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**I point out the sack
to the Grocerymen**



"Here's a picture of the sack, send me that or take it back."
GILDEMEISTER'S PEERLESS FLOUR

**The "Fugitive"
From Justice**

By CALVIN HENDRICKS.

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.

"We are looking for a good candi-
date for mayor, and we're come to
you."

The speaker was one of a group of
a dozen husky miners, rough, red-
shirted, lacking all the formality of
the average "committee," but repre-
senting not only the brains but the
brawn and enterprise of Lucky Gulch.
Ransome Jordan's eye glowed for a
moment, he threw back his head in his
characteristic bluff and independent
way.

"Boys," he said, and his full, clear
voice was broken from some latent
emotion. "I thank you, but—I cannot
accept."

That was the way that Ransome
Jordan turned down what his friends
called the chance of his life.
"Ransome, dear, why?" were the
words that greeted him as the wife
who had overheard all met him at the
doorway, and that was the hardest
part of it all.

"Don't ask Nance!" he pleaded.
"See here, it is you who made me what
I am. The boys have helped, I don't
know why."

"Who could help it?" gently mur-
mured Nance, stroking his great
brown hand caressingly.

"Now they want me to be mayor.
A man of clear record, who will make
the district proud of him, deserves the
office."

"Is there a better one than you?"
cried Nance, her eyes sparkling with
pride. "Is there a man who has made
Lucky Gulch clean and respectable as
you have done? What is it, Ransome—
what is troubling you?"

"It is—no, I can't tell even you!" de-
clared Jordan. "At least not now—
not yet. Nance, do you trust me?"

"To the death—and after!"

"If I go away—away to—to pay a
debt, to clear the books, to take my
medicine like a man so that when I
come back and can look every man
in the face and say honestly I owe
the world nothing, what will you say?"

"Ransome," she said resolutely,
"how soon shall I help you pack up
for your journey?"

"And thus began the pilgrimage of
Ransome Jordan. One evening the
train to Easton, a little New England
town, halted to let off the pilgrim.

Several times he passed under the
red lamp of a police station. Finally
he entered the place, asked for the of-
ficer in charge, and was shown into
the captain's private office.

"I am from the West," stated Jordan
without ceremony. "I have come
to give myself up as a fugitive from
justice. My name is Ransome Jordan.
Did you ever hear it before?"

A strange smile crossed the face of
the official.

"Why, yes," he began, but Jordan
went on with his story.

"One night in a drunken brawl a
friend of mine named Prescott in-
sulted and attacked me. I resented
him with a knife thrust. I heard later
that he died. It was self-defense, but
I have come back to clean the slate,
whatever the law may say."

"I have heard of you!" cried the of-
ficial, arising and wringing the hand
of Jordan with strange fervor. "Come
this way."

He pointed at a large oil portrait.

"William Prescott still lives. He is
judge of this court, and after that
night you refer to, became a reformed
man."

"Thank heaven!" murmured Jordan
in a great aspiration of joy and re-
lief.

"Do you recall nothing further of
that night?" asked the official, a queer
expression on his lips.

"Little but flight, despair. I recall
a fire, and plunging into its scorching
whirl, hoping fate would blot me out."

"Again—come with me," invited the
official.

He led the way to the street and to
the outskirts of the town where a
large building stood.

"The fire you speak of," he said,
"destroyed the old structure of the
Dorchester Blackwood. That night a
brave man by means of a plank span-
ning two roofs saved every soul in
the building from death. You never
heard of it? Strange! See," and Jordan's
guide pointed to a neat column
surrounded by an iron fence, at the base
of a broad metal plate plainly visible
in the white moonlight.

"I will read the inscription," said the
official. "In grateful memory of Ran-
some Jordan, Hero, who lost his life
after saving fourteen imperiled wom-
en. He was a true man!"

"And that was me?" gasped the per-
fected Jordan.

"That was you," responded the of-
ficial, reverently lifting his cap. "Held
in loving memory, because you disap-
peared amid the flames and it was sup-
posed you had perished."

So the pilgrimage ended, but its
echoes, now made public, reached
Lucky Gulch ahead of Jordan's return.
And when he appeared, a cheering
deputation of welcoming friends
knew he would now accept a rightful
honour.

A patient loving little woman
clasped her arms around his neck as
he stepped from the train.

"Oh, my love! my hero!" she
sobbed—"a man, among men, and
mine, all mine!"

Choice of Evila.

"Why do you want to marry during
your first season?"

"I'd rather be scolded by a husband
than a chaperon."—Life.

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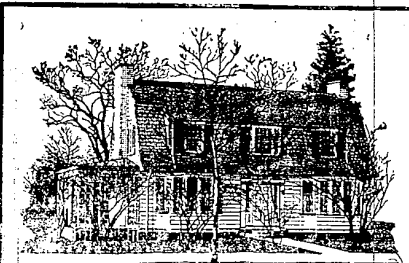
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