

## The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

### Excitement of the Midnight Landing Is Subdued by the Ominous War Cloud

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"A sleeper," eagerly. "Oh, can we get a sleeper?"

"That's what I'm going to find out. You stay here with these," and, leaving Helen with the hand baggage, Warren hurried to the ticket window. The dimly lit station was swarming with passengers from the St. Paul, all tensely anxious to get on to London. The excitement of the midnight landing was in the air.

London papers were being eagerly scanned for the latest war news. A table supplied with cable and telegraph blanks was crowded with those anxious to send messages.

But there was none of the usual exhilaration of landing. Even the hurry and excitement were subdued by the ominous feeling of depression.

"Got two berths of some kind," announced Warren. Then, with a glance at the lunch counter, "Want some of that fodder while we wait? There's our old friend, Bovril," nodding at the familiar English sign.

"I don't like beef extract," murmured Helen.

"Hello, they've got a bar, too! What about sherry and bitters? That'll set you up."

"Wait, dear," as Warren started for the lunch counter. "A lot of people are wiring on to the hotels for rooms. Don't you think we'd better?"

"No; they always soak you more. Don't you worry—we'll get in somewhere. They'll not turn away good American money, war or no war."

Warren now made a raid on the lunch counter, returning with sherry and sandwiches. They had had a late supper on the steamer, but the thought of the midnight landing in a country still in the throes of war had left Helen too excited to eat.

"All passengers this way!" shouted the guard.

Helen hastily finished her sandwich and followed Warren into the huge brick-lined hall, where all the baggage was ready for inspection.

"Keep close to me," as he pushed ahead and quickly located their trunks in the section under "C."

"Any spirits, tobacco or silver-plate?" asked the custom officer perfunctorily, as he chalked the trunks without opening them.

With some difficulty Warren got a porter. The scarcity of porters was one of the first evidences of the war.

"Register these trunks through to Euston," he ordered. "This hand baggage we'll have in the steamer."

Outside they made their way down the platform to the waiting train.

"Where's this stateroom?" asked Warren, showing his ticket.

"They're not reserved, sir. Take any you like."

When the porter deposited their hand baggage in one of the stuffy state rooms, Helen looked around with amazed disapproval. Compared with the luxurious American steamer it was crude, shabby and not even clean.

There were two cot-like berths with a washstand between. The curtains were stained and dusty, and the bit of carpet worn threadbare.

Helen promptly examined the dubious-looking bed linen. The narrow sheets barely covered the soiled mattress, and the harsh, stiff blankets were a grayish white.

"Dear, look! Even the sheets don't look fresh!"

"Well, they're getting American managers on these roads now. They'll send a lot of these old cars to the junk heap."

"Let's get out our steamer rugs," persisted Helen. "They're cleaner than these blankets."

Unheeding Warren's growling protest, she unstrapped the rugs. Then from her suitcase she took two towels and pinned them over the pillows.

"Now, see here," scowling around for a place to hang his coat; "you're to take things on this trip as you find 'em. I'll have none of this squeamishness. If you don't like—"

"Oh, wait," pleadingly. "Let me wash out that basin first," as Warren started to wash up. "And, dear, don't use that soap!"

Impatiently he waited while Helen washed out the dusty basin and got the soap from her suitcase.

"Oh, dear, I wouldn't stand on this dirty floor. Where're your slippers? Let me get them out for you."

"No, you don't," pushing her aside. "No sense in getting everything unpacked. I paid for this stateroom to get a few hours' sleep—not to potter around all night."

Helen had hardly begun to undress when Warren flopped into his berth.

"Great Scott, this thing's narrow! Don't take any chances on tossing about. Say, what in thunder are you doing now?"

"I'll be through in a minute," for, having a deep-rooted aversion for doubtful wash basins, Helen was cleaning her face with cold cream.

"Well, I may not be so all-fired particular as you are—but I wouldn't smear all that grease paint on my face for a farm."

Through a lull in the rumbling of the baggage trucks, the voices of two women now came with shrill distinctness from the adjoining stateroom:

"I wonder if this shirt waist will do for tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes; I wouldn't put on a fresh one till we're there. My, it's good to get those shoes off! Patent leather draws my feet so."

"Tan shoes are easier for traveling. Oh, do you like those lace-front corsets? I've been wanting to try them, they say they're—"

"The rest was lost in the trundling of baggage outside.

"Huh, just getting interesting," grinned Warren. "What're those two females over here alone for, anyway?"

"I think one is a correspondent for some paper," whispered Helen. "Don't you remember her, the one who was always writing on deck?"

"Oh, that! Well, it'll take more'n a face front to make her—"

"Hush, dear, they'll hear you!"

"Now what else have you to do?" demanded Warren.

"Just to fix my hair—but I don't need the light for that."

She switched off the light and raised the window at the foot of her berth. The long platform was now cleared of trunks. The cold, white air globes flickered ghostly along the prison-like station. The familiar English signs of soap, tea and junket seemed frivolously out of place against the grim stone walls.

Then without a sound of bell or whistle, with almost a sinister silence, the train slipped out into the darkness.

The outskirts of Liverpool, with the streets stony, treeless, and poorly lit, looked oppressively dreary. There were endless rows of the monotonous, low brick houses, all dark now except for a faint glimmer from an occasional window.

Vaguely depressed by the scene, with a whispered "Good night, dear," Helen reached out across the narrow aisle.

"Good night," briefly, pushing away her hand.

"Now let's get what sleep we can."

A silence of several moments then Helen crept out of bed and bent over him with a wistful:

"Dear, I can't go to sleep without telling you good night right!"

As she stooped to kiss him, her hand unconsciously slipped under his pillow and touched something cold and steely. With a frightened cry she drew back.

"Oh, oh! Why, Warren, that isn't—"

"Well, what if it is? What're you fumbling under my pillow for?"

"It—it isn't loaded?" breathlessly.

"What use would it be if it wasn't?"

"But, dear, you don't think—"

"Think it's just as well to have one. Lot of sneak thieves at a time like this. Now you go to sleep and stop prowling around."

Helen crept back into her berth, but the touch of the revolver had chilled her. There was something terrifying in that cold steel. With a rush it brought back all her brooding thoughts of the war.

They were beyond the city now, speeding through the sweet-smelling English country. Raising her pillow, she gazed out on the peaceful farm lands. Here and there were groups of cows sleeping or grazing in the moonlight.

It was all so quietly peaceful that it was hard to think of the war zone as being so near. All those Belgian battlefields had a few months ago been as serenely quiet as this. Perhaps many of the battles had been fought at night under just such a calm, pale moon.

The thought of the killed-and wounded Helen resolutely put from her. All her mental anguish over the suffering in this war would not alleviate a single pang, and she was schooling herself not to think. Just before they sailed she had sent a check to the Red Cross. That was expressing her sympathy in the only way that could help.

Determinedly she now turned her thoughts to London. They would be there in the morning. What conditions would they find? The hotels, restaurants, music halls—all the places she had loved on her first trip—how many of those would be closed?

Whatever the hardships or inconveniences of the next few weeks, there was something thrillingly exciting about being so near the heart of things.

The spirit of adventure was always strong within Helen, and now she looked forward to their arrival in London with a glow of eager expectancy.

**The Thirst for Applause.**

That the desire to "show off" and thereby win applause is a powerful incentive to action is evidenced by the refusal of a prisoner to leave jail on the ground that he did not wish to miss his chance of appearing in the prison entertainment for which he was diligently rehearsing. It may seem strange that anyone should prefer applause to liberty, but this prisoner is only one of thousands who have made equal or even greater sacrifices to the cause of artistic ambition, as the desire to "show off" is termed when truth is submerged by politeness.—New York Herald.

## A Russian's Effort to Lose Himself

By EUNICE BLAKE

Peter Trolenco was a member of one of those circles that sprang up in Russia some forty years ago when nihilism was first heard of. They took their name from their underlying principle that nothing in government which existed should continue. The Latin word for "nothing" is nihil.

There was great secrecy in those circles, the members of one circle being completely ignorant of those in another. Peter understood that different circles worked in harmony through their chiefs, but beyond this he had no information whatever. And yet St. Petersburg (now Petrograd), where he lived, was full of nihilists.

Peter was young, and there was something captivating in all this mystery. But one night there came to him a "terrible awakening." Lots were drawn to decide which one of the circle should assassinate the chief of police, and Peter drew the fatal paper, on which had been sketched a dagger, all the rest being blanks.

All the romance attending the secret meetings, the disguises, the many ingenious plans of the propaganda of nihilism, shrivelled before this terrible deed which Peter was required to commit and from which there was no escape. He might flee to the ends of the earth, but would never know when some one, possibly his best friend, would strike him.

To add to his horror, he loved a young girl, to whom he was expecting to be married. Nina Dimitrieff was at the time preparing her trousseau. Peter feared that his misfortune, which, in any event, would break their betrothal, would kill her.

He spent a long while in making up his mind what to do and finally decided upon flight. He would leave Russia disguised and go to a land where he would be lost to the world. But what action should he take in reference to his betrothed? After weighing the matter, dreading the shock he would cause her by telling her what had happened, he decided to disappear from her as mysteriously as from others. He would confide only in his mother.

A few days after he had drawn the dagger he began a journey to the border. Disguised as a beggar, he traveled by night and begged by day in the towns through which he passed. What money he took with him, added to what he received from charity, enabled him to reach Genoa and take passage for America.

For five years the fugitive kept changing his residence, avoiding the large cities so far as possible, thinking to lose himself more effectively in the country. But whenever he came near a Russian he moved on. He dared not write to his mother for fear his letters would be intercepted, but before leaving Russia he had laid a plan for communicating with her at long intervals. Finally he received word from her that a friend of his in the circle to which he belonged had informed her, at the risk of his life, that an emissary had been sent to assassinate him.

One day Peter appeared in a small town in Missouri to receive a communication expected from his mother. What was his astonishment to see walking on the main street Nina Dimitrieff. The sight staggered him. Could it be possible that the girl he loved had been sent out to kill him? He banished the thought and ran toward her. Seeing him, she gave him a meaning glance and passed on.

Peter followed her and presently saw her drop a bit of paper. Picking it up, he read, "Meet me at 11 on the bridge." The town was on the bank of a small stream spanned by a single bridge. This fixed the place. At the hour appointed he went there. Nina soon appeared, and the two were clasped in an embrace.

Then Nina told her story. After his disappearance she had wormed the secret from his mother. But it was not till Mme. Trolenco told her that an emissary had been dispatched to kill him that Nina decided to join him in his exile. The immediate reason for her coming was to warn him against this person who had been described to his mother. Nina knew the man who was to assassinate the circle, but he did not know her. Indeed, she had seen him in the town that day.

What was to be done? Nina declared that she would remain with her lover, protect him so far as she might be able and die with him if she could not save him. The danger was imminent. Besides, if they left the town they would be followed. They talked together a long while, discussing various plans, and finally adopted one that bid fair to accomplish the desired result.

The stream flowing beneath them was a tributary to the Missouri river. Beyond the Missouri were the plains, then uncivilized. Arranging to meet at a point in Kansas, they separated. Peter descended the stream and reached the Missouri in the morning. There he found a boat tied to the shore. In the bow he placed a paper, on which he had written that, tired of being hunted for his life, he had decided to drown himself. Then taking off his outer clothing, which he left in the boat, he plunged into the river and after a hard struggle with its swift current succeeded in reaching the opposite shore.

The emissary who searched for his victim read an account of the supposed suicide and returned to Russia. Peter and Nina had succeeded in losing themselves to the world.

# Clearing Out Small Lots at Greatly Reduced Prices.

The sale includes all remnants and odd lots that have accumulated in our stock throughout the past season—small lots that remain from the season's selling including skirts, suits, coats, waists, dresses, dry goods, dress goods remnants, boys' suits, shoes, shirts, sample raincoats, etc. We offer you these goods at remarkably low prices, giving you the opportunity to purchase reasonable, wanted goods at substantial savings.

We list below a few of the many values that are offered.

## These Goods On Sale Friday Morning

### Dry Goods and Garment Department

- 8 1/2c for Fruit of the Loom, 10 to 20 yd. pieces.
- 7c for Bleached Cotton, 10 to 20 yd. pieces.
- 7 1/2c for Apron Gingham.
- 6c for 9c Toweling.
- 10c for yd.-wide Outings.
- 8c for 27-in. Outings.
- 39c for 50c Bungalow Aprons.
- 10c for Children's 15c Cotton Hose.
- 49c for Boys' 75c Wash Suits.
- 39c " 50c "
- 19c pr. for 25c Pillow Slips.
- 10c for 15c Pillow Casing.
- 25c for 69c Sport Hats.
- 25c for Children's \$1.00 Hats.
- 69c for \$1.25 Waists.
- \$1.48 for \$2.25 Tub Skirts.
- \$1.48 for \$1.98 Bathing Suits.
- 95c for \$1.25 Bathing Suits.
- 98c for Children's \$1.50 Dresses.
- 19c for Talcum Powder.
- 10c for 15c Toilet Soap.

- 89c for \$1.50 Summer Corsets.
- 29c for 50c Dressing Sacques.
- 49c for 75c Umbrellas.
- \$5.98 for \$7.50 Poplin Rain Coats.
- \$3.50 for \$5.50 Wool Skirts.
- \$2.98 for \$5 Wool Dresses.
- 69c for \$1.25 Long Kimonos.
- 39c for 89c "
- 69c for 85c Bags.
- 9c for 12c Gingham.
- 9c for 12c Percales.
- \$1.25 for \$2.50 Crepe Dresses.
- \$2.25 for \$4.50 Muslin Dresses.
- \$3.75 for \$7.50 Voile Dresses.
- \$1.98 for \$2.98 Rain Coats.
- \$4.98 for \$15 Silk Dresses.
- 65c for \$1 Muslin Underwear, slightly soiled.
- 95c for \$1.50 Muslin Underwear, slightly soiled.
- 98c for \$1.25 House Dresses.
- 45c for School Umbrellas.

### Men's and Boys' Department

- 59c for \$1 Soft Collar Shirts.
- 65c for \$1 Sport Shirts.
- \$1.95 for \$2.50 Dress Pants.
- 85c for \$1.25 Khaki Pants.
- 95c for \$1.50 Buck Gloves.
- 43c for 50c Work Shirts.
- 10c for 15c Cotton Hose.
- \$1.45 for \$2 Work Pants.
- \$9.00 for Men's \$12.00 Black Worsted Suits.
- \$2.50 for Men's \$3.50 Sweaters.
- 79c for Child's \$1 Sweaters.
- \$3.50 for Boys' \$4.50 Suits, extra Pants.
- \$2 for Men's \$3 Derby Hats.
- 59c for Boys' \$1 Soft Collar Shirts.
- 85c for Men's \$1 Union Suits.
- 98c for Bates-Street \$1.50 Shirts.
- 89c for \$1 Dress Shirts.
- 98c for \$1.25 Bathing Suits.
- \$12.50 for \$15 Blue Serge Suits.
- \$15 for \$18 "
- \$2.50 for Boys' \$3.50 Suits.
- 98c for Boys' \$1.25 Khaki Suits.

- 43c for Boys' 50c Khaki Pants.
- 98c for \$1.50 Rugs.
- 45c for School Umbrellas.
- 25c for Men's \$1 Leather Caps.
- \$1.59 for Men's \$2 Jerseys.
- 95c for Men's \$1.50 Felt Hats.
- 85c for \$1 Suit Cases.
- 75c for 85c Overalls.

### Shoe Department

- \$1.95 for Queen Quality \$3.50 Pumps and Oxfords.
- \$2.35 for \$3.50 Hand-sowed Boots, Lace.
- \$1.95 for Ladies \$2.50 Comfort Shoes.
- \$2.39 for Ladies' \$3.50 Rubber Heel Boots.
- 95c for \$1.50 Rubber Heel House Shoes.
- \$1.35 for \$2.50 Cloth Button Boots.
- 95c for Child's \$2 Educators.
- 69c for Child's 85c Shoes.
- \$2.45 for Men's \$3.50 Calf Shoes, sizes 7 1/2, 8, 8 1/2, 9.
- \$1.95 for Men's \$2.50 Calf Shoes.
- \$1.95 for Men's \$3 Work Shoes, black, plain toe, size 7 only.

98c For Men's and Ladies' \$1.50 Umbrellas.

**J. H. McLoud Co.**  
Barton, Vermont

\$3.50 For Men's \$5. Raincoats.

### DO YOUR VERY BEST.

Be Earnest and Thorough and You Are Bound to Succeed.

There is a feature of Dickens' character which cannot be too often or too seriously insisted upon, and that is his intense earnestness and thoroughness in everything he did. He said to me more than once:

"My dear boy, do everything at your best. If you do that neither I nor any one else can find fault with you, even if you fail. For myself, I can honestly say that I have taken as great pains with the smallest thing I ever did as with the biggest."

In giving advice to a young author he said on one occasion:

"If you want your public to believe in what you write you must believe in it yourself. When I am describing a scene I can as distinctly see what I am describing as I can see you now. So real are my characters to me that on one occasion I had fixed upon the course which one of them was to pursue. The character, however, got hold of me and made me do exactly the opposite to what I had intended, but I was so sure that he was right and I was wrong that I let him have his own way."

Whatever he did either in work or at play he always gave of his very best. He hated slackness or half-heartedness in any shape or form.—Harper's Weekly.

### ODDITIES OF VISION.

Peculiar Optical Effects and the Yellow Spot in the Eye.

If one places a pinhead up close to and directly in front of the eye the head of the pin appears transparent and things may be seen as easily through it as through a sheet of isinglass, the head appearing simply as a large round cloud. If it is placed somewhat closer no pin or head can be seen at all.

If one goes into a very dark room and puts a lighted candle near the side of one eye very pretty and peculiar effects are observed. A tracery, forming a regular network, can be easily detected, and this is merely the shadow thrown by the candle on the retina of the eye of the small capillary blood vessels between the retina and the cornea.

If one looks to the side of a dim star in the heavens the star appears a great deal brighter than direct vision makes it appear. This is because the light in the direct view falls on what is known as the "yellow spot" or point of keenest vision. As this is not put directly behind the front of the eye the side glance is necessary. Some people can see stars that way that they cannot perceive at all on direct vision.—Pittsburgh Courier.

### NEWPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN

A 27-day escorted party to California Oct. 11. All expense plan. Write Don C. Stiles, St. Johnsbury, experienced escort.

Percy E. Fee and Miss Hazel Ball, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Ball, were married at the home of the bride on Tuesday evening, August 17, in the presence of a few relatives and friends. Mr. Fee has for some years worked in the railroad yard office and Miss Ball has been in the employ of Bigelow's pharmacy. Both are clean, upright young people with a large circle of friends, who wish them joy and happiness. They left on the midnight for Old Orchard, Me., where they are to spend their honeymoon.

### WEST DERBY

Rev. C. A. Boyd of Burlington will preach in the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening, Aug. 29, in the morning at 10.45 and evening at 7 o'clock. Those who have heard Mr. Boyd at the different association meetings speak very highly of him. Plan to hear him as he is a very able speaker. Special music. Also he will give a talk to the Sunday school during the Sunday school hour. Every teacher and scholar is urgently requested to make it a point to be there and hear him as it will be very helpful to all. Teachers please try and have every member of your class present.

### Party to California.

Don C. Stiles of St. Johnsbury is arranging another of his popular tours to California and the exposition with stops at Grand Canyon, San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs, Manitou Springs, Chicago and Niagara Falls. Tickets from \$239.75 covering every necessary expense. Particulars for the asking.

### DECISION AND ENERGY.

For success in life it is essential that there should be a fixedness of purpose as to the object and designs to be attained. There should be a clear conception of the outlines of that character which is to be established. The business of life, in whatever pursuit it may be directed, is a great work. And in this, as in all other undertakings, it is important in the outset to have a clear conception of what is to be done. This is the first thing to be settled. The only rule for determining this is natural ability and natural aptitude or suitability selected. The decision in such case should always be governed by that ideal of character which a man with high aspirations should always form for himself.—Alexander Stephens.

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