

## MIDNIGHT MAGIC

By CATHARINE CAMMER.

When the party assembled the day before at Allison's, there were nineteen guests, one of whom was Mrs. Stanley Smith, a sister of the hostess, and rumored lately to have become estranged from her husband. As they sat down to dinner Mrs. Allison remarked that everybody had arrived except Stanley, who would be there in time for the party next evening if possible. More than one besides Madge wondered whether she referred to Stanley Smith or Stanley Parker, but owing to the rumored break with Stanley Smith, nobody ventured to ask.

After dinner the next evening the big ballroom on the third floor, which had been mysteriously closed during the day, was opened and there was revealed all the paraphernalia for many kinds of old-fashioned games and fortune telling.

There was one man lacking to make the couples come out even, and just as Mrs. Smith was protesting that she much preferred to remain out so that she could take a flashlight of the dancers there was a general exclamation of surprise as a man in traveling clothes appeared in the doorway and looked a bit uncertainly toward his hostess. Mrs. Allison's surprise was so great that it was hard to tell whether it was pleasant or otherwise, but she quickly regained her composure and, with a side glance at her sister, who was busy arranging a jack-o-lantern, she moved toward the door, exclaiming in an unnecessarily loud voice, "Why, Stanley Smith! You're better late than never."

Mrs. Smith turned at the name, and even in the dim light her face looked ashen pale. As her husband was being greeted on all sides she looked about as if seeking some means of escape before he reached her. Then he walked straight to her with a look of such penitent pleading in his tired eyes and with both hands extended, so expressive of his desire to take her again to his heart, that she almost fell into his arms. Those who stood near caught the sound of a sob in her voice as she said: "Much better late than never. I couldn't have spared you much longer."

At a few minutes before midnight all the guests were hurried off to be shooed and shooed for a midnight procession backward downstairs. The now radiantly happy Smiths managed this part of the program. One by one the ghostlike female figures passed with their lighted candles backward down the right-hand flight of the old colonial stairway, whose two divergent flights met on a broad landing and merged into a wider stairway leading to the hall below. One by one the ghostlike male figures passed down the left-hand flight. On the broad landing each pair of ghosts met and passed silently down the broad steps and disappeared in the semi-darkness of the drawing room, from which, later, came many gay yells of recognition.

Madge was the last girl to go down. The strong-armed ghost who met her guided her quickly from the foot of the stairway out under the heavy hangings which concealed the back hall.

Up the narrow back stairway he silently urged her, then up the stairway leading to the now deserted ballroom on the third floor. The stillness of the dimly lighted ballroom was intensified by the occasional sounds of laughter from far below. Her strong companion grasped Madge's hands firmly but very tenderly, and as he bent over and looked into her eyes he spoke to her in a voice that sounded familiar and at the same time unlike any voice she had ever heard.

"Little ghost," said the voice, "I've traveled far and fast to find you, and because I've been kept away from you so long I'm selfish enough to steal you away from all the other ghosts. Do you care?"

"Do I care?" repeated Madge, who was strangely thrilled by the deep voice and strangely uncertain whether she had heard it before.

The big ghost released her hands, and with one of his own strong hands pulled the pillow slip over her head, at the same time pulling a larger one from his own head, and Madge looked blushing up into the smiling face of Stanley Parker. He smoothed her ruffled black hair and she smoothed her wavy, auburn hair. His brown eyes laughed down into her hazel eyes. Then his two strong hands took both of her slender hands, and in a voice more soft, more deep, more altogether wonderful than she had ever heard, he said, "Madge, do you care for me?"

And this time Madge answered promptly, though almost inaudibly: "Yes, Stanley. Oh, how I care!"

Long before he had finished telling her how he came by the last train and a dilapidated jitney in order to be with her at this party, or before she had finished telling him she had hoped that he would miraculously appear at the last minute, the sound of laughing voices on the stairway reached them. In a voice of friendly warning, Mrs. Smith called, "Oh, we're coming to rout the ghosts from the ballroom by singing 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

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Nearly a third of the whole length of a whale is taken up by its head.

## NEVER LIE DOWN TO READ

Easy to See Why the Practice is Injurious—How Proper Breathing Promotes Health.

"I never read without using a book rest," said one well-known literary woman. "I think it easier to adjust a book to the sight by its use. A book rest can be raised higher than the level of the lap and the hands and the wrists will not be wearied by the strain of holding it higher than the knees.

"I never read in bed. I am thankful to those, older and wiser than I, who taught me that to read while reclining was to overfill the blood vessels of the eye and so cause a degree of congestion in the eye. If one is too tired to sit straight I am convinced she is too tired to read. She should rest in the silence and darkness of her room."

In the very way a girl carries her body when walking or sitting she can do good or harm to the prettiness of the neck and throat. The chest must always be held high, and this instinctively raises the head more prettily. The abdomen must be held in, and since some intaking of the breath is required for this last muscular effort, the muscles of the throat and chest are at once benefited.

Muscles, by the way, depend tremendously upon good breathing for health and firmness, so if a girl never did anything more violent than picking a rose, if she simply gives the windmills of her lungs all the good air they need, the blood will be freshened and the muscles nourished almost as well as if she played golf every day. The value of outdoor sports, however playful, is in their action upon the mind.

**Chinese and Japanese.**  
Chinese and Japanese do not speak the same language, nor can they be said to have the same religion. Confucianism is the prevailing faith of China, while Buddhism is the chief religion of Japan. Geometry probably had its rise in Egypt, though it was perfected by the Greeks.

**Old English Coin.**  
An "angel" was an ancient gold coin weighing four pennyweights and valued at 6s 8d in the reign of Henry VI, and at 10s in the reign of Elizabeth in 1562. It took its name from the effigy of an angel embossed on one side.

**Where the Day Went.**  
"Where can this day have gone?" exclaimed mamma, as she lighted the evening lamp. "I think it's gone to heaven, mamma," answered wee Beth sweetly.

**Personal Conduct Rules.**  
I am convinced that it is by his personal conduct that any man of ordinary power will do the greatest amount of good that is in him to do.—Ruskin.

## COMMERCIAL CLUB BUSY.

Hold a Meeting Monday and Appoint Four Committees to Solicit and Start Something Worth While.

The Commercial Club held a meeting Monday evening and appointed a committee to solicit funds to be turned over to Company E, as is being done in other cities, to furnish the militia boys with extras that their mess allowance does not provide. It is pretty hard for young men used to everything the markets afford to go to camp and live on what the mess furnishes, and a goodly sum which it is proposed to raise will buy them plenty of milk, eggs and other staples that they would not otherwise receive. Here is a chance for everyone to give their mite.

A committee of three was appointed to confer with the County Commissioners and the Canton Township Commissioners in regard to fixing the road leading to the three mile bridge east of Canton on the Inwood road which for several years seems to have been neglected.

A committee of three was appointed to arrange for the entertainment of the rural mail carriers of the state who will hold their convention in our city on Wednesday, July 12th.

A committee of fifteen was appointed to work up a crowd to represent Canton in the preparedness parade at Sioux Falls on this Friday afternoon. Now that the Club has started work worth while let them finish it and then start on something more.

## Congregational Church Notes.

The Lord's Supper will be administered Sunday at 10:30. The Sunday school at 12 m. The evening preaching service at 8:00 o'clock.

Let J. Anderson & Sons save you money on a piano. 47 1/2

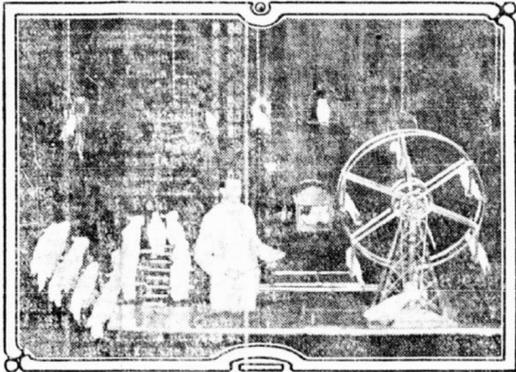
Remember that on the afternoon of July 6th the West Prairie Ladies Aid will hold their picnic and sale at the home of Mrs. Lewis Larson. Everybody is cordially invited to attend and a good time is assured all who are there.

## How To Feel Good Tomorrow

Indigestion quickly develops sick headache, biliousness, bloating, sour stomach, gas on stomach, bad breath or some of the other conditions caused by clogged or irregular bowels. If you have any of these symptoms, take a Foley Cathartic Tablet this evening and you will feel better in the morning.

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## PAMAHASIKA'S PERFORMING PETS COMING ON CHAUTAUQUA—ALMOST HUMAN IN INTELLIGENCE

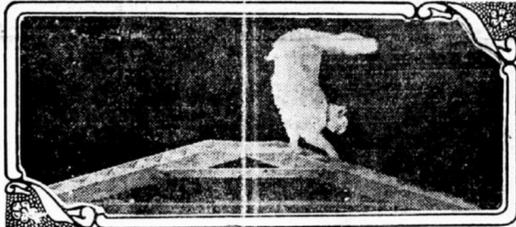


FIRE! FIRE!

Call the birds to put it out! Patience, kindness, and ingenuity, have accomplished wonderful things in the training of animals, but with the natural fear of fire inherent in all animals it is nothing less than marvelous that cockatoos can be trained by kindness to act as a fire company, respond to the fire call, raise the ladders against the burning building, climb them, turn over the water tank and put out the fire. Prof. Pamahasika, recognized as America's most successful animal and bird educator, notes that word—

he says an animal is "educated" by kindness, but "trained" by fear is the only one in the United States as far as we know that has accomplished this remarkable result. One of the birds carries an American flag in its bill across the stage keeping perfect march time. Another gives four others a ride in the Ferris wheel; another takes the baby bird for a ride in the baby buggy; another plays on a miniature organ, etc.

The wonderful intelligence of these little creatures is almost beyond belief. Cats, dogs, canary birds, monkeys, pigeons, doves, cockatoos and macaws, would not generally get along well together but the fifty members of Prof. Pamahasika's troupe seem to live in perfect harmony; in fact, it is said that the monkey was caught the other day kissing one of the angora cats. Well, anyway, you should see them if you ever get a chance. The writer saw them years ago, and never will forget the pleasure of that day. He will go again at the first opportunity.



## The Auto Races.

C. D. Lockard of Coffeyville, Kansas, has been in the city the past week making arrangements for the auto race meet that the Northwest Motor Contest Co., will put on at the fair grounds on the Fourth of July. These races promise to be the best ever seen in this part of the state as the drivers are all old hands at the racing game.

The Chalmers car that won the big race at Ruskin Park last 4th of July will be here and start in one of the state where you will be better entertained on the 4th than right here in Canton.

## Methodist Church

Services next Sabbath morning and evening as usual. Subject of sermon in morning "The Cup of Salvation." The Epworth League at 7 o'clock will be led by Mr. Forrester. He will speak on the topic "The Annihilation of the Grogshop." Let the young people come out and hear the discussion of this subject by one who can do it justice. The delegates to the state League Convention held at Hartford last Saturday and Sunday returned Sunday evening, and report a very profitable convention and a very pleasant time. Last Sabbath morning Rev. Lloyd Rising who was at home visiting his parents preached at the morning service. He gave a most helpful and able sermon.

## Protect Your Potatoes From Bugs

Paris Green is higher in price this year but we have it in any quantity you want it. The price is 60 cents per pound, according to quantity.

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G. E. Sherman, Mgr.

## HER LADYSHIP DECIDES

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

It would be dull for Wanda back in London. She had worked hard through the winter and needed a change. Ostensibly she came as the guest of Mrs. Towne, his mother, but it was Courtney who shouldered the full responsibility.

"I haven't seen Peggy since she was married. She says they are going to put in at Pinehurst pier tomorrow at ten and I am to motor over with you. She would love to have Mrs. Towne and you come, too, Courtney."

"My mother doesn't approve of Peg." "No!" With lifted brows, "She's perfectly dear, and now she's married she's settled down wonderfully. I think I shall go, Courtney."

Courtney said nothing. He agreed quite pleasantly to drive her over the next morning. Mrs. Towne was indispensed and some way Wanda managed to coax her into acquiescence.

It was a cool, windy morning the next day, when they started for Pinehurst. Courtney had chosen his own car, a low, two-seated French machine. He seemed rather silent as they swung out along the shore road.

"It isn't far, is it?" Wanda asked lightly.

"About eighteen miles. I'm going to take the short cut."

Once outside the little seaside village, he turned off the main road and took the one through the pines inland. Wanda stole a glance at him again, at the clean-cut, almost stern profile beside her, and then at his hands and the way they gripped the wheel.

"You don't really mind my going, do you, Courtney?" she asked tentatively.

"Not at all now," Courtney returned cordially.

"Halbert's very fond of Peggy. I think he might have married her himself some time if she hadn't chosen Captain Minturn."

Courtney smiled at the ribbon of road unwinding before them. His eyes were half closed. He knew every inch of this road. And every mile was taking them from Pinehurst and the boat landing. Yet he wanted to make sure. It was at the fourteenth mile that he slipped a lever wrong and the machine stopped.

With a quick apology he sprang out and started to tinker away at the car. Her ladyship chattered for a few minutes, waiting expectantly, but as the minutes flew by she glanced around curiously at the unfolding hills.

"Courtney, are you really trying to fix the car or just—"

He sat up in the road, his cap on the back of his head, and smiled at her. "You're not fixing it at all, are you? That's what you call it over here, isn't it, fixing instead of repairing? Won't it go at all?"

He shook his head contentedly. She stepped from the car with dignity, delightful dignity he thought, considering.

"I think I shall walk until I find some sort of a conveyance."

"You can't, because we're about seven miles at least from the last house. I'm going to stay here until—" he glanced at his watch thoughtfully—"until 10:30. They will have sailed by then, don't you think so?"

Wanda's dark eyes were bright with anger.

"I don't see how you dare to do this, Courtney Towne. They are my friends and if I choose to go with them it is absolutely my own affair."

"Dear, you are not quite nineteen," said Courtney gently. "Halbert put you in my care and I can't conscientiously let you chase down the coast with Peggy and have her marry you off to any other crowd."

"You mean Kent?" The color rose in her face quickly.

Courtney nodded.

"I know the whole thing, Wanda. I heard Kent but that he would marry you before you returned to England. You know as well as I do that old Halbert is in debt to him badly. It was part of his game to make him so. It gave him a surety of his consent to his winning you, and I couldn't stand that sort of thing."

Wanda stood before him, white now, her hands clenched at her sides. It had all been a lark, her wanting to go with Peg. She had not really cared, but when he had made an issue of it, it had amused her to win the point over him. Even though she knew Kent Paxton was going, she had not realized what it might mean.

"You see, dear," he went on slowly, "it isn't just for Halbert's sake, either. It's for your own. You know that, don't you, Wanda? I haven't been able to get word out to your brother yet, but there's been a little run of luck for him, some money out of a Mexican deal that has seemed dead. We are both in on it, and I sold out our interest last week. There's enough to pay up Kent. You needn't catch the boat."

She caught the underlying bitterness beneath his words and stretched out her hand to him.

"Oh, Courtney, I do need you—"

"Of course, if you really want to go yet," he added unsteadily, "the machine isn't really out of commission. I can get you there. But I want you to come back with me."

Her hands were laid against his lips firmly. Courtney met her gaze with eyes that told all that was in his mind, and Wanda laughed softly, her own glance wavering.

"I've decided to go back," she said. (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure News-Paper Syndicate.)



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