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# TAXI

An  
Adventure  
Romance

By George Agnew Chamberlain

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### Chapter II. Continued

Even as Miss Van Teller was sobbing her heart out and Mr. Randolph was standing in the bewilderment of one who knows he has not only taken the wrong turning but placed both his



"Break Away an' Come Along of Me."

feet in a beartrap, a thick, heavy, unsympathetic voice arose from the foot of the steps.

"Here! Youse! Break away an' come along of me."

Memories of a mischievous boyhood swarmed to Mr. Randolph's mind, recollections of those days when, as chief of the Madison Square gang, his ears had tingled to the cry of "Cheese it, de cop! We're pinched, fellers!" A cold sweat came out upon his brow; he slowly relaxed his grip on Miss Van T's person and whispered tremulously to her to keep her nerve but hand him her latchkey.

Over his shoulder he said with forced calm, "On what charge, officer?"

"Same old dope," replied the policeman phlegmatically; "drunken, disorderly. Come along, now, er d'yer want me to climb them steps so's we c'n all roll down together?"

During that speech Mr. Randolph made a lucky shot at the keyhole, stealthily turned the lock and opened the door. "The way's clear, Madge," he whispered. "Beat it."

"Oh, is it, Bobby, you dear," rattled Miss Van T. in a stage whisper that could be heard across the street. "I

didn't mean it, really, what I said about hating you. But I do love Beacher, Bobby, and I'll—I'll—"

"For heaven's sake, Madge," groaned Mr. Randolph, hearing sounds as of a bear starting to swarm a tree, "keep all that till New Year's."

"I was just going to say," continued Miss Van T. breathlessly but with a cold eye fixed on the cumbrous shadow coming up the steps, "that I'll owe it to you, Bobby. I'll owe it to you. D'you understand?"

"Sure," lied Mr. Randolph as he pushed her firmly through the door, then caught its knob, slammed it shut and turned to meet Nemesis. "Hello, Flahaharty!"

The huge policeman stopped his ponderous but sure progression and stared long and suspiciously into Mr. Randolph's face. Finally he gave a grunt of recognition. "Slim," he said to himself aloud as though somewhere within his vast bulk there were a separate monitor that had to be tipped off to the situation, "Slim Hervey."

"Sure," said Mr. Randolph, leading the way toward his wagon. "Who else did you think it was at this time o' night?"

"How did I know," demanded Mr. Flahaharty gruffly but not unpleasantly for him, "as you had taken on deliveries o' fancy dress-goods on top o' your regular line?"

He breathed heavily and allowed his eyes to protrude farther than usual in search of a thought which he sensed in the near distance. "I tell you, Slim," he finally continued, "I don't know what this burg is a-comin' to. Why, even the street kind used to have a man to take 'em home, but this here was a bit o' high-flyin' fluff—me, I could see that—an' they had to give it to a cab!"

"Forget it," said Bobby nervously.

"All I says," continued Mr. Flahaharty, "is thank God both o' my galls is married to hairy men that can an' does lick the stuffin's outen 'em."

"Well, here we are," said Mr. Randolph as he stooped to turn her over. From his seat behind the wheel he began to breathe more easily and leaned out to study the face of his friend, the officer, to make sure that therein was no guile.

"Cheer up, Jim," he said not quite reassured. "Forget it."

"I'll try," said Mr. Flahaharty dubiously, "but it'll come hard, bein' the first time I ever seen a thing like that. She sure give you a tussle, Slim!"

PART II.—One evening he is engaged by Beacher Tremont, notorious profligate, to drive him and Madge Van Teller to a hostelry known as "Greenwood." Aware of the evil nature of the place, Randolph drives the pair to Greenwood cemetery. Infuriated, Beacher gets out of the cab and Randolph leaves him there, taking the girl (who has awakened to a realization of her folly) to her home. Madge recognizes him.

### PART III.

#### Maid's Adventure.

Take a young girl of about twenty who, in her childhood, was pampered of fortune in money, position, good breeding, and pets, turn her loose on the world at the age of ten with no prop but a faithful, sickly and destitute old nurse, kill off the nurse a couple of years later, let the girl fend for herself as scullery-maid and what not through the uninteresting stage that precedes the sudden bloom of unexpected beauty, give her a long succession of jobs secured "on her looks" and lost because she wouldn't, lead her up to the crowded portal of despair and the long-drawn-out surrender; then snatch her suddenly back from destruction, feed her, give her the sole freedom for a night of Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph's comfortable apartment and—what will she do? The answer is easy. She will find the bath and turn on the hot water.

That was the very first thing that Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton did after she had finished spying from the window on the movements of what she supposed was Mr. Randolph and what, in reality, was Mr. Patrick O'Reilly in Mr. Randolph's best top-hat, best suit of evening clothes and overcoat, best gray silk muffler, price twenty-two dollars, and best patent-leather shoes—the last a very tight fit which made the revamped gentleman's gait a cross between that of a chicken on a hot stove and a drunk on his reluctant way home.

Even the unsuspecting Miss Thornton was puzzled by that halting locomotion in connection with what she knew of Mr. Randolph, but she added it, two and two, with the mysterious twenty minutes spent by that gentleman and the driver in the recesses of the cab, apparently to settle a difference in ideas as to the value of a waiting taxi, and decided that poor Mr. Randolph must have issued from the interview in a semi-crippled state.

She herself was too excited to let pity altogether absorb her. Without waiting for either the tortured wayfarer or the taxi to get quite out of sight, she dropped the window curtain and turned to possess herself of her world of comfort for a night. A starved instinct led her straight to the luxuriously appointed bathroom. As previously intimated, she turned on the hot water and clasped her hands ecstatically as she watched its crystalline surge and imagined she could smell the opalescent steam.

But not for long was she inactive. Having surrendered to circumstance to the extent of promising to stay in the flat until ten the following morning, she decided to do the job wholeheartedly, for Imogene Pamela was one of those lucky and fated young women who can never give themselves by halves. If happiness so much as showed its nose, it was her nature to tackle blindly for its waist and go



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to the mat for the immediate present.

Consequently, let not her modesty be misjudged when it is related that, in the short time it took to fill the bath, she accomplished the following: Rooted out Mr. Randolph's best silk pajamas, found his softest bathrobe, filled a hot-water bottle and slipped it far down between the too cold linen sheets of his big bed. Continuing at this rate of achievement, it may be imagined that in ten minutes more the young lady, having bathed, was curled up and sound asleep. Not on your life!

Item: It took her twenty-one minutes by the clock to scrub out the memory of the scabby zinc bathtubs of many years. Item: Twenty more minutes to wash her hair. Item: Half an hour more to scrub her underwear and stockings. Assorted items: Various pauses during which she shamelessly looked at herself in a full-length mirror of such pure reflecting qualities as had not crossed her path since England was a pup. After that, a long, entrancing item, called "drying her hair."

Did you blame her, three lines back, in your heart for her frequent inspections of self in the mirror? If you did, look at her now! Mr. Randolph's bathrobe is billowed at her waist and tied tight to keep it from trailing on the floor; for almost a like reason, its sleeves are rolled up above her elbows. It is open in a V at the neck, showing the adolescent curve of a virginal but much excited bosom.

With a woolly towel in both hands, she plants herself before the staid old looking-glass and gives it such a treat as it has never before savored in its sixty-two years of service to the Randolph family. Rub, rub, rub with the towel. Her cheeks grow pink and plumper, her eyes round and rounder. They twinkle and smile, and once, when she made a little face at herself, they laughed out loud. Her hair slowly wakes from its stringy dampness until it, too, bursts into a sort of light and curly merriment. Pamela puffs out her cheeks and blows at its reflection.

When all the rubbing is done, even to the last rite where they divide the fragrant flood into two waves falling over the bosom and mercilessly knead the damp ends between folds of the driest bit of the towel, she drops that implement and runs into the big room where the dying open fire blinks its red eye as though it had been waiting up for her.

The writer—who is privileged, for the benefit of a large and growing public, to see her in his mind's eye as her pink bare feet pad up and down the room, racing every time they come to the home-stretch between the un-

peopled grandstand of the couch and the fire, and then doubling suddenly, so that her wide eyes may catch her hair still on the wing, for all the world like a kitten chasing its tail—does herein affirm, by the collective manhood of the earth, that she was altogether lovable and beyond the reach of sullying thought. Now let her curl up in the bed and sleep.

Slumber meant nothing in Pamela's life. That statement should be taken not in the sense of the common slang of the vulgar, but at its literal face value. What is meant is that when this young lady slept, it was like taking a chunk bodily out of life and putting it in warm storage. As a consequence, when the old-fashioned clock on the mantel burred a warning that it was thinking of striking the hour of nine in about two minutes, she opened her eyes and wondered through what magic night had been suddenly replaced by broad and smiling day.

Not for long did that life-long and accustomed miracle hold her attention, for scarcely had it occurred, through force of habit, to her awakening thought than her startled eyes fell upon the tall, stooped, gray-headed figure of a man, clad in livery, and standing unsteadily poised in the doorway of the room. His eyes, naturally deep-set, actually protruded from his face as though they were determined to come half-way to meet Pamela's wondering



"He-hello," Stammered the Young Lady.

orbs. He looked like a solemn raven which has carelessly alighted on a live wire.

"He-hello!" stammered the young lady.

"Good-morning, miss," said Tomlinson, in sepulchral and censorious tones. "Where is Master Robert?"

"You mean Mr. Randolph?" asked Pamela, a little breathlessly.

The old man steadied himself by seizing the door-jamb and bowed confirmation of her supposition.

"I don't know where he is," said Pamela, more calmly. "The last time I saw him he was limping west." A twinkle came into her eyes. "Why do you ask?"

"Why do I ask?" he exclaimed. "Miss, do you mind telling me who you are and what you are doing in Mr. Randolph's apartment at nine o'clock on a Friday morning?"

"In November," supplemented Pamela, as though she were supplying a very important addition to the facts in the case. "I am Miss Thornton," she added, with as much dignity as a maiden, tumbled of hair, flushed of cheek, and cuddled in a young man's big bed, could summon.

(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 15 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 meatcrap 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 Gardiner, 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.