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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In pursuance of an Order of Sheldon B. Mead, Surrogate of the county of Oswego, New York, notice is hereby given according to law, to all persons having claims against Nathan J. Wilson, late of the town of Mexico in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor, to the subscriber, at the office of J. A. Johnson, in the village of Mexico, in the County of Oswego, New York, on or before the 25th day of January, 1905.  
 Dated the 25th day of July, A. D., 1904.  
 N. A. Y. WILCOX, Administrator.  
 J. A. JOHNSON, Atty for Administrator.  
 Mexico, N. Y.

**THE TEN ONE-DOLLAR BILLS.**  
 BY A. F. CALDWELL.

Over a third of the school year at Willis Academy had passed before Alan Holden's enrollment. For this reason he was still the "new fellow," though it now lacked less than three weeks of commencement, and he'd been in the institution almost four months.

The boys at Willis "Prep," as the school was called by its undergraduates, were clamish. Very little had been learned of Alan Holden, save that he was a "dig" up to this time; he hadn't "proved his blood," a traditional requisite for equality recognition. He was little given to athletics, and might most always be found in his room, No. 14, Corridor B.

More and more frequent now, as commencement time drew near, were the surmises as to who would carry off the Latin honor.

Until the entrance of Alan Holden, Clyde Lawrence and Eberle Espey had been regarded as the best classical students in the academy; but since New Year's, Espey had fallen somewhat in his grades, and the new fellow had attained a standard of excellence that seemed to those in his classes to fall little below the marks held by Clyde Lawrence, if not to equal them.

"I tell you, fellows," said Tom Pacey, sprawling under the Junior class tree on the campus, "Lawrence and Espey have to look well to their laurels—notice that, 'look well to their laurels'—or that man Holden's going to run off with the chancellor's prize."

Espey's out of it already, and he acknowledges it," declared Ralph Green, who had joined the little group in time to hear Tom Pacey's remark. "It's Lawrence who's now marooning to victory—Lawrence alone."

"I'm not sure of that, old man," Pacey raked himself on his elbow. "Nor I," added Chester Witham quietly.

"Ever heard Holden recite?" Pacey once more fell back in his recumbent position. "I thought not. You ought to have heard him, last week some time, give the exceptions to some of the dative case rules; even Professor Black approved."

"I'll warrant the professor had difficulty in realizing that wasn't the grammar itself reciting, so accurately was the process gone through with. And the examples—he didn't make a mistake; they were in Latin, too."

"Humph!"

"There's no 'humph' about it," and again Pacey assumed a position that might betoken his rising. "I tell you Lawrence will have to look out for himself or—But come on, fellows, there's the bell!"

The boys hastily gathered up their books and started toward recitation hall, for "Prompt!" Harris, as they called the physics instructor, marked a student absent if he entered the room but a minute after the bell ceased ringing.

Perhaps no one realized more than did Clyde Lawrence how sharp was to be the contest between Alan Holden and himself for the coveted chancellor's prize. It meant for him not only the fifty dollars in gold, but a tramping and camping trip with his uncle through the Hudson Bay country, for five weeks of his summer vacation.

"If he hadn't entered I'd be sure of it, now Espey's lost interest and dropped down so low," declared Lawrence, rebelliously. "The authorities ought to prohibit a fellow's entering the school months after it opens, or else exclude one from contesting for honors with a fellow who's been in right along since enrollment. It isn't just to the old fellows."

But the faculty did not so regard it. If a student was able to make up his back work, at the same time to keep with the class, every encouragement was given him. It was sound ethics, a principle well-established at the reputable old preparatory school.

"How do you think it's going?" Ralph Green, on the way to supper, hurried up behind Ernest Bloomer, and gave him a familiar slap on the shoulder.

"Going—what?"

"Why, man, alive, where've you been keeping yourself? What could I mean except the—"

"Chancellor's prize; I see," interrupting. "Not into my pockets, but I wish it were. Fifty dollars would go a long way toward giving a fellow a pleasant vacation."

"But answer my question," pressed Ralph. "You're a pretty good judge—think Holden'll get it?"

"I don't know," deliberately. "It's hard to tell. Lawrence has worked like a hero for it; if he misses it, it will not be his fault."

"No, I'll vouch for that," laughed Ralph. "He's in Corridor B, just opposite my room, and his light shines through the transom nights—hours after I've gone to bed. Often I go to sleep and wake up and it's still burning."

"It's an odd coincidence, but Holden occupies No. 14, very next room to Lawrence's—his is 15, and they're hardly more than strangers. I don't want

to be unjust to the fellow—he's a good chap, always treated me well—but I've a suspicion that Lawrence is jealous of his nextdoor neighbor. He has said some disagreeable things; but perhaps they don't mean anything."

"Probably they don't," added Bloomer.

As was openly known, Clyde Lawrence looked with a good deal of disapproval at the stand taken by Alan Holden, and regarded his being allowed to compete for the chancellor's prize as unfair. And although he did not intentionally show the hostility he felt toward his competitor, it would creep out occasionally, yet unconsciously, on Lawrence's part.

It was remarkable how interested the school had become in the chancellor's award this year. Never before had it caused more than passing comment, save the Holbrook brothers who were such close competitors for the honor, and even then the interest was not so intense as at present.

Five days before the eleventh of June, the day of the baccalaureate, Tom Pacey had received a telegram from his father to meet him at Charlottesville. The telegram had added: "You'll get back for commencement."

A squad of the boys were in the gymnasium drilling for a public exhibition to be given the Wednesday following. One of the boys, Charis Emerson, had received a slight injury and was excused to go to his room.

"Wish you'd tell Pacey to bring down my purse, if he doesn't mind. He knows where I keep it," Lawrence called to Emerson as he reached the door. "I want to run downtown before I go to my room."

"All right!"

"I'll just have time," Tom Pacey glanced at his watch on receiving Lawrence's message. "Must hurry, though; train leaves at five-thirty."

He ran into Room 13, across the corridor, and from under a pile of clean linen in the lower bureau drawer drew out a small, fat purse.

"He still has those ten one-dollar bills," laughed Tom. "It's a freak of his, not spending them. They're no more valuable than spoiled ones; but I suppose 'twas his getting them new at the treasury that makes him keep them."

Tom hurriedly entered the gymnasium, and was just passing the lockers, one of whose doors were open, when a sudden thought struck him.

"I'll have some fun."

He turned back to an open locker, and quickly thrust the snug roll of one-dollar notes into Lawrence's trousers pocket; he had hung his school suit there while drilling for the exhibition exercise.

"He'll think he's lost them till he finds them—in his own pocket," and Tom turned to where the squad was practicing.

"Lay it on the bench there; thanks!" and Lawrence quickly faced the instructor again.

Tom Pacey left the room and presently forgot the matter of the ten dollars in the excitement of going to Charlottesville, and in the pleasurable anticipation of meeting his father.

"Sufficient for tonight! Don't forget the side movement in your private practice," cautioned the athletic director and the boys hurriedly started to dress.

Clyde Lawrence hastily picked up his purse as he passed the bench, not noticing how much more empty than usual it felt. It was not till he had started downtown that he perceived it's thinness.

"I wonder—what's"—He stopped and examined the contents of his purse. "The new bills that I was saving are gone. It couldn't be that"—hesitatingly. "But he came in late to the drill, at least five minutes. That would have given him time. He couldn't have had a better chance, his room being next to mine."

Lawrence stood on the walk for a moment, irresolute, then, suddenly turning, hurried back to the school.

"I'll report to Dr. Thornhill immediately and tell him my suspicions; he can do as he thinks best—I'll leave the matter entirely with the principal," and Clyde took the short cut across the campus.

"He's not at home," answered Mrs. Thornhill, as Clyde made known his request to see the doctor. "Is there any message you care to leave?"

"No, thank you. I'll run over again after supper."

It took a miraculously short time for the theft to be noised about the school. All the boys were disconcerted it when Lawrence once more took his hat and started for Dr. Thornhill's—all except Alan Holden. He had gone to his room directly after the drill, changed his clothes, and walked off alone, not even waiting for supper.

"It looks suspicious, the way he's done," commented a number of fellows; "it certainly does."

"You say—tell me the whole story," and Dr. Thornhill motioned Lawrence to a chair by his desk. "'Twas there—well, go on."

"He's not well to do; that might serve as a motive," said the doctor, gravely,

as Clyde Emerson; "but he comes of an honorable family, decidedly so. Have you searched everywhere?"

"Yes, sir—but it can't be found."

"I'll consider it and decide what action I'll take," and Dr. Thornhill led the way to the door. "I'm sorry you let it be known."

All eyes were fixed on Alan the next morning as he entered the breakfast room. It was embarrassing to the sensitive fellow, and he flushed deeply.

Alan looked around questioningly as he sat down. "What is it?" he asked Thord Cummings, at his right.

"Oh, nothing much, I guess," evasively.

The meal was almost over when Alan Holden thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and drew out a roll of one-dollar bills. All at the table saw him.

"I—I—painfully."

"It's Clyde Lawrence's—what he lost yesterday," said Mr. Wilson, instructor in English, who sat at Alan's table. "I'll take it for the present—the money," soberly.

"I don't know how it came in my pocket; indeed I don't," declared Alan positively. "There's some mistake."

"Then he did take it; I thought so!" exclaimed Clyde, on leaving the breakfast table. "I wonder who'll"—he had in mind the chancellor's prize. "They'll never give it to a—"

To all the questioning by the faculty, but one answer was returned by Alan Holden; "I know absolutely nothing about the money being in my pocket."

"It looks suspicious!" questioned the doctor.

"Assuredly so—circumstances point against me."

"There's no proof that Holden did it. And it may be—I wonder," turning to the members of the faculty, "if you've thought of the possibility that Lawrence himself may have dropped that money into Holden's pocket. He had a good opportunity."

"But the motive?"

"The chancellor's prize," returned the doctor, shortly.

But Clyde was as firm in his denial as Alan had been; he knew absolutely nothing as to how the ten dollars came to be in Alan Holden's pocket.

The unfortunate affair cast a shadow over the entire school. The students were about equally divided in their support of the innocence of the two fellows. A part declared Clyde guilty of attempting to injure the reputation of his competitor for the chancellor's prize; others felt that the money had been stolen from Clyde's purse in the bureau drawer.

At a faculty meeting, late Saturday afternoon, it was decided to make no award of the prize this year; it seemed the only thing to do.

"It's a shame!" A crowd of fellows were gathered in Ralph Green's room, early in the evening. "By good rights it belongs to Lawrence."

A hasty knock and the door swung open.

"Hello, Pacey; glad to see you back!" and the boys rushed eagerly forward.

"Had a good time?"

"Tiptop; but what's the racket?" with a glance around the room.

"It's Clyde Lawrence's ten dollars. You haven't heard? For my part," Ernest Bloomer was speaking, "I'm confident Alan Holden stole it!"

"Ten dollars—Clyde Lawrence's?" The smile faded suddenly from Tom Pacey's face. "I—I—Didn't he find it? I took it from his purse the afternoon I went away, and slipped the roll in his trousers pocket; they were hanging in his locker."

With a sudden exclamation, Ralph jumped excitedly to the floor. "Are you sure that money went into Clyde's pocket? Couldn't they have been Holden's trousers? His locker's the next to Lawrence's."

"I—may have; but 'twas a pair of grays—I remember that."

"Then they were Holden's; Clyde wore his new blue suit that day."

"Holden! Lawrence!" shouted the fellows, rushing down the stairs to Corridor B. "It's cleared up—the ten-dollar business!" They were all shouting together.

The two boys came out of the rooms with a look of perplexed inquiry.

"You've found?"

"It's all right; 'twas Pacey. He meant it as a joke, but put it in the wrong pocket!" they all began to explain at once to the relieved and happy boys.

"I've learned a lesson from this that I'll not forget," said Tom, decisively. "That kind of joking isn't safe."

"Then that's the way of the money's getting there!" Clyde was slow to recover from his surprise. "Shake!" and he held out his hand to Alan Holden. It was a grasp that meant much to both fellows.

"Now, who do you suppose will get it?" asked Ralph Green, as he and Bloomer went back to their rooms.

"The prize? We shan't know till Wednesday."



**THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.**

The professor who announced that "love and romance die out with the sound of the wedding bells," was the first to start the ball rolling. "It would seem a brave woman who marries with this echo in her ears; we have not heard that there were few marriages during the year. There are many happy married lives, but a large percentage of these unhappy homes are due to the illness of the wife, mother or daughter."

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