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### A Compact Bungalow

THE bungalow style of house is booming more popular every year, not only in the city, town or village, but in the rural sections as well.

The design accompanying this article is of a seven-room bungalow,

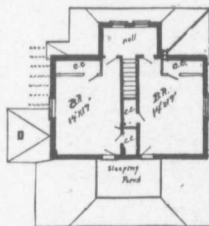


First Floor Plan.

designed to meet the needs of the small farmer, or for the farmer who wishes to retire. The rooms are of good size, large enough for the average family of 10-12. The bathroom downstairs will be found more convenient than when placed on the second floor. The stairway is centrally placed and easily accessible from all parts of the house.

The breakfast nook off the kitchen will be found very convenient, or, if desired, this space may be used for a pantry, with a swing door in place of the slide doors. The kitchen is designed to lighten the housekeeper's labor and save time and steps.

The pergola outside of the dining-room windows will help keep this room cool in summer. The fire-place in the living room will help make this



Second Floor Plan.

room cozy and cheerful on cold winter nights.

The two bedrooms upstairs may be divided when desired. A sleeping porch opens off both the bedrooms.

This bungalow, built of brick and shingles, or of cement blocks, with hot air heating system, plumbing, and hardwood floors in main rooms, will cost about \$2,500.

### A Generous Benedict.

A young mountaineer brought his sweetheart to the justice of the peace to get married. After the ceremony the young man said:

"Well, Judge, how much do I owe you?"

"The law allows me a dollar, but some give me a little more."

"So?" said the bridegroom, as he pulled out a quarter, two dimes and five pennies and dropped them into the astonished judge's hand. "Well, here's fifty cents; with what the law allows you that makes a dollar and a half, and you can consider yourself well paid for a half hour's work."

### Winning the Wilderness

(Continued from Page 18.)

when I had your telegram two days ago. I cannot give him my property Uncle Francis' will forbid it. But—the copy with you. I hope my wishes will be realized."

Doctor Carey held her hand long when he bade her good-by. In her clear gray eyes he read a story that gave him infinite sorrow. Snapping down, he put his arm about her shoulders and, drawing her to him, kissed her once on her forehead, and once—just once—on her lips, and was gone.

They never met again. But those who knew her best in Cloverdale remember yet that from that Maytime of that year, Miss Jane's face was glorified with a light never there before.

Down at the creek, Doctor Carey saw a large man intently studying the bank beyond the break in the railroad grade. Something made the doctor pass slowly, for the figure appealed to his interest. Presently, the man turned away and, climbing up to the National police road before him, made his way into town. As the last light of evening fell full upon him, it revealed to Doctor Carey a very white face, and eyes that stared, as if seeing nothing—even the bluff face and huge form of Darley Chambers.

Two weeks later when Darley Chambers gave Leigh Shirley the deed in her own name to the Cloverdale Ranch, he said in his bluff way:

"I'm sayin' nothing against Jim Shirley, madam, when I say I hope you'll keep this in your own name. Some day you'll know why. And I hope to Gawd you'll prosper with it. It's cost more'n the money paid out for it to get that quarter section of prairie out of the wilderness. Sorrow and disappointment, bad management, and blasted hopes, and hard work, and hate. But I reckon it's clean hands and a pure heart, as the Good Book says, that you are usin' now. This money does represent all it's cost me yet by a damned sight."

He bade her a hearty good-bye and strode away.

The mortgage for the loan was given to Horace Carey, as agreed upon between himself and Miss Jane Aydelot.

"If Leigh knows it's Aydelot money she might feel she's taking what should be Thaine's. Would the Aydelots feel the same if they knew it?" Miss Jane had asked.

"The thing the Aydelots have never grieved for is this Ohio inheritance," Carey answered her. "Asher gave it up to live his life in his own way. If you knew what a price of a fellow he is, although he's only Kansas farmer, you would understand how that prairie ranch and the lure of the sunflower have gripped him in the West."

The day after the completion of the sale Dr. Carey went to the Big Wolf neighborhood. In the dusk of the evening he drove up to Darley Chambers' office in Wykerton. As he was hitching his team Rosie Gimpke rushed out of the side street and lunged across to the hitching post.

"Oh, Doctor Carey, come queek mit me," she exclaimed in a whisper.

"Coom, I just got from Miss Aydelot's. They mak' me coom home to work at the Wyker House, and a man get hurt bad in there. Coom, do coom," she urged in a frenzy of eagerness.

"What's the trouble?" Dr. Carey asked.

"Coom. I show you. I 'traid the man coom back and find the team. Don't make no noise, but coom." Rosie was clutching hard at Dr. Carey's arm as she whispered.

(To be Continued.)