Beating the Bryans.

By LESTER CORNING.

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"That woman is back again," snapped Mrs. Paulding. Her son smiled. "That" woman could be none other than Mrs. Bryan, the only person in Glendale who dared challenge Mrs. Paulding's pretensions to social leadership.

"They got in last night," said Fred mildly. "They had three weeks at the shore, two weeks in the mountains and a month in New York. They brought back a lot of things from there."

"And where did you get all this information?" demanded Mrs. Paulding in icy tones.

"Nancy," said Fred promptly. "I met her down at the postoffice and walked part of the way home with her."

"I wish you would remember that I do not like to have you speak to that bold person," said Mrs. Paulding fretfully. "Mrs. Beeman had the audacity to ask at the sewing circle the other afternoon if you were engaged to Nancy."

"There doesn't seem to be a chance for such luck," said Fred gloomily as he rose from the table. "Every time I ask her she reminds me how our respective mothers-in-law would love us."

"Every time?" echoed his astonished mother. "May I ask how many times you have lowered your dignity by proposing to that impudent girl?"

"About a hundred," was the easy response. "One of these days I'll catch her off her guard and she'll say 'Yes.'"

"I hope I may never live to see the day," said his mother dolefully.

"I hope you do," he said, with a laugh, as he bent and kissed the tightly compressed lips. "You'd like her, mummy, if you didn't hate her mother so."

Fred slipped out of the room, and his mother could hear the rumble of his

"NANCY AND I WERE MARRIED HALF AN HOUR AGO."

laughter as he crossed the broad hall. For a time she sat with compressed lips as she pondered the situation. Until two years before she had queened it over the Glendale set both by virtue of her husband's business and political importance and because of her own skill as an entertainer. Then the new pulp mill had been started at the upper dam, and Renfew Bryan has brought his family to live in Glendale.

From the first the two women had crossed swords. Mrs. Bryan, who had humbly followed other leaders in the city, now asserted her right to the title in the small town, and by the brilliancy of her entertainments she had very nearly wrested social supremacy from her established rival before Mrs. Paulding had realized what was going on.

Her own entertainments became more ambitious, and for the last year the advantage had lain first with one and then the other. To have Fred fall a victim to Nancy Bryan was the worst blow she had sustained, and had she known that Nancy's mother was as furious as she at the turn affairs had taken she would have derived small comfort from that fact. In blissful ignorance of Mrs. Bryan's state of mind, she elected to believe it a move of that designing woman.

To add to the discomfort of the situation, she heard during the day that Mrs. Bryan was to celebrate her return by a garden party of unusual pretentiousness.

A number of her city friends were to make up a house party, and there was to be dancing on the lawn to the music of an orchestra famous throughout the state.

In her calmer moments Mrs. Paulding would have waited for revenge, but Fred's admission of his love angered her so that she lost her usual caution and announced a party for the same afternoon and evening. She organized a brass band for the promenade music and arranged for a troupe of Arabian acrobats to perform on the lawn.

Glendale society was shaken to its foundations, and at each move was commented on by the other contending clans, the majority of whom thought some new feature was added as an offset until it seemed that nothing short of the engagement of a circus could definitely settle the honors.

It was in this frame of mind that Mrs. Paulding approached her son.

"You know that automobile you wanted," she began at the breakfast table. "I'll get it for you if you can devise some feature that Mrs. Bryan cannot possibly get for her party. That woman has copied every idea I have originated so far."

"Do you give me carte blanche?" he demanded.

"Spend as much as you like," she murmured.

"And you won't ask what it is until I spring it?" he stipulated.

"I promise," she said. "I may rely upon you, Fred?"

"For the sensation of the season," he assured, "take heart of grace, mother mine. I am planning to shake Glendale to its very foundations."

Much relieved, Mrs. Paulding hurried to confide to her dearest friends that she would have a sensation that could not be equaled. This in due course was communicated to Mrs. Bryan, who worried much; but, since Mrs. Paulding did not herself know the nature of the surprise, she could not betray Fred's plans.

The day of the "double header," as Paulding irreverently referred to it, dawned bright and beautiful, and by 3 o'clock the festivities were under way. There were circus performances on both lawns, and honors seemed fairly even. Mrs. Paulding went about with a smile of confidence upon her face and with skillful references to her surprise kept curiosity up to pitch. The afternoon passed without the appearance of the surprise, and the dusk had gathered before Fred disappeared, and word was passed that he had gone to engineer the great event. An hour later the Paulding butler sought his mistress, and she vanished into the house.

She found Fred in the library, and with him was Nancy Bryan.

"I want to introduce you to the sensation," said Fred, with a laugh, as he led the girl forward. "Nancy and I were married half an hour ago."

"And this is your surprise?" she gasped.

"Could you have a greater one?" he asked. "Every one knows of the rivalry between you and Mrs. Bryan. If you turn your party into a wedding reception you'll beat Mrs. Bryan to a standstill. You've been bragging about your surprise. You pretend you knew it was coming all along, and the laugh is on Mrs. Bryan."

For a moment Mrs. Paulding hesitated. In some ways it was a bitter pill to swallow; but, as Fred had shown her, it was necessary to make the best of the situation. She stepped forward and took the bright faced girl in her arms.

"My dear," she said sincerely, "I am very glad to welcome my son's wife to her new home. Let us go out on the lawn. I will introduce you to my friends."

She turned toward the door, but paused as down the street there came the sound of a marching band.

"What is that," she asked—"more of the surprise?"

Paulding nodded his head. "It's the people from the Bryans coming to congratulate the bride!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Bryan was with us, but went home to tell his wife and invite the crowd over here. You have swallowed up Mrs. Bryan's party with your counter attractions. I guess I've kept my promise, haven't I?"

Mrs. Paulding patted the curly head. "You have kept your promise," she agreed. "You have shaken us all to our very foundations." Then, putting on her best smile, she led the way to the piazza to meet Mrs. Bryan at the head of her guests.

Genesis of the Hailstone.

If it were not for the countless trillions of dust particles that float, separately, invisible, in the atmosphere there could be no raindrops, snow crystals or hailstones. From a perfectly dustless atmosphere the moisture would descend in ceaseless rain without drops. The dust particles serve as nuclei about which the vapor gathers. The snow crystal is the most beautiful creation of the aerial moisture, and the hailstone is the most extraordinary. The heart of every hailstone is a tiny speck of dust. Such a speck, with a little moisture condensed about it, is the germ from which may be formed a hailstone capable of felling a man or smashing a window. But first it must be caught up by a current of air and carried to the level of the lofty cirrus clouds, five or six or even ten miles high. Then, continually growing by fresh accessions of moisture, it begins its long plunge to the earth, spinning through the clouds and dashing in the sun like a diamond bolt shot from a rainbow.

Still He Wouldn't Reform.

This curious tale of old time spiritism is taken by Defoe from Baxter's (1615-1691) "Historical Discourse on Apparitions:" "There is now in London an understanding, sober, pious man, oft one of my hearers, who has an elder brother, a gentleman of considerable rank, who, having formerly seemed pious, of late years does often fall into the sin of drunkenness. He often lodges long together here in his mother's house, and whensoever he is drunk and has slept himself sober soothing knocks at his bed head, as if one rapped on the wainscot. When they remove his bed it follows him. Besides other loud noises on other parts where he is, that all the house hears, they have often watched him and tied his hands lest he should do himself." But his mother declared that she had seen his shoes under the bed taken up and "nothing visible to touch them." The drummer cleaner refused in spite of these noises which lead to shunning his evil ways.

$1207.37

Dundee, Illinois,
October 14, 1907

This day appeared before me F. F. Hall, treasurer of the C. F. Hall Company, and made affadavit that on Saturday, October 12th, the cash sales of the Company amounted to $1207.37.

Signed:—Robert Schults,
Notary Public.

F. F. Hall,
Treas. C. F. Hall Co.

Last week we published in this paper and in every other in which we advertise, a warning to our customers to do their trading (if possible) on some other day beside Saturday:—we were apt to be too rushed then to do our best for them. The above was the result.

We now withdraw the warning. Come any day you like and we will see ..ist you get what you want. Some reasons for coming are:—

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