

# NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE  
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## CHAPTER I.

A gentleman who leaving his office on lower Broadway a trifle after four, presently encountered himself in a corner seat of a Subway express and opened before him a damp afternoon paper with an eye for the market reporter was surprised, when the train crashed heavily into the Fourteenth Street station, to find himself about and making for the door: this although his intention had been to alight at Grand Central. Thus it may be that trickster in us all, which we get accustomed vaguely to demonstrate the subconscious mind, directs our actions to an end predestined.

Surprised, he hesitated; and for that was rewarded by having his heels trodden by the passenger behind. This decided him, shortly enough, and he went on and not reacting himself with a snarl, something harshly dejected about a stroll benefiting him so, transferring to a local train, he alighted at Twenty-third Street, crossed the bridge and proceeded briskly west, belated by a rowdy wind.

Striking diagonally across Madison Square Park, past the drearily jelling fountain and between arrays of empty benches, he sought a seat, and there, in a place deserted for warmer-looking places, he turned northward on Fifth Avenue, threading the early evening throngs with a spring of impudence in his stride to distance casual competition; and received upon a mild still impressionable for all that it had ample food for meditation and aroused a private grievance, a variety of pleasurable suggestions.

Think the early violet dusk of late November; troubled over the city, bearing its harsh contours, subduing its too blatant youth, lending an illusion resembling the dim enchantment of twilight.

Near Twenty-third Street he checked sharply and stood briefly debating something suggested by sight of a shop window well known to him:

"It might save time; one may as well be sure—"

Turning, he descended a pair of stone steps and crossed a flagged area to a door set at one side of a window dressed with a confusion of odd, enticing things: a display that tempted the eye with the colors of the rainbow fainting under weight of years and dust. A bell tinkled overhead as he opened and shut the door, letting himself into a deep and narrow room crowded with a heterogeneous assemblage of objects that gleam faded with world splendor in a semi-gloom made visible by half a dozen electric bulbs generously spaced, in the rear, beyond a partitioning screen, above a warmer light.

For the moment he saw no one. Advancing a few paces he halted, waiting.

From behind the screen, at the back of the shop, the proprietor appeared, soft slapping, smiling to greet a good customer of discerning taste. The latter went to meet him with a pleasant air of liking.

"Good evening, Mr. Miller—"

"Good evening, Mr. Coast. Something I can show you this evening?"

"The telephone, if you please." Coast looked a little and was answered cheerfully.

"Certainly. This way."

He was conducted behind the screen, where, beneath a strong light, an assistant at a jeweler's bench sat intently occupied with some task of delicate artifice. He looked up as Coast entered, with a greeting cordially returned. Coast went directly to the telephone, a wall instrument, on which he looked at a dial and detailed a number to Central. The proprietor disappeared into an adjoining room. An instant later Coast spoke again:

"That you, Souther?"

"Yes, Mr. Coast. As Miss Katherine at home?"

"Then will she be out please. Ask her if she has time to see me for a few moments before dinner."

"Very well, Mr. Coast—very old, from my home in France."

Coast nodded, recalled to the telephone. "Hello, Souther. Very well. Tell her I called, please. No message, thank you. Goodby."

As he hung up the receiver, a warping distillation sounded at the front door. Miller, busy with glasses, looked to his assistant. "See who that is, Charley?" he said. The assistant slipped from his seat, switched on more light in the front of the shop, and rushed round the screen.

As he did so, Coast heard the rumble of a man's voice, followed by a woman's ringing laugh, a thought too loud.

Miller was offering him a glass, he bowed, took it and held it to his lip for a moment without tasting, inhaling the mellow bouquet of the liquor.

"That is good," he said, and sipped critically.

"The very best, Mr. Coast. There's little like it out of France."

"I'm glad I thought of imposing on your good nature."

"Why, so am I. My friends are always welcome. . . . Your health, Mr. Coast."

"And yours, Mr. Miller?"

"You drank extraordinarily. Coast just down on empty glass. That," he declared from the bottom of a congratulated heart, "was delicious."

"Another drop?"

"No. Absolutely not. It would be like me to try to buy on the shop." He offered his hand. "Good night, and thank you."

"Good night, Mr. Coast."

On his way out, Coast had an indifferent glance for the customers at a show case near the window. The woman stood with her back turned, chattering volubly to the assistant in indifferent French: a small, slight figure with arms uplifted, holding a chain of gold and imperial jade to the light. Beside her the man loomed solidly, his heavy proportions exaggerated by a fur-lined coat, his attentive pose owning a trace of proprietary interest. As Coast drew near he looked up and faced about, stripping off a glove.

"Why, h'rye, Coast?"

Tone and manner proclaimed the encounter of old friends. Perforce Coast took his hand, pausing, then dropped it, with a grave "Good evening, Blackstock." His distaste for the man affected him intensely, but he tried to conceal it beneath a forced lamplish: "Early Christmas shopping, eh?"

"Not exactly." Blackstock stirred explanations. "I've just been trying to get you on the telephone."

Coast's eyebrows underlined his surprise. "Yes?"

"Yes. Thought you might care for a hand at bridge tonight; just a few of us at my rooms: Van Tuyl, Truax, Dundas, yourself and me. We'll cut in and out. What d'ye say?"

Coast's acceptance followed an instant's consideration. Had the invi-



itation been extended him at any time before noon of that same day, his refusal would have been prompt if qualified by an invented engagement. Now, however, after what the day had rumored of the man, he was inclined to grasp an opportunity to study him, to see as much of him as possible—little as he cared to see anything of him.

"Oh, between nine and ten—any time. You know where I hang out? We'll count on you." Blackstock beamed, his eyes shining behind thick lenses; to snare Garrett Coast was a signal conquest. An additional trace of affable effusiveness oiled his always slightly overpowering manner. Then, then moderated it, and he had an insolent eye for his companion.

She had turned away from the case, with an assured attitude imperative of an introduction. Coast bowed to Blackstock's constrained words of presentation.

"Miss Fancher—my friend, Mr. Coast."

She nodded, giving him a small hand whose pressure was a thought too frank. "I've heard about you," she said, nodding emphatically. "Glad to know you."

"And I've enjoyed your dancing many times, from the far side of the footlights," he told her pleasantly.

"Nice of you to say that. I'm with The Ratskeller Girl now, you know. Have you seen it?"

"I'm promising myself the pleasure."

"Well, when you come, just let me know."

"I shan't forget," Coast assured her vaguely. "But now I must run along. Miss Fancher—Blackstock—good night."

He escaped to open air with a sensation of relief and perturbation oddly commingled. Instead of scolding the brawny woman's grievance until it turned writhing in his bosom and stung him like an adder. So that was the man!

He pressed forward more rapidly, but now in an introspective mood, oblivious of all that so recently had gratified him.

At Fortieth Street he pulled up on the southern corner, over across from the dull gray colonnade of the new Public Library, awaiting a break in the stream of traffic.

A policeman presently made a way for him, holding back the press of vehicles to permit a string of their counterparts to break through. Coast stepped down from the curb and in another minute would have been across, but stopped in mid-stride to hear himself named in a voice unfamiliar to him intemperately sweet.

"Garrett," he halted beneath the power of a pair of handsome horses clanking in impatient restraint, and glanced at the man who stood before him.

as again he was called—"Garrett! Garrett Coast!"—out of the corner of an eye he detected the uplifted salutation two fingers of the driver of a town car at halt in the outer line of north bound traffic. In the window of the car a white glove fluttered, moth-like. Beside the door, with a hand on the latch, he spoke through the lowered window.

"May I beg a lift, Katherine?"

"Indeed you may. Didn't I call you, Garrett?"

"Good of you. I am fortunate. I've been wanting to see you."

He got in and shut the door at the moment when, by the grace of the omnipotent policeman, motion became again permissible. The racking motor quoted into purring; the car slipped forward, gaining momentum. Others, a swarm, swirled round and past like noisy fireflies. He ignored them all, blessing his happy chance. Katherine Thaxter in her corner had a smile for him dimly to be detected through the gloom wherein her face glimmered like some flower of the night, beautiful, fragrant, mysterious.

"Where were you going, Garrett?"

"Oh, yes." He emerged from reverie with a little start at the sound of her voice. "No place in particular. I believe I had some hazy notion of the club when you halted me. And you? Home, of course."

"Yes. I've been shopping."

"Tired?"

"Not very. . . . Curious I should have been thinking of you just when the car stopped."

"I don't agree: it was telepathy."

"Oh, that's overworked, Garrett. Can't a commonplace coincidence be explained any other way nowadays?"

"Perhaps; but not this time. I've been thinking about you all day. Some impulse—I don't know what—moved me to walk uptown from Twenty-third Street and delays insignificant in themselves brought me to that corner

of the shop, the proprietor appeared, soft slapping, smiling to greet a good customer of discerning taste. The latter went to meet him with a pleasant air of liking.

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"Good night, Mr. Coast."

"I'm a Persistent Beggar, You Know, Katherine."

just in time. That isn't coincidence: it's—"

"What do you think?"

"Predestination—another name for luck."

"You're ingenious."

"Grateful, rather."

She laughed, a gentle laugh that faded in a sigh, and after a moment of anticipative silence, almost apprehensive, felt obliged to ask: "What were you thinking about me, Garrett?"

"Much the usual thing, I'm afraid—"

"Oh, Garrett!" Her voice was rueful though she laughed. "Again?"

"I'm a persistent beggar, you know, Katherine. . . . But otherwise, also, I happened to hear your name mentioned today in a gossip—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**LOCKING UP THE JURYMEN**

Outrageous and Possibly Illegal Custom That Has Come Down From Old Times.

Some of the shabby brocade of court etiquette has been cleared out of our courts, such as gowns and wigs. Some that still hangs in faded shreds is dusty, but inoffensive. But some surviving practices are seriously objectionable.

For instance, the outrageous habit of locking jurymen up. Why? During the progress of a civil case which lasts three or four days jurymen can go home nights. But when the case is given to the jury, the jury must go into continuous session, under lock and key, until it reaches a verdict. There is no sufficient reason why we should not go home at the end of a day, and come back to our work next morning, just as we men do in any other business. The imprisonment of a jury tends to hasty decisions, to the forced verdicts of weary minds incapacitated for thinking. Much better to drop a difficult case, go home, sleep, come fresh to the jury room in the morning and resume deliberation. If jurymen are in danger of being tampered with after a case is given to them, then they are in equivalent danger of being tampered with during the progress of the case.

The incarceration of the jury is, I hold, against the rights and liberties of citizens.

I am willing to give a portion of my time, without pay, to public business; but I resent the turning of the sheriff's key behind my back. I resent having to walk down to the street to supper (or breakfast) in military or criminal column-by-twos. The judge very often has to spend several days in deciding a question of law. Why not lock him up until his mind works to a conclusion?—Case and Comment.

# New News of Yesterday

By E. J. EDWARDS

## W. M. Evarts and the Potters

Story of the Witty and Famous Statesman and His Friend, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York.

William M. Evarts gained international fame as an orator. His speech as the leading counsel in the defense of President Johnson in the impeachment proceedings before the senate is one of the finest examples of American professional oratory. His speech before the Geneva tribunal, organized to arbitrate the so-called Alabama claims, is regarded as a masterpiece; and it won the case. As secretary of state Mr. Evarts added to his other great achievements by very successful diplomacy. In the senate he was, until illness incapacitated him, numbered among the leaders. But in addition, Mr. Evarts gained the highest reputation as a wit ever secured by an American. This reputation was enhanced by the fact that there never was any malice in his wit, although he was prone sometimes to exercise it at the expense of friends who enjoyed his closest intimacy. One of the most intimate of Mr. Evarts' personal friends was the late Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York. As Bishop Potter himself was a very witty man, there always was an exchange of wit between these two when they met. Mr. Evarts sometimes gently chiding the bishop on the eminent respectability of his various flocks.

About 1885, when Mr. Evarts was elected a member of the United States senate, he entertained a number of his friends at his country place at Windsor, Vt., during a week end. One evening after dinner, as Senator Evarts was chatting over the coffee with his guests, one of them said to him:

"Senator, you are of course acquainted with Bishop Potter?"

The senator hesitated and an expression of doubt came over his countenance as though the name seemed familiar to him and yet he could not identify it with any of his acquaintances. At last he said, hesitatingly, enunciating each syllable, each word almost as though it stood alone:

"Potter—Bishop Potter—no, I don't seem to recall the gentleman."

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"Potter—Bishop Potter—no, I don't seem to recall the gentleman."

"But you must know him," persisted the guest. "He is the Protestant Episcopal bishop of New York."

Again Senator Evarts hesitated, apparently trying to recall whether he had ever met the Protestant Episcopal

bishop of New York. At last his face cleared.

"Oh, yes," he said—and his manner of speech was that of a minute or two before—"you mean Henry Potter, the apostle to the gentiles. Yes, I am acquainted with him."

On another occasion, when Bishop Potter was entertaining at dinner a considerable number of distinguished Americans and a member of parliament whose surname, like his own, was Potter, Senator Evarts was called upon to make a speech. There have been various versions of that speech, but I believe the one here given to be the correct one.

With an assumed solemnity of manner, which always prepared dinner guests who knew his ways for an unusual outburst of wit, the senator began by saying that as he found himself sitting at table in companionship with a Potter who was a bishop, a Potter who was a member of parliament and a Potter who was a great lawyer and had been a member of congress and chairman of the presidential election investigating committee in 1877, and a Potter who was a great architect, he, Evarts, was

reminded of an anecdote which he had heard when he was taking one of his brief excursions from his summer home in Vermont into the delightful rural villages of that state. And this was the way Senator Evarts told the anecdote:

"There came among the people of one of the larger communities of Vermont a young clergyman, who was to be the pastor of the largest church in that community. He was a modest young man and of little experience in the world. He perceived that among his parishioners were men and women of great intelligence and high cultivation. He, therefore, desired to prepare his first sermon in such manner as would be acceptable to the people. But when he began the sermon he was very much agitated by embarrassment and diffidence; and he said, by way of preliminary prayer: 'O, Lord, in this presence we surely acknowledge that Thou art the clay and we are the potters.' And," continued Senator Evarts, when the laughter had subsided so that he could be heard: "I am now satisfied that these are the Potters to whom that embarrassed clergyman referred."

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## Eloquent Speech of a Sailor

How James Marlow's Description of a Naval Engagement Was Praised and Later Rewarded by William M. Evarts.

A few weeks after the historic naval battle in Hampton Roads, in the early spring of 1862, between the Merrimack and the Monitor, a great mass meeting was held at the Academy of Music in New York city to celebrate the triumph of the little ironclad.

The chairman of the meeting was William E. Dodge, of national reputation as a philanthropist, member of one of the greatest mercantile firms of the time, and at one time a member of congress. William M. Evarts, who needs no introduction even at this day, was the chief speaker of the evening.

When the tumultuous applause which came at the close of the speech had died away, Mr. Dodge rose and said: "We have upon the platform a sailor who is a survivor of the gallant crew of the man-of-war Cumberland which the Merrimack sank. I am sure you will all be glad to hear his description of the battle."

He had been the executive head of the civil service system in the New York post office from the time of its inception, both as assistant postmaster and as postmaster under Arthur. He further told me that it was largely through the success of the civil service in the New York post office that he had been able to induce congress in 1882 to act favorably upon the first civil service bill ever presented to congress. That was the bill championed by George H. Pendleton of Ohio in the senate. Mr. Eaton drafted that act, though it came to bear Senator Pendleton's name, and it was Eaton who largely kept the members of congress who were fighting for the passage of this civil service bill supplied with arguments and moral courage.

"But that was not all that Mr. Eaton told me," continued Mr. Cleveland. "He did not hesitate to remind me that as I was known to be a warm advocate of civil service it would be difficult for me to make my public advocacy of civil service consistent with my conduct if I were to ignore Postmaster Pearson, who had done so much for civil service, and give his office to a Democrat. On the other hand, Mr. Eaton went on to say that if I were to reappoint Mr. Pearson postmaster, Republican though he was, I would thereby show how consistent and sincere my attitude upon civil service was."

"That was a line of reasoning that it was hard to escape from, and so I decided to nominate Mr. Pearson for postmaster, and I did. I had some of the party leaders barking at me, one in particular criticizing me severely for giving one of the best offices at the disposal of the president to a Republican. But I never regretted making that appointment, and I am certain that the making of it did much to persuade the public of the sincerity of my advocacy of the civil service."

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## Pet Canine Saves Jewelry

Valuables in Handbag Are Picked Up by a City Hall Dog and Returned to Owner.

It's the highlight once more for little dog Spot at city hall. Spot has a varied ancestry, and somewhere in his family tree there is a drop or two of retriever blood. Which explains why he retrieved a few hundred dollars in jewelry and cash, to the joy of a young woman visiting this city.

Miss Genevieve McDonald, who is visiting Mrs. Nunez Loring of Mount Vernon, came here and went downtown to see the big buildings. When she looked through city hall she was so busy thinking about what she had seen that she never noticed that she had dropped her handbag.

The bag fell on the floor, with politicians passing by it by scores, yet not one of them felt the call of its valuable contents to be picked up and rescued.

More to the Dollar.

George Ade, at the recent Lambs' gambol in New York, objected to the extravagance of the modern life. "It is true that the married men of today," he said, "have better halves, but the bachelors have better quarters."—Mirror.

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## Cleveland's Act Explained

He Made Pearson Postmaster at New York to Prove the Sincerity of His Advocacy of Civil Service.

One of the first appointments made by President Cleveland after he had sent the names of his cabinet nominations to the senate a few hours after his first inauguration in 1889, was that of Henry G. Pearson as postmaster at New York.

It has always been a public mystery why President Cleveland, the first Democratic president since Buchanan, should have decided to make practically his first important appointment outside of his cabinet appointments that of a very prominent Republican to a very influential office. Mr. Cleveland, when there came a Democratic howl over the giving of the country's largest postoffice into the keeping of a member of the opposite political faith, gave no reason for his choice. Nor did he offer any explanation to many of his more intimate political friends who hinted that they were puzzled over the appointment. Now, however, I am able to give the reason as President Cleveland gave it to one who, after Mr. Cleveland had retired to private life, asked him the cause of the appointment; and I think this is the first public explanation ever made of the appointment.

"Mr. Pearson's appointment was urged upon me by just one Republican, and because he urged it it was made," said Mr. Cleveland. "The Republican who urged the appointment in face of the fact that he knew there were plenty of Democrats who were hungry to be appointed postmaster of New York was Dorman B. Eaton, the civil service reformer. He told me that if I would reappoint Mr. Pearson postmaster at New York I would do more to advance the cause of civil service than I could accomplish in a dozen recommendations to congress."

"Mr. Pearson, Mr. Eaton told me,

had been the executive head of the civil service system in the New York post office from the time of its inception, both as assistant postmaster and as postmaster under Arthur. He further told me that it was largely through the success of the civil service in the New York post office that he had been able to induce congress in 1882 to act favorably upon the first civil service bill ever presented to congress. That was the bill championed by George H. Pendleton of Ohio in the senate. Mr. Eaton drafted that act, though it came to bear Senator Pendleton's name, and it was Eaton who largely kept the members of congress who were fighting for the passage of this civil service bill supplied with arguments and moral courage.

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in 1862 I promised to help James Marlow if he ever needed help. He is a survivor of the man-of-war Cumberland that went down in the battle with the Merrimack at Hampton Roads. Will you now aid me in redeeming my promise to him?"

Five days after Postmaster James received this letter from the secretary of state he appointed James Marlow to a position in the New York office, and there, until the day of his death, Marlow proved as faithful a civil servant as he had been sailor.

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ing when he noticed it. He sniffed at it, and decided that "Joe" Ryan, the son of the custodian, and John Larkin, the night watchman, might like to see it. He brought it to them. When they opened it up there was a flash of three big diamonds rings and the glow of a splendid pearl necklace. Also \$200 in bills.

Ryan found the cards of Miss McDonald and Mrs. Loring in the bag, and telephoned to Mrs. Loring. She said that Miss McDonald had discovered the loss of the bag after getting to Mount Vernon and would really be very grateful if Mr. Ryan would bring it back to her. "Joe" said he would.

More to the Dollar.

George Ade, at the recent Lambs' gambol in New York, objected to the extravagance of the modern life. "It is true that the married men of today," he said, "have better halves, but the bachelors have better quarters."—Mirror.

## TOWN IS BEING REBUILT

Flood of Waters Has Not Taken Black River Falls, Wis., From the Map.

More than a million dollars absolutely disappearing in the short time of two hours was the toll collected by the waters at Black River Falls, Wisconsin. Even the residents of the town could not realize what it meant until the lake formed by the Hatfield dam was dry, and the rush of waters had passed on to the Mississippi.

Just out of reach of the flood the business men and residents of the place watched the waters carry away the buildings that represented the homes of business enterprises which it had taken years of effort to build. Among the larger industries seemingly wiped out within a few minutes was the plant of Coles Carbolivase. This plant, along with others that suffered a like fate, is today being rebuilt, and the business men of Black River Falls promise that a better town shall replace the one destroyed by the raging floods, and that just as rapidly as men and material can put it together. It is catastrophes like the breaking of the Hatfield dam that demonstrate the American spirit.

Oxen in Massachusetts.

J. D. Avery of Shelburne Falls is surely the king of oxen in this part of the country. At the Brattleboro fair recently he has had the most wonderful exhibit of oxen, and in all the tests of strength for pulling heavy loads of stone his oxen have cleaned the decks. One of the secrets in these tests is the way the oxen are managed and driven. Mr. Avery does his own driving and is a master at the business. The other day again, as the day before, he cleared everything before him in the ox pulling ring by taking all three prizes in the free for all class and first and second in the 3,500 class.

The load drawn in the 3,500 class was about 9,100, while the veteran ox man made an exhibition pull of nine feet in the free for all class with a fancy pair of Devons with a load of 10,238, which is the biggest load drawn at Brattleboro since he pulled over 11,000 with his famous pair of Holsteins.—Hampshire Gazette.

Successful Economy in Baking.

Most housewives assume when they buy a big can of baking powder at a low price that they have been economical. They have to a slight extent—but when they use that cheap "big can" baking powder, and find it so uneven in quality, or so unreliable that the baking fails, there isn't so much economy in it after all, for the wasted materials far outweigh the few cents saved in the price.

SUCCESSFUL economy, in the reach of every woman that desires it. She has only to order Calumet Baking Powder, and use it according to instructions. Then, she will achieve economy. For not only does Calumet sell at reasonable prices—25¢ per pound—but it is so carefully made by experienced chemists that failure is impossible. Only the best materials are used and the proportions of the ingredients are so exact and so uniform that EVERY baking comes from the oven light, sweet, and beautifully raised. Calumet guarantees you against failure, and that is what constitutes real economy in baking.

Why not use Calumet, a baking powder that you can always rely upon? You can get no better at any price, for at the World's Pure Food Exposition, Calumet received the Highest Award.

Salve to Conscience.

It was at a concert, where the removal of hats was not obligatory, still the woman with a conscience wished to be accommodating. She turned to the woman sitting beside her and said:

"Does my hat bother you?"

"Not in the least," said the other woman sweetly, so the woman with a conscience settled complacently back to listen to the music while persons on the bank seats twisted their necks out of joint trying to see around her hat.

Association of Ideas.

"You have a great many flies and mosquitoes," said the rather supercilious girl.

"Yep," replied Farmer Cortmossel. "I didn't like to mention it, but I've noticed every year that flies, mosquitoes and summer boarders all appears to be on hand at the same time."

And So On.

"What is this domestic science?" inquired the engaged girl.

"It consists of making hash out of the left-over meat, and croquettes out of the left-over hash," explained her more experienced friend.

Accidents, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Bruises, Bumps, Cuts, Wounds, Itchy, Painful, Hamlin's Wizard Oil draws out the inflammation and gives instant relief. Don't wait for the accident. Buy it now.

You may have noticed how different men are from hogs. The latter never want to do things that are not good to them.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, soothes a bottle.

The shortest words sometimes carry the most weight.

**STOMACH WEAK?**

Too much depends upon the stomach to allow this condition to continue. You can tone, strengthen and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels by the use of

**HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS**

TRY IT TODAY ALL DRUGGISTS

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THE BEST MEDICINE

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