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**VISCOUNT HALDANE.**  
 Intrigue to Return Him to British Cabinet Alleged.



The official announcement by David Lloyd-George, British minister of munitions, regarding Viscount Haldane, ex-lord chancellor and secretary of war, and the question of the supply of munitions, has started a political sensation in the United Kingdom of the first order. It is being made the most of by the Northcliffe press to prevent what is declared to be intrigue to get Lord Haldane back into the cabinet.

**GERMAN SOUTHWEST AFRICA SURRENDERS**

Pretoria, South Africa, July 10.—General Botha, commander of the forces of the Union of South Africa, has accepted the surrender of all German military forces in German Southwest Africa. German Southwest Africa is located on the west coast of Africa, extending from the Orange to the Cuzene river, about 900 miles. It lies between Portuguese West Africa and Cape Colony, extending eastward to the British sphere. The area is 322,450 square miles. The population is chiefly Hottentots and Bushmen. The European population in 1913 was 14,816, of whom 12,292 were Germans. The military force, including police, is given in the latest reports at 2,992.

**A FOOL AND HIS MONEY**

By **GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON,** Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," Etc.  
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(Continued from last week.)

I shall not discuss our game further than to say that he played in atrociously bad form, but with a purpose that let me to some degree into the secret of his success in life. If I do say it myself I am a fairly good player. I don't believe I was ever in better humor than on this gay November morn. I even apologized for Mr. Titus' execrable foomles. I amiably suggested that he was a little off his game and that he'd soon strike his gait and give me a sound beating after the turn. His smile was polite, but ironic, and it was not long before I realized that he knew his own game too well to be affected by cajolery. He just pegged away, always playing the odd or worse, uncomplaining, unresentful, as even tempered as the May wind, and never by any chance winning a hole from me. He was the rarest "duffer" it has ever been my good fortune to meet.

**CHAPTER XXVII. She Proposes.**

**A**S a rule, the poorer the player the louder his execrations. Jasper Titus was one of the worst players I've ever seen, but he was the personification of gentility even under the most provoking circumstances. For instance, at the famous "Crater" it was my good fortune to pitch a ball fairly on the green from the tee. His mashie shot landed his ball about twenty feet up the steep hill which guards the green. It rolled half-way back. Without a word of disgust or so much as a scowl he climbed up and blazed away at it again, not once, but fourteen times by actual count. On the seventeenth stroke he triumphantly laid his ball on the green. Most men would have lifted and conceded the hole to me. He played it out. "A man never gets anywhere, Mr. Smart," said he, unruffled by his mis-

erfible exhibition. "unless he keeps plugging away at a thing. That's my principle in life. Keep at it. There is satisfaction in putting the blamed ball in the hole, even if it does require twenty strokes. You did it in three, but you'll soon forget the feat. I'm not likely to forget the troubles I had going down in twenty, and there lies the secret of success. If success comes easy we pass it off with a laugh; if it comes hard we grit our teeth and remember the ways and means. You may not believe it, but I took thirty-three strokes for that hole one day last week. Day before yesterday I did it in four. Perhaps it wouldn't occur to you to think that it's a darned sight easier to do it in four than it is in thirty-three. Get the idea?"

"I think I do, Mr. Titus," said I. "The things that 'come easy' are never appreciated."

"Right, my boy. It's what we have to work for like nallers that we lie awake thinking about."

We came out upon the eminence overlooking the next hole, which lay far below us. As I stooped to tee up my ball a gleeful shout came up the hillside.

"Hello, John Bellamy!"  
 Glancing down, I saw Jasper junior at the edge of the wagon road. He was waving his cap, and even at that distance I could see the radiance in his good looking young face. A young and attractively dressed woman stood beside him. I waved my hand and shouted a greeting.

"I thought you said he'd gone to Covington to see her off," I said, turning to the young man's father, with a grin.

"Not the same girl," said he succinctly, squinting his eyes. "That's the little Parsons girl from Richmond. He was to meet her at Covington. Jasper is a scientific butterfly. He makes both ends meet—nearly always. Now, no one but a genius could have fixed it up to see one girl off and meet another on the same train."

Later on Jasper junior and I strolled over to the casino veranda, the chatty Miss Parsons between us, but leaning a shade nearer to young Titus than to me, although she appeared to be somewhat overwhelmed at meeting a real live author. Mr. Titus, as was his habit, hurried on ahead of us. I afterward discovered he had a dread of pneumonia.

"Aline never said a word about your coming, John," said Jasper junior. He called me John with considerable gusto. "She's learning how to hold her tongue."

"It happens that she didn't know I was coming," said I dryly. He whistled.

"She's off somewhere with Amberdale. Ever meet him? He's one of the finest chaps I know. You'll like him, Miss Parsons. He's not at all like a Britisher."

"But I like the British," said she. "Then I'll tell him to spread it on a bit," said Jappy obligingly. "Great horseman he is. Got some ripping nags in the New York show next week, and he rides like a dream. Watch him pull down a few ribbons and rosettes. Sure thing."

"Your father told me that the countess was off riding with him and another chap—off to Passifern, I believe."

"For luncheon. They do it three or four times a week. Not for me. I like waiters with shirt fronts and nickle tags."

Alone with me in the casino half an hour later, he announced that it really looked serious, this affair between Aline and his lordship.

I tried to appear indifferent—a rather pale effort, I fear.

"I think I am in on the secret. Jappy," said I soberly.

He stared. "Has she ever said anything to you, old chap, that would lead you to believe she's keen about him?"

I temporized. "She's been about somebody, my son. That's as far as I will go."

"Then it must be Amberdale, I'm on to her all right, all right. I know women. She's in love, hang it all! If you know a thing about 'em you can spot the symptoms without the X-rays. I've been hoping against hope, old man. I don't want her to marry again."

"I have visited the popular and almost historic Passifern farm a great many



"I do not expect to be married for at least a year."

times in my short career, but for the life of me I cannot understand what attraction it possesses that could induce people to go there for luncheon and then spend a whole afternoon lolling about the place. But that seems to have been precisely what the countess and his lordship did on the day of my arrival at the Homestead. The "other chap," Skelly, came riding home alone at 3 o'clock. She did not return until nearly 6. By that time I was in a state of suppressed fury that almost drove me to the railway station with a single and you might say childish object in view.

I had a pleasant visit with Mrs. Titus, who seemed overjoyed to see me. In fact, I had luncheon with her. Mr. Titus, it appeared, never ate luncheon. He had a dread of typhoid, I believe, and as he already possessed gout and insomnia and an intermittent tendency to pain in his abdomen and couldn't drink anything alcoholic or eat anything starchy I found myself wondering what he really did for a living.

Mrs. Titus talked a great deal about Lord Amberdale. She was most tiresome after the first half hour, but I must say that the luncheon was admirable. I happened to be hungry. Having quite made up my mind that Aline was going to marry Amberdale, I proceeded to upset the theory that a man in love is a creature without gastronomical aspirations by vulgarly stuffing myself with half a lamb chop, a slice of buttered bread and nine pickles.

Along about 5 o'clock I went to my room. I daresay I was sulking. A polite bellboy tapped on my door at half past 6. He presented a small envelope to me, thanked me three or four times and as an after thought announced that there was to be an answer, whereupon I read the countess' note with a magnificently unreadable face.

I cleared my throat and (I think) squared my shoulders somewhat as a soldier does when he is being commended for valor and said:

"Present my compliments to the countess and say that Mr. Smart will be down in five minutes."

The boy stared. "The—the what, sir?"

"The what?" I demanded. "I mean the who, sir."

"The countess, the lady who sent you up with this note."

"Wasn't no countess sent me up byer, boss. It was Miss Tarsney."

Somehow staggered, I managed to wave my hand comprehensively.

"Never mind. Just say that I'll be down in two minutes."

He grinned. "I reckon I'd better hustle or you'll beat me down, boss."

She was still in her riding habit when I found her alone in the parlor of the Titus suit.

I give you my word my heart almost stopped beating. I've never seen any one so lovely as she was at that moment—never, I repeat. Her hair, blown by the kind November winds, strayed—but no! I cannot begin to define the loveliness of her. There was a warm, rich glow in her cheeks and a light in her eyes that actually bewildered me, and more than that I am not competent to utter.

"You have come at last," she said, and her voice sounded very far off, although I was lifting her ungloved hand to my lips. She clinched my fingers tightly. I remember that and also that my hand shook violently and that my face felt pale.

I think I said that I had come at last. She took my other hand in hers and, drawing dangerously close to me, said:

"I do not expect to be married for at least a year, John."

"I—I congratulate you," I stammered foolishly.

"I have a feeling that it isn't decent for one to marry inside of two years after one has been divorced."

"How is Rosemary?" I murmured.

"You are in love with me, aren't you, John, dear?"

"Goo—good heaven!" I gasped.

"I know you are. That's why I am so sure of myself. Is it asking too much of you to marry me in a year from?"

I haven't the faintest notion how long afterward it was that I asked her what was to become of that poor, unlucky Lord Amberdale.

"He's a dear, and he is going to marry a bred-in-the-bone countess next January. You will like him, because he is every bit as much in love with his real countess as you are with a sham one. He is a bird of your feather. And now don't you want to come with me to see Rosemary?"

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