



He looked at his watch—nine o'clock—half an hour yet. Rising he stretched himself and looked about the room. He moved to the window. It was a moonlight night and shadows hung luminous everywhere, irradiating bricks and tiles and trees. From a tower near by the clock sounded, spreading sonorously in the still air. The curtain swayed a little in the breeze and he looped it back. Returning to his desk and moving the drop-light to the table he drew a big chair beside it. He searched among the books on the table and took up a volume of poems.

The poems were Conway's. He had seen most of them before—in manuscript. But he wanted to read them again. He had not decided what to say to his visitor. The room was very still. Something buzzed at the screen, tapping it with light touches—a June bug, perhaps. Derrington paid no heed. He was absorbed in the page before him. The light fluttered a little and he looked up impatiently. He turned it down, glancing towards the open window. He took up the book again. But the poems had lost their hold. His eye was on the page, but about him, around him, something stirred. He raised his eyes slowly,



He sank back—the face was gone. looking towards the window. Against the screen, faint against the moonlight, he saw it—her face—smiling to him, the eyes shining mistily. He half rose, stretching out his hands to her. He sank back. The face was gone. But her voice, softly, was speaking to him through the distance: "You are coming—coming—coming." With a quick exclamation he turned. The light at his side had gone out. The room lay in darkness. He stared before him. She was not there. No one was there. It was the common prosaic darkness of a June night.

CHAPTER XXI.

Derrington had found Conway waiting for him at the breakwater. They paced up and down, watching the path of light across the water. The poet broke the silence. "You don't know her." The tone was defensive.

Derrington smiled a little. "Tell me." The poet waited. He threw out his hand with a quick gesture. "She is everything! When I am with her, I can think—feel—be. I am fluid. She makes me free."

When he paused the water, lapping at the breakwater, sounded softly. The moonlight lay about them. Derrington's face, in the light, held a rapt look. "That is love," he said.

The other looked at him. "You mean it is really in me—that she—Lucille—gives nothing?" His hand made the quick gesture again. "You don't understand."

"Tell me," said Derrington. "She makes me see things—not what she says. She doesn't say poetical things."

"Or do them?" suggested Derrington. The poet gave a short laugh. "She has an athletic school for girls—a training-school. I think that's really what they object to," he added—"my friends."

"Do they?" "Everyone—unless it's you." "No—I don't object." The poet turned to him eagerly. "You have seen her?"

"The other night—at the play." "She is glorious!" His eyes questioned Derrington's face. "Perhaps. She reminded me of someone."

"I know—George Sand?" "Yes." "She is like her." "Yes." There was a long silence between them. The breeze from the lake had

freshened. Little ripples scudded in the moonlight. Faint clouds drifted above them.

"I should not mind being Chopin," said the poet. His eyes were on the lake. "No."

"He had his life. His heart was freed." "Yes—and broke."

"I know. I can't say it—yet. But somehow I feel it. He had all that life could give—even death—because of love."

"And because he held it," said Derrington. The other started. "You advise me—"

Derrington shook his head, smiling. "Don't put it on me. You know—better than I can. I only know that without love there is nothing. It is what life means—love—great or small. Out of the heart of it we came and to it we shall return. The heart must love if it would live. If a man turns from it, puts it away, is afraid of it—loses it—"

He stopped suddenly. A picture of the wood-road flashed before him and Seth Olney's bent figure, short and stolid. That was what had happened to Seth. He had shut his heart. He ceased to live.

In a few words Derrington sketched the story of Seth's life. "That's what I mean," he said. "He let love go. His life shriveled."

"The poet's eyes glowed. 'I shall hold it,' he said, quietly, 'and if she falls me—'"

"You will still have love." "Yes."

"You will love some one—something—"

"Like Shelley?" The poet stole a smile at him, half-humorous.

"Like Shelley, if you will," said Derrington, "or like Dante. The true sip and the sickle drink at the same spring. All that is good in Shelley came from his fickleness. It is the soul that is dissolved—freed by love—that makes glad the world. When love goes, the soul grows hard, compact—useless—except to fight with."

"Except to fight with?" said the poet. "I am no fighter."

They had turned again and were walking to the north. Clouds obscured the moon. The dusk was faintly luminous. Far up the distant road a pair of crimson eyes glowed through it, from an approaching vehicle.

With one accord they turned to watch the lake. A summer storm was gathering. Lightning played here and there, in open flashes, on the dark water. Deep mutters of thunder followed it challengingly. The wind had lulled. A silence held the air, fluttering with light. Upon it, in the distance, sounded the faint purr of the crimson-eyed vehicle. It resolved itself into the puffing approach of an automobile. For a moment the moon strove to reassert itself. A silver shimmer came in the darkness. The striking of the clock boomed through it. They counted the strokes.

"Ten o'clock," said Derrington. "They will be waiting for us."

"Just a minute," pleaded the poet. The hush of darkness gathered itself. Through it sounded swift, whirling puffs of the automobile—louder and nearer—with hurrying, clanging bells.

Derrington glanced over his shoulder. They were racing with the storm. Then he saw. The thing was past control—rushing upon them madly. It had left the roadway. It whirred swiftly. The face of the chauffeur glared, fixed and white. With a swift turn of his arm Derrington seized the poet. He thrust him—straight across the path of the thing—out of danger. He lay, face down, his arms still outspread to save his friend.

The rain fell in torrents when they lifted him. It fell on his upturned face and relaxed hands. The face, beneath the rain, was strangely sweet, as if a hand of love had touched it.

THE END.

350 Years of Labor. A shingle firm of cutlery manufacturers at Sheffield, England, has in its employ six workmen who have been with the firm continuously for a total of 350 years. This means an average of almost sixty years of continuous work for each employe.

Two of these men are 76, two are 75, one is 74 and one 73. A picture of the group published in the Iron Age shows a sturdy looking set of men. That they must be, as they are still at work. Three of them are cutters and three grinders.

The same firm has people of three generations at the bench in its employ—from grandparents to their grandchildren. These workers began as children, according to custom, and have been continuously with the house ever since as piece workers.

Guaranteed under all Pure Food Laws. Jacques Mfg. Co. Chicago. KC BAKING POWDER. Stands for Quality Economy Purity. In providing the family's meals, don't be satisfied with anything but the best. KC is guaranteed perfection at a moderate price. It makes everything better. Try and see. Perfect or Money back.

County News

From Our Exchanges

MALTA BEND

Born to the wife of Alex Arnold Sunday Jan. 30 a big boy baby. Mr. and Mrs. Kapf entertained the century club Monday evening. It is reported as a success from the standpoint of the members. S. Dow took suddenly sick yesterday morning while at breakfast at Mrs. Brights. He was feeling some better as we go to press and we hope he will soon be restored to his usual vigor.—News.

Life on Panama Canal

has had one frightful drawback—malaria trouble—that has brought suffering and death to thousands. The germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "Three bottles completely cured me of a very severe attack of malaria," writes Wm. A. Fretwell of Lucama, N. C. "and I have had good health ever since." Cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles and prevent Typhoid. 50c Guaranteed by P. H. Franklin.

BLACKBURN

The Blackburn Sale Company will hold a monthly sale in Blackburn the last Saturday of each month, commencing Saturday Feb. 26th, 1910.—Miss Mayme Terrell, who has been in Texas for several months with her aunt and cousins returned home Friday afternoon. She says it is a great change from the Texas climate to a snow storm.—Mrs. Ammie Loper is the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. S. Bulkeley, at Kansas City this week. She went up Saturday afternoon.—The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. William Sch roeder died Tuesday evening and was buried Thursday. The parents have our sympathy in their bereavement.—August Pape is carrying his hand in a sling at present. He was shoeing a horse when the animal gave a sudden lunge and caught the center of the hand with a "cork" and tore a hole in it.—Record.

All About Dividends

Sources of Dividends; Advantages of taking a policy in a company chartered by the state of New York. Dividends—When payable. Dividend Options. Dividends paid in 1908 and 1909 see C. B. KIBLER, Agent, New York Life Ins. Co. 2-28.

ARROW ROCK

Mrs. Wilhite who is spending the winter with her sister Mrs. Martha McClelland at the home of Gibson Scott is reported quite poorly this week suffering from something like a paralytic stroke.—Gibson Scott and wife left the first of the week for Kirksville where Mr. Scott will again take treatment. He is improving all the time and will probably be much better when he returns.—Charley Keyton died at his home near Concord church Tuesday after an illness of some time of consumption.—Constable J. F. McClain of near Nelson Saturday and again Wednesday looking after business. He informed us that they had a little disturbance over at Nelson Sunday night caused chiefly from that which produces about nine tenths of all disturbances—whiskey. One of the Sappington boys got on a little too much and went into the hotel flourished his gun and shot a hole in the stove and also in

some way set the bed on fire. Mr. Koenig we understand got his hand badly burned while carrying out the burning bed. Sappington was arrested the next morning and gave bond for \$500.—Statesman.

Baby Hands

will get into mischief—often it means a burn or cut or scald. Apply Ballard's Snow Liniment just as soon as the accident happens, and the pain will be relieved while the wound will heal quickly and nicely. A sure cure for sprains, Rheumatism and all pains. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

HOUSTONIA

H. C. Brown was painfully burned about the head and face Sunday morning by an explosion of kerosene. Mr. Brown had started a fire in the kitchen stove. The fire did not burn well and Mr. Brown poured some kerosene on the wood to make it burn better. An explosion followed, the flames burning Mr. Brown about the head and face. A physician was called and dressed the burns, which while very painful are not considered serious.—Herman Renken, living 11-1/2 miles northeast of town, was called to the bedside of his father Martin Renken, a prominent farmer and stockman near Mord, Monday evening. Mr. Renken is in a critical condition resulting from a fall from a wagon Monday morning. His entire body is paralyzed. It is to be hoped that he will recover.—Houstonian.

\$100 Reward \$1.00

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Halls Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Halls Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

GILLIAM

Chas. Keyton, at one time a black smith for Eichstaedt died near Concord church Wednesday night, of consumption.—G. E. Willming, the great man of Good Hope, and a man with a heart in him as large as two mules, sold his apples here last Saturday for 70c per barrel. You can scour all of Saline county and in it you will never find a more progressive or honorable man than Gus Willming. He is the same every day in the week.—E. Eichstaedt a mechanic who stands right up with the best of those to be found in large cities is figuring on putting in a turning lathe. It is hard to find a man who tries to keep up with the progress of the world as does Mr. Eichstaedt.—Globe.

Worn Out

That's the way you feel about the lungs when you have a hacking cough. It's foolishness to let it go on and trust to luck to get over it when Ballard's Horehound Syrup will stop the cough and heal the lungs. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

HIGGINSVILLE A Cruel Joke Sam Neill, who resides southeast of town, was the victim of a joke Sunday evening that came near costing him an eye and there is a possibility yet of him losing it. Chas. Sebastian, aged about 17 years gave Sam some tobacco for his pipe, which contained a good quantity of gun powder. When a match was touched to the pipe the powder exploded burning Neill's right cheek and seriously injuring his right eye. A physician was summoned and it is thought the sight will be saved. Monday morning Neill came in and swore out a warrant for Young Sebastian who is to appear this, Thursday for his preliminary. The affair took place near the Baptist church, just before services.—Higginville Advance.

Miss Susie Waters returned home Saturday from a months visit with relatives at Marshall. Her brother-in-law Ed Zahn and Ed Blackburn each held stock sales the total amount of which aggregated more than \$14,000.—Higginville Advance.

FOR SALE—Eight horse "Advance" traction engine, wood-saw, water tank and feed-grinder, all in good condition. E. P. Smith, rfd. 2 2-10 Napton.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling. 25c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

WOOD & HUSTON BANK. MARSHALL, MO. GEO. A. MURRELL, President J. C. LAMKIN, Assistant Cashier J. P. HUSTON, Cashier Capital \$100,000. Surplus, \$100,000.

J. VANDYKE J. T. FISHER L. W. VANDYKE VanDyke & Co. FARM LOANS. Lowest Rates Easiest Terms Office: Between New York Racket and Bank of Saline. MARSHALL, MO.

MULES FOR SALE OR TRADE I have a nice lot of three-year-old farm mules for sale or will exchange for aged mules. (2-8) E. E. ELSEA, Marshall, Mo. Office in rear of Farmers Savings Bank.

We SELL Land in Missouri Texas Kansas and Colorado Stocks of Merchandise Bought and Sold Farm Loans and Insurance Choice Saline County Farms Low Rates to Any Point Twice Each Month. B. F. HENLEY, PHONES 12, 18 and 29. BLACKBURN, MO.

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