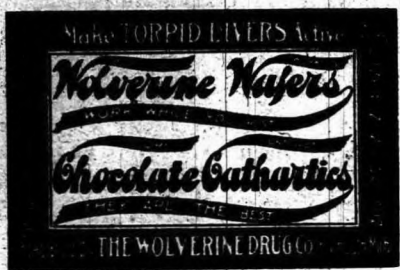


THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XX, NO 19

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1908

WHOLE NO. 1065.



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WE PRINT AUCTION BILLS

Breezy Items

By Elce Correspondents.

FREE CHURCH.

Mrs. Ammon Brown visited her mother Mrs. Dickerson of Farmington this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Geer entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rothuff of Dakota last Wednesday.

Gilbert Brown and John Manning, both attending college at Ypsilanti, spent Sunday with the former's parents Mr. Manning's home is in Marshal.

Mrs. Oscar McDougal of Ypsilanti visited her mother Mrs. L. Laraway this week.

Everyone is busy getting ready for the fair and chicken pie dinner at Elwin Pooler's, Feb. 1st.

Mrs. Ed. Quackenbush and Mrs. A. VanVoorhies are sick with the grip.

We would advise the people of this locality to get padlocks for their woodsheds, for one of our most prosperous farmers has noticed that his woodpile is somewhat smaller than it should be.

Constipation with all its manifestations of a disturbed liver and indigestion yields quickly to Sano! It only costs 35 cents to find out the great curative powers in the Sano! remedies. Take nothing else from the drugstore. Remember it is Sano! you want. 35c and \$1.00 per bottle at J.L. Gale's drug store.

NEWBURG.

Roy Armstrong left this week for Colorado hoping to receive benefit to his health, as his lungs are still weak from his illness last summer. He visited Ray and Don Ryder at Chicago, formerly of Livonia.

Ed. Barlow fell on the ice, bruising his shoulder in such a manner as to nearly lose the use of his arm.

Mrs. David Barrows fell on her door step Sunday spraining her ankle.

Mr. Mitchell's father is with him for a few weeks.

Mrs. Chauncey Mead is recovering from her recent attack of the grippe.

Mrs. Chas. Ryder brought her little daughter Faye home from Ann Arbor hospital Saturday. She is improving in health.

Miss Elsie Breckenreid has gone to Saline to Rev. Howard Goldie's.

Miss Isabell Rigg spent Sunday in Detroit.

Floasie Oliver near Perrinville called in Newburg as she was on her way to visit in Plymouth over Sunday.

Mrs. Porter Grow returned home Saturday night accompanied by Lewis Tandy.

May Joslin has sold her home to Mr. and Mrs. George Oldenburg of Stark.

The 24th of January, Mr. and Mrs. James Joy celebrated their seventh wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Asa Joy, Mr. and Mrs. Day Dean, Mrs. Vina Joy and daughter Lydia of Plymouth were present with useful presents. A sumptuous dinner was served and both children and grown-ups enjoyed the day.

LIVONIA CENTER.

We are glad to announce that Mrs. Palmer Chilson is on the gain and has discharged her nurse and if nothing else sets in she will soon be up and around again.

A Mr. McLaren from Detroit moved into the Ferguson house on Wednesday.

Mrs. Stringer was called to the city last Thursday to see her sister, Mrs. Millard, who had a bad time with her heart, but she came back on Friday and reported Mrs. Millard much better.

Mrs. Cort returned to her home on Sunday after a week's stay with Mrs. Dora Baze.

Mrs. Hall, a sister of Mrs. Palmer Chilson, arrived here from York state last Thursday and will make Mrs. Chilson a long visit before she goes back home. Mrs. Dell Rice came from Leavenworth, Kansas, the same day for a visit with Mrs. Chilson.

Miss Bogan visited Friday night and Saturday with Miss Emma Heim.

The storm Sunday kept the greater part of the church going people at home.

Mrs. Eugene Hodge who has been visiting her niece the past week returned to Plymouth on Saturday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Will Green, Saturday, Jan. 25, a daughter. All doing nicely.

A Higher Health Level.

"I have reached a higher health level since I began using Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Jacob Springer, of West Franklin, Maine. "They keep my stomach, liver and bowels working just right." If these pills disappoint you on trial, money will be refunded. The Wolverine and John L. Gale's Drug stores. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

WEST TOWN LINE.

Examinations this week. Mrs. James Spencer's health is much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Kingsley's little daughter is recovering from the chicken-pox.

Mrs. C. F. Smith and Mrs. Dan Murray visited Mrs. Smith's mother last Friday.

Don't forget Prof. Isbell's address at District No. 7's school house next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Mrs. Semour Orr is still suffering greatly from her fall, and is confined to her bed continuously.

John Sprague has left Arthur Scott for whom he has been working and has gone to Plymouth to live.

Ed. McFarlane is F. D. Butler's new hired man.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Kellogg called at L. N. Vicerey's at Plymouth, Tuesday.

Miss Otha Lucas is visiting her brother Mr. N. Lucas of Romulus this week.

John Robson, Jr., was in Detroit last week.

ELM

Shaw Bros. have put up a new ice house and are filling the same from the Ries pond this week.

Dr. Covell of Northville called on Shaw Bros. last week Wednesday.

Miss Ida Cornell called on Mrs. Chas. Hirschlieb last Friday.

Geo. Duggan of the Detroit Creamery was out superintending the filling of their ice house at this place last week.

Towar Bros of Detroit filled their ice house at Beech from the Ries pond last week.

A Hyman was seen on our streets last Tuesday.

At the pedro party given at Geo. Shaw's Tuesday eve of last week a big turn out is reported and a general good time.

John Holtz who passed away only about two weeks ago was followed by his wife in short succession who died at the home of her daughter Mrs. Norman Wilson at Ann Arbor last week, Mrs. Wilson also being very ill with pneumonia. The remains were placed in a vault at that place until the recovery of her daughter, when they will be brought here for burial.

Local Option Wins in Michigan.

The legislature granted surety liquor bonds to the brewers but the bill gives township and municipal option to the anti-saloon citizens.

Following is the text of the law:

"Provided, that where any bond is required for the sale of liquor under the laws of this state, such bonds shall not be executed by any Surety Company as herein provided, except by and with the consent and approval of the Township Board or of the Board of Trustees, or of the Common Council of any city or village as the case may be, within which bond is required to be filed; and provided, further, that the bond of said Surety Company shall not be accepted by said Township Board, Common Council or Board of Trustees, unless such Surety Company shall be a corporation of the State of Michigan organized and existing under the laws of the state of Michigan and with a capital stock of not less than \$500,000. "Provided, That whenever a majority of the qualified electors of any township, village or city equal to a majority of the votes cast for Governor at the last general election, shall file a petition with the Township Board of Trustees, council or common council of any village or city, protesting against the acceptance of the bonds offered by any individual, firm or corporation, proposing to engage in the sale of intoxicating liquors at retail, it shall be unlawful for such township board of trustees, council or common council of, any village or city to accept such bonds; and Provided, further, that such bonding company or bonding companies will not charge more than \$10 per \$1000 for going on such liquor bond or bonds.

C. T. JACK.

Bank Foolishness.

"When attacked by a cough or a cold, or when your throat is sore, it is rank foolishness to take any other medicine than Dr. King's New Discovery," says C. O. Eldridge, of Emporium, Pa. "I have used New Discovery seven years and I know it is the best remedy on earth for coughs and colds, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. My children are subject to croup, but New Discovery quickly cures every attack." Knows the world over as the King of throat and lung remedies. Sold under guarantee at The Wolverine and John L. Gale's Drug stores. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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HARMACIST FOR
ARTICULAR
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Chaps Disappear Like Magic

WHEN YOU USE

CITRON CREAM.

Good for your Hands Good for your Face
Good for your Lips Good for Chaps
Good for Shavers Good for Ladies
Good for Men Good for 15 cents

THEN YOU WILL SAY

GOOD FOR PINCKNEY.

Pinckney's Pharmacy

SUCRENE DAIRY FEED,

16.50 per cent Protein, 3.50 per cent Fat.

Sucrene Dairy Feed makes FATTER and HEALTHIER Animals, MORE and BETTER MILK than any other Feed on the market, where it is FAIRLY and PROPERLY FED.

Some feeders get the idea that Sucrene Dairy Feed is a medicated stock food, magic dope or medicine, and if a handful is fed to a cow at night she ought to give an extra pail of milk in the morning, and if she does not, they condemn the feed and say it is no good. Who is to blame in the case, the feeder or the feed? This is why we emphasize Fairly and Properly Fed.

Sucrene Dairy Feed

Is a perfectly balanced ration, and is composed of Cotton Seed Meal, Brewer's Grains, Corn, Oats and Wheat Feeds, ground together and mixed with Molasses, and no better feed can be made, for it is guaranteed to be made of absolutely the best and most nutritious materials. It is succulent, appetizing and healthy. It is the farmer's friend and

WILL MAKE HIM MONEY.

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Now is the time to fill your bins with Coal, while we have plenty of all kinds.

The Best No. 1 Lehigh Valley

Chestnut, Stove and Furnace.

ALL HAND SCREENED.

We also have a large stock of
BLACK BETSEY LUMP, which is

Exceedingly Clean Fancy Hand Picked.

Burns with great heat and leaves a fine white ash. Our Deerfield Nut for Ranges is nice and clean, gives intense heat and pleases all who use it.

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PLYMOUTH MICHIGAN

BRIEF NEWS NOTES FOR THE BUSY MAN

MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK TOLD IN CONDENSED FORM.

ROUND ABOUT THE WORLD

Complete Review of Happenings of Greatest Interest from All Parts of the Globe—Latest Home and Foreign Items.

THE THAW TRIAL

Taking of evidence in the second trial of Harry K. Thaw for killing Stanford White ended without Mr. Jerome having made any attempt to combat, with expert testimony, the insanity claim of the defense.

The Thaw defense closed its case with "manic-depressive" insanity as the explanation of the death of Stanford White at the hands of the young Pittsburg millionaire, according to three alienists.

The Thaw trial was adjourned because witnesses from Europe were delayed by the Atlantic coast storm.

Justice Dowling decided to limit each side in the Thaw trial to three expert witnesses and two of the defense's trio were heard as to the facts of the mental and physical examinations they made of Harry Thaw in the Tombs prison.

MISCELLANEOUS

During the last quarter of 1907 the net earnings of the United States Steel corporation were \$32,553,935.

It seems likely that prosecutions may follow the coroner's inquest into the Rhoades opera house disaster at Boyertown, Pa., which cost 169 lives. In the testimony there were strong hints of graft as well as admissions of gross negligence.

Ambridge, a little town of 17 miles northwest of Pittsburg, was the scene of an extraordinary double tragedy in which two lovers killed each other in a quarrel.

Fire in the heart of Chicago's downtown district did about \$1,700,000, the heaviest losers being Alfred Peats & Co., wall paper; Edson Keith & Co., wholesale millinery, and John A. Colby & Son, furniture.

The Coburn warehouses in Indianapolis were burned, the loss being \$500,000.

Flames destroyed a part of Nelson Morris & Co.'s packing plant in Kansas City, half a million dollars' damage being done.

The Parisian laundry building in Detroit was gutted by fire, the loss being estimated at over \$200,000.

Gen. John Coburn, lawyer and former congressman, died suddenly in Indianapolis from an attack of heart failure. His age was 82.

The Alva Bank of Commerce of Enid, Okla., with \$10,000 capital stock, was closed and Cashier Lou Westfall with \$2,500 is missing.

Heavy winds and a great rainfall have done much damage to the Porto Rican roads and to the new railroad to Caguas. The tobacco crop was badly damaged.

Francis Marie Benjamin Richard, cardinal and archbishop of Paris, died of congestion of the lungs after a short illness. He was born in 1819.

George Barlow, 32 years old, was killed and two others probably fatally hurt when a Iowa & Illinois train struck their buggy at Princeton, Ia.

Four cars of a fast New Orleans & Northeastern passenger train toppled off a low trestle near Hattiesburg, Miss., and rolled down an embankment without killing or fatally injuring a person.

Robert S. Hewey was appointed receiver for the Montana Grand Lodge of Ancient Order of United Workmen. The Crocker heirs gave a block on Nob Hill, San Francisco, as a site for an Episcopal cathedral.

The Michigan constitutional convention rejected the public utilities commission plan.

United States Lighthouse Inspector Olin N. Wexel of Chicago was killed by a switch engine while he was walking on the railroad tracks at Muskegon, Mich.

An address to congress, remonstrating against a further increase in the navy, was adopted by the board of directors of the American Peace society at a meeting held in Boston.

Because a portion of his congregation objected to his breeding dogs, Rev. L. Moore Smith, pastor of the Scotch Plains (N. J.) Baptist church, resigned his charge.

An old Roman coin has been dug up at Springfield, Mass., which is discovered to be worth \$1,500.

Oliver Milton was burned to death near Kewanee, Ill.

A fierce blizzard swept the Atlantic coast, endangering and delaying shipping, and doing great damage in numerous towns. In New York heavy snow fell and the storm caused four deaths.

S. R. Hamill of Terre Haute, Ind., associate counsel for John R. Walsh, died in Chicago of pneumonia.

A drastic prohibition proposal was unanimously and favorably reported in the Michigan constitutional convention by the committee on liquor at St. Louis.

President Ira Remsen, of the Johns Hopkins University, has been asked by President Roosevelt to head the board of scientists who are to form a consulting committee on the enforcement of the pure food and drug law.

John A. Lovely, former associate justice of the Minnesota supreme court, died at the age of 64 in Albert Lea.

Dr. Gustav E. Karsten, head of the department of modern languages and professor of German at the University of Illinois, died at his home in Urbana.

Gen. Charles H. Howard, brother of Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard, U. S. A., died in his home at Glencoe, a suburb of Chicago.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Moore Vanderbilt, daughter of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, to Count Laszlo Szechenyi, member of the Hungarian nobility, lieutenant of Hussars and hereditary member of the Austro-Hungarian parliament, took place at the Fifth avenue home of the bride's mother in New York.

John C. Hubinger, formerly one of the richest men in Iowa and inventor of elastic starch and founder of the largest independent starch works, died of pneumonia in Keokuk, Ia.

The Nevada police bill passed the assembly by a vote of 31 to 7. It already had passed the senate.

The board of managers of the Illinois state reformatory at Pontiac met, at the request of Superintendent William Hamlin, an inmate of the institution.

A. L. Sloss, cashier of the First National bank of Appleton, Wis., committed suicide by blowing out his brains with a shotgun.

A cyclone swept through the northeastern portion of Etowah county, Alabama, and while no lives were lost, much damage was done to property.

A startling report was current, both in St. Petersburg and in Helsingfors, that the emperor had decided upon the partition of Finland, annexing to Russia the district of Viborg, which formerly was a part of the empire, and sending an army corps to the grand duchy of Finland to overawe any protest.

John L. Dickson, president of the First National bank of Fulda, Minn., was struck by a passenger train and instantly killed.

A currency bill was introduced in the senate by Senator Hopkins and in the house by James McKinney of Illinois which bears the indorsement of the currency commission appointed by the American Bankers' association and of the executive council of the Illinois Bankers' association.

Bp. Gen. Medoem Crawford, who was recently promoted from colonel of the Coast Artillery corps, was placed on the retired list on account of age.

Francis T. Freeland, a retired mining engineer of Denver, Col., was found dead in his room at the Colonnade hotel in Philadelphia.

James L. Burkhalter, president of the Farmers and Merchants' bank of Galesburg, Ill., was stricken with apoplexy in his bank and died.

By the will of Morris K. Jessup, the financier and philanthropist of New York, \$1,000,000 is left to the American Museum of Natural History and \$100,000 to the Brick Presbyterian.

The remainder of the estate is bequeathed to his widow for life, and after her death it is to go to his heirs.

A. C. Frost's Chicago & Milwaukee Electric railroad, involving \$30,000,000 in corporations, was again thrown into the hands of receivers.

Frank R. O'Neill, vice president of the Pulitzer Publishing company and assistant manager of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, died from pneumonia.

J. E. Gage, a prominent grain man of Minneapolis, died of heart disease.

A colored family of seven persons burned to death at Bedford City, Va.

The Order of the Legion of Honor has been conferred upon Eugene Meyer, a New York banker.

The act of congress of June 1, 1898, prohibiting railroad companies engaged in interstate commerce from discriminating against members of labor organizations in the matter of employment, was held by the supreme court to be repugnant to the constitution.

The Retail Grocers' association of the state of Washington protested against the use of the frank by Postmaster General Meyer in sending out his speeches in favor of a parcels post.

A political crisis exists in Argentina because of a government edict closing the congress. President Alcorca said force would be used to keep the legislators from holding a session.

At the request of the board of directors of the National Bank of North America of New York, the comptroller of the currency ordered the bank to be closed for liquidation and appointed National Bank Examiner Charles W. Hanna as receiver. It was believed the bank was solvent, but its resources had been drained by a long run.

Capt. William Rohde of the German steamship Neidenfels, just in from the Orient, asserts that the natives of India are busy preparing to shake off the British yoke.

Lady Showing Ichijo, mother of the empress of Japan, died, aged 80 years.

Paul Kelly, the motorman who was indicted for homicide in connection with the New York elevated wreck in which 16 people lost their lives on September 1, 1905, was found guilty of manslaughter in the second degree.

Rev. Dr. P. F. Dimes, a member of the faculty of St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore, and who was one of the instructors of Cardinal Gibbons when he attended that institution, died, aged 86.

Aurel Batonyi began suit in New York against Frank Work, his father-in-law, and two others for \$1,500,000 for their alleged embezzlement of the effects of his wife, Mrs. Burke Roche.

Mrs. Mary G. Baker Eddy, founder and head of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, left her home, Pleasant View, in Concord, N. H., and by a circuitous route in a special train went to Chestnut Hill, Brookline, Mass., to a house recently purchased by the Christian Science denomination, where she will reside permanently.

The earl of Yarmouth notified the Thaw family that he will require a settlement before consenting to be divorced by the countess, formerly Miss Alice Thaw. It is said he will demand \$1,000,000.

Miss Louise de la Ramee, better known by her pen name of Ouida, died in the home of her faithful maid, Iolana Cervelli, near Florence. Her death was due to old age.

Burglars entered the jewelry store of F. R. Darcy in Kalamazoo, Mich., and took goods valued at \$10,000.

Three men were killed instantly and five others seriously injured by a premature explosion of dynamite in the Bergen Hill section of the Pennsylvania tunnel at Homestead, N. J.

The Illinois Central Railroad company entered suit against the town of Herrin, Ill., for \$700,000 on the grounds of interfering with traffic. A Herrin police magistrate recently assessed a fine against the railroad for shipping into the place beer and whisky after the territory had become anti-saloon.

Fire in Clinton, Ia., caused \$150,000 damage to Fish Brothers' wagon works.

Nearly a million dollars' damage was done by a fire in the wholesale district of Portland, Me.

T. Tchigorin, the noted chess master, died in St. Petersburg. He was born in 1850.

R. H. Rogers was taken from his home near Hopkinsville, Ky., and severely whipped by night riders.

Secretary Taft submitted a report on conditions in the Philippines in which he took a very optimistic view of the future of the islands.

Rev. Father Marj Bernado of the Capuchin order, who was sent by the pope in July last to Addis Abeba with a decoration for King Melekik, is returning with an autograph letter from Menelik and two lions as a present for the pontiff.

Mrs. Mary Frances Reiley, who said she refused to marry Abraham Lincoln in 1829, died at St. Louis City, Ia., aged 83.

Thieves in New Orleans held up a United States mail wagon and were reported to have secured about \$5,000.

George L. Thomas, a freight broker of New York city, and L. B. Taggart, his clerk, pleaded guilty in the United States district court at Kansas City, to the charge of conspiring to pay rebates to shippers. Judge Smith McPherson then fined Thomas \$7,000 and Taggart \$4,000.

The Central hotel at Pontiac, Ill., was destroyed by fire, the guests escaping in their night clothes.

The greater part of two business blocks in Madison, Ill., was burned, the loss being over \$100,000.

The Haytian revolution has been suppressed. Jean Jumeau, the leader of the movement, was captured at Dessalines, and was at once shot to death by the government troops. Gonaves had been occupied by a government force.

The Minnesota board of pardons commuted to life imprisonment the sentence of Merton S. Munn, who was to have been hanged at Bemidji on February 7 for the murder of August Franklin.

Believing that a restoration of the old passenger rate law in North Carolina will prevent the reduction expected in their salaries, the employees of the combined railroads of the state will petition the legislature to repeal the present 2 1/2 cent per mile law.

Capt. Charles F. Brown, aged 74, civil war veteran and well known mineralogist, died in a St. Louis hospital a pauper.

A fire which caused a property damage of \$1,000,000 destroyed the city hall and police buildings in Portland, Me., and endangered the lives of more than 700 persons.

Andrew Jackson Detsch, who was charged with murdering Harry Ferree in a boarding house in Philadelphia, was acquitted on his plea that he thought Ferree was a burglar. The police asserted Detsch had discovered an intrigue between his wife and Ferree, but he denied this.

Emily Yznaga, mother of the dowager duchess of Manchester and of Lady Lister-Kaye of England, died at Natchez, Miss.

After administering a huge dose of laudanum to her young son Kenneth, Mrs. George Stetson of Burlington, Wis., drank the remainder of the vial in an attempt at suicide Friday. The boy, aged nine, is dead.

W. Leo Bockemuhl, cashier of the suspended Bank of Ellinwood at Ellinwood, Kan., under arrest for making a false statement of the bank's condition in December, shot and killed himself when his bondsmen surrendered him.

The Mine Owners' association of Goldfield, Nev., abolished the card system and declared "open shop" in the mines.

Charles Bradley, a fire captain of Minneapolis, Minn., was run over and killed by his engine.

The International Harvester company of Milwaukee was indicted at Frankfort, Ky., for violation of the Kentucky anti-trust laws.

Miss Georgia A. Smythe, a waitress in a Boston lunch room, has received news from her home in New Braintree that she is entitled to a fortune of \$244,000 by virtue of being a great-granddaughter of Marie Antoinette.

Orin Robinson, held in Battle Creek jail for assaulting and robbing Brew L. Harris of \$400, broke an electric light globe and swallowed the small pieces. Doctors say it would be dangerous to try to remove them. Robinson is likely to die anyway.

THE STATE IN GENERAL

WAS COMPLETELY CHARRED AND THE FLESH DROPPED FROM HER BODY.

A JEALOUS LOVER'S CRIME

The Horrible Death of an Aged Coldwater Woman—Shot His Girl and His Wife.

Mrs. L. D. Halstead, a prominent resident and pioneer of Coldwater, was burned to death at noon Saturday. Mrs. Halstead was making a fire in a grate and in some way her clothing ignited. An alarm was turned in and firemen arrived in time to extinguish the burning garments. Her body was completely charred and burned and the flesh in pieces dropped from her body.

Mrs. Halstead and her maid were alone in the house. The woman's screams called the maid, who threw a rug over her and then ran out of doors crying for help.

Mrs. Halstead was 76 years old, and had lived in Branch county 69 years. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. W. R. Russel, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. T. W. Dunn, of Grand Rapids, Mich. Mrs. Halstead was a life-long member of the Presbyterian church.

A Lover's Crime.

Jilted by the girl with whom he had been keeping company for more than a year, and whom he had hoped to wed, insane with jealousy over the attentions she had been giving another, Arnold Van Der Plauche, of Kalamazoo, shot and seriously wounded Miss Lera Cole and Harvey Keefer, at the home of the girl's sister, Mrs. Warner. Keefer's nose is partly shot away and he has a bullet in his hip, the latter wound being considered dangerous. Miss Cole has an ugly gash over the right eye, where one bullet plowed through the flesh and has a gash on the right temple, where another grazed the skin.

Van Der Plauche was captured ten minutes after the shooting by Peter De Vries, who was in the Warner house at the time of the attempted murder. Both of the injured people are in the hospital. The girl's wounds are slight and it is not believed that Keefer will die.

Traverse City's Hermit.

Sam Vint, of Traverse City, has money to buy shoes, but they cramp his feet and he much prefers to go about the city shoeless. During the recent "January thaw" Sam was on hand dressed just as he likes to be and probably would be still limping along barefooted had not a zildzard put an end to his plans. Vint is a hermit, although he does ditch digging as a sideline.

Some time ago a neighbor undertook to care for the hermit and to see that he was properly clothed. This was the result of a visit of officers to Sam's home, chickens and other live stock being found to be contentedly dwelling with him. Sam was ill then, but having recovered his health, he is now as independent as ever. He is possessed of some property and some money and works whenever he can get a stray job, but nevertheless, he doesn't believe that the Lord meant for men to wear shoes, hence he scorns them whenever the weather will permit.

Horribly Mangled.

By the pictures of a girl in a sailor suit, tattooed on the arm of a man killed late Friday night by a Michigan Central freight train, the victim was Saturday identified as Matwee Murphy, a laborer, residing south of Grand Rapids. Murphy was walking down the railroad tracks when he was struck by a freight train. Switchman J. F. Monahan picked up an arm. For two blocks Monahan followed a trail of gore, stopping occasionally to gather up parts of anatomy. At the end of the trail he met Switchman Drew, who had found the man's headless trunk.

On one of the dismembered arms was tattooed the letters "M. M." and a picture of a girl. By means of these Murphy's sister established identification. Murphy is survived by a widow and nine children.

Found the Woman Guilty.

Large crowds have attended the trial in Stanton of William Emmons and Frances Emmons, his wife, who are charged with the burning of barns worth \$5,000 last November on the farm of N. E. Miller. M. L. Dunham defended Emmons and Frank A. Miller defended Mrs. Emmons. The jury about midnight Friday returned a verdict of not guilty for Emmons, but found Mrs. Emmons guilty of the arson as charged. She had quarreled with Mrs. Miller.

Miners Crushed.

Steve Bancker and Andrew Anderson were caught under three tons of sluffs in the Auburn mine of the Robert Gage Coal Co., of Bay City, and it required ten men to lift up one block weighing more than a ton. Bancker has a fractured skull and may die. Anderson's hip was dislocated and his hand crushed. Edward Kent's shoulder was broken and his hip crushed in the same mine the day before. Fred Lamb sustained a broken leg and crushed hand in the Handy mine.

Shoponogons, chief of the Chipewas, has been sent to jail for beating his aged wife.

When the Saginaw river fishing act, prohibiting fishing in the river and its tributaries becomes active April 1, 300 Saginaw fishermen face practical ruin. They declare they will fight the measure to the finish.

Orin Robinson, held in Battle Creek jail for assaulting and robbing Brew L. Harris of \$400, broke an electric light globe and swallowed the small pieces. Doctors say it would be dangerous to try to remove them. Robinson is likely to die anyway.

Reforestation Rejected.

Although the reforestation proposal was rejected by the constitutional convention, the friends of the forests do not despair and a determined effort will be made in the next session of the legislature for a large appropriation along the general lines laid down in the proposal as submitted to the present convention. This will be done under the general taxation section of the constitution, which provides that reforestation and good roads shall be excepted from the works of internal improvement barred by the constitution.

This is really an important victory as it directly conveys on the legislature the power to appropriate money for reforestation purposes. Although the last legislature made an appropriation for this purpose there was considerable doubt about the legality of the provision in the old constitution which bars work of internal improvement.

"While I am deeply disappointed that no definite action was taken by the convention, still I am sure that the agitation will result in something and that a general forestry plan will be passed by the legislature," said Charles B. Blair, of Grand Rapids, secretary of the State Forestry association, who was here in the interests of the defeated proposal.

"The matter has been thoroughly gone over and the people of the state are now familiar with our plans and projects. It is absolutely necessary that action be taken soon or 20 years from now we will have a desert of 1,000,000 acres in Michigan. The problem is growing greater every year and every year's delay makes it more difficult."

Fight the Fair.

E. J. Adams, of Grand Rapids, is attempting to kill the proposal of Delegate Deland, of the con. con., giving the legislature power to provide for a fair owned by the state. It was reported out Tuesday night without recommendation by the committee on miscellaneous matter, of which Adams is chairman. The western Michigan contingent, and especially the Kent delegation, will make a hard fight on the proposition, because they wish no state aid extended to fairs unless the Grand Rapids fair gets a piece of it. Under this proposal the legislature would probably take over the present state fair.

MICHIGAN BREVITIES.

Kalamazoo is to have a new armory.

A fall on the ice may result in the death of Mrs. G. W. Stevens, of Greenville.

The constitutional convention killed the proposal providing for a public utility commission.

Thieves stole shoes worth \$500 from a Pere Marquette car carrying a \$1,000 consignment to Port Huron.

It is expected that death will soon claim Dorius Smith, of Buchanan, one of the oldest residents of the district.

Daniel Read Anthony, Jr., elected to the senate from Kalamazoo, graduated from the U. of M. law college in 1891.

Rural free delivery route No. 1 ordered established April 1 at Lincoln, Alcona county, serving 300 people and 70 families.

William Hinton, aged 50, an inmate of the Northern Michigan asylum, choked to death Tuesday night while eating supper.

Lewis Lahting, an old citizen of North Argentine, owner of the largest farm in that section, is dead at the age of 84 years.

Walter Greshaw, of Sturgis, went to Chicago two weeks ago and Tuesday word was received of his death by a street car accident.

Flint will appeal the Stockdale case will case to the supreme court. The jury held no will existed, giving the city \$200,000 for a hospital.

A false alarm of a smallpox case excited the village of Salem for the past few days, but it is learned that the case was only chickenpox.

A grand ball was given in Battle Creek by the grand lodge of Colored Masons of Michigan at the conclusion of Tuesday night's session.

Visitors will again be admitted to the Jackson prison after February 1. Quarantine was declared after a case of smallpox was discovered.

Lansing people are dissatisfied with the arrangements of Taft's proposed visit. They want him to stay longer than an hour, as is scheduled.

It is denied by friends of Congressman Darragh that George C. Covell was promised Darragh's place if he would withdraw from the congressional race.

Secretary Taft, scheduled to talk to U. of M. students on his Michigan trip, has called off the engagement. He says he will be able to speak in Grand Rapids and Detroit only.

The state tax commission has set the dates for the following hearings: Wabash, February 7; Michigan Central, February 7; Armour car lines, February 4.

The Hungarian population of Muskegon Heights has organization the Hungarian Aid society in an attempt to secure control of city affairs through politics.

Henry C. Ward, the millionaire, who was adjudged insane by Judge Elmore Brown in the Oakland probate court, through his attorneys filed an appeal to the circuit court. Both sides are preparing to summon more witnesses in the next hearing and strengthen their cases.

Directors of the State Fair association will ask Attorney General Bird to draw up a constitutional proposal authorizing the legislature to buy the state fair.

George W. Miller, a Kalamazoo cigarmaker, asked the board of review to raise the assessment on his property because a strip of four feet had been omitted.

David Roach, once an able actor, now a physical wreck, was sent from Port Huron to the Detroit house of correction for 70 days for using immoderate language before women and children. As his own lawyer, he pleaded for "justice tempered with mercy."

Mooney and a Title.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Moore Vanderbilt, daughter of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, to Count Laszlo Szechenyi, member of the Hungarian nobility, lieutenant of Hussars and hereditary member of the Austro-Hungarian parliament, took place at the New York home of the bride's mother shortly after noon Monday. The ceremony was performed in the presence of about 350 guests in the salon on the Fifth avenue side of the Vanderbilt residence. At one end of the long room an altar was placed under a bower of bending palm trees, the tops of which came together, forming an arch under which the bridal party proceeded to the altar. About the trunks of the palms were twined thousands of orchids.

The new Countess Szechenyi was born in Newport, R. I., 21 years ago, the youngest of the six children born to Cornelius and Alice Gwynne Vanderbilt. Her father, the grandson of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, died in 1889, leaving her a fortune estimated at \$12,000,000. She has three brothers and one sister, the former being Cornelius Alfred Gwynne and Reginald C. Vanderbilt, and the latter Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

Would Lose an Island.

An ill-considered amendment to the boundary line article was made in committee of the whole of the constitutional convention by changing the language so as to specify the St. Marys river. Following the St. Marys river leaves outside our boundaries Drummond's Island, though Michigan's by treaty with Great Britain. Not to include it in the language of the existing constitution is to relinquish jurisdiction over it.

Darragh to Retire.

Congressman A. B. Darragh announced Monday that he will not be a candidate to succeed himself. He says his decision is irrevocable. Coincidentally with this came announcement from Alward, secretary of the state central committee, saying that he will be a candidate for nomination to succeed Darragh. Probably George Covell, now district attorney, Mt. Pleasant, will also be in the race.

STATE BRIEFS.

The conduct of the Kalamazoo county poor house will be investigated by the supervisors.

While returning from town with a load of coal William A. Boehm, a farmer, living two miles west of Bay City, slipped under the wheels of the wagon, fracturing two ribs. He will probably die.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit—Cattle—Extra fed steers and heifers, \$5.00 to \$5.50; extra 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., \$4.25 to \$4.50; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$3.75 to \$4.15; steers and heifers, 600 to 800 lbs., \$3.50 to \$3.75; choice fat cows, \$2.50 to \$2.75; good fat cows, \$2.25 to \$2.50; common fat cows, \$2.00 to \$2.25; choice heavy hulk, \$1.75 to \$2.00; fair to good hulk, \$1.50 to \$1.75; stock bulls, \$2.50 to \$2.75; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$3.50 to \$4.00; fair feeding steers, 600 to 800 lbs., \$3.00 to \$3.25; choice stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$2.50 to \$2.75; stock heifers, \$2.50 to \$2.75; milkers, large milkers, \$1.50 to \$1.75; common milkers, \$1.25 to \$1.50; veal calves—Market, good grades 2 1/2 and common 50c lower; quality poor; best, \$7.00 to \$8.00; 50c to \$1.00.

Milch cows and springers—Steady. Sheep and lambs—Market, lambs 50c lower; sheep, 10c to 15c lower. Best lambs, \$6.00; fair to good lambs, \$5.00 to \$5.50; light to common lambs, \$4.00 to \$4.50; culled and common, \$3.00 to \$3.50.

Hogs—Market, 50c lower. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, \$4.00 to \$4.50; pigs, \$3.00 to \$3.50; roughs, \$2.75 to \$3.00.

East Buffalo—Cattle—Best export steers, \$5.40 to \$5.60; best shipping steers, \$4.85 to \$5.10; best 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., \$4.80 to \$5.10; best fat cows, \$4.40 to \$4.50; fair to good, \$3.80 to \$4.10; trimmers, \$3.25 to \$3.50; best fat heifers, \$4.25 to \$4.50; few extra at \$4.25; medium, \$3.25 to \$3.50; common, \$2.50 to \$3.00; best feeders, \$2.75 to \$3.00; stockers, \$3.50 to \$3

An Ursine Checker Player

A Veracious Nature Story

By Edwin J. Webster

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Mighty few men are good players of both checkers and poker," said Uncle Zack Rogers pensively. "So it seems to me that Elder Allison was harsh in his severe condemnation of his pet bear when he found that once pious animal had mixed up the two games. The bear might have been reformed from paths of sin if the elder hadn't been so hasty. As it was, the bear, after enduring a few hard buffets from the good elder, died to a life of careless vice. And he was such a good bear at first."

"Elder Allison had picked up the bear when only a cub in the woods one day. Some hunters had shot its mother, and it was a very hungry and lonely furry baby. The elder took the bear home with him, fed him and sort of adopted him as a member of the family. When the bear began to grow a little it was evident that all bets on bear intelligence wanted to be coppered if they were made against the elder's pet. He had the rest of his kindred chained to the post when it came to knowing how to do things, and to do them well. Ordinary bear tricks were so easy for that intelligent animal that he never had to be shown them more than once; but Elder Allison, who was a pillar in the village church, wouldn't teach his pet any ordinary bear tricks. He said they were frivolous and an abomination to the truly good. And Elder Allison ranked class A in that division."

"The good elder had only one real diversion, and that was playing checkers. Any time he could get up a game of checkers he was a happy man, especially if there was a small bet on the side. Some of the church people were sort of scandalized at the elder's taking these bets; but the good man defended himself against any charge of gambling."

"What's your definition of gambling?" he asked, anxious like, of the minister, when that worthy man took him to task for betting on his favorite game."

"Gambling is betting on a game of chance," answered the minister promptly.

"To be sure, to be sure," said Elder Allison in mighty satisfied tones. "That was what I thought myself. Well, it isn't any game of chance when the boys around here play with me. The only reason they win at all is that I like to make things a little interesting

"How much sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful bear," the elder used to sigh after the bear had won a victory over him at checkers. "Probably you cheated when I wasn't looking, or you couldn't have won that game. I guess you had better go without breakfast to-morrow to teach you that the way of the transgressor is hard when he is found out."

"Anyone who could have cheated the elder in a game of checkers could have stolen a buzz-saw in motion, but as the elder had charge of the rations, the good bear soon learned that such victories were unprofitable."

"Just about the time the elder thought he had his bear well trained at the checker game, and that it was about time for him to try and get a few bets from the rest of the boys against the bear, he was called to the city on important business which would probably keep him away about three months. He couldn't very well take the bear with him, for, even if the railroad company wouldn't object, it would look queer to go tramping about the city followed by a big and unusually intelligent looking bear. So the elder hunted up Deacon Stebbins, and confided the bear to his care."

"That precocious animal is the apple of my eye," said the elder earnestly, as he turned the bear over to Deacon Stebbins. "Guard him tenderly, and be especially careful that he doesn't get into any bad habits. Intellectually he can look out for him-



Followed by a Big and Unusually Intelligent-Looking Bear.

self, but I'm afraid for his moral nature after my guidance is removed."

"Deacon Stebbins promised he would be a father to the bear during the elder's absence, so the elder went on his journey rejoicing in the thought that he had left his pet in worthy hands."

"Now Deacon Stebbins, while a good man in many ways, was a sort of a whitened sepulchre, too. He was one of the pillars of the church, and generally strong in reform movements, but the deacon had a weakness for the national game of poker. Once or twice a week he used to drop down to Hal Jenkins' tavern and take a hand in a little game in one of the back rooms. The game was kept very much on the quiet, so this never injured the deacon's reputation, although it often dented his bank-roll, he not being the player Hal Jenkins and some of the rest of the boys were."

"At last Hal tried to buy the bear, but of course Deacon Stebbins had no authority to sell the elder's cherished pet. Then Hal wanted to rent the bear at a mighty liberal figure until Elder Allison returned; but Deacon Stebbins wouldn't hear of this. He sort of hinted, too, that he was afraid the pious bear's morals might be corrupted by too much contact with Hal, whose heart was rather set on things of this world. This didn't please Hal overmuch and made him more determined to get the bear."

"So Hal took two or three of the rest of the boys into partnership, and they laid for the good deacon. As a result of having so many house-players against him, it wasn't long before the deacon had lost most of his ready money. Then Hal lamed him some. This went, too. Hal kept this up until he had the deacon pretty well tangled up in debt. Then one day he suggested, casual like, that he needed the money. The deacon didn't have it."

"Then I'm afraid I'll have to sue for it," said Hal, in a kind of ugly way."

"Of course this landed right hard on the good deacon. Hal probably couldn't recover a gambling debt, but he could put the deacon's reputation with the truly good back a good many miles. After Hal had the deacon well scared, he sprang his proposition on him:

"I tell you what I'll do, deacon," he said in a more kindly tone. "If you will let me have that bear until Elder Allison returns, I'll call our little account square. When the elder gets back, I will turn the bear over to you, and the elder won't know he has been absent from your fostering care."

"Deacon Stebbins was pretty joyous at getting out of debt on these terms. He turned the bear over to Hal Jenkins, remarking as he did it that the bear's long suit was playing checkers. Hal snorted at this."

"Checkers!" he said, mighty contemptuous like. "That's no game for either man or bear of his talents. I'll teach this cherished pet of Elder Allison's how to play a man's game. When the elder returns and finds his bear the best poker player in the county his heart ought to bubble over with gratitude towards Hal Jenkins; but I ain't by any means sure that it will. And Hal chuckled in a pleased way to himself, there being small love lost between him and the elder."

"Of course, as soon as the bear was a little used to his new home he wanted to show off his talents in the checker-playing line, being fairly proud of them. But Hal just laughed at the

good bear. The intelligent animal went around for a few days with a grievous and hurt look on his face. But Hal fed him well and petted him, and, to make up for the loss of checkers, started in to teach the bear poker. Maybe he was a bad bear at heart, and maybe it was just his wonderful intelligence; but it took the bear even less time to learn to play poker than it had to learn checkers, and he seemed to enjoy it a good deal more, too, which makes me think that at the bottom he was a sort of Tenderloin bear and not the truly good creature he appeared at first acquaintance. Anybody who doubted the bear's ability as a poker player had only to sit in a game with him once. He didn't need to sit twice."

"Such a bear! such a bear!" said Hal Jenkins in an admiring way one evening after the furry gambler had bluffed him out of a big pot. "No one would think to look at your innocent, bland countenance that you possess the guile you do. If you had only lived in old Mississippi river steamboat times you would have been worth a fortune to the man who owned you."

"And just as the bear was about developed into the best poker player in town, Elder Allison returned from the city."

"Of course there was nothing for Hal Jenkins to do but to return the bear to Deacon Stebbins, who turned him over to the elder. The elder took his pet home with him, the faithful animal showing signs of unfeigned joy at the return of his old master. That evening the elder thought he would have a game of checkers."

"Now we'll have a little game," he remarked complacently, "just to see how much you have deteriorated during my absence."

"The bear trudged over to the place where he knew a pack of cards was kept. In the meantime the elder got out the checker board and set the pieces. The bear shuffled the cards and dealt out poker hands. Each was busy and did not notice what the other was doing until the good elder moved one of his pieces—he always liked to have the first move. Then each looked at the other mightily amazed."

"You may think we need the cards for counters," snarled the elder, sort of impatiently; "but we don't. We'll only play two or three games, and of course I'll take them all."

"I see the one check you have bet," he seemed to be saying to himself, "but why do you scatter the rest about the board instead of stacking them up like a Christian?"

"The bear never was much of a conversationalist. He took another peep at his cards. Then he gathered up his checker pieces, slid out one by the piece the elder had put forward and stacked up ten others alongside of it. It was plain that he was seeing the elder's supposed bet and raising it ten."

"The elder looked at this strange proceeding in amazement. Then he noticed the five cards the bear was holding and the way the checker-men were stacked up. His look changed to one of holy horror."

"Wicked, depraved bear!" he thundered. "Is this the way you put in your time while I was away? Learning games of chance, after my careful efforts to keep you from gambling! It's penitence and a short chain, and hard bumps that will be coming to you until you appreciate that the way of the transgressor is hard, and that it is the duty of every good bear to stick to the game at which his master can win."

"At this the elder grabbed a big stick and began pounding the bear. At first the bear seemed hurt, men-



"Leave My House Forever!"

tally as well as physically. He had been mighty proud of his poker playing ability, and now to be pounded for it! But the elder kept on showering hard words and harder blows. At last the poor bear gave a sort of sullen growl and rushed out of the doorway, but even then he turned back in a doubtful way, as if he hated to leave his old master."

"Leave my house forever," shouted the elder, who had evidently been to the theater while in the city. "Never darken my door until you have forgotten all you know about poker and can bring forth fruits worthy of repentance in the checker playing line."

"The cutest bear looked down the village street. He could see the signs of Hal Jenkins' tavern. There he would not be beaten and abused. There his talents as a poker player would be praised and appreciated. He looked back over more at the house. The elder continued his abuse. The once good bear gave a little bear sigh. Then he shuffled off towards the tavern, no longer the pet of a pillar of the church, but a poker playing, gambling bear, the last addition to the grime Tenderloin."

A Young Bride's Experience

By CATHERINE STONEMAN LONG

(Copyright.)

Serena and Lloyd Bertram had just returned from their honeymoon. At the breakfast table Lloyd had proposed the matinee that afternoon to which Serena eagerly assented, and it was arranged that she should call for him at his office after luncheon, as she had considerable shopping to do in the morning."

The morning passed all too quickly. Never had stores seemed so attractive, never were goods so temptingly set forth, but at last she had reached the end of her list, and sat in the tea-room in solitary state at luncheon."

"Dear me!" she said, as she nibbled a salad sandwich and looked thoughtfully at the neighboring chair filled with bundles. "I wonder how in the world I ever came to carry all those parcels instead of having them sent. I don't want to take them all to the matinee."

The more Serena considered it, the more vexed she became at her own want of forethought. Suddenly a very bright idea occurred to Serena."

"Blessed be jackets with large sleeves and blouse effects in front!" she exclaimed. "I wonder why I didn't think of that before."

A visit to the ladies' waiting-room resulted in the emergence of a reconstructed young woman, put in native matinee order, and without a suspicion of a bundle about her, save that one sleeve bulged a little at the elbow. She glanced approvingly at herself in the mirror of the elevator, and smiled at the pressure of the passengers against her arms reminded her of something."

She was somewhat late, but on her way out of the store she stopped to purchase a pair of scissors. She quickly tore the wrapping paper from them, and as she hastened down the aisles, thrust them slyly into her jacket front. As she did so a man who had followed quickly along behind her, laid a detaining hand upon her arm.

"Pardon me," he said, "but wait a moment, please?"

"What is it?" said Serena, turning, and expecting to find that she had dropped something."

"Pardon me," repeated the usher, who had a bald head and a suave smile combined with a colossal dig-



"I Shall Have You Arrested at Once."

nity acquired by much stately prom- enading up and down the aisles of a large department store, "but step this way?"

He opened a door into a small room, led her in, then retired, closing it after him. Serena stood gazing after him, speechless with astonishment."

Presently the door opened, and the usher returned accompanied by a woman. She was tall and large with a most uncompromising expression of countenance."

"Is this the person, Miss Ryan," said the usher, "who stole the bolt of lace from your counter last Thursday?"

Serena gave a horrified shriek and sank into a chair. The woman stood regarding her scrutinizingly from head to foot, quite deaf to her frantic protestations."

"This is the same," said Miss Ryan at last conclusively. "I'd know her anywhere by her red hair," she explained. "But I couldn't possibly have done such a thing," wailed poor Mrs. Bertram. "I was in Washington last Thursday on my wedding trip. We only arrived here yesterday, and I never was in the city but once before in my life a year ago."

The sales-lady smiled superciliously. "My, but ain't she a bold one!" she said with a certain admiration. "And her up to the same tricks to-day, I'll bet, Mr. Cramer."

"I think you'd better search her," suggested that gentleman, with an implication of impatience."

Miss Ryan, nothing loath, seized the waiting arm of the little bride, who turned pale and then a guilty red. "Just as I thought," she said, feeling up and down Serena's sleeve; "she's got things on her now."

She ripped open the jacket buttons, and out fell a pair of gloves, some emerald-green silk, a lace collar, a stocking, a package of tin tinspoons and several spoons of thread. Then she reached down the sleeves and drew from one a silver gray-spoon

and from the other a patent egg-beater.

"There!" she said triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you so? We've got one of 'em at last, and if you'll take my advice, you'll telephone for the patrol."

At these words Serena sank back into the chair again and burst into tears. "Oh, it's all a dreadful, dreadful mistake," she sobbed. "Oh, won't you, won't you believe me, please? As true as I live, I bought and paid for those things, and put them in the front of my jacket to be out of the way while I went to the matinee. Oh, oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!"

Miss Ryan laughed pitilessly and with a contemptuous little snort, and Mr. Cramer surveyed the weeping girl sternly. The store had been systematically robbed for weeks by shop-lifters so clever that their detection had come to be almost despairing. Of the capture of one by Mr. Cramer meant a substantial tribute to his astuteness by his employers."

"You have been fairly caught in the act," he said. "I shall have you arrested at once. When you get to the station you can send for your friends, if you have any, who will bail you out."

Serena raised her head eagerly at the mention of friends and started to her feet. "Oh, I have a friend waiting for me at the entrance this very minute," she cried excitedly. "It's my husband. I was to meet him there. He can bail me out now before I'm arrested. Oh, do someone go for him quick. He can explain everything."

Miss Ryan opened her eyes very wide and nodded significantly. "An accomplice!" she whispered to the usher behind her hand. "Two of 'em!"

But Serena heard her not. Full of hope she had forgotten her tears. "You can't mistake him," she explained, animated and voluble. "He's tall and dark and has a mole and a black moustache. Oh, don't wait a minute, for mercy sakes, but tell him to come quick to his wife, who is just going away in the patrol. Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

Ten minutes later when Lloyd entered the room and beheld his bride, whom he had left at home serene and smiling, now disheveled and her eyes red with weeping, he turned pale. "Serena!" he cried, "what has happened?"

Serena arose, and anointed his collar and necktie with a fresh burst of tears. "Oh, Lloyd," she gasped with wildest incoherence, "something perfectly awful. I've been arrested for shop-lifting. And all because I didn't want to go to the matinee looking like a fright. Oh, Lloyd! do something about it quick!"

Lloyd unwound Serena from his neck, and turned to the usher with an aspect quite terrible and threatening. "What do you mean, sir," he demanded in tones of thunder, "by this insult to my wife?"

He looked so tall, so athletic and so dangerous that Miss Ryan withdrew to the side of the room and tried to look disinterested. The usher himself began to waver a little, and to murmur something about the bare possibility of a misunderstanding."

"A misunderstanding!" shouted Lloyd, hotly. "I should think there had been a misunderstanding. There is my card, sir. And let me tell you that you shall apologize to this lady on your knees, sir!"

The usher had begun to think he had made a mistake, but was sure of it when he looked at the card which bore the name of a firm of lawyers known by him to be the legal advisers of his employers."

"I suppose there must be some mistake, but I don't think I should be blamed for it," he said somewhat sulkily. "Your wife was positively identified by this lady as the woman—by this woman as the lady who— who stole some valuable laces from her counter last week—" He turned for confirmation to Mrs. Ryan, but she had melted into the atmosphere. "I saw her myself hiding something in her waist, and we found these goods concealed on her person. She had no checks for them—"

"No checks!" shrieked Serena. "Why, of course I have the checks." She seized a bunch of pink slips from her pocket-book and thrust them in a shower upon the dumfounded Mr. Cramer. "I always keep my checks to copy into my accounts. Why didn't you say something about checks before?"

It was a very obsequious usher who escorted the young couple to the door, and his apologies were so profound, and so well expressed that Lloyd was slightly modified. But he could not dismiss the episode as gayly as did Serena, who possessed a buoyant spirit and a saving sense of humor. It was too late to go to the matinee when the matter had been satisfactorily settled, but they discussed it that evening as they sat in front of their cozy grate fire, all traces of tears removed from Serena's face."

"Indeed, Lloyd," she said, "you shall do nothing more about it. It was a ridiculous thing for me to do any- how, and I've no doubt I did look suspicious, hiding things away that way. What a blessing it is I saved those checks, though! I might have been in jail now. Aren't you glad, Lloyd that I'm so methodical about my accounts?"

THE LEAP YEAR REFUSAL

'Tis very kind, indeed, of you
To offer to become my wife;
To say you love me as you do—
And wish to share my simple life.
But do not grieve at what I say.
Dear Maud, I really love another;
In anger do not go away,
But I consent to be your brother.

I'm sorry, Maud, I really am.
That you have learned to love me so;
For me you should not care a-dara,
I never meant to be your beau.
Your husband, Maud, I cannot be,
My heart belongs unto another;
I'm sorry you've proposed to me,
But I can only be your brother.

If you should ever want a friend,
I trust that you will send for me;
On me, you always may depend.
I'll come to you, wherever I be.
Surely there is some better man
Who'll gladly take you for his wife;
So find him—I am sure you can—
I'll be your brother all through life.

Oh, tell us, girls, how does it sound,
To hear the talk you've handed out,
Now Leap Year's twisted things around?
How does it sound when sweethearts
Bout
Your fond proposals, as you've done,
And all your hopes are put to sleep?
Dost thou think this brother talk is fun?
How do you like to loop the leap?
—Detroit Free Press.

ONLY NATURAL



"Neighborhood 'as gone down terribly since I came to live 'ere."
"Well, what else could you expect?"

Mary's Lamb.
Mary had a little lamb,
Of milk it once got full;
Mary tried to catch it and
The wind blew through its wool.
—Chicago Daily News.

Obscure Art.
"I'm afraid you don't appreciate that composition," remarked the musician.
"No," answered Mr. Cumrox; "in all frankness, I must say I don't. It keeps me guessing."
"Guessing?"
"Yes. I always have three guesses—why anybody wrote it in the first place, why anybody plays it in the second, and why anybody listens to it in the third."—Washington Star.

According to Orders.
"How do you do!" exclaimed the letter carrier, as he greeted the auctioneer.
"I do as I am bid," answered the auctioneer, with a fawning grin.
"Much the same here," rejoined the l. c. "I do as I am directed."—Chicago Daily News.

The Disadvantage.
"Why do you dislike poetry so much?"
"Because," answered the man who uses scented hair oil, "when you quote prose very few people can be sure it isn't an original remark, but when you quote poetry everybody is wise on the instant."—Washington Star.

Information.
"He is a wonderfully well-informed man."
"I shouldn't call him that," answered Miss Cayenne. "He is so busy deciphering cuneiform inscriptions that he doesn't know what is in the daily newspaper."—Washington Star.

Hard on the Eyes.
Mrs. Jaggs (suspiciously)—Your eyes are watery and terribly inflamed.
Mr. Jaggs (with an injured air)—Well, next time you give me a Bible for a birthday present, don't select one with such fine print.—New York Weekly.

One of the Tests.
"So your daughter made a brilliant marriage?"
"Not very," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Your son-in-law is of noble origin."
"Yes. But I could pronounce his name properly the first time I tried."—Washington Star.

Little Danger.
"Scientists agree that climates are changing all over the world," remarked the English tourist. "Aren't you afraid it will change for the worse in this country?"
"Oh, no," replied the New Yorker. "It couldn't."—Chicago Daily News.

Didn't Stop There.
"Bus Conductor (glancing at the ticket)—Sorry, sir, but we don't stop at that place.
Fetherate—What place?
Conductor—Green's, the saw-brokers."

Fulfilling Expectations.
"Alas!" moaned the dejected hucker of the show, "my cake is dough!"
"Exactly," returned the star of the piece. "That is what angel cakes are expected to be."—Baltimore American.

And Then He Does.
Many a man, when being married, has said "I will" instead of "I will."

F. W. SAMSEN.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year \$1.00
Six Months .60
Three Months .35

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business Cards, \$1.00 per year.
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.
Cards of thanks, 25 cents.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1908.

Comes Back Agg'in'

Some one in last week's Mail wrote an article in defense of Mr. Christian's bold statement, "Liquor money pays county taxes." The writer calls my reply to Mr. Christian's bold statement, an attack on Mr. Christian. No, brother, it is the misleading statement of Mr. Christian we attack.

Some say more liquor is drunk in local option states, counties and villages than in states, counties and villages where saloons are licensed.

Saloon revenue producers? "Truth," the liquor organ of Michigan, says that the average amount of whiskey sold in every saloon in Michigan in the year is 15 barrels.

When you have backache the liver or kidneys are sure to be out of gear. Try Sazoil, it cures backache in 24 hours, and there is nothing better for the liver or kidneys.

A hard-headed old Pittsburg manufacturer, who made his fortune, as he expresses it, "with his coat off," was induced by his daughters to accompany them to a Wagner concert.

"I suppose you enjoyed the concert last night, Mr. Smith?" "Yes, it took me back to the days of my youth," the old man said, with a reminiscient sigh.

"No, the days when I worked in a boiler shop in Scranton." "At the Dog Show." "Yes, it's a nice exhibit."

"No, I had heard so much about ocean grey-hounds, sea dogs and dogs of war, that I came here especially to see some, and there is not one here."

A CARD.—Mrs. David Oliver and family wish to extend their heartfelt thanks to all those who so kindly assisted them in their time of trouble.

CHURCH NEWS.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

Next Sunday morning at First Church of Christ Scientist, 10:00 A. M. Subject, "Love." Sunday school for children 11:00 A. M. Wednesday evening testimonial service 7 P. M. Every one is welcome.

METHODIST.

Services Sunday will be as follows: Morning service at 10. Subject, "Abolishing the Saloon, a civic, moral and Christian Duty." Sunday school at 11:30. Evening and Gospel service at 6:45. Good music at all our services and a cordial welcome always.

UNIVERSALIST.

Sermon by the pastor next Sunday at 10:00 A. M. Subject, Jesus Viewed as a Manly Man. Sunday school at 11:15 A. M. At 7:00 P. M. there will be a song service with a sacred reading by Miss Amanda Kidder of Detroit.

BAPTIST.

Men's meeting at 10:00 Sunday morning. Worship at 10:30. The pastor will be in the pulpit, both morning and evening. Communion in the morning. Sunday school 11:45. B. Y. P. U. 6:30. Leader, Alice Weston. Topic, "The real heart of our society." Song service from 7:30 to 7:15. Mid-week service Wednesday night 7:30. You are welcome to all these services.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Sunday, 10:00, morning worship. The pastor will speak on "The Next Great Victory." Foreign mission pledges made last November should be paid in not later than Sunday to treasurer A. D. Stevens.

11:15, Sunday school. 6:00, Westminster Guild. 7:00, Evening praise service. Beginning of a series on "Evenings with Jesus." The aim will be to make this series devotional and inspirational. Subject, the Life of Balances. You are most cordially invited to all the above services, also to the mid-week prayer services Thursday evening. Subject to be announced Sunday.

SCHOOL NOTES.

President C. T. Graun of the Mt Pleasant Normal and formerly of Plymouth is booked for an address about the third week in February. Watch this column for further particulars.

The Seniors are all through Geometry and no failures during the review.

The question "What is a pentagon?" was asked of one of the bright girls of the senior class. The answer was "A pentagon is a five sided triangle."

Two review subjects, grammar and physiology have been offered this semester in place of geometry 11 and book keeping.

High School visitors this week: Edna Hunter and Irma Fisher.

Rev. F. W. Miller, conducted the chapel exercises Tuesday morning.

The pupils from lower town are now using the new east entrance.

The rest of the seats for the new building have arrived at last.

From the fifth grade examination papers:—In what two ways is the body like a steam engine?

The blood-vessels are like the steam pipes and our talking is like their whistles.

Another bright answer to the same question, "Our feet are like the wheels."

Two uses of the bones are to keep us from being smashed, and to keep us stiff.

Carl Stever has an enviable reputation having received five E's in five of the stiffest subjects in the High School.

A \$60 house attended the entertainment given for the High School last Monday evening, clearing \$12 for the school.

When You Take Cold. One way is to pay no attention to it; at least not until it develops into pneumonia, or bronchitis, or pleurisy. Another way is to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. If he says, "The best thing for colds," then take it. Do as he says, anyway.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. When the bowels are constipated, poisonous substances are absorbed into the blood instead of being daily removed from the body as nature intended.

TIME LOCK ON ELECTRIC STOVE.

Clockwork Turns on the Heat During Early Morning Hours.

Electric heating, to be regulated by time lock is engrossing the spare time of Prof. Harmon W. Morse of the chemical laboratory in Johns Hopkins university, says the New York Press. He has invented an electric stove with a clockwork mechanism by which the heat may be turned on at any hour without personal attention.

Prof. Morse's stove looks like a pair of porcelain tubes. He has not taken anybody save his model maker into his confidence in respect to the insides of those tubes. To outward seeming they are simplicity itself.

A Match for a Tip.

The waiter smothered an embarrassed grin when the red-faced absent-minded man handed him his tip. After the absent-minded man had gone the waiter looked after him and then at his tip, still with a half grin on his face.

The tip the man had handed to him was a match—just a common everyday sulphur match of commerce.

"He meant well enough," said the waiter. "He was just thinkin' about something else. The chances are that somebody in his office keeps bothering him for matches and he's got so in the habit of giving matches to people that he hands out a match without thinkin' any more about it than he would about drawing his breath."

"Why," continued the waiter, "you'd be surprised at the absent-minded people that give us tips. The other fellow, a solemn looking man, gave me a dollar bill—just the amount his dinner came to. He wanted to give me a little piece for myself, and just as he started out he reached back and gave me a handful of cloves that he'd pulled out of the little pocket where he kept his small change."

When the nose is bleeding never hold it over a basin, or hold the head down in any way. This only causes further rush of blood to the broken tissues in the nose.

See Things as They Are. For the cultivated man there is no virtue in either optimism or pessimism. Some people think it is a duty to be optimistic, and for some people it may be a duty; but one of the great uses of education is to teach us to be neither one nor the other.

Real Sport. "What will you have, sir?" asked the waiter in the ultra-fashionable restaurant. "I think I'll take some gin," drawled Uncle Dewberry, as he gazed in awe at the electric cigar lighter.

Probate Notice. February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Court room be appointed for hearing said petition.

THE ONLY Through Sleeping Car to Philadelphia from Michigan is operated on Train 8, via The Grand Trunk-Lehigh Valley Double Track Route.

J. D. McLAREN CO. Headquarters for Lime, Cement, Brick, Toledo Pulp Plaster, Little's Fibre Plaster, Little's and Houghton's Hard Wall Plaster.

Robinson's Livery. Good Rigs at the best prices possible. All kinds of Draying done promptly. GOOD STABLING. Harry C. Robinson.

25c. given back to the customer on every dollar's worth of goods purchased at our store. This Sale will Continue until Feb. 8th. J. R. RAUCH & SON

Men's Trouser's at a Great Saving. It's a genuine clearing sale of our entire stock. All Trousers in sizes for both men and young men are now marked down close to manufacturing cost. Dutches and Other Makes Included.

Pardridge & Blackwell, Farmer St., from Gratiot to Monroe Ave. "THE HEART OF DETROIT."

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually. Disperses Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS, one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

WHY, INDEED?



There was a young man of Slough, Who was singing "The Mistletoe Bough;" When his uncle said: "Fred, As the young lady is dead, Why on earth make this terrible row?"

CUTICURA CURED FOUR

Southern Woman Suffered with Itching, Burning Rash—Three Little Babies Had Skin Troubles.

"My baby had a running sore on his neck and nothing that I did for it took effect until I used Cuticura. My face was nearly full of letter or some similar skin disease. It would itch and burn so that I could hardly stand it. Two cakes of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment cured me. Two years after it broke out on my hands and wrist. Sometimes I would go nearly crazy for it itched so badly. I went back to my old stand-by, that had never failed me—one set of Cuticura Remedies did the work. One set also cured my uncle's baby whose head was a cake of sores, and another baby who was in the same fix. Mrs. Lillie Wilcher, 770 Eleventh St., Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1907."

COMPLAINTS MANY AND VARIED.

Complete Harmony Had to Obtain in Organizations.

"All clubs," said the secretary, "keep complaint books, and some of the complaints set down in them are funny. In our book yesterday a member complained that the hot water was always cold, and moreover, there never was any."

"A novelist last week had the nerve to complain that his last new novel hadn't been added to the club library."

"Young swells sometimes complain about the club wines and cigarettes and cigars in order to introduce brands that they are touting for on the fly."

"Sometimes anonymous scandal soils the complaint book's pages. Thus, last year, appeared this entry about a very popular member:

"Maj. Hawkins is flirting with too many of our wives. By the way, he still owes that tennor—he knows to whom."

The Ruffing Passion.

Mammy Liza has lived with the "famby" look enough to acquire words and expressions, which, used as second hand, are sometimes fatal to the family gravity. Recently a member of the little circle had occasion to call for the horse and survey from the livery stable. After waiting a long while the order was repeated, with so immediate result. Mammy, having heard the conversation, and knowing the impatience of her mistress, expressed herself thus:

"Huh! Day's jes' no use countin' on dem livery stable folks, dey's so dilittante."

Nestly Put.

Homer Folks, the secretary of the State Charity Aid society of New York, referred in a recent address to the awkwardness that charity workers feel in making public appeals for funds.

"And few charity workers," Mr. Folks added, "can carry off that awkwardness with the neatness of the colored preacher who reminded his congregation that:

"Brother, Ah kahn't preach huzh an' board in hobb'n."

Important to Mothers.

Obtain carefully every bottle of CALIFORNIA and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of **Dr. J. C. Williams** in the Red Box Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

It may be the uncertainty of directness that appeals to a girl; she is never quite sure but what she really means.

BOB BURDETTE'S BEAR STORY

Tale Recited by President Roosevelt Around the Campfire.

They were resting around the President's campfire in the Louisiana canebrake. The dogs were asleep with the fatigue of the chase, the guides were lying around feasting their eyes upon the distinguished guest, and the president was enjoying the campfire as a sportsman can.

"Boys," he said, "did you ever hear Bob Burdette's bear story?"

"Wah Bob Burdette a b'ah huntah?" asked Guide Ennolds.

"Not exactly," the President answered. "Bob was a much braver man than a bear hunter. He trailed bear in his youth, but when he grew older he became brave enough to follow the lecture platform."

The guides didn't know this last-named bear, but they smoked their pipes in confidence of its terrors.

"Bob's bear story needs Bob to tell it," the president continued, "but he isn't here, and I'll relate around his shoes a bit. There were two men going through a field. A large and mean-dispositioned bull waited until they had gained the middle of the field, when he set upon them, bellowing.

"The two men ran for their lives, but the bull closed up and began hooking at their coat tails. One of the fugitives made for a tree and shinned into it, while the other took refuge in a hole in the ground.

"The bull made for the man in the hole. It dashed over as he dived in. He instantly bobbed out again, the bull made for him, and he bobbed in and out as the bull shot back and forth. They kept this up for a while, and the man in the tree yelled:

"Why don't ye stay in that hole, ye dang fool?"

"The bull was dashing across the hole with mad roars, and the man was bobbing in and out desperately, but he heard the voice from the tree.

"Dang fool yourself," he retorted breathlessly. "That's a bear in this hole!"

One of the guides threw a log on the fire, an owl hooted off in the timber, and there wasn't a nature faker within 500 miles.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Holland's 1,000,000 Wage Earners.

With 5,500,000 inhabitants Holland has 1,000,000 wage earners. Sickness insurance is voluntary and organized in free associations. In 1890 there were 650 associations, with 600,000 members. Premiums are \$1.44 a member; benefits are medical attendance, medicine and sickness payments.

Accident insurance is compulsory (law of 1901). Workmen and foremen in manufacturing (up to \$1.68 daily wages) are insured in a state fund, mutual associations or casualty companies. In 1904 there were 84,046 insured establishments. Premiums are paid by employers according to wages and risk. The receipts of 1904 were \$888,000. The benefits are (a) disability, free treatment and daily payments up to 70 per cent. of wages; (b) permanent disability, pensions up to 70 per cent. of wages from seventh week; (c) to dependents of deceased, pensions up to 60 per cent. of wages and a death benefit of thirty times the daily wage. In case of willfulness no indemnity is paid, and in case of drunkenness only half. Six hundred and ninety-six thousand dollars were paid (1804) to 45,902 injured and 226 killed. Settlements are made in case of doubt by councils.—Prof. Henderson in *Charities and the Commons*.

Birds Teach Lazy Man a Lesson.

Go to the birds, thou sluggard, for birds can and do work far harder than human beings. A pair of house martins, when nesting, will feed their young ones in 20 seconds—that is, each bird, male and female, makes 90 journeys to and fro an hour, or about 1,000 a day. On each journey the bird has the added work of catching the insects. Even so tiny a bird as the wren has been counted to make 110 trips to and from its nest within 430 minutes; and the prey carried home consisted of larger, heavier and harder to find insects than were caught by the sparrows. Among them were 20 good-sized caterpillars, ten grasshoppers, seven spiders, 11 worms and more than one fat chrysalis.

Appreciation.

"They say Butterworth is going to erect a monument over the grave of his wife's first husband."

"An ordinary man would regard that as a waste of money, wouldn't he?"

"Perhaps, but you see he left enough life insurance to make it possible for Butterworth to get along without working for the rest of his life, and I suppose he feels that he ought in some way to publicly show his appreciation."

Progress of Science.

Fair Patient—I suffer greatly from insomnia, doctor.

Doctor—You should eat something just before retiring.

Fair Patient—But you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed.

Doctor—Oh, that was a year ago. Science has made rapid strides since then.

Courteous Girl.

"Why," asked the divorced count, "do you refuse me?"

"I am afraid," replied the beautiful American girl, "that I might not be able to support you in the style to which you have been accustomed."

SERIAL STORY

LANGFORD of the THREE BARS

By KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOTLES

(Copyright by A. C. McClung & Co., 1907.)

SYNOPSIS.

George Williston, a poor ranchman, high minded and cultured, searches for cattle missing from his ranch—the "Lazy S." On a wooded spot in the river's bed that would be a best at the Missouri been at high water, he discovers a band of horse thieves engaged in working over brands on cattle. He creeps near enough to note the branding of the "Three Bars" brand on one steer to the "J. R." brand, Paul Langford, the rich owner of the "Three Bars" ranch, is sent for by Williston and is informed of the operations of the gang of cattle thieves—a band of outlaws headed by Jesse Black, who long have defied the law and authorities of Kemah county, South Dakota, with impunity, but who, heretofore, had not dared to molest any of the property of the great "Three Bars" ranch. Williston shows his reluctance in opposing a band so powerful in politics and so dreaded by all the community. Langford pledges Williston his friendship if he will assist in bringing "Jesse Black" and his gang to justice. Langford is struck with the beauty of Williston's little girl, Louise Dale, an expert court stenographer, who had followed her uncle, Judge Hammond Dale, from the east to the "Dakota" and who is living with him at Wind City, is requested by the bounty attorney, Richard Gordon, to come to Kemah and take testimony in the preliminary hearing of Jesse Black. She accepts the invitation and makes her first trip into the wild Indian country. Arriving at Velpen across the river from Kemah, she is met by Jim Munson, a hot headed cowboy of the "Three Bars" ranch.

CHAPTER IV.

"Maggot."

An hour prior to this little episode Jim Munson had sauntered up to the ticket window only to find that the train from the east was 40 minutes late. He turned away with a little shrug of relief. It was a foreign role he was playing—this assumption of the duties of a knight in dancing attendance on strange ladies. Secretly, he chafed under it; outwardly, he was magnificently indifferent. He had a reputation to sustain, a reputation of having yet to meet that which would lower his proud boast that he was afraid of nothing under the sun, neither man nor devil. But he doubted his ability so to direct the point of view of the boss or the scribe or the rest of the boys of the Three Bars ranch, who were on a still hunt for his spot of vulnerability.

The waiting room was hot—unbearably so to a man who practically lived in the open. He strolled outside and down the tracks. He found himself wishing the train had been on time. Had it been so, it—the impending meeting—would now have been a thing of the forgotten past. He must needs fortify himself all over again. But sauntering down the track toward the stockyards he filled his cob pipe, lighted it, and was comforted. He had a 45-minute reprieve.

The boys had tried most valiantly to persuade him to "fix up" for this event. He had scorned them indignantly. If he was good enough as he was—black woolen shirt, red neckerchief and all—for men, just so was he good enough for any female that ever lived. So he assumed a little swagger as he stepped over the ties, and tried to make himself believe that he was glad he had not allowed himself to be corrupted by profers of blue shirts and white neckerchiefs.

He was approaching the stockyards. There was movement there. Sounds of commands, blows, profane epithets, and worried bewailing changed the placid evening calm into noisy strife. It is always a place interesting to cowmen. Jim reiterated thoughts of the coming meeting to the background while he leaned on the fence, and, with idle absorption, watched the loading of cattle into a stock car. A switch engine, steaming and spluttering, stood ready to make way for another car as soon as the present one should be laden. He was not the only spectator. Others were before him. Two men strolled up to the side opposite as he settled down to musing interest.

"Gee!" he swore gently under his breath, "if that ain't Bill Brown! Yep, it is, for a fac." Wonder what he's a shippin' now for? He scrambled lightly over the high fence of the pen.

"Hullo, there, Bill Brown!" he yelled, generally, making his way as one accustomed through the bunch of reluctant, excited cattle.

"Hullo yourself, Jim! What you doin' in town?" responded the man addressed, pausing in his labor to wipe the streaming moisture from his face. He fanned himself vigorously with his drooping hat while he talked.

"Gal huntin'," answered Jim, soberly and despondently.

"Hell!" Brown surveyed him with astonished but sympathetic approbation. "Hell!" he repeated. "You don't mean it, do you, Jim, honest? Come, now, honest? So you've come to it, at last, have you? Well, well, what's comin' over the Three Bars? What's the boys say?"

He came nearer and lowered his voice to a confidential tone. "Say,

Jim, how did it come about? And who's the lady? Lord, Jim, you of all people!" He laughed uproariously.

"Aw, come off!" growled Jim, in petulant scorn. "You make me tired! You're plumb loney, that's what you are. I'm after the new gal reporter. She's due on that low-down, ornery train. Wash—it was in kingdom come. Yep, I do, for a fac."

"Oh, well, never mind! I didn't mean anything," laughed Brown, good-naturedly. "But it does beat the band, Jim, now doesn't it, how you people scare at petticoats, they ain't plizen—honest."

Jim looked on idly. Occasionally he condescended to head a rebellious steer shutwards. Out beyond it was still and sweet and peaceful, and the late afternoon had put on that thin veil of coolness which is a God-given refreshment after the heat of the day. But here in the pen all was confusion. The raucous cattle-calls of the cowboys smote the evening air startlingly.

"Here, Bill Brown!" he exclaimed suddenly, "where did you run across that critter?" He slapped the shoulder of a big, raw-boned, long-eared steer as he spoke. The animal was on the point of being driven up the chute.

"What you want to know for? asked Brown in surprise.

"Reason 'nough. That critter belongs to us, that's why; and I want to know where you got him, that's what I want to know."

"You're crazy, Jim! Why, I bought that fellow from Jesse Black t' other day. I've got a bill of sale for him. I'm shippin' a couple of cars to Sioux City and bought him to send along. That's on the square."

"I don't doubt it—a far as you're concerned, Bill Brown," said Jim, "but that's our critter jest the same, and I'll jest tote 'im along 'f you've no objections."

"Well, I guess not," said Brown, laconically.

"Look here, Bill Brown," Jim was getting hot headedly angry, "didn't you know Jesse Black stands trial tomorrow for rustlin' that there very critter from the Three Bars ranch?"

"No, I didn't," Brown answered shortly. "Any case?"

"I guess yes! Williston o' the Lazy S saw this very critter on that island where Jesse Black holds out." He proceeded to relate minutely the story to which Williston was going to swear



I've Got a Bill-of-Sale for Him.

on the morrow. "But," he concluded, "Jesse's goin' to fight like hell against 'em 'bout that."

"Well, well," said Brown, perplexed. "But the brand, Jim, it's not yours or Jesse's either."

"Quainted with any J R ranch in these parts?" queried Jim, shrewdly.

"I ain't."

"Well, neither am I," confessed Brown, "but that's not sayin' there ain't one somewhere. Maybe we can trace it back."

"Shucks!" exploded Jim.

"Maybe you're right, Jim, but I don't propose to lose the price o' that animal less'n I have to. You can't blame me for that. I paid good money for it. If it's your'n, why, of course, it's your'n. But I want to be sure first. Sure you'd know him, Jim? How could you be so blamed sure? Your boss must range 5,000 head."

"Know him? Know Mag? I'd know Mag of my eyes were full o' soundin' cataracts. He's an old and tried friend o' mine. The meanest critter the Lord ever let live and that's a fac. But the boss calls 'im his maggot. Seems to actually cherish a kind o' affection for the ornery critter, and says the luck o' the Three Bars would sort o' peak and pine if he should ever git rid o' the pesky brute. Maybe he's right. Leastwise, the critter's his, and when a thing's yours, why, it's yours and that's all there is about it. By crack, the boss is some mad! You'd think him and that wall-eyed, cross-grained, son-of-a-gun! had been kind and lovin' mates these many years. Well, I ain't met up with this ornery critter for some time. Hullo, there, Mag! Look kind o' sneakin', now, don't you wearin' that outlandish and unbeknownst J B?"

Bill Brown thoughtfully surveyed the other whose ownership was thus so unexpectedly disputed.

"You hold him," insisted Jim. "Ef he ain't yours, you can send him along with your next shipment, can't you? What you wobblin' about? Ain't afraid the boss 'll claim what ain't his, are you, Bill Brown?"

"Well, I can't be myself, I guess," said Brown, in a tone of voice which told plainly of his laudable effort to keep his annoyance in subjection to his good fellowship. "You send Langford down here first thing in the morn-

ing. If he says the critter's his'n the ends it."

Now that he had convinced his quondam acquaintance, the present shipper, to his entire satisfaction, Jim glanced at his watch with contented ease. His time had come. If all the minutes of all the time to come should be as short as those 40 had been, how soon he, Jim Munson, cow puncher, would have ridden them all into the past. But his "get away" must be clean and dignified.

"Likely bunch you have there," he said, casually, turning away with unassumed reluctance.

"Fair to middlin'," said Brown with pride.

"Shippin' to Sioux City, you said?"

"Yep."

"Well, so long."

"So long. Shippin' any these days, Jim?"

"None. Boss never dribbles 'em out. When he ships he ships. Ain't none gone over the rails since last fall."

He stepped off briskly and vaulted the fence with as lightsome an air as though he were bent on the one errand his heart would choose, and swung up the track carelessly humming a tune. But he had a vee-like grip on his cob pipe. His teeth bit through the frail stem. It split. He tossed the remains away with a gesture of nervous contempt. A whistle sounded. He quickened his pace. If he missed her—well, the boss was a good fellow, took a lot of nonsense from the boys, but there were things he would not stand for. Jim did not need to be told that this would be one of them.

The platform was crowded. The yellow sunlight fell slantingly on the gay groups.

"Aw, Munson, you're bluffin', jested the mail carrier. "You ain't lookin' fer nobody; you know you ain't. You ain't got no folks. Don't believe you never had none. Never heard of 'em."

"Lookin' for my uncle," explained Jim, serenely. "Rich old codger from the state o' Pennsylvania some'ers. Ain't got nobody but me left."

"Aw, come off! What you givin' us?"

But Jim only winked and slouched off, prime for more adventures. He was enjoying himself hugely—when he was not thinking of petticoats.

CHAPTER V.

At the Bon Ami.

Unlike most of those who ride much her escort was a fast walker. Louise had trouble in keeping up with him, though she had always considered herself a good pedestrian. But Jim Munson was laboring under strange embarrassment. He was red-facedly conscious of the attention he was attracting striding up the inclined street from the station in the van of the prettiest and most thoroughbred girl who had struck Velpen this long time.

Not that he objected to attention under normal conditions. Not he! He courted it. His chief aim in life seemed to be to throw the limelight of publicity, first, on the Three Bars ranch as the one and only in the category of ranches; and to be connected with it in some way, however slight, the unquestioned aim and object of existence of every man, woman and child in the cattle country; secondly, in Paul Langford, the very boss of bosses, whose master mind was the prop and stay of the northwest, if not of all Christendom; and lastly, upon himself, the modest, but loyal servant in this Paradise on earth. But girls were far from normal conditions. There were no women at the Three Bars. There never had been any woman at the Three Bars within the memory of man. To be sure, Williston's little girl had sometimes ridden over on an errand, but she didn't count. This—this was the real thing, and he didn't know just how to deal with it. He needed time to enlarge his sight to this broadened horizon.

He glanced with nonchalance over his shoulder. After all, she was only a girl, and not such a big one, either. She wore longer skirts than Williston's girl, but he didn't believe she was a day older. He squared about immediately, and what he had meant to say he never said, on account of an unaccountable thickening of his tongue.

Presently he bolted into a building which proved to be the Bon Ami, a restaurant under the direct supervision of the fat, voluble and tragic Mrs. Higgins, where the men from the other side of the river had right of way and unlimited credit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Missed the Towpath.

There was a little girl, five years old or so, living in an inland town up the state, according to the Philadelphia Ledger. Near her home there was no river, nor, in fact, any water but the Erie canal.

The child's mother made a visit to New York, and on her return was telling of her trip down the bay, and of how wonderful the sea had looked to her. Her little girl was listening eagerly.

"Tell me just what the sea is like, mamma," she said.

Her mother made an effort.

"There's the beach," she said, "all smooth, white sand. You stand on it and look out upon the ocean, and all you can see is water, just moving water, waves coming in and moving away—nothing but water and sky."

The child sat trying to picture it, then, in an awed little whisper asked:

"Oh, mamma, isn't there a tow path?"

Gliding Book Covers.

Gliding on book covers is done by means of engraved brass or electrotyped patterns, heated, and pressed over the gold leaf, which is fixed by an aluminum size—white of egg.

WORN OUT WOMEN

Will Find Encouragement in Mrs. Merritt's Advice.

Mrs. W. L. Merritt, 207 S. First Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "Last winter I began to suffer with my kidneys, I had pains in my back and hips and felt all worn out. Dizzy spells bothered me and the kidney secretions were irregular. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills brought decided relief. I am sure they would do the same for any other woman suffering as I did."



Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McBum Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Scared Into It.

It was announced on the ice. "But how on earth," said the girl in the white skating suit, "did you get him to propose, dear?"

"The girl in sables smiled slightly. "Oh, easily enough," she retorted. "I told him that you were crazy about him and reminded him that it was leap year."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDRON, RITZ & MARZETT, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

What Hubby Missed.

"I was telephoning the other night," said the girl, "and a voice crossed mine, a whispering voice. I couldn't help wondering what the game was. 'What are you whispering for?' I asked.

"Hush," she said, still in the whisper. "I'm trying to talk under my breath. I don't want my husband to hear. Please get off the wire. Wait! you!"

"I got off the wire, but I couldn't sleep very well that night for wondering what it was she said! Wait! my husband to hear."

Collecting in New Hampshire.

A New Hampshire man tells of a light-fisted man of affairs in a town of that state, who until recently had never been observed to take an interest in church matters. Suddenly, however, he became a regular attendant at divine service, greatly to the astonishment of his fellow townsmen.

"What do you think of the case of old Ketchum?" said one of the business men of the place to a friend. "Is it true that he has got religion?"

"Well, hardly," replied the other. "The fact is, it's entirely a matter of business with him. I am in a position to know that about a year ago he loaned the pastor \$50, which the latter was unable to pay. So there remained nothing for Ketchum but to take it out in pew rent."—Sunday Magazine.

EXPLAINED.

"I have called," said the capacious critic, "to find out what reason you can give for representing the New Year as a nude small boy."

"That is done," responded the art editor, "because the year does not get its close until the 31st of December."

CUBS' FOOD

They Thrive on Grape-Nuts.

Healthy babies don't cry and the well-nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food, Grape-Nuts, and get well.

"My little baby was given up by three doctors who said that the condensed milk on which I fed her had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me that the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 1½ tablespoonsfuls in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then I strained off the liquid and mixed 12 teaspoonfuls of this strained Grape-Nuts juice with six teaspoonfuls of rich milk, put in a pinch of salt and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to baby every two hours.

"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have built her up to a strong, healthy child, rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on, and is also a delicious healthful food for grown-ups as we have discovered in our family."

HOUSE WORK



Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these faithful women that **LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND** comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. F. Ellsworth of Mayville, N. Y., and to Mrs. W. P. Boyd, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who say:

"I was not able to do my own work, owing to the female trouble from which I suffered. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me wonderfully, and I am so well that I can do as big a day's work as I ever did. I wish every sick woman would try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

HAD LISTENED TO DADDY.

Force of Example Exemplified in Precocious Youngster.

There is a certain man living not far from New York whose temper is that of the longest, and when he feels that his rage is justifiable he is very apt to indulge in smart remarks and varied profanity.

And it is when using the telephone that his talent of his is seen and heard at its maximum of speed and endurance. Central has but to say "Wire busy now," or, "Doesn't answer," to evoke a flood of language.

One day he had been having an unusually stormy session, and did not notice that his two-year-old son was sitting in a corner of the room, his face rapt and absorbed. A few hours later the child's mother came in and was horrified beyond words to hear her baby giving voice to a stream of expletives, some of which began with a very large capital D—the rest with a variety of letters quite unmentionable in this connection. She descended upon him in righteous wrath.

"Don't you ever let me hear you use such words again," she said in no uncertain tones.

"Why, mother," expostulated the baby in an injured voice, "I'm telephoning!"

Not for Murphy.

Mr. Murphy—Oh want to buy a pair of gloves.

Clerk—Here's something I believe will just suit you. It's a suede glove.

Mr. Murphy—Never, begonia! Oh want Irish gloves. Suede gloves, in fact.—Kansas City Times.

MARVIN'S CASARA CHOCOLATE TABLETS

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

TEA-TIME DAINTIES

HERE ARE SOME NEW AND DELICIOUS DISHES.

German Butter Cookies Are a Delicacy Hostess May Offer with Pride to the Most Fastidious of Her Guests.

German Butter Cookies.—These are most delicious and will inspire respect in the heart of a tea-time guest—particularly if cut with fancy shaped cutters. Mix together to a cream two cups sugar and two and one-half cups butter, and add two tablespoons of sweet milk, three well-beaten eggs, and just four enough to roll out. Cut it into the desired shapes, place them on a buttered tin and brush the tops with egg yolk mixed with a little water. Mix together one cup of granulated sugar, one teaspoon each of cinnamon and cardamom seed, and one cup chopped Jordan almonds. Sprinkle this mixture over the top of the cookies and bake in a quick oven till light brown.

Real Jumbles of the old-fashioned sort are delicious with tea, and they, too, possess the charming attribute of improving with age. Here is the tried recipe of an old housekeeper:

Soft Jumbles.—Cream very lightly two cups of sugar and one cup of butter, then add three eggs beaten very lightly, one cup milk, five cups of flour sifted with three teaspoons of baking powder, and the grated rind of two lemons. Drop in teaspoonsful on buttered tins, place a blanched almond in the center of each and sprinkle the tops with crushed loaf sugar. Do not put them too near together, as there is danger of running together.

Wafers of different kinds are appetizing, and this recipe for brandy snaps is one to be treasured.

Brandy Snaps.—Mix well together equal parts of butter and brown sugar and flour. Add brandy enough to wet them well. Spread them into rounds with a knife on a buttered baking sheet, put them in the oven and when hot roll them up with a knife and bake till crisp and golden brown. Use a little more flour if it seems necessary.

For very festive occasions when one has had warning in time to prepare something unusually dainty, nothing can be better than almond tartlets, though be sure to serve them with plates and forks.

Almond Tartlets.—Beat to a thick froth the yolks of four eggs and one cup powdered sugar. Add the stiffly beaten whites and two tablespoons grated chocolate, one-half cup blanched and chopped Jordan almonds and one teaspoon baking powder mixed with a very scant cup of cracker dust. Bake in buttered muffin rings, filling them half full, and place on a baking sheet covered with buttered paper. When baked, allow them to cool, split them open and spread whipped cream between and on top of each.

Currant Tartlets.

One cup milk, yolks two eggs, two level tablespoons sugar, few grains salt, two level tablespoons cornstarch, one-half teaspoon vanilla, one-fourth teaspoon almond, one-half cup currants, one-third cup whipped cream, whites two eggs, two level tablespoons sifted powdered sugar.

Scald the milk and add the egg yolks slightly beaten and mixed with the sugar, cornstarch, and salt. Stir until thickened; cover and cook for 15 minutes. Remove from the fire. When cold and the vanilla, almond, and currants. Mix well and fold in the whipped cream. Fill the tartlet cases, which should be previously baked. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in gradually the powdered sugar. Spread on tartlets and brown in the oven. Serve cold. May be prepared the day before.

How to Cook Pumpkin.

To cook pumpkin properly requires a slow, steady fire and long cooking to insure richness and flavor. It is almost impossible to cook it slowly over a gas stove without burning. A better and simpler way is to bake it as you would squash. Cut the pumpkin in two, remove seeds and tissues, and bake until the desired shade of color and dryness is reached. The flavor will be much better than by the quicker method of boiling by gas.

Escalloped Potatoes and Onions.

Wash and pare potatoes and slice thin. Peel onions and slice thin. Put potatoes and onions into a baking dish in alternate layers, allowing twice as much potato as onion. Sprinkle each layer with salt and pepper and dot over with bits of butter. Add milk to cover all and bake for two or more hours in a moderate oven. Twenty minutes before serving cover the top with buttered bread crumbs and brown nicely.

Bunion Cure.

Bunions are generally caused by wearing tight shoes. The shoe rubs against the foot and makes it very sore.

Use the following recipe: Two fluid drams of carbolic acid, two fluid drams of tincture of iodine, two fluid drams of glycerine. Apply with a camel's hair brush daily.

To Clean a Sausage Pot.

Instead of scraping and scouring an earthen pot in which beans have been baked, put in one teaspoonful of baking soda and fill up with cold water. Cover well, so it can steam off all the black that adheres to the sides of the pot. Leave in the oven two hours or more. Your bean pot will clean as if by magic.

AN ADVERTISING TRICK FOR WESTERN FARMERS.

Real Estate "Agents" Go After Men with Land for Sale and Reap Rich Harvest.

A smooth scheme for separating farmers from their money has been worked with much success in South Dakota. An oily grafter calls on a farmer and makes a bid for his land. The figures are absurdly low at first, but by degrees are raised as high as \$60 an acre, and the farmer consents. Then the visitor explains that he is only an agent, but that he can sell the land at the price named if the owner will agree to pay for advertising at the rate of fifty cents an acre. The "agent" promises orally that the advertising money will not be payable until the land is sold, but this stipulation is not contained in a contract that the farmer signs.

In a few days he receives a copy of an ad and not over-courteous demand for money. It is said that twenty-two agriculturists were caught with this bait in Brown County and that one of them gave up \$320. Others declare hotly that they will not pay but they will make a fight in the courts.

Second-Hand Goods.

"I don't think it is so nice to have a truthful child," said she. "Not so truthful a child as my neighbor has across the hall. The other morning I missed my paper that is left at my door. I knocked and asked her if she had seen it. She said no, but her small son, aged five, ran to the table and got it and brought it to me."

"Here," he said, "mamma took it to read it, but you can have it. She is through with it now."

Many Old People Suffer from Bronchial Affections particularly at this time of year. Brown's Bronchial Troches give immediate relief.

After the First Kiss. Geraldine—Well, I like that! Gerald—All right, have another.

Don't worry about your complexion—take Garfield Tea, the Herb laxative and blood-purifier! An improvement will be seen in a week.

It's a sweeping assertion to say that a new broom sweeps clean.

ONLY ONE "BROMO OINTMENT" That is LAXATIVE BROM-OINTMENT. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 2c.

You can't make good ginger ale if anything ails the ginger.

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

By doing duty we learn to do it.—E. B. Pusey.

Moravian barley and speltz,

two great cereals, makes growing and fattening hogs and cattle possible in Dak., Mont., Ida., Colo., Ill., everywhere, and add to above Salzer's Billion Dollar Grass, the 12 ton Hay wonder Tennessee, which produces 80 tons of green fodder per acre. Emperor William Oat prodigy, etc., and other rare farm seeds that they offer.

JUST CUT THIS OUT AND RETURN IT with 10c in stamps for packing, etc., to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples. K. & W.

The more judgment a man has, the slower and the more careful will he be to condemn.—Maurer.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZZ OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Talk is cheap—unless a lawyer is handing it out.



"OUCH, OH MY BACK!"
NEURALGIA, STITCHES, LAMENESS, CRAMP TWINGES, TWITCHES FROM WET OR DAMP ALL BRUISES, SPRAINS, A WRENCH OR TWIST THIS SOVEREIGN REMEDY THEY CAN'T RESIST

ST. JACOBS OIL

PRICE 25c AND 50c

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

\$300 SHOES AT ALL PRICES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other shoes.

W. L. Douglas \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price.

CAUTION: W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Sent by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes made from factory in any part of the world. Illustrated Catalog free to any address.

Show us a man who lives the simple life and we'll show you a cynic.

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RHEUMATISM
BRUISES
DIABETES BACK

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What a Settler Can Secure in WESTERN CANADA

160 Acres Grain Growing Land FREE. 20 to 40 Bushels Wheat to the Acre. 40 to 50 Bushels Oats to the Acre. 25 to 50 Bushels Barley to the Acre. Timber for Fencing and Building FREE. Good Law with Low Taxes. Splendid Railroad Facilities and Low Rates. Schools and Churches Convenient. Satisfactory Markets for all Productions. Good Climate and Perfect Health. Chances for Profitable Investments. Some of the choicest grain-producing lands in Saskatchewan and Alberta may now be acquired in these most beautiful and prosperous sections under the

Revised Homestead Regulations

by which entry may be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader. Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to M. V. McINNES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, South St. Marie, Mich.

PAY WHEN CURED PILES

POSITIVELY NO MONEY ACCEPTED UNTIL CURED

WRITE us a full description of your case and we will send you a booklet explaining our new treatment and containing testimonials showing what we have done for thousands of people from all parts of the country.

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DEFIANCE STARCH for starching finest linens.

Commissioner Smith vs. The Standard Oil Co.

From the Railway World, January 3, 1908.

Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, whose zeal in the cause of economic reform has been in no wise abated by the panic which he and his kind did so much to bring on, is out with an answer to President Moffett, of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. The publication of this answer, it is officially given out, was delayed several weeks, "for business reasons," because it was not deemed advisable to further excite the public mind, which was profoundly disturbed by the crisis. Now that the storm clouds have rolled by, however, the Commissioner rushes again into the fray.

Our readers remember that the chief points in the defence of the Standard Oil Company, as presented by President Moffett, were (1) that the date of six cents on oil from Whiting to East St. Louis has been issued to the Standard Oil Company as the lawful rate by employees of the Alton, (2) that the 18-cent rate on file with the Interstate Commerce Commission was a class and not a commodity rate, never being intended to apply to oil, (3) that oil was shipped in large quantities between Whiting and East St. Louis over the Chicago & Eastern Illinois at 6 1/2 cents per hundred pounds, which has been filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission as the lawful rate, and (4) that the 18-cent rate on oil was entirely out of proportion to lawful rates on other commodities between these points of a similar character, and of greater value, such, for example, as lincseed oil, the lawful rate on which was eight cents. President Moffett also stated that thousands of tons of freight had been sent by other shippers between these points under substantially the same conditions as governed the shipments of the Standard Oil Company.

This defence of the Standard Oil Company was widely quoted and has undoubtedly exerted a powerful influence upon the public mind. Naturally the Administration, which has staked the success of its campaign against the "trusts" upon the result of its attack upon this company, endeavors to offset this influence, and hence the new deliverance of Commissioner Smith.

We need hardly to point out that his rebuttal argument is extremely weak, although as strong, no doubt, as the circumstances would warrant. He answers the points made by President Moffett substantially as follows: (1) The Standard Oil Company had a traffic department, and should have known that the six-cent rate had not been filed, (2) no answer, (3) the Chicago & Eastern Illinois rate was a secret rate because it read, not from Whiting, but from Dolton, which is described as "a village of about 1,500 population just outside of Chicago. Its only claim to note is that it has been for many years the point of origin for this and similar secret rates." The Commissioner admits in describing this rate that there was a note attached stating that the rate could also be used from Whiting.

The press has quite generally hailed this statement of the Commissioner of Corporations as a conclusive refutation of what is evidently recognized as the strongest rebuttal argument advanced by the Standard.

In fact, it is as weak and inconclusive as the remainder of his argument. The lines of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois do not run into

Chicago. They terminate at Dolton, from which point entrance is made over the Belt Line. Whiting, where the oil freight originates, is not on the lines of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, which receives its Whiting freight from the Belt Line at Dolton. The former practice, now discontinued, in filing tariffs was to make them read from a point on the line of the filing road, and it was also general to state on the same sheet, that the tariff would apply to other points, e. g., Whiting. The Chicago & Eastern Illinois followed this practice in filing its rate from Dolton, and making a note on the sheet that it applied to Whiting. This was in 1895 when this method of filing tariffs was in common use.

Now let us see in what way the intending shipper of oil could be misled and deceived by the fact that the Chicago & Eastern Illinois had not filed a rate reading from Whiting. Commissioner Smith contends that "concealment is the only motive for such a circuitous arrangement," i. e., that this method of filing the rate was intended to mislead intending competitors of the Standard Oil Company. Suppose such a prospective oil refiner had applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for the rate from Chicago to East St. Louis over the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, he would have been informed that the only rate filed with the commission by this company was 6 1/2 cents from Dolton, and he would have been further informed, if indeed he did not know this already, that this rate applied throughout Chicago territory. So that whether he wished to locate his plant at Whiting, or anywhere else about Chicago, under an arrangement of long standing, and which applies to all the industrial towns in the neighborhood of Chicago, he could have his freight delivered over the Belt Line to the Chicago & Eastern Illinois at Dolton and transported to East St. Louis at a rate of 6 1/2 cents. Where then is the concealment which the Commissioner of Corporations makes so much of? Any rate from Dolton on the Eastern Illinois or Chappell on the Alton, or Harvey on the Illinois Central, or Blue Island on the Rock Island, applies throughout Chicago territory to shipments from any other point in the district. So far from the Eastern Illinois filing its rate from Dolton in order to deceive the shipper, it is the Commissioner of Corporations who either betrays his gross ignorance of transportation customs in Chicago territory or relies on the public ignorance of these customs to deceive the public too apt to accept unquestioningly every statement made by a Government official as necessarily true, although, as in the present instance, a careful examination shows these statements to be false.

The final point made by President Moffett that other commodities of a character similar to oil were carried at much lower rates than 18 cents, the Commissioner of Corporations discusses only with the remark that "the reasonableness of this rate is not in question. The question is whether this rate constituted a discrimination as against other shippers of oil," and he also makes much of the failure of President Moffett to produce before the grand jury evidence of the alleged illegal acts of which the Standard Oil official said that other

large shippers in the territory had been guilty. Considering the fact that these shippers included the packers and elevator men of Chicago the action of the grand jury in calling upon President Moffett to furnish evidence of their wrong-doing may be interpreted as a demand for an elaboration of the obvious; and the fact that a rate-book containing these freight rates for other shippers was offered in evidence during the trial and ruled out by Judge Landis, was kept out of sight. President Moffett would not, of course, accept the invitation of the grand jury although he might have been pardoned if he had referred them to various official investigations by the Interstate Commerce Commission and other departments of the Government.

We come back, therefore, to the conclusion of the whole matter, which is that the Standard Oil Company of Indiana was fined an amount equal to seven or eight times the value of its entire property, because its traffic department did not verify the statement of the Alton rate clerk, that the six-cent commodity rate on oil had been properly filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission. There is no evidence, and none was introduced at the trial, that any shipper of oil from Chicago territory had been interfered with by the 18-cent rate, nor that the failure of the Alton to file its six-cent rate had resulted in any discrimination against any independent shipper,—we must take this on the word of the Commissioner of Corporations and of Judge Landis. Neither is it denied even by Mr. Smith that the "independent" shipper of oil, whom he pictures as being driven out of business by this discrimination of the Alton, could have shipped all the oil he desired to ship from Whiting via Dolton over the lines of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois to East St. Louis. In short, President Moffett's defence is still good, and we predict will be so declared by the higher court.

The Standard Oil Company has been charged with all manner of crimes and misdemeanors. Beginning with the famous Rice of Marietta, passing down to that apostle of popular liberties, Henry Demarest Lloyd, with his Wealth Against the Commonwealth, descending by easy stages to Miss Tarbell's offensive personalities, we finally reach the nether depths of unfair and baseless misrepresentation in the report of the Commissioner of Corporations. The Standard has been charged with every form of commercial piracy and with most of the crimes on the corporation calendar. After long years of strenuous attack, under the leadership of the President of the United States, the corporation is at last dragged to the bar of justice to answer for its misdoings. The whole strength of the Government is directed against it, and at last, we expect, the Standard Oil Company is to pay the penalty of its crimes, and it is finally convicted of having failed to verify the statement of a rate clerk and is forthwith fined a prodigious sum, measured by the eye under the old criminal law, the theft of property worth more than a shilling was punishable by death. Under the interpretation of the Interstate Commerce law by Theodore Roosevelt and Judge Kenesaw Landis, a technical error of a traffic official is made the excuse for the confiscation of a vast amount of property.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Henry H. Hayes, of the city of Detroit, county of Wayne, Michigan, intends to apply to the Probate court for the county of Wayne, at the court house in the city of Detroit, Michigan, on Monday, February 11th, 1908, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, for the purpose of obtaining letters testamentary on the estate of Henry H. Hayes, deceased, to the said Henry H. Hayes, executor of said estate.

HOLLAND'S Backy Mountain Tea Nuggets. A Pure Holland Tea Nuggets. Sold in all drug stores.

FROM EATING ALL THE JUNK.



The Dramatic Star—I'm going to cut out the banquet scene in my play next season.
His Friend—Why?
The Dramatic Star—I suffered from indigestion all this season.

NEW STANDARD YARD.

After being ten years in the making there has just been deposited in the government standard weights and measures strong room in London, a new standard yard measure. It is made of 90 parts of platinum and ten of iridium, which when combined are not upset by either heat or cold. After the elaborate marking it was submitted to a number of tests, coming through all with high honors. Every year of the next ten years it will be examined, and if it varies by the millionth part of an inch it will be consigned to the rubbish heap, otherwise it will become a standard.

HIS QUOTATIONS.

"I am told that you quote Spencer and Huxley," said the intellectual girl.
"Beg pardon," answered the man who talks nothing but business. "You must have been misinformed. Our house doesn't handle anything that isn't listed."

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

Joakley—There's a fellow who gives himself dead away every time he starts talking.
Coakley—You don't say? What's the trouble?
Joakley—He makes his living by posing as a deaf and dumb beggar.

SAW HIS OPPORTUNITIES.

One of the wealthiest men in the state of Wyoming, besides being its governor, is Bryant Butler Brooks. As a young man he knocked about working as a farmhand and cow-puncher and putting in a winter as a trapper and hunter in Wyoming. In the spring of that year he took the furs to Chicago. Then he went back to Wyoming and settled on government land under the homestead act. Now he lives on a ranch of 100,000 acres, where he has 30,000 sheep, thousands of horned cattle, and several hundred horses.

COSTLY ADVERTISING.

"I figure that advertising costs me a couple of thousand dollars a year more than I can afford."
"What are you talking about, you don't advertise."
"No, but the department stores do, and my wife has the bargain habit."—Philadelphia Press.

STATUESQUE.

Traveler (to valet)—That's a rather large statue, Pat.
Pat—Yes, sir. They tell me the hand is 11 inches wide.

Traveler—Wonder why they didn't make it 12 inches?
Pat—Because they didn't want to make a foot.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"A woman inventor lives here."
"A woman inventor?"
"Yes."
"Why don't he invent a woman who can keep a secret?"—Houston Post.

PERTINENT.

Dad—Look here. I'll have no more of your impudent disobedience. Who's father, you or I?
Kid—Well, who chose you to be my father—you or I?

SATISFIED.

"Did that clairvoyant give you any satisfaction?"
"Yes. She charged me only 50 cents. I had expected to pay at least a dollar."

WAS NOT PAID FOR RUNNING.

Guileless Youth Had No Idea of Giving Farmer More Than His Money's Worth.

There is a Vermont farmer who adds to the small income accruing from his farm by a little "lumbering" in the winter.

This man had this year an assistant in the person of a tall, lank youth of 17.

One day the trees had been cut, and the logs "skidded," or drawn together in a pile on the brink of a steep bank, where they could be easily loaded on a sled. Suddenly the blocking that held the pile in place gave way and the logs began to roll down the bank; whereupon the farmer shouted to the youth, who was standing at the moment directly in their path, to run for his life. Instead of doing so, however, he merely dropped into a little hollow that chanced to be near and the logs came tumbling down over him.

Of course, the farmer supposed that his "help" had instantly been killed. With the assistance of some other men he managed to roll the logs off his youthful assistant, and, to his intense surprise, it was found that the lad was unharmed.

"Why didn't you run, as I told you, you idiot?" demanded the farmer.

"Do you suppose I'm goin' to run for \$10 a month?" was the indignant response.

ON \$10,000 A YEAR.

I do not keep a carriage nor a motor car, nor even a governess cart. My wife is not extravagant, but my three children cost in education and clothes about \$2,250 a year. My rent is \$600 a year and repairs average \$250 a year. There are four maid servants and one gardener. I keep very little company, yet to my disgust and despair I find I cannot make both ends meet on \$10,000 a year. The worst of it is that any one item of expenditure taken by itself seems not only reasonable but inevitable.—Letter to the London Spectator.

PLAN FOR RAPID TRANSIT.

At the present time the Paris municipal council is considering the construction of a series of moving platforms which are to form a circle in the center of Paris underneath the grand boulevards and the Boulevard St. Germain. It is proposed to have three running roadways moving at different speeds. Passengers would step off the fixed pavement to the slow-rolling platform, and from that to the faster ones in turn. A trial has proved that getting on and off the platforms is as easy as boarding a street car.

GRAVE OF TICHBORNE CLAIMANT.

While the subject of claimants to titles and estates that go with them is in the air it is interesting to note that in Paddington cemetery, Willesden lane, England, lies the body of Arthur Orton, who claimed to be Sir Roger Tichborne.

On his coffin he was described as such, but his miniature tombstone bears merely one line, and that reads "No. 1,472." Orton, after serving many years imprisonment, appeared on "the halls," and died in Star street, off Edgware road.

EASILY UNDERSTOOD.

Two men who do not frequently attend football games went out to see a friend play.

"Explain something about the scoring system, will you?" said one.
"Oh, it's simple," replied the other. "To kick a man in the face counts two points, four if you break his nose and six if you kill him. Anything else?"—Kansas City Times.

HEMP FILLER.

"Great Raleigh!" ejaculated the regular customer, "this is the rankest cigar in seven states."

"Why, my new clerk gave it to you," replied the tobacconist. "Don't you think he understands his business?"
"Oh, yes, he knows the ropes, all right."

QUITE DIFFERENT.

"What's your husband doing now?" asked the neighbor.
"Oh, he's sitting around telling what is going to happen next election," answered the busy woman.
"Then he's a prophet?"
"No, he isn't. So far as this family is concerned he is a dead loss."

DONE BY "AVERAGE MAN"

Statistician with Some Leisure Time Has Made Record of His Journey Through Life.

The "average man" is for the most part an extraordinary person, whom no one has ever seen. He is like the average weather, which is mathematically computed, or aimed at, at the end of a month, and which is not like any actual weather that prevailed at any time during the month.

The average man, it should be noted, is lazier than one would suppose. A statistician has reckoned his labors, and finds that at 50 years of age he has toiled 6,500 days of 24 hours each. During the same time he has slept 6,000 days of 24 hours each. He has played 4,000 days, and been ill 500. He has traveled 12,000 miles, taken 36,000 meals, eaten 15,000 pounds of meat and 4,000 pounds of fish, eggs and vegetables, and drunk 11,000 gallons of liquids.

Under this account the average man appears to be a greedy person, and yet there have undoubtedly been occasions when he has gone bungee.—The Sunday Magazine.

READY FOR BIRD OF PEACE.

An official of the state department who eats lunch without leaving his desk, usually has a cellar filled with salt within reach of his hand.

"What are you doing with salt on your desk?" asked a caller.

"O, that's so I shall be ready whenever the bird of peace puts his tail in a convenient position."

"And I suppose," suggested the visitor, "that that goose quill pen you have is a trophy of one of your victories?"

"On the other hand, it reminds me of the bird that escaped. My experience has shown that you may have your hand on the feathers, but even then the bird can get away."—Chicago Daily Journal.

SUCH A DISGUISE.



"Now! I want a ugly one, so's I can scare people."

TREE HAS HAD LONG LIFE.

On the Jacob Zimmerman farm, about one-half mile north of Blue Ball, Lancaster county, Pa., is a pear tree which was planted in the year 1774, or two years before the signing of the declaration of independence. The tree measures three and one-half feet across the stump. There is no written record of the age of the tree, but it is known by a well-kept tradition, handed down from father to son from the time of the first settlement of the old homestead. The tree is bearing a nice crop of fruit this year.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Father," asked Rollo, "what is a financier?"

"A financier, my son, differs from the ordinary business man in being able to make the government sit up and worry when his affairs do not go right."

VANISHED "WHEEL" INDUSTRY.

In 1890 the output of the 27 establishments engaged in the manufacture of "wheels" was valued at \$2,568,326. Soon after that came the pneumatic tire and the popular craze. The census of 1900 reported 312 manufacturers, with a product valued at \$31,915,908. In 1900 the industry gave employment to nearly 20,000 wage and salary earners in the department of production alone. It paid \$10,000,000 in wages and salaries and bought nearly \$17,000,000 worth of materials. Within the next five years it fell off nearly 85 per cent.

LITTLE ACT OF REPARATION

Surprising as It May Seem, Sneak Thief Must Have Had Some Conscience Left.

Judging from the recent experience of a humble New York reporter, it would appear as if there is a certain amount of chivalry even among those despised specimens of humanity commonly known as sneak thieves. It was on a frosty night that the newspaper man, becoming suddenly possessed of an economical streak, entered one of those restaurants—the tiled floor and mirrored wall brand—so numerous in that big city. He wore a long overcoat, which, by the way, was in excellent condition. There was little of consequence in the pockets of the garment save an important letter, stamped and addressed, all ready to mail. The coat was carefully hung up by its owner and a little later as carefully removed by its new owner. The latter neglected to leave anything in exchange, but, being possessed of either a grim sense of humor or else overtaken by a twinge of remorse, he most considerately mailed the letter, which reached its destination in good order the following morning.

THE WELFARE OF DAVID.

In the course of a visit to a widow with a large family, a member of his congregation, a Scottish minister inquired how they all were. He was told they were all well excepting David, who was "troubled with a sair leg and no fit for work." The minister could not remember which was David, but in his prayer at parting, not liking to hurt the widow's feelings by showing his ignorance, prayed that David's "affliction might be blessed to him." When he reached home he asked his wife which of the widow's children was David.

"Dearie me!" she cried, "David's no a son, he's the cuddy" (dovey).—Chicago Daily Journal.

THE RIFT IN THE LUTE.

"There is always a great Saturday morning cleaning going on in my neighborhood," said the east side New York woman. "All the kitchen shelves are scrubbed and the knives and forks and the windows are washed and the floors are mopped; but what strikes consternation to my heart is to see in some one window of every flat the musician of the family busily polishing up the horn of the family phonograph for the continuous performance of the Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night continuous concert."

THAT TERRIBLE BOY.

Mrs. Kerruthers (making a call)—Yes, indeed, Mrs. Kajones, I put in nearly the whole blessed day at the dentist's chair.

Mrs. Kajones—I can sympathize with you. I know how it hurts.

Mrs. Kerruthers—My dentist hardly ever hurts me, though. He's so careful and gentle that I don't mind it at all. I declare, I sleep half the time while he was at work.

Johnny Kajones—That dentist wouldn't never do for maw. When she goes to sleep she snores like a thrashin' machine.

OF THE SAME OPINION.



He (who is engaged to her)—Poor Jack has seen better days.
She—Yes, he used to be engaged to me.

FAILED TO RELIEVE.

On the mighty deep. The great ocean liner rolled and pitched.

"Henry," faltered the young bride, "do you still love me?"

"More than ever, darling" was Henry's fervent answer.

Then there was an obdurate silence.

"Henry," she gasped, turning her pale, ghastly face away, "I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't!"