

# The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XL NO. 42

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 19, 1923

5 CENTS A COPY

## CRAM'S STORE

### Beach Coats & Vests

Are the Ideal Garments  
for Fall and Winter  
Wear

### BARGAINS IN

Men's Shirts This Week  
\$1 Shirts for 65 cents

ASK TO SEE THEM

## W. E. CRAM

Odd Fellows Block Store,  
ANTRIM, New Hamp.

## New Process OIL COOK STOVE

Equipped with Lorain  
Giant Burner

This Stove has Vesuvius Metal Burners  
with 10 Year Guarantee. A First-class  
Stove at Moderate Cost.

GEO. W. HUNT, Antrim, N. H.

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Of accepting personal security upon a bond, when corporate security is vastly superior! The personal security may be financially strong to-day and insolvent to-morrow; or he may die, and his estate be immediately distributed. In any event, recovery is dilatory and uncertain.

The American Surety Company of New York, capitalized at \$2,500,000 is the strongest Surety Company in existence, and the only one whose sole business is to furnish Surety Bonds. Apply to

H. W. ELDREDGE Agent,  
Antrim.

### A PLEASANT PARTY

At Lake Cottage, Told by One  
Who Was There

On the evening of the last regular meeting of the Woman's Relief Corps, September 4, Mrs. Anna Eaton Carter extended a cordial invitation to all members to hold a basket picnic at "We-like-it" cottage, Gregg lake, Saturday, September 15, which was accepted with thanks. Later the veterans with their wives were invited to join the ranks.

The morning was a frosty one, but with the bright sun outside, the glowing blaze in the fireplace, and the good cheer of all present, the occasion proved a gala one long to be remembered.

As is usually the case the menu at the dinner was elaborate, made especially so it being the birthday of Mr. Swain, a fine bouquet of asters and decorated cake for his benefit, also one for the G. A. R., as a whole, were provided.

It was regretted that some were detained from attending by illness and home cares, but twenty-nine did ample justice to the food, and listened to the jokes and remarks with pleasure, after which some meandered on the beach while others enjoyed the fine views from the piazzas.

As the sun was sinking in the west all wended their way homeward feeling very thankful to the host and hostess for their courtesy and untiring efforts to make it a pleasant and memorable occasion.

### New Encampment

The date for the institution of the new Encampment at East Jaffrey has been decided, Sept. 27, is the night selected. The detailed arrangements are now being worked out and soon everything will be in readiness to start the ball rolling. Officers will be elected, degrees conferred, and the machinery necessary to start a new Encampment and keep it going will be done in one night.

Encampments in this section of the state are expected to confer the degrees. Mt. Crooked Encampment, of Antrim, has three members already admitted who will be taken to East Jaffrey to be advanced to the higher degrees with other brother Patriarchs at this meeting. Does any Patriarch expect a dull evening? He'll say not! Give your name to transportation committee having this in charge.

### In Explanation

The following statement has been furnished the Reporter by David Brown, for publication, in order to make correct and make clear a statement that appeared in these columns under date of September 5:

Atty. Alvin J. Lucier, of Nashua, was in town on Aug. 29th, appearing for the defence for Fred, David and Charles Brown. He entered a plea of not guilty and appealed to the September term of Superior Court. Through the efforts of Mr. Lucier, the fines and costs were cancelled; however, on the following day, Judge Wilson tried to cancel the appeal and collect the costs, which he failed to do.

The complaint against Charles Brown has been pending nearly eight months and

### A FEW THOUGHTS

Suggested By What Is Happening Around

Effective September 30, at 12.01 a.m., all Boston & Maine Railroad System trains, which were scheduled one hour earlier because of Daylight Saving laws, will be scheduled one hour later.

Some old receipts were shown the Reporter man the past week by R. C. Goodell, which were found under the coving of the dwelling house at Maple Grove farm while workmen were doing some shingling. One of these receipts was given in March, 1793, signed by James Aiken, owner of the first house in Antrim. Other papers bear dates in 1786, 1791, signed by other parties; and a town warrant issued in 1801. These papers are in a good state of preservation.

The Reporter watched with great interest the progress of our base ball team this Summer. We knew somewhat of the obstacles and feel that we voiced the sentiments of all our public spirited citizens when thanking the management for its untiring efforts to provide our town with its favorite out-door civic interest during the summer just passed. Entirely deaf to unjust criticism, Manager Newell, with limited material to work with, stuck to the job and finally provided us with a fine team, which won seven out of its ten home games, defeated the almost unbeaten Jaffrey professional team, and took two out of three games with its old rival, Hancock. Somehow we confess to a special pride in owning the fellow who "puts it across" under great difficulties. We are grateful to him and the other local boys who gave us so loyally of their time and efforts to keep Antrim on the map in this respect.

A news item in last week's Laconia Democrat commented upon the fact that some old grave-stones have been found doing duty as hearthstones in Laconia. The item might also have truthfully stated that fifty years ago it was not uncommon for printing offices in New Hampshire to utilize old grave-stones for imposing or make-up stones. It might perhaps be explained that a make-up stone in a printing office is a large slab of marble, slate or metal, mounted on a bench at a convenient height for the printer to make up and lock up a form of type to prepare it for the printing press. Of course these grave-stones were not stolen from old-time burying grounds, but were purchased from the local stone cutter who perhaps took them from burial lots when a monument was erected or for some other proper reason. As the printer placed the stone face down on the bench, the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Hannah, beloved wife of John Doe, etc." was out of sight and soon out of mind.

In the Reporter office is a stone of this kind which we have made up forms on for the past thirty years and it is still doing good work.

had been refused a hearing several times.

Mr. Lucier brought a complaint and peace warrant against John Brown, Judge Wilson finding him guilty, he was put under bonds to keep the peace for a term of six months for destruction of property.

72d Anniversary of Rebekah Odd Fellowship will be Observed by Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, at Odd Fellows Hall, Antrim, on

Thursday Evening, September 20

1923, at Eight o'clock

Grand Master Weston, of Marlboro, and Mrs. Clara Lang, Past President, Manchester, will be present. The Rebekahs desire a large attendance of Odd Fellows, their wives and lady friends, in addition to their own members.

## Just Received!

A NEW LOT OF

## Round-pointed SHOVELS

PRICE WHILE THEY LAST

50c. and 90c.

Each

## Fred J. Gibson,

HILLSBORO LOWER VILLAGE, New Hamp.

We are Headquarters for Shingles.

## At the Main St. Soda Shop

W. E. BUTCHER, Prop.

## ONE CENT SALE!

Two Weeks Only!

In order to make room for our large purchase of Christmas goods we have decided to run this sale, as we need the space, and offer you a great number of items at absolutely less than cost.

In this sale you get two articles for the price of one, Plus ONE CENT. In other words, you buy one article at its regular every day selling price and then get another similar article for only ONE CENT additional.

Two ply Huck Towels	35c.	2 for 36c
Shaving Cream	25c.	2 for 26c
Tooth Paste	25c.	2 for 26c
Talcum Powder, all odors	25c.	2 for 26c
Baby Talcum, Borated	25c.	2 for 26c
Emulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo	50c.	2 for 51c
High Grade Toilet Soap, per cake	10c.	2 for 11c
Writing Pads	8c.	2 for 9c
Castor Oil	25c.	2 for 26c
Black Writing Ink	10c.	2 for 11c
Peroxide	35c.	2 for 36c
Vanishing Cream, jar	35c.	2 for 36c
Cold Cream	35c.	2 for 36c
Facial Massage Cream	35c.	2 for 36c
Tooth Powder	25c.	2 for 26c
100 5 Grain Genuine Aspirin Tablets	75c.	2 for 76c
9 ounce Thin Table Tumblers	10c.	2 for 11c
Listerine Tooth Paste	10c.	2 for 11c
Machine Oil, pint can	35c.	2 for 36c
Extra Good Shaving Brushes, set in rubber	35c.	2 for 36c
Williams Shaving Soap, cakes	10c.	2 for 11c
Extra Fine Metal Polish	35c.	2 for 36c
Good Sized Bottle Witch Hazel	35c.	2 for 36c
Briar Pipes	40c.	2 for 41c
Glycerine and Rose Water, bottle	35c.	2 for 36c
Toilet Water, all odors	35c.	2 for 36c
Linen Writing Paper, box	35c.	2 for 36c
Bay Rum	35c.	2 for 36c
Blades for Gillette Razors, doz.	75c.	2 for 76c
Smelling Salts, fancy bottle	35c.	2 for 36c
Hair Brushes	75c.	2 for 76c
Face Powder	25c.	2 for 26c
Linen Envelopes, pkg.	10c.	2 for 11c
Linen Writing Pads, large size	10c.	2 for 11c
Linen Writing Paper, in packages	35c.	2 for 36c
Cup and Saucer	35c.	2 for 36c
Tooth Brushes	35c.	2 for 36c
Fountain Pen Ink	20c.	2 for 21c
Celluloid Hair Pins, pkg.	10c.	2 for 11c
Eau de Quinine Hair Tonic	75c.	2 for 76c
Double Mesh Hair Nets	10c.	2 for 11c
Single Mesh Hair Nets	10c.	2 for 11c
Blades for Gem Razors, pkg.	20c.	2 for 21c
Japanese Tissue Toilet Paper, large rolls	20c.	2 for 21c
Marcella Chocolates, "Delightfully Different"		
Pound box	80c.	2 for 81c

## At the Main St. Soda Shop

Did You Ever Think Of It  
This Way?

The world owes you nothing unless you have increased its wealth—  
Unless you have added something instead of taking away.

The world owes you nothing except room in which to

work—  
Suitable tools with which to do your work—  
And pay when the work is done.  
Any other conception will lead you astray—  
And rob you of reward in the end.

—Exchange.

The Antrim Reporter, all the local news, \$2.00 per year.



# The Light of Western Stars

## A Romance

By Zane Grey

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CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"It was absolutely impossible for Stewart to have been connected with that assault," went on Madeline, swiftly. "For he was with me in the waiting room of the station at the moment the assault was made outside. The door was open. I heard the voices of quarreling men. The language was Spanish. I heard a woman's voice mingling with the others. It, too, was Spanish, and I could not understand. But the tone was beseeching. Then I heard footsteps on the gravel. Just outside the door then there were hoarse, furious voices, a scuffle, a muffled shot, a woman's cry, the thud of a falling body, and rapid footsteps of a man racing away. Next, the girl Bonita staggered into the door. She was white, trembling, terror-stricken. She recognized Stewart, appealed to him. Stewart supported her and endeavored to calm her. He asked her if Danny Mains had been shot, or if he had done the shooting. The girl said no. She told Stewart that she had danced a little, flirted a little with vaqueros, and they had quarreled over her. Then Stewart took her outside and put her upon his horse. I saw the girl ride that horse down the street to disappear in the darkness."

"While Madeline spoke another change appeared in the spots in the man's face. His sharp features fixed in an expression of grief."

"That's mighty interestin', Miss Hammond, 'most as interestin' as a story book," he said. "Now, since you're so obligin' a witness, I'd sure like to put a question or two. What time did you arrive at El Cajon that night?"

"It was after eleven o'clock," replied Madeline.

"Nobody there to meet you?"

"No."

"The station agent an' operator both gone?"

"Yes."

"How soon did this feller Stewart show up?"

"Very soon after my arrival. I think—perhaps fifteen minutes, possibly a little more."

"An' what time was the Greaser shot?"

"Probably close to half past one. It was two o'clock when I looked at my watch at Florence Kingsley's house. Directly after Stewart sent Bonita away he took me to Miss Kingsley's. So, allowing for the walk and a few minutes conversation with her, I can pretty definitely say the shooting took place at about half past one."

Stillwell heaved his big frame a step closer to the sheriff.

"What're you drivin' at?" he roared, his face black again.

"Evidence," snapped Hawe.

Madeline marveled at this interruption; and as Stewart irresistibly drew her glance she saw him gray-faced as ashes, shaking, utterly unsteady.

"I thank you, Miss Hammond," he said, huskily. "But you needn't answer any more of Hawe's questions. He—he's—he's—it's not necessary. I'll go with him now, under arrest. Bonita will corroborate your testimony in court, and that will save me from this—this man's spite."

Madeline, looking at Stewart, seeing a humility she at first took for cowardice, suddenly divined that it was not fear for himself which made him dread further disclosures of that night, but fear for her—fear of shame she might suffer through him.

But Hawe, looking at her head to one side like a vulture about to strike with his beak, and cunningly eyed Madeline.

"Considered as testimony, what you've said is sure important an' conclusive. But I'm calculatin' that the court will want to hear explained why you stayed from eleven-thirty till one-thirty in that waitin' room alone with Stewart."

His deliberate speech met with what Madeline imagined a remarkable reception from Stewart, who gave a fiercest start; from Stillwell, whose big hands tore at the neck of his shirt, as if he was choking; from Alfred, who now strode boldly forward, to be stopped by the cold and silent Nels; from Monty Price, who uttered a violent "Aw!" which was both a hiss and a roar.

In the rush of her thought Madeline could not interpret the meaning of these things which seemed so strange at that moment. But they were portentous. Even as she was forming a reply to Hawe's speech she felt a chill creep over her.

"Stewart detained me in the waiting room," she said, her voice as a bell. "But we were not alone—all the time."

For a moment the only sound following her words was a gasp from Stewart. Hawe's face became transformed with a hideous amazement and joy.

"Detained?" he whispered, craning his lean and corded neck. "How's that?"

"Stewart was drunk. He—"

With sudden passionate gesture of despair Stewart appealed to her:

"Oh, Miss Hammond, don't! don't! don't!"

Then he seemed to sink down, head lowered upon his breast, in utter shame. Stillwell's great hand swept to the bowed shoulder, and he turned to Madeline.

"Miss Majesty, I reckon you'd be wise to tell all," said the old cattleman, gravely. "There ain't one of us who could misunderstand any motive or act of yours. Mebbe a stroke of

lightnin' might clear this murky air. Whatever Gene Stewart did that on-lucky night—you tell it."

Madeline's dignity and self-possession had been disturbed by Stewart's impetuosity. She broke into swift, disconnected speech:

"He came into the station—a few minutes after I got there. I asked—to be shown to a hotel. He said there wasn't any that would accommodate married women. He grasped my hand—looked for a wedding-ring. Then I saw he was—he was intoxicated. He told me he would go for a hotel porter. But he came back with a padre—Padre Marcos. The poor priest was—terribly frightened. So was I. Stewart had turned into a devil. He fired his gun at the padre's feet. He pushed me onto a bench. Again he shot—right before my face. I—I nearly fainted. But I heard him cursing the padre—heard the padre praying or chanting—I didn't know what. Stewart tried to make me say things in Spanish. All at once he asked my name. I told him. He jerked at my veil. I took it off. Then he threw his gun down—pushed the padre out of the door. That was just before the vaqueros approached with Bonita. Padre Marcos must have seen them—must have heard them. After that Stewart grew quickly sober. He told me he had been drinking at a wedding—I remember, it was Ed Linton's wedding. Then he explained—the boys were always gambling—he wagered he would marry the first girl who arrived at El Cajon. I happened to be the first one. He tried to force me to marry him. The rest—relating to the assault on the vaquero—I have already told you."

Madeline ended, out of breath and panting, with her hands pressed upon her heaving bosom.

Hawe rolled his red eyes and threw back his head.

"Ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho! Say, Sneed, you didn't miss any of it, did ye? Haw, haw! Best I ever heard in all my born days. Ho, ho!"

Then he ceased laughing, and with glinting gaze upon Madeline, insolent and vicious and savage, he began to drawl:

"Wal now, my lady, I reckon your story, if it tallies with Bonita's an' Padre Marcos', will clear Gene Stewart in the eyes of the court." Here he grew slower, more biting, sharper and harder of face. "But you needn't expect Pat Hawe or the court to swallow that part of your story—about bein' detained unwillin'!"

Madeline had not time to grasp the sense of his last words. Stewart had convulsively sprung upward, white as chalk. As he leaped at Hawe Stillwell interposed his huge bulk and wrapped his arms around Stewart. There was a brief, whirling, wrestling struggle. Stewart appeared to be besting the old cattleman.

"Help, boys, help!" yelled Stillwell. "I can't hold him. Hurry, or there's goin' to be blood spilled!"

Nick Steele and several cowboys leaped to Stillwell's assistance.

"Gene! Why, Gene!" panted the old cattleman. "Sure you're loosed—to not this way. Cool down! Cool down! Why, boy, it's all right. Just stand still—give us a chance to talk to you. It's only ole Bill, you know—your ole pal who's tried to be a daddy to you. He's only wantin' you to hev sense—to be cool—to wait."

"Let me go! Let me go!" cried Stewart, and the poignancy of that cry pierced Madeline's heart. "Let me go, Bill, if you're my friend. I saved your life once—over in the desert. You

swore you'd never forget. Boys, make him let me go! Oh, I don't care what Hawe's said or done to me! It was that about her! Are you all! Was that about her? How can you stand it? D—n you for a lot of cowards! There's a limit, I tell you. Then his voice broke, fell to a whisper. "Bill, dear ole Bill, let me go. I'll kill him! You know I'll kill him!"

"Gene, I know you'd kill him if you hed an even break," replied Stillwell soothingly. "But, Gene, why, you ain't even packin' a gun! An' there's Pat lookin' nasty, with his hand nervous-like. He seen you hed no gun. He'd jump at the chance to plug you now, an' then holler about opposition to the

law. Cool down, son; it'll all come right."

Suddenly Madeline was transfixed by a terrible sound. Her startled glance shifted from the anxious group round Stewart to see that Monty Price had leaped off the porch. He crouched down with his hands below his hips, where the big guns swung. From his distorted lips issued that sound which was combined-roar-and-bellow-and-Indian-war-whoop, and, more than all, a horrible warning cry. He was quivering, vibrating. His eyes, black and hot, were fastened with most piercing intentness upon Hawe and Sneed.

"Git back, Bill, git back!" he roared. "Git 'em back!"

With one lunge Stillwell shoved Stewart and Nick and the other cowboys upon the porch. Then he crowded Madeline and Alfred and Florence to the wall, tried to force them farther. His motions were rapid and stern. But falling to get them through door and windows, he planted his wide person between the women and danger. Madeline grasped his arm, held on, and peered fearfully from behind his broad shoulder.

"You, Hawe! You, Sneed!" called Monty, in that same wild voice. "Don't you move a finger or an eyelash!"

Madeline's faculties served to keep, thrilling divination. She grasped the relation between Monty's terrible cry and the strange hunched posture he had assumed.

"Nels, git in this!" yelled Monty; and all the time he never shifted his intent gaze as much as a hair's breadth from Hawe and his deputy. "Nels, chase away them two fellers hangin' back there. Chase 'em, quick!"

These men, the two deputies who had remained in the background with the pack-horses, did not wait for Nels. They spurred their mounts, wheeled, and galloped away.

"Now, Nels, out the gurl loose," ordered Monty.

Nels ran forward, jerked the halter out of Sneed's hand, and pulled Bonita's horse in close to the porch. As he slit the rope which bound her she fell into his arms.

"Hawe, git down!" went on Monty. "Face front an' stiff!"

The sheriff swung his leg, and, never moving his hands, with his face now a deathly, sickening white, he slid to the ground.

"Line up there beside your guerrilla pard. There! You two make a d—n line pector, a d—n fine team of pizened coyote an' a cross between a wild mule an' a Greaser. Now listen!"

Monty made a long pause, in which his breathing was plainly audible.

Madeline's eyes were riveted upon Monty. Her mind, swift as lightning, had gathered the subtleties in action and word succeeding his domination of the men. Violence, terrible violence, the thing she had felt, the thing she had feared, the thing she had sought to eliminate from among her cowboys, was, after many months, about to be enacted before her eyes. It had come at last. She had softened Stillwell, she had influenced Nels, she had claudoned Stewart; but this little black-faced, terrible Monty Price now rose, as it were, out of his past wild years, and no power on earth, or in heaven could stay his hand. With eyes slowly hazing red, she watched him; she listened with thrumming ears; she waited, slowly sagging against Stillwell.

"Hawe, if you an' your dirty pard hev loved the sound of human voice, then listen an' listen hard," said Monty. "Fer I've been gon' contrary to my ole style jest to hev a talk with you. You all but got away on your nerve, didn't you? 'Cause why? You roll in here like a mad steer an' flash yer badge an' talk mean, then almost bluff away with it. You heard all about Miss Hammond's cowboy outfit stoppin' drinkin' an' cussin' an' packin' guns. They've took on religion an' decent livin', an' sure they'll be easy to hobbie an' drive to jail. Hawe, listen. There was a good an' noble an' be-otiful woman come out of the East somewheres, an' she brought a lot of sunshine an' happiness an' new ideas into the tough lives of cowboys. I reckon it's beyond you to know what she come to mean to them. Wal, I'll tell you. They-all got clean out of their heads. They-all got soft an' easy an' sweet-tempered. They got so they couldn't kill a coyote, a crippled calf in a mud-hole. Even me—an ole, worn-out, hobbie-legged, burped-up cowman like me! Do you git that? An' you, Mister Hawe, you come along, not satisfied with roppin' an' beatin', an' Gaw knows what else, of that friendless little Bonita; you come along an' face the lady we fellers honor an' love an' reverence, an' you—you—H—H—H—"

With whistling breath, foaming at the mouth, Monty Price crouched lower, hands at his hips, and he edged inch by inch farther out from the porch, closer to Hawe and Sneed. Madeline saw them only in the blurred fringe of her sight. They resembled specters. She heard the shrill whistle of a horse and recognized Majesty calling her from the corral.

"That's all!" roared Monty, in a voice now strangling. Lower and lower he bent, a terrible figure of ferocity,

"Now, both you armed officers of the law, come on! Flash your guns! Throw 'em, an' be quick! Monty Price is done! There'll be daylight through you both before you fan a hammer! But I'm givin' you a chanst to stung me. You holler law, an' my way is the ole law."

His breath came quicker, his voice grew hoarser, and he crouched lower. All his body except his rigid arms quivered with a wonderful muscular convulsion.

"Dogs! Skunks! Buzzards! Flash them guns, er I'll flash mine! Aha!"

To Madeline it seemed the three stiff, crouching men leaped into instant and united action. She saw

whip, spurred him. Stewart's iron arm held the horse. Then Madeline, in a flash of passion, struck at Stewart's face, missed it, struck again, and hit with one pull, almost drawing her from the saddle, he tore the whip from her hands. It was not that action on his part, or the sudden strong masterfulness of his look, so much as the livid mark on his face where the whip had lashed that quieted, if it did not check, her fury.

"That's nothing," he said, with something of his old audacity. "That's nothing to how you've hurt me."

Madeline battled with herself for control. This man would not be denied. About him now there was only the ghost of that finer, gentler man she had helped to bring into being. The piercing dark eyes he bent upon her burned her, went through her as if he were looking into her soul. Then Madeline's quick sight caught a fleeting doubt, a wistfulness, a surprised and saddened certainty in his eyes, saw it shade and pass away. Her woman's intuition, as keen as her sight, told her Stewart in that moment had sustained a shock of bitter, final truth.

For the third time he repeated his question to her. Madeline did not answer; she could not speak.

"You don't know I love you, do you?" he continued, passionately. "That ever since you stood before me in that hole at Chiricahua I've loved you? You can't see I've been another man, loving you, working for you, livin' for you? You won't believe I've turned my back on the old wild life, that I've been decent and honorable and happy and usefal—your kind of a cowboy? You couldn't tell, though I loved you, that I never wanted you to know it, that I never dared to think of you except as my angel, my holy Virgin? What do you know of a man's heart and soul? How could you tell of the love, the salvation of a man who's lived his life in the silence and loneliness? Who could teach you the actual truth—that a wild cowboy, faithless to mother and sister, except in memory, riding a hard, drunken trail straight to hell, had looked into the face, the eyes of a beautiful woman infinitely beyond him, above him, and had so loved her that he was saved—that he became faithful again—that he saw her face in every flower and her eyes in the blue heaven?"

Madeline was mute. She heard her heart thundering in her ears.

Stewart leaped at her. His powerful hand closed on her arm. She trembled. His action presaged the old instinctive violence.

"No; but you think I kept Bonita up in the mountains, that I went secretly to meet her, that all the while I served you I was—Oh, I know what you think! I know now. I never knew till I made you look at me. Now, say it! Speak!"

White-hot, blinded, utterly in the fiery grasp of passion, powerless to stem the rush of a word both shameful and revealing and fatal, Madeline cried:

"Yes!"

He had wrenched that word from her, but he was not subtle enough, not versed in the mystery of woman's motive enough, to divine the deep significance of her reply.

For him the word had only literal meaning confirming the dishonor in which she held him. Dropping her arm, he shrunk back, a strange action for the savage and crude man she judged him to be.

"But that day at Chiricahua you spoke of faith," he burst out. "You said the greatest thing in the world was faith in human nature. You said you had faith in me! You made me have faith in myself!"

His reproach, without bitterness or scorn, was a lash to her old egoistic belief in her fairness. She had preached a beautiful principle that she had failed to live up to.

"You think I am vile," he said. "You think that about Bonita! And all the time I've been . . . I could make you ashamed—I could tell you—"

His passionate utterance ceased with a snap of his teeth. His lips set in a thin, bitter line. The agitation of his face preceded a conclusive wrestling of his shoulders.

"No, no!" he panted. Was it his answer to some mighty temptation? Then, like a bent sapling released, he sprang erect. "But I'll be the man—the dog—you think me!"

He laid hold of her arm with rude, powerful clutch. One pull drew her, sliding half out of the saddle into his arms. She fell with her breast against his, not wholly free of stirrups or horse, and there she hung, utterly powerless. Madeline, writhing, she tore to release herself. All she could accomplish was to twist herself, raise herself high enough to see his face. That almost paralyzed her. Did he mean to kill her? Then he wrapped his arms around her and crushed her tighter, close to him. She felt the pound of his heart; her own seemed to have frozen. Then he pressed his burning lips to hers. It was a long, terrible kiss. She felt him shake.

"Oh, Stewart! I—Implore—you—let—me—go!" she whispered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Fruitless Quest.

"I don't believe I'll ever reach my end," remarked the dog as he was spinning around in a futile effort to catch the tip of his tail.—New Orleans States.

Lower and Lower He Bent, a Terrible Figure of Ferocity.

CHAPTER XIX

Unbridled.

In waking and sleeping hours, Madeline Hammond could not release herself from the thrilling memory of that tragedy. She was haunted by Monty Price's terrible smile. Only in action of some kind could she escape; and to that end she worked, she walked and rode. She even overcame a strong feeling, which she feared was unreasonable disgust, for the Mexican girl Bonita, who lay ill at the ranch, bruised and feverish, in need of skillful nursing.

One afternoon she rode down to the alfalfa fields, round them, and back up to the spillway of the lower lake, where a group of mesquite-trees, owing to the water that seeped through the sand to their roots, had taken on bloom and beauty of renewed life. Under these trees there was shade enough to make a pleasant place to linger. Madeline dismounted, desiring to rest a little.

Her horse, Majesty, tossed his head and flung his mane and switched his tail at the flies. He would rather have been cutting the wind down the valley slope. Madeline sat with her back against a tree, and took off her sombrero. Suddenly Majesty picked up his long ears and snorted. Then Madeline heard a slow pad of hoofs. A horse was approaching from the direction of the lake. Madeline had learned to be wary, and mounting Majesty, she turned him toward the open. A moment later she felt glad of her caution, for, looking back between the trees, she saw Stewart leading a horse into the grove. She would as lief have met a guerrilla as this cowboy.

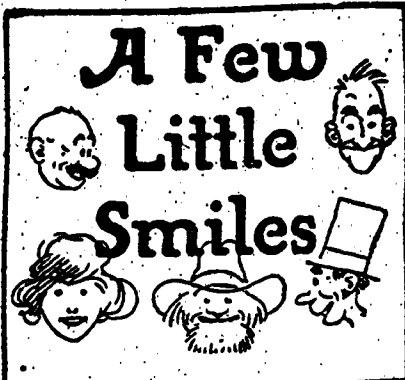
Majesty had broken into a trot when a shrill whistle rent the air. The horse leaped and, wheeling so swiftly that he nearly unseated Madeline, he charged back straight for the mesquites. Madeline spoke to him, cried angrily at him, pulled with all her strength upon the bridle, but all her helplessness was unable to stop him. He whistled a piercing blast. Madeline realized then that Stewart, his old master, had called him and that nothing could turn him. She gave up trying, and the horse thumped into an aisle between the trees and, stopping before Stewart, whinnied eagerly.

"I want to talk to you," said Stewart.

Madeline started, turned to him, and now she saw the earlier Stewart, the man who reminded her of that memorable meeting at Chiricahua.

"I want to ask you something," he went on. "I've been wanting to know something. That's why I've hung on here. But now I'm going over—over the border. And I want to know. Why did you refuse to listen to me?"

At his last words that hot shame, tenfold more stifling than when it had before humiliated Madeline, rushed over her, sending the scarlet in a wave to her temples. Biting her lips to hold back speech, she jerked on Majesty's bridle, struck him with her

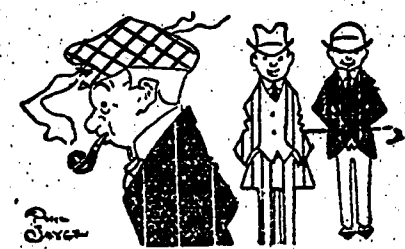


OWED SUCCESS TO COW

Artist—I owe my great success to a cow. To be frank with you.

His Friend—Oh, so the picture that made you famous was one portraying a cow?

Artist—Not exactly. I was painting a landscape in the country and a cow licked most of the paint off from the canvas. I called the result "An Oyster Calling to His Mate," and here I am—Houston Post.



THE SAFER WAY

"He called his mother-in-law an old cat."

"That took some courage."

"Oh, he didn't do it in words; he sent her a package of catnip."

Natural Result.

Bud Hic's was a simple lad. He never done no harm. He milked a cow from the left-hand side.

And now he's left the farm! —Country Gentleman.

At the Bargain Sale.

"My wife saved ten dollars at a bargain sale yesterday," said Brown.

"She did," returned Jones; "and did she give you the ten dollars?"

"No," said Brown sadly. "She demanded ten more to buy a hat. Her old one was trampled on in the rush."

To Drown Her Out.

"Is your daughter goin' to practice on the piano this afternoon?"

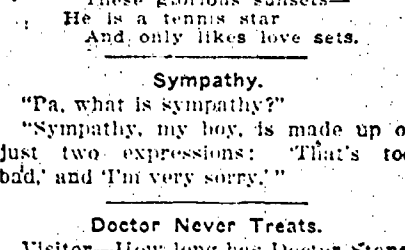
"Yes."

"Well, then, will you please lend me your lawn mower? I have to do the lawn some time, anyway."

Pleasure Not Business.

She (indignantly)—You had no business to kiss me!

He (apologetically)—But, hanz it all, it wasn't business—it was a pleasure!



TRUE.

Her Dad—Of course, you have heard my daughter sing.

Suitor—Yes, sir; but I should like to have her in spite of that.

Likes Love Sets.

They don't appeal to him. These glorious sunsets. He is a tennis star. And, only likes love sets.

Sympathy.

"Pa, what is sympathy?"

"Sympathy, my boy, is made up of just two expressions: 'That's too bad,' and 'I'm very sorry.'"

Doctor Never Treats.

Visitor—How long has Doctor Stansby been treating you?

Patient—The doc never treats once I pay all the bills.

Principles.

"A statesman is judged by what he stands for."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "and also by what he won't stand for." —Washington Star.

The Successful Pugilist.

"What's your idea of a really successful pugilist?"

"One who learns a good monologue and takes care of his money." —Washington Star.

Can't Afford Both.

Mrs. Loser—The dentist says I must have some bridge work done. Husband—Then you'll have to quit bridge playing.

No Profit.

"Why did you stop playing poker?"

"The hours were very trying. Then I had to pay when I lost and my wife collected when I won."

The Question.

"Try one of these cigars, old man; they're the best things out!"

"How are they when they're lighted?"—Pathfinder.



SURE THEY DO!

"There's that Miss Grubb we met a few months ago."

"You don't mean it! What a difference a few fine clothes make!"



"He Wagered He Would Marry the First Girl Who Arrived at El Cajon."







## "GOODWIN'S"

Where You May Find a Complete Line of

### Shoes, Gents' Furnishings

New Shoes for Fall Wear, Flannel Shirts, Gloves, Caps, etc.

Ladies' Gordan Hosiery — all colors

This Week we Give 10% Off on Above Line. You Bring This Coupon. Only One Coupon can be used on a Purchase

THIS COUPON is worth from 10¢ on a Dollar Purchase up to \$1 on a \$10 Purchase. Good until September 26th.

## Want to Save Half Your Floor Scrubbing?

Did you ever compare the work of cleaning a Linoleum with that of scrubbing a Wood Floor? Others have and have quit on the bare floor proposition. Linoleum saves labor and adds greatly to appearance, saves a lot of noise and rests the feet.

Buy the sort with colors through to the back; pattern never wears off. Whether you desire a plain color or tile effect, whether a granite or plank, or if you want a print or heavy battleship grade, we have them all. Whether you want a light color for the bath room or chamber, or dark for the kitchen, or anything between, we have it.

You make the selection, we do the rest; measure the room, lay the goods and do a good job of it. When the job is done, and entirely satisfactory, you pay the bill.

It is always best to see the goods in the store, but if you cannot call write, we will send samples.

## EMERSON & SON, Milford.

**B. D. PEASLEE, M. D.**  
 HILLSBORO, N. H.  
 Office Over National Bank

Diseases of Eye and Ear. Latest instruments for the detection of errors of vision and correct fitting of Glasses.

Regular office hours: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 1 to 3 p. m., other days and hours by appointment only.

Office CLOSED Oct. 25 to Apr. 15

---

**J. D. HUTCHINSON**  
 Civil Engineer,  
 Land Surveying, Levels, etc.  
 ANTRIM, N. H.  
 WELLSBORO CONNECTION

### Watches & Clocks CLEANED AND REPAIRED.

Work may be left at Goodwin's Store

**Carl L. Gove,**  
 Clinton Village, Antrim, N. H.

**Arthur A. Muir, D. C. Ph. C.**  
 KEENE CHIROPRACTOR  
 MAKES CALLS  
 ANTRIM HANCOCK  
 BENNINGTON PETERBORO  
 Monday, Wednesday, Friday

## Jackson's Garage

Have your Automobile done in a satisfactory manner. Complete satisfaction is the result of taking it to a first-class mechanic who guarantees his work, at fair prices.

**Chas. F. Jackson, Prop.,**  
 Elm St., Antrim Phone 4-3

**The Antrim Reporter**  
 Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year  
 Advertising Rates on Application

**H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER**  
**H. B. ELDRIDGE, Assistant**

**Wednesday, Sept. 19, 1923**

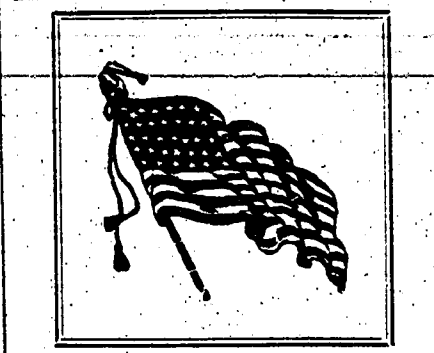
Long Distance Telephone

Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a Revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.

Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.  
 Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.  
 Obituary poetry and lists of flowers charged for at advertising rates; also will be charged at this same rate list of presents at a wedding.

Foreign Advertising Representative  
**THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION**

Entered at the Post-office at Antrim, N. H., as second-class matter.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

### Antrim Locals

Harold G. Miner and wife spent the week-end at West Medford, Mass.

Mrs. W. A. Nichols is spending a season with friends in Harwich, Mass.

Rev. R. H. Tibbals spent a portion of last week in Boston.

James S. Rogers, of Dedham, Mass., visited his cousin, Henry Rogers, last week.

The law is off on ducks. We carry the Remington and Super X Shells. Goodwin's. Adv.

Miss Etta Miller has returned to her school teaching duties at Brookline, Mass.

Antrim Town History For Sale, one or two pages damaged. Price \$12.50. Ask at Reporter Office. Adv.

It is expected that Dr. Cameron will occupy his pulpit at the Presbyterian church next Sunday, as he will return from his vacation this week.

For Sale—1 horse Lumber Wagon, excellent condition, wheels practically new. Geo. W. Hunt, Antrim. Adv.

Miss Ethel Howarth, of Lawrence, Mass., has been the guest the past week of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice A. Poor.

Mrs. Mary C. Temple spent the week-end in the family of James S. Rogers, Dedham, Mass.

Now is the time for a Suit or a Tailor-made Overcoat. Samples on display at Goodwin's. Adv.

The heavy frosts of last week took about everything in sight, although some of the farms located a bit higher than others escaped its ravages.

Albert Fleming and daughter, Mary C. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Readal and Jittle son, all of Norwood, Mass., were recent guests of Mrs. E. C. Paige.

Donald Cameron, Bethlehem, Pa., an employe of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, is spending vacation at his home here with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Cameron.

The Reporter was in error last week in one particular at least, and the item regarding the re-painting of the J. E. Perkins buildings should have stated that the work was being done by Louis Mallett.

Paul F. Paige visited his mother, Mrs. E. C. Paige, a few hours on Sunday. He was on a business trip to Boston and could only spend a short time in town, returning at once to Detroit, Mich.

Save Coupon on page four. It is worth from 10 cents to \$1.00. See display adv. Goodwin's. Adv.

All Odd Fellows, as well as Rebekahs, will be interested in reading the advertisement on first page of the Reporter today, concerning the observance of the 72d anniversary of Rebekah Odd Fellowship, at I. O. O. F. hall, this week Thursday evening.

L. E. Whittemore, inspector for the Board of Health of New York City, who is spending a month with his sister, Mrs. Josephine Stewart, has been having good luck fishing. Last Friday and Saturday, while he was camping with Hayward Cochrane on the shores of Gregg lake, they spent some time with hook and line, and were well repaid. They caught a string of twenty-two pickerel, every one of them large, and those measuring fourteen, fifteen and sixteen inches, were certainly beauties.

### Antrim Locals

For Sale—Oak and Hemlock Posts, 6 and 7 ft. long. The Craig Farm, Antrim, N. H. 2t-paid.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus McClure of Lakeport, are spending a few days with relatives in town.

Lost—On an Antrim street week or ten days ago, pair of Glasses in case. Finder will confer a favor by leaving them at Reporter office. Adv.

For Sale—Apple Barrels and Boxes. F. O. Johnson, R.F.D. Peterboro, Box 63. Tel 7-21, Hancock. Adv.

Our local coal dealer, James A. Elliott, received a carload of stove coal the past week and had no trouble in disposing of it.

Wanted—Choppers to chop 150 to 200 cords of wood; will pay \$3.75 per cord. Apply at once to George S. Wheeler, Antrim, N. H. Adv.

Rev. William Thompson, pastor of the Methodist church, was the preacher on Sunday evening at the union service at the Presbyterian church.

For Sale—Two 5-ton Automobile Trucks, second hand, but in good condition. Price very reasonable. Apply to Fred E. Batcheller, The Lovers Company, Antrim, N. H.

R. J. Hoppe has added a second chair to the outfit of his barber shop in Cutter's block and Harry Eldredge is employed evenings to assist in taking care of the trade.

Fred C. Parmenter is making repairs and improvements on the house where he resides which he recently purchased of C. B. Cochrane; he has put in electric lights.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mower and daughter, Miss Marguerite, of South Lancaster, Mass., former Antrim residents, were in town on Thursday last meeting a number of their friends.

The Invoice and Taxes were delivered to the Selectmen the past week who in turn mailed them to the voters. They make forty-four pages and the same contain much interesting matter.

Mrs. John Taylor has entered the employ of the Guernsey Cattle Club, at Peterboro, to do office work.

The family of Albert J. Lapoint, of Nashua, former residents, were in town on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Kent, of Barnstable, Mass., were guests the past week for a few days with Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Eldredge. The latter are entertaining this week Mrs. Emma W. Eldredge, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Eldredge and two daughters, Emma and Helen, from Harwichport, Mass.

Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, No. 29, I. O. O. F., will observe the 72d anniversary of this branch of Odd Fellowship at their Lodge room, on the evening of Sept. 20, the same being Thursday evening of this week. An able committee has the matter in charge and a pleasant occasion is being planned for. Members of Waverley Lodge, with their wives and lady friends are invited, and it is earnestly hoped by Hand in Hand Lodge that their brothers will attend in large numbers.

**Notice!**

It is worth while to save your paper, magazines, rags, and all kinds of junk. To get a fair price and a square deal wait for my representative, John Nudd, who will have my name on his cart. "Nuff Said."

Max Israel.

**About Advertising**

It costs money to advertise in a paper of circulation and influence in the community. Every business man who seeks to enlarge his trade, recognizes the fact that advertising is a legitimate expense. It is not the cheapest advertising that pays the best. Sometimes it is the highest priced newspaper that brings the largest net profit to the advertiser.

Try the REPORTER.

**Food Sale**

The Molly Aiken Chapter, D. A. R., will hold a Food Sale on Friday, September 21, at 3 o'clock, in the Selectmen's Room.

## Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Antrim

Thursday, Sept. 20  
**Bebe Daniels and Conrad Nagel**  
 in "Singed Wings"

Saturday, Sept. 22  
**David Butler in**  
 "Fickle Women," Based Upon  
 the Sat. Eve. Post Story, "Sitting On the World."  
 Pathe Weekly

Pictures at 8.15

**W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.**

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## What Car Will You Drive This Spring?

We Can Fit Your Pocketbook

# DURANT

Just a Real Good Car

# STAR

Worth the Money

**Durant Four**—Touring \$990, Sport Touring \$1095, Sport Sedan \$1595, Sedan \$1495, Coupe \$1495, Roadster \$990.

**Star**—Chassis \$433, Roadster \$475, Touring \$505, Coupe \$645, Sedan \$715.

The above are delivered prices.

Write for information      Call for demonstration

## MAPLE STREET GARAGE

**WHITNEY BROS., Proprietors      HENNIKER, N. H.**  
 Telephone 11-2

## Flowers

WREATHS and PLANTS  
 —FOR—  
 EVERY OCCASION

Just What You Want

Winchendon Flower Shop,  
 Phone 273 or 209-2  
 191 Central Street  
 WINCHENDON, Mass.

## John R. Putney Estate Undertaker

First Class, Experienced Director and Embalmer, For Every Case.

Lady Assistant.  
 Full Line Funeral Supplies.  
 Flowers Furnished for All Occasions.  
 Calls day or night promptly attended to.  
 New England Telephone, 19-2, at Rest.  
 6000, Corner High and Pleasant Sts., Antrim, N. H.

---

## W. E. Cram, AUCTIONEER

I wish to announce to the public that I will sell goods at auction for any parties who wish, at reasonable rates. Apply to

**W. E. CRAM,**  
 Antrim, N. H.

Subscribe for the Reporter!

## New Fall Hats

Are Beginning to Arrive. For those who wish to make an early selection we are prepared to show some of the most select shapes and materials. All Hats are from the Goodnow, Pearson & Co., of Gardner, Mass.

**Mrs. H. W. Eldredge**  
 "THE GIFT SHOP"  
 Antrim, New Hampshire

# Exide Batteries

## Goodyear---Firestone Tires and Tubes

Exide Battery for Ford, Buick, Overland and Chevrolet ..... \$15.00  
 Goodyear or Firestone, 1st quality, 30x3 1/2 Tire \$10.00  
 " " " " 30x3 " 9.00  
 " " " " 30x3 1/2 Tube 2.00  
 " " " " 30x3 " 1.75  
 General Cord " 30x3 1/2 Tire 14.00

Other Size Tires and Tubes Priced in Proportion and All Guaranteed by the Manufacturers

Oxy-Acetylene Welding and Brazing—We Repair Broken Frames, Crank Cases, Housings, Farm Machinery, in fact anything made of Metal.

If you are having Battery trouble, Bring Your Battery Here. We will open it while you wait, so you can see the condition of plates and separators, and will advise you about repairs

## Hancock Garage,

W. M. HANSON, Prop.  
 HANCOCK, -- New Hampshire

### HILLSBOROUGH

The September meeting of the Improvement Club of Hope Rebekah Lodge was held on Tuesday afternoon of last week. The hostesses were Mrs. Josephine Gordon, Mrs. Alice Craine, Mrs. Irene Butler, Mrs. Maria Holt, Mrs. Anna Janowsky and Mrs. Alice Ash. Mrs. Bessie Veino gave a talk on Florida, and musical numbers were rendered by Mrs. Ismay Smith, Mrs. Alice Newman and Mrs. Statira Barnes.

Dr. Harry Ward, whose death by suicide at Sanford, Me., occurred recently, was well known in Hillsborough where he practiced for some time as a veterinary surgeon.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Flint and Thorold Flint have been enjoying a motor trip through the White Mountains. While on the trip, they ascended Mt. Washington.

The Contoocook hosiery mill re-opened last week after a two weeks' vacation, during which repairs were made on the dam and buildings.

Mr. and Mrs. John Grimes, who have been passing some time at Rye Beach, had as recent guests Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Smith.

The schools, both in the special district and the town district have re-opened for the fall term. The enrollment at the high school is expected to exceed all previous records. Seven schools are in operation in the town district.

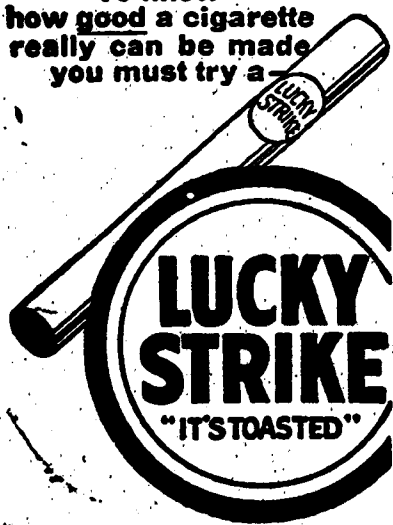
Harold Buttrick is employed at the Connor store.

Mrs. Henry Gould and her sister, Mrs. McDowell, of Carmel, Cal., are visiting their sister, Mrs. Ricker, at her home in Vermont. Mrs. McDowell, who has been in the East for some time, returns to California early in October.

### CLINTON VILLAGE

The Ladies Aid Society of the Congregational church will hold their annual Harvest Supper, Thursday evening, October 11. The supper will be served in the church dining room and will be followed by an entertainment and sale at Grange hall.

To know how good a cigarette really can be made you must try a



## Bennington.

### Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Bennington at 8.00 o'clock

Wednesday, Sept. 19  
 Constance Talmadge in "Lesson in Love"

Saturday, Sept. 22  
 Neil Hart in "Saul's Saunders"  
 Pathe Weekly and Comedy

Miss Lawrence entertained her cousin, Miss McIntosh, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodhue, of Hancock, attended church here on Sunday morning last.

The local secretary of the Red Cross, Mrs. Morris Cheney, is asking for a jar of jelly or marmalade to be forwarded to the soldier sick within the week.

Last week Rev. E. C. Osborne attended the ministers' conference at Lake Winnepesaukee and on Sunday gave an interesting resume of things seen and heard there.

The Congregational church society voted a generous contribution towards the Japanese earthquake relief, and the Sunday school voted to contribute two dollars toward the same fund.

Mrs. Allen Gerrard has been appointed delegate to the National Convention of Churches, at Springfield, Mass., in October and Mrs. Gordon is delegate to the State Sunday School Convention, in Manchester, September 26, 27 and 28.

Rev. E. C. Osborne will not start on his vacation this week as announced on Sunday last, so there will be the regular services at 10.45. The pastor's subject will be, "The Significance of the Japanese Earthquake." Sunday school at 12 o'clock.

We have just opened, Sept. 17, a letter of Sept. 2, which in some way got missed, in which Mrs. Annie French Wooster wishes to thank all who contributed money and clothing after the loss of her home in the Canaan fire, especially thanking C. H. Philbrick, who so kindly contributed and collected money. Mrs. Wooster has returned to Canaan.

The Minstrel entertainment given for the benefit of St. Patrick's Church was given before an audience which crowded the town hall to its capacity. We are informed the proceeds will go to place a furnace in the church. All concerned worked hard to make the affair the success it was financially. The scenery was beautiful and the costumes well chosen. The full program will be given next week.

### Car For Hire

Will take parties on any trip now, through the Fall. An ideal time for trip through the White Mountains or over the Mohawk Trail. Easy-riding Nash Six, seven passenger car.

FRED L. PROCTOR,  
 Antrim, N. H.

## Antrim Locals

Mrs. Robert A. Miner is visiting her brother, George Curtis, in Leominster, Mass.

Mrs. Eldredge has received a line of Fall hats; read her adv. on fourth page of this paper.

Ladies will find a line of Fall hats at Mrs. Eldredge's millinery parlors, on Grove St.

Miss Ruth M. Temple and Miss Edith Barrett have arrived home from Pemaquid Pt., Maine, where they have been employed at the Pemaquid Hotel.

Howard K. Mann and family, Henry Rogers, Mrs. Grace E. Miner and son, Henry, visited in the family of James Rogers, in East Dedham, Mass., on Sunday.

Miss Evelyn Parker, assistant postmaster, is enjoying a two weeks vacation. Mrs. Jennie Dearborn, clerk, is filling her position during the former's absence.

Mrs. Charles F. Jackson underwent an operation on Monday of this week at her home on Elm street. A surgeon from Manchester was the operating physician, assisted by two other physicians, and trained nurses in attendance. The patient is reported at this time as getting along as comfortably as could be expected.

WANTED—Men or women to take orders for genuine guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Eliminates darning. Salary \$75 a week full time. \$1.50 an hour spare time. Beautiful Spring line. International Stocking Mills, Norristown, Pa. Advertisement

### Spain Goes in for Sports.

Sports of all kinds are increasing in popularity in Spain at a tremendous rate. Football especially seems to have taken the country by storm, the games being attended quite often by 30,000 or 40,000 enthusiasts. Tennis is fairly popular throughout Spain and is played practically all year round. A fair share of the tennis equipment is American, especially the high-priced American rackets. Golf is followed to some extent by the aristocrats of Spain and by resident foreigners in the cities, but aside from it is not very popular. A large number of American motorcycles are in use in the army and in taxi service in the various cities. Ice skating was introduced to the Spanish public this year by means of an artificial ice rink, but it is felt that it is too fashionable to be popular; although many of the local sporting goods dealers ordered stocks of skates, shoes and hockey equipment. (Commercial Attache, Charles H. Cunningham, Spain, April 5.)

### Royal Rights.

In accordance with an ancient royal custom, King George has the right by statute to the head of every whale caught on the coasts of his kingdom. The tail is to go to the queen, that her wardrobe shall be furnished with whalebone. The king is also entitled to every sturgeon brought to land in the United Kingdom, and should receive, too, every year from divers persons a tablecloth worth 3s., two white doves, two white hares, a catapult, a pound of cumlin seed, a horse and halter, a pair of scarlet hose, and a silver needle from his tailor.

### Port of Vancouver.

Vancouver passed Montreal in 1922 as the first Canadian port regarding ocean going tonnage. Vancouver reports 3,967,000 tons and Montreal 3,453,000 tons. The harbor of Vancouver is open to ocean-going ships throughout the year, and also there was a considerable amount of coastwise shipping, while at Montreal there is little or no shipping of this character. Eleven steamship lines connect Vancouver with Liverpool, Bristol and London.

### The Conquering Yesser.

"After fifteen years of incessant guerrilla warfare, he had conquered his wife; there was something in the number of 'yes's' with which he could poison a conversation that had won him the victory. 'Yes—yes—yes—yes,' he would say. 'That was the summer of ninety-one or ninety-two—yes—yes—yes—yes.' Fifteen years of yes's had beaten Mrs. Gilbert. Fifteen further years of that incessant, unaffirmative affirmative, accompanied by the perpetual flicking of ash-mushrooms from 32,000 cigars, had broken her. To this husband of hers she made the last concession of married life, which is more complete, more irrevocable, than the first—she listened to him."—From the "Beautiful and Damned," by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

### Executor's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Executrix of the Will of Edward T. Mulhall late of Antrim in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Dated September 14, 1923.  
 LOUISE E. CASEY.

## CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

### METHODIST

Rev. Wm. Thompson, Pastor

Thursday evening there will be a meeting for the consideration of important questions of Church life.

It is said by some people: "religion is out of place in the great business affairs." Politicians declare that great religious questions are intruders in the political field.

The fact is that the strongest principle in this world is the religious principle; that the manliest element in human affairs is the religious element; and that the clearest and surest guide for all the common practical affairs of life is religion.

These thoughts will be developed by the pastor at the Sunday morning worship. Would you like to hear them discussed? Here is your opportunity.

Sunday school will meet after the morning service. You are invited to become a part of this department of Church activity. Say, "that means ME."

### BAPTIST

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor

Thursday, the regular church prayer meeting at 7 o'clock. Topic, "God Working Through Men," Acts, 2, 37, 3, 26.

Saturday, Sept. 22, Rev. J. W. Scott, one of our missionaries to the Indians of Nevada, will tell of his work, at 7.30 p.m., in the church. His address will be illustrated. Mr. Scott is connected with the mission of Miss Corwin, who has visited Antrim several times. A silver offering will be taken. The public is invited.

Sunday, morning worship at 10.45. Address by Rev. J. W. Scott.

Bible school at 12 o'clock.

Intermediate Christian Endeavor at 6 o'clock.

Union service at 7 o'clock. The pastor will preach on "For Me to Live Is—What?"

### Auction Sales

By W. E. Cram, Auctioneer, Antrim.

H. E. Spaulding and J. F. Perham, finding themselves overstocked with livestock, will sell 30 head of cattle, a number of horses, sheep, hogs, hens and numerous other articles, at public auction, at the Pinnacle Stock Farm, one mile from Stoddard Center, on the road to Marlow, on Saturday, September 29, at 12.30 o'clock. This is a good lot of stock and goods. For other particulars read auction bills.

Being about to leave his farm, Walter T. Russell will sell a lot of personal property, on the premises, in West Antrim, near Lover's Mills, on Thursday, September 27, at one o'clock p.m. The property consists of one nice cow and calf, one horse, 250 chickens, shoat, incubator, brooder, four good nearly new hen houses, harness, wagons, and lot of household goods. Other particulars on auction bills.

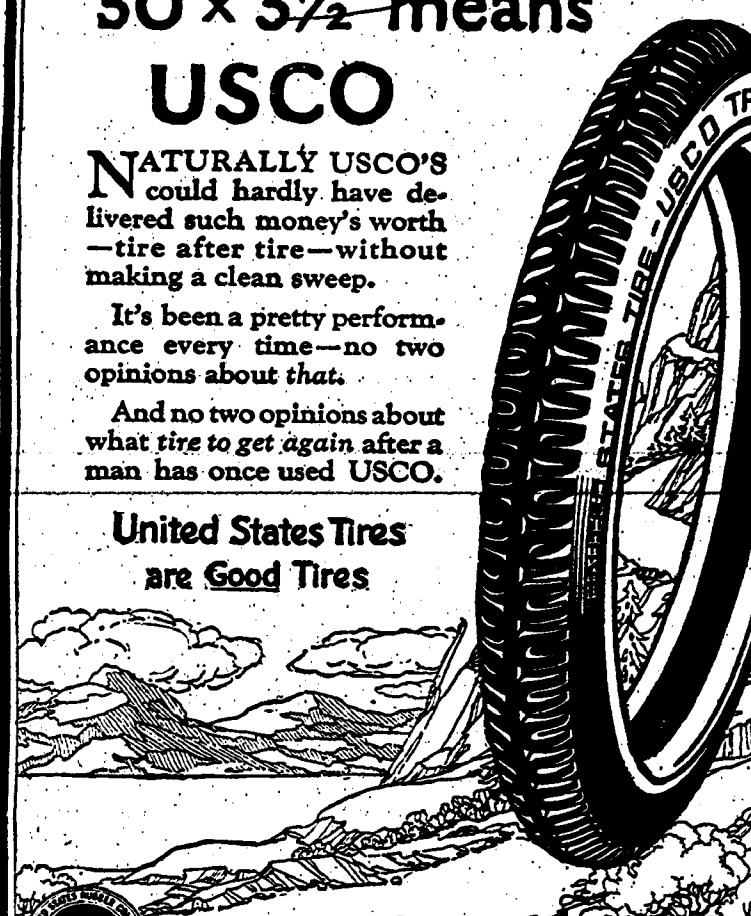
Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Shepardson, of Baldwinville, Mass., were at The Maplehurst for the week end; they are parents of Lee W. Shepardson.

To most everybody  
 30 x 3 1/2 means  
**USCO**

NATURALLY USCO'S could hardly have delivered such money's worth—tire after tire—without making a clean sweep.

It's been a pretty performance every time—no two opinions about that.

And no two opinions about what tire to get again after a man has once used USCO.



United States Tires are Good Tires



Where to buy U.S. Tires

Antrim Garage, Antrim, N. H.

### STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate.

To the heirs at law of the estate of Elinor M. Richardson, late of Bennington, in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas, Charles W. Thurston, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Manchester, in said County, on the 16th day of October next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim, in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court.

Given at Nashua, in said County, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1923.

By order of the Court,  
 S. J. DEARBORN, Register.

### STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate.

To the heirs at law of the estate of Patrick E. Cashion, late of Bennington, in said County, deceased, testate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas, Henry W. Wilson, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Manchester, in said County, on this 16th day of October next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said executor is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court.

Given at Nashua, in said County, the 31st day of August, A. D. 1923.

By order of the Court,  
 S. J. DEAREORN, Register.

## ADVERTISE

In THE REPORTER

And Get Your Share of the Trade.

Stop! Look! Listen!

10% to 20% REDUCTION

On All Furniture

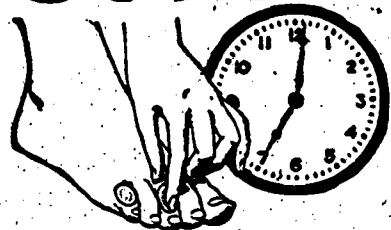
Hillsboro Furniture Rooms

Baker Block

Hillsboro, N. H.



# CORNS



**Stop their pain in one minute!**

For quick, lasting relief from corns, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop the pain in one minute by removing the cause—friction and pressure.

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

Put one on - the pain is gone

## NERVOUS, RUN-DOWN WOMAN.

Got Thin and Irritable.

Took Wincarnis—now well.

"I was in a dreadfully run-down condition, terribly nervous and irritable. I lost flesh, and had no appetite. I had taken almost everything that was recommended to me, but could obtain no relief. In fact, I was getting worse."

A lady friend who had used Wincarnis for a similar case recommended it to me. It simply acted like magic. It really astonished me how quickly it made me well again. Just a few doses brought back my appetite. My nervousness disappeared. I began to put on flesh again, and in a short time I was entirely well. I am certainly glad to recommend Wincarnis to all who are in a run-down, nervous condition."

—Mrs. F. M. GIVENS,  
223 Grand Avenue,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

### WINCARNIS

All good Druggists.  
Two Sizes, \$1.10 and \$1.95  
WRITE FOR FREE INTERESTING BOOKLET  
TO EDWARD LASSERE, INC.,  
600 West 23rd Street, NEW YORK.

### SIMPLE METHOD OF PUMPING

California Inventor Has Utilized Old Principle With Results That Are Eminently Satisfactory.

It is said that a California inventor has utilized the principle of the old river ferryboat in a plant for pumping water from a stream. The contrivance consists of two parallel sweeps, fourteen feet in length, attached to a reciprocating beam firmly anchored to the ground. The downstream ends of the sweeps connect with sixteen vertical paddles arranged in two parallel rows in a suitable framework. The paddles are pivoted and have an angular movement of about 45 degrees. The pressure of the current against the paddle swings the sweeps across the river, where the angle of the paddles is automatically reversed. Thus the sweeps move back and forth with the regularity of a pendulum. Attached to a pumping unit on shore, the apparatus delivers eighty-six gallons of water a minute.—Washington Star.

#### How He Came In.

"I'm right proud of my son at college. He's one of the most popular young fellows there," said Farmer Hicks proudly.

"Yer don't say so?" exclaimed a neighbor.

"Yep; he recently gave a big dinner-dance in his honor at one of the most fashionable hotels."

"Wuz you there?"

"No, I wuzn't."

"Wal, where do you come in?"

"I paid for it."

Life is a flower of which love is the honey.—Victor Hugo.

Where you find people eating Grape-Nuts You generally find healthy people

There's a Reason



# OUR COMIC SECTION

## Along the Concrete

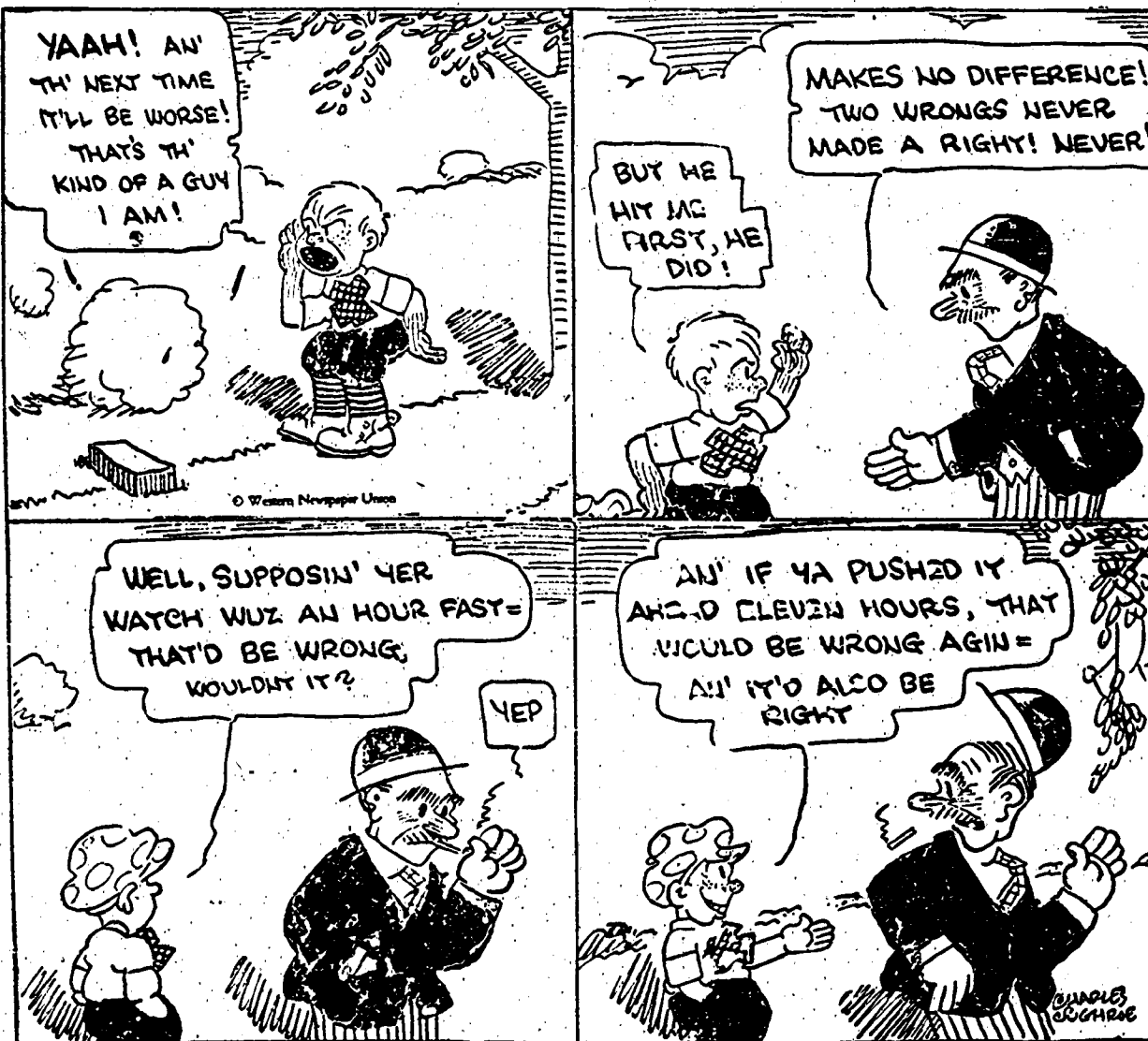


(Copyright, W. N. U.)

## Why Don't You Sneak in Alone, Felix



## Maybe Einstein Could Understand This



## The Kitchen Cabinet

(By 1728 Western Newspaper Union.)  
When autumn brings her amber jars  
And sets their spiced melanges free  
To steep the air from earth to stars  
With floods of squandered pot-pourri.  
Then ah, my life, and O, my dear,  
We two will strike some trail of  
And love close hoarded all the year.  
In golden byways shall be told.  
—Harriet W. Symonds.

### SEASONABLE RECIPES

A dainty salad is always a welcome addition to any meal and she is indeed wise who will avail herself of the wonderful combinations to be found in almost any market or garden.

**Cheese and Pear Salad.**—Arrange halves of fresh stewed or canned pears individually on nests of lettuce leaves, fill the centers with grated cheese and top with mayonnaise. Fresh pears, if very ripe, are delicious served thus. Sprinkle with a bit of lemon juice and sugar, cover and let stand a few minutes to season.

**Cheese Balls and Watercress.**—Take two cupfuls of cottage cheese, dry and unsalted. Mix it with one-half cupful of catsup, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful of paprika and one-third of a cupful of chopped nuts. Chill thoroughly and make into balls. Place three or four balls on a bed of crisp watercress and serve ice-cold with mayonnaise. This recipe will serve eight.

Cottage cheese blended with a highly-seasoned boiled dressing and served on watercress makes a most delicious simple salad.

The ideal washcloth for baby's bath is the one made of three or four thicknesses of gauze, bound around the edge with a soft ribbon or worked around with a soft-finished crochet cotton.

Lima beans, cooked until tender and served with butter and cream with seasoning, are delicious. A few hills of these beans will supply a small family with plenty for the fall.

To remove grease from matting, scrape French chalk freely over the spot, sprinkle on enough benzene to moisten it, and when the benzene has evaporated brush off the chalk and the spot will have disappeared.

A ruffle at the bottom of the kitchen apron is not merely a trimming. Its fullness makes it outstanding, thus preventing anything spilled from finding a landing place on the skirt.

Pictures should be hung at the height of the eye of the average person.

How many things, both just and unjust, are sanctioned by custom.

### LAUNDRY DISCOVERIES

When ironing lace, embroidered garments or bedding or any kind of initials or hand work, have a piece of an old Turkish towel fastened to one end of the ironing board to lay these pieces on.

Heavy, well-made laundry baskets are expensive, but bushel baskets may be bought for a few cents and two or three of them kept just for the clothing. They are light, easy to carry and one may have as many as convenient.

When recovering your ironing board use two thicknesses of cotton batting, if you haven't an old blanket to pad it.

When sending handkerchiefs to the laundry fasten them to a strip of tape and they will always come back together. The ironing is but a few moments' work.

With a small line on the piazza for hanging small things and baby clothes, the doll clothespins are just the size to hang them firmly on the cord.

When drying a washed sweater in winter lay it on a cloth on a hot air register, place on two chairs over a window. Lay the sweater so that it will dry in its original form (flat in the back and the fullness in front) pulling out the sleeves to make them roomy.

In cold weather when hanging out clothes mittens are unhandy and the fingers get numb so quickly. Try heating the clothespins in the oven until good and hot—this will keep the hands warm and hurry the hanging process. Sprinkle clothes with hot water and they may be ironed within a few minutes.

Net curtains may be washed, slipped onto a rod top and bottom and hung to dry. They will dry perfectly straight and even. Pull the heading with the fingers when nearly dry and they will look as if they had been carefully stretched.

Add a bit of paraffin to the boiled starch when making it. This will keep it from sticking to the iron. Always save all bits of broken paraffin from jelly glasses, a piece the size of a small bean is sufficient for two quarts of starch.

Nellie Maxwell

## Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



6 BELLANS Hot Water Sure Relief

BELLANS 25c AND 75c PACKAGES EVERYWHERE



## Personal Hygiene

Every well-informed physician is opposed to the use of poisonous, burning and irritating solutions for personal hygiene. This is an indisputable fact.

Zonite may be used frequently at great germicidal strength on sensitive membrane and tissues without the slightest danger or harmful effect.

## Zonite

## Pesky Devils Quietus P. D. Q.

P. D. Q., Pesky Devils Quietus, is the name of the new chemical that actually ends the bug family, Bed Bugs, Fleas, Lice, and Ticks, and P. D. Q. kills the live ones and their eggs and stops future generations. Not an insect powder but a chemical unlike anything you have ever used. A 25 cent package makes one quart and each package contains a patent sprayer to get the Pesky Devils in the cracks and crevices. Your dresser has it or he can get it for you. Mailed prepaid upon receipt of price by the Owl Chemical Wks., Terre Haute, Ind.

## EYES HURT?

For burning or sandy lids, and to relieve inflammation and soreness, use Mitchell's Eye Salve, according to directions. Soothing, healing. HALL & BUCKLE, 147 Waverly Place, New York

### His Warning.

It was his first great speech, and he wanted it to be a success. His oration was long and passionate, and he wished to end it with a warning.

He could have caught his warning in the old proverb about locking the stable door after the horse was stolen, but that was too commonplace. He wanted something original.

He thought of something better. Then he shouted: "Don't, I beg you—don't wait till the house takes fire before you summon the firemen."

### One Thing He Could Do.

"Spring," burbled Mr. Flubdub, "gets into the very marrow of my bones. It takes me back to my boyhood days, bringing fair visions of mossy lanes and old swimming holes. Spring, gentle spring. It makes me think of the wildwood, the meadows, the babbling brook, the lowing kine, the pipes of Pan, the little lambs. I am not ashamed of my poetic fancies. I love a little lamb. But here I am, chained to a desk. What can a desk do? Still, I can go to a restaurant and order a little lamb."

And he did.

### Strange Experience.

One day a friend wanted to go swimming and asked me to keep \$30 for him until he returned. I wrapped it in a handkerchief with \$20 of my own money and pinned it inside my dress. An hour later I went to the post office and upon returning, saw something lying on the sidewalk. I picked it up and discovered it to be my handkerchief containing the \$50. The pin had come unfastened, but I had not noticed it.—Chicago Journal.

### The Twins.

"This is a picture of my twin sister." "I never knew you had a twin sister John." "She has been living in California for twenty years." "She looks much younger than you." "I presume she is by this time."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

When other remedies failed, W. B. Jaques, expert pharmacist, compounded these capsules for his own stomach trouble.

## JACQUES CAPSULES

### For Indigestion

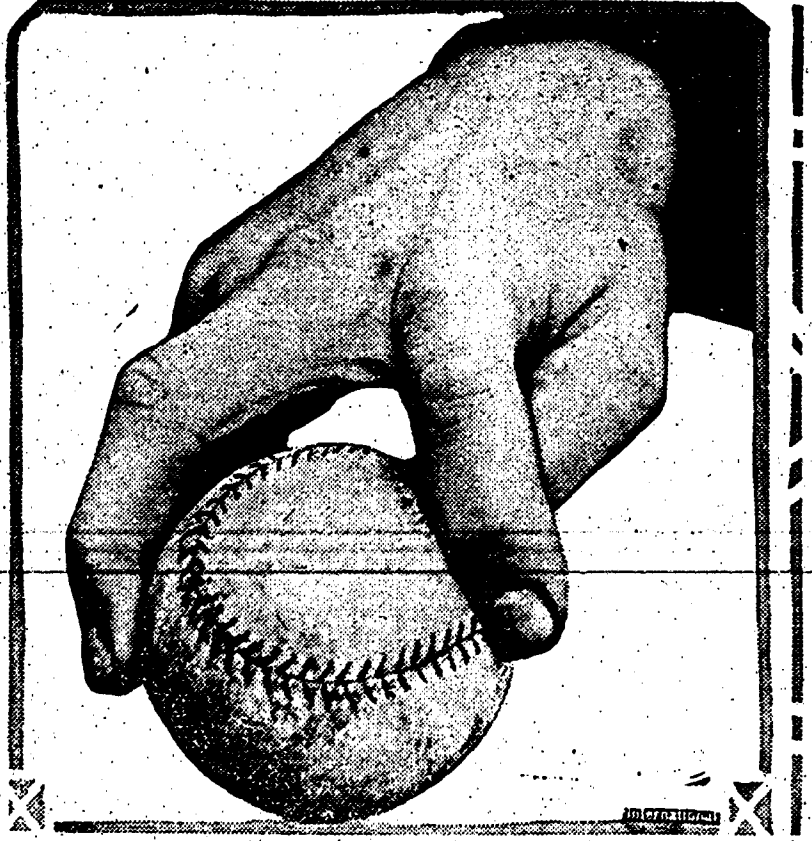
Jaques' Capsules supply the very elements the lack of which causes digestive disturbances. They tone up the stomach; aid digestion; break up gas; carry off waste; relieve constipation. One or two with a swallow of water after meals prevent indigestion. Taken regularly, they help most obstinate cases.

At all druggists or 60 cents by mail postpaid from Jaques Capsule Co., Inc., Plattsburg, N. Y.

JACQUES' CAPSULES Give Quick Relief



GRIP USED BY PITCHER JOE BUSH



The forked grip which Joe Bush, pitcher for the champion New York Yankees, uses in throwing his yaw-haw ball.

BASEBALL PLAYED IN ALL PARTS OF WORLD

Chinese Have Developed Remarkable Proficiency

Baseball is fast spreading to all four corners of the earth. France, Germany, Italy, Japan, China, Mexico, Cuba, Canada, several South American countries, Australia—these are only a few of the places which have taken up the great national pastime of the United States.

Strange as it may appear, the Chinese have developed remarkable proficiency in baseball, ranking even better than the Japanese.

During the tour of the big leaguers in the East last winter some stiff opposition was encountered in China.

A team of all-Chinese players has been coming to this country for the last five years. Their record against the best college teams is 80 per cent on the credit side. The first year only one college nine was able to beat the Chinese, who won 27 games out of 28, and that was the crack Notre Dame aggregation.

"Buck" Lal, a Chinese living near Philadelphia, was a member of the first team to come over. He was offered a berth with the Philadelphia Nationals but was unable to stick. He played for two years in the Eastern league, however.

Cubans have also shown great aptitude for baseball, and there are several Cuban teams that are almost a match for any big league team in this country. Loque, the best major league pitcher of the year, is a Cuban.

Mexico is becoming quite enthusiastic about baseball. In the majority of the other countries mentioned, the pastime is still in the experimental stage, though slowly winning popularity.

It is not at all beyond the range of possibility that within five or ten years a world series may mean an ocean trip for one of the two contending teams.

"Bubbles" Hargrave



"Bubbles" Hargrave has been one of the big factors in keeping Pat Moran's Cincinnati Redlegs to the front this season. Hargrave's defensive and offensive play has been far superior to that of many other backstops.

Sporting Squibs of All Kinds

University of Maryland will add lawn tennis to its sports calendar.

Miss Suzanne Lenglen of France has held the world's tennis title five years.

"I'm going to forget I ever was a fighter," Jess Willard. That ought to be easy.

Battling Siki's real name is Louis Phal. He was born in Senegal, September 16, 1897.

Boston Blue, in the year 1818, is generally conceded to have been the first three-minute trotter.

Four-fifths of the athletic games played throughout the world had their origin in Great Britain.

Buffalo may not be represented in the National three-cushion billiard league during the 1923-4 season.

Duke Kahanamoku, the noted Hawaiian swimmer, at the age of thirty-three is displaying wonderful skill and is now wearing the colors of the Los Angeles A. C.

Horseback swimming is the popular sport at the summer session at the University of Wisconsin. The only equipment necessary is a bathing suit, a horse and bridle.

Charleston, S. C., is credited with having been the first place where golf was played on the American continent. The game was regularly organized in 1704.

Bernon S. Prentice recently won the tennis singles championship of the Seabright (N. J.) Lawn Tennis and Cricket club for the fifteenth time.

John Kuck, eighteen years old, a junior in the high school at Wilson, Kan., who won the highest individual points at the national interscholastic track meet this summer at Chicago, is a remarkable athlete. Kuck has never been coached.

Dubbed "Lefty Allen"

Herbert Thormahlen, the Kansas City southpaw, is now "Lefty Allen" to his team mates. It happened this way:

In the box score of a game Thormahlen pitched in Toledo one of the Toledo papers named "Allen" as the Kansas City pitcher, and in the story Thormahlen was referred to as "Lefty Allen."

A young baseball writer was covering the game in the day-off absence of the regular baseball man. This young man evidently caught just a flash of the announcer's "Thormahlen" and, evidently not being familiar with the Kansas City pitcher, just jotted the name down as "Allen."

So now it's "Lefty Allen" Thormahlen with his mates.

Donor of Davis Cup



Dwight Davis, donor of the famous International tennis trophy, watching the first Davis Cup matches of the season, between Australia and Hawaii, at the Orange Lawn Tennis club, Orange, N. J.

Couldn't Pass Without Looking at Dell's Nose

Sherry Magee, who's always good for an interesting yarn, spun one that deserves mention. It seems as though Wheeler Dell has Rolfe Zeider faded off the planks when it comes to queerness in the shape of the nose.

"One day Dell was pitching against Boston and Eddie Fitzpatrick came up. He was a wonder, this Fitzpatrick. First ball Dell pitched Fitzpatrick crashed it back through the box on a line. Dell subconsciously stuck up his gloved hand to protect his face and the ball struck.

"Fitz stopped near first base and looked over at Dell. He shook his head and then pulled off the funniest remark I ever heard a player make by saying, 'By golly, Wheeler, I'm not surprised at all. Even a baseball couldn't pass you without stopping to look at your face.'"

Mexico Has New Sport Diversion in Pugilism

Mexico has a new sport diversion. It's nothing more or less than the noble art of fistfights.

They've been frowning on bull fighting through the years in Mexican official circles. At this time a wave equivalent to reform is sweeping over the country, and bull fighting, once the joyous and gladdening sport, is now more or less taboo.

Pugilism was introduced into Mexico some years ago, but it was not much of a success at that time. But now that the natives have lost their fondness for the bull fight, boxing is taking a rather firm hold, and with another year or two it is likely that some stellar matches will be held in Mexico City.

No Substitutes in French Rugby. In French rugby no substitutes are allowed, and, despite the roughness of the game, it must finish with original players.

Baseball Notes

Phil (Rip) Collins, pitcher on the Rockford team, has been sold to the Chicago Cubs.

Martinsburg has been making a runaway race in the Blue Ridge league this season.

The Wichita management made a good deal when it took on the veteran Joe Casey for emergency duty.

Yucatan has bought \$18,000 worth of baseball equipment, according to report. He can't be much of a pitcher.

Pitcher W. Shupe of Grand Island has been sold to the Syracuse, New York club of the International league.

Thomas Prothro, infielder, has been released by the Memphis Southern association club to the Washington Americans.

Eddie Hock, outfielder with Oklahoma City on option from Cincinnati, is a popular favorite with the fans of Jack Holland's town.

Hal Drew and Sal Dunning, Terre Haute outfielders, have been sold to the Rochester club of the International league.

The Evansville club of the Three-I league has sold outfielder Bob Ganzil to the Birmingham club of the Southern league.

The New York Nationals have purchased Johnny Gross, right-handed pitcher, from the Mt. Sterling club of the Blue Grass league.

Benny Borgeman, shortstop of the champion Chester club of the Philadelphia Baseball association, has been signed by the Boston Americans.

Bennett Tate, catcher, who had a trial with the St. Louis Browns, will come up for another chance, the Washington club having agreed to take him on from Memphis.

Big league scouts report that Hazen Caylor, outfielder with Nashville, is by far the best looking ball player in Dixieland. But alas, he already is the property of Pittsburgh.

Gossip in Minneapolis has it that Cleveland would like to obtain Carl East, the veteran outfielder and former pitcher now with the Millers.

The failure of the Detroit Tigers to get anywhere this year may be explained by alibis for injuries to players and all that, but all the alibis in the world can't account for the almost complete collapse of the Philadelphia Athletics.

Premier Girl Diver



Miss Helen Wainwright, hailed as the world's greatest all-round woman aquatic performer, will try to add the national senior fancy diving championship to her laurels. Miss Wainwright holds a number of national championships and world's records, and she is one of the premier girl divers of the world.

Cash Trade Only. Passer-by (to beggar)—I have no small change at present, but I'll hand you something coming back. Beggar (dolorously)—Ah, sir, it was doin' business on credit that reduced me to this.—New Haven Register.

Cuticura for Pimply Faces. To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum. Advertisement.

Simple. "A popular song must be simple." "Yes," commented Miss Cayenne, "even idiotic."

Alabama Mayor Out With Strong Facts

Judge G. W. Thomason, Mayor of Tarrant City, Alabama, widely known and highly esteemed pioneer citizen, recently gave his unqualified endorsement to the Tanlac treatment.

"Chronic indigestion brought me to the verge of a general breakdown three years ago," said Judge Thomason, "and nothing seemed to afford much relief. I was eating scarcely enough to keep going on, and food stayed in my stomach like a rock, causing pain and extreme nervousness.

Sleep was often impossible, and I gradually weakened so I could hardly attend to my office duties.

"The first bottle of Tanlac improved me wonderfully, and each successive bottle gave added impetus to my returning strength. I felt ten years younger when I finished the sixth bottle a short time later. Tanlac gave me new zest in life that still remains with me."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists.

MANY WOMEN AVOID OPERATIONS

Through the Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Two Interesting Cases

Some female troubles may through neglect reach a stage when an operation is necessary. But most of the common ailments are not the surgical ones; they are not caused by serious displacements, tumors or growths, although the symptoms may appear the same. When disturbing ailments first appear, take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve the present distress and prevent more serious troubles. Many letters have been received from women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after operations have been advised by attending physicians.

Mrs. Edwards Avoids Operation. Wilson, N. C.—"For about a year I was not able to do anything, not even my housework, because of the pains in my sides and the bearing-down pains. I could only lie around the house. The doctor said nothing but an operation would help me, but I tried different medicines which did

no good, until my sister insisted on my trying Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She said there was nothing like it. I know that she was right, for I began to improve with the first bottle and it has done me more good than anything else. I am able now to do anything on the farm or in my home and I recommend it to my friends."—LILLIE EDWARDS, R.F.D. 3, Box 44, Wilson, N. C.

Another Operation Avoided. Akron, Ohio.—"I can never praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly for what it has done for me. I had such pains and weakness that the doctor told me nothing but an operation would help me. But my mother had taken the Vegetable Compound and she told me what it had done for her, and so I took it and I am glad to tell every one that I made me a strong woman, and I have had two children since then."—Mrs. R. G. WESTOVER, 325 Grant Street, Akron, Ohio.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

WOMEN BUY MEN'S APPAREL

Purchase Eighty Per Cent of Haberdashery—Necktie Joke Used to Hide True Facts.

Men are popularly supposed to be very independent creatures when it comes to selecting their own wearing apparel. Mothers, wives and sisters, indeed, are held to have such poor taste in the matter that the Christmas necktie joke has come to be one of civilization's most honored and ancient bits of humor. But there is another side to the story.

The inevitable statistician tells us that 80 per cent of the trading done in the country's haberdasheries is done by women. So now the secret is out. It may be that the necktie joke has been perpetuated as a sort of smoke screen to hide the true facts. If 80 per cent of the haberdashery's trade comes from women, it is easy to believe that fully as much or more of the men's furnishing purchases in regular department stores are also made by women.

Friend wife may not know a man's necktie when she sees one, but she seems to be a pretty good buyer of shirts, socks pajamas union suits and all the rest.

Of the Earth Earthy. The lady had just lost her husband and had gone to a summer hotel to rest. She often dreamed of her husband and she would sometimes get up in the middle of the night to see if he wasn't walking about. Any little disturbance caused her to be frightened. One night mysterious raps were heard on the walls of the summer hotel.

"Great goodness," cried the frightened woman in room 13. "I wonder if that could be my departed husband?"

"No," growled the man in room 14. "It's the people on the other floors killing mosquitos with their slippers."

All Set. Jack—There's something I've been wanting to ask you for weeks.

Jen—Well, hurry up. I've had the answer ready for months.—Boston Transcript.

CHEVROLET for Economical Transportation OF Farm Products. Modern, progressive farmers, being also business men, now depend on fast economical motor transportation to save time, save products and get the money. Chevrolet Superior Light Delivery, with four post body was built especially for farm needs. It has the space and power for a big load, which it moves fast at a very low cost per mile. For heavy work, Chevrolet Utility Express Truck at only \$550 chassis only, offers a remarkable value. Fits any standard truck body. Chevrolet Motor Company Division of General Motors Corporation Detroit, Michigan. Dealers and Service Stations Everywhere. These new low prices effective September 1st. SUPERIOR Light Delivery \$495. C. A. B. Flint, Mich.

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If you wish to look over the country with a view to taking up land get an order from the nearest Canadian Government Agent for special rates on Canadian railroads. Make this your summer holiday—Canada for you!—no passport required—have a great trip and see with your own eyes the opportunities that await you.

For full information, with free booklets and maps, write Max A. Bowler, Desk W, 73 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.; C. A. Laurier, Desk W, 43 Manchester St., Manchester, N. H.

Authorized Canadian Gov't Agt.

Oh, Fudge! On sale was a cigar called the Villain.

Customer thought this a queer name for a cigar. The manufacturer was always ready to explain.

"You see," he would say, "it's always foiled."—Louisville Courier Journal.

After awhile, nothing happens downtown, that you haven't seen before.

Persons of poor judgment regard a warning as a dire.

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**America Again to the Rescue**

Once more, in the great disaster that has overtaken Japan, our country is first at the front with its money and its workers to render succor to this stricken people and to assist them toward recovery from the terrible devastation.

The people of the United States do not even wait to be asked or appealed to; they rush voluntarily to relieve the situation, such is their generous and sympathetic disposition toward all unfortunates of the world.

Now in this terrible calamity for which no one is responsible, before the wires were hardly cold with the news America was on her way with funds and service to a people to whom she owed no special political allegiance, but to whom she rushed nevertheless, out of the natural generosity of her heart due to her lofty humanitarian ideals and with a free hand to manifest as much liberality as she pleased.

World restoration and world peace will be accomplished not by sworn political alliances, but when there are nations enough in the world like America, void of the spirit of conquest, un-envious of rival nations, possessed of sufficient loftiness and sincerity of humanitarian ideals to act freely and independently on their own initiative in keeping with those fundamentals to which America has always been committed and from which she has never departed, in her relation to other nations.

When leading Old World nations shall have uprooted from their soil their inherent suspicions, jealousies and their disposition to find plausible excuses for their determinations to make conquest to sustain their place and power, and shall have shown themselves trustworthy in every exigency arising between nations; as this nation has shown itself, there will be no need of sworn treaties. For alliances are only kept in great exigencies when made by peoples of such principles and spirit as will treat all others with justice and good will regardless of political and economic agreements; for this nation so generous in time of calamity will be equally just in all normal relations.

A peace that is coerced by a written contract is a peace always susceptible of being broken because it has behind it compromising expediency rather than spontaneous principle. Let us have one nation that is free, that can act independently in any exigency involving human welfare, one nation that can keep its own standard and give the

world the example of high ideals of brotherhood.

Japan has not been considered particularly friendly toward us for a good many years, indeed suspicion of her aims has been grave much of the time in recent years and she has manifested all the resentment she dare because of our unwillingness to give her people more freedom under our flag. And yet this has played no part whatever in restraining our nation from the most friendly, sympathetic and generous attitude toward Japan in her hour of distress.

We wonder if this another exhibition of our readiness to go to the rescue of imperilled peoples will have any effect upon the critics of this nation both abroad and at home who continuously hurl their thrusts at us as the "selfish isolationists" of the world.

There are those who would like this great, strong, solvent nation to cast its lot more largely in the common sharing of the world's woes, merge its superior economic conditions into the world's mixed mass, giving all a chance to share appropriately its fortunes even though with such incorporation of its life into the life of the world, it would of necessity greatly limit its power to determine its own course, rob its people of the chief inspiration to independent initiative, because it would in any crisis put its welfare at the mercy of a world majority.

We are constantly reminded by people who believe in some hard and fast political identification of nations, such as involves the pooling of interests for defensive measures toward civilization and world peace, that we are the stumbling block of the nations, the self-satisfied isolationists bent on feathering our own nest without any regard to the well-being of mankind at large. We are, so they say from over the sea, "dollar chasers," who have no high altruistic passion, that our life is keyed to a self-centered independence which we think we can hold at the expense of the rest of the world.

Then when these fail to move us by attempting to shame us for our selfishness, they inconsistently face about and appeal to us selfishly, by assuring us that we cannot prosper nor even sustain our economic level without taking over political responsibility for the course of other nations.

We have just recently been made familiar anew with the wonderful relief work accomplished by American funds in Russia, and there is hardly a needy part of the world whose sorrows and sufferings we have not been appeasing with large material gifts and human consecration ever since Germany set the world on fire.

Wentworth Stewart.  
The Antrim Reporter is \$2.00 per year; gives all the local news. Can subscribe at any time.

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**ACCOMMODATION!**

To and From Antrim Railroad Station.

All trains are now running one hour ahead of this schedule.

Trains leave Antrim Depot as follows	
Going South	Trains leave for Elmwood and Boston
7:02 a. m.	
10:31 a. m.	Peterboro
1:50 p. m.	Winchendon, Worcester, Boston
4:10 p. m.	Winchendon and Keene
Going North	Trains leave for Concord and Boston
7:39 a. m.	
12:20 p. m.	Hillsboro
3:39 p. m.	Concord
6:57 p. m.	Hillsboro
Sunday Trains	
South	For Peterboro
6:27 a. m.	
6:40 a. m.	Elmwood
North	Concord, Boston
11:57 a. m.	
4:49 p. m.	Hillsboro
Stage leaves Express Office 15 minutes earlier than departure of train.	
Stage will call for passengers if word is left at Express Office, Jameson Block.	
Passengers for the early morning train should leave word at Express Office the night before.	

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**SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE**  
The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, the Last Friday afternoon in each month, at 2 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties.  
MATTIE L. H. PROCTOR,  
EMMA S. GOODELL,  
ROSS H. ROBERTS,  
Antrim School Board

**SELECTMEN'S NOTICE**  
The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Monday evening of each week, to transact town business.  
The Tax Collector will meet with the Selectmen.  
Meetings 7 to 8  
JOHN THORNTON,  
CHARLES D. WHITE,  
CHAS. F. BUTTERFIELD  
Selectmen of Antrim.

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**Some Call It Luck**  
By ELLA SAUNDERS  
(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

ESTHER SOMERS looked at Levering, at her side, as if he were a stranger.

And the present seemed so unreal that it obliterated the unreal past, and for the first time she found herself judging herself with clarity.

The die was cast. After five years of married life she was leaving her husband.

And she thought of the vain regrets of those five years, and had the intense desire that she could try once more.

It was too late. Everything had been arranged. Levering and she were on board the train, bound for Washington on their way south.

At that moment Somers was approaching the little town on the local, a returning commuter. He would return to find his home desolate, and the letter Esther had left for him.

To add to the poignancy, the train on which Esther and Levering were speeding south passed within a hundred yards of their home.

The station from which they had started—to avoid observation—was 12 miles away. Levering had met her and motored her over there in his car. Now they were on their way, and already the familiar view of the home town was coming in sight.

Somers was almost due. Perhaps their train would pass him.

And Esther looked at the man beside her, letting her hand lie passive in his, and instead of the deep love she had thought she felt for him she was conscious of intense revulsion.

Levering had been Somers' best friend. He had grossly betrayed him. She tried to picture the scene when her husband got home and found her letter.

He would be stunned by it. Although they had never got along well together, he had not dreamed his wife would ever leave him—least of all with another man. He would not believe it.

What would he do then? Would he start in pursuit, to execute a dramatic vengeance upon them? She did not know. She had never understood her husband.

But she felt guilty, guilty, and she looked at Levering beside her with dismay and disgust and horror.

Was it too late? Could she not yet reverse her decision? If she had not left that letter behind her any plausible excuse might have sufficed for easy-going, unsuspecting Dick.

Now it was hopeless. Somers was almost due at the station. That must be his train whistling.

Suddenly there came a grinding of the brakes, shouts, confusion. The roof of the compartment seemed to be falling in on her. There was a moment of horror—then Esther knew no more.

She awoke to find herself in the debris of the wreck. Hands were raising her. She was lifted to her feet. She had been momentarily stunned, but was otherwise uninjured. Seeing this, they left her to attend to the others.

She leaned, sick and dizzy, against an end of a carriage. What was that form that they were carrying out? Levering! Stone dead! She cast one glance of horror at the mangled body, and then turned away.

A train had run into them—the local, she heard somebody say. She listened without comprehending, but, lifting her eyes, she saw her home, her own home, a hundred yards away.

The two trains had collided almost immediately in front of it.

Some one was touching her arm. She looked at him vacantly; she recognized one of the neighbors.

"We've found your husband, Mrs. Somers," he said. "He isn't badly hurt."

He drew her away. She saw Dick sitting up on a stretcher. One of his arms had been roughly bandaged.

"Hello, old girl!" he saluted her. "Not badly damaged?"

And then of a sudden she realized all. It had been Dick's local with which the express had collided. Levering's death had wiped out all the past, and Dick imagined that she had come down to find him. No one had seen her leave the town in Levering's motor.

"We'll take him straight to the hospital, Mrs. Somers," some one was saying.

She breathed a prayer of thankfulness. There was only the letter now, and that could be destroyed. She fell upon her knees beside her husband.

"Oh, it's so merciful," she sobbed. "I'm glad, Dick, I'm glad, glad!"

Couldn't Tell About Baby.  
Dorothy was asked to see if the baby was asleep. She cautiously bent over the infant, which opened its eyes and shut them again several times.

Dorothy went back and reported: "He waked and slept and waked and slept so many times I don't know whether he's awake or asleep. We'll have to wait until he cries before we'll be sure, I guess."

City Police Department Insured.  
Philadelphia's entire police department has been covered by a blanket life insurance policy, said to be the largest group insurance ever issued.

New Zealand Importing Cars.  
New Zealand official customs returns for the first four months of 1923 show the importation of 3,678 automobiles, or over thirty a day.

**The Trevor Women**  
By MYRA CUTRIS LANE  
(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE Trevor women were queer, every one agreed—old Miss Mary and her niece, Helen. Three days before the date set for Miss Mary's wedding she had been jilted; her lover had run away with another woman.

Miss Mary Trevor had withdrawn into her house, no man had been allowed to enter it thereafter.

She was known as a man-hater. In her old age she adopted her niece, Helen. By this time Mary Trevor was a harsh, gaunt, eagle-beaked old woman, universally dreaded in the village. She walked with a masculine stride and treated men as if they were the dirt beneath her feet.

The women lived in a wing of the Trevor home. All the rest had been shut up, left just as it was when Mary Trevor was jilted. When she adopted Helen and made her her heiress it was understood that Helen was never to speak to a man, was to carry on her tradition of man-hatred throughout her own days.

Scandal flew quickly through a small town. At twenty-five Helen Trevor was small, pretty, with a quick, bright, child way about her. People said it was a shame that she couldn't even have a beau. Then they began to couple the name of the squire's son with hers.

All eyes were in the conspiracy of observation. If the squire's son, Jim Benson, were near, it was said Helen's quick color came and went. It was rumored that they had been seen talking on the outskirts of the town.

Everybody said that if old Mary learned of it Helen Trevor would be turned out without a penny. The old squire had nothing, and a large family to support on it. Jim Benson had a clerical position in the bank. It would be madness to affront rich old Mary Trevor.

Nevertheless the gossip persisted. Once it was said they had been seen together at a near-by town, walking hand in hand along the roads. Nothing more developed, however. Not for a long time, at least.

Did old Miss Mary really expect to mold her niece into a man-hater like her crabbed, bitter old self? She was as sharp as a hawk; she watched Helen all the time from behind her shade—even when the postman came or the baker called. No man had ever set foot within the precincts of the Trevor home since she had been jilted. "Age was creeping on her, but, instead of softening, she grew harder. She was even, folks said, suspicious of the airplanes that sometimes flew overhead, for fear that some lover of Helen's might be aboard, looking down. It was a mania, of course—"

Helen grew more wistful as the summer days grew into winter. One day a whisper ran like wildfire through the town, a terrible, devastating whisper. Another day it was confirmed. After that the women watched her from behind their shades. Some turned away when she passed.

Old Mary began to watch. She began to taunt her. She grew sarcastic; then she grew sweet. Then one day her rage overflowed in a fury like a storm.

It beat down the defenses of the stammering, terrified girl, and that young, beringed, accusing finger pointed at her like a sword.

"You —!"

It was a word that had never passed Miss Mary's lips before.

"It's true!"

Helen could not speak. A mist was circling round her, out of it those terrible old eyes, blazing into hers.

"Go into the streets! Stop! Who is the man?"

The name filtered through Helen's lips.

"I shall kill him. We Trevor women are able to defend our own honor." "Suddenly Helen fell at her feet and clasped her knees. "Listen! You shall listen to me now. Jim and I are married."

"What?"

"We were married last spring in Tilton. We loved each other. We couldn't live without each other. Many a time I've wanted to tell you and beg your forgiveness, but I didn't dare. Now I'm going, but I'm not ashamed. I love Jim, and I'm proud of him!"

She walked to the door, head up, shoulders squared. Then something in Miss Helen broke.

"Helen!"

The girl turned.  
"Run and open up the rest of the house, my dear. We've been shut up in this wing too long."

Pinholes in Steel.  
Making an adding machine required the drilling of ten holes in a plate a thirty-second of an inch thick, each hole to be accurate to a thousandth of an inch, yet no bigger than a pin in diameter. Such a problem stopped the manufacture of the machine on a commercial basis until the inventor of the calculator could invent a means of solving it. The result was a most ingenious machine that stands about twelve inches high.

The drill which was built carries ten spindles, each holding a drill of number six Morse gauge, which is about the size of the pin of ordinary use. Each little siver of steel that does the work is driven by a belt operating through a cam head and therefore works at the same speed as that of its neighbors. The actual drilling requires ten seconds.

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