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Among the Churches

BAPTIST CHURCH, PASTOR: R. G. STANLEY.
Sunday Services: 11:00 a. m. Morning Service; 7:30 p. m. Evening Service.
Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30. Communion on the first and third Sundays of each month. All are welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH, PASTOR: G. M. BELL.
Sunday Services: 11:00 a. m. Morning Service; 7:30 p. m. Evening Service.
Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30. Communion on the first and third Sundays of each month. All are welcome.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PASTOR: E. L. LUTHER.
Sunday Services: 11:00 a. m. Morning Service; 7:30 p. m. Evening Service.
Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30. Communion on the first and third Sundays of each month. All are welcome.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

THOS. A. MAC CLARY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, General Law Practice.

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THE PLACE TO BUY Furniture, Varnishes, Paints, Brushes, Glass.

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THE CITY MARKET, FINE MEATS.

J. P. ROSWORTH, Undertaking.

GOOSE

That a wooden shod, simple minded goose girl should plunge monarchs and monarchies into a most mysterious confusion of affairs is a novelty. Yet the lovely Gretchen, the heroine of this fascinating old world novel, did just that, for no one can deny that Ehrenstein is a land of romance. There Carmichael, the dashing young American consul, learned of the dangers of falling in love with a princess; there Herbeck, the wily chancellor, tried a master stroke, evilly designed, to change the history of a throne; there royalty indiguitously wandered and plotted and learned to know fellow human beings; there the treacherous Magyar gypsies lurked in the shadows to abduct a princess. And through all the little goose girl trod her lowly way toward a fate that the magic wand of chance had destined she must fill—a fate as amazing as it is fascinating to read about.

CHAPTER I.

AN old man, clothed in picturesque patches and tatters, paused and leaned on his stony oak staff. He had walked many miles that day. His peasant garb rather enhanced his head. His eyes were blue and clear and twinkling, the eyes of a hunter or a woodsman. The afternoon glow of the September sun burned along the dusty white highway. From where he stood the road trailed off miles behind and wound up 500 feet or more above him to the ancient city of Dreiburg.

Across a rocky jumble of barren rock and glacial cleft, now purpling and darkening as the sun melted in its decline, lay the kingdom of Jagendbelt. By and by the gaze wandered, and once, passing a pile of the hay, he saw from the heaving of many stabled horses, caught and chained his interest for a space. It was the military depot, and it glittered and scintillated with squadron after squadron of cavalry.

"The philosophy of war is to prepare for it," mused the old man, with a jerk of his shoulders. "France! So the matter runs. There is a Napoleon in France, not Bonaparte. He launched bravely and cautiously glanced at his watch, an article which must have cost him many and many a potato patch. He stepped forward. He had followed yonder goose girl ever since the incense began. Off the little wooden stools had lagged, but here they were, still a hundred yards or more ahead of him.

THE GIRL



By HAROLD MacGRATH

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dressed as a rider. He was tall, plumply built, blond, a Viking, possessing a singular beauty of the masculine order. He was forced to flatter himself against the wall of a house, his arms extended on either side to a kind of temporary erection. Even then the stirrup of the American touched him slightly. But it was not the touch of the stirrup that startled him. It was the dark, clean cut face of the rider. Once they were by the youth darted into a doorway.

"He? What can he be doing here? No, it is utterly impossible. It is merely a likeness." He ventured forth presently, none of the perturbation, however, gone from his face. He ran his hand across his chin. Yes, he would let his beard grow.

"The duke and his escort turned into the broad and restful sweep of the Konigsstrasse. At the end was the Ehrenstein Platz, the great square round which ran the palaces and the royal and public gardens. The halt was made in the courtyard and all dismounted.

"The American thanked the duke gratefully for the use of the horse. "You are welcome to a mount at all times," Mr. Carmichael replied to the duke pleasantly. "A man who rides as well as yourself may be trusted anywhere with any kind of a horse." The group looked admiringly at the object of this marked attention. Here was one who had seen two years of constant and terrible warfare, who had ridden horses under fire and who bore on his body many honorable scars, for the great civil strife in America had his quarters at the consulate.

GIRL

France has the most interesting history, that Germany has all the philosophers and America all the money," adding a smile. "I should like to see America."

"Do you live alone?" "No, I live with my foster mother, who is very old. I call her grandmother. She took me in when I was a foundling. And what might your name be?" "Ludwig. I am a mountaineer from Jagendbelt."

"We are not friendly with your country." "More's the pity. It is a grave blunder on the part of the grand duke." "Wasn't it all about the grand duke's daughter?" "Yes, but she has been found. Yet the duke is as bitter as of old. What is this new found princess like?" "She is beautiful and kind."

"How old are you, Gretchen?" "I do not know," she answered. "Perhaps eighteen, perhaps twenty." Arriving at length in the city, they passed through the crooked streets. "Gretchen, where shall I find the Aldergasse?" "I will show you. You are also a stranger in Dreiburg?"

"They took the next turn, and the weather beaten sign Zum Schwartzener Adler, hanging in front of a frame house of many gables, caught the mountaineer to breathe gratefully. "Here my journey ends, Gretchen, at the Black Eagle," he said.

loss by choice has a subtle poison in his blood. He was at Boun when the civil war came. He went back to America and threw himself into the fight with all the ardor that had made his forbears famous in the service of the worthless Stuarts. It wasn't a question with him of the mere love of fighting—it was the passion. He knew with which side he wished to fight. He joined the cavalry of the north and hammered and fought his way to a captaincy. He was wounded five times and imprisoned twice. At the end of the conflict he returned to Washington.

Without any influence whatever save his pleasing address and his wide education he garnered the state department out of a consulate. They sent him to Ehrenstein at a salary not worth mentioning, with the diplomatic halo of dignity as a tail to the kite. Two years in any one place was not reckoning as regarded Carmichael. Yet here he was, caring neither for promotion nor exchange. So, then, all logical deductions summed down to one—Gretchen is a femme.

The dreamer is invariably tripping over his own feet. Carmichael was rather boyish in his dreams. What absurd romances he was always weaving round her! What exploits on her behalf! But never anything happened, and never was the grand duke called upon to offer his benediction. It was all very foolish and romantic and impossible, and no one recognized this more readily than he. No American ever married a princess of a reigning house, and no American ever will. This law is as immovable as the law of gravitation. Still, man is master of his dreams, and the way do as he pleases in the confines of this small circle.

"How the devil will it end?" mused his half aloud. "I'll forget myself some day and trip so hard that they'll be asking Washington for my recall. I'll go over to the gardens and listen to the band."

"(to be continued next week)

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H. A. Smith Thee Druggist

Some hope to cure the tiger of biting by filling his teeth with gold. The endeavor always counts more for one's happiness than the success. A man soon gets tired of his religion when he does not work at it. It's a good deal easier to seem fit to die than to be fit to live with. The less a man thinks about his sincerity the more he is likely to have. It's no use looking in lonely places for men who are really walking with God. The most harmless amusement is poisonous when it is the only food your heart gets. The man who lives by the golden rule never has to talk to his friends about his piety. To be guided by the senses alone is as though one should let the compass steer the ship. One of the worst things about exposing the wolves is that the sheep will turn and try to rend you. Chicago Tribune.

GREENS IN SEASON
THEIR PROPER PREPARATION FOR THE TABLE.

Loss Flavor if Allowed to Stand Long Before Cooking—New Potatoes—Native Greens That Have Distinct Value.

Green Vegetables.—Wash in plenty of water, salted if insects are likely to be present. Do not soak. Remove speedily if salt is used. Cook quickly in salted boiling water over a good fire with cover off. Serve at once. Green vegetables are likely to grow dark and taste watery if allowed to stand. If they cannot be served at once, keep hot and moisten with steam—do not let them dry up. In cooking all dry vegetables the cover should be kept on; they should be started in cold water and salted when half done, instead of at the beginning.

STEWART FURNACE

TRADE MARK

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