

The Girl and the Bill

By **Bannister Merwin**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WALTERS**



CHAPTER XVIII.

The Goal.

The chauffeur was opening the door of the waiting car. It was a black car—a car with strangely familiar lines. Orme started. "Where did that come from?" he demanded.

Bessie smiled at him. "That is my surprise for you. My very dear friend, whom you so much desire to see, telephoned me here this evening and asked me to spend the night with her instead of returning to Chicago. She promised to send her car for me. It was long enough coming, goodness knows, but if it had appeared sooner, I should have gone before you arrived."

Orme understood. The girl had telephoned to Bessie while he waited there on La Salle street. She had planned a meeting that would satisfy him with full knowledge of her name and place. And the lateness of the car in reaching Arradale was unquestionably owing to the fact that it had not set out on its errand until after the girl reached home and gave her chauffeur the order. Orme welcomed this evidence that she had got home safely.

Bessie jumped lightly into the tonneau, and Orme followed. The car glided from the grounds. Eastward it went, through the pleasant, rolling farming country, that was wrapped in the beauty of the starry night. They crossed a bridge over a narrow creek.

"You would hardly think," said Bessie, "that this is so-called north branch of the Chicago river."

"I would believe anything about that river," he replied.

She laughed nervously. He knew that she was suppressing her natural interest in the scene she had witnessed on the veranda; yet, of course, she was expecting some explanation.

"Bessie," he said, "I am sorry to have got into such a mess there at the club. The Japanese minister was the last man I wanted to see."

"Perhaps your friend—whom we are now going to visit—will explain things a little," he went on. "I can tell you only that I had in my pocket certain papers which the Jap would have given much to get hold of. He tried it by accusing me of stealing them from him. It was very awkward."

"I understand better than you think," she said, suddenly. "Don't you see, you big stupid, that I know where we are going? That tells me something. I can put two and two together."

"Then I needn't try to do any more explaining of things I can't explain." "Of course not. You are forgiven all. Just think, Bob, it's nearly a year since you stood up with Tom and me."

"That's so!" "How time does go! See—as the car turned at a crossing—we are going northward. We are bound for the village of Winnetka. Does that tell you anything?"

"Nothing at all," said Orme, striving vainly to give the Indian name a place in his mind.

On they sped. Orme looked at his watch. It was half-past ten. "We must be nearly there," he said. "Yes, it's only a little way, now."

They were going eastward again, following a narrow dirt road. Suddenly the chauffeur threw the brakes on hard. Orme and Bessie, thrown forward by the sudden stopping, clutched the sides of the car. There was a crash, and they found themselves in the bottom of the tonneau.

Orme was unharmed. "Are you all right, Bessie?" he asked. "All right." Her voice was cheery. He leaped to the road. The chauffeur had descended and was hurrying to the front of the car.

"What was it?" asked Orme. "Some one pushed a wheelbarrow into the road just as we were coming."

equipment that you should use a wheelbarrow.

Portol got to his feet. "You are mistaken, dear Mr. Orme. I—I— Orme smiled grimly. "Stop," he said. "Don't explain. Now I want you to stay right here in this field for a half hour. Don't budge. If I catch you outside, I'll take you to the nearest jail."

Portol drew himself up. "As an atatche I am exempt," he said, with a pitiful attempt at dignity.

"You are not exempt from the consequences of a crime like this. Now, get on your knees."

Whimpering, Portol knelt. "Stay in that position."

"Oh, sir—oh, my very dear sir. I— I— I—" he stammered. Orme did not move, and his interlaced fingers worked convulsively.

As Orme walked away, he stopped now and then to look back. Portol did not move, and Orme long carried the picture of that kneeling figure.

"Who was it?" asked Bessie Wallingham, as he climbed back over the fence.

"A puppy with sharp teeth," he replied, thinking of what the girl had said. "We might as well forget him."

She studied him in silence, then pointed to the chauffeur, who was down at the side of the car.

"Anything damaged?" Orme queried. "Yes, sir."

"Much?" "Two hours' work, sir."

"Fshaw!" Orme shut his teeth down hard; Portol had he known it, might have felt thankful that he was not near at hand. He turned to Bessie.

"How much farther is it?" "The chauffeur answered. "About three miles, sir."

Three miles over dark country roads—and it was nearly 11 o'clock. He glanced ahead. In the distance a light twinkled.

"Bessie," he said, "come with me to that farmhouse. We must go on. Or, if you prefer to wait here—"

"I'll go with you, of course."

They walked along the road to the farm gate. A cur yelped at their feet as they approached the house, and an old man, coatless and slippered, opened the door, holding an oil lamp high above his head. "Down, Rover! What do you want?" he shouted.

"We've got to have a rig to take us to Winnetka," said Orme. "Our car broke down."

The old man reflected. "Can't do it," he said, at last. "All she's up for the night. Can't leave the missus alone."

A head protruded from a dark upper window. "Yes, you can, Simson," growled a woman's guttural voice.

"Wall—I don't know—"

"Yes, you can," she turned to Orme. "He'll take ye fer five dollars cash. Ye can pay me."

Orme turned to Bessie. "Have you any money?" he whispered.

"Heavens! I left my hand bag in my locker at the clubhouse. How stupid!"

"Never mind." Orme saw that he must lose the marked bill after all. Regretfully he took it from his pocket. The woman had disappeared from the window, and now she came to the door and stood behind her husband. Wrapped in an old blanket, she made a gaunt figure, not unlike a squaw. As Orme walked up the two or three steps, she stretched her hand over her husband's shoulder and snatched the bill, examining it closely by the lamp-light.

"What's this writin' on it?" she demanded, fiercely.

"Oh, that's just somebody's joke. It doesn't hurt anything."

"Well, I don't know." She looked at it doubtfully, then crumpled it tight in her fist. "I guess it'll pass. Git a move on you, Simson."

The old man departed, grumbling, to the barn, and the woman drew back into the house, shutting the door carefully. Orme and Bessie heard the bolts click as she shut them home.

"Hospitality!" exclaimed Bessie, seating herself on the doorstep.

After a wait that seemed interminable, the old man came driving around the house. To a ramshackle buggy he had hitched a decrepit horse. They

wedged in as best they could, the old man between them, and at a shrilling amble the nag proceeded through the gate and turned eastward.

At the course of 30 minutes they crossed railroad tracks and entered the shady streets of the village. Bessie directing the old man where to drive. Presently they came to the entrance of what appeared to be an extensive estate. Back among the trees glimmered the lights of a house. "Turn in," said Bessie.

A thought struck Orme. If Portol, why not the Japanese? Maku and his friends might easily have got back to this place. And if the minister had been able to telephone to his allies from Arradale, they would be expecting him.

"Stop!" he whispered. "Let me out. You drive on to the door and wait there for me."

Bessie nodded. She did not comprehend, but she accepted the situation unobtrusively.

Orme noted, by the light of the lamp at the gate, the shimmer of the veil that was wound around her hat.

"Give me your veil," he said.

She withdrew the pins and unwound the piece of gossamer. He took it and stepped to the ground, concealing himself among the trees that lined the drive.

The buggy proceeded slowly. Orme followed afoot, on a parallel course, keeping well back among the trees. At a certain point, after the buggy passed, a figure stepped out into the drive, and stood looking after it. From his build and the peculiar agility of his motions, he was recognized as Maku. Orme hunted about till he found a bush from which he could quietly break a wand about six feet long. Stripping it of leaves, he fastened the veil to one end of it and tipped toward the drive.

The Japanese was still looking after the buggy, which had drawn up before the house.

Suddenly, out of the darkness a sinuous gray form came floating toward him. It wavered, advanced, halted, then seemed to rush. The sense of the afternoon was fresh in the mind of the Japanese. With screams of terror, he turned and fled down the drive, while Orme, removing the veil from the stick, moved on toward the house. Madam Alla's game certainly was effective in dealing with Orientals.

A moment later Orme and Bessie had crossed the roomy veranda and were at the door, while the old man, still grumbling, swung around the circle of the drive and rattled away. Orme's heart was pounding. When the servant answered the bell, he drew back and he did not hear the words which Bessie spoke in a low voice.

They were ushered into a wide reception hall, and the servant went to announce them.

"You wish to see her alone," said Bessie. "Go in there and I will arrange it."

He went as she directed, into a little reception room, and there he waited while subdued feminine greetings were exchanged in the hall without. Then, at last, through the doorway came the gracious, lovely figure of the girl.

"Oh," she whispered. "I knew you would come, dear—I know."

He took her hands and drew her to him. But with a glance at the doorway she held herself away from him.

In his delight at seeing her he had almost forgotten his mission. But now he remembered.

"I have the papers," he said, taking them from his pocket.

"I was sure you had them. I was sure that you would come." "Forgive me, girl, for fooling you with that blank contract."

She laughed happily. "I didn't look at it until I got home. Then I was so disappointed that I almost cried. But when I thought it over, I understood. Oh, my dear, I believed in you so strongly that even then I went to my father and told him that the papers were on the way—that they would be here in time. I just simply knew you would come."

Regardless of the open doorway he clasped her closely, and she buried her face in his coat with a little laugh that was almost a sob. Then, suddenly, she left him standing there and, holding the papers tight, went from the room.

(To Be Concluded.)

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is today the best known medicine in use for the relief and cure of bowel complaints. It cures griping, diarrhoea, dysentery, and should be taken at the first unnatural looseness of the bowels. It is equally valuable for children and adults. It always cures. Sold by all dealers.

Farewell For Clinton Pastor.

Clinton, Sept. 28.—The departure of Rev. Thomas M. Evans, of Clinton, for many years pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church of this city, was the guest of honor at a farewell banquet at the Revere hotel.

Twenty-five ministers of Clinton, Lyons, and Fulton, all co-workers and friends of the departing guest, gathered about the banquet table for a last parting word. Rev. F. H. Burrell presided as toastmaster.

A Total Eclipse

of the functions of stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, is quickly disposed of with Electric Bitters. 50c. McBride & Will Drug Co.

Huge Chimney About Finished.

Clinton, Sept. 28.—Before another day has passed the huge steel smoke stack being erected on the new boiler house at the gas works on Second street and Maple avenue will have been completed.

It is claimed that the 180 foot stack is the tallest in the state. At any rate it is the tallest in this part of Iowa. The erection of the cloud-pleaser has been fraught with danger for those who have labored on its summit, and two narrowly escaped death last week when they fell part way down the tube.

Your complexion is well as your temper is rendered miserable by a disordered liver. By taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets you can improve both. Sold by all dealers.

ROOSEVELT IN CHURCH TANGLE.

Accepts Catholic Banquet Invitation, Declining One From Methodists.

Chicago, Sept. 28.—Theodore Roosevelt has again involved himself in a social tangle in which the Catholic and Methodist churches figure.

The former president has accepted an invitation to be the guest of honor and principal speaker at the Knights of Columbus banquet in the Peoria cathedral on Oct. 12. To accept this invitation he was obliged to decline one from the Methodists of Peoria, who asked him to lay the cornerstone of their new deaconess home on the same day.

The Peoria incident is similar in many respects to the clash between the Vatican and Roosevelt. In Rome his action incensed the Catholics and pleased the Methodists. The Peoria dinner affair has, however, angered the Methodists and failed to meet the favor of three prelates of the Catholic church and all the 215 priests of the Peoria diocese.

Three prelates of the Roman Catholic church have refused to eat at the same table with Roosevelt. This Columbus day banquet will not have the sanction of the church.

None of the three prelates would discuss the subject of prohibition. Some of the more intimate acquaintances and associates talked freely of the matter. The reason lies in the bitter feeling that the Rome incident left with them. The three prelates offered an open invitation to the controversy which arose between the Methodists and Pope Pius X.

The clash between Roosevelt and the Vatican occurred during February and March last when the former president was returning from his African game or when he presented some strange aspects as the result of the refusal of the prelates to attend. It can not now be opened with an invocation, as is the custom, nor can it be closed with a benediction, which is also the custom.

POSTAL BANKS IN FIFTY CITIES.

Institutions to Be in Operation Within Next Six or Eight Weeks.

Washington, Sept. 28.—Within six or eight weeks postal savings banks will be in operation throughout the United States. This is the expectation of officials in the postoffice department who have been at work constructing a machine for carrying out the congressional act authorizing the establishment of such institutions.

Congress only laid the groundwork for postal savings banks. The act authorized in the act—the postmaster general, the secretary of the treasury and the attorney general—to work out the details. And the board, in turn, has entrusted the construction of the machine to officials in the postoffice department who have been meeting almost daily since its creation, and has prepared a report for submission to the board of trustees which will be established in at least fifty cities. The plan is to have at least one postal savings bank in each state. The cities in which the experimental banks will be located have not been revealed. It is known, however, that they will be located in at least fifty cities. The cities in which the experimental banks will be located have not been revealed. It is known, however, that they will be located in at least fifty cities. The cities in which the experimental banks will be located have not been revealed. It is known, however, that they will be located in at least fifty cities.

Philadelphia Milk War.

Philadelphia's battle against a proposed raise in the price of milk from 8 cents to 9 cents a quart has taken on a new phase. It began on Aug. 15 when two of the city's largest distributors, the Supply and Delivery Dairies and the Abbot Dairy, announced that they would raise the price from 8 cents to 9 cents a quart and from 4 cents to 5 cents a pint.

These two companies thought that the little dealers would follow them. But the little dealers did not. They continued to sell milk at 8 cents, and the big dealers could not stand the pressure. They said so to their competitors, and the latter reached the postoffice department.

The excuse of the big dealers for raising the price was the scarcity of milk, the combined demands of the farmers for an increase and the extra expense incurred in distributing the high-quality milk required.

The small dealers said, however, that if they could afford to pay the milk producer 4 1/2 cents a quart, the highest price ever received by the farmer, then surely the large dealer should be able to do so. In taking this position the small dealers will have to come in a formidable competitor, entrenched behind a larger capital and a greater organization, was able to carry on the business more economically.

It was also admitted by the small dealer that the farmer does not demand the 4 1/2-cent rate all the year round and that, with the lower price in other seasons of the year, there was a reasonable and living profit in the business.

In attractively written advertisements in all of the Philadelphia newspapers the big dealers declared they were losing money and would be forced into bankruptcy if they sold 8-cent milk. The blame was placed on the farmer, who, they alleged, was protesting against his own butchers rather than to feed and milk cows of his own.

The consumer will eventually be the greatest sufferer," declared the big dealers. The action of Baltimore, Boston and New York dealers was quoted in the cleverly written advertisement as justifying the raise in Philadelphia.

In Philadelphia there are about 1,500 dealers in milk. Of this number 300 are members of the Milk Exchange. The independent dealers are, therefore, in the majority, but despite this fact the volume of business done by the 300 and their power financially make up for what they lack in numbers.

For several days after Aug. 1 it looked as if the big dealers would win. The little fellows said, but the "little fellows" continued to sell milk at the old price and the "big fellows" began to lose trade.

Housewives in all parts of the city

protected against the change in price.

Many of them bought milk by the pint. Under the new scale of prices, with pints at 5 cents, the actual effect of the increase was to make the price 10 cents a quart.

Then the farmers threatened to charge 5 cents a quart for milk, but still the small dealer stood firm. Even at that figure, the small dealer said, there was a living for him in the milk business.

Director Neff, of the department of health and charities, backed the big dealers by declaring that pure milk could not be distributed for 8 cents a quart. Still the little dealer sold milk at 8 cents a quart and the public continued to buy it.

On Aug. 8 there were 700 dealers selling 8-cent milk. One of the morning newspapers, which fought the increase in price from the beginning, published the names of the 8-cent dealers from day to day. Their business increased. The big dealers' business decreased.

On Aug. 11 the big dealers gave up the battle and 8-cent milk came back. C. H. Supple, who was the general of the high-price war, had this to say: "We were obliged to lower the price for the reason that all the other dealers did so."

The action of the big dealers in raising the price of milk did much to awaken interest in the quality of the product distributed in Philadelphia. The big dealers had all declared themselves for a high standard, making that one of the chief reasons why the price should be raised.

With the reduction in price it was hinted that the quality of milk distributed to the consumer would not be up to the proper standard. Then came this assurance from David C. Clark, chief milk inspector of Philadelphia:

Wanted—To buy large size, first class hard coal burner cheap for cash. Rural No. 1 Box 58.

Wanted—We want immediately women to peel tomatoes and men to husk corn. We prefer Marshalltown people rather than to bring from outside. Good wages can be made at both jobs. Western Grocer Company Mills, canning department.

Pearls Wanted—Send by registered mail. If my offer is not satisfactory, will return. Lathrop Produce Company, Belmont, Iowa.

Wanted—Leave your wants at the Jefferson Employment Agency, phone 783.

Wanted—Let your wants be known. Carl's Employment Agency, phone 950.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

Wanted—A man experienced as implement or vehicle salesman for soliciting in the country. Address "Salesman," care T-R.

500 Men 20 to 40 years old wanted at once for electric railway motorman and conductors; \$60 to \$100 a month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity. Write immediately for application blank. Address P-21, care of Marshalltown Times-Republican.

Wanted—Men to learn barber trade, few weeks completes. Time saved by steady practice. Careful instructors and demonstrations. Tools given, diploma granted. Moier Barber College, Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Wanted—Good girl for housework, or young girl to take care of child, Mrs. Elzy, 107 South First avenue.

Wanted—Two dining room girls at Hotel Holst, Boone, Iowa.

Wanted—Girls at Palace laundry.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale—About 200 Plymouth Rock chickens. 206 South Thirteenth street.

For Sale—Household goods at auction Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. 36 North First street. Dr. G. D. Painter.

For Sale—Majestic range and gas stove with oven. Can be seen at Scheeler's livery.

For Sale—Genuine Beckwith twenty-inch Round Oak heater. Fine heater for school house or store. Almost new. 405 West Linn street.

For Sale—Family driving horse, sorrel and harness. City broke. Weight 1,200. M. E. Melvin, 5 West Grant street.

For Sale—Good second-hand furnace cheap. Sinclair Tea & Coffee Co.

For Sale—Circle desk with iron railing, good for store or office, 804 West Main street.

For Sale—Cheap, one each, Regal and Regal touring cars, in fine shape, almost new. Write J. C. Roushbar, Zealring, Iowa.

For Sale—Cheap set of Britannicas, gas stove, extension table, book case, board, etc., 303 East Church street.

Auction Sale—Livery barn, feed yards and stock, Maxwell, Iowa, Oct. 3, 1910. 20 horses, 16 single and double buggies, 10 set harness, rubber whips, 49 ton tannin hay in stock one mile from town. Closing out to dissolve partnership. John Graham auctioneer. H. Garlock, clerk. Baker & Co., owners.

For Sale—Dry pine kindling at New Masonic Temple Building.

For Sale—Waste feed at canning factory. A No. 1 feed for dairy stock or hog. Western Grocery Mills canning department.

For Sale—On easy payments, bar fixtures, new and second hand billiard and pool tables, billiard and bowling supplies. We lead in cheap prices. The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

LIVESTOCK—HORSES, ETC.

For Sale—Or will trade for stock, registered Clyde stallion. Inquire route 1, box 71.

For Sale—Five yearling steers. W. C. Brown, Green Mountain, Iowa.

For Sale—Two good milk cows, one fresh next month. 604 North First avenue.

For Sale—Pedigreed Duroc yearling boar. George H. Roberts, Rural No. 2.

For Sale—One team heavy draft horses, harness and wagon. W. J. Longcor, New Masonic Temple.

For Sale—Large type Poland China male hogs, thoroughbred Shorthorn

"I do not care what the price of milk is,"

he said, "the same precautions will be taken by me and the men under me to see that the people of the city get pure milk."

He kept his promise, and the result of the big dealers' attempt to gouge the people is that the quality of the 8-cent milk is being watched carefully and kept up to the standard.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the cough cough appears, will prevent the attack. Sold by all dealers.

Wanted Further Information.

James Albery, the dramatist, was descending the steps of his club, when a stranger addressed him thus: "I beg your pardon, but is there a gentleman in this club with one eye of the name of X—?" Albery answered the question at once by another: "Stop a moment. What's the name of his other eye?"

FARM LANDS

We have for sale on best of terms large list of improved farms in all parts of Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas. Will buy, sell or trade your property. See us for all kinds of investments.

JAMES RIVER VALLEY LAND EXCHANGE
A. D. WOODS, General Manager
MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.
Phones, Office 513; residence 842 yellow. Over Benedict & Brintall's.

Classified Advertisements

One cent a word each insertion—No ad received for less than 15 cents.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY.
For Sale—House, 707 East Linn. Good location.

FOR SALE—706 and 710 East Linn street. Mrs. M. J. Duncan.

FOR SALE—Restaurant in this city doing good business; a snap if taken at once. Will pay to investigate, good established business. Address 15-26 care this office.

FOR SALE—Having decided to locate elsewhere in California I offer for sale my business block, 116 and 118 East Main street, now occupied by L. S. Peckham Grocery Company and James Skogg; will also sell flat No. 7 South Third avenue, 500 feet on C & N. W. switch adjoining alcohol plant, 12 choice lots adjoining Melrose Park addition, and ten acres near packing house. A. L. Utz, 206 South Third avenue. Phone white 753.

IOWA LANDS.
For Sale—Choice selected improved farms in the Iowa corn belt. Eighties, nineties, half sections. High value, low prices; sure crops. Send for list. Box 395, Waterloo, Iowa.

For Sale—290 acres, fine laying land in Marshall county, to settle estate. No finer land anywhere. Address George Hauser, Liscomb, Iowa.

For Sale—My 75 acre farm with water power feed mill, at a bargain. George Moyer, Clarksville, Iowa.

For Sale—Well improved Iowa corn, clover and hog farm; 160 acres, all plow land, close to a good railroad town; \$80 per acre. Box 395, Waterloo, Iowa.

For Sale—30 acres with house, barn and well. Fenced and cross fenced, \$125 per acre. Easy terms. Lacey J. Patterson, room 1, court house.

For Sale—11 acres south of Marshalltown. Address N-26, care this office.

For Sale—280 acres 4 1/2 miles east of Marshalltown; can be divided into tracts of 200, 150, 125 or 80 acres nicely. J. M. Hughes, 2139 W. Grand Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

For Sale—Westendorf farm of 240 acres in Jefferson township, one