SOUTH INAVALE

Geo. Stokes was on the sick list the first of the week

Miss Molly Kidd speut Monday evening in Red Cloud.

Ed. Burr and family spent Sunday

afternoon at Harry Chaplain's. Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Patno visited at

the Frank Stokes home Sunday Mrs. Jno. Harwick called on Mrs. Jno Mitchel Monday afternoon.

Miss Bonnie Blankenbaker was the guest of Miss C.co Wilmott Sunday. Miss Edna Reed was a guest at the

Hunsicker home the first of the week. Mrs. Dickerson and son, Charley, were week end visitors with relatives near Franklin.

The Ladies Aid Society of Mt. Please visited her daughter, Mrs. Sam James ant, met with Mrs. G. A. Adams last Tuesday. Thursday atternoon

the most of them will finish cultivate R. H. Allen. ing corn this week

Bowers' parents, sir, an I Mrs. Swift of F. Krause Sunday.

No. 3 the coming term. Also Miss were passengers to Blue Hill Monday. Lenora Springer will teach at No. 9.

dent last Wednesday afternoon by Society. having his foot run over with a heavy | Born to Mr. and Mrs. C Benker a speedy recovery.

THIS IS THE PRINT SHUP

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ROSEMONT

Miss Pearl Sherer visited Miss Anna Cowel Monday

Ethel Wright is visiting Mrs. F. Stevens this week. L. H. Brandes of Hastings called on

T. W. Shuitz Tuesday. Miss Verna Wright visited friends

at Lawrence Sunday H. C. Wright and wife spent Sunday

vening at J. Fassler's. Miss Ida Degran of Blue Hill is

working for Mrs Quiggle. Clara Lampman visited Anna Oye in Blue Hill Saturday and Sunday

Mrs. A. F. Krause is visiting at E. Howard's near Guide Rock this week. Mrs. Cure and grandson, Glen James

Mrs. Ben Buld and daughter of The farmers are all very busy and Minden are visiting her sister, Mrs

E. Howard and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowers and wife, also Mrs. H. Autuburr and daughter visited A.

Ohio, were Sanlay guests at the Wm Mrs. C. Arnold and daughter and Miss Anna Cowel autoed to Hastings Miss Inez Strickland entertained the Tuesday to meet Ray Arnold.

Ladies' Missionary Society of the Little Corn Schultz arrived from Inavale Christian church last Thurs Dewcese Monday to visit her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mes. T. W. Schultz.

Miss Agnes Stewart has been eme Me and Mrs. Bundjer Mrs. D. Lampployed to teach the school at District com and daughters, Lena and Gertie.

Mrs. W. B. Shirley went to Omaha Dan, the little four-year old son of Tuesday to represent the Rosemont Alva Stoner, met with a painful acci Ladies Foreign and Home Missionary

load of corn. The second toe had to son Thurs lay, July 9th. The little one be amputated and it was feared that was brought into this world only for a the first and third would have to be short time, dying Monday, July 13th, also. He is reported to be getting and was buried on Tuesday. The along nicely at present, and their Rosemont friends extend their symmany friends hope to hear of his pathy to the bereaved parents in their hours of grief.

Card of Thanks

I wish to thank the kind neighbors during the saddest hours of our life in the sickness and death of our dear husband and father.

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"Criminals in the Making".

August 4th

August 6th

Country Affords.

MRS. WM. WOLFE AND CRIDDREN.

By JOHN TRENT.

A scarlet tanager flashed through the darkness of the pine wood; there untenanted and simply served as a came a shot that stopped it in midair and sent it fluttering to earth where it lay very still.

Scott Clayton, dreaming idly on the ruin. brown pine needles, leaped to his feet at sight of the tragedy and with a cry of mingled anger and pity held the dend bird in his hands.

There came the sound of a gay whistle and a girl stepped into view; she wore a jaunty hunting costume of nut half covered the open window. brown and a gun was tucked under one arm; over the other shoulder was slung a game bag. She wore no hat.

The dark eyes searched the ground and discovered Scott's tan shoes. Instantly the glance flew to his face and then down again to the bird in his sion.

"Ah, you have found him?" She stepped forward with extended hand. But Scott drew back a little and his gray eyes expressed strong disapproval of the fair huntress.

incredulously.

for a woman to hit the mark?" "No, but it seems extraordinary that feathers of a wing in my hats?"

stroked the scarlet of the tanager's a weak voice.

example?" she flared. "One expects acts of wanton cruelty

from some men, but from womennone at all," was his quiet answer. She bit her lip thoughtfully. "My exthat. I am collecting for the Grinnel

"I beg your pardon." Scott laid the dead bird in her outstretched hand and and friends who so kindly assisted us as he did so a drop of blood, unnoticed hand. He took out a handkerchief and drew her hand quickly back and dropped the bird into her game bag.

> "Oh, I don't mind that-of course I am accusiomed to it!" she said care, lessly, but Sectt noted that she shud; dered a little beneath her armor of hardihood.

An uncomfortable silence had fallen between them and Scott was on the ter at home?" quaried Scott. point of turning away to his book and when there came a plaintive call from sah.'

The girl heard it at the same time. Scott lifted his glance to the tree and saw the sober-hued dress of the scarlet tanager's mate. As he looked the shot rang out once more and then the anxious mother bird had gone to

join her dead mate As the girl bent to pick the bird, Scott's strong hand closed tightly on her rounded wrist while he snatched the dead tanager away with the other hand. When he had dropped the bird in the pocket of his loose coat he released her wrist and stepped back.

"I beg your pardon, but it appeared necessary under the circumstances." Her face was white as snow and her eyes blazed angrily.

"How dare you?" she panted. "How dare you touch me?" "I have apologized for the rudeness

it was necessary." "It was my bird-I brought it down." "It was my bird-you killed it," was

his accusing answer. "Your bird!" she laughed scornfully. collector for the Grinnel museum. I their young-I was to be well paid for it-and I brought down the male bird and this one that you have taken from me is its mate. I have located the nest with the young-and well, I have been watching them for several days,

mand of her voice and it trembled clarmingly. Scott's grave eyes never left her

and now-" she suddenly lost com-

"But they were my birds first," he sald gently. "You see I am a student of birds and these tanagers happen to be one of my charming studies. My camera concealed there among the brushwood has been trained on the tree for two days. The book I am writing is a plea for the lives of our birds-the pictures I am making will not only illustrate the book but will more than twice the amunt she had be used in every schoolroom in the country as a means to educate the hildren in love and preservation of

the lives of our wild birds." The girl's face changed as she list ager and his sober mate-many a ened to his explanantion. A wistful mocking bird, meadow lark and bobolook came into her dark eyes and her link did they shoot after that, but it lips quivered so that she placed her fingers against them.

"I am very sorry," she said in a low tone, and without another word she Blair's permission to dedicate the volthe dark avenues of pines.

Several days later, Scott Clayton, tired and hot after a long tramp through the woods in pursuit of an elusive wood pigeon who persistently refused to pose before his camera, came out on the edge of a piney knoll and discovered himself in a new coun-

The woods ended here and before him stretched the remains of a fine old plantation; an ancient orchard, uncultivated fields, a glimpse of tumbledown negro quarters and aimid tall oaks could be seen the chimney of a

"At least I can get a drink of water," mused Scott as he hid his camera among some vines and slid down the pine needles into the orchard.

The way through the orchard led among tall grasses and a wild tangle of strawberry vines. At last he came to a small and thriving kitchen garden and walking between rows of sweet corn he came to a tumble-down detached kitchen.

A glance within showed that it was storehouse for firewood and for garden tools. Now there appeared the fine old house, dignified even in its splendid

Smoke was curling upward from s tottering chimney. Expecting to find some good natured mammy within; presiding over the frying bacon whose redolence assailed his nostrils, Scott thrust his head among the vines that

Quickly spoken words, uttered in the contralto voice of his huntress of the woods, fell on his ears before he realized that he was an eavesdropper, and he withdrew and hastened around to the formal entrance of the old man-

But the words would not be forgot

"Uncle Dick, I wish I had never heard of the Grinnel museum!" cried the passionate young voice. "I used to love the b-birds-and I have hardened "It was really you, then?" he asked my hear! against the sweet wild things and killed them for the anke of earn-Why, of course-is it so unusual ing bread and butter! You remember, urcle, that I would never even wear

a woman should deliberately destroy "Certainly, I remember, my dear," such a beautiful creature." Scott had sounded the voice of an old man "Certainly, I remember, my dear,"

"If there was any other way of earn-A red flush stained the creamy skin. Ing money for un, I'd-" the brave "Why not, since men have set the voice faltered and it was then that Scott fled.

He sounded the big brass knocker and he heard it echo through empty halls. While he waited he could imagine the disaster that had befallen the cuse is a good one-you cannot deny inmates of the old house, once the nucleus of a great estate employing many black people to serve in field and garden and house.

There came a shuffling step beyond on the scarlet feathers, stained her clanked within. The door creaked slowly open as if lamenting the unacwould have removed the stain, but she customed disturbance and disclosed the figure of an ancient negro garbed in shabby raiment, although his clothing was clean and his linen immaculate. He bubbed a white head and peered & Scott from dim eyes

"Good mahning sah," he said, court-

"Good morning, uncle; is your mas-"Marse Blair? Yassah, ole marse is

his mossy seat beneath the big pine always home. Jes' walk dis a-way,

Scott followed him into a cold, dim sitting room, furnished with fine old mahogany. Uncle George left him to return presently with a cooling drink or which floated sprigs of fragrant

Then Colonel Blair tottered in, an ancient relic of the Confederacy.

"Sir, I am honored," he said holding cut a hand.

"I must apole began Scott when they were seated. "My name is Clayton, Scott Clayton; I'm an ornithologist in a way. I am writing a book about birds and I find that I need some help. Some one has suggested that your niece-"

"My grand-niece," corrected Colonel

"Your grand-nicce might be able to assist me, as she is thoroughly versed in bird lore. You see I shall be several months longer in preparation and if she could help me the remuneration would be no object-" Scott's voice trailed away suggestively.

"Mr. Clayton, I am very grateful. Circumstances make it necessary for I have explained to you that I am a my little grand-niece to support both us and her present employment is wanted a pair of scarlet tanagers and most distatestful to her-it would be to any woman's delicate instincts, but Amy is a gallant soldier and she has not flinched in the face of-of-actual poverty and disagreeable duty. I will venture to say that she will be delighted to take up more congenial work. If you will excuse me, I will call her to

take part in our conference. He hobbled from the room and Scott found himself waiting impatiently for the coming of his huntress of the pine woods. Presently she came, garbed in soft white gown, and her dark eyes were shining like twin stars and her soft lips were parted in a smile.

The conference was a short one and when Scott left the house he had engaged Amy Blair as his assistant at the munificent salary of \$15 a weekearned with the museum.

Their acquaintance began over the dead body of a scarlet tanager which the girl had killed. Many a scarlet tanwas with the harmless camera, and when the book was completed and ready for publication Scott asked Amy turned swiftly and disappeared down ume to his "dear wife-and co-worker,

Amy. (Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspa-per Syndicate.)

Not Catching. Jane's sister was coming home from ormal school. "Why is she coming home?" asked

he neighbor. "Is she sick?" "Yes; she is very, very sick." "What's the matter with her?"

"Well, I don't know exactly, Mamna has a letter from the principal, and he said it was lack of mental ability. don't know whether it is catching of

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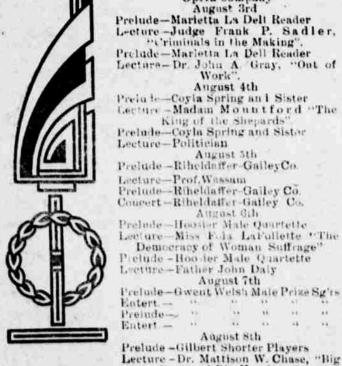
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