George E. Birmingham

CEMENT Contractor

All kinds of cement work done. cellars, cement walks, copings, curb and foundation work done at lowest prices. Get my prices on any work in my line.

Phone 75

Glasgow, Montana

European diplomacy nearly always proved to be full of blowholes.

P. E. Kent

Contractor and Builder

Let Me Figure on that House You Intend to Build.

A large crew of men on hand at all times. I can handle your work with dispatch.

Glasgow, Mont.

You will find more of the leading people of Montana registered at the Hotel Radisson, Minneapolis, than at any other hotel in the Twin Cities.

Singer Sewing Machines

Let us put a Singer in your home on a free trial. Our special prices are now in effect.

Asmall payment puts a Singer in your home.

Second Hand Machines for sale cheap.

Repairs and Accessories.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

Glasgow, Montana

The Hotel Radisson, Minneapolis shows an interest in your welfare and comfort that extends beyond merely providing a place to eat and sleep and gives you better accommodations and service than any other hotel, in the Twin Cities. Popular prices. 31tf

CITY CAFE

J. KOTAKI, Proprietor

PROMPT SERVICE
MEALS 25 CENTS AND UP.

BEST MEALS IN TOWN

Try us and be convinced.

GLASGOW, MONT.

LAHOMA

BY

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

Copyright, 1913, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

(Continued from last week.)

SYNOPSIS.

Brick Willock, highwayman, saves one Gledware and a baby girl from being murdered by his fellow outlaws on the western plains.

Willock flees to the mountains and hides to escape the wrath of the outlaws he had outwitted. He learns that some one has discovered his hiding place.

Red Feather, an Indian chief, brings Willock a little white girl, named Lahoma, and instructs him to take care of her. He says her father is living with Indians.

Willock recognizes her as the daughter of a woman who had died and was buried near by. He begins to teach Lahoma correct English.

The girl is taken across country by Willock to visit Bill Atkins, and later she makes her first trip to a real town.

A young man, Wilfred Compton, visiting at a ranch, gets an accidental glimpse of Lahoma and becomes interested in her. The girl is now fifteen years old.

"This is Miss Lahoma Willock," growled Bill, "and this"—waving at the young man disparagingly—"says he is Wilfred Compton. Know each other!"

"I am glad to know you," Lahoma declared frankly. "It's mighty lucky you came this way, for, you see, I just live here in the cove and never touch the big world. I believe you know a thousand things about the world that we ain't never dreamed of."

"That we have never dreamed of?" corrected Bill Atkins.

"That we have never dreamed of," resumed Lahoma meekly, "and that's what I would like to hear about. I'm just a little girl now, but when I am of age I'm going out into the big world, so that's why I'm so glad to know you, to use you like a kind of dictionary. Are you coming back here again?"

"I hope so!" he exclaimed fervently.

"And so do I. In my cabin I have a long list of things written down in my tablet that I'd like to know about—questions that come to me as I sit looking over the hill into the sky, things Brick doesn't know and not even Bill Atkins. So that's why I'm glad to know you," Lahoma said gravely. "But why did you want to know me?" She fastened on him her luminous brown eyes, with red lips parted, awaiting the clearing up of this mystery.

Wilfred preserved a solemn countenance. "I've been awfully lonesome, Lahoma, the last two years, because up to that time I'd lived in a city with friends all about town and no end of gay times, and these last two years I've been in the terrible desert. You are the first girl I've seen that reminded me of home. When I saw you and knew you were my kind, the way you held yourself and the smile in your eyes"—

"Oh, is that it? But I want to ask you all about yourslf," remarked Lahoma thoughtfully, "because I can see from your face and the way you talk that you're a real sample of the big world. If I tell you all about myself, will you do the same?"

Wilfred promised, and Lahoma entered on the history of her childhood. Wilfred looked and listened joyously, conscious of the unusual scene, alive to the subtle charm of her fearless eyes, her unreserved confidences, the melting harmony of her musical tones.

To be sure, she was only a child, but he saw already the promise of the woman. The petals as yet were closed, but the faint sweet fragrance was already astir.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Half Opened Bud.

"BILL used to live seven miles away at the mountain with the precipice," Lahoma continued after she had told about the wonderful window. "But it was too far off. When he got to know me it tired him walking this far twice a day, morning and night, so at last Brick and Bill decided to cut some cedars from the mountain and make me a cabin. They took the dugout to sleep in. There are two rooms in the cabin—one, the kitchen, where we eat, and the other, my parlor, where I sleep. Some time you shall visit me in the cabin if Brick and Bill are willing. They made it for me, so I couldn't ask anybody in unless they said so."

"We aren't far enough along," observed Bill, "to be shut up together under a roof."

"I'd like to have you visit my parlor," Lahoma said somewhat wistfully. "I'd like to show you all my books. They were Bill's when we first met him, but since then he's given me everything he's got, haven't you, old Bill?" Lahoma leaned over and patted the unyielding shoulder.

She resumed, her face glowing with sudden rapture: "There are six books—half a dozen! Maybe you've heard of some of them. Bill's read 'em over lots of times. He begins with the first on the shelf, and when he's through the row he just takes 'em up all over again. I like to read parts of them—the interesting parts. This is the way they stand on the shelf: 'The Children of the Abbey'—that's Bill's favorite; 'The Scottish Chiefs,' 'David Copperfield,' 'The Talisman,' 'The Prairie,' 'The Last of the Mohicans.'"

"And so your cabin was built," Wilfred prompted her, "and the men took the dugout."

"Yes, and then—oh! The most wonderful thing happened. A family settled in the arm of the mountain at the west end—a family that had a woman and a baby in it. For three years I had the mother and her baby to show me how to be a woman. Then came the soldiers. Brick thinks a big cattle king stood in with congress, and he got the soldiers sent here to drive out all the settlers because they were beginning to farm the land instead of letting it grow wild for the cattle. Anyway all the settlers were driven out of the country, and it's been four years since I lost my only friends in the world—except Brick and Bill. What makes me and Brick and Bill mad is that the soldiers didn't have any right to drive out the settlers, because Texas claims this country, and so does the United States, but it's never been settled."

"But they didn't drive you out."

"You see," Brick explained simply, "we didn't want to go."

"It nearly broke Mrs. Featherby's heart to have to leave," Lahoma added, "for they'd got a good stand of wheat, and I think she liked me 'most as well as I liked her. But Mr. Featherby came from Ohio, and he had respect to the government, so when the soldiers said 'go' he pulled up stakes."

"We ain't got no respect to nothing," Brick explained, "that stands in the way of doing what we're a mind to. The soldiers come to force us out, but changed their minds. We will stay here at anchor till Lahoma steams out into the big world with sails spread. Nothing ain't more sheltering than knowing you have a moral right and a dependable gun."

"So that's about all," Lahoma went on. "These past four years we've just been to ourselves, with a long journey once a year to the settlements. And I've tried to do like Mrs. Featherby used to do and be like she was. She'd been to Europe, too, and she'd taught school in New England. She was like you—right out of the big world. She came out here because the family was awful poor. Is that why you left the big world?"

Wilfred shook his head. "I'm poor enough," he said, "but it wasn't that. It was a girl."

Brick Willock explained: "He's got a sweetheart. He's been carrying her letters for about two years. He's done spoke for, Lahoma, staked out, as a fellow might say, and squatted on."

Lahoma looked at him in breathless interest. "A girl out in the big world? Completely civilized, I reckon! Was she as old as I am?"

"She is nineteen years old and so thoroughly civilized that she thinks this part of the world is still overrun with Indians and buffaloes. She wouldn't live out here for a fortune, and she wouldn't marry a man back east without one. That's why I'm here. I didn't have the fortune."

"Does she love you, Wilfred?" Her voice was so soft, her eyes were so big, that Bill uttered a smothered groan, and even Brick sat up.

"She did the last time I saw her." He spoke lightly; but, gazing into the wonderful depths of Lahoma's eyes, he felt a queer sensation like a lost heart beat.

"Did she send you here as a kind of test?"

"Oh, no; she told me good by, and we parted forever. Both of us were poor. You can't live in the city if you're poor. You can be poor there, but not live. By this time she's found some one with property, I dare say. She's tremendously handsome and accomplished and has a very distinguished looking mother, and they have friends in society. She'll make it all right, no doubt."

"Does it pierce your heart to think of her marrying somebody else?" Her voice was sweet with the dream passion of a young girl.

"When I left home I flung myself into the life of a cow puncher and did all I could to keep from thinking. So my heart's rather callous by this time. I don't seem to mind like I thought I would if I should sit down to think about it. That's what I've avoided like the plague—sitting down to think about it. But I believe I could sit down and think about it now pretty calmly."

"Then that's what I'd do!" Lahoma cried. "I'd just face it. She isn't worthy of you if she'd rather have a fortune than the man she loves. I'd just sit down and face it."

"I will!" He had never before thought it could be easy. It seemed very easy now.

"Maybe I could help you," Lahoma suggested earnestly. "If you come to the cove to visit us we will try to occupy your mind, won't we, Brick—and Bill?"

"Does she love you?"

Bill looked at Wilfred glumly. "It's too occupied now, I'm afraid."

Lahoma opened her eyes wide. "What do you mean?" she demanded, sincerely perplexed.

"Bill," cried Brick warningly, "you're a-going to start a fire where they ain't even been no kindling laid."

Wilfred rose hastily. "I should like dearly to come and come often," he exclaimed, "but I couldn't force myself where I'm not wanted."

"In that case," remarked Bill inflexibly, "you're seeing me for the last time and may look your fill!"

Wilfred smiled at him tolerantly and turned to Willock. "I ought to go to my work, Brick. I won't try to explain what this hour has meant to me, for I believe you understand."

He held out his hand to Lahoma, who had risen swiftly at these signs of departure. "God bless you, little girl!" he said cheerily. "A man's fortunate who finds such oases along his desert trail!"

"But you can't go yet," cried Lahoma, not taking his hand. "There are a thousand things I want to do with you that I've never had a chance to do with anybody else—strolling, for instance. Come and stroll. I'll show you about the cove. Brick and Bill don't know anything about strolling as they do in pictures. Hold out your arm with a crook in it and I'll slip my hand just inside where you'll hold it soft and warm like a bird in its nest. Isn't this noble? And I holds back—excuse me—I hold back my skirts with my other hand, and this is the way we stroll, like an engraving out of the history of Louis XIV.'s court. Do, oh, do!" Her bright eyes glowed into his like beckoning stars.

"We stroll," he gravely announced, responding to the pressure of her fingers, but at the same time feeling somewhat guilty as Bill rolled his eyes fearfully at Brick.

When they were a few yards from the trees Lahoma whispered: "Make for the other side of Turtle hill. I want to feel grown up when I do my strolling, but I'm nothing but a little barefooted kid when Brick and Bill are looking at me!"

Hidden by the shoulder of the granite hill island, she stopped, withdrew her hand and stood very straight as she said with breathless eagerness: "Answer me quick! Wilfred, ain't I old enough to be a sweetheart?"

"Oh, Lahoma," he protested warmly, "please don't think of it. Don't be anybody's until—until I say the word. You couldn't understand such matters, dear; you wouldn't know the—the prop-

(Continued on page 4.)

THEY DID NOT NEED HELP

After this, warns an editor of an exchange, when a brother who has had a mishap with his car wants us to stop and help him, he must have a red light or some other stopping signal. For one night this fall as we were coming over the government hill we noticed a car stopped by the side of the road. Thinking the driver was in distress, we stopped and asked if they needed assistance.

A young man in the front seat took his arms from around a young lady sitting beside him, and said to her: "Do we need any help, dear?" She replied, "No, you seem to being doing all that can be done." Hence the above ultimatum.

An Indiana woman married a man seven times and then killed him. It was bound to come sooner or later.

* * *

Outside of an Italian tenor, we doubt if anybody feels his importance more than a prominent halfback.

Now is the time and this is the place and we have the real Hot Stuff

COAL

Sand Coulee	$ 6.50
Bear Creek	8.50
Owl Creek	8.50
Hocking Valley	10.50
Virginia Splint	10.50
Hard Coal, any size	14.00

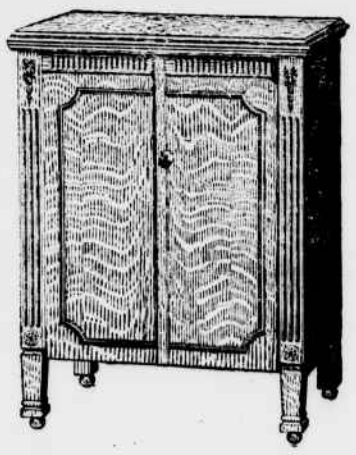
Delivered Any Place in Town in Ton Lots

Imperial Elevator Co.

J. P. Sternhagen, Mgr.

A Courier Want Ad Will Always Bring You Good Results

REMEMBER!



No, this is not a music cabinet. It is The Free Sewing Machine.

Saturday, Dec. 4th

At 3:00 p. m.

THE big event for which hundreds of Glasgow women are waiting will take place. Mr. Boren an expert from The Free Sewing Machine Co., will be here, and when he does come--

There Will Be Something Doing Every Minute

He is going to tell the story of

The FREE

that wonderful invention that is replacing the old style sewing machine wherever it is shown.
It is a perfect sewing machine, so wonderfully improved that it has double the efficiency of the old style sewing machine, and yet at the same time is a truly beautiful piece of furniture.

DURING DEMONSTRATION SALE WE WILL BUY YOUR OLD MACHINE at a liberal price, and apply it on the specially reduced price of this wonderful new model

C. E. Peterson & Company