

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY — HE COULD FOLLOW IN GEORGE'S FOOTSTEPS TO GOOD ADVANTAGE

BY C. A. VOIGHT



Nothing But The Truth

By Frederic S. Isham

Author of Under the Rose, Aladdin From Broadway, Etc.

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CHAPTER XX. (Continued.)

"But how can I complete telling your fortune—aw!—unless I see the other hand?" expostulated the monocle man with a pleasant smile. "I desire especially to examine the Mount of Venus."

"There isn't any mountain any more," said the jolly little pal. "It's been moved away."

"Aw! How interesting! Then we might survey the vale of friendship." She looked around like a bird in a snare; the hammer man was not far away and impulsively she flew over to him.

"Was this our dance? I'm so forgetful!"

"It wasn't, but it is," he returned with a smile. Obviously he was flattered. Heretofore Miss Dolly had not acted particularly prepossessed by the hammer thrower; he hadn't any temperament—so she thought; he didn't swing one around with enough abandon. He was one of those serious goody-goody dancers. He swung Miss Dolly very seriously now; they went so slowly for her that once she stumbled over his feet. It was evident their temperaments didn't match. Or maybe what she held in one hand had made her terribly self-conscious. Bob watched them gloomily. He feared she might swallow it during the dance, but she didn't, for the little hand was partly closed still when she left the hammer thrower and Bob gazed around for that confounded monocle man. The latter, however, had apparently lost interest in palp reading and the temperamental little thing, for he was nowhere to be seen. Miss Dolly's eyes were at once frightened and strange when she fluttered again to Bob's side.

"Oh, I've done the most awful thing," she confessed quite breathlessly to him.

"You— you haven't swallowed it?" he exclaimed in alarm. He thought he had watched her closely, but still she might have found opportunity—she might have made a swift movement to her lips which he had failed to observe.

"No, I haven't swallowed it," she answered. "I've done worse."

"Worse? What could be worse?"

"I slipped it into his waistcoat pocket."

"Whose? The hammer thrower? No? By jove!"

"I did it when I tripped. And I tripped purposely, and when he was very gallant and kept me from falling, I—I slipped it in. And isn't it awful? Poor man! He's such a goody-goody. You don't mind, do you?" Anxiously.

"Oh, I mind a heap," said Bob jovially. "Ho! ho!"

"I was afraid you might scold."

"Scold? No, indeed. I'm awfully obliged and I only wish I could do something for you to show how thankful I am."

"Do you? Then you might—" She gazed toward the conservatory where it was dim and shadowy. "No; it wouldn't do. We're not engaged any more. Besides—" And she looked toward a straight proud figure with golden hair. She didn't finish what she was going to say. Only—"I guess I won't make you," she added.

"Thanks," said Bob. "You're sure the best pal a chap ever had. But honest! I hate to be mean and disappoint you after all you've done. And I might volunteer, if you'd make it just one—or, at the most, two."

A moment the temperamental little thing seemed to waver. Then the rosebud lips set more firmly. "No," she said. "It's awfully dear of you to offer, but I don't want any. You've made me see the error of my ways. I've reformed. I only want to be your jolly little pal. But you haven't any conscientious scruples about the way I disposed of it, have you?" she asked swiftly changing the subject.

"Conscientious scruples? Not one

a serious charge to make," went on the hammer thrower, "but what was I to do? I never was put in a more painful position."

"Painful, indeed," replied Miss Gerald sympathetically. "Of course it was a joke."

"I am glad you take that view of it," he replied. "You can see that naturally I found it deucedly awkward. Things have been disappearing in so many country houses, don't you know. It wouldn't have been a joke for me if I hadn't fortunately discovered it as I did. Under the circumstances, I don't really appreciate Miss Dolly's jokes."

"But mightn't it have been some one else?" suggested Gwendoline.

"I danced only with you and Miss Dolly."

"Well, naturally, it wouldn't be I," said Gwendoline with a smile. "There's Dolly now talking with Mr. Bennett and Lord Stamford. Suppose we speak to her. But I wouldn't have any one else know for the world, I'm really very sorry Dolly's heedlessness should have caused one of my guests any embarrassment." Miss Gerald was graciousness itself.

In spite of the thrill of the moment, the hammer thrower couldn't prevent an expression of honest approval gleaming from his eyes. "You are very kind," he said in a low tone. "You will never know all this visit, has meant to me. I, too, regret exceedingly that what you regard as Miss Dolly's pranks—and we all know how prone she is to do the unconventional—should have involved me in a little episode that, perhaps, isn't so agreeable as it should be. I trust, though, you don't blame me for coming to you at once about the matter."

"Why should I blame you?" The violet eyes full on the serious ones.

"I suppose I might just have placed it somewhere, on the mantle, for example, and not said anything about Miss Dolly's part in the affair," he observed musingly. "It might have been more chivalrous. One doesn't like to complain of a woman, you know, and a fellow guest at that."

With regret that sounded genuine.

"I think you took the only course a conscientious man could," said Gwendoline Gerald. "Indeed, I can appreciate your position. You did what any honest man would feel impelled to do."

Again that gracious smile! Again a slight gleaming in the hammer man's eyes! At the moment she seemed to realize in every way the poet's picture of regal young womanhood—"divinely tall" and most divinely fashioned, she appeared, as she stood with the light from a great chandelier full upon her.

"Your approval is very dear to me," the hammer thrower murmured. "I think I have your friendship. That is much—much, indeed. But—" For a moment he seemed about to say more. His strong, honest-looking face surely wore an expression of some feeling deeper than friendship.

Would Gwendoline Gerald have shrunk from a verbal expression of what his look seemed to imply? The violet eyes never appeared deeper, more enigmatically-receptive. The hammer thrower did not go on, however. He reverted to that other topic.

"Perhaps it would be as well to drop the matter altogether," he remarked. "I am quite satisfied to do so, if you are."

"That is nice of you," she said in a tone that implied she still approved of him. "But I think I shall speak to Dolly. Or, at least, let her see the ring is on my finger."

"I can't understand why she should have done it," he observed in puzzled accents as they crossed the room. "I can't quite see how it can be classed as a joke."

Dolly has the wildest idea of humor," returned Gwendoline. "As a little girl she was always doing the maddest things. Perhaps, too, she has been reading about those sensational robberies and wished to perpetrate a hoax."

"I say that would have been rather rough on a fellow, wouldn't it?"

"And then, after creating a little excitement, she would have come forward and said she did it. Maybe she read about that escapade of young men and girls at an English house, in an automobile and returned the same, piece-meal, by parcel post. I don't say my explanation of Dolly's prank is a correct one," said Miss Gerald, tentatively lifting long lashes to regard her companion, "but it may in some measure throw light upon it."

"Unless—" He paused.

"Unless what?" she asked.

"Nothing. Only I was thinking—"

The violet eyes became suddenly darker. "You mean about what you told me this morning—about Mr. Bennett and how you found him—"

"I really didn't wish to speak of that, only it was strange—" He stopped.

"Strange, indeed," she observed, studying him.

"Anyhow, I can't see how to connect that with this," he confessed.

"There does seem a missing link somewhere," observed the girl. "Do you"—and her eyes were again full upon the deep serious ones—"like Mr. Bennett?"

"I neither like nor dislike him." They had stopped for a moment in a doorway. "His manners have been rather extraordinary. I honestly can't make him out. He looks rational enough and yet he acts most irrationally."

"I am going to tell you a great secret," said the girl. "Please do not speak of it to any one else. Some one in the house has been taking things—in earnest, I mean."

"No? Is it possible?" he observed.

"Then it wouldn't have been nice for me if that ring—" Honest indignation shone from his eyes. "I must say Miss Dolly did take a confounded liberty."

"Under the circumstances, yes," said the girl gravely.

"You say things are missing? Great Scott!"

"I did not say 'missing.'" Quickly. "It is a case of substitution."

"Pardon me if I fail to understand."

She explained. "By 'jove' that is clever. I am honored by your confidence. I won't betray it. Your aunt is naturally distressed."

"Naturally—though she appears the same as usual. However, she is determined to put an end to these affairs. Society has been frightfully annoyed. It is not nice to ask some one down and then to have her lose—"

"I understand," said the hammer thrower gravely. "If your aunt can stop these unfortunate occurrences society will owe her a great debt. But tell me further, if I am not intruding too greatly on your confidences, does the finger of suspicion point anywhere?"

"Yes," returned the girl.

"Of course," he said, and looked toward Bob.

That young man's face did not now express any trace of satisfaction or jovial feeling. He looked both puzzled and worried, and glanced apprehensively from time to time at the sentimental young thing. The monocle man was telling her fortune now. With British persistence he had reverted to the subject upon again approaching the couple, which he did almost immediately after the hammer thrower returned to Miss Gerald her ring.

"You missed your ring?" said the hammer thrower after a pause.

"Yes. But I never imagined—"

"It would be a moment, hand-somely. After all, it's proofs that count." The sentence had a familiar sound to Miss Gerald who entertained a vague impression she had said something like it to Bob. They approached Dolly.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE

I was wawking alawng today and I stardit to wawk awn the church pavement near the wawl, waw if it wassent for the iron slats ovir it, evvrybody wood fall down throo the iron things, and thare wass leavess and peeces of papir and things down thare.

G, I thawt, I bet a lot of peoppl have dropped pennys down thare and nevvir bin abel to get them agen.

And I stardit to wawk alawng looking down to see if I cood see a penny ony I codent, and wass still trying and a man with wite whiskers awn the sides of his fase cam alawng with a cane and watcht me a wile, and then he sed, "Wat are you trying to find, sunny, a penny."

Yes sir, I sed.

And I kepp awn looking, and the man stardit to help me look, saying, "I properly must have rolled undir a peece of papir or sumthing."

Yes, sir, I sed.

And we kepp awn looking, and aftir a wile the man sed, "But reelp, yo no, even if we saw it, thare woodent be any meens of getting it, wood thare."

No sir, I sed keeping awn looking.

Well then, Ill tell you wat Ill do, sed the man, Ill give you anuthir penny, ony you must promise to be moar careful of it than you were of that wun.

And he took a penny out of his vest pocket and gave it to me, and I sed Thank you, and the man stardit to wawk tway.

G wizz, I thawt, he properly thinks I dropped a penny down this hole.

And I kepp awn looking aftir him and wundring weathir I awt to go aftir him and tell him I wass jest looking to see if anybody elss had dropped a penny down thare, maybe, and by that time he wass about half a block away, and I thawt, G, Id haff to run to catch him now.

Wich pritty soon the man wass a block away, and I thawt, I gess if I ran aftir him now and told him, he wood ony think I wass annoying him.

So I went the uthir way and bawt speeded gum drops with the sent, the lady giving me 11 insted of 10, probably being anuthir mistake.

one last tremendous and terrific blow, and, all of a sudden—

"Umph!" went his horn, and out of the end of it flew Uncle Wiggily himself, like a cork from a pop gun.

"Oh!" cried all the animal folk. "Oh, dear!"

But Uncle Wiggily came gently down in a fluffy snow bank, and was not hurt a bit.

"Where were you?" asked Nurse Jane.

"I fell out of the window into the end of the big horn," said the rabbit gentleman, "and I couldn't get my breath to tell you where I was. But I was in the horn all the while!"

"Ha! No wonder I couldn't blow it," said the elephant. Then the band played and every one had a fine time at Nurse Jane's surprise party, and it was more of a surprise than any expected, on account of Uncle Wiggily falling in the horn.

But everything came out all right you see, even Mr. Longears himself who popped out, and the next story will be about Uncle Wiggily and his shortcake falls down stairs, and bumps the egg beater, very likely the pancake turner won't have any oatmeal for breakfast.

WORK OF REFLOORING BRIDGE IS DELAYED

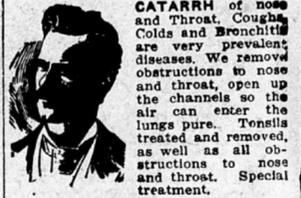
The work of re-flooring the Market street bridge has been held up for sometime on account of the delay of the joists in arriving. When the floor was taken up it was thought that the old joists could be used but they were in bad condition and as they had been turned once it was decided to replace them. They were supposed to have arrived about March 30 but have not arrived yet. The creosote boards have been on the ground for sometime and traffic across the bridge has been congested as only one sidewalk can be used.

DRUGGISTS GIVE UP THEIR PERMITS

Manchester, May 27.—Ten of the eleven druggists named in petitions filed in the district court by the Delaware County Temperance association, and charged with the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors under the permit system, have given up their permits and filed pleadings with the clerk. The cases were continued from Tuesday of this week to next week by mutual consent of the attorneys. Each druggist has employed counsel and all but one have decided to surrender their permits of their own accord.

You have a perfect right to cross the street at the intersections but good sense warns you to first glance to the right and to the left because having a perfect right on the crossing may not prevent you from being run down. Safety first.

CATARRH



CATARRH of nose and Throat, Coughs, Colds and Bronchitis are very prevalent diseases. We remove obstructions to nose and throat, open up the channels so the air can enter the lungs pure. Tonsils treated and removed, as well as all obstructions to nose and throat. Special treatment.

LUNG DISEASES often come from neglected catarrh. Catarrh of the stomach is often an extension of catarrh of nose and throat, produces indigestion and formation of gases, pain and tenderness at pit of stomach. The liver and intestines may become affected. ELECTRICITY and other treatments besides medicine are used. M. practice of twenty-five years in Ottumwa has made me an expert in the treatment of ALL catarrhal troubles and am at your command.

DR. J. C. BONHAM
Elk's Building,
Second and Green Streets

Children's Evening Story

UNCLE WIGGILY IN A HORN.
(By Howard R. Garis.)
Pagan Newspaper Service.

(Copyright by Evening News Publishing Company of Newark, N. J., 1915.)

"Uncle Wiggily Longears, whatever is the matter with you, anyhow?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, of the old gentleman rabbit, one day. "What are you up to, I wonder?"

"Up to? What is the matter? Why there is nothing the matter with me, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy," Uncle Wiggily said, trying not to laugh.

"Yes, there is something the matter," Nurse Jane said. "You are up to some trick; I know you are!"

"What makes you think so?" Uncle Wiggily asked.

"Why, you go around the bungalow so funny like and you slip out every now and then and I hear you talking to some one outside, but I can't see who it is. And you are whispering over the telephone and whenever the doorbell rings you hop to answer it before I have a chance to go. I am sure you are up to some trick!"

"No trick at all!" said Uncle Wiggily, but Nurse Jane noticed that he sort of blushed behind his ears, as any little animal boy might if his mamma caught him in the hickory nut jam closet.

"And, as for answering the doorbell," went on Uncle Wiggily, "why I do that Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy, to save you coming from the kitchen. It gives you so much more time to make pies and puddings and cakes," he said.

"Humph! It takes you to tell it!" said Nurse Jane, with a little fop of her long tail. "But I'll find out!"

"I hope she doesn't find out!" Uncle Wiggily said to himself as he hopped over quickly to answer the telephone before Nurse Jane would have a chance. "If she finds out all the fun will be spoiled. It won't be any surprise at all," the rabbit gentleman said.

"Hello! Hello! Yes, this is Uncle Wiggily," he said, speaking into the telephone. "Eh? What's that? Oh, yes, it is all right—you can start soon," he went on.

"Now, what in the world can he be talking about?" thought the muskrat lady. "Her certainly is up to some trick. I hope he isn't going to play any joke on me, though."

But it was a joke on Nurse Jane that Uncle Wiggily was fixing up, though it was a very nice one, and he knew she would like it.

For it was soon to be Nurse Jane's birthday, and the rabbit gentleman had planned a surprise for her. He was going to have a little party for her, and invite all her friends, and as many of the animal children as could come.

And, more than this, Uncle Wiggily had hired the trained animal band to come and play a serenade for Nurse Jane. The muskrat lady was very fond of music.

Well, as the days went on, Uncle Wiggily was more and more mysterious, hurrying here and there, hopping to the door, answering the telephone,

TURKEY CONCEALS HAVING NEW SHIP

Amsterdam, Holland, May 27.—A telegram from Constantinople says it is announced officially there that a Turkish submarine sank a Russian warship in the Black sea.

The dispatch adds that Turkey concealed for some time in concealing the fact that this submarine was in operation and that the complete result of its activities are unknown.

A wireless dispatch from Berlin yesterday reported that a Russian warship, probably the battleship Panteimon, had been sunk in the Black sea, with the loss of 1,400 men. The dispatch gave no intimation that the vessel had been sunk by a submarine.