

**Real Estate Transfers**

Homer Burris to William F. Lacy Irreg lot Slater ..... 2800  
 D S Henry to W W Hains lots 26, 27 Henry add Marshall ... 205  
 W W Hains to H B Hawkins same lots ..... 250  
 C H Tucker to Fred A Thebold & wife lot 16 block 15 Slater 2500  
 Charles R White to Rose V L Brengarth 40 acres 7-51-19 ..... 6000  
 Charles R White to Joseph Brengarth 17.99 acres 47-51-19 ..... 2060  
 Christian Church Slater to C L & Mary Sponser lot 48 block 9 Slater ..... 2000  
 Geo F Crank to William A Robinson 84 acres 26 35-51-21 ..... 5000  
 William Robinson to Geo T Crank and wife lot 6 block 2 Hudson add Marshall ..... 2500  
 L M Haynie to Eliza Henry lots 5, 6 block 10 Nelson ..... 6000  
 L M Haynie to Eliza Henry lots 17, 20 block 10 Nelson ..... 1800  
 Malvinie E Miller to trustees of Christian church irregular lot Slater ..... 3000  
 D S Vanstone to J M Hanna part lot 6 Allens add Marshall 2250  
 L M Steele to M H Reppenhagen lot 9 block 3 Haggins addition Marshall ..... 2250  
 Evelina H Brown to John E Mathoney, and Geo F Cunningham all interest in 220 acres 25 and 26 53-21 ..... 1100  
 Giles T. Hawkins to Geo F Cunningham all interest in same land ..... 1400  
 Lucy J Hurt to F J Brown lots 11 and 12 block 17 English addition Marshall ..... 1500

**Sale Closes Saturday, January 27**

The big clearance sale at the New York Racket closes Saturday January 27. In their ad in this paper last week we stated that it closed Jan. 23, which was a mistake. The sale closes Saturday, January 27.

They are having a heavy trade in this sale and are kept busy from morning until night. Besides their special sale they are making Extra Special Sales daily, both morning and evening. Don't forget, attend this big sale and take advantage of the bargains. Come early and get the pick of the bargains.

**Found Ring in Gloves**

E. A. Hupp, manager of Rose & Buckners store at Slater tells us a rather unusual occurrence which happened in their store last week. A customer tried on a pair of gloves and found a nice set ring in one of them. The ring had probably been left in the glove by another party trying on the same glove. The ring is at the store where it can be had by the party who lost it.—Slater News.

**Horses, Mules and Cattle Sale**

On Friday, Feb. 9th, 1912 Ed. Zahn Fisher & Steel will offer at public sale at Ed Zahn's farm, one mile northwest of Marshall on the Marshall and Miami road the following One bay horse, 6 years old, an extra good one, 40 good farm mules 3, 4, and 5 years old, broke and unbroke, 19 good milk cows—3 strippers and 13 that are either fresh or close springers. Dinner will be served on the ground. Watch for their big ad next week.

**Branch Short Course at M. V. C.**

Mr. Chas. B. Bacon received a letter Jan. 20 from F. B. Mumford of Columbia, stating that the committee in charge of the Branch Short Course have decided upon Marshall for the location of one Branch Short Course and the date assigned is Feb. 19th to 23d 1912. The men assigned to give the instructions are Prof. H. O. Allison in Animal Husbandry and Prof. M. F. Miller in Soils and Farm Crops. Mr. Mumford congratulates the college upon their enterprise and is sure that they will have a very successful Branch Short Course and he expresses his hopes that it will be of lasting benefit to Marshall and Saline county.

Indeed this is a big thing to the farmers of Saline county and should be taken advantage of by them. The college has been working for some time in securing this course and is certainly an enterprising feature that all should be proud of.

**Money to Loan**

Home and Eastern money to loan on improved real estate at low rate of interest with easy prepayment privileges. Montgomery & Jones, Marshall, Mo. 3-15b.



**REV. STEINHEIMERS' EIGHT SONS**

Top row—Left to Right, Gladys, Carl, Roy, Ollie. Lower row, Albert, Everett, Virgil, Eugene. Rev. H. J. Steinheimer in center.

We mentioned the Steinheimer family reunion several weeks ago. In order that our readers may see a likeness of the eight sons we present it herewith. We know you'll agree with us that they are a fine lot and Mr. Steinheimer has reasons to feel proud.

**Democratic County Convention**

The Democratic County Convention of Saline County will be held at Marshall at 2 o'clock p. m. Monday, February 12, 1912. It is the purpose of the convention to select 15 delegates to attend the Democratic State Convention at Joplin, on the 20th of February, at which time delegates will be selected to represent the Democrats of Missouri at the National Convention at Baltimore, Maryland, which will be held the 25th of June 1912. Delegates to the County Convention will be elected by township and Democratic Mass Convention, which will be held at 2 o'clock p. m. Saturday, February 10 in the different townships. At the following places the mass convention will be held:

- Arrow Rock Township, Mass Convention to be held at Arrow Rock, delegates, 7.
- Blackwater Township, Mass Convention to be held at Prairie Lawn, delegates, 3.
- Cambridge Township, Mass Convention to be held at Slater delegates, 14.
- Clay Township, Mass Convention to be held at Clay Center, delegates, 5.
- Elmwood Township, Mass Convention to be held at Mt. Leonard, delegates, 5.
- Grand Pass Township, Mass Convention to be held at Malta Bend, delegates, 6.
- Liberty Township, Mass Convention to be held at Herndon delegates, 4.
- Marshall Township, Mass Convention to be held at Marshall, delegates, 21.
- Miami Township, Mass Convention to be held at Miami, delegates, 8.
- Salt Fork Township, Mass Convention to be held at the Shelby Schoolhouse, delegates, 2.
- Salt Pond Township, Mass Convention to be held at Sweet Springs, delegates 5.

**Uncalled for Letters**

Remaining in the Marshall, Mo. post office, Jan. 24th, 1912. If not called for in 15 days will be sent to the dead letter office at Washington, D. C.

Ladies—Francis Bromerkofer, Ester Hunter, Maggie Hatfield, Mrs. Corda Moore, Mrs. M. Solomon, Ella Smith, Clara Young. Gentlemen—J. W. Jones, Matt Mason, R. D. Quisenberry, B. Wilkerson, Albert Wilkes. L. V. VANDYKE P. M

**Thomas Brooks Fletcher**

Notwithstanding the icy conditions of the sidewalks and the extreme cold, Thomas Brooks Fletcher was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience at the High School Auditorium Thursday night. His subject was the "Tragedies of the Unprepared" and as he had appeared here during Chautauque last year, and his lecture at that time was so interesting and instructive that all were anxious to hear him again and he did not disappoint them.

It was a forcible and brilliant lecture and highly appreciated. It was through the influence of the Eastwood school that Mr. Fletcher was secured to appear here. Miss Albretz had charge of the entertainment and it was conducted in a most commendable manner. The school cleared \$50 which will be used in the manual training department of the public school.

**Card of Thanks**

We wish to extend to our friends our appreciation of the kindness shown us during the illness and death of our husband and father. Mrs. Wm J. Herndon and children.

**Prof. Voelker Tuesday Night**

Prof. Paul F. Voelker, the brainy scholar with a vein of humor so broad that he could not be dry if he would, comes to our city next Tuesday night, January 30th, to deliver his Human Nature lecture. This is the third number of the high school lecture course and is one of the best numbers. Prof. Voelker is comparatively a young man, but is old in deeds and experience. He has had twelve years experience as an educator, rural schoolmaster, village principal, city superintendent, Journalist and College professor. His "Human Nature" lecture is scholarly and will appeal to the audience by the thoroughness of research and the popular way they are presented.

**Birthday Surprise**

In a happy and complete surprise to M. A. Barnes of Mt. Leonard, his wife and daughter, Mrs. C. L. Sayers delightfully entertained him with an elegant dinner on Friday, January 19 it being his 65 birthday. A delightful time was enjoyed and Mr. Barnes enjoyed it more than all. He received many nice presents.

**Cox-Neal**

The many friends of Rec. Clinton Cox and Miss Stella Neal were very much surprised to learn they were married in Boonville, Jan. 3. The young couple left Overton on the evening train, no one ever dreaming they were to be married. Arriving in Boonville they went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Starke where Miss Neal has been making her home for some time studying music. Here they made arrangements for Rev. Wellon to meet them at seven o'clock. The beautiful Starke home was tastefully decorated for the occasion and at the appointed hour to the strains of the wedding march played by Miss Elvina Mills the bride and groom descended the stairs attended by Misses Helen Starke and Eugenia Garr, and there in the presence of the Starke family — Miss Laura Virtel, Rev. Wellon pronounced them man and wife.

The bride wore a beautiful traveling suit of blue. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Z. R. Neal who are among Cooper's wealthy and highly respected citizens and is a very estimable young lady. The groom is a young minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian church and has charge at present of Mt. Olive and Edview churches. They will be at home after Feb. 5 on Reiman Ave.

**Notice of Meeting for Increase of Stock**

Marshall, Mo., January 17, 1912. Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of Saline County Fair Association will be held at the Circuit Court room in the court house in the city of Marshall, Saline County, Missouri, on the 19th day of March 1912, at nine o'clock a. m. for the purpose of voting upon the proposition, then and there to be submitted to increase the capital stock of said Association from twenty thousand dollars, its present authorized capital, to thirty thousand dollars. Directors—

- Ed. H. Hawkins
- C. O. Walker
- A. J. Davis
- W. S. Pile
- A. P. Hancock
- John Barr
- Jas. W. Sparks
- June B. Smith

A gentleman of Arizona once changed himself to the bedpost by his suspenders. The verdict of the coroner's jury was: "Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."

**Among the Sick**

Miss Alberta Jesters, deputy recorder, is quite sick. Walker Wingfield of near Herndon is reported quite sick. Wm. F. Patterson who has been sick for several weeks was able to be at his store Saturday. Mrs. Saylor is quite sick at the home of her daughter, Mrs. T. F. Johnson, near Norton. T. S. Spencer was up from Orearville Monday and reports John Brumley, his neighbor, quite poorly of rheumatism at present. Mrs. C. B. Harrison's father, L. J. Abney, who has been sick at her home on East Marion, for several weeks, is slowly improving. R. B. Taylor visited his brother-in-law Robt. Parrish, at Miami, Monday. Mrs. Parrish has been sick for some time and not improving. Mrs. J. M. Crockett will leave shortly for Hot Springs, Ark. She has been suffering for some time with rheumatism and is going to the Springs to see if she can be relieved of it.

Nathan Bowles of north of town who has been sick for several weeks, is recovering and was able to be in town Friday. He and Mrs. Bowles left Sunday for Hot Springs Ark., they go there in the hopes that the baths and water will enable Mr. Bowles to recover his health more rapidly. Chas. Niemeier told us Saturday he had just returned from a visit to his friend Geo. H. Sellmeyer, jr. at Slater and found him doing nicely. Mr. Sellmeyer is a young banker of Glasgow and thinks he over lifted in moving a safe. While at Slater last Wednesday night he was seized with hemorrhages which seemed serious but he is now on the safe road to recovery. Mr. Niemeier also reports Philip Leininger of Napton, very low.

**Popular Couple Married**

A courtship that has extended over a period of three years terminated in the wedding of Miss Anna Jones and Earl Hawkins Thursday night, Jan. 11. While weddings of which no formal announcement has been made are always more or less in the nature of a surprise, however, this one did not surprise Olathe people in the least, for they have been watching this young couple for some time and the result was just what had been anticipated.

It is doubtful if there is a more popular or better liked young couple in town than Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. Jones and is one of Olathe's charming and good looking young girls. Earl is the older of the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins. He has been in the employ of Hemphill & Nelson, the blacksmiths, for something over three years and he is a natural born mechanic. Earl is one of the fine young men of the town. They were married at the Presbyterian manse by Rev. Buchanan. Chas. Hyer Jr., and Miss Amelia Besnade attended them.

Immediately after the ceremony they went to their own home, the modern cottage of W. A. Mahaffie on East Spruce St., which had previously been furnished and was ready for occupancy. Both of these young people are to be congratulated. The Mirror extend best wishes.—Olathe Mirror.

It is said that in heaven there is no marriage or giving in marriage. Probably that is why it is heaven.

**The Gate In The Hedge**

Why It Was Closed and How Opened

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Pauline hummed a tune under her breath as she tied the ribbons of her little white shoes and reached for her tennis racket. With a swing of snowy linen skirts she tripped down the stairs and out into the golden California sunshine.

Playing tennis by oneself is never an entertaining pastime, but it is good exercise, and when one lives with a beautiful but melancholy maiden aunt on a retired country estate even daily gymnastics can border on the wildest excitement.

Pauline's method consisted in serving one or more balls across the net and then dashing around into the opposite court and returning the service with lightning rapidity and again darting back to return the stroke.

Pauline flitted back and forth with pink cheeks and shining eyes. Her loosened hair fell in two long braids below her slender waist, and under her breath she hummed the happy little tune broken by panting breath.

Once her strong young arm sent the ball sailing high over the tall hedge of Cherokee roses into the grounds of the adjoining estate, and it was returned to her with such surprising swiftness that involuntarily she sent it back again with a cry of triumph.

Again it returned, and once more Pauline sent it flying over the hedge.

There was a sharp exclamation, soft steps on the turf, and then over the dividing wall of roses appeared a shock of sun bleached hair, a pair of good gray eyes and a handsome tanned countenance.

"Knocked me out there, little girl," grinned the young man, holding out the ball.

Pauline's hands flew to her long braids and wound them in their accustomed coronet. Even then she did not look a day over fifteen, while she was really twenty-two.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, his grin fading away. "I thought you were a little girl, don't you know?"

"I'm not," explained Pauline with dignity. "Thank you for returning the ball," holding out her hand. "Why, it's not mine," she added, with a puzzled glance at him, "although it has my initials on it."

"P. G.?" laughed the man. "Those are mine too. 'I'm Paul Graham—I live in the stone house yonder," he explained. "Your ball disappeared, and I substituted this one."

"I know," said Pauline, with a shy smile. "I've peeped at the house through the trees. It looks very lonely and mysterious with its shuttered windows."

"They are all wide open now, and if you care for neighbors—here we are!" He smiled ingratiatingly. "I've heard there used to be a gate in this Cherokee hedge. I wonder where it is."

Pauline flushed delicately and looked away with embarrassed eyes. "I believe the gate was down in the rose garden. It is nailed up now and overgrown with roses."

"Why was it nailed up? Do you know?" he asked bluntly.

She shook her head slightly. "I have often wondered. Once I asked my aunt, Miss Greye, but she never answered my question. A gate between two gardens always seems so friendly. Don't you think so?"

He nodded. "This used to be our home, you know—the stone house, I mean—but it is many years since we lived here. Since I was a little boy I distinctly recollect that gate in the hedge, and I have always retained a vision of a stately young woman with jet black hair and a coldly beautiful face, who walked in a wilderness of roses on the other side of the gate."

"That must have been Aunt Ruth," said Pauline. "Only her hair is like snow. But she is still beautiful and so cold. I wish she were not."

"I'm taking a holiday. I wish your aunt would invite me over to play tennis. Perhaps she remembers me," suggested Graham.

"I'm sure she would invite you if she knew you were here," said Pauline politely. "I must run in now. She would scold if she knew I had talked so long with a stranger. But it's awfully dull here. That is my only excuse." She moved slowly away and nodded a friendly farewell.

The door of the library was ajar, and Pauline pushed it gently open and peeped inside.

Seated at a flat desk was Ruth Greye. In the subdued light of the dimly lighted room she looked like a marble statue. Her gown was white, and above it her white throat arose in a stately column to support her beautiful head. Her face was lovely in spite of its pallor and crowned with soft masses of prematurely whitened hair. Her brows formed straight black lines, and the dark lashes and brown eyes were drooped over the desk. One white hand glided smoothly across the paper as she wrote.

Pauline watched her with admiration in her eyes. What could have been the sorrow that had taken all the light from her aunt's face and left it a beautiful mask of woe?

Miss Greye looked up and caught the girl's admiring gaze. A faint pink tanned her cheek and then faded. She

wiped her own nose pieces it on the tray, thrust her papers in a velvet portfolio and arose to her stately height.

"Pauline," she said in her slow contralto, "I have instructed James to lay out a new court on the north side of the house. In the meantime please do not play tennis."

"Why not?" asked Pauline boldly. "Because I desire it," returned her aunt haughtily. "That should be reason enough, Pauline, but I will add that the owners of the house next door have returned, and I forbid any one of my household having communication with them."

"I am sorry," said Pauline calmly, "but I have been talking with the son, Paul Graham."

"What do you mean? Where did you meet him?" demanded Miss Greye quickly.

In a few words Pauline related the incident which had led to her acquaintance with young Graham. "He said he used to know you when he was a little boy, Aunt Ruth, but if you don't wish me to I won't speak to him again."

Miss Greye's fine eyes blazed with anger. "I do not forbid you to, Pauline, but I hope you will not. Paul Graham's father is a detestable man. When I tell you that once upon a time I was engaged to marry him he was a widower, and Paul was a little lad in dresses then. Walter Graham is a publisher, and I showed him a poem I had written. Pauline, he laughed at it."

Pauline, startled by this sudden confidence, knew not what to say. Makers of books and publishers were remote beings who rarely strayed into her practical little world. Still, she longed to comfort the troubled woman. "Perhaps he laughed because—was it a humorous poem, Aunt Ruth?" she asked timidly.

"Humorous?" scoffed Miss Greye. "It was called 'Love's Dirge.'"

"Oh," said Pauline faintly. "I have no doubt it was a beautiful poem." "It was," admitted the poetess briefly. "After that, of course, everything was ended between Walter and me. I had the gate in the rose garden nailed up, and now the hedge has so overgrown it that it cannot be found. It is like the incident—it is closed forever."

"And overgrown with the roses of memory," murmured Pauline as she left the room and went upstairs.

In the library Ruth Greye stood with down bent head, her eyes fixed on the rug at her feet. "The roses of memory," she repeated softly, and there were tears in her eyes.

At the end of six weeks the repairs on the stone house were about completed. Father and son had overseen the regeneration of the neglected estate until it verily bloomed as the roses that crowded it. Paul Graham had registered time by his encounters with Pauline Greye.

They had met many times. Four times he had passed her pony cart as his motor whizzed by. Then he had tired of the car as an unsocial means of locomotion and mounted a horse. Often he had overtaken her equipage and ridden slowly beside her as they talked, for Pauline had decided she would avail herself of Miss Greye's permission and continue her acquaintance with the most interesting young man she had ever met. Their acquaintance ripened quickly, and one day when Pauline returned home and saw the reflection of her own happy face in the mirror she blushed as she realized she had learned the most beautiful thing in the world. After that she did not drive. She shyly kept to the northern grounds or dreamed over a book in the wide veranda.

Paul haunted the roads restlessly. His own love was an acknowledged fact to himself, yet because of Pauline's unguarded position he dared not trust himself to see much of her, and he was miserable when she, too, hid herself away.

One gloriously beautiful morning Ruth Greye arose from a sleepless couch and walked slowly among the dew drenched roses in her garden. She stopped now and then to inhale the fragrance of a Cloth of Gold rose or to break a tiny cluster of half opened buds. Suddenly she came to the place where the hedge had overgrown the rustic gate. She stopped abruptly and looked with startled eyes.

The hedge had been carefully trimmed away, and the rustic gate, released from its fastenings, swung idly with the light breeze. Ruth moved close to the hedge and buried her face in the sweet smelling roses.

There was a firm step on the path, and she looked up quickly to meet the glance of Walter Graham on the other side of the rustic gate. Her breath came quickly, and she summoned all her pride and fortitude to steel her heart against her former lover.

His hand was on the swinging gate. "You have opened it at last, Ruth," he said in a low tone. "Did you open it for me after all these years?"

She did not answer. She was looking through the vistas of the rose garden, for in the distance two people were walking. It was Paul and Pauline, and her arm was about her waist, and the gleam of her golden hair shone against the black of his coat. So Ruth and Walter had once walked in years gone by.

"Did you open the gate for me, Ruth?" repeated Walter Graham patiently.

Ruth pointed toward the lovers. "I am too proud and obstinate to do such a gracious deed," she said slowly. "The Pauline—must have opened the gate for your son, Walter, let me open the gate for you. Will you come back?" She laid her hand on the gate, and it swung back for the first time in many years to admit him to the garden of his love.