

Annual Report of the Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of St. Francois County, Mo.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Amount of insurance in force Dec. 27, 1920	\$1,082,694.00
Amount of insurance in force Dec. 27, 1919	947,527.00
Increase during year	135,167.00
Number of policies written during the year	168
Number of policies in force Dec. 27, 1920	852
Number of policies in force Dec. 27, 1919	843
Increase during year	9

Receipts by the Secretary During the Year.

From one assessment	\$2,096.77
From fines paid	7.50
From Premiums paid on new policies	344.31
From increase on old policies	5.05
Unaccounted for	5.44
Total	\$2,459.07

Total paid to the Treasurer \$2,459.07
C. J. WESTMEYER, Sec'y.

Audited by and approved by Wm. London, W. A. Patterson and J. G. Vandergriff, Auditing Committee, Dec. 27, 1920.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Receipts

To balance Jan. 1st, 1920	\$1,863.06
To amount rec'd from Sec'y	2,459.07
To amount borrowed	1,000.00
Total	\$4,492.13

Disbursements

Losses on Buildings	Expense of Administration
R. A. Murphy, house \$350.00	Three Board Meetings \$ 69.00
R. A. Murphy, smokehouse 25.00	Salary of President 25.00
W. N. Green, damage to house 3.50	Salary of Treasurer 25.00
L. E. Horton, barn 200.00	Fees paid Secretary 138.50
Zeno Kerlagon, barn 100.00	For auditing books 15.00
Total \$678.50	Dues in State Mutual Association 3.00
Losses on Furniture	State License Fee 5.00
R. A. Murphy \$100.00	Total \$280.50
Losses on Implements	Office Expense
L. E. Horton \$150.00	Stamps \$ 36.67
Wm. Crumpton 50.00	Pens and ink 1.15
Total \$200.00	Printing 82.75
Losses on Hay and Grain	Total \$120.57
L. E. Horton \$445.00	Uncollected check repaid 1.45
Wm. Crumpton 50.00	Note at Bank paid \$1,000.00
Total \$495.00	Interest on same 13.33
Losses on Live Stock	Balance on hand 772.78
John A. Wells, cattle \$ 60.00	Total \$4,492.13
John A. Weimer, cattle 250.00	
P. P. Westmeyer, cattle 45.00	
W. E. Matkin, hogs 50.00	
Joe Walker, hogs 25.00	
L. E. Horton, horses 200.00	
Morris Griffin, horses 200.00	
Total \$830.00	
Grand Total Losses \$2,303.50	

Audited by and approved by Wm. London, W. A. Patterson and J. G. Vandergriff, Auditing Committee, Dec. 27, 1920.

The annual meeting of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of St. Francois County will be held in the Court House in Farmington, Mo., on Friday, Jan. 14, 1921, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing three directors for three years each and to transact any other business that may properly come before the meeting.

C. J. WESTMEYER, Sec'y.

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I have frequently asked druggists, "What do you push in a... usually came, "The kind I can make the most money on." My answer has always been: "Not me." I have succeeded pretty well and I have always recommended the one that I had found by experience to be the best and the one that I would be willing to take myself or give to members of my own family. I have never offered the public a medicine that we do not use at home. This is why I can offer "Number 40 For The Blood" with a clear conscience. We have not only tried it on thousands of others, but on ourselves. We take it in all cases where a blood medicine is needed, no matter in what form it shows itself and we get splendid results in constipation, kidney, stomach and liver troubles. J. C. Mendenhall, Evansville, Ind., 40 years a druggist... usually came, "The kind I can make the most money on." My answer has always been: "Not me." I have succeeded pretty well and I have always recommended the one that I had found by experience to be the best and the one that I would be willing to take myself or give to members of my own family. I have never offered the public a medicine that we do not use at home. This is why I can offer "Number 40 For The Blood" with a clear conscience. We have not only tried it on thousands of others, but on ourselves. We take it in all cases where a blood medicine is needed, no matter in what form it shows itself and we get splendid results in constipation, kidney, stomach and liver troubles.

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New Year's Eve
by Alvah N. Harrington

RIGHT foot forward, left foot back, double shuffle. Zip!" Thus Hal Burton, with boyish animation, with youthful longing, too, as he glanced through the open window commanding a clear view of the river, frozen solid, packed with a gay throng. He could catch the inspiring clang and whistle of the bright flying skates. The fact inspired him to redouble his present efforts, "parlor skating," for a surety, for Hal had been set the task of polishing the parlor floors. He wore a pair of big felt boots and was executing an ungainly dance. When he paused it was to send flying from a bag at his side a sprinkle of wax. Then he resumed his vigorous gyrations, whirling, singing, barely pausing for breath.

"Right foot, left foot, any foot at all. Done! Now for half a glorious day on real skates, just as sister Marcia promised."

"Sister Marcia" entered the apartment as Hal was removing his imprudent skates from his tired feet. She commended his work and told him there were freshly cooked doughnuts in the kitchen, and Hal darted away with a joyous shout.

She was a fair chateleine and lady bountiful, this lovely Marcia Burton. Perhaps a subdued sadness in her eyes, a slight firmness about the lips betrayed hidden emotion, but well under curb. It was two days before New Year's and festive occasions always brought memories of the past, of one especial passage in her life where love had flamed for a day to flicker only vaguely, distressingly through the later years.

If she had borne secret disappointment, her gentle winning ways concealed it. There were two Marcia would miss—her father, who had died during the year; the other one who had dropped out of her life three years ago, mysteriously, with an abruptness to this day inexplicable—Bruce Telford.

At that very hour, in the city one hundred miles distant, this selfsame individual was thinking of her. Perhaps it was some seasonal retrospective influence, perhaps unconsciously his thoughts were always fixed upon Miss Burton.

There was reason why this should be so. Their lives—and loves—had been more intimately commingled in the past than the casual world suspected. Marcia had been a friend of Telford for over a year. Each recognized a closer tie as time went on. One eventful night at a social function he



There Were Two Marcia Would Miss.

had been overcome by her rare beauty and kindly consideration. As they parted he had whispered into her ear that he wished to write her something of interest, something that had been in his heart for a long time. The letter was dispatched. One day, two days—no reply. His soul was stricken, not only with bitter disappointment, but with injured pride and chagrin. All womankind foresworn, Bruce Telford had left the town and had plunged into business, cold, exact, systematic, to assuage the sorrow that had crushed his spirit to the ground.

He had prospered beyond his fondest dreams, but at what a sacrifice! He had allowed business to absorb him, fancying he was forgetting the past. This particular afternoon, so close to the end of a year, it seemed as though he reviewed his old life, just as his busy bookkeeper, bent over his desk, was bulking up the twelve months' brokerage operations. So wraiths of the far past flitted through Telford's mind, with Marcia ever a lonely though distracting presence. The memory disturbed him. He arose and paced the floor. Then his glance became fixed on old John Graham, his bookkeeper. Working diligently, Graham was humming softly an old familiar tune.

Bruce Telford felt ashamed as he considered his own selfish self-centered three years and the man before him. Within six months Graham had lost his wife and child. His brave spirit had not sunk. He had adopted two little orphans, sent for his sister

and was making life radiant for others, despite his sore affliction.

Telford followed a quick impulse. He returned to his desk and wrote out a check for one hundred dollars. Then he stepped beside his industrious employee.

"Make a happy New Year's for your folks at home, Graham," he said with assumed lightness of tone. "And by the way, we'll close up for the week. I think I'll take a little run to—down into the country."

Bruce Telford left the city with a well-stored suitcase. The next afternoon saw him ringing the doorbell of the old mansion where he had spent so many happy hours. The servant recognized him with a start and showed him into the parlor.

There were old familiar aspects to the room, and there in the alcove was the special corner always given to dead Mr. Burton. The caller even recognized his desk, his armchair, his favorite books. It looked as though this was a spot sacred to the memory of the beloved parent, preserved as of old and not disturbed. Involuntarily Telford took up one of the volumes. He instantly recognized a classical author from whom Mr. Burton had frequently quoted. Almost unconsciously he turned over the leaves. He smiled in sad retrospect as he noted a line that had been a favorite with the dead man, and, following the context, turned over a new leaf—

No marvel that he started! That volume had probably remained unopened for years. There between the pages lay three letters. They were yellow and faded with time. Each one bore an unopened stamp. Undoubtedly given to Mr. Burton to mail, in his absent-mindedness he had placed them temporarily in the book and they had never been mailed.

"Mr. Bruce Telford"—one was addressed to himself. And in Marcia's handwriting! His heart began to beat wildly. Could it be—he was interrupted. He knew not why, but with almost eager haste he closed the book, thrusting the letter into his pocket. Marcia entered the room.

They became almost jolly over the package of presents he had brought for the little ones. They spoke of old friends, of the New Year's eve only a few hours distant. Would he stay to tea and later join her sister and her husband in a skating party?

Bruce Telford sat in a strange glow as later Marcia left him to direct preparations for tea. His hand stole to the letter in his pocket. What might it not contain—her reply to his letter, so cruelly withered through three long, bitter years!

"No," he said, checking an impulse urged by a rare heart of hope—"later."

It was like a dream, the succeeding hour, as he was greeted by the members of the family, made to feel at home seated at the table with Marcia, flushed, radiant, kindly as always and more lovely than ever.

New Year's eve—how royally the old church bells rang! A slide across the safe bound ice of the river, a delicious moment as, all equipped, Marcia's hand rested in his and they glided over the smooth, shining surface as of yore.

Half a mile from the others, in a swift sweep down the river, she stumbled and he caught her in his arms and insisted on her resting on an old log. He seemed in some dream of delicious delight, a magic force impelled him to speak at last.

"Miss Burton—" he began.

"Surely we are old friends, Bruce," she interrupted, with reproachful wistfulness.

"Yes, Marcia," he corrected himself. "I have a letter I found in a book at your home. Was it an answer to my own in that long ago?" and the words that explained all came from his lips in impetuous rapidity. "See, I have not opened it," he added.

He tendered it to her. Her face had grown colorless, but only from the startling discovery of the delayed

missive. It fluttered in her clasp for a moment. Then she held it out toward him, her face flushing, her eyes downcast as she almost whispered: "It was yours three years ago; it is yours just the same today."

"Then—then I have come into my own!" he cried in surging hope. "Dare I hope—"

"I have not changed," she said softly. "When you read it—"

Ah! He could read it in her tell-tale face now, in her happy eyes. His arm stole round her. She did not draw back.

"Through all the years—oh, worth the waiting!" he cried.

(20, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

NOT HIS NAME

"Why did you break off your engagement with Mildred?"

"Because her parrot was always saying 'Oh, Jack, Don't!'"



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"But what difference did that make? Your engagement was not a secret?"

"But my name is not Jack."—LondonTit-Bits.

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