

The PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDIE

ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

CHAPTER III.

To Triumph!

Once safely in the street Kenneth Griswold, with a thousand dollars in his pocket and the packet of banknotes under his arm, was seized by an impulse to do some extravagant thing to celebrate his success. It had proved to be such a simple matter, after all—one bold strike; a tussle, happily bloodless, with the plutocratic dragon whose hold upon his treasure was so easily broken; and presto! the hungry proletariat had become himself a power in the world, strong to do good or evil, as the gods might direct.

This was the prompting to exultation as it might have been set in words; but in Griswold's thought it was but a swift suggestion, followed instantly by another which was much more to the immediate purpose. He was hungry; there was a restaurant next door to the bank. Without thinking overmuch of the risk he ran, and perhaps not at all of the audacious subtlety of such an expedient at such a critical moment, he went in, sat down at one of the small marble-topped tables, and calmly ordered breakfast.

Since hunger is a lusty special pleader, making itself heard above any pulpit drum of the higher faculties, it is quite probable that Griswold dwelt less upon what he had done than upon what was about to eat, until the hue and cry in the street reminded him that the chase was begun. But at this, not to appear suspiciously inquisitive, he put on the mask of indifferent interest and asked the waiter concerning the upsur.

The serving man did not know what had happened, but he would go and find out if M'sieu' so desired. "M'sieu'" said breakfast first, by all means, and information afterward. Both came in due season, and the hungry one ate while he listened.

Transmuted into the broken English of the Gascon serving man, the story of the robbery lost nothing in its sensational features.

It was very evident that the plutocratic dragon did not intend to accept defeat without a struggle, and Griswold set his wits at work upon the problem of escape.

"It's a little queer that I hadn't thought of that part of it before," he mused, sipping his coffee as he actually began. "I suppose the other fellow, the real robber, would have figured himself safely out of it—or would have thought he had—before he made the break. Since I did not, I've got to do it now, and there isn't much time to throw away. Let me see—" he shut his eyes and went into the inventive trance of the literary craftsman—"the key must be originality; I must think of that which the other fellow would never think of doing."

On the strength of that decision he ventured to order a third cup of coffee, and before it had cooled he had outlined a plan, basing it upon a cross-questioning of the Gascon waiter. There had been but one man concerned in the robbery, and the side-walk gossip was beginning to describe him with discomforting accuracy.

Griswold paid his score and went out boldly and with studied nonchalance. He reasoned that, notwithstanding the growing accuracy of the street report, he was still in no immediate danger so long as he remained in such close proximity to the bank. It was safe to assume that this was one of the things the professional "strong-arm man" would not do. But it was also evident that he must speedily lose his identity if he hoped to escape; and the lost identity must leave no clue to itself.

Griswold smiled when he remembered how, in fiction, the felon-notch-wort, and in real life, for that matter, the law-breaker always did leave a clue for the pursuers. Thereupon arose a determination to demonstrate practically that it was quite as possible to create an inerrant fugitive as to conceive an infallible detective. Joining the passers-by on the sidewalk, he made his way leisurely to Canal street, and thence diagonally through the old French quarter toward the French market. In a narrow alley giving upon the levee he finally found what he was looking for: a dingy sailors' barber's shop. The barber was a negro, fat, untidy and sleepy looking, and he was alone.

"Yes, sah; shave, boss?" asked the negro, bowing and scraping a foot when Griswold entered.

"No, a hair cut." The customer produced a silver half-dollar. "Go somewhere and get me a cigar to smoke while you are doing it. Get a good one, if you have to go to Canal street," he added, climbing into the rickety chair.

The fat negro shuffled out, scenting tips. The moment he was out of sight Griswold took up the scissors and began to hack awkwardly at his beard and mustache; awkwardly, but swiftly, and with well chosen purpose. The result was a fairly complete metamorphosis easily wrought. In place of the trim beard and curling mustache there was a rough stubble, stiff and uneven, like that on the face of a man who had neglected to shave for a week or two.

"There, I think that will answer," he told himself, standing back before the cracked looking-glass to get the general effect. "And it is decently original. The professional cracksmen would probably have shaved, whereupon the first amateur detective he met would reconstruct the beard on the sunburned lines. Now for a pawnbroker; and the more avuncular he happens to be, the better he will serve the purpose."

He went to the door and looked up and down the alley. The negro was not yet in sight, and Griswold walked

of, there yet remained the choice of a line of flight; and it was a small thing that finally decided the manner of his going. For the third time in the hour of aimless wanderings he found himself loitering opposite the berth of the Belle Julie, an up-river steamboat whose bell gave sonorous warning of the approaching moment of departure. Tolling rustabouts, trailing in and out like an endless procession of human ants, were hurrying the last of the cargo aboard.

"Poor devils! They've been told that they are free men, and perhaps they believe it. But surely no slave of the Toulon galleys were ever in better bondage. Free?—yes, free to toil and sweat, to bear burdens and to be driven like cattle under the yoke! Oh, good Lord!—look at that!"

The ant procession had attacked the final tier of boxes in the lading, and the crew of the up-river craft, a white man, had stumbled and fallen like a crushed pack animal under a load too heavy for him. Griswold was beside him in a moment. The man could not rise, and Griswold dragged him not unadvisedly out of the way of the others.

"Where are you hurt?"

The crushed one sat up and spat blood.

"I don't know; inside, somewhere. I been dyin' on my feet any time for a year or two back."

"Consumption?" queried Griswold, briefly.

"I reckon so."

"Then you have no earthly business in a deck crew. Don't you know that?"

The man's smile was a ghastly face-wrinkling.

"Reckon I ain't got any business anywhere—out'n a hospital or a hole in the ground. But I kind o' thought I'd like to be planted 'longside the

river."

Having thus disguised himself, Griswold made the transformation artistically complete by walking a few squares in the dust of a loaded cotton float on the levee. Then he made a tramp's bundle of the manuscript of the moribund book, the pistol, and the money in the red handkerchief; and having surveyed himself with some satisfaction in the bar mirror of a riverside pot-house, a daring impulse to test his disguise by going back to the restaurant where he had breakfasted seized and bore him up-town.

The experiment was an unqualified success. The proprietor of the bank-neighborly cafe not only failed to recognize him, he was driven forth with revellings in idiomatic French and broken English.

"Bete! Go back on da levee w're you belong to go. I'll been kipping dis cafe for zentlemen! Seelerat! Go!"

Griswold went out, smiling between his teeth.

"That settles the question of identification and present safety," he assured himself exultantly. Then: "I believe I could walk into the Bayou State Security and not be recognized."

As before, the daring impulse was irresistible, and he gave place to it on the spur of the moment. Foully a five dollar bill in the mud of the gutter, he went boldly into the bank and asked the paying teller to give him silver for it. The teller sniffed at the money, scowled at the man, and turned back to his cash book without a word. Griswold's smile grew to an inward laugh when he reached the street.

"The dragon may have teeth and claws, but it can neither see nor smell," he said, contemptuously, turning in his steps riverward again. "Now I have only to choose my route and go in peace. How and where are the only remaining questions to be answered."

For an hour or more after his return to the riverfront, Griswold idled about boldly and with studied nonchalance. He reasoned that, notwithstanding the growing accuracy of the street report, he was still in no immediate danger so long as he remained in such close proximity to the bank. It was safe to assume that this was one of the things the professional "strong-arm man" would not do. But it was also evident that he must speedily lose his identity if he hoped to escape; and the lost identity must leave no clue to itself.

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She Saw His Confusion, and Charged It to the Card Reading.

woman and the children, if I could make out some way to get there.

"Where?"

The consumptive named a small river town in Iowa.

In Griswold's impulse was the dominant chord always struck by an appeal to his sympathies. His compassion went straight to the mark, as it was sure to do when his pockets were not empty.

"What is the fare by rail to your town?" he inquired.

"I don't know; I never asked. Somewhere between twenty and thirty dollars, I reckon; and that is more money than I've seen since the woman died."

Griswold hastily counted out a hundred dollars from his pocket and thrust the money into the man's hand.

"Take that and change places with me," he commanded, slipping on the mask of gruffness again. "Pay your fare on the train, and I'll take your job on the boat. Don't be a fool!" he added, when the man put his face in hands and began to choke. "It's a fair enough exchange, and I'll get as much out of it one way as you will the other. What is your name? I may have to borrow it."

"Gavitt—John Wesley Gavitt."

"All right; off with you," said the liberator, curtly, and with that the shoulders the sick man's load and fell into line in the ant procession.

Once on board the steamer, he followed his file leader and made it his first care to find a safe hiding place for the tramp's bundle in the knotted handkerchief. That done, he stepped into the line again, and became the sick man's substitute in fact.

It was toll of the shrewdest, and he drew a breath of blessed relief when the man staggered up the plank with his burden. The bell was clanging its final summons, and the slowly revolving paddle-wheels were taking the strain from the mooring lines. Being near the bow line Griswold was one of the two who spring ashore at the mate's bidding to cast off. He was backing the hawser out of the last of his half-hitches, when a carriage was driven rapidly down to the state and two tardy passengers hurried aboard.

The mate bawled from his station on the hurricane deck.

"Now, then! Take a turn on that spring line out there and get them trunks aboard! Lively!"

The larger of the two trunks fell to the late recruit; and when he had set it down at the door of the designated stateroom, he did half absentmindedly what John Gavitt might have done without blame: read the tacked-on card, which bore the owner's name and address, written in a firm hand: "Charlotte Farnham, Wahaska, Minnesota."

"Thank you," said a musical voice at his elbow. "May I trouble you to put it inside."

Griswold wheeled as if the mild-toned request had been a blow, and was properly ashamed. But when he saw the speaker, consternation promptly slew all the other emotions. For the owner of the tagged trunk was the young woman to whom, an hour or so earlier, he had given place at the paying teller's wicket in the Bayou State Security.

She saw his confusion, charged it to the card-reading which she had surprised him, and smiled. Then he met

her gaze fairly and became sane again when he was assured that she did not recognize him: became sane, and whipped off his cap, and dragged the trunk into the stateroom. After which he went to his place on the lower deck with a great thankfulness throbbing in his heart and an inchoate resolve shaping itself in his brain.

Late that night, when the Belle Julie was well on her way up the great river, he flung himself down upon the sacked coffee on the engine room-guard to snatch a little rest between landings, and the resolve became sufficiently cosmic to formulate itself in words:

"I'll call it an oracle," he mused. "One place is as good as another, just so it is inconsequence enough. And I am sure I've never heard of Wahaska."

Now Griswold the social rebel, was, of course all things else, Griswold the imaginative literary craftsman; and no sooner was the question of his ultimate destination settled, this arbitrarily than he began to prefigure the place and its probable lacks and havings. This process brought him by easy stages to pleasant idealizations of Miss Charlotte Farnham, who was, thus far, the only tangible thing connected with the destination dream. A little farther along her personality laid hold of him and the idealizations became purely literary.

"She is a magnificently strong type!" he was summing up of her made while he was lying flat on his back and staring absently at the flittering shadows among the deck beams overhead. "Her face is as readable as only the face of a woman instinctively good and pure in heart can be. Any man who can put her between the covers of a book may put anything else he pleases in it and snap his fingers at the world. If I am going to live in the same town with her, I ought to jot her down on paper before I lose the keen edge of the first impression."

He considered it for a moment, and then got up and went in search of a pencil and a scrap of paper. The dozing night clerk gave him both, with a sleepy malediction thrown in; and he went back to the engine room and scribbled his word picture by the light of the swinging incandescent.

He read it over thoroughly when it was finished, changing a word here and a phrase there with a craftsman's fidelity to the exactness. Then he shook his head regretfully and tore the scrap of paper into tiny squares, scattering them upon the brown floor, surging past the engine room gangway.

"It won't do," he confessed reluctantly, as one who sacrifices good literary material to a stern sense of the fitness of things. "It is nothing less than a cold-blooded sacrifice. I can't make a copy of her if I write no more while the world stands."

(To Be Continued.)

Passing of the Rifle.—"In this war, the rifle is a toy. The infantry soldier is used merely to occupy trenches that artillery has won," said a Russian officer a few days ago. Now from Holland comes the report that the Germans are replacing rifles by machine guns wherever possible, and that one hundred thousand are already in use. If these stories are true, the soldier of tomorrow will not bear rifle and bayonet, but will carry under his arm a yard of iron pipe and several yards of leather belting filled with ammunition. He will squirt death at his enemy as if he were spraying flowers with a hose. The Germans regard a machine gun merely as an improved automatic rifle with a water jacket. They point out that the guards at Waterloo carried a weapon heavier and more clumsy than the latest machine gun, and that in modern trench warfare, with its charges against barbed wire entanglements, the soldier who can fire a hundred shots to his opponent's five has twenty times the chance to live through the fight. The rifle seems doomed to follow the longbow as the principal arm of infantry.

In providing themselves with thousands of machine guns, the Germans have anticipated the allies, just as they did in the use of heavy field artillery, torrents of high explosive shells and gas. They have been the masters of making today the weapons of tomorrow. In this way, without precedent, imagination, not tradition, shows the way to victory. The German physicists, chemists and mechanical inventors may yet save their country from the destruction prepared for her by her diplomats and ruler.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Artillery" Ear.—The war has developed what might be termed an "artillery ear," especially among the soldiers at that branch of the service, which is charged with the duty of what kind of a shell is being fired at them, and whether or not it is aimed at their battery or at some other spot. Many lives have been saved by this gradually developed oral alertness.

The men have learned to pay not the slightest attention to a shot that gives off the peculiar sound indicating that it is aimed at some other position.

Because of the confusing noise of the artillery's own battery, the squad leading it usually is divided into two groups, one of which listens for the shells of the opponents, and gives the warning to dive for the shelter back of the guns. The men learn to talk with pauses between each word, listening meantime for the tell-tale whistle of the dangerous shell.

The big howitzers give nearly half a minute's warning. As an officer puts it, one can hear the shells from these guns, and still not be carried away by the noise to the extent of the others, for officers and men seemed to regard plunder as their principal object and highest success. The jail was the only building burned. After the main column had left a party of about 100 returned Sunday with the avowed object of burning the village while the cavalry put the villagers to their heels.

Many citizens in the country were abused in their person. Whipping and hanging by the neck to extract confessions of hidden valuables was the common practice. All who were suspected of having coin concealed were made to suffer. One gentleman, Mr. Adams was shot on his own premises and while struggling in the

FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS

As Traced in Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY

Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Confronted Generations that Have Gone Before.

The first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in our issue of November 14, 1913. The notes are being prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permit. Their purpose is to bring into review the events of the past for the pleasure and satisfaction of the older people and for the entertainment and instruction of the present generation.

143D INSTALLMENT.
(Wednesday Evening, Feb. 11, 1865.)

James E. Quinn.

We are pained to record the death on the 7th inst., of Mr. James E. Quinn, one of the few noble and unselfish spirits whose name will be handed down to time in colors as bright and enduring as the soldiers' garlands.

From the beginning of this struggle he has labored earnestly and incessantly to ameliorate the sufferings of the poor, to feel the destitute and to be a father to the fatherless. Bright is the record his good deeds have left behind him. From the resources of a moderate income, he distributed charities to the needy that the millionaire would call enormous. No soldier's sick wife ever left his premises without help and comfort, and a heart gladdened by his kindness. The poor will miss him but he reaps his heavenly reward.

The News.

Sherman has been for the past week, sojourn and cautiously advancing from the Savannah to the Edisto. Skirmishes between the cavalry forces of the two armies has occurred daily with trifling results. The enemy forced a crossing at Bennetts bridge over the South Edisto, on Saturday with cavalry and occupied the village of Blackville; thus cutting the South Carolina railroad between Branchville and Augusta. The latter place is believed to be his objective point, though his movements are veiled in so much mystery that his real destination is difficult to ascertain.

Our forces are reported for these reasons to be scattered over a lengthy line and concentration will not be easily attainable when his designs are unmasked. The country is admirably adapted to scouting parties and on the boldness and vigilance of Hampton's and Wheeler's gallant riders will depend much of our success.

The latest news from the front will be found in the proper column.

Fifth Regiment, S. C. V.
Near Richmond, Va. Jan. 30, 1865.

Messrs. Editors: Please publish the following list of casualties in Co. B, 5th Regiment, S. C. V., from the 6th of May to the 31st of December, 1865, inclusive:

Killed in the battle of the Wilderness, May 6th, 1864: Privates W. S. Morris, D. W. Wilks.

At Fort Harrison, Sept. 30, 1864: Privates James V. Garrison, Thomas J. Stevenson.

At the battle of Darbytown, Va., Oct. 7, 1864: Corp. Wm. G. Stinson.

Died of wounds: Privates John B. Brown, wounded June 22, 1864, and Henry Ratteer, wounded Aug. 16, and died Aug. 22, 1864. John C. Brandon, wounded Sept. 30, and died Nov. 18, 1864.

Captured: At the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, Sergt. Winfield S. Taylor; Privates Wm. Z. Kell, Thos. J. Evans.

Near Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 26, 1864, Private James Shaw.

G. A. Patrick, Capt., Co. B, 5th Regiment, S. C. V.

(Wednesday Evening, March 16, 1865.)

The Enemy in Lancaster.
Lancaster, S. C. March 12, 1865.

The flood has swept over us and left a wide belt of ruin in its track. Devastation as complete as ever clad the sombre ruins of Nineveh or Babylon marks the pathway of the destroyer through many portions of this district. In many places the houses are all burnt for several miles along the highways; not a vestige of fence or the semblance of a living being is left. It is as desolate as if some poisonous blast had spent its furious contents, blackening and charring everything in its path. The heaviest sufferers by the enemy were in the southeastern portion of the district through which a portion of the enemy's infantry passed.

Kilpatrick's cavalry entered this village on the morning of the 28th of February, and left on the 4th inst., and I venture to say a better organized gang of thieves never existed. Every house was searched from cellar to garret and all portable valuables stolen. What could not be carried away was in many instances carried to their camps and destroyed. Not a horse, mule nor colt was left on the line of march; those not fit for cavalry or artillery were shot. About 150 carcasses of such animals were left in the streets and the suburbs of the village. Kilpatrick's headquarters were here, which fact probably spared us from the torch as that would have interfered with his comfort. It afforded but little protection in other respects, for officers and men seemed to regard plunder as their principal object and highest success. The jail was the only building burned. After the main column had left a party of about 100 returned Sunday with the avowed object of burning the village while the cavalry put the villagers to their heels.

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TOLD BY LOCAL EXCHANGES

News Gleaned in Neighboring Communities.

CONDENSED FOR QUICK READING

Dealing Mainly With Local Affairs of Cherokee, Cleveland, Gaston, Lancaster and Chester.

Chester Reporter, July 1: Misses Bertha Stahn and Julia Phillips left this morning to join a party at Nashville, Tenn., for a trip to the exposition. They will visit Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, the National park, Frisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, the Grand Canyon and many other points of interest.

The last day for filing state income tax returns for the year, and the books of County Auditor M. R. Fudge show that the following persons will pay the amount of tax after their names: Mrs. A. M. Aiken, \$10.15; A. L. Gaston, \$15.00; Rev. A. D. P. Gilmour, D. D., \$22.80; Mrs. A. D. P. Gilmour, \$16.92; J. G. White, \$4.83; Dr. S. W. Pryor, \$25.00; A. R. G. White, \$4.14; R. B. Caldwell, \$2.82; Dr. W. M. Love, \$3.00; S. M. Jones, \$4.50; J. L. Glenn, \$5.00; Chester Machine & Lumber Co., \$24.80; T. H. White, \$2.00; Mr. A. McKee, \$1.00.

Mr. McKee, who died at his home on the 20th inst., yesterday afternoon after a lingering illness, was a member of the church of the Holy Trinity, a worthy and respected citizen. Mr. J. L. Glenn received a letter yesterday from Mr. Paul Dana, written in London, England.

Mr. Dana, who had just returned from Namur, Belgium, and left Mr. J. L. Glenn, Jr., there and that he was quite well. He further stated that Mr. Glenn was expecting to leave for England sometime soon; in fact, just as soon as he could get his affairs in order.

Mr. G. Anderson announced this afternoon that the steel bridge at Cany Fork will be ready for traffic by four o'clock this afternoon.

King's Mountain Herald, July 1: Conductor Harris of freight train No. 17, was arrested by the local police for blocking the Mountain street crossing over five minutes, and was fined \$5.00 by Mayor Cline.

A. M. Long holds the toga as the champion gardener of this section. He has just finished marketing 35 bunches of fine cucumbers, which he raised on 35 short rows. The largest one weighed 28 ounces. He has five short rows of cucumbers. He picked the fruit clean on Friday, then went back Monday and gathered 29 dozen marketable cucumbers.

Mr. J. W. McGill is married and will be here in a few days to visit relatives. Mr. McGill is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McGill of King's Mountain. He has been in the middle west about four and a half years. W. F. Gofforth has been in the middle west about four and a half years. W. F. Gofforth has been in the middle west about four and a half years.

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