

WHY HE CAME BACK

By H. M. EGBERT.

Anna Foulkes was thirty-nine, and her boy, Charlie, the apple of her eye, was twelve. Her worthless husband had abandoned her seven years before. Anna's friends and acquaintances had congratulated her when six years of married life ended in her freedom. She would not get a divorce, but then she did not want to marry again.

Curtin, having run through all her money, had departed. At first Anna dared only hope his decision not to return was true; then she dared to believe; finally conviction became certainty. She left the neighborhood and took up her residence in a different city.

Anna's folks had been gentle. The boy was to go to an expensive preparatory school. For this she had toiled and scraped in the office where she was employed as a stenographer. The hard-earned money had been gathered together. In three months Charlie was to enter Grantwick.

And then—Curtin came back. Anna found him leaning against the gate of her little cottage on the outskirts of the town. He was in rags, but sober. He was thin and wasted and deadly pale. Instinctively the woman shrank away from him as she saw and recognized her husband.

"Curtin!" she whispered. "Why have you come back?" "I'll tell you, Anna," he answered. "May I come in?" "Yes, it's your right," she answered. "But—" "Oh, you needn't be afraid that I'll do any harm to the boy," he answered. "You needn't say—"

"That is his right, Curtin," she answered. She called Charlie from the garden. "This is your father," she said.

The frank-eyed boy gazed with natural repugnance at the wretched tramp before him. "You didn't know that he was living, my dear," she said to her son. "But—" "I knew all about him, mother," the boy answered.

"Now I'll tell you why I've come back, Anna," said Curtin Foulkes. "I'm dying. I've got just two months to live. It's something that can't be cured. You needn't be afraid of me any more. I've been a bad lot, but even a dog comes home to die, and I want to die here, Anna."

She took him in and the next day gave up her position to take care of him. There was money enough for the boy's first term at Grantwick, and at the end of the two months she hoped to be able to go back to the office.

The sick man grew neither better nor worse. The doctor confirmed his statement, but he extended the period of suffering to three months. Before the first month was ended there was no more money in the bank. Anna was confronted with the alternative of sacrificing her boy's school career or sacrificing her husband. She sacrificed the boy.

At least, she meant to. But Curtin Foulkes made a move which was even more dramatic than his reappearance. "Anna," he said, the evening before she was to write that letter to the head master of Grantwick, "I want to tell you something. They say the worst man has a streak of good in him. Do you remember that insurance policy for a thousand dollars I took out when we were married? I've kept it up—for you. I've borrowed to the limit on it, but there will still be seven hundred for you and Charlie, after—I'm gone."

The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the physician, and, last of all, the undertaker looked forward, each and all, to the death of Curtin Foulkes, that they might get their money. And the future of Charlie Foulkes depended upon his father's death likewise. If ever a man would be well out of the world Curtin would mark that day as the day of his death.

And, strange to say, as he lay there through those weeks, humbled, repentant, a shadow of her former love began to grow in Anna's heart. And

from the district school trustees exactly a week previous. The name of her new post of duty was Fairville. Hawkins picked up a piece of additional information that spurred him on magically. A young lady, a stranger, had visited the school teacher at Ferndale the day she left for her new school charge. In fact they had gone away together.

"Miss Markley," decided Hawkins promptly. "I'm on the right trail." But when he arrived at Fairville he found himself mistaken. Miss Douglas had arrived there a week previous, had delivered her credentials and was teaching at a little corner schoolhouse four miles from town. She had come to Fairville alone. Every morning the hired man of the house where she boarded drove her to her post of duty and every afternoon back home.

"Well, my only play is to get acquainted with the school teacher," decided Hawkins, "watch her and try to find out where the heiress has gone." Pursuant to this plan Hawkins strolled down towards the little red schoolhouse the following day. About two miles progressed, he was merged into an incident of unusual excitement. A buggy came tearing down the road. The driver, a man, was thrown out as the animal attached to it swung around a sharp curve in the highway. The other occupant, a young lady, shrank back in the seat, terrified and helpless.

Hawkins did his duty. At some risk he halted the runaway. Of course he was thanked, and of course this led to just what he hoped—a close acquaintance with the grateful attractive "school marm."

In the course of a few days the cub reporter made a momentous discovery. He was in love. Every evening he was with his charming new acquaintance and her eyes brightened at his coming. Love seemed to daunt his journalistic ardor. He cared little now whether he ever discovered the missing heiress or not. His manliness, however, made him wince when he analyzed his former motives in tracing down Miss Douglas. Hawkins looked pretty serious one evening as he said to her:

"Miss Douglas, I have a confession to make. I have learned to love you. And I am a cad—that's right, and I deserve no consideration from you. I came here to wilfully sneak into your confidence, to lure you to betray a dear friend. I deserve to be punished, and I suppose when you hear what a villain I was you will tell me to go. All right, I'll be a man and confess the truth," and he blurted out his story.

Miss Douglas regarded him with startled, wonder-filled eyes. They did not lose their softness, however. The poor ingenious fellow was so earnest, so pathetic, so contrite. "And you really care for me—a poor homeless schoolteacher?" she murmured.

"I shall never love anybody else," declared Hawkins. "Say you forgive me! Say that after I am gone away you won't quite think me the wretched speak-I have been."

"Why go away?" asked Mary naively. "Why, you never asked me a word about Miss Markley." "No, I was too ashamed to think of such a thing."

"I certainly forgive you," said Mary with a fond smile. "Now for my confession: I am not Mary Douglas, but Evelyn Markley."

Hawkins was thunderstruck. He listened like one in a dream as the young lady told how her tired out friend had been sent by her on a pleasure journey, how she herself had sought a quiet humble life, where she could be with nature and real friends.

There was a quiet marriage. Hawkins did not write up the finding of the missing heiress. He simply sent to the Eagle the wedding cards and a fellow-reporter made a full column of the mystery that had turned out to be a first-class romance.

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COINCIDENCES.

Some of the More Curious Ones That Have Been Recorded.

The late well known archaeologist, Albert Way, crossing Pall Mall, collided with an old gentleman, an utter stranger. After mutual apologies cards were exchanged. On each card was printed, "Mr. Albert Way."

The planet Neptune, which had for countless ages revolved in the heavens unseen by any one on earth, was discovered simultaneously and independently in 1846 by Professor Adams and M. Leverrier, the two most brilliant astronomers of the day.

Some years ago a shepherd boy placed a sleeper on the railway line between Brighton and Falmer, England, with the result that a train was thrown off the rails. One year later to a day, almost to a minute, that same youth was struck by lightning and instantaneously killed within a couple of miles of the spot at which the accident occurred.

The four King Georges of England all died on the same day of the week.

In 1890, a few weeks before the census taker began the enumeration of the people of Elm Grove, Va., the town authorities counted their own population preparatory to filing articles of incorporation. The following was the remarkable result: Number of males over twenty-one years of age, 148; number of males under twenty-one years of age, 148; number of females over sixteen years of age, 148; number of females under sixteen years of age, 148.

Some years ago in Teheran an English sailor was caught in the act of carrying off some precious stones from the shah's palace. The thief was brought before the "king of kings," who swore that the next time the sailor crossed his path he would at once be put to death. It is a curious fact that this very sailor was crossing the street when the shah was driving in Berlin some time after and was knocked down and instantaneously killed. — Pearson's Weekly.

The Wife's Reproach. In an address to a temperance society a lecturer told how drink had once caused the downfall of a brave soldier. In the course of the sad story he said: "Sometimes after a debauch, the man would be repentant, humble. He would promise his wife to do better. But, alas, the years taught her the barrenness of all such promises. And one night, when he was getting to be an old man, thin limbed, stoop shouldered, with red rimmed eyes, he said to his wife sadly: 'You're a clever woman, Jenny, a courageous, active, good woman. You should have married a better man than I am, dear.'"

"She looked at him, and, thinking of what he had once been, she answered in a quiet voice: 'I did, James.'"

Consoling. A New England congressman once went to Franklin Pierce demanding an office for a constituent. Pierce sent him to James Guthrie, secretary of the treasury. By and by the congressman returned to the president in great dejection. "What did Guthrie say to you about appointing your friend?" inquired the president. "He said he would be hanged if he would."

"Did Guthrie talk that way to you?" "He did." "Well, that's the way he talks to me, too," was Pierce's consoling reply.

Works Both Ways. T. A. Daly, the poet and humorist, advocated temperance and regular hours in a witty after dinner speech in Philadelphia. Mr. Daly concluded with an adjuration to the business man to proceed directly home from the office, without any stops at this cafe or that.

"For," said the humorist, "the man who goes straight home will always go home straight." — New York Tribune.

A PLOT THAT FAILED.

The Scheme to Blow Up Napoleon III. With Gunpowder.

An interesting story is that of a frustrated plot against Napoleon III. which has never got into the history book.

In 1900, when the frontage of the Theatre Francais was rebuilt after the disastrous fire in which one of the most charming actresses of the Maison de Moliere lost her life, several shops disappeared, among them being that of the famous restaurant Chevet. It was not properly speaking a restaurant. Chevet used to sell liqueurs, groceries, smoked meats, etc., and in a couple of low ceilinged rooms on the first floor he would serve a meal or two to connoisseurs. One day in 1865 or 1866 two young men of fashion, Russians both of them, came in and called for dinner in one of the little rooms which were above the shop.

They asked for caviar, but when they got it they protested loudly that the caviar was of inferior quality and called for the owner of the shop. He came, apologized and was met with the remark, tendered laughingly by one of the diners, that next time they came they would bring their own caviar. They came again and brought it in a little white wooden barrel, and when they left they had it put on one side for them. From time to time the two young Russians came and dined chez Chevet, dined invariably in the same room and always began their dinner with their own caviar. One day they finished the barrel, and a few days later, in the afternoon, one of them brought another one. "Put it in the little cupboard in the room we always dine in," he said to the waiter, "and do not let anybody touch it until we come to dine."

The waiter took it, but on his way upstairs something peculiar struck him. "Look at this barrel," he said to the restaurant keeper. "There is something queer about it."

"That is no business of ours," said the master of the establishment, "and I am not going to look at it anyhow. What will our customers say if they find we have opened it?"

"Oh," said the waiter, "we can open it and close it again, and they will never know. It is certainly different from the last barrel. It is heavier, to begin with."

His insistence prevailed, and the barrel was opened. The restaurant keeper and the waiter started back in fright. There was no caviar, but gunpowder in that little barrel, which was an infernal machine. The little dining room was exactly underneath the imperial box, and there is little doubt that the emperor's next visit to the Comedie Francaise would have been his last had the carefully laid plot not been discovered. The plotters never were caught, although the secret of the plot was carefully guarded and traps were laid for them in Chevet's restaurant for several days. — St. James' Gazette.

Gladstone as a "Supe." A reference to "The Corsican Brothers" recalls an amusing story of Mr. Gladstone's visit to the Lyceum when Irving was playing in this drama. Mr. Gladstone at the time was not burdened by the cares of office, and one evening he dropped in at the Lyceum, where he was occasionally accommodated with a chair at the "wings." On this night, however, when the stage was set for the opera ball in "The Corsican Brothers" his curiosity led him into one of the boxes for spectators in the scene. Up went the curtain; Mr. Gladstone was at once descried by the pit and greeted with shouts of joy which caused him hastily to withdraw. "This," says Mr. Austin, "was his first and only appearance in the drama outside of the dear old 'legitimate' at Westminster." — Westminster Gazette.

Who Got the Kiss. There were three at table in the cafe, a lady and two men. Spud-denly the electric lights went out, and the lady, quickly and noiselessly, drew back. An instant later there was the smack of a compound kiss. As the electric lights went up each man was seen to be smiling complacently.

"I thought I heard a kiss," said the lady, "but nobody kissed me." Then the men suddenly glared at each other and flushed and looked painfully sheepish. — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Hesitant Swain. He—What would your father do if I told him I wanted to marry you? She—He'd refer the matter to me.

He (hopefully)—And what would you do? She—I'd refer the matter to the young man who proposed to me and was accepted while you were trying to make up your mind.

Found a Way.

A widow of an old Lyceum theater servant applied to Irving for some sort of occupation about the theater whereby she might earn a living. Irving appealed to Loveday, his manager.

"There is absolutely no vacancy of any kind," said Loveday. "Can't you give her a job to look after the theater cats? I think we've too many mice about, not to mention rats."

"No," said Loveday, "there are two women already on that job." "Hum, ha, let me see," said Irving reflectively, then suddenly brightening with an idea. "Very well, then; give her the job of looking after the two women who are looking after the cats."

The widow was at once engaged on the permanent staff of the theater.—London Mail.

Forest Air. There is a general impression that the humidity of the air is greater in the woods than in the open fields. This is contradicted, however, by the result of observations made in Germany. It was found that the humidity, both relative and absolute, was slightly greater in the open than in the woods, and this was true equally in the morning and in the afternoon. As to the temperature of the air among the trees, it was a trifle higher than in the open in the morning and in a more marked degree in the afternoon.

An Able Pumper. Visiting his home town after many years' absence, a gentleman met Sam, the village fool. "Hello, Sam," he said. "Glad to see you. What are you doing now? Still pumping the church organ?" "Yessir, I'm still pumping the organ. An' say, Charlie, I'm gettin' to be a pretty fine pumper. The other day they had a big organist over from New Haven, an' I pumped a piece he couldn't play!—Everybody's."

Her Question. "Our cause is just and must triumph," concluded the suffragette in ringing accents. "And now if any lady cares to ask a question I shall be pleased to answer it."

"How do you get that smooth effect over the hips?" asked a lady in the rear of the hall.—Kansas City Journal.

How to Live 100 Years

Is the Name of a New Book

Eugene Christain, F. S. D., the world's greatest Food Scientist, has just published a new book called "How to Live 100 Years."

This book tells you what to eat according to your age, your work and the time of the year. It teaches you how to select, how to combine and how to proportion your food at meals so as to establish perfect digestion and assimilation of food and perfect elimination of waste. In other words, it teaches you how to cure all stomach and intestinal disorders by removing their causes, which is wrong eating.

If you have indigestion, gas, fermentation, sour stomach or any such disorders after a meal, this book tells you how to put the remedy on your table at the next meal.

WEST BOUND

No. 3	6.40 P. M.
No. 1	3.19 A. M.
No. 7	6.48 A. M.
No. 9	7.45 A. M.

EAST BOUND

No. 10	11.00 P. M.
No. 2	6.48 A. M.
No. 4	11.12 A. M.
No. 8	9.58 A. M.

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Mail for Train No. 2 closes at 6:30 a. m. daily. Mail for St. Johns, Springerville, Eagar etc closes at 9:00 a. m. daily. Mail for Snowflake, Ft. Apache closes at 9:30 a. m. daily. Mail for train No. 3 closes at 6:15 p. m. daily. Mail for train No. 10 closes at 6:00 p. m. daily.

The office is open for money order business from 10:00 to 4:00 p. m. every day except Sunday. The General Delivery window will be open daily except Sunday from 9:30 a. m. to 5:00 p. m. On Sundays between 9:00 a. m. and 10:00 a. m. only. The patrons of the Post Office are requested to kindly bear the above information in mind and thus aid in promoting the efficiency of the office.

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 - Sidney Sapp.....Superior Judge

STATE SENATOR

John H. Willis.....Snowflake

REPRESENTATIVE

Frank O. Mattox.....Winslow

NAVAJO COUNTY.

Population in 1910—14,608. County seat: Holbrook. Population 1910—620.

SUPERVISORS.

J. E. Richards, Chairman; E. T. Hatch, Barnett Stiles, W. H. Larson, Clerk.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

- J. E. Crosby.....County Attorney
- Ios. F. Woods.....Sheriff
- L. D. Divilbess.....Treasurer
- W. F. Williams.....Assessor
- Wallace H. Larson.....Recorder
- W. A. Saunders.....Surveyor
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- John DeWitt.....Road Superintendent
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SUPERIOR COURTS

Regular Jury Terms Northern Counties.

MOHAVE: 1st Monday in FEBRUARY, JUNE, OCTOBER.

YAVAPAI: 1st Tuesday in JANUARY, MAY, SEPTEMBER.

COCONINO: 2nd Monday in JANUARY, MAY, SEPTEMBER.

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