said Indians and the U. S. government whereby all that portion of their reserve (not allotted) embraced in Gregory County was ceded to the United States, amounting in the aggregate to about 415,000 acres. Said agreement is now pending before congress, which body must ratify and accept the same before it comes effective. Congress must also prescribe the terms and conditions to govern the disposition and opening of such land. What these terms will be, and when the agreement will be ratified and the lands opened to settlement, it is impossible to say. It is generally supposed, however, from the best information obtainable, that the treaty will be ratified by the present congress, and in all probability be thrown open to settlement under the Free Homestead laws of the U. S., during the month of August, 1922. This will furnish free homes to about 2,000 settlers and the principal portion of these lands are the very best to be found in the state. Farm lands

along the borders of the reservation are being sold at from \$3,000 to \$4,000 per quarter section, and it is reasonable to suppose that there will be a great advance in the prices of real estate since it is now an assured fact the E. E. & M. V. R. R. extension from Verdigris will extend through Gregory County to the reservation line, survey having been made to the above mentioned point. The citizens of Gregory County feel highly elated over the future prospect of the county and anxiously await the rumbling of the first train into the only two towns in this county, i. e., Bonesteel, near the reservation line and some nine miles from the south line of the county, being situated on a most beautiful table land overlooking the entire county for many miles in every direction. It has a population of some 175 and is rapidly increasing. It is located on a government townsite and as the filings on about 150 lots were made on February 18th, and whereas, in order to secure title to the same, the persons making filings on such lots are compelled by the townsite laws of the U. S. to erect a building on each lot within sixty days, it will necessitate the building of about 150 houses by April 15, 1922. Thus it will be seen that there will be such a boom in building as has never been known in this section of the country. It will be next to impossible to procure help enough to complete the work in such a short space of time, and each of these buildings are required by law to be of \$100 value at least.

Bonesteel being so near the reservation is the most accessible point by which to reach it. In coming to view the beautiful lands of the reserve, come by way of Stuart, Neb., over the E. E. & M. V. R. R., from which point a daily stage connects with Bonesteel. The county seat is located at Fairfax which is located in the very southeast portion of the county. Fairfax is about of equal size with Bonesteel and is a very prosperous place, both towns being favored with a good class of business men and citizens in general. The county has a good system of schools and church organizations are well represented, in consequence of which we have as good a state of morals as is to be found anywhere.

This county affords a most excellent opportunity for those seeking a home, or who wish to invest some money for speculation, also a good opening for those seeking employment.

There is a marked scarcity of pearls in the European market just now, consequent on heavy purchases by and for months. The supply does not anything like equal the demand and the highest prices go the more call there is for the precious gems. Already they are worth from three to four times what they were fetching ten years ago, and the price is still rising.