

GREGORY GAZETTE

Vol. I

Pinckney, Livingston County, Michigan, Saturday, October 12 1912

No. 19

SWEATERS

Yes, we have them

All sizes and all prices

You need one these cool days. Come in and look them over. We also have Ladies Knit Skirts at 50c and \$1.00

Remember to bring in your cream Tuesdays and Fridays. Price this week, 30c per lb.

AYRAULT & BOLLINGER.

GREGORY, MICH.

Local News

John Sheets now drives a fine new team.

Thomas Stone is working in the meat market.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Max Cameron a son, Oct. 4.

Mrs. F. C. Montague was in Ann Arbor last week.

Geo. Cone has sold his draying business to E. McGee.

M. Wood and family spent Sunday with their parents.

Mrs. Wilmer Crossman is still suffering with peritonitis.

Beal Daniels is now boarding at the home of Wm. Koons.

E. T. McCleer spent Sunday with his family at Ypsilanti.

Mrs. Dessie Whitehead visited her son, Chas., and wife Saturday.

I. C. Backus of Webster visited his brother, Geo. Backus last week.

Mrs. Harrison Bates visited her daughter, Ida, in Stockbridge Friday.

Mr. Millsap and wife of Chelsea visited friends near Gregory Sunday.

Allie Harker, wife and daughter are spending a few days in South Lyon.

Mrs. Mary Daniels called on A. L. Soules and wife of Stockbridge Sunday.

Donald Harker and sister Margaret are spending a few days with their uncle Lester.

Mrs. Nellie Bowman and children of Anderson have been visiting her mother and brother.

Mr. and Mrs. L. N. McCleer attended the wedding of his brother Will, of Eaton Rapids Tuesday.

Bert Werber is working on the state road at Pinckney and Mr. Marrietta expects to work there soon.

Benjamin Cook has been drawn to serve on the jury at the fall term of court which starts at Howell Oct. 21.

The L. A. S. will give a Grand Concert at the Maccabee Hall, Oct. 1, under the management of R. Sydney Spout.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Will A. McCleer to Miss Anna J. Derby of Eaton Rapids, which occurred at Albion Oct. 8.

FULMER CORNERS

Audrey Frazier made a trip to Jackson Monday.

Cora Cone visited her cousin Myrta Judson, Saturday.

Frank and Howard Howlett visited Andrew Burgess Saturday.

Mrs. Ira McGlockne and Mrs. Peter Rowe visited at Harry Gillivers Sunday.

Mr. Clifford Lantis and family visited at E. L. Glenn's Sunday.

E. L. Glenn and family are living in their new house.

Mr. Harry Day and family from Detroit visited at Fred Resico Sunday, making the trip with their auto.

Will Steadman and wife of Chelsea visited their aunt Miss Mary Zettley Sunday.

John Burgess and family visited John Taylor and family Sunday.

Fred Asquith and family visited at Ed. Brotherton's Sunday.

UNADILLA

Vera Hartsuff is visiting Mrs. L. K. Hadley.

L. E. Clark is drawing lumber for a new barn.

Mrs. L. K. Hadley was in Chelsea Tuesday.

Miss Florence Holmes was a Chelsea visitor Saturday.

The Sewing Circle meets with Mrs. Jas. Barton Oct. 14.

Mrs. W. Bowersox entertained Miss Belle Coates Saturday.

Fred Durkee of Jackson was a recent visitor at A. J. May's.

Mrs. C. D. Johnson of Webster spent Friday at Jno. Webb's.

Dr. Ames and Joslin of Morrice visited E. C. Allison last week.

Olin Marshall and family spent Sunday with Ed. Cranna and family.

Prof. Smith of Stockbridge visited friends in Unadilla Sunday last.

Mrs. Warren Barton was in Howell last week caring for her aunt.

Will Durkee and family of Jackson visited relatives here Sunday.

Miss Ella Johnson of Detroit is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Whitaker.

Mrs. L. M. Harris is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. John Fenn of Pittsburg, Pa.

Dorothy Hadley and Maxime Marshall visited their grandparents Saturday.

Mrs. Ellen Marshall entertained her grandchildren from Stockbridge Sunday.

Mrs. Jay Hadley spent some time last week with her mother, Mrs. Jas. Birch.

F. Marshall and family of Stockbridge spent Sunday with Mrs. E. Marshall.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Collins spent Sunday with Mrs. C's. parents, Mr. and Mrs. Parry Mills.

Dr. C. B. Gardner and family of Alma and H. B. Gardner and wife spent Saturday at O. Webb's.

There will be no preaching in the Presbyterian church Sunday owing to Rev. Armstrong's absence.

Sumner Bird and wife and Arthur Munger and family of Stockbridge spent Sunday at Wirt Barnum's.

Mrs. E. VanSyckel of Plainfield and Mrs. Fitch Montague helped Mrs. Fannie Chipman celebrate her 87th birthday last Wednesday.

Notice

I will open my cider mill next week for business. Cider made of your own apples. Apple butter for sale. F. J. Resico.

Anderson Tailoring



gives you what you want—willingly and without a quibble. That is why we urge careful dressers to look into the merits of the Anderson line. The styles are correct, the woollens well chosen, the fit is guaranteed faultless, and your individual directions are followed to the letter.

If you are particular, this is "The Tailoring You Need."

F. A. Howlett

I have represented the Anderson Tailoring Co. for the past seven years and have yet to find a dissatisfied customer.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

We have just about everything needed for any grade of school work. Just such school tools as enable the best school work. From a single pencil to a complete school outfit—come here first and get the best.

New line of Post Cards including views of Gregory.
New line of every day work shirts warranted not to rip.

ALWAYS IN THE MARKET FOR BUTTER AND EGGS

S. A. DENTON, GREGORY

DEALER IN

GROCERIES, GENTS FURNISHINGS, FRUITS, NOTIONS, ETC.

We are the local representative for the Star brand of tailor made clothes. Fall samples now on display.

The First Lesson in Economy

BUY A ROUND OAK STOVE

For the Best Dollar for Dollar Value You Ever Saw, Buy the Genuine Round Oak Stove

It burns hard coal with a magazine, soft coal and slack with a Hot Blast attachment, and wood with a plain grate.

T. H. HOWLETT,

Gregory, Michigan

General Hardware, Implements, Furniture, Harness Goods and Automobiles

Grand Concert

at Maccabee Hall,

Gregory

Friday, October 18, 1912

Under Management R. Sydney Spout
Auspices of L. A. S.

SPECIAL FEATURES:

Stockbridge Instrumental Trio.
Italian Orchestra.
The Midget Pianist.
Baritone Solist. Also Many Other Features.

LOOK FOR BILLS

ADMISSION, 10 and 25c



YOU

Can buy the only hose which combine a full fashioned leg for style and fit with a seamless fit (for comfort.)

--at--

M. E. KUHN'S

Gregory - or - Unadilla

It has the regular famous BLACK CAT wear and fast lustrous dye. It is a pleasure to recommend hosiery which gives such uniform satisfaction.



Pile five big men into a Ford and you have a fair load. But many a heavy car unloaded has more weight to carry—and more power to carry it. The low priced Vanadium built Ford is minimumly light and maximumly powerful.

More than 75,000 new Fords into service this season—proof that they must be right. Three passenger Roadster \$590—five passenger touring car \$690—delivery car \$700—f. o. b. Detroit, with all equipment.

W. G. REEVES

IS YOUR DEALER

Come in and look over our line and let us give you a demonstration

STOCKBRIDGE CITY GARAGE

The board of supervisors will convene at Howell Monday, October 14.

Mrs. Harriet Bland and Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Bland spent last Sunday at the home of W. J. Buhl.

The Democrats of Michigan have certainly favored Howell this year. They have nominated Lewis Howlett to the office of attorney general, re-elected Ed. Shields chairman of the state central committee and nominated Judge R. H. Person of Lansing, for many years prominent Howell attorney, for justice of the supreme court.

It makes the rural carriers look round shouldered just thinking about parcels post.

Mrs. Lillie Burden spent several days recently with her sister, Mrs. Wilmer Coleman of Pine Lake.

The 77th annual convention of the Michigan Baptist State Association will meet in Bay City, Oct. 14-17 inclusive.

The October term of court opens October 21. The Brayton and Scully case which is in charge of C. W. McGill of the attorney generals office of Lansing is one of the important cases booked for trial.

Tzar Coffee 35¢

You have never bought better coffee in this store at 35 cents than Tzar Coffee

Other favorite brands are Nero 30c Marigold 32c Pleasant Valley 40c

Every possible taste can be gratified in these four grades. Try Tzar Coffee and Pleasant Valley Tea.

You will find them always the same, delightfully pleasant flavor.

Ayrault & Bollinger, Gregory, Mich.

NEWS OF A WEEK IN CONDENSED FORM

RECORD OF MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS TOLD IN BRIEFEST MANNER POSSIBLE.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Happenings That Are Making History - Information Gathered from All Quarters of the Globe and Given in a Few Lines.

Politics

Dissatisfaction with the prison reform policies of Gov. George W. P. Hunt of Arizona on the part of those opposed to the "honor system" and the liberal use of the executive's parole powers has led to an attempt to invoke the recall against the governor.

Congressman William Sulzer was nominated for governor of New York at Syracuse by the Democrats after a four-hour session that was filled with exciting events. Although Sulzer was really nominated by acclamation, the fourth ballot was completed in compliance with the statutes. Martin H. Glynn was nominated for lieutenant-governor.

President Taft made seven speeches in front of a talking machine. These speeches will be "canned," used in the campaign and filed away in the congressional library or state department files beside moving pictures of Mr. Taft.

Washington

"I asked no man to contribute to the campaign fund when I was elected president of the United States, and I wish to reiterate that Mr. Bliss and Mr. Cortelyou both assured me that no promise had been made as a return for any contribution. Neither they nor anyone else having authority asked me to act or refrain from acting in any matter while I was president because any contribution had been made or withheld. Gentlemen, could I put it more sweepingly?" In these words Theodore Roosevelt summarized his testimony at his hearing before the Clapp committee of the senate investigating campaign funds.

The state department at Washington gave permission to President Madero to transport a brigade of his troops from El Paso to a point near Del Rio on the Mexican frontier. The Madero government was informed that the rebels had massed at that point notwithstanding the frequent reports that the "northern half of Mexico had been pacified."

Domestic

The trustees of Bryn Mawr college, Bryn Mawr, Pa., which has just opened its twenty-eighth year, have decided to make it a resident institution, thereby limiting the number of students to 400.

Nearly four thousand United States troops were reviewed at Honolulu by Secretary of State Knox and Secretary of the Interior Fisher prior to the departure of the cabinet officers for Seattle on the cruiser Maryland.

A dangling rope from a balloon caught the leg of Lorenzo Howland, fifteen years old, as it ascended at Tusculum, Ala., manned by H. C. Petty, who was making his first flight there. The boy hung on until five hundred feet up, when both men fell to their death with an unopened parachute.

North-bound Kansas City Southern passenger train No. 4, en route from Port Arthur, Tex., to Kansas City, was held up and robbed by masked men, north of Poteau, Okla. Two safes in the express car were destroyed with nitroglycerin, the bandits escaping with \$7,000.

John D. Archbold failed to respond to the subpoena served upon him to appear as a witness in the Waters-Pierce-Standard Oil litigation at New York, and was held "in default" by Commissioner Jacobs.

"You will never punish me again," said John Whitaker, a twelve-year-old boy at Pocatello, Idaho, as he fired a shotgun at his mother, killing her instantly. The boy had just been whipped for failure to assist in the family washing.

With fifty thousand persons watching him at the interstate fair grounds at Trenton, N. J., Charles F. Walsh, making a special descent in a Curtiss biplane, fell to instant death about a quarter of a mile outside of the fair grounds.

The forward boiler tubes of No. 3 fireroom on the battleship Nebraska blew out while the vessel was under forced draft trial at Newport, R. I., but the prompt action of two water tenders in closing valves prevented injury to the crew.

A fine memorial to Carl Schurz was unveiled in New York, the German ambassador and other distinguished men taking part in the ceremony.

The national irrigation congress elected Maj. Richard W. Young of Salt Lake City as the next president. Phoenix, Ariz., was chosen for the 1913 meeting of the congress.

With 50,000 persons watching him at the interstate fair grounds at Trenton, N. J., Charles F. Walsh, while making a descent in a biplane, fell to instant death. Practically every bone in his body was broken.

Kankakee, Ill., was attacked by the worst fire in its history, two city squares of buildings being practically destroyed and a loss of approximately \$200,000 suffered. No lives were lost.

Fourteen persons were killed when the second section of the Boston-New York express, leaving New Haven, Conn., at 3:55, jumped the track at Naugatuck Junction. Many of the victims were burned to death.

By the use of railroad spikes laid in grooved rails at sharp curves sympathizers of the striking Duluth carmen sent four cars into the ditch. None of the passengers were injured, but service was disrupted.

Lieut. Robert Lounsbury, quartermaster in the First cavalry, Second squadron, was thrown from a horse at Fort Yellowstone, Wyo., and killed when a troop horse ran into his mount. Lieutenant Lounsbury three months ago married Miss Florence Earl of Lake Mills, Wis.

W. O. Divine, freight agent for the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad at Cincinnati, pleaded guilty in the federal court in New York to granting and giving rebates, and was fined \$15,000.

Charged with conspiring to raise the price of milk, a felony under the Minnesota anti-trust law of 1899, four dealers at Minneapolis were placed in jail, held in bail of \$1,000 each.

Michael Urankin of Chicago, thirty-five years old, was struck and instantly killed while picking up coal on the Northwestern railroad.

Frank Wigfall, negro, ex-convict and assaulter of women, was lynched by convicts in the state penitentiary at Rawlins, Wyo. Wigfall was placed in the prison for safe keeping when a mob attempted to storm the county jail, following his capture at Fort Steele, for assaulting Mrs. Julia Higgins, a white woman, seventy-eight years old.

Foreign

The British submarine B3 was rammed by the Hamburg-American liner Amerika in a fog while maneuvering in English channel off Goodwin Sands and was sunk with the loss of fifteen lives. The only survivor was Lieutenant Bulleyne, who had a miraculous escape from death.

Four hundred men were killed and 1,000 wounded in the first battle of the war between the Balkan States and Turkey. The battle was fought near Harmaull, in Bulgaria, thirty-seven miles north of Adrianople.

Three brothers, Alfred, Fred and Harry Graves, will be hanged at Halifax, N. S., January 15 next for the murder of Kenneth Lea near Port William in June. The brothers while intoxicated started a quarrel with Lea. One of them struck him with the butt of a pistol, which was discharged.

Severe fighting between Turkish and Servian troops is reported to have occurred on the southeastern frontier of Servia, in a dispatch from Belgrade received by a news agency here. The Turks are said to have lost 30 killed and many wounded, while the Servian casualties are given as two killed and 18 wounded.

Mexican felons murdered Allen MacCaughan, the American vice-consul in Durango, Mexico, and also killed Hubert L. Russell and Mr. Cliff, the manager and owner of San Juan Taviche ranch.

Personal

Prince Ludovic Pignatelli d'Aragon, son of the pretender to the Spanish throne and former suitor of Miss Duke of New York, was held up by the immigration authorities and sent to Ellis island when he arrived on the steamship France. He is held as ineligible to enter the country because he attempted suicide in Paris last July.

Miss Helen Gould, millionaire philanthropist of New York, who was traveling in her private car, which was attached to west-bound West Shore train No. 1001 which was wrecked one mile west of Crittenden, aided in relieving the sufferings of many of the passengers who were injured.

John Armstrong Chaloner caused a furore at Richmond, Va., by declaring that Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, had sent a messenger to him with a challenge to fight a duel. The Virginian had taken offense at an editorial.

David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford university, will resign in 1915 and devote his time to international peace. Announcement to this effect was made at the celebration of the twenty-first birthday of the university.

HOCKIN REVEALS DYNAMITE PLOT

"HAS DOUBLED-CROSSED McMANIGAL, UNION AND DEFENDANTS," PROSECUTOR SAYS OF HOCKIN.

PERSONALLY DELIVERED EVIDENCE AGAINST FRIENDS.

Ortie McManigal Declares Hockin Was Inventor of Machine That Blew Up the Los Angeles Times.

Herbert S. Hockin, formerly of Detroit, Mich., acting secretary treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, has supplied the government with evidence against his fellow defendants in the "dynamiting conspiracy" cases, according to the statement in court in Indianapolis by District Attorney Chas. W. Miller.

According to Ortie McManigal, Hockin was as bold as were the McNamaras in causing explosions against employers on non-union labor and was an "inventor" of the alarm clock scheme by which the Los Angeles Times building was blown up some time after the bomb had been lighted and J. B. McNamara had escaped.

Hockin was in the court room with the other defendants. He had just been severely arraigned by Mr. Miller as a prime mover in the dynamite plots.

Hockin has been double-crossing everybody," said Mr. Miller. "He not only double-crossed McManigal but he even double-crossed the union. He has been double-crossing it and double-crossing these defendants ever since. I will not stop to tell you now just how he personally delivered evidence at the federal building, this evidence tending to incriminate other defendants. I will tell you all about this later."

Hockin's Record in Detroit. Herbert Hockin was much better known in Detroit a dozen years or more ago than he is at present. There were many mysterious attacks on women then and suspicion pointed toward Hockin. He was arrested, tried twice, once the jury disagreeing and once acquitting him.

FOUR U. S. MARINES SLAIN.

Killed in Battle in Storming Rebel Fortifications in Nicaragua.

Four United States marines were killed, seven others, including one officer, were wounded in an engagement with rebel forces in Nicaragua. The battle took place when the force of 300 marines and blue jackets under command of Rear Admiral Southernland stormed the rebel fortifications known as the Barranca, near Masaya, in pursuance of the admiral's instructions from Washington to keep open communication in Nicaragua.

Gen. Zeleno, commander of the rebel force, who lost his life as a result of the engagement, had been previously notified by the American naval officer that he must withdraw from his position menacing the line of railroad communications or take the consequences. He was given until 8 o'clock yesterday morning to evacuate the Barranca, and upon his failure to do so the American advance began.

The fight lasted but 37 minutes and ended with the Americans in possession of the Barranca. The rebels suffered heavy losses, roughly estimated at 100 killed and more than 200 wounded.

6,400 American Greeks Sail for War.

The four steamers of the National Steam Navigation Company of Greece have been chartered by the Greek government to transport from New York about 6,400 Armenian Greeks, volunteers and reservists of the Greek army to fight the Turks.

The first of these steamers, the Macedonia, heavily laden with ammunition and stores, was anchored off the Brooklyn water front this morning. It carries 1,600 fighting men as passengers.

The other three ships will sail on Oct. 17, Oct. 23, and Nov. 10, respectively, each carrying about the same number of men.

New York Gangster Killed.

Big Jack Zelig, the east side gang leader who is said to have "passed the word along" to the gunmen of his gang to kill Herman Rosenthal last July, was shot as he was riding in a northbound Second avenue car at Fourteenth street by an east side fruit dealer named Philip Davidson and died in a Bellevue ambulance while being taken to the hospital.

Davidson claimed Zelig had held him up, beat him and robbed him of \$400.

Eight Slain in Tampa, Fla.

Eight assassinations within the last two weeks and 21 fires within three days, interspersed with receipt of threatening letters, has thrown the population of Tampa, Fla., into a high state of excitement.

White Cloud business men are making preparations to bore for oil just outside the village limits.

After 10 years of constant suffering from spinal trouble, Clayton A. Johnson, one of the most prominent real estate and insurance men of the state, died at his home in Ovid. For years Mr. Johnson was one of the most active religious workers, having served five years as state president of the B. Y. P. U. as well as having been chairman of the state board of Sunday schools. He conducted for many years the state Baptist assembly at Orchard Lake.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Calumet.—While walking on the deck of the passenger steamer America, bound from Port Arthur to Duluth, Albert Peterson of Calumet, twenty-one years old, jumped in Lake Superior and was drowned. The body was not recovered. The incident occurred as the steamer passed the Rock of Ages light, opposite Isle Royale, and but a short time after the passengers, including Peterson, had sung the "Rock of Ages," as is customary when passing the light.

Battle Creek.—Hiram H. Hunter of this city, candidate for sheriff on the Progressive ticket, was himself a victim of a class of crooks that he will have to deal with should he be successful in his political aspirations. While boarding a Grand Trunk train at Lansing, where he had been attending the state Bull Moose convention, his pockets were picked of a purse containing \$7. He did not discover his loss until he reached this city.

Marshall.—A milk inspector from the state dairy department was here and found that some dairymen are giving Marshall people milk which is extremely dirty. He exhibited one specimen which was one of the worst he ever saw. The people are protesting against the unclean milk and the local board of health will take a hand in the matter.

Coral.—Henry Lichow, a prominent farmer and pioneer of this section, fell from a load of hay, striking on his head and breaking his neck. After several hours Doctor Hutchinson of Grand Rapids was called and removed the broken vertebrae. Mr. Lichow recovered from the operation and was conscious and able to converse with his family until within a few minutes of his death.

Ypsilanti.—The Washtenaw county convention of the W. C. T. U. closed here with an address by President Samuel Dickle of Albion college. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Elva T. Green, Ypsilanti; vice-president-at-large, Mrs. Leona Field, Ann Arbor; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Minnie Alban, Ypsilanti; recording secretary, Mrs. A. F. Morrison, Ypsilanti; treasurer, Mrs. Bertha Morrison, Ann Arbor.

Marquette.—William Matthews, aged seven, drowned here in a swimming pool. Two companions of the boy thought he was joking when he called for help, and did not go to his assistance.

Brighton.—William Kingsley, whose funeral was held in Milford township, was one of the oldest pioneer settlers in this section, having lived on a farm 82 years. His ancestors came over on the Mayflower, and a Bible brought over by them is among the effects left by the aged pioneer. He was eighty-six years old, and is survived by a widow, one daughter and two sons. One son, Charles Kingsley, lives in Detroit.

Mount Clemens.—Following a conference with Capt. Gilbert LaCroix, local owners of the steamer Hayward, sunk off Harbor Beach, have decided to make another attempt to raise it. The boat has stood in the same position for a year, repeated attempts to raise it proving ineffectual. Arrangements have been made with a Sarnia wrecking company, and work will be started immediately. The boat is valued at \$20,000.

Midland.—Fire, probably caused by defective wiring, destroyed the Selley house, a three-story brick hotel. Guests escaped clad only in their night clothing. The loss is about \$7,000. The Central Drug store was discovered to be on fire and the building and stock were damaged to the extent of \$3,000 before the flames were controlled.

Muskegon.—Falling against the point of a lead pencil while playing on the floor of her home, Katherine Legar, three-year-old daughter of Alvin Legar, lost the sight of her right eye.

Kalamazoo.—Glen Thompson, sixteen years old, and James Stratton, nineteen years old were brought to Borgess hospital from Paw Paw suffering from gunshot wounds which will probably result in the blinding of both boys. It was a half brother of Stratton who fired the shotgun which resulted in the injury to the two.

Kalamazoo.—Chan Abbott, a carpenter, forty years old, died from wounds mysteriously inflicted upon him. Abbott was found lying unconscious in a hallway. He was bleeding from wounds about the head and was hurried to a hospital, where he died a few hours later.

Kalamazoo.—There is one law-abiding citizen in Kalamazoo, a man who arrested himself when he found out that he had violated a law. George P. Wigginton entered the police department and told the officers that he was under arrest. "What for?" was asked. He then told the amazed officers that he had driven his automobile without a tail light and that he knew he had broken an ordinance, so he considered himself arrested. He paid the smallest fine ever assessed for the offense to which he pleaded guilty, \$5.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., of The Gregory Gazette published weekly at Pinckney, Mich., required by the Act of August 24, 1912. Editor, Roy W. Caverly, Pinckney, Mich. Publisher, Roy W. Caverly, Pinckney, Mich. Owner, Roy W. Caverly, Pinckney, Mich. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of Oct., 1912. H. REMINGTON SEER, Notary Public. (Seal.) My commission expires March 28, 1914.

Congressman's Coal Yarn.

The present winter has been a record breaker in Washington so far as the weather and the high cost of living have been concerned. During the recent blizzard many householders were caught unprepared, dealers couldn't begin to supply the sudden demand, and coal wagons were all but raided on the streets.

One morning as Congressman Roberts was on his way to catch a car for the capitol he saw a coal wagon crunching through the snow a short distance ahead of him, the negro driver smoking a pipe and flapping his arms to keep warm. Just as it got in front of a house a woman threw open a front window, thrust her head out, beckoned to the driver and shouted:

"Hey! Is that coal for Eaton?" The negro took the pipe from his mouth and rolled up the whites of his eyes with astonishment. He said: "Lord God, no; this here coal ain't fur eatin'—it's fur burnin'."—Washington Post.

Divided Old Island.

Windmill island occupied a position in the Delaware river between Philadelphia and Camden. A channel that was cut through the island for the passage of ferryboats divided it. One half was afterward known as Smith's island, the property having been acquired by a family of that name. It was on Smith's island that the resort known as Ridgway Park was located. Both islands were removed by the government for the purpose of deepening the channel in 1894.

Resourceful Monarch.

Moliere died while performing a part in one of his own plays. The Archbishop of Paris would not allow his body to be inhumed in consecrated ground. Therefore the king sent for the archbishop and expostulated with him, but he was obstinate and would not willingly comply with his majesty's request. The king desired to know how many feet deep the holy ground reached. The bishop replied, "About eight." "Well," replied the king, "I find there is no getting over your scruples; let his grave be dug twelve feet; that is four feet below your consecrated ground."

REMINDED HER OF OLD DAYS

Real Old-Fashioned House Cleaning in the City Interesting Because of Its Novelty.

"There's a real old-fashioned house cleaning going on next door," said the girl who lives on the top floor, "and it's so long since I saw anything approaching it that it seems mighty interesting. People move so much in New York that there doesn't appear to be any more reason for housecleaning. They have rugs instead of carpets and they hang pictures on tacks and leave their curtains up all summer, which no self-respecting woman would do in the old days.

"But next door they are beating carpets and painting shutters and they've hung all the winter clothes out on the lines and washed the blankets and whitewashed the cellar and put the window screens out and played the hose on them, and you can just imagine how clean and cool and shining the house will be when it's all over with. Of course it is not so easy as the new way of hiring housecleaning companies that bring their air brooms and other apparatus that do the job up in twenty-four hours or so, but you cannot convince an old housekeeper that the machine way of cleaning is better than the old way any more than you could make her believe pure food pickles are equal to the homemade kind."—Press York Press.

Depend Wholly on Coffee.

Coffee is the great staple produced by the civilized inhabitants of Liberia, and most of the planters are totally dependent on it. When the market price of coffee is so low that the yield will not pay the cost of labor and marketing and leave a margin sufficient for the needs of the planter, the plantations are neglected and, as there is no other crop to fall back on, a period of economic depression ensues.

Health Hint.

If you wish to preserve yourself in health and safety, avoid serious cares and do not give way to passion.—Latin Proverb.

Truly Good Man.

A good man is happy within himself, and independent upon fortune; kind to his friend, temperate to his enemy, religiously just, indefatigably laborious, and he discharges all duties with a constancy and congruity of actions.

Wise and Simple Rule.

If we are ever in doubt what to do, it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had done.—John Lubbock.

Richest in Healing Qualities FOR RACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

The Greatest Woman. Who was or is the greatest woman in all history? Two hundred teachers answered the question and with enthusiasm and unanimity the judges awarded the prize to the one who made this reply: "The wife of the farmer of moderate means who does her own cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, brings up a family of boys and girls to be useful members of society, and finds time for intellectual improvement."

Significant. "He proposed to her in a canoe." "Did she accept him?" "I presume so. The canoe capsized."

BREAKING OUT ON LEG

Hilltop, Kan.—"About two years ago I began to notice a breaking out on my leg. At first it was very small but soon it began to spread until it formed large blotches. The itching was terrible and almost constant. Many nights I could not sleep at all. After scratching it to relieve the itching it would burn so dreadfully that I thought I could not stand it. For nearly a year I tried all kinds of salves and ointment, but found no relief. Some salves seemed to make it worse until there were ugly sores, which would break open and run.

"One day I saw an advertisement of Cuticura Remedies. I got a sample of the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and began by washing the sores with the Cuticura Soap, then applying the Cuticura Ointment twice a day. I noticed a change and got more Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in a few weeks I was cured. It has healed so nicely that no scar remains." (Signed) Mrs. Anna A. Lew, Dec. 17, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

WOMEN AS NATURAL ENEMIES

Writer Advances Some Good Reasons Why This Unfortunate Condition Must Exist.

"The average woman now begins that study of society which will merge ultimately with the marriage campaign. She makes many discoveries which she admits frankly to herself. She comes to many conclusions," says Inez Haynes Gillmore in Harper's Bazar, "which sink unnoticed into her subconscious mind. If marriage, for instance, is her natural career, then men are her natural prey.

"But unfortunately there are never enough men in her world to go round; and of those from whom she may hope to choose some are much more desirable than others. Naturally she prefers the desirable ones—i. e., the 'eligible.' But—and here she runs against her first obstacle—every other single woman in her circle has come to the same conclusion. From the instant she realizes this she must declare war on every other member of her sex.

IT'S THE FOOD. The True Way to Correct Nervous Troubles.

Nervous troubles are more often caused by improper food and indigestion than most people imagine. Even doctors sometimes overlook this fact. A man says:

"Until two years ago waffles and butter with meat and gravy were the main features of my breakfast. Finally dyspepsia came on and I found myself in a bad condition, worse in the morning than any other time. I would have a full, sick feeling in my stomach, with pains in my heart, sides and head.

"At times I would have no appetite, for days, then I would feel ravenous, never satisfied when I did eat and so nervous I felt like shrieking at the top of my voice. I lost flesh badly and hardly knew which way to turn until one day I bought a box of Grape-Nuts food to see if I could eat that. I tried it without telling the doctor, and liked it fine; made me feel as if I had something to eat that was satisfying and still I didn't have that heaviness that I had felt after eating any other food.

"I hadn't drunk any coffee then in five weeks. I kept on with the Grape-Nuts and in a month and a half I had gained 15 pounds, could eat almost anything I wanted, didn't feel badly after eating and my nervousness was all gone. It's a pleasure to be well again."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

Keep Smiling

Many Little Helps
in Calling Fate's
Bluff

By Rev. FRANK CRANE, Chicago

IT IS wonderful what you can do if you will only keep your chin up. This is a strange world, and one of the strangest things about it is the way it sympathizes with success.

We are supposed to sympathize with failure and grief, but we don't.

I am going to tell you the truth about this naughty world, and the truth is that whichever way you're going, up or down, people want to help you along.

If you are going up we all want to boost; if you are going down we all want to push. That is what we call sympathy.

You hear complaints that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. That has always been the case, simply because it is human nature. Society has always been organized to increase the wealth of the wealthy and the power of the powerful; also to make the weak weaker.

There's no use whining about it. It is simply one of the flinty laws of nature. The only thing to do with nature's laws is to adjust oneself to them and not complain.

This might be called the law of the inertia of prosperity. You are guilty yourself. Whom do you want to see? The man everybody wants to see. And you read the book everybody's reading and go to the store where it is "the thing" to go.

"Follow the crowds," says the advertiser, with the shrewd knowledge of our makeup.

If you have a hundred dollars ahead to whom do you want to hand it? To the poor man who needs it? Not at all, but to the rich banker who doesn't need it.

If I ask you for the loan of a quarter you will pass it over to me without a word if you think it is a trifling matter to me; but if you suspect I really am in want and need the quarter to buy a little food with, that's quite another affair; you can't encourage that sort of thing; I should go to the Associated Charities.

Now, the way to use this law is to feign prosperity even if you have it not. Keep your chin up.

Wear good clothes. Don't withdraw from the society of the prosperous. Look pleasant. Don't let yourself get down at the heel. Don't get that poor beggar look on your face.

It isn't hypocrisy. It isn't pretense. It is sheer courage. It is letting the world know that while you live you propose to fight, and that like old General Taylor you "don't know when you're licked."

Keep smiling and an unfriendly universe will not know what to do with you; so it will crown you.

Says Alfred de Vigny: "All those that struggle against the unjust heavens have had the admiration and secret love of men."

Fate is a bluff. Face her, defy her, and she will fawn on you. Fate is cruel, but only to the quitter.

Problem of the City is the Greatest

By James P. Burnett, Atlanta, Ga.

Men are casting about for reform, and they don't know where to begin, so vast and so deep is the problem.

Figures compiled each year show that the denser the population, the greater the death rate—in other words, the closer men live together, the quicker they die.

In a certain English city, to prove that congested dwelling-places caused death, a certain area in the slums was demolished and modern, sanitary tenements erected in their place. The death rate sank something like 75 per cent. as a result. And yet the hordes of men crowd into the city, and conditions grow more congested, crime gains a new impetus and death increases at a horrible rate.

Understand me, I do not mean that every new recruit into the city means that that person is evil and that crime increases as a direct result. The point is that wherever conditions are congested and where poverty reigns crime increases, as figures have proved, and poverty is one of the most prolific sources of crime.

The problem of the city is a hydra-headed one, and sociologists are beginning to realize that, while it demands instant attention, they do not know how to cope with it.

Let Bachelor Forget His Lonely Misery

By JANE ERICSEN
Sacramento, Cal.

I cannot see the advisability of tagging a man because he is a bachelor. In the first place, it is cruel, to say the least. Just because a fellow has been so unfortunate as to be left outside of matrimony's hospitable gates there is no reason why we should throw it up to him. There are very few men who have not met at least one girl whom they would like to marry, and that they have failed to qualify up to the lady's requirements is no sound reason for unseemly mirth and merriment from the world at large.

Did you ever get turned down? Then you know what a delightful sensation it is. How would you like to have that hideous experience, which has caused you much inward anguish, to say nothing of humiliation, blared abroad to an unsympathetic public?

How would you like having to wear a button or a badge boldly displayed on your coat lapel signifying that you belong to the great wandering family of Turned Downs? It wouldn't set well, would it?

So I declare, in the cause of common courtesy, that it wouldn't be fair to tag the bachelor.

Let him forget his lonely misery if he can.

Don't doom him to remember his troubles every time he puts on his coat.

Let him alone and maybe some day when nobody's paying much attention to him he may manage to slip through the big gates. You never can tell.

COLLEGE-BRED RAFFLES TELLS HOW HE WAS LED TO BECOME A CRIMINAL

HEREWITH is an amazing true story of crime. A college-bred man of excellent family deliberately turns burglar. In six months he plunders the homes of the rich of a quarter of a million dollars' worth of art treasures, jewels and silverware, without seeking to dispose of any of it. Apparently his theories about successful burglars are correct, but he takes to forgery and is trapped.

Jacob Foy Guthrie, whose confession in his own words follows, is twenty-six. He has lived all his life at 1613 Prairie avenue, Chicago, with his mother and sister. He was graduated from Wendell Phillips high school there and in 1909 he received his degree from Armour institute. Then he took a special course in electrical engineering and had fine positions with the Commonwealth Edison company, as assistant chemist in the city laboratory, and as instructor in electrical science at the Lane Technical school. There he made his own jimmy and skeleton keys to take up his chosen work—burglary along scientific lines.

He announced that he was retiring from active work to study. This was true; he was studying—crime. Lombroso became his chief mentor.

By JACOB FOY GUTHRIE, B. S.

I BECAME a Raffles because it was so easy. I took up a criminal career because everything I had read on the subject indicated that it was a field of untold opportunity. It appealed to me particularly because it seemed to open up a quiet, refined life which assured excellent financial returns.

I believe that crime could be placed on the same stable basis as hundreds of so-called reputable kinds of business, if operated and controlled by persons of high intelligence. Summing up briefly, I became a burglar of the rich because it was the simplest way in which I could pursue a harmless, fascinating occupation in congenial surroundings, assuring myself a liberal income and still leaving me time to continue my studies.

Crime has always interested me. At first the interest was purely psychological. But the more I read, the more logical burglary seemed to me. One point was forced upon me time and time again—how easy it all was!

I read Lombroso, and his works filled me with delight. His "Criminal Woman" and "Degenerate Man" were fascinating studies of strange phases of life. But, somehow, though I felt that Lombroso's conclusions were fairly correct, his treatment of the cases was sometimes faulty.

Lombroso was a student of criminals rather than of criminology. He searched into their very souls behind the bars. But that was where he knew criminals—behind the bars! He didn't study them at their work, freed with the enthusiasm for it and keen for the results! All he knew was the caught criminal. And there is such a difference!

All Crime Interesting. But Lombroso's works fired my imagination and when I had finished them I turned to other stories of crime. For a long time I read nothing but them. Some were good; some bad. But all were interesting. Edgar Allan Poe was one of my favorites. What a master he was in stories of crime! How clearly I remember "The Milk White Eye!"

How I enjoyed "Raffles"—and how simply and logically he got away with everything he did. There was no reason why he shouldn't as long as he gave his attention to his business. It is side lines that spell failure.

My library is lined with books. I have thousands of them—the best that ever were written. One whole corner is given up to the well-known poets. As a boy I devoured poetry and Browning was my ideal. "Evelyn Hope" I consider his masterpiece. But it was Tennyson I loved. "In Memoriam" I may say I worship, if one worships that which appears on the printed page. Tennyson's power of spiritual expression, to my mind, has never been equaled since Shakespeare lived.

But Tennyson was forgotten when I found Lombroso. Only temporarily, to be sure; but, though I felt I could elevate the standard of burglary beyond all low and common means, I didn't attempt to put any "spiritual expression" into it. So when I planned my entrance into a career of crime, it was Lombroso I used as a guide. To his investigations I added my own theories. For weeks and months I thought and studied crime almost night and day. I was planning to be a criminal, but I was going to make crime an art.

Law-Breaking a Scientific Study. My idea was that a cultured man, one of intellectual capabilities and attainments, could easily and successfully follow out a carefully planned criminal procedure that would completely frustrate the efforts of the so-called sleuths. I also believed that the profession could be made financially profitable and that nine-tenths of the risks could be eliminated. So I made crime a scientific study, with the purpose of establishing myself in a newer and broader career than any ever attempted. I saw no reason why I should not apply it to that peculiar form of labor, if you will, which has hitherto lacked its assistance.

When my final resolution was made



"A watchman with a drawn revolver surprised me in the Durand home. I drew my own weapon and grappled with him, forcing him to drop his revolver before he could use it."

I determined to take whatever risks there might be, I laid down certain rules to follow that I hoped might eliminate unpleasant contingencies. First, I determined to direct my energies, my education and whatever talent I might possess against people of my own station in life. By this I mean in intelligence and breeding as well as wealth. I had no desire to win great wealth in my new career, as my family has considerable money, although it belongs to my mother. My principal idea was to experiment upon those who were able to defend themselves—to demonstrate my theories through persons who would not suffer seriously by my success.

My second resolution was to refrain from all violence. I had no idea of sacrificing my life foolishly to a theory. The law of self-preservation is one that even scientific study is unable to set aside. But I wanted no robbery of mine to end in murder. To make such a thing impossible, I laid my plans with extreme care and selected the time and place with unusual solicitude on that point. Frequently I accomplished my robberies without carrying any weapons.

When I started out on my career of burglary in February, I decided to loot the homes of my wealthy neighbors. Many of them I knew quite well; others only by sight, and some by name or reputation. While that perhaps was a natural beginning, it was in a certain way a safe one. Few of my intended victims knew much about me, but most of them knew I bore a good reputation.

Made List of Intended Victims. When I decided to broaden my activities, I prepared a new list of wealthy citizens. I made it up from the Blue Book of Chicago, the reports of the board of tax reviewers and the society columns of the daily papers.

Being on my list was conclusive evidence of wealth. All of them were millionaires and many of them multimillionaires. I watched for the announcement of their going abroad or away and closing their homes. I thought that a good time to commit my burglaries, as a private watchman or perhaps a servant or two was the only person to hinder me. Often there was no one. Things went so well I grew more ambitious. I cut down my list. I raised the financial entrance requirements. I wanted nothing but the homes of the wealthiest in which to prove my theories.

I loved to roam through the beautiful rooms and at my leisure to pick out the rare art treasures that appealed to my educated taste. Then there were paintings to pass upon in the weird light of the closed houses and jewels to be had for the opening of a drawer or the raising of a lid. I had learned in everything I read how easy crime is. The stories are true. It is the easiest thing in the world.

A criminal gets caught because he grows careless—because he becomes reckless. In my own short experience I went through both those phases. The way was so easy I soon lost my sense of fear of being discovered. Then I began to long for hazardous exploits. I wanted to rob a house that had every safeguard, with all the odds against me. I wanted to prove my talent to myself.

Not Often in Danger. I had only a few scares. A watchman with a drawn revolver surprised me in the Durand home. I drew my own weapon and grappled with him, forcing him to drop his revolver before he could use it. Then I fired in the air to frighten him. He was so scared he couldn't move. He watched me pick up his revolver and empty it of all its shells before I returned it to him. Then he watched me leave the building without daring to stop me. That experience taught me one thing, and that is that the learned man and the ignorant one alike resort to primal instincts when it comes to self-preservation.

One of my most narrow escapes was when I was leaving the Allerton residence at No. 1918 Prairie avenue. I had just stepped through a rear window when I heard the watchman. I barely had time to conceal myself behind the stairway. He was so near I thought he must hear me breathing. But he passed on without halting and went away.

It was not luck that was with me; it was science. And if I had only stuck to it, I could be out with a jimmy and a dark lantern now, getting more plunder.

For what purpose did I make no effort to realize any money on those nine trunks crammed with diamonds and precious stones, gold and silver ornaments, silks and satins and laces, silverware, antiques and trinkets? Just to prove how easy it is to be a Raffles; just to demonstrate what an education is worth in every walk of

life; just to show what applied science can accomplish.

So I have proved that my original ideas are sound. The plan has no false note. I met with disaster because I allowed impulse to rule instead of reason. But my views on that phase of crime are unassailable. My point of view is the logical one. I failed because of my own folly. But I still maintain that my scientific burglary plan intelligently carried out is infallible.

The End of It All.

Guthrie was caught while depositing a forged check at a bank. As he finished looting the home of Mrs. Ella Wilson, No. 4613 Drexel boulevard, and was leaving the house, he spied a large envelope sticking out of the mail box. He took it; within was the monthly statement of Mrs. Wilson's account with the Central Trust Company. There was a balance of thousands of dollars and a new check book was enclosed. Mrs. Wilson was in Japan. Guthrie made use of the new tools which had so strangely fallen into his hands—to his undoing. And now he is in a Chicago prison.

GUNPOWDER A CROP-RAISER

Recognized Instrument of Destruction Made a Factor in Progress of Humanity.

We have long heard of beating plowshares into swords, but here is a case where, to use a figure of speech, the reverse has happened. We refer to the experiments made this summer at Fort Meyer and the Indian Head Proving grounds. Some hundreds of tons of gunpowder had been condemned and was to be destroyed. Gunpowder is rich in nitrogen. A genius who knew this and knew also that nitrogen is a great nourisher of vegetable life suggested that the powder, instead of being burned, be ploughed into the soil as a fertilizer. The thing was done. Bumper crops have been raised on the soil so treated.

For about eight centuries now gunpowder has been raising ructions in the civilized world. Its first trick was to raise the pestle of the monk Schwarz through the ceiling of the cloister where he was grinding saltpetre and sulphur. And then, as Thomas Carlyle remarked, it raised all men to the same stature; the knight wearing an iron jacket and wielding a mace was pulled down to the height of every villain carrying an arquebus. One of the sad facts which come to mind is that ever since the discovery of gunpowder the human race has been kept rather busy raising its kind to become the fodder for cannon. We may well assume that a glimpse of the newer day has come when we find gunpowder made a peaceful agent for raising crops rather than one for raising the devil in general.

Sure Remedy.

The editor of the correspondence columns had had a busy day—a very busy day indeed. So busy, in fact that he had to enlist the services of John, the office boy, to read out the correspondence.

"What is the next query?" he asked, when he had gone half-way through the pile of letters.

"Oh," said John, "a reader in South Africa wants to know how to prevent the hairs in his moustache from falling out. What have I to put down, sir?"

"Well," replied the editor, after a pause, "just put down, 'The best way to prevent hairs from falling out is to brush them lightly apart—and keep them from quarrelling.'"

Merely a Matter of Tenses.

Mayor Harrison of Chicago, congratulated on the orderliness of the Windy City under his regime, told a reporter an episode of old Chicago.

"In old Chicago," he said, "a woman was walking on a fashionable boulevard when she dropped her purse. 'A rough behind her picked it up and put it in his pocket.' 'Excuse me, sir,' said the woman, 'but that purse is mine.' 'Was yours, you mean,' said the rough, as with a loud laugh and a wink at a passing policeman he strode off."

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Good Work.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt has established a home for girls in connection with the Big Sisters society of New York, of which she is the founder and leading spirit. The Big Sisters society was suggested by the Big Brother movement and aims to do for girls what the latter does for boys and with as little red tape as possible.

WAR REMINISCENCES

DEPICTS WOMAN AS HEROINE

Newspaper of 1855 Gives Story of Mrs. Martin, Who Was on Saratoga Battlefield.

In view of the fact that some recent research that has been given magazine and newspaper publicity has tended to show that all the fighters of the American revolutionary war were not as patriotic or as brave as history has set them down, a clipping in the possession of C. L. Miller, a Princeton citizen, is of interest just now in that it not only shows conclusively that there were "some" brave and intrepid men in the American ranks, but it brings out what is rare in history, the recital of woman's valor on the field of battle in that momentous period. It also deals Maj. Gen. Horatio Gates, American officer, a hot shot on the "bravery" displayed by him at the battle of Saratoga.

The clipping is from an original copy of the Troy (N. Y.) Whig of November, 1855, and is self-explanatory, since its words come from the lips of one who saw and participated in the noted conflict at Saratoga. He says:

"Mrs. Margaret Martin, who is stopping at the residence of her grandson in this city, is 98 years of age. She is one of the few remarkable women of the revolution who took part in the memorable occurrences of the struggle for American independence. Her husband, Gilbert Martin, was a surgeon in the army of the American general, Gates, and was engaged in the battle at Saratoga.

"Mrs. Martin, then a very young woman, was on the field during both struggles constituting this battle, and terminating the defeat of the splendid army which Burgoyne had transported with such immense labor and expense from Canada, confidently anticipating that he would be able with it to divide the army of the patriots and secure Sir Henry Clinton in his possession of the southern line of defenses.

"Mrs. Martin represents the struggle as most terrific. She says that toward evening, when Burgoyne, maddened by the consciousness that all his splendid schemes were about to be defeated, directed his whole reserve and cavalry force upon the feeble army of the patriots, the contestants stood within half musket range of each other and poured in their deadly volleys, while whole files on either side fell in their tracks, and still neither gave one inch.

"Toward evening Dr. Martin was wounded in the shoulder, and while his wife was in the act of affixing a bandage she herself was wounded in the hand. Says she: 'Gilbert sprang up like a chaffed lion. 'Peggy,' said he, 'I'll go and teach those cowardly fellows better manners than to shoot a woman.' And I saw him no more till the fight was over."

"Of such material were the men and women of the revolution. We can readily imagine that the field of Saratoga was a strange place for those of the 'softer sex.' Mrs. Martin, however, has evidently been a woman of uncommon energy of character. Her frame still exhibits evidences of strength, and her eyes sparkle as she recounts the deeds of that glorious day or speaks of that cowardly Gates, who stayed safe and sound all day in his tent, and cared not for the men who were falling like sheaves in the harvest."

A Song Book Saved His Life.

At the battle of Peach Orchard, when McClellan was making his change of base, a Michigan infantryman fell to the ground as if shot dead, and was left lying in a heap as the regiment changed position. The bullet that had hit him first struck the barrel of his gun, then glanced and struck off a button of his coat, tore the watch out of his vest pocket and struck the man just over the heart, where it was stopped by a song book in his shirt pocket. He was unconscious for three-quarters of an hour, and it was a full month before the black and blue spot disappeared.

At Pittsburg Landing a member of the Twelfth Michigan infantry stopped to give a wounded man a drink from his canteen. While in this act a bullet aimed at his breast struck the canteen and buried itself in the leg of a horse. The canteen was split open and dropped to the ground in halves.—Harper's Weekly.

The Rabbit Wouldn't Know.

Mike picked up his gun and started after a rabbit that was chased up in camp.

"Yer gun ain't loaded, Molke," called his bunkie.

"Och, hould yer whist now; shure the rabbit won't know."

Brought the Cows Home.

Charles Gates, a minor son of a Pennsylvania farmer, wished to enlist, but his aged parents objected to it. One morning he was sent to drive the cows to pasture, and told to bring them home at night, but that night he did not come back. He had run away and enlisted. He remained away for three years without a furlough, and returned with the regiment unharmed by rebel bullets. He arrived at the old pasture one night just at "cow time" and leisurely drove up the same old cows.

The Corrector of Destinies

Being Tales of Randolph Mason as Related by His Private Secretary, Courtland Parks
The LIFE TENANT

By Melville Davison Post

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I had remained the night at Randolph Mason's house. It was very warm, and at daybreak Pietro opened all the doors and windows to invite in what little breeze there was. I was disturbed by this, and presently arose and took a cold shower bath, after which Pietro brought me a Continental breakfast served on a tray.

It was early then, doubtless not later than six o'clock, when I left my bedchamber. As I turned the landing of the stair, I noticed a man standing in the street door. He was a tall, slender young man, rather well dressed; the lower part of his face was hidden by a handkerchief, which he held pressed against his mouth; there were blood spots, widening on the handkerchief, and an unmistakable expression of fear was in the eyes. It was evident that he had met with some injury.

I led him at once into the office and rang for Pietro. In a moment the latter was at the door, and I directed him to bring a bowl of water as quickly as possible. So far, the injured man had not spoken. I doubted if he could speak, the wound being evidently in the mouth or throat. The moment he got into the room he lay down at full length on the floor, perfectly motionless, his head back, his eyes closed, still pressing the bloody handkerchief to his lips. When Pietro set the bowl of water on the floor beside him, he dipped the handkerchief into it, squeezed out the blood and returned the damp cloth to his mouth. I saw the blood coming slowly from between his lips; it was very bright—arterial blood, a little frothy.

I turned to Pietro and directed him to call a surgeon. At the word the bleeding man shook his head and opened his eyes with an expression of protest. This refusal of medical attendance in one so desperately hurt was to me highly significant; it subjected him instantly to suspicion. I determined to see if he could speak.

"Do you want a physician?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"Are you badly hurt?"

Again he replied with the same negative sign.

"What is the matter with you then?" I purposely phrased the question so that a nodding would not answer it.

"A ruby," he said thickly behind the handkerchief. The reply was unintelligible to me. It was doubtless some term current among criminals. I was now convinced that the man belonged to the criminal classes. He was certainly injured and he refused a surgeon—yet I could not leave him to die on the floor. In this quandary, I turned to find Randolph Mason standing behind me.

"Pietro," he said, "this man is having a hemorrhage. Leave him alone."

Then he went back into the next room.

Instantly the mystery cleared. The poor fellow was merely a consumptive, doing the only thing possible for a slight bleeding—to lie stretched out motionless. The hemorrhage had doubtless come on him in the street, and he had noticed our open door and come in. The flow of blood had now about ceased, and I went to my table to examine the morning's mail.

Presently the man got up and sat down in a chair by my table.

"Was that Randolph Mason?" he said.

"Yes," I replied.

"I thought so," said the man. "I came to New York to see two great specialists, Dr. Ashby Clark and Randolph Mason."

He tapped his breast with his finger.

"Clark says no good. I wonder what Mason will say."

"You were looking for his house, then?"

"Yes; I was coming up the steps to it when I got the 'ruby.' This he explained: 'That's what we call the hemorrhage, the blood is so bright, you know—a technical term of the 'tunger.'"

"I thought you were a wounded burglar," I said. "If you wish to talk with Mr. Mason, you would better go in now while there is an opportunity."

The man arose and went into the private office. I heard Mason direct him to be seated and order Pietro to give him a glass of whiskey.

"I came over to see you and Dr. Clark," began the visitor; "Clark, because I have consumption; you, because no man ever has simple consumption. He always has another trouble with it—a bad heart that won't stand high altitudes, a wife who won't leave the home folks, or no funds. My fix is the latter. Clark says I will last six months in an American climate; but if I will go at once to the Marquessa Islands, my lung will probably heal and I will hang on until some native pinks me with a fish spear."

"I guess the place isn't so bad; it's under the French and quite a garden of Eden, Clark says. But it is away off in the South Seas. It would take a thousand dollars to get there and a check arriving regularly every day to keep me going. I have read about the beach-combers on these Pacific islands—there's no hobo worse off. And no way to make a cent

there. Copra is the only trade stuff, and the natives have that. Everything fit for a white man to eat is tinned. You've got to buy it when the ship lands. You've got to be a government Johnny, a missionary or a native, otherwise you live on money from home or the French deport you for a convict. That's Clark's garden of Eden. I got the facts at a tourist's joint uptown. So, there I am! I can't live if I don't go; I can't go; I can't live if I could go! Nice, comfortable bunch of alternatives that! I had a little money, but a court down in West Virginia skinned me out of it. Now I haven't enough to pay a doctor. That's why I shook my head on the floor a while ago."

"You mean," said Randolph Mason, "a legal decision rendered against you in a suit at law?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the man; "I mean what I say—skinned out of it. I had no lawsuit. I was standing in a crowd of rubes before a court house when the blindfold lady stepped out with a little shell game and lifted my wad."

"This," said Mason, "is the jargon of a cab driver. What do you mean?"

"I'll cut it out," replied the man.

"I will begin over. When my father died he left me ten thousand dollars in bank stocks. It paid a dividend of about four per cent, and no taxes. Being naturally smarter than my father, I at once determined to take that money and get rich. I sold the stock, pocketed a check book and got busy. One bright morning, in a little town on the Monongahela river, a commissioner was selling a tract of land before the court house. In my hunt for good things I happened by accident to know about that land. It is a rough mountain tract, not worth ten dollars an acre; but it is underlaid with the Pittsburgh vein of coal, standing up eight feet thick, clean and solid like a ledge of sandstone. A corner of the land comes down to the railroad and there is a little mine, opened and operated by the old farmer who lived on the place. He had a pole-tipple, wheeled the coal out by hand, and got off about a car a day. The tract contains some two hundred acres."

"I stepped up to the commissioner and inquired about the sale. He told me that the owner was broke and the court was selling the land. I inquired if the coal was included and he said, 'Yes; from the sky to the center of the earth.' Then I asked the bid. When he answered fifteen dollars, I nearly threw a fit! Fifteen dollars! The coal was worth two hundred an acre. Now, I had been knocking about the coal country for a good bit and I was no greenhorn. I knew that this was the Pittsburgh vein and I knew what it was worth. The court was selling the land, so there could be no doubt about the title. I would not have trusted any dealer about a land title if it had been a private sale; but here was the court—the old blind lady herself—selling the land, so the game was bound to be straight. I bid twenty. The commissioner called it a moment, and a big man, out a little way in the crowd, with a nose like your elbow, bid twenty-five. I let the thing hang to see if there was another bidder; then, just before the 'going,' I bid thirty. Nosy looked me over, snorted and finally bid thirty-five, and 'five more,' I said. He stamped around for a while and finally lifted it to forty-five."

"All right, Nosy," I said to myself, "I'll just throw a good, stiff bluff into you and end it." "An' five," I said, "an' five more every time you raise it." He looked at me for a good minute.

"You're a damned fool!" he said, and then he walked out of the crowd. Nosy was right about that; but I didn't know it just then. The land was knocked down to me at fifty dollars an acre. I paid cash and got my deed, all signed, sealed and delivered.

"When I got home and opened my package, I had as saw a box of sawdust as you ever saw. The old girl in the blinkers had double-crossed me like an expert. No street fakir could have cleaned a smoother job. My title to this land proved to be only a life estate. I hunted up a lawyer. He said that a court did not guarantee a title when it sold land. I remember his language—it cost me money and I shall always remember it. He said 'The doctrine of caveat emptor obtained at judicial sales; the purchaser bought at his peril.' That is, 'Your eyes are your market.' The court sells land through its officer to the public, sells the title for a good one, takes your money; and, if the title is defective, you are stuck, you can't get your money back. The old lady comes out to her door and sells you a pig in a poke. If there's no pig in it, the joke's on you. If it's somebody else's pig, the joke's still on you. I've been up against the shell and the little pea, the five-dollar bill and the soap box, the glad gent who knew my Uncle Ephraim in Potunk, and all kinds of crooked faro, but for the real thing, give me the old blind girl in the court house."

I leaned my elbow on the table and looked through the open door at the narrator of this tale. Indifferently sipping his glass of whiskey and flip pantly spinning out his story like a

tipsy sailor. This sanguine temperament goes surely with this disease; no other dying men whistle thus cheerily in the face of death.

"So there I was," the man continued, "no money, no land. I had bought only the right to use this ground as long as the old farmer lived. A goat with creepers on his feet would have starved on the top of it. I tried to sell out to Nosy. I discovered then that he was a capper for the Union Fuel company, a little branch of one of the two soft coal combines of America."

"Nothin' doing," he said. "Our company put up that little job to catch just such suckers as you are. We bought the fee simple title to that land; then we picked up the debts of the old farmer, who was supposed to own it but had only a life estate, as we knew. We got the debts for ten cents on the dollar, when we showed the creditors that the rube had no title. Then we brought a creditor's suit to sell the land. I expected to buy it in for the face amount of our debts, but when you butted in and bid it over our debts, I side-stepped. We made about nine thousand dollars on your cut-in. No, we will not pay out any good money for your old life estate. Not us; our heading won't get up to this land for the next ten years. I guess we'll just set back on our hunkers and wait till the old man dies. So long! I may not see you again. You're a hunger; ain't you?"

"That was two years ago. The bugs haven't knocked off any time, Clark

"have it your own way; but when you wake up don't take it out on me."

Then he cocked his hat on one side of his head and followed out to the carriage behind Randolph Mason.

The offices of the Union Fuel Company are at the foot of Broadway, an entire floor, reached by a great semi-circle of elevators, banging, rattling, clicking, in their amphitheater of cages. The business carried on here is of necessity stupendous. It has to do with modifying the temperature of the whole country. The forces, too, that labor everywhere under a man's fingers, are sold here, stored in a block of carbon. The companies housed under this roof, and the rival ones occupying as great a building across Broadway, practically own the available coal beds of America, the virgin sources of all the energy used commonly by man, from the fire cooking his egg to the fire driving his steamship. That there should be two well-defined groups of such companies thus in rivalry, standing like duelists with the street between them, arises from the fact that there are two great railroad systems, as yet uncombined, leading into the storehouses of America's coal, each railroad greater in its authority than an empire, having its retinue of operating companies attached like feudal dependences, bound to the overlord under penalty of ruin, and coming and going at its beck like the servants of the curatation. The two buildings are thus packed with the chief offices of coal companies having mines on the thor-

Mr. Andrew Flint like the sun over gun metal.

"You have come to the wrong place," he said. "This is not a charity bureau."

"Pardon me, sir," replied Randolph Mason; "we have come to the right place. By the use of the machinery of the law, you have taken this man's money. You must now purchase his title to the land, pay him in cash the two years' interest already due on his purchase money, that is, twelve hundred dollars, and the interest semi-annually hereafter, that is, six hundred dollars per year until his death. This is not an unreasonable proposition, because, in the present condition of Mr. Hopkins's health, it is not likely that he will live for a longer period than the farmer at whose death the estate terminates."

The president of the Union Fuel Company laughed, his voice cackling like a spinning cog-wheel.

"Really," he said, "you amuse me."

An ugly sneer gathered in the corners of Mason's mouth.

"You do not amuse me," he said; "you annoy me."

Mr. Andrew Flint flushed and turned sharply in his chair.

"I believe this conference is ended," he said.

"Not quite ended," replied Randolph Mason. "Listen a moment, if you please. It is the law of the State of West Virginia that a life tenant—that is, one owning a life estate in lands—cannot open mines and remove coal or minerals from such lands during

acre. At one cent a ton that would net Mr. Hopkins a royalty of one hundred dollars per acre. Ordinarily any company would take out ten acres every year. Under the existing conditions, this company will take out twenty. This will yield Mr. Hopkins some twenty thousand dollars in the end, and the company a profit of a hundred thousand; and you at the farmer's death will have a shell of broken rocks to inherit as your estate. Does my proposition seem now a matter of so much amusement?"

Mr. Flint saw that the matter had reached that practical status which he called business, and, after his custom, he prepared instantly to meet it. "Just a moment, please," he said.

He turned to his telephone on the table and called up one of the great law firms of the city. He stated in a few rapid words the legal question involved. We could not, of course, hear the answer, but the jerky expletives of Mr. Flint were eloquent.

Presently he placed the receiver on its horn.

"We will take Mr. Hopkins's title at your figure," he said.

But just then the sick man emphatically thrust into the conference.

"No, you don't!" he cried, bouncing out of his chair. "I've got the harpoon in you, an' I'm goin' to jump on it. You pay me a thousand dollars a year, and every minute I raise it five hundred!"

Randolph Mason reached over his hand, caught the excited Mr. Hopkins by the arm, and replaced him in his chair.

"Your silence," he said, "will oblige me. You shall receive exactly the sum I have named, neither a dollar more nor less. I do not intend that either you or this company shall take an advantage."

I do not know which regarded Mason with a greater wonder, the humbled fellow or Mr. Andrew Flint. The one, no less than the other, expected an advantage to be pressed home; it was the first law of commerce, as they knew it; all else was a theory of churches.

I think the sick man would have broken into protest, but the manner of Randolph Mason was not to be misread, and, too, in the former's eye he was something of the magician in the fairy book, and not to be set in anger lest the gold in sight vanish.

A deed was swiftly written, executed, and a check for twelve hundred dollars passed over to Mr. Hopkins.

I shall always remember the comment of that erratic but cheerful person as we left the building. He walked along through the corridor beside me, his eye traveling in sort of childish wonder over Randolph Mason, who strode before him, doubtless like a Providence. Finally, as we were coming to the door, he plucked my sleeve and spoke his comment, which, phrased differently, was, indeed, the comment of us all.

"The old boy's a terror! ain't he?"

For the legal principle involved in this story see The Law of Mines and Mining in the United States (Barringer & Adams, page 15), also the following cases: Koen v. Bartlett, 41 W. Va., 559; especially 567; Williamson v. Jones, 39 W. Va., 231; Wilson v. Yost, 43 W. Va., 834.

"The rule is well settled that a tenant for life, when not precluded by restraining words, may not only work open mines, but may work them to exhaustion," p. 567, Koen v. Bartlett, supra. Opinion.

COMBINE BEAUTY AND UTILITY

Practical Nature of the Swiss Shown in Their Gardens—Cow Houses Built Over Springs.

The Swiss gardens are a quaint combination of the artistic and practical, writes F. Harris Deans in the Wide World. A row of geraniums will be followed by a line of red cabbage; lettuce and lilacs grow in perfect harmony side by side; archways are covered with scarlet runners. The effect, however, is quite pleasing.

In many cases, too, the farmers take advantage of the numerous springs on the mountainside and build their cow houses over them, thus ensuring a constant supply of water running through the cow house. I observed this for the first time one day immediately after having quenched my thirst at a sparkling spring. I felt a horrible doubt that all was not clear that sparkled. It was a hot day, but I felt quite cool as I retraced my steps and tracked that spring to its source. I was relieved to find that the farmer who owned that particular spring didn't keep cows; I should have become a vegetarian if he had. After that I found lukewarm water from a Gathaus more refreshing. What the eye doesn't see the stomach doesn't grieve about.

Suggestion for New Holiday.

Texas has an "onion day." Commenting on its observation, a New Yorker said to a Galveston merchant: "The Lone Star state has the better of the Empire state, for we have no vegetable or flower to which we do tearful homage as you do to the fragrant onion. The fact is, we are open to suggestions as to a new holiday. The latest proposition in that line was a 'moving day.' Now, don't misunderstand the term. Those who move will not celebrate; they will just move and experience all the joys pertaining to that heart and furniture-breaking function. Those who will celebrate will be the people who can look on."—New York Tribune.



"I believe this conference is ended."

says, and, unless I can get to the South Seas, I'm all in."

Randolph Mason leaned over and made a little calculation with his pencil on the corner of the writing-pad.

"In your condition of health," he said, "ten thousand dollars should easily buy a six per cent annuity. Could you live in the Marquessa on six hundred a year?"

The sick man's eyes snapped.

"With all the comforts of home, and money to invest in the funds, as the French say. Outside the grub, you only need a sleeping mat and a pair of pajamas. Fifty plunks a month? I should say yes."

"Very well," said Mason, "you shall have twelve hundred dollars down for expenses, and six hundred payable semi-annually as long as you live."

The facetious youth made a wide, ludicrous gesture with both arms as though gathering up a great heap of bundles.

"An' a motor, an' a private car, an' an insurance directorship, an' the young princess, my daughter, for a wife, an' twelve she asses laden with gold—where from?"

Randolph Mason looked down at him as one does at a pert, gibing bootblack.

"From the Union Fuel Company," he answered.

The cheerful consumptive snapped his fingers.

"Stuff's off," he said. "You might get it from the Fresh Air Fund or Uncle Abdul of Turkey, but not the coal trust."

"We shall get it from the Union Fuel company," said Mason. "Mr. Parks, have Pietro call a carriage, and come with us."

The young man arose, waved his right arm in a great gesture of assent.

"All right, Governor," he said;

oughfare of these roads. Any one of these companies would find an alert rival across the street.

It was quite an hour before we got into the office of Andrew Flint, the president of the Union Fuel Company, although it was one of the smallest companies in the combine. He was a man magnetized by the rubbing of gold coins; he seemed to point constantly to the financial North; no matter how the needle were flung, it swung finally back there. The very physical type of the man was metallic.

He was thin and sharp, with iron hair, eyes blue like the points of a drill, and a manner as of a constant clicking. He had abridged the courtesies of life to a formula of brief conventions; but in the discussion of dollars he was almost voluble, his voice raged. He waited, seemingly hung on a string like a suspended pendulum, while Randolph Mason in a dozen sentences stated the gist of the unfortunate's story.

Mr. Flint spoke a monosyllable to a clerk, who brought a case of papers and laid it open on a table before him. For a moment he ran his eyes through the file.

"Correct," he said; "your Mr. Hopkins owns a life estate in these lands. We own the remainder. What do you want?"

"I want you to buy the life estate."

Mr. Flint looked again at his papers.

"The advice here is against it," he answered. "This tract is a patch attaching to the eastern corner of our field. Our main openings are four miles west; the coal won't be available to us for ten years. This life estate may be terminated then. Why should we buy it now?"

"For the very reason that it may be terminated then," answered Randolph Mason.

A smile flitted across the face of

his life, but must get his living from the surface and pass over all the wealth beneath his feet to his successor. He may be sick, weighted with debt, starving, the wealth of the Indies may lie beneath the sod of his lands like a buried treasure, yet it is held in certain decisions that he cannot touch it. Does such a rule of law seem to you to be justice?"

It was now Andrew Flint's turn to sneer.

"I am not interested," he replied, "in the justice of it."

"Perhaps," continued Mason, "you may be interested in a further provision of that doctrine, quite as curious. It is also the law of the State of West Virginia that, if at the time the life tenant comes into his estate there is a mine opened on the land and in operation, then this person with the life estate can not only continue the operation of the mine, but he can also work it to exhaustion. He can gut the land of every ounce of value. If a way be cut to the door of the storehouse, he can rifle it to the last penny. He can disembowel the land and leave his successor only a worthless shell. Does this seem to you to be any sounder justice?"

The president of the Union Fuel Company fell back into his attitude of business interest, as by the snapping of a lever.

"What! what!" he said. "Let me understand you."

"You shall understand me exactly," replied Mason. "There is a little mine in operation on this land. If you do not choose to make this contract with Mr. Hopkins, I shall take him to the coal company across the street, which also operates in this region. I shall lease the land to it for any royalty it suggests, even a cent a ton. This Pittsburgh vein is eight feet thick. It will yield ten thousand tons to the

BACKACHE IS DISCOURAGING

Until You Get After The Cause
Nothing more discouraging than a constant backache.

Lame when you awake. Pains pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to work, or to rest.

You sleep poorly and next day is the same old story.
That backache indicates bad kidneys and calls for some good kidney remedy.

None so well recommended as Doan's Kidney Pills.

Here's a Minnesota Case—
Mrs. Anna Bossard, 71 Sycamore St., St. Paul, Minn., says: "I suffered terribly from kidney trouble and doctors couldn't help me. I was helpless with pain in my back; couldn't turn in bed. I grew thin and had terrible dizzy spells. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and today I am in perfect health."
Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

It is the things that are possible, not probable, that keep some people from being happy.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. C. Little*

In Use For Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Always the Way.
"Do you think a woman can keep a secret?"
"No; she always tries to syndicate it."—Judge.

Red Cross Ball Blue gives double value for your money, goes twice as far as any other. Ask your grocer. Adv.

Wrong Guess.
Nan—I've seen your new young man, and I should call him a diamond in the rough.

Fan—Well, he's susceptible of some polish, I'll admit, but you haven't classified him correctly; he's a Jasper.

To Renovate Historic Castle.
Loch Dochart Castle, which was built in the thirteenth century on an island in the loch of the same name and is associated with the famous Rob Roy, has now been taken in hand by the Scottish Historical Antiquarian association, and is being renovated so as to insure its permanency.

Vegetable Fiber for Shoes.
A Haverhill (Mass.) shoemaker has obtained patents giving him the right to make vamps and tops of vegetable fiber which he has invented and perfected to be used in the manufacture of shoes. A few cases of shoes have been made of this material, which appears to be a good substitute for leather. The fiber is said to be particularly adaptable for warm weather wear because, being of a woven material, air can penetrate the vamp and top. The inventor also claims that a shoe made of this material is waterproof.

He Knew.
"Where there's a will there's a way," avers Taylor Holmes, appearing in 'The Million.' The way, however, varies, as in the case of a certain pickpocket, who was convicted and promptly fined.
"The lawyer of the pickpocket took the fine imposed upon his client very much to heart.
"Twenty-five dollars!" he expostulated. "Your honor, where is this poor, unfortunate man to get \$25?"
"His honor did not know, or if he did he refrained from saying so, but the prisoner was less discreet.
"Just let me out of here for ten or fifteen minutes," he said, "and I'll show you!"—Young's Magazine.

The Food Tells Its Own Story

It's one dish that a good many thousand people relish greatly for breakfast, lunch or supper.

Post Toasties

Crisped wafers of toasted Indian Corn—a dainty and most delightful dish.

Try with cream and sugar.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of an old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy, Nathaniel, who he bought from the Quintards, and how he kept him, Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent, Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before a grand jury and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Murrell, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend, Murrell, who was killed at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the Judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrives in Belle Plain, is playing a big stake. Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking over land titles. Charley Norton, a young planter, who assists the Judge, is mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously shot. More light on Murrell's plot. He plans uprising of negroes. Judge Price, with Hannibal, visits Betty, and she keeps the boy as a companion. In a stroll Betty takes Hannibal to the mill. Betty spots the daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrified, obeys on Best's advice, and on the way their carriage it stopped by Slosson, the tavern keeper, and a confederate, and Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners. The pair are taken to Hicks' cabin, in an almost inaccessible spot, and there Murrell visits Betty and reveals his part in the plot and his object. Betty spots his proffered love and the interview is ended by the arrival of Ware, terrified of the possible outcome of the crime. Price, hearing of the abduction, plans action. The Judge takes charge of the situation, and search for the missing ones is instituted. Carrington visits the Judge and allies are discovered. Judge Price visits Colonel Ferris, where he meets Yancy and Cavendish.

CHAPTER XXIV. (Continued).
When they entered the library Pentress turned and took stock of his guests. Mahaffy he had seen before; Yancy and Cavendish were of course strangers to him, but their appearance explained them; last of all his glance shifted to the judge. He had heard something of those activities by means of which Slocum Price had striven to distinguish himself, and he had a certain curiosity respecting the man. It was immediately satisfied. The judge had reached a degree of shabbiness seldom equaled, and but for his mellow, effulgent personality might well have passed for a common vagabond; and if his dress advertised the state of his finances, his face explained his habits. No misconception was possible about either.
"May I offer you a glass of liquor?" asked Pentress, breaking the silence. He stepped to the walnut center-table where there was a decanter and glasses. By a gesture the judge declined the invitation. Whereat the colonel looked surprised, but not so surprised as Mahaffy. There was another silence.
"I don't think we ever met before," observed Pentress. There was something in the fixed stare his visitor was bending upon him that he found disquieting, just why, he could not have told.
But that fixed stare of the judge's continued. No, the man had not changed—he had grown older certainly, but age had not come ungracefully; he became the glossy broadcloth and spottless linen he wore. Here was a man who could command the good things of life, using them with a rational temperance. The room itself was in harmony with his character; it was plain but rich in its appointments, at once his library and his office, while the well-filled cases ranged about the walls showed his tastes to be in the main scholarly and intellectual.
"How long have you lived here?" asked the judge abruptly. Pentress seemed to hesitate; but the judge's glance, compelling and insistent, demanded an answer.
"Ten years."
"You have known many men of all classes as a lawyer and a planter?" said the judge. Pentress inclined his head. The judge took a step nearer him. "People have a great trick of coming and going in these western states—all sorts of damned riffraff drift in and out of these new lands." A deadly earnestness lifted the judge's words above mere rudeness. Pentress, cold and distant, made no reply. "For the past twenty years I have been looking for a man by the name of Gatewood—David Gatewood." Disciplined as he was, the colonel started violently. "Ever heard of him, Pentress?" demanded the judge with a savage scowl.
"What's all this to me?" The words came with a snap from Pentress' twitching lips. The judge looked at him steady and throwing



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

"I have reason to think this man Gatewood came to west Tennessee," he said.
"If so, I have never heard of him."
"Perhaps not under that name—at any rate, you are going to hear of him now. This man Gatewood, who before ourselves was a damned scoundrel—the colonel wiced—this man Gatewood had a friend who threw money and business in his way—a planter he was, same as Gatewood. A sort of partnership existed between the pair. It proved an expensive enterprise for Gatewood's friend, since he came to trust the damned scoundrel more and more as time passed—even large sums of his money were in Gatewood's hands—Fentress' countenance was like stone, as expressionless and as rigid.

By the door stood Mahaffy with Yancy and Cavendish; they understood that what was obscure and meaningless to them held a tragic significance to these two men. The judge's heavy face, ordinarily battered and debauched, but infinitely good-natured, bore now the markings of deep passion, and the voice that rumbled forth from his capacious chest came to their ears like distant thunder.

"This friend of Gatewood's had a wife—" The judge's voice broke, emotion shook him like a leaf; he was tearing open his wounds. He reached over and poured himself a drink, bucking it down with greedy lips. "There was a wife—" he whirled about on his heel and faced Pentress again. "There was a wife, Fentress—" he fixed Pentress with his blazing eyes. "A wife and child. Well, one day Gatewood and the wife were missing. Under the circumstances Gatewood's friend was well rid of the pair—he should have been grateful, but he wasn't, for his wife took his child, a daughter; and Gatewood a trifle of thirty thousand dollars his friend had entrusted to him!"

There was another silence.
"At a later day I met this man who had been betrayed by his wife and robbed by his friend. He had fallen out of the race—drink had done for him—there was just one thing he seemed to care about, and that was the fate of his child, but maybe he was only curious there. He wondered if she had lived, and married—" Once more the judge paused.

"What's all this to me?" asked Pentress.
"Are you sure it's nothing to you?" demanded the judge hoarsely. "Understand this, Fentress, Gatewood's treachery brought ruin to at least two lives. It caused the woman's father to hide his face from the world; it wasn't enough for him that his friends believed his daughter dead; he knew differently, and the shame of that knowledge ate into his soul. It cost the husband his place in the world, too—in the end it made of him a vagabond and a penniless wanderer."
"This is nothing to me," said Pentress.
"Wait!" cried the judge. "About six years ago the woman was seen at her

father's home in North Carolina. I reckon Gatewood had cast her off. She didn't go back empty-handed. She had run away from her husband with a child—a girl; after a lapse of twenty years she returned to her father with a boy of two or three. There are two questions that must be answered when I find Gatewood: what became of the woman, and what became of the child; are they living or dead; did the daughter grow up and marry and have a son? When I get my answer it will be time enough to think of Gatewood's punishment!" The judge leaned forward across the table, bringing his face close to Pentress' face. "Look at me—do you know me now?"

But Pentress' expression never altered. The judge fell back a step.

"Fentress, I want the boy," he said quietly.

"What boy?"

"My grandson!"

"You are mad! What do I know of him—or you?" Fentress was gaining courage from the sound of his own voice.

"You know who he is and where he is. Your business relations with this man Ware have put you on the track of the Quintard lands in this state. You intend to use the boy to gather them in."

"You're mad!" repeated Fentress.

"Unless you bring him to me inside of twenty-four hours I'll smash you!" roared the judge. "Your name isn't Fentress, it's Gatewood; you've stolen the name of Fentress, just as you have stolen other things. What's come of Turberville's money? Damn your soul! I want my grandson! I'll pull you down and leave you stripped and bare! I'll tell the world the false friend you've been—the thief you are! I'll strip you and turn you out of these doors as naked as when you entered the world!" The judge seemed to tower above Fentress; the man had shot up out of his deep debasement. "Choose! Choose!" he thundered, his shaggy brows bent in a menacing frown.

"I know nothing about the boy," said Fentress slowly.

"By God, you lie!" stormed the judge.

"I know nothing about the boy," and Fentress took a step toward the door.

"Stay where you are!" commanded the judge. "If you attempt to leave this room to call your niggers I'll kill you on its threshold!"

But Yancy and Cavendish had that was evident, and Pentress' thin face cast itself in haggard lines. He was feeling the judge's terrible capacity, his unexpected ability to deal with a supreme situation. Even Mahaffy gazed at his friend in wonder. He had only seen him spend himself on trifles, with no further object than stepped to the door with an intention the next meal or the next drink; he had believed that as he knew him so he had always been, lax and loose of tongue and deed, a noisy tavern hero, but now he saw that he was filling what must have been the measure of his manhood.



"I tell you I had no hand in carrying off the boy," said Fentress with a sardonic smile.
"I look to you to return him. Stir yourself, Gatewood, or by God, I'll hold so fierce a reckoning with you—" The sentence remained unfinished, for Fentress felt his overwrought nerves snap, and giving way to a sudden blind fury, struck at the judge. "We are too old for rough and tumble," said the judge, who had displayed astonishing agility in avoiding the blow. "Furthermore we were once gentlemen. At present I am what I am, while you are a hound and a blackguard! We'll settle this as becomes our breeding." He poured himself a second glass of liquor from Fentress' decanter. "I wonder if it is possible to insult you," and he tossed glass and contents in Fentress' face. The colonel's thin features were convulsed. The judge watched him with a scornful curling of the lips. "I am treating you better than you deserve," he taunted.

"Tomorrow morning at sun-up at Boggs' race-track!" cried Fentress. The judge bowed with splendid courtesy.

"Nothing could please me half so well," he declared. He turned to the others. "Gentlemen, this is a private matter. When I have met Colonel Fentress I shall make a public announcement of why this appeared necessary to me; until then I trust this matter will not be given publicity. May I ask your silence?" He bowed again, and abruptly passed from the room.

His three friends followed in his steps, leaving Fentress standing by the table, the ghost of a smile on his thin lips.

As if the very place were evil, the judge hurried down the drive toward the road. At the gate he paused and turned on his companions, but his features wore a look of dignity that forbade comment or question. He held out his hand to Yancy.

"Sir," he said, "if I could command the riches of the Indies, it would tax my resources to meet the fractional part of my obligations to you."

"Think of that!" said Yancy, as much overwhelmed by the judge's manner as by his words.

"His Uncle Bob shall keep his place in my grandson's life! We'll watch him grow into manhood together." The judge was visibly affected. A smile of deep content parted Mr. Yancy's lips as his muscular fingers closed about the judge's hand with crushing force.

"Whoop!" cried Cavendish, delighted at this recognition of Yancy's love for the boy, and he gleefully smote the austere Mahaffy on the shoulder. But Mahaffy was dumb in the presence of the deencies; he quite lacked an interpreter. The judge looked back at the house.

"Mine!" he muttered. "The clothes he stands in—the food he eats—mine! Mine!"

CHAPTER XXV.

The Bubble Burst.

At about the same hour that the judge was hurling threats and insults at Colonel Fentress, three men were waiting ten miles away at the head of the bayou which served to isolate Hicks' cabin. Now no one of these three had ever heard of Judge Slocum Price; the breath of his fame had never blown, however gently, in their direction, yet they were preparing to thrust opportunity upon him. To talk end they were lounging about the opening in the woods where the horses belonging to Ware and Murrell were tied.

At length the dip of oars became audible in the silence and one of the trio stole down the path, a matter of fifty yards, to a point that overlooked the bayou. He was gone but a moment.

"It's Murrell all right!" he said in an eager whisper. "Him and another fellow—the Hicks girl is rowing them." He glanced from one to the other of his companions, who seemed to take firmer hold of themselves under his eye. "It'll be all right," he protested lightly. "He's as good as ours. Wait till I give you the word." And he led the way into an adjacent thicket.

Meantime Ware and Murrell had landed and were coming along the path, the outlaw a step or two in advance of his friend. They reached the horses and were untying them when the thicket suddenly disgorged the three men; each held a cocked pistol; two of these pistols covered Murrell and the third was leveled at Ware (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Heavy.

"Speaking of the holy bonds of matrimony."

"Speak on. I am prepared to bear the worst."

"Our friend Muffkins says there are times when they seem to him like log chains."

LIVE STOCK AS HOME GRAIN MARKET MAKERS.

In talking with Professor Hunziker, Chief of the Department of Dairy Husbandry at Purdue, on the subject of Live Stock on the Farm, as profitable market makers for the farm grain products, the Professor gave the following interesting table on possible, corn consumption by dairy cattle alone in Indiana.

He said: "I have not the necessary statistics within reach to estimate what portion of the corn crop of our state is consumed by dairy cattle or that by beef cattle, but take for instance, as an estimate, according to the United States census report for 1910, the corn crop in Indiana averaged 39.3 bushels per acre. It is estimated that with this yield, that the acre will produce about ten tons of corn silage. The average cow eats during the year (about eight months) six tons of corn silage, containing about twenty-three and one-half bushels of corn. The average cow possibly receives four pounds of corn meal daily eight months of the year, amounting to fourteen bushels of corn. Thus the total corn consumed per cow in the State would average thirty-seven and one-half bushels; as we have 666,000 dairy cows in Indiana, the dairy consumption would amount to about 24,975,000 bushels annually.

The man on the farm who is figuring like any man who is engaged in commercial pursuits must, in no doubt winning success as a result, and the man who takes advantage of such a splendid education as that afforded by the National Dairy Show at Chicago each year, will have laid before him the latest result of the work of his fellow men in every department of dairying that will make for an increase in profit from his operations.

The National Dairy Show at Chicago affords a Ten Days' Short Course in everything of value to the man who is trying to win. The show begins October 24th and lasts until including, November 2nd.

Cattle, Machinery, Instructors, Practical Demonstrations, Everything down to date, and worth inestimable value to the man who wants results from his work. Adv.

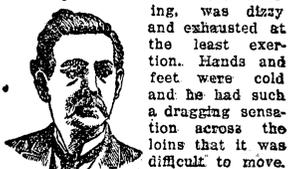
ALREADY ACCOMPANIED.



He—I wouldn't mind having a wife like you.
She—But your wife does like me.

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

The Rev. Edmund Heslop of Wighton, Pa., suffered from Dropsy for a year. His limbs and feet were swollen and puffed. He had heart fluttering, was dizzy and exhausted at the least exertion. Hands and feet were cold and he had such a dragging sensation across the joints that it was difficult to move.



After using 5 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills the swelling disappeared and he felt himself again. He says he has been benefited and blessed by the use of Dodds Kidney Pills. Several months later he wrote: I have not changed my faith in your remedy since the above statement was authorized. Correspond with Rev. E. Heslop about this wonderful remedy.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty fishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Very Much So.
"James tells me he has a very light work with that hairdresser."
"So it is. He bleaches blonde heads."

YOU CAN CURE CATARRH
By using Cole's Carbolic. It is a most effective remedy. All druggists, 25 and 50c. Adv.

At the age of forty a man begins to live and unlearn.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. Adv.

What our neighbors haven't may make us appreciate what we have.

Gentle and Sure

You, also, should give approval to this efficient family remedy—your bowels will be regulated so surely and safely; your liver stimulated; your digestion so improved by

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes 10c, 25c.



He Tossed the Glass and Contents in Fentress' Face.

Women

From Forty-Five to Fifty Are Much Benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Mrs. Estella Gillispie

ONE CASE OUT OF MANY TO PROVE OUR CLAIMS.

St. Anne, Ill.—“I was passing through the change of life and I was a perfect wreck from female troubles. I had a displacement and bearing down pains, weak fainting spells, dizziness, then numb and cold feelings. Sometimes my feet and limbs were swollen. I was irregular and had so much backache and headache, was nervous, irritable and was despondent. Sometimes my appetite was good but more often it was not. My kidneys troubled me at times and I could walk only a short distance.

“I saw your advertisement in a paper and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I was helped from the first. At the end of two months the swelling had gone down, I was relieved of pain, and could walk with ease. I continued with the medicine and now I do almost all my housework. I know your medicine has saved me from the grave and I am willing for you to publish anything I write to you, for the good of others.” Mrs. ESTELLA GILLISPIE, R.F.D. No. 4, Box 34, St. Anne, Illinois.

The “change of life” is a most critical period in a woman's existence, and the anxiety felt by women as it draws near is not without reason.

When her system is in a deranged condition, she may be predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of some organ. At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to form and begin their destructive work.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

These symptoms are calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance and the cry should be heeded in time.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared to meet the needs of women's system at this trying period of her life. It invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system. It has carried many women safely through this crisis.

LASTING ALMANAC.



The Agent—I'd like to sell you a farmer's almanac. The Ruble—Land's sake, mister, I bought one in 1905 that ain't wore out yet.

Bane Gudo Yells.

It is stated by a returning traveler that the yell introduced by the American athletes at Stockholm “can be heard all over Sweden.” Some yell those.

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue. Adv.

Between two evils, choose neither: between two goods, choose both.—Tryon Edwards.

CURES ITCHING SKIN DISEASES. Cole's Carbolic Soap, itching and makes the skin smooth. All druggists, 25c and 50c. Adv.

Inspiration that comes in bottles is often adulterated with regrets.



For **DISTEMPER** Pink Eye, Epistaxis, Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever. Rare cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or “exposed.” Liquid given on the tongue; acts on the Blood and glands; expels the poisonous germ from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings, and is a sure remedy. 50c and \$1 a bottle. It is sold in 5c doses. Get this out. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, “Distemper—Causes and Cures.” Special Agents wanted. Chemists and bacteriologists. GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES

\$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 AND \$5.00

FOR MEN AND WOMEN Boys wear W. L. Douglas \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00 School Shoes, because one pair will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary shoes, same as the man's shoes.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS. The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.

Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas latest fashions for fall and winter wear, notice the **short vamps** which make the foot look smaller, points in a shoe particularly desired by young men. Also the **conservative styles** which have made W. L. Douglas shoes a household word everywhere.

If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are wanted to fit better, look better. Sold by shoe stores, wear longer than any other make for the price.

CAUTION.—To protect you against inferior shoes, W. L. Douglas shoes have names on the bottom. Look for the stamp. Beware of imitations. W. L. Douglas shoes are sold in 75¢, \$1.00 and \$1.50 sizes. No matter where you live, there are within your reach. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to factory for catalogue. Shipping free by mail. Show card every where. Delivery charges prepaid.



RECLAIMING CUT HARDWOOD TIMBER LAND

By R. S. SHAW,

Dean and Director Michigan Agricultural College.



Such Land Could Easily Be Made to Produce More Pasture by Scattering Grass Seed and Piling Loose Logs.

In order to reclaim hardwood stump land and prepare it for the production of farm crops, action must be taken quickly after the timber has been removed to prevent a second growth from starting up and greatly increasing the cost of clearing year after year. This is particularly true where maple seedlings are abundant.

The only practical way to clear such lands consists in producing conditions which will hurry the rotting of the stumps in the ground and the debris on the surface. In order to do this a fairly good job should be made of the piling and burning, and there are always opportune times to do this work if it can be so arranged. To pile the brush and partly decomposed logs and pull all small snags entails a large expense. On the other hand if too much debris remains it diminishes the returns from pasturage.

As soon as the burning has been done a mixture of grasses and legumes should be sown, consisting of timothy, red clover, alsike, alfalfa

(if conditions are suitable) and some orchard grass. This mixture should be sown broadcast over logs and stumps, covering the entire area. If the season is moderately wet and the seeding is made early no attempt to cover may be necessary, but if conditions demand it the brush drag is the only thing that will avail except where the clearing has been clean enough to permit of the use of an A-shaped drag.

The following season after the grass and clover has become established the area should be pastured by sheep, which will not only keep the grass down, but will destroy all sprouts, weeds, etc., much more effectively than cattle or horses. Under these conditions, with all attempts at growth completely checked, the hardwood stumps will rot out in a few years, leaving the land in condition easily prepared for cultivation. A good seeding is essential to success and a good percentage of timothy is particularly desirable.

over the land shortly before sowing the seed:

Sulfate of ammonia, 25 per cent 200 pounds
Dried blood 300 pounds
Cotton seed meal 300 pounds
Acid phosphate 800 pounds
Muriate of potash, 50 per cent 400 pounds

Onion Culture

The essential requirements of a soil upon which to grow onions profitably are a high state of fertility, good mechanical conditions in order that the crop may be easily worked, sufficient drainage, and freedom from weeds. If the soil has the proper mechanical properties, that is, if it contains sufficient sand and humus to be easily worked, is retentive of moisture and fertilizers, and is capable of drainage—all other requirements can be met. The three types of soil being most extensively planted to onions in this country are alluvial loams, sandy loams and muck and peat soils. Clay soils, which bake and run together after rains, are injurious to the seedlings and do not permit proper early cultivation. Well drained sandy loams are especially adapted to onions, but require heavy applications of fertilizers, lime, and the growth of leguminous crops to keep them in good condition. Muck soils are among the best for onions when fertilized with manure and potash, and made free from weeds.

The onion belongs to that class of crops which gives best results under very intensive culture and the greatest yields are secured when a moderate acreage is planted and the work conducted in a most thorough manner. As a general rule onions should follow some crop that has been kept under the hoe and free from weeds the previous season. Corn, beans and potatoes are suitable crops with which to precede onions.

Onions should not be planted on the same piece of land year after year, and some system of crop rotation should be maintained. Care should be taken, however, to use crops in the rotation that will not be exhaustive of the high fertility necessary in the onion land. During the years when the land is not devoted to onions it can be planted to some truck crop that will give a return that will justify the application of large quantities of fertilizers or better, to a leguminous crop to be turned under as a green manure. Continuous cropping with onions will cause the land to become infested with both disease and insect enemies, that will sooner or later injure the crop to such an extent as to render it unprofitable.

The methods of preparing the soil will depend somewhat upon its character, but tillage must be continued until the soil is smooth and mellow to the depth of four or five inches. It is essential that the fertilizers be well mixed with the soil.

There is perhaps no fertilizer so well adapted to the production of onions as well-composted stable manure, and it should be spread on the land several months before planting to onions. A fertilizer adapted to the growing of onions should contain four to five per cent of nitrogen, five to seven per cent of phosphoric acid, and eight to ten per cent of potash. A fertilizer of this character will cost \$38 to \$40 a ton, and can be profitably applied at the rate of 1,000 pounds to the acre on most soils.

The following mixture can be mixed at home and uniformly distributed

over the land shortly before sowing the seed:

Sulfate of ammonia, 25 per cent 200 pounds
Dried blood 300 pounds
Cotton seed meal 300 pounds
Acid phosphate 800 pounds
Muriate of potash, 50 per cent 400 pounds

The seed should be sown as early in the spring as the soil can be brought into the best possible condition. The hand drills which sow one row at a time are extensively used but larger growers use a gang of drills which seed five or seven rows at once. Where hand cultivation is to be practiced the usual distance between rows is 12 to 14 inches. For growing the standard market onion in rows 14 inches apart, about four and one-half pounds of seed will be required per acre. Thinning should be done at the first weeding to a uniform stand of eight to ten plants to the foot. It is always well, however, to allow for considerable loss of plants, and unless the plants are so thick as to actually crowd, the thinning will not be necessary.

The cultural requirements of the onion are frequent shallow stirrings of the soil and freedom from weeds. As soon as the plants are up and the rows can be followed, the cultivator should be started to loosen the soil, which is always more or less compacted during seeding. There are many wheel hoes and hand weeders on the market, which greatly assist in the tedious weeding and thinning of onions.—Farmers' Bulletin 354, United States Department of Agriculture.

HOW TO CAN CORN

By Mrs. MYRA BOGUE,

Michigan Agricultural College.

Select young, tender ears of sweet corn, husk and silk, then with a sharp knife shave off the outside of the kernels and scrape the inner juicy portion from the cob. Fill the cans, add one tablespoonful of salt, then pour in sterilized water from the tea kettle until it runs over. Put on rubbers and tops but do not seal. Set cans in the boiler, which has been equipped with a wooden bottom, pour in the cold water, place the cover on, and boil for one hour. Remove the cover and when the steam escapes screw or clamp the tops so as to prevent the air from entering. The next day loosen the tops and repeat the boiling. Fasten the tops as before and cool. The third day repeat the operation. Then when cool seal and put in a cool, dark place. The repeated boiling will kill all the bacteria and make “assurance doubly sure.” Do not put too much water in the boiler and be sure the cover is on tight, as it is the steam that does the sterilizing.

Feed the farm flock well in the fall. The success of the lamb crop depends, in a great measure, upon the health and condition of the ewes at the time of breeding and at the time of entering the feeding pens in the fall.

Some succulent pasture should be furnished them at the time when pastures are usually dry in the fall. Rape is sometimes seeded in the corn at last cultivation or in the oats to furnish pasture for this purpose.

GIRL'S SLAYER CAUGHT

George Spengler, Cn'sses That He Killed Matilda Reis of 959 Beaufort Ave., Detroit.

Mystery shrouding the murder of 12-year-old Matilda Reis in the alley in the rear of her home at 979 Beaufort street, was cleared by the confession of George Brown Spengler, a laborer, 30 years old, 537 Elmwood avenue, whom the police had taken into custody.

Spengler, after he had been in a cell at central police station since his arrest, called to Doorman Erke and said he was ready to make a complete confession. Detectives John Stelnabel and Golden brought Spengler up to the detectives' room at once and there took his confession in detail.

According to the murderer's own story, he cut the girl's throat first and then slashed her abdomen. Spengler has been regarded as a friend of the Reis family. He is mentally unbalanced, and drinks heavily. He became acquainted with the parents of the Reis girl, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Reis, when he was a boy, and until a few years ago, frequently visited the Reis home. It was at these visits that Spengler formed an acquaintance with the girl.

Spengler, accompanied by officers of the police headquarters, was started on a journey to the Beaufort avenue alley to the scene of his crime. The party, every one of whom was silent, undertook a weird night investigation of the blood-stained sands.

THE MARKETS.

DETROIT—Cattle—Strong extra dried steers, \$8.75; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., \$7.75; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$6.50; grass steers and heifers that are fat, \$6.00 to 1,000 lbs., \$5.25; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700 lbs., \$4.50; choice fat cows, \$5.75; good fat cows, \$5.50; fair fat cows, \$5.25; heavy bulls, \$5.50; fair to good bolognas, bulls, \$4.50 to 4.75; stock bulls, \$3.50 to 4; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$5.25; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$4.75; fair feeding steers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$4.25; fair stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$4.25; fair stock heifers, \$4.25; milkers, large young medium age, \$4.00 to 4.50; common milkers, \$3.50 to 4.

CALVES—Best, \$9.11; others, \$4.75. Milch cows and springers—steady.

Sheep and lambs—Lamb 15c @ 25c and sheep 10c @ 15c; light lambs, \$8.25 @ 8.50; fair to good lambs, \$4.50 @ 4.75; light to common lambs, \$4.25 @ 4.50; fair to good sheep, \$3.50 @ 3.75; culls and common, \$1.50 @ 2.25.

HOGS—Market 25c higher; light to good butchers, \$8.75 @ 9; pigs, \$7.50 @ 7.75; light Yorkers, \$8.35 @ 9; stags, 1-3 off.

EAST BUFFALO, N. Y.—Cattle—Best, 1,350 to 1,500 lb steers, \$9 @ 9.50; good to prime, 1,200 to 1,300 lb steers, \$8.50 @ 9.25; good to prime, 1,100 to 1,200 lb steers, \$8.25 @ 8.50; medium butcher steers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., \$6.50 @ 7; butcher steers, 850 to 1,000 lbs., \$4.50 @ 5.25; light butchers, \$3.50 @ 4.25; best fat cows, \$5.25 @ 5.75; butcher cows, \$4.25 @ 4.75; light butchers cows, \$3.25 @ 3.75; fat cows, \$2.75 @ 3.25; best fat heifers, \$5.75 @ 7.25; medium butchers heifers, \$5.50 @ 6; light butchers heifers, \$4.25 @ 5; stock heifers, \$3.75 @ 4.25; feeding steers, \$3.25 @ 3.75; common feeding steers, \$3.25 @ 3.75; light stockers, \$4.25 @ 4.50; prime export, bulls, \$5.75 @ 6; best butchers bulls, \$5.75 @ 6; best butchers cows, \$4.25 @ 4.50; stock bulls, \$4.25 @ 4.50; best milkers and springers, \$6.00 @ 7; common kind, \$3.00 @ 4.50.

HOGS—Strong; heavy, \$9 @ 9.50; porkers, \$8.50 @ 9.50; pigs, \$8.50 @ 8.75.

Sheep—Slow; top lambs, \$7 @ 7.25; yearlings, \$5.50 @ 5.50; wethers, \$4.75 @ 5; ewes, \$3.50 @ 4.

CALVES—\$5 @ 12.50.

GRAIN, ETC.

DETROIT—Wheat—Cash, No. 2 red, \$1.07 3/4; December, opened at \$1.09 1/4 and advanced to \$1.10; May opened at \$1.13 1/4 and advanced to \$1.14; No. 1 white, \$1.06 3/4.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 67 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 70 1/2c; No. 3 yellow, 7 cars at 70c.

Oats—Standard, 4 car at 35 1/2c.

Rye—Cash, No. 2, 74c.

Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, \$11.25; sample, 24 bags at \$10.60; at \$9; prime alsike, \$12.50; sample alsike, 15 bags at \$11.50; \$10.11; 25 bags at \$11.50.

Timothy seed—Prime spot, 25 bags at \$3.10.

GENERAL MARKETS.

Grapes are gaining in activity and the supply is liberal. Peaches are in light demand and easy. Apples are quiet and steady, with an ample supply of moderate quality. Potatoes and vegetables are steady and in good demand. The market is firm and in good demand. The market is firm for everything in the line of dairy products in scarce and firm. Poultry is easy and in liberal supply.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 36 1/2c; creamery, 29 1/2c; dairy, 22c; packing, 21c per lb.

Eggs—Current receipts, candled, cases included, 28c per doz.

APPLES—Fancy, \$1.75 @ 2.25 per bbl; common, \$1 @ 1.50; poor, 75c @ 1 per bbl; good apples by the bushel, 48 @ 60c.

CANTALOUPE—\$4.50 per case.

GRAPES—New York Concord, 8 lbs., 18 @ 19c per basket; Island Concord, 10-lb. baskets, 25c; Catawbas, 10-lb., 25 @ 30c; Delaware, 10-lb., 30c; Niagara, 10-lb., 25 @ 30c.

QUINCES—\$1.25 per bu.

CRANBERRIES—\$7 per bbl. and \$2.50 per 50-lb. box.

PEACHES—Colorado, 75 @ 85c per box; Smocks, A.A. \$1.60; A. 1.25; B. 1 per bu.

BEANS—Bartlett, \$2 @ 2.15 per bu; Oregon, \$2.50 per box; Duchess, \$1.25; Kellifer \$1 per bu.

LUMBS—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bu; 25 @ 30c per 1-5.

CANTALOUPE—Fink meat Rocky Ford, \$1 @ 1.10 per crate.

ONIONS—New York and 75c bu.

DRESSED CALVES—Ordinary, 9 @ 10c; fancy, 12 1/2 @ 14c per lb.

POTATOES—Michigan, 45 @ 55 in car lot, and 40 @ 50 per bu.

TOMATOES—\$1.15 @ 1.25 per bu.

HONEY—Choice fancy comb, 15 @ 18c per lb; amber, 12 @ 13c.

POULTRY—Broilers, 15c per lb; hens, 14c; No. 2 hens, 9 @ 10c; old roosters, 9 @ 10c; ducks, 12 @ 13c; young ducks, 14 @ 15c; geese, 8 @ 9c; turkeys, 15 @ 16c.

VEGETABLES—Cucumbers, 20 @ 25c per doz; green onions, 10c per doz; water-cress, 25 @ 30c per doz; green beans, 75c per bu; wax beans, 75c per bu; home-grown celery, 25 @ 30c per doz; green peppers, 15 @ 20c per bu.

PROVISIONS—Family pork, \$22 @ 23; mess pork, \$20; clear backs, \$21 @ 22; smoked hams, 15 1/2 @ 16c; picnic hams, 12 1/2 @ 13c; shoulder, 13c; bacon, 18 1/2 @ 18c; lard, 13 1/2 @ 14c; Kettle rendered lard, 12 1/2 @ 13c.

HAY—Carlot prices, track, Detroit: No. 1 timothy, \$16.50 @ 17; No. 2 timothy, \$15 @ 16; No. 3 mixed, \$13 @ 14; light mixed, \$15.50 @ 16; rye straw, \$10 @ 10.50; wheat and oat straw, \$8 @ 9 per ton.

By a vote of 209 to 106 the proposition to bond the village of Saline for \$20,000 for a water works plant carried.

Wm. R. Condit, a native of Texas, and now a citizen of Mexico, who was denied admission to the United States has appealed his case to Washington.

Special Examiner Harry H. Brown has resumed the taking of testimony in Pittsburgh in the suit of the federal government against the United States Steel Corporation in which the dissolution of the corporation is sought.

Treat Your Feet Right

Do you know that a large portion of the ills of mankind result from improper care of the feet? Exceptional care should be taken at this time of the year to clothe the feet properly and avoid unnecessary exposure.

Here is a lace boot 12 inches high particularly adapted to fall and winter wear. It is our

Rouge Rex

No. 478

The upper stock is cut from a tan colored veal skin of the very best quality. In the course of tanning, this leather is put through a process which softens and at the same time toughens the fiber, and it is then thoroughly filled with a waterproofing compound which makes No. 478 an ideal wet-weather boot, as nearly waterproof as a leather boot can be made. If given a thorough dressing every week or so with Rouge Rex Waterproof Grease these boots will retain this waterproof quality and their life of service will be greatly lengthened.

The vamp of this boot extends clear through under the cap on the toe, giving double wear at that point. The bellows tongue serves to completely exclude the dirt and snow.

The soles of No. 478 are of triple thickness. The outer sole is what is termed “indestructible,” being of chrome tannage specially treated, so that it is absolutely waterproof, and in wearing quality superior to any other sole leather made.

Ask your dealer for the Rouge Rex boot No. 478. Write us if he does not carry them.



HIRTH-KRAUSE CO.
Hides to Shoe Tanners and Shoe Manufacturers
Grand Rapids Michigan

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY

They meet every requirement for cleaning and polishing shoes of all kinds and colors.



GLIT EDGE, the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains OIL. Blacks and Polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing. **“French Gloss”** is a combination of cleaning and polishing all kinds of shoes or tan shoes. **“Dandy”** is a combination of cleaning and polishing for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look like new. **“Black and Shine”** is a combination of cleaning and polishing for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look like new. **“Black and Shine”** is a combination of cleaning and polishing for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look like new. **“Black and Shine”** is a combination of cleaning and polishing for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look like new.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO., Sole and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. **SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature

Wheat

Bettie's Eye Salve Quickly Ends Weak, Sore Eyes

DEFIANCE STARCH never sticks to the iron.

PISO'S REMEDY Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Gregory Gazette

Published every Saturday morning by
ROY W. CAVERLY, Pinckney, Mich.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Year in advance.....1.00

All communications should be addressed to R. W. Caverly, Pinckney, Michigan, and should be received on or before Wednesday of each week, if it receives proper attention.

Entered as second-class matter June 8, 1912, at the post office at Pinckney, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ANDERSON.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Lavey were Sunday visitors at the home of Ern White.

Mrs. Will Brogan and Mrs. Ern White and their children spent part of last week with their parents of Chilson.

Orla Haines and wife visited at M. Hanes Sunday.

Will Caskey and wife visited in Plainfield Sunday.

Mrs. Clyne Galloway and daughter Ila and Mrs. Andrew Shirley, all of Lansing, spent last week with their mother, Mrs. Alice Hoff of this place.

W. Brogan and family were guests at the home of Max Ledwidge Sunday.

Chas. Hoff and family visited his mother here Sunday.

Liam Ledwidge will enter his horse at the Fowlerville Fair this week.

John Murningham of Lansing is working for Mrs. Alice Hoff.

Ern White expects to work for Louis Sheban the coming year.

Mrs. F. Fitzimmons and daughter, Mary and Beulah Burgess were Stockbridge shoppers Saturday.

Basil White of Pingree visited relatives here over Sunday.

Jas. Marble and wife entertained their daughters and families and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hoff of Lansing Sunday.

NORTH HAMBURG.

Mrs. Sarah Nash of Pinckney visited her son Burt the first of the week.

R. Bennett made a business trip to Hamburg Monday.

Frank Hacker of Chilson has completed the work of painting the North Hamburg church.

Mrs. R. C. Haddock visited Mrs. Nash Monday.

Clyde M. Smith visited W. J. Nash Wednesday.

Mrs. R. Bennett and daughter Una visited Mrs. Alfred Day of Howell Thursday and Friday.

Miss Elva Black is visiting friends in Cohoctah.

Mrs. John Bergin and daughter Viola visited at the home of Jas. Burroughs Sunday.

Zelma Nash is on the sick list.

Erwin Nash was an Ann Arbor visitor Monday.

Cider Mills Open

I intend to start my cider mill this week. I will make cider, boiled cider and scalded cider daily the rest of the season

E. G. Bush, Plainfield, Mich.

A. J. Gorton announces that he is now prepared to make cider at the Unadilla Mills from now on until further notice and requests a share of your patronage.



FOR SALE—4 year old colt. Inquire of H. G. Gauss, Pinckney, 40t3

FOR SALE—14 year old work horse. for \$90. Inquire of Frank Mackinder Pinckney 40t3

FOR SALE—1 mare and 1 horse colt, just weaned. Inquire of J. S. Fitch Pinckney. 41t3

FOR SALE—Large smooth Delaine Rams. Inquire of F. A. Barton, Pinckney. 40t2*

FOR SALE—3-year old Gelding and a yearling colt. 40t3* Willis Tupper, Pinckney

FOR SALE—2 work horses, not afraid of autos. 38t3 Clayton Placeway, Pinckney

Ditch Contract to Let. Inquire of Hoyt Bros. Pinckney

Pinckney Locals

Richard Braley of Gregory was in town last week.

Mrs. D. Mowers was the guest of her sister near Stockbridge the past week.

Will Larkin and wife of Howell visited at the home of Fred Lake last week.

Judge A. A. Montague of Howell was in town last week calling on friends.

D. R. Lantis and wife have been visiting friends in Stockbridge and vicinity.

Mrs. Andrew Butler of Howell is taking treatment at the Pinckney Sanatorium.

Mrs. Ray Culhane and children of Webberville are visiting at the home of Mark Bell.

Aubrey Gilchrist and family spent Sunday at the home of Elmer Book near Plainfield.

E. L. Topping and family of Plainfield were guests Sunday at the home of H. D. Grieve.

Mrs. Heine of Mt. Clemens was the guest of her daughter, Miss Leona Heine over Sunday.

Mrs. H. D. Grieve visited at the home of her son, Fred, near Stockbridge the past week.

Mrs. A. B. Green spent the first of the week with relatives in Jackson.

E. W. Brown of Stockbridge was in town the latter part of the past week.

G. W. Dinkel and family were Sunday visitors at the home of Wm. Chambers.

Mrs. Marcellus Dickenson of Howell was the guest of friends here last week.

Fred Grieve and family of near Stockbridge were guests of relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. John Jeffreys is visiting at the home of her daughter Mrs. Ray Chandler of Lansing.

A. Winegar and wife of Howell visited his daughter, Mrs. Geo. Green the fore part of the week.

Arthur Mitchell and wife of Gregory were Monday callers at the home of his mother, Mrs. Wm. Bullis.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Clark of Detroit visited at the home of C. V. VanWinkle the first of the week.

Dr. D. A. MacLachlan of Detroit visited at the home of his nephew, Earl, west of town over Sunday.

Clarence Stackable and family were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Tiplady near Chelsea.

Harry Ayers and family of Detroit spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. A's mother, Mrs. Sarah Nash of this village.

The Juniors of the Pinckney High School cleared over \$9.00 at the supper which they gave last Friday evening.

Mrs. John Fobey attended the wedding of her nephew, Walter Walsh, to Hazel Aymes at Grand Rapids recently.

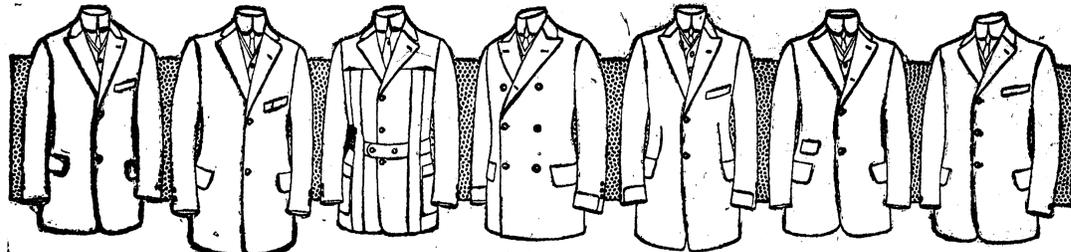
Lucile McQuillan of Chilson spent Friday and Saturday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Gregory Devereaux, returning home Sunday.

Maude and Genevieve Kuhn of Gregory were guests of friends here the latter part of the past week.

Miss Josephine Harris who is teaching in Dundee spent Sunday at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. John M. Harris south of town.

Mrs. Fred Alexander and daughter, Miss Helen Pellet left Saturday for Spokane, Washington where they expect to make their home.

The dance given here last Friday evening was attended by people from all the neighboring towns and was successful both socially and financially. Another one will probably be given in two or three weeks.



The Student The Yale The Norfolk The London The Strand The Sparrow The Universal
FITFORM

MEN AND YOUNG MEN OF GREGORY

No matter what style coat you have in mind—[from extremely English to purely American ideas.] No matter what particular color or pattern you desire, we have this to say:---

You will not be dissatisfied in coming to our store for your next suit

Our selections are practically unlimited and we are positively on the front row with our one price system—when it comes to QUALITY.

COME UP--WE PAY YOUR FARE

W. J. DANCER & COMPANY
STOCKBRIDGE, MICH.

Good Advice for the Renter

There is always a temptation to abuse a rented place, just because it isn't yours. You are there today and gone tomorrow, why not take all you can out of the land and put back as little as possible? What if the soil does run down? What if the fences are toppled over? They aren't yours, why not abuse them?

For three reasons. In the first place it won't be so profitable for you if you do. Abuse does its work quickly. Even in the short period that you intend to live on the place, the failure to keep it up will show in your own crop returns.

In the second place, the evil habits you form on this farm and the habits your children are forming, will rise up to curse you when you one day are settled on a farm place of your own. No one ever does a wrong who does not pay its full price in habits of and shiftlessness, and loss of self respect.

Finally, it doesn't do to get a reputation for carelessness in respect to the rights and possessions of others. Such a reputation travels faster than the railroad train; you find it already established in the new community to which you have fled to escape it. It forges friendships and murders credit, undermines self respect and makes life a fight instead of a proud achievement.—Ex.

Will Exchange Forest Lands

Congress has passed a bill permitting the federal government and the state of Michigan to exchange lands within the state. The government has several thousand acres of land in Michigan which is set aside for forest reserves, and intermingled with these lands are thousands of acres belonging to the state. At the regular session of the legislature a bill was passed giving the state public domain commission power to exchange lands with the federal government, with the idea of separating the forest reserve lands belonging to the state from those owned and controlled by the federal government. It was later discovered that it was necessary for congress to pass similar legislation in order to carry out the transaction, and this has now been accomplished, and the state and government are now in position to deal.

Geo. A. Wimbles

CANDIDATE FOR

Sheriff

ON REPUBLICAN TICKET

Your vote will be appreciated Nov. 5



Chas. F. Judson

Candidate For

County Treasurer

On the Republican Ticket for his Second Term

The First, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Michigan cavalry regiments which composed the Custer brigade held their annual reunion at Detroit, Oct. 9 and 10.



Richard D. Roche

Nominee For Prosecuting Attorney

on the Democrat Ticket

Andrew J. Brown

CANDIDATE FOR

Sheriff

ON THE DEMOCRAT TICKET

Your vote will be appreciated Nov. 5

John A. Hagman

CANDIDATE FOR

County Clerk

ON THE REPUBLICAN TICKET

Your support is respectfully solicited



William R. Whitacre

Candidate for

Superintendent of Poor

On Republican Ticket

Your Support is Respectfully Solicited

Second Term

W. J. WRIGHT
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office Hours—12:30 to 3:30. 6:00 to 8:00
GREGORY, MICH.

Let US PRINT YOUR SALE BILLS