

Flying Bluebird Pattern and Plain White China DISHES

56 Piece Dinner Set, Flying Bluebird Pattern
\$18.75

This is a very beautiful pattern and the price is much lower than mail order house prices.

85 Piece Dinner Set, plain white Radison pattern
\$8.95

We will make up sets in any assortment to suit you. You can take the pieces you need and leave out the ones you don't need.

Special for Ten Days

With every purchase of dishes amounting to \$15.00 or over we will allow you the privilege of buying a set of six fancy thin blown tumblers for the nominal price of 5 cents per set. Buy your dishes while the assortment is complete and get the set of tumblers for 5 cents.

Laundry Soap Special

Old Time Prices

We reserve the right to call these prices off at any time, after one week.

White Borax Naptha 20 bars	\$1.00;	case	\$4.95
Pearl White	1.00;	"	4.85
Crystal White 15	1.00;	"	6.45
Sunny Monday	1.00;	"	6.45
2-Mule Team Borax	1.00;	"	6.45

STANTON BROS.

The Potlatch Products Store

PLUMBING

Soldering a Specialty

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Draying

Residence Phone 726

Kendrick Dray and Ice Co.

Frank Chamberlain, Prop.

YOU'LL BE SATISFIED

If you eat dinner with us the next time you are in town. We give you a real meal at a reasonable price.

Warm Lobby and Dining Room.

Good Rooms

5th HOTEL GUY

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A Specialty

30 years experience

Located east of the Kendrick Store

W. J. DePartee

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Regular Dinner Except Sunday

Lunches All Day

Soft Drinks, Cigars and Candles

R. F. Bigham

Dray and Transfer

If Not Up Town Call the Residence

Phone 283

Prompt Service

KENDRICK, IDAHO

TAXI

An Adventure Romance

By George Agnew Chamberlain

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SYNOPSIS.

PART I.—Robert Hervey Randolph, young New York man-about-town, leaves the home of his sweetheart, Madge Van Teller, chagrined because of her refusal of his proposal of marriage. His income, \$10,000 a year, which he must surrender if a certain Miss Imogen Pamela Thornton (whom he has seen only as a small girl ten years before) is found, is not considered by the girl of his heart adequate to modern needs. In a "don't care" mood Randolph enters a taxi, unseen by the driver, and is driven to the stage door of a theater. A man he knows, Duke Beamer, induces a girl to enter the cab. Beamer, attempting to follow, is pushed back by Randolph and the cab moves on. His new acquaintance tells Randolph she is a chorus girl, and has lost her position. She is in distress, even hungry, and he takes her to his apartment. There, after lunch, a chance remark convinces him the girl is the missing Pamela Thornton. He does not tell her of her good fortune, but secures her promise to stay in the flat until the morning, and releases her. In a whimsical mood, also realizing that the girl's reappearance has left him practically penniless, he bribes the taxi driver to let him take his job, and leaving word with the legal representative of the Thornton estate where he can find Pamela, takes up his new duties under the name of "Slim Hervey." He loves the girl, but his pride forbids him approaching her under their changed conditions.

Chapter II. Continued

"To avoid the obvious is an instinct of breeding," said Miss Van Teller, "and I would never blush for doing it; but where would your thoughts be now if I had said just what you expected, if I had treated the Velled God as a matter of fact! Oh, no! One can clip with words the wings of flesh and spirit, but not of the Velled God in woman, for its very essence is a deferred possession."

She paused, but as Tremont clung to the silence, she presently continued. "The complete lover is the man who having conquered all the heights of flesh and spirit in his mistress, dwells consciously in the presence of an undiscovered god and gazes out upon a broad land eternally promised, never materially seized. Few are the men—few are the men—" Her voice trailed off as though her thoughts had run ahead of words and reached finality without the use of the spoken phrase.

"Few are the men who attain to that serene security," Tremont finished for her, only half conscious of what he was saying.

Randolph could hear the rustle of her turning to her companion. "How wonderful," she said. "That is what I thought, but didn't say."

"Madge," said Tremont, "what have you done? It's true that I have never stooped to hypocrisies with you and that I have never while with you spoken a vulgar word. Did you think that I have been knowingly

wise? Well, I haven't. I didn't know until this moment why I chose a rare and high atmosphere to reach you. Now I know. It was because you were there. I chose only to come to you rather than drag you down to the drab of the usual. What you have done is to carry me higher than I ever meant to go. You have taken me off the beaten path and showed me an unexpected treasure. I'm no longer myself. I am cold and afraid."

Randolph could feel that the speaker was drawing away from the girl and a moment later his senses were to surpass themselves in additional divination. "You are afraid of that woman in me?" asked Miss Van Teller softly. "What about this one?" And then it was that Randolph's deductive antennae quivered under their burden of intelligence. He knew as certainly as though he had faced about that an adorable Madge, tender and wide-eyed, had slipped her bare arms around Beacher Tremont's neck and kissed him on the mouth.

There was a long silence; then came Tremont's voice, thick and strange to the ear. "A moment ago," it said, "I was afraid for you; now I'm afraid for myself. I am like a man who has carelessly dropped a lighted match and finds himself within the ring of a prairie fire. I can only wonder at my stupidity in thinking of you in connection with a casual possession and not as a consuming flame. You see? Already you have burned through the thin crust of lies that guards man from definite seizure by woman—any woman."

"Kiss me, Beacher," murmured the girl's voice as though his words had swirled around and by her, leaving her purpose untouched. "Take me and hold me carefully where no unkind air can drive me from you. Take all the women in me—one by one if you must."

At that moment Mr. Robert H. Randolph, in the person of Slim Hervey, chauffeur, very nearly wrecked his four-cylinder argosy with its burden of three fates, still individually and collectively indispensable to the continuity of this yarn. He missed the ditch by a hair's breadth, caught his own with a gasp, returned to the middle of the broad highway and fixed his attention on a certain very definite matter with which it had been more or less constantly concerned ever since he had been directed to hit it up for Greenwood.

The road to that well-known hostelry was usefully devious and fares were seldom worried as to how any particular driver set out to find this choicest of needles in the hay-stack of the country inns that dot the landscape of Westchester and adjacent counties as long as he brought the search to a successful end somewhere this side of the pangs of hunger.

Nevertheless, had not Mr. Tremont, himself a motorist of no mean experience, been completely absorbed by the sudden discovery that he had his right arm around an entirely new world, he would have been struck inevitably by two things. First, that this was certainly not any one of the climbing roads to the Greenwood hostelry; second, that the man at the wheel knew more about losing his way in the vicinity of Manhattan and finding it again than did the combined roadmaps of the United States and its allies—supposing it to have had allies at the time. However, Mr. Tremont's absorption was not only absolute but continuous so that it held him in its inexorable grip right up to the moment of ghastly awakening and even over the edge. He was just saying, "My darling, never fear. I'm taking you to a place so quiet and so guarded that this dream which you have dressed in an unexpected glory can flow on unbroken as long as we

are true to it and to ourselves," when the cab drew up at a solemn and impressive portal.

Without leaving his seat, the cabman reached back, unlatched the door and threw it open. "Greenwood cemetery, sir," he barked.

The girl was first to grasp the words, the time and the place. "Oh!" she gasped, and in the sound of her cry Mr. Randolph could divine her whole body suddenly stiffening to a tense awakening and to the stabbing memory of the last time she had come to this still place, her heart bursting with its long farewell to all that was left of her mother.

Then came Mr. Beacher Tremont's voice in oldtime familiar tones. "Greenwood cemetery! Why, you tri-



"Greenwood Cemetery, Sir," He Barked



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Kendrick Furniture Company

plicate blockhead, I said Greenwood hostelry. Of all the d—n fools! What the devil—What the h—ll—What the— What—"

He choked himself into a gulping inarticulate silence as he climbed from the cab to look in the face the sum total of all human stupidity. No sooner had he alighted than Miss Van Teller found herself in voice again. "Oh! oh!" she moaned, pressing her hands to her eyes, achingly open, "take me away from here."

"Sure, miss," said Mr. Randolph promptly, threw in his clutch and was off.

"Hi, you! D—n you! Hey! You! Driver! Confound your d—d imper-tinence! Hey! How am I going to get home?" The first of these cries was very plainly, the last very faintly heard by Mr. Randolph. After them came down the wind something that sounded very much like the ghost of a wall of despair, but the driver paid no heed. His attention was absorbed by something quite different; the dry sobs of a little heap of smoke-colored chiffon.

Detours, subterfuges and the finesse of the road-faker were swept from Randolph's mind; he made straight for the bridge and home, but long before they reached the river all sound had ceased to issue from the cab and in its stead reigned a purposeful, almost menacing silence. What was she thinking in there? What could she think? Why didn't she go right on crying and keep her mind fully occupied with that?

As they swept down the incline from the bridge into City Hall park he suddenly realized that he had been on the verge of giving himself away. He half turned his head and shouted through the speaking-slot, "What address, miss?"

Her voice came back to him from very close as though her face had been pressed to the glass in an effort to make him out. "At the corner of the Avenue and East Ninth street."

Ten minutes later he drew up his cab at the appointed spot and reached back to throw open the door, but kept his foot on the clutch release, leaving the gears in mesh, first speed ahead.

All his precautions were in vain. As he opened the cab door his coat sleeve was seized in a very determined grip and drawn inward, catching his elbow in a jiu-jitsu leverage that left him the Hobson's choice of either getting out and facing his captor or listening to his arm break. He chose to get down from his seat quickly.

"Well, Bobby," murmured Miss Van T.

Mr. Randolph attempted no evasion; he handed the lady to the curb and

guided her gently toward her own door and up the high steps. "Madge," he said, "you fought a great fight tonight and when you had won you felt sorry for Tremont and surrendered. You were swept too high on the wave of the best that is in you. Promise me that you won't forget that you have won. Promise me that you will wait and take Tremont, all of him, with honor."

"What do you mean? What did you hear?" cried Miss Van T. angrily, her pale face suddenly flushing.

"From the start of the ride to the finish I heard every word," declared Mr. Randolph frankly, "and more."

"And more!" repeated the hard-pressed girl. "What do you mean by more?" She still tried to browbeat him, but remembering one incredibly long kiss, her eyes fell in the unequal battle with Bobby's and attempted to create diversion by staring at his gaitered legs and heavily booted feet.

"Look up, Madge. Look at me," said Mr. Randolph and waited patiently until first her long lashes fluttered and then her lovely eyes swept slowly up to his face. "That's it," he continued as their looks met and locked. "Let's hold that so we can't lie."

"Why should I lie if you really heard everything?" asked Miss Van T., and suddenly smiled.

"Madge, you little devil," said Mr. Randolph, suppressing an impulse to shake her, "can you think of what you've been doing and laughing?"

"Yes, I can, just now," said Miss Van T., in little gasping phrases that to a man, especially one of Mr. Randolph's limpid nature, carried only their face value in words, but which to any woman would have read as plainly as the red-weather signal, "Look out for showers of tears followed by storm."

"Well," said Mr. Randolph solemnly, "if you really don't realize just where you have been, let me tell you. First you flew high into clean air and you took Tremont with you. You were possessed of a vision and you made him see it, too, a mirage of those lifted places that are the altar of the mind before love. Just a mirage, an illusion of perfect happiness, which cold reason tells us we can't ever turn into reinforced concrete and plant in the yard, but which we must either forever hold as a vision or admit that love is a sordid and wingless thing."

Miss Van Teller's eyes fell from his frank gaze. Something seemed to crumple within her; she put her arms around Mr. Randolph's neck, clung to him, dropped her face against his shoulder and sobbed, not noisily, but as one who weeps to rest.

He held her close to him and went on his face set as though to a duty.

"Then what did you do? Because he hesitated, merely hesitated at the high door of adoration, you promptly slammed it and dropped plumb straight down like that traitor archangel Johnny out of heaven into the arms of hell."

"Bobby!" cried Miss Van T., throwing back her head and struggling to release herself. "How dare you say a thing like that? How dare you be here, anyway? I hate you. I don't know how I ever could have thought I loved you. I fell, but it was into Beacher's arms, and I wish I was there right now." More sobs, convulsive ones, that shook the slim body in Mr. Randolph's embrace from twitching shoulder to tired feet.

Lest the reader be startled by what's coming next it will do well to remind him that this poignant scene was staged at three o'clock in the morning on the high stoop of the Van Teller residence in East Ninth street and never left the perimeter of the doormat which in itself presented an almost feminine contradiction, in that it bore, done in red on its face, the word "Welcome," but was nevertheless padlocked and chained to the iron railing.

(To Be Continued)

RATION FOR EGG PRODUCTION

Combination of Corn, Bran, Middlings and Tankage is Recommended for Hen Flock.

A practical ration for good egg production is mash and scratch grains as follows: Make up a grain ration of 18 pounds of corn and 7 pounds of mash. Mix up 5 pounds of bran, 5 pounds of middlings and 3 pounds of tankage. The birds should eat the 13 pounds of mash while consuming the 25 pounds of scratch grain. If meatscrap is used in place of tankage, use 3½ pounds, since it contains 10 per cent less protein. Feed only one-third of the daily grain ration in the morning in deep litter. This encourages the hens to eat the mash. With scratch feed, fill up their craws just before they go to roost and this should last them about twelve hours.

A Good Medicine For The Grip

George W. Waitt, South Gardner, Me. relates his experience with the grip. "I had the worst cough, cold and grip and had taken a lot of trash of no account. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the only thing that has done me any good whatever. I have used one bottle of it and the cold and grip have left me."—Adv.