WANTED: A HOME FOR A BABY

"Would you mind very much if I asked you to take me back?"

He did mind. He had a depressed feeling that the evening had failed. And his depression grew as he brought the car around. He understood, he thought. She was grieving about Max. After all, a girl couldn't care as she had for a year and a half, and then give a man up because of another woman, without a wrench.

"Do you really want to go home, Sidney, or were you tired of sitting there? In that case, we could drive around for an hour or two. I'll not talk if you'd like to be quiet."

Being with K. had become an agony, now that she realized how wrong Christine had been, and that their worlds, hers and K.'s, had only touched for a

He Almost Crushed Her.

time. But she was not disposed to skimp as to agony. She would go through with it, every word a stab, if only she might sit beside K. a little longer, might feel the touch of his old gray coat against her arm.

"I'd like to ride, if you don't mind."

K. turned the automobile toward the country roads.

"K."

"Yes?"

"Was there anybody you cared about—any girl—when you left home?"

"I was not in love with anyone, if that's what you mean."

"You knew Max before, didn't you?"

"Yes. You know that."

"If you knew things about him that I should have known, why didn't you tell me?"

"I couldn't do that, could I? Anyhow—"

"Yes?"

"I thought everything would be all right. It seemed to me that the mere fact of your caring for him—" That was shaky ground; he got off it quickly.

K. was suddenly aware that Sidney was crying. She sat with her head turned away, using her handkerchief stealthily. He drew the car up beside the road, and in a masterful fashion turned her shoulders about until she faced him.

"Now, tell me about it," he said.

"It's just stillness. I'm—I'm a little bit lonely. Aunt Harriett's in Paris, and with Joe gone and everybody—"

"Aunt Harriet!"

He was properly dazed, for sure.

"And with you going away and never coming back—"

"I'll come back, of course. How's this? I'll promise to come back when you graduate, and send you flowers."

"You won't, K. You'll be back with your old friends. Girls who have been everywhere, and have lovely clothes, and who won't know a T bandage from a figure eight!"

"There will never be anybody in the world like you to me, dear." His voice was husky.

"You are saying that to comfort me."

"To comfort you! I—who have wanted you so long that it hurts even to think about it! Ever since the night I came up the Street, and you were sitting there on the steps—oh, my dear, my dear, if you only cared a little!"

Because he was afraid that he would get out of hand and take her in his arms—which would be idiotic, since, of course, she did not care for him that way—he gripped the steering-wheel. It gave him a curious appearance of making a pathetic appeal to the windshield.

"I have been trying to make you say that all evening!" said Sidney. "I love you so much that— K., won't you take me in your arms?"

Take her in his arms! He almost crushed her. He held her to him and muttered incoherencies until she gasped. It was as if he must make up for long arrears of hopelessness. He held her off a bit to look at her, as if to be sure it was she and no changeling, and as if he wanted her eyes to corroborate her lips. There was no lack of confession in her eyes; they showed him a new heaven and a new earth.

"It was you always, K.," she confessed. "I just didn't realize it. But now, when you look back, don't you see it was?"

He looked back over the months when she had seemed as unattainable as the stars, and he did not see it. He shook his head.

"I never had even a hope."

"Not when I came to you with everything? I brought you all my troubles, and you always helped."

Her eyes filled. She bent down and kissed one of his hands. He was so happy that the foolish little caress made his heart hammer in his ears.

"I think, K., that is how one can always tell when it is the right one, and will be the right one forever and ever. It is the person—one goes to in trouble."

He had no words for that, only little caressing touches of her arm, her hand. Perhaps, without knowing it, he was formulating a sort of prayer that, since there must be troubles, she would always come to him and he would always be able to help her.

And Sidney, too, fell silent. She was recalling the day she became engaged to Max, and the lost feeling she had had. She did not feel the same at all now. She felt as if she had been wandering, and had come home to the arms that were about her. Looking into his steady eyes, she knew that she was safe. She would never wither for him.

Where before she had felt the clutch of inexorable destiny, the woman's fate now she felt only his arms about her, her cheek on his shabby coat.

"I shall love you all my life," she said shakily.

His arms tightened about her.

The little house was dark when they got back to it. The Street, which had heard that Mr. Le Moyne approved of night air, was raising its windows for the night and pinning cheesecloth bags over its curtains to keep them clean.

In the second-story frame room at Mrs. McKee's, the baritone slept heavily, and made divers unvocal sounds. He was hardening his throat, and so slept with a wet towel about it.

Down on the doorstep, Mrs. McKee and Mr. Wagner sat and made love with the aid of a lighted match and the pencil-pad.

The car drew up at the little house. Katie had heard it, and now she came heavily along the hall.

"A woman left this for Mr. K.," she said. "If you think it's a begging letter, you'd better keep it until he's bought his new suit tomorrow. Almost any moment he's likely to bust out."

But it was not a begging letter. K. read it in the hall, with Sidney's shining eyes on him. It began abruptly:

I'm going to Africa with one of my cousins. She is a medical missionary. Perhaps I can work things out there.

If I caused death, I did not mean to. You will think that no excuse, but it is true. In the hospital, when I changed the bottles on Miss Page's medicine tray, I did not care much what happened. But it was different with you.

You dismissed me, you remember. I had been careless about a sponge count. I made up my mind to get back at you.

You remember the packets of gauze sponges we made and used in the operating room? There were twelve to each package. When we counted them as we got them out, we counted by packages. On the night before I left, I went to the operating room and added one sponge every here and there. Out of every dozen packets, perhaps, I fixed one that had thirteen. The next day I went away.

Then I was terrified. I was so frightened that I went down sick over it. When I got better, I heard you had lost a case and the cause was being whispered about. I almost died of terror. Then I left the city. I couldn't stand it. I was afraid to read a newspaper.

I am not going to sign this letter. You know who it is from. And I am not going to ask your forgiveness, or anything of that sort. I don't expect it. But one thing hurts me more than anything else, the other night. You said you'd lost your faith in yourself. This is to tell you that you need not. And you said something else—that anyone can "come back." I wonder!

K. stood in the hall of the little house with the letter in his hand. Just beyond on the doorstep was Sidney, waiting for him. His arms were still warm from the touch of her. Beyond lay the Street, and beyond that lay the world and a man's work to do. Work, and faith to do it, a good woman's hand in the dark, a Providence that made things right in the end.

"Are you coming, K.?"

"Coming," he said. And, when he was beside her, his long figure folded to the short measure of the step, he stooped humbly and kissed the hem of her soft white dress.

(THE END.)

Beginning of Ballooning.

The art of ballooning originated in the year 1783, with the experiments of Messrs. Charles and Robert, who improved on those of Montgolfier, of a few weeks earlier, by the substitution of hydrogen for heated air in the filling of balloons. All these first attempts at aerial navigation were made at or near Paris. In November of 1783 Pilastre de Rozier made a successful ascent in a Montgolfier "fire balloon," and the interest then awakened has continued to the present day, with the honors still resting with France. However, after all these attempts, a man by the name of Blanchard was the first to make ballooning a vocation, and he died a natural death in 1809, after 66 flights without accident. His widow was not so fortunate. She had served an apprenticeship with her husband, and was killed ten years after his death, in Paris, by a fall.

Napoleon's Cannon.

Machinists who made war munitions in the time of Napoleon I had no such equipment and tools as those of the present day process.

According to an old-time sketch brought to light recently, cannon were bored by means of a wooden lathe driven by horse power.

The horse traveled in a circle in the lower part of a building, turning a prodigious axle, to the upper end of which a crude but huge gear wheel was attached. This propelled a smaller pinion mounted near its periphery and the pinion in turn revolved a chuck in which one end of the cannon was attached.

The boring tool was advanced by a man operating a hand wheel at the far end of a machine.

Another hand wheel on a small traveling car about the lathe lowered the cannon into place or removed it when machined.

Lines of Earnestness.

The lines of earnestness should be massaged in this way. With the tips of the fingers pat the forehead lightly from eyebrows to hair line, repeating the process until the blood suffuses the brows with a rich glow.

The lines in front of the ears should be treated by the same process. There should be the same soft, light patting, coaxing the blood to the surface, but in no wise drawing the skin. That must be avoided always, the dragging and loosening of the skin.

Cut This Out—It is Worth Money

Don't miss this. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c and mail it to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for bronchial coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, for lame back, weak kidneys, rheumatism, bladder troubles and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic for constipation, biliousness, headache and sluggish bowels. W. D Duncan, Druggist.

FOR QUICK RESULTS TRY THE "WANT" ADS. IN THE FREE TRADER-JOURNAL.

LAURANT'S BIG MUSICAL, MAGICAL FANTASIA.

This season is to mark a real epoch in the career of Eugene Laurant, "The Man of Many Mysteries." His Lyceum program will be made up of latest wonders in magic, large illusions, impersonations and musical numbers, the whole staged and costumed in a very elaborate manner.

During the intermissions musical numbers will be presented by the Laurant Instrumental Trio.

In Laurant's new program live pigeons are seen suddenly to appear in

LAURANT OPENING HIS ACT.

midair and are deftly caught by the magician. Next a human skull, after being freely shown for careful examination, is placed upon a sheet of glass. Soon it seems endowed with life, answering questions in a most wonderful way.

In the illusion "The Phantom Bride" a beautiful young maiden, in bridal at-

"PHANTOM BRIDE" ILLUSION.

tire, is placed by the magician in a hypnotic sleep. At his command she slowly rises until she is seen to float in midair. Then while floating in space she is suddenly made to vanish, leaving behind only a bridal veil.

Laurant and his troupe will be seen at Ottawa High School January 10.

DEBT MANKIND OWES CHINA

Celestial Kingdom Gave Us the Succulent and Nourishing Buckwheat Cake, Says a Writer.

If mankind lives up to the injunction, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," then mankind owes a huge debt to central China. It gave us the buckwheat cake," remarks Girard in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Flour mills often print the picture of an American male deer upon the paper sack containing buckwheat flour, but the buck has nothing to do with the name of buckwheat.

Buckwheat was originally "Buchweizen," German for beechwheat, because the shape of a buckwheat grain is triangular and it resembles exactly the beechnut, but is a little smaller. Indeed, the botanical name of the two is identical—"fogopyrum."

Russians were eating buckwheat cakes centuries before America was discovered. It is still a soldier's ration in the realm of the czar, but it is baked with tallow oil or butter.

The Hindu eats buckwheat cakes on fast days, although a Christian wouldn't regard it as much of a fast—feasting on buckwheat cakes—unless they were the usual sweet and leathery commodity peddled in restaurants under a false name.

I saw great buckwheat fields in the foothills of the Himalaya mountains in India, where I was told that the small farmers threshed and ground their flour precisely as was done 2,500 years ago, when Buddha was a boy.

Classified Advertising

Advertisements will be inserted in this column not exceeding five lines, one time, 15 cents; three times, 25 cents; one week, 50 cents. Each line over five, 10 cents per week additional.

All advertisements in this column must be paid in advance.

For Rent

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms with steam heat, 208 W. Main street.

FOR RENT—House and barn at 537 East Superior street. Inquire of Wm. Buckley, telephone, county 9096-4. tf

FOR RENT—Furnished or unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping. Not far from town and on car line. Rooms modern. Phone 939-X.

FOR RENT—Six room cottage on La Salle street. Toilet, soft and city water, electric lights. Inquire of Helffrich's barber shop, 1113 La Salle St.

FOR RENT—Single office room, $6.00 per month. Desk room $3.00 per month. College Bldg. Thoroly modern steam. W. C. Vittum. tf

For Sale

FOR SALE—A Peerless washing machine and one vacuum cleaner. Address 813 Mulberry street 12-30 & 1-2-3

FOR SALE—Shafting, pullies, tables, desks, show case, etc. Inquire at this office. tf.

FOR SALE—A good fruit, produce, butter, egg, fish and oyster business. Best corner location on Main street, in Streator; cheap rent, and will sell cheap for cash. Address Wholesale House, 120 S. Vermillion St., Streator, Ill.

FOR SALE—One safe, best make. Cheap if taken at once. tf

Wanted

MEN TO LEARN BARBER TRADE—Prepare for lighter work, better pay, more jobs. Few weeks' completes. Day or evening. Nearly three years saved. See how. Catalogue mailed free. MOLLER BARBER COLLEGE, 105 S. Fifth Ave., Chicago.

Miscellaneous

LOST—Auto chain between East Pearl street and ice house, Sycamore and Superior streets. Finder return to owner and receive reward. Mrs. J. L. Bane.

THE S. & O. POULTRY truck will make a trip north of Marseilles, Thursday, Jan. 4. Anyone having chickens to sell call Ottawa 1065, Steer & Olson.

FAITHFUL DOG'S BARKING CALLS FATHER TO CHILD

Little One, Playing In Pasture Where It Strayed, Kicked by Horses.

Wheatland, Wyo.—G. F. Harold's little son, Alvin, two and a half years old, was kicked in the head by a horse the other day, his skull was fractured and other severe wounds, seemingly sufficient to cause death, were sustained.

The father's attention was called to the child by the frantic barking of the farm dog, and upon investigating he found that the dog was guarding the insensible form of the little boy from a bunch of horses in the pasture where the little fellow had wandered in his play.

The child's forehead was crushed, the nose broken and the eye laid open by the flesh being all torn from it. As he was still alive he was rushed to a hospital with all possible speed. The surgeon performed a very delicate operation, lifting the broken bones into position and sewing the torn skin around the eye back into place, and at present writing the little fellow is getting along nicely and gives promise of complete recovery.

That he was not instantly killed is probably due to the fact that the horse's hoof struck a glancing blow, and that he lives at all is because there was a skillful surgeon available.

"Correspondence Germs."

People who have a habit of biting the tip of the penholder are quite likely to become infected from what physicians rather aptly call "correspondence germs."

That the penholder, such as most of us frequently use in hotels, post offices, banks and other public writing rooms may be as deadly a carrier of disease germs as the roller towel and public drinking cups, is the belief of medical authorities today.

The next time you use one of these public penholders you will notice, if you examine it carefully, that the wooden handle is covered with little dents. These dents are the imprints of the teeth of persons who have used the pen before you; and as the mouth is the favorite port of entry of disease each dent is usually full of microbes.

To expose yourself to sickness and death, therefore, all you need do is to bite on the penholder. Every time you do this, you take into your mouth the germs which scores of other persons have left by similar bites.

Daily Thought.

Spirituality is not an attainment, an acquisition of the nature; it is a quality of the nature. It is not a thing to be; it is a way of being everything.—Phillips Brooks.

SAGE TEA BEAUTIFIES AND DARKENS HAIR

Don't Stay Gray! It Darkens So Naturally that Nobody can Tell.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost over night if you'll get a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old famous Sage Tea Recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray or becoming faded have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful.

This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound to-night and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.

This preparation is a toilet requisite and is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Thee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus driving a cold from the system.

Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

Rub Pain and Stiffness away with a small bottle of old honest St. Jacobs Oil

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a 25 cent bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right into the pain or ache, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly!

Professional Cards

M. N. ARMSTRONG,
Attorney at law. 210-211 Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois. Telephones: Office, 375-W. Residence, 312-Y.

L. W. BREWER,
Attorney and counsellor at law and solicitor in chancery. Will practice law in the several courts and in the federal courts. Special attention given to all real estate cases of La Salle and adjoining counties, including drainage questions.

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Attorney at law, office, La Salle St., west of court house.

DR. W. S. BLUE,
Specialist—eye, ear, nose and throat. Third floor Central Life Building. 'Phones: Office 1019-W. Res., Main 842.

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WILLIAM I. HIBBS,
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Magnetic Healer treatments given by one of your own sex for those tired out nerves. Headache, Rheumatism and all nervous troublesfl Prices reasonable. ELLA WESTCOTT, 825 La Salle street, after 3 o'clock 'phone. 556-K., Ottawa, Illinois.

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a powder to be shaken into the shoes. If you have tired, aching feet and try Allen's Foot Ease. It rests feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Cures aching, swollen, sweating feet. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE trial package, also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE Sanitary CORN-PAD, a new invention, address Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y

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ILLINOIS TRAIL

(Effective Oct. 1, 1916.)

EASTBOUND.

Eastbound cars leave Ottawa station for Marseilles, Seneca, Morris, Minooka, Rockdale and Joliet.

In a. m.—5:50, 6:40, 7:50, 9:50, 11:50.

In p. m.—1:50, *2:50, 3:50, *4:50, 5:50, *6:50, 9:00, 11:00.

Cars arrive from the west at 8:45 a. m., 7:45 p. m., 9:45 p. m., 11:33 p. m., 1:00 a. m.

WESTBOUND.

Westbound cars leave Ottawa station for Chautauqua Park, Starved Rock, Utica, La Salle, Peru, Spring Valley, Ladd, DePue, Bureau and Princeton.

In a. m., x5:10, o5:50, x6:50, o8:30, o9:50, o11:50.

In p. m.—o1:50, x2:50, o3:50, x4:50, o5:50, o7:50, 9:50, @11:35.

Cars arrive from the east at 10:50 a. m., 3:50 p. m., 12:42 a. m.

SOUTHBOUND.

Southbound cars leave Ottawa station for McKinley Park, Grand Ridge and Streator.

In a. m.—5:50, d6:50, 7:50, 9:50, 11:50.

In p. m.—1:50, 3:50, 5:50, 8:00, 11:00.

dDaily except Sunday.

*Marseilles, Seneca, Morris and intermediate points only.

xLadd and intermediate points only.

oPrinceton and intermediate points only.

@La Salle and intermediate points only.

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