

After Many Days

By ROBERT COOKE BICKNELL. Copyright, Paget Newspaper Service.

Through the fields, fast browned under the October sun, a boy of fifteen trudged despondently. A light rifle of the muzzle-loading type was across his shoulder, a string of squirrels trailed behind.

Reaching the fence by the roadside, he climbed upon the topmost rail and, on this precarious perch, proceeded to charge his piece anew. A thimbleful of black powder first, the last charge of a half pound that had cost three dollars in Confederate money at the country store.

"You will need to study, too," his father had told him, after the day's rest from the journey was over, "and all my anatomical specimens were destroyed in the fire which the tramps following Sherman's army kindled in my office about the time you went away."

"With all the skeletons lying scattered throughout the country just now it should be easy to find one for your study," he added, a little grimly. "I kin gib him a Yankee's skull, of dat will do," said an old darkey, who had remained faithfully with the old doctor during all these years, and who, from having associated with them, as it were, in the doctor's office, had lost much of the darkey's fear of skeletons.

"And where did you get such a thing?" asked the young man. "I foun' hit in de woods by de big road jist beyan' de house, more'n a year ago," the darkey explained, and in spite of his added years, and the time which had elapsed, the young man felt some of the dread which had so oppressed him on the day before his departure, five years before.

"Bring it to me, then," he said shortly, and in a few minutes he held in his hands a skull, bleached on one side and stained on the other, showing that it had lain upon the ground, the upper side exposed to the sun. In one of the bones of the left side, just behind the opening for the ear, was a small, round hole; on the other side was no corresponding opening.

"Must be inside," he muttered to himself, "or may have dropped out." With a small chisel he pried off the fan-shaped temporal bone from the left side, the interlocking sutures resisting strongly the efforts of his nervous hands. Finally it was released from the tenacious grasp of the last stubborn serration, and turning the skull so that the light fell full on the opposite side of the interior, he saw, wedged into the inter table of that part of the skull nearly corresponding to the right temple, a small, flattened bullet, and plainly to be seen on its surface was a little laureled crown.

When all had gone and he was concluding that he might safely descend, two men in nondescript garb—camp followers evidently—came slouching along and paused in the shade of the very tree in which the boy was hiding. "It was about here somewhere," one of the men was saying, "A farmhouse near the road, a likely looking bay colt grazing in the lot and a pretty woman on the porch," and he looked meaningfully at the other and laughed—a harsh, sneering laugh.

The boy grasped the little rifle tightly and his face flushed hotly. What right had these rough men to mention thus his mother—his modest dainty mother? For his home was the only house near the road for miles, and his own bay colt was loosed in the lot by the house, while mother habitually sat in the mornings on the wide porch fronting the road.

Without having said more, the men moved on, but the boy had heard enough. As soon as the men were out of sight he dropped down and hurried, by a way he well knew, which would bring him to the back of the house. He had need to hurry, for the men were already at the house when he came up.

One had skillfully caught the horse and was in the act of fastening a saddle on his back, while the other, the spokesman under the tree, was bowing low in mock courtesy before the boy's mother, who stood in the doorway, pale and frightened, but resolutely barring the way to the ruffian who was seeking to enter the house. "With your kind permission," he was saying, "we will dine with you today. Then we will take a look at the silver, and surely so fair a lady—"

he broke off, to take a leering look into her face, stooping slightly, which proceeding the lady so resented that she gave him a slap fair on his cheek that turned him half round.

At this instant the boy vaulted the fence and cried "Mother!" raising his rifle as he lighted his feet. The man, seeing this, ran, and with one bound, landed astride the astonished horse behind his comrade, who was already mounted in the saddle. The horse was moving briskly by this time, and the two were almost around the corner of a little wood when the boy reached the front of the house, without hesitating, however, he took aim at the man behind and fired. As the horse turned the corner, the boy saw the two men leaped far over—the one in front supporting his companion. Turning, he was just in time to catch his mother, who fell, fainting, in his arms. When she regained consciousness, a few moments afterward, the boy was sobbing violently.

"I am all right now, my boy," she said patting his cheek as he bent over her. "But it isn't only that," he said, between sobs, "I am afraid I killed the man." So much did he dread the confirmation of his fear that he certainly avoided going near the corner of the wood around which the men had disappeared.

The next day they went away to the north, he and his mother, and before they returned, five years had passed. The war was over, and the period of reconstruction was well nigh passed. Realizing the needs of the prostrate south, the boy, now a young man of twenty, had come, after only one term at the medical college, to practice for a year or two under his father's tuition, while he accumulated sufficient money to defray the expenses of another year at college—a common custom in those days.

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A crisis consists of two main parts—the flare up and the dwindle down. There is one grocery store in every 300 inhabitants of this country.

B. I. AND WHITLOCK



Brand Whitlock, American minister to Belgium, is confined to his bed, his illness being due in large part to the strain to which he has been subjected as mediator between Belgians and Germans.

BOSTONS WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES

Red Sox Defeat Phillies in Fifth Game, Making Four Straights for Boston; Three Home Runs Scored.

Philadelphia, Oct. 14.—In a game featured by four home runs the Boston Red Sox won the championship of the world, defeating the Philadelphia National league team in the fifth game of the title series by a score of 5 to 4.

The Red Sox repeated the victory of 1912, when they won the championship of the New York Giants. Tuesday's game was the longest of this year's series and also was marked by the heaviest hitting, 19 being registered by the two teams. It was a thrilling battle, first one and then the other being in the lead.

The Phillies went after George Foster, the Red Sox twirler, in the first inning, scoring two runs. The Red Sox got a run in the second after two men were out, and in the third inning tied the score.

The Phillies again forged to the front in the fourth inning. After Cravath had fanned, Luderus drove one over the right field wall for a home run, the drive being the longest hit ever made in the Phillies' park. Whitted then fied out. Niehoff and Burns singled, and when Hooper threw wild Niehoff came home with the second run. The Red Sox came back in the eighth and tied up the score, Gainer, the first man up, beating out an infield tap. Lewis then hit into the right field bleachers for the third home run of the day, scoring Gainer ahead of him. In the ninth inning Hooper made another home run. The score:

Score table showing runs, hits, and errors for both teams across multiple innings.

Two-base hit—Luderus. Three-base hit—Gainer. Home runs—Hooper 2, Luderus, Lewis. Bases on balls—Off Foster 2, off Rixey 2. Struck out—By Foster 5, by Rixey 2. Double plays—Foster, Thomas, Hobbitzel; Bancroft, Niehoff, Luderus. Hit by pitcher—By Foster (Stock, Luderus), by Rixey (Hooper). 2 runs, 4 hits off Foster in 2-3 innings. Umpires—Klem, O'Loughlin, Evans and Rigler. Attendance, 20,306.

Total attendance, 142,345. Total receipts, \$21,260.50. Commission's share, \$32,126.05. Each club's share, \$11,712.90. Share of each player on Boston team, \$2,759.88. Share of each player on Philadelphia team, \$2,519.92.

Mayor Not Guilty of Vote Fraud. Indianapolis, Oct. 14.—Mayor Joseph E. Bell of this city was found not guilty of a charge of conspiring to corrupt Marion county elections. Bell's acquittal came at the end of a five-week trial, in which the mayor was the only witness in his own defense. The state called more than 100 witnesses.

Referendum is Blocked. Youngstown, O., Oct. 14.—Common Pleas Judge Barnum threw out a petition asking that City Auditor Jones be compelled to certify to the board of elections referendum petitions asking a vote on the 10-year franchise granted by city council to the East Ohio Gas Co.

Will Not Be Taken Back. Philadelphia, Oct. 14.—Prof. Scott Nearing won't be taken back by University of Pennsylvania trustees. Nearing, fired because of frank comments on socialism, was not dismissed in an attempt to limit freedom of speech, the trustees said.

Preacher Was Laid Up. Rev. C. M. Knighton, Havana, Fla., writes: "For three months I suffered intense pain in the kidneys and back which at times laid me up entirely. I used 1 1/2 bottles of Foley Kidney Pills and all the pain disappeared. I feel as if 20 years had been added to my life." Relieves rheumatism, backache, sore muscles, stiff joints. F. A. Morris, Canfield, Adv.

You never can tell. Many a man who boasts that he never made a mistake in his life is still young enough to get married.

In the Moon

What do you see in the moon, little one, Up in the sky so high? Do you see a man with a twinkle of fun Shining bright from his silvery eye? What do you see in the moon, my child, Keeping watch over all the earth? Do you see a rabbit, a rabbit wild, That excites your childish mirth?

Do you see in the moon as it hangs on high A mysterious lady fair, Who combs and combs, without a sigh, Her wonderful golden hair?

Now look at the moon again, my dear, When it's round and clear and gold, And you'll see a mother bend over her babe As it did in the days of old.



The Kid—Say, mister, do yer honestly think the ice is slippery enough for skatin'?

Seemed Too Familiar. Mr. Peet, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself from being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally summoning courage he bashfully but earnestly remonstrated:

"Oh, don't call me Peters; call me Pete!"

"Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she playfully withdrew behind her fan.

Gallant

John D. Rockefeller Jr. tells a story of his father. "Father tells many stories. Sometimes he tells a new one. Not long ago he related one to me that concerned a man who had imbibed rather too freely. The man, in this condition, fell into a watering trough. To the officer who came to help him out as he wallowed in the water he said: "Officer, ken save self. You save woman an' children."

An Embarrassing Question

A young minister, unexpectedly called upon to address a Sunday school asked, to gain time: "Children, what shall I speak about?"

A little girl on the front seat, who was in the habit of reciting at entertainments, had committed to memory several declamations, so that she was always prepared for any occasion. Sympathy and interest shone in her face as she held up her hand and in a shrill voice inquired: "What do you know best?"

A Diseased Brain

Miss Keen—"Too bad that your friend Algy has brain trouble. Are they doing anything about it?" Cholly—"They can't locate it, you know." Miss Keen—"Which, the brain or the trouble?"

Misjudged Him

"You ought to typewrite your poetry," said the harsh editor. "Gret Scott!" replied Mr. Penwidge. "If I were expert enough to do you that kind of typewriting, do you think I'd be putting in my time on poetry?"

He Wasn't Sure

"Won't you be very, very happy when your sentence is over?" cheerfully asked a woman of a convict in prison. "I dunno, ma'am, I dun'no," gloomily answered the man. "You don't know?" asked the woman, amazed, "why not?" "I'm in for life."

A Particular Job

New Foreman—"What are yo doin' there, Rafferty?" Rafferty—"I'm ollin' the wheelbarrow." New Foreman—"Well, lave it alone. I'll do it meself. What do you know about machinery?"

A Serious Case

Wife—"You must send me away for my health at once. I am going into a decline." Husband—"My! My! What makes you think so?" Wife—"All my dresses are begin'ning to feel comfortable."

The Mighty Pen

Ethel—"Do you really believe the pen is mightier than the sword?" Jack—"Well, you never saw anybody sign a check with a sword, did you?"

ATTENTION SHIPPERS

There is an exhibition in the Canfield post office a number of mailing boxes of various kinds and sizes, suitable for mailing butter, eggs and other produce with safety. The boxes will be shown and makers name furnished any persons interested. C. O. FOWLER, Postmaster.

If you have a friend you may lean on him, but if you have an enemy he makes you self-reliant. Read Harp of Various Things column.

Where Fashion Reigns

A Large Assortment of Newly Arrived FUR TRIMMED SUITS at \$25, \$29.75, \$35

We are ready to show fully 30 new styles in fur trimmed suits at the above prices. The materials are Fine Chiffon Broadcloth, Imported Gabardines, New Whipcords and Handsome Velvets. The majority of the new suits are fur trimmed, but some have trimmings of velvet, silk braid and novelty buttons. Come as soon as you can, for the earlier you select your suit, the more use you will have of it this season. Styles are set and are guaranteed. Sizes for women and misses.

A Vast Assortment of Novelty Coats

Dozens of New Coats have just arrived, designs which forecast the mid-winter styles. Materials are Broadcloths, Plushes, Corduroys and Novelty Cloths. Many fur trimmed. Guaranteed linings. Sizes up to 44. \$25

Advertisement for Stegell's clothing store, 122 W. Federal St., Youngstown, Ohio. Lists prices for New Plaid Blouses at \$3.95.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

- EDWIN R. ZIEGLER, Attorney at Law, 706 Wick Building, Youngstown, Ohio. HARRY A. ERNST, Attorney at Law, 512 Elm Block, 5 East Federal St., Youngstown, O. JOHN B. MORGAN, Attorney at Law, 1104 Mahoning Bank Bldg., Youngstown, Ohio. DR. J. I. McMillan, Dentist, Room 405 Mahoning Bank Building, Youngstown, O. Both telephones. R. A. BEARD, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, 503 Mahoning Bank Bldg., Youngstown, Ohio. C. C. FOWLER, D. E. FOWLER, NOTARIES PUBLIC, Canfield, Ohio. Telephone: Office, 48; Residence 56. GLEN BERTOLETTE, contractor for plastering and cementing. Estimate cheerfully given. Col. Co. Phone 108-14 Columbiana, O. D. Campbell, Carl H. Campbell, CAMPBELL & SON, Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence east side of Broad street, Canfield, Ohio. Telephone 48. W. R. STEWART, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Diamond Block, Youngstown, Ohio. Practices in all courts and before all the departments in Washington, D. C. DR. A. C. TIDD, 804 Mahoning Bank Bldg., Youngstown, O. Diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses fitted. Hours: 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. except Sundays. Evening by appointment. New phone 233-R; Bell phone 535. C. H. BARKER, Attorney at Law. All business attended to with care. Farmers' business receives my best attention. Residence, Maplecroft Station on the Youngstown & Southern R. O. address North Lima, O. Bell phone, Count 364. Beaver phone 223.

MOTHER'S PANTRY SHELF

I wish I were a boy again, That I might help myself To all the things I used to see On mother's pantry shelf. So many good things hidden there Just suited to my taste— To take a bite of this or that I often was in haste. I'd help myself to her mince pies, All raisins and much spice. They used to be so lapping good I'd want a generous slice. I'd help myself to doughnuts, too. The kind she used to make. To cookies from her cooky-jar, To lovely pink frost cake. I'd taste again her marmalade, Her jellies and her jam That stood upon the highest shelf Just to the reach of man. There were so many kinds of tarts Right near the pantry door, Filled with every sort of jell And many good things more. I wish I were a boy again, Just for the fun of it, To look inside that pantry door And eat a little bit. I wish I were a boy again That I might help myself To all the pies and cakes and things On mother's pantry shelf. —Boston Globe.

OCTOBER.

The reign of endless color has begun. The trees are lovely as the flowers of spring; The softer, richer autumn tints they bring To catch the mellowed radiance of the sun, Upon the streams' clear waters as The woods a many-colored mantle fling; From forest slope the shouts of laughter ring As groups of children gather one by one. The orchard trees hang heavy with their load, Till eager hand shall shake their burden down And heap the baskets high with autumn's store. The thrifty squirrel seeks out some snug abode, Where he may safely hide his harvest brown And dwell secure till winter days are o'er. —Victor Buchanan.

LEGAL NOTICE

The State of Ohio, Mahoning County, ss.—In the Court of Common Pleas, Annie Goodson, Plaintiff, vs. Charles Goodson, Defendant. Charles Goodson, whose place of residence is unknown, will take notice that on the 15th day of September, 1915, his wife, Annie Goodson, filed her petition in the Court of Common Pleas, Mahoning County, Ohio, being cause No. 35131, praying for a divorce from said Charles Goodson on the grounds of willful absence for more than three years last past, and for restoration of her maiden name. Said cause will be for hearing on and after October 25th, 1915. ANNIE GOODSON.

LEGAL NOTICE

Paul G. Carter, who resides at No. 131 North Franklin Street, Washington, Pennsylvania, will take notice that his wife, Ida V. Carter, has sued him for divorce, in the Court of Common Pleas of Mahoning County, Ohio, being cause No. 35132, asking for a divorce on the grounds of habitual drunkenness, extreme cruelty and gross neglect of duty, and that, unless he answers or appears before six weeks publication of this notice, judgment may be taken against him. R. A. Beard, Atty for Plaintiff. 24-4 Patronize Dispatch advertisers.

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NEUROLOGIST 20 Years in Youngstown 463 Stambaugh Building Both Phones Central Square Docket 20, Page 233 EXECUTOR'S NOTICE Notice is hereby given that Charles E. Summer, Poland, O., has been appointed and qualified Executor of the last Will and Testament of Conrad Summer, late of Springfield Township, Mahoning County, Ohio, deceased, by the Probate Court of said county. All persons interested will govern themselves accordingly. JOHN W. DAVIS, Probate Judge of Mahoning County, Ohio, Sept. 24, 1915. A. B. DETOHON Graduate Registered Veterinarian CANFIELD, OHIO Telephone 160