

"Oh, I know that!"
 "There can't ever be—there mustn't be—you've thought of that?" he said, uncertainly. In the curious, unreal light that flooded the world, he saw her turn, and caught the gleam of her surprised eyes.
 "You mean children—a child?" she said, surprisedly. "Why not, Peter?" she added, tightening her fingers, "what could be more wonderful than that we should have a child? Can you imagine a happier environment for a child than that little sunny, woody beach cottage; can't you see the little figure—the two or three little figures—scampering ahead of us through the country roads, or around the fire? Oh, I can," said Cherry, her extraordinary voice rich and sweet with longing, "I can! That would be motherhood, Peter, that wouldn't be like having a baby whose father one didn't—no one couldn't love, marriage or no marriage!"

And as he watched, amazed at the change that love had brought to quiet, little inarticulate Cherry, she added, earnestly:
 "Alix will forgive us; you'll see she will! Alix—I know her!—will only be sorry for me. She'll only think me mad to disgrace the good name of Strickland; she'll think we're both crazy. Perhaps she'll plunge into the orphanage work, or perhaps she'll go on here, gardening, playing with Buck, raising ducks—she says herself that she has never known what love means—says it really meaning it, yet as if the whole subject was a joke—a weakness!"

"I believe she will forgive us, for she is the most generous woman in the world," Peter said, slowly. "Anyway—we can't stop now! We can't stop now! There is the steamer line that goes to Los Angeles," he mused. "Yes—I believe that is the solution," he added, with a brightening face. "No body you know goes there on it; it leaves daily at eleven, and gets into Los Angeles the following morning. From there we can get a drawing-room to New Orleans; that's only a day and a half more; and we can keep to ourselves if by any unlucky chance there should be any one we know on the train—"

"Which isn't likely?"
 "Which isn't likely! Then at New Orleans we go either to the Zone, or to South America, or to any one of the thousand places—New York, if we like, by water. By that time we will be lost as completely as if we had dropped into the sea. I'll see about reservations—the thing is, you're too pretty to go quite unnoticed!" he added ruefully.

He saw a smile flicker on her face in the moonlight, but when she spoke, it was with almost tearful gravity:
 "You arrange it, Peter, and somehow I'll go. I'll write Alix—I'll tell her that where she's sane, I'm mad, and where she's strong, I'm weak! And we'll weather it, dear, and we'll find ourselves somewhere, alone, with all the golden, beautiful future before us. But, Peter, until this part of it's over we mustn't be alone again—you mustn't kiss me again! Will you promise me?"

As stirred as she was, he gathered her little fingers together, and kissed them.
 "I'll promise anything! Only trust me for a few days more, and we will be away from it all. And now you put it all out of your mind, and run in and go to bed. You're exhausted, and if Alix gets the eight o'clock train she will be here in a few minutes."
 "Good night!" she breathed, and he saw the white-gown flicker against the soft light on the lawn, and saw the black shadow creeping by it, before she mounted the porch steps, and was gone.

CHAPTER XV.

Swept along by a passionate excitement that seemed actually to consume her, Cherry lived through the next three days. Alix noticed her mood, and asked her more than once what caused it. Cherry would press a hot cheek to hers, smile with eyes full of pain, and flutter away. She was well, she was quite all right, only she—she was afraid Martin would summon her soon—and she didn't want to go to him—!

Suspecting something gravely amiss, Alix tried to win her confidence regarding Martin. But briefly, quickly, and with a sort of affectionate and apologetic impatience, Cherry refused to discuss him.
 "I shall not go back to him!" she said, breathing hard, and with the air of being more absorbed in what she was doing than what she was saying.
 "But do you mean that you are really going to leave him?" the older sister questioned.

"I don't know what I'm going to do!" Cherry half sobbed.
 "But, dearest—dearest, you're only twenty-four; don't you think you might feel better about it as time goes on?" Alix urged. "Now that the money is all yours, Cherry, and you can have this nice home to come to now and then, isn't it different?"
 Cherry was looking at her steadily.
 "You don't understand, Sis!" she said.

"I understand that you don't love Martin," Alix said, perplexed. "But can't people who don't love each other live together in peace?" she added, with a half smile.
 "N-o-t as man and wife!" Cherry stammered.
 Alix sat back on her heels, in the ungraceful fashion of her girlhood, and shrugged her shoulders.
 "Think of the people who are worrying themselves sick over bills, or sick wives, or children to bring up!" she suggested hopefully. "My Lord, if

you have enough money, and food, and are young, and well—!"
 "Yes, but, Alix," Cherry argued eagerly, "I'm not well when I'm unhappy. My heart is like lead all the time; I can't seem to breathe! People— isn't it possible that people are different about that?" she asked timidly.

"I suppose they are!" Alix conceded thoughtfully. "Anyway, look at all the fusses in history," she added carelessly, "of grande passions, and murders, and elopements, and the fate of nations—resting on just the fact that a man and woman hated each other too much, or loved each other too much! There must be something in it all that I don't understand. But what I do understand," she added, after a moment, when Cherry, choked with emotion, was silent, "is that Dad would die of grief if he knew you were unhappy, that your life was all broken up in disappointment and bitterness!"

"But is that my fault?" Cherry exclaimed, with sudden tears.
 Alix, after watching her for a troubled minute, went to her and put her arm about her. "Don't cry, Cherry!" she pleaded sorrowfully.
 Cherry, regaining self-control, resumed her work silently, with an occasional, sudden sigh. She had opened the subject with reluctance; now she realized that they had again reached a blank wall.

Three days after their talk in the moonlit garden Peter found chance to speak alone to Cherry.
 "Are you ready?" he asked.
 "Quite!" she said, raising blue eyes to his.
 "It's tomorrow, then, Cherry!" he said.

"Tomorrow!" He saw the color ebb from her face as she echoed him. This was already late afternoon; perhaps her thoughts raced ahead to tomorrow afternoon at this time when they two would be leaning on the rail of the little steamer, gazing out over the smooth, boundless blue of the Pacific, and alone in the world.
 "Tomorrow you will be mine!" he said.

"That's all I think of," she answered. And now the color came up in a splendid wave of flame, and the face that she turned toward his was radiant with proud surrender.
 He told her the number of the dock; they discussed trains.

"We sail at eleven," said Peter, "but I shall be there shortly after ten. I'll have the baggage on board, everything ready; you only have to cross the gangplank. You have your baggage check; give it to me."
 They were waiting in the car while Alix marketed. Cherry opened her purse and gave him the punched card-board.
 "I'll tell Alix that I have a last dentist appointment at half-past ten," she said. "If she goes in with me, we'll go to the very door. But she says she can't come in tomorrow, anyway. I'll write her tonight, and drop the letter on the way to the boat. Tomorrow, then!" was Cherry's only answer. "I'm glad it's so soon."

"Good-by!" said Cherry, leaning over the side of the car to kiss her sister. Alix received the kiss, smiled, and stretched in the sun.
 "Heavenly day to waste in the city!" said Alix.
 "I know!" Cherry said nervously. She had been so strangely nervous and distracted in manner all morning that Alix had more than once asked her if there was anything wrong. Now she questioned her again.
 "You mustn't mind me!" Cherry said with a laugh. "I'm desperately unhappy," she said, her eyes watering. "I'd do anything in the world to help you, Cerise!" Alix said sympathetically.

"I know you would, Sis! I believe," Cherry said, trembling, "that there's nothing you wouldn't give me!"
 "That's easily said," Alix answered carelessly, "for I don't get fond of things, as you do! My dear, I'd go off with Martin to Mexico in a minute. I mean it! I don't care a whoop where I live, if only people are happy."
 "How about Buck?" Cherry said, as the dog leaped to his place on the front seat and licked his mistress' ear.
 Alix embraced him lovingly.

"Well—if he wanted to go with you!" she conceded unwillingly. "But he wouldn't!" she added quickly. Cherry, going to the train, gave her an April smile, and as she took her

seat and the train drew on its way, it seemed to her suddenly that she might indeed meet Peter, but it would only be to tell him that what they had planned was impossible.
 But on the deck of the Sausalito steamer, dreaming in the sunshine of the soft, lazy autumn day, her heart turned sick with longing once more. Alix was forgotten, everything was forgotten except Peter. His voice, his tall figure, erect, yet moving with the little limp she knew so well, came to her thoughts. She thought of herself on the other steamer, only an hour from now, safe in his care, Martin forgotten, and all the perplexities and disappointments of the old life forgotten, in the flood of new security and joy. Los Angeles—New Orleans—France—it mattered not where they wandered; they might well lose the world, and the world them, from today on.

"So that is to be my life—one of the blamed and ignored women?" Cherry mused, leaning on the rail and watching the plunge of the receding water. "Like the heroines of half the books—only it always seemed so bold and so frightful in books! But to me it just seems the most natural thing in all the world. I love Peter, and he loves me, and the earth is big enough to hide us, and that's all there is to it. Anyway, right or wrong, I can't help it," she finished, rejoicing to find herself suddenly serene and confident.
 It was twenty minutes past ten, a warm, sweet morning, with great hurrying back and forth at the ferry, women climbing to the open seats of the cable cars, plucking on their violets or roses as they climbed. Cherry sped through it all, beside herself now with excitement and strain, only anxious to have the great hands of the clock drop more speedily from minute to minute, and so round out the terrible hour that joined the old life to the new. She was hurrying blindly toward the dock of the Los Angeles line, absorbed in her one whirling thought, when somebody touched her arm, and a

voice, terrifyingly unexpected and yet familiar, addressed her, and a hand was laid on her arm.
 In utter confusion she looked up. It was Martin!

For a few dreadful seconds a sort of vertigo seized Cherry and she was unable to collect her thoughts or to speak even the most casual words of greeting. She had been so full of her extraordinary errand that she was bewildered and sick at its interruption; her heart thundered, her throat was choked, and her knees shook beneath her. Where was she—what was known—how much had she betrayed—
 Gasping, trying to smile, she looked up at him, while the ferry pluck whirled about her and pulses drummed in her ears. She had automatically given him her hand; now he kissed her.

"Hello, Cherry; where you going?" for the third time.
 "I came into town to shop," she faltered.
 "You want?" She had not really been intelligible, and she felt it, with a pang of fright. He must not suspect—the steamer was there, only a short block away; Peter might pass them; a chance word might be fatal—he must not suspect—
 "I'm shopping!" she said distinctly, with dry lips. And she managed to smile.

"Well," Martin said, "surprised to see me?"
 "Oh, Martin—" said her fluttered voice. Even in the utter panic of heart and soul she knew that for safety's sake she must find his vanity.
 "I'm going to tell you something that will surprise you," he said. "I'm through with the Red Creek people!"
 "Martin!" Cherry enunciated almost voicelessly. She looked from a flower vendor to a newsboy, looked at the cars, the people—she must not faint. She must not faint.
 "Well—but where are you going? Home?"
 "I was going to the dentist a minute, but it's not important." They had turned and were walking across to the ferry. She knew that there was no way in which she might escape him. "What did you say?" she said.
 "I asked you when the next boat left for Mill Valley?"
 "We can go—find out." Cherry's thoughts were spinning. She must warn Peter somehow. It was twenty minutes of eleven, by the ferry clock.



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Twenty minutes of eleven. In twenty minutes the boat would sail. She thought desperately of the women's waiting room upstairs; she might plead the necessity of telephoning from it. But it had but one door, and Martin would wait at that door.
 Suddenly she realized that her only hope of warning Peter was to send a messenger. But if Martin should chance to connect her neighborhood with the boat, when he met her, and her sending of a message to Peter here—

"I think there's a boat at eleven something," she said, collectively. "Suppose you go and find out?"
 She glanced toward the entrance of the Sausalito waiting-room, a hundred yards away, and a mad hope leaped in her heart. If he turned his back on her—
 "What are you going to do?" he asked, somewhat surprised.

"I ought to telephone Alix!" Her despair lent her wit. If he went to the ticket office, and she into a telephone booth, she might escape him yet! While he dawdled here, minutes were flying, and Peter was watching every car and every passer-by, torn with the same agony that was tearing her. "If you'll go find out the exact time and get tickets," she said, "I'll telephone Alix."
 "Tickets?" he echoed, with all Martin's old, maddening slowness. "Haven't you got a return ticket?"
 "I have mileage," she blundered.
 "Oh, then I'll use your mileage!" Martin said. "Telephone," he added, nodding toward a row of booths, "no hurry; we've got piles of time!"

She remembered that he liked a masculine assumption of easiness where all trains, trolleys, railroad connections, and transit business of any sort were concerned. He liked to loiter elaborately while other people were running, liked to pull out his big watch and assure her that they had all the time in the world. She tried to call a number, left the booth, paid a staring girl, and rejoined him.
 "Busy!" she reported.
 "I was just thinking," Martin said, "that we might stay in town and go to the Orpheum; how about it? Do we have to leave Peter and Alix?"
 Cherry flushed, angered again, in the well-remembered way, under all her fright and stir. Her voice had its old bored note.

"Well, Martin, I've been their guest for two months!"
 "I'd just as soon have them!" Martin conceded, indifferently.
 But the diverted thought had helped Cherry, irritation had nerved her, and the reminder of Martin's old, trying stupidities had lessened her fear of him.
 "I've got to send a telegram—for Alix," she said.
 "What about?" he asked, less curious than ill-bred.

"Goodby to some people who are sailing," Cherry answered, calmly. "Only don't mention it to Alix, because I promised it would go earlier!" she added.
 "I saw the office back here," he told her. They went to it together, and he was within five feet of her while she scribbled her note.
 "Martin met me. Nothing wrong. We are returning to Mill Valley, C. L." She glanced at her husband; he was standing in the doorway of the little office, smoking. Quickly she addressed the envelope. "Don't read that name out loud," she said, softly but very slowly and distinctly, to the girl at the desk. She put a gold piece down on the note. "Keep the change, and for God's sake get that to the Harvard, sailing from Dock 67, before eleven!" she said.

The girl looked up in surprise; but rose immediately to the occasion. Cherry's beauty, her agonized eyes and voice, were enough to awaken her sense of the dramatic. A sharp rap of the clerk's pencil summoned a boy.
 "George, there's a dollar in that for you if you deliver it before eleven to the Harvard!" said she. The boy seized it, stuck it in his hat, and fled.
 "And now for the boat!" Cherry said, rejoicing Martin, and speaking in almost her natural voice. They went back to the Sausalito ferry entrance again, and this time telephoned Alix in real earnest, and presently found themselves on the upper deck of the boat, bound for the valley.

Until now, and in occasional rushes of terror still, she had been absorbed in the hideous necessity of deceiving, of covering her own traces, of anticipating and closing possible avenues of betrayal. But now Cherry began to breathe more easily, and to feel rising about her, like a tide, the half-forgotten consciousness of her relationship with this man in the boldly-checked suit who was sitting beside her. She had thought to escape the necessity of telling him that she was not willing to return to him; she had been wrapped in dreams so great and so wonderful that the thought of his anger and resentment had been as nothing to her. But she had that to face now.

She had it to face immediately, too. She knew that every hour of postponement would cost her fresh humiliations and difficulties, and as the boat slipped smoothly past the island that roughly marked the halfway point, she gathered all her forces for the trial. The one distinct impression she had from Martin was the appalling one that he did not dream that she had decided to sever their union completely and finally.
 (To be Continued.)

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JOHNSON

Uri Chaffee was in Burlington Thursday.
 Mrs. George Burleson and Mrs. Emma Hill were in Burlington recently.
 Walter Titus of Morrisville was in town Wednesday afternoon of last week.

Miss Eleanor Chapman assisted in the Central Telephone office last week.
 Postmaster and Mrs. R. H. Royce were in St. Albans Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. Mattie Warner is living at the home of Miss Anna Oakes for the present.
 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Drowne of Cady's Falls visited her mother, Mrs. Lucy Dodge recently.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Post from Essex Junction are guests of their daughter, Mrs. B. A. Thomas.
 Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Peck were called to Rutland Wednesday by the death of her aged father.

Mrs. Mehiman and son, Fred, have gone to Brockton, Mass., to live where Mr. Mehiman is employed.

Mrs. Margaret Buck has returned from Bercher's Falls, N. H., and is with her daughter, Mrs. W. F. Sinclair.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Miller and Mrs. M. H. Leslie were in Waterbury Thursday to see Mr. Leslie, who is ill at the State hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Magoon were in Burlington Monday to see Mrs. Magoon's brother, L. G. Scribner, who is critically ill at the Mary Fletcher hospital.

Mrs. Lettie Jones, who lived with her son, Glenn, sustained a shock several days ago, from which she never fully recovered, passing away Tuesday Oct. 25. The funeral was held Friday p. m. at her home, Rev. V. A. Ober officiating. H. M. Maxfield had charge of the funeral. Burial took place at Hyde Park, beside her husband Samuel Jones, who died a number of years ago.

WATERVILLE

Death of Mrs. Alzina Shattuck

Mrs. Alzina Shattuck died at her home in Belvidere, October 18, after a few days' illness. She had spent her whole life in Belvidere, with the exception of a few winters in recent years, when she had gone to be with her sons.

She was baptized by Elder Watkins and joined the Christian Church more than fifty years ago. She was finally the only living active member to be transferred to the Methodist Church when that organization took over the property of the previous Christian Church. She was always an enthusiastic and efficient helper in the various branches of church work, a woman of unusual ability and consecration; her personality was greatly appreciated and her services in church, community and home were highly estimated. Her memory will long be cherished by her many friends.
 "Her words do follow her." Her home was always a place of comfort and shelter for the ministers; in the early days they have been known to remain with her for many weeks.

She is survived by two sons, Will E. Shattuck of East Fairfield and Fred O. Shattuck of Boston, three granddaughters, Wilma and Gladys Shattuck of East Fairfield and Mildred Shattuck of Boston, one grandson Frederic Shattuck of Boston, a sister, Mrs. Wells, wife of Rev. Wells of Underhill, two brothers, George Bickford of Cambridge and Edward Bickford and a niece, Mrs. Thomas Patten of Burlington.

Funeral services were held at the Methodist Church in Belvidere on Friday, Oct. 21, in charge of Rev. B. L. Rogers, her pastor, assisted by the Rev. Amy E. Rogers. Burial in the family lot at Belvidere Center.

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headache, nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale and sickly. For pure blood, sound digestion, use Burdock Blood Bitters \$1.25 at all stores.—advertisement.

Sea May Yet Yield Treasure.
 Gold shipments which have gone down are occupying the attention of scores of marine experts today. Numerous devices have been patented and many lives have been lost in attempts to salvage sunken treasure. Among hundreds of others a rich reward awaits the man who can salvage the treasure lost with the Lusitania.

Immune.
 Two little colored boys were arguing about religion. Finally one negro decided to go to a meeting that very night. The next morning his friend was met by the employer. "Well," said the employer, smiling, "did you get religion last night?" "No, boss," was the reply; "I is de one what's done had it."

E D U C A T I O N
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 New Classes every Monday in Nov.

STOWE

Miss Ruth McMahon spent last week with friends in Boston.
 Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Riley were visitors in town Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Farrar were in Stowe a few days last week.
 M. C. Lovejoy and L. L. Harris represented the Stowe branch of the Red Cross at the meeting of the county chapter held at Johnson Thursday.

Donald Harris, while at work for the Stowe Butter Package Thursday morning, severely cut the cords on the right hand below the knuckles so he went to the hospital to have it cared for.

The Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Hayward, who motored to Burlington Thursday, were accompanied by Mrs. C. E. Straw, who visited her brother, Arthur P. Bigelow, at the Mary Fletcher hospital.

E. M. Houston, P. J. Holden, Albert Raymond, Neil Ellsworth and the Misses Florence Canning and Beatrice Gale of the Mt. Mansfield creamery attended the butter scoring contest at Milton Thursday.

Miss Grace Ploof has returned to Lebanon, N. H., after spending ten weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ploof. Mrs. John Bettis and son of Lebanon are now visiting her parents.

The Nellie Gill players gave their farewell play for the benefit of the Donald McMahon Post, American Legion. The Legion realized about \$25 and are grateful to the players and townspeople for their loyalty.

Mrs. Helen Almy Butler and daughter, Miss Katherine Butler returned to Boston last Wednesday after a month at E. B. Gale's. Mrs. Gale motored to Waterbury with them. While here they visited other relatives.

The Stowe Teachers' club met Tuesday evening, Oct. 25, but on account of the small attendance was adjourned for two weeks when the election of officers will occur and plans for the year's work will be discussed.

There were 75 in attendance at the supper given by the Willing Workers' club at the West Branch Church Tuesday evening, October 25. Entertainment included vocal solos by E. H. Horton, mandolin, Miss Irene Asquith; recitation, Mrs. E. C. Magoon; reading, Mrs. Florence Perry. The receipts were \$17.

Several officers and members of the H. H. Smith Women's Relief Corps, including the president, Mrs. Minnie Tinkham Mrs. J. M. Rutter, Mrs. A. R. Straw, Mrs. F. S. Boardman, Mrs. S. E. Dewey, Mrs. James Foster, Miss Sadie Harlow, Mrs. Edwina Harris, Mrs. L. S. Peterson, Mrs. E. G. Stafford, Mrs. S. A. Stebbins, Mrs. G. M. Barnes and Mrs. H. G. Smith attended the district meeting held with the district meeting held with the Waterbury Center Corps Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Latuch and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raymond and Mrs. W. H. Warren attended the funeral of Georgia Hart, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hart, at the home of the child's grandfather, P. A. Shonio, in Elmore Wednesday of last week. The child was three years of age and died at the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. George Ravin, in Plainfield. The burial was made in the River Bank cemetery at Stowe. Mrs. Hart is making her home with her father, Mr. Shonio. There are two sons in her family older than the little girl.

Women's Relief Corps

A large number were present at the meeting of District No. 3, Woman's Relief Corps, G. A. R., with the H. H. Smith Corps at Stowe last Wednesday. The department president and inspector of District No. 3, Mrs. Carrie A. Deane of Castleton was present and inspected the exemplification of the ritual work by the H. H. Smith Post. The installation of officers was exemplified at the morning session with Mrs. Agnes Jenney installing officer. There were a large number of delegates present, the corps at Hardwick, Morrisville, Greensboro Bend being represented. There were visitors from Waterbury Center and Montpelier Corps. Among the visitors present were three past department presidents, Mrs. Clara B. Niles of Morrisville, Mrs. Hattie Shipman of Hardwick and Mary C. Goss of Montpelier. Other visitors were District Secretary Miss Jessie French of Castleton, Comrades, Dr. E. G. Foster of Waterbury Center past State commander, and A. G. Lapointe chaplain of the William Wells Post at Williamstown. An address of welcome was given by Mrs. Minerva Tinkham, president of the H. H. Smith Corps and was responded to by Mrs. Hattie Shipman, president of the Hardwick Corps. The H. H. Smith Corps served dinner at noon to about 150 people.

There are all kinds of cheap printing—but none of it is really cheap—at least not on a basis of value. Cheap stuff is usually worth almost what it costs. Our printing isn't the cheapest you can get, but it's as good as the best.