

THE EIGHTH GIRL

By BELLE MANIATES

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When John Walker was left a widow, although he was in the prime of manhood, with a comfortable income and good habits, it was universally predicted that he could never win a second wife.

For what manner of woman—that is, of the type fastidious John Walker would fancy—could contemplate the prospect of stepmothering seven daughters ranging in age from port thirteen to precocious four?

If the children had been boys, John Walker's prospects would have been more favorable, for a squad of boys can be turned afield, but seven girls to hear and heed until they should come to an age when they would with their lords depart!

John Walker was domestic, and after two years of widowhood he began to yearn for a goddess of his hearth and home. The affairs of his household had not been administered so badly since his wife died. The cook was capable and honest and had been reigning over the kitchen for eight years. The seamstress, who had always spent a month each spring and autumn "sewing up" for the young Walkers, continued her visits, with the added responsibility of selecting and purchasing material.

The eldest girl, Madge, was promising to be quite a practical little housekeeper, but John Walker knew that a wise feminine hand and heart were essential to the guidance of his active, romping, unruly troop of youngsters.

He began to call assiduously upon Cecelia Rayne, a young woman renowned for her intellect, practicality and excellent judgment. She accepted his attentions, though reservedly, and with a general air of careful consideration and "weighing in the balance."

His intentions were regarded as unmistakable when he invited her, with her mother, to visit his home and drink tea one afternoon. The children on this fateful day had never been so noisy or unattractive. Even Madge was boisterous and untidy.

John Walker did not know that it was malice aforethought on the part of his offspring. Madge was precocious and acute eared. She had heard it said that John Walker would marry just as soon as he could find any one to have him. She had sized up Miss Rayne as a home ruler, and in the mother of Miss Rayne she scented a natural enemy.

So she instigated and encouraged rebellion in her many sisters, and their department carried the day. John Walker escorted his guests to their home and returned with the firm intention of administering unto his own something stronger than rebuke.

He found his flock white robed and sweet voiced, awaiting with uplifted mouths his good night caress, and he could not bring himself to mar their slumbers by so much as a word.

"If she only could have seen them as they are now!" he thought, with a regretful sigh.

Madge's busy little brain worked overtime that night on the solution of the stepmother problem. A day or two after the eventful visit of Miss Cecelia Rayne, as John Walker was passing a little park, he met two or three kindergarten teachers walking with their young charges. He gave them but a casual glance, when his attention was attracted by a delighted cry of "Papa!"

The littlest and last child in the procession let go of the hand of the young girl with whom she was walking and rushed up to him.

"Why, Tot," he said, taking her up in his arms.

Then he looked hesitatingly at the young teacher, who was walking on slowly.

"You must be Mr. Walker," she said naively. "I am Tot's kindergarten teacher."

"Are you?" he asked interestedly. "I didn't know that Tot attended a kindergarten."

"Didn't you?" she asked anxiously. "Madge brought her to school yesterday and entered her as a pupil. I supposed it was your wish."

"Of course it is," he replied promptly, "only I hadn't thought of it before. I am glad Madge is so wise."

"I've learned lots, papa. I'm going to prick you a card," assured Tot.

"Thank you, darling. Where is your school, Miss?"

"Worden," she said, supplying the name. "The school is on the corner of Wood and Third streets, three blocks below. Are you fond of children, Mr. Walker?" she asked, looking up at the princess enthroned on his shoulder.

"Naturally," he said, with a whimsical smile.

She flushed and laughed a little. "Come and visit our school some time, then."

"I will walk there with you now," he responded promptly, setting Tot down on the sidewalk.

sions too. Her teacher left the city some time ago, and I have neglected to have her start again."

"I should be glad to teach her," said the girl simply.

"Very well. You may commence tomorrow, if agreeable, and give her two lessons a week."

"She's a sweet little girl," thought John Walker as he pursued his way from the kindergarten. "She must be Tom Worden's daughter. Poor fellow! His failure took all he had. She's a trump to take hold and help in this way."

The first day that John called for Tot he so cordially seconded the child's invitation to her teacher to come home with them to luncheon that she was forced to comply.

Madge's music hour was from 5:30 to 6, and she would not practice properly unless her teacher would consent to stay to dinner. The children all claimed her as a kindred spirit and called her "Bess," for which they were sternly and ineffectually reprimanded by their parent, who finally followed their example and called her by that name himself.

In the month of July the Walkers went to their summer cottage on a lake some twenty miles from the city.

"You need a vacation more than any one," said John Walker abruptly to Bess one day. "You must go with us."

"Thank you very much," said the girl gratefully. "It's kind in you to ask me, but of course I can't accept."

"Why not?" he demanded. "Your father is going west on an extended business trip, and he won't need you."

The girl blushed, hesitated and then said frankly:

"Why, you see, of course, it would really be all right, but then you know people would talk—they wouldn't approve."

She began to founder in her explanation, and John suddenly comprehended. "I see," he laughed, nodding. "But you see you have come to seem to me like one of my own—my eighth girl, I call you—but I suppose you are grown up enough for a chaperon."

"I am twenty years old," she said with dignity.

"Indeed! A great age. Well, I have a second cousin, a meek, elderly widow, whom the children rule firmly. I presume she would like a month or so at the cottage."

So it was finally arranged.

From that time on John Walker suddenly regarded his children's teacher in a new light.

"I wonder if a beautiful young girl like Bess could come to care for an old duffer like me," he pondered. "I had supposed that she considered me an old man!"

A thrill stirred within him as he looked up at the fair young face gazing happily over the waters of the lake on the first night of their arrival.

"Bess!" he said suddenly.

But the children had also called "Bess," and she was away for a romp on the beach.

"She is only a child, after all," he thought, with a sigh.

In the Walker boathouse was a canoe which the children were forbidden to use, but Bess one Sunday morning ventured forth alone in it. She managed it very skillfully, but on her return a sudden wind came up and made the lake choppy. She had all she could do to keep her little craft right side up.

John Walker, coming out on the veranda of the cottage, saw her danger and rushed to the boathouse, intending to row out after her. Another emotion besides anxiety surged within him, and he knew now that he loved this playmate of his children.

She was making great progress with her tiny canoe, and as he rowed out from the boathouse she was landing at the pier.

It was a very merry, winsome face, alight with the excitement and danger, that was lifted to his.

In the reaction from his fright he was beginning to censure her when he was interrupted by Madge, who had appeared upon the scene and who instantly resented her father's lecture.

"You shall not scold her!" she cried hotly. "I wanted her for our stepmother, but I'll give her up if you aren't going to be nice to her."

Bess turned red and pale by turns. "I'll race you to the house, Madge," she cried, and they were away.

"Bess," said John softly when he had succeeded in getting an interview, "as I said, I had thought of you as my eighth girl. I don't want to think of you as a stepmother, but I do want you to be my wife and a companion to the girls because I love you. Will you try and care for me?"

The verdict of the world was that John Walker had eight girls now and needed a woman in his house more than ever.

A Wife's Ruse

[Original.]

Edward Martindale was a gentleman of leisure. He spent much of his time at his club or his clubs, he belonged to a number of them, the rest either in shooting or fishing or racing horses or some out of door amusement. Those who blamed him for wasting his time could not charge him with indolence or effeminacy. He volunteered for the Spanish-American war and came out with an excellent record. But, the war over, he returned to his shooting, fishing, horse racing and the like.

Martindale had married a very lovely girl who had borne him three children. So far as being true to his wife and children was concerned, he was a model husband, but he would not stay at home. His wife was obliged to pass most of her time alone with her children, while her husband was gadding about. This troubled her greatly.

"Some day," she said to him ominously, "you may have cause to regret your neglect of me. I am very lonely, and I may be tempted to encourage some one of the men who would be glad to be my cavalier."

"Wouldn't blame you a bit, my dear, if you did."

A determined look came over the poor woman's face that denoted a purpose. And a purpose was carried out. One afternoon Martindale came home and found a certain man about town, Archibald Griffith, sitting in the library with his wife. The husband greeted the intruder cordially, then went upstairs, where he was soon heard romping with the children. The wife, who had hoped for some expression of jealousy, sighed. Her cavalier soon took his leave, but at the door received a pressure of the hand and an invitation to come again soon.

From that time forward for a season Griffith was a constant attendant upon Mrs. Martindale, always receiving an at least outward welcome from the husband. Mrs. Martindale accepted all Griffith's invitations, but her conduct excited no blame. Everybody considered that her husband was getting no more than he deserved, and all had implicit confidence in the wife.

One morning Mrs. Martindale received a note from Griffith announcing that he had suddenly been called away and might not see her again for some time. The note was not unwelcome, for she had sickened of the role she was playing and didn't quite know how to end it. As her husband had made no comment on her cavalier's attentions so she refrained from asking what had become of him. Martindale was as much away from home as before, and the wife was obliged to admit to herself that her plan of making her husband jealous had signally failed.

Now, Mrs. Martindale was a determined woman and vowed that she would force her husband to show some concern for her conduct if she had to put herself at fault forever in his eyes. One night when Martindale was playing a game of bridge at his club a telephone message came from his home that his wife was very ill and he must come home at once. He delayed so long that another message came saying that his wife was dying and wished to see him before it would be too late. He finished the game and went home.

Mrs. Martindale was in bed. She was gasping, and her face was livid. A physician stood by, evidently at a loss to know what to do for her. As soon as she had regained her voice she directed that every one should leave the room except her husband. Then she called him close to her and spoke with apparent effort.

"Ned, I have a confession to make. You know Archie Griffith? Well, in that affair I wronged you."

"How?"

"Don't force me to speak the word." "Criminally?"

The wife groaned, but said nothing. "And you wanted me to know this before you died?"

"Yes," came faintly from the stricken woman.

"Well, Bess, I'm sorry you hadn't taken a more convenient time to tell me. I'm behind in a game of 'bridge,' and I must go right back. Ta-ta."

The bedclothes were thrown off with a jerk, and the sick woman stood on the floor.

"This is too much," she cried. "You care so little for me that even that which can alone hold us and our poor dear little ones together is of no moment to you."

"Bess," said the imperturbable husband, "you're the biggest liar in America. Do you remember the new butler who came soon after Griffith began his attentions? Well, I put him in to watch you. He saw your cavalier attempt to take liberties with you the night before he left town, and you repelled him with indignation. The next day I gave Griffith the choice of pistols or departure, and he chose departure."

"Oh, Ned, did you really care that much for me?"

"I certainly did, sweetheart, and more. You have done your best to make me show my love for you, and I shall put you to no further trouble. I shall give up amusements and from this time forward devote myself to business, to you and the children. But one who has been so near death needs a brace."

Touching a bell, the butler appeared. His master directed him to dismiss the doctor and to bring up a supper and a bottle of wine.

day evening under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of the Congregational church. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Wm. Doidge purchased of Jacob Michels the residence property now occupied by Mr. Rankin. It was purchased as an investment. Mr. Rankin continues to occupy the place. Arion seems to keep up with the real estate transfers comparatively well.

Alf. Larson manager of the Iowa Telephone Co. was in Arion Tuesday.

M. A. Palmatier is making a storm cave. He expects to protect all of his neighbors in the wind storms that so frequently visit us in the months of June and July.

Paul Sydow with his family moved to Lynch, Neb. and as soon as he can build a house will move on the farm that he recently traded his hotel for. Mrs. Sprague purchased the hotel and has taken possession. Mrs. Sprague does not need an introduction to that work as she has been engaged in that business here for some time and has been successful.

Mrs. Wm. Marr has been quite sick but is improving rapidly at present.

Rev. and Mrs. Freedline spent last week with friends in Auburn and Lake City. While visiting a sister in Lake City they met Dr. and Mrs. Gannaway who expect to soon locate in Dow City.

Mrs. Manley Spence of Sioux City is visiting with her friend Mrs. Hillie Newman.

Mary Talcott went to Crofton, Neb. Monday. She will engage in the restaurant business with her brother Arthur who has secured a promising location.

Services next Sunday at the Congregational church will be as follows. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Sermon at 11 a. m. Subject, "Where is the Old Time Power?" Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7 p. m. Sermon at 8 p. m. Subject, "The New Earth". Solo next Sunday.

Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Choir practice each Friday evening at 8 p. m. Everyone is cordially invited to attend these services. J. H. Freedline, Pastor.

Railway officials were here surveying the ground for a new depot which will soon be built for the Milwaukee Railroad Company.

Arion was like "The Deserted Village" decoration day. Several went to Dow City, others to Denison and Dunlap, where they visited the silent city and placed flowers, upon the graves of loved ones.

Mr. Schwartz and wife drove to Denison Wednesday and had the little daughter Martha christened in the Catholic church.

Those who attended the graduating exercises in Dow City Friday evening speak well of the lecture and other exercises in connection with it.

Mr. L. Roberts and J. Oliver received money from the R. R. Co. for damages from water surrounding their premises caused by a railroad bridge not allowing the surplus water to pass under it and caused the overflow.

Dr. L. M. Coon was a pleasant visitor at the parental home.

Frank Huff and mother of Woodbine visited with relatives here a few days.

Mr. Nash and wife of Dunlap visited over Sunday with their former neighbor and friend W. H. Corey.

L. C. Butler started Monday for Rodney, N. D. where his brother Chas. resides.

N. P. Underhill shipped a car load of hogs to Omaha. The farmers are so busy with the corn that not so many have been brought to market as usual.

The aid society was well attended last Thursday at the home of Mrs. Marr.

D. J. Butler went last Saturday to see Mr. Morrill of Washington who is very sick at the home of his daughter Mrs. Fisher near Deloit.

Mr. Morrill resided here several years ago.

A woman worries until she gets wrinkles, then worries because she has them. If she takes Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea she would have neither. Bright, smiling face follows its use. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. R. Knaul

Arion

Mrs. J. L. Larson of Rodney spent Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Levi Green.

Chas. Underhill of Omaha made a business trip here Wednesday and says his brother Ohio is improving in health and has recently engaged in the real estate business in Omaha.

Mrs. Craft of Denison went on the Milwaukee flyer to Elgin, Ill. where she expects to visit with her son who resides there.

An interesting game of base ball took place with the girls and boys which resulted 24 to 7 scores in favor of the girls. The boys should not let this occur again.

Mrs. Decker of Waterloo returned to her home Tuesday after having spent a few weeks with her daughter Mrs. Beers.

Edward Wigg visited his parents in Ft. Dodge and found them pleasantly located and enjoying their new home very much. Edward returned Monday and is now helping Mr. Thos. Rae with the farm work.

Mrs. Pete Eggers is spending a few days with Mrs. Wm. Marr.

Wm. Marr arrived Tuesday morning from Chicago but expects to soon return to his work there.

There will be an ice cream social at the home of J. L. Maurer next Friday

Yail

Mrs. J. P. Fitch was a Denison visitor Saturday.

Myrtle Fitzgibbons visited in Denison Monday.

Misses Julia and Evelyn Sherwood were Denison visitors Saturday.

Geo. Thomson spent Tuesday with his relatives in Yail.

Mrs. Will Enebeck of Primghar, Ia arrived Monday to see her mother Mrs. Pound who has been quite sick.

Wm. Byrnes was a business caller in Denison Saturday.

Maude Cranny is spending a few days in Denison.

Miss Regan returned from Schleswig Saturday after a successful term of school at that place.

Miss Genevieve Lally of Denison visited over Sunday with Miss Maude Cranny.

Mrs. J. P. Doherty visited in Denison Saturday.

Edna Crampton was a Denison visitor one day last week.

L. L. Huffman was in Denison on business Tuesday.

Nell Staininger was visiting Denison friends last Saturday.

Mrs. Lynch of Davenport who has been visiting at Mrs. M. F. Maguire's the past couple of weeks returned to her home to-day.

On last Friday evening occurred the commencement exercises of St. Ann's Academy. Miss Maude Cranny finished in music and Lillian Cranny, Grace Long and Regina Molsed were awarded certificates of good penmanship.

On Monday evening Buelah White, Fae Hatchford, Carrie Butler, Celinda North, Mable Connor, Eddie Mitchell, John Kenney, Jacob Etzel, Clarence Molsed and Glynn McGrath finished from the eighth grade at the public school.

West Side and Yail played ball Sunday. The score was 7 to 2 in favor of Yail.

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The Professor—Yes, madam; it is not.—Woman's Home Companion.

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"Nice spoken chap, that. Seems to me as though 'e'd 'ad a college education."

"Well, an' so 'e 'as. Why, 'e was sent to a reformatory before 'e was eleven years old."—Tatler.

"The Weigh of the Transgressor."



—Pueblo Chieftain.

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Frank Lilleholm, Denison, Iowa

For Sale—18 acres of good land inside the city limits of Denison