Essex County Herald.

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Style ÷ and ÷ Worth.

Nothing ever attempted in clothing construction approaches our line for fall and winter wear in character and workmanship. Distinct features and handsome patterns abound, and all the refinement of quality.

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PRICES $8.50 to $15.00

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All sizes to fit all men. Stouts, Slims and Regulars. PRICE $12.00. The suit that has made our store famous.

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"Bostonettes," strong and comprehensive showing of the new patterns and fabrics—garments that are absolutely wind, water and moth proof—splendid fitting and suitable for traveling or to wear in connection with evening suit.

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ISLAND POND, VERMONT.

Mr. Mousoud

By HOWARD FIELDING

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IT had been a bad Saturday for Billy Allenwood. Somebody didn't come downtown that day. Somebody else, a bookkeeping creature for the other, had no authority to advance money on unfinished serial stories. Billy made the rounds, but there was no money anywhere, and when he went to take Dorothy Vincent to dinner he had only $5 in his pocket.

Dorothy was an orphan and an heiress. She received a check on the first of every month, but, though there are few characters so strong as not to be affected by security and regularity of income, Dorothy remained a good bohemian and as reckless with money as you could wish your dearest friend to be. She reveled in rich and dainty fabrics, which she transformed by her own art and labor into the most bewitching garments. On this particular evening she wore a tenderly exquisite creation in a gray tone, and carried a little gray purse which contained her all, the sum of 35 cents. This purse was intrusted to Billy's care.

A strange subject of discussion occupied them at dinner and on the way to Dorothy's house. Billy had an opportunity to join with two other men in starting a magazine, of which he was to be editor, but they stipulated that he should contribute $1,500 to the capital. Impossibility is not defined in any dictionary so adequately as by that statement. Billy could not have raised 1,500 cranberries at a dollar a bushel, but Dorothy could raise dollars, and she insisted that she should be permitted to disturb her dowager parsimony to the extent required and become a partner in the enterprise. She would lend the money to Billy and go shares with him. To him, however, her little fortune was the only redeeming feature of a world otherwise disordered beyond the power of language to describe. He knew what miseries she thus escaped—few men know better than Billy—and he would sooner have disturbed the law of gravitation which holds us to the world than have dislodged the anchor of Dorothy's safety.

He was telling her so in very eloquent language as they strolled along when they were suddenly aware of a flurry in the throng and the quick gathering of a crowd. A man had fallen from the platform of a crowded car and now sat on the curbstone, dazed and bleeding. It seemed that there had been an attempt to pick his pocket and that the thief, detected, had pushed his intended victim to the street. As usual, the car had gone on, leaving only the most contradictory rumors in its wake.

The man was under middle age and of a very prosperous appearance, a gentleman evidently, for he showed himself superior to his mishap, even though it had bereft him of a good share of his consciousness. Before any one had raised a hand to help him he got upon his feet with a certain dignity, though the dullness of his eyes showed that his wits were whirling. He found a cardcase in his pocket, after somnambulous fumbling; gave a card to a cabman, and when the door

SAT ON THE CURBSTONE, DAZED AND BLEEDING.

of the vehicle had been opened got in unassisted. Cabby mounted to the box and drove away.

It was only a few blocks from that spot to Dorothy's house. At the door he said, "You have my purse, Billy."

But, alas, he hadn't it.

"Never mind," said she cheerily. "There was next to nothing in it. Good night."

Billy said "Good night" and walked down the street.

"I must have dropped it where that fellow was hurt," said he to himself, and the recollection that the purse was gray, the tint of asphalt paving, gave him absurd encouragement. So he returned to the scene of the accident, praying for a miracle, but he did not find the purse. Instead, he found a sealed envelope, set up against the curb as if by design and most excellently placed to avoid observation. There was nothing either printed or written upon the envelope except this:

Mr Mousoud

Billy held it as almost a certainty but this was a note which had been dropped by the man who had been hurt. Probably it had been dislodged from his pocket when he fell and had remained concealed in his clothing while he dragged himself to the curb. So far as Billy could judge, it was precisely in the right spot to fit this hypothesis. He put the note into his pocket and the loss incident had forgotten it.

Sunday's papers contained no mention of the accident to Mr. Mousoud. The city directory did not contain his name. In Monday morning's papers Billy placed a small advertisement among the "Lost and Found," but there was no response. All inquiries failed, and in the course of the week Billy put the note away in a drawer of his writing table and forgot it. Far more pressing matters claimed his attention. Dorothy was called to her home in the west, and a harrowing fear persuaded Billy that, despite the positive assurance that he had laid upon her, she had gone to get money for the magazine. Meanwhile the scheme boiled.

One Afternoon, following a conference upon the all important topic, Billy returned to his home so crammed with enthusiasm that, happening to find the lean, old serving maid dusting his room, he begins to deliver an oration to her on the subject of magazine publication. His eloquence produced an unexpected effect, for the woman became wildly excited and finally fell to the floor in a sort of fit. Then Billy ran for the landlady, with whose assistance he carried the hysterical servant to her room.

Returning to his own place after this unusual exercise he sat down to reflect upon the strange happenings that had recently varied the monotony of his existence and was presently confronted by one that overtopped the others—indeed everything he could remember to have seen outside of dreamland. There was upon the desk a paperweight of painted porcelain, a Christmas present from Dorothy and very dear to his heart. Protruding from beneath it he now beheld something green, and this green substance proved to be four bank notes, each of the denomination of $500.

"Dear, dear little girl," he said aloud, and the tears welled into his eyes. This was not money any more, it was her love, and he laid down his head on these poor counters in the pretty game of trade and kissed them.

Presently he arose, put the money into his safest pocket and strode away to Dorothy's house, where he was informed that Miss Vincent had not yet returned to town. Billy knew better. He perceived a trick and instantly formulated one of his own. He telegraphed to Dorothy in the west (though he knew she wasn't there) as follows:

I can't take it, Dorothy, but you're the greatest girl in the world.

In the early evening came this reply:

You must. But how did you find out about it? DOROTHY.

To which he responded:

I have the money and will hold it for you. I cannot use it as you wish.

At 1 o'clock in the morning the doorbell clanged, and Billy received this telegram:

Impossible. Did not mail check till today. Can't understand what you mean. DOROTHY.

Billy had not money enough to continue this correspondence by wire without breaking one of the $500 bills, so he wrote a long letter which he mailed about daybreak, and by the last delivery that afternoon he received Dorothy's letter, full of subtle persuasion and inclosing her check for $1,500. Three days later came Dorothy herself, and in the thrilling conversation which ensued she denied in the most explicit manner all knowledge of the larger sum.

It will be remembered that Louis XI. of France had many solemn forms of adjuration, only one of which he held to be binding, and he would never tell which of them it was. Few men have been so clever as Louis, but nearly all women are. Protestation with mental reservation is the natural weapon of the sex. As a student of human nature Billy Allenwood knew this, and, though he held Dorothy to be the flawless pearl of womanhood, he still could not free his mind of the notion that the four big bank notes had once been hers. It was therefore with an indefinable disfavor, a sense of something gone from his own soul, that he at last paid down the $2,000 into the capital of the great scheme.

The $1,500 which was confessedly Dorothy's was placed in bank, but in the early days, when the scheme seemed surely winning, Billy lost his balance wheel, veered to the delusion that he had foolishly shut Dorothy out from the greatest opportunity of her life and at last permitted her to invest her money. Then came the later days, the days of disappointment, of expenses marvelously swollen and receipts miraculously shrunk.

On the blackest of black days, when Billy had left the office merely to get away from it and but because his work was done, he was aware of a remembered face in the crowd, and a name leaped into his mind.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he. "Are you Mr. Mousoud?"

"No," replied the stranger, with a touch of excellent courtesy even in so small a matter.

"I happened to be present when you met with an accident two or three months ago," said Billy, "and afterward I found a letter on the spot," and he described the occurrence.

"It was mine," said the other, who seemed surprised and even more amused. "May I ask what has become of it?"

"I have it at my rooms," answered Billy. "Would you care to come with me and get it?"

"If you were on your way there, yes," said he.

There followed an introduction whereby it appeared that this man was Julian Winser, president of the old Livingstone bank, in which position he had recently succeeded his father, as Billy knew from newspaper reports. Bankers were not popular with Billy just then, for the officials of the bank where the magazine kept its dwindling account had turned a deaf ear to all pleas for accommodation. Yet Mr. Winser seemed a very decent fellow, despite his occupation.

When they came to Billy's room he could not at first remember where he had put the Mousoud envelope, and it

"WE KNOW THAT YOU OPENED THIS ENVELOPE."

was by accident that he found it in a drawer which he had not opened since it was put away.

The envelope had been torn and was empty.

Dazed and ashamed, Billy laid it upon the desk without a word, and the two men looked into each other's eyes a moment.

"You have no idea who did this?" said Winser.

Billy shook his head.

"What was in it?" he asked with the dull manner of a discouraged man, and he made a vain search of the drawer.

Winser had not replied. He was bending over the envelope and smiling.

"There is a strange thing about my penmanship," said he at last. "It is always legible, but usually not in the right way. Yes; that's Mr. Mousoud sure enough, but when I wrote it I supposed that it was 'two thousand.'"

The breath went out of Billy in a gasp. He took the envelope out of Winser's hand and stared at the writing.

"Two thousand? Not two thousand dollars?"

"Yes," responded Winser. "I put the money into an envelope and wrote the amount on the outside because I had another—two others, in fact, with different sums."

"I found $2,000 on this desk," said Billy, "and I've lost it."

"Lost it?"

"In a weekly magazine—Truth. Probably you haven't seen a copy. It's a failure."

"You surprise me. It certainly looks promising. Did you invest my money?"

"Yes, sir," with the whole story, and it seemed to him like a lie, but Winser gave no sign of disbelief.

"Of course I should not have used the money without knowing where it came from," said he in conclusion. "But I persuaded myself that somebody had been my good angel. There are two or three men in this city who have been friends of mine in college and are now very rich. Miss Vincent had often heard me speak of them, and I think she knew that the accountancy had been entirely broken off because of the difference of our circumstances. She might have found means to communicate but need no one of them. The thought was wild, but an extraordinary act seemed to deserve a little dreaming. Of course I never connected this money with the Mousoud letter, which I had practically forgotten."

"No matter," said Winser. "Just have been left on your desk that afternoon when you found it. How did you leave here?"

"I questioned the servant as soon as she was well. She said that a man had called for me twice, but she described a poor devil of an artist—a friend of mine who had been here before. He wasn't the man, however."

Winser took some seconds for reflection and then said:

"I am a good questioner. May I see this servant?"

"Certainly," said Billy, and he rang the bell.

The meager servitor answered the summons promptly.

"Madam," said Winser, "we know that you opened this envelope and took out the money and put a part of it under that paperweight. What did you do with the rest of it?"

She stood rigid for an instant, facing Winser, and then turned to Billy in a blaze of wrath.

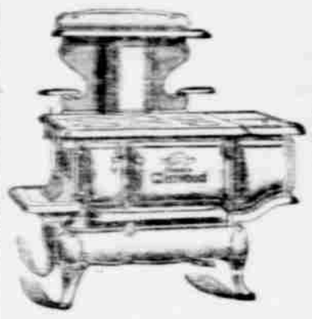
"You lie!" she screamed. "You got it—all of it. I never got nothin', and you know it. You came in here that day, and I never was out of the room till you came. That's the truth, and I don't care what you say. The money was in my hand, and I put it on the desk, and you took it, and"—

"That is all that we require," said Winser, and with Billy's help he succeeded in persuading the woman that she was charged with no crime.

"And now, Mr. Allenwood," he resumed when they were alone, "we have cleared up this simple mystery, and the matter stands between us two alone. It seems that I am in a sense a partner in Truth, a very excellent magazine to read, but not to own, as I judge from what you have said. May I venture to intrude a little further into its affairs?"

Billy gave a clear statement of the condition of the magazine, and this was the first of several conferences between them. The final result was that Winser agreed to loan a certain sum of money, with the proviso that he should name a new business manager. What share of the ultimate success of Truth should be credited to Winser's acquaintance and what share to his financial backing I would not wish to decide, but the magazine is a great property today, as everybody knows. The shares held by Allenwood and Miss Vincent are worth a good deal of money, and there are salaries as well as profits. Those interests were recently consolidated by the marriage of the parties, and one of the most prized and most valuable of the wedding presents was from Julian Winser, who assumed for that occasion the name of "Mr. Mousoud."

A Sure Oven That's why the



Glenwood

"Makes Cooking Easy"

FOSS & COMPANY, ISLAND POND.

Your old range taken in exchange.

How to Make Hens Lay in Winter.

[illegible] agree that eggs are going [illegible] this winter. Every [illegible] who therefore will doubtless [illegible] the following letter [illegible] & Co., So. Stratford, [illegible] how to make hens [illegible] Here it is: "We have [illegible] Poultry Food' [illegible] satisfaction; as all [illegible] for more, saying that [illegible] wanted to keep hens [illegible] when they are bringing [illegible]"

MAINE HUNTING SEASON

Good Sport Promised In the Big Game Country.

DEER ARE MORE BOLD BOTH NUMEROUS

Bears Also Seem to Have Greatly Increased In Numbers—Three Chief Regions Where Deer Abound Most. Hunters Leave About $1,[illegible] in the State Each Season.

[illegible] season for shooting deer [illegible] recently opened, con[illegible] till Dec. 15, says a Ban[illegible] of the New York [illegible] season opens Oct [illegible] until Dec. 1. Hun[illegible] not a few women [illegible] from other states [illegible] the hunting season. [illegible] all parts of the big [illegible] that deer and moose [illegible] bears seemed to [illegible] in numbers. [illegible] at least one year old [illegible] constitute the legal al[illegible] allowed to each hunter [illegible] is actually protected [illegible] in Maine. The [illegible] killing of deer is $40 [illegible] so killed, for illegal [illegible] a fine of $500 or $1,000 [illegible] imprisonment for each [illegible] must pay a $15 [illegible] the privilege of hunting [illegible] ship their legal [illegible] the state and need [illegible] it if the game bears [illegible] detached from the h[illegible]

[illegible] have been killed or [illegible] gunners in the [illegible] legislature has enacted [illegible] in a hunting trip or in [illegible] game birds [illegible] and [illegible] human being shall [illegible] not exceeding [illegible] of the game law are be[illegible] and more numerous ev[illegible] the wardens are kept on [illegible] rounding up poachers of all classes. There are four classes of poachers. First there is the man who shoots merely for the sake of killing something, it matters not what. It may be a bird or a squirrel or just as likely a cow moose or deer, and the wanton killer often leaves his game to rot where it falls. Then there is the hide hunter, who kills hundreds of moose and deer in season and our supply for their hides. The hide hunters do most of their killing in the far North woods along the Canadian border, and it is difficult and expensive to catch them.

A third class is composed of trappers who kill deer or moose for meat to bait their traps with. Then come the so called summer hunters, who live in the woods all through the fishing season and subsist largely upon deer meat. It is also claimed that the lumbermen kill many deer every winter to supply the camp tables with fresh meat, but as a rule this killing is exaggerated. Most loggers care little for venison, preferring the pork and beef which are now supplied plentifully by the lumber operators.

How many deer has Maine? That is a question which no man can answer positively, although the lamented Jack Darling of Enfield, long regarded as king of Maine woodsmen, used to say that 100,000 deer roamed the forests of this state.

How many are killed annually? That is another question difficult to answer with much accuracy, although there is some basis for estimate. Deer are to be found in nearly all of the 16 counties of the state, but there are three principal regions where they most abound—first and most important, the great region north of Bangor, around the Penobscot river and Moosehead lake; second, the coast counties of Washington and Hancock, and, third, the Rangeley lake region.

Since the construction of the railroad from Bangor into the great North woods an accurate account has been kept of the game shipped out of that region by rail. Last year the number of moose thus transported was 210 and of deer 4,701. Some authorities estimate that not more than one-half the game killed is sent out by rail, the remainder being eaten in the woods, wasted or transported by native hunters to their homes by other means of conveyance.

Assuming that this is a fair estimate, then in the region north of Bangor about 10,000 deer were killed last season, and, allowing an equal number for all other parts of the state combined, the total kill would be about 20,000. As for moose, few of these animals were killed outside of the Penobscot and Moosehead regions, although some handsome specimens are taken at Rangeley, and the total number killed last year in Maine probably did not exceed 300—that is, the number legally killed, for there is no way of finding out the extent of the slaughter by poachers in the far north.

What is Maine's revenue from the big game? That is another question upon which there is a divergence of opinion and a wide range of estimate. The amount of money spent in the state by fishermen and hunters has been estimated as high as $2,000,000 annually, undoubtedly a gross exaggeration. It is generally estimated that the nonresidents spend $100 on an average for every deer they kill and $500 for every moose, and the number of visitors is set at 10,000 annually. Altogether it is quite probably that visiting hunters leave about $1,000,000 in Maine every season.

The Best Poultry Food.

Opinions vary as to what is best in every line. The best Poultry Food is the one that gives best results. T. W. Slight, Haverhill, N. H., expresses his opinion in the following letter. "I am pleased to say that 'Page's Perfected Poultry Food' is the best Poultry Food that has come under my observation. It is an excellent seller."

CHURCH "TYING BEE."

Dekalb Young People Sell Old Papers and Magazines For Charity.

The town of Dekalb, Ill., has a church that handles old newspapers and magazines to enrich its treasury for charitable and other purposes, says the Chicago News. The pastor, the Rev. George H. Wilson, originated the idea. He asked the church people to save all of their old reading matter and to search the house from basement to attic for the accumulations of years. The papers and magazines are then collected and stored in a big shed in the churchyard.

This custom resulted in a happy gathering of young people called a "tying bee," and it is believed to be a strategy of Dan Cupid, for, as one of the incidents of the festivities, the pastor soon may have several jobs of tying matrimonial knots. At stated intervals the young men and women of the congregation meet in the back yard of the church and proceed to tie up the great piles of newspapers and magazines that have been hoarded.

A local factory in Dekalb receives a great number of parcels tied up with stout cord. The factory people do not save this twine, but cut it off the parcels and then throw the pieces into a barrel. The boys and girls of the Rev. Mr. Wilson's church untie the knots and take out the tangles, and with the cord they tie up the bundles of newspapers.

When the church collects a carload of paper it is sent to Chicago. The papers bring 20 cents a hundred pounds and the magazines more. The church expects to realize $60 from a single carload, and the money will be spent where it will do the most good. All the pictures in the magazines are sold at the rate of 1 cent for the output of each magazine, a portrait collector of Dekalb contracting to take them.

One Kitchen to a Block.

A co-operative kitchen in the middle of every block to serve all the residents of that block is the latest solution offered for the eternal problem that faces every housekeeper, says a New York correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch. The plan seems feasible in view of the fact that the new Art club studios have a kitchen in common for the use of a small army of students who occupy bachelor apartments. It has been suggested by economists that a large kitchen be established in every block and that the place be under the direction of a chef, with several assistants. The housewife could take her food there to be cooked, thus saving the price of fuel and keeping the house free from the odor of cookery, and besides, in many cases, dispensing with the cost of dyspepsia tablets and pepsin.

Pockets For Women's Dresses.

Women who have for years been martyrs to fashion's prohibition of the pocket will hear with delight the news that it is to be restored this autumn by the arbiters of the mode, says a special cable dispatch from London to the Boston Herald. The opportunity to reinstate the pocket in its old place or inside the left hand seam of the skirt at the back is afforded by the return to second empire modes. By this is implied a very wide skirt hanging in folds which are convenient for the insertion of a capacious pocket. It was the cel tight skirt that deposed the pocket and drove women to carry wrist bags, which have proved a perfect treasure trove to street thieves.

Bauer's Laxyne Quinine Tablets!

The best remedy for Colds, Headache and Grippe. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Price 25 cents at John W. Thurston's drug store.