

TAXES DUE MAR. 1

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R. G. BURNS,
AGENT.

Maybe the Reichstag would let Mr. Berger sit in it—Columbus Dispatch.

Harvey Davison went to Chicago this morning and today attended a banquet of real estate men in that city.

Mrs. Harry Walker, of Marcellus, Michigan, who was here to visit her brother, Lewis Burns, returned today to her home.

Every member of K. of P. Lodge No. 82, is requested to be present at the regular meeting Tuesday evening, Feb. 17. Important business, followed by a social gathering and refreshments.

AN OLD SALE BILL OF 1846.

The following is a copy of a sale bill advertising a sale held in Pike County, Missouri, and is handed to us by one of our subscribers for publication:

PUBLIC SALE
State of Missouri, county of Pike, to whom it may concern; the undersigned will, on Tuesday, September 25, 1846, sell at public outcry for cash on premises where Coon creek crosses the old Mission road, the following chattels, towit: Six yoke of oxen with yokes and chains, 2 wagons with beds, 3 nigger wenches, 4 buck niggers, 3 nigger boys, 2 prairie plows, 25 steel traps, 1 barrel pickled cabbage, 1 hoghead tobacco, 1 lot nigger hoes, 1 spinning wheel, 1 loom, 13 fox hounds, a lot of coon, mink and skunk skins and a lot of other articles. Am gwine to California—JOHN DOE.

Richard Doe, Cryer.
Free head-cheese, apples and hard cider.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the signature of *Pat H. Fletcher*

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Coen arrived here Monday evening from a very pleasant wedding trip spent in the south. After a few days' visit here they will go to South Bend where they will be at home.

Diamond Cut Diamond

By JANE BUNKER

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But it wasn't easy to put the box into the slipper when it came to the point. Mrs. Delario keenly felt the obligations of her charge and proved a far too devoted chaperon. At last the chance arrived and the box was stowed. What, then, was the poor child's consternation to hear me twitting Mrs. Delario into wearing the slippers!

"She nearly had me then!" Claire confided with noticeable glee at her own ability to cope with the situation. "I got the box out just one minute before she came into our stateroom. But this fright made me so ill I couldn't stay at table that night."

"I should think so," said Billy, and gave a sly glance in my direction that said, "I take back all I said about her last night—she wasn't really in it at all. It was all the old scoundrel of a 'mossos'."

Claire seemed ready to end here, but I wasn't ready to have her. What was I to tell monsieur? My turn was coming in a minute, and what was I to say? I kept on with Claire. "Then so far as you know, the box came through the customs house in one of those slippers? And what were you to do after that?"

The words were hardly out of my mouth when the front bell rang and George handed in a telegram addressed to monsieur.

Monsieur tore open the yellow envelope and rapidly scanned the message; frowned; hesitated; started to speak and stopped; looked at me inquisitively; asked if there was a telegraph office near and when I told him where it was excused himself from our company to "send an immediate and urgent reply" and instructed Claire to answer every question I might care to put and with that he hurried off with the curt ceremony of one who expects to be back on the quarter-hour stroke.

There was, however, but little more I needed to discover from Claire; still there was one thing, and I asked her bluntly, "Your father came over ahead of us on a faster steamer? He was on the wharf in disguise when we arrived?"

She blushed furiously and stammered, "Y—yes—he was there," and added hastily: "But I didn't know he was there. He told me there would be someone—to take charge—when I gave the signal that everything was all right."

"Oh, there was a signal!"

"Of course. I had to let the other one know who had the box."

"You mean you had to let your father know?"

"It was papa—but I didn't see him." "What did you have to let him know?"

"Whether it was you or Mrs. Delario."

"How did you manage that?"

"I set my little handbag on top of the suitcase that said the box was there. Then I drew off my glove that said, 'in a slipper.' It wasn't very hard to remember."

"And you had given the signal when I picked up the slipper?"

"Yes—and I was so frightened. I didn't know but papa would be killed."

"And you went home with Mrs. Delario and tried to see if she had the right slipper?"

"Yes—but I never found out."

She looked as if she were dying to ask, "Have you found out?"

I was so afraid she would that I ended the cross-examination hastily by asking her what she heard from her mother and signaled Billy to chip into the conversation and make talk as fast as he could; and after she'd replied about her mother—that her grandmother was still dying and her mother dared not leave—she turned to Billy as though she had really only just then become aware of his presence, and they soon were chattering away like magpies and the blushes were mostly on Billy's cheeks. For which he might be forgiven. He was just twenty-two and she was just sixteen; but in three years—dear me, what a beauty she was going to be—what a man-killer!

I left them to themselves, going to my bedroom on some pretext or another while one quarter of an hour followed another, and still monsieur did not return. At nine Claire began to be restless; at quarter after she blurted out, "Do you suppose anything has happened to papa?"

I had been supposing it for half an hour—he'd had time to make twenty trips to the telegraph office and back—but I managed to say reassuringly,

"Why, what could happen?" and Billy supported me with a fine courageous, "Nothing could have happened—he's a man—he knows how to take care of himself," and was rewarded with a look.

Even at sixteen Claire's looks were valuable—Billy wouldn't have sold that to another fellow for a ten-dollar bill.

The elevator rumbled up, and I cried, "There he is—I think."

George presented me with two notes and the information that an an-

tomobile was downstairs waiting.

I handed one note to Claire, tore open the one addressed to me, and read:

I'm sending a car for my daughter. Will you ask Mr. Rivers to escort her to the hotel? It is necessary that I say some words to you alone. I beg you to await me.

It was signed, "H. de Ravenol."

I had barely finished this when I heard Claire give a cry, "Mamma is dead!" and I looked up just in time to see her throw out her arms and swoon away at my feet.

People faint away in this story like the heroines of a mid-Victorian romance, but I can't help it. Anyway, I warned you there was another faint coming, which faint was, under the circumstances, natural enough.

To be exact, Claire swooned at my feet via Billy's arms. The intention

of the car was to take her to the hotel.

What he's paid for him we're coming.

He slammed the door, for a moment forgetting Claire, and she started up at the noise with her cry: "Oh, mamma!" and then seeing me: "Oh, you!"

"Yes—I'm here," I soothed, and thought she was going off again and gave her a good smart swat with the towel and a good sharp, "Claire!"

In spite of our assurances, it was a good half-hour before she was anything like all right and we got a coherent account from her and found she only thought something had happened to her mother. It was a full three-quarters of an hour before she was ready to leave.

I was more than half-minded to go with her, and but for monsieur's explicit note—which I read again after Claire came to her senses—I should not have let her go off that way, even with Billy, though I knew that so far as devoted perfect care went, he'd give it to her as well as I. More acceptably, mayhap!

I had a growing uneasiness that monsieur's surreptitious return for words alone with me marked a change in the current of events. Had he already discovered without my help that Mrs. Delario had the diamonds? Had he seen her since I left the house? And was he prepared to drop on her with the law? Certainly I had already noticed he had about him the air of something he hadn't the night before when he threw himself on my mercy and implored me to help him.

He'd shed his pleading attitude—

that was how I summed him up in my new impression; and when a person does that it's either because he doesn't care or holds the whip!

I was bound to see him and find out; and Claire and Billy went away together, Billy wearing a grim do-or-die, trust-me absolutely expression on his round young face connoting appreciation of his grave responsibility.

When I'd seen them off in the elevator and closed my door I smiled. I wasn't sorry that Billy was getting a wholesome nearness to the real thing in women, albeit a very young one—but time would rapidly remedy that difficulty; and as for Claire—well, Billy was her first young man and I knew her ideals wouldn't suffer any through him. He might be a trifle tough and unpolished on the outside, but he was true blue.

There were three low raps at my door. Or was it my door?

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NOTICE OF REMOVAL

I have moved my real estate office to rooms over the Co-operative meat market, north side of public square.

GEORGE F. MEYERS.

The elevator r