

THE WHITE ROSE

By MILDRED WHITE

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"The white rose grew high on the old stone wall, just above one's reach. It was a tempting, taunting rose, perfect in unfolding beauty, and it flaunted its perfume and awayed in the sun.

"And because it was provokingly beyond reach, men strove to claim it, but the flower still bent, as though aloof in its purity, beyond each claiming hand."

The girl ceased reading, and glanced smilingly down at the child.

A young man on the step below them looked up at the girl.

"And that," he said, "is life, the white rose of one's desire, always just beyond reach."

As he spoke he turned his face toward the farther end of the summer hotel veranda, where a charming woman sat among her admirers. This worldly, fortunate young woman was very lovely in soft, white chiffon. Her skin was a sort of pearly white, too, and the pale blonde of her hair gleamed like an aureole.

The young man's gaze bent upon her long and dreamily. And presently the young woman arose, and came passing him on the stair. With a careless nod, she went on down the garden path, an eager escort at her side.

"I suppose," said Bruce Webster, slowly, "that every man has in life his white rose."

"And every woman, too," said the girl softly, her eyes on him.

"I don't like that story," spoke up the child, "it has no end."

"I have to finish the stories for Muriel," the girl explained, "or she is not satisfied."

The girl wore no chiffon, but her simple linen was spotlessly white, and neither was she an heiress, this sweet-faced young person, nor a favored guest of the hotel. She, herself, could not quite define her position in the Webster household.

Muriel, her charge, had grown beyond the need of a nursemaid, and Rhoda Brent could not be called a governess. Muriel called Rhoda her "friend," which was, perhaps, the best name of all.

Muriel's uncle gave a quick impatient sigh. "Don't mind me," he said, "go on and finish your story."

"Then one sunshiny day," the girl went on obediently, "a young and earnest knight clambered up the stone wall. Once he lost his footing, but bravely climbed on toward the white rose. He was determined to triumph, you see, in its possession. Its perfume seemed to touch the knight's lips as he sadly gave up the quest—and then, as he slipped back to the ground—well, what do you think?" asked Rhoda.

The child leaned eagerly forward. "The white rose," finished the girl, "was lying at his feet."

"What did the knight do then?" questioned Muriel.

"Kicked it up and wore it, of course," her uncle answered, "next to his heart."

"That was a beautiful end," the little girl said. "And now please carry me up to bed, Uncle Bruce."

Laughingly the young man granted the request, and up the long stairs the three went together. Later, Rhoda Brent, coming alone down to the moonlit veranda, found Muriel's uncle one of a group surrounding the lovely woman's chair. She was singing, this admired and favored guest, and the lonely girl thought the soft charm of the voice in accord with the charm of her person.

On the upraised face of Bruce Webster was an eager light.

Little Rhoda, unseen, retraced her steps. In her own room with the child's even breathing coming from the direction of that second white bed, the girl knelt in the moonlight before an open window. "I must go away," she whispered. "I thought that I might grow not to care for him." She smiled sadly at the futility of the thought. "My white rose, high on a hard stone wall."

Below, a man's figure came from the shadow into the moonlight. The still glorified face of Bruce Webster was lifted to hers. He came nearer, and stepped lightly up the porch trellis. "My white rose," begged Bruce, "come down to me please, if but for a moment."

Wondering, her heart thrilled at the sound of those unbelievable words, Rhoda went as one in a dream into the garden.

"I had to ask you tonight," the man said. "I could not bear the suspense longer. I know how unworthy I am of all your sweetness, O little white Rhoda, and I have not the money that I should have before asking. That's what held me back—but if you will give me the slightest hope, how I will work and strive. But, of course," he caught himself quickly, "you don't care. Else, why have you avoided me? The only time when I could count on a sight of you was at Muriel's bedtime. Because she likes to have me carry her upstairs. Women do not always hide from those they love. Tonight I had almost forgotten your aversion—it was Glorin Dale's song, perhaps, that gave me hope, a song of love. Do not be afraid to hurt me then, Rhoda. One may not love where one will. It's just the story of the white rose—just out of reach."

Very softly she came to him, soft, caressing little hands against his shoulders.

"Bruce," she said, "Oh Bruce, my knight, your white rose is here, at your feet."

Local Addenda

R. D. Jay made a business trip to Mendon Thursday.

Herbert Applegate went to St. Louis Friday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dewey went Salisbury visitors Saturday.

Miss Bonnie Burnison of Kansas City is visiting Miss Florence Nye.

Martin Courtney of Kansas City was here Sunday visiting relatives.

Miss Mayme Grotjan, who is attending school at Kirksville, came home Friday.

Miss Kate Dewey left Saturday for St. Louis, Mo., for a visit with Mrs. Geo. Mackey.

Vernon Thrash came home Friday from Texas where he has been for several weeks.

Turner White, who is working in St. Louis came Sunday for a visit with home folks.

D. W. Frear of Columbia, Mo., was here Monday and Tuesday certifying wheat in the county.

Mrs. Dean Chapman who has been visiting relatives in Kansas City returned home Saturday.

Miss Bernice Demorist of Rothville, who has been visiting Emma Clifton Rucker returned home Sunday.

George and Ashburn West, who have been attending University of Missouri, returned home Saturday.

Misses Thelma and Ruth Clossen came home Friday from Forest Green where they have been visiting their sister, Mrs. Dick Patterson.

James Jay, who has been visiting his son, R. D. Jay for several weeks, returned to his home Monday at Wilmington, Ohio.

James Rucker has rented the Bartz property west of the Baptist church. Anderson Collet of Salisbury was a Keytesville visitor Sunday.

Mrs. Fulbright, who spent the winter with her daughter, Mrs. A. F. Arrington, went to Fayette, Arkansas, Sunday for a visit with her daughter.

Mrs. H. P. Mitchell and daughter, Elizabeth Ann went to St. Louis, Monday to meet Mr. Mitchell. From there they will go to Harrison, Ark., to make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wright and son Joe Heber, Ben Brewer, Blair Millers and Miss Emma Walter went to Brunswick Wednesday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Mary Jane Dempsey. They were accompanied home by J. R. Dempsey of Carthage, J. W. Miller of Philadelphia, Pa., and Mrs. Geo. Border of Alma, Ark.

Hon. W. W. Rucker of Washington, D. C., arrived here Sunday. Mr. Rucker is now here on the ground, and it is said that he will immediately begin a few repairs to his political fences, which, in a few instances have been slightly damaged. The honorable gentleman is looking well and says that never before has he been in better shape to get into the harness and do a little real work. His many friends are predicting a walkaway will be registered by him when the votes are tabulated immediately after the August primaries.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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FROM THE SUMNER STAR

Rev. Chas. Jones of Bucklin, Mo., has accepted the call to preach for the Assembly of the Church of God at this place and will move his family to Sumner in the near future.

Arthur Severance and wife were coming into town in a buggy last Friday and their team took fright at a big truck near the depot and started to run. Mrs. Severance grabbed hold of the lines and tried to help hold the frightened team with the result that they were turned off the road and front wheels dropped into a ditch near the Union House, throwing the occupants out and partially stunning Mrs. Severance. A doctor was summoned and he found that she had not sustained any serious injury. She was able to ride home in the car that evening and is feeling no ill effects from her experience aside from soreness incident to a severe shaking up.

The Whitehead Beach on the river west of the Ridge is quite popular with the bathers again this year. Dressing rooms have been provided and a refreshment stand operated on Sundays for the convenience of the bathers.

Mrs. Eli Eaton, for many years a resident of Grand River township, across the river in Livingston county, passed away at her home last Sunday afternoon. Interment was made Monday afternoon at Cameron cemetery.

Louis Ingenhousz and family spent last Sunday at the Cut-off near Brunswick. They had a pleasant day and caught a few perch.

Some sneak thief visited our hen roost Monday night and carried off a few of our choice hens. We think we know who he is, and on his next visit we will try to put a mark on him so there will be no doubt about his identity.

The hot nights we are having lately may be all right for the growing corn crop, but they are pretty tough on folks who want to sleep.

While Bryant Smith was attempting to crank an engine Sunday morning, the machine "kicked," the handle striking him in the forehead and making an ugly wound which was dressed by the doctor.

Grege Matthews was here the latter part of last week visiting his mother, Mrs. F. E. Matthews, and his sister, Mrs. J. T. McCormick. He was enroute to accept the position of Traveling Passenger agent for the Burlington Route with headquarters at Cleveland. Grege has been since his boyhood in the employ of the "Q," and was chosen from a number of applicants to the place he goes to take. May he go to the top in the railroad world is the wish of the Star.

BOTH CASES ARE CHECKED.

The contested election cases were set for hearing on the docket at the recent term of the circuit court at Linneus; however, the cases were filed late, not reaching the clerk's hands until court was in session. A demurer to the petition was offered by city attorney Kendrick, and the court overruled the demurer but made an order requiring the contestants, A. L. Crabbs, for mayor, Sam Parker, for marshal, and L. A. Embree for councilman in the second ward to file within sixty days a cost bond to cover costs of the proceedings. Inasmuch as the cases, and none of them have as yet come up for hearing and nothing so far done with them in the circuit court, the fact that costs have already accrued in the taking of depositions and in the fees owing to witnesses who testified by deposition in a sum exceeding the amount of \$100, it looks like the litigation was likely to prove burdensome in the end.

The case of Webster L. Benham against the City of Marceline for the sewerage engineering claim was also on the docket. A demurer to the petition in this case was filed by city attorney C. M. Kendrick, the court sustained it, and the plaintiff, Benham, was required to give bond for costs in order to secure the fees and expenses incident to such litigation.—Marceline Herald.

Permanent Position

For salesman with car, familiar with farm trade.

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JOHN WIGGINS LOSES ANOTHER CAR BY FIRE

Turned Over and Is Burned Up in Road.

About 9:30 Monday morning an Overland car belonging to John J. Wiggings, turned over, caught fire, and was completely burned up.

The accident happened near the Rowald farm, south of Carrollton Junction. The car was being driven by Orville Lance, and in the car with him was Mr. Wiggings' son, John J., Jr. They had been to the river to take some men and were returning with the car. They passed H. T. Buckner and had only gone 50 yards up the road when the steering apparatus went wrong and the car turned bottom side up, throwing the boys out. Mr. Buckner saw the car turn over and by the time he could get there the car was in flames. The Wiggings boy was slightly injured, so Mr. Buckner took both of the boys in his car and brought them to Dr. Scovern's office. The doctor says the cut on the boy's foot and leg are not serious.

This is the second car Mr. Wiggings has lost by fire, the other one being a Nash.

There is some insurance on the car.—Carrollton Democrat.

C. C. Carlstead made a business trip to Prairie Hill Friday.

ROTHVILLE MILL BURNED.

The large flouring mill at Rothville was destroyed by fire Sunday morning of undetermined origin. The mill had not been used the day before. It was owned by a Hale firm, Turner, Ballew and one other, and The Herald is informed that \$6,000 insurance was carried. The mill had been doing considerable business.—Marceline Herald.

MIKE.

Children's exercises at Mike Sunday night was a great success and a large crowd turned out.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Pfister spent Sunday with T. W. Eveyart and wife. George Young shipped a car load of sheep to Chicago Sunday.

Mrs. Willie Anderson and daughters visited her mother near Salisbury Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. John Cowser and family spent Sunday with Victor Hicks and wife.

Mrs. Russell Hains visited her sister, Mrs. Arnold Hains, last week.

Mrs. John Hicks and daughter, Mrs. Willis Ball, spent Saturday at the home of Bob Hicks.

William Vassar, of Salisbury, is visiting his Grandpa Vassar, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hains spent Thursday evening with Mrs. John Gandy.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Magee made a business trip to Sumner Sunday to see Dr. Hardy.

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Phone that news item to the Courier

Roy Rucker of Sedalia, Mo., was here between trains Sunday.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration as executrix of the estate of

S. A. GORDON, deceased, have been granted the undersigned executrix of said estate by the Probate Court of Chariton County, Missouri, said letters being dated June 15, 1922.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit the same to me for allowance within six months from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any of the benefits of said estate, but if such claims are not exhibited within twelve months from said date they will be forever barred.

ALICE V. GORDON, Executrix. Attest this June 15, 1922.

(SEAL) J. E. MONTGOMERY, Judge of Probate. June 23, 30, July 7, 14, 1922.

