

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Capture.

By ROSE MEREDITH.

ELIZABETH viewed the blue wrap with some disfavor. It had been bought weeks ago, when her engagement to Billy Drake had been the newest and the most wonderful thing in the world, and the long silken fringe which bordered the wide sleeves had persuaded her to decide upon the garment. Billy had admired its graceful lines—he had played with the fringe as he talked of their glorious future together—they had laughed like children over the various things that the fringes ensnared, autumn leaves, wisps of flying paper, once a downy feather from some passing bird. And then, afterward, when a foolish misunderstanding had clouded everything, Elizabeth had pulled off her ring—his ring—and dropped it into his reluctant hand. The ring fell and, dropping, the delicate setting, caught on the wretched fringe! He had laughed grimly as he set about its dislodgement.

"I hate the old thing!" she half sobbed, as she brought it from the wardrobe and tossed it about her shoulders. The day was cold and her suit was rather light in weight for the advancing season.

Outside, the wind was moaning among the bare branches, and as she walked briskly toward the trolley car the heart of the little music teacher felt bleak and bare as the empty nests in the swaying trees.

As the car moved on, Elizabeth thought of the uninteresting pupil she was going to teach—Annie Smith, a child who had insisted upon learning to play "Hearts and Flowers"—and there had been many, many lessons, but Annie still stumbled over the same passages until Elizabeth was ready to cry with vexation. Today, Annie was more exasperating than usual; she had hinted that her mother was not pleased with her progress, and she had stumbled and fallen weeping over the dreaded passage in the old favorite.

To her own surprise Elizabeth comforted the child—for awhile she forgot her own loneliness and pain, while she brought a smile to wet blue eyes and sullen lips. "Let us try again," she suggested gently, and to their mutual surprise they had tried again and conquered. It was a glad little face that was lifted to Elizabeth's sad one, when the hour was ended.

"You have made me glad again," smiled Annie Smith. Elizabeth thought of those words as she waited for the car that was to take her home. Would anything ever make her glad again? She knew that, behind her own little air of bravado, she carried an aching heart that never could be glad again without Billy Drake.

She brushed away hot tears and entered the car with a dash of autumn red in her cheeks. Some one moved to make room for her, a strong hand steadied her as the car lurched forward.

"Thank you," she turned and smiled mechanically—at Billy Drake, resuming his seat beside her! The wrap settled innocently about her slender form. Billy was replacing his hat, and, with a dear familiar gesture, was quite unconsciously smoothing the back of Elizabeth's head. She said "it all—oh, I know it!"—she felt him so near, and all the while she sat straight and small, looking straight ahead out of brown pansy eyes. "Any one sitting beside her might have thought her lovely face haughty and relentless!"

The flat-wheeled car clattered merrily on its way and Elizabeth noted with a heartick pang that they were near Queen street, her stopping place. Billy was probably going home—he lived a mile beyond Queen street, and when would she meet him again, even by accident?

"Queen!" bellowed the conductor, as the car rocked to a standstill. Elizabeth arose, swept the folds of her blue wrap about her and started for the door. She felt a sickening tug at the long fringe of her right sleeve. She would not look around. A wave of pink colored her face as she felt a slight weight on her sleeve—what was the wretched fringe doing now? Had it caught in some one's umbrella, or pocketbook? Billy Drake had sat on her right—she would not look around for there was a tittering laugh behind her. Some one else was getting off directly behind her. "Step lively, there!" sang out the motorman jovially, as the car rocked away on its flat-wheeled career.

Elizabeth whirled around and confronted Billy Drake's amused and, at the same time, apologetic smile. "I am sorry, Elizabeth—Miss Russell—I couldn't help it, you can see that."

"Help what?" she asked frostily. At the same instant she looked down and saw—the fringe of her right sleeve wound impishly around one of the buttons of his overcoat. In this way had she innocently ensnared him in the car—had led him down the aisle and here he was!

What an intolerable position. "I didn't expect to get off here, she apologized. "I was going to King street."

"I am very sorry," she said stiffly, and then in a sudden burst of vexation she added, "Why didn't you cut it off? Break it off. Now it's a wretched thing!" She pulled vigorously at the silken tangle of knotted threads.

He stood helplessly watching her stormy little face. His stern face softened. How unhappy they both were! How like children, breaking the precious hours of their lives with silly misunderstandings. Were they always to be enemies?

He had even forgotten what it was all about. Elizabeth gave one last tug and the threads snapped. The sudden release caused her to waver uncertainly. Billy's hand supported her—lingered on her arm—stayed there, boldly, as of old.

"I don't want to be set free," he said uncertainly, and Elizabeth,

looking up, saw that his pleasant face was white, very white. "I don't—quite understand," stammered the girl.

"I will explain as we go along," he said, still holding tight to her arm. "It is growing colder—hear the wind!"

So they walked along Queen street, as they had walked before the blue cape had entered their lives. Billy Drake explained and Elizabeth listened and murmured soft little answers, and they lingered in the tiny living room, where a fire whispered on the hearth. When Billy went home he went whistling down the street in the old happy way, and Elizabeth was dropping a kiss on the precious ring on her third finger. As the blue wrap was hung away in the wardrobe, Elizabeth gave it a little hug.

"You blessed old peacemaker!" she whispered. (Copyright, 1922, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

Copyright, 1922, The West Virginian.

If you would serve left-overs in attractive fashion concoct a timbale. The foundation of most of these little dishes is a smooth, rich, white sauce. To this is added the ingredients needed to make pronounced taste in the finished dish.

High and slim custard cups will "do" very well if real timbale molds are not at hand.

Vegetable Timbales.

One-half cup cooked asparagus, 1/2 cup finely chopped cooked carrots, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 2 eggs.

Kub asparagus through a strainer. The carrots may be chopped or put through a strainer. Melt butter, stir in flour and slowly add milk, stirring constantly.

Add vegetables and cook two minutes. Remove from fire and stir in well beaten eggs. Season with salt and pepper and pour into well buttered molds. Put molds in a pan of hot water and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven. Turn molds out to serve.

Pea Timbales

One cup pea pulp, 1/2 teaspoon grated onion, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1/2 teaspoon paprika, few gratings nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon sugar.

Rub peas through a sieve. Add seasonings and eggs well beaten. Pour mixture into well buttered molds and bake in a pan of hot water as in preceding recipe. Serve with a white sauce to which strips of pimento have been added.

Chilled Vegetable Timbales

These are very nice to serve with cold sliced meat or fish. If you have several vegetables left and can't get to market try this recipe:

One carrot, 1 turnip, 1 beet, 1 cup cooked asparagus, 1/2 cup minced pimentos, mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1/2 cup cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 1/2 cup whipping cream, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, tiny pinch mustard.

Scrape carrot and pare turnip. Cook until tender and cut in small dice. Cook beet and slip skin under cold water. Cut in dice and add asparagus cut in short lengths.

Add enough mayonnaise to moisten. Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in boiling water. Let stand till cool and just ready to set. Add to first mixture and when a soft jelly fold in the cream whipped stiff. Season and let stand till firm and very cold.

It will take about four hours to set firmly. Cut in slices and serve as a garnish for cold meat or fish.

KINCAID

Thomas Numan and daughter, Ruby, are both ill at their homes. Milton Price of Halleck was the guest of Willie Rumble last week.

Guy Williams, who was working at Morgantown, has returned home. Lewis Williams was a business caller at Morgantown last week.

Moses Jacobs was the guest of Jacob Rumble recently. Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Stevens were business visitors at the home of Moses Jacob last week.

Fannie Morris was visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. Jennie Jacobs, one afternoon last week. John Phillips was a visitor at the home of John James recently.

Moses Jacobs sold a fine cow and calf to B. I. Stevens last week. A prayer meeting was held at the home of Frank Stevens, a few days ago.

Alice Huff, who was visiting at the home of Mrs. John Phillips has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. John Phillips and children, Laudia and Harold, were visiting at the home of James Clemm a few days ago.

Wilbur Reeves was a recent visitor at the home of Hayes Morris. James Davis was a recent visitor at the home of Nella and Joe Bennett.

Lewis Williams was visiting at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Williams last week. Jesse Gwyn was a business caller at the home of Walter Williams last Thursday.

J. P. Clemm was a recent visitor at the home of W. H. Gwyn. Mr. and Mrs. Fleming Price were the guests of Mrs. Mary Jane Moran recently. John James was visiting at the home of Moses Jacobs recently.

Ben McDaniel is visiting friends at Fairmont. San Francisco to New York, by way of the Panama Canal, is 5200 miles.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

The Sorcerer



I suppose you came back for a smell of my cake.

Nick turned when he saw the chocolate cake. If there was anything he loved it was cake and chocolate cake was not to be resisted. "Oh, come on Nick!" Nancy pulled at his arm.

The red feather in his hand, too, kept bending the other direction, which showed that if he would avoid danger he would keep away from the strange cave and all it contained.

But chocolate cake. Round, high, shining and delicious! Something in poor Nick's legs seemed to be pushing him back toward the cave. He tried to take a step away, but he had no more will than a terrier on the end of a chain. And there was nothing for Nancy to do but to follow.

"Hello, children," came a voice out of the cave, followed at once by a figure in the form of a gypsy woman dressed in red with a green cap and yellow sash. Her hair was done in long braids wound around

her head, and on her neck were so many strings of beads that Nancy couldn't help wondering how she could stand so straight.

"I suppose you came back for a smell of my cake," said Nick. "It looks very nice," said Nick, wondering if he were to be offered a slice.

"And so it should," nodded the gypsy woman, smiling. "For dear knows, enough trouble I've had baking it. I've spilled half of the sticky thing on my floor and I can't get it off. I've hurt my finger and I can't hold a cloth."

"Oh," cried kind Nancy. "Can't I do it? I'll clean your floor." "Then here," cried the gypsy woman, thrusting a large rag into her hand. "Come, I'll lead you to the place."

As she led her away, the Mushroom's note fell to the floor. Nick stopped to pick it up. (To Be Continued.) Copyright, 1922, The West Virginian.

POLLY AND PAUL—AND PARIS

By ZOE BECKLEY

"All right," said Paul, with a shrug. "You win."

He turned away wearily, crossed the room and sat down at the desk to write. Polly remained staring out of the window moodily trying to justify her refusal to "do the snappy social stuff" that would, her husband believed, get him the order from Rigaud's big firm.

Polly hated the idea. It seemed cheap to her. Yet she knew it was done every day. "Wasn't it an old story that big business deals were constantly put over by the boulevard route," by social angling, dinners, teas? Didn't the diplomats' wives and cabinet women in Washington have quite as much to do with getting appointments and preferment as the men themselves did?

In her heart of hearts Polly knew it was not only the idea of entertaining the Frenchman and exercising a few innocent blandishments she objected to. It was that the idea was Violet Rand's. She began to be honest with herself—to admit she was jealous. She realized now that she had disliked Violet from the moment that dashing young woman had edged into the heavenly orbit of the honeymoon.

Much as she disliked Violet, she was not willing to let her get the better of her. She was now within your reach. No matter what you have tried or how long you have suffered—don't be discouraged. SANS-AKE has relieved thousands of the most chronic and stubborn cases. It is the physicians' remedy that will not injure the heart or stomach. Complete relief or your money refunded.

For Sale by Mountain City Drug Co. and All Good Druggists

Relieve yourself of that stiffness, that swelling, that soreness and all those aches of sub-acute or muscular rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis or neuralgia and enjoy your former good health again.

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enough sport to do it, let's drop the whole thing and say no more about it. I can make out without Rigaud's order.

He turned back to his writing. The words "not a good sport" sank deep. Polly winced, then flared. A quick retort was on her lips. With an effort of will she choked it back. He was right—Suddenly she remembered an old saying of her mother's so oft repeated that it had lost its meaning. Now it sounded in her ears: "It's the first quarrel that matters. Fend it off—before it becomes a habit."

Polly went over and gently laid her cheek against Paul's hair. With the action came an amazing sense of peace. It was as though something cold and hard within her suddenly broke and melted into waves of happiness.

"I'm sorry dear, I'm wrong." The simple words wrought magic. With a swift movement, he turned and held her close.

"Good!" said Paul softly. "Trust my girl to think straight and act square every old-darn time. Mrs. Dawson," he rose and bowed gravely, "you are a brick, Madam—a square little, straight little pure gold brick!"

"Sounds like a doubtful compliment to me," caroled Polly, "but I'll show you, silly old Frenchman a sparkle or two." Paul! Do you think he'll like the brown taffeta—or the blue brocade crepe?"

"Wear the blue—for me—and I'll bring you a bunch of violets as big as a house and lot." (To Be Continued.) Copyright, 1922, The West Virginian.

Because most of the noted successful leaders had names containing, at the very most, only eight letters, "Brevity" is the latest answer to the mooted question "Who won the war?"

On the successful side are placed the names of Foch, Haig, Diaz, Jacques and Pershing. On the defeated side are placed such names as Von Hindenburg, Von Ludendorff, and Prince Rupprecht.

Common Sense About Eczema and Eruptions!

Here's Something About S. S. S. That You'll Be Glad to Hear.

You might just as well know it right now—the cause of skin eruptions, pimples, blackheads, boils, and so on, is rich in the blood. There is getting away from it. Science has proved it. We prove it. You can prove it. When the cause of skin troubles and eruptions is in the blood, it isn't com-

mon sense to simply treat the skin. A bottle of S. S. S. will prove to you what is happening in your blood. S. S. S. is a scientific blood cleanser—it drives out the impurities which cause eczema, tetter, rashes, pimples, boils, blackheads, blotches and other skin eruptions. When these impurities are driven out, you can't stop several very nice things from happening. Your lips turn naturally rosy. Your eyes sparkle, your complexion clears. It becomes beautiful. Your face looks like that of a prosperous, ruddy, well-fed, refined gentleman, or if you are a woman, your complexion becomes the real kind that the whole world so admires. S. S. S. is also a powerful body-builder, because it builds new and more blood-cells. That's why it fills out sunken cheeks, bony necks, thin limbs, helps regain lost flesh. It costs little to have this happen to you. S. S. S. is sold at all drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is the more economical.

Let S. S. S. Give You An Angelic Skin!

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Osgood's Spring Frocks \$15.95 to \$79.50

FASHION seems to have marshalled an entire army of brand new ideas to her Frocks Campaign for Spring. In our store are practically unlimited costuming possibilities if one's taste favors the mode that may now be worn beneath the wrap and later with a scarf of fur or angora. There are Frocks in knitted fabrics unique in brisk color touches, swagger in capes. And quite as impressive are Frocks of twill and tricotine or of soft, clingy silks—or of crisp, brilliant taffeta. So many, many beautiful ones are here now.

Wraps to Cover Them \$12.50 to \$95.00

FOR some weeks—at least until well after Easter—there will be plenty of days that demand a comforting Wrap. So while one is choosing Frocks it is also sensible to choose the Spring Wrap that it will properly harmonize with one's entire outfit. Those who prefer sportish modes will delight in viewing our assortment or if fancy runs to a dressier mode—for instance, one of the new capes that have so quickly gained their popularity—quite a plenty of that clever style will be brought out for consideration. Materials are legion and colors more varied than Wraps have ever before exhibited.

---or Perhaps a Suit \$12.95 to \$95.00