

W. T. Norcross Store

Come and us in our new store just west of Steve Yates' store a block and a half on Commercial Street, a side walk all the way, where you can

Save Money on General Merchandise

A new store and all new goods. We invite you one and all to come and see us and get prices

Good Apron Check Gingham at 12 1/2c

Dress Gingham at 17c to 25c

Men's Overalls as Low as \$1.40 to \$2.00

Fine Bleached Muslin 16c

We have too many good bargains to enumerate—come and see for yourself. Yes, don't forget to

Come and Have Your Eyes Fitted

With new Glasses. It takes you only about three minutes to walk from the square to our store. We also have a fine line of Groceries

It's a Funny World

And not many get out of it alive but come and see us just the same, where you can hitch your team or auto in the shade. We have a nice shady place around our store, located at the croquet grounds

W. T. Norcross & Wife

Civilians Wear Army Raincoats

Made to latest Government specifications under the supervision of a Government inspector—the last word in Raincoat satisfaction—the result of two years experimentation by Army experts

RELEASED ORDER OFFERED BY CONTRACTORS DIRECT TO CIVILIANS INDIVIDUALLY AT COST—Sent by Parcel Post, insured, on receipt of \$7.50, by

Newark Rubber Co., Garfield, N. J.

STATE CHEST MEASUREMENT

A vast improvement on any type of raincoat hitherto produced. NO WET CAN GET THROUGH—hermetically cemented, storm-proof collar with storm proof tab interfitting fly front, adjustable fastenings around wrists, side pockets, with additional slit to reach inside clothing without opening coat, NOT ONLY ABSOLUTELY WATER PROOF, but PROOF ALSO AGAINST MOISTURE FROM THE BODY—the back has ventilation holes, concealed by a duplex yoke. Material durable and will not fade. Because the war ended unexpectedly and military requirements ceased, civilians may buy these government-approved Raincoats at FACTORY COST—a splendid investment. Send for yours at once—money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

Announcement!

I have purchased the interest of W. B. Fullington in the Cash Mercantile Co. and will continue the business at the old stand.

"A Square Deal to Everybody" is the motto of the store and your patronage is solicited.

Come in when in Mansfield and make this store headquarters

Few Close-Outs in Slippers

Full Line of Ladies' Silk Waists at Right Prices

Straw Hats

See Our Bargain Counter

A. E. BROWN
General Merchandise



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Thomas K. Barnes, wealthy New Yorker, on a walking trip through New England, is caught in a storm miles from his destination. At a crossroads point he meets a girl in the same plight. While they discuss the situation an automobile, sent to meet the girl, arrives and Barnes is given a lift to Hart's tavern, while the girl is taken on to her destination, which she tells Barnes is a place called Green Fancy.

CHAPTER II—At the tavern Barnes falls in with a stranded troupe of "barnstorming" actors, headed by Green Thackeray, and becomes interested in them.

CHAPTER III—As the storm grows, Barnes finds himself worrying over the safety of the girl, traveling over the mountain roads at what he considers dangerous speed. He learns that Green Fancy is something of a house of mystery. Two mounted men leave the tavern in a manner which arouses Barnes' curiosity.

She closed the door behind her leaving him standing in the middle of the room, perplexed but amused.

"By George," he said to himself, still staring at the closed door, "they're wonders, all of them. I wish I could do something to help them out of—He sat down abruptly on the edge of the bed and pulled his wallet from his pocket. He set about counting the bills, a calculating frown in his eyes. Then he stared at the ceiling, summing up. "I'll do it," he said, after a moment of mental figuring. He took off a half dozen bills and slipped them into his pocket. The wallet sought its usual resting place for the night; La der a pillow.

He was healthy and he was tired. Two minutes after his head touched the pillow he was sound asleep.

He was aroused shortly after mid night by shouts, apparently just outside his window. A man was calling in a loud voice from the road below an instant later he heard a tremendous pounding on the tavern door.

Springing out of bed, he rushed to the window. There were horses in front of the house—several of them—and men on foot moving like shadows among them.

Turning from the window, he unlocked and opened the door into the hall. Some one was clattering down the narrow staircase. The bolts on the front door shot back with resounding force, and there came the hoarse jumble of excited voices as men crowded through the entrance. Putnam Jones' voice rose above the clamour.

"Keep quiet! Do you want to wake everybody on the place?" he was saying angrily. "What's up? This is a fine time o' night to be—Good Lord! What's the matter with him?"

"Telephone for a doctor, Put—damn quick! This one's still alive. The other one is dead as a door nail up at Jim Conley's house. Git ole Doc James down from Saint Liz. Bring him in here, boys. Where's your light? Easy now! Easy—"

Barnes waited to hear no more. His blood seemed to be running ice cold as he retreated into the room and began scrambling for his clothes. The thing he feared had come to pass. Disaster had overtaken her in that wild, senseless dash up the mountain road. He was cursing half aloud as he dressed, cursing the fool who drove that machine and who now was perhaps dying down there in the taproom.

"The other one is dead as a door nail," kept running through his head—"the other one."

A dozen men were in the taproom, gathered around two tables that had been drawn together. The men about the table, on which was stretched the figure of the wounded man, were undoubtedly natives; Farmers, woodsmen or employees of the tavern. At a word from Putnam Jones they opened up and allowed Barnes to advance to the side of the man.

"See if you can understand him, Mr. Barnes," said the landlord. Perspiration was dripping from his long, rawboned face. "And you, Bacon—you and Dillingford hustle upstairs and get a mattress off'n one of the beds. Stand at the door there, Pike, and don't let any woman in here. Go away, Miss Thackeray! This is no place for you."

Miss Thackeray pushed her way past the man who tried to stop her and joined Barnes.

"It is the place for me," she said sharply. "Haven't you men got sense enough to put something under his head? Where is he hurt? Get that cushion, you. Stick it under here when I lift his head. Oh, you poor thing! We'll be as quick as possible. There!"

The man's eyes were closed, but at the sound of a woman's voice he opened them. The hand with which he clutched at his breast slid off and seemed to be groping for hers. His breathing was terrible. There was blood at the corners of his mouth, and more oozed forth when his lips parted in an effort to speak.

With a courage that surprised even herself, the girl took his hand in hers. It was wet and warm. She did not dare look at it.

"Merci, madame," struggled from the man's lips, and he smiled.

Barnes leaned over and spoke to him in French. The dark, pain-stricken eyes closed, and an almost imperceptible shake of the head signified that he did not understand. Evidently he had acquired only a few of the simple French expressions. Barnes had a slight knowledge of Spanish and Italian, and tried again with no better results. German was his last resort, and he knew he would fail once more, for the man obviously was not Teutonic.

The bloody lips parted, however, and

the eyes opened with a piteous, appealing expression in their depths. It was apparent that there was something he wanted to say, something he had to say before he died. He gasped a dozen words or more in a tongue utterly unknown to Barnes, who bent closer to catch the feeble effort. It was he who now shook his head; with a groan the sufferer closed his eyes in despair. He choked and coughed violently an instant later.

"Get some water and a towel," cried Miss Thackeray, tremulously. She was very white, but still clung to the man's hand. "Be quick! Behind the bar."

Barnes unbuttoned the coat and revealed the blood-soaked white shirt. "Better leave this to me," he said in her ear. "There's nothing you can do. He's done for. Please go away."

"Oh, I shan't faint—at least, not yet. Poor fellow! I've seen him up stairs and wondered who he was. Is he really going to die?"

"Looks bad," said Barnes, gently opening the shirt front. Several of the craning men turned away suddenly.

"Who is he, Mr. Jones?"

"He is registered as Andrew Paul, from New York. That's all I know. The other man put his name down as Albert Roon. He seemed to be the boss and this man a sort of servant, far as I could make out. They never talked much and seldom came downstairs. They had their meals in their room."

"There is nothing we can do," said Barnes, "except try to staunch the flow of blood. He is bleeding inwardly, I'm afraid. It's a clean wound, Mr. Jones. Like a rifle shot, I should say."

"That's just what it is," said one of the men, a tall woodsman. "The fellow who did it was a dead shot, you can bet on that. He got 't other man square through the heart."

"Lor'dy, but this will raise a rumpus," growled the landlord. "We'll have detectives an'—"

"I guess they got what was comin' to 'em," said another of the men.

"What's that? Why, they were ridin' peaceful as could be to Spanish Falls. What do you mean by sayin' that, Jim Conley? But wait a minute! How does it happen that they were up near your dad's house? That certainly ain't on the road to Span—"

"Spanish Falls nothin'! They wasn't goin' to Spanish Falls any more'n I am at this minute. They tied their horses up the road just above our house," said young Conley, lowering his voice out of consideration for the feelings of the helpless man. "It was about seven o'clock, I reckon. I was comin' home from singin' school up at Number Ten, an' I passed the horses hitched to the fence. Naturally I stopped, curious like. There wasn't no one around, fer as I could see, so I thought I'd take a look to see whose horses they were. I thought it was derailed funny, them horses bein' there at that time o' night an' no one around. Looked mighty queer to me. Course, thinks I, they might belong to somebody visitin' in there at Green Fancy, so I thought I'd—"

"Green Fancy," said Barnes, starting.

"Was it up that far?" demanded Jones.

"They was hitched just about a hundred yards below Mr. Curtis' property, on the off side o' the road. I hadn't any more'n got to our front gate when I heard some one running in the road up there behind me. 'Fors I knowed what was happenin', bang went a gun. I almost jumped out'n my boots. The rumpin' had stopped. The horses was rarin' an' tearing so I thought I'd—"

"Where'd the shot come from?" demanded Jones.

"Up the road some'eres, I couldn't swear just where. Must'n' been up by the road that cuts in to Green Fancy. So I thought I'd hustle in an' see if pa was awake, an' git my gun. Jest then pa stuck his head out'n the window an' yelled what the hell's the matter. You betcher life I sung out who I was mighty quick, 'cause pa's purty spry with a gun an' I didn't want him takin' me for burglars sneaking around the house. While we wuz talkin' there one of the hosses started our way lickety-split, an' in about two seconds it went by us. It was purty dark, but we see plain as day that there was a man in the saddle, bendin' low over the hoss' neck and shoutin' to it. We waited a couple o' minutes, wonderin' what to do, an' listenin' to the hoss gittin' farder and farder away in the direction of the cross-roads. Then 'way down there by the pike we heard another shot. Right there an' then pa said he'd put on his clothes an' we'd set out to see what it was all about."

"Well, pa come out with my gun an' his'n an' we walks up to where I seen the hosses. Shore 'nough, one of 'em was still hitched to the fence, an' 't other was gone. We stood around a minute or two examinin' the hoss an' then pa says let's go up the road a ways an' see if we can see anything. An' by gosh, we hadn't gone more'n fifty feet afore we come plumb on a man layin' in the middle of the road. Pa shook him an' he didn't let out a sound. He was warm, but deader'n a tombstone. I wuz for leavin' him there till we'd git the coroner, but pa says no. We'd carry him down to our porch an' lay him there, so's he'd be out o' danger. I jumps on Polly an' lights out for here, Mr. Jones, to telephone up to Saint Liz for the sheriff an' the

coroner, not givin' a dang what I run into on the way. Polly shied some-thing terrible just afore we got to the pike an' I come derved near bein' throwed. An' right there 'side the road was this feller, all in a heap. Thinks I, you poor cuss, you must'n' tried to stop that feller on hossback an' he plunked you. That accounted for the second shot. The thing that worries all of us is did the same man do the shootin', or was there two of 'em, one waitin' down the cross-roads?"

"Must have been two," said Jones, thoughtfully. "The same man couldn't have got down there ahead of him, that's sure. Did anybody go up to Green Fancy to make inquiries?"

"'Twasn't necessary, Mr. Curtis heard the shootin' an' jest afore we left he sent a man out to see what it was all about. The old skeetcks that's been drivin' his car lately come down the way had happened up at Green Fancy."

"It's most mysterious," said Barnes, glancing round the circle of awed faces. "There must have been some one lying in wait for these men, and with a very definite purpose in mind."

"Strikes me," said Jones, "that these two men were up to some kind of dirty work themselves, else why did they say they were goin' to Spanish Falls? They were queer actin' men, I'll have to say that."

His eyes met Barnes' and there was a queer light in them.

"You don't happen to know anything about this, do you, Mr. Barnes?" he demanded, suddenly.

CHAPTER V.

The Farm-Boy Tells a Ghastly Story and an Irishman Enters.

Barnes stared. "What do you mean?" he demanded sharply.

"I mean just what I said. What do you know about this business?"

"How should I know anything about it?"

"Well, we don't know who you are, nor what you're doing up here, nor what your real profession is. That's why I ask the question."

"I see," said Barnes, after a moment. He grasped the situation and he admitted to himself that Jones had cause for his suspicions. "It has occurred to you that I may be a detective or a secret service man, isn't that the case? Well, I am neither. Did you know any more about these two men, Mr. Jones, than you know about me?"

"I don't know anything about 'em."

"What was their business?"

"Mr. Roon was lookin' for a place to bring his daughter who has consumption. He didn't want to take her to a regular consumptive community, he said, an' so he was lookin' for a quiet place where she wouldn't be associatin' with lungers all the time. That was his business, Mr. Barnes, an' I guess you'd call it respectable, wouldn't you?"

"Perfectly. But why should he be troubled by my presence here if—"

Miss Thackeray put an end to the discussion in a most effectual manner.

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, cut it out! Wait till he's dead, can't you?" she whispered fiercely. "You've got all the time in the world to talk, and he hasn't more than ten minutes left to breathe unless that rube doctor gets here pretty soon. I think he's going



"I Think He's Going Now," She Whispered.

now. Keep still, all of you. Is he breathing, Mr. Barnes? That awful cough just now seemed to—" Her eyes were fixed on the still face. "Why—why, how tightly he holds my hand! I can't get it away—he must be alive, Mr. Barnes. Where is that silly doctor?"

Barnes unclasped the right fingers of the man called Andrew Paul, and, shaking his head sadly, drew her away from the improvised pier. He and the shivering Mr. Dillingford conducted her to the dining room, where a single kerosene lamp gave out a feeble, rather ghastly light.

"Would you like a little brandy?" inquired Barnes, as she sat down limply in the chair he pulled out for her. "I have a flask upstairs in my—"

"I never touch it," she said. "I'm all right. My legs wobble a little but— Sit down Mr. Barnes. I've got something to say to you and I'd better say it now, because it may come in pretty handy for you later on. Don't let those women come in here. Dilly."

"This afternoon I walked up in the woods back of the tavern to go over some lines in a new piece we are to do later on—God knows when! I could see the house from where I was sitting. Roon's windows were plainly visible. I saw Roon standing at a window looking toward the cross-roads with a pair of field-glasses. Every once in awhile he would turn to Paul, who stood beside him with a notebook, and say something to him. Paul wrote it down. Then he would look again, turning the glasses this way and that. Suddenly my eyes almost popped out

Attention!!

We call the attention of everyone who is interested in Merchandise of Merit

To our STORE. Especially should you be interested in securing the best for your MONEY. We can assure every customer who comes to our store of securing the very BEST VALUES in the newest things and of a QUALITY that will meet your requirements

We speak especially of our superb line of

Ladies' Footwear

We carry the right things in Oxfords, Pumps and Shoes. We invite your inspection of our line. We carry a splendid selection of

Ladies' Silk Hose

In various qualities and wanted shades. Priced RIGHT. Please call

Morton's Cash Store

Seymour, Missouri

Tersely Told Town Tales

Mrs. E. A. Sisk is in Kansas City.

Mrs. Roy Handy is here from Mt. Grove.

Neil Morton of Seymour was here yesterday.

Rev. M. F. Gilbert of West Plains was here this week.

James J. Bell of Kansas City is visiting home folks here.

W. O. Bishop of Springfield visited here this week.

J. D. Reynolds and wife spent Sunday in Springfield.

L. F. Livingston saw the soldiers parade in Kansas City Saturday.

H. B. Paul and wife returned last week from Mammoth Spring Ark.

A. C. Legere has bought the Walter Hylton 80 acre farm on Dry Creek.

Dr. G. R. A. Davis, formerly of Wright county, died Tuesday at Springfield.

For Sale—109-egg Old Trusty incubator, price \$5. A. C. Legere, Mansfield, Mo.—adv.

Stock of hardware for sale at once. Apply to J. D. Reynolds, Mansfield, Mo.—adv.

A prisoner named Woods, charged with bootlegging, broke jail at Hartville last night.

Mrs. D. V. Cordle of Little Rock, Ark., is visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. J. N. Craig.

C. E. Maxwell, son of A. Maxwell, has returned to the United States after 14 months' service overseas.

G. W. Freeman and wife are attending the Cumberland Presbyterian church meeting at Fayetteville, Ark.

W. H. Brake of Macomb, O. S. Coday and wife and Miss Maude Reynolds spent Sunday at R. J. Freeman's.

I have closed out my entire stock of dry goods but still have a closing out sale on hardware, shoes, clothing and caps. Parties in need of anything in these lines should get them at once.—J. D. Reynolds.

By request of Sheriff Wm. Miller of Ava, City J. W. Floyd apprehended a young man named Bacon and a Miss Northrup, both of Ava, and held them for the Douglas county authorities, who came after them last night.

A memorial service and a reception for our returned boys will be held at Antioch May 30. Rev. John Killiam of Marshfield will preach the memorial sermon at 11 o'clock. The boys will parade at 2:30 after which a patriotic program will be rendered by the Sunday school, followed by a lecture by Hon. J. Lon Dennis of Mansfield. Come with well filled baskets, watch the boys eat and enjoy the day with us. All are invited.—Committee.