

An Exchange of Love Letters

By RICHARD MARKELY

Mary Chaffinch and I were friends. It did not occur to me that we would become lovers. I had no thought of marrying, and if I should marry I presumed that I would mate with a heavenly creature altogether too good for any man, except myself.

One morning I wrote, from my club, a note to Mary, asking her for some information she possessed. I waited some time for a reply and not receiving one called upon her with a view to learn the reason for her silence.

"Your note was written from your club," she said. "I never write a man to his club."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because a girl friend of mine wrote a man, addressing her letter to his club, and he showed it all over the club."

Of all the reasons for such a rudeness that I ever heard this was the most remarkable. Why she argued that I would show her letter "all over my club" because some one else had acted thus brutally I could not imagine.

Why is it that these stupidities of women attract rather than unset us men? I don't know, but up to this time while I had liked to chat with Miss Chaffinch on substantial subjects, without thought of anything tender between us, now for the first time I was drawn to her in a love-like way. My visits not only grew more frequent but emotional. Not long after this I was called away and strange to say, I fell to writing love letters to her. I returned and a regular courtship was inaugurated that ended in an engagement. We were engaged a year and since I was frequently absent, there were more love letters.

I declared that I had always intended—should I marry—that I would only marry one who possessed every virtue. Miss Chaffinch replied that she had always averred that she would only marry the most honorable of men. I mention these two among the many laudations that passed between us because we soon falsified them.

Miss Chaffinch suddenly became angered with me. It would be impossible to state the reason of one who would not answer a note I had written from a club because some wretch had shown, or was said to have shown, all over his club, a letter received from a girl. In fact, I never exactly understood her reason.

Well, where lovers face out the first thing to be done is to return those heartfelt laudations of each other commonly called love letters. Mary Chaffinch wrote me a curt note: "Please send me every scrap I ever wrote you. I have not the slightest doubt you will read what I have been silly enough to write you to all your friends."

This from the girl who had called me the most honorable of men! It made me mad—not displeased, not angry, but mad. I wrote her: "Please send me my letters. In the hands of such an irrational person they are not safe." This to the girl who I had said possessed every virtue. She replied that on no account would she give up what she possessed till she had received what I possessed.

And so we were at a deadlock. I next prepared that the exchange be made through some honorable woman such as I had supposed her to be, to which she protested that an honorable woman would naturally be truthful—as he had been—and I would trick her, getting back my letters and keeping those for which they were to be exchanged.

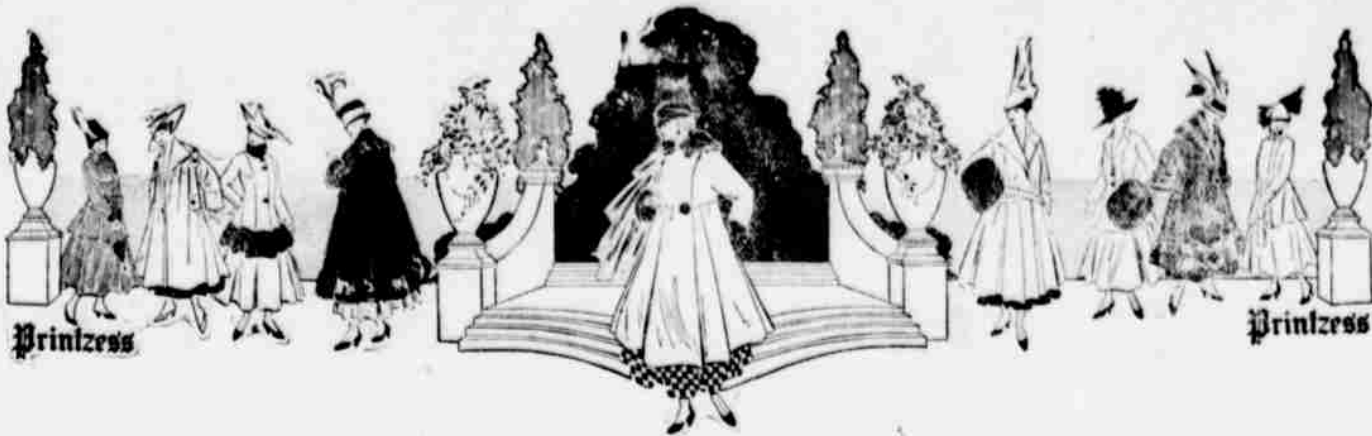
I paid no further attention to the matter, making no reply to Mary's suggestions. I read what she wrote me but did not deign to reply. Finally she proposed that I bring her letters to her home; she would meet me at the front door with mine; the exchange might take place there. I could go away, and she hoped she might never see me again.

I replied that unless I might have an opportunity to examine what she returned to me I would have no confidence that they were my letters; at any rate, all my letters. So I declined her proposition.

After a brief silence Mary wrote me that if I would bring the letters I should have an opportunity to examine those she would return to me. I accepted this arrangement and agreed to call the next Saturday afternoon. At the time appointed I drove up to her house in the car and lifted out a corded package of enormous size, myself and pledged to love me always that would weigh something like a dozen pounds, and carried them up to the front door. A maid received me and ushered me into a little reception room, where I had done hours of courting with her mistress.

There before a blazing wood fire stood Mary, robed in what had always been a favorite costume with me, and looking what I had considered her during our correspondence—a very angel. Her wearing that costume alone indicated that the farce was played to the climax. I dropped my burden and advancing, took her in my arms. Then sitting on a sofa on which we had breathed more love than there was in the letters that had passed between us, we took up the courtship where it had been dropped several weeks before without referring to the cause of the quarrel or to the exchange of letters.

Why is it that the most important event in a man's or a woman's life should be jumbled up with so much nonsense?



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At prices beginning as low as \$15.00 we are showing Coats which measure up to the rigid Welsh & Wiseman Co. standard of quality, workmanship and style.

There is a wonderful assortment of clever new models to select from in such fashionable fabric as Bolivia, Broadcloths, Pom Poms and Wool Velours, in beautiful shades of Taupe, Beetroot, Rheindeer, Pekin Blue, Brown, Green, Navy and Black.

They are cut on the generous full lines of the season, trimmed with belts and buttons and those big luxurious collars and cuffs are so much in vogue this season.



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Our entire stock of Silk and Serge Dresses go on sale tomorrow morning at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. As you know, the best values are always sold first, so it will be advisable to shop early.

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30 Serge Dresses selling regularly up to \$22.50, at \$15.00

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Code of Beauty.

Our code and schedule of beauty is, I often feel, a very formal affair. Either we are afraid of opinions, or we have never thought of revising the code we adopted in our youth, or we do not really look at things, or we do not care about beauty at all.—A. C. Benson.

Insufficiency of Fame.

Robert Louis Stevenson, says the Philadelphia Record, was not the only celebrity who had found fame rather than substantial achievement. "I would agree," he wrote, "that Gladstone was the author of my works for a good ten ton schooner and the coins to keep it on. I know a little about fame now; it's no good compared to a yacht."

Another Thing to Remember.

Willie and his mother had been visiting their aunt in the country. After returning, his mother was telling one of her friends over the phone how homelike her aunt's house was. Willie was taking in the conversation and, speaking up, said: "Mamma, don't forget to tell her how homely auntie was, too."

FARMER'S COLUMN

space below this heading is for the exclusive use of our farmer subscribers, and is for the sale of stock, grain and such things on farm as the farmer cannot afford to advertise. No notice will be accepted over four lines, and will be only in two issues of the week, free of charge.

For Sale—Fresh milk cow.
S. D. Cochran.

FOR SALE Five hog houses, three sows and pigs and one milk cow.
Curry Robinson.

For Sale—A few extra good Mammoth Bronze Turkeys. Phone 40-J
Mrs Jas Sutton, Bryantville, Ky.

For Sale—About three dozen White Leghorn hens. Phone 47-J Bryantville ex. Mrs J. G. Doty, Marksburg, Ky.

Strayed from my place last week, a black, bob tailed sow, weighing about 200 pounds. Reward if returned to
M. Teater, Lancaster, Ky.

Strayed from my place about 10 days ago a bay horse, 16 hands high, scarred knees, and star in forehead; also a bay yearling colt with spot in forehead. Any information will be appreciated.
V. F. Brickey or Logan Scott, Buena Vista, Ky.

STANFORD

Mrs. W. S. Fish is visiting her son, Craig Fish, at Louisville.

William Yeager, of Cleveland, Ohio, is here with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Russell P. Brown, of Liberty is visiting Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Brown.

Mrs. C. Hays Foster and little daughter and guests of her parents, at Pineville.

Mrs. J. C. McClary has been visiting her son, Editor Shelton M. Sausley, at Richmond.

Miss Susan Fisher Woods is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. C. Anderson at Mt. Sterling.

Mr. Samuel H. Baughman is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Shelton M. Sausley at Richmond.

Miss Mary Moore Roney, of Richmond, will spend Thanksgiving here with homefolks.

Capt. J. N. Menefee of Camp Zachary Taylor, spent the week-end here with homefolks.

Mrs. Arthur Coffey is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Weddie at Hustonsville.

Miss Jennie Duncan has been the guest of her nieces, the Misses Warren for a few days.

Miss Judith James Daniels, of Lancaster, has been the guest of her sister Mrs. Frank Phillips.

Miss Lissa Holtzclaw, of Caldwell High School Richmond will spend Thanksgiving at home.

Mrs. J. A. Beasley and daughter, Miss Mildred, of Lancaster, spent Saturday with Mrs. Will Hays.

Mrs. J. C. Lynn, who underwent an operation at the Danville Hospital last week, was able to be brought home Saturday and is doing nicely.

Hubert Carpenter, who has been in training at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, received the appointment of First Lieutenant last week, to the delight of his many friends here. Lieut. Carpenter is the younger son of Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Carpenter of this city.

News has been received here of the death of Mrs. Sue Holmes in Drumright Okla. Saturday. She was formerly of Crab Orchard, but had lived in this city some years ago and made many friends here who are grieved by her death. She was called to Oklahoma from Crab Orchard some months ago by the illness of her grand-daughter. The body will be brought to Crab Orchard for interment this week. Two brothers, J. H. and R. L. Collier survive.

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Central Record.