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KINSMAN.
Continued from page 3)

spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Thos. Ahearn.

Mr. Hugh Phelan and Mrs. John Phelan, of Morris, spent Monday at the Will Mahaffey home.

Mrs. Joseph Bylsma, of Chicago, is spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Sarah DeVine.

Mr. and Mrs. Thorsen, of Chicago, spent this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Andersen.

Misses Mabel and Margaret Moore spent Sunday with their brother Clarence Meagher, at Ransom.

Mrs. Pete Tostenen and children and Misses Mabel Moore and Maggie Weir were Stretator visitors Friday.

Miss Mary McGowan and brother, Leo, spent the past week with her aunt, Mrs. Delantey, at Pontiac.

Miss Cathlene Dawson spent from Saturday until Monday with her cousin, Mrs. Alvin Wright, at Ransom.

Mrs. Will Mahaffey and sons, Willie and Daniel, spent Thursday with her daughter, Mrs. John Phelan, at Morris.

Mrs. Benny Thompson and daughters, of Marseilles, spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Baker.

Mrs. F. White and children and Miss Nellie Ryan spent Saturday evening at the Vaughney homes in Marseilles.

Misses Ella Ryan and Luella McCabe, of Ransom, Kitty Quirk, of Chicago, and Mrs. Alvin Wright autoed to our town on Friday.

Misses Anna and Irene Sisk returned to their home in Bloomington Friday after spending the past six weeks with their uncle, David Sisk.

George Viner is home from Chicago taking a month's vacation.

Miss Vina Nicholson is very poorly and under the care of a trained nurse.

Ray McNamara, of Chicago, was an over Sunday visitor with friends here.

Norris Murray, of Chicago, spent Sunday and Monday with home folks.

Oliver Springer, of Freeport, visited over Sunday at the home of Mrs. Eliza Glenn.

Miss Inez Burleigh spent the latter part of the week with Miss Louise Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Moyer, of Harmony, Pa., are visiting relatives here until after the fair.

Mrs. A. J. Campbell went to Chicago the latter part of the week to spend a few days with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mechem and two daughters, of Joliet, spent Sunday at the home of J. C. Keltner.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Mathews, of Chicago, were guests at the home of Mrs. E. Glenn Sunday and Monday.

Mrs. Phil Babcock and two sons, of Decatur, Mich., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Shield.

Rev. Mary Moreland entertained the choir and three Sunday school classes of young people at her home Monday evening.

Mrs. Geo. Smith and sister, Mrs. Clarence Waters and two sons are guests at the home of W. E. Schaulin in Princeton, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Mooney and Mr. and Mrs. Abe Moyer attended the wedding of their nephew, Wilbur Marsh and Miss Laura Held, in Aurora, Wednesday.

A reception for the Mazon teachers and also for those who will go away to school this fall was held in the Methodist Church Friday evening. Refreshments were served and all enjoyed a pleasant evening.

The funeral of L. B. Drake was held in the M. E. Church Sunday afternoon, Rev. Vandervoort officiating. He had been poorly all summer and died at his home Sept. 5. He was buried in the Mazon cemetery.

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ADVERTISING IN THIS PAPER PAYS

ADVERTISING IN THIS PAPER PAYS

AN OFFER OF WORK

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

"Oh, man!—do you want to do some work?"

It was little Flo Duncombe, a pretty child of eight years, who shouted the words at a young man passing the fenced-in garden where she stood with her sister, Iola.

The latter, eighteen and beautiful, was rather sorry that her impetuous companion had so familiarly called the passer-by "man"—for he was a man, indeed—straight, athletic, bronzed and carelessly dressed, but under the surface the clear eyes and intelligent face proclaimed the gentleman.

"Work, little one?" smiled the stranger, pausing and at one glance at the lovely face of Iola, becoming interested. "I am always glad to work. What is it?"

"Rose leaves and down!" chattered Flo excitedly, important and eager.

"I fear my little sister has been presumptuous," spoke Miss Duncombe, going nearer the picketed fence. "I—I needed some assistance."

"And I am glad of an offer of work," declared the young man promptly, doffed his cap, cleared the fence at a bound and stood awaiting orders.

Miss Duncombe showed a puzzled, irresolute expression in her fair face. She could not quite estimate this brisk, willing stranger. He carried a portfolio under one arm. Was he a canvasser? He did not look it. Iola could not exactly analyze him and as she regarded him there was a pleased look on his face, as though he read her thoughts and was whimsically pleased to act the man of mystery.

Iola was obliged to say something to relieve the unnatural strain of the situation.

"The work is less arduous than tedious and painstaking," she said and she led the way towards an ornate summer house. It was quite a complete structure of itself, being supplied with doors and windows, but these so arranged that in summer time they could be lifted out of view, making of the pagoda-like edifice an open air pavilion.

As she neared its door the young man instantly understood the allusion of little Flo to rose leaves and feathers.

"I—I Needed Some Assistance."

"The walls were formed of rough plastering. To every minute projection of this attached myriad particles of soft filmy down. The light feathery fragments covered the furniture, the pictures, ledges, cobwebs in the corners. A miniature snowstorm seemed to have broken loose. Outside, beyond an open window a line of laurel bushes were deluged with the down.

Upon a stand in the center of the place was an empty silk pillow, partly made. Iola said:

"Some one opened the windows where I had been working last night, a strong wind came up and you see the result. The rose leaves were sent me by a friend from California. I have managed to gather them up, for they were blown off the table in a heap, but the down—I fear it is not worth the labor gathering it up."

"You might try," suggested the young man. "If you would get me a pillow-slip or a deep basket I will see what can be done."

Miss Duncombe went to the house and brought out three baskets. She and Flo set about the same task as this "hired help." She learned that his name was Archie Blair. His manner was so courteous and respectful that they became quite friendly. Little Flo took a rare liking to the bright-hearted young man, who said and did all kinds of merry things in chasing down the butterfly-like down, making of work real play.

It took two hours to gather up most of the scattered down. Then Iola said:

"I am greatly obliged, and the compensation—"

"I was just going to speak of that," declared Archie. "If you will allow me to sketch some of the beautiful surroundings here, with this little fairy and yourself in the picture, I will feel fully compensated."

So he was an artist, reflected Iola, and several little sketches of his pen-

oil convinced her that he had no ordinary talent. She felt warranted in asking him to lunch, and when he went on his way little Flo made him promise to come and see them when he returned from his sketching tour of the lake district, some twenty miles distant.

If the young artist ceased to remember the fair maiden with whom he had spent those delightful hours, not so Iola. A new-comer in town, a Robert Wilder, came pretty regularly to see her, but Iola took little interest in him. He had bloomed forth in the village as a young man of fortune on a vacation. Mr. Duncombe had met him at the town club and took quite a fancy to him. This was, however, because as his partner at whist the talented young man won most of the games from their adversaries at cards.

One evening this delectable individual met Jim Carr, a servant at the Duncombe home, in a secret way. Judging from their conversation, these two had known one another in a sinister way in the past. Further than that, it appeared that the vaunted young man of wealth had some hold on Jim.

"See here, Carr," he said on the present occasion, "you know what I'm after: a rich wife. If old Duncombe has the money I think I wouldn't object to becoming his son-in-law."

"You want to be spry, then," advised Jim.

"Why is that?"

"There's a young artist fellow who has been around for an evening or two. He met Miss Iola about a week ago, it seems, and, on his way to the city, has decided to stop in the village for a week or two. My opinion is he is in love with the girl."

"Oh, well, I'm pretty solid with the old man," boasted Wilder. "See here, I want you to do something for me and I'll pay you well."

"All right—what is it?"

"I want you to act as my dictaphone. In other words, could you manage to overhear what conversation goes on in the house; like what old Duncombe says about me, and how the girl regards me?"

"Sure," replied Jim readily.

"Then report to me day after tomorrow," and at their tryst Jim appeared at the time appointed.

"I've got some news," he advised Wilder.

"Let's have it."

"There's a closet I managed to hide in just off the library, where I overheard a good deal. Night before last I heard Mr. Duncombe telling what a capital fellow you were."

"Good!" commented Wilder.

"Then I overheard them talking with his lawyer. From the conversation I gathered that he is worth about a hundred thousand dollars."

"Excellent—go on, Jim," directed Wilder.

"Last evening, though, a stranger called. He was inquiring about you. He is a detective from the city looking you up for a swindling game there, and he told Mr. Duncombe all about it."

"Zounds! then I'm done for," exclaimed Wilder, "I reckon I'll make tracks from town before I'm picked up," and Wilder started to move away.

"There was something more," advised Jim. "That artist fellow."

"Yes—well, what about him?" questioned Wilder irritably.

"He proposed to Miss Iola this afternoon."

"The mischief!"

"And was accepted."

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

PRIZE FOR THE HISTORIANS

Priceless Records Found by Virginian Librarian Are Being Tabulated for Publication.

If anything is more wonderfully fraught with chance than history, it is undoubtedly the collection of historical materials. The rich mine in which Assistant State Librarian Swem of Virginia has been delving for manuscripts concerning the Old Dominion, Kentucky, and the Northwest, is calculated to make the growing tribe of western antiquarians green with envy. His zeal and industry in tabulating the mass of material that he discovered in the basement of the library are undeniable; but how its exploration was left for him is a story paralleling the finding of the Jesuit Narratives and Kaskaskia records. Mr. Swem's report, "A List of MSS. Recently Deposited in the State Library by the State Auditor," enumerates among the accumulated state and county papers of a century and a half nearly 700,000 pieces of value. Records of property alone are estimated "to constitute the most authentic and comprehensive source material for the economic and social history of Virginia from 1782 to the close of the war between the states." Items abound scarcely less interesting than the following: "Clark, George Rogers. Seventy packages of letters, accounts, orders, captured papers, and miscellaneous documents concerning George Rogers Clark and the Illinois country, 1778-1783; 300 pieces per package." Nothing of more interest to the growing army of curious concerning the opening of the Ohio and Mississippi country has been recently brought to light, though the work of investigators among buried materials has been a rising monument to the ability of a new historical perspective to bring forth new Colum-buses.—New York Evening Post.

Good Guess.
Bacon—Why does a woman look so worried when she sees a telegraph boy approaching the house?
Egbert—Because she thinks the telegram is coming "collect," I suppose.

A Bath a Month.
Apparently the people of Persia are not great believers in the old maxim "Cleanliness is next to godliness," for baths are only taken once a month by the people, when they go to the public baths and make amends, so to speak, for the infrequency of their ablutions by spending a whole day getting cleaned and trimmed. At the baths they are washed, shaved, dye their hair and nails, get shampooed and spend the rest of the day eating buns and drinking sherbet. There are fixed days for men and women, and on bath days a man goes about the streets shouting, "Hamum!" ("Bath day!"). After the bath the ladies have their hair plaited in a number of thin plaits, which are not opened and combed out until the next bath day comes around.

Pompey's Pillar.
This is the name of a celebrated column standing on a slight elevation in the southwest section of ancient Alexandria, a short distance outside the Arabian walls. It is a monolith of red granite of the Corinthian order raised upon a pedestal. Its total height is ninety-eight feet nine inches, shaft seventy-three feet and circumference twenty-nine feet eight inches. The present name is a mere invention of travelers. The inscription on the base shows that it was erected by Publius, eparch of Egypt, in honor of the Emperor Diocletian A. D. 302. It stood in the center of the court of the serapeum, or great sanctuary, of Serapis and survived its transformations into a church and a fortification.

The Rubicon.
The Rubicon was the small stream separating ancient Italy from Cisalpine Gaul, the province which had been allotted to Caesar. When Caesar crossed this stream at the head of an armed force he passed beyond the limits of his own province and legally became an invader of Italy.

Testing His Influence.
Senator, can you give me a job as janitor around the capitol?
"Why, I thought you were slated for something bigger!"

"I have been slated for several things bigger. Now I want to see if there isn't something I can really get."—Pittsburgh Post.

Heard in a Bakeshop.
Baker—No five cent loaves of pumpernickel left sir; only the large ones. Customer—Very well; give me a loaf of pumpernickel.—Boston Transcript.

Nearly Did.
Grocer—Did those mushrooms I sold you do for the whole family? Customer—Very nearly. The doctor is still calling.—New Orleans Picayune.

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