The design of the social section of the soci in trust for her. The western was his old friend, Anthony and it was through Anthony
that Yers received the samidividends which now constitut-

this Burgess man!"

that he was father's friend sufficiently in his favor, Aunt and, besides, I shall only stop lagte City a short time. There is excellent hotel there."

"I am atraid to have you travel objected Mrs. Hendrick. I am twenty-one, and trusted me thoroughly. You

that I once spent six weeks at at your father was with you."

Aunt Emily, but I shall get ploely. I thought perhaps that might be some business conwith the mine that I might that I might become a real other rich vein."

"And the Double can the income father left me. I want save your own way, child," sighed

widow plaintively. "I can't say on much, Vera, because my poor Henar a sipshod business methods lost your fortune as well as our own. your father not to make Henry have you ever seen Mr. Burgess?" He was in Mexico when father and ware in Bagle City."

"I hope he is trustworthy?" was lowed first Hendrick's final remark.

Ingle City basked in the warmth an Indian summer day. Vera loved no fresh, sweet mountain air and the low-lying hase reddened by the sun. "Burgeds?" repeated the lanternswed stage driver as Vera made in-Anthony Burgess? Oh, he tree over beyond the mountain." "How shall I reach his place?"

ging in the city?" Yan; take me to the best hotel

and will be Mrs. Lizzie Smith's. To get to Burgess' you'll have of got a hous. Can you ride?" / "Oh, yes,"

Them going will be easy. A good was will take you and most anybody will p'int out the trail to the Golden de. I suppose you've heard of the make strike there?"

No. Do you mean that they have "! blog erom he

That's right. Struck the richest the ever found hereabouts. Seems is faded out in Burgess' own mine. Double Eagle, and the lead has m uncovered in the Golden Eagle. There's been a regular stampede for see parts in the past week."

"And the new discovery has made Mr. Burgess poor!" asked Vera.

"Almost. He wasn't expecting it. ros see, ma'am, and be's been laying a lot of money on his own mine ne's trustes for some folks back East, who own the Golden Engle. If he was thing except the straightest man od ever made he could help himself at of the Golden Eagle and nobody mid ever be the wiser."

Yers was thoughtful the rest of the She spent a restful night at Mrs. mith's homelike hotel, and the next who hired a horse to ride over the

"You'll not want to go alone, honey." shed Mrs. Smith.

orses and beld up a warning hand. for going over the mountain alone. are you?" he asked

Aners's likely to be rough characand that some of the Rio gang are going to hold up the paymaster. fon better wait till temorrow."

don't know what fear is, doggone than all the gold in the world could And the stage rumbled on. Vera followed the trail winding up myons, and although her surefooted or sometimes stopped and sniffed nad-up rocks along the way, she of not gross that the animal inively knew that there were men

At last she glimpeed a dark, evil a flampeared behind a rock. a wafk?" a was glad that all e could comor leatures so that the man guess she had seen him. at go back along the way me and warn the paymaster set not know that

the rider, a tall, sun-browned man ked curiously at her as she a

"Are you Mr. Hurgess?" she asked "Yes," he smiled, sweeping off his "And you are paymaster of the

Golden Eagle?" He looked sharply at her. "Why do you ask that?" he de-

manded bluntly. "Because you are in danger-they are waiting for you up yonder-" And hastily she told him of the evil face she had seen and of the warning uttered by the stage driver.

"I was warned," he admitted, "but I didn't take much stock in it—they've been threatening to hold me up for the past year. I've got to get the money to the boys-they'll be rioting if they don't get it," he ended rue-

"Can't you transfer the money to my saddlebags and let me follow you up the trail? Then, if they want you to throw up your hands, you can, and before they discover that your bags are empty I can ride on to the mine. They won't hurt you?" she asked anx-

"No-all they want is the money," he assured her. "But I can't permit you to endanger your life."

"It's for my own interests," she said calmly; "I am Vera Linwood." "Vera Linwood-why, Miss Linwood, was going East next week to see you. The Golden Eagle has developed an-

"And the Double Eagle has lost one," she said significantly. "You know, then?"

"I heard yesterday and I am so sorry-I feel like a robber myselfthe owner of a pirate mine!"

"That's miner's luck. Come, let us get along, if we must. Just put these packages in your saddlebags—so, and trustee. As for the other trus I'll stuff mine with grass. Ride on ahead and don't worry. It will come out all right!" He slapped her pony's flank and mounted his black and fol-

When Vera passed the ambush she was talking to her pony as before. "Once more, Nicodemus Alexander!" she threatened. "I will ride to the top of the hill; then down again for dinner!" She passed the ambush and waited breathlessly around the bend of the trail. Somewhere near by she heard the pounding of the ore-crushers and she knew that she was near the mines.

Below she heard the tread of Burgesa' horse, followed by a sharp command, a momentary silence, and then the murmur of other voices. The holdup had happened and they were going through the mine owner's pockets and searching his saddlebags for the Gold en Eagle's pay roll.

Nicodemus Alexander was smitten with indignant surprise when his rider suddenly jabbed her sharp heel into his flank.

He bounded up the trail, his hoofs scattering the stones underfoot. In a flurry of dust, horse and rider appeared at the office of the Golden

A dozen men surrounded Vera. "Mr. Burgess-held up-help him," she gasped, and tumbled from her

There was a shout of anger as the miners grabbed their weapons and dashed down the trail to meet the pay-

Vera leaned dazedly against the of fice door and stared at the blood trickling down the sleeve of her white

"Someone must have fired at me."

"The plucky little angel!" exclaimed one roughly dressed man as he led her inside the building.

Weeks afterward Mrs. Henry Hen drick reread a letter from Vera. It was dated from Eagle City.

"Dear Aunt Emily," wrote Vera, "! Vera displayed the little six-shooter will be home in another week—and l ich her father had taught her to shall bring my husband with me Don't faint, poor, dear auntie; he is am not afraid," she laughed, and the most splendid man. You can never guesa, so I must tell you that I am Down the street she met the stage marrying Anthony Burgess, the son of he pulled in his steaming father's old friend, my trustee. The trusteeship has been transferred to young Anthony because his father is dead, and Anthony says it is perfectly Tes. I am not afraid," she assured | natural that we should have met and loved and married, for now he can continue the trusteeship forever. And, form about," he warned her. "It's pay best of all, you are to give up the the Golden Eagle and there's boarding bouse and return here with us, if you will, for the Golden Eagle has developed wonderful riches, and Anthony's mine has a new vein of someons had better warn the gold and we are all going to be very rich indeed. And Anthony wants me rich indeed. And Anthony wants me burgess has been warned, but he to add a postscript that we are rich the kind to heed such a warning: in each other and richer in happiness

One on the Fat Man

Fat Man in Tram Car-Why don't One of the Young Gentlemen-Why don't you get up and let them all sit down?-London Punch

Indecorous Dog. "Mary, did you take Trix out for

"Yis, mum. But ft wasn't a bit of

Why not?" "She ran ivery fut of the way."

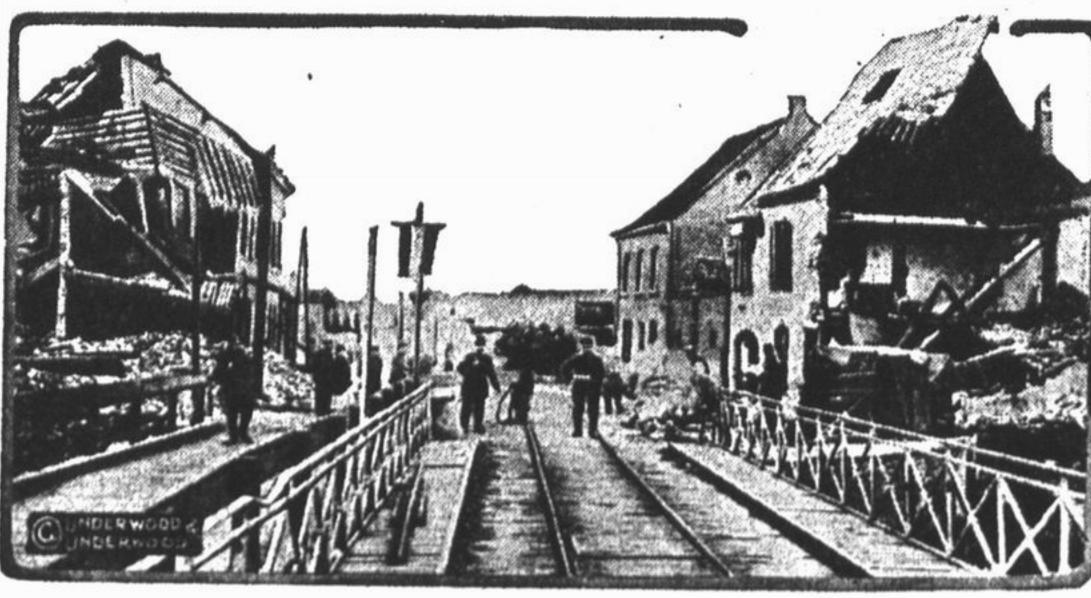
Not inclined to Study.

"Don't you think you ought to give more attention to political economy?" No." said Senator Sorghum: "If a man hopes to succeed in polities out in my town he doesn't want to econo-



Funeral procession of the members of the crew of the American submarine F-4 who perished when the ves sel sank in Honolulu harbor, on its way to Arlington National cemetery at Washington.

BRIDGE AT LILLE IS TARGET FOR ALLIES



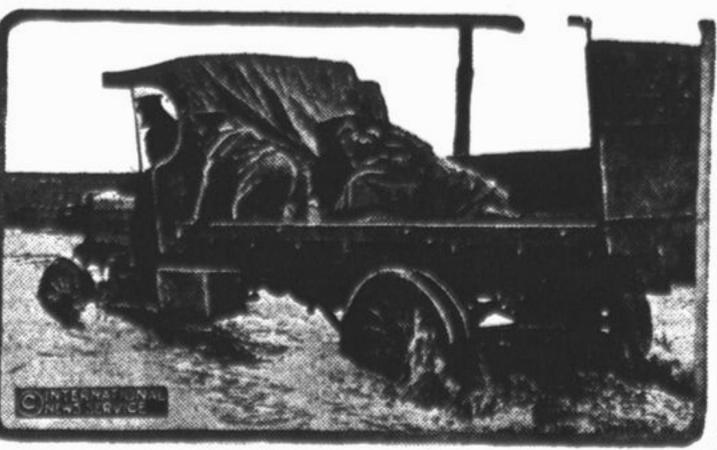
This photograph shows the railroad bridge at Lille which trains use in communication with Lens. To prevent the Germans from rushing re-enforcements to the battle lines at Lens, allied aviators have several times severely bombarded this bridge and held up all railroad traffic. Notice the ruined houses which still stand a monument to the fighting between the French and the Germans in this section.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S BRIDE-ELECT



This is Mrs. Norman Galt, who is to become the wife of President Wilson, probably in December. She is an attractive and wealthy widow, of southern birth, who has lived most of her life in Washington.

ON A FLOODED ROAD IN FRANCE



British transport wagon dashing along a flooded road in northern France, the "Tommies" lying down to avoid getting drenched.

ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN

Only one university in Japan is open

Dayton, Ohio, has a woman as offi cias chiropodist for the policemen. Women compose 72 per cent of al. those employed in the factories Mrs. Russell Sage celebrated her

eighty-seventh birthday recently by giving \$60,000 to institutions. The Bulgarian wife never goes into public place unless the is accompa-

Mrs. C. H. Vandercook of Philadelphia, eastern golf champion, now holds the national golf crown for women by defeating Mrs. W. A. Garvin of England, 3 to 2.

The Oregon public service commissiot, has ruled that women should not be compelled to step higher than 15 inches in boarding trolley cars.

Mrs. E. H. Harriman has ordered the discontinuation of the change being made of the Omaha shops of the Jaion Pacific raffrond into a war-mu-

SETS NEW WALKING RECORD



Anxious to see his relatives in that Ridge, Brooklyn, Robert Burns of Eureka, Cal., has just completed a 3,649 mile walk from the Pacific to the At lantic in 80 days, incidentally lopping off 32 days from the record for this feat, which was set up by Edward Payson Weston, the famous septuage narian walker.

Not Cause of Cancer.

Explaining why such substances as soot, arsenic, tobacco, petroleum and some aniline dyes produce cancer, Dr H. C. Ross of the Lister institute, Lon don, writes to Nature "that the terms, 'industrial cancer, 'smoker's cancer, 'arsenic cancer,' etc., namely the diseases caused by the commodities mentioned, refer in reality only to a pre disposition to the disease. The commodities themselves do not actually cause cancer; they merely render the tissues prone to it, which seems to occur in a specific manner. The com modities always in the first instance produce cell-proliferation, usually in the nature of a warty growth, and it is not until an open ulcer has appeared, generally at the base of the wart, that malignancy supervenes.

Patriotic Sacrifice. "Why don't you marry some really

good man?" "I wouldn't have the heart," replied Miss Cayenne. "If I were to discover a really good man, I'd consider it my duty to vote for him and dismiss all thoughts of domestic happiness and so let him devote himself to the service of his country."

Ita Nature "Don't you think it is dreadful to try to corner the chicken market?" "It does seem like a towl schene."

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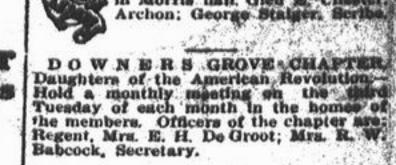
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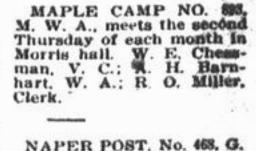




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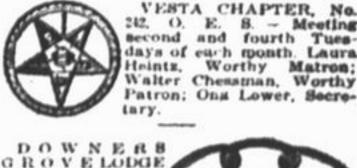






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