

GREGORY GAZETTE

Vol. I

Pinckney, Livingston County, Michigan, Saturday, March 1 1913

No. 33

When in Gregory try some of AYRAULT & BOLLINGER'S
COFFEE and TEA

Royal Valley Coffee.....	40c
Tzar.....	35c
Marigold.....	32c
Nero.....	30c
Red Label, steel cut.....	30c
Also Bulk Coffee at.....	20 and 25c
Uji Tea.....	50c
Pleasant Valley Tea.....	50c
Spring Hill Tea.....	40c

AYRAULT & BOLLINGER,
GREGORY, MICH.



Nustyle Lanterns at M. E. Kuhn's.

Vere Worden was home from Jackson over Sunday.

Genevieve and Monica Kuhn visited in Pinckney Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Ward visited in Gregory last Saturday.

Genevieve Kuhn's school is closed on account of scarlet fever.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Howlett entertained a number of friends last Friday.

Courtland Sweet of Iosco spent Tuesday at the home of E. B. Daniels.

Mrs. Jane Ayrault visited at the home of her mother in Stockbridge Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Yocum of spent Thursday at the Jackson home of S. A. Denton.

Miss Beulah Burgess of near Pinckney spent last Friday with her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Buhl.

Elmer McGee has rented Eugene McClear's farm, having sold his property to E. B. Daniels.

J. B. Buckley and wife left for Washington, D. C., Thursday to attend the presidential inauguration.

Many men act as if they were "so many" that we should think their wives would feel as if they had committed bigamy.

Gregory to the front again—Glenn Mariatt has been chosen valedictorian of his class in the Stockbridge high school.

The work of uniting the Bell and Home home telephone exchanges at Howell will probably not be completed before April 1.

Now that the income tax is constitutional, we shall expect to hear a whole lot of men do less bragging about the enormous salaries they draw.

A post-card social will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Arnold Friday evening, March 7. Each lady is requested to bring a penny postal card.

We are glad to note that Miss Myra Singleton, of this place, won the silver medal in a contest given by the senior class of the Stockbridge high school last Thursday night.

An Indiana cigarette fiend is not sensitive to the pricking of pins and needles. Needles and pins have no terror for the person who does not recoil from the use of coffin nails.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Arnold were in Lansing last week and heard the voters in the senate on the resolution to submit woman suffrage to a vote of the people at the spring election.

The drama "The Town Marshall" presented by Pinckney talent at the Hall on Friday of last week was well rendered, each participant showing more than ordinary talent in their part.

It is said that apples may be kept two years by wrapping them in newspapers. The newspaper, must, however be one on which the subscription is paid in full, or the dampness resulting from "due" will cause the fruit to spoil.

The big ice houses at Lakeland are all filled with good ice. The Schnlers are now piling up about sixty car loads to be shipped before warm weather. They are loading 500 cars for shipment now. The Bennetts are loading 700 cars for shipment.—Ex.

Archie Arnold is working near Perry.

Mrs. I. Davis visited friends in Gregory last week.

The stockbuyers will take in stock on Tuesday hereafter.

Mrs. Brotherton is caring for Mrs. Harry Gilliver and infant.

Alger Hall of Pinckney was the guest of Harlow Munsell recently.

Mrs. F. A. Howlett spent Tuesday with her parents in Stockbridge.

John Mariatt's parents returned to their home in Mecosta county last week.

W. J. Durkee, wife and Lou of Jackson were calling on friends here last week.

Miss Mary Sharp of Stockbridge called on her aunt, Mrs. Mary Daniels, Wednesday.

There were no services in the church last Sunday on account of the furnace being out of order.

Miss Kitsey Allison of near Pinckney visited at the home of Dr. Wright one day last week.

The common council of Fowlerville have adopted standard time as the legal time for that village.

The school closed Wednesday on account of scarlet fever breaking out. Margaret Harker is the victim.

The international sportsmen and motor boat show will be held in Toledo April 19 to 26. It covers all lines of sport.

Mrs. W. R. Wood and daughters, Martha, and Julia, are spending the week at the home of Melvin Wood in Detroit.

A new paper bill is said to be the best thing to clean eye glasses with. Paper bills have often proven a great help to the vision.

The New Jersey mosquito is said to cure rheumatism. People of experience always said that it had a peculiar way of inducing animation.

There will be a donation at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ward Friday, March 7, and a dinner. The proceeds will go towards the pastor's salary. All are invited.

The man who is so fierce for the horrible details when another goes astray is sure to insist upon having the matter hushed up when he himself happens to fall off the steps.

Even a horse is entitled to fair play, but in the winter a good many of them are not getting it when their owners don't take pains to keep them properly shod or blanketed.

Some delvers into the mystery of the evolution of man now claim that the human race originally began life in the form of trees. There are a few "sticks" left to bear out this theory.

Julia Wood, Alice Stevens, Myra Singleton, Glenn Mariatt, Norman Marshall and Beal Daniels of Stockbridge high school are home on account of the school being closed through fear of scarlet fever.

The W. C. T. U. held a very interesting meeting at the home of Rose Buhl last Thursday afternoon. There was a large attendance and much interest manifested. The initiatory service was given to a new member. The 6th dist. president is expected to be present at the next meeting.



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. HOWELTT

Selz Shoes in Lightweights and Lion Brand for Heavy Work

ARE TO BE FOUND

at

M. E. KUHN'S

GREGORY

TO OUR PATRONS

Gazette Will Be Published One Day Earlier

Advertisers, Correspondents and Others Please Send in Ads. and Items Tuesday Night or Not Later Than Wednesday Morning.

Commencing Next Week

We have decided to print the Gazette one day earlier so that it will reach you on Friday morning instead of Saturday. In order to make this possible it will have to be printed on Thursday and sent to Gregory on the evening train. On this account all ads. and news items must reach us not later than Wednesday to insure publication. We take this step on the conviction that it will be for the best interests of the Gazette and once more kindly request that all copy be sent early enough to reach us on Wednesday.

AUCTION

I will sell at public auction on Monday, March 3, my horses, cattle, hogs, chickens, implements, grain, fodder and household goods.

Engene Heatley.

E. W. Daniels, auctioneer.

UNADILLA

Mrs. Marshall spent Monday at Inez Hadley's.

Otis Webb and wife were Chelsea visitors Saturday.

Grant Kimmel transacted business in Dexter Wednesday.

Vera Hartsuff spent Monday night with her grandparents.

A. J. May and wife ate Sunday dinner with L. K. Hadley and wife.

Rev. and Mrs. Coates visited at the home of Mr. Lee at Waterloo one day recently.

A. C. Collins and family of Stockbridge visited at L. K. Hadley's last Thursday.

The Sewing Circle which was to be held at Mrs. Clark's has been postponed until March 8th.

Sam Shultz and wife of North Lake are the proud parents of a baby girl born February 20.

Petrification.

Petrification, sometimes called fossilization, is a process of turning to stone by chemical appropriation or absorption of certain mineral elements chiefly silica, a flinty substance like pulverized quartz. Just how leaves, branches of trees, etc., absorb and appropriate silica to such an extent as to convert them into stone cannot be explained, but they do. Some springs and some streams contain so much silica that branches of trees and other vegetable matter lying for a length of time in the water become so impregnated with silica that they are converted into stone. The petrification of a human body, shut off from contact with water or earth, would be more difficult to explain, and we doubt if there is an authenticated case of the kind. A great many vegetable fossils or petrifications have been found, but we think no animal petrifications.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for Irritability.



Out Of Sight

Half the good qualities of our tailoring are out of sight, literally woven and sewed in. That's why our garments—tailored to your measure—hold their shape, look neat and dresy until they are worn out.

Let us make your spring and summer suit. We want to prove to you that good clothes cost no more than the other kind.

S. A. DENTON

Gregory, Mich.

HARNESSES

A comple line now in stock. Bought them when they were cheap and am offering them at Reasonable Prices

Come in and look over the line, both single and double harnesses. You will find what you want and the prices will be O. K.

T. H. HOWLETT,

Gregory, Michigan

DETAILLE AND THE TROOPER

Great French Artist Required Two Things of Soldier Whose Portrait He Painted.

M. Jules Claretie, who was a friend of Edouard Detaille, tells a charming anecdote of the painter in the Temps. One day a young trooper rang at his studio and asked if M. Detaille would mind taking his likeness.

"Who sent you to me?" asked Detaille. "My comrades of the regiment, who say that you are jolly good at catching a likeness, and as I wanted to send a Christmas present to my people I thought I would have my portrait done by you. How much will you charge me?" "How much have you in your pocket?" asked Detaille. "Twenty-six francs," and the trooper pulled out the money, tied up in his handkerchief, adding, "Perhaps that won't be enough?"

"Oh, yes, lots," said Detaille; "and down." And he had soon painted the soldier's portrait on a small wood panel. "There you are; I hope your people will like it." "I think they will," said the trooper; "it isn't bad at all," and he untied the four corners of the handkerchief to pay Detaille twenty-six francs.

But Detaille stopped him. "Keep your money; but you must do two things. First of all, spend it in drinks to my health, and secondly, don't send me your comrades to have their portraits done—I should be worked."

Queer Old Laws.

France in 1314 passed laws regarding the size of the cloak and robe, the breadth of the trimming and the number of suits possessed by each person also the diet, including the hot meals and the number of dishes.

WEEK'S NEWS IN PARAGRAPHS

ITEMS GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

EVENTS HERE AND ABROAD

Epitome of a Week's Happenings Condensed for the Perusal of the Busy Man, and Arranged in Classified Form.

Washington

Prohibition of prosecution of labor unions and farmers' organizations under the Sherman anti-trust law by the department of justice was written into the sundry civil appropriation by the house of representatives.

There are to be no Democratic or other donkeys in the inaugural parade on March 4. This was decided at a meeting of the inaugural committee in Washington when it was asked to pass upon the request of a man who desired to lead a donkey garnished with the horns of a bull moose and the tusks of an elephant.

Asserting that the bill to incorporate the Rockefeller foundation has been amended so as to remove all danger of an unrestricted perpetuation of that institution, the senate committee on judiciary made a favorable report to the United States senate and asked that the bill be passed. The house has given its approval.

The immigration bill, which President Taft vetoed, went into the waste basket of the house of representatives by a vote of 213 to 114, only five less than the necessary two-thirds, and the long and bitterly contested battle was over for the present session.

The largest pension bill ever reported to congress, carrying appropriations aggregating \$180,300,000, was passed by the house by a vote of 219 to 40, with an amendment which will make necessary an additional appropriation of more than \$1,000,000.

Senator Root's proposed amendment to the Panama canal law to repeal the provision giving free passage to American coastwise ships was rejected by the U. S. senate committee on inter-oceanic canals.

Domestic

Under the "unwritten law" a jury at Marion, O., found fourteen-year-old Vittorio Benedetto not guilty of a charge of second degree murder for shooting Antonio Stefano, his mother's alleged admirer. The boy followed his mother and Stefano from Freeport, Ill., last November.

A set of Dickens selling for \$8,400 set the price record of the Borden library sale in New York. The set was one of the first editions of 92 volumes, including some original manuscripts.

John H. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register company, who, with 23 other officials or former officials of the company, was convicted of criminal violation of the Sherman anti-trust law in Cincinnati, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$5,000 and serve one year in jail. The 23 other defendants were sentenced to terms ranging from nine months to a year in jail, and to pay the costs.

The Tingle bill, providing an inheritance tax law for Indiana, passed the state senate. It had previously passed the house and now goes to Governor Ralston for his signature. The measure provides a tax of from one per cent. on inheritances of \$25,000 or less to three times the amount of the primary assessment on estates of \$500,000 or more.

Four persons were killed instantly and five seriously injured when a sawmill boiler exploded at Wallisville, in a lumber camp near Galveston, Tex.

The amendment of the Nevada divorce law, requiring a residence in the state of one year, instead of six months, to go into effect January 1, 1914, passed the Nevada legislature.

There will be no firemen's strike on the eastern railroads. The railroads have yielded and agreed to arbitrate under the Erdman act the controversy with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen.

Arrest of two alleged confidence men in Los Angeles has revealed what the police declare to be evidences of the existence of a countrywide swindling syndicate, with headquarters in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Kansas City and Chicago.

The transport Meade, with 1,400 marines on board, left the League Island navy yard, Philadelphia, bound for Guantanamo. The force will be held in readiness to embark for Mexico should the situation require the presence of American troops.

Edward F. Mylius was admitted to the United States after having remained on Ellis Island for two months, admission having been refused because he had served ten months in prison for libeling King George V. Judge Noyes in the United States district court in New York city overruled the federal decision which declared Mylius guilty of moral turpitude.

President Lowell of Harvard and President Hadley of Yale have expressed their hearty approval of the plan to place college men on board the war vessels of the United States during the summer vacations.

Fire destroyed the Columbia Print works at Monteville, N. J., with a loss of \$750,000. An area of more than two acres was burned.

Alleging that Philadelphia manufacturers are filling orders for New York firms whose employes are on strike, the United Garment Workers union has called a general strike in that city. Twelve thousand workers have responded and 150 shops are closed.

Rev. W. T. Logan, pastor of a Knobnoster (Mo.) church, had a discussion of church business with Judge B. F. Summers and seized a chair and struck Summers over the head until bystanders interfered. The minister then appeared before a justice, pleaded guilty and was fined.

Balkan War

The tension between Roumania and Bulgaria in connection with the Balkan situation has become acute. The European powers, however, have now taken steps both at Sofia and Bucharest to lessen the friction and an offer of mediation between the disputants is pending.

Crete was evacuated by the protecting powers, Great Britain, Russia, France and Italy, and the Greek flag was hoisted amid enthusiastic demonstrations by the Cretans.

Personal

At a meeting of the governing board of the Pan-American union at Washington, of which Secretary of State Knox was chairman for the past four years, resolutions were adopted commending Mr. Knox's efforts to further the amity and friendship between the United States and Latin-America.

Four million dollars left by Charles C. Weld of Newport, R. I., is to go to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the event that Mr. Weld's daughter dies without issue.

Maj. John J. Cairns, adjutant general, Third brigade Illinois National Guard, is dead at the Chicago Union hospital from injuries he suffered when he was crowded off an elevated railway platform.

Charles D. Hilles, secretary to President Taft and chairman of the Republican national committee, has been appointed by Governor Sulzer of New York a member of the board of managers of the New York Training School for Girls at Hudson. The nomination was confirmed.

The body of Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, was cremated in Oakland, Cal., and the ashes borne to the funeral monument on the estate the poet built with his own hands several years ago and there scattered to the winds.

Miss Emmeline C. Upham, one of the best known newspaper women in the country, is dead in Washington, aged seventy-nine years. She was a society reporter well known to the occupants of the White House and in official and diplomatic social circles in the national capital.

Sergeant John M. Walsh, U. S. A., arrived at Jefferson barracks, St. Louis, on foot, after a 7,000-mile tramp across the continent and back under orders to test army shoes.

The Russell Sage Foundation, through its department of recreation, has sent letters to the heads of the various state federations of women's clubs urging them to begin campaigns at once for legislation authorizing the use of public schools for social centers. Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson, daughter of President-elect Wilson, is interested in the movement.

Allan Hagey Pirie, son of John T. Pirie, one of the founders of the Chicago dry goods firm of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., has been divorced in the New York supreme court.

Foreign

Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst, speaking at Cardiff, declared that she personally accepted full responsibility for the explosion which destroyed the country residence of Chancellor of Exchequer Lloyd-George near London. She added if sent in penal servitude she would declare a hunger strike and the government would either have to let her die or set her free.

A great fire, which occurred in the center of Tokyo, destroyed a thousand buildings. These included several churches, the Baptist tabernacle, the Salvation hall, the school of foreign languages, and several other schools.

A large tea-house in the famous Kew Botanical gardens, London, England, was burned by suffragettes. Two young women were arrested while running away from the fire with satchels containing dark lanterns, oil-soaked cotton, a hammer and a saw.

DEPOSED PRESIDENT OF MEXICO KILLED

FORMER PRESIDENT MADERO AND FORMER VICE PRESIDENT PINO SUAREZ WERE SHOT DEAD.

WERE ON THEIR WAY FROM THE PALACE TO PRISON WHEN THEY WERE SLAIN.

Government Promises Probe Into the Killing and the Punishment of the Guilty Ones—Sister Denounces Guards as "Cowards, Assassins."

MEXICO CITY, Feb. 23.—Francisco I. Madero and Pino Suarez, the deposed president and vice president, were shot to death at 11 o'clock last night while a guard of rurales was taking them from the national palace to the penitentiary. Gen. Huerta, the provisional president, and Francisco de la Barra, the premier, have disavowed the killing and have informed the United States government that Madero and Suarez were killed by the bullets of their own friends in an attempt to rescue them. They say that the government pro-

vided not express openly what thousands are whispering. The soldiers of Huerta and Diaz crowd the streets and the government has announced that it will brook no opposition. Some accept as truthful the government's explanation. Many insist, however, that the killing was ordered by the authorities.

Riddled With Bullets.

The former president and former vice president were riddled with bullets while they were being driven in an automobile through the calle Le Cumberri in the Colonia de la Bolsa, not far from the penitentiary, their destination. The Colonia de la Bolsa is the white chapel district of the capital. Late at night it is poorly lighted and lonely save for the presence of policemen and unfortunates.

10,000 Troops Sent to Mexican Border.

Before President Taft leaves office on March 4, he will have concentrated at Galveston, Tex., close to 10,000 United States troops ready to board transports and depart for Mexico on a few hours' notice.

The president is just as much opposed to intervention as he has been for two years. He is determined, however, that he will "lay the cards on the table," so that when Mr. Wilson becomes president, if a crisis arises, all he will have to do is to play them.

Through Secretary Hilles, the president announced that the dispatch of a brigade of troops to Galveston was part of the original precautionary plan and that it would be followed by another order which would send between 3,000 and 4,000 more regulars to the boundary.

Galveston is within three days of Vera Cruz, the seaport of Mexico City. Four transports will be ready there to take the troops south if the contingency arises and with battleships on the Atlantic and Pacific near Mexican ports, the president feels that Mr. Wilson will have no cause to complain of unpreparedness if the unexpected happens.



FRANCISCO I. MADERO

foundly deplores the occurrence and will track down and punish the murderers.

The American ambassador believes the government had no hand in the assassination and accepts Gen. Huerta's and de la Barra's statement as accurate and sincere. There are the ugliest rumors to the contrary.

Many of the people believe that Madero and Suarez, like Gustavo Madero, were the victims of that shocking expedient of dictators ironically known as ley de fuga, and that the government employed a trick frequently used by Porfirio Diaz when he desired to rid himself of persons dangerous to the welfare of the republic.

Widow Begg Madero's Body.

The widow of Madero obtained possession of his body only after Ambassador Wilson had interceded for her. Nearly prostrated from the frightful news that had come to her, she pleaded pitifully all morning for permission to see the body. The government refused. Mr. Wilson called upon de la Barra and persuaded him to grant Senora Madero's request. At 2 p. m. Gen. Blanquet delivered the body to Albert Perez, Senora Madero's brother.

The government had planned to accord the body of the former president full military honors on account of Madero's former high rank. A brigade commanded by Gen. Gaus was drawn up at the penitentiary. The plan was finally abandoned as inexpedient. The city is quiet tonight under the iron rule of Huerta. The people have

HENRY LANE WILSON



Henry Lane Wilson, American ambassador to Mexico, has been doing splendid work in the protection of Americans and other foreigners during the fierce fighting in the City of Mexico.

Jackson prison officials have received word of the arrest in Minneapolis, Minn., of S. H. Patterson, who escaped from the prison in a box car June 17, 1912.

The Associated Charities of Pontiac is raising a \$1,500 fund by subscription for the employment of a permanent secretary.

The friends of James Courtney, convicted in Flint of the robbery of the Mt. Morris bank, announce that they will appeal the case to the supreme court. Judge Wisner has granted them 20 days in which to act.

M. J. Curran, Saginaw, a passenger with L. H. Derener, of Corpus Christi, aviation school, formerly of Bay City, broke the record for remaining the longest period in the air in a hydro-aeroplane in Texas.

J. F. Dillon, United States radio inspector, will inspect the wireless telegraph outfit at the high school in Battle Creek. He also will inspect similar outfits in other Michigan cities. The purpose of the inspection is to require all operators to conform with the government regulations.

CASTRO SAILED FOR CUBA

Former Dictator Plots Revolt in Venezuela.

News that Cipriano Castro, former dictator of Venezuela, sailed from New York for Cuba recalled the reports that have been reaching Washington with increasing frequency recently, that plans for a revolution in Venezuela are being formed in the island republic.

Ever since Castro arrived in New York and began his fight for admission to the United States, the state department has been hearing rumors of filibustering expeditions being prepared in Cuba against Venezuela.

Havana is the place of residence of a number of Venezuelan exiles who were formerly associated with Castro when the latter was dictator and it has been repeatedly said that Castro would eventually join his friends there for a movement against Venezuela.

Manchu Dowager Empress Is Dead.

Ye Ho Na La, empress dowager of China, died in Peking. She was the widow of Emperor Kwangwu.

The empress had been ill only a few days. She was attended only by a Chinese doctor.

The insurance adjusters completed their work on the fire at the plant of the Ypsilanti Reed Furniture Co., in Ionia. The amount of insurance to be paid is \$141,240, which is about \$62,000 less than the entire loss.

THE MARKETS.

DETROIT—Cattle—Best steers, \$8@8.20; sters and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200, \$7@7.50; sters and heifers, 800 to 1,000, \$6.20@7; steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700, \$5.50@6.25; choice fat cows, \$6@6.50; good fat cows, \$5@5.50; common cows, \$4@4.50; canners, \$3.50@4; choice heavy bulls, \$6@6.50; fair to good bologna, \$5.50@5.75; stock bulls, \$4.50@5; choice feeding steers, 500 to 1,000, \$5.50@5.75; fair feeding steers, 500 to 1,000, \$5.50@5.75; choice stockers, 500 to 700, \$5@5.50; milkers, large, young, medium age, \$5@5.50; common milkers, \$3@4.50. Veal calves—Best, \$10@10.50; others \$9@9.50; milk cows and springers steady \$8@8.50; sheep and lambs—Best lambs, \$8.25@8.50; fair lambs, \$7.75@8; butchers to common lambs, \$6@6.50; yearlings, \$8; fair to good sheep, \$5@5.50; culls and common, \$3@4. Hogs—Light to good butchers, \$8.30@8.40; pigs, \$8.40@8.45; light Yorkers, \$8.40 heavy, \$8.30@8.45; stags 1-3 off.

EAST BUFFALO: Cattle—Receipts, 100 cars; market strong, \$5@5.25 higher; best 1,350 to 1,500-lb steers, \$8.50@9; good to prime 1,200 to 1,300-lb steers, \$8@8.40; good to prime 1,100 to 1,200-lb steers, \$7.50@8.15; coarse, plainish, 1,100 to 1,200-lb steers, \$7.50@7.75; medium butcher steers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs, \$7@7.75; butcher steers, 950 to 1,000 lbs, \$7@7.50; light butcher steers, \$6.25@6.75; best fat cows, \$6.25@7; butchers' cows, \$5@5.75; light butchers, \$4.25@4.50; cutters, \$4@4.50; trimmers, \$3.75@4; best fat heifers, \$7.50@8; medium butcher heifers, \$6.50@7; light butcher heifers, \$5.50@6; stock heifers, \$4@4.25; best feeding steers, \$6@6.50; light common stockers, \$4.50@5; prime export bulls, \$6.50@7; best butcher bulls, \$6.25@6.50; bologna bulls, \$5.25@6; stock bulls, \$4.75@5.50; best milkers and springers, \$6@7; common fair kind, \$4@5. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 75 cars; market steady; top lambs, \$9.10@9.25; culls to fair, \$6@6.75; yearlings, \$7.50@8.50; wethers, \$6.75@7.25; ewes, \$6.25@6.50.

GRAIN, ETC. Wheat—Cash No. 2 red \$1.07 3/4; May opened at \$1.09 3/4, touched \$1.10 and declined to \$1.09 1/2; July opened at 96 1/2 and declined to 94; No. 1 white, \$1.06 3/4. Corn—Cash No. 3, 49 1/4; No. 3, yellow 50 1/4; No. 4 yellow, 48 3/4. Oats—Standard, 35; No. 3 white, 34; No. 4 white, 33. Rye—Cash No. 2, 63. Beans—Immediate, prompt and February shipment, \$2.05; May, \$2.15. Clover seed—Prime spot, \$11.75; prime alsike, \$13.30. Timothy seed—Prime spot, \$1.75.

GENERAL MARKETS. Poultry is firm and active as far as the chicken and hen line is concerned, but there is little doing with ducks, geese or turkeys. Dressed calves are coming freely and the market is easy. Hogs are dull and steady at a small advance. Butter and cheese are firm. Potatoes are steady and inactive. Apples are active and steady. Dealers have a great deal of trouble in selling any but the very best of hay. Off grades are slow and weak. Butter—Fancy creamery, 35; creamery, firsts, 34; dairy, 24; packing, 21 per lb. Eggs—Current receipts, candied, cases included, 19 1/4 per doz. Apples—Baldwin, \$2.25@2.50; greening, \$2.50@2.75; spy, \$2.10@2.25; steel red, \$3@3.50; No. 2, 75c@1.50 per bbl. CABBAGES—\$1@1.25 per bbl. DRESSED CALVES—Ordinary, 11@12; fat, 13@14 per lb. ONIONS—50@55c per bu. DRESSED HOGS—\$9 1/2-2c per cwt for light to medium. DRESSED POULTRY—Spring chickens, 16@17; hens, 16@17; old roosters, 11@12; turkeys, 21@23; ducks, 17@18; geese, 14@15 per lb. POTATOES—Michigan, sacks, 42@46; but, 40 lb. car lots and 50¢ per cwt. TOMATOES—Hothouse, 25@30c per lb. Florida, \$4.50@5; Cuba, \$3.25@3.50 per crate. HONEY—Choice fancy white comb, 16@17 per lb; amber, 14@15. LIVE POULTRY—Spring chickens, 16@16 1/2 per lb; hens, 16@16 1/2; No. 2 hens, 11@12; old roosters, 10@11; ducks, 15@16; geese, 12@14; turkeys, 17@20 per lb. VEGETABLES—Beets, 40c per bu; carrots, 45c per bu; cauliflower, \$1.75@2; doz; turnips, 50c per bu; spinach, 75@80 per bu; hothouse cucumbers, \$1.75@2 per doz; watercress, 30@35 per doz; head lettuce, \$3.25@3.50 per hamper; Florida celery, \$2.50@2.75 per crate; green peppers, 50¢ per basket; parsley, 20¢@25¢ per doz; pea plant, 35¢@40¢ per doz; rutabagas 40¢ per bu; hothouse radishes, 25¢@30¢ per doz.

HAY—Car lot prices, track, Detroit: No. 1 timothy, \$14.50@16; No. 2 timothy \$12@12.50; No. 1 mixed, \$12.50@13; mixed, \$13@13.50; wheat and oat straw, \$8@8.50; rye straw, \$9.50@10 per ton. Walter H. Sutherland, of Charlotte, has prepared a bill which provides for a board of three practicing chiropractors and makes it unlawful for any person to practice the calling in Michigan until he has first passed an examination and secured a license. Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane has written several suffrage leaders in the state for their co-operation in organizing a force to invade Lansing. She states she wants the legislature to know that the women are not willing to let their proposition die.

MORE ATLANTIC LINERS REQUIRED

CONGESTION ON EXISTING STEAMSHIPS ON ACCOUNT OF CANADIAN IMMIGRATION.

It is reported that eight new Trans-Atlantic liners are under construction for the exclusive use of the Canadian Trade. These are being built by the White Star, Canadian Pacific and Cunard Companies.

The liners to be built for the White Star are to be of the same type as the Laurentic and Majestic, and will replace the Canada and Teutonic. The Cunard Line's new steamer, Ascania, has already completed successfully her maiden voyage from England to Montreal, and her sister ship will be launched early next year.

It is predicted that the Canadian Northern will not be slow in following the example of the other big concerns, as it is a matter of common belief that Canada, more than any other in the world, will be the country of the future, and the best field for investment by shipping interests.

An official of one of the companies already building steamers for this trade told the American yesterday that the ideal steamer for this service is the two-cabin boat, having accommodation for second-class and steerage passengers only.

"We do not expect that the \$5,000 cabin de luxe class will travel between Canada and England very extensively," he said, "but the business that is to be obtained there will be immensely lucrative, and for the next ten years the eyes of the shipping world will be riveted on Canada. The Panama Canal, undoubtedly will receive a lot of attention, but the business in that route will be nothing compared with the Canadian trade for the immediate future. Panama will develop and become bigger in the years to come, but at the present we are most concerned with the tremendous tide of immigration that is being diverted from the United States to the Dominion.

"The farm land of the vast North West is the attraction, and while this flood of immigration is at its height, the Canadian Government exercises a strict censorship over the class of immigrants admitted. In this way they are drawing their future citizens from the Northern countries and have shown an unwelcome face to the people of Southern Europe."—Advertisement.

BY MOONLIGHT.



First Actor—The hotel clerk just handed me a bill for \$10 for our board two days—can you beat it? Second Actor—Sure, if I get my trunk out of the window!

Dangerous Talk.

"Mother, I wish you wouldn't mention dishwashing when George is calling on me." "Why not, indeed?" "I don't like it. It sounds common." "Common, eh? We have to eat, don't we?" "And George knows we eat and use dishes?" "That's very true." "And George also knows that dishes have to be washed, therefore somebody has to wash them?" "But, mother—" "What now?" "If you keep on talking about it George may discover that you make farther wash them, and he may think the same thing is coming to him if he should propose to me."—Detroit Free Press.

When the Sun Will Die.

It may be said unqualifiedly that the sun, like every other thing connected with the present order, will finally cease to be what it is today. The time will most surely come when the sun will have ceased to throw off light and heat. Long before that happens, however, the earth and other planets will have become "dead worlds," like the moon—no life of any sort upon them. It has been calculated that the sun will cease to throw out its heat somewhere about seven million years from now.

Automobile Aroma.

Farmer Hiram was mending the front fence when an automobile whizzed past, emitting a trail of blue smoke from its oil-choked engine. Farmer Hiram's hand went to his nose. When the car had disappeared far down the lane and the smell had died away he ventured to address the hired man. "Sam," he said, "they may be swell city fellers 'n' all that; but they certainly was smokin' some vile seegars."

Some Measure of Love Important.

It is best to love wisely, no doubt, but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all.—Thackeray.

The STOLEN SINGER

by MARTHA BELLINGER

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SYNOPSIS.

Agatha Redmond, opera singer, starting for an auto drive in New York, finds a stranger sent as her chauffeur. Leaving the car, she goes into the park to reach the will of an old friend of her mother, who has left her property. There she is accosted by a stranger, who follows her to the auto, climbs in and chloroforms her. James Hambleton of Lynn, Mass., witnesses the abduction of Agatha Redmond. Hambleton sees Agatha forcibly taken aboard a yacht. He secures a tug and when near the yacht drops overboard. Aleck Van Camp, friend of Hambleton, had an appointment with him. Not meeting Hambleton, he makes a call upon friends, Madame and Miss Melanie Keyser. He proposes to the latter and is refused. The three arrange a coast trip on Van Camp's yacht, the Sea Gull. Hambleton wakes up on board the Jeanne D'Arc, the yacht on which is Agatha Redmond. His clothes and money belt have been taken from him. He meets a man who introduces himself as Monsieur Chatelet, who is Agatha's abductor. They fight, but are interrupted by the sinking of the vessel. Jimmy and Agatha swim for hours and finally reach shore in a thoroughly exhausted condition. Recovering slightly, the pair find Hand, the chauffeur who assisted in Agatha's abduction. He agrees to help them. Jim is delirious and on the verge of death. Hand goes for help. He returns with Dr. Thayer, who revives Jim, and the party is conveyed to Charlesport, where Agatha's property is located. Dr. Thayer is the brother of Agatha's benefactor, Van Camp, and his party in the Sea Gull reach Charlesport and get tidings of the wreck of the Jeanne D'Arc. Aleck finds Jim on the verge of death and Agatha in despair.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"I can't go in—I can't bear to see him so ill," she whispered; and as Aleck looked at her before entering the sick-room, he saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

Agatha went back to her couch, feeling that the heavens had opened. Here was a friend come to her from she knew not where, whose right it was to assume responsibility for the sick man. He was kind and good, and he loved her rescuer with the boyish devotion of their school-days. He would surely help; he would work with her to keep death away. Whatever love and professional skill could do, should be done; there had been no question as to that, of course, from the beginning. But here was some one who would double, yes, more than double her own efforts; some one who was strong and well and capable. Her heart was thankful.

Before Aleck returned from the sick-room, Doctor Thayer's step sounded on the stairs, followed by the mildly complaining voice of Sallie Kingsbury. Presently the two men were in a low-voiced conference in the hall. Agatha waited while they talked, feeling grateful afresh that Doctor Thayer's grim professional wisdom was to be reinforced by Mr. Van Camp's resources. When the doctor entered Agatha's room, her face had almost the natural flush of health.

"Ah, Miss Agatha Redmond!" the doctor continued frequently to address her by her full name, half in affectionate deference and half with some dry sense of humor peculiar to himself—"Miss Agatha Redmond, so you're beginning to pick up! A good thing, too; for I don't want two patients in one house like the one out yonder. He's a very sick man, Miss Agatha."

"I know, doctor. I have seen him grow worse, hour by hour, even since we came. What can be done?"

"He needs special nursing now, and your man in there will be worn out presently."

"Oh, that can be managed. Send to Portland, to Boston, or somewhere. We can get a nurse here soon. Do not spare any trouble, doctor. I can arrange—"

Doctor Thayer squared himself and passed slowly up and down Agatha's room. He did not reply at once, and when he did, it was with one of his characteristic turns toward an apparently irrelevant topic.

"Have you seen Sister Susan?" he inquired, stopping by the side of Agatha's couch and looking down on her with his shrewd gaze. It was a needless question, for he knew that Agatha had not seen Mrs. Stoddard. She had been too weak and ill to see anybody. Agatha shook her head.

"Well, Miss Agatha Redmond, Susan's the nurse we need for that young gentleman over there. It's constant care he must have now, day and night; and if he gets well, it will be good nursing that does it. There isn't a nurse in this country like Susan, when she once takes hold of a case. That Mr. Hand in there is all right, but he can't sit up much longer night and day, as he has been doing. And he isn't a woman. Don't know why it is, but the Lord seems bent on throwing sick men into women's hands—as if they weren't more than a match for us when we're well!"

Agatha's humorous smile rewarded the doctor's grim comments, if that was what he wanted.

"No, doctor," she said, with a fleet-

ing touch of her old lightness, "we're never a match for you. We may entertain you or nurse you or feed you, or possibly once in a century or two inspire you; but we're never a match for you."

"For which Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the doctor fervently.

Agatha watched him as he fumbled nervously about the room or clasped his hands behind him under his long coat-tails. The greenish-black frock-coat hung untidily upon him, and his white fringe of hair was anything but smooth. She perceived that something other than medical problems troubled him.

"Would your sister—would Mrs. Stoddard—be willing to come here to take care of Mr. Hambleton?" she ventured.

"Ask me that," snapped the doctor, "when no man on earth could tell whether she'll come or not. She says she won't. She's hurt and she's outraged; or at least she thinks she is. But if you could get her to think that it was her duty to take care of that poor boy in there, she'd come fast enough."

Agatha was puzzled. She felt as if there were a dozen ways to turn and only one way that would lead her aright; and she could not find the clue to that one right way. At last she attacked the doctor boldly.

"Tell me, Doctor Thayer," she said earnestly, "just what it is that causes Mrs. Stoddard to feel hurt and outraged. Is it simply because I have inherited the money and the house? She can not possibly know anything about me personally."

The old doctor thrust his under jaw out more belligerently than ever, while turning his answer over in his mind. He took two long puffs of the room before stopping to answer by Agatha's side and looking at her.

"She says it isn't *you*," but that it's the slight *He* tried upon her for leaving the *pl*ns of *old* home, out of the family, *one* thing; but isn't that *the* man's orthodox, you know, *box*; and she has a prejudice *your* profession—serving Satan, she calls it. She thinks that's what actresses and opera singers do, though how she knows anything about it, I don't see. The grim smile about in the doctor's eyes even while he looked, half anxiously, to see how Agatha was taking his explanation of Mrs. Stoddard's attitude. Agatha meditated a moment.

"If it's merely a prejudice in the abstract against my being an opera singer, I think she will overcome that. Besides, Mr. Hambleton is neither an actor nor an opera singer; he isn't 'serving Satan.'"

"Well," the doctor hesitated, and then went on hastily, with a great show of irritation, "Susan's a little set in her views. She disapproves of the way you came here; says you shouldn't have been out in a boat with two men, and that it's a judgment for sin, your being drowned, or next door to it. I'm only saying this, my dear Miss Agatha, to explain to you why Susan—"

But Agatha was enlightened at last, and roused sufficient to cause two red spots, brighter than they had ever been in health, to burn on her cheeks. She sat up very straight, facing Doctor Thayer's worried gaze, and interrupted him in tones ringing with anger.

"Do you mean to tell me, Doctor Thayer, that your sister, the sister of my mother's lifelong friend, sits in her house and imagines scandalous stories about me, when she knows nothing at all about the facts or about me? That she thinks I was out in a boat alone with two men? That she is mean enough to condemn me without knowing the first thing about this awful accident? Oh, I have no words!" And Agatha covered her burning face with her hands, unable, by mere speech, to express her outraged feelings. Doctor Thayer edged uneasily about Agatha's couch, with a manner resembling that of a whipped dog.

"Why, my dear Miss Agatha, Susan will come round in time. She's not so bad, really. She'll come round in time, only just now we haven't any time to spare. Don't feel so badly; Susan is too set in her views—"

"Set!" cried Agatha. "She's a horrid, unchristian woman!"

"Oh, no," remonstrated the doctor. "Susan's all right, when you once get used to her. She's a trifle old-fashioned in her views—"

But Agatha was not listening to the doctor's feeble justification of Susan. She was thinking hard.

"Doctor Thayer," she urged, "do you want that woman to come here to take care of Mr. Hambleton? Isn't there

any one else in this whole countryside who can nurse a sick man? Why, I can do it myself; or Mr. Van Camp, his cousin, could do it. Why should you want her, of all people, when she feels so toward us?"

The moment his professional judgment came into question Doctor Thayer slipped out from the cloud of embarrassment which had engulfed him in his recent conversation, and assumed the authoritative voice that Agatha had first heard.

"My dear Miss Agatha Redmond, that is foolish talk. You are half sick, even now; and it requires a strong person, with no nerves, to do what I desire done. Mr. Van Camp may be his cousin, but the chances are that he wouldn't know a bromide from a blister; and good nurses don't grow on bushes in Ilion, nor in Charlesport, either. There isn't one to be had, so far as I know, and we can't wait to send to Augusta or Portland. The next few days, especially the next twenty-four hours, are critical."

Agatha listened intently, and a growing resolution shone in her eyes.

"Would Mrs. Stoddard come, if it were not for what you said—about me?" she asked.

"The Lord only knows, but I think she would," replied the poor, harassed doctor. "She's always been a regular Dorcas in this neighborhood."

"Dorcas!" cried Agatha, her anger again flaring up. "I should say Sapphira!"

"Oh, now, Susan isn't so bad, when you once know her," urged the doctor.

Agatha got up and went to the window, trailing her traveling rug after her. "She shall come—I'll bring her. And sometime she shall mend her words about me—but that can wait. If she will only help to save James Hambleton's life now! Where does she live?" Suddenly, as she stood at the window, she saw an opportunity.

"There's Little Simon down there now under the trees; and his buggy must be somewhere near. Will you stay here, Doctor Thayer, with Mr. Hambleton, while I go to see your sister?"

"Hadn't I better drive you over to see Susan myself?" feebly suggested the doctor.

"No, I'll go alone." There was anger, determination, gunpowder in Agatha's voice.

"But mind you, don't offer her any money," the doctor warned, as he watched her go down the hall and disappear for an instant in the bedroom where James Hambleton lay. She came out almost immediately and without a word descended the wide stairway, opened the dining-room door, and called softly to Sallie Kingsbury.

Doctor Thayer returned to the sick-room. Ten minutes later he heard the wheels of Little Simon's buggy rolling rapidly up the road in the direction of Susan Stoddard's place.

CHAPTER XIV.

Susan Stoddard's Prayer.

There was a wide porch, spotlessly scrubbed, along the front of the house, and two hydrangeas blooming gorgeously in tubs, one on either side of the walk. The house looked new and modern, shiny with paint and furnished with all the conveniences offered by the relentless progress of our day.

Little Simon had informed Agatha, during their short drive, that Deacon Stoddard had achieved this "residence" shortly before his death; and his tone implied that it was the pride of the town, its real treasure. Even to Agatha's absorbed and preoccupied mind it presented a striking contrast to the old red house, which had received her so graciously into its spacious comfort. She marveled that anything so fresh and modish as the house before her could have come into being in the old town. It was next to a certainty that there was a model laundry with set tubs beyond the kitchen, and equally sure that no old horsehair lounge subtly invited the wearied traveler to rest.

A cool draft came through the screen door. Within, it was cleaner than anything Agatha had ever seen. The stair-rail glistened, the polished floors shone. A neat bouquet of sweet peas stood exactly in the center of a snow-white doily, which was exactly in the middle of a shiny, round table. The very door-mat was brand new; Agatha would never have thought of wiping her shoes on it.

Agatha's ring was answered by a half-grown girl, who looked scared when she saw a stranger at the door. Agatha walked into the parlor, in spite of the girl's hesitation in inviting her, and directed her to say to Mrs. Stoddard that Miss Redmond, from the

old red house, wished particularly to see her. The girl's face assumed an expression of intelligent and ecstatic curiosity.

"Oh!" she breathed. Then, "She's putting up plums, but she can come out in a few minutes." She could not go without lingering to look at Agatha, her wide-eyed gaze taking note of her hair, her dress, her hands, her face. As Agatha became conscious of the ingenious inspection to which she was subjected, she smiled at the girl—*one* of her old, radiant, friendly smiles.

"Run now, and tell Mrs. Stoddard, there's a good child! And sometime you must come to see me at the red house; will you?"

The girl's face lighted up as if the sun had come through a cloud. She smiled at Agatha in return, with a "Yes" under her breath. Thus are slaves made.

Left alone in the cool, dim parlor, so orderly and spotless, Agatha had a presentiment of the prejudice of class and of religion against which she was about to throw herself. Susan Stoddard's fanaticism was not merely that of an individual; it represented the stored-up strength of hardy, conscience-driven generations. The Stoddards might build themselves houses with model laundries, but they did not thereby transfer their real treasure from the incorruptible kingdom. If they were not ruled by aesthetic ideals, neither were they governed by thoughts of worldly display. This fragrant, clean room bespoke character and family history. Agatha found herself absently looking down at a white wax cross, entwined with wax flowers, standing under a glass on the center-table. It was a strange piece of handicraft. Its whiteness was suggestive of death, not life, and the curving leaves and petals, through which the vital sap once flowed, were beautiful no longer, now that their day of tender freshness was so inappropriately prolonged. As Agatha, with mind aloof, wondered vaguely at the laborious patience exhibited in the work, her eye caught sight of an inscription molded in the wax pedestal: "Brother." Her mind was sharply brought back from the impersonal region of speculation. What she saw was not merely a sentimental, misguided attempt at art; it was Susan Stoddard's memorial of her brother, Hercules Thayer—the man who had so unexpectedly influenced Agatha's own life. To Susan Stoddard this wax cross was the symbol of the companionship of childhood, and of all the sweet and bitter involved in the inextinguishable bond of blood relationship. Agatha felt more kindly toward her because of this mute, fantastic memorial. She looked up almost with her characteristic friendly smile as she heard slow, steady steps coming down the hall.

The eyes that returned Agatha's look were not smiling, though they did not look unkind. They gazed, without embarrassment, as without pride, into Agatha's face, as if they would probe at once to the covered springs of action. Mrs. Stoddard was a thick-set woman, rather short, looking toward sixty, with iron-gray hair parted in the middle and drawn back in an old-fashioned, pretty way.

It was to the credit of Mrs. Stoddard's breeding that she took no notice of Agatha's peculiar dress, unsuited as it was to any place but the bedroom, even in the morning. Mrs. Stoddard herself was neat as a pin in a cotton gown made for utility, not beauty. She stood for an instant with her clear, untroubled gaze full upon Agatha, then drew forward a chair from its mathematical position against the wall. When she spoke, her voice was a surprise, it was so low and deep, with a resonance like that of the cello. It was not the voice of a young woman; it was, rather, a rare gift of age, telling how beautiful an old woman's speech could be. Moreover, it carried refinement of birth and culture, a beauty of phrase and enunciation, which would have marked her with distinction anywhere.

"How do you do, Miss Redmond?" Agatha, standing by the table with the cross, made no movement toward the chair. She was not come face to face with Mrs. Stoddard for the purpose of social visitation, but because, in the warfare of life, she had been sent to the enemy with a message. That, at least, was Agatha's point of view. Officially, she was come to plead with Mrs. Stoddard; personally, she was hot and resentful at her unjust words. Her reply to her hostess' greeting was brief and her attitude unbending.

"I have come to ask you, Mrs. Stoddard," Agatha began, though to her chagrin, she found her voice was unsteady—"I have come personally to ask you, Mrs. Stoddard, if you will help us in caring for our friend, who is ill. Your brother, Doctor Thayer, wishes it. It is a case of life and death, maybe; and skillful nursing is difficult to find."

Agatha's hand, that rested on the table, was trembling by the time she finished her speech; she was vividly conscious of the panic that had come upon her nerves at a fresh realization of the wall of defense and resistance which she was attempting to assail. It spoke to her from Mrs. Stoddard's calm, other-worldly eyes, from her serene, deep voice.

"No, Miss Redmond, that work is not for me."

"But please, Mrs. Stoddard, will you not reconsider your decision? It is not for myself I ask, but for another—one who is suffering."

Mrs. Stoddard's gaze went past Agatha and rested on the white cross with the inscription, "Brother." She slowly shook her head, saying again, "No, that work is not for me. The Lord does not call me there."

As the two women stood there, with

the mental cross between them, each with her heart's burden of griefs, convictions and resentments, each recoiled, sensitively, from the other's touch. But life and the burden life imposes were too strong.

"How can you say, Mrs. Stoddard, that work is not for me," when there is suffering you can relieve, sickness that you can cure? I am asking a hard thing, I know; but we will help to make it as easy as possible for you, and we are in great need."

"Should the servants of the Lord falter in doing his work?" Mrs. Stoddard's voice intoned reverently, while she looked at Agatha with her sincere eyes. "No. He gives strength to perform his commands. But sickness and sorrow and death are on every hand; to some it is appointed for a moment's trial, to others it is the wages of sin. We can not alter the Lord's decrees."

Agatha stared at the rapt speaker with amazed eyes, and presently the anger she had felt at Doctor Thayer's words rose again within her breast, doubly strong. The doctor had given but a feeble version of the judgment; here was the real voice hurling anathema, as did the prophets of old. But even as she listened, she gathered all her force to combat this sword of the spirit which had so suddenly risen against her.

"You are a hard and unjust woman, to talk of the 'wages of sin.' What do you know of my life, or of him who is sick over at the red house? Who are you, to sit in judgment upon us?"

"I am the humblest of his servants," replied Susan Stoddard, and there was no shadow of hypocrisy in her tones. She went on, almost sorrowfully: "But we are sent to serve and obey. 'Keep ye separate and apart from the children of this world,' is his commandment, and I have no choice but to obey. Besides," and she looked up fearlessly into Agatha's face, "we do know about you. It is spoken of by all how you follow a wicked and worldly profession. You can't touch pitch and not be defiled. The temple must be purged and emptied of worldliness before Christ can come in."

Agatha was baffled by the very simplicity and directness of Mrs. Stoddard's words, even though she felt her own texts might easily be turned against her. But she had no heart for argument, even if it would lead her to verbal triumph over her companion. Instinctively she felt that not thus was Mrs. Stoddard to be won.

"Whatever you may think about me or about my profession, Mrs. Stoddard," she said, "you must believe me when I say that Mr. Hambleton is free from your censure and worthy of your sincerest praise. He is not an opera singer—of that I am convinced—"

Susan Stoddard here interpolated a stern "Don't you know?"

"Listen, Mrs. Stoddard!" cried Agatha in desperation. "When the yacht, the Jeanne D'Arc, began to sink, there was panic and fear everywhere. While I was climbing down into one of the smaller boats, the rope broke, and I fell into the water. I should have drowned, then and there, if it had not been for this man; for all the rest of the ship's load jumped into the boats and rowed away to save themselves. He helped me to come ashore, after I had become exhausted by swimming. He is ill and near to death, because he risked his life to save mine. Is not that a heaven-inspired act?"

Mrs. Stoddard's eyes glistened at Agatha's tale, which had at last got behind the older woman's armor. But her next attack took a form that Agatha had not foreseen. In her reverent voice, so suited to exhortation, she demanded:

"And what will you do with your life, now that you have been saved by the hand of God? Will you dedicate it to him, whose child you are?"

Agatha, chafing in her heart, paused a moment before she answered: "My life has been without its tests of faith and of conscience, Mrs. Stoddard; and who of us does not wish, with the deepest yearning, to know the right and to do it?"

"Knowledge comes from the Lord," came Mrs. Stoddard's words, like an antiphonal response in the litany.

"My way has been different from yours; and it is a way that would be difficult for you to understand, possibly. But you shall not condemn me without reason."

"Are you going to marry that man you have been living with these many days?" was the next stern inquiry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

College Girls.

First of all the girl who goes to college must remember that the initial impression that she makes determines very largely her happiness or unhappiness for the first few weeks. Above all things, she should not arrive in an elaborately trimmed suit, a beplumed hat and pumps. Such things may be suitable for rare occasions at home, but they find practically no place in the outdoor wardrobe of the well-bred college woman. The plain tailored suit cut on good lines, a tailored hat to match and neat shoes create an impression of quiet good taste and appropriateness. This keynote of simplicity should be recognized throughout her wardrobe. Elaborate chiffon or net waists and fussy neckwear are of little use for a college girl's room was never designed for clothes which require careful treatment and protection from dust.—Leslie's.

Political Styles.

"Who's going to head the local ticket?"

"The boys want a change."

"Yes, I know. We've been having a judge and a colonel. I suppose this year's styles call for a professor and a surgeon, hey?"

HUSBAND TIRED OF SEEING HER SUFFER

Procured Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which made His Wife a Well Woman.

Middletown, Pa.—"I had headache, backache and such awful bearing down pains that I could not be on my feet at times and I had organic inflammation so badly that I was not able to do my work. I could not get a good meal for my husband and one child. My neighbors said they thought my suffering was terrible."

"My husband got tired of seeing me suffer and one night went to the drug store and got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told me I must take it. I can't tell you all I suffered and I can't tell you all that your medicine has done for me. I was greatly benefited from the first and it has made me a well woman. I can do all my housework and even helped some of my friends as well. I think it is a wonderful help to all suffering women. I have got several to take it after seeing what it has done for me."—MRS. EMMA ESPENSHADE, 219 East Main St., Middletown, Pa.

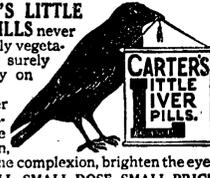
The Pinkham record is a proud and honorable one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of woman—ills that deal out despair. It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion. Improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



Cough, Cold Sore Throat

Sloan's Liniment gives quick relief for cough, cold, hoarseness, sore throat, croup, asthma, hay fever and bronchitis.

HERE'S PROOF.

Mr. ARTHUR W. PRICE, of Fredonia, Kas., writes: "We use Sloan's Liniment in the family and find it an excellent relief for colds and hay fever attacks. It stops coughing and soothes almost instantly."

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RELIEVED SORE THROAT.

Mrs. L. BREWER, of Modesto, Pa., writes: "I bought one bottle of your Liniment and it did me all the good in the world. My throat was very sore, and it cured me of my trouble."

GOOD FOR COLD AND CROUP.

Mrs. W. H. STANLEY, 371 Elmwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes: "A little boy next door had croup. I gave the mother Sloan's Liniment to try. She gave him three drops on sugar before going to bed, and he got up without the croup in the morning."

Price, 25c., 50c., \$1.00



Sloan's Treatise on the Horse sent free.

Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

Act Well!

And that you may, profit by the health-restoring, strength-giving properties of the time-tested famous family remedy

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere in boxes 10c. and 25c.

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of this paper desiring to buy any of the advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they are—refusing all substitutes or imitations.

Cigarette Least Harmful Form of Smoking

By DUNCAN C. MILNER

least harmful form of smoking." From the complete articles in the great medical journal this is found to be but part of the truth. The Lancet statement was that the smoker probably consumes less nicotine in using cigarettes than in cigars or pipes.

It also states that too much emphasis has been put upon nicotine and too little upon other hurtful substances. The Lancet does not take back a single warning of the evils of cigarette smoking, and especially for boys.

Charles B. Towns, regarded as high authority on the question of narcotics, had a notable article in the Century magazine on "The Injury of Tobacco." He sums up his opinion in the statement: "I consider that cigarette smoking is the greatest vice devastating humanity today, because it is doing more than any other vice to deteriorate the race."

Mr. Towns represented our government in the work of driving out opium smoking from the Philippines and has studied the question of narcotics and drugs in the Orient. China has made great advance in driving out the use of opium.

A great tobacco company (American and British) spent a large amount of money in sending out salesmen and demonstrators through China to show the people how to smoke cigarettes. Mr. Towns estimates that one-half the cigarette smoking of the world is in China and that the cigarette evil is even worse than that of opium.

Scale of Tips is Fixed by Uncle Sam

By C. P. STEWART

specifying the tips that its employees may include in their traveling expenses while transacting public business. Some may be inclined to accept the government's scale of tips, as they accept the government's weights and measures, as establishing the standard.

The treasury department of a national administration that has tried to make a specialty of efficiency and economy permits an employee in New York or Chicago to tip the persons who bring his meals to him not more than 50 cents a day. He may spend a like sum for this service in any one of a score of other cities of considerable size, the names of which are specified. For the services of sleeping-car porters he may spend 25 cents a day and of chair-car porters 15 cents a day.

If he crosses the Atlantic ocean he may use \$10 for stewards' fees; going to or from Hawaii he may give the stewards \$15; going to or from Panama or Porto Rico, \$10. He is not allowed to give baggagemen or porters more than 25 cents on the arrival at or departure from hotels, wharves, railroad stations and such places.

Tippling is a serious matter to many an American of small resources. Not a few persons wish they had the federal treasury behind them to stand the expense of tips when they travel.

It may comfort them somewhat to know that the treasury itself parcels out the tips with a considerable degree of prudence.

Officers Will Avoid Excess in Drinking

By E. W. RICKARD, Washington, D. C.

druty they will forfeit their pay for the period during which they are incapacitated. This is the substance of an order by General Wood, chief of staff, pursuant to a provision in the army appropriation measure inserted at the request of army authorities. The order applies also to the use of drugs and to diseases due to misconduct.

Heretofore in the case of enlisted men they have been fined by summary court-martial for drunkenness which disabled them for duty. In aggravated cases officers have been brought to court-martial and have suffered loss of rank or dismissal from the service.

Where no public scandal has been attached, and where the offenses have not been public or flagrant, no punishment has followed.

An officer disabled from duty through any of his vices has been treated in the military hospitals and his absence from duty excused as a matter of course.

By the new regulation the army will be brought more nearly to the situation which prevails in civil life.

Modern standards in railroading, for example, are approaching the point where harmful indulgences either on or off duty are regarded as cause for dismissal.

Outdoor Workers Remain Idle in Winter

By J. B. SPRUSE, Omaha, Neb.

they are out of jobs in perhaps a majority of cases. They therefore form a contributing cause to the problem of unemployment.

None of them earns enough to save funds that will tide him over until spring. In consequence cities add to the number of those who will most probably become public charges.

Philadelphia recently came to the point where it had to dismiss 500 laborers of this character. The director of public works, however, hesitated to take the step. So he conceived the idea of writing a letter to various large business establishments, stating the case and urging that, if possible, they make use of such of the men as might be fitted for the work of these private employers.

In these times of prosperity the demand for unskilled laborers may be such that other cities, too, might successfully take the same course, not only in fairness to the men but as a method of self-protection.

After ten years in competition with the automobile the horse has increased in value 44 per cent., and is still holding his own along the journey of life.

It is a cue to a young man to begin saving his money to buy furniture with when his best girl tells him that she dreamed about him the night before.

Some of the Greek names call for two reels in order to run them off smoothly.

Wide publicity in news columns and editorial discussion was given to a recent dispatch from London announcing that the Lancet, from investigations, had found "the cigarette the

How Mary Jane, Waitress of Easton, Pa., Burst upon the Paris Gay World as "The Midget Carmen" Adventuress

NEW YORK.—Every young woman of moderate circumstances—at least every one who is equipped with any degree of imagination—dreams and hopes and wishes that some day she may be a grand lady, with every luxury she can ask. She wants to have princes and millionaires at her feet. She wants to be sought after, admired. These dreams don't come true, at least not often. The Cinderellas usually are limited to the confines of the covers of a book, writes Charles Somerville in the World of this city.

Mary Jane Reinseimer, once of Reigelsville, Pa., is an exception.

In a country hotel in Easton, Pa., 12 years ago, Mary Jane was a waitress. She was a pretty Dutch girl, eighteen years old. She had crude charm, and her wit was sharp.

"I'm going to get out of this," she determined. "I'm going to be somebody. I'm pretty; men like me; women who are no more attractive than I have these things. Why shouldn't I have them?"

Determined to Gain Her End.

The difference between Mary Jane and the others was that Mary Jane didn't stop when she made her wish. She kept on, working with might and main to make it come true, and it didn't matter to her how she gained the end. Her code was not that countenanced by society, but Mary Jane knew little of codes, cared little for them. She wanted to conquer.

She did conquer. Now she is thirty years old, and all things she wished for are hers.

It remains to count the cost. She says she is happy. Perhaps she tells the truth.

Had Mary Jane lived in the days of the old French courts she would have been a du Barry or a Madame Recamier or a Pompadour. As it is, Mary Jane is mistress of a mansion in the fashionable Rue des Belles Feuilles of Paris; she is a scintillant participant in the brilliant conversations in European salons; she rides in motor cars, wears jewels of enormous value and her gowns are among those that set the Paris fashions.

And always with her woman's vanity afresh is the satisfaction of a long list of admirers—indeed, adorers!

Mary Jane Reinseimer of Reigelsville, Pa., that was; Mme. Marie van Reinseimer Barnes-Creel of New York and Paris that is!

And all in 12 years has been enacted this amazing transition!

Modern magic—surely.

At the age of eighteen she arrived smiling and confident for her conquest of New York; with startling success she carried her campaign to Europe; she jilted a duke, danced with the Baron de Rothschild of France, and had a score or more of New York notables, young and old, on the strings of her enchantment. She won George Enrico Creel, a Chilian multi-millionaire, for a husband.

Captivated Walter de Mumm.

She held Walter de Mumm, scion of the "champagne" de Mums of Germany, for three years in abject thrall, and against the fury of his family, and at his last faint effort to break away from her lotus flower influence answered the attempt imperfectly with the blaze of a revolver—and three days later he, from his hospital cot, pleaded with her with bouquets and billettoux for reconciliation!

Paris, which loves to give sobriquets, has long called her the "Midget Carmen." But this is only a recognition of her beauty and impulsiveness. Otherwise it is incomplete. She is fascinating but not slow-eyed; she is temptations but far, very far, from being brazen. The little ex-waitress has more the manner of a marchioness of the decorative days of the Petit Trianon.

The answer to the question as to whether she has beauty, wit and daring is best given by a chronological consideration of her achievements.

First Appearance in New York.

It is a little vague—her advent to New York. The story is that she went from Easton to Allentown, Pa. Allentown is prettier than Pittsburg, and quite as important.

After Allentown it was New York. She dabbled in chorus work—dabbled daintily. But she was not to be found ever in the gay restaurant-conservatories of the hot polloi. The little waitress aimed with fine discernment for the bull's-eye contained within the inner circle of the conservative risqué. Her fame spread in a certain set—the young chaps who own or whose "guy-nors" own those six-cylindered



Mme. Marie van Reinseimer Barnes-Creel, Once a Waitress.

French cars and who drive them in what appears to be a determined effort to leave the earth. It was, indeed, a heavily gilded coterie that knew her at all when she was in New York.

Then Paris—her speech grown soft, her grammar faultless, her tongue familiar to the interpersions of French phrases, her manner delectable, her smile a subtle witchery.

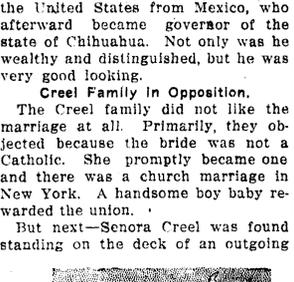
It was as "Mrs. Barnes of New York" that she first became known abroad. In Paris Baron de Rothschild gave elaborate parties in her honor; scions of eminent New York families were everywhere conspicuous in their attendance; wherever she fitted in Europe for a time one especially gilded Gothamite followed like a needle its magnet.

Then—gloom immeasurable for all save Georges Enrico Creel, a Chilian of great wealth. Georges Enrico Creel had captured "Mrs. Barnes of New York" for a bride! Mesdames of France with convent-bred daughters had rigorously, ingeniously played for Georges Enrico Creel. Not only was he wealthy, but of distinguished family—brother of a former minister of the United States from Mexico, who afterward became governor of the state of Chihuahua. Not only was he wealthy and distinguished, but he was very good looking.

Creel Family in Opposition.

The Creel family did not like the marriage at all. Primarily, they objected because the bride was not a Catholic. She promptly became one and there was a church marriage in New York. A handsome boy baby rewarded the union.

But next—Senora Creel was found standing on the deck of an outgoing



Her Surroundings Disgusted Her.

ocean liner, and before all the reporters she wept. She had decided, most reluctantly she averred, that she would have to separate from the "handsomest man in the world." She would, in France, seek a legal parting. His Chilian ways were not her ways. Spanish ideas of married life, with the ultra circumspection laid down for a wife's conduct, savored greatly of the life of a house canary, she stated.

She went to Paris and again, while her attorneys were busying the French courts with her separation, her salon became as one of the Bourbon regime—artists, poets, statesmen and the modern element—the millionaires of commerce.

Walter de Mumm appeared. An extraordinary tall and slender youth is de Mumm, who, despite the general idea this side of the water concerning him, is not French. The family is German. Of course the scion of the champagne family has a big fortune—one at his immediate disposal and more to come. The rumor that de Mumm would wed Senora Creel was offset by the fact that as a Catholic she could not divorce Creel of Chilli.

There was also the marked opposition of the de Mumm family.

In America With de Mumm.

In October, 1911, she appeared on the passenger list of an ocean liner as Mme. Marie Van Reinseimer. De Mumm took passage on the same ship. In New York they were much seen together. They took a balloon flight together from Pittsfield, Mass. They were up in the air for seven hours, landing at West Hawley. At one time the balloon soared at 2,500 feet altitude. Leo Stevens, the veteran aeronaut, who was the pilot, says he never met a nervier little woman.

Meanwhile, the objections of de Mumm's family became very strong. It was finally impressed upon him that he must tear himself away from the influence of the charming American. He was told her one morning, and she had to attend to pressing business in Wall street and dash off in a cab to a steamship bound for Europe—just got up the gangway at the nick of time.

Not long afterward Mme. Barnes-Creel moved her apartment in New York, and she packed all her belongings to Paris. She made this move in pursuit of de Mumm it must be understood that there was no mercenary fly in the ointment of the romance. The young woman had wealth. She reappeared in Paris and de Mumm shrugged willful shoulders in the face of his family. He sought Mme. Barnes-Creel. Reconciliation bloomed like a hyacinth at dawn.

Several times afterward they quarreled and parted, de Mumm every little while becoming conscience-stricken regarding his failure to comply with duties of a scion of his house—as his family saw them. He laid before the hopelessness of their situation—her Catholic marriage; the young son of her marriage to Creel, now at an English school, a lad eight years old. They must really separate. It was necessary in support of family requirements that he marry in the conventional manner of wealthy Europeans—a bride selected in the regular old-fashioned manner—for family, tradition, wealth, social desirability.

Pistol Shots Mark Displeasure.

Mme. Barnes-Creel had heard that sort of talk before. When de Mumm proposed a farewell dinner at Maxim's she indulgently smiled. After the dinner he put off saying the farewell and accompanied her to her home. There he told her good-bye. This was really final, he said.

Then it was shown that the Parisian boulevardier who had first named her the "Midget Carmen" knew well his psychology. From her escritoire she took out a small gold-mounted pistol and shot de Mumm; once—twice!

He was carried from the Rue des Belles Feuilles and into an ambulance. He did not die. He scoffs now at the idea that she could possibly have meant to kill. One wound was in his shoulder; the other in his thigh.

Lastly, he is pleading with her for forgiveness. She is indignantly denying that when she was shooting at him he "so far forgot himself" as to strike her roughly, fiercely, as the report at first went out.

What will the end be?

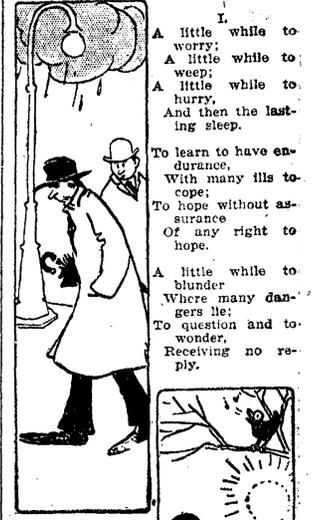
The Easton waitress, a dazzlingly beautiful matron as Mme. de Mumm, reigning in Paris or conspicuous at the court of Berlin?

Or the other—that usual end which so frequently has befallen women whose beauty and fascinations, whose daring and love of adventure, have lifted them from obscurity to luxury, to surprising positions of influence, and sometimes to despotic power; careers which have so frequently ended in a gray cloak of desolation.

The ONLOOKER

S. E. KISER

LIFE Two Points of View



I. A little while to worry; A little while to weep; A little while to hurry. And then the last long sleep.

To learn to have endurance. With many ills to cope; To hope without assurance Of any right to hope.

A little while to blunder Where many dangers lie; To question and to wonder. Receiving no reply.

Each day to fondly treasure Possessions that are dear; Each day to win new pleasure By giving others cheer.

Each day to trust more surely To serve as best we may; Each day to walk securely Where Hope has marked the way.

Each day to see the beauty In all things that are fair; Each day to find in duty The gladness that is there.

Keeping Away From Trouble. "So you don't think you would care to settle in this town?" "No, it's not for me."

"You admit that our streets are well paved, that the atmosphere is reasonably free from smoke and that we have some pretty fine buildings." "Yes, but I notice that two undraped marble figures support the cornice of your courthouse portico. Sooner or later you are going to have a squabble over the question of putting overalls on them, and I don't want to be here. I'm looking for a place in which I can have peace."

She Wouldn't Show Off. "You'll have to change this program," said Mrs. Newrice, exhibiting a good deal of agitation, as the great musician who was to perform at her first musicale came out into the hall in response to her summons.

"What," he asked, "is the matter with it?" "There, that piece where it says 'G minor.' You'll have to cut that out. My husband made his money in the minin' business, and I ain't goin' to have everybody here thinkin' I'm tryin' to show off by remindin' them of it in this way."

Reassured. "Why are you weeping, dear?" asked the young wife's mother. "I'm afraid," sobbed the distressed one, "that George is untrue to me. He went away this morning without kissing me good-by, and it has been months since he has written me a love note from the office or sent home any flowers during the day."

"Cheer up, my child. When he begins to do those things again it will be time enough for you to get suspicious."

How He Got It. "Do you get paid by the word or by the line?" asked the innocent young thing. "Generally by the foot," replied the poet who was in the habit of carrying his poems around and reading them to the editors.

Stranger Than Fiction. "It was a curious thing about that miner who was rescued after being entombed for nearly a week." "What about him?" "He didn't ask for a chew of tobacco the first thing."

Truth. Many a truth is spoken in jest because the speaker is afraid he might get knocked down if he didn't speak it that way.

Enlightenment for the Young. "Pa, what's a habeas corpus?" "A legal process that may be resorted to by criminals after all technicalities fail."

Estimating His Worth. It is hard to get women to admire a man for his genius if he neglects to help his wife on with her wrap.

S. E. Kiser.

THE WRONG COAT

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Author of "The Man on the Box," "The Goose Girl," Etc

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IF it hadn't rained at Waterloo Napoleon might not have sunk to the obscure fame of a cigar label; if Lot's wife (whose name, at this particular moment, I fail to recollect) hadn't looked around, many's the rumorist who would be shy sundry half dollars; if Ulysses hadn't met Calypso, Penelope's knitting would have been accomplished in a reasonably small compass of time; thus, if, on the morning of March tenth, a blizzard hadn't romped in from the Atlantic, there wouldn't have been any wrong coat. The day before had been treacherously warm and springlike, and I had gone about my affairs without any coat. It is always the seemingly infinitesimal things that count heaviest in the final reckoning.

I hadn't gone two blocks from Mouquin's that night, when I noted the fact that I was wearing a coat that did not belong to me. With a growl I turned around and went back. I simply wasted my time; my coat was nowhere to be found. I stormed about, sending the waiters jumping all over the restaurant, but to no avail. Finally I calmed down and admitted that it was all my own fault. I should have examined the coat when I shouldered it. So I left word at the cashier's desk and sought the street again.

Doubtless you have lost a coat or hat, in your time, if you who read happen to be a man. It is curious, but, no matter how much you are bettered in the exchange, you raise a howl—you make the echoes ache with your lamentations. There is nothing on earth you want save your own coat and hat. To be sure, if, in the pockets of the wrong coat, there happen to be several thousand dollars, your howl is modified and innocuous, and you go at once to look for the other fellow—perhaps. But, as in this instance there were only thirty-five cents, a canceled railroad ticket, and a scattering of cloves and tabloids for the breath, my cries were heard afar. Hang all absent-minded duffers, myself included, whose wits go wool-gathering at bad times! The coat was just like mine, a light gray winter padlock, lined with heavy satin. The only difference lay in the sleeves: these had small-change pockets, whereas mine had none. It was even exchange and no robbery, but I was none the less angry. The truth is, it was just after the first of the month and there were four or five unpaid bills in the inside pocket of my coat. (One was the bill for the coat!) So I climbed the stairs to the elevated station in no amiable frame of mind. Well, well; it really did not matter if the gentleman who had appropriated my coat learned that I owed my tailor. To owe one's tailor as long as the law permits is quite customary—not only customary, but also proper and commendable. The other bills were for cigars, gloves and hats; that is to say, of no great importance.

I plumped into a vacant seat and glowered at the street below. It had stopped snowing, and the wind had gone down. For once in my life I took no interest in the advertising signs. I wanted my coat, and for all I knew the man who had it might stumble under an automobile and ruin the garment; and, even if he didn't ruin it, it would smell tolerably strong of gasoline. I conjured up all manner of catastrophes regarding the ultimate end of my coat. The other fellow might be burned up in it; he might fall down a greasy elevator shaft in it; he might even be lugged to jail in it, which was not at all unlikely, the cloves and tabloids speaking not very well for his habits. Was there ever such luck?

Having no newspaper with which to pass away the time, I fell once more to rummaging the wrong coat. As I searched the pockets my sense of guilt was in nowise agitated. Doubtless the owner was at that moment going through the pockets of my coat. Thus, honors were even. But I found nothing by which to identify my man. One's identity cannot be established by means of thirty-five cents, a worthless ticket, and a few cloves. A Conan Doyle might accomplish such a feat, but I couldn't. Hello! What was this? From the handkerchief pocket I drew forth an envelope; but, as I glanced at it, my hopes slumped. The address side was missing; only the sealing-flaps remained. I was about to toss it contemptuously into the aisle, when I discovered that it was covered with pencil scribbles.

Merciful heavens! I held the thing under my very nose and read, with horrified eyes:

"Girl must die between twelve and one o'clock.

"Chloroform—

"Bow-window at side unatched,—

enter there.

"Safe in library. Secure will.

Leave by front door.

"Servants' night out.—Girl alone."

Mystery! I sat up straight and breathed quickly. I saw it all very plainly. Fate had thrust this coat upon me; Fate had given me a mission; I might be the means of saving the girl's life. I was an amateur detective, after a fashion, and more than once, in the old newspaper days, I had succeeded where the police had failed.

In a far corner of the envelope was a house address. Without doubt it was the very house in which this mur-

der was to be committed. I glanced at my watch. It was eleven o'clock. There was plenty of time. . . . Or had the crime already been perpetrated? I shuddered. It was left for me to find out. "Servants' night out," I thought. "This might or might not be servants' night out." In any event I should have the happiness of confronting a great rascal. From the address I learned that the house was located in a particularly aristocratic part of the West side. But why should he kill the girl? Ha! I had it. There was a will. No doubt she stood between! With the girl dead, the property would fall to him. It sounded like a play at the Fourteenth Street theater; but, in real life, the melodrama is closest to our every-day affairs.

I at once determined not to notify the police; they would only bungle the matter with the red tape of delay. I could call them in when the work was over.

And to think that this ruffian's taste in overcoats was one and identical with mine! I had half a notion to tear off the coat, only it would have attracted attention—and, besides, it was cold.

Some men would have shrugged their shoulders and permitted the thing to go on. In a great city the good Samaritan is usually looked upon as a meddler; and, besides, every one has trouble enough of his own. The girl was nothing to me; even her name was unknown. I hoped, however, that she was beautiful and young. My duty lay clear enough. It was possible to save a human being, and that was all there was to the matter. Any right-minded man would have done exactly as I did, though hardly with the same result. (This is not to say that I'm not right-minded, however!) If I should save the girl from her persecutor, I should always have something to fall back on if by any chance I myself left the straight and narrow way. To save a life is to do penance for many sins.

Putting aside all flippant moralizing, it was an adventure such as invariably appeals to me, and it is a habit of mine to pursue things to the end. It is a fine and noble pursuit, that of research. But sometimes, as in cases like this adventure of mine, persons lacking my sense of the romantic, are called busybodies.

I do not recollect what street it was in the eighties that the guard bawled out, but it was near enough for my purpose. I hurried out of the car and down the steps of the elevated. Everybody gets in the way of a man in a hurry; so, for a block or more, the time was spent in making apologies to gruff-tempered persons. They would get in my way, and they would demand what I meant by not looking where I was going. Finally I succeeded in ridding myself of the crowds, and turned into a quiet and sober street. The sign on the lamp post told me that I had arrived on the scene. It was twenty minutes past eleven. Two things were possible: either the girl had been killed the night before or I had half an hour or so in which to render her the greatest possible service.

The house proved to be a fine structure, one of those few dwellings in the metropolis that boasts of anything like a court or yard. This yard was at the right of the building, and was more a roadway to the stables in the rear than anything else. Still, I may stretch it a point and call it a yard. I cast a hasty glance about. Not a soul was in sight. I tried one of the gates. It was unatched! This certainly must be the night. I stole up the roadway cautiously. The fact that I left some fine tracks in the snow did not disturb me. I was not guilty of anything wrong. Yes, there was the bow-window through which the rascal was to enter. There would be a surprise in store for him. A subdued light shone through the half-closed blinds. Some one was awake; doubtless the girl herself, reading.

Everything was working out nicely. I would even save her any real annoyance.

I tiptoed back to the gate, and was about to make my exit, when I paused, horrified, my heart in my mouth. Coming airily along the walk was a policeman. He was whistling popular Irish melodies and swinging his nightstick. The deuce! Suppose he took it into his head to examine the gate! I hid behind the great stone gate-post, breathing with difficulty. If there was anything in the world I did not want to happen, it was to be arrested! In this other fellow's coat! Besides the policeman wouldn't believe a word I said. He would hale me to the nearest police station, and all my efforts to save the girl would come to nothing.

The policeman did start for the gate, but a cat fight across the street distracted him and he crossed over to break up the conflict. I was saved. After a reasonable length of time, I stole forth. It was a close shave.

I dare say that I have omitted the fact that I am young, still under thirty, and am a struggling dramatist, after having been a struggling poet, into which craft I had drifted after having been a struggling humorist. The main fault of my want of success I lay to the fact that I do not look the various parts. As a dramatist, I lack the

requisite irritability of temper; as a poet, I have not that distinct disregard for personal appearance usually considered characteristic; as a humorist, I am totally deficient of the long, cadaverous and dyspeptic countenance and lusterless eye of the typical writer of funny fancies. When my uncle died and left me a comfortable income, Art received a staggering blow, from which it is doubtful she will ever recover. A spinster aunt insists that I am more than ordinarily agreeable to the eye; but, of course, blood is partial to blood. That is enough for the present of what the amiable Thackeray called "first person, singular, perpendicular."

When once more in the street, I boldly approached the steps, mounted slowly, and pushed the button. If a maid or a footman should open the door, I should know instantly that it was not servants' night out. It remained only for the girl herself to answer my summons.

This she did. I remarked, elsewhere, that I hoped she would be young and beautiful. She was. I wasn't exactly expecting such a vision of loveliness. Her hair was like golden cobwebs, her eyes like sapphires, and her complexion had the shadowy bloom of a young peach. I stared, standing first on one foot, then on the other.

"What is it?" she asked, rather impatiently.

It was quite evident that she had been deeply absorbed in the book she held in her hand. I wondered how I should begin!

"Well, sir?"

"Are you the young lady of the house?" I finally summoned up the courage to ask.

"Yes." The door moved perceptibly toward me.

"I have, then, something of vital importance to tell you."

"Call tomorrow morning," she replied briefly. The door continued to move in my direction.

I saw that I must act quickly, or turn the matter over to the police, which I was exceedingly loath to do.

"It is a matter of life and death," I said determinedly.

"Life and death? Whose?" she asked, with discouraging brevity.

Then she cried suddenly: "Has anything happened to my brother?"

"Brother? Not that I know. It is you!"

"What?" She inclined toward me, and for a moment the door ceased to gravitate outward.

"You possess a terrible enemy, known or unknown."

"An enemy? . . . I haven't the least idea, sir, what the meaning of this hoax can—"

"Hoax!" I interrupted. "It isn't a

ward that several robberies had recently been committed in the neighborhood.)

"At a restaurant, tonight," I began, "I got another man's coat by mistake. In a pocket of this coat I found evidence that a terrible crime was about to be perpetrated. I came here to aid you."

She stared at me wildly and fumbled her rings.

"You have," I continued, "a deadly enemy, a wretch who wishes to put you out of the way. You may not know who he is, but none the less he exists. You stand between him and a will. It is money, the greed of it, that brings him like a wolf to your door. According to my information, he is to enter here between the hours of twelve and one, chloroform you, and pilfer the safe. He knows the habits of this household well, for he is aware that on this night neither your aunt nor your servants would be in."

She still eyed me with unchanging terror.

"It was only human on my part," I went on, "to make known to you what I had found."

Suddenly an inexplicable change came over her.

"Yes, yes; I see, I understand! Thank you! Oh, thank you!" hysterically. "Come into the drawing room and sit down. I have been dreading this moment for months!"

Dreading it for months? And yet she remained alone in this big house? I was vastly puzzled; but I followed her into the drawing room and sat down, waiting for a further explanation on her part. She was a rarely beautiful creature, and the idea that any man could harbor thoughts against this exquisite life filled my soul with horror.

"The will is in the safe, but the safe is in the library. Wait till I go and see if the papers are intact." She hurried from the room, leaving me with a sense of utter bewilderment. There was something about her present actions that I could not understand. She was gone fully five minutes. When she returned she was very pale, but all her agitation was gone or suppressed.

"The will is there; nothing, as yet, has been disturbed. Tell me all you know—looking anxiously at the clock, the hands of which were now close upon midnight.

I reviewed the whole affair.

"Yes, I have a terrible enemy, who seeks my life at every turn"—her slender fingers snarling and unsnarling.

I nodded comprehensively. "You ought never to be alone," I said.

"I realize that. This will . . . leaves me untold mining property. . . . To my horror I must confess that this man is a near relative."

"Your brother?" I whispered.



hoax; it is frightfully serious, as you will soon learn, if you will only be so kind as to give me a few moments of your attention."

There spread over her beautiful face various shades of amazement, indignation and fear. Hoax! It was, indeed, a very ungrateful world. Decidedly, this time, the girl meant to close the door in my face. Resolutely, I shouldered past her into the hall!

"How dare you?" she cried, her wonderful eyes blazing and wrath dyeing her cheeks. "If you do not instantly go I shall call for help. How dare you?"

"This is servants' night out, and your aunt is away," I said, intending to tell her all at once.

But she suddenly drew back against the wall and gazed at me as if for the world I resembled the uprising of Jason's dragon teeth.

"What do you want?" she asked, in a panting whisper. "There isn't a penny in the house!"

"Goodness! if the girl didn't take me for a burglar!"

"Do you think I'm a burglar?" I gasped.

"But," pitiously.

"I am simply here to do you a service; and it is a service."

"There are no jewels saved these rings. Take them and go." She stripped her fingers and held the rings toward me.

I flushed hotly. "Will you do me the honor to listen to me?" I asked, as calmly as I could. "Put back those rings; otherwise I shall regret that I took it upon myself to befriend you. I am not a burglar."

She complied, but the terror in her eyes subsided none. (I learned after-

"Heavens, no! A cousin; yes, that is it, a cousin. I live from day to day in constant misery."

"Frightful!"

"Is it not? And I am so young!"

Then she proceeded to tell me what I believed to be the family history. It was marvelously complicated.

"It seems incredible," I observed; "yet we read of like tales every day in the newspapers."

"And no words of mine can express my thanks to you, sir. You have put me on my guard. I had heard that my uncle—"

"Uncle?"

"Did I say uncle?"—with a catchy sort of laugh. "I meant cousin. I was going to say that I had heard he had left the country."

But why did she watch me so closely? Every move I made caused her to start. When I turned down the collar of the other fellow's coat, she shuddered; when I drew off my gloves, she paled; when I folded my arms, she sent a terrified glance toward the door. I could not make any sense out of her actions.

"To prove the manner of his entrance, let me see if the bow-window is unatched. But wait!" I cried, producing the frayed envelope. "Listen to this and see how carefully he planned it, the rascal!" I then read to her the scribbling, putting careful emphasis on the bow-window and servants' night out. "Now, if you do not mind, I'll try the window."

Sure enough, it was unatched!

"You see?" I cried triumphantly.

The wild look returned to the girl's eyes.

"Let me see that paper!"—holding one hand to her throat while

the other she stretched out toward me.

I gave the paper to her. She glanced at it, dropped it, and burst into tears.

"Good heavens!" I cried.

Then she laughed shrilly and hysterically.

"What is the matter?"

"You positively came here, then, to do me a real service; and all the while I have been thinking that you were a—"

"What?"

"A lunatic!"—covering her face.

"A lunatic?" I was absolutely dumfounded.

"Yes; and when I left the room it was simply to call the police. The manner of your entrance—the incredible thing you told me, sir, there is some dreadful mistake. I haven't an enemy in the whole world. There is no will in the safe. My brother and I live with our aunt, who owns this house. We have no property whatever. What I have been telling you was in the effort to keep you in good humor till the police arrived. But what can it all mean? It is simply incredible."

I picked up the envelope and stared at it stupidly. "The address is the same," I said, trying to find something to stand on.

"I know it; that's what makes it so uncanny. I cannot possibly understand. Perhaps the police can untangle it."

The police! I saw that I should have to give a good account of myself when the police arrived. Where did I stand, anyhow? What did it mean? No man would write such a thing for the fun of it.

"I'm sorry," said I awkwardly. "I thought I was doing right. Indeed, I really thought so."

"And I thank you. You will admit that some of my suspicions were excusable. To whom am I indebted?"—graciously. In this mood she was charming.

I told her my name.

She looked puzzled, and finally shook her head.

"It has a familiar sound, but I cannot place it."

"There goes the bell!" I exclaimed. "It's the police—come for the lunatic!"

The girl flew to the door. I could easily read her mind. If I was a burglar or a lunatic, the police meant protection; in case my errand was in good faith, there would still be the police to greet the mysterious stranger.

Presently she returned, followed by a private detective and two policemen.

"Is this the fellow?" asked the former, scowling at me.

The girl explained, rather incoherently, her mistake. Everybody sat down. It was quite a social gathering, or would have been but for the scrutiny of the police, which I bore none too well. From all sides questions came popping at me, and it was only by the use of the telephone connecting my bachelor quarters that I succeeded in establishing my identity. The frayed envelope was vastly interesting to the police. They read it forward and backward, upside down, and even held it close to the fire to see if any sympathetic ink had been used in writing it.

"I guess Mr. Carewe's a well-meaning chap, miss," volunteered the detective. "But this matter will need close attention. It looks like a tough proposition. He began to ply her with questions, but to no avail.

During the examination I vaguely wondered what the other fellow was doing with my coat.

The clock on the mantel struck half after midnight.

"There's only one thing to be done," said the detective; "and that's to turn out the lights and wait for the blood-thirsty gnat."

For three-quarters of an hour we five sat in the semi-darkness, our ears strained to catch the faintest foreign sound. Once I sneezed suddenly, and one of the policemen nearly fell out of his chair. It may seem funny to you who read, but it was mighty serious to the girl and myself. The suspense was nerve-racking. We scarcely dared breathe naturally. The occasional slumping of the coat in the grate was pregnant with terrors. And our faces, seen but dimly, were drawn and tense with the silent watching. Every eye was directed toward the baleful window, through which, at any moment, we expected to see a man crawl.

"Sh!" The detective raised a warning hand.

On the stillness of the night there came a clicking sound, like that of a key being inserted in a lock. Presently we heard the hall door open and close. We waited in agony, or at least I did. Possibly a minute passed, and then we saw the figure of a man loom in the doorway. We saw his arm extend toward the electric-light button, and instantly the room became brilliant with light.

The young man blinked at us and we blinked at him.

"If you move a step," said the detective threateningly, "I'll plug you full of lead."

"What the d—?" began the newcomer, gazing from face to face.

"Stop!" cried the girl, springing to his side; "It is my brother!"

Her brother! I looked at the man with indescribable horror. He had on my coat! And, more than this, he was a man on whose honor I would formerly have staked my life—Arthur Kellard, one of my classmates at college. And this exquisite girl was his sister, the girl I had always been wanting to meet!

"Your brother!" cried the detective, taken aback.

"Yes, her brother," said Kellard amiably. "Now, what's all this potter-

about, anyhow?" Here he chanted to get a good square look at me.

"Hang me, if it isn't Dicky Carewe!—and wearing my coat!" He came forward and grasped my limp hand and pumped it. "If you only knew how I've been cursing you!" he added, laughing.

Then everybody began to talk at once, and nobody would have learned anything had not the detective resolutely interposed. He thrust the frayed envelope under Kellard's nose.

"Do you know anything about this?" he demanded.

Kellard scrutinized it for a moment, and then began to laugh; I might say that he roared.

"I'm asking you if you know anything about it?" repeated the detective coldly.

"I ought to know all about it," answered Kellard finally; "I wrote it not four days ago."

"Arthur!" cried the girl, her voice full of shame, horror, anguish and reproach.

"Come, come, Nancy; it's all a curious mistake, a very curious mistake; and you'll all readily understand why I laughed, when I explain."

"A joke, eh?" said the detective. "Perhaps you can explain it, and perhaps you can't,"—truculently.

"Easily. You have doubtless heard of Norman Douglas," he began.

The police shook their heads, but the girl and I looked interested.

"Douglas is the fellow who's writing all those queer detective yarns for the magazines," said I.

"Well," said Kellard, "I've been trying to keep it dark, but here's where I must confess. I'm Douglas, and that slip of paper represents the climax to a chapter in a new story. Come into the library, gentlemen."

We followed soberly, even foolishly. Kellard drew out from a drawer in his desk a bundle of manuscript, and the paragraph he read aloud coincided with the writing on the envelope.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" breathed the detective heavily.

I looked around for a hole to crawl into, but there wasn't any.

Your sister notified us that a lunatic was at large and had forcibly entered the house," said the detective, perfectly willing to cast all the odium on my shoulders. (I could have throttled him with joy in my heart!)

"A lunatic?" roared Kellard. For a moment I thought he was going to die of suffocation, and if he had I should not have been sorry at that moment. To have made an ass of myself before the prettiest girl I had ever laid eyes on!

"I'm very sorry," said the girl.

"Never you mind," I replied. "Some day I'll tell you all about the tabloids for the breath I found in Arthur's coat."

A short time after, the policemen solemnly filed out into the hall and into the street; and, not being in a strictly amiable frame of mind, I started to follow.

"Oh, hang it, now, Dicky!" cried Kellard; "a man who used to be a professional joke-writer ought not to harbor any ill feelings. Have a cigar?"

I shook my head. I had an idea that I wanted to utilize.

"But I want you to meet my sister."

"I am delighted,"—bowing rather stiffly.

"But you're not going off with my coat again!"

I flushed, and shook the erstwhile evil garment from my shoulders.

"Not just a friendly cigar?" pleaded Kellard.

"Nary a one."

The girl approached shyly and touched my arm. (This was my idea.)

"Not even a cup of chocolate,—if I make it?"

"Oh," said I, "that's altogether a different matter."

Subsequent events proved that it was.

Sad Plight of Uncle Wagner Weems.

"Uncle Wagner Weems is sadly afflicted," remarked John Henry Jurri-gan. "He is a chronic and consistent advanced thinker, with all the love possessed by most radical persons for unbridled conversation, but just now he is blessed with the asthma, and can hardly breathe, let alone argue and declaim. And when he thinks of the outrages that are being perpetrated by the plutocrats, and the fact that the money power is holding the noses of the vox populi hard down on the grindstone of financial degradation until it's a livin' wonder that there is a nose more than three-sixteenths of an inch long left in circulation among the tillers tollers, and the urgent need for somebody to say something about it, and finds himself unable to do more than gasp like an expiring catfish, the expression on his countenance is well worth noticing."

—Kansas City Star.

Fitted for Florida.

Will Irwin, the author, was holding forth upon the superiority of California over Florida as a winter resort.

"Florida," he said, "is too relaxing. This is due to the fetid air of the swamps."

"There's a story about a young man who was being examined for admission to the Florida bar. The examination ran thus:

"Young man, are you married?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you ride?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you own a horse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he a good swamp swimmer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, young man, I welcome you to the practice of law in this jurisdiction."

CONSTIPATION



Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods; they do not scour; they do not gripe; they do not weaken; but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

Many a man fools himself when he thinks that he is fooling his wife.

Any man who shaves himself is apt to cut his best friend.

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

The more a man knows the easier it is to keep his face shut.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
Famous Druggist will refund money if PILEZ OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Hemorrhoids, Bleeding, Itching, or Straining. Price 50 Cents.

Usually when a girl meets a man she likes on the street by accident it isn't an accident at all.

Important to Mothers
Examining 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.

Beginning Soon to Worry.
Mrs. Jones—My sister is worried to death over her son, Reginald. She wants him to enter the ministry. His father wants him to go into business, while Reginald himself has got his mind set on being an actor, and says nothing shall keep him from it.

Mrs. Brown—Hum. How old is he?
Mrs. Jones—He's getting on for seven.—Stray Stories.

Queen Victoria Detested Tobacco.
The number of smoking rooms now distributed over Windsor castle would considerably astonish Queen Victoria, could she but see them. Her late majesty could never bring herself to do more than tolerate the weed in any form, and the smoking room was always relegated to a very distant part of her various residences. Nor were the guests permitted to solace themselves with a quiet smoke in their own apartments, as on their arrival they were specially warned not to do so.

VERY LIKELY.



Hazel—Some folks don't know what's good for them in this world.
Henry—Yes, but they're better off than the people that know and haven't the price to get it.

GOOD NATURED AGAIN
Good Humor Returns With Change to Proper Food.

"For many years I was a constant sufferer from indigestion and nervousness, amounting almost to prostration," writes a Montana man.

"My blood was impoverished, the vision was blurred and weak, with moving spots before my eyes. This was a steady daily condition. I grew ill-tempered, and eventually got so nervous I could not keep my books posted. I can't handle accounts satisfactorily, and I can't describe my sufferings."

"Nothing I ate agreed with me, till one day I happened to notice Grape-Nuts in a grocery store, and bought a package out of curiosity to know what it was."

"I liked the food from the very first, eating it with cream, and now I buy it by the case and use it daily. I soon found that Grape-Nuts food was supplying brain and nerve force as nothing in the drug line ever had done or could do."

"It wasn't long before I was restored to health, comfort and happiness."

"Through the use of Grape-Nuts food my digestion has been restored, my nerves are steady once more, my eyesight is good again, my mental faculties are clear and acute, and I have become so good-natured that my friends are astonished at the change. I feel stronger and better than I have for 20 years."

No amount of money would induce me to surrender what I have gained through the use of Grape-Nuts food. Some given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a real reason for the little book, 'The Road to Health' in pinks."

Read the above letter! A new world from time to time. They are true, and full of human

Accidents That Made Bonanza Kings True Romances of the Great West

By Frank J. Arkins

BY RIDGWAY CO.

ACCIDENTS have contributed billions to the wealth of the world. They have made the history of the great mining camps. The merest chances have resulted in the discovery of the great lodes of gold and silver bearing ore. The accidental finding of a small nugget in the crop of a chicken was momentous. It was the beginning of a series of explorations that unlocked a chain of treasure vaults in the Rocky Mountains. The remark of a hunter, the subsequent sinking of a well and the accidental meeting of four men, constituted a chain of events that revealed the greatest single deposit of ore ever known. The kick of a donkey uncovered a ledge from which millions have been taken.

The man who seeks wealth in the mines, knowing what he is hunting for, stumbles across it at the most unexpected moment. If he recognizes what he is looking for he is in a fair way to become rich.

Sawmill That Opened Up the West.
In January, 1848, near Sacramento, California, James Marshall of New Jersey constructed for James Sutter most famous sawmill in history. It quickened the pulse of the world. It revived the sluggish streams of commerce. It made men fighting mad. It resulted in wiping the buffalo and the Indian from the great plains. It filled the Pacific ocean with ships where previously but few sails had been seen. It caused the building of railroads, and laid the way for future millionaires.

The mill was built of logs. Marshall carefully selected a point for the tail race, and because he decided that time could be saved in completing the mill by permitting a flow of water to clear the mill-race of the soft dirt, his name became linked with the advance of the western states. The water was turned in and, after running for several days, the head-gate was closed, to complete other necessary work. Then Marshall noticed a few shining specks in the banks of the race. He took a step forward, gasped, halted, flushed and laughed at himself uncertainly. The next morning, January 19, 1848, he stepped into the tail race and picked up a few pieces of brassy-colored metal. He showed them to the men at the mill. They all laughed. He pounded one piece under a hammer. He placed them in his pocket.

"Throw them away, Marshall," said one of the men, "and let's get the mill turning."
The next day Marshall rode into Sacramento and reining his foamed horse in front of Sutter's store, Sutter to a rear room, the door of which he locked.

"Do you know gold when you see it?"
"No. Why?"
Then Marshall produced the brassy bits. They hammered out a piece the size of a half-dollar, and weighed it in scales against a silver 50-cent piece. It was heavier. They tested it with acids. They decided it was gold. Together they returned to the mill, and before night had gathered a pan full of coarse gold nuggets.

When they did that they tapped the top of the treasure-vault of the Western States. The news of that find populated the Pacific Coast. A flame of excitement ran up and down the Sacramento Valley. It reached the four corners of the earth. People came from everywhere. Those few specks of gold found in the mill-race at Coloma, in Eldorado county, were the first of a production of \$1,750,000,000 that California was to yield! Then followed the hordes that traveled to the new gold coast by sea, around the Horn, and across the plains, fighting Indians and wild beast, and uncovering other mining camps that made the western states famous. Between 1848 and 1869 California produced more gold than had been gained in all of North and South America in the previous two centuries.

Finding of the Comstock Lode.
The chance remark of a hunter, followed by the accidental meeting of four men, is responsible for the uncovering of the most sensational body of ore in the history of mining. Prospectors swarmed all over the state of Nevada in 1859. They were men who had failed to find wealth in California, reinforced by immigrants who lacked the money to go farther. A hunter, whose name is not known, told Pat McLatchlin that there were mineral indications on Gold Hill. They found the place—and an outcrop, but no mineral. The ground had been prospected before and deserted.

It was discouraging. They worked without result. They decided to sink a well in a depression. At a depth of four feet they ran across some black-looking stuff that puzzled them. They washed some of it in a "rocker" and were amazed to find the bottom of the rocker "alive" with gold. In a few moments the men were making fifty dollars an hour. In the midst of this



golden dream, H. T. P. Comstock came upon it. He declared himself "in on it." He had prospected the ground before. He was determined he would not give an inch. They conceded him a half interest, which he divided with his partner. That claim afterward became the Ophir ground.

Its gold-bearing days were short-lived, when an assayer named Melville Atwood came along. Struck by the appearance of the black residue from the ore, he assayed it and found that it ran three thousand ounces in silver to the ton. Prior to that the search had been for gold. Now there was a stampede. Within two years Virginia City, Nevada, had a population of thirty thousand, and the famous lode named after Comstock has produced in gold and silver \$850,000,000. The mines burrowed down to a depth of more than three thousand feet, and for years fought through a rain of scalding hot water underground.

In the early '70's it began to "play out." The people were panic-stricken. Thousands faced starvation. Then appeared a man who seemed to "see through the mountain." The great lode had only been scratched, he declared. John Mackay, with James Fair and Messrs. Flood and O'Brien, started to sink the Consolidated California and Virginia shaft. Dark days were on the camp when that shaft went deeper and deeper without revealing an indication of ore. Just as the night was blackest, and the people filled with despair, the bottom of the Consolidated shaft punctured the top of the greatest bonanza ever recorded in history. Stocks soared. The hopes of the people revived. Virginia City was a bedlam of excitement. Millions came out of that hole. In the next two years the Consolidated paid dividends at the rate of \$2,000,000 a month.

The Chicken and the Professor.
A chicken was the accidental means of halting a party of gold hunters, at a point which afterward became a great city, and the center of the most remarkable mining discoveries ever known.

A group of Georgia miners stopped on the banks of a sandy creek in western Kansas, New Year's day, 1859. They had some poultry with them which they turned loose for a few days. They killed one, and in cleaning it a small gold nugget was found in the crop.

Instantly a town was born. The men were from Auraria, Georgia, and they gave that name to the new place. The stream was called Cherry Creek. They panned up and down and within a few weeks so many trains of prairie schooners had stopped there that quite a community had been established. The Pike's Peak boom was on. From Leavenworth the world had been notified. There were saloons, gambling houses, dance halls, all the indulgences of a mining town, when the placer began to wane. The rush crowded the village. But the supply of gold was scant. Wagons labeled "Pike's Peak or Bust" came in daily. Some ascended the peak—seventy-five miles to the south—and if they could have found the man who started the rumor there would have been a hanging.

Then John Gregory panned down the creek to the Platte, and followed it to its confluence with Clear Creek. Here he obtained better "colors." He ascended this stream thirty miles to the point where it forked. He panned the gravel on each side, and selected the North Fork. The next day he lifted a panful of gravel from a gulch that will forever bear his name. The rush that followed changed the name of Auraria to Denver, and divorced from Kansas and Utah enough territory to create Colorado. The people were gold mad.

W. Green Russell, another Georgian, went into the next gulch, and almost the same day that Gregory "struck it," George Jackson, who had reached the South Fork of the same creek by crossing the mountains, added another district.

The gold came so fast that the government ordered a mint erected at Denver in 1861. Then evil days fell on the new camp. The "free" gold disappeared. It was now held in the clasp of iron and sulphur and would not yield. Thousands faced ruin. Not one, but several cities had been built in the mountains. Denver had grown by leaps and bounds. The people were in a panic. A mass meeting was called. It was a gloomy crowd that assembled. All agreed that something should be done. But what?
"Send for Professor Hill!" shouted a man in the rear of the room.
"Who is Professor Hill?" asked the chairman.

"He is professor of metallurgy at Brown University," came the answer. "How do you know?"

"Because I am a Brown man."

"College fellow, eh?"
The man from Brown pressed his claim, and an appealing message was sent to the university. Professor Hill responded. He examined the ore and agreed to erect a smelter. The mineral wealth of Colorado was first uncovered by a chicken, and the state was saved by a professor, afterwards United States senator.

The Last Chance.
In the spring of 1864 there was a stampede from Alder Gulch to the Kootenai, in British Columbia. Four men, named Cowan, Stanley, Miller and Crab, started north, and while crossing the Prickly Pear Valley in Montana, learned there was no use in going to the new diggings. This information was given to them by Jim Coleman and his party, who were returning. They debated together and concluded to go back to the states. They could not agree on the route they should follow. The Cowan party wanted to try a new trail over the mountains. Coleman insisted that it was but a game trail. The other thought not. So they parted.

Finding it impossible to get over the mountains, the Cowan party returned to the valley.
"Let's pan this gulch," said Cowan. "It's the last chance before we leave."
It was about sundown when Cowan made that remark. He filled his pan with gravel. In the gathering dusk his partners watched him, idly smoking.

The light was fading fast, and Cowan was hurrying the work. He had removed the coarse gravel and was well down to the bottom of the pan. As he began to shake it to rid it of superfluous dirt, and take in fresh water, he shouted:

"We've struck it bigger'n all outdoors! We can own all of Montana!"
In an instant his partners were at his side. Four breathless men watched the final operation. In the bottom of the pan were several flat pieces of gold. As the dirt was thrown out, more and more of the yellow stuff appeared. Altogether there was about eighteen dollars' worth in that pan. They worked by camp fire. They were wild with joy.

They were rich beyond their wildest dreams. They fired their revolvers and talked half the night, as they planned their future. They had made history in washing that pan, for Last Chance Gulch was to have a population of more than ten thousand before the snows of Christmas fell, and the nuggets found in that pan were the first of \$140,000,000 that it was to yield to the gold hunters. Helena, Montana, now stands on the place where that discovery was made.

A Murderer's Legacy.

A great mining camp was discovered because a murderer escaped from jail. While evading arrest he stumbled on gold in the sands of a range of black mountains. Pursued by officers of the law and hunted by warlike Indians, hungry and weary, he gave himself up. To the warden of the prison where he died he gave two quills of gold, and made a rough map showing where he found the yellow stuff. They began an invasion of the country, which was an Indian reservation. Men died in the search for those mines. Wild Bill organized an expedition in 1872, and spent the winter in the Black Hills, fighting redskins. He was forced out in 1873 by the military. In spite of a cordon of soldiers and hostile Indians, prospectors risked their lives, for they found ore worth \$900 a ton! The Indians ceded their lands to the government and the rush commenced in 1876. Within a year there were forty thousand people in the gulches. Deadwood is located on the spot where the fleeing murderer found his little nuggets. If the keepers of the jail had not been lax, the half-breed Renseler would not have escaped. And if he had not escaped and been pursued, the wealth of the Black Hills would have been unknown.

Finding a Pleasant Tombstone.
A prospector left Fort Huachuca, in Arizona.

"I am going out to find a million," he remarked.

"You will find your tombstone! The country is alive with Indians."
"Better a tombstone than poverty."
A few weeks later he uncovered one of the greatest silver mines ever opened in the southwest, which he named the Toughnut. He called it the Tombstone District. Several millions of dollars were taken out just under the grass roots. A town sprang up. A newspaper called the Eptaph was published daily. It was the accidental turning to the left, forced on him by

the presence of the Indians, rather than to the right, where there were better mineral indications, that caused him to stumble on the great silver deposit.

Where the Indians Got Their Paint.
A piece of rock left on a hot stove by accident unlocked a treasure house. The Indians about Prescott, Arizona, had an abundance of paint. Where they obtained it was a mystery. The fact that they had it excited a party of prospectors, who followed them. They tracked the redmen up Jerome Canyon, and saw bright red and green stains on the side of the canyon walls. They went above these, and located a silver mine, which they worked out. Then they sought a purchaser. They did not want to risk their money in searching for greater wealth.

They interested Senator W. A. Clark of Montana. He investigated. When he sank a shaft and gave up in dishe saw the red and green stains he knew that back in the hills there was a deposit of copper. He bought the mine and commenced the sinking of a shaft that has made famous the United Verde.

The Cripple Creek Enigma.

Pike's Peak has always been associated with gold. In 1859 a camp was located in one of the many natural parks on the side of it. Several thousand people were there. There was a town, district rules were adopted, and location monuments established. The prospects were promising. There was everything to make a good town—except gold.

It flattened out and the place got a hard name. Then a man went over to Mount Pisgah, salted some claims, and started a rush. He left the country about twenty-five hundred feet ahead of a thirty-foot rope and several hundred angry men.

Some hardy prospectors went around on the south side of the peak gust. For years expedition after expedition wasted time and money on the sides of the great peak.

Finally a man decided that the way to get gold out of that section was to feed cattle on the sides of the peak. He acquired a ranch. Later he borrowed some money on it and could not pay the mortgage. The holders of the notes offered to give him more time. He would rather they would take the ranch. Bob Womack dug a prospect hole in one of the gulches. A cow fell in it and was crippled. The owner of the ranch threatened to eject him. Womack sought aid to develop a mine. In response to his request eminent mining men investigated his property and tried hard not to laugh in his presence. Dignified mining engineers shook their heads knowingly, and warned capitalists not to risk their money.

Then some one bought Womack's claim for a song, and commenced to work it. A little gold was found, but there stood Mount Pisgah, that had been salted, and all around it abandoned prospect holes that told of blasted hopes of bygone years. It had the curses of thousands of men upon it. A little gold came from the surface of the ground. But specialists sat up nights advising friends and clients to keep as far away from Cripple Creek as they could.

Then silver was demonetized. Thousands were thrown out of employment. They heeded not the advice of the experts. They rushed into Cripple Creek by the thousand and accidentally discovered it. They crowded the trails, and tramped in over the snow. The first winter was terrible. They worked a place on Mineral Hill—Womack's mine, the El Paso began to ship ore. Then, like a flash, came the news of the finding of Bonanza on Gold Hill, Battle Mountain and Bull Hill.

The secret was revealed. The bright silver-looking ore, that disappeared before the flame of the blowpipe, was gold disguised by tellurium. It was so simple. It all happened because a man left a piece of it on a stove by accident. The slow heat drove off the tellurium and left the gold in shining specks, peering through the rock.

The Opening of the Yukon.
When the Telegraph Expedition forced its way through the northwest in the middle of the nineteenth century, it found evidences of gold along the Yukon river.

The party was locating a telegraph line that was never built. All that is necessary to start a prospector over the trail is word of rich diggings at another place, the farther away the better. Every year after that miners sought the north.

In 1896 the world was electrified by the discovery of George Carmack, who forced his way up the Yukon, 1860 miles from the sea. He prospected the various rivers in search of the gold which the Telegraph Expedition had reported.

He stumbled into Klondike Creek, Two miles above that he turned into a little stream, where he washed from forty to eighty dollars gold to the pan. His fortune was assured, and his discovery started the rush into the frozen north, for he had turned the key that opened the door to millions, away up in the Arctic Circle.

Thanks to the Reindeer.
Nome was discovered because some reindeer strayed away in 1898 and a Lapland reindeer herder at Nome, stumbling along after them, accidentally kicked a nugget from the sands. The beach was worked right down to the edge of the Behring Sea.

Then a second zone was discovered thirty-seven feet higher, but farther back. When it was worked out, a third beach, one hundred and seventy-five feet above sea level, and a mile or more back from it, was found. A town sprang up and millions were taken from the beaches.



Keep Your Eye on that Can

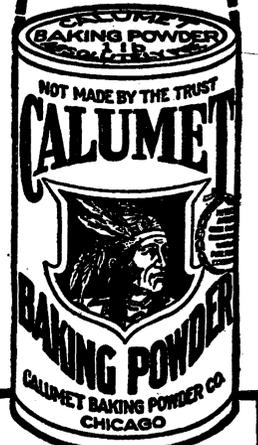
When Buying Baking Powder

For this is the baking powder that makes the baking better. It leaves the food evenly throughout; puffs it up to airy lightness, makes it delightfully appetizing and wholesome.

Remember, Calumet is moderate in price—highest in quality.

Ask your grocer for Calumet. Don't take a substitute.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS, World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Illinois, 1893; St. Louis Exposition, French, March, 1904.



You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

GOOD TIME.



Tess—Oh! no, Tom, dear, you mustn't ask papa tonight. He's lost a whole lot of money in stocks today.

Tom—Just the right time then. He won't have nerve enough to lecture me about the care of money.

Crusty.
"Your hair is falling out," said the barber.

"Yes," replied the crusty customer. "You see my skull is so hard that it can't fall in."

Henkel's

BREAD FLOUR—Very Best for Bread. You can buy none better, no matter what the name or price.

GRAHAM FLOUR—makes delicious Gems.

CORN MEAL—beautiful golden meal scientifically made from the choicest corn.

SELF RAISING PANCAKE FLOUR—the household favorite.

Flour

Gregory Gazette

Published every Saturday morning by
W. CAVERLY, Pinckney, Michigan

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
One Year in advance.....1.00

All communications should be addressed to E. 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.

Representative Wieland has prepared a bill placing all county officers on a salary.

The high price of meat was forcibly brought to the mind of a Massachusetts man recently when he went to town and bought 40 cents worth of steak, receiving 10 cents in change. When he got home he couldn't find the meat. At last he discovered the dime in a coat pocket. That gave him the clue and opening the purse he found where he had put the steak.

People often discover what will do by finding out what will not do. Thus it is they more often learn wisdom from failure than from success. Not unlikely he who never made a mistake never became a successful man. Certain it is that temporary failures have often shown the way to discoveries and success.

An Exchange says: "A sad faced editor, with fringes on the bottom of his trousers, and the wind singing through his whiskers, sat in his sanctum thinking—thinking. Presently a shadow fell across the room and a shrill voice demanded to know if he was the editor. 'Yes sir,' said he with a look of alarm. The owner of the voice mopped the floor with the editor and went his way. 'Thank Heaven!' exclaimed the editor after he had gathered together the wreck of his former self and had straightened up the furniture, 'life is still worth living; I expected he would tell me to stop the paper.'"

Legal Advertising

STATE OF MICHIGAN, the Probate Court for the county of Livingston, Estate of WM. R. WOOD, Deceased.
The undersigned having been appointed, by the Judge of Probate of said County, Commissioners on Claims in the matter of said estate, and for months from the 7th day of February A. D. 1918 having been allowed by said Judge of Probate to all persons holding claims against said estate in order to present their claims to us for examination and adjustment.
Notice is hereby given that we will meet on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1918, and on the 7th day of June, A. D. 1918, at two o'clock p. m. of each day at the residence of C. A. Mapes in the township of Unadilla, in said County, to receive and examine such claims.
Dated, Howell, February 7th, A. D. 1918.
C. A. Mapes, Commissioner on Claims
Eugene Gallup, Commissioner on Claims

When the Mercury Is Low Eggs are High

THAT'S why the hen that lays in the winter is worth two that only lay in the summer time.

You can make your hens lay in winter by the consistent feeding of

Darling's High Protein Meat Scraps

Come in—get a bag of this high protein meat feed for your fowls—and be sure of winter egg profits.

L. N. McCleor

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

PINCKNEY LOCALS

F. W. Wilcox of Jackson was in town Tuesday.

Ann Lennon spent a few days last week in Howell.

Leo Monks spent the first of the week in Detroit.

Albert Dinkel and Paul Miller were in Gregory Friday.

Cleve Pool and wife spent Sunday at the home of A. H. Gilchrist.

Wm. Dunbar was in Detroit on business one day the past week.

Leonard Gallup of Howell, was a Pinckney caller one day recently.

Nickolas Read and wife of near Dexter were in town last Thursday.

E. J. Briggs and family spent the week end with relatives in Howell.

Wm. Bullis and wife visited friends and relatives in Gregory Friday.

Miss Myrtie Wellman is spending the week at the home of Wm. Dunbar

Mr. and Mrs. Dorr Queal of Webster were in town on business last Friday.

Mrs. H. F. Sigler spent the latter part of last week with friends in Howell.

Wm. Surdam of Detroit spent Saturday and Sunday here with relatives.

L. E. Richards transacted business in Howell a couple of days last week.

Mrs. M. F. King is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Sharland of Marquette.

A. H. Flintoft and Ross Read spent one day last week in Chelms on business.

A. L. Tawlmadge of Detroit was in town on business the latter part of last week.

Jas. Smith has returned home from Richmond, Va. where he has been spending the winter.

George Green moved his family to Howell last week, where he expects to make his future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Smith and children of Dilkie, Saskatchewan, are visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Sullivan of Union City were guests at the home of relatives here Saturday.

Rose Jeffries and Alta Bullis were guests of friends and relatives in Gregory Friday and Saturday.

W. E. Murphy expects to attend the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson at Washington, D. C., on March 4.

Carl Sykes and wife of Detroit spent the first of the week at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Casper Sykes.

Jennie Blades of Hamburg and Harry Shankland of Jackson were guests at the home of Wm. Blades over Sunday.

Louis Clinton of Detroit spent the latter part of the past week at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Clinton.

W. C. Dunning has moved his family into the residence on Mill street which he recently purchased of Geo. Green.

Mrs. Fred Bowman and Mrs. Chas. Teepie were in Howell Saturday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Agnes Andrews.

A. H. Gilchrist moved into the house on Unadilla St. Saturday which he purchased a short time ago of Eugene Campbell.

Larue Moran and Ralph Hall of Howell were over Sunday visitors at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. Emma Moran.

Orin Fisk of Brighton, Laverne Fisk and Mr. and Mrs. Olin Fishback of Monroe visited at the home of Wm. Fisk a few days last week.

MRS. AGNES ANDREWS

Dies at Howell Wednesday, February 19

Agnes S. Briggs was born in Gratiot county, Michigan on May 5th, 1863. Later she came with her parents to Oceola township, Livingston county where she grew to womanhood.

On February 22, 1882 she was united in marriage to Frank L. Andrews of Parshallville. To this union on February 8, 1888 was born one daughter, Florence, now Mrs. Wm. Ratz. For a time they lived on his father's farm near there. Both of them developed talent for writing and became the Parshallville correspondents of the old Livingston Herald. After a couple of years in that work, Mr. Andrews decided to learn the trade, moving to Howell for that purpose. Later he moved to this place, buying an interest in the Dispatch, and later, buying his partner's interest. During all the years when



MRS. F. L. ANDREWS

Frank Andrews was developing this paper, Mrs. Andrews assisted him in every way, often issuing the paper in his absence.

Possessed of a good degree of common sense and business ability, she was a valuable assistant in every branch of this paper's enterprises.

For over twenty years he conducted this paper until forced by ill health they sold in September 1910 and went to Florida where Mr. Andrews death occurred on December 12, 1910. Since then she has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Ratz of Detroit.

Mrs. Andrews has always been an active member of the Methodist church. She was one of those people who carried all talents to her consecration. She was a leader capable and trusty in all branches of woman's work in the church.

For two years past Mrs. Frank L. Andrews has suffered from gradually failing health. Her trouble was from a complication of diseases and the slow ebbing away rather describes it than to undertake detail. Some weeks ago she became so bad that she entered the sanitarium here, but it was found that it was too late for medical aid and she was taken to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Briggs of Howell, a few days ago, and there her life story was ended for time, to swing on into eternity.

Besides her daughter, she is survived by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Briggs of Howell one brother, E. J. Briggs of this place one sister, Mrs. Wm. Docking of Putnam.

The funeral services were held at the Howell M. E. church, Saturday at two p. m., Rev. D. C. Littlejohn officiating. The interment took place in the Howell cemetery.—Dispatch.

Chas. Curtis received a surprise Wednesday forenoon. He was picking up wood on the Dittorf farm when he came upon a rattle snake coiled on a pile of leaves. He secured a club and killed the reptile.—Fowlerville Standard.

Many persons are writing editorials to the Times of Detroit favoring a law for the good, family physician to send incurable invalids, suffering intensely, to glory by giving them a soothing deadly dose. It would be humane straight, but what doctor will do that in this community, knowingly. Hold up your hands. No hands up.

TWO THINGS

Which Might Make Farm Life More Attractive to the Youth

One or two things are omitted in the farm expert's outline of activities. If he can point out the way to delve in the soil and keep the clothes and hands looking like those of a banker or merchant or if he can show how to care for live stock and at the same time not carry away any of the aroma of the stables, he will have begun to point out the way to keep more of the boys on the farm and will have added something worth while to the joys of the farmer.

GLEN FISKE

A Young Life Cut Short

The Death Angel has again come and gone from our midst, and left behind a mourning home and a saddened community.

After nearly two months of patient suffering and when his many friends were rejoicing in hope of his ultimate recovery, they were pained and shocked by the news of his passing away.

Glen Fiske was born in Marion township, Livingston county on March 23 1896 and died at the home of his parents in Hamburg township on Tuesday morning, February 18, 1913 aged 16 years, 10 months and 25 days.

The funeral was held Thursday, February 20 from the Pinckney M. E. church, Rev. J. W. Mitchell officiating and the interment took place in the Pinckney cemetery. The bearers chosen for the occasion were from among his classmates, who attended in a body, and the beautiful floral offerings and crowded church attested the love and esteem in which he was universally held.

His sunny presence and bright winning smile will be sorely missed, not only in his home, but by the whole community, and the family have the sympathy of all in their bereavement. Glen has passed to his Heavenly home and our loss is his eternal gain.

STATE LAW

Concerning the Adulteration of Milk

The following are two sections of the state law concerning the adulteration of milk and should be familiar to all who sell milk:

Sec. 10. Whoever shall adulterate himself or by his servant or agent sell, exchange or deliver, or have in his custody or possession with intent to sell or exchange the same, or exposes or offers for sale as pure milk, any skimmed milk from which the cream or any part thereof has been removed shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall for such offense, be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars or by imprisonment in the county jail, or the State House of Correction and Reformatory at Jonia not exceeding three months.

Sec. 13. Whenever any inspector of milk has reason to believe any milk found by him is adulterated, he shall take specimens thereof and test the same with such instruments as are used for such purposes, and he shall make an analysis thereof, showing total solids, the percentage of butter, the percentage of water and the percentage of ash; and if the result of such test and analysis indicates that the milk has been adulterated or deprived of its cream or any part thereof, the same shall be prima facie evidence of such adulteration in a prosecution under this act.

ALCOHOL VS. GASOLINE

Automobile manufacturers seem to agree that with wood alcohol made cheap and its manufacture unrestricted by tariffs, the last cloud on their horizon will pass away. They have not been saying much about the price of gasoline, but there is no doubt that the recent advances have had a disturbing effect upon prospective purchasers.

It has been demonstrated that the motors can be adjusted to the use of alcohol. When the new power is brought into general use, it will have the advantage of being inexhaustible in supply. So long as vegetation grows, it will be possible to make wood alcohol, whereas "gas" lies in rather uncertain amounts under the ground, and its production seems to be too much under the control of the Standard Oil Co. for motorists' comfort.

BILL PROPOSED

To Make Unlawful the Advance Payment of Telephone Rates

The Michigan legislature now proposes to take up the matter of advance payment of telephone rates and to make it unlawful for any person, partnership or corporation to collect payment for telephone service before such service has been rendered. Representative Wood of Jackson is the author of the bill.

A CAT STORY

Cat Returns Home After Being Taken 8 Miles Away

A Conway man is telling the largest cat story yet and brings the cat forward to prove it. He found out that the livery barn at Morrice was in need of cats and as he had an unusually prolific crop of felines, he tied four in a bag and started for town Tuesday. The cats were securely placed under the seat, several bags of wheat were placed in the wagon and all brought to town. The liveryman was given the cats which were all in the bag when delivered. Wednesday about noon one of the animals which had been delivered walked into its original home having covered a distance of 8 miles to return.

NEW LAW

Newspapers Cannot Publish Names of Prize Winners at Card Parties

It has kept the newspaper busy in an effort not to violate the postal laws governing lottery schemes which includes guessing contests, drawings, or in fact anything in which there is a chance. However, the latest handed out by the postal department takes the cake. It is now ruled that winners of prizes at card parties cannot be told in newspaper columns. Any newspaper carrying such an item will be barred from the mail. Therefore, if you win a prize at a card party and your home paper does not tell about it, forget it.

The Chicago packers cleaned up only \$850,000,000 last year thus proving their contention that the farmers are making all the money out of meat.

WEST MARION

We were without services here Sunday as Rev. Miller was away assisting his son.

W. White had the misfortune to smash one of his feet and cannot step on it as yet.

Saturday, while chopping, a limb fell on Glenn Clement's head cutting it quite badly.

The Green and the Stone schools united in having a social Friday night, at the home of Albion Flau. A very large crowd was in attendance. Proceeds nearly \$14.00.

There will be an apron social Friday evening February 23 at the home of Wm. Hath. Everyone invited.

NORTH HAMBURG

Lynn Hendee visited at the home of Jas. Nash Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Orville Nash and Miss Una Bennett spent Thursday in Howell.

Bert Appleton and family visited at the home of Wirt Hendee Wednesday. Jas. Burroughs visited his brother Charles in Howell Thursday.

Mrs. C. E. Carpenter visited her daughter in Owosso a few days last week.

WEST PUTNAM

Wm. Gardner spent the week end with friends in Detroit.

Born to Orla Haynes and wife Sunday, Feb. 16, a boy.

Miss Grace Gardner visited her parents, from Friday until Monday.

Carmen Leland is sick with the measles.

L. C. Monks and Ann Lennon spent Sunday at the home of D. M. Monks.

Sadie Harris was a Lansing visitor last week.

Heneretta Kelly, Gladys VanBlaricum and H. Collins have the chicken pox.

Bessie and Martha Murphy went to Detroit last Tuesday.

Mrs. Orla Leland of Northfield visited at the home of Harry Isham a few days recently.

Mrs. Henry Isham and daughter Maude visited her uncle, Mr. Hudson of White Oak last week.

SOUTH IOSCO

Mr. and Mrs. John Gardner entertained the following at dinner last Thursday: Mr. and Mrs. Gallup, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bland, Mr. and Mrs. Gauss and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burgess.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sheban and son, Roche, spent Friday at the home of Wm. Ledwidge.

Mr. and Mrs. Bush of Plainfield spent Monday and Tuesday with their daughter, Mrs. Etta Bland.

Quite a number from this vicinity attended the farewell party at Will Brogan's Friday night.

Paul Brogan of Chilson was a week end visitor with friends in Marion and Anderson.

L. H. Newman transacted business in Fowlerville a portion of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. White, Mr. and Mrs. Claude White and Mrs. L. H. Newman attended the Farmer's Institute at Howell last Tuesday.

Kathryn Brogan who has been ill with lagrippe is able to resume her school work in the Younglove District.

Mrs. Wm. Docking and daughters attended the funeral of Mrs. F. L. Andrews at Howell Saturday.

Quite a number of people from here helped make the surprise for A. G. Wilson a very pleasant one.

Laverne Demerest were among those who were pleasantly entertained at the home of E. Brigham of Chubb's Corners last Wednesday.

GLENDOWNY HENRY

Glendowny, the eight months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Henry, died at the home of her parents east of Pinckney Sat., February 22.

The funeral services were held from the Pinckney M. E. church Tuesday at two p. m., the interment taking place in the Pinckney cemetery.

MRS. MARY FARLEY

Mrs. Mary Farley died at her home in Pinckney Tuesday morning after a lingering illness. The funeral services will be held from St. Mary's church this morning at 10 a. m.