

1910

THE BIG STORE

1913

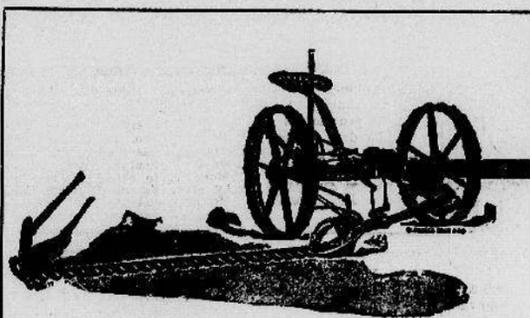
A PART OF THE CONTRACT

WHEN a merchant sells you a piece of machinery and you settle for it, the merchant has then performed only a portion of his contract. There still remains the obligation to see that you get service. The best of machinery will wear and is subject to accidents, and the farmer during the busy harvest season should be able to get all repairs from his home merchant without waiting for same to come from some distant jobber or factory.

OUR STOCK OF REPAIRS

It calls for a large investment, but we carry repairs for all our lines of implements, thousands of dollars worth. Perhaps it will be years before some one wants a particular casting, but when he does, and is in a rush, we have it. Further, we will send our expert to your ranch and give you all the assistance possible at all times.

¶ We have just received the bill of lading for the first cars of Deer-



The Deering Mower
Light Draft, Strong and Durable

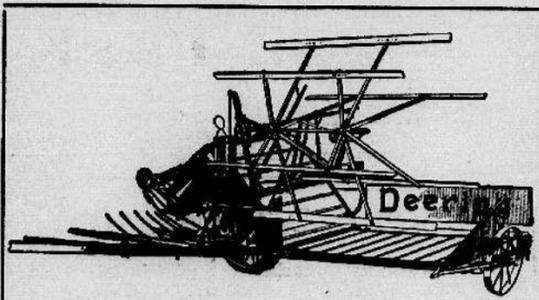
ing Mowers and Rakes and complete Deering repairs. Over \$2,000 worth of Deering repairs alone. Enough to build several machines. We have sold 133 Deering binders here the past three years and are here to see that they continue to give you service.

HAYING SEASON

¶ Nothing on the farm is quite so important as having good, dependable haying tools and machinery. A little delay often will result in damaged hay. Buy our guaranteed Deering mowers and rakes and feel perfectly care free. If you hit a rock and break something, we've got it. NOT in "Kalamazoo," but in Ronan.

¶ Everything you need—rope, forks, stackers, hay rack clamps, etc.

¶ If you are not a customer here, ask the man who has experienced Big Store service. Our service may be equaled, but not excelled.



The Most Popular Binder Made

TWINE

¶ Deering Standard Twine is uniform and dependable. No delays in re-threading and bothering with knots. Costs a little more but saves enough more grain to pay the difference, to say nothing of the advantage of being able to maintain a cool and collected temperament.

Stanley Searce
Proprietor

THE BIG STORE

RONAN,
MONT.

The Shadow

And How It Played
Them a Trick

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"I shall give up the house unless the mystery is explained at once," complained Mr. Timothy Swan to the real estate agent.

"But, Mr. Swan," objected the man perplexedly, "I've done everything I could to help you out. In fact, I've had the house watched for several nights by a special policeman, and he declares that not a human being approached it from any direction."

"I would like to talk to that man," said Mr. Swan eagerly. "Where can I find him?"

"His name is Beck, and you can see him by calling at the police station," said the agent relievedly. "Perhaps Beck's testimony will convince you that it is impossible for any one to climb to the second story of your house and look in the window."

"I didn't say that any one did such a thing," interrupted Mr. Swan hotly. "My contention is that the place is haunted. What else could account for the shadow of a woman's face falling against my window shade every moonlight night and sometimes when it is quite dark? Again and again I have pulled up the shade only to discover there is nothing beyond me save the orchard and beyond it the high hill where the cemetery lies. There is a sheer drop of fifty feet from my window to the grass below, and there is nothing a person could stand upon if he managed to reach that height."

"Well," said Mr. Swan, rising to leave, "six of them were, but the other two could not be explained."

"I expect you're a psychologist or something like that," suggested the man. "Nothing of the sort," retorted Mr. Swan testily. "I am merely a plain



MR. BECK SUDDENLY APPEARED AT THE BACK DOOR.

matter of fact American citizen, trying to discover why I should be haunted by the shadow of a woman's face. I wish you good day, sir. I will find this man Beck, and if he cannot throw any light on this matter I will vacate the house."

"As you please, Mr. Swan," said the agent rather wearily, and as the door closed behind the exasperated tenant he winked significantly at his partner, who had been dodging back and forth behind the morning newspaper.

"What do you make of that old party, Smith?" he asked.

"Been mixing his drinks, of course," returned the other wearily, and with a laugh at the expense of the perturbed Mr. Swan they dismissed him from their thoughts.

In the meantime Mr. Swan was boarding a street car, bound for the police station downtown. The small city of Shacklin was scattered over the level plains at the foot of several high hills. Mr. Swan's house was situated on the outskirts of the city, and his orchard seemed to run up the side of the nearest hill. Mr. Swan had rented the place with the idea of purchasing it if he liked it, and he had been living there several months, becoming more and more gratified with his surroundings until all at once his peace was invaded by the shadow of a woman's face.

When he met Mr. Beck, the detective and special policeman of whom the real estate agent had spoken, he found a tall, lean, silent man with an indifferent manner. Mr. Beck appeared not to be listening to a word of Mr. Swan's lengthy discourse, and yet if that gentleman paused for an instant's breath, the detective would rattle impatiently.

"Go on, sir; please go on!"

"And what does Mrs. Swan say to all this?" inquired Mr. Beck when the elder man had finished.

"There is no Mrs. Swan, not as yet," returned Mr. Swan, with dignity, though his fair complexion reddened.

"Not yet, but soon?" inquired Mr. Beck unsmilingly, and then, not waiting for an answer, he went on. "Of course it would be embarrassing to explain to Mrs. Swan, if there was such a lady, that you are pursued by a strange female." He relapsed into silence and stared at the diamond ring twinkling on Mr. Swan's chubby finger.

"May I ask if you've been married, Mr. Swan?" he snapped out suddenly.

"Why—of—yes, of course," returned Mr. Swan rather confusedly. "My wife died a year ago, and she is buried in the cemetery on the hilltop back of my house. That is why"—He paused.

"I see," nodded the detective. "You believe there is something supernatural about the shadow of the woman's face upon your window shade and you have connected it with the fact that your wife is buried near by, eh?"

"Yes," admitted Mr. Swan.

"Very well, I'll think the matter over," said the detective solemnly, "and perhaps I may spend the night out your way. What time does the moon rise?"

"Eight thirty-two, but it doesn't show over the top of the hill until nearly 9 o'clock," returned Mr. Swan. "If you'll come to the house I shall be glad to show you around, and I will remark that I have some excellent cider in my cellar."

"Thanks, I'll be there," said the detective promptly, and once more Mr. Swan went forth to seek a huddled car, only this time he was troubled for home.

That evening at 9 o'clock the long and silent Mr. Beck suddenly appeared at the back door, having made his entrance through the orchard.

The stout housekeeper who answered his modest knock looked suspiciously at him.

"I left him standing outside," she told her employer. "He's rather a sleek looking customer, and you don't never know when some one's looking around to burgle the house. I could have sworn there was a woman looking in my window the other night. Since then I keep my blinds shut tight." She folded her plump arms across her chest.

"So you've seen it, too?" inquired Mr. Beck's quiet voice, for he had followed close in her wake. "Good evening, Mr. Swan," he went on, smiling at the woman's astonished face. "Is the ghost walking yet?"

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Beck! This is my housekeeper, Mrs. Brown. It seems that she, too, has seen something unusual."

Thereupon Mrs. Brown proceeded to relate with many gestures and much lurid description the story of the fright she had received a week ago come yesterday when on going to her room and blowing out the light she had been confronted with the large shadow of a woman's profile against her window shade.

"Of course I put my head out of the window and said, 'Whatever are you hanging around here for?' But I declare to man there wasn't a human soul anywhere around. It gave me such a turn I've hardly got over it yet!" She closed her eyes and swayed dangerously near Mr. Swan's diminutive form, but that gentleman was wary and elusively raised a chair for her.

"Sit down if you feel faint, Mrs. Brown," he urged.

"I'm all over it now," she returned grimly.

"We might take a look around, eh?" suggested Mr. Beck. "Seen the shadow on the first floor?"

"I've never noticed it anywhere but against my chamber window blind," said Mr. Swan, leading the way toward the stairs. "Mrs. Brown, however, occupies a room on the ground floor on the same side of the house, and it seems she, too, has seen the same phenomenon."

"Lead the way," said the detective tersely.

Mr. Swan mounted the steep stairs to the second floor, while the detective followed him, Mrs. Brown, at her own request, bringing up the rear.

The host led the way into a large chamber facing the east. The room was unlighted save for the stream of moonlight that fell through, throwing a large patch of whiteness against the light colored wall over the bed. Against this whiteness there was thrown blackly the large profile of a woman with classical features—a beautiful woman, with a noble cast of brow shadowed by a heavy wave of hair.

"Is that the same face you saw, madam?" he asked the housekeeper.

"Yes," she said breathlessly.

"And the same one you have always seen, sir?" he turned to Mr. Swan.

"It is," said that gentleman solemnly.

"Well, sir—and madam," said the detective, with a twinkle in his eyes, "it is quite true that that shadow is cast by a lifeless woman who stands in the cemetery on the hillside—he waited until he had enjoyed their horrified gasps—but it happens to be a shadow cast by the profile of a large marble angel recently erected on the summit of the hill over the Griggsby plot. The moon rises behind the statue and throws the shadow down on your windows. It is a very beautiful face, is it not?"

"Wonderful," murmured Mr. Swan, while his housekeeper snorted incredulously and left the room.

"I came down here through the cemetery and discovered the cause in an instant. I am sure, Mr. Swan, that you need have no quibbling about—er—dismissing your housekeeper and—er—letting the marriage bells peal forth once more." The detective smiled down his long nose at the blushing little man.

"Come downstairs, sir, while I find my check book, but first I will draw you some of that fine cider," he said warmly.

SHE 105, HE 80; WILL WED.

Bridegroom to Be Wants Her Guardian Removed First.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Mrs. Marcellina Elsbald, 105 years old and said to be wealthy, concurred in an application for a marriage license for herself and Plensantino Leon, aged eighty. The license was issued.

Leon said he would attempt to have a recent court order appointing Mrs. Caidin Lugo, a granddaughter, the aged woman's legal guardian, set aside. Mrs. Lugo will contest the action.

Digger Unearths \$37,500.

Nowata, Okla.—George Hardcock, a laborer, unearthed \$37,500 in gold while digging a trench near the village of Oglesby. Hardcock's possession of the wealth, however, will probably be of short duration, a state law requiring that such finds be surrendered to the owner of the land.

I know who has been selling my husband liquor, and hereby give notice that should it occur again I will prosecute them.

MRS. ED. J. CLAIRMONT,
Ronan, June 25, 1913.