

Dr. Grayson

By SADIE OLCOTT

A young man alighted from a train at a country station and stood looking about him at the beautiful hills and valleys which made up the surrounding country. He was handsomely dressed; his suit case was plastered over with the labels of foreign hotels, an indication that he had been a traveler. There was but one person at the station except the agent and his assistants, and that person was a young lady sitting in an auto runabout, who had apparently come to meet some one on the train. But as the expected person did not arrive she was preparing to leave when the young man stepped up to her and, lifting his hat, politely said:

"Beg pardon! Can you tell me if there is a hotel about here where I can put up for a few days?"

"There is the Parsamowaddy inn, but it is a couple of miles from here."

"Nothing nearer?" the young man asked, looking at his suit case, which was a trifle heavy.

"No place where you would be comfortable. I am going by the inn and will take you in my car if you like."

"Thank you very much indeed! You are awfully kind. I fear I shall have to avail myself of your offer, though it will be a pleasure to me to ride with you."

He put his belongings into the runabout and got in beside the young lady. He was on a tour of inspection of different localities with a view to buying or building a summer residence, and it was not long before he was gathering information. He was the son of a widow and virtually the head of the family. Presently he spied a house on a hill that caught his fancy immediately.

"There's the place I want exactly. I couldn't grow those trees in fifty years. The view from its front piazza must be superb."

"I can give you the owner's name if you wish to make an offer for it," said the lady.

"You don't mean that it is for sale?"

"You can never tell what is for sale till you ask. We Americans have the credit among foreigners of being willing to sell anything we have if we get our price."

"Who owns it?"

"Dr. Grayson."

"How would I learn whether the property could be bought? It seems to me that it would be very impertinent to go to a man's house and ask him if he wishes to sell it."

"You might say that you have heard and had called to learn the facts. There would be no impertinence in that."

"I don't know that there would be."

"You'll find Dr. Grayson at home about noon. Here is your inn."

"I'm ever so much obliged to you for your lift and for your information. Good morning."

"You're quite welcome. I suppose you will go to see Dr. Grayson today."

"I think I will."

"Well, be sure to go at noon. You will be sure to find him then."

"Thanks, very much."

The young man went into the inn, which resembled a private residence and not a hotel. He spent the morning in a hired auto visiting different localities, but found nothing for sale and was averse to spending the time required to build. He kept his eye on the Grayson residence and hoped that he would find the owner willing to put a price on it. Between 12 and 1 o'clock he directed the chauffeur to take him there.

He told the butler, who admitted him, to say to Dr. Grayson that he had heard there was a possibility that he would sell his place. If so, would the doctor listen to a proposition? The butler returned and said that Dr. Grayson would be willing to discuss the matter; it being the luncheon hour perhaps the gentleman would make a proposition at table.

This was far more than the young man had hoped for. He sent word that, though he felt like an intruder, he would accept the invitation. In a few minutes he heard a rustling of skirts on the staircase, and a lady entered the room.

She was the person who had driven him from the station to the inn.

"You are doubtless surprised to see me," she said, smiling.

"Not more surprised than pleased," was the gallant reply. "You are?"

"Miss Florence Grayson. I put on a prefix to which I am entitled, but seldom use it. The 'doctor' indicates a degree I acquired in a postgraduate course at college. I trust you will excuse my not making myself known as the owner of this property. The truth is that we are thinking of spending some time abroad, and if we do the place would be only an encumbrance."

"And I having just come from abroad the property would be very useful to

me."

At luncheon everything was talked about except the purchase of the property. The gentleman having been a traveler and the lady having been highly educated, they found far more interesting topics to discuss than a matter of business. That was attended to by Miss Grayson's representative. The property was bought by the stranger, but when Miss Grayson went abroad he followed her and brought her back as his wife.

Kidnaped

By EUNICE BLAKE

There was trouble in Captain Carr's little home on the New Hampshire coast. The captain had received his title from the fact that he owned a sloop in which he fished in winter and took out pleasure parties in summer. She was both a motor and a sail boat and was named the Frederica from his wife.

The occasion of the trouble was that his daughter, Fannie, a comely girl of eighteen, had the night before been kidnaped. She had gone to visit her aunt a mile down the beach. It was early spring and the weather was mild. A half moon gave some light. Just before sunset a steamer about fifty feet from stem to stern dropped anchor in the bay not far from the house where Fannie Carr was visiting, and about 9 o'clock a boat was seen moving from the ship toward the shore. A party landed, went to the house, took the girl to the boat and pulled her to the schooner.

The captain suspected that his daughter had been carried away by one whom he had forbidden her to marry. This man was Jack Austin, a sailor, without means, but with nothing else against him. Carr didn't seem to know whether his daughter wished to marry Austin or not. Sometimes he thought she did and sometimes he thought she didn't.

I got wind of the matter early in the morning, and, seeing Captain Carr going to his boat with a wheelbarrow load of provisions and a carboy of water, I went down to the dock and without asking him where he was going—for I knew that he was bent on bringing back his daughter—I asked him if he didn't wish me to go with him. He said he did, and before we started Ned Beam came down, and the captain took him along too. We knew there were three on the other boat, and, since we were three, there was an even match.

The captain had been told that the boat we were after—no one had seen her name—had turned her nose northward after leaving the bay. So he steered in that direction. Every now and again when we met a boat Carr would describe to those on her the one we were after and ask if they had seen her. Some had seen her and some hadn't, but we got enough information about her to satisfy us that we were on her track. We followed her all day, and when the captain found we couldn't possibly reach her before dark he was discouraged, for he felt sure the fugitives were making for Casco bay, where there are islands enough to conceal a whole fleet.

After passing Portland we got in among these islands and lost all track of what we were following, but after meandering among them for four days we were sailing past Seguin light when the captain spied something near the main island moving westward that answered the description of the craft we wanted. We followed her down past Ors Island and saw her go through the narrow gut between Ors and Balleys Islands.

That's the last we saw of her for several days, when one evening, rounding a point of Cliff Island, we saw her anchored in a cove no great distance from us. We made for her, expecting to see some one preparing to receive us, but as we neared her not a human being could we see aboard of her. We anchored near her, and the captain and Ned Beam got into the tender and went aboard her.

After awhile the captain pulled back and said that they had found her deserted. Her name had been painted off the stern, but they could see the white letters underneath—Rowena. She must have been laid up for some time, for her fires were out and the furnace only warm. His idea was that something had gone wrong with them, and they had been obliged to lay up. Probably they had seen us and had left their craft and gone up into the island, though they could have got away from there, since the little steamers were stopping at the dock on the other side a number of times a day.

Captain Carr told me that he had left Beam on the Rowena, and I was to stay on the Frederica while he went up on to the island to find out if any one had seen anything of the party we were after. He did so and returned disappointed, for he had found no one who had seen any such party.

Leaving Ned on the Rowena, the captain and I turned in at 9 o'clock and turned out again about 6 o'clock. The captain went on deck and called to Ned, who did not appear. Getting no reply, he went aboard the Rowena, to find her not only deserted by her crew, but by Ned as well. The captain was mystified and so was I. Not knowing what to do, we did nothing.

About 10 o'clock we saw several men coming toward us, headed by Fannie Carr herself. She asked her father to come ashore to her and told him that Austin had kidnaped her, but that during the trip she had forgiven him. The boiler of the Rowena having given up, they had been obliged to give up their flight. When the captain and Beam had gone aboard of their boat the men of the party, except Jack, had gone ashore, and she and Jack had hidden in the furnace.

After a long powwow, the captain gave in, consented to the match, and we all went back on the Frederica, towing the Rowena.

AFTER A TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

John Runlet was a fine, sturdy fellow until he fell ill with impoverishment of the blood. He was a fine swimmer, skater, boxer, fencer, a champion in tennis and one of the best ball twirlers in the country. But when sickness overcame him he lost his strength and even his life was in danger.

Drs. Hammersly and Phipps, his physicians, consulted on his case and came to the conclusion that they had better resort to transfusion of blood. It was not easy to find one who was willing to give up sufficient blood to fill Jack Runlet's veins, for they were of no ordinary capacity, but several persons volunteered to give each a portion, and in this way the whole was obtained. Runlet was a favorite among women, and two of his sweethearts responded to the call, though neither knew of the offer of the other. Two men, Jack's most intimate friends, offered to give their quantum of blood, and after the four transfusions were effected the patient had in him the blood drawn from two women and two men.

Maud Scarborough and Della Thorne were the women and Ned Summerfield and George Smith the men. The operators would have preferred that the blood should be transfused in a mixed state. This was because they expected the patient would be affected by the peculiarities of the persons from whom it came, and it would be better that these traits should in a measure neutralize one another. But the operations must be performed separately.

Runlet became well again, thanks to these devoted friends, but not himself. There was very little of his own blood left in him—indeed, he was four other persons in turn. When the blood of one of the women was sent out from his heart he was much like that woman, and since only half of him was man he was manly but half of the time.

When he regained his health and strength the baseball season was opening, and he resumed his position as pitcher, but he was found to be unreliable. At times he had his usual strength, while at others he seemed to have lost it, both of will and muscle. He concealed his weakness as well as he could, but it was unfortunate that he did so. It would have been better for him to retire. When a match game of great importance was being played a frightened mouse ran across the diamond. Doubtless the blood of one of the women with which his arteries were filled was at the moment being sent through his system, for he became paralyzed with fear. Running to the grand stand, he stood upon one of the plank seats and could not be induced to come down.

But few of those present knew the cause of Runlet's cowardice, though none could understand why a man should be afraid of a mouse. At any rate, the game was broken up, for Runlet, covered by shame, left the field. The next day he went to his doctors to learn what was the matter with him. They looked at each other knowingly, but thought it best that he should not be enlightened. So to get rid of him they told him he needed rest.

The next time a game of importance came off Runlet took his place among the spectators instead of in the box. He had doubtless been under the influence of the blood he had received from one of his women contributors, for he had nearly all that day been acting effeminately. He had been very particular about his clothes, putting on a particular scarf with a diamond stickpin in it, and had purloined all his sister's rings, which he put on his fingers. He went to the baseball match with a lady's fan in his hand and while waiting for the game to begin alternately fanned himself and sniffed at a bunch of violets pinned to his shirt bosom.

Not a man of his old chums would speak to him. They remembered his desertion of his post at a former game, and now to see him sitting bedizened with jewelry, swinging a fan and snuffing at flowers excited their full contempt. As for the women spectators, they were very much amused at his actions.

Runlet's club had not found a pitcher to take his place. It lost steadily, and by the end of the fifth inning all hope of winning the game left them.

It is a disputed point what caused a sudden throwing off of Runlet's effeminacy. The doctors who transfused the blood into him contend that a quantum of woman's blood, which had been thrown through the heart, suddenly gave place to that of a man. Be this as it may, Jack Runlet, bedizened as he was, vaulted the ball that separated him from the field, jumped down into the diamond and demanded the ball. A shout arose, with cries of "Try him again!" "Give it to him!" and the like. Some one tossed the ball to him, and by a succession of remarkable curves he put out every one who attempted to handle the bat from then to the end of the ninth inning, winning the game handsomely.

The doctors are now consulting how to get him back to the unbroken masculine condition he was in before it became necessary to put new blood in him. Dr. Hammersly has suggested letting out blood whenever he is effeminate, supplying the deficiency with that of a sturdy man. This will doubtless be done.

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Reporters in the Commons.

Shorthand writers first gained access to the house of commons with some sort of official acquiescence about 1786. In the year 1803 they are to be found occupying the back bench in the strangers' gallery without interference from the house officials, although the latter affected to be ignorant of their presence. In 1836 the house commenced to publish the daily division lists itself and from that time onward the old idea that there was something sacred about the doings of the house which required the prohibition of publicity was exploded. After the great fire of 1834 the reporters were admitted as a matter of course to the temporary building used by the commons and when, on Feb. 3, 1852, the representatives of the people took possession of their new chamber in the palace of Westminster the press was at last officially recognized and the reporters' gallery as it at present exists was an acknowledged fact.

A Luckless Caterpillar.

Nature is a curious force. There is a caterpillar in Australia. It looks for food under leaves and twigs in the usual way. As it searches, a parasite, specially equipped by nature for the purpose, drops on its neck and fastens itself there. In a week or two this little parasite seed begins to germinate, drawing its nourishment from the very lifeblood of the insect. The latter, feeling sick, buries itself about two inches into the ground. Eventually a pale green stalk about twelve inches high, at the summit of which is a most extraordinary flower, somewhat resembling the top of a burrush when in seed, appears. The poor caterpillar's refuge in the ground is of no avail, for its whole interior has to make room for a vegetable mass of roots. Sucked as dry as a bone, it is actually converted into a stick of wood.—Johannesburg Chronicle.

In the House of Commons.

In the days of Burke, Pitt and Fox members of the house of commons used to relieve the tedium of debate by sucking oranges and cracking nuts while lying full length on the benches, and Brougham made his great six hours' speech on law reform in 1828 with a hatful of oranges by his side for refreshment. Joseph Hume found solace in pears, which he took from his bulging pockets and munched by the hour, leaning the while against his favorite post. No wonder oranges were so popular, since their vendor (one of them, at any rate) was a picturesque girl who used to sit with her wares in the lobby, attired in a "sprigged muslin gown with a gauze neckerchief" or in the glory of "clean white-silk stockings, Turkey leather shoes and pink silk petticoat, becomingly short."—Westminster Gazette.

Selfish Etiquette.

Some rules in an old book on etiquette seem to encourage a practice commonly called "looking out for No. 1." Here are two of them:

When cnke is passed do not finger each piece, but with a quick glance select the best.

Never refuse to taste of a dish because you are unfamiliar with it or you will lose the taste of many a delicacy while others profit by your abstinence, to your lasting regret.

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