

"Oh, nothing," replied Edward, somewhat confused. He had not expected to be asked why.

"Do a good many of the girls study on Sunday?" he ventured to ask.

"Oh, yes; Sunday is a hard day to get through. I always feel glad when it's over. Don't you?"

"Sometimes," replied Edward. He felt alarmed in the presence of this impulsive young woman, who always asked a question at the end of a statement.

"What do you do on Sunday?" He ventured another question because he did not know what else to say.

"Oh, I go to church in the morning, and then dinner and then a nap and then a little walk, perhaps, or I write a letter or read, and then the vesper service and then tea, and sometimes go down town, if Miss Channing feels like it and there is an unusual service anywhere. That's my regular routine on Sunday. What do you do?"

But just then Freeda entered, and Edward did not try to answer. She handed to Edward quietly, but with a sparkle in her eye, a paper containing an article marked in blue pencil.

"That's my article right there," she said as Edward stared at the paper.

"But this is printed," stammered Edward.

"Well, that's what I say. It's been accepted and paid for, Mr. High and Mighty, and I have the check to show for it," said Freeda, smiling, while Miss Seton looked much amused at Edward's bewilderment.

"Really?"

"Really. Want to see it?" Freeda took out of her purse a check for \$5 bearing the name of the firm that published the paper.

Edward took it and read it silently; then he turned a beaming face on his sister.

"Good for you!" he said heartily. "I never thought you could do it. Why, I know several of the fellows who have tried to get into this paper and have had everything rejected so far."

Freeda was delighted. Then she said demurely:

"You owe me a dollar besides."

"I owe you a dollar! How's that?"

"Why, do you forget you promised to print all the articles we had accepted in the College Journal and give us a dollar apiece for them?"

"Did I say I would do that?"

"You certainly did."

"Then, of course, I'll pay it. But I had no idea I would ever have to."

But it was Miss Seton's turn now.

"You owe me a dollar, too," she said, while both girls laughed at the look that came over Edward's face. "I had some verses printed in an eastern paper last week, and I belong to the girls' literary society."

"I'd like to see them," said Edward suspiciously. He had his doubts concerning Miss Seton's statement.

"Of course," she replied, still laughing, as she went out of the parlor.

While she was gone Edward looked over Freeda's article. He was surprised to note the interest that attached to it. There were no pretensions at fine writing, and probably that is the reason the editor had accepted it. The article was an account of one winter's experience, when Freeda had paid all her personal expenses in the way of dress and books, etc., by a little experiment in poultry raising. The article happened to fit in exactly with a series that the corresponding editor had been running on "How Country Girls Can Profitably Spend a Winter." The amount paid for the article was nominal, and Freeda frankly said that she did not believe she could write anything else that would be accepted, but

"indeed he did. Ned. I saw his letter," said Freeda, coming to Ida's rescue.

"Uncle is queer in many ways. But I'm sure he wouldn't print my verses just on account of relationship."

"Are you sure?" asked Edward, reading the verses. He began reciting them aloud, and Miss Seton interrupted the reading by suddenly snatching the paper away from him.

"It makes no difference, sir," she said, holding the paper behind her and still laughing at his apparent astonishment over the whole affair. "The promise you made Freeda was \$1 apiece to any of us who had an article accepted and paid for. There was nothing said about the kind of paper, or who owned it, or the price paid, was there, Freeda?"

"No, not a thing."

"I didn't say anything about verses, though," said Edward, trying to be bold.

"Pie, Ned! That isn't like you, trying to get out on a technicality!"

"Anyhow, it seems to me like imposing on me to make me pay \$1 for 50 cent poetry. Paid for in postage stamps at that!"

"Poetry has gone up since I wrote that. There's a trust been formed in Hope, and we're going to buy out all the little poets among the boys," said Miss Seton, smiling.

"I don't believe in trusts, and I shall fight this one," replied Edward, grinning. "I'll pay the dollar all right. It will serve you right to print the verses in the College Journal and make people read them."

"I'm sure it won't hurt them any more than the reading of your article in yesterday's issue. Miss Field had a sick headache after reading it, and I heard of several other girls who were unable to attend afternoon classes on account of it," she retorted.

Edward did not reply to this thrust, which was in keeping with the conversational habits of many of the girls in the hall.

"I might as well pay now," he said soberly as he rose to go. He gave each of the girls a dollar, and they accepted with merry thanks.

When he had gone out, Miss Seton sobered down quite suddenly.

"Do you think I hurt his feelings by what I said about his article?" she asked rather slowly and eyed Freeda thoughtfully.

"Of course not. Ned understood your nonsense."

"I don't think he did," replied Miss Seton positively. "He takes most everything seriously."

"But he isn't slow in that sense," said Freeda, somewhat sharply for her.

"Maybe not, but he is very serious about most everything. When I told him the other night that I had given up the Sunday study, he looked as solemn as if something dreadful had happened. It would kill me to take everything as seriously as that."

"There's no danger of your dying suddenly, Ida," said Freeda as they went out of the parlor.

"And still," persisted Ida as if trying to defend her own lack of seriousness, "I don't object to it in other people. I like your brother a good deal better than the chattering, grinning kind, like Willis Preston. I think there is something very nice in your brother's sober face."

Freeda did not reply to this frank admission, and, after staying in the hall to chat with some newcomers a little while, she went up stairs. As she went into her room she wondered for the first time how she would feel if Ida and her brother should begin to like each other. It was only a momentary thought. The life of the students at Hope college was remarkably free from any foolish, sentimental or harmful lovelinking. The students had their social meetings frequently; they were constantly seeing one another in chapel, in the classroom and library and on the grounds, and, in general, there was a healthy, natural atmosphere about the relations that existed between them that was the best possible argument for the co-educational idea, so far as this particular part of it was concerned. Perhaps President Royce expressed the truth about it best when he said once, in answer to a question put to him by a visiting stranger who was unfamiliar with the student life of America: "The fact is, there is no more lovelinking among the boys and girls in our co-educational schools than there is among the same boys and girls as they meet in one another's home outside of college. And the fact is, also, that most of them are too busy with the regular work of the college course to contract engagements or to act in anyway so as to interfere seriously with the purpose for which they are here. The association of the students in the college is based upon healthy, frank associations, exactly the same that exist in any circle of neighborhood families in a Christian community of the United States where boys and girls grow up together without restraint and in a freedom which is seldom abused."

While all this was emphatically true, so true that only once or twice in the history of the college had anything happened that even the enemies of a co-educational idea could quote against it, at the same time the president knew that, with several hundred students together in the institution, it would be very remarkable if some of them did not occasionally find a warm friendship or acquaintance ripening into something more serious. But it is safe to say that he was thoroughly surprised that winter at an event which opened his eyes to one side or the student life as he had never seen it before.

It was fully three months after the debate, and Edward was developing in many ways with a rapidity that he himself was not conscious of. His naturally slow, dogged, somewhat phlegmatic temperament was changing under the influences of his training. His mind was more alert, his faculties be-

coming more ripe in their powers, his acquisitive faculties growing in capacity as well as in active perception. With all this he had developed even further yet, if possible, the qualities of obstinate determination, and his real love for the truth was no less mingled with his consciousness of moral uprightness. He was apparently no nearer a positive decision as to the personal Christian life. His satisfaction with himself was as strong as ever. If the result of the debate had humbled his intellectual pride at the time, his moral pride had not been touched or lessened.

It was therefore an event to him of far-reaching seriousness when, late in the spring, he began slowly, but none



Edward greeted the visitor warmly.

the less slowly, to realize that he was thinking a good deal more about Miss Seton than about his college work. He had never cared for girls, and now that he began to think of this one he was troubled about it. The change in him was gradual. He had met her with Freeda, naturally, often than he met the other girls. He liked her bright, almost impertinent remarks even when they were directed against himself.

There was a habit among the girls in Hope college that winter of saying smart things about one another and a fashion for epigrammatic things at the teachers and things in general that was not commendable. A few girls, like Freeda, never indulged in the habit. "It is not wit; it is a kind of whiplash talk that stings afterward," she would say. And yet even Edward, who was the poorest kind of talker himself, found himself attempting the same style of repartee whenever he met Freeda's roommate. She answered him, but, more than that, interested him in her. She had a serious side to her character that appealed to him. She had a shelf next to his in the laboratory, being one of the few girls taking a full course in chemistry, and very often during their experiments on test problems Edward would find occasion to help her. He was an expert in laboratory work, having kept up his practice through the preceding summer. He was planning to be a doctor, and Miss Seton more than once declared her intention to study for the degree of M. D.

"I don't want to teach or go into music or any of those things," she used to say. "I want a profession that calls for nerve and has some discoveries possible in it."

Edward Blake did not reason very profoundly over the facts, as they became more and more facts, while the term drew to its close and commencement was near. But that is not saying that he did not know what the facts were. And it is true of him that, being of the character he was, he was disturbed more deeply than he cared to confess. For the first time in his life he experienced a feeling that threatened to interrupt his other ambitions. He had always sneered quietly, all to himself, at the few men in college who had danced attendance on the girls in such a way as to be noticeable. He began to realize that he was drifting along into, if not the same category, a position where he had never been before.

He was sitting at his table one evening thinking of the whole matter, with his books open around him and his mind restless over the fact of his increasing thought of another person who had silently grown thus to demand a place there, when he was startled by a knock at the door. He had not heard any one come up stairs, and he had been so occupied that he had not expected or been prepared for an interruption.

He went to the door and saw a student Royce standing there with a lady.

"Blake, this is Mrs. Preston, Willis' mother," said the president as they came in.

Edward greeted the visitor warmly. Mrs. Preston's face was serious as she returned the greeting. As she sat down Edward knew from her manner that she had some news of Willis that must be of grave importance. He waited for it with genuine interest, his own affairs for the time being forgotten at the sight of this sad faced woman, whose history was only partly known to him.

(Continued next week.)

**Hardwick's Many Granite Workers.**

Ten years have witnessed many changes in the growth of Hardwick. The granite industry there is the big thing and at this trade there are fully 325 cutters working in the village. Enough quarrymen are employed to fetch the granite of granite workers up to 400 in round numbers. A perusal of the following will show a number of the larger granite firms doing business in Hardwick, with the number of hands they employ: Bickford, More & Co., employ 82 men; this company owns a quarry in Woodbury, operating 50 men. J. E. Sullivan has 40 men in cutting sheds and 8 in polishing mill. Union Granite Company employs 21 men; LaVilley & O'Leir, 6 men; P. A. Stenson, 8 men; American Granite Co., 14 men; Ross & Imah, 16 men; A. F. McFarland, five hands; Michael Granite Co., 7 men; Townsend & Mackie, 12 men; Danforth Bros., 8 men; Stewart Granite Works, 7 men; C. A. Colson & Co., 7 men; Gin Bardell, six men; C. A. Page Granite Co., 6 men; Mack Granite Co., 13 men; J. H. McKeage, 6 men; Leader Granite Co., 15 men; Frank Emerson, 9 men; Hardwick Polishing Co., 7 men; Daniels' Granite Polishing Works, 15 men; Arnold Granite Co., 13 men. There is not a firm but that reports plenty of orders on hand, and the outlook for fall and winter business is good.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**

Take Luxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

California has \$41,000,000 invested in Orange growing.

To prevent consumption quickly cure throat and lung troubles with One Minute Cough Cure.

G. B. Foss, Hyde Park; F. Hazard, No. Hyde Park; H. J. Dwinell, Morrisville; Whittier & Son, Eden; J. J. Vearen, Stowe; Dr. Hubbell, Wolcott; C. Campbell, Centerville; C. P. Jones, Johnson; C. F. Hayford, East Johnson; N. E. Baldwin, No. Wolcott.

**Fire in The Block!**

But it did us no harm. We can repair your Watch just the same.

**OPTICAL WORK**

We do lots of it.

All kinds of Repairing done as quick as possible.

**WE SELL WATCHES AND JEWELRY**

**A. R. CAMPBELL,**  
Portland St., MORRISVILLE.

**BROKEN BRIC-A-BRACS.**

Mr. Major, the famous cement man, of New York, explains some very interesting facts about Major's Cement.

The mortars which use this standard article know that it is many hundred per cent better than other cements for which similar claims are made, but a great many do not know why. The simple reason is that Mr. Major uses the materials ever discovered and other manufacturers do not use them, because they are too expensive and do not allow large profits. Mr. Major tells us that one of the elements of his cement costs \$3.75 a pound, and another costs \$2.25 a gallon, while a large share of the so-called cements and liquid glue upon the market are nothing more than sixteen-cent glue, dissolved in water or citric acid, and, in some cases, altered slightly in color and odor by the addition of cheap and useless materials.

Major's cement retails for fifteen cents and twenty-five cents a barrel, and when a dealer tries to sell a substitute you can depend upon it that his only object is to make larger profit.

The profit on Major's cement is as much as any dealer ought to make on any cement. And this is doubly true in view of the fact that each dealer gets his share of the benefit of Mr. Major's advertising, which now amounts to over \$500 a month, throughout the country. Established in 1876.

Insist on having Major's. Don't accept any off hand advice from a druggist.

If you are at all handy (and you will be likely to find that you are a good deal more so than you imagine) you can repair your rubber boots and family shoes, and any other rubber and leather articles, with Major's Rubber Cement and Major's Leather Cement.

And you will be surprised at how many dollars a year you will thus save.

If your druggist can't supply you, it will be forwarded by mail, either kind. Free of postage.

**Estate of Arminda Hogaboom.**

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Probate Court for the District of Lamoille, Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Arminda Hogaboom late of Hyde Park, in said District, deceased, and all claims and demands in favor thereof, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purposes aforesaid at Geo. E. Allen's store in No. Hyde Park, on the 12th day of November and 5th day of April, next, from 1 o'clock p. m. until 4 o'clock p. m., each of said days, and that six months from the 10th day of October, A. D. 1920, is the time limited by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Hyde Park, this 15th day of October, A. D. 1920.

L. P. BUTTS,  
WILL C. DAVIS,  
Commissioners.

**Estate of Matthew J. Kimball.**

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the district of Lamoille, Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Matthew J. Kimball, late of Stowe, in said district, deceased, and all claims exhibited in favor thereof, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purposes aforesaid at the residence of the late Matthew J. Kimball at Stowe, Vt., on the 1st day of November and 5th day of April, next, from 1 o'clock p. m. until 4 o'clock p. m., each of said days, and that six months from the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1920, is the time limited by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Stowe, Vt., this 10th day of Oct., A. D. 1920.

A. H. CHENEY,  
S. G. ATWOOD,  
Commissioners.

**Estate of Harriet A. Elmoro.**

WILL PRESENTED.

State of Vermont, District of Lamoille, ss.—In Probate Court, held at Hyde Park, within and for said District, on the 5th day of October, A. D. 1920.

An instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of Harriet A. Elmoro, late of Morrisville, in said district, deceased, being presented by George H. Elmoro, the executor for Probate, it is ordered by said Court, that all persons concerned therein be notified to appear at a session thereof, to be held at the Probate Office in Hyde Park, in said district, on the 27th day of October, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, against the Probate of said will; for which purpose it is further ordered, that this order be published three weeks successively in the News and Citizen, a newspaper printed at Morrisville and Hyde Park in this State, previous to said time of hearing. By the Court.—J. B. WHITE, Judge.

**Must be Sold.—The Brick Block**

Formerly known as the Kelley Hotel, on corner of Main and Depot Streets in Hyde Park village, now used for hardware and stove store and dwelling. The owner is dead and the property must be sold to close the estate. For price and terms of sale, address Miss Abbie M. Bliss, Bradford, Vt., or the undersigned

C. S. PAGE.

**Small Farm in Belvidere**

Known as the Hinchey place. Contains about fifty acres of good land. Timber, pasture and meadow. Buildings fair. Will sell for \$300, \$100 down, balance \$50 a year.

**Small Dwelling at Centerville, Vt.**

Within one hundred and fifty feet of store and post-office, about 30 rods from good school. Barn connected therewith. Good location for working man. Goes into the list at \$150. Will sell for two-thirds listed value. Terms, \$50 down, balance \$10 per year until paid for.

**One Hundred Tons Fertilizing Salt.**

Price \$3.50 per ton, or if \$3 ordered in carload lots.

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**Furniture! LOW RATES**

**3 MINUTES' CONVERSATION**

Approximately as follows:—

For a distance of Less than 5 miles	10 cents
5 to 15 miles	15 "
15 to 25 "	20 "

Rates for greater distance in proportion.

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Consisting of Farms, Village Residences, Building Lots, Meadow Lands, Pasture Lands, Timber Lands, Saw-Mills, etc., etc.

**The Guyer Mill,**

Situated on the North branch of the Lamoille river, about one-fourth mile from the main road between Morrisville and Wolcott, and about two miles from Wolcott station. Mill consists of a board mill, planer, matcher, edger, clipping saws, etc., complete and in good repair. Connected therewith are two houses, one the residence of Hon. Earl Guyer at the time of his death, the other a small house; running water at both; has barn and carriage house; twenty-five acres of land in good state of cultivation; also ninety acres of woodland about a mile and a half from the mill. The whole will be sold for \$2000, one-third down, balance \$200 per year until paid. About \$300 has been paid out this year in repairs on this property.

**Small Pasture in Hyde Park Village,**

Containing about five acres, price \$200, payable \$50 down, balance \$25 per year.

**Two Parcels of Land in Stowe,**

One consisting of twenty acres with barn 24x36 feet, cuts 8 to 15 tons of fair quality hay; the other of twenty-five acres practically unimproved, although have cut a small quantity of hay thereon this season. Will sell both parcels for \$300, payable \$50 down, balance \$25 per year.

**One Two-Story Double Tenement**

In Hyde Park Village, good size, has accommodated four families. Village water, two good gardens, barn, woodshed, etc. Worth \$1500, will sell for \$1100. \$300 down, balance \$50 per year.

**Building Lot**

Opposite Catholic Church in Hyde Park Village. Assistance afforded to anyone desiring to build a respectable home. Price, \$100.

**Sixteen Acres of Upland Meadow**

One-half mile from Hyde Park Village. In a high state of cultivation. Cut about forty tons of hay last year. Has a new barn thereon 30x40. Will sell for \$900.

**Small Farm in Belvidere**

Known as the Hinchey place. Contains about fifty acres of good land. Timber, pasture and meadow. Buildings fair. Will sell for \$300, \$100 down, balance \$50 a year.

**Small Dwelling at Centerville, Vt.**

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