ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

OUR KEYNOTE:
"If There is Not a Way, Cut a Way."

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ACTIVE NEW YORK PRESS ASSOCIATION A DROP OF INK MAKES MILLIONS THINK ORGANIZED SEPT. 8, 1855 MEMBER

A Substitution is Needed

THE question of capital punishment should be studied. There are those who believe that the taking of one life, should be paid in the same manner with another.

States and countries today are abolishing capital punishment, because it is inhuman, barbarous and contrary to the laws of God.

No sane person believes that a murderer should be turned out among society and permitted to enjoy life as usual after committing a crime of taking a human life. One of the best known substitutes for capital punishment would be the enactment of an honest-to-goodness life sentence, in which the judge, governor or any other higher official could not interfere and grant a pardon.

The tendency in this modern age is to forget too soon. A life sentence today means ten years, not much longer. If the law carried a compulsory provision that "life" meant for the duration of one's natural lifetime, and removed loopholes for pardons, then the solution for a death penalty would be found.

How much nobler it would be for a jury or a judge to sentence a prisoner for life, than it would be to give a death penalty. The state has no axe to grind, in one sense of the word, when a person is found guilty of murder. It is not an action for revenge, but one which stands out as an example for others, as a warning to keep such crimes to a low point.

It is easy enough for an individual to assert that he believes in the electric chair, but if he had to turn on the switch that sends the electricity into the death chamber, it might be a different story.

Robert Elliott, executioner at the killing of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray, in New York recently, suffered a nervous collapse on the day following, and was bedfast because of the strain. If you favor capital punishment, place yourself in his position, knowing that when the points on that switch come in contact with each other, that a life was snuffed out.

Readers All

TAKEN by themselves, the increases during the 20 years in the number of public libraries and in their volumes are gratifying but not remarkable when compared with what the taxpaying owners of the public libraries have privately spent on reading matter.

In 1923 this public which borrowed 240,000,000 books from the libraries paid in the same 12 months $1,200,000,000 for 1,600,000,000 copies of newspapers and periodicals. Additional millions were spent for books and pamphlets.

One prominent librarian is so treasonable as to admit that each of five journals, out of thousands, having together a total circulation for home use greater than the total lendings of the libraries for one year, fully equals in quantity and the quality of its text the average of the public library lendings. His estimate is that less than two per cent. of the reading done today is of print that has ever been within the walls of any library, and that the library's share in the dissemination of reading is small and each year growing relatively smaller..

This is not in itself an indictment of the library. By some it will be considered its vindication. Literature can never hope to find as many readers as the newspapers and, for the sake of popularity, should never lower itself to the standards of the popular magazine.

However, libraries can multiply the number they serve by making room on their shelves for the present without forgetting the past and by letting the book-borrowers, instead of the librarian and the library trustees, be the censors of their reading. If libraries want to interest the masses in reading good books they must first furnish them books they are interested in.

Getting Rid of Noise

SCIENTISTS say that the noises of a large city cost millions of dollars a year in impaired efficiency of workers.

Many of the older, more excruciating noises of civilization are being eliminated. Electric and gas welding is superseding the pneumatic riveter. Electric motors replace the noisy steam engine. Asphaltic pavements and rubber tired vehicles give back only a fraction of the clatter of the old steel tires on granite block pavement.

But the city is still fearfully noisy. Every unnecessary noise saps nerves and destroys health and working efficiency. With ten people living where one lived two decades ago, the sum total of noises is larger today than it was in the earlier days, hence the greater necessity for noise reduction.

To escape noise is one reason for growth in the tendency to take industry to smaller towns, where quiet, and better air, and more greenery and more room and more individuality are possible. All these are definite, bankable assets for any industry.

Electricity, gas and sound-muffling pavement on streets are three of the most potent noise-reducers, and work as ideally under rural conditions as in the city; with them industry in the smaller community can be almost noiseless and nerveless and 100 per cent. efficient.

Examinations for Motorists

THOMAS P. HENRY, president of the American Automobile Association, who was in Indianapolis recently speaking with the officers of the Hoosier Automobile Association, brought out an interesting fact concerning the responsibility of motorists.

While some states advocate and already have in effect laws that require compulsory liability insurance for automobile owners, Mr. Henry advances the plan that what is needed is an examination for fitness to operate a machine.

As an example of conditions today, which may be found in every community on a smaller scale, Mr. Henry quoted figures from Wayne county, Michigan, which contains the city of Detroit.

If his figures are correct, then the conditions in that locality are appalling, to say the least. There are 70,000 people who are classed as inmates in the various institutions, prisons, poor farms and asylums. In addition, these 70,000 people own 6,000 automobiles and now the superintendents of these asylums and institutions are seeking some means of taking care of the machines. In other words, parking space is in demand.

If people who are inmates of asylums are permitted to own and operate machines, then Mr. Henry is no doubt on the right way to help solve the problem by the possibility, by imposing an examination of applicants, before granting them a set of license plates.

Police officers are dumb. The other day a cow strayed from the stock yards in New York, and wandered down Broadway. A police officer made out a report, and said the loose animal was a horse.

Economic Research Under Way

A REVIEW of the economic research in farm price analysis that is being done by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, will be made by a committee of six nationally known economists and statisticians at the request of Lloyd S. Tenny, chief of the bureau, with the approval of Secretary Jardine. This follows the custom of the bureau to call in disinterested experts from time to time to review its work and make suggestions regarding improvements of method. The last review of the work of the bureau was made two years ago.

Members of the committee include Carl Snyder, Federal Reserve Bank, New York; Frederick C. Mills, Bureau of Economic Research, New York; G. F. Warren, Cornell University; E. G. Nourse, Institute of Economics, Washington, D. C., and Holbrook Working, Food Research Institution, Stanford University, California.

The purpose of the committee is to examine the bureau's economic research work, particularly in the new field of price analysis, make a disinterested appraisal of the adequacy of the methods followed and the data available for such work, and also study the uses being made of the results. The committee was organized during the recent meeting of economists at Washington, and will meet from time to time to formulate the committee's report and recommendation.

The public is always interested in ascertaining such knowledge first-hand and a report of the committee will be awaited with interest.

Since the scientists of the world are going to meet in the United States this summer to study insects, their meeting should be arranged when one of the national conventions are in session.

The Old Wonders Will Remain

WHILE it is a universal acknowledgement that we are living in a modern age, yet it is with equally as much importance that we turn back, and continue to admire the things of ages ago.

In this connection, the Seven Wonders of the World will continue to live on thruout the future ages, regardless of attempts to put modern wonders in their place.

The ancient wonders were all architectural and artistic—the creation of slave labor whose mere size brought wonder to the ancient mind—and they even continue today to be masterpieces of wonder.

The wonders of this modern age may be applied to science, and are estimably more important as far as we are concerned than the Pyramids, but when it comes to the original wonders of the world nothing can take their places.

The seven wonders which will stand during future ages are the Pyramids and the Sphinx, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the tomb of Mausolus, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Colossus of Rhodes, the statue of Jupiter Olympus and the Pharos of Alexandria.

A professor in the east has compiled a new series, designating them as the nine wonders of the Modern World, covering inventions of science, which he offers as a substitute, but the comparisons of the wonders of ancient times and today are opposite, and the world accepts the modern wonders as commonplace along side of those ancient pieces of art.

An instrument for measuring a billionth of an inch has been invented, but this shouldn't worry the modern dressmaker.

It hasn't been so long ago when a fellow felt real wicked and devilish while watching the Bloomer Girls play baseball.

Surgeons can now pump air into the human brain, but what is needed mostly is some way of taking it out.

The fellow who placed his order for a new Ford a couple of months ago, will get it in time to trade it in on a new model.

One kind of flood relief we all need is rescue from the flood of bills that come in the first of each month.

If you really care to know how much you admire brunettes—marry a blonde.

A Chicago university professor predicts that there will be a shortage of gold in 1935, and with most of us 1935 is already here.

Henry Ford should go into the junk business now and buy up all of the old models that take up the room on the highways.

The Negro Problem as it Is in Southern States

(Continued from First Page)

following the close of the Civil War a good and sufficient reason for white men banding together in organizations for the purpose of self-preservation and in order to wrestle political power of the confederate states from the negroes who had been given positions of authority over the white man by the carpet-baggers from the North. But, granting that there was a reason for such organizations, it certainly would not follow that these organizations were justified in the taking of human life. I, for one, am quite sure that, had I been a citizen of this part of the country during those times, I could not have taken any part in such wanton murder, for I firmly believe that every human being, no matter how low down or mean, has an inherent right to fight for the preservation of his life, either thru the courts or upon the fields of combat, and when you take him out by force, tied hand and foot, and hang him to a limb or pole you have not only deprived him of his life but also his right to fight for that life.

I find that lynching and whipping today are committed by groups of ignorant, hate-inflamed white men of the most common variety, who are unwilling to face mankind, black or white, by day so take advantage of the mysterious awe in which the hooded mob is held and commit their crimes at night. No law abiding, law-abiding citizen is ever in favor of any form of mob violence or lynching. If the average hooded band would march down any main street in any town unmasked the public would be surprised, not to note who they were, but to see just how ordinary and lacking in valor this set of self-constituted super-Americans actually appear. Georgia recently convicted and sent to the state penitentiary a number of its super-citizens for a little sojourn of 20 years, and it was noted none of them attracted any special attention due to distinguished looks. Neither wore they any buttons or decorations for service during any of our past wars.

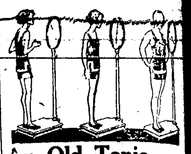
Surely the negro problem which causes one to change his mind and attitude many times as he becomes more and better acquainted with him under various conditions. Take him, for instance, in a border city like Washington, where he is accorded practically the same privileges as the white man, and watch him go out of his way to jostle against the whites, especially women and children. Note how he invariably takes a seat in the street car along side a white woman, even when there are plenty of other seats, and in many other ways make himself obnoxious and add to his already repulsiveness. He is the negro who has been educated or advanced before being properly civilized. We tried to teach him to walk before compelling him to creep, or, we might put it this way; we tried to bridge the gap between savagery and civilization with a few text books. Now, drop down into Georgia, or perhaps Mississippi, and look the negro over on one of the remaining large plantations where he can be found, in some cases, in practically the same status as before the Civil War. Note how contented and happy he appears and how well he is being looked after by the planter. How respectful he is towards all whites, and how his wants, which indeed are few in such places, are also looked after by the planter who has his own commissionary, medical supplies and, in short, actually furnishes everything that is essential for the negroe's good or happiness. But the sad part of it all is that these plantations are becoming fewer and fewer each year as the old planter stock dies off and the younger generations seek their fortunes in the city which, naturally, causes a scattering of the negro families who have known no other life or place and who have been so carefully looked after by "Ol' Masser" in his day.

The "Black Belts" of the old south are gradually breaking up as the North calls for more labor. In the five years ending with 1925 Georgia lost more than one-third of its negro farmers, which is vouched for by the federal census reports. From a total of 130,000 negro farmers and farm hands in 1920, the number in the state declined in five years to 84,000, a net loss of 46,000 or 35 per cent. Add to these figures the thousands from the cities and towns who also migrated to the North during the same period and I expect the figures would run around two hundred thousand or perhaps more. The record show that the other southern states have lost approximately the same number. This, then, indicates that the century-old negro problem of today, confined as it has been to the South for these many years, will in a few more decades become a northern problem also. Just how long the Northerner will continue mixing at school, church, and other public places with the negro is a question that only the future can decide. However, there is one thing certain, the Northerner does not understand the negro and, therefore, will make many mistakes thru misplaced sympathy before he finally decides to do just as the South in general is doing today, that is, segregating both whites and negroes.

Already the recent strike of high school students at Gary, Indiana, shows there to be a tendency towards such segregation even at this time in the North.

Many Northern newspapers on the Gary incident were in many cases amusing and showed an utter lack of any competent knowledge whatever of the negro problem—a case of misplaced sympathy which usually does more harm than good.

Personally, the negro has my sympathy. It is due to no fault of his own that he is here, and I can make no recommendations for his happiness that to my mind will be of a more lasting benefit to him and his posterity than that he be always kept—not down—but in his place; that he be dealt with—not as a slave—but as a human who has a right to live and thrive under our laws, but entirely in his own atmosphere. Be patient and just with him in his ignorant state, but exacting and firm with him in any advanced state. Give him not a special brand of justice, but real justice, equal to that dealt out to the white man. Help him to a higher standard of living, but do not ever fill him with the idea that such higher standard of living places him on the same plane with the white man. If you do his latter state will be worse than his former.



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Readers of your valued paper, we are positive, will more than appreciate the announcement herewith to be made by the L. & C. Coat, Suit and Dress Company of Hornell, N. Y.

It is an announcement of true value-giving and too much cannot be said about the tremendous event which is to take place at The L. & C. Company's Store, 102 Main St., Hornell, on February 4th.

First, let us state some real facts, and reasons, for the event. Everyone knows what a backward season, on account of the weather, the ready-to-wear business has experienced this past season, and the result is we have hundreds of good coats on hand which must be disposed of this week at $10.00. New spring coats are coming in, room must be made for them, and in a nut-shell, it simply means SACRIFICE. Our entire stock must be sold, and sold quick, and in order to accomplish this, we will give to the buying public of Hornell and vicinity the most startling sale ever. Hundreds of wonderful coats will be found on every tier and rack on the Main floor, all at one price—$10.00.

In most every instance, the fur trimming alone is worth the ten dollars and the majority of coats have sets of fur worth even twice the purchase price.

Hundreds of dresses that sold as high as $39.50 will be included in this sale, dresses of every size, including missy dresses, women's dresses and even stout dresses, also some wonderful new spring hats. Size dresses for the woman that is hard to fit.

Wonderful bargains are to be given in the L. & C. Bargain Basement. And finally the L. & C. Company wants it known every garment must go—THEY MUST CLEAR HOUSE.

Come early Saturday morning and get your share of these wonderful offerings. All coats and dresses at $10. Sale opens Saturday morning at 9 a. m. and continues until Saturday evening at 9 p. m.

See the display advertisement on page six.

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Dated at Andover, N. Y., September 1st, 1927.

JOHN RILEY,
CELIA RILEY HUGHES, Executor.

CRAYTON L. EARLEY,
Attorney for Executor,
Andover, N. Y. 9

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OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

PLOW UNDER STUBS TO GET CORN BORER

Low Cutting Helps or May Use Planker to Break Them Down Wide-Bottom Plow Best.

To completely plow under corn stubble and other remnants lying on the surface to combat with a roller, planker, cultipacker or some similar implement, says the state college of agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y.

Corn binders with low cutting attachments have been devised so that it is possible to cut stalks low, leaving short stubbles. Corn stubble cut two or less than two inches high harbors few borers.

These low-cutting attachments, altho used for the first time this fall, gave excellent results, even under difficult situations the college says. Since the stubble can be cut short as a part of the regular job, farmers should be willing to do this for it gives them the advantage of low cutting without increasing the labor.

Using a cultipacker, a roller or planker to break down the stubble also aids in the same way as low cutting, for these break over the stubble and make it easier to cover completely when the field is plowed.

Need More Attention

Long stubble and fields where corn refuse is scattered around need more thoro fitting than fields with short stubble and few weeds or trash. If the stubble is not high, and a wide-bottom plow is used, this preliminary preparation may be omitted. The narrower the plow, the more thoro the stubble must be prepared before plowing.

After the stubble has been turned under and a clean field left, implements should not be used that tend to bring trash to the surface.

REMOVE BEECH FROM WOODLOT

Grows Slowly and Crowds Out Better "Crop" Trees—Makes Good Fuel.

In farm woodlots in central and western New York, beech is not a "crop tree" when it is compared with such species as white ash, basswood, black cherry, and red oak, says, J. A. Cope of the forestry department at the state college of agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y.

Beech has all the characteristics of a "weed tree," he says, for it grows slowly and has dense shade that crowds out more valuable species as crab grass chokes corn in a corn field.

Beech, birch, and maple are commonly considered the three main trees in hard-wood regions of New York State, but from the standpoint of value, the order should be reversed. Beech makes good fuel, so the wood is worth more than the cost to remove it. In addition, the woodlot benefits from its absence.

PLAN EGG SHOW AT STATE COLLEGE

Part of Program of Farm and Home Week—Discuss New Grades and Show How to Meet New Laws.

The annual New York State egg show will be held again this year as a part of Farm and Home Week, formerly called Farmers' Week, at the state college of agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y., on Feb. 18 to 18.

Commenting on the value of the show, poultrymen at the college say, "the production of uniform, large market eggs is a goal toward which every poultryman should strive; and one of the surest and most direct methods of reaching this goal is thru selecting carefully and intelligently the hatching eggs used each year. Selecting eggs for shows and exhibits such as this is one of the best ways to get practice in selecting for hatching."

Other parts of the program of Farm and Home Week that are designed especially to interest New York state poultrymen are discussions by James E. Rice, head of the poultry department; by H. D. Phillips and F. A. Jones of the state department of agriculture and markets at Albany; by Dr. G. F. Heuser and Dr. L. C. Norris, feeding experts at the college; and Dr. E. L. Brunett of the New York State Veterinary College.

On Monday morning of the week, Prof. Rice will discuss "the poultry outlook," and on Tuesday morning his topic is "how judging for production and standard qualities can be combined." Wednesday morning he will tell of the latest developments in the proposed national uniform plan of standardizing and accrediting, breeding, stock, eggs and chicks.

Mr. Phillips will discuss the newly-enacted New York State egg grades, and later both he and Mr. Jones will show how to candle and grade eggs according to these grades. Dr. Brunett will discuss poultry diseases and their remedies and will show how post-mortem examinations are made. Both Dr. Norris and Dr. Heuser have several parts in the program when they discuss rations and methods of feeding and explain the value of cod liver oil for poultry.

Instructions for selecting eggs for the egg show and rules for making entries may be obtained from the poultry department at the college of agriculture at Ithaca. A complete program for the week will also be ready soon. The program does not contain rules governing the egg show.

Agrigraphs

Uncle Ab says: Not even the greatest man can do better than I can, if I do my best all the time.

* * *

Rhode Island Greening is the one green apple for which there is a steady demand thruout its entire season.

* * *

According to federal reports, it costs milk dealers 30,000,000 a year to replace milk bottles lost or broken.

* * *

More than two thousand farmers in New York State planted forest trees on idle land last year. A total of 22 million trees were planted in 1927 in the state.

* * *

The total production of oats in New York in 1927 was 35 million bushels. The acreage was slightly less than in 1926 but the average production to an acre was one bushel more.

* * *

Cornell has a new supply of a bulletin on rearing chickens. If you desire a copy, ask for E 153 on a postcard addressed to the state college of agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y. Copies will be sent free as long as the supply lasts.

* * *

Only good cows have milk fever.

* * *

Uncle Ab says that a good many second thoughts come too late to be of any use.

* * *

The best time to hatch chicks is when the grass first begins to show green in the spring.

* * *

The tree that bears fruit is the one that is always clubbed—the barren one is never bothered.

* * *

In 1927 New York State was third in the United States in the production of potatoes. Minnesota was first and Maine second.

* * *

Since an epidemic of blight may seriously damage pear trees and shorten their lives, it is essential that as much fruit as possible be obtained from them while they are still young.

* * *

Your flower garden for the coming season deserves thought and planning now. Cornell has a bulletin for flower gardeners, and you may obtain a copy by asking for E 67 on a postcard addressed to the state college at Ithaca, N. Y.

BLACKSHEEP!

By Meredith Nicholson

Illustrations by Henry Jay Cross

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INTRODUCTION

Isable Perry recommeds a life of crime, adventure, romance and excitement as a cure for Archibald Bennett's nerves. Archie goes to Bailey Harbor to investigate a house for his sister—and spends the night in the empty house. He is awakened by footsteps during the night; the intruder fires at him and misses. Archie fires in return. He doesn't know whether he has killed or only wounded the man, but fearing the publicity, plans to make his escape. In his flight he meets "The Governor"—a master-mind criminal who mistakes him for a fellow criminal. Archie, afraid to tell the truth, falls in with "TheGovernor." A series of events lead him to believe he has shot Putney Congdon—the owner of the house. They procede to New York, where they are visited by Julia, the Governor's sister. Archie promises her he will stick with the Governor through the strange phase she claims he is passing through. While strolling in the park,Archie sees Mrs. Congdon with her two children, and is witness to the kidnapping of the little girl, Edith. He learns from the Governor that the father-in law of Mrs. Congdon—a very wealthy man—is engaged in the circulation of counterfeit twenty-dollar gold pieces.They go to Rochester, where the Governor receives a letter from Ruth, the girl he loves, in which she tells him he may be able to serve her.

At a dance at Ruth's house Archie meets Isable and they are reconciled. Archie and the Governor promise to find Edith Congdon and whisk her away to Isabel's camp. They secure work on Eliphalet Congdon's farm, where Edith has been taken. They learn that Putney Congdon—the man Archie shot—is also there. While Archie is teaching Edith to ride the Governor kidnaps her.

* * *

When the Governor and Archie went down to breakfast at nine o'clock the next morning they learned that Congdon had risen early and gone out.

The Governor drew from his pocket a telegram which Leary had carried up to him while he was dressing.

"A ciper from Perky at Harbor Springs. He's got the provisions aboard but reports that he suspects the tug is being watched. It's possible of course that he and old Eliphalet are suspected at Cleveland when they boarded the boat and that the Governor is keeping an eye on the Arthur B. Grover."

Archie fidgeted uneasily.

"We've got enough trouble on hand right here without bucking the Federal authorities. Of course you'll warn him at once not to put in here!"

"My reply was sent instantly. I wired him to hold on to Eliphalet but to drop all the men he didn't need to handle the tug at the first convenient point and send them singly into the woods beyond Caldersville to await instructions."

They had reached the veranda, where Congdon joined them. Obviously he was in a serious mood.

"Something's happened that bothers me a little," he said. "A man motored up here awhile ago, looked the place over and asked me a lot of questions about the hotel and its guests. You understand Comly—"

He hesitated, glancing questioningly from Archie to the Governor.

"You may trust Saulsbury. We have knowledge of some other things that make it necessary for us all to stand together."

"This fellow seemed to have business here," Congdon continued. "He looked me over in a way I didn't like. You remember, Comly, I took you into my confidence about a little difficulty I had before I came here—"

"That little affair on the Maine Coast? It was a shooting, Salusbury," Archie explained soberly.

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed the Governor, and listened gravely while Congdon described the shooting at Baily Harbor.

"You have troubled about this matter quite unnecessarily," the Governor declared with a wave of the hand. "You were in your own house, and had every right to be there. You were defending yourself against a scoundrel who did his best to kill you.

"But it's most fortunate that we three have met here, gentlemen and murderers all!" the Governor went on airily. "Comly tells me that he put you in a very difficult position, and that you both feel perfectly at ease I'll be equally frank and say that for nearly seven years I've been mixed up with the leading crooks of this country.

"And now to business. We seem to be fellows with a pretty taste for adventures, and I'm going to appeal to your chivalry right now to help me in a very delicate matter—and a very dangerous one that calls for prompt attention."

He bade Archie tell the story, interrupting occasionally to supply some detail. When Isabel's name was mentioned as the head of the camp Congdon jumped to his feet excitedly.

"Why," he flung round upon Archie, That's the girl who gave me the bad advice that got me into all my trouble with my wife. And she is custodian of my daughter! with my own child over there at the mercy of that scoundrel I couldn't refuse, and I assure you that I cherish no resentment against Miss Perry. I enlist right now."

"Good" the Governor cried, "and now to get back to business. The tug that's bringing the supplies for the camp is also towing a launch for our use. Now, Congdon, if you've no objection to taking orders from me, I'll ask you to lie off out noise or confusion, when they were started by a yell.

Leary and Congdon in the row boat had been stealing up behind Carey's launch. Leary sprang aboard while the two occupants were watching the landing of the stores. Carey, diving under Leary's arms, seized a club and knocked him overboard. The detective jumped into the water and swam to the wharf, where he was immediately overpowered and hauled aboard the tug. By this time Carey was steering for the middle of the bay, where he watched the tug for a while and then retired toward his camp.

It was five o'clock when the last of the cargo was landed in the store house. The engineer sounded the whistle.

Ruth ran down to the shore and Archie and the Governor went to meet her.

The Governor gave her the details of the afternoon and when he finished she cried:

"You angels! It's perfectly splendid!"

"By the way," the Governor added, "when does the camp close?"

"August twenty, if Mr. Carey doesn't close it sooner."

"That date shall stand without reference to Carey's wishes, intentions, or acts. Please write your father to be here on that last day and bring his episcopal robe with him. Have you anything to add, Archie?"

"You might say to Isable," said Archie slowly, "that August twenty strikes me as the happiest possible date for our wedding."

"You two talk of weddings as though we were not in the midst of battle, murder and sudden death!"

She folded her arms and regarded them with an odd little smile, half wistful, half questioning, playing about her lips.

"I was just thinking," she said in a few moments, "how we seem to be living in the good old times when knights hastened by land or water to the rescue of ladies in distress. But I don't quite see through to the end!" The smile was gone and her eyes darkened as she ended with a little quavering, despairing note: "Something serious and dreadful threatens us, one and all of us maybe! It's only—what do you call such a thing—a presentiment?"

"Please don't think of it!" pleaded Archie. Things are bound to come out all right."

"Yes; it will be only a little longer," muttered the Governor listlessly.

He had responded instantly to Ruth's confession of her premonition of impending evil, and Archie, troubled by his friend's change of mood, hastened to end the interview.

"We're not going to lose!" he declared. "It's when the world is brightest that the shadow of a cloud sometimes makes us fear to trust our happiness. Good-by and good luck!"

She was not reassured, however, and as she shook hands with them there were tears in her eyes.

The Governor quickly recovered his spirits and with characteristic enthusiasm began putting the new launch through its paces. When he found that Putney was skilled in the handling of such craft he cheerfully turned the launch over to him.

"You take it and run up to Caldersville, where you'd better get supper. Pick up the Heart O' Dreams mail and bring it back to Huddleston, and meet us on the wharf at nightfall. We've got a heavy night's work ahead of us. Archie and I are going aboard the tug to study your father's case

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Carey shut off his power the moment he struck the canoe. A shout from the Governor announced that he was hurrying toward the scene of the collision.

Heart O' Dreams in the row boat while the supplies are unloaded. Our landlord, a trustworthy person in every particular, will go with you. Comly and I will meet the tug and pick up the launch."

While they waited for the tug's appearance Archie and the Governor hung off Hearts O' Dreams shore, paddled close enough to talk with Ruth at the wheel.

"Everything's all right," she reported cheerily. "The doctor is keeping Isable in bed today but merely to rest. The camp's running smoothly and the girls don't know that they ate our last bread and butter for luncheon."

An exclamation from Ruth caused Archie and the Governor to turn toward the lake. The Arthur B. Grover was steaming slowly into the bay. A moment later Leary whistled to call attention to the Carey launch, which was running rapidly toward the camp.

"Keep out of sight," the Governor ordered Ruth "and send your young charges to play in the woods.

"Please," she cried, turning to go, "take care of yourselves! We'd better give up the fight right now than have you hurt!"

The Arthur B. Grover had rounded the point and was feeling its way toward Heart o' Dreams. Archie recognized Berky, industriously giving orders to the man at the wheel.

"There's our new launch trailing behind like clouds of glory," said the Governor. "A very snappy little affair it is."

"And a very snappy little man is hanging over the rail of the tug gripping an umbrella. How do you suppose Perky's explaining all this to Eliphalet?"

"Trust Perky to be plausible."

By the time the Arthur B. Grover had warped in, Carey had brought his launch to within a dozen yards of the tug, and his companion was standing up anxiously scrutinizing the men on board.

"Prisoners!" he bawled; "every one of you a prisoners! I know you, Perky and you needn't try any tricks on me or it'll be the worse for you."

"Trapped! Lost!" cried Eliphalet, tragically.

"You're mighty right you're lost!" yelled the officer. "You're a nice old scoundrel, to be circulating plugged gold pieces, and a rich man at that. You're under arrest, do you understand?"

Perky was thoroughly prepared for the expeditious delivery of his cargo, even to wheelbarrows in which three men now began trundling supplies up the wharf and along the beach to the camp store house. He paid no heed whatever to the threats uttered by the officer, and the work was proceeding rapidly, with