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**THE SCHOOLMA'AM'S WAY**  
 It All Ended Happily

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The trail to Red Spider postoffice was a dusty streak of white twisting through the purple sagebrush. Tony Goff and Bert Reid yanked their horses aside as the schoolma'am came flying up the trail on her little black pony.

"There ain't a fire nowhere?" called Tony jocosely as she swept past them.

"No," she laughed. "I'm just out for a breath of fresh air."

"Jest like a woman to go tearing around losing her breath so's to get a fresh breath," mused Tony as they watched her graceful, receding form.

"Yes," agreed Bert.

Tony looked at him narrowly.

"You and Miss Nan Laren ain't so chummy as you was," he said bluntly.

"Not so you'd notice it," growled Bert.

"So she handed you yours, eh? Jest as sweetly as she handed me mine, and Misson Pepper his. Well, when I get to housekeeping I'm not going to put out a sign 'Beware of the Dog.' My sign's going to read, 'Beware of the Schoolma'am!'"

"We're going to have rain," remarked Bert.

"You can change a subject most delicately, Bert. Speaking of schoolma'ams makes me weep; weeping makes me think of tears; tears are like rain; hence and therefore it looks like rain." Tony threw back his head and laughed merrily, and Bert joined him with a useful glance.

"She wouldn't even let me see her," he confided suddenly. "She seems mad about something."

"Mebbe she just can't stand seeing you around, on general principles," chuckled Tony, with a glance at Bert's handsome, moody countenance.

"That sounds likely. Well, you fellows can count me out of the game. There's Dan Cox. I've got to see him a minute, Tony." Bert dashed ahead to intercept the postmaster at Red Spider, while Tony Goff pulled his horse to a standstill and mused thoughtfully.

Suddenly he wheeled the animal about and dashed back along the trail in pursuit of Nan Laren.

He was surprised to find this young lady sitting shoulder high in the purple sage, looking mournfully at the setting sun.

The schoolma'am turned around, and Tony saw a look of bitter disappointment sweep her fair face.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Goff," she said in a constrained tone.

"It's only me," admitted Tony in a thrilling tone. "Somehow nobody ever wants me. Now, if it had been Bert Reid—" The pause was eloquent.

"I hate him," said Nan Laren coolly. Tony smiled wisely. "She's sure gone on him," he told himself.

"He certainly is no account," he agreed cheerfully.

"What do you mean?" she asked quickly.

"Oh, I mean he's just the kind of a man any one would naturally hate. He ain't got a winning way with him."

Nan was silent. Again she turned to the sunset. Tony Goff winked at his pony.

"Well, I must be humping along if I'm going to the dance at Red Spider. I don't reckon we'll see you there, Miss Nan?"

"Hardly," returned Nan coolly.

"I'm sorry. I expect there's plenty others will miss you, too," said Tony regretfully.

"I'm tired of dancing," yawned Nan with a successful air of boredom. "I had planned to ride over to the Water Drop tonight and see if I couldn't get a photograph of it by moonlight."

"Over to the Water Drop alone?" shrieked Tony, surprised.

"Certainly. I'm not afraid."

"Miss Laren, please don't go, or if you insist upon going let me go along. I'll keep in the background, but you nado't ought to go alone."

Nan arose to her graceful height and snook back her sunny hair.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Goff," she said sweetly, "but I'm not in the least afraid. In fact, I prefer to be alone."

"Ouch!" wined Tony, turning his pony's head toward home.

"Don't mind my being hateful," she said with a sudden quaver in her voice.

"I don't mind. I'm used to being trod upon. That's what worms are for," grinned the volatile Tony, waving his hat in farewell.

"I'm sorry," her voice cooed regretfully after him, and when after a little he turned and looked at her her face was buried in the soft black mane of her surprised pony.

"Gosh, I do believe they've quarreled," mused Tony as he went pounding homeward.

After supper he found Bert Reid making his toilet upstairs in the room they shared together. As Bert knotted a crimson silk scarf under the soft collar of his white silk shirt Tony splashed noisily in the basin in the corner.

"You all know I was highly smitten with the schoolma'am," spluttered

Tony after a while, "but I declare if I wouldn't like to be her in tonight. Jest for an hour or two."

"Yes?" asked Bert coolly, but Tony noticed that he had stopped short and held the ends of his tie in both strong bronzed hands.

"Yes. If she was my daughter I'd lock her up to her room tonight. What do you suppose she's got on her mind?"

"Really it's beyond me," retorted Bert aloofly, but still he stood rigidly.

"Not going to the dance, first of dancing; going to ride over to the Water Drop and take a picture of it by moonlight. It'll take hours to get a picture, and it's going to rain, ain't it?"

"Certainly looks like it," was Bert's brief reply, and Tony could get no other word out of him.

They rode over the trail to Red Spider in silence. Light clouds scudded across the sky now and then, blotting out the face of the full moon. In the northwest dark clouds were piling up.

At the dance hall they separated, and Tony did not know that Bert Reid had slipped quietly downstairs again and, mounting his horse, had plunged in the direction of Water Drop canyon.

Five miles over the southeast the little canyon afforded a green and cool retreat from the dusty plains. At the farther end, where it narrowed to a sharp point, there fell from the rocks above a silver rope of sparkling water. When the moon was at the full this was a favorite objective point for lovers' evening rides.

As Bert rode rapidly toward the canyon he was concerned to note that the dark clouds were piling up toward the zenith. Soon they would overtake the fair moon sailing over the canyon.

He hoped that Nan Laren had changed her mind and had stayed at home. He did not intend to thrust his company upon her, but he would keep within sight of her and thus protect her from the dangers of the night. His face saddened into grim lines as he thought that she didn't want him near her. He couldn't understand her sudden dislike for him. She had always been so kind and so sweet that he had really cherished hopes of winning her for himself. In that event he might take his ravings out of the bank and buy the small ranch on Red Spider creek. But now—well, he avoided Red Spider creek; he didn't like to see the little ranch any longer.

When he reached the mouth of the canyon he paused and looked within. It was like a stage setting, and it was weirdly effective. Overhead the black clouds had gathered from all quarters until there remained the moon shining down out of a small circle of blue sky. The canyon was bright as day, and down at the extreme end was a girl's form standing on a high, jutting rock. Near by the black pony drowsed sleepily.

Bert slipped from his saddle and staked his horse. Then he walked down the narrow trail that led straight to the Water Drop, his eyes fixed on the girl's slender form. Now he could see beside her the black bulk of her camera resting on a shelf of rock, and so absorbed was she in the taking of the coveted picture that she did not hear his approaching footsteps until he was almost upon her.

Then, startled, she turned with a slight cry, and the camera went crashing down on the stones below.

"It's only me," cried Bert, leaping forward to catch the falling camera, but he was too late, for it eluded his eager hands. He lost his balance, his foot slipped on the flinty rocks, and he fell heavily and lay motionless.

For a moment the girl stood there as though stunned by the sudden occurrence. Her face was very white in the last glimmer of moonlight. Black clouds effaced the moon, and a heavy roll of thunder vibrated overhead. Bert's horse neighed shrilly from the canyon entrance, and the black pony answered.

"I am afraid," the girl whispered to herself, and tears ran down her cheeks as she slipped down from the high rock and felt her way over the stones toward the fallen man. Vivid flashes of lightning guided her, and presently she had lifted his head into her lap and was calling on him to speak to her.

Still he lay there, unresponsive, and she clasped him closely, and with a little sob of despair she laid her cheek to his. Then came the rain—not gentle drops of a summer shower, but an avalanche of water as if poured out of the heavy clouds.

The first wet dash roused Bert Reid to consciousness. "I must get to Water Drop," he said thickly. She will be afraid there all alone."

"I'm here, Bert," said the schoolma'am's voice, wonderfully meek and tearful.

"Here?" he echoed, and then he became aware that her arms were enfolding him, that with her body she was trying to shield him from the heavy downpour and that once or twice her cheek touched his. Wonder of wonders!

"What made you come here tonight all alone?" he stammered.

"I was unhappy, and I hoped you would come, too," she whispered.

"You wanted me? I thought you hated me, Miss Nan."

"Sometimes I did because you were so—so—slow about"—Nan's face was lifted and turned away from him. He reached up a hand and drew her lips down to his.

"Slow about?"

"About telling me that you loved me," she quavered happily.

Bert Reid laughed contentedly. "I was so bursting with love, honey, that I suspected every man, woman and child—yes, and every critter—from here to the boundary could read my secret, and I tried to tell you, but you wouldn't let me."

"I know, but you ought to have told me anyway," cooed Nan in his ear.

**TARS RUN AMUCK**  
 Sailors of Pacific Fleet Mob "Red Flag" Offices.  
 TWO PARTIES OF RIOTERS

Secretary of Navy Daniels Assails Socialism at a Banquet Given in His Honor at the Rainier Club—Sailors Assaulted by Industrial Workers of the World.

At Seattle, Wash., United States marines from the Pacific reserve fleet, most of the sailors wearing the name bands of the cruisers Colorado and California, started to "clean up the town," as they expressed it, by attacking the headquarters of the Socialists and the Industrial Workers of the World.

After destroying the Moderate Socialists' headquarters at Seventh and Olive the sailors demolished a meeting room of the Salvation Army, which somebody had said was an Industrial Workers' meeting place. A provost guard of fifty men of the fleet was hurried ashore in cutters to arrest all the rioters, who caused much damage.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels was dining on the cruiser West Virginia, the guest of Admiral Reynolds, when the rioting began. The rioting was ascribed to a speech he had made in denunciation of the red flag.

Two Parties of Rioters.

There were two parties of rioters. The first wrecking party to get under way was composed of twelve men of the navy, several members of the Washington naval reserve and 100 young civilians.

The mob rushed to Socialist headquarters on Fifth avenue, smashed the plate glass window and nailed American flags to the front of the building.

Sack Socialist Quarters.

Meanwhile a second party of men from the fleet attacked the big Industrial Workers' headquarters on Washington street, in the southern part of the city. The contents of the building were dragged into the street and a bonfire made of them.

The mob reformed in the north part of the city after it had been dispersed and went back to the Socialist headquarters and sacked the place, destroying furniture and a large quantity of literature.

Daniels Assails Red Flag.

Shortly before midnight Secretary Daniels, addressing a banquet at the Rainier club in his honor, praised the attitude of the mayor of Boston, who stopped a red flag parade.

"The red flag has no place in this country," he said, "and believers in it have no place in this country. A mayor who does not enforce the law against the red flag is not fit to hold office, and people who believe in the red flag should be driven from the country."

During the administration of Mayor Cotterill Industrial Workers and Socialists have been given license to speak in the streets as long and as loudly as they chose, provided they did not block traffic or display the red flag. Mayor Cotterill has been assailed for permitting such speaking.

It is said the riot was caused primarily by the fact that several sailors got into a fight with Industrial Workers at a street meeting during the city's pottatch.

BURNED TO DEATH IN PRISON CAGE

Thirty-Five Convicts Lose Their Lives in Fire.

Thirty-five convicts are dead at Jackson, Mich., as the result of being caught and burned in a fire which destroyed the prison cage at the Oakley state convict farm.

Officials of the prison are at a loss to explain the cause of the fire. One report was circulated that it resulted from a daring plot of some of the convicts to escape.

The prison cage served as a trap. The men were locked up and when the fire broke out were unable to escape through the iron doors. Pitiful stories are told of the screams and cries which broke from the men as the flames reached them.

From the outbreak of the fire the men were doomed. Loud calls were made for help, but the few guards and other persons without the cells were powerless to stop the fire. Bodies brought from the ruins were burned to a crisp.

A. B. PARKER'S SON KILLED

Nineteen-Year-Old Youth Accidentally Shot by Companion.

Word has been received at Montreal, Que., from Ayer's Cliff, Que., near North Halley, told of the sudden death there of the nineteen-year-old son of Former Chief Justice Alton B. Parker of the New York court of appeals.

The young man died from a bullet wound in the abdomen accidentally inflicted by a companion, the message said.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS )  
 LAKE COUNTY ) ss In the County Court  
 of Lake County )  
 To the August Term, A. D. 1913.  
 Edward M. Laing, Ad-  
 ministrator of the Es-  
 tate of Alexander Laing  
 vs. Deceased )  
 Frank A. Laing )  
 George H. Laing )  
 John W. Laing )  
 Petition to sell  
 Real Estate to  
 Pay Debts

Affidavit of the non-residence of John W. Laing, defendant above named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Lake County, notice is hereby given to the said John W. Laing, administrator of the Estate of Alexander Laing has filed his petition in the said County Court of Lake County, for an order to sell the premises belonging to the Estate of said deceased, or so much of it as may be needed to pay the debts of said decedent, known and described as follows, to-wit:

The west three hundred and fourteen feet (W. 314 ft.) of the northerly six hundred and ninety three feet (N. 693 ft.) of the northeast quarter (N. E. 1/4) of section thirty two (Sec. 32) township forty three north (Twp. 43 N.) range twelve, East (R. 12 E) of the third principal meridian. And that a summons has been issued out of said Court against you, returnable to the August Term, A. D. 1913, of said Court, to be holden on the fourth day of August A. D. 1913, at the Court House in Waukegan in Lake County, Illinois.

Now, unless you, the said John W. Laing shall personally be and appear before said County Court of Lake County, on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Waukegan in said County, on the fourth day of August 1913, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein, the same and the matters and things therein charged and stated will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said petition.

LEW A. HENDER, Clerk.

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