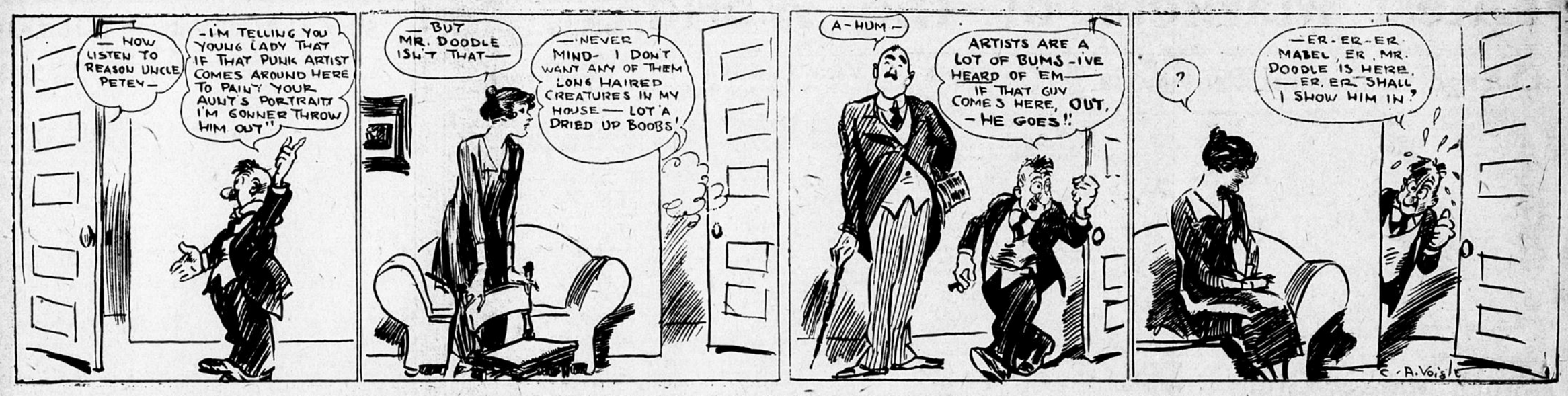
PETEY DINK — HA! HA! WHY DIDN'T YOU THROW HIM OUT, PETE? —::— —::— BY C. A. VOIGHT



The Seed of the Righteous

A Love Story by

JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

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CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

"I am sorry, Ralston, but it was Mrs. Van Dusen about the Babies' Outings. We have been given—but I will tell you later. Go on, dear."

Ralston brought down his eyes, which had been seeking patience on the ceiling. The scene was dark with coming disaster, but Mrs. Gage still smiled to herself over good news. At its close Sabra made a swift, scratchy note. It sounded like a criticism and Ralston paused with politely inquiring eyebrows, but she only nodded.

"Go on. We will talk about it afterward," she said.

Ralston finished his first act and by a pause invited comment, but no one spoke. Chloe, though still reverent, was looking puzzled; Mrs. Gage's hands had mechanically taken up her darning. He went on, but his voice grew flat, strained. He offered the speeches badly, too proud to curry favor by clothing them with expression. Mrs. Gage occasionally lost a word and asked to have it repeated, not dreaming how that exasperated. When Billy's kitten came into the room and Chloe held out beckoning fingers to it, Ralston made a cold pause as though to say, "When your attention is quite free—" But Chloe, knowing little of authors, did not catch the rebuke, and seized the moment to gather up the kitten into her lap Ralston resignedly went on, and tried not to see that her fingers played with the little beast. He was coming to his big scene and in spite of obstacles the emotional suspense was rising like a tide when Sabra's cool, efficient voice broke in:

"One minute, Ralston. Do you intend there to convey the effect—"

The manuscript was slammed shut. "Oh, good lord!" he burst out. "If you don't get the effect without explanations what is the sense of reading it to you?"

"But if an intelligent listener is not certain of your intention, wouldn't it be well to make it a little clearer?" Sabra argued with perfect good temper. "However, we can talk of that later. I realize that I should not have interrupted."

"Go on, dear. I must know what she does," his mother urged, and Ralston, with a sigh for lost inspiration, drearily finished the act.

"That is enough for tonight," he said. "I am too tired to read the last act."

"I am sure it is very powerful and unusual," said Mrs. Gage. "And when you get real people doing it and all—it seems to me every bit as good as the Henry Arthur Jones play we went to together."

Ralston slightly shivered. "Oh—Jones!" he murmured.

"It is unusual," Sabra decided. "Your motive is strong and dramatic, and your man is well done." Sabra never offered an opinion; she stated a truth. The softening, "I may be wrong," or, "It seems to me," did not accord with her mental processes. "But your woman is not sound. In the scene where I was inconsiderate enough to interrupt, she would not have taken just that attitude. That is a man's idea of a woman, not a real woman. A man always—"

"If she didn't take that attitude, there would be no play," said Ralston rising. "Thank you all for listening. You have been most patient." He was too depressed, body and soul, to be sarcastic very successfully, and his mother answered with simple literalness.

"It has been a great pleasure, dear boy. And I have got a whole pile of dull mending done. You couldn't let me take the last act? I shall be wondering all night if it has a happy ending."

The phrase was unlucky. Ralston raised protesting hands to the god of pure art. "Oh, happy ending—happy ending! Shall we never be rid of that bogy? Why should it end happily? Life doesn't. Nobody dies, is that is what you mean. It leaves them going on as best they can, as maimed people must." He gave her the typewritten sheets. "Read it if you like, but for pity's sake don't talk to me about it," he said, and went heavily to bed. Mrs. Gage was depressed.

"It is hard to say just the right thing," she admitted humbly.

Chloe, always very tender of her mother's feelings, looked about for cheer. "The opening night will be fun,' she said. That proved a healing thought. They began to talk of curtain calls and newspaper notices and of the five hundred thousand dollars that Shenandoah had earned—or was it The Merry Widow?—and presently they were entering Billy's name for Groton and wishing that Sereno Gage could have known. Sabra went to bed but Mrs. Gage stayed up to read the last act to Chloe. She tried valiantly not to be disappointed over the lack of happy embraces at the close. Ibsen ended that way, she knew.

"A very powerful play," she declared.

"Yes, very," Chloe assented. It mortified her that she did not seem to have any real opinion of her own. It was so young, not to know what one thought! But the play was, of course, powerful.

The good news was even better by morning. The richness of the opportunity grew on them till the house seemed to hold no other topic. Chloe had had her secret doubts as to Ralston's talent, her moments of smothered impatience that he did not fling off his coat and help them by any manner of honorable work when disaster was upon them. It takes years and much forbearance for a woman to surmount the ancient convention that man, whether fitted to it or not, must earn money. Now she saw how small her vision had been, and joy that she had never given it words made a very dear little sister of her. Ralston stayed home all the morning to build card board models of his scenery, and Chloe painted charming paper dolls for the characters. Mrs. Gage, seated by the window with a portfolio on her knee, looked on with keen interest. She was starting an endless chain of ten cent pieces for the benefit of a diet kitchen, but the letters to the ten friends who in their turn were each to get ten cens from ten friends, and so on until the tens overlapped and protested, were making slow progress.

"It's like a rainy Saturday when we were children," said Chloe. "Only I was always so much littler. I had to be awfully careful not to get sent out of the way."

"I'm sure Sabra and Rawly were always very nice to you, dear," Mrs. Gage protested.

"Well, they didn't let any one else bully me.' Chloe admitted with a sigh. "You want the heroine blonde, don't you, Ralston? And blue eyes?"

"There! That just shows the intelligence of the public we have to write for," Ralston said disgustedly. "Blonde and blue eyes—baby doll—for a woman who faces a crisis like that!"

"But having her husband grow tired of her wouldn't necessarily change the color of her hair." Chloe persisted, paint brush suspended. "And the public likes them blonde."

"The public be—blowed. Make it a burnt black, black with a dash of auburn underneath, very straight and heavy. And long Chinese eyes."

"I should think he would have got tired of her," said Chloe, washing her brush. Opposing and teasing Ralston was not usually so safe, and she enjoyed her daring.

"It was a case of pearls before swine; a woman of mystery and distinction wasted on a fat-necked business man," he explained. "She would have held a man like Trevelyan all her life, if she had been free to go to him."

" 'Held,' " Chloe repeated, carefully removing a dimple from the heroine's cheek. "We say that of people in fiction, but we never think of mother having 'held' father, do we?"

Mrs. Gage looked up in mild surprise. "Oh, my dear, we were too busy to think of such things," she said simply. "But to the end of his life your father did like a pretty woman," she added with a touch of pride. Chloe looked into her face, so seamed and withered, with the tenderness of her own great secret in her eyes. She must love Alex like that—so that in her aged plainness she could take an amused pride in his liking for a pretty woman.

"There is no 'holding' about that. It is 'belonging,' one to the other, forever and ever," she realized. "Perhaps it was being so busy that did it. People in plays always have so much spare daytime!"

"I suppose the unhappy Trevelyan must look like a boy poet on cleaning day with somebody using the telephone," she said aloud, with wicked intent.

Ralston shot a glance of surprise at the little sister, usually veiled and silent in her home as some young nun.

"What has got into you this morning?" he demanded.

"I think I am growing up," was the demure answer. "It has been coming for some time but I have waited to be sure. It's awfully hard, you know, when one is so much smaller and younger."

"Well, if you are going to be one of those women who find everything funny, you'd better have stayed as you were," Ralston objected, frowning at the chateau front he was adjusting. He found family life quite trying enough without a new and aggressive Chloe to reckon with. A few weeks ago the snub would have depressed her; it was curious how love was emboldening her, setting her free to be herself.

"Don't worry. Cleaning day with a boy poet will never seem really funny to me," she said. "Ralston, if the play makes you very rich—"

"You all keep talking about the money," he broke in. "I wish you could realize how little that matters. We don't speak or think of it, Mrs. Cartaret and I. What we are trying to do is so much bigger than money."

Mrs. Gage drew breath for troubled speech, then let it go again and signed a ten-cent appeal in silence. Chloe tried to say it for her.

"But it would take a load off mother, Rawley. And you know you do like nice things and good service. You're getting them now, spending your days at Mrs. Cartaret's; you'll hate it like fury if you have to settle down home again, poor as ever."

She wished she had not spoken when she saw the look of harassed awakening in Ralston's face. He shrank physically, as though an intolerable and undreamed-of future had suddenly risen before him. Evidently he had not once thought of that. Then his wrath descended upon her: she might have kept her croaking to herself and let a person have a little happiness undampened. Of course, being his sister, she didn't believe in him, but, thank God, others did!

"But we do believe in you, dear boy," his mother urged, and between them the two women soothed and reassured him. Chloe's new born audacity was put away for the rest of the morning; but she did not feel so patient as she appeared.

"Rawley is worse than a prima donna! I am glad I am going to marry an electric engineer," she said to herself, then flushed to her ears lest the unwarranted thought had been in some way discernible. Alex was not acting like a lover; it was curious, her certainty of his love.

"And now, Chloe—" Mrs. Gage's rising from the lunch table was like a call to arms—"let us go out and complete the fund. Don't you think that will be a fine way to celebrate Rawly's good news?"

Chloe, stricken into misery, dropped limp hands and looked up appealingly. "Oh, mother, no!" she breathed.

"Hasn't it got to be done, dear?"

'But it is too horrible to ask for it!" Chloe's face burned a sudden red.

Mrs. Gage was evidently not unprepared for the protest.

"Because a thing is hard, is that any reason for not doing it?" she asked in kindly reproof. "A good many hard things have been done for you, Chloe. It wasn't just chance that gave you all those years at the best private school in the city. Isn't it your turn to help?"

There was a long silence while she waited for that to sink in. Then Chloe rose slowly to her feet.

"You can always prove it to me, and yet I can't seem to feel it;" she was fumbling for the difficult words. "You have all talked me down all my life, but you have never changed me. Perhaps I am only lazy and selfish and cowardly and want to get out of hard things, as you say. Well, till I can prove it isn't so—that what I feel is really right—I think I ought to do your way. I'll get my things." And she was gone before Mrs. Gage could answer.

"What has come over the child," she exclaimed, as bewildered as though Billy had spoken to her in a strange tongue.

Mrs. Gage thought best to ignore Chloe's outburst and gave her a list of people to see with a few matter-of-fact directions. Chloe took it without comment, but, after she had gone, the set whiteness of her face troubled her mother. She wavered, half inclined to run after the poor little soul and let her off.

"But she has got to learn," she acknowledged, and set out almost too heavy hearted to do her own part.

Late in the afternoon they met again at the home corner, coming from opposite directions, Mrs. Gage striding as though she carried a banner, Chloe with a gleam of unrighteous joy showing through an air of decent regret.

"I did my very best, mother," she cried at once, "and I couldn't see a single person on that list! They were nearly all out of town, except when they were ill. They expected Mr. Gardner in, so I waited and waited—I haven't shirked. And then he telephoned that he wasn't coming." She threw an arm about her mother, laughing into her shoulder. "I couldn't help it, could I?"

Mrs. Gage smiled down indulgently into the wicked face. "Well, dear, it didn't matter, for I have had tremendous luck. We needn't raise any more."

"Whee!" Chloe's squeal would have drawn a crowd in a more conventional part of town. "Oh, mother, you are an old brick! How on earth did you do it?"

Mrs. Gage, after a rather futile afternoon, had had the luck to meet a wealthy connection from Rochester on the street. "Of course, I had thought of Cousin Anna, but there is not much use writing to people when you want money," she explained. "Face to face is the only way—remember that, dear. She was immensely interested and gave me a check for the balance then and there. A very public spirited woman, Chloe. I wish she lived nearer."

"Oh, I'm—so—glad!" Chloe breathed. 'Mother, isn't life perfectly beautiful!"

Mrs. Gage answered with an unexpected sigh. "Things are going so well, it half frightens me," she admitted.

It did not frighten Chloe. The accumulated good news was too great to be held in. Ralston had demanded absolute secrecy about the play, implying darkly that a word might burst the lovely bubble, but Chloe, finding him at home, begged permission to tell Alex.

"He never repeats anything," she urged. "He will be so pleased."

Ralston's excitement had come to its inevitable reaction. "Oh, relatives never care," he said moodily. "They are glad if you fail. They have known you all your life, therefore you can't be any good."

"It's natural," Chloe excused them. "Don't you remember when I came back from Europe and Uncle Harry saw me on the street? 'Why, that's a pretty girl—oh, no, it isn't, it's Chloe!" She laughed, loving Uncle Harry and all his ways. "Alex has invented something to do with a dynamo, but I don't believe you would take much stock in it," she added.

The put-yourself-in-his-place admonition always annoyed Ralston. He had been born feeling himself something special and set apart, one of nature's princes, to whom the leveling advice could not apply; and yet, when others did not recognize this, he had no means of asserting it.

"Oh, tell him if you like," he said, turning away.

Chloe had been longing for some such opportunity. She and her father both knew that Alex loved her; why should the lovely spring go by, wasted? Alex's bad temper must vanish if they came together again, and Chloe, brave and bright in her new power, meant to have no more nonsense.

"Stupid boy, staying away!" she silently scolded him as she straightened her hat over laughing eyes. She could intercept him on his way home if she hurried. It was Billy's hour for saying good night to his grandfather, but for once Chloe did not want her little boy. She slipped out uncaught.

Alex would pass the statue, so she went out to the peaceful little island in the traffic, whence she could watch both sidewalks. A girl could wait unnoticed in this shabby old corner of the town. Neighbors, passing, greeted her with city gaiety. The world was hot and dusty, tired with the day's work, but the jest and the laugh accompanied homing feet like an organ grinder's tune. A horse balked and the entire street stopped to grin and to help. Two taxicabs grazed wheels, and their chauffeurs, polite backs to their fares, rolled eyes and puffed cheeks at each other over the eternal joke of the close shave. A truckman and a teamster bawled witticisms across the traffic. They could all be savage enough on provocation; but meanwhile they were gay, the city wine bubbling in their veins and touchingly patient under difficulties, and Chloe, city child that she was, felt a joyous tremor of response to the rough fellowship. No doubt evil and despair stalked the streets, but it was the kindness and the laughter that one saw.

"My city—" an articulate song was streaming through her heart; "My city—my father—my love—"

Her love was coming. Chloe watched him with a quick rising of possessive pride. She longer to point him out to the whole street: "See, that is my Alex! Isn't he splendid! Look at the strength of him. Did you ever see such blue eyes? And his hair isn't red—it's a warm brown. He is so fine and able, and yet such fun! Oh, you don't know! He looks sad and stern tonight, but that's—watch him now, when I speak to him!"

She went to meet him, but she had to say his name before he was aware of her. Then the whole street might have seen that he started; but the greeting that followed seemed to deny it.

"Oh, hello, Chloe!" It was the friendly cousin of all her life who spoke, not the lover she had been building up. Chloe had no time to see how badly she was hurt. She was too busy being even more cousinly than he

"Hello, Alex. I was waiting for you. I have something to tell you, something perfectly great. Come down here where it is quieter."

They turned into a side street and Chloe, very blithe and blooming, told of Mrs. Cartaret's splendid act and of the family glory to come when poor old Rawly, at last, got his chance. The tale demanded enthusiasm, but Alex heard it with lowered eyes and a grim mouth.

"It is going to be a stunning production," she insisted, and piled it up for him, but could get no response. "You might at least be a little glad for Ralston, Alex," she reproached him. Then there was an explosion:

"Lord God, what that man won't take!"

Chloe recoiled, her face paling. "Why shouldn't he take—"

"Why shouldn't he hold up a woman who has no one to—" Alex broke off, to go on more gently, though all his physical being was still angrily stiffened. "Look here, Chloe, we've got to have this thing out. I've dodged as long as I can. Now I'm going to say everything I feel, once for all."

They had turned away from home into a street of dingy warehouses, already shuttered for the night. In the sudden stillness, the gaunt walls closed about them like some dreadful court room where sentence was to be pronounced. Chloe tried to fight off the oppression.

"You always object to everything," she flung at him; 'but I thought even you would be pleased at this. Why can't Mrs. Cartaret do what she likes with her own money?"

He ignored her tone. "I'll tell you why. Helena Cartaret is without question a lovely lady; the only thing she lacks is brains. She is no more capable of judging the value of a play than Billy is. To let her back it without some cool, outside, endorsement is plain highway robbery. Ralston may be the greatest genius of the age, but he hasn't given any convincing sign of it yet and he has had no stage experience. And she isn't a very rich woman. Twenty or thirty thousand dollars will matter to her. How are you going to feel if it is a flat failure?"

The ground seemed to be dropping away under Chloe's feet; but she clung to her anger. "Suppose she wanted to back your dynamo thing—wouldn't you let her?"

"No!" He almost shouted it. "Not if she knew the whole subject and could judge its value for herself. A woman in her position hasn't any way to replace her money. The man who gambles with it gambles with her whole life's freedom. How any one with a spark of decency can take it—"

"Nearly every successful artist has! Look at Wagner—"

"Oh, 'look at Wagner'! Every year some lovely lady looks at Wagner and as a result some good-for-nothing fellow with a half talent is dawdling and drinking in Paris at her expense. 'Look at Wagner!' That's the war cry of every gifted loafer who doesn't feel like earning his own chance."

"But Ralston couldn't earn his own chance—do be fair, Alex!" she cried. "You don't understand what he is. An office would be death for him."

"Yes; he'd be bored to death. I mean it, literally," he insisted at her angry start. "He has decided from the first that he was to sing for his supper; to have to drudge for it, now, like other men—he would fall ill and die of sheer exasperation. Well, he will never have to. There will always be some woman to carry him on."

They had reached the end of the block and turned slowly back. "But you are putting money above everything else!" Chloe spoke the word "money" with young contempt, but he answered patiently:

"Ah, Chloe, wait till you have had to earn a living—just a living for one person: pile it up day by day, get a little ahead, then have an illness or an accident, pay it all out and begin over again, and all the time know that the day will come when you can't work—try that, and then you will say 'money' in a different tone. That's the common lot, Toto, for the average man or woman who doesn't live on some one else. Oh, it isn't that I don't see the bigness of art, compared to money. And real talent has often got to be helped—I'll grant that. What I can't stand is seeing the help worked out of soft and sentimental ignorance. Suppose Ralston has great talent; let him get the endorsement of competent judges before—"

"But Sothern nearly took a play of his, you know that," she burst in.

"Well, he kept it several months and wrote a delightful letter of rejection. Oh, Chloe, I want you to see this thing as it is!" They stopped, unaware of the blank street about them. "It has always come between us. Your father was a great man, and the world was so appreciative of him that it has half ruined his other children. You came a litle too late, thank heaven, but you are so loyal to your family that even you—Toto, it's the most insidious danger in the world, to learn to take!" He had clasped her arm and his eyes were calling on her for a great decision.

(To be continued.)

Children's Evening Story

SUSIE LITTLETAIL JUMPS ROPE.

Sammie and Susie Littletail were coming home from school. Didn't I mention before that the little bunny children went to school? Well, I meant to, I'm sure, and if I overlooked it I hope you will excuse me and I'll see that it does not happen again this spring or summer. Oh, my, yes; they went to school in an old hollow tree, and an owl was the school teacher—a good, kind old owl, who never kept the bunny children in.

So, as I said, they were coming home from school, and Sammie had stopped to play marbles with some of his little boy rabbit friends, while Susie walked on with some of her little rabbit girls. Some of the girls were jumping rope, and they invited Susie to join them.

"Come on," said one rabbit with two pink eyes, "we will turn for you, and you san have 'three slow, pepper,' Susie dear."

But Susie couldn't, because she didn't know how to jump a rope. Now, isn't that strange? No sir, she didn't know the first thing about jumping rope, for she hard never had a chance to learn.

So, when she got home to the burrow that afternoon, and Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy had given her a bit of chocolate-covered carrot, Uncle Wiggily Longears noticed that the rabbit girl looked rather sad.

"What is the matter, Susie?" he asked.

"I can't jump a rope," she answered, "and all the other rabbit girls can."

"Never mind," said Uncle Wiggily, "I will show you how. Come with me. Oh, dear! Oh my goodness me, and some sassafras root! Oh! oh!"

'What is the matter?" asked Susie, much frightened, for she had never heard her uncle cry so.

"Oh, it's only my rheumatism, Susie dear," he answered. "Don't mind me. I shall be all right presently. Just ask Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy to bring me some watercress liniment."

So when the muskrat nurse had brought the liniment, and Uncle Wiggily had rubbed some on his leg, he felt better.

"Now, Susie," he said, "I will show you how to jump rope. I used to do it when I was a boy, but I am not so lively and nimble now as I was then."

"But I have no rope," objected Susie, though she felt a little more happy, "I can't jump without a rope."

"Tut! tut! Do not think about such a little thing as that," went on her uncle. "I will have a rope for you in a few minutes. Come with me."

Just then Sammie came along, and, after he had had some corn bread with preserved sweet cabbage on, he went with his sister and uncle in the woods.

"I am going to learn to jump rope," said Susie, quite proudly. "Don't you want to learn, Sammie?"

"No," he said, "that's only for girls. I'd rather play marbles and fly a kite but I'll turn for you, if we can find a rope," for, you see, Sammie was al ways kind to his sister.

"We will have a rope in a few minutes," said Uncle Wiggily. "I know where to find it."

Just then who should come walking along but Possum Pinktoes, and, as soon as he saw the rabbits, he pretended to go to sleep.

"Oh, you do not need to go to sleep and make believe that you are dead," spoke Sammie. "We would not hurt you for the world."

Then Possum Pinktoes, who was only pretending to sleep, as he always did when he thought he was in danger, opened first one eye, then the other.

"I am going to learn to jump rope," said Susie to him.

"Ha! Jump rope, eh?" exclaimed Possum Pinktoes. "I know the very think for you. A wild grapevine!! It will make a fine rope."

"That's just what I was going to say," called out Uncle Wiggily.

"Come with me, and I'll show you where there are plenty of vines," went on the possum, so they followed him, and pretty soon they came to the place. Sammie and Uncle Wiggilly cut a long piece, and then they took hold of each end and began to turn the rope for Susie. At first she could not do very well, even though there was a nice, smooth grassy place to learn on. Then out of a pond jumped Bully, the frog, and, as he was one of the best jumpers in the woods, or, for that matter, on Orange mountain, he showed Susie how to do it.

So she learned to jump "salt," which is slow, and "pepper," which is fast, and "double pepper," which is very fast indeed. Then she learned to jump with two ropes, one going one way and one the other, and finally she could skip as well as any little rabbit girl in the owl's school. Uncle Wiggily tried to jump, but he was so stiff and his rheumatism hurt him so that he couldn't do it.

Then they all started for home, and what do you think happened? Something quite serious, I do assure you, and I'm not fooling. A big hawk, not the kind, good fish-hawk, but another kind, who was out looking for early spring chickens, swooped down and tried to carry Susie Littletail off to his nest. Now Uncle Wiggily was so old he couldn't do much, but Sammie was not going to see his little sister harmed, so what did he do but jump at that hawk with his sharp little feet, and kick him until the bad bird let go of poor Susie. She was quite frightened, but not hurt much, and maybe she didn't hug and kiss Sammie for saving her. Then they all hurried home to the burrow, and if there is nothing to prevent it, tomorrow night's story will be about Sammie turning sky-blue-pink.

Sloan's Liniment Relieves Congestion.
As soon as you apply Sloan's Liniment, the congestion disappears and your pain is gone. Bodily warmth is renewed. 25c.

ASKS $35,000 FROM COMPANY

A suit was filed with the clerk of the district court today by A. L. Stewart, as assignee for his son, Walter M. Stewart, against the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Co., asking $35,000 as damages for alleged personal injuries.

An assignment of his claims having been made by the younger man to his father for the purpose of proceeding with this case, the petition recites the claims by saying that Mr. Stewart was seriously and almost fatally injured on June 29, 1916 while at work as head brakeman on one of the company's freight trains running on the Des Moines to Cainesville, Mo., branch.

He says that he was struck about the head and shoulders by a water spout, attached to one of the company's tanks at Cainesville and thrown to the ground from his car a distance of about twelve feet.

He was knocked unconscious by the force of the blow, his jaw bone was broken, his head cut, his ear torn and his brain, spine, limbs, arms and entire body and nervous system injured and shocked.

The case will be docketed for trial during the coming January term of court which opens on January 8 for ten weeks with Judge Francis M. Hunter of Ottumwa presiding.

Indigestion Due to Constipation.
Take a dose of Dr. King's New Life Pills tonight. See how much better you feel in the morning. 25c.

JOHN MOHLER RESIGNS.

Fairfield, Dec. 6.—John Mohler, who has been the faithful janitor of the Jefferson county court house for the past eleven years resigned the position on December 1 and has retired. Mr. Mohler is a civil war veteran who has seen Jefferson county officers come and go and has stayed on attending to his duties in a faithful conscientious manner, until the appearance of the Jefferson county capitol which was always spick and span became a hobby with him and his determination to take a prolonged vacation came as a great surprise to the officials.

Mr. Mohler was familiarly called "Uncle Johnny" by every one around the court house and but recently celebrated his 71st birthday when he was presented with a number of gifts by the court house employes. The board of supervisors Tuesday afternoon appointed Jay Perkins to fill out the unexpired term of Mr. Mohler.

WAX IS IDENTIFIED.

New York, Dec. 6.—Charles H. Wax was identified at the U. S. attorney's office here today by James W. Osborne and his wife, together with Edwin Wilcox, an assistant in his office, as "Oliver Osborne," the man who won the affections of Rae Tanzer.