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will contain full proceedings each week, of the Joint Railroad Investigation Commission, which will be in session in Chicago throughout December. This is of vital importance to the public. It will also keep you posted as to the action of Congress on the 640 Acre Homestead Bill now pending.

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CHARMETTE

By
Harry
Irving
Greene



After day Billy MeVickers sat in his studio just off the tiny park and painted away at Charmette. Together they had decided the picture must hang in the grand salon, therefore it must be wonderfully done indeed. With herself as the subject, Billy had assured her that the thing was as good as accomplished, only of course it would take time and she must be very, very quiet. "For," he explained, "you have as many different expressions as have the clouds themselves, and of course I cannot paint them all. So you must fix your eyes and mind upon one thing, that your expression may always remain the same." Whereat Charmette, being very much in love with Billy, fastened both upon him and her expression was a happy one indeed. Then when he would lay his brush aside with a little weary sigh and tell her that they were through for the sitting, she would

come hopping off her pillowed divan and running behind him rest her chin upon the top of his head as she puckered her lips and solemnly criticized herself upon the canvas.

"And do I really look like that, Billy?" she would half whisper while he was slipping an arm around her slim waist. Whereat he would say:

"Yes, dear—only of course much prettier. But I will bring that fact out as I go along." So Charmette would tidy things up a bit as he washed his hands, then away they would go chattering like sparrows about the wonderful time so soon to come when Billy would be of age and receive his heritage in America, for when that day came they were to be married and he was to take her back to his own land. "And it happens to be next Thanksgiving," he told her; then explained what the term meant to those born in his country across the sea. For Charmette, being a Belgian girl, had never heard of it until the coming of Billy.

And then came the dark time when Enris stilled and grew pale and the very ground seemed to quiver beneath the tread of the advancing legions.

Through Belgium they came pounding in the vastest machine ever built by man as they smashed her great fortresses like anthills beneath a juggernaut and swept over her in a great tide, rolling the defenders before them as a wave rolls before the prow of a ship. And in those terrible hours the hand of Billy left his brush and sought that of Charmette as they sat with faces turned eastward watching the sky for the rings of white smoke which they knew must

soon float in the air in grim language of death. Then it was that one morning the girl came to him with a letter in her hand and tears flooding her blue eyes.

"They have destroyed my home, and my old father and mother are outcasts. I must go to them. Good-by, Billy," she sobbed. He kissed her.

"But of course I shall go with you." She only rushed him away, pointing to



Her Expression Was a Happy One Indeed.

A regiment of red-trousered soldiers that was hurrying to the front.

"No. For two years you received a military training in your own country. Tomorrow you must join the army of France."

"But you—" he pleaded, and broke down. She returned his kiss.

"If we are both alive we will find each other upon your great day of Thanksgiving ten weeks away. And until then—" But there is no need of going into their parting, for the last words of love are sacred. However, three days later she was in Belgium and he was marching and counter-marching in that wonderful unknown army which even the eagle eyes of the enemy's spies had not discovered; the army of minute men which lay hidden behind Paris.

Came the day when the hot breath of advancing hosts was in the very face of the great capital upon the Seine. In companies, regiments, battalions and divisions they came in an endless martial sea, sweeping the legions of the tri-color before them miles each day. And then it was that the great French general sprang his trap. In cars, buses, automobiles and by every means which ingenuity could devise, the secret army from behind the city was rushed to the front. Billy, in the midst of it, heard the rumble and grumble of the battle from miles away, and scenting it felt the hair on the back of his head bristle as it does upon a dog when he smells a wolf. Then in a great surge there swept over him the thought of Charmette, and tears blinded him as he imagined her so slender and helpless wandering homelessly in her desolate country; and with it a longing vast and unutterable to throw down his gun and go rushing blindly away in search of her that he might take her in his arms and bear her away from all this hell to the peace and happiness that had been theirs through the long summer when the days had fallen softly as thistledown. God! how he hated it all—this war and blood and heartbreaks. And then without knowing why, he suddenly found himself rushing forward into a gray mark with thousands of his companions on either



A Fierce Yell Bursting From His Lips.

hand, a fierce yell bursting from his lips and the battle just turning his hot as a flame as he realized that they were charging.

Dimly he was conscious of showers of invisible things that passed him in hurtling flight. Huge clouds of dust arose on all sides and where there

had been level ground suddenly yawned great pits; thunderous explosions deafened him and he staggered before the impact of blows of compressed air. On every side men and horses were going down in groups, in heaps, in whole windrows like wheat before hull. Before him in a clump of trees was something that belched and roared like a dragon, and before his scattered senses told him that it was a battery he found himself in a wild bayonet conflict with a pale-haired young man who wore a spiked helmet, and almost at the mouth of the belching monster of the brush. Then as they thrust and parried, suddenly the fair-haired man went down and Billy leaped on, not knowing what had made the other fall, yet vaguely conscious that his bayonet ran red. Then a great darkness engulfed him.

It was evening and he was lying upon the bank of a stream that ran close by his old home. At his side the brook was tinkling like bells and the coolness of its waters was upon his face. Lord, but he was thirsty, and rolling over he buried his face in the ripples and drank interminably. Then as he turned upon his back again a pain shot through his head, and someone whom he could not see, but who was close by him, began whispering like a hurt puppy. Endlessly the whisperings continued, until, unable to endure them longer, he sat up and roughly bade the complainer cease his noise. And as he did this the fog was swept from his brain and he found himself lying in the debris of a battle-swept wood with the noise of the conflict still coming to him from afar. A frightful pain stabbed his brain and from his dry throat burst a weak moan, and then it was that he realized that it had been his own voice which had been whispering. Then all grew dark once more.

For what seemed an eternity he listened to unseen persons whispering about him, while slowly, very slowly the darkness lifted. Came a day when he opened his eyes. He was lying in a clean hospital with rows of other cots on every side. Once more his head was clear, but upon him was the weakness of long illness. A nurse with a red cross upon her arm passed his way, stopped before him and smiled.

"And so your mind has awakened at last," she said softly. "It has been many weeks. For a long time we feared you would die, but it seems that you are to get well."

"And where am I?" he managed to say.

"In Paris. This is the hospital for wounded Americans. And by the way, a friend has been awaiting your awakening for several days. I will bring her."

But she had no time to bring. Down the aisle a girl came running to throw herself upon her knees by his bedside.



"Oh, Billy! Billy!" She Cried.

clapping his thin hands within her own and raining kisses upon his cheeks.

"Oh, Billy! Billy!" she cried. "And I found you the first day. Listen, dear. The enemy is defeated and Paris is saved—and you helped do it. And you are to fight no more, and we can now go to that great country of yours, where all is peace and happiness. And the picture, Billy, the picture. You will laugh when you see the care with which I have safeguarded it." He drew her to him until her cheek rested against his own.

"Yes, dearest. And when we had thought all was over life was just beginning. Isn't it wonderful?" He paused, then spoke again.

"What day is this, Charmette?" She laughed joyously.

"It is all days in one; the day of your inheritance; the day of your birth; the day of our marriage—your marvelous Thanksgiving."

He relaxed upon his pillows and a smile came creeping over his face.

"Jolly old Thanksgiving," he whispered.

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LIVE STOCK

Kansas City, Nov. 20, 1916.—Another big week in cattle receipts opened today with 26000 head, market mostly steady, weak on medium and low grade stockers, pretty active on all kinds in spite of excessive supplies at Chicago and St. Louis, with lower reports from those points. Hogs sold 5 to 10 lower early, packers demanding a greater decline late sales a compromise, sheep and lambs steady.

Beef Cattle

White face steers raised and fed in Southwest Missouri set a new high record price here today at \$11.75, 1555 lbs average. Other good steers sold around \$11, short fed steers \$9 to \$10.50. Summer grazed cattle fed thirty or sixty days are bringing 8.50 to 9.50, an agreeable surprise to owners in most cases. West grass steers sell at \$8 or better, and plain little steers weighing around 900 lbs bring 6.75 to 7.25. Cows advanced 25 cents last week, best cows up to \$8, odd head of Colorado grass cows at that price, fair to good cows 6.15 to 7.25, canners 4.50 to 5.00. Canners are selling a good 50 cents higher here than at Chicago. Veals are higher, up to \$11.

Stockers and Feeders.

Good kinds are selling about like Monday of last week. Ten cars of choice Panhandle stock calves, 400 lbs, sold at \$8, and forty or fifty cars of well bred Panhandle yearlings sold at \$7.25 to 7.35, with 10 per cent of the total weight at \$6. Plain stock steers sell at 6.25 to 6.75, common thin steers under \$6. Five cars of Kansas feeders sold at 7.50, 1150 lbs, and 6 cars of steers a little fleshier, but ordinarily classed as feeders, sold at 7.90 to killers. A few fleshy feeders are going out up to 8.85, plain thin feeders down to 6.50.

Hogs.

Order buyers bought their hogs 5 to 10 lower, paying 9.85 for heavy hogs, 9.80 for medium, 9.70 for lights. Packers stood out for prices 25 lower, but bought hogs after the noon hour 15 to 20 lower, bulk of sale 9.30 to 9.75; receipts were 12,000.

J. A. Rickart,
Market Correspondent.

Fraud Order Out.

Roswell, N. M., Nov. 21 —The local postoffice has received a fraud order from the government directed against the National Mail Order Brokerage Exchange of Minneapolis, and is returning to the senders all letters mailed at the local office. The public is thus advised of the order to save them time and trouble and loss.

Mrs. Howell's Brother Killed.

Mrs. Dave Howell of this city this morning received a telegram from Kingman, Arizona, bringing the sad news that her brother, Abe Liles, was killed and another brother Mike Liles fatally injured late yesterday afternoon in a mine explosion. Both are old timers here and are well known. Mrs. Howell and sister, Mrs. Sherman Miller leave tonight for Kingman, —Roswell Record.