SERIOUSLY NIPPED

Late Historical Society

It Was No Time for James Henry Canfield to Think of Penitence.

By ERNEST A. YOUNG.

James Henry Canfield, as cashier of the Hepworth Trust company, detect- self on the ground as if she were pered the financial ills of the bank's pa- fectly contented to wait. trons for eleven months of the year with eyes that were hard, cold and the thirty-first of August, 1910, when hawk-like.

Then, during his August vacation period at mountain, seashore or homely farm-house resort, the afore-men? tioned eyes became dove-like while he made love to the summer girl.

filled in the August love-making pro- like a hurricane and I was frightened? gram without getting seriously nipped. But it wasn't much of a storm, after He could not even recall the names all." of more than three of the seven or eight summer sweethearts. Yet all from giving you a chance to laugh at the affairs had seemed serious while me. I was on the verge of proposing they lasted.

He remembered their faces and the two years ago, up at the Lovejoy and shore. farm.

He lost the dainty engraved sheet the same day he received it, and for the life of him he could afterward recall times I was restrained by inward only her married surname.

wedding notice came from that par- times I was glad afterward that I did ticular young lady but for the post- not commit myself. With you, I mark and handwriting. These were the same as those on an envelope that brought him a blurry smooch intend- her cheeks, while she kept her eyes ed to represent his own manly figure upon the boat. He imagined she was in a pose beside the lane fence near praying that it might drift back so as the Lovejoy pasture. For she had a to allow her a chance to escape. But camera and snapped everything that he felt that she deserved to listen to came her way.

"It wasn't Margy, nor was it Edith." debated James Henry when you the next summer," James Henry the image of this girl who had figured went on, pitilessly. "You sent me in the farm episode persisted in baunting him.

It was the end of July and his vacation would begin the next week. A I divided my August vacation between post card from the Lovejoy farm was inviting him.

It wasn't much of a place, except for that girl. Probably, he told himself, he would not be thinking of that summer at all had she not the same as told him, in sending him that wedding announcement, that there had never been a chance for him.

"She must have been engaged all the while," he taunted himself by saving. "While I was flattered with the notion that she was-er-a bit sore because I didn't wind up by proposing, she was engaged to this whata name, anyway; reminds me of a kind of cheese!"

"We'll go up to the Lovejoy farm. at Ridgeford, this year." he said to his mother, the morning after the card arrived.

"Why to that lonesome place, James

ne was not quite right in his mind The stage villain smile was not reas suring, but she decided not to show any misgivings.

"Doubtless you have a plan for getting me back in time for supper, Mr Confield?" she suggested. "That isn't worrying me," he re

plied, malevolently. "The wind may shift and drift the boat back to us by the time I am ready to go."

"Oh, I would never have thought of that," she confessed. She seated her-

"You probably do not care to recall you and I were last together at this very spot?" said Canfield.

"And how black the sky grew, with yellow clouds that rolled over and over like wreaths of smoke?" she prompted. "And how you rowed back For seven seasons James Henry with might and main because it looked

> "It was enough of one to save me to you that afternoon."

She was gazing out toward the ways much better. In one case it boat, which seemed to have met a troubled him that the name had head-wind that whirled it around and dropped from his memory-the one of around halfway between the island

"I will admit," continued James It was she who had sent her wed- Henry, brazenly, "that it was not the ding announcement the following June. first occasion when I contemplated proposing marriage; nor were you the first intended victim. But the other doubts instead of by the interposition He would not have been sure the of a thunderstorm. And the other meant to find another opportunity." He could see the color flaming in

all he had to say.

"I was looking forward to seeing that announcement the next June, and at the time I supposed I would be able to cast the episode out of my mind. mountains and seashore and returned to work as a relief to my nerves.

"The rest of my confession is, that I decided to spend a month here this year, solely because I believed I would find where we were together, and living that season over again in memory than I could enjoy anywhere else. I hardly need to say I never dreamed of meeting you here."

"Why not?" she asked. "I came last year, as you might have found out had you taken the trouble to-

d'ye-call-him Rochfort. A peach of your marriage," supplied James Henry "Acknowledge the announcement of in a frigid tone.

"The announcement of my marriage!" she exclaimed. "You sent it, didn't you? Aren't

you Mrs. Roland Rochford? Have Iam I-?"

ANTWERP IS QUAINT

Old City Has Irresistible Charm to Travelers.

Ancient Town, Once the Largest in World, Rich With Historical Lore and Abounds With Things of Interest.

Antwerp.-The casual traveler who finds himself in Antwerp must indeed be very much globe-trotted if he does not immediately fall under the quaint and irresistible charm of the old city. Especially is this true if he approaches by the river Scheldt, with its flat lowlands dotted with peaceful cattle and white, red-roofed Dutch houses and red-sailed fishing smacks lying in the canals beyond the dikes, and here and there a windmill lazily turning its sails against a blue sky. The winding river leads like a road to the ancient town, the one-time highway of the burgomasters' argosies, the artery of trade that made Antwerp once the largest city in the world and earned for it the name of "The Northern Ven-And across the river's many turns and windings, crowded with the ocean liners of Germany, France, England, now lost in rising mists, now a cold gray foggy silhouette, rises the bulk of the old town itself, at its feet the long line of wharves and the spars and funnels of the shipping, to either side, the jagged skyline of the ancient house with their stepped gables and swayback roofs, above it the tall, gaunt tower of the cathedral. Albeit one looks only for a stodgy

Dutch-Belgian shipping town, especially after this approach. Antwerp is quite unexpectedly typical of the life of continental Europe. It is difficult in a few words to describe this characteristic but cosmopolite Belgian city, its old-world mediaeval charm and its modern bustle and commerce, its atmosphere of the Dutch lowlands and its unmistakable savor of the Paris movement, its strange mingling of Gaul and Teuton. It is all the more charming in the fact that with all its trade and traffic the town has been slow to tear down and demolish its rich heritage of past centuries.

Old houses abound in surprising numberlessness, fine old gabled edifices, ranging in age from two to six hundred years, leaning upon each other for support, bulged and cracked. stained and dingy, but with what a romantic glamour and wealth of historic association! For these same aged gables look down upon the same narrow, crooked streets which saw the years of riot and bloodshed under



"JAPS ANXIOUS TO FIGHT"

Declares Rev. Milton L. Clemens, Kin

of Mark Twain, Lately Re-

turned from Japan.

San Francisco, Cal.-The Rev. Mh-

ton L. Clemens of Marshell, Mo., a

distant relative of the late Mark Twain, and until a few weeks ago was

in the employ of the Japanese govern-ment, said on board the liner Persia

at San Francisco, on which he and his

family were passengers from Nagasa-

Rev. Milton L. Clemens.

little effort, are more than anxious to

The officials, however, know that Japan is not financially able to undertake a war with anybody and there will be no serious trouble now." Mr. Clemens, who for a number of years taught English in the Kagoshima school near Nagaski, says: "Our system of government is misunderstood by the Japanese, where there is only one center of authority and that is at Tokyo. Whatever Tokyo says, goes."

NOTED LOG CABIN HOTEL HIT

Hostelry at Grand Forks That Sheltered James J. Hill Has Been Razed to the Ground.

Grand Forks, N. D .- A log cabin hotel of two rooms, where James J. Hill in 1873 "bunked" with 13 other men. has been razed in Grand Forks. It served as the first hotel in Grand Forks, and sheltered Hill when he was prospecting through this district for the location of the Great Northern railroad.

Night after night this pioneer hotel



Social Caller Could Not Understand Gentle Intimation Conveyed by His Host.

his splendid training at Princeton, but thanks in greater part to his tact, is said to receive and dismiss visitors query as to religion, a man in prison more adroitly than any former occupant of the White House.

Sometimes, however, a stupid visitor turns up, and then President Wilson's tact is unappreciated, and the visitor overstays his time. Apropos of such visitors the president at a luncheon in Washington told a story.

"There was an old follow," he said, who was praising the rising young lawyer of his town.

"George, for a busy man,' said the old fellow, 'is one of the pleasantest chaps I ever met. Why, I dropped in on him for a social call this morning and I hadn't been chattin' with him more than fifteen minutes before he'd told me three times to come and see him again.""

RASH ON FACE FOR 2 YEARS

Sloux Falls, S. D .- "My trouble of skin disease started merely as a rash on my face and neck, but it grew and kept getting worse until large scabs would form, fester and break. This was just on the one side of my face, but it soon scattered to the other side. I suffered a great deal, especially at night, on account of its itching and burning. I would scratch it and of course that irritated it very much. This rash was on my face for about two years, sometimes breaking out lots worse and forming larger sores. It kept me from sleeping day or night for a couple of months. My face looked disgraceful and I was almost

ashamed to be seen by my friends. "A friend asked me to try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I would bathe my face with hot water and a lot of Cuticura Soap, then I would put

are wrestling in these days with the millions of cards issued and returned in connection with the 1911 census One woman wrote that she was "an President Wilson, thanks in part to unclaimed treasure." Another of thirty-seven replied, "Not married; have not given up hope yet." In reply to a described himself as a "secluded saint." Another said he was a "blue light;" a third was a "simple lifer." One woman referred to herself as a "Roaming Catholic," and another claimed to belong to the "Shirts of England."

Visited the Sultan.

The Empress Eugene, on her way to the opening of the Suez canal in 1860, had been the first Christian sovereign or woman to lodge in one of the Sultan's palaces, but after that the princess of Wales was entertained at Dolma Bagtche on the occasion of her trip to the east with her husband, while in 1889 Abdul Hamid seated himself in the same carriage with the German empress, and thus conducted her to Yildiz Klosk. More than that, the empress spent an evening with the ladies of the harem .-- Pall Mall Gazette.

Gee Whiz. "Did the play have a happy ending?

"Quite the reverse. The sheriff attached the scenery for debt.





pick a quarrel.

Henry?" Mrs. Canfield demanded.

"For eleven months of the year I have no chance to get lonesome." he argued. "Besides, it isn't the worst place if you want to loaf around, row a boat, fish, that sort of thing. Truth 'is, I'm tired of seeing a lot of people. Society is punk Say," he suddenly added, "who was that girl? The one at the Lovejoy farm""

"If I'm not mistaken, there were five young women at the Lovejoy farm while we were there," Mrs. Canfield told him. "Do you mean the one with the pale blue eyes and faded hair? Or the other blond who talked books and art-?"

"No, no!" snapped James Henry. "The dark one, perhaps, who nagged you-"

"It doesn't matter," he again interrupted. "She won't be there this year, name is-is Cheese!"

He chuckled maliciously as he went down to the bank, leaving his mother wondering. "James Henry certainly society and take a complete rest," she decided, sympathetically.

They were met at the Ridgeford railway station by the Lovejoy hired man with a two-seated democrat. While they were being hauled up the first long hill to the farm the man told them that a broken-down Unitarian minister, a young lady and the young lady's aunt were the only boarders already there. Even Mrs. Canfield was not sufficiently interested to ask for further particulars.

To escape greetings and introductions, James Henry jumped from the seat of the democrat at the ford of the last hill and proceeded to stretch his legs along the footpath which he had helped to wear, two years before. The path ended at the pebbly shore row-boat, freshly painted.

She was in the boat, in the act of their best in the old churches. Mapushing off; but she waited for him nila alone uses in the neighborhood of with a bright smile of greeting.

James Henry was old enough, and he had been in love times enough, not to have his heart pound so ridiculously as it did when the boat rocked unyear interruption.

They got out on Paradise Island, so vain enough to believe, because of the gray tone. blissful hours they had spent there together. By this time James Henry had worked himself into quite a state smile, he shoved the empty boat out ommended for your rheumatism? onto the receding waves.

searching look, as if she were afraid three years.

Yes, you have, and you are!" She sprang up and pointed at the boat while the wind blew freshly in their faces. "It is coming back," she cried. gleefully. "The wind has shifted."

It was no time for James Henry to think of penitence, for opposite feelings were rampant. She did not try to escape from arms, nor did she even pretend she wanted to.

"That was Nellie Vanston's wedding." she told him as soon as he would let her say anything coherent. "I sent you the announcement, to be sure, for I knew she wanted you to know she got somebody after all the book and art talk she wasted on you. And to think you mistook her name for mine!"

The boat's keel scraped on the gravel at their feet; but they were slow rowing back. As they went up the footpath toward the house James anyway, for she is married. Husband's Henry abruptly paused. "We're engaged now, aren't we?" he pleaded.

"Why, I suppose so."

"I just wanted to put it that way to my mother, but-er-" he laughed needs to get away from business and sheepishly, "truth is, if I was to be electrocuted for it. I can't recall your name! Actually, I'm in doubt betwixt Sibyl and Grace-"

> "You deserve never to hear it!" she cried.

Mrs. Canfield met them at the door with both hands outstretched in greeting.

"Marion Leslie, you dear!" she murmured.

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Sea Shells Instead of Glass. As a substitute for glass, sea shells are used to splendid advantage in the Philippines. The windows in the main entrance of the Philippine General hospital, Manila, are probably as fine a modern example of the use of sea of the pond, and there was the same shells as can be obtained. The seashell windows may also be seen at

5.000.000 Kapas shells each year for

windows. The largest-sized shells will square about three inches. These sell for from \$4 to \$5 per 1.000, according to quality. Shells that will form panes der them and the pebbly shore reced- of about two square inches sell for ed. For she was rowing and talking anywhere from \$1.50 to \$3 per 1,000, precisely as if there had been no two- and are used for ordinary purposes, in dwellings, stores, and the like. The shells are translucent and the light

christened by her, as he had been comes through them in a soft pearl-

/ Lack of Time.

Benton-Have you tried all the of feeling, and with a stage-villain remedies that your friends have rec-Tulser-Great Scott, no! I haven't

As he faced her she gave him a had the pesky disease more than

Ancient Canal of Chabons.

the Spanish misrule; the ancient town hall fronts the old square made horrible by the Duke of Alba's soldiery; everywhere one sees reminders of the long series of wars which so long shook the Netherlands. In placid contrast, a relic from the days of earlier tranquillity, stands the house of the Emperor Charles V. with its beautiful Gothic facade and leaded windows full of painted coats of arms, with the adjoining old buildings of the various medieval guilds. Dating also from the days of Antwerp's prosperity, but much older, is the chateau du Steen, on the water front, in the tenth century the seat of the courts of Antwerp. Charles V. gave it to the burgomasters, who used it for a prison; today it contains a wonderful collection of antiquities. A rambling pile of beautiful old walls and round and square towers with peaked roofs, it is a fitting memorial to the feudal power of a bygone age, and it is difficult to realize, until one sees the deep foul dungeons and the instruments of refined torture that thousands of victims were here done slowly to death at the hands of the Spanish inquisition. Several ghastly death masks of these poor, maimed broken jawed victims are preserved in the chateau, and so terrible and agonized are they that it is easy to understand how the name of the Duke of Alba is to this day hated throughout the low countries.

Road to Hudson Bay Started. Winnipeg, Man .- After 37 years of

agitation, steel laying has started on the Hudson Bay railway, north of the Saskatchewan river at Lepas, Man. Contractors claim that half of the distance to the bay will be completed this year.

was "filled to the garret." With bunks arranged along the walls, the men would be compelled to sleep in pairs. Several times Mr. Hill was guest at this then frontier hotel. It served as a hostelry only three years, and during that same period it was the postoffice, the stagecoach station, town hall and town church.

The capacity of the city's present hotels is just 1,400 times as great as was that of its first hotel, which 35 years ago was sufficient to care for all that came to the state.

SMALL BOY SEEKS WEALTH

Five-Year-Old Plants His Mother's Pearle in an Effort to Raise Fortune.

New York .--- Charles Frederick von Glahn, the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frederick von Glahn of Berlin, Germany, has original ideas in floriculture. The young disciple of Luther Burbank's wizardry was caught by his nurse on the roof garden of a prominent Broadway hotel planting his mother's \$8,000 string of pearls in one of the flower boxes.

Young Charles had seen workmen on the roof planting some large round seeds. He quietly stole to his mother's rom, obtained her string of 40 pearls from her jewel box, and he had several of them planted when the nurse found him.

They were all dug up, and the fortune which might otherwise have sprouted will not now mature.

Cresson Medals Are Awarded. Philadelphia. - For distinguished achievement in science the Elliott Cresson gold medals and diplomas, the highest honor in the gift of Franklin institute, which recently were awarded to six prominent scientists of this country and Europe, were presented here to the American recipients at a meeting of the institute. Emile Berliner of Washington, who first succeeded in etching the human voice on metal; Dr. Isham Randolph of Chicago, a civil engineer, and Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz of Schenectady, Y. Y., an electrical engineer, were the Americans receiving the award.

Trout at 50 Cents a Bushel. Milford, Del.-The fishermen along the Delaware bay shore are catching more trout than they can sell. This is remarkable at this season of the year, even though it is no common thing later in the season. At Bower's beach the fishermen are selling their

trout to city buyers for 50 cents a bushel. These fishermen are having no trouble selling their catches. At Big Stone, Slaughters and Cedar beaches the catches are larger.

on the Cuticura Ointment. In less than two days' time, the soreness and inflammation had almost entirely disappeared, and in four weeks' time you could not see any of the rash. Now my face is without a spot of any kind. I also use them for my scalp and hair. They cured me completely." (Signed) Miss Pansy Hutchins, Feb. 6, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

"That Human Trumpet Call. When Enrico Caruso was in Atlanta a few days ago he sang to the prisoners in the federal penitentiary three sons, including his "Sob Song" from "Pagliacci." After hearing Caruso, Julian Hawthorne, now convict No. 4435, wrote a poem, a few lines of which run thus:

Then, in the hush of the great blank hall

God wrought a wondrous miracle, For a voice like a glorious trumpet call

Arose as a soul from the deeps of hell.

And our souls rose with it on won drous wings,

Rose from their prison of iron and clay.

Forgot the grime and the shame of things!

We were men once again in a sur lit day. Sin and grief and punishment-all

Were lost in that human trumpet call."

Economy.

F. Irving Fletcher, the advertising expert, gave at a Woolworth building dinner in New York a good definition of economy.

"Economy," Mr. Fletcher said, "is a way of spending money without getting any fun out of it."

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Cart Hitching In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

His Trade. "That man yonder leads a double life." "You don't say so!" "Yes. He sells duplicating ma

chines." Could Have Saved Her. "Why do you hate her so?" "She used to be engaged to my hus

band." "And didn't marry him. Oh, I see."

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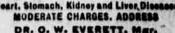




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