

The GIRL from His Town
by Mark Van Vorst
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Ruggles' broad face had not altered the expression of quiet expectation. "There's a lot of 'em down there!" he asked.

"There are two," Galorey said briefly, "and one of them is my wife." Ruggles turned his cigarette between his great fingers. He was a slow thinker. He had none of old Blair's keenness, but he had other



"That is Just Why I Toddled in to See You."

qualities. Galorey saw that he had not been quite understood, and he waited and then said:

"Lady Galorey is like the rest of modern wives, and I am like a lot of modern husbands. We each go our own way. My way is a worthless one, God knows I don't stand up for it, but it is not my wife's way in any sense of the word."

"Does she want Dan to go along on her road?" Ruggles asked. "And how far?"

"We are financially strapped just now," said Galorey calmly, "and she has got money from the boy." He didn't remove his pipe from his mouth; still holding it between his teeth he put his hand in his pocket, took out his wallet, drew forth four checks and laid them down before Ruggles. "It is quite a sum," Galorey noted, "sufficient to do a lot to Osdene Park in the way of needed repairs." Ruggles had never seen a sum such as curved his companion's lips. "But Osdene Park will have to be repaired by money from some other source."

Ruggles wondered how the husband had got hold of the checks, but he didn't ask and he did not look at the papers.

"When Dan came to the Park," said Galorey, "I stopped bridge playing, but this more than takes its place!"

Ruggles' big hand went slowly toward the checks; he touched them with his fingers and said: "Is Dan in love with your wife?"

And Lord Galorey laughed and said: "Lord no, my dear man, not even that! It is pure good nature on his part—mere prodigality. Edith appealed to him, that's all."

Relief crossed Ruggles' face. He understood in a flash the worldly appeal to the rich young man and believed the story the husband told him.

"Have you spoken to the boy?"

"My dear chap, I have spoken to him about nothing. I preferred to come to you."

"You said," Ruggles continued, "there were two ladies down to your place."

Galorey had refilled his pipe and held it as before in the palm of his hand.

"I can look after the affairs of my wife, and this shan't happen again, I promise you—not at Osdene, but I'm afraid I can not do much in the other



"She is Aiming at Ten Million Pounds."

case. The Duchess of Breakwater has been at Osdene for nearly three weeks, and Dan is in love with her." Ruggles put the four checks one on top of the other.

Mr. H. P. Moses has returned from

"Is the lady a widow?" "Unfortunately, yes." "So that's the nest Dan has got into at Osdene," the Westerner said. And Galorey answered: "That is the nest. And he has gone out there today—got a wire this morning."

"The duchess has been in an awful funk," said Galorey, "because Dan's been stopping in London so long. She sent him a message, and as soon as Dan wired back that he was coming to the Park, I decided to come here and see you."

Ruggles ruminated: "Has the duchess complications financially?" "Rather!" the other answered.

And Ruggles turned his broad, honest face full on Galorey: "Do you think she could be bought off?"

Galorey took his pipe out of his mouth.

"It depends on how far Dan has gone on with her. To be frank with you, Mr. Ruggles, it is a case of emotion on the part of the woman. She is really in love with Dan. Gadi!" exclaimed the nobleman. "I have been on the point of turning the whole brood out of doors these last days. It was like imprisoning a mountain breeze in a charnel house—a woman with her scars and her experience and that boy—I don't know where you've kept him or how you kept him as he is, but he is as clear as water. I have talked to him and I know."

Nothing in Ruggles' expression had changed until now. His eyes glowed. "Dan's all right," he said softly. "Don't you worry! He's all right. I guess his father knew what he was doing, and I'll bet the whole thing was just what he sent him over here for! Old Dan Blair wasn't worth a copper when the boy was born, and yet he had ideas about everything and he seemed to know more in that old gray head of his than a whole library of books. Dan's all right."

"My dear man," said the nobleman, "that is just where you Americans are wrong. You comfort yourself with your eternal 'Dan's all right,' and you won't see the truth. You won't breathe the word 'scandal' and yet you are thick enough in them, God knows. You won't admit them, but they are there. Now be honest and look at the truth, will you? You are a man of common sense. Dan Blair is not all right. He is in an infernally dangerous position. The Duchess of Breakwater will marry him. It is what she has wanted to do for years, but she has not found a man rich enough, and she will marry this boy offhand."

"Well," said the Westerner slowly, "if he loves her and if he marries her—"

"Marries her!" exclaimed the nobleman. "There you are again! Do you think marriage makes it any better? Why, if she went off to the Continent with him for six weeks and then set him free, that would be preferable to marrying her. My dear man," he said, leaning over the table where Ruggles sat, "if I had a boy I would rather have him marry Letty Lane of the Galety. Now you know what I mean."

Ruggles' face, which had hardened relaxed.

"I have seen that lady," he exclaimed with satisfaction; "I have seen her several times."

Galorey sank back into his chair and neither man spoke for a few seconds. Turning it all over in his slow mind, Ruggles remembered Dan's absorption in the last few days. "So there are three women in the nest," he concluded thoughtfully, and Gordon Galorey repeated:

"No, not three. What do you mean?"

"Your wife"—Ruggles held up one finger and Galorey interrupted him to murmur:

"I'll take care of Edith." "The Duchess of Breakwater you think won't talk of money?" "No, don't count on it. She is aiming at ten million pounds." Ruggles was holding up his second finger.

"Well, I guess Dan has gone out to take care of her today." Dan and Ruggles had seen "Mandalay" from a box, from the pit and from the stalls. On the table lay a book of the opera. While talking with Galorey, Ruggles had unconsciously arranged the checks on top of the libretto of "Mandalay."

"I'll take care of Miss Lane," Ruggles said at length.

His lordship echoed, "Miss Lane?" and looked up in surprise. "What Miss Lane, for God's sake?"

"Miss Letty Lane at the Galety," Ruggles answered.

"Why, she isn't in the question, my dear man."

"You put her there just now yourself."

"Bosh!" Galorey exclaimed impatiently, "I spoke of her as being the limit, the last thing on the line."

"No," corrected the other, "you put the Duchess of Breakwater as the limit."

a trip to Asheville.

Galorey smiled frankly. "You are right, my dear chap," he accepted, "and I stand by it."

A page boy knocked at the door and came in holding out on a salver a card for Mr. Ruggles, and at the interruption Galorey rose and invited Ruggles to go out with him that night to Osdene. "Lady Galorey will be delighted."

But Ruggles shook his head. "The boy is coming back here tonight," and Galorey laughed.

"Don't you believe it! You don't know how deep in he is. You don't know the Duchess of Breakwater. Once he is with her—"

At the same time that the page boy handed Mr. Ruggles the card of the caller, he gave him as well a small envelope, which contained box tickets for the Galety. Ruggles examined it.

"I have got some writing to do," he told Galorey, "and I'm going to see a show tonight, and I think I'll just stay here and watch my hole."

As soon as Galorey had left the Carlton, Mr. Ruggles despatched his letters and his visitor, made a very careful toilet, and after waiting until past eight o'clock for Dan to return to dinner, dined alone on roast beef and a tart, and with perfect digestion, if somewhat thoughtful mind, left the hotel and walked down the dim street to the brilliant Strand, and on foot to the Galety.

CHAPTER VII.

At the Stage Entrance.

Ruggles, from his stall, for the fourth time saw the curtain go up on "Mandalay" and heard the temple bells ring. One of the stage boxes was not occupied until after the first act and then the son of his friend came in alone and sat far back out of sight of any eyes but the keenest, and those eyes were Ruggles'. Letty Lane, delicious, fantastic, languishing, sang to Dan; that was evident to Ruggles. He was a large man and filled his stall comfortably. He sat through the performance peacefully, his hands in his pockets, his big face thoughtful, his shirt front ruffled. To look at him, one must have wondered why he had come to "Mandalay." He scarcely lost any of the threads of his own reflections, though when Miss Lane in response to a call from the house, sang her cradle song three times, he seemed moved. The tones of her pure voice, the cradling in her arms of an imaginary child, her apparent dove-like purity, her grace and sweetness, and her cooling, gentle tone, to judge by the softening of the Westerner's face, touched very much the big fellow who listened like a child. At the end he drew his handkerchief slowly across his eyes, but the tears, or rather moisture, that rose there was not all due to Miss Lane's song, for Ruggles was extremely warm.

He could see that in his box the boy sat transfixed and absorbed. Dan went out in the second entr'acte and was absent when the curtain went down. Ruggles, as well, left before the performance was over, to make his way outside the theater to the stage exit, where there was already gathered a little group, looked after by a couple of policemen. Close to the curb a gleaming motor waited, the footman at its door. Ruggles buttoned his coat up to his chin and took his place close to the door, over which the electric light showed the words "Stage Entrance." A poor woman elbowed him, her shabby hat adorned by a scraggly plume, a gray shawl wrapped round her shoulders. A girl or two, who might have been flower sellers in Piccadilly in the daytime, a couple of toughs, a handful of other vagrants smelling of gin, a decent man in working clothes, a child in his arms, formed the human hedge Letty Lane was to pass between—a singular group of people to spend an hour hanging about the streets at the exit of a theater well toward midnight. So the naive Ruggles thought, and better understood the appearance of the young fellows in evening clothes who hovered on the extreme edge of the little crowd. Dan, however, was not of these.

"Look sharp, Cissy," the working-man spoke to his child, holding her well up. "When she comes hout she'll pass close to yer, and you sing hout, 'God bless yer.'"

"Yes, Dad, I will," shrilled the child. The woman in the gray shawl drew it close about her. "Aw she's a true lily, all right, ain't she? I expect you've had some kindness off her as well?"

The man nodded over the child's shoulder. "Used to be a scene shifter, and Miss Lane found out about my little girl last year—not this lass, not Cissy, Cissy's sister—and she sent 'er to a place where it costs the eyes out of yer head. She's gettin' well fast, and we, none of us, has seen her or spoken to Miss Lane. She doesn't know our names."

And the woman answered: "She does a lot like that. She's got a heart bigger'n her little body."

And a big boy in the front row said back to the others: "Well, she makes a mint of money."

And the woman who had spoken before said: "She gives it nearly all to the poor."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Why He Was Late.

"What made you so late?" "I met Smithson."

"Well, that is no reason why you should be an hour late getting home for supper."

"I know, but I asked him how he was feeling, and he insisted on telling me about his stomach trouble."

"Did you tell him to take Chamberlain's Tablets?"

"Sure, that is what he needs. Sold by all dealers."

THE SAVIOR'S TEACHINGS
BROOKLYN TABERNACLE
BIBLE STUDIES

JESUS' SOUL RESURRECTED.
I Corinthians xv, 1-11—April 7.
Text: "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are all witnesses." Acts ii, 32.

TODAY, appropriate to the Easter season, we are to consider our Lord's resurrection. At the very outset we are confronted with certain errors which have gradually crystallized around the central truths of God's Word. One of these errors is the supposition that the resurrection of the dead, which the Scriptures hold forth as the hope of the Church and of the world, is to be a resurrection of the bodies which go down into death.

This mistake has given ground for infidelity to sneer at this precious doctrine of the Bible.

We are asked, How could the dust which once constituted the bodies of thousands of millions of humanity ever be re-collected and rearranged so that those bodies were resurrected? The infidel urges that many of humanity have been eaten by fishes and animals, and many other corpses have been absorbed by vegetation, which in turn has been eaten time and again by man and beast, entering into the many organisms. The proposition is manifestly unanswerable, yet it does not refute the Bible teaching of the resurrection, but merely our credulity misapprehensions of the Bible teaching. What the Bible does teach is that the real man is the soul, the being, and that he persists while gradually his body keeps changing—sloughing off. Scientists estimate that the human body undergoes a complete change every seven years. According to the Bible the process of rejuvenation would have continued everlastingly had man continued by obedience in Divine favor and in enjoyment of the everlasting life promised. It was sin that brought the death penalty—the death of the soul. It was Adam's soul that sinned, it was Adam's soul that died—"In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

Christ's Death and Resurrection Makes Future Life Possible.

The result of this Divine sentence upon man would have been extinction—he would have been on the same plane as the brute without any hope for eternal life, had not God in great mercy provided a redemption—that "Jesus Christ by the grace of God should taste death for every man." The death which Jesus experienced was exactly the same kind as the one which destroyed Adam—the soul of Jesus died as the ransom-price for the soul of Adam (including Adam's posterity). Thus we read of Jesus: "He poured out His soul unto death; He made His soul an offering for sin." It is by virtue of this corresponding price which Jesus paid that ultimately Adam and all of his posterity, every soul of man, will be granted a release from the death penalty—a resurrection from the dead—not of the dead bodies, but of the dead souls. In the resurrection God will give to each soul a body as it has pleased Him.—I Corinthians xv, 38.

The few during this Age who have become the followers of Jesus, begotten of the Holy Spirit, will be granted spirit bodies like to the Savior's. The remainder of mankind, not having been begotten of the Holy Spirit, will in the resurrection be granted human bodies, the same as they previously had; and their raising up will bring them eventually to all the perfection of the first Adam, unless they refuse the grace of God, in which event they will die the Second Death, from which there is to be no resurrection.

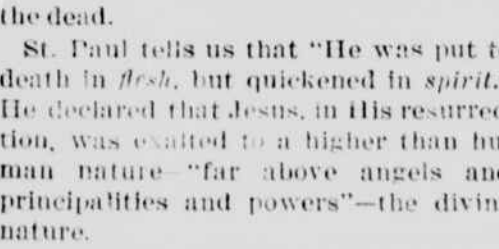
Jesus' Soul Resurrected.
St. Peter, on the Day of Pentecost, laid stress upon the fact of Christ's resurrection, and he reminds us that this was foretold. The Prophet David declared, "Thou wilt not leave My soul in sheol, nor suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption"—Acts ii, 27.

St. Peter's quotation of this, in the Greek, substitutes the word *hadēs* for *sheol*, showing that the words were a prophecy of the resurrection of Jesus—that His soul, poured out in death as the redemption price for Adam's soul and for the race, was not left in death, in *sheol*, in *hadēs*, but was raised from the dead.

St. Paul tells us that "He was put to death in *lesh*, but quickened in *spirit*." He declared that Jesus, in His resurrection, was exalted to a higher than human nature "far above angels and principalities and powers"—the divine nature.

As angels could materialize and appear in the flesh and disappear, and had done so in the past, so did Jesus. In order that His disciples might not misunderstand He appeared in different forms—on two of the occasions, in forms representing the Crucified One. On the other six occasions in various forms, as the gardener, the sojourner, etc.

Mr. C. E. Mayes, of Mayesville, was in town Friday.



The walk to Emmaus. words were a prophecy of the resurrection of Jesus—that His soul, poured out in death as the redemption price for Adam's soul and for the race, was not left in death, in sheol, in hades, but was raised from the dead.

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MEMBERS OF FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Eight Men Who Have Been Selected to Sleep at Fire House.

It was learned Thursday that the eight men who had been chosen in pursuance of the authority granted the fire committee by council at its session Monday night were Messrs. Harry Weeks, Jack Forbes, Fred Wise, Mack Owens, Herman Phelps, Pat Gallagher, Ormsby Blanding and Ryan White.

Of this number the first six have been sleeping at the fire house for a number of years under the direction of the Monaghan Hose Company when that organization had charge of the fire department. Recently the other two men have been selected to be on duty at the fire house at night by the action of council and the appointment of the fire committee they have been made members of the fire department.

All of these men have been working on the fire department for several years and shown their ability to fight fires on every occasion when their help was needed. By council's action they are required to go to fires in the day time as well as at night, which they have done heretofore without cost to the city.

The new chemical wagon is expected to arrive in a few days when the department will be divided up into squads who will belong to the two wagons.

FIRE AT ORANGEBURG.

Residence of Thomas A. Fairey Totally Destroyed.

Orangeburg, March 28.—The home of Thomas A. Fairey, located on S. Broughton street, was totally destroyed by fire this afternoon, entailing a big loss upon Mr. Fairey. The fire was discovered about 12:15 o'clock this afternoon and the stiff wind that was blowing soon fanned the flames into a stinging furnace. The home being located on the edge of the city, the water hydrant was over 1,000 feet away and as a result the fire department was practically powerless to act. The hose was stretched, but owing to the distance covered, the pressure was greatly lowered. The barn and other outbuildings were saved. The origin of the fire is unknown.

You will look a good while before you find a better medicine for coughs and colds than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It not only gives relief—it cures. Try it when you have a cough or cold, and you are certain to be pleased with the prompt cure which it will effect. For sale by all Dealers.

STATEMENT FROM GOVERNOR.

Blease Talks Further of Lexington Bank Situation.

Columbia, March 28.—When asked today if there were any new developments in the Lexington Savings Bank situation Governor Blease made the following statement:

"I have received no message from Mr. Rhame, and no report from the Attorney General. I understand Mr. Lyon is out of the city."

"You remember, I advocated the abolition of the office of State bank examiner at the last session of the legislature, and the placing of the entire matter in the hands of the Comptroller General. I think this Lexington case clearly demonstrates to the people that I was right, for had this matter been under the direct control of Gen. Jones he, being a State official, answerable directly to the people, would have made this thing public when Wilson made his report in 1910, and all the individual depositors who have—certainly those who put their money in that bank since that report—which was two years ago—would have been put on notice and could have saved themselves."

"Not only this, but the State could have made money and had a better service by placing this matter as I advised."

"No, I do not know exactly what amount was on deposit over there for the State and county. In fact, I am not sure that the State had any money there, for I think the official who was doing business with that bank had his own private deposits there. I can hardly think that he would have gone out of his way to have gone to Lexington and deposited the State's money in a private bank, when county and State depositories were right here in the city where he lives and I am satisfied that the board of directors, who have supervisory control of such matters, would not have allowed it to have been done; they are so very careful and guarded in the handling of affairs of the Penitentiary, and such faithful guardians of the treasury mill, that I am sure they would not have been so careless of the State's money."

Don't be surprised if you have an attack of rheumatism this spring. Just rub the affected parts freely with Chamberlain's Liniment and it will soon disappear. Sold by all Dealers.

OUTLAW PHOSPHOROUS MATCHES.

Passes Bill Designed to Drive Them Out of Market by Imposing Practically Prohibitive Tax.

Washington, March 28.—The bill by Representative Hughes of New Jersey (Democrat) virtually taxing out of existence the phosphorous match industry in the United States, was passed today by the house after heated debate. The vote, 163 to 30, was remarkable in that Mr. Mann, minority leader, was the only Republican who joined the Democratic opposition to the measure.

The high death rate among workers in the phosphorous match factories of the country inspired the bill.

Representative Underwood, leader of the majority, took the floor to argue against the measure on the ground that it established a precedent that was highly dangerous. If the prohibitory tax were imposed, he contended, congress could tax out of existence it chose, provided the supreme court upheld the constitutionality of such bills.

Representative Rainey of Illinois (Democrat) voted for the measure, although he charged that the house was being forced into the legislation by a powerful lobby operated in the interest of the "match trust."

Besides imposing a prohibitive tax on phosphorous matches, heavy fines and penalties are provided for violators of the law.

The exportation or importation of the matches also is forbidden. The main features of the law will go into effect on July 1, 1912, if the bill passes the senate.

*Dan. J. Joyce, Sanville, Va., is so glad he escaped consumption and regained his health, that he writes about it for the benefit of others. "I had a cough which hung on for two years when I began using Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. I kept on until the cough finally left me and I gained in weight from 113 to 185 pounds. In two years I have grown strong and healthy, all from the use of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, which cured me." Sibert's Drug Store.

The friends of Mr. L. E. White are anxiously awaiting his decision as to whether or not he will enter the race for the office of supervisor. It is understood that Mr. White has had the matter under consideration for some time and his friends are trying to induce him to announce his candidacy.

Almost a Miracle.

One of the most startling changes ever seen in any man, according to W. B. Holsclaw, Clarendon, Texas, was effected years ago in his brother. "He had such a dreadful cough," he writes, "that all our family thought he was going into consumption, but he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, and was completely cured by ten bottles. Now he is sound and well and weighs 218 pounds. For many years our family has used this wonderful remedy for coughs and colds with excellent results." It's quick, safe, reliable and guaranteed. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at Sibert's Drug Store.

DeLorme's Drug store is taking out the old front and installing a new front to the store.

*Do not drag along with a kidney ailment that saps your strength, causes terrible backaches, sleeplessness, nervousness, and loss of appetite. Take Foley Kidney Pills. They quickly cure all kidney and bladder ailments. Sibert's Drug Store.

Evidently that popular clamor for Colonel Roosevelt did not come from his home state of New York.—Florence Times.

*R. G. Collins, Postmaster at Barnegat, N. J., advises his friends, "I find your Foley's Honey and Tar Compound the best remedy for a cough I ever tried. I had a lagrippe cough that left me completely exhausted, but after taking half a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, the coughing spells entirely ceased. I wish to say it can't be beat." Sibert's Drug Store.

Accidents Will Happen

And when they do—they hurt. HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL is the one instantaneous relief and cure for all wounds, bruises, sores, cuts, sprains and abrasions of the skin. It forms an artificial skin covering, excludes the air instantly, stops pain at once. There are many oils, but none like HUNT'S. The action is different, and the effect as well.

HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL

Always have it in the house. Take it with you when you travel—you never can tell when HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL may be most needed. 25cets and 50cets bottles.

For Sale by Sibert's Drug Store, A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.