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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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We Aim To Please!

Save Trouble By Shrinking Your Wash Goods.

In these days when so many are getting shirt waists and wash dresses ready for the summer, a hint from a New York writer is timely. Home-dressmakers, she says, sometimes forget that many wash fabrics should be shrunk before being made up into frocks if good service is to be secured from them, and that they should also have their colors "set." The cotton voiles and mercerized poplins do not need to have this done, but percales, gingham, and other cotton dress goods need it.

Thorough shrinking can be done by laying the material in a tub, unfolding it so the water can get all through it, and pouring plenty of boiling water until it is plenty cool enough to wring out easily. This means about two hours. In hanging up straighten as much as possible and there will not be nearly so many wrinkles as there would be otherwise. Iron while still damp enough to make perfectly smooth.

Oxgall is recommended as being one of the best things to set all colors—one table spoonful to twelve quarts of boiling water being the right proportions. Do not use it, though, unless you can be sure that it is fresh. If there is any white in the goods, too much oxgall will have a tendency to make it yellow.

Salt in dissolved boiling water is another old standby. Sugar of lead one ounce to twelve quarts of water, is good for all colors except blue. Saltpetre, one ounce to twelve quarts of water is good for pinks or blues.

In using any of the above solutions, dissolve the powder thoroughly in a little hot water, then add the required number of quarts, put the material in at once, and allow it to remain until cool or cold; then shake some help in pulling it straight, hang it up to dry, ironing, while still damp enough to get smooth.

THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour

(CONTINUED.)

"You know what people I represent, Mr. Wiggin," he returned. "You probably know why I'm up here. You've got the advantage of me in that. You've got to talk a little plainer."

"I know a man was coming," said Wiggin. "Of course, I knew it couldn't be same one that made the other trade. He's marked in this section! But I've looked for some line from the big folks — a little something from you, in the way of credentials."

"My folks do not put things on paper — when those things can be arranged by word of mouth," declared George, hating himself for this deception, but firmly resolved to uncover any more plots against himself, if he were able.

"An excellent plan," affirmed Wiggin, "even if it does put other parties in the way of guessing a bit." He fondled his long nose, and studied the face of the Great Trust Co.'s man. "You received some instructions, I suppose?"

"I did."

"I don't like to beat about the bush," said the old man. "I know your folks understand how I stood with Corran. And, of course, you know. I have been his right-hand man ever since he started in business — he couldn't read or write, as you've heard."

George did not betray by a flicker of the eyelids, even, that the information was new.

"I'm going to tell you very frankly that I've hoped that my son would get the girl," continued Wiggin. "There's no chance of that. I've helped Corran steal half the lands he owned. I'll say this — if he hadn't stolen them, some one else would have done it. That's the style up here. He could have made a fair division with me and still left the girl enough. But that will — I drew it myself for him — left me just where I've always been — his agent. I'm sole trustee, too. Now, just what kind of a proposition have your folks sent to me? The other man said the proposition would come along just as soon as Corran dropped out."

"Our folks would like to know just what you can do," stated the young man. He felt no sense of guilt, now, in leading this plotter on. Clare Corran's interests were threatened. He hardly knew the girl. But never had the desolate condition of any one so appealed to his chivalry. She was alone in the midst of them.

Outside his window, the uproar of the drunken mob celebrated the memory of her father. But that kind of organized loyalty, ignorant support, could not prevent the subtle plans of schemers. Common sense suggested that it was none of his business. But there was something pitifully pathetic in it all.

He shut his eyes, hiding his own from the boring regard of Wiggin. Her brave face came before his inner vision — he saw her again riding past — and he believed he knew her well enough to understand in what agony of spirit she had obeyed. Sudden determination took possession of him. It was quixotic resolution. He loved Mary Larocha. That was a sentiment that made him tender toward the helpless in the world.

He opened his eyes. Wiggin was surveying him anxiously, almost suspiciously.

"I don't propose to turn myself wrongside out before a stranger. I've gone far enough as it is," insisted the Corran trustee. "Say something, yourself."

"Are you in a position to turn over anything worth while to the Great Trust Co.?"

"If you think I've had the handling of all the papers of old Corran without getting ready for just such an emergency as this, you've got another guess coming."

"Here's my credentials," said George, producing papers. "I'm an accredited agent of the company. But, of course, you understand that I can't settle matters with you. I can only hear and report. The fellows higher up arrange the price — it's their money."

"That's all right. I expected that. I'll say this, now: I've left deeds open so that when the time comes, claimants who haven't signed off their rights in certain tracts can be produced. Those claimants will never come forward to contest the Corran claims until the proper work is put into the matter. They don't know anything about their claims. You see, don't you? You've got to have me in the thing to make it go. I know the claimants — I know how to produce claimants."

"Ready-made ones, eh?"

"That's a part of the system, up here, but it has to be worked just right when the matter of Corran's properties are up. You've got to know your men. Corran's friends are

pretty thick. You'll fall down unless you deal with me. I've been in it long enough to know how to operate and cover all tracks. And if tracks ain't covered, you'll have a tough gang on your backs. Corran's scheme has left an army of fools to back up his estate —" he flapped his hand at the window, outside of which the bands were playing. "But even fools can put the torch to timber lands that your company grabs. It's all got to be done right! I can do it right, and hide behind the law, for I've been getting ready."

"What's your price?"

"Half. Not lands. I can't use lands. But half the valuation in cash. The Great Trust will be getting practically the other fifty per cent. My scheme grabs the land for 'em — they don't have to buy."

George felt sick at heart. This buzzard was so promptly ready to tear at the dead man's possessions.

"Of course, this is no time to get down to details," went on Wiggin. "I'm just up here to tell you that I've got the thing in my hands. He stretched out his bony fingers, looked like talons. "Get your report in, and wake the big fellows up — for there are others, if the Great Trust Co. don't grab it."

"I'll attend to the matter in the right way," replied George grimly.

Wiggin made cautious examination of the corridor through the crack of the door before he ventured out. He left with promise to "show goods" to the Great Trust Co. as soon as the young man got the ear of his superiors and was ready to talk business.

George kept vigil for the most of that night. The plot outside did not trouble him as much as the plot that Wiggin had exposed. It was plain why the old man had been so precipitate with a stranger — the Great Trust Co. had dealt with him before. Probably, the company was entirely ready to deal with him again. It was the money of the Great Trust that George was carrying in his pocket at that time. His future prospects were in the keeping of the company. He was their employee.

On the other side was a girl that he barely knew. Perhaps, she would not listen to a stranger who came to her with words of warning against the old man who had been her father's intimate. Women did not usually understand business well enough to determine what dishonesty was.

He could not warn her without exposing the men who were powerful to help or harm him.

After he had breakfasted, finding a place at the table in company of the sleepy, sullen roisterers of the night before, he went and sat on the porch of the tavern, trying to straighten out a line of action for himself.

Romeo Bragg found him there.

"I ain't exactly what you might call sober, yet," acknowledged Mr. Bragg, "but I'm all over celebratin', and ready to start. And, Judgin' from what you said to me yesterday, I figure you've got considerable appetite for the trail. So, what say?"

It was a call to duty put straight. But Harry George was still floundering in his difficulties.

"I reckon you'll outfit like the rest of 'em, at the company store," pursued Bragg. "I'll go across with you and help pick out."

That summons bore in upon George the truth that he was meditating treachery to his employers. He had money that belonged to them — he was not ready to take more of their goods, not at that moment.

While he was hesitating, Clare Corran swept past by her black horse. She bowed to George proudly.

"Reckon Queen Clare is out'n' out to the grave," suggested Bragg. "Wa'n't much chance for her to mourn there, yesterday!"

"Bragg, I'm not ready to start to-day," blurted the young man. "I've got some business to attend to."

His guide stared at him a little while, but George's expression did not invite comment. So Bragg strolled away.

VII.

During the forenoon, the roisterers went straggling out of town. Bill Kyle took away his crew, after he had made some biting comments on the hustling qualities of certain foresters that he knew. Pennell did not report. He found no profit in converse with Bill Kyle.

"I'll tell Fatty Niles to stop running," he said, by way of parting word. "And I reckon you can do the Great Trust as much good by sittin' on that porch as you can any other way."

As the day wore on, George was less inclined to seek the girl and expose what he had learned. It seemed a rather cowardly piece of tale bearing. Probably Wiggin had it in his power to convince her that this stranger, representing a land-grabbing corporation, was lying to her for his own ends. The plan of going to Wiggin and threatening to expose him unless he either gave up his plot or his trusteeship would appear to be only a futile bit of blackmail. George had nothing except his own unsupported

word.

When night came, he was still undecided. He cursed himself as a decidedly worthless tool. He seemed to be of no use to himself or to others. With every hour that passed, Niles and Smart were getting farther away from him, carrying his job with them.

His conscience suggested that he had a duty to perform in the interests of Clare Corran, but he could not make up his mind how to do it — he was not absolutely sure that he had made up his mind to do it, anyway. These reflections rendered him miserable — for he seemed to himself to be both cowardly and dishonest.

No young man, starting out on his life work, ever passed a more heart-breaking, courage-sapping day.

The next morning, he was even more disinclined to start on the trail of his woods mentors. Romeo Bragg ventured reproach when he was told to wait.

"You don't think do ye, that you're goin' to set on that piazza and get into a trance and see where they are? The only way to catch them two men is to hip!"

"I'm running my own business!" snapped George.

"No, you ain't," said Bragg, over his shoulder, as he departed. "You ain't even walkin' it!"

Jepson Wiggin passed him several times, on his way to and from the post office. But the young man made no signal that he wished to see him in private — and Wiggin was too wise to account the Great Trust Co. man in public. The old man was not worried. He winked at George. "Why, evidently impressed by the fact that the agent was awaiting word from headquarters."

On the second day of his waiting, an alert stranger arrived at the tavern in Corran-cache, coming in by the logging train.

He paid no attention to any of the porch loungers, among whom was George.

Obtrusively, he nailed up a circular advertising a certain make of cross-cut saws, and then asked the landlord the way to Jepson Wiggin's, as though eager to sell saws. George, still immersed in his bitter thoughts, calling himself first fool and then knave, as he hesitated between his personal interests and the leaving of Clare Corran to her own fate, paid little attention to the business-like stranger.

The landlord came and sat by George, after the mail had been distributed and the loafers had gone. It was dull once more in Corran-cache, and the landlord liked conversation.

He pointed at an aged Indian, who had sat in stolid silence for some hours on the end of the porch platform.

"Know him?"

Harry shook his head.

"That's old Noel, the Bear. Guess how old he is!"

The young man did not venture.

"Probably over a hundred. My grandfather used to know him, and he was a man, then, Noel was. Says he goes off into the wilderness and catches a beaver every fall, and eats his tail, and that makes him live a long time. He was chief of his tribe when there was any tribe to be chief of. Lives over across the border somewhere. Don't see him round here very often. He ain't much of a fighter to talk, but maybe I can get something out of him. Know anything about Indians?"

"No," admitted George.

"Well, that old fool is proud because he's an Indian. Ever hear anything funnier than that?"

Harry did not undertake to argue regarding pride of birth. But he looked on the old remnant of the great Abnaki race with interest. He knew history. He could appreciate what sentiments Noel, the Bear, descendant of chiefs, nourished in his bosom. The landlord addressed him with the patronizing familiarity he would have used toward a child.

"How do, Noel? Where from, where to, how be squaw?"

The old Indian turned his head slowly, and surveyed the speaker with grave eyes.

"How!" he returned gaily, and resumed his position.

"No, you can't ever get anything out of 'em," went on the chatty landlord. "I asked him how squaw was I meant the Injun girl they call the White Lily. Ever hear of her? Probably not. But in this country up here she's known, all right. I've seen handsome girls, but I've never laid eyes on a prettier one than she is. King of a great-granddaughter of the old boy there. The pride of the tribe, you know. Set up for a queen among 'em. Too bad she's got Injun in her. She'd make some feller a handsome wife if it wasn't for that. It's tough to think of her marryin' an Injun. Say, there's Blinn Wiggin got back. Been away somewhere in the woods, I callate, to let that stripe across his face get well."

George had not seen his foe since that bitter meeting, at which their enmity began.

Young Wiggin advanced, swagger-

ing.

The old Indian stood up, and seemed to be awaiting him.

For an instant, Wiggin hesitated. The appearance of old Noel did not please him, that was plain. Harry could see that his face changed. But he walked on. When he was about to pass the Indian, Noel raised his brown hand.

"I wait here. She wait there. You have not come."

"Oh, shut up!" snapped the young man.

"She wait. You have promised," insisted the Indian. "You go back with me."

Wiggin perceived that the others were listening and had overheard. He grew red and angry.

"I tell you to close your mouth," he commanded. "If you've got business with me, talk in private. I haven't got any time for you now."

But the old Indian stepped in front of him when he attempted to pass.

"I have wait. I have hunt long for you. She cannot wait longer. This is the time to talk. Do you come with me?"

"I've given you your warning. You keep out of my way!"

He thrust his arm against Noel to push him aside. The Indian clung to him. Wiggin, beside himself, cursed, leaped back, and struck the old man. Noel fell, and Wiggin came on. He glared at George, challenging him with his eyes. But Harry, shocked though he was by the brutal act, said nothing. Another public quarrel with this young fire eater was not to his taste. He had an account to settle with Blinn Wiggin, but he proposed to attend to it at a more fitting time.

The landlord was not restrained by such considerations.

"That was about as dirty a trick as I ever saw done," he declared. "You did take a man of your size the other day, but you struck him when he wasn't looking. Now, you hit a man a hundred years old. We'll ride you on a rail, Wiggin, if you keep this up." The Indian had struggled to his feet. "It's too bad, Noel. Did he hurt you much?"

"He hurt me here," replied Noel, drawing up his tall form and putting his breast. "For she wait. If I not bring him, she die of shame and sorrow."

"Say, what's the trouble here, anyway?" demanded the landlord. "Now, you needn't flare up at me, Wiggin. You tackle me, and I'll brain you with this chair. What are you battering that old man for?"

"None of your devilish business! I've got any mail here, give it to me. That's all the business I've got with you."

"There isn't any mail for you."

Wiggin turned to leave.

"I say you come," cried Noel, his voice breaking.

But Wiggin hastened down the street. Noel tried to follow, but he staggered, and the landlord ran after him and brought him back to the porch.

"It's too bad, old man," he said soothingly. "You're only an Injun, but don't that to you wa'n't right. You seemed to have business with him about some 'she'. What's the matter?"

The landlord displayed the curiosity of the busy-body.

Noel drew himself up. He towered even above George's stalwart figure.

"My talk for him, not you," he said, with dignity. The wrinkles that marked his face were set into deep lines that made his visage grim. He turned, and walked away.

"I wouldn't want to have that Injun after me, even if he is a hundred years old," vouchsafed the landlord.

"I'll tell you what it is, son, that devil of a Wiggin has got mixed up with the White Lily. If he's done her dirt, there's trouble ahead for him, and some white folks I know of will be willing to help make it."

The return of the brisk stranger broke in on their conversation. He came with Jepson Wiggin at his heels. The old man was worried and haggard.

"I'd like to see you in private," the stranger informed George crisply. The young man led the way to his room, and the two followed.

When they were closed, the stranger began without preamble.

"I'm from the main office of the Great Trust Co., Mr. George. You were sent up here on forestry work. You were supposed to be in the woods with our cruisers. Just what authority do you have to make talk with Mr. Jepson, here, on matters you know nothing about?"

"I had no authority," confessed Harry.

The old man began to curse, but the stranger snapped his finger at him, and ordered him to keep still.

"You deserve to be discharged, George, and I have full power to fire you. We make no allowances, understand? You've been here on a spree with the rest of these yahoos, when you —"

"I have been here doing no such thing," cried Harry indignantly.

"You've been loafing here, making talk about matters that you have no license to meddle with. Our company

is not what you try to make it out. Jepson has told me how you tried to bribe him. I say, I ought to dis-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proved catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment.

Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists 75 c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Tea Lords Philanthropic, or Seems to b so.

London, Feb. 4. The tea world knows no famine, at least, not now, yet, signs in the east assuredly indicate a rise in the price of the national beverage. Cheerfully we have sipped our favorite blends of Ceylon and Indian teas without giving a moment's thought to the inevitable rise in price these times were bound to bring. Tea drinkers have been exceedingly lucky up till now, because tea is about the only article of everyday diet that has remained within the reach of the average housekeeper's buying power. Perhaps a word of praise for the far-sighted policy of the tea lords is in keeping. The growing tide of the higher cost of living has swept against the fundamental policy of their business in vain. That policy has been immense sales with a low margin of profit. However, the time is at hand when they will be compelled to revise the retail price of their different blends-indeed, some merchants have already done so.

Numerous conditions contribute towards a higher price for tea. First in order, comes the universal tendency that makes for more of the comforts and luxuries of life—a tendency which is largely responsible for the higher cost of living. Second, the world is hungry for more rubber, and tea lands can be readily and profitably turned into rubber plantations. Thousands of acres of these lands are acquired by rubber planters year after year, so that even now the decrease in the world's tea area is quite perceptible. Thirdly, while the tea area of India and Ceylon especially is decreasing, the market for tea is constantly widening. Moscow tea buyers now compete with the representatives of the New York and London tea lords, and it's a certainty that if the market continues to widen, while the world's tea area decreases, the housewife will have to pay more for her favorite beverage.

A young lady who had returned from a tour through Italy with her father informed a friend that he liked all the Italian cities, but most of all he loved Venice. "Ah, Venice, to be sure," said the friend. "I can readily understand that your father would like Venice, with its gondolas, and St. Mark's and Michelangelo's."

"Oh, no!" the young lady interrupted; "it wasn't that. He liked it because he could sit in the hotel and fish from the window."