

ON THE WRONG ROAD

By ELIZABETH SCHOEN COBB.

"I am ashamed of you!" spoke Robert Earle with force and indignation—"ashamed that you are of my kin, ashamed that you bear the same honored name."

"And because I resemble you?" sneered his spoiled and profligate cousin, Ernest Earle. "Sorry, but that fact gave me the excuse for the masquerading that results in my present calling down."

Robert Earle bit his lip to repress the vivid emotions he experienced. In the face of the young man he addressed there was nothing but reckless indifference, the selfish abandon of a person on the wrong road and disdaining any suggestion or influence that would lead him into the right one.

A right-minded person, Robert Earle could scarcely realize the attitude of this conscienceless relative. Forging his name, assuming his identity—for they were marvelously alike in form and feature—Ernest Earle had managed to draw from a bank the sum of four hundred dollars. It represented over one-half that his cousin had in the way of capital. He had committed the crime, squandered the money and had boldly reappeared now to ask for more, knowing very well that for the sake of the family Robert would not prosecute him.

"See here, Robert," he said bluntly. "Give me fifty dollars and I'll go West and relieve you of your constant dread that I will cut up some caper that may disgrace the proud name of that old curmudgeon uncle of ours, Jerome Earle. Considering your prospects, I insist, that I am letting you off cheap. Considering my bad record, of course I will be the disowned heir while you, the wise and polite one, will inherit his fortune."

"Again, shame on your manhood!" cried Robert, "you revile a worthy old man who started both of us in life with the means of securing a good education. You wasted your two thousand dollars. I had a part of mine to show, until you saddled your



"Why, There Is the Thief!"

debts on me and then so basely depleted the little store I had set aside to open my law office. You shall have the money you ask for, but it is the last you will ever receive from me until I see you acting the man."

With an ungracious sneer Ernest Earle accepted the money his cousin proffered and went his way. Then Robert seriously contemplated his immediate future. He decided to abandon his plans of practicing law in the crowded expensive city where capital and influence were absolutely requisite to success.

It was a step the ambitious young fellow never regretted, for labor and love soon became allied. Robert established himself in the thriving county seat of Tipton. He found comfortable quarters at the one hotel the place afforded. Some practise same to him. He made some speeches during a political campaign, because a general favorite, and, best of all, met and loved Ada Mills, the favorite daughter of wealthy Judge Mills.

No word had come from Ernest Earle and Robert was glad he had not found him out.

Robert was gaining ground fast and securely. His uncle abroad had heard of his establishing in the legal profession and had insisted on his accepting a check for a thousand dollars, "as surplus capital for exigencies," as the old man phrased it.

It was the great glorious hour of his life when Robert bade Ada adieu one lovely June night. He had told his love to find it devotedly returned. So happy was he that when he returned to his hotel he could not sleep. He put on a light overcoat and strolled to the wooded outskirts of the pretty town, communing with nature and his heart's own fond thoughts until long after midnight.

A surprise, a shock, a crisis in his life greeted him as he entered the lobby of the hotel to find it a scene of tumultuous excitement. The local police were there surrounding an agitated loud talking stranger, who as Robert entered was explaining that some one had rifled his room an hour

previous. He had awakened in bed to observe a man disappearing through the window and down the fire escape with his pocket book containing two hundred dollars.

"Why, there is the thief!" he shouted suddenly, pointing straight at Robert.

"You are mad!" exclaimed the hotel owner.

"I would recognize him among a thousand," declared the stranger.

There was a great hubbub. Even the officers of the law scoffed at the accusation of the robbed man. Then investigation brought out a new circumstance. The door connecting the room of Robert and that occupied by the man who had been robbed was found unlocked.

"The key has been always in the door on my side," explained Robert, "but I have never turned it."

It was strange, unheard of, but the stranger insisted on his identification of Robert. The latter had two hours time he could not account for in any reasonable way. He was arrested. His good character saved him, but there was now a vague insidious stain upon it.

Slowly distrust began to attach to the young lawyer. The conservative ones gravely feared they had been unwise in bestowing ready confidence on a comparative stranger. The cowardly ones ignored and shunned him. Judge Mills forbade an engagement with his daughter and insisted that Robert should not visit Ada until his name was cleared.

So, weary weeks went on and Robert became well nigh disheartened. His former popularity was on the wane, his clients fell away from him. Only that loyal Ada wrote him of her undying love and faith he would have left the town.

He had been engaged as associate counsel in a damage suit where a railroad passenger had received an injury in a collision in another part of the county. Among the witnesses summoned was a surgeon from a neighboring town.

When this person arrived at the court room he sought out Robert. It was to regard him in open-eyed bewilderment.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you have recovered?—so soon!"

"I do not understand you," said Robert.

"Were you not in the hospital at Wayne two months since, suffering from a terrible fall from a motorcycle?"

There were cross questions and many explanations and then the light came. At Wayne this same surgeon had been summoned to assist in a case where the victim of an accident lay delirious with broken bones, crippled for life.

"I see it all," murmured the astonished Robert. "It was my cousin who robbed the man at the hotel. He located me, found little in my room to steal and entered the one adjoining."

The next day Robert visited Wayne. He found his cousin just able to get about on crutches. Ernest Earle, broken in health and spirits, handed to Robert what was left of the stolen money. The regretful tears in his eyes showed his contrition.

Two days later Robert received a note from Judge Mills asking him to call upon him. Ernest Earle had written a confession and had forwarded it. Robert would have shielded his misguided relative, but the Judge insisted on clearing up the case in the eyes of the public.

Robert wrote to his uncle all the circumstances of the situation and Ernest Earle was placed in comfort with a distant relative.

There was a wedding a year following. The fair bride was Ada, the groom Robert. He was the Hon. Robert Earle now. The public had made amends for their temporary disloyalty by electing him congressman from the district.

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COULD NOT SEE THE SPOT

Wig Covered Head on Which the Hand of George Washington Had Rested.

Among Dr. George Haven Putnam's early recollections was a meeting with Washington Irving. He tells of it in his "Memories of My Youth." The Irving home was near Yonkers and the Putnam family occasionally visited their neighbors. Doctor Putnam remembers one Sunday afternoon when his father was busy arranging some of Mr. Irving's papers and the old gentleman took pains to give him some word about his own childhood. "His mother told him some years later, when he was old enough to be interested in historical events and personages, that when he was a year old the nurse taking him out in his baby carriage saw, at the corner of Broadway, General Washington passing by on horseback. The nurse, holding up the little boy, called out to the general that here was a boy that had been named after him, and she hoped that the general would be willing to give the boy his blessing.

"Little Washingtons were not so plenty in 1784 as they became in later years, and the general was quite ready to delay his ride for the purpose of giving a greeting to his little namesake. He took the boy up on the saddle and, placing his hand upon the little one's head, gave him a formal blessing. I looked up with interest at the head that had been touched by Washington, and then found myself perplexed at Mr. Irving's word that I should not see the spot on which the general's hand had rested.

"I spoke to my father afterward about the incident, and he said: 'Why, you stupid, don't you know that Mr. Irving wears a wig?'"

DWIGHT NOTES

Chris. Mickelson went to Iowa Monday.

S. F. Cummings went to Morris Friday.

Mel Merritt autoed to Reddick Friday.

Joseph Diefenbach went to Joliet Monday.

Harold Lewis was a Joliet passenger Friday.

Miss Mary Burns was a Joliet visitor Tuesday.

Edward Reed, of Pontiac, was in Dwight Friday.

A. J. Shimanek, of Streator, was in Dwight Sunday.

Mrs. Della Smith was a Chicago passenger Wednesday.

C. L. Burgess, of Streator, was in Dwight Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Calvert spent Monday in Chicago.

E. Eich, of Emington, called on friends here Monday.

Muro Bartholic went to Braidwood Thursday on business.

Thos. Broderick, of Kinsman, was on our streets Friday.

John McCloskey, of Kinsman, was on our streets Saturday.

Gustave Ohlendorf transacted business in Chicago Monday.

Sacred Concert at M. E. Church Sunday evening at 7:45.

Misses Lillian and Clara Rosendall spent Thursday in Chicago.

Dr. J. W. Calvert, of Bloomington, spent Wednesday in Dwight.

Clarence Clover, of Milwaukee, Wis., visited his wife here this week.

Dr. Gleason, of Gibson City, visited at the Conway home Thursday.

Dr. P. J. Reynolds was a professional caller in Odell Thursday.

Harry Hopper and wife, of Ottawa, visited relatives here over Sunday.

A number of former Dwight residents came home to vote Wednesday.

Mrs. Henry Fox left last week for a visit with her sister at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Roy Seymour went to Chicago Thursday on business connected with his drug store.

Mrs. Fallis is entertaining her granddaughter, Miss Clara Fallis, of Danville, this week.

Miss Bessie Sorth, of Bloomington, is a guest of Mrs. S. F. Cummings and Miss Estella Baker.

Mrs. H. F. Miesner, of Mazon, is visiting her nieces, Miss Estella Baker, and Mrs. S. F. Cummings.

Miss Elsie Bartholic left the first of the week for Plano, Ill., where she will teach in the public schools.

Mrs. F. W. Brown was taken to Chicago Monday for medical treatment.

Dr. Brown left Tuesday to visit her.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Oughton motored this week to points in Southern Illinois visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Ada Wright, who has spent the summer here with her sister, Miss Clara Wright, left last week Thursday for her home in Fulton, N. Y.

Miss Clara Wright has resumed her position at the Frank L. Smith offices after a two weeks' vacation, part of which she spent in Chicago and with friends in Wisconsin.

Michael F. Hennebery, of Wilmington, was nominated for representative in the legislature from the 41st district. Mr. Hennebery is well known in this vicinity as he is a cousin of Mrs. Jas. Kelagher. He served in the House several years ago.

Funerals In Peru.

According to social usage, women in Peru cannot attend funerals, and they do not appear at weddings unless they are very intimate friends. When a funeral procession passes through the streets the coffin is carried upon the shoulders of the pallbearers, who are followed by an empty hearse drawn by two, four or six horses, according to the means of the mourners and their desire for display. All the male members of the family and friends of the deceased follow on foot, with a line of empty carriages behind them. As long as they are in the presence of the dead it is considered a proper and necessary evidence of respect to walk. After the body has been committed to the grave those who attend the funeral are brought home in the carriages.

Never Again.

A man, who had been sick, told a friend that he was being treated by a certain physician.

"Don't you know," said the friend, "that that doctor allows all his patients to die on his hands?"

"Well, if he lets me die on his hands, I'll never patronize him again!" replied the other indignantly.—Indianapolis News.

In One Lesson.

He—Your sister said she couldn't dance.

She—Well, can she?

"Yes; I made her. We hadn't been on the floor a minute when I stepped on her foot. You just ought to have seen her."—Yonkers Statesman.

Pretty Snappy.

Brown—I am very conservative regarding my amusements. Green—I haven't much money, either.—Woman's Home Companion.

Mysterious Island.

Falcon island suddenly made its appearance among the Tonga islands of the Pacific about twenty years ago. A loyal British trader promptly annexed it, and proudly hoisted the union jack on its highest point. It existed for about a dozen years, banana and coconut trees began to grow upon it, and then one day it disappeared in just as mysterious a fashion as it had come.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The gain which is made at the expense of character should be set down as loss.—Publius Syrus.



Just the style you want, with comfort such as you have never known before.

Van Eman & Sondergaard

Smiths Again Victorious.

The Labor Day game at Interurban Park between the Chatsworth team and the Frank L. Smiths resulted in a victory for the Smiths by a score of 6 to 1 and proved beyond a doubt that the Smiths are altogether too fast for the boys from the southern part of the county.

It was a poor day for a game, the weather was chilly and a drizzling rain fell throughout the contest.

The Smiths started the first inning with a two bagger by Knight. Lannon attempted to sacrifice and popped one to the third baseman and Knight was doubled at second. Breneisa tripped between right and center. Boyer walked. Gutel out, Walker to Norman. The Chatsworth boys failed to do anything in their half.

In the second the Smiths scored one run on a two bagger by Burns and singles by Ketcham and Mickelson. In the third, Gutels three base hit and singles by Burns and Smith scored one more. In the fourth, Knight singled but was out at second when he tried to make two bases. Lannon struck out. Breneisa walked. Boyer hit for two bases, scoring Breneisa. Gutel hit one over the left field fence but was unable to make more than three bases on account of muddy diamond. Burns out, Lampson to Norman. A base on balls, Ketcham's two base hit and Knight's single scored another in the fifth. Four singles in a row gave the Smiths their last run in the seventh.

Chatsworth scored their only run in the seventh on a single by Brown and a three base hit by Lindholm, the first hit he had made this season. Boyer certainly made Ninsenhelder look foolish in the fourth when he bluffed a throw to second and caught him off third base for the third out. In the seventh Norman hit a high one towards first base. Boyer started for it but failed to catch it. He picked the ball up and tossed it to Ketcham for the out, Norman still standing at the home plate.

The Smiths played a fine game and showed well at bat and in the field. Following is the score:

FRANK L. SMITHS.		R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Knight, 3b	4	3	2	0	0
Lannon, cf	0	1	0	0	0
Breneisa, lf	1	4	0	0	0
Boyer, c	1	6	2	0	0
Gutel, 2b	2	1	2	0	0
Burns, rf	2	4	2	0	0
Smith, ss	1	1	2	0	0
Ketcham, 1b	0	3	8	0	0
Mickelson, p	0	2	0	1	0
		6	18	27	10	0
CHATSWORTH.		R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lampson, ss	0	0	2	1	0
Cooney, 3b	0	1	2	3	0
Cavanaugh, c	0	1	6	0	0
Gravel, 2b-cf	0	0	5	0	0
Ninsenhelder, cf-1b	0	1	1	0	0
Norman, 1b	0	0	4	0	0
Brown, lf	1	1	0	0	0
Walker, p	0	2	1	1	0
Lindholm, 2b	0	1	1	0	0
Bork, rf	0	0	1	1	0
		1	7	24	7	0

Two base hits—Knight, Boyer, Burns, Ketcham. Three base hits—Breneisa, Gutel (2), Lindholm. Base on balls—On Mickelson, 2; off Walker, 3. Hit by pitched ball—Smith, Lannon. Struck out—By Mickelson, 6; by Walker, 3. Umpire—Jas. Lannon.

This game proves conclusively that Chatsworth should confine her playing to clubs in her own class. We trust Editor Prink will not have the nerve to come out in his paper this week with an article headed "Robbed—Deliberately Robbed."

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"If you were bull calf crazy then I might forgive you if you got down on your knees."

"Humph!" said the deacon to himself.

"Samuel, you needn't mind about a large funeral for me. I deserve one, but I don't want to put you to needless expense. Being as I drowned myself in the pickle barrel, why not use that as my coffin?"

The deacon may have thought it a good idea, but he didn't say so. There was a long minute of silence, and then:

"I don't know but what it is my duty to stay here on earth, Samuel. When a husband gets to running after bull calves, who should watch out for him but his wife? If you would only get down on your knees!"

The deacon made no move to rest on his marrowbones.

"Or if you would promise to let bull calves alone for the rest of your life?"

The deacon yawned and stretched.

"Or if you would just say you was sorry?"

The deacon didn't say it.

"Well," said Mrs. Dolby as she wiped her tears away, "I know by your looks that you are sorry, and so I am going to forgive you. Samuel, would you like buckwheat cakes and maple lasses for breakfast?"

And Mrs. Dolby was saved again!

MRS. DOLBY'S DEED

Pickle Barrel Suicide Threat Leaves Her Husband Unmoved.

By M. QUAD
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After supper, when Deacon Dolby took the kerosene can and started for the store, he left Mrs. Dolby singing the hymn that she had a home over there. She hadn't been so cheerful in many weeks.

When the deacon returned an hour later there was no singing. The lamp on the kitchen table was turned low down, and the house seemed to be deserted.

"Gone over to Brown's," said the deacon to himself as he turned up the wick.

Then his eye caught sight of a note, and he half groaned.

The note was brief and concise. It read:

I have heard all about you and the bull calf, and you will find my drowned body in the pickle barrel down cellar.

"Nice pickle she'll make!" grunted the deacon as he proceeded to the sitting room and turned up the lamp there. He had brought with him four big apples.

It was rather foolish of Mrs. Dolby to choose the pickle route to that better land when there were so many better ones, he thought.

He had finished his first apple and begun peeling the second when Mrs. Dolby appeared in the kitchen door and in a hollow voice exclaimed:

"Samuel Dolby, the dead speaks to you!"

Samuel didn't jump out of his chair. He didn't even give a start of surprise.

"Samuel, one day last fall, when you were pulling the carrots, a man came along the road with a bull calf. Do you remember it?"

The deacon remembered, but he didn't admit that he did.

"After a little talk with him you started off downtown with the two. I called and called you, but you never even looked back."

It was true, but the deacon wasn't going to say so. He wasn't going to say anything at all.

"When you got back home you had a skinned nose and was breathing hard. All you would say about it was that you fell down. Samuel Dolby, you led to your confiding wife!"

"While you were downtown this evening Mrs. White came in and told me all about it. It seems that the man was taking the bull calf to sell to the butcher. When he got there there was a dispute about the calf's weight. That was where you butted in. You never owned a bull calf in your life, but you had to butt in and offer to bet \$2 to \$1 that you could lift him."

The deacon grinned, but the grin was hidden from Mrs. Dolby.

"The man bet with you and you lost. You could no more lift that calf than you could lift a barn. You heaved and grunted and tugged. And when you claimed you had lifted it when you hadn't and you refused to hand over the bet both men called you a liar and the owner of the calf skinned your nose and chased you a quarter of a mile!"

The deacon cringed, but chewed vigorously to hide it. He honestly believed that he had lifted the calf, but the others were against him.

"There is the case, Samuel, and do you blame me for jumping head first into the pickle barrel?"

The deacon had finished his third apple and he was full. He therefore shut and pocketed his jackknife and gave a sort of gulp to signify that he was full.

"I thought I could die and not say anything about it," continued Mrs. Dolby. "But I just had to back out of that barrel and let you know that your peridy was discovered."

"I have done my duty, Samuel, and I go back to my pickle barrel. I don't want the angels to say I was too hard on you, and so I will admit that I have heard of cases where men were half crazy about bull calves. That may have been what ailed you that day. If you think it was, why—why?"

The deacon may have thought so, and he may have repudiated the suggestion with scorn, but he had a wise old head on his shoulders and maintained silence except for a yawn or two.

Spreewald Costumes.

In the Spreewald, that Holland of Germany, where the streets are streams and the people pole up and down the shallow, winding canals, the inhabitants cling to the old costume, and in their little colony, although there are differences in headdress and the number of petticoats, the ancient custom is followed exactly. The most important thing is the petticoats. There is one on top of another, layer after layer, and the more petticoats the richer and finer the maid. Over the top skirt comes an elaborate apron gayly embroidered in many colors, and this, like the cap, changes with the occasion—now plain for the week days and work, now elaborate and trimmed with lace for Sundays and fete days. The women for the most part go barefoot when they work in the damp fields and pole down the shallow streams in their flat bottomed punts, and Sunday is the only day that they put on stockings, white, thick ones, and the stiffly starched caps, with broad white wings and long lace streamers.

The Dog Morland Painted.

Of the many stories of the seemingly unconscious heroism of Newfoundland dogs none is more interesting than the one concerning the noble dog which Morland afterward painted. When William Phillips, bathing at Portsmouth, ventured beyond his depth and was drowning two boatmen, instead of setting out to his rescue, haggled about a reward from the bystanders, who were urging them to go to Phillips' rescue. In the midst of the controversy a Newfoundland dog leaped into the water and brought the exhausted bather to shore. Mr. Phillips bought the dog from its owner, a butcher, and yearly gave a festival in honor of his rescuer. It was for Mr. Phillips that Morland painted the dog's picture, and Bartolozzi engraved it.

Dutch Discrimination.

At Willemstad, the quaint capital of the island of Curacao, in the Dutch West Indies, there is a bridge of boats over the narrow harbor on which all who cross must pay toll. But the authorities have decided that it would be unjust to exact the same rate of toll from the well to do and the far more numerous members of the poor class. So they have evolved the following tariff:

Toll for people wearing shoes..... 1 Cent.
Toll for people going barefoot..... 1/2

"And you can't get around it by taking off your shoes and carrying them in your hand," declares one who knows Curacao. "In order to be allowed to pay the half rate there must be no sign of a shoe anywhere about your person."

The Gag.

A friend told Sir Herbert Tree that another well-known actor had "gagged" in a Shakespeare play. "Ah!" was the reply, "but you must remember that both he and I are licensed gaggists. Indeed, we might be called Gag and Maygag."—London Express.