

# Secretary of Trivial Affairs

by MAY TUTELLE

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CHAPTER V.



Illustrations by V.L. BARNES

One of the Trivial Affairs. Notwithstanding my weary lids and aching limbs, I glided—actually—back and forth before the mirror on the memorable night of my entrance into society after Martha, Mrs. Hazard's maid, had looked me into my gown, and I couldn't believe that the mirrored reflection was my own. There was only one thing needed to make me absolutely happy, and that was Jo. We had, all of us, moved into the old house made new, that morning, and it was the very first time in all our lives that Jo and I had been separated. I wanted her now. I wanted to cry a little happy tear on her shoulder and have her pat my hair. But I didn't have her. She had gone to a lecture, anyhow, on the Wholeness of the Which, or something equally intellectual, and I was in the middle of one of the most beautiful suites I had ever seen—only



"I'll Do My Best. The Duke Shall Be Ours."

bath, old-rose bed room, blue-brocade boudoir—suddenly, very much amused. I don't know what I might have done. I'm sure I would have cried and spoiled my nose if there hadn't come, just at that particular minute, a knock on my blue-brocade boudoir door from Laura's side of it and saved me.

"Won't you come in?" she invited when I opened the door. "We will form a mutual admiration society. I know I am looking my best, I'm neither pale nor am I flushed. Isn't my gown beautiful?"

"You are exquisite," I told her, and she was, with her blond hair in a thick loose braid about her head and the simple, shimmering white gown.

She laughed and kissed me French fashion on each cheek. I know I blushed; I hadn't expected a caress.

"You mean that, too," she said, "or you wouldn't say it with the ring true in your voice."

"Of course I do," I replied. "I never say anything I don't mean."

"Not now," she laughed. "You'll learn soon."

I laughed, too, then we laughed together, a bit hysterically, for deep down we were both nervous. You see, it was my coming-out party.

"Now, what shall I say to you?"

"You don't have to compliment me," I declared.

"But I shall," she insisted. "You are lovely, and that gold gown is wonderful."

"Your mother is just too good to me," I told her, and I know there were tears under my lids, or wherever I keep tears, just waiting for me to think to jump out. She didn't know I had to shine just a little brighter than any one else.

"I wanted a few jewels," she remarked, surveying herself, "but mother said no. She doesn't think a girl should wear jewels until she's married." She turned suddenly and signaled Caroline to withdraw. When the door had closed upon the departing figure of the maid she looked at me. "And that brings me to a request. Will you take Winthrop under your protection tonight? He doesn't know many of these people and doesn't care to know them. He's going to like you, Louie; you are so kind, so very much just girl. He thinks you are wonderful. Isn't that cheeky of him? He's making myself believe she's coming here for my sake when I know he's after her for a novel. He's going to embarrass society and the girls in every manner and getting into their thick webbing and things."

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John will tell you who everybody is. Mother is particularly anxious that you know the important ones." I tumbled from the skies a bit; I knew that was the reason I was there. "I wish you luck remembering. It's awfully hard, especially the former husbands, but we haven't much of that, dear. New Englanders stick to the death, you know. I suppose it's another example of their thrift. Now don't fall me about Winthrop, there's a dear. I don't want him running away before I have a chance to see him, and he will if he's bored. One other thing: Mother will see that you meet His Grace." She wagged a shapely forefinger at me impressively. "Louie, talk French to him; your nicest most alluring French. We are angling for him for the summer."

"Angling?" I asked. I managed to keep the tone from being astonished. "Oh, yes, everybody is. Why not say so? It isn't always we have the opportunity of entertaining a duke. The best last season could produce was a German baron and an Hunbarian count. Now, His Grace must be ours for the summer, dear, no matter who manages to marry him. He has developed a passion for Natalie since he learned that her money is her own, but Hap looms up a barrier there. We don't know whether she will be an inducement or otherwise."

I must confess I was just a little bit shocked, for Jo had pounded such old-fashioned notions into my head. "She isn't married yet," I remarked, thinking of my job. A part of which was to make Hap turn around and look.

"That's true. Anyhow I hope you and your French will help. Isn't it lucky you speak good French?"

That was one of the reasons of me, but of course she didn't know that. "I'll do my best. The Duke shall be ours. Vive le Duc!" I laughed. I thought of the bucolic Mr. Abbott and my task of encouraging Laura to marry a duke or notice the eligible. There was no time like the present; I went at it as I thought brilliantly. "But why all this wonderful summer when you have decided to settle down a country housewife?"

"Oh, to look back upon," she smiled, "just as a girl used to remember she was married in a white gown and orange blossoms. Besides, I haven't decided yet about that country housewife. Mother objects; not to Winthrop exactly, but the condition of affairs. I suppose I ought to assure myself I don't want a title."

There was a chance to offer some excellent advice, but after such a brilliant opening I didn't have any to offer. I'm woefully deficient in all such matters. Jo has always done the advising in our family.

"So you are going after His Grace?" I parried.

"Oh, no; I'm going to assure myself I don't want him."

"Rather unpleasant for His Grace?" I laughed. "Suppose he should happen to fall in love with you during the process?"

"Oh, he won't," she replied. "He isn't crazy about me. It's Natalie. If I decide I want him I'll tell him the amount of my fortune."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, pretending I understood, even if I didn't. "Anyhow, I'll look after Mr. Abbott."

When Laura went below I lingered in the corridor looking down upon the Grand Stairway—it was a Grand Stairway—because I didn't have the courage as yet to venture into that wonderful below. The dowagers were arriving, but a younger crowd began to come up the stairway as the hour advanced. Mrs. Hazard appeared from somewhere suddenly, her eyes twinkling and her lips tight shut on a chuckle, as if the whole thing was a tremendous joke on somebody. I blew her a kiss as she went down, and thrilled as I watched her going. Shivers I suppose is what I really did.

Everything glittered, the lights, the gowns, the jewels; everything was strange and delightfully confusing. Strained from an orchestra floated up to me. I knew it was playing behind the palms; they always do. The air was heavy with the odor of flowers, and for the first time in my life I comprehended what it was to be intoxicated with sights and sounds.

I leaned there against the rail for an age; a spectator, completely out of the picture; like one's first day at the races—French races at that—not knowing the horses and the events. I finally decided to go down. I couldn't stay there looking over the rail for ever. I was anxious to go down. I was wanting a count that had not been counted the thousand dollars for that evening's gossip. And when I was down I saw the Duke and John and the other winners who were going to the ball.

alone in a crowd, how hard to pretend you're expecting every minute to speak to some one when you're not. My assurance? I had none. I was quaking with fear. But I had a wild idea that I wasn't quite lost as long as I was on the stairs. Little groups descended by me, but not with me. I was conspicuously alone. Several times people glanced at me curiously. I had another wild idea of speaking to some one. I had heard that society folk can't remember half the people they meet; but after all I hadn't the courage. I abandoned that and thought of a whole procession of things, all equally absurd, while every step was taking me down, down into—I knew not what.

I paused on a landing and tried to appear casual as my eyes searched vainly for Hap or John Crowninshield. I knew it was foolish even to hope; there was only one chance in a thousand and in that brilliant, wriggling jam. I wondered why I hadn't thought to make an appointment. No. They'd think I was crazy. Did people in society do such things? Gracious! My knees were getting wobbly from pure, unadulterated fright, and I stood glued to that landing as if it were a lifeboat on an open sea. But I couldn't stay there. People already were starting. I put out my foot, feeling for the edge of the step as one does in the dark, another, and another. I was at the bottom. It was the end. A move and I would be adrift! I turned my head in one last desperate attempt to see some one, and found myself looking straight at Hap and a dark girl whom I knew must be Natalie. I came awfully near kissing him that time, but Natalie—for it was she—put up a protecting hand, rather languid and fishy, but a never-to-be-forgotten hand.

"We've been waiting for you," she drawled, pressing my fingers and smiling a mere shadow of a smile that suited her calm, majestic beauty.

I smiled back, a scared, relieved sort of smile, and I put that "waiting" down in my memory. I only hoped some day I could make a sacrifice for her. And I almost got my hope.

"I was beginning to worry for fear we had missed you," she went on, after a most effective pause in which she regarded me through drooping lids. "Woodbury," she never called him Hap—"do you see the Abercrombies? They were here just a moment ago. I want them to meet Miss Codman."

My courage came back, and I managed to dislodge my tongue from the roof of my mouth and say something. I noticed the way she put it about the Abercrombies, and I began to feel sorry that I had to tear Hap out of her life for ever and give him to some other girl. But she was too old for him; she looked like his big sister. I thought of that coffee at the breakfast table while she chattered in a droopy, bored fashion so wholly a part of her it didn't appear in the least as a pose. I knew she would never pour coffee in that dear homely way for any man.

To be continued.

### Davis-Lankford

Dr. James Davis, assistant physician at the Colony, and Miss Belle Lankford, one of Marshall's popular young ladies, were married at the home of the bride's father on East Arrow Thursday evening, Nov. 14th. Rev. B. T. Wharton and Rev. J. D. Prigmore officiating.

The young folks met while attending M. V. C. several years ago and friendship ripened into love.

The groom is an active and a prominent young physician and an excellent gentleman, while the bride is deservedly popular for her pleasant manners and disposition. They will reside in the administration building at the Colony.

### A MESSAGE OF MERIT

Marshall Citizens Should Weigh Well this Evidence.

Proof of merit lies in the evidence.

Convincing evidence in Marshall is not the testimony of strangers.

But the endorsement of Marshall people.

That's the kind of proof given here—

The statement of a Marshall citizen.

H. D. Scott, engineer, 349 South Lafayette St., Marshall, Mo., says:

"I was bothered for several years by kidney and bladder complaints. The operations were too free in passage and my back ached. I had a dragging pain that weakened me. I could not sleep without the greatest effort. When I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills, I used them and they entirely cured the complaint. The kidney action became normal and I felt much better."

For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents. Doan's Kidney Pills Co., Ltd.

## FROM OUR EXCHANGES

MIAMI

Rev. F. N. Looney, a member of the Southwest Missouri conference of the M. E. church, South, a successful leader of revivals, and the pastor, Rev. W. P. Barrett, will begin a series of meetings at the Miami Methodist church Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Utley celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at their home in this city Wednesday, November 13th. Mr. and Mrs. Marion Peterman, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Edmonds, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Utley of this place and Mrs. Joseph Pyle of Edwardsville, Ill., spent the day with them and enjoyed the fine turkey dinner prepared in honor of the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Utley were the recipients of a number of appropriate gifts from their friends, and their guests joined in extending their hearty congratulations. —Cleft Witt of the Harmony neighborhood fell twenty-five feet Friday when his weight caused a limb of a pecan tree he was threshing to break, and three ribs were broken. The accident happened on the Burnside farm in the lower bottom. He has about recovered from the fall, and was in town yesterday. —Born to Mr. and Mrs. Will Naaron of near Fairville Tuesday, November 5 1912, a son.—Miami News.

**Helps a Judge in Bad Fix**  
Justice Eli Cherry, of Gillis Mills, Tenn., was plainly worried. A bad sore on his leg had baffled several doctors and long resisted all remedies. "I thought it was a cancer," he wrote. "At last I used Buckle's Arnica Salve, and was completely cured." Cures bunions, boils, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. 25 cents at P. H. Franklins.

NELSON

The ladies of the Cemetery Club will have their annual oyster supper Saturday, Nov. 23d at the city hotel. To those who do not care for oysters they will serve chicken. They will begin serving at noon. Everybody is cordially invited to attend. The price is 25c each. —Mildred, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Reed of Parsons, Kansas, died Friday afternoon at 3:30 p. m. at her home of enlargement of the liver. The body was taken to Springfield, Ill. for burial. The little girl was a stepdaughter of Mrs. Reed who was formerly Miss Sue Smith of this city. She was here last summer accompanied by Mrs. Reed on a visit to the latter's relatives. —The basket ball team of the Nelson high school accompanied by Prof. Hugh Berlin and several pupils drove to Arrow Rock to play the return game with the Arrow Rock high school. The game was interesting and closely contested but Nelson was defeated again, the score being 23 to 13.—Record.

SLATER

George Rutherford, for many years a well known resident of Slater, died at the rooming house of John M. Harrison, 1075 Washington street, Kansas City, Mo., last Saturday morning after an illness of only three days. The notice of his death came to Slater Saturday morning in



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Good tobacco and a good reel! That's surely a lucky combination for the angler—and here's the way you can have them both.

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## Duke's Mixture

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Pay what you will, you cannot get better granulated tobacco for 5c than the big ounce and a half sack of Duke's Mixture. And with each of these big sacks you get a book of cigarette papers FREE.

Get a Good Fishing Reel Free

by saving the Coupons now packed in Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture. Or, if you don't want a reel—get any one of the hundreds of other articles. In the list you will find something for every member of the family. Pipes, cigarette cases, catcher's gloves, cameras, watches, toilet articles, etc.

These handsome presents cost you nothing—not one cent. They simply express our appreciation of your patronage.

Remember—you still get the same big one and a half ounce sack for 5c—enough to roll many cigarettes.

During November and December only, we will send our new illustrated catalogue of presents FREE. Simply send us your name and address.



Coupons from Duke's Mixture may be stored with last year's ROSE SHOE & TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF GRANGER TWIST, coupons from FOUR ROSES (Silver double coupon), PICK FLAG CUT, FREEMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags or coupons issued by us.

Premium Dept.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

St. Louis, Mo.

a telegram from Mr. Harrison to Robt. B. Rutherford, brother of the deceased, who went to Kansas City on the first afternoon train.—George W. Carr and two daughters, Misses Edna and Widdie, left here Friday afternoon for Dallas, Tex., where they expect to remain on a visit for a month or more with some of Mr. Carr's boyhood friends and cousins from eastern Tennessee. —There seems to be an unlimited demand this year for native lumber. Mr. Liggett, who has been operating a saw mill in W. H. Baker's timber, has sawed and disposed of over 125,000 feet and still has a demand for more.—Rustler.

friends.—John on Bynum, called, a well-known farmer residing south of town, died Monday, aged 80 years. Burial will take place at Woods Chapel to-day. The deceased was an industrious and estimable man. John Cropp and Milt Cropp, grandsons, came up from Mexico to attend the funeral. —Invitations have been printed at this office announcing the approaching marriage of Frank Noth, of Glasgow, and Miss Matilda Mary Sellmeyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sellmeyer, of West Glasgow. The ceremony will take place at All Saints' church at 9 o'clock Tuesday, November 26.—Missouriian.

### Had Narrow Escape

While crossing the C. & A. track west of the depot Monday morning, Mrs. Jack James was struck by a passing train and knocked off the track. She received several broken ribs and other bruises but is not fatally injured it is thought. Mrs. James is rather old and deaf, making the accident possible.

\$5.00 EXCURSION TO

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THEATRES AND OTHER AMUSEMENTS Of Every "WIDE OPEN" Kind

Train leaves Marshall at 4:28 p. m. Returning via special train Monday, December 2nd, 1912.

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O. E. HAWTHORNE, Chicago & Alton R. R.