

His Redemption

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

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"I must have done it—the witness probably speaks the truth. Perhaps it would be best to shut me up away from the world for a time. I will take my punishment like a man."

And like a man Blake Arnold faced judge and jury, nor defiant, nor resentful, nor grandiloquent, but with contrition, shame and submission in his face. There was little doubt that while under the influence of strong drink and lured on by specious tempters he had forged a check upon his former employers to pay off a gambling debt.

"Five years in the state penitentiary at hard labor," was the sentence, and the prisoner simply bowed his head and did not lift it as he was led away. Then it was to sweep the courtroom with one swift, probing glance. His face fell. If he hoped to find a friendly or familiar face there he was doomed to disappointment.

Wild, reckless spendthrift that he was, he had reached the end of his rope. A year previous, urged on by his riotous acts, his father, a man of wealth, had turned him out of his home and disowned him. Six months later the parents of his fiancée, sorrowful, but loyal Lettie Vivian, had told him that she had been sent away to distant friends where he could not find her and that all was over between them.

More latterly Lettie had accepted the decision of father and betrothed. He had plunged into new recklessness. They were doubtless aware of his predicament, but no one had extended a helping hand. As a common criminal, Blake Arnold was shut out from the world as a branded man, and stolidly, doggedly accepted the dull, irksome routine of prison life.

And all the time poor, pining Lettie passed her days in vain longing for a sight of the only man she had ever loved and her nights were tearful ones. She could not forget, and she told her parents so. Practically exiled with an aged aunt, she faithfully kept her promise not to write to Blake, and when his final downfall was announced in the public prints her aunt found her staring at the dread intelligence in a dazed, stony way as if a final blow had prostrated her.

"My poor, suffering dove!" sobbed the gentle-spirited woman. "Do not become utterly heartbroken."

"No," answered Lettie quietly, "I shall only wait."

"You will wait?" repeated her aunt vaguely.

"For his release and his redemption. Both will come in time. His love for me can never die. It will purify and save him. We shall meet again—sometime, somewhere."

Two years had passed by when the United States entered the war. Lettie found some relief from her anguish by contributing her services to Red Cross home work. It was late in the year when her aunt, opening a morning newspaper, stared, paled, and hastening furtively into another room, thrust the newspaper into a blazing grate. She had read in the journal of the escape from prison of Blake Arnold, an honor convict, whose good conduct entitled him to a remission of his sentence and whose case had been favorably regarded by the pardon board.

So Lettie mourned on and dreamed on, all unaware that the man she could not forget was free. Her aunt fretted and feared for many weeks, dreading the possible appearance of Blake in quest of Lettie. He did not come, nor did any letter, and the months rolled on.

It was late in the year when the boys came marching home. There was a fragmentary contingent of a regiment which had displayed the highest valor in one of the most desperate battles of the war. The son of the governor of the state was in the group, and the idol of the regiment was a soldier, Berton Arleigh, who had saved the life of the young man and had led a forlorn hope that had turned the tide of the conflict. Berton Arleigh had been terribly wounded and was on the convalescent list when what was left of the valorous regiment reached the home town.

The people of the capital could not do enough to honor these men, and the son of the governor had invited Berton Arleigh to become his guest. One day and night the young man remained in the palatial home of the officials. The next morning he sought a private interview with the governor.

"I think it best to quietly leave you without the knowledge of your son," he said, and then to the amazement of his auditor he disclosed his true identity. He was Blake Arnold, and the intense patriotism of his nature, the keen willingness to redeem the past by giving his life for his country, if necessary, had influenced him to surreptitiously leave the prison.

"You are more than a hero!" declared the deeply moved official. "You will remain here my honored guest until I gather up the scattered strands of your broken life and cement them anew."

A pardon, rehabilitation to all men's eyes and a meeting with Lettie—all these elements were stages in the plan of the father of the soldier boy who owed his life to Blake Arnold.

Local Color

By AGNES C. BROGAN

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It had been an adventurous afternoon. Betty, after her weeks of quiet welcomed the change. Few in the little town were aware that "Mrs. Fulsome's niece on a visit," was in reality the Elizabeth Blair of new literary fame. But then, Betty had not mingled with the society folk on the hill. This was not the purpose of her stay in the strangely divided township. She had come with a view of gaining local color and material for her latest serial.

She had been duly warned upon her arrival against going unattended into that region known as Stoke's Hollow, and divided by a running stream from the aristocracy of the hilltop.

Aunt Fulsome's house was placed temptingly between the two. And it was the weird desolation of Stoke's Hollow, which immediately won Betty's interest, while the upper mansions were to her but tiresomely alike. Many times she had ventured as close to the dividing stream as old Nell would permit herself to be driven. And from her seat on the mare's back, the unconventional young author could look across to the shabby buildings upon the forbidden side.

Her adventure of this afternoon had been caused by curiosity in that direction. Old Nell, urged to cross the stream showed her indignant refusal by an unexpected turn about and run-away, from which Betty had been rescued by an astonishingly handsome, modish young man, who opportunely appeared from among the bushes upon the disreputable side of the stream.

Betty, thinking things over palpatingly, after leaving Nell safe in her stall, retraced her steps almost to the former scene of disaster. The young man who had actually risked his life to save hers, and to whom in her confusion she had neglected to express appreciation, had vanished from sight as mysteriously as he had appeared.

Betty had mentally scoffed at "love at first sight," even while she penned charming tales of its possibilities. But this handsome young hero had left her with a yearning in her usually indifferent heart. Wisfully, Elizabeth Blair longed to see him again and to further know her deliverer.

So Betty, gathering more assurance, approached the shabby building. It's air of grotesqueness delighted her; to all appearances here close to civilization was still one wild, unfrequented spot. The place was evidently deserted, so she examined the queer knives on the wall intently. Then with quick apprehension she turned fearfully about. Men were coming through the deep grass toward her, fierce, strange looking men, murmuring and gesticulating together.

In sudden terror she feared to go back through the doorway and face them. Behind her, stretched a crude curtain; tremblingly she withdrew beneath its screening folds, finding with relief an open window nearby. Perhaps, while the men were talking, she might be able to escape thus, unseen. Then, even as she reached desperately for the window ledge, Betty stood motionless, hands still upraised.

"Wait!" cried the imperative voice, and in it Betty recognized the haunting tones of her rescuer. Whirling, she peered through the crack in the curtain. Yes, it was he, clad in those same spotless white flannels, his fine eyes flashing, his heavy hair rumpled on his forehead. But as, white faced, he defiantly faced the three desperadoes, one quickly drew a revolver, deliberately aiming it at her hero's head.

With a shriek of triumph the three closed around him, Betty saw his bravely defiant glance as he faced them.

"So you want the reward for our capture?" one said. "Did you think we'd let you get out of here alive?"

Courage came suddenly to the hiding girl. She must help this man. Had he hesitated in risking his life for her sake? To escape and bring aid would be useless. These ferocious, lawless creatures would by that time have his life. No, she must act now. Beyond the curtain hung one of the guns. If she could rush out and snatching it, place it in her hero's hands—

And with the swift silence of a panther, that is just what Betty did. Then breathless she stood staring from one perplexed face to another. Instead of endeavoring to protect himself with the gun, her hero stood looking into her face in stupid admiration, while unmistakable grins spread over the faces of the desperadoes.

"You were not supposed to be in the picture," said one with a laugh. Across the grass came a wrathful camera man.

"What did you do that for?" he demanded. "You've spoiled the whole film."

"Slowly the truth came to Betty. She had idiotically stumbled upon a motion picture in preparation.

"But—the Stokes outlaws?" she questioned uncertainly.

"Oh! they are just a lot of harmless, lazy natives," her hero explained, "who were glad to rent us their quarters."

Into the eyes of the "movie idol" came an unsteady, eager light.

"Will you wait until we go through this again," he begged. "I want to see you after."

And Betty waited. Truth is a much more satisfying than fiction.

CHARTER OF INCORPORATION OF OKOLONA CEMETERY ASSOCIATION, INCORPORATED

1. The corporate title of said company is Okolona Cemetery Association, Incorporated.

2. The name of the incorporators are: May Owen Betts, Postoffice, Okolona, Miss.; Mary Green Abbott, Postoffice, Okolona, Miss.; Frances Abbott, Postoffice, Okolona, Miss.; R. J. West, Postoffice, Okolona, Miss.; W. E. Savage, Postoffice, Okolona, Miss.; Lillie Seale Davis, Postoffice, Okolona, Miss.

3. The domicile is at Okolona, Miss.

4. Amount of capital stock None.

5. The par value of shares is None.

6. The period of existence (not to exceed fifty years) is Fifty years.

7. The purpose for which it is created: To own and care for a Cemetery within the corporate limits of the City of Okolona, Mississippi, to establish and administer an endowment fund for the maintenance of said Cemetery; to make contracts in connection with the purposes above stated.

8. The rights and powers that may be exercised by this corporation are those conferred by the provisions of Chapter 24, Mississippi Code, 1906.

May Owen Betts,
Mary Green Abbott,
Frances Abbott,
W. E. Savage,
R. J. West,
Lillie Seale Davis,
Incorporators.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

State of Mississippi }
County of Chickasaw }

This day personally appeared before me, the undersigned authority May Owen Betts, Mary Green Abbott, Frances Abbott, W. E. Savage, R. J. West, and Lillie Seale Davis, incorporators of the corporation known as the Okolona Cemetery Association who acknowledged that they signed and executed the above foregoing articles of incorporation as their act and deed on this the 3rd day of April, 1919.

A. C. Rowe,
Notary Public.

DON'T OVERLOOK THIS

A Careful Perusal Will Prove Its Value to Every Okolona Reader.

The average man is a doubter, and there is little wonder that this is so. Misrepresentation make people skeptics. Now-a-days the public ask for better evidence than the testimony of strangers. Here is proof which should convince every Okolona reader:

W. H. Hall, shoe and harness repairer, Church St., Okolona, says: "I have been severely injured in my back a couple of times and I believe that was the cause of my kidneys giving me trouble. Bending over so much at my work, no doubt, helped to make my back weak and painful. Doan's Kidney Pills strengthened my kidneys and my back stopped aching. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone afflicted with backache or other trouble from weak kidneys."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Hall had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the Child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE

By mutual consent the firm of the Okolona Realty Co., consisting of T. M. Dean & G. S. Keller have this day dissolved. T. M. Dean will continue the business under the name of Okolona Realty Co. July 1st 1919.

T. M. Dean,
G. S. Keller.

A RARE CASE

You remember Johnny Jones, the bad boy everybody said would surely come to a bad end?

Yes; what of him? Nothing, except that in his case for once everybody was right.



THE KITCHEN CABINET

Die we must, but why be dying All our days? Turn away from faithless sighing, Turn to praise.

Show the courage of glad living In earth's need, And thy witness of thanksgiving Men will need.

I. C. Rankin.

A FEW GOOD COOKIES.

Take one cupful of sugar, one-third of a cupful of shortening, two tea-



spoonfuls of cream of tartar and one cupful of milk and one-half cupful of flour sifted with the soda and cream of tartar; add the rest of the milk and flour. Roll out and place the following filling on one and cover with another:

Filling.—Take one cupful of raisins, half a cupful of sugar, half a cupful of hot water, one tablespoonful of flour and the juice of half a lemon. Cook until smooth and thick. Put on the cookies and bake.

Ginger Cakes.—Take one and one-half cupfuls of shortening, one cupful each of sugar and molasses, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a half cupful of boiling water. Ginger, cinnamon, cloves and salt to taste. Add flour to roll and let stand on ice to chill before rolling.

Fruit Cookies.—Take three eggs, one scant cupful of shortening, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, a teaspoonful of soda-dissolved in one-half cupful of hot water. One cupful of grated coconut, one pound of dates cut fine, one teaspoonful of salt and lemon or vanilla extract for flavoring. This makes 40 small cakes. Bake in small tins or patty pans.

Jumbles.—Take one cupful of molasses, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda, beat well, add three beaten eggs, one cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of shortening, a half teaspoonful of salt, one-half tablespoonful of ginger, the same of cinnamon and four cupfuls of flour. Drop like drop cookies.

Ginger snaps.—Take one cupful each of shortening, molasses, brown sugar, add one beaten egg, one tablespoonful of ginger, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda and flour to roll. Cook for six minutes after it begins to boil, the sugar, molasses and shortening; cool and add the egg, then the rest of the ingredients.

Nellie Maxwell

CHANCERY SUMMONS

The State of Mississippi,
To W. J. Pilgreen whose Post-office address when last heard from was Dallas, Texas, K. T. Wagner, Minor, Hartshorn, Oklahoma, and Margaret Wagner, Minor, Hartshorn, Oklahoma, both of whom are living with their father, W. T. Wagner, at Hartshorn, Oklahoma, and to Louisa Wagner, Minor, and Mildred Wagner, Minor, both of whom are also children of W. T. Wagner, the last named two living with their grandmother, Mrs. N. L. Pilgreen, in Chickasaw County, Mississippi, and to W. T. Wagner, Hartshorn, Oklahoma, father of the four above named Minors:

You are commanded to appear before the Hon. A. J. McIntyre, Chancellor of the 1st Chancery District of Mississippi, and for the Second District of Chickasaw County in said State, sitting at Booneville, Mississippi, on Monday the 4th day of August, 1919, at 10 o'clock A. M. and show cause, if any you can, why the Final Account of Mrs. N. L. Pilgreen, as Administratrix of the Estate of K. T. Pilgreen, deceased, which is now on file in the office of the Chancery Clerk of the Second District of Chickasaw County, Miss., at Okolona, Miss., should not be approved and allowed and said Administratrix discharged.

This 12th day of June, A. D. 1919.
W. A. WILKINSON, Clerk,
By W. J. WILLIAMS, D. C.

PETITION FOR PARDON


State of Mississippi,
Chickasaw County, 2nd Dist.

The second Petition for Aunsey Orr. The first petition having been legally made To the Governor and the Mississippi State Board of Pardons, now makes his second Petition to said Board asking that this Notice Published according to law, That his petition be taken Notice of and Considered by said Board as it may come up in legal form.

Filed this July 3rd 1919.

Aunsey Orr and others.

PERUNA A Wonderful Remedy



FOR EFFECTS OF LA GRIPPE

Mr. George E. Law, 13 1/2 North Franklin St., Brazil, Indiana, has a word of cheer for sufferers from LaGrippe and its results.

Liquid or Tablet Form Sold Everywhere

Read His Letter

"I have suffered for the last two winters with that terrible disease, LaGrippe. Having often heard of the great value of Peruna I decided to try it. I have only used four bottles and I do not now have any bad effects from the Grippe as it has just about entirely disappeared, and my general health is good. I am satisfied that Peruna is a wonderful remedy, and I do most heartily endorse and recommend it for LaGrippe."

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KING & ABERNETHY, Props.

Okolona, Miss.



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and turn out the class of work you want when you want it.

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We let every job be our advertisement.

All kind of Upholstering
Give us a Trial Order and be convinced

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837 Spring street, Tupelo, Miss.

Cleaning, Pressing and Altering

Everybody knows that my cleaning and pressing method is the best and I don't charge any more than any other first class cleaning and pressing shop in the state. Besides, then my tailor work, altering and repairing is famous.

HODECK, The Tailor,

Both Phones Okolona, Miss.



An extension set installed on your desk will place you in quick communication with neighboring towns as well as practically all points in the United States; our long distance service being quick and accurate.

Call our manager for rates and full particulars.

Southern Tel. & Tel. Co.

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T. C. BARBER, Local Manager

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