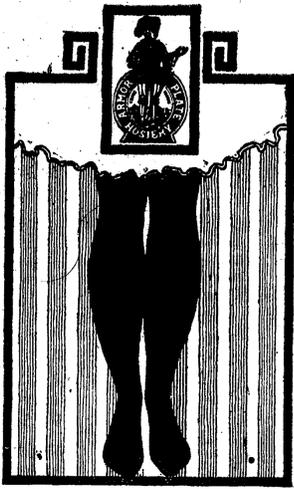


# GREGORY GAZETTE

Vol. I

Pinckney, Livingston County, Michigan, Friday, March 20, 1913

No. 36



## BETTER

That's the one word which adequately expresses the general opinion of wearers of

**Armor Plate**

**Hosiery**

It's better because of an unusual dyeing process—one that does not weaken the yarn. All weights, styles and prices. ASK US next time you buy hosiery.

**AYRAULT & BOLLINGER,**

GREGORY, MICH.



Bert Wetherbee is in Chelsea. Beulah and Hazel Bates were home Sunday.

Harrison Bates was in Stockbridge Saturday.

Mrs. L. R. Williams visited Betty Marshall recently.

F. A. Howlett and family visited at John Burges's last Sunday.

L. E. Smith and Orla Tyler of Pinckney are in town this week.

Rose Montague and Ella Blair visited Rebah Blair Friday afternoon.

Margaret and Ruth McClear and Lyle Cameron entered school this week.

The Livingston Republican recently completed its 58th volume or year.

Mr. Hammond is moving into the house he recently purchased of F. A. Howlett.

F. A. Howlett offers a Saturday special four 10c. pkgs. of Corn O' Plenty for 25c.

Mrs. D. McCorney and Mrs. F. Ovitv visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, Friday.

Beulah and Hazel Bates, Jay Cobb and Basil Cavender called at L. R. William's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Grimes of Stockbridge spent Sunday and Monday at the home of Frank Barker.

T. P. McClear's auction drew a good crowd Tuesday and nearly everything bought a good price.

For Men and Young Mens suits—go to Dancer's, Stockbridge. They suit you and save you dollars.

Webberville voted Monday to remain dry for another year by electing the good government ticket.

Mr. Stevens is moving onto the Dutcher farm in Marion and Arthur Mitchell onto F. A. Howlett's farm near town.

W. J. Euhl was called to the International office Saturday to receive instruction on certain lines of machinery.

Wisely Mr. Wilson changed his mind about postponing the inauguration to April, for baseball will absorb all interest then.

The Rubber Band is anxious for your old rubbers to send to the Beulah Home. Leave them at F. A. Howlett's store.

The Bennett Hardware Co. at Howell has been sold to Charles H. Sutton of Caro, Mich, who has already taken possession.

W. J. Dancer & Co. have sold large rugs this season to five customers who came from large cities. Drop them a card for price list.

Having secured a Japanese lawyer as a legal adviser, how long will it be before China goes into the hands of a Japanese receiver.

The split-log or King road drag is a mighty effective tool in working dirt roads. Spring will soon be here; its time to think about it now.

Scientific men claim the earth is shrinking at the rate of two inches the year, but it is scarcely noticeable to the man with a large door yard to rake.

State insurance commissioner Palmer has revoked the certificate of license of the American Union Fire Insurance Co. and recommends that all persons holding policies in the company cancel them at once.

Mr. Worden called on his son, Lon, last Thursday.

Thomas Harker is the guest of friends in Northville.

A number from this place were in Jackson Saturday.

Ask to see that 9 in. top Light Elk shoe at Howlett's.

L. R. Williams and wife visited at Lon Worden's last Tuesday.

Arthur Richmond and Floyd Hinckley were in town Saturday.

Mrs. Pergan of Detroit is visiting at the home of her brother, H. Bates.

Sam Worden and wife visited at the home of Will Collins one day last week.

Mrs. Frank Worden is spending some time at John White's in Marion this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Drown and wife spent Sunday at the home of Fred Montague.

## SPRING GOODS

Yes, we have a complete stock now

**Lace Curtains, House Dresses, Gingham, Etc. Mens Slip-On Rain Coats, Trousers, Hats, Caps, Etc.**

## SHOES

For everyone, no matter how particular as to style or price, as we have them in all prices, styles and sizes. Come in and get what you want.

F. A. HOWLETT, Gregory

## SAVE

ALL OF YOUR

## ORANGE AND LEMON WRAPPERS

We will accept them in exchange for Sterling Silver Plated Teaspoons, Orange Spoons, Tablespoons, Knives and Forks

NO WAITING, NO EXTRA POSTAGE

Bring in your wrappers and make your selection from our stock on display here

S. A. DENTON, GREGORY

ALWAYS IN THE MARKET FOR BUTTER AND EGGS

## HARNESSES

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

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

T. H. HOWLETT,  
Gregory, Michigan

## Easter

## Millinery Opening

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

MARCH 21 AND 22

We will be pleased to show you a full line of Trimmed Hats.

Call and inspect our line of Novelties in Fancy Feathers

## MRS. M. E. KUHN,

GREGORY

## Business Boomers

The difference between a dead town and a live town is the difference between dead merchants and live merchants. Some merchants are so dead or free from enterprise that it takes sizzling hot thrusts to awaken enough life in them to even penetrate the outermost rim of business progress. They will set around endeavoring to catch trade that comes to town without offering inducements to draw business. They tell the public they do not advertise in the newspapers but give their trade the benefit of the little money they might spend in advertising by giving them more for their money than the advertiser—which they know is a falsehood. The advertiser always gives more and better goods for the money than the merchant who doesn't advertise, for the advertiser's goods are turned quicker and are always new and up-to-date. Besides the advertiser is the town boomer and the non advertiser is the town sponger. The advertiser, through the medium of his ads, is reaching out and bringing new people to town to trade and is thus both directly and indirectly advertising the town. There is a way in which every person trading in this town can help the town and that is to encourage enterprise by patronizing the merchant who does advertise. That's one way to boom a town that should have our admiration.

This is the first of a series of articles prepared for the merchant who wants a better business. Our aim is to be of service to the enterprising merchant.

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**FULMER'S CORNERS**

Jay Glenn is home from Detroit for a few days.

Mrs. B. Singleton is visiting Miss Mary Tetley.

Fred Howlett and family visited at J. Burgess' Sunday.

Mrs. P. Rowe visited at Harry Gilliver's one day last week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Will Boyer March 11, a 9 lb. daughter.

Merle Knickerbocker has hired to John Burgess for the summer.

Burr Jackson and wife visited at the home of Ben Cook last Fri.

Alma Hicks and Mrs. Harry Gilliver and children visited at

the home of J. Jackson Tuesday.

Fred Asquith, Alex Reed, Chas. Runciman and families were entertained at the home of B. Cook Wednesday evening.

The Boys Xtra Good Suits at \$5, (Norfolk style) are the best values ever shown. W. J. Dancer & Co., Stockbridge.

The county federation of Gleaners will be held at the court house in Howell, March 21. A state speaker is to be present and a good local program is being prepared.

LYNDON

Mrs. Lon Clark was a Gregory caller Monday.

Miss Helen L. Mohrlak spent Monday with Mrs. Jas. Birch.

Miss Clara Fuller spent Saturday at H. Hudson's.

Graham Birch spent first part of last week visiting his aunt and uncle at Hanover.

Miss Helen L. Mohrlak was an over Sunday visitor with her parents at Chelsea.

Miss Clara Fuller called on Mrs. Fred Hadley Saturday.

Dan Reilly is having great success in sawing wood.

Miss Mable Embrey was a Chelsea visitor Saturday.

Dan Reilly and wife have moved on the Wall place.

Mrs. Geo. Doody visited friends in Chelsea Tuesday.

Miss Veva Hadley of Chelsea spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents.

Miss Lily Birch is on the sick list.

Mrs. Chas. Hartsuff and daughter Vera visited Mrs. Roy Hadley Wednesday.

H. Gilbert was a Detroit visitor over Sunday.

S. Nelson and wife were Chelsea visitors Monday.

Vera Hartsuff visited Marion Holmes Saturday.

UNADILLA

F. Hinckley of Stockbridge spent last Friday at J. Webb's.

Mrs. Jas. Barton visited a couple of days last week in Stockbridge.

Barney Roepcke and family have moved back to the homestead.

S. G. Parlmer and wife spent one day recently at L.K. Hadley's.

A miscellaneous shower was given in honor of Miss Adeline Bott Tuesday evening at the home of her parents in Waterloo.

Mrs. Mame Weston is spending a few weeks with Mrs. W. Collins.

Lon Worden and family spent Tuesday at V. Bullis'.

The sawing and wood bee at the M. E. church was well attended Tuesday. The ladies served dinner in the basement.

Wedding Bells?

Geo. Marshall and wife have returned from Peoria.

A. C. Watson and daughter Agnes spent Sat. and Sun. in Chelsea.

**PLAINFIELD.**

Geo. Richmond and wife are moving into the vacant rooms adjoining the store.

Mrs. Nancy May entertained a number of her friends Monday evening.

Mrs. Ed. Cranna is visiting friends in Howell.

Mrs. and Mrs. O. W. Marshall, Mrs. A. C. Watson, I. C. Williams, R. Palmer and E. Wheeler attended the Gleaner State Federation in Flint Wed. and Thurs.

A number from here attended the party at Herman Hudson's Friday evening.

Quite a number from here attended the County Federation of Gleaners at Howell Friday.

Lottie Brayley has returned from New York.

Mrs. Lily White has been visiting relatives near Jackson.

On April 9th, the Maccabees will hold an apron social at their hall. A talk will be given by a Grand Hive officer. Music and refreshments.

Mrs. M. E. Kuh visited at Jas. Walker's Sunday.

E. T. Bush celebrated his 81st birthday Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. Miller have returned from a visit to their son.

Wirt Wasson and wife of Jackson attended the funeral of Mrs. Foster.

# GREGORY GAZETTE

E. W. CAVERLY, Publisher

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN

## 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

Franklin K. Lane, secretary of the interior, has had bestowed upon him the title of "Lone Chief" by a delegation of Blackfeet Indians from Montana, who called to present him with a pipe of peace and a buckskin tobacco bag.

John Skelton Williams of Richmond, Va., was appointed assistant secretary of the treasury to succeed Assistant Secretary Robert O. Bailey.

Secretary Garrison of the war department was the first to bare his arm for vaccination under a general order issued by himself for the inoculation of all employees of the department. The order was issued because two cases of smallpox have developed among employees.

Speaker Champ Clark was admitted to practice before the Supreme court. He does not expect to practice before the court in the immediate future at least.

That there must be peace in the Latin-American republics and that this peace must be maintained without any steps toward personal aggrandizement, is the keynote of a statement by President Wilson outlining his policy toward the Central and Southern American republics.

Secretary of State Bryan has been invited to take charge of the Young Men's Bible class in the First Presbyterian church Sunday school, Washington, and in consequence the membership of the class is going up by leaps and bounds. Mr. Bryan has not yet accepted.

The nomination of John H. Marble to be a member of the Interstate commerce commission was confirmed by the U. S. senate.

#### Domestic

Charles Bright, living near Washington, Ill., while reading a paper, fell off his chair and broke his neck.

Wholesale indictments and arrest of more than sixty men—many of them declared to be well known in the insurance field—will follow the startling confession made in South Bend, Ind., by Benjamin Fink, alleged "traveling fire bug" of the "arson trust," according to Assistant State's Attorney Johnston of Chicago, to whom the confession was made.

Broadening the scope of its investigations, the Illinois senatorial vice commission will tour the east, visiting the principal cities of New York and Pennsylvania in an effort to stimulate a nation-wide inquiry and effect federal legislation on the minimum wage for women. The expenses of the trip will be borne by the state.

After discovering flames in the Motley public school in Chicago, during the absence of the principal, two boys, aged twelve and fourteen, acting on their own initiative, sounded the large fire gong which sent 1,200 children and twenty-one teachers marching in orderly procession to the street.

Dr. A. G. Six, a prominent physician of Lawrence, Mich., shot and killed himself a few minutes before he was to have consulted with authorities regarding a mysterious fire which destroyed his home, in which his wife and daughter were burned to death.

Forest fires that still are burning have destroyed thousands of cords of bark and timber and have entailed heavy losses to the farms of the Blue Ridge mountains, Virginia.

Ten thousand members of the Children's and Misses' Dressmakers' union, mostly girls, went out on strike in New York, demanding a 50-hour week, better pay, and the abolition of tenement house work. The strike is an aftermath of the general garment workers' strike.

Two hundred girls employed in the iron mills at Pittsburg, Pa., owned by United States Senator George T. Oliver, went on strike for more wages. One thousand more are expected to walk out unless the wage scale is modified.

Thirteen persons were killed and property valued at several hundred thousand dollars destroyed by a wind and rain storm which swept portions of Louisiana, Texas, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee.

It was reported at Youngstown, O., that an Erie freight train hit a west-bound street car on the Mahoning Valley electric railway, killing three and injuring fifteen persons.

Supreme Court Justice Bljur of Washington, D. C., signed an interlocutory decree of divorce in favor of Mrs. Eric B. Dahlgren against her husband, who is a son of Rear Admiral Dahlgren.

Rev. J. M. Dunlavy and Rev. Theodore Hanson, clergymen of the Methodist church, unable to obtain action by the police department against a "joint" or illicit saloon in Kansas City, Kan., raided the place themselves, bought beer, carried away evidence and sent the proprietor into court.

The New York Yacht club has declined the challenge of Sir Thomas Lipton to race for the America's cup.

The house bill abolishing capital punishment in the state of Washington was passed by the senate. It is understood Governor Ernest Lister will approve the act.

The "dry" forces won several victories in Minnesota, according to returns from villages in various sections of the state where municipal elections were held. What is considered the most important victory was won at Stewartville by five votes. Women were active in the campaign.

The country for several miles around Aetna, Ind., was shaken and hundreds of persons frightened when 300 pounds of gun cotton exploded at the Aetna powder mills.

The Kansas senate at Topeka defeated the eight-hour bill for women when it was placed on its final passage. The bill was defeated through the efforts of members from country districts where such changes in working hours would entirely disarrange business.

William J. Bombardt, assistant foreman of the gang of stevedores who were loading the dynamite into the Alum Chine in Baltimore harbor when an explosion caused the death of more than forty persons, the serious injury of three score more and property loss of over \$400,000, has been arrested.

#### Personal

Under the will of Ferris S. Thompson, who died in Paris on February 18, Princeton university will receive \$2,000,000 of the \$3,000,000 estate. The Salvation Army in New York and in San Francisco will receive \$50,000 each and Mercy hospital, Chicago, will get \$10,000.

Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan have leased Calumet Place, one of the most historical residences in Washington, the property of Mrs. John A. Logan, for their Washington residence.

Frank Johnson Goodnow of Washington, D. C., was appointed chief adviser to the Chinese government in the reform of the constitution.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the world-famous actress, had both ankles sprained in an automobile accident in Pico Heights, on the outskirts of Los Angeles, Cal., when her machine, in which she was being driven to the theater, collided with a heavy truck and was badly wrecked.

The national child labor conference opened in Jacksonville, Fla., Sherman C. Kingsley of Chicago presiding over the first session.

That former President William Howard Taft may become president of Johns Hopkins university in Baltimore, Md., is a contingency that is being looked upon as quite possible, as the matter has been discussed by members of the board of trustees.

#### Foreign

Oxford won the annual boat race with Cambridge on the Thames by a quarter of a length. Cambridge took the lead at the start and was half a length in front at the middle distance. Oxford overhauled her in the last quarter mile.

Two sergeants of the army aviation corps were fatally injured in a collision between machines in midair at Rheims, France. The accident occurred in the course of maneuvers by a "fotilla" of five aeroplanes.

Constitutionalists overthrew the federal garrison at Nogales, Sonora, and are in possession of the border town after a fight which continued with little abatement for twelve hours. Casualties are estimated at 100 dead and twice as many wounded on both sides.

The Greeks have occupied Paramythia, in Epirus, thirty miles southwest of Janina, and Margariti, near by. The crown prince in a message from Janina says the Greek forces will concentrate at Paramythia.

The British sailing vessel Glenelg, bound from Argentina to Hamburg, foundered in the North sea off Heligoland island. The ship is a total loss. The fate of the crew of 36 is unknown.

The Austrian government demanded, through its minister to Serbia, that all Serbian troops be immediately withdrawn from the siege of the fortress of Scutari, near the Montenegrin frontier, and which is to become the Albanian capital under the plans adopted by the European powers for an autonomous Albania.

## STEPS TAKEN TO REORGANIZE P. M. RY.

PLAN NOW READY FOR SUBMISSION TO UNITED STATES COURT IN DETROIT.

\$16,000,000 IN BONDS WILL BE SOLD IN NEW YORK.

The Holders of \$8,000,000 of Gold Notes Plan to Get Possession to the Property.

Steps for reorganization of the Pere Marquette railroad are now under way in New York city, and a reorganization plan designed to meet requirements of the United States court and the different railroad commissions is shortly to be submitted to Federal Judge Tuttle in Detroit.

The tangible beginning of this reorganization will be an auction sale in New York, March 20, of \$16,000,000 of improvement and refunding general mortgage 6 per cent bonds held by the Guaranty Trust company, trustees, as collateral for \$8,000,000 of outstanding five-year gold notes.

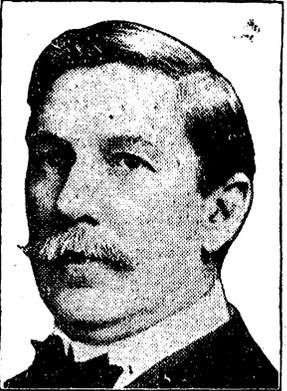
#### Senate Tables Vice Commission.

By a vote of 16 to 12 the senate tabled the Glasner resolution calling for a commission to investigate vice conditions in Michigan.

Gov. Ferris expressed sorrow when he heard of the senate's action. He has been in receipt of many communications from Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo, Saginaw and other places where vice conditions are being investigated locally. They disclose alleged conditions which, if true, would reflect greatly on various county officials.

The governor declares that if such a commission as was proposed by the Glasner resolution would work 10 days it would find whether or not the charges are true, and that if they were substantiated there are a number of county officials who would be ousted from office quickly on charges of non-enforcement of the law. A movement has been started to get a reconsideration of the vote.

#### CONGRESSMAN PUJO



Investigator of the alleged money trust.

Farmers of Lenawee County Organize. A temporary organization was formed for the purpose of organizing farmers of Lenawee county and hiring a graduate farm expert to spend his entire time in county. Bankers seem more interested in this new project than do the farmers. W. C. Jipson, of Blissfield, and R. C. Rothfus, of Adrian, both bankers, were elected president and secretary respectively, of the organization. A constitutional committee was appointed and the meeting adjourned till March 25, when the organization will be made permanent.

Very few counties have adopted the plan of hiring expert agriculturists and among them are Kent and Allegan counties. Providing an organization is formed and at least \$800 is guaranteed by the county, the federal government offers \$1,200 a year and the National Grain Exchange \$1,000 a year to the county for the employ of such a man. The annual expense of such an office would be about \$3,000.

W. H. Wallace was appointed trainmaster of the Toledo district of the Pere Marquette. J. D. Chisholm goes to the Western Maryland road, making the sixth man that Supt. A. R. Merrick has placed since he left the Pere Marquette.

One of the biggest freight wrecks the Pere Marquette has had this winter occurred near Blanchard, between Edmore and Big Rapids, when 12 cars of an extra freight, containing merchandise, were derailed. Most of the cars were thrown together.

Unless the 16 Muskegon high school students who have been found to be members of Greek letter fraternities quit them within the 10 days' limit prescribed by the state law, they will be expelled. This was the ultimatum drawn up by the school board at a secret meeting.

#### WILLIAM R. WEBB



Mr. Webb served about a month as senator from Tennessee.

#### State Fish Industry Is in Danger.

Officials in the United States bureau of fisheries are hotly advocating a change in the Michigan game laws, to lengthen the closed season on whitefish and trout. They contend that the federal bureau has been greatly handicapped in its work of protecting, propagating and planting fish in the great lakes because of the Michigan law, which permits the taking of fish during the spawning season. With a coast line of nearly 2,500 miles, Michigan has jurisdiction over much the greater portion of the great lakes.

Recommendations made in the annual report of State Game Warden William R. Oates, of Michigan, a copy of which has just been placed in the hands of the federal fish culture experts, are approved by them. Robert S. Johnson, who is in charge of the fish culture division, stated that if the recommendations were heeded much of the present trouble being experienced would be eliminated. But the federal officials fear there is little chance of getting a longer closed season in Michigan. They claim that several large commercial fishermen are members of the state legislature, and are doing what they can to discourage new legislation.

#### Commission Rule for Traverse City.

Traverse City voted to adopt the commission form of government, by a vote of 1,025 to 217, after one of the hardest fought campaigns the town has ever known.

General dissatisfaction with the administration of Mayor W. D. C. Germaine, who is now under charges of malfeasance in office, was one of the great factors in the result, as also was the high rate of taxation. The new charter will go into effect May 15.

#### Gov. Ferris Signs Home Rule.

Gov. Ferris signed the Verdier home rule bill immediately after the engraved copy of the measure was placed on his desk. The bill gives to cities the immediate right to amend their charters piecemeal, and the signature of the governor finally makes it into law.

#### STATE BRIEFS.

Twenty-nine of the 56 cases on the calendar of the April term of circuit court in Flint, are divorce suits.

Every tramp who gets into Kalamazoo and cannot prove he has a job will work on the county roads this summer.

Frank E. Nowlin, of Albion, who has just completed a mammoth elevator in that city, will use his building as a dance hall evenings.

The "meanest man in the world" entered the Lansing pest house on Becker street, while it was empty, and stole the stove and all of the bedding.

The annual report of the state board of corrections and charities says that the Genesee county jail is too small and the cots and bedding are poor.

Secretary of State Martindale notified the Atlas Powder Co. he would not issue it a permit to do business in Michigan unless it pays the franchise fee he demands.

In response to a query from County Clerk Brown of Tuscola county, Attorney General Fellows ruled that county clerks are not entitled to a fee for recording marriages.

Having recently built a roundhouse at Sault Ste. Marie, the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic railroad is preparing to erect similar structures at Marquette and Thomaston.

Alvin Puffer, postmaster at Slocum, has reported to the sheriff of Muskegon county, that the postoffice was entered and \$10 in cash and about \$20 worth of stamps stolen.

Gov. Ferris has appointed President E. G. Lancaster, of Olivet college, and Lettis Shay, of Harbor Springs, delegates from Michigan to the fourth American peace congress in St. Louis, May 1, 2 and 3.

A diver who went down to investigate the break in the water main under the river, at Port Huron, found that the pipe is completely buried under logs and other debris, which it will take some time to remove. Meanwhile the whole south side is without water and absolutely without protection in case of fire.

## 500 MEXICANS ROUT 1,000 REBELS

GENERAL OJEDA'S BROWN MEN DRIVE 1,000 INSURGENTS INTO SOUTHEAST.

ADVANCE COVERED BY CANNON FEDERALS WIN BATTLE.

Four Hundred Yaqui Indians Are Marching to the Aid of the Rebellious Mexicans.

Instead of waiting to be attacked by nearly 1,000 insurgent state troops, General Ojeda with less than 500 federal soldiers went out from Naco and defeated the enemy.

In three hours of aggressive fighting peppering the enemy's line with rifle and machine gun bullets, and spraying lead from shrapnel shells over hills adopted as fortifications, the Huerta federalists drove the state forces five miles to the southeast the government forces returned victorious to the Mexican border town opposite Naco City.

Even the victors do not believe the fighting is ended, however, nor that Naco is secure from assault.

With the advantage of unexpected aggression, and possessing five artillery pieces, the little brown, bare-footed soldiers defending the military honor of the new Huerta regime fought against seemingly overwhelming odds. Protected by the artillery fire the federalists scrambled over the hills and began firing their rifles at the enemy appearing in the distance.

After three hours of desperate fighting, the battle stopped, the federalists under Ojeda holding the field while the state troops under Bracamonte and Galles were in full retreat to the south.

Jubilant over their victory, the federalists returned to Naco.

#### 300 Massacred by Servian Troops.

Three hundred Albanian inhabitants of Liuma, in the Turkish province of Kossova, were shot without trial by Servian troops, according to a despatch from Uskub to the Frankfort Gazette.

"The inhabitants of the district totalling 400," the despatch says. "They were unarmed peasants and did not follow the example of the rest of the Albanians in fleeing to the mountains. All were captured by a column of Servian troops, who, after shooting 300 of them, brought the surviving 100 prisoners to Prisrend, the capital of the province."

#### STATE BRIEFS.

The democrat banquet to be held in Muskegon this month has been set for March 31, the result of the statement by Gov. Ferris that he would be unable to come until that time.

Because of an error in the notices posted in the township of Blumfield, Saginaw county, calling a special election to vote on a \$35,000 bond issue, the bonds cannot be marketed.

Marco Martin, an employe of the Commonwealth Power Co., at Charlotte, narrowly escaped death when he came in contact with a wire carrying 2,300 volts. He was seriously burned.

B. F. Daniels, president of the City National bank of Lansing, startled the ministers when he was called in to address their union, by declaring that the church is 100 per cent below par.

It is rumored that the prison board of control has purchased the Ellison farm of 200 acres, four miles south of Jackson, for a convict farm. Warden Simpson refuses to confirm or deny the report.

Members of the executive staff of the state organization of the Y. M. C. A. concluded their annual meeting in Saginaw and announced that the state boys' encampment will be held at Torch Lake, opening June 24 and closing Sept. 2.

Ernest Buckan, of Benton Harbor, in the lockup in Copehism, charged with attempting to assault a 15-year-old girl, tried to burn down the building in an effort to escape. He piled all the inflammable material in the place up against the door and applied a match.

Charles DeYoung, of Grand Rapids, was arrested for the tenth time on a charge of fraud. In each case he has been convicted of circulating petitions for subscriptions based on falsifications that his family was sick and that his home had been burned, leaving him destitute.

Standing on a street corner in Grand Rapids, Fred Wirth, 25, drank poison and died before he could be sent to a hospital. He leaves a widow and three children, one only a week old. Dependancy was the cause.

Neighbors becoming alarmed at not having seen signs of life at the home of Miss Dora Stewart, who lived alone on a farm three miles east of Eaton Rapids, forced an entrance to the house and found Miss Stewart dead on the floor. Indications were that death resulted from natural causes.

## STORM IN SOUTH KILLS 25.

Cyclone Sweeps Middle West and South.

Killed in Storm.

Rosedale, Ga.	41
Rome, Ga.	4
Columbus, Ga.	2
Atlanta, Ga.	5
Gadsden, Ala.	6
Tennessee	20
Total	51

Widespread storms of cyclonic intensity, sweeping over the middle west and the south cut their way through towns and cities of five states snuffed out scores of lives, made hundreds homeless and destroyed property valued high in the millions.

Fifty-one persons were reported killed.

Other sections of the country, from the great lakes to the gulf and the eastern seaboard to the Rockies, were swept by gales, rain and snow.

The storm took its heaviest toll of life in Alabama, Tennessee and northwestern Georgia. From Nashville and Memphis came reports of cyclones half a mile wide, sweeping through five counties, tumbling over scores of houses, brushing a dozen towns and killing 20 persons.

#### THE MARKETS.

DETROIT—Cattle—Best steers, \$8.85 to \$9.50; steers and heifers, \$8.00 to \$9.00; hogs, \$7.50 to \$8.50; choice fat cows, \$6.75 to \$7.50; good fat cows, \$5.50 to \$6.50; common cows, \$4.50 to \$5.50; canners, \$4.00 to \$5.00; choice heavy hogs, \$5.00 to \$6.00; fair hogs, \$4.50 to \$5.50; stock hogs, \$4.00 to \$5.00; choice feeding steers \$10.00 to \$11.00; fair feeding steers \$9.00 to \$10.00; choice steers, \$7.50 to \$8.50; fair steers, \$7.00 to \$8.00; stock hogs, \$5.50 to \$6.50; milkers, large, young, medium age, \$5.50 to \$7.50; common milkers, \$5.00 to \$6.00.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts, 100 cars; market \$25.00 higher; best 1,350 to 1,500-lb steers, \$8.75 to \$9.50; good to prime 1,200 to 1,300-lb steers, \$8.50 to \$9.00; good to prime 1,100 to 1,200-lb steers, \$8.00 to \$8.50; choice plumpish to 1,200-lb steers, \$7.75 to \$8.25; medium butcher steers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs \$7.50 to \$8.00; butcher steers, 950 to 1,000 lbs, \$7.50 to \$8.00; light butcher steers, \$6.75 to \$7.50; best fat hogs, \$8.75 to \$9.50; fair hogs, \$8.00 to \$8.75; stock hogs, \$5.50 to \$6.50; best feeding steers, dehorned, \$7.00 to \$8.00; light common stockers, \$6.00 to \$7.00; prime export hogs, \$8.00 to \$9.00; butcher hogs, \$7.50 to \$8.50; stock hogs, \$5.50 to \$6.50; stock bulls, \$5.00 to \$6.00; best milkers and springers, \$6.50 to \$8.00; common to fair kind, \$4.00 to \$5.50.

GRAIN, ETC. Wheat—Cash, No. 2 red, \$1.06; May opened at \$1.06 1/4, declined to \$1.05 3/4 and advanced to \$1.06 1/2; July opened at 93c lost 1-4 and recovered to 93c; September opened at 92 3/4, touched 92 1/2 and advanced to 92 3/4; No. 1 white, \$1.05. Corn—Cash No. 2, 50 1/2; No. 3 yellow, 1 car at 51 1/4; No. 4 yellow, 43 1/2; Oats—Standard, 35; No. 3 white, 34; No. 4 white, 33.

GENERAL MARKETS. Poultry is quoted firm and scarce. Demand for chickens continues to keep in advance of the supply. Dressed hogs are scarce and firm. Dressed calves are in good demand. The butter market is steady and active. The egg market is freely, but demand is enough to hold the market firm. Potatoes are easy and dull. Apples are moving freely and the market is quiet and steady.

APPLIES—Baldwin, \$2.50 to \$2.75; greenling, \$2.50 to \$2.75; spy, \$2.75 to \$3.00; No. 2, 75c to \$1.50 per bbl. CABBAGES—\$1.25 per bbl. DRESSED CALVES—Ordinary, 12 1/2 to 13c; fancy, 14 1/2 to 15c per lb. ONIONS—50 to 55c per lb. DRESSED HOGS—10 to 11c per lb. for light to medium. DRESSED POULTRY—Spring chickens, 16 to 17c; hens, 16 to 17c; old rosters, 11 to 12c; turkeys, 21 to 23c; ducks, 17 to 18c; geese, 14 to 15c per lb.

Attorney General Fellows rules that marriage does not nullify a woman's commission as a notary public. Untangling the peculiar situation created in Muskegon county when Sheriff Collins, pursuant to instructions from the board of supervisors, appointed George Wellhamer, deputy sheriff and game warden of the county, and named Gad Ellis, of Muskegon Heights, as county deputy game warden, a letter was received by Wellhamer from Warden Oats naming him as the county game warden.

# The STOLEN SINGER

by MARTNA BELLINGER

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## SYNOPSIS.

Agatha Redmond, opera singer, starting for an auto drive in New York, finds a stranger seated as her chauffeur. Later she is accosted by a stranger who climbs into the auto and chloroforms her. James Hamilton of Lynn, Mass., witnesses the abduction of Agatha Redmond. Hamilton sees Agatha forcibly taken aboard a yacht. He secures a tug and when near the yacht drops overboard. Aleck Van Camp, friend of Hamilton, had an appointment with him. Not meeting Hamilton, he makes a call upon friends, Madame and Miss Melanie Reynier. He proposes to the latter and is refused. The three arrange a coast trip on Van Camp's yacht, the Sea Gull. Hamilton wakes up on board the Jeanne D'Arc, the yacht on which is Agatha Redmond. He meets a man who introduces himself as Aleck Van Camp, Agatha's abductor. They fight, but are interrupted by the sinking of the vessel. Jimmy and Agatha are abandoned by the crew, who take to the boats. Jimmy and Agatha swim for hours and finally reach shore in a thoroughly exhausted condition. Receiving help from the crew, they are conveyed to the shore. Agatha's property is located. Van Camp and his party, in the Sea Gull, reach Charleston and get tidings of the wreck of the Jeanne D'Arc. Aleck finds Jim on the verge of death and Agatha in despair. Dr. Thayer declares his sister, Mrs. Stoddard, is the only one who can save Agatha. She is a woman of strong religious convictions, and dislikes Agatha on account of her profession. She refuses to nurse Jim. Agatha pleads with her and she consents to take the case. Hand explains how he escaped from the wreck, though he will say nothing concerning the abduction. Lizzie, Agatha's maid, arrives from New York. The fight for Jim's life goes on. Van Camp hears Agatha's story and gets on the track of Chateaufort, who escaped from the wreck.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### The Turn of the Tide.

Lights in a country house at night are often the signal of birth or death, sometimes of both. The old red house threw its beacon from almost every window that night, and seemed mutely to defy the onslaught of enveloping darkness, whether Plutonic or Stygian. Time was when Parson Thayer's library lamp burned nightly into the little hours, and through the uncurtained windows the churchyard ghosts, had they wandered that way, could have seen his long thin form, wrapped in a paisley cloth dressing-gown, sitting in the glow. He would have been reading some old leather-bound volume, and would have remained for hours almost as quiet and noiseless as the ghosts themselves. Now he had stepped across the threshold and joined them, and new spirits had come to burn the light in the old red house.

Agatha, half-dressed, had slept, and woke feeling that the night must be far advanced. The house was very still, with no sound or echo of the incoherent tones which, for now many days, had come from the room down the hall. She lit a candle, and the sputtering match seemed to fill the house with noise. Her clock indicated a little past midnight. It was only twenty minutes since she had lain down, but she was wide awake and refreshed. While she was pinning up her hair in a big mass on the top of her head, she heard in the hall slow, steady steps, firm but not heavy, even as in daytime. Susan Stoddard did not tiptoe.

Agatha was at the door before she could knock.

"You had better come for a few minutes," Mrs. Stoddard said. The tones were, in themselves, an adjuration to faith and fortitude.

"Yes, I will come," said Agatha. They walked together down the dimly lighted hall, each woman in her own way proving how strong and efficient is the discipline of self-control.

In the sick-room a screen shaded the light from the bed, which had been pulled out almost into the middle of the room. Near the bed was a table with bottles, glasses, a covered pitcher, and on the floor an oxygen tank. Doctor Thayer's massive figure was in the shadow close to the bed, and Aleck Van Camp leaned over the curved footboard. James lay on his pillow, a ghost of a man, still as death itself. As Agatha grew accustomed to the light, she saw that his eyes were closed, the lips under the ragged beard were drawn and slightly parted; his forehead was the pallid forehead of death-in-life. Neither the doctor nor Aleck moved or turned their gaze from the bed as Agatha and Mrs. Stoddard entered. The air was still, and the profound silence without was as a mighty reservoir for the silence within.

Agatha stood by the footboard beside Aleck, while Mrs. Stoddard, getting a warm freestone from the invisible Mr. Hand in the hall, placed it beneath the bedclothes. Aleck Van Camp dropped his head, covering his face with his hands. Agatha, watching, by and by saw a change come over the sick man's face. She held her breath. It seemed for untold minutes, while Doctor Thayer reached his

hand to the patient's heart and leaned over to observe more closely his face. "See!" she whispered to Aleck, touching his shoulder lightly, "he is looking at us." When Aleck looked up James was indeed looking at them with large, serious, half-focused eyes. It was as if he were coming back from another world where the laws of vision were different, and he was only partially adjusted to the present conditions. He moved his hands feebly under the bedclothes, where they were being warmed by the freestone, and then tried to moisten his lips. Agatha took a glass of water from the table, looked about for a napkin, but, seeing none, wet the tips of her fingers and placed them gently over James' lips. His eyes followed her at first, but closed for an instant as she came near. When they opened again, they looked more natural. As he felt the comfort of the water on his lips, his features relaxed, and a look of recognition illumined his face. His eyes moved from Agatha to Aleck, who was now bending over him, and back to Agatha. The look was a salute, happy and peaceful. Then his eyes closed again.

For an hour Agatha and Aleck kept their watch, almost fearing to breathe. Doctor Thayer worked, gave quiet orders, tested the heartbeats, let no movement or symptom go unnoticed. For a time James kept even the doctor in doubt whether he was slipping into the Great Unknown or into a deep and convalescent sleep. By the end of the hour, however, Jimsy had decided for natural sleep, urged there, perhaps, by that unseen playwright who had decreed another time for curtain; or perhaps he was kept by Doctor Thayer's professional persuasions, in defiance of the prompter's signal. However the case, the heart slowly but surely began to take up its job like an honest force-pump, the face began to lose its death-like pallor, the breathing became more nearly normal. Doctor Thayer, with Mrs. Stoddard quiet and efficient at his elbow, worked and tested and worked again, and finally sat motionless for some minutes, watch in hand, counting the pulsations of James' heart. At the end of the time he laid the hand carefully back under the clothes, put his watch in his pocket, and finally got up and looked around the room.

Mrs. Stoddard was pouring something into a measuring glass. Agatha was standing by the window, looking out into the blue night; and Aleck could be seen through the half-open door, pacing up and down the hall. Doctor Thayer turned to his sister.

"Give him his medicine on the half-hour, and then you go to bed. That man Hand will do now." Then he went to the door and addressed Aleck.

"Well, Mr. Van Camp, unless something unexpected turns up, I think your cousin will live to jump overboard again."

Offhand as the words were, there was unmistakable satisfaction, happiness, even triumph in his voice, and he returned Aleck's hand-clasp with a vise-like grip. His masculinity ignored Agatha, or pretended to; but she had followed him to the door. As the old man clasped hands with Aleck, he heard behind him a deep, "O Doctor!" The next instant Agatha's arms were around his neck, and the back of his bald head was pressed against something that could only have been a cheek. Surprising as this was, the doctor did not stampede; but by the time he had got clear of Aleck and had reached up his hand to find the cheek, it was gone, and the arms, too. Susan Stoddard somehow got mixed up in the general Te Deum in the hall, and for the first time, now that the fight was over, allowed her feminine feelings—that is, a few tears—to come to the surface.

Aleck, however, went to pieces, gone down in that species of mental collapse by which deliberate, judicial man become reckless, and strong man become weak. He stepped softly back into the bed-room and leaned again over the curved footboard, his face quite miserable. He went nearer, and held his ear down close to the bedclothes, to hear for himself the regular beating of the heart. Slowly he convinced himself that the doctor's words might possibly be true, at least. He turned to Hand, who had come in and was adjusting the shades, and asked him: "Do you believe he's asleep?" In the tone of one who demands an oath.

"Oh, yes, sir; he's sleeping nicely. Mr. Van Camp. I saw the change the moment I came in."

Aleck still hesitated to leave, fearful, apparently, lest he might take the blessed sleep away with him. As he stood by the bed, a low but distinct whistle sounded outside, then, after

a moment's interval, was repeated. Aleck lifted his head at the first signal, took another look at James and one at Hand, then light as a cat he darted from the room and down the stairs, leaving the house through one of the tall windows in the parlor. Mr. Chamberlain was standing near the lilac bushes, his big figure outlined dimly in the darkness.

"Shut up!" Aleck whispered fiercely, as he ran toward him. "He's just got to sleep, Chamberlain; gone to sleep, like a baby. Don't make an infernal racket!"

"Oh, I didn't know. Didn't mean to make a racket," began Chamberlain, when Aleck plumped into him and shook him by the shoulders.

"He's asleep—like a baby!" he reiterated. And Chamberlain, wise comrade, took Aleck by the arm and tramped him off over the hill to settle his nerves. They walked for an hour arm in arm over the road that lay like a gray ribbon before them in the night, winding up slantwise along the rugged country.

Dawn was awake on the hills a mile away, and by and by Aleck found tongue to tell the story of the night, which was good for him. He talked fast and unevenly, and even extravagantly. Chamberlain listened and loved his friend in a sympathy that spoke for itself, though his words were commonplace enough. By the time they had circled the five-mile road and were near the house again, Aleck was something like himself, though still unusually excited. Chamberlain mentioned casually that Miss Reynier had been anxious about him, and that all his friends at the big hotel had worried. Finally, he, Chamberlain, had set out for the old red house, thinking he could possibly be of service; in any case glad to be near his friend.

"And," by the way," Chamberlain added, "you may be interested to hear that accidentally I got on the track of that beggar who ate the hermit's eggs. Took a tramp this morning, and found him held up at a kind of sailor's inn, waiting for money. Grouchy old party; no wonder his men shipped him."

Aleck at first took but feeble interest in Chamberlain's discoveries; he was still far from being his precise, judicial self. He let Chamberlain talk on, scarcely noticing what he said, until suddenly the identity of the man whom Chamberlain was describing came home to him. Agatha's story flashed back in his memory. He stopped short in his tracks, halting his companion with a stretched-out forefinger.

"Look here, Chamberlain," he said, "I've been half loony and didn't take in what you said. If that's the owner or proprietor of the Jeanne D'Arc—a man known as Monsieur Chateaufort, French accent, blond, above medium size, prominent white teeth—we want him right away. He kidnaped Miss Redmond in New York, and I shouldn't wonder if he kidnaped old Jim and stole the yacht besides. He's a bad one."

Mr. Chamberlain had the air of humoring a lunatic. "Well, what's to be done? Is it a case for the law? Is there any evidence to be had?"

"Law! Evidence!" cried Aleck. "I should think so. You go to Big Simon, Chamberlain, and find out who's sheriff, and we'll get a warrant and run him down. Heavens! A man like that would sell his mother!"

Chamberlain looked frankly skeptical, and would not budge until Aleck had related every circumstance that he knew about Agatha's involuntary flight from New York. He was all for going to the red house and investigating Agatha herself, but Aleck refused to let him do that.

"She's worn out and gone to bed; you can't see her. But it's straight, you take my word. We must catch that scoundrel and bring him here for identification—to be sure there's no mistake. And if it is he, it'll be hot enough for him."

Chamberlain doubted whether it was the same man, and put up objections seriatim to each proposition of Aleck's, but finally accepted them all. He made a point, however, of going on his quest alone.

"You go back to the red house and go to bed, and I'll round up Eggs. I think I know how the trick can be done."

had already come from a neighbor's dairy. Sallie's temper may not have been ideal, but at least, she was not of those who are grouchy before breakfast. She served Aleck and Chamberlain in the kitchen with homely skill, giving them both a wholesome and pleasant morning after their night of gloom.

"You can't do anything right all day if you start behindhand," she replied when Aleck remarked upon her early rising. "Besides I was up last night more than once, watching for Miss Redmond. The young man's sleeping nicely, she says."

She went cheerfully about her kitchen work, giving the men her best, womanlike, and asking nothing in return, not even attention. They took her service gratefully, however, and there was enough of Eve in Sallie to know it.

"By the way, Chamberlain," said Aleck, "we must get a telegram off to the family in Lynn." He wrote out the address and shoved it across Sallie's red kitchen tablecloth. "And tell them not to think of coming!" adjured Aleck. "We don't want any more of a swarthy hero than we've got now." Chamberlain undertook to send the message; and since he had contracted to catch the criminal of the Jeanne D'Arc, he was eager to be off on his hunt.

"Good-by, old man. You go to bed and get a good sleep. I'll stop at the hotel and leave word for Miss Reynier. And you stay here, so I'll know where you are. I may want to find you quick, if I land that bloomin' beggar."

"Thanks," said Aleck weakly. "I'll turn in for an hour or so, if Sallie can find me a bed."

Mr. Chamberlain made several notes on an envelope which he pulled from his pocket, gravely thanked Sallie for her breakfast and lifted his hat to her when he departed. Aleck dropped into a chair and was stupidly staring at the stove when Sallie returned from a journey to the pump in the yard.

"You'll like to take a little rest, Mr. Van Camp," she said, "and I know just the place where you'll not hear a sound from anywhere—if you don't mind there not being a carpet. I'll go up right away and show you the room before I knead out my bread." So she conducted Aleck to a big, clean attic under the rafters, remote and quiet. He was exhausted, not from lack of sleep—he had often borne many hours of wakefulness and hard work without turning a hair—but from the jarring of a live nerve throughout the night of anxiety. The past, and the relationships of youth and kindred were sacred to him, and his pain had overshadowed, for the hour at least, even the newer claims of his love for Melanie Reynier.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### The Spirit of the Ancient Wood.

Agatha's first thought on awakening late in the forenoon, was the memory of Sallie Kingsbury coaxing her to bed and tucking her in, in the purple light of the early morning. She remembered the attention with pleasure and gratitude, as another blessing added to the greater one of James Hamilton's turn toward recovery. Sallie's act was mute testimony that Agatha was, in truth, heir to Hercules Thayer's estate, spiritual and material.

She summoned Lizzie, and while she was dressing, laid out directions for the day. During her short stay in Ilion, Lizzie had been diligent enough in gathering items of information, but nevertheless she had remained oblivious of any impending crisis during the night. Her pompadour was marcelled as accurately as if she were expecting a morning call from Mr. Straker. No rustlings of the wings of the Angel of Death had disturbed her sleep. In fact, Lizzie would have winked knowingly if his visit had been announced to her. Her sophistication had banished such superstitions. She noticed, however, that Agatha's candles had burned to their sockets, and inquired if Miss Redmond had been wakeful.

"Mr. Hamilton was very ill. Everybody in the house was up till near morning," replied Agatha rather tartly.

"Oh, what a pity! Could I have done anything? I never heard a sound," cried Lizzie effusively.

"No, there was nothing you could have done," said Agatha.

"It's very bad for your voice, Miss Redmond, staying up all night," went on Lizzie solicitously. "You're quite pale this morning. And with your western tour ahead of you!"

Agatha let these adjurations go unanswered. It occurred to Lizzie that possibly she had allied herself with a mistress who was foolish enough to ruin her public career by private follies, such as worrying about sick people. Heaven, in Lizzie's eyes, was the glare of publicity; and since she was unable to shine in it herself, she loved to be attached to somebody who could. Her fidelity was based on Agatha's celebrity as a singer. She would have preferred serving an actress who was all the rage, but considered a popular singer, who paid liberally, as the next best thing.

There was always enough common sense in Lizzie's remarks to make some impression, even on a person capable of the folly of mourning at a death-bed. Agatha's spirits, freshened by hope and the sleep of health, rose to a buoyancy which was well able to deal with practical questions. She quickly formed a plan for the day, though she was wise enough to withhold the scheme from the maid.

Agatha drank her coffee, ate sparingly of Sallie's toast, and leaving Lizzie with a piece of sewing to do, went first to James Hamilton's room.

After ten minutes or so, she slowly descended the stairs and went out the front way. She circled the garden and came round to the open kitchen door. Sallie was kneeling before her oven, inspecting bread. Agatha watched her while she tapped the bottom of the tin, held her face down close to the loaf, and finally took the whole baking out of the oven and tipped the tins off the table.

"That's the most delicious smell that ever was!" said Agatha.

Sallie jumped up and pulled her apron straight.

"Lor, Miss Redmond, how you scared me! Couldn't you sleep any longer?"

"I didn't want to; I'm as good as new. Tell me, Sallie, where all the people are. Mr. Hand is in Mr. Hamilton's room, I know, but where are the others?"

"I guess they're all parceled round," said Sallie with symptoms of sniffing. "I don't want to complain, Miss Redmond, but we ain't had any such a houseful since Parson Thayer's last conference met here, and not so many then; only three ministers and two wives, though, of course, ministers make more work. But I wouldn't say a word, Miss Redmond, about the work, if it wasn't for that young woman that puts on such airs coming and getting your tray. I ain't used to that."

Sallie paused, like any good orator, while her main thesis gained impressiveness from silence. It was only too evident that her feelings were hurt.

Agatha considered the matter, but before replying came farther into the kitchen and touched the tip of a finger to one of Sallie's loaves, lifting it to show its golden brown crust.

"You're an expert at bread, Sallie, I can see that," she said heartily. "I shouldn't have got over my accident half so well if it hadn't been for your good food and your care, and I want you to know that I appreciate it." She was reluctant to discuss the maid, but her cordial liking for Sallie counseled frankness. "Don't mind about Lizzie. I thought you had too much to do, and that she might just as well help you, but if she bothers you, we won't have it. And now tell me where Mrs. Stoddard and the others are."

Sallie's symptoms indicated that she was about to be propitiated; but she had yet a desire to make her position clear to Miss Redmond. "It's all right; only I've taken care of the china for seventeen years, and it don't seem right to let her handle it. And she told me herself that anybody that had any respect for their hands wouldn't do kitchen work. And if her hands are too good for kitchen work, I'm sure I don't want her messing round here. She left the tea on the stove till it boiled, Miss Redmond, just yesterday."

Agatha smiled. "I'm sure Lizzie doesn't know anything about cooking, Sallie, and she shall not bother you any more."

Sallie turned a rather less melancholy face toward Agatha. "It's been fairly lonesome since the parson died. I'm glad you've come to the red house." The words came from Sallie's lips gruffly and ungraciously, but Agatha knew that they were sincere. She knew better, however, than to appear to notice them. In a moment Sallie went on: "Mrs. Stoddard, she's asleep in the front spare room. Said for me to call her at twelve."

"Poor woman! She must be tired," said Agatha.

"Aunt Susan's a stout woman, Miss Redmond. She didn't go to bed until she'd had prayers beside the young man's bed, with Mr. Hand present. I had to wait with the coffee. And I guess Mr. Hand ain't very much used to our ways, for when Aunt Susan had made a prayer, Mr. Hand said: 'Yes, ma'am!' instead of Amen."

There was a mixture of disapprobation and grim humor which did not escape Agatha. She was again beguiled into a smile, though Sallie remained grave as a tombstone.

"Mr. Hand will learn," said Agatha; and was about to add "Like the rest of us," but thought better of it. Sallie took up her tale.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Browning's Disappointment.

Robert Browning's great hopes for his son were not fulfilled. One of the poet's disappointments was the rejection of a statue by "Pen" sent to the academy in the '80s.

Though Pen Browning's statue was rejected, two or three pictures painted in Belgium, clever in a hard, realistic technique, but very far from beautiful, were hung at the academy. Browning was sensitively anxious about the reputation of these works. On one occasion, when he was showing his son's pictures on a studio Sunday, he said to a friend who mentally noted the saying with its rather strained modesty: "You see, people expect so much from him because he had a clever mother." One of the pictures, by the way, represented an exceedingly large pig. There was no kind of impression about it. It was a pig seen through no temperament at all.

### Misfit Labels.

"Economizing sometimes produces ludicrous results," a woman said. "When we moved last October we used travelers' tags to label the kitchen supplies, and when we went traveling in May we tried to save money by using those same tags which, as luck would have it, happened to get fastened on wrong side up, and when we got down to the pier all our luggage was labeled 'Sugar,' 'Flour,' 'Prunes,' 'Bread,' and 'Roast Pork,' instead of Laura, Margaret, and Pauline Smith, and although we finally got straightened out, you really cannot blame the crew for slyly poking fun at us all the way over."

## FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.



Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

## BABY'S FACE ONE SCRE WITH ECZEMA

Cried for Hours, Could Not Sleep. Resinol Brought Rest and Cure.

Reading, Pa.—"My baby girl had eczema for over six months. It was painful and itching, she could not sleep day or night, she would scratch till blood and water would run down her neck. Then it burned her so she cried for hours at a time. The right side of her face was one sore and scab."

"I got the samples of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment on a Saturday morning, and put them on, and put them on again in the afternoon and in the evening before I put her to bed, and she went to sleep and slept till next morning. I thought I was in heaven the first night, and by Monday the eczema was dried up so that all the scabs fell off. Resinol Soap and Ointment cured my baby."—Mrs. Wm. M. Fletcher, 544 So. 17th St., Aug. 21, 1912.

If you or any of your little ones are suffering from eczema, rash, tumor, ringworm, or other itching, burning skin eruption, there is only one better proof of the value of Resinol. That is, try it yourself and see. You can get samples free by writing to Dept. 4-K, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. Resinol stops itching instantly. Prescribed by careful doctors for eighteen years, sold by every druggist, or sent by parcel post on receipt of price, Resinol Ointment, 50c and \$1, Resinol Soap, 25c.

### ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,

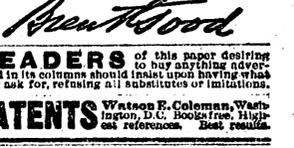
The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoes—The Standard Remedy for the feet for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere. 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Man who put the E's in F. E. E.

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Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Bilelessness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



READERS of this paper desiring in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations. PATENTS. Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D. C. Sole U. S. Patent Office reference. Best results.

Cruel to Be Kind. "What makes you carry that horrible shriek machine for an automobile signal?"

"For humane reasons," replied Mr. Chuggins. "I can't paralyze a person with fear he will keep still and I can run to one side of him."

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For Backache, Rheumatism, Kidneys and Bladder.

## Make Savings From Small Weekly Wages

By I. P. STEWART, London, Eng.

What self-help and thrift can do for a man is strikingly demonstrated by the case of John Morrison, a Yorkshire carpenter, who, although his wages had never exceeded \$8.75 a week, had been able to leave behind him the substantial sum of \$15,000, every penny of it the fruits of saving.

When he married, a little over forty years ago, he looked around to see what economies he could effect. He found that he had been spending at least \$1.25 a week on beer and tobacco; these he could very well dispense with. That meant a saving of \$65 a year. And this was the nucleus of his fortune.

A few weeks later his wages were raised from \$7.50 a week to \$8.75 weekly. He could rub along without the extra \$1.25, and was thus able to put by \$130 a year. When his savings had amounted to \$500, he bought two cottages, borrowing three-fourths of the purchase money and paying off the loan out of the rents. He was a man of property now.

The appetite for thrift took full possession of him. He was fond of gardening, and he decided to turn his hobby and his spare time into money. He rented half an acre of land; his wife opened a shop for the sale of the produce, and the first year he was able to increase his savings to \$5 a week, with which, in two years' time, he was able to buy two more houses.

And thus simply his fortune grew. House was added to house, each paying for its own purchase with its rent, until at sixty-nine he was able to retire on \$750 a year, almost twice his highest wages as workman, and when he died to leave a good \$15,000 behind him.

And what John Morrison could do, and did, others have done. Only a few weeks ago a workingman confessed in a court of law that he had already saved \$3,000 out of wages which had never exceeded \$7.50 a week. "How did you do it?" asked the magistrate. "By a little self-denial, your worship," the man answered, and then proudly added: "And I've brought up four children, too; and now there's only me and the wife. I'm going to buy an annuity with it, which, they say, will come to more than \$350 a year."

What self-help and thrift can do for a man is strikingly demonstrated by the case of John Morrison, a Yorkshire carpenter, who, although his wages had never exceeded \$8.75 a week, had been able to leave behind him the substantial sum of \$15,000, every penny of it the fruits of saving.

## Bachelor Should Wear Tag of Some Kind

By Dorcas Callienne, San Francisco

Bachelors ought to be tagged, because there never was a woman between the ages of sixteen and sixty who at some stage of the game did not sigh and say inwardly: "I wonder if he's—" And why should n't she? Women all have the same ideal! You may raise your voice loud and strong for "votes for women." I may coo in dulcet tones of "art for art's sake," but you know as well as I know that we are all dying to stay at home and be a slave for the "right man," and shower all the tenderness of our souls upon the little one.

But because youth is fleeting and Cupid a drone we get panicky the first pop into womanhood. We don't know who is who—and we blunder along dreaming dreams. Then nine times out of ten we get shoved into the jam jar with the news of: "Why, he's married and has six children."

At this crisis some of us fall for the "first chance." Others of us wait around in moody cynicism until the "last call for the altar" rouses us into action, and worst of all, there are some of us who never hear even the faintest echo of the "masculine want."

I am smiling as my pen runs along. I'm thinking of a nice fat old maid of my acquaintance who stands A No. 1 in "medicine." Incidentally she is frozen to the core:

I can hear her say: "Drat the men!!! And you, you hussy, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

But nevertheless I know that we women are "the female of the species" first, last and always, and if we could be sure that (individually speaking) the man that "takes our eye" is a bachelor and that we are not treading on the private lawns of our sisters, we might arrive at the proper ways and means of turning "our ideal" into the right pasture where he could be kept corralled and happy for the rest of his three score and ten.

Bachelors ought to be tagged, because there never was a woman between the ages of sixteen and sixty who at some stage of the game did not sigh and say inwardly: "I wonder if he's—"

## Improving Health by Taking Exercise

By E. R. RICKARD, Boston, Mass.

Nature is such a natural and unassuming wonder worker that we hardly seem impressed by the miracles that she performs right under our eyes. I have in mind especially now the remarkable results that have been obtained and are being obtained through nature's own methods in relieving men of their physical ailments and weaknesses.

Within a few months I have put on ten pounds in weight. This result in spite of the fact that for the past six years I have been under weight and never put on a pound, although I dieted and slept sufficiently at all times.

My late increase in weight and improvement in health were obtained through deep breathing, full relaxation and full contraction exercise, under competent direction, which is really the natural way for the body to get these things, and was the everyday way, before we were perverted through our sedentary habits and tense, fast living.

But my improvements were insignificant when compared to other men who were in worse condition than myself to start with. I know of a large number of men who have, through these same methods, been relieved of their nervousness, insomnia, obesity, constipation, headaches, rheumatism, anemia and almost every affliction in materia medica. I have often seen men who were run down to the verge of nervous prostration built up to robust health and strength.

If some physician were to procure such results by his prescription the achievement would be the talk of the town, but when nature works these wondrous results we accept them as a matter of fact and think nothing of it.

Nature is such a natural and unassuming wonder worker that we hardly seem impressed by the miracles that she performs right under our eyes.

## Helpful Little Facts About Catching Cold

By George F. Butler, A.M., M.D., Chicago

At the risk of destroying one of our dearest medical idols, I am bound to say that taking cold is largely a bugbear, made much of, but plays an unimportant part in the causation of catarrh.

Taking cold is frequently the result of taking too much food. It is another name for foul air, an overloaded stomach and a disordered liver.

Lack of proper nourishment, indigestion, improper oxygenation and mental depression are by far the more direct and important causes than mere exposure.

The proper care of the skin is the best preventive of catarrh.

The daily sponge bath with friction brush or with exposure of the body to sun and air is simple and helps to prevent and cure catarrh and other diseases.

At the risk of destroying one of our dearest medical idols, I am bound to say that taking cold is largely a bugbear, made much of, but plays an unimportant part in the causation of catarrh.



With Each Rehearsal of Strauss' Opera Their Mutual Interest Grew Deeper.

## ROMANA DISRUPTS AN OPERA COMPANY

Musical Circles of Two Continents Thrown Into Turmoil and Aristocrats of Vienna in Merry War Over Love Affair—Ends in Marriage in New York of Prima Donna and Conductor.

NEW YORK.—A romance which disrupted an imperial opera company, started a war among the aristocrats of Vienna and for three years kept the musical circles of two continents in general turmoil, ended the other day with a quiet little marriage in the city hall. One of the participants was Lucille Wasseff, a Harlem girl, who, under the stage name of Lucille Marcel, is known as one of the world's great prima donnas; the other was Felix Weingartner, the famous conductor.

The two met four years ago when Marcel, then virtually unknown, was selected by Richard Strauss to create the title role in that most difficult opera, "Elektra." Weingartner was conducting the imperial opera company at Vienna, where the first production of the new opera was to be given. He was married at the time to Baroness Fedora von Dreifus, an intimate friend of the Archduchess Marie Valerie, Francis Joseph's younger daughter. These high connections made the love affair which followed an event of extraordinary public interest. In a few months the entire aristocracy of Vienna was talking about it.

Marcel resented certain criticisms from court circles and, despite an angry resignation from the imperial company, Weingartner followed suit. The imperial orchestra went to pieces. The imperial public went mad. All over Europe musicians laughed at the discomfiture of the archduchess and her friend, rejoicing meanwhile at the independence of their fellow artists.

All this because Mrs. Samuel E. Wasseff of 961 Columbus avenue, Harlem, became convinced 12 years ago that her daughter could sing!

There were five members of the Wasseff family—Lucille, two brothers and two sisters. They lived over their father's drug store on Columbus avenue. Lucille was the only one who had a voice. Every one except her mother considered it a sad but undesired affliction. Mrs. Wasseff, through some mysterious faculty that had been denied the rest of the family, perceived that it contained extraordinary qualities. As soon as Lucille had graduated from the Eighty-ninth street grammar school, an event which transpired in 1900, her mother took her to Paris to study. She was a little girl, beautiful then as she is now. Her beauty, after four years, gained her a position in the Opera Comique, which paid her a salary of \$60 a month, not a great amount, to be sure, but sufficient to restore the falling finances of mother and daughter. But she did not stay at the Opera Comique long. One night Jean de Reszke, the opera tenor, whose chief delight is the development of new voices for the grand opera stage, heard her rendition of a little chanson. He visited her the next day and told her that she would have to give up the Opera Comique and become his pupil. For another four years Lucille studied under the great man. Then, in 1909, came the chance of her lifetime. Richard Strauss, desperate at his failure to obtain a prima donna of sufficient vitality, voice and dramatic ability to create the difficult role of Elektra, begged de Reszke to help him.

"I have the woman," said de Reszke. "She is young, she is beautiful, she is graceful, and she has the voice of an inspired angel." Lucille was retained. Strauss met her in Vienna and introduced her to Felix Weingartner. The rehearsals began. The conductor then was forty-five years old. To musical Europe he was known as "the wandering genius." Unlike most musicians of talent, he had never been content to settle down in one of the various imperial orchestras, which are scattered over the continent. He had at one time been a conductor of the Berlin Opera Royal, the kaiser's official company, but, failing to adjust his musical convictions to those of his royal patron, had unceremoniously resigned. His posts, as conductor, had ranged from Vienna to New York. In 1905 the New York Symphony paid him \$12,000 to conduct eight concerts. Prohibited by royal decree from playing within 20 miles of Berlin, he had filed suit against the kaiser for an annulment of the agreement which the German emperor declared still bound him to the Berlin Opera Royal. The suit was promptly decided against him, and he gave a series of concerts in a little village just outside the limits set by the emperor's decree. Some idea of his German popularity may be gained from the fact that, despite their distance from the capital, these concerts were an immense financial success.

This was the man who was fated to inspire love, for the first time, in the heart of Lucille Marcel. With each rehearsal of Strauss' tremendous opera their mutual interest grew deeper. Their souls shook as the mad gusts of Elektra's death dance whirled them together through the wild realms of nethermost-harmony. Their passion fed on the fierce flames of the Strauss masterpiece. When Lucille sang her voice, shrilling with the rapture of love and youth and hate and desire, was not for the audience, but for the lean, erect, leonine-featured man whose brain swayed the harnessed passions of a hundred instruments.

but it could do nothing. Within a month Weingartner and Lucille Marcel passed from the summit of Viennese musical prominence into comparative obscurity.

They lost little, however, by the change. Weingartner's reputation had been made for years; "Elektra" had firmly established that of Lucille. There was nothing to do except wait.

One day last month Weingartner received his divorce papers which released him from the remnants of his unsuccessful marriage to the baroness. Miss Marcel happened to be in Paris at the time.

"We'll just run down to the registrar," said Weingartner, "he's on the rue de —"

"We'll do nothing of the kind," replied Miss Marcel. "We'll just run over to the license bureau in the New York City hall, which, my dear Felix, is on the rue de Park Row. Come on."

They came. Alderman James I. Smith performed the ceremony and ten minutes later Miss Marcel, now Mrs. Weingartner, sent the following cablegram to her mother in Vienna: "Married. Tell the archduchess."—New York World.

## VETERAN TELLS OF THE COD

Fish Will Eat Anything That Comes Its Way, He Says—Takes on Ballast During Storm.

Through the good work of the government fish hatchery at Boothbay Harbor, Me., the cod industry, along the Maine coast is improving each year. Although it was feared a few years ago that the cod were fast being exterminated, fishermen now report that they are multiplying and that prices are better than ever.

Cod eggs are collected along the Maine coast by the little steamer Gannett, owned by the government and commanded by Capt. George Greenleaf. Often the steamer collects from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 eggs at a time and then carries them to the hatchery, where they are scientifically treated. When the fry are large enough to look out for themselves they are liberated.

The government has spent thousands of dollars upon the local station and has succeeded in interesting the fishermen in the work. The fishermen invariably set aside a spawning cod to await the arrival of the steamer Gannett, which frequently visits the fishing grounds. Probably no man in the country is more familiar with the habits and characteristics of the codfish than Captain Greenleaf, who says:

"Why, bless your life, son, the cod is one of the ugliest fish afloat. He isn't naturally savage like the dogfish, but he is easily ruffed and is always ready to act in self-defense if he thinks himself in danger.

"Say, perhaps you won't believe it, but it's true as gospel, a codfish will tackle anything when he feels like it. They'll eat anything, too. Ever hear of a cod eating a cod for dinner? Well, it's a fact they'll do it when they get a chance and I've known them to eat whole lobsters without waiting to have the shells picked off.

"But I started to tell you about that cod that swallowed the coot. One day we got a seed cod aboard the Gannett. It was one of the biggest I ever saw and weighed about 75 pounds. My men expected a big haul but not many spawns were scraped from it and we were all surprised. So the men decided to cut the fish open and when they did this out dropped a sea coot from the inside.

"The bird was a beauty, and wasn't injured a bit. It wasn't mused and hadn't been chewed up at all, showing that it was swallowed without any apparent effort.

"How do you account for the coot coming in the way of the big fish?"

"Well, I don't really know, but I suppose that bird was flying over the water and possibly might have stopped to stick his head down under when the cod suddenly saw him and with one gulp swallowed him."

Then Captain Greenleaf related stories of finding lobsters inside some of the big codfish taken to the hatchery.

"That's nothing new," remarked the captain, "but I was surprised one day when we pulled out a lobster nine inches long. We have often found little ones only four or five inches long.

"You can't get ahead of a codfish much. They'll take care of themselves under any circumstances. Just think of a fish taking on ballast so he can better control himself to meet the elements.

"He goes to the bottom, swallows several good sized stones to give him weight and then he is ready to take care of himself in the big seas. How do I know this? Why, man alive, we've cut open hundreds of them with rocks in their stomachs, but this never happens except after a severe storm. We never find them before the storm and so this just bears out my claim that they take on ballast so they can handle themselves better."

## In Their Steps.

"Look here, now, Harold," said a father to his little son, who was naughty, "if you don't say your prayers you won't go to heaven."

"I don't want to go to heaven," sobbed the boy; "I want to go with you and mother."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Brilliant Future.

"Who's buying champagne about here? I hear corks popping."

"That's our new errand boy. He makes the sounds you hear by suddenly drawing one of his fingers out of his mouth. That boy is going to be a vaudeville star some day."

## AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

### WOMEN AT ARMY ROLL CALL

Mrs. John H. McKay Tells How She Answered for Her Sick Husband at Camp Randall, Wis.

For six months in the year 1865 Mrs. John H. McKay, who now lives at 6816 Wentworth avenue, answered at the daily roll call of Camp Randall, Madison, Wis., in company with the soldiers of the camp. She did this in order that her husband, who died nine years ago, might not become technically a deserter from the army.

"We were living in LeClaire, Iowa, in 1864," said Mrs. McKay. "My husband had tried to enlist in Wisconsin and Iowa, but he could not meet the physical requirements. In October of 1864 he succeeded in entering the Ninth Illinois regiment. He went to Rock Island to enlist and then came back to LeClaire. The next day he went to be sworn in and expected to return to say good-bye to me. I waited on the river bank for him that evening, and the man who had gone with him came back alone, and said that my husband had already been sent to Quincy on the way to Springfield.

"He went south into Tennessee. I have all the letters that he wrote to me then. Not one of them was lost, and every one of my letters reached him. I had gone back to Madison with my two children and was living with my parents. I used to send him 50 cents and two or three postage stamps in every letter, and I think that the money kept him alive.

"I intended to go to Tennessee as an army nurse with the wife of the governor of Wisconsin, but the governor was drowned at St. Louis and I had to take care of his wife. I became a nurse at Madison and saved all the money I could. There were many southern sympathizers in Madison—copperheads, they were called—and I was sometimes ordered out of sick rooms when the patients found out that my husband was in the northern army.

"My husband was sick and he was at last sent to the hospital at Jeffersonville, Ind. The matron there wrote me a letter saying that she hoped I would raise my children so that they would meet their father in heaven, because he would be there by the time I got her letter. I remember at about that time, seeing my father coming from the postoffice with tears in his eyes and I called out to him: 'Oh, is John dead?' and he said: 'No, he's a little better, but Abraham Lincoln is killed.' That was in the middle of April.

"I was going to go to Jeffersonville, but my brother-in-law offered to go instead, and I gave him money to bring back my husband or his body. My brother-in-law went there and at first he could not get into the hospital. He inquired about his brother and twice he was told that my husband was in the deadhouse, but, as it turned out, it was another man of exactly the same name. My husband was still living, but the doctor said it would not be for long. His brother nursed him for four weeks and then brought him to Madison. On the way they stopped in Chicago and my husband managed to get a big meal of sausage and pancakes while his brother was not looking.

"In Madison I took my husband home. He was assigned to Camp Randall, but the officers at the camp said I could take him to the house if I would report at the camp every day, so that he would not be a deserter. So every morning before breakfast I went down to the camp and in through the gate, where no other women were allowed to pass, and I answered for him at roll call. My father or my sister or my brother-in-law often went with me, but they were not allowed to enter the camp. Because he was allowed to stay at home my husband was saved to live almost forty years."

### Matrimonial Advice.

For awhile during the Civil war General Fremont was without a command. One day, in discussing Fremont's case with George W. Julian, President Lincoln said he did not know where to place him, and that it reminded him of the old man who advised his son to take a wife, to which the young man responded: "All right. Whose wife shall I take?"

### He Would Give a Try.

After the war "Zip" Crowley of a New York regiment, got into trouble, and at the trial the judge asked: "Do you wish to challenge any of the jury?" "Zip" looked them over carefully and answered: "Well, O'm not exactly wot y'u c'uld call in training, but I wouldn't mind a round or two wid th fat old geezer in the corner."

### Lack of Hints.

A delegation of faultfinders called upon President Lincoln, and inquired why certain generals were not given commands.

"The fact is," replied the president, "I have not more pegs than I have holes to put them in."

### The Difference.

"That management thought the new play was a scream."

"Well, was it?"

"They tried it on the dog and it turned out to be a howl."

# Through the Terrors of the Law

By OCTAVE THANET

Author of  
"The Man of the Hour," "The Lion's Share,"  
"By Inheritance," etc.

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SISTER Esmeralda Humphreys was not present at the meeting of Zion Hardshell Baptist church. It is questionable whether there had been any such meeting had she been likely to attend, since how to dispense with the ministry of Sister Humphreys was its object, and the sister was a woman of power. But she had gone to the store for her semi-annual settlement of account. Therefore the disaffected in Zion raised their heads, perceiving that their hour was come.

The "church-house" (of a week-day schoolhouse) crowned a gentle rise of ground on the outskirts of an Arkansas plantation. It was basked by the great gum forests, where the sun rose, while on one side, winding toward the reddening evening skies, the cypress slash had eaten its way through the brown clay to the Black river. Full of mystery and sluggish beauty was the slash, its sluggish gleam of water creeping darkly under solemn cypresses and monstrous hackberry-trees, tinsel with cow-lilies in summer, spattered with blood-red berries in winter, green with delicate beauty when the cypress is in leaf, or gray and softly brown when its short-leaved foliage falls. Did one care to deal in mystical analogy, one might find in the slash suggestions of the African's undeveloped soul, where brute and child still battle for mastery.

It was a school-house for children of the darker race only and only negroes were in the little band whose hymns penetrated the wide sweep of cotton-beds, the weird African cadences wilder and more mournful than the boot-owls' oboe keening in the forest. Tonight the house was but sparsely filled by the regular worshipers, Zion congregation proper. Brother Zubaal Morrow presided, because he had once attended a district Republican convention, where he had imbibed parliamentary lore.

"Dis meetin' will please come to order," he announced; "is you all ready fo' de question?"

"Yes," called out a brother in the rear seats.

"Bruddah Carroll, you is out of order. Whenst I git in dis cheer an' ake dis gabble"—he extended the hatch used, before its promotion, to chop kindling—"take notice, I is de cheer, you-all is to dress me as 'Mist' Cheerman. You is axin' 'bout de question: de question is, Shall Sist' Esmeralda Humphreys continue to use up de rights of we-all's pastor? Ah! lat de understandin' of dis here awence?"

Signs of approval and assent came from the audience. The chairman, using took the attitude of the white speaker whom he had admired most at the convention, plunging one hand into the bosom of his coat—buttoned for that purpose—and gazing solemnly about him. All the colored population of the country-side were proud of the school-house, which was painted a seat lead color as to woodwork and brown as to walls; with red lettering done by a member who had followed the painter's trade (although not very far), declaring piously on the west wall, "The Lord will provide," and politely requesting on the east wall, "Please do not spit on the floor." A stately blackboard behind the teacher's desk showed her excellent moral sentiments and penmanship. There was no carpet on the floor, but it was clean and the windows glistened.

"Dis yere school-house, dis yere chu'ch-house, are a credit to de cullud ladies an' gen'lmen of Zion Baptist chu'ch," declared Brother Morrow, sonorously, "an' we-all had orter have a pastor who w'd—w'd correspond. I ain't sayin' one word of disparagement of our late deceased pastor. He be'n a good, pious man." ("Amen!" from two half-grown lads in the rear), "but he'd a terrible sight of losses an' troubles, losin' all of his chillen like he done; an' him sick such a spell befo' de Lawd called him 'om grace to glory. Maybe he didn't be'n eloquent like the supply we had, but Elder White had nare right to git Sist' Lucy Tompkins to run 'way wid 'im. 'om 'er good, kin', respectable husband" (a little crumpled, elderly negro raised his head with an air of modest pride), "an' he done borry two dollars an' fifty cents of de cheer dat I don't expect nothin' of ontwel de judgment day! So w'en our pastor passed away we-all was like sheep suten a shepherd; an' w'en Sist' Humphreys done offah to keep de chu'ch-house clean an' cyah on de services of Zion, an' make no cha'ges, we-all acceptid."

"Mist' Cheerman"—a grizzled negro in decent black held up a finger—"Mist' Cheerman, was hit Sist' Humphreys keep dis 'ouse dis away?"

"Yes, Bruddah Moore; she are a right good scrubber," admitted the chairman, while the congregation stared at the speaker, the richest colored man in the county, who had moved into the neighborhood recently, this being his first appearance in Zion.

"Fo' a spell," continued the chairman, "things went on suspiciously an' Sist' Humphreys be'n an edi-

chair recognized Sister Susannah Belle Coffin. Sister Susannah was of exceeding comeliness and a light-brown complexion. If report spoke truly, there was no one in Zion who had more reason to dread a fearless and minute exposition of the demands of the Seventh commandment. She had started her career as a destroyer of domestic peace with a capital of good looks, a gift for cookery, a voice of silver, and two small unpromised children. "A single pusson like me wid no chillen," would be her plaintive excuse for demanding the good offices of the brothers in cutting wood or "pallin' in her yardin'"; and too often, under the spell of Susannah's eyes and Susannah's voice and Susannah's cooking, the end of an innocent neighborly kindness was a jealous wife and a "parting." Sometimes Susannah wedded the departing husband, sometimes she flouted him; but steadily, single or wedded, Susannah's little garden-plot grew more beautiful, Susannah's kitchen range accumulated a more dazzling array of tin and copper, and Susannah's best room was more splendidly bedecked with curtains, pillow-shams, and a gilt mirror.

At present speaking, the dark enchantress was the lawful wedded wife of the young blacksmith, and the whole population had admired to see her enter the holy estate in white Swiss muslin and a voluminous veil which she utilized, later, as a window-curtain. She now inquired with much pleasing modesty of men: "I jest want to ask, Mist' Cheerman, how're we-all to git Sist' Humphreys to go if she don't wanter?"

Signs, allied to groans, bore testimony that she had voiced the forebodings of the audience. But a visiting brother who had the courage of his non-residence, came to the front;

peace wid God. Oh, I did be'n in de brack water, wadin' deep! Look laak I c'dn't enjure hit nohow. I reckon I does nebbber be able to see so well 'cause I cry so stiddy dem days. An' all de cry of my po' ol' hairt be'n, 'O Lawd, I don't no mo' ax you to save his life, but, O Lawd, don't let 'im die cusin'! Fotch 'im 'ome! I kin bar hit to have 'im go, if he sho' goes whar he kin be good an' be happy an' be safe; fo' I does know dat boy nev' aim to be mean.' An' w'en my hairt be'n broke wid longin' an' mis'ry, Sist' Humphreys she come. She done help me all tru; an' now she went to my boy; he hatter see her. I don't know w'at she say; but she come back to me an' say, 'Praise God, dat po' sinah hab foun' pence an' joy—an' he want his mudder!' An' I did come. An' he put his po' hand on my knees jes lak w'en he be'n a l'il boy an' uster laff 'bout de big kin'lin' ple he ailers keep fo' his mammy. An' Sist' Humphreys, some way she git dem jailer-men be so kin' an' tender to 'im, lak I cayn't no ways tell. An' he did die happy. De Lawd sustain him, an' he sustain me. Blessed be de name of de Lawd, an' blessed be dat 'oman dat is his ministah!"

She sank down in her seat and wept quietly, while the impressionable African temperament sent forth pious ejaculations: "Holp, Lawd!" "Fotch comfort!" "Bless de mo'nahs!" The schoolmistress was in tears, and the stalwart young man near her openly wiped his eyes. Brother Moore bent his brows; even Brother Morrow winked hard; but Sister Susannah's emotion was most in evidence; she was sobbing violently into a pink-embroidered handkerchief. Presently she rose to her feet. Now Susannah was the woman who had lured the wretched murderer through a brutal passion to a brutal crime, and the

faces of Sister Humphreys' supporters through her half-shut eyes, and smiled her languid, mysterious smile.

But of a sudden one of the two striplings who had spoken for Sister Humphreys left his place by the window and ran to the door.

With instant premonition of peril, the flock of Zion turned on the benches. A deep intake of breath signified their dismay as there entered a tall brown woman in widow's weeds. She cast a calm, full eye over the faces under the lamplights—faces already stricken awry with fear; for, notwithstanding their numbers and apparent strength of position, dread of the pastor insisted, as light insists through closed eyelids.

Sister Humphreys walked with no pause to the platform. Brother Morrow was so short a man and she was so tall a woman that her handsome head towered above his. She was a brown negro, but her lighter color and her regular features and thinner, more sensitive lips were due to no admixture of white blood; they came from a dash of the yellow races mixed long before her time in the old world, where her ancestors were barbaric princes. She stood with the incomparable grace that is given sometimes to the bearer of burdens, tall, erect, shapely. She spoke in a mellow rich voice not raised a note above its speaking tone.

"Is this heah a meetin'?" gently interrogated Sister Humphreys of Brother Morrow, "or have you-all done ajuned?"

"We done ajuned, sistah," Brother Morrow replied quickly, flinching from a possible trap.

"In that case," Sister Humphreys argued at once, "will you kindly take your seat an' let me speak fo' de las' time to Zion Baptist chu'ch?"

It was impossible to refuse a hear-

er show works meet for repentance. But when you begin to repent, the word of mercy will be come. 'Cause when the prodigal son be'n a long way off, his father come a-runnin' to him. Now, hark to me: I went this evening to the cunnel. He explained to me about the Baptist dis-cip-line." (A ripple of excitement in the audience.) "In consequence, this chu'ch will hereafter be the Methodist Zion chu'ch. That is why I am speaking fo' the las' time to Zion Baptist chu'ch. Ayfter tonight there won't be no Zion Baptist chu'ch. There ain't no great difference in doctrine, an' the dis-cip-line is more convenient. Any brother or sister deniering it, an' not in danger of catchin' col', can be immersed. The cunnel an' I done talked this over; an' he done rented this chu'ch-house to me. If the congregation ain't satisfied, they got to take to the woods. I also get one word mo' to say; it is that the work of grace in this community is a right smart hampered by the evil doings of Sister Susannah Coffin."

Susannah and her husband were both on their feet, both ready to speak; but something in the attitude of the figure on the platform to which the long lines of the mourning-veil gave a strange suggestion of sibylline dignity, held speech away from them. Solemnly and not with any anger, Sister Humphreys' eyes searched the eyes of the man and woman before her, while the spectators held their breath.

"Wherefo' it is bettah ever way," she said slowly, "that both her an' her husband got out from us fo' evermore. Bruddah Coffin, the cunnel has got another blacksmith, an' you ain't got no more reason fo' stayin' no longer. And as fo' you, Sister—"

"I won't go!" shrilled Susannah, hysterically weeping; it was with no pretense now. "You cayn't fo'ce me!"

"You will go, Sister, fo' you don't wanter lose the young man you got now. You will go; an' you will take him along of you; an' you will go so far he cayn't beah no word of my reasons. Go in peace."

Susannah faced about, writhing between fear and rage. "You cowards! You ornery, pushtimous cowards!" she flung back at the gaping black faces. "You putt on dog when she ain't beah, but minute she liff's her han', you cayn't make a rattle! Bah! Bah! Bah!" she hissed at them like a cat or a snake. "Come on, you fool niggers!" she jeered, pulling at her bewildered husband's collar; and in this sorry fashion, but still with her head high, she left Zion for ever.

"An' now," concluded Sister Esmeralda Humphreys sedately, "let us all try fo' to lead a bettah life. I shall preach nex' Sunday on the Seventh Commandment, an' all them that feels they have broke that commandment is at free liberty to stay away. I shall expect to see all the rest of you, even if 'tis fallin' weader. Let us all sing befo' we go:

"Bless be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above."

Brother Moore arose. "Sist' Humphreys," he announced, "you got de right kin' o' gospel light in you. I cayn't jine in the singin' 'cause since I got my store teef I ain't be'n able to cyah a chune; but I want to do somethin' de wuk er grace; an' I got up to say dat de nex' socherbe gatherin' I'll donate de lemons."

"Dis meetin' accepts with thanks," shouted Brother Morrow. "Now, lets show our beloved pastor the clouds he sweep away! All sing!"

And never had so noble a burst of melody wakened the echoes along the moonlit road as that which made the colonel outside turn, smiling, in his saddle.

"She didn't need me," he mused. "Well, so much the better. I reckon they need a good despot, and they've got one, all right."

Was There, All Right.

"Our house hired a 'drummer' some time ago," relates a member of the Sherwin-Williams office force, "and we expected great things of him. Ansgard him some good territory in the west and advanced him \$100 to start out with. Ten days went past, and we didn't get an order from him. So we sent him this telegram:

"Nothing from you since you left. Are you still with us?"

"On the following day this answer was received, marked collect:

"Have drawn on you for \$200. Am still with you."

"He was, too. Liked our company, what?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What Wearered Him.

Finding one of her pupils in peculiar distress over his lesson, a teacher in a primary school inquired as to the trouble. The boy stated this arduous problem:

"If Richard has three red apples and John has four how many have they both together?"

"Is that so very hard?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"But surely," the teacher continued, "you know already that three and four make seven. There can be no trouble about that."

"I know that, ma'am," was the pathetic response. "But the process! It's the process that wears me out!"

Just Her Hat.

"I am afraid that girl has considerable trouble," said the near-sighted man.

"No she hasn't," answered him wife. "She is merely trying to walk in such a way as to keep her large hat at precisely the proper angle."—Washington Star.

Her Efficiency.

"Are you good at pyrography?" "I can make fine mice cases."



"Dat ar remark incinerated false an' wicked notions 'bout Unc' Alick Pope, who lives nigh de cunnel's chicken-gard."

he suggested that a letter be sent to the sister, announcing the sense of the meeting, saying that the congregation was not edified by her ministrations and that the church-house would be closed until a new pastor had been selected.

"De motion, as de cheer un'erstands it, are to dismiss Sist' Esmeralda Humphreys an' shet de do's on her," said the chairman. "Is—what is it, Sist' Macklin?"

He spoke kindly, and the woman whom he addressed seemed in need of kindness, since she was trembling visibly. She was a little creature in the pathetic compromise for mourning which poverty makes with grief—her accustomed winter jacket of brown, but with a somber garnishment of crape, black ribbons on her old gray hat, and a black border to her handkerchief.

The congregation looked at her, pityingly, as she began in the high-pitched voice of the unaccustomed speaker:

"Briddah Morrow—I mean Bruddah Cheerman, I are right mortified Sist' Humphreys done chaistise you all; but I jest got to b'er my testimony you-all are mistaken 'bout her bein' crool. Oh, dear bruddahs an' sistahs, she ain't! You-all knows my—my boy"—she choked over the word, and the hearers waited in mute and awkward compassion, because her boy, the last of her children, had been hanged at the little country-seat only a month before for the murder of his wife—"my boy w'u'dn't repent; he w'u'dn't do nuffin but cuss de woman dat fotch him dar. I spon' ever las' cent I had on earth to try git him off, an' I taken de jail wash, I did, to be nigh 'im an' mabbe git him a b'ite like he's uster to eat; but he w'u'dn't p'nt lips wid me; sayd I be'n a good mudder to him, but he didn't want to h'ar me beggin' an' pleadin' wid 'im to repent an' make

eyes of the congregation were focused upon her.

"Bruddahs, sistahs," said Susannah in her wonderful voice, with its chords of plaintive music, which made her hearers grin out of sheer emotion, "I nev' did aim to do dat po' young man hurt; but he sayd things to me, things"—she sighed and hung her head—"he hadn't orter have sayd, him bein' a married man; an' I be'n right mad at him, an' I own up I done him right onchristian an' onmussful, for I didn't show no sympathy or even go see 'm hanged. Now, I do repent. But it ain't nare preachin' of Sist' Humphreys done give me a brokin an' a contrary hairt. Her scorchin' don't make me no'n. Hit cakes up my hairt. She nev' did have one single revival. Rev. Bulky of de Ridge he does have a mighty big one ever spring; you kin hear de screeches 'mos' a mile! He tol' me hisse'f, he w'u'd be willin' to minister a spell to dis sorely tried flock, an', m'c'ovah, he tol' me dat we-all c'u'dn't have Sist' Humphreys no woman preach to us; fo' it be'n ag'in de rule of de Baptist chu'ch. Hit be'n forbid. We cayn't be Baptist an' keep Sist' Humphreys."

With meek grace Susannah resumed her seat and the sheltering support of the blacksmith's arm. She had won. Now that a way of escape was opened—a way, moreover, ending in a dazzling vista of a "big revival,"—no sympathy for the Widow Macklin could induce Zion to face the fiery chariots of the Seventh Commandment driven by Sister Humphreys.

In spite of the schoolmistress' eloquence and the stumbling speech of two boys who tried to tell that Sister Humphreys had done a heap for them, when the vote was put, only six of the forty-eight persons present voted to retain the preacher. Brother Moore declined to vote.

Susannah watched the downcast

ing. Brother Morrow shuffled into a lower seat.

"My people,"—a vague, incomprehensible thrill of apprehension and magnetic fascination stirred the attentive faces, all save the Widow Macklin's; hers was bent on her own withered, toil-crooked hands while she prayed—"I want to say, first, that I nev' did aim to keep on hu'tin' you feelin's. But I am 'bleeged to save you souls. You-all know how my po' husband tolled an' prayed. That's ol' people who loved him an' followed his teachin's, but they went to their reward, an' he was lo'f with a generation of young niggers who feared neither God nor man nor the grand jury—lying, stealing, with no more morals than pigs an' no great cleaner. It broken my po' ol' man's heart, so he hadn't no strength to stand the breast complaint, so he died. The last night I heard him praying for you, an' I come to him. When he looked up at me I knowed I couldn't hold him; I knowed he ain't never again goin' look up at me with the 'light in his eyes an' the love in his smile like he looked then. An' I sayd to him, 'Sillas, honey, don't you worry 'bout that there worthless flock of yours; I'll save 'em. I know the way. I sho' do!' An' he be'lieved me; because of his believin' me his end was peace. So you see, my people, I am 'bleeged to save you. I tol' 'im I know the way; I do know it. You' pastor, who is a saint in heaven, done used always the ways of gentleness. He preached the love of God, an' you swallered it down, smiling and happy; an' it ain't done you-all no mo' good than stick candy does do a person that done taken poison. An' needs wahn water an' mustard. What you-all needed didn't be'n loving kindness, but the terrors of the law, an' not strained, neider. An' if it takes the las' day of my pilgrimage, you'll git 'em till you begin to repent

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# Legends of Easter Flowers



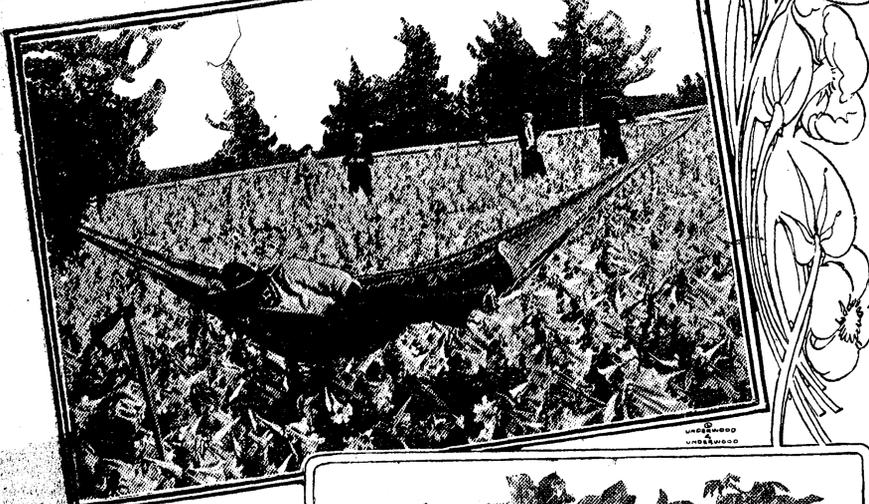
**A** PRIMROSE by the river's brim, a yellow primrose was to him—and it was nothing more." Thus wrote that great flower lover, Wordsworth, in telling about the lack of sentiment in one of his characters. But neither that man nor any of his kind were in Australia when the first English primroses emigrated to that new land. An enormous nugget of gold could not have created more excitement. Rugged, restless men wept over the plants with their pale, modest blossoms. They were fragrantly



A STUDY IN 1818



EASTER LILIES



FIELD OF EASTER LILIES IN BERNUDA

eloquent messages from home. But despite its unassuming manner the primrose has linked with its history a tale of political honor. It is an heraldic flower giving name to a noble Scottish house on whose shield it is graven with a motto that, translated, reads: "Early youth is charming." Besides this, it was taken as the symbol of a political career more bold, brilliant and strange than any other of its time. The statesman was Lord Beaconsfield, and in connection with him there was established in England a new festival called Primrose Day.

Mythology as well as history claims the humble little flower, and tells a tale of its origin. The story is that a beautiful youth named Perseus died of grief over the loss of his love, and was metamorphosed into the primrose, which in its early days bore his name.

The fair spring blossoms which Mother Earth sent forth to herald the coming of Easter have been gossiping about each other. The tales they tell about the tulip, that bright favorite of Oriental lands, besides being highly romantic, verge on the sensational. Its notorious career has been freely discussed among the less brilliant flowers, some of which, in spite of their sweet, gentle dispositions, resent the tulip's regal bearing and courtly airs. Few people have ever heard the stories they tell. In this busy, hustling age only poets and occasionally other unpractical folk find time to "trace the family trees" and history of flowers.

But the tulip, as well as the other blossoms that are talked about, will probably be welcomed even more cordially than of old into the churches and the homes of the best families after its strange and wonderful past becomes known. The gay-petaled blossom gets its name from a similarity to the Turkish headdress, and one of the chief national festivals in the Sultan's land is known as the feast of tulips. But the proud flower has done something more than please the Turks with its beauty.

Once upon a time it held just as great an influence over the financial affairs of some families as Wall street has had over those of others. This all happened something over 300 years ago, when the tulip was first taken to western Europe.

It was immediately enthroned as czar in the floral kingdom, and so great was the rage for it in Holland and France that many families famed for wealth were bankrupted by it. The newcomer's beauty made even the wise, staid Dutch florists mad, and speculation in costly bulbs became a terrible gambling mania among them. A rare specimen often won a prize as high as that paid for a high-stepping race horse or a fine diamond. Fortunes changed hands daily in bets over the final outcome of almost priceless seedling bulbs. The gambling reached such a height that the government finally had to issue a proclamation to suppress it. During three years, tulips yielded to the city of Haarlem the snug little sum of \$50,000,000. The finest bulbs are still brought from that Holland town, and are descendants of those famous tulips.

While this financial career of the tulip is most interesting in speculating circles, the poets love best the tale that tells how the young Persian always makes it the emblem of his declaration of love. The turbaned swain sends to the lady of his dreams the most brilliant tulip he can find. The message it bears is that like the flower his heart is as true as gold and his heart has been warmed to a coal by the intense warmth of his love.

The well beloved violet is another gentle little flower that has been a prominent figure in history. When the first Napoleon was in exile it was adopted as his emblem by his followers. A

bunch of violets worn by a Frenchman, or seen in his home, was a secret message that he was loyal to the exiled chieftain's cause. Ion was the name bestowed upon the violet by the imaginative Greek who loved to people the petals of every blossom and the ripples of every rill with fair creations of their fancy. According to mythology the name was derived from Ila, the daughter of Midas and the betrothed of Atys. The story runs that Diana, desiring to conceal the maid from Apollo, transformed her into a violet. Another myth about the birth of the flower says that Jupiter caused the first violets to spring from the earth as food for the persecuted Ila while she was hiding in the form of a white heifer from the fury of Juno.

The verse makers have a special fondness for the tiny flower, and love to translate the message it is trying to tell to the rest of creation. It is a singular fact that some flowers suggest pensiveness and even melancholy, while in form, color and bearing others speak only of gladness. While the personality of the flower may be somewhat responsible for its effect on the human moods, more, perhaps, is due to the strain of poets' moods. Most of the Easter flowers seem to be message bearers of joy and hope, lifting their faces to the blue skies in happy worship rather than in sadness. It seems to be natural for poets to give names and human attributes to plants, but the beauty loving Greeks went farther along the path of fancy. They invented human originals for their favorite flowers, and made beautiful legends to account for the transformation. The lovely narcissus, according to their lore, was once a handsome young god who became so lost in admiration of his own shadow that he cruelly slighted the affections of the fair Echo. As a punishment for this crime he was changed into a narcissus, the flower of self love.

Shakespeare alludes to another romantic legend in his "Winter Tale." The narcissus was said to have been the flower that the daughter of Ceres was gathering when she was carried off by Pluto of infernal region fame. The night goddesses also chose it for their ancient coronet, and it was a highly important factor in the customs of Greek life. The Chinese, too, have a great fancy for this flower. They use it in many of their sacred ceremonies, and every family in the Mikado's realm takes great pride in having a plant in full bloom at the New Year.

Love and jealousy played leading parts in the story of the birth of the hyacinth, another Oriental favorite. There was a youth, Hyacinthus by name, who was much beloved by Apollo and Zephyr. He preferred the warm, steady affection of the sun to the fitful love of the wind. This made the passionate Zephyr wildly jealous and caused the plotting of a terrible revenge. While Apollo and Hyacinthus were playing quarts, which was a favorite game with the gods, Zephyr saw his awaited opportunity. He made his rival the slayer of Hyacinthus by blowing the god's quoit toward the head of the youth. But while the dying boy was held in the arms of Apollo he was transformed into the fair, fragrant hyacinth. The flower has always meant game or play because of this tale.

Every tradition associated with that Easter flower, the iris, makes it a beauty of richest promise. It signifies a message, and, because it grows in every part of the world, it is a universal message. The Greeks named it for the rainbow, but the Egyptians lay special claim to the flower.

It is the plant spoken of in Exodus as being the hiding place of the infant Moses when he lay in the cradle of the rushes on the river's bosom. It may be that the flowers whispered to him then that his destiny was to lead his people to the promised land. The ancient Egyptians placed the iris on the brow of the sphinx and on the scepters of their monarchs, and among all the eastern nations it has ever been the symbol of power. Another land that highly honors it is France, for it is the veritable fleur-de-lis that figures on the arms of this country. But there is a most beautiful legend that makes the iris a sacred flower as well as a national emblem. The story tells that it was a trembling, agonized witness of the crucifixion.

When it heard the anguished cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" it sobbed out the vow, "Henceforth I will perpetually mourn, and, lest man should ever lose sight of this solemn hour, above my golden chalice I will carry a veil of violet."

Ancient and important is the history of the lily, which was also high in favor with the old Egyptians, for it appears prominently in their hieroglyphics. According to a pretty legend, when lilies first grew on the earth they were none of them pure white, but all of a lovely yellow hue. Seaborn Aphrodite in her happy wanderings suddenly appeared before them wondrously fair and bright and white as the foam of the waves from which she sprang. The lilies trembled before her beauty, and grew so pale with jealousy that ever after they blossomed white. First the goddess Juno chose it as her favorite flower, and, then passing to the Virgin Mary, it was dedicated to the early Christian church.

Besides being the chosen flower of the church, it is also an imperial blossom. Away back in the days of 1048 Garcias IV, king of Navarre, established the Order of the Knights of St. Mary of the Lily, and another Order of the Lily was founded by Ferdinand of Aragon. Dundee carries lilies argent on its arms and beautiful Florence claims the queenly flowers as its emblem.

"The sweet forget-me-not that blooms for happy lovers," has more beautiful legends clinging to its name than any other flower. According to one beautiful tale, the Lord called the plants in the Garden of Eden before him to give them their names and color. As he spoke to one after another, a tiny flower thought itself unnoticed and fearful of being quite overlooked, it timidly pleaded, "Dear Lord, forget me not." The great Creator turned sternly toward the little plant that had dared to interrupt him, then seeing how sorely afraid it was, he gently smiled upon it, gave it for its color the heavens' own blue, and called it Forget-me-not, as a reminder that it had once been so foolish as to doubt him.

It is the Persians who have fashioned a beautiful legend to tell how it is that these flowers are scattered over the earth as the stars are spread over the sky. According to them, one morning of glory when the world was new, an angel stood weeping outside the closed gate of Paradise. He had fallen, in that he had loved a fair daughter of Earth. When his eyes had rested on her as she sat on a river's bank weaving forget-me-nots in her hair, heaven and his mission to earth were alike forgotten. Now he might no more enter in until his beloved had sown all over the earth the forget-me-not. He returned to her and hand in hand they wandered, planting everywhere the sweet azure flowers. When at last there remained on earth no spot barren of these blossoms, they turned again to the gate and found it open. Together they entered in, for the angel's great love had lifted the woman to Paradise.

Some authorities there are who do not hark back to the days of the Garden of Eden, but tell a pathetic tale of the Danube as the origin of the forget-me-not's name. The blue waves of the river washed the foundation walls of a brave knight's ancestral castle. He had but just come home from the wars and laid his honors at the feet of his lady love. His bride and he were wandering along the river's bank when he exclaimed, "Look yonder; there, upon that islet; see those star-like blossoms blue as thine eyes." Instantly he sprang into the river and swam toward the flowers. In safety he reached the isle and grasped the fragile prize, but when he tried to return with them to the shore his heavy armor made him helpless in the current. Tossing the flowers to his frantic bride with the agonizing cry "Forget-me-not," he sank from sight.

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**Woman Surely Could Not Be Accused of Having Any Lack of Caution.**

One day a very nervous, timid-looking woman, accompanied by a robust farmer, appeared on the platform of a little railway at a remote country town. For a time she devoted her attention to the time table, but she did not find there the information she sought, and she stepped up to the station master as he came out of the office.

"Will you please tell me if the three-ten train has gone yet?" she asked, in apparent concern.

"Yes, about twenty minutes ago," he replied.

"And when will the four-thirty be long, do you think?"

"Why, not for some time yet, of course."

"Are there any expresses before then?"

"Not one."

"Any freight trains?"

"No."

"Nothing at all?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Certainly I am, or I wouldn't have said so."

"Then," said the timid woman, turning to her husband, "I think we'll cross the tracks, William."—Youth's Companion.

**CONFIDENCE STRENGTHENED.**



"I have great confidence in him."

"That so?"

"Yes; I had a good 10-cent cigar exposed in my vest pocket the other day, and he didn't reach over and take it."

**Illustrative Case.**

"What are those two affinities?"

"I don't know, unless it is because she is dove-eyed and he is pigeon-toed."

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of 160 acres (and another as a pre-emption) in the newest districts and producing excellent crops. The crops are always good, the climate is excellent, schools and churches are convenient, markets splendid, in either Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.

Send for literature, the latest information, railway rates, etc., to

**M. V. McInnes,**  
176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Canadian Government Agents, or  
address Superintendent of  
Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

**A SECRET**

A 24 lb. sack of **Henkel's Bread Flour** will make over 37 lbs. of bread. Everything but flour shrinks when cooked but Henkel's Flour grows. It costs less to begin with than any other food you like; and what other food do you like so well that you must have it at every meal in the year? Buy

**HENKEL'S FLOUR**

IT IS NEVER DEAR

Success comes from good work oftener than it does from good luck.

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

Silence is the college yell of the school of experience.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic. Adv.

**Its Nature.**

"What's the weather report?"

"Blowing great guns."

"Great report!"

**Expected Result.**

"What did Mame do when ma told her she must take that dress to pieces?"

"I tell you she was ripping mad."

**Important to Mothers**

Examine carefully every bottle of **CASTORIA**, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Fletcher** In Use For Over 30 Years. **Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria**

**Meaning the Ellows.**

"I understand Perdita flirted with some high rollers at the beach last summer."

"So she did, and nearly got drowned."

**Equally as Good.**

A Sunday school teacher in the middle west asked all of her pupils who wished to go to heaven to hold up their right hands. All did but one little girl.

"Why, Mary," said the teacher, "why don't you hold up your hand today, just as you did last Sunday when I asked the same question?"

"I know," said Mary, "but papa has just got tickets for Los Angeles."

**They Got Left.**

John and Betty, aged five and four years, had started on a railway journey with their parents on Monday, but reached the station just in time to hear the engineer ring his bell and see the train pull out of the station, leaving the family behind.

Next Sunday John and Betty were started out on the way to Sunday school. When they were half way there the bell rang, and presently they came regretfully back.

"We got left," they announced.

**Member of the Union.**

Men who worked under a former city editor of the Washington Post vouch for the truth of this story about him.

The telegraph editor, so the story goes, "got a flash one night that John La Farge, the painter, was dead. He called the news out to the city editor, who, catching only the name and profession, yelled to a reporter:

"Willoughby! A painter by the name of La Farge is dead. Rush down to the Central Labor union and see what you can dig up about him!"

**Efficacious Spanking.**

Little Martha was cantankerous and just would not go to sleep, notwithstanding frequent orders from father and mother, who were anxious to get to sleep themselves. Finally, after many threats, the mother arose, and went through the motions of giving Martha a spanking. There was hearty squalling for a few minutes, then quiet. The father and mother, relieved, were dozing off again, when a little voice piped up:

"Mamma."

No answer.

"Mamma, w'at 'd you 'pank me for? I f'ordet."

**IN A SHADOW.**

Inveterate Tea Drinker Feared Paralysis.

Steady use of either tea or coffee often produces alarming symptoms as the poison (caffeine) contained in these beverages acts with more potency in some persons than in others.

"I was never a coffee drinker," writes an ill woman, "but a tea drinker. I was very nervous, had frequent spells of sick headache and heart trouble, and was subject at times to severe attacks of bilious colic.

"No end of sleepless nights—would have spells at night when my right side would get numb and tingle like a thousand needles were pricking my flesh. At times I could hardly put my tongue out of my mouth and my right eye and ear were affected.

"The doctors told me I was liable to become paralyzed at any time, so I was in constant dread. I took no end of medicine—all to no good.

"The doctors told me to quit using tea, but I thought I could not live without it—that it was my only stay. I had been a tea drinker for twenty-five years; was under the doctor's care for fifteen.

"About six months ago, I finally quit tea and commenced to drink Postum.

"I have never had one spell of sick headache since and only one light attack of bilious colic. Have quit having those numb spells at night, sleep well and my heart is getting stronger all the time." Name given upon request.

Postum now comes in concentrated, powder form, called Instant Postum. It is prepared by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, adding sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to golden brown.

Instant Postum is convenient; there's no waste; and the flavor is always uniform. Sold by grocers everywhere.

A 5-cent trial tin mailed for grocer's name and 2-cent stamp for postage. Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

**NO. 6109. SIZE.....**

NAME.....

TOWN.....

STREET AND NO.....

STATE.....

**Had Feared the Worst.**

The prisoner was but a slight man, and yet he struggled with almost superhuman strength. The Bertillon experts had bound him hand and foot, but he contorted himself to such a degree that it was impossible to get him in front of the camera.

Finally, one of the plain clothes bruisers handed him a jolt hard enough to make him sit still a minute. "We ain't a-goin' to murder youse," explained this minion of the law, "set still an' be mugged."

"But what do you want my picture for?" gasped the prisoner.

"Fer de rugues' gallery."

"Oh, pardon me for resisting," said the poor wretch, relaxing immediately and assuming a six-dollars-a-dozen smile. "I thought it was for a newspaper!"

**His Own Fault.**

"The check is small," said the poet, "but remember that John Milton got only five pounds for 'Paradise Lost.'"

"Well," replied the busy publisher, "you know John would insist on writing about the upper world instead of the under world."

**Chateaubriand's Strange Tomb.**

St. Malo, the gay watering place on the French coast, has the remarkable tomb of Chateaubriand, the father of French romanticism. At high tide it is covered by the sea. It is marked with a simple cross.

**Domestic Discipline.**

"Can't we get Johnny to take his medicine?" asked the father.

"I think we can," replied the mother, "if we drop it into the preserves and then pretend we have forgotten to lock them up."

**Practical Fashions**

**CHILDREN'S MIDDY BLOUSE DRESS.**



This design gives a dainty middy blouse dress that is becoming to any small girl. The blouse is slipped over the head and the plaited skirt is joined to an underskirt. The collar and band cuffs are of contrasting material matching the skirt. The model is quite simple to carry out.

The pattern (6109) is cut in sizes 4 to 10 years. Medium size will require 1 1/2 yards of light goods and 1 1/4 yards of dark goods, each 36 inches wide.

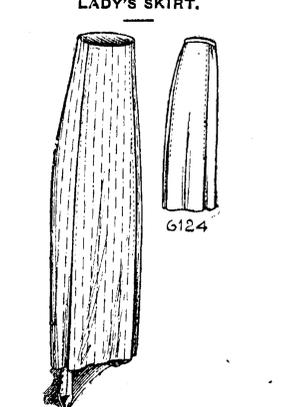
To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

**LADY'S SKIRT.**

Here is a stylish skirt model, and one very easy to make. The garment is cut in four gores and closes at the left side of the front. It may have dart or gathers at the side, and Empire or regulation waist line. The skirt is nice for separate wear or for costume development.

The pattern (6124) is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches, waist measure. Medium size will require 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.



**NO. 6124. SIZE.....**

NAME.....

TOWN.....

STREET AND NO.....

STATE.....

**NO. 6124. SIZE.....**

NAME.....

TOWN.....

STREET AND NO.....

STATE.....

**girlish Scheme.**

"Your daughter plays some very robust pieces."

"She's got a beau in the parlor," growled Pa Wombat, "and that loud music is to drown the sound of her mother washing the dishes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**A GRATEFUL OLD MAN.**

Mr. W. D. Smith, Ethel, Ky., writes: "I have been using Dodd's Kidney Pills for ten or twelve years and they have done me a great deal of good. I do not think I would be alive today if it were not for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I strained my back about forty years ago, which left it very weak. I was troubled with inflammation of the bladder. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of that and the Kidney Trouble. I take Dodd's Kidney Pills now to keep from having backache. I am 77 years old and a farmer. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial, and you may use my picture in connection with it." Correspond with Mr. Smith about this wonderful remedy.

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

**Universal Hero.**

For America, at least, there is the one universal hero. No one questions his greatness. None names him but to praise.

Who is that universal hero? Is it Napoleon? Many condemn him as Ingersoll did, as the "imperial personification of force and murder." No, it is not Napoleon.

Washington, then? Wendell Phillips said: "But the great Virginian held slaves." So even Washington had his detractors.

Lincoln? Perhaps later on; but not yet.

Well, who is this universal hero of America?

John Hampden, of course. He objected to paying taxes.—Kansas City Times.

**BURNED AND ITCHED BADLY**

539 Lincoln Park Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"A year ago I received a very severe burn on my left arm. I caught cold in it and it was all sore and ulcerated. The sore was as large as a silver dollar. It was all red and inflamed and had pus running out of it. I suffered terribly from burning pain; could not sleep for two weeks it burned and itched so badly. I applied — Salve. — Salve and a salve my druggist recommended as his own, but got no relief. I then commenced using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bathed the burned parts with Cuticura Soap and applied the Cuticura Ointment on a linen bandage. I got relief from the first, and my arm healed nicely. I was soon able to be at work again. Had I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment at first I would have avoided lots of suffering." (Signed) Harry Junke, Mar. 9, 1912.

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

**Wrong Idea.**

"Talk is cheap."

"Evidently you don't pay telephone bills."

**Feminine Arithmetic.**

Typist—It's my birthday tomorrow; I'm going to take a day off.

Bookkeeper—Why don't you take five years off, same as you did last year?—Bystander.

**Stung.**

"Bella, have you any engagement for next—"

"Mr. Squinchley, my name is Miss Blim."

"Yes, and from the present outlook it's likely to be Miss Blim as long as you live."

**Children's Humor.**

The poetry of life is frequently seen in childhood. We have this illustrated in the description of butterflies as "pancies flying."

"A star is a cinder from God's great star," has a wealth of unconscious meaning. But perhaps the finest approach to poetry was made by a tiny tot who defined dew as "the grass crying." "Oh, auntie!" said a little girl, "I've just seen a pencil walking." The nurse who had grown out of fairyland explained it was only an ordinary worm.

**Stung.**

"Bella, have you any engagement for next—"

"Mr. Squinchley, my name is Miss Blim."

"Yes, and from the present outlook it's likely to be Miss Blim as long as you live."

**Those Who Rely on**

the great home remedy which has proved its power to relieve safely and speedily the minor ailments arising from defective or irregular action of the organs of digestion, find themselves spared hours of suffering and able to ward off the attacks of serious sickness.

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

never disappoint those who take them. They help the digestion, stimulate the liver, clear the kidneys and regulate the bowels. By purifying the blood they increase cheerfulness and create confidence. As actions depend on health and strength, those who know Beecham's Pills

**Enjoy Life**

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.  
Beecham's Pills have the largest sale of any medicine in the World.

**Spring Work**

is at hand and you will need suitable footwear.

**Rouge Rex Shoes No. 486**

are made for this kind of service. The upper leather has been specially treated to make it as nearly water-proof as leather can be made, and it is double and triple stitched with extra strong thread.

They also have bellows tongues the entire height to keep out the dirt.

The sole is first quality, and extra thick.

Ask your dealer for No. 486, 12 inches high; No. 484, 10 inches high; No. 482, 8 inches high, or No. 4760, regular height. All are made alike, and of the same stock, the only difference being the height.

Write Dept. B for Free Rouge Rex Book.

**HIRTH-KRAUSE COMPANY**  
Hids to Shoe Tanners and Shoe Manufacturers  
GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

**GALL STONES Home Remedy (NO OIL)**  
End Stomach Misery, Sour  
Gallstones, Bile, etc. For 60 page Free-Gall Book, write to  
Gallstone Remedy Co., Dept. 441, 310 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

**ABSORBINE**

Removes Bursal Enlargements, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Corns, Filled Tendons, Strains, Sprains, Lacerations, Abscesses, Burns, Scalds, Hemorrhoids, Piles, Swollen, Painful Varicose Veins, etc. Will tell you more if you write. 6c. and 25c. bottles at dealers or delivered. Manufacturing W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

**It Pays to Clip**

**The Stewart Clipping Machine**

It turns over, clips faster and closer and stays sharp longer than any other. Gears are all of steel and cut from solid steel bar. They are oil-closed, protected and run in oil. Little friction, little wear. Has six feet of new style easy running flexible shaft and the colored roller steady tension, clipping head, highest grade, far less from any other machine guaranteed to please.

**CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO.**  
Wells and Ohio Sts. CHICAGO, ILL.  
Write for complete new catalogue showing world's largest and most modern line of horse clipping and sheep shearing machines. Mailed free on request.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 12-1913.

**Woman Is As Old As She Looks**

No woman wants to look old. Many in their effort to look youthful resort to the "beauty doctor's" prescriptions. Their mistake is that they visit the wrong department in the drug store.

Beauty depends upon health. Worry, sleepless nights, headaches, pains, disorders, irregularities and weaknesses of a distinctly feminine character in a short time bring the dull eye, the "crow's feet," the haggard look, drooping shoulders, and the faltering step.

To retain the appearance of youth you must retain health. Instead of lotions, powders and paints, ask your druggist for

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription**

This famous medicine strikes at the very root of these enemies of your youthful appearance. It makes you not only look young, but feel young.

Your druggist can supply you in liquid or tablet form; or send 50 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N.Y. and a trial box will be mailed you.

**PUTNAM FADELESS DYES**

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c. package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water, better than any other dye. They dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. Putnam Dye Works, New York.

## Gregory Gazette

Published every Friday morning by  
R. W. CAVERLY, Pinckney, Michigan

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

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

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



"How I shall miss you  
When you are grown."

What the poet sang, every mother's heart has felt. Baby's photograph taken now and then will preserve the image and memory of baby days for all time.

How long since you have had your baby's picture taken?

**Daisie B. Chapell**  
Photographer  
Stockbridge, Michigan

### Constipation, if Neglected, Causes Serious Illness

Constipation, if neglected, leads to almost innumerable complications affecting the general health.



Many cases of typhoid fever, appendicitis and other severe diseases are traceable to prolonged clogging of the bowels. Regarding the effects of constipation, C. E. Ayers, 6 Sabin St., Montpelier, Vt., says:

"I was afflicted with constipation and biliousness for years, and at times became so bad I would become unconscious. I have been found in that condition many times. Physicians did not seem to be able to do me any good. I would become weak and for days at a time could do no work. Not long ago I got a box of Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets, and after using them found I had never tried anything that acted in such a mild and effective manner. I believe I have at last found the remedy that suits my case."

Thousands of people are sufferers from habitual constipation and while possibly realizing something of the danger of this condition, yet neglect too long to employ proper curative measures until serious illness often results. The advice of all physicians is, "keep your bowels clean," and it's good advice.

Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets are sold by all druggists, at 25 cents a box containing 25 doses. If not found satisfactory, your money is returned.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

The Bell and Home telephone exchanges at South Lyon have been connected.

The bank of G. J. Baetcke & Co of Brighton has been found by the appraiser to be over \$11,000 short of liabilities, according to the Brighton Argus. Creditors may reasonably expect about 85 per cent.

A pair of fine steers coming into town last Tuesday morning attracted considerable attention. They were raised and fattened by Miss Lena Mackenroth of North Brighton and she demanded and received 7 1/2 cents per pound for them. P. G. Hartman & Son were the purchasers and the price paid was \$165.00.—Brighton Argus.

The rabbit season closed March 1, and according to hunters it was a poor season. There has not been enough snow to track the game as a rule, and the average hunter has failed dismally in his attempt to bag the elusive hare. The rabbit season opens again October 15. The duck season started March 2 and will continue until April 10.

## Pinckney Locals

Albert Dinkel spent Friday in Detroit.

H. R. Geer was a Howell visitor recently.

F. Newman was a Litchfield visitor last week.

Ella Blair of Iosco is spending some time in Pinckney.

Paul Miller has purchased Wm. Moran's dray business.

Mildred Hall spent the first of the week in Hamburg.

Anna Lennon is visiting at the home of J. P. Harris in Marion.

Sheriff Wimbles of Howell was in town one day the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bullis have been visiting relatives in Marion.

Ruel Cadwell of Detroit was in town on business the first of the week.

Jas. Bell has rented and moved into the Lynch residence on Howell street.

Richard Brearly of Gregory was in Pinckney on business Friday.

Mrs. John Damman of Hamburg was a Pinckney caller last week.

Mrs. H. D. Grieve and Mrs. H. W. Crofoot were in Stockbridge last week.

E. McQuillan of Ann Arbor was a Sunday visitor at the home of Floyd Reason.

Ernest White and family spent Sunday at the home of Mat Lachlan of Chilson.

The Misses Leoni Heine and Esther Barton were in Stockbridge Saturday.

A gang was through here last week repairing bridges on the Grand Trunk railroad.

Mrs. Margaret Black and daughter, Ella, were guests of relatives in Jackson over Sunday.

Mrs. H. Wilber of Grand Rapids spent a few days the past week with her sister, Mrs. Jas. Bell.

Miss Katherine Coyle of Northfield spent the first of the week at the home of Rev. Jos. Coyle.

Mrs. D. Mowers and Mrs. E. Campbell visited at the home of Erwin Campbell last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Allyn of near North Lake spent Saturday at the home of H. M. Williston.

H. A. Fick has purchased the Swarthout & Sayles farm one and three fourths miles west of town.

Mark and Edward Ayers of Detroit are visiting at the home of their grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Nash.

Mesdames John Martin and Wm. Mulholland of Ypsilanti visited relatives in in Stockbridge Saturday.

Mrs. Addie Potterton was the guest of friends and relatives in Jackson the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Villa Richards and Miss Blanche Martin spent one day the past week at the home of Wm. Peters in Pettysville.

Jacob Mack of Dexter will soon move onto the farm owned by Floyd Reason and recently vacated by James Bell.

The Seniors of the Pinckney high school will give an Easter Ball at the Pinckney opera house Monday evening March 24. Music by Bernard's orchestra. Everybody welcome.

Fred Swarthout who has been in the employ of Alex McPherson & Co. of Howell for the past nine months has resigned his position there to accept a position as assistant cashier in the Pinckney Exchange Bank succeeding H. R. Geer who expects to start a bank at Freesoil, Mich.

Sunday's News Tribune contained a picture and write-up of F. L. Decker of Lake City, a former Pinckney boy, who is said to have a record as an office holder. He was supervisor 27 consecutive years, and was chairman of the board of supervisors 17 years, held a number of village offices and served two terms in the legislature.

## THE OLD GAME WANT COLUMN

### Picture Agents Working Some of the Neighboring Towns

Some of the ladies of the village are mourning the loss of money paid to a couple of smooth agents who went through the village several weeks ago taking orders for enlarging pictures. The scheme was to get a picture to enlarge promising that it would not cost anything the only requirements were that the picture should be suitably framed and hung in the home. When the pictures were shown, a week later Mr. Agent required that the owner of the picture should buy a frame of him before he would let them have the picture for nothing. A number of our citizens ordered frames and paid part or all down and the frames were to be delivered between the 21st and 30th of February, of course they have some time to wait before February has 30 days in it. Experience is a good teacher if it does come a little high some times.—Ex.

## CATCHES THIEVES

### Farmer Sets Trap for Smokehouse Robbers

A farmer not three miles from town has been missing meat from his smoke house all the fall. A neighbor was suspected and he set a trap by killing an old dog and dressing the carcass to resemble mutton. A few nights later the mutton disappeared and a visit to the neighbors about dinner time revealed where it had gone. The farmer was invited to take dinner but declined and casually told of the joke he had played on somebody. The family listened without a smile and then made excuses to go to the back door. And when the farmer heard the commotion that sounded like a choked automobile at the rear of the house he decided he had had his revenge.—Ex.

## CROP REPORT

### For the State of Michigan

In answer to the question has wheat during February suffered injury from any cause? 323 correspondents in the state answer "yes" and 233 "no;" in the southern counties 219 answer "yes" and 91 "no;" in the central counties 87 answer "yes" and 46 "no;" in the northern counties 30 answer "yes" and 82 "no" and in the upper peninsula I answers "yes" and 19 "no."

Snow protected wheat in the state and central 13 days; in the southern counties 8 in the northern counties 24 and in the upper peninsula 28 days.

The estimated total number of bushels of wheat marketed in the seven months August-February is 3,500,000.

### Albert Walsh

Albert Walsh died at his home east of Pinckney Monday, March 17, after a lingering illness from tuberculosis.

The funeral services were held from the Pinckney M. E. church Wednesday, Rev. J. W. Mitchell officiating. Interment in Pinckney cemetery.

### Rents, Real Estate, Found Lost, Wanted, Etc.

FOR SALE—Good marsh hay. Inquire of H. W. Crofoot. 1013

WANTED—A fresh cow 1213 Ray Baker, Pinckney

FOR SERVICE—Registered York Shire Boar. Terms \$1.00 1213 Hoyt Bros. Pinckney

WANTED—Local representative for Empire Automobiles, Wahl Motor Sales Co., Detroit, Mich. 813\*

FOR SALE—A quantity of hay on the Joseph Monks farm. Inquire of Patrick Kennedy. 1013\*

FOR SALE—All kinds of fresh and salt fish. I clean them for the pan. A. Alexander, fish market Pinckney.

FOR SALE—A quantity of good hay. Inquire of J. R. Martin, Pinckney. 913\*

FOR SALE—A matched pair of Geldings, 3 and 4 years old, wt. 2400. 1213 Robt. Kelly, Pinckney

FOR SALE—20 head of good farm horses and mares from 3 to 10 years of age. All horses sold with a written guarantee. 1013 E. F. Mercer, Pettysville

FOR SALE—Farm of 116 acres. 4 1/2 south of Howell known as the E. T. Hinckley farm, at \$40.00 per acre. 813 Mrs. E. T. Hinckley, Howell

WANTED—Girl for general housework at Lakeland Summer Resort, also help in store; no washing or ironing; family of two. Address, Mrs. C. Collum, Lakeland, Mich.

HAVE A GASOLINE SAWING OUTFIT and can saw your wood on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. 1013 Fred Mackinder, Anderson Lyndalla Phone.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT—93 acres, 8 miles N. E. of Pinckney on road just east of the Kice farm and known as part of the Gallagher farm. Write James A. Gallagher 1645 West Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

FOR SALE—Owing to a scarcity of feed, I must dispose of part of my flock of sheep consisting of 115 Registered and Grade Black Top and Delaine Ewes, rams and lambs. Will price them worth the money. 111f Fred Teeple, Pinckney

FARM BARGAIN—Farm of (304) acres known as the Felix Dunlavey farm, for sale, located 5 miles north of Dexter and 4 miles south of Hamburg; 30 acres of good timber; balance of farm, good loam soil; two good houses; 5 large barns; several small buildings; two good wells and windmill; two good apple orchards; variety of other fruit; only three quarters of a mile from school; rural route, etc. Nearly one mile frontage on Base Lake, one of the finest summer resorts in southern Michigan. Also village property in Dexter and Pinckney. For particulars, inquire of W. J. Tiplady, Dexter, Michigan; M. J. Cavanaugh, Ann Arbor, Michigan, or Shields & Shields, Howell, Mich. 813

### Advertise

IF YOU  
Want a Cook  
Want a Clerk  
Want a Partner  
Want a Situation  
Want a Servant Girl  
Want to Sell a Piano  
Want to Sell a Carriage  
Want to Sell Town Property  
Want to Sell Your Groceries  
Want to Sell Your Hardware  
Want Customers for Anything  
Advertise Weekly in This Paper.  
Advertising is the Way to Success  
Advertising Brings Customers  
Advertising Keeps Customers  
Advertising Insures Success  
Advertising Shows Energy  
Advertising Shows Finick  
Advertising is "Big"  
Advertise or Bust  
Advertise Long  
Advertise Well  
ADVERTISE  
At Once

### In This Paper

Arthur Cobb of Stockbridge recently delivered a Holstein calf four weeks old which tipped the scales at 220 pounds and brought \$19.80. The calf was fed from the pail.

## LADIES!

Come to our store for your  
**Spring Coats and Dresses**

Our cloak room is crowded with  
newest offerings

Beautiful Serges and Wollens in  
newest stripes and mixtures

**\$9.00 to 16.50**

**AND**

We save you **\$3.00 to**  
**\$5.00** over city prices. Let  
us show you.

Car Fare Paid on \$15. Purchases or More

## W. J. DANGER & COMPANY

Stockbridge, Mich.

## FOLEYS HONEY and TAR Compound

For Coughs and Colds  
Is safe for Children  
Contains no Opium

For Sale by W. E. Brown

**SOUTH MARION.**  
Wm. Chambers and wife entertained a number of friends for dinner last Thursday.  
Last Tuesday evening about 20 of the friends and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sheehan were very pleasantly entertained at their home.  
Mrs. Ora Fowler and Mrs. Gasper Burley of Fowlerville were visitors at Chas. Dey's a part of last week.  
Mrs. Birmingham Sr. spent a portion of last week in Howell.  
Geo. Bland and wife and Mrs. Harriet Bland visited at Plainfield Sunday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Chris Brogan entertained at dinner Saturday. Wm. Chambers and wife, Wm. White and wife, N. Pacey and wife, Hart Gauss and wife and Geo. Barnard and wife of Chilson.

**SOUTH IOSCO.**  
Geo. Mowers and family spent Sunday at L. T. Lamborne's.  
Mrs. Joe Roberts and Elva Caskey called at Fred Anderson's Tuesday.  
Rebah Blair spent the week end with her parents.  
Elva Caskey visited relatives in Fowlerville a part of last week.  
A number from here attended the funeral of Mrs. J. Foster at Plainfield Thursday.  
Earl Watters, wife and daughter returned to Jackson Wednesday after spending some time with the Watter's Bros.  
John Roberts and wife attended the funeral of their uncle in Fowlerville Tuesday.

**WEST MARION.**  
Twelve of the school children have the measles.  
Mrs. Geo. Graham of Coleman was the guest of her brother, W. B. Miller the first of the week.  
W. B. Miller and wife attended the funeral of Mrs. C.J. Foster near Plainfield Thursday. Rev. Northrup of Williamson officiated.  
The friends of Byron White gave him a post card shower Friday. He received 115 cards.  
H. J. White has returned from Coleman where he has been visiting friends.  
The appointment was without services Sunday as Rev. Miller is sick.

**SOUTH GREGORY.**  
W. Bates has returned from Detroit where he has been visiting relatives.  
Mrs. George Stevens is on the sick list.  
Norman Whitehead will work R. Bregley's farm this year.  
Dessie Whitehead spent Friday at Geo. Stevens.  
L. R. Williams sold an organ last Tuesday.

**John McGraw**

John McGraw died at the home of Isaac Read in Marion Saturday, March 15.  
The funeral services were held from St. Agne's church at Fowlerville Tuesday, Rev. Fr. Sharp officiating.

**Under Civil Service**

To correct any misunderstanding that may exist about the civil service order, we will state that all Fourth-Class Postmasters are now under civil service, and can be removed only for cause; therefore, no apprehension need be felt on account of the change of administration—Postmasters' Advocate.

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

**GOING TO BUY A PIANO  
OR SEWING MACHINE**

**YES?**

**SEE L. R. WILLIAMS.**

GREGORY

He saves you money on high grade pianos.