

President-Elect Wilson

...the men you have put into office go back on you now, I, for one hope that they will be gibbeted for the rest of history." Right, Woodrow, and we'll help you str-

Some "Perfect" Critics
One or more localities form-ly well represented in our "Country Cousins" depart-ment, have been conspicuous by their absence from THE LEADER'S columns for some time, owing to the criticism of the efforts of former correspondents, in spite of the editor's best efforts to have said territories represented. To our knowledge, said critics have not helped in the slightest to remedy the mischief they have wrought. It is much easier to find fault with another's work than to do equal or better work oneself; and we would remind our correspondents—and the critics—that the only person who is never criticized in the one, is the editor of the other. As far as this writer is concerned, he has learned that the perfect news paper has never been published and opines that it never will be, until arrives a perfect public—and the millennium. In the meantime, remembering the One Perfect Man of all the ages, and that ever he was criticized, hated and crucified, we shall refuse to be made miserable by fault-finders, will do our duty as we see it in the best manner possible, under the governing circum-stances, and enjoy life to the utmost.

The combined newspaper and job printing office, in the average rural community has its disadvantages, which are not realized by those who are in the job department. With a force necessarily limited, at least three days of the working week must be given the newspaper, and yet it is necessary to persist in coming for their printing on or just prior to publication day and expect instant service. Now, with this LEADER, it is a different matter. The paper is the first thing taken care of and the subscription and the advertising business follows. Neglect it, and the whole business is begging. For years we have not failed to get this paper started out on Friday morn-

ing rural routes and trains, though many times the winter seasons it has meant lots of hard night work. Under the paper is out, Fridays Satur-days and Mondays we are in the market for job printing and endeavor to give our many patrons a prompt, efficient and reasonable service. Our "Paper First" policy has paid. If you doubt this, see our sub- scription list and press pic- tures. SOMETIMES THE LEADER, big as it is, and large as it is, hold all the matter matter ready or offered for publica- tion. Last week was one of those times. Fair minded people will look a long way be- fore they find a rural paper that publishes more local mat- ter than does this one; and they know and appreciate that fact. As for those who are not fair-minded, we shall have to endure their wise (?) criti- cism. In the meantime, mind- ful of the frontier dance musi- cian we may post here and our shout down: "P.L.S. HE'S DOIN' THE BEST HE KIN'!"

The "interests," powers and corporations that used the Republican party to feather their nests, are now preparing to tar the Democratic party with the same stick. Can they do it? If so, the O. P. P. will follow the G. O. P. in retirement; but those who scuttle the ship should go down with it.

PRETTY near time to talk up slates for the spring elec- tions. Put your best available men up for the home offices and let every good citizen attend the caucuses.

Frightful Polar Winds
blow with terrific force at the far north and have with their cold, cutting, dry, rough or more chopped wind and ice, that need work's of Alaska Natives to heal them. It makes for cold and smooth. Unlarded for coldness, also burn, bottle, snow, rollers, cuts, bruises and piles (only 25 cents at All Drugist of Lowell).

CANNONSBURG.
The Ladies' Mite Society will meet with Mrs. Eugene Tuttle Thursday of this week.
August Feist of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with his family.
Pella Scott lost a horse last week.
Archie Pelton, owner of the new feed mill will give a dancing party Friday evening.
Mrs. Truman Hutchins is spending several days with her daughter Mrs. George Ladner in Grand Rapids.
Mrs. Will Smith of Detroit is visiting her mother Mrs. Della Schoonmaker, and her mother Mrs. Henry Brink.
Mr. and Mrs. Jesse B. Armstrong recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Tuttle at their home.
Mrs. Emma Hutchins gave a party Saturday evening. Refresh- ments were served and all present spent an enjoyable time.
William Schoonmaker gave a party to a few invited guests, Saturday evening in honor of his niece, Catherine Hutchins.

WEST CASCADE
Mr. and Mrs. W. VanDerwee were at the Willitsville orange Saturday evening and had their children.
Miss Estelle Turlette of West Chicago is visiting her sister Mrs. J. M. Clark's for a few days.
A. Roy Stevens' horse ran away Sunday evening and was not stopped until it reached behind the barn.
Gay Stratton is ill.

Carl Story
Lowell, Ct. Phone 55, 15 1 L

Lowell Goods Sale
JANUARY 20 to FEBRUARY 1

EMBROIDERIES

Our stock of Embroideries was never in better condition than at present. Every piece in stock is included. All-Overs, Flouncings, Edgings, Insertions. Special assortment in Edges 7c per yd

LACE CURTAIN SALE

We have a splendid assortment of Curtains, both white and ecru and now is a good time to buy your supply of Curtains. Special Bargains in Single Pairs.

RECORDS - Lowell

Our Country Cousins

SOUTH BOSTON.

Mrs. Hester died in Grand Rapids on Saturday.
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Epley and Frank Clark were in Lowell Thursday.

LOWELL CENTER.

Frank Graham's Heston has been ill with pneumonia.
Mrs. Sarah White is improving after her severe illness.

VERGENNES CENTER.

Mrs. Lavina Lucas is on the sick bed.
Emma Read visited Mrs. Daniel Anderson on Saturday last.

EAST LOWELL.

Ora Godfrey has purchased a new horse.
M. M. Hubbel has returned from the West and is the guest of his brother, J. N.

LOWELL DIST. NO. 2.

Durand from Saturday night.
John Simpson of Lowell is an over-achieving guest of the brother, Oliver Simpson and family.

Make Us Prove It

We dare not exaggerate to you. We are dependent upon your patronage. To get it we must have your trust and confidence. We make the following statements with a full understanding of what they mean to you. You are safe when you believe in these statements.

For the Bowels

If you only have as much as we and those who have used them know they are the best. They are the best. They are the best. They are the best.

Make Us Prove This

If you will take you take our word for it, we will give you a bottle of our medicine. It is the best. It is the best. It is the best.

Renall Ordinaries

help clean, clear, and brighten the eyes. They are the best. They are the best. They are the best.

LINENS

Table Linens, Napkins, Towels, Scarfs, Stamped Linen, etc. Special Table Linen 70c per yd

ROLL COTTONS

Bleached and Unbleached Sheetings, Pillow Tubings, 42 and 45 inch Ready Made Sheets, Lonsdale Cambrie

BARGAINS IN WHITE WAISTINGS, BED SPREADS WHITE WAISTS and GINGHAMS

McCORDS and WHITENVILLE

Mrs. John Andrews and children of Boston are visiting Mrs. J. C. Anderson and Mrs. H. Moffit at home.

WANTS

FOR SALE—Bay Team 5 years old weight 2500. L. A. Pant & Son, phone 119, Lowell.
FOR SALE—25 tons of hay, 15 tons of straw and 10 tons of wood. Telephone No. 134 3p

LADY WANTED

To introduce our very complete stock of the finest wool, silk, lace, etc., etc., for the winter season. We have a large stock of the finest wool, silk, lace, etc., etc.

WHITES' BRIDGE

Erwin Ridgeway and Eber Compton were at Niagara on business last week.

PERF MARQUETTE

FOR RENT—80 acres, 30 acres in stock, 50 acres in hay, 100 acres in wood. Telephone No. 134 3p

FOR SALE—Sever's room house

FOR SALE—Sever's room house three blocks from Main street. Fine lot, high and dry. Good cellar. Inquire at 41 Porter Bldg., Lowell, Mass.

FOR SALE—A copy of Webster's

FOR SALE—A copy of Webster's New International Dictionary, containing the latest additions. Price \$2.00. Inquire at 41 Porter Bldg., Lowell, Mass.

FOR SALE—A copy of Webster's

FOR SALE—A copy of Webster's New International Dictionary, containing the latest additions. Price \$2.00. Inquire at 41 Porter Bldg., Lowell, Mass.

FOR SALE—A copy of Webster's

FOR SALE—A copy of Webster's New International Dictionary, containing the latest additions. Price \$2.00. Inquire at 41 Porter Bldg., Lowell, Mass.

FOR SALE—A copy of Webster's

FOR SALE—A copy of Webster's New International Dictionary, containing the latest additions. Price \$2.00. Inquire at 41 Porter Bldg., Lowell, Mass.

Dr. F. A. Votey

Specialist in Rectal Diseases
Treats more cases of Piles than any other doctor in Lowell. You know and appreciate the benefits of cleanliness and quality of work.

Change of Firm

C. L. F. Williamson of Lan- sington, Mich., having bought the Blacksmith Shop of E. F. Den- ny, wishes to announce that he is prepared to do

Horseshoeing and General Repair Work

Having had 30 years practical experience, I feel that I can give satisfaction. Work guaranteed. A share of your patronage is solicited.

C. L. F. Williamson

Having had 30 years practical experience, I feel that I can give satisfaction. Work guaranteed. A share of your patronage is solicited.

Fire Insurance

See R. E. SPRINGETT
Residence to C. Gray Perry and Spriggett & Brinkley

Monuments... to be erected in spring of 1913 should be ordered NOW and finished in the winter months.

Those interested should inquire of LOWELL GRANITE & MARBLE WORKS

J. H. HAMILTON Est.
LEE WALKER, Adm'r.

Stock Profits

You can only get them by keeping your animals well. A ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure.

White Prussian Stock Tonic

Will cure many of the diseases of animals. When fed regularly, aids digestion, purifies the blood, and is indispensable to food as dense as small, but is effective, as it contains the right ingredients.

HENRY'S Drug and Book Store

Where the whole celebrated Prussian line of stock remedies is sold.

HEARD ABOUT TOWN

Mrs. J. B. Leslie has been very ill.
Geo. M. Winger was in Grand Rapids Monday.

AL Ribble has been ill

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Day have visited with Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Taylor.

AL Ribble has been ill

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Nash and son Lowell visited at Muskegon over Sunday.

AL Ribble has been ill

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Nash and son Lowell visited at Muskegon over Sunday.

AL Ribble has been ill

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Nash and son Lowell visited at Muskegon over Sunday.

AL Ribble has been ill

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Nash and son Lowell visited at Muskegon over Sunday.

AL Ribble has been ill

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Nash and son Lowell visited at Muskegon over Sunday.

AL Ribble has been ill

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Nash and son Lowell visited at Muskegon over Sunday.

AL Ribble has been ill

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Nash and son Lowell visited at Muskegon over Sunday.

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS

VERGENNES STATION
Lowell Center has gone to Florida for the winter.

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS

VERGENNES STATION
Lowell Center has gone to Florida for the winter.

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS

VERGENNES STATION
Lowell Center has gone to Florida for the winter.

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS

VERGENNES STATION
Lowell Center has gone to Florida for the winter.

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS

VERGENNES STATION
Lowell Center has gone to Florida for the winter.

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS

VERGENNES STATION
Lowell Center has gone to Florida for the winter.

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS

VERGENNES STATION
Lowell Center has gone to Florida for the winter.

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS

VERGENNES STATION
Lowell Center has gone to Florida for the winter.

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS

VERGENNES STATION
Lowell Center has gone to Florida for the winter.

Extraordinary Bargains

You'll find that one of our Clearance Sales is different from most such sales—different in the kind of merchandise, in the service, in the satisfaction guarantee. It's easy to make prices—we can do that with a lead pencil. But merchandise like this isn't common at such prices.

You'll show how good your judgment of good clothes is by the interest you take in this Clearance Sale. There are a lot of women in this town who know a good thing when they see it; they'll see it here. HOPE YOU ARE ONE OF THEM.

\$12 now for \$20 and \$25 Coats Black Chevots, Zibelines, fancy weaves, rough and smooth finished goods, all new.

\$9 now for \$15 Coats Fancy weaves, all wool mixtures.

\$6.50 now for \$10, \$12 and some \$15 Coats

Fancy Mixtures, Heavy Coatings, Chinchillas, all good styles. Come early, get first choice. They are all worth double the price we ask; but we won't carry them over.

12 1-2c Fruit of the Loom, 7 1-2c

Genuine Fruit of the Loom, bleached cotton, yard wide, the kind that always sells for 12 1-2c per yard, special this week 7 1-2c. Not more than 25 yards to one customer.

Dress Skirts Many beautiful models that must be closed or regardless of cost to make. \$5.75 for Skirts worth \$7.50, \$8, \$8.50 and \$10; Chevots, Chevots, Tweeds, Whipcords, rough and smooth weaves, lots of blues, and tans for dress wear and printing. 5.75

65c for \$1 Linens Regular \$1 pure linen Table Damask, several good patterns, full 70 in. wide, excellent 1 quality, sale price 65c

35c for Pure Linen Table Damask, 30 inches wide, pure Linen, full bleached 35c

40c for Yard-Wide Damask Regular 65c Mercerized Table Damask, full 72 inches wide, sale price 40c. Lots of other bargains of equal value.

Warm Gloves and Mittens at Sale Prices 50c Gloves for Women 39c 25c Mittens for Women 19c 25c Mittens for Children 19c 15c Mittens for Children 10c

Black Silk Bargains 68—Yard wide Black Silk Taffeta, soft, lustrous finish, good quality, regular \$1 grade, sale price 68c

6c and 7c Prints, 3 1-2c Genuine Simpson and American Prints in blues, grays, reds and black and white, two to ten yard pieces. Special all this week, per yard 3 1-2c

Corsets SALE OF SAMPLES—At the end of each six months we buy from the corset manufacturers their saleable samples. These are usually small sizes. This season we find we have just 80 corsets size 21. If you can wear a corset size 21, here's your opportunity—50c Corsets, 25c; \$1 Corsets, 50c; \$1.50 Corsets, 75c; \$2, \$3 and \$3.50 Corsets, \$1. Corsets in the very latest models, Corsets of the best makes, at 1-2 and 1-3 of the regular prices. All new, clean garments.

Night Gowns OF OUTING FLANNEL—All fresh new garments made of the heaviest grade and fleeced Outing Flannel, big, roomy garments, cut on perfect lines and made for comfort. Two lots, both bargains: BARGAIN 1.—All Gowns that sold regularly at 98c, including fancy striped outings, several styles, 69c BARGAIN 2.—All Gowns that sold for \$1.25 and \$1, including plain white and fancy striped teal down, a dozen different kinds of collars and collarless styles, a go to one price and that a bargain, 95c

\$3 for Silk Waists THAT SOLD FOR \$5 Taffetas, Charmeuse and Messaline, mostly black, high and low

\$2 for Silk Waists THAT SOLD FOR \$3.50. Soft Taffetas and Messaline, black and fancy stripes, high collars with long sleeves, soft roll collars with turn-back cuffs, \$2. Linen and Pique Waists in white tailored and soft roll collars and cuffs. One-Half Price.

18c Pillow Tubing, 12 1-2c 45 inch genuine Atlantic Pillow Tubing, the kind you always pay 18c for. All this week, 12 1-2c

6 HANDKERCHIEFS 25c—Handkerchiefs that have been used for display during the Christmas season, regular 5c, 10c and 15c Handkerchiefs, all lightly soiled, special sale price 6c 25c

WOOL UNDERWEAR—For the children, regular \$1 Union Suits, half wool, cream white, sizes 2 to 14, sale price 80c

Regular \$5.00 wool pants and shirts, cream white, all sizes, per garment 45c

Regular \$1.50 all-wool Globe Union Suit, gray and white, nearly all sizes left, during this sale per suit, \$1.15

KNIT SKIRTS—\$1 Knit Petticoats, all wool, gray, navy, brown, black and red during this sale 80c

50c Knit Skirts, gray, red, bright blue, navy, tan and pink, with fancy striped borders, sale price 40c

Knitted Tights for Infants, red only, 25c

HEAVY BEAVER SHAWLS—Gray or brown with fancy borders and knotted fringe ends' regular price \$3, sale price \$1.98.

8c Apron Gingham, 5c A big lot of 8c Apron Gingham, in blue, red, brown and green, genuine Amoskeog goods, the best apron gingham made. Special all this week, 6c.

Hosiery Special Something new in the Hosiery line. 4 pairs to box, black cotton hose, 50c good weight and good wearing quality, 4 pairs

Carney's

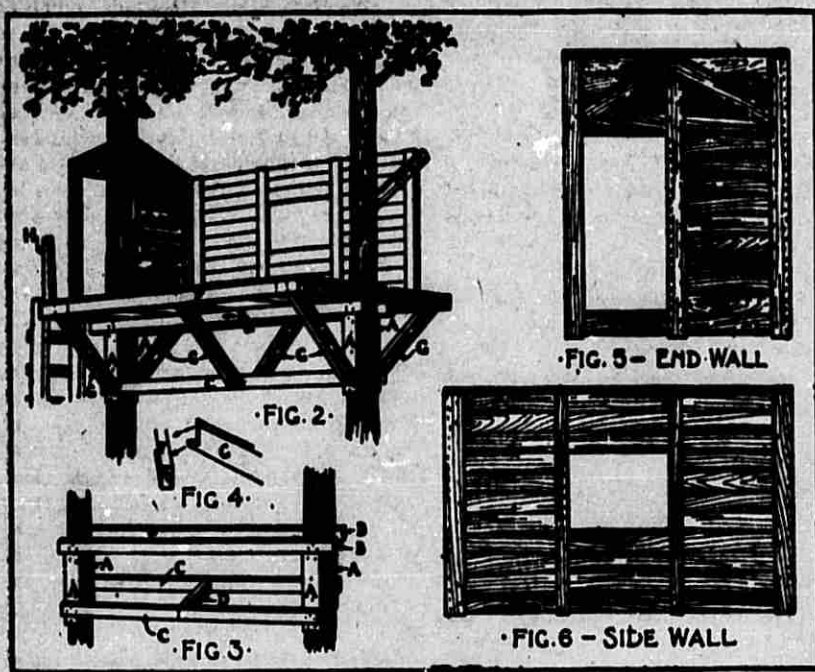
Jeweler and Optometrist

Do you use hard water? Then use PERRIGO'S MARSHMALLOW CREAM. Large bottle 15c

BOYS' HANDICRAFT

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Handicraft for Handy Boys" and "The Boy Craftsman"



A TREE CLUB HOUSE.

Every boy at one time or another builds a shanty in the back yard or a nearby vacant lot, and where one or more trees are available preference is generally given to a tree hut. Not only does a location among the tree branches appeal to the romantic side of the young builder's nature, but recognizing the fact that once the ladder leading to the entrance has been removed and hidden, the hut is inaccessible to passers-by, there is a feeling of security in knowing that neither unfriendly boys nor tramps can disturb it.

The construction of the aerial foundation for a tree hut is the most important part of the work. This of course must be very carefully planned and securely put together. Its form will depend largely upon the size of the tree, but principally upon whether one, two or three trees are used for supports. Where two or three trees are close enough together, it is advantageous to build the hut between them; again, a most satisfactory plan is to construct the hut in the crotch of a large tree, or to build it around the tree, extending brackets from the trunk to all four sides of the platform.

The tree club house illustrated in Fig. 1 has been designed with a two-tree foundation, as this is the simplest kind to build. Fig. 2 shows a large detail diagram of the foundation framework, and Fig. 3 the first steps in its construction. If possible to get them, use 2x4s for the framework; otherwise, nail together two pieces of 4-inch board for each member.

First of all, construct your ladder, splicing together pieces of 2x4 for the side rails, and nailing 1x2-inch strips across them for rungs.

The four pieces of board, A (Fig. 3), should be 8 or 10 inches wide and 3



FIG. 1. A TREE CLUB HOUSE THAT IS EASY TO BUILD.

feet long, and should be spiked to opposite sides of the trees with their tops on an exact level with one another. Then the horizontal pieces B should be set upon the tops of these and be spiked to the trees, and the pieces C spiked to the bracket blocks A near their lower ends. Cut and fasten the block D between pieces C. The floor joists should be laid on top of horizontal pieces B. One of these should be fastened outside of each tree, one inside of each tree, and one or two in the space between. Then pieces F should be spiked to their ends (Fig. 3).

The struts G should be cut of the right length to reach from pieces E to C, and should have notches cut in their ends for these pieces to fit in (Fig. 4). When these have been securely spiked in place, cut the floor boards and nail them to the joists.

It is easiest to construct the walls of the tree hut in sections, building them on the ground, and then hoisting them into position by means of a rope thrown up over an upper limb of one of the tree supports. Figs. 5 and 6 show how the wall sections should be built up. As you will see by these diagrams, the ends of the boards are nailed to board battens; also, that where there is to be a window an extra batten must be placed each side of the opening to nail the boards to. Lay the battens flat upon the ground, at the proper distances apart, connect them temporarily with horizontal strips at top and bottom, and after checking up to see that they are exactly parallel, and that their corners are square, turn the frame over and nail the side boards to the other side. In the case of the end walls, build them up in square as shown (Fig. 5); then fit in pieces at the proper angles for the pitch of the roof, and saw off the corners on a line with them. The bottom board of the end section in which the doorway is made should be extended across the opening for a brace (Fig. 5), and be sawed off after the wall has been fastened in place. Use nails long enough to extend through the boards and battens, and clinch them upon the inner face of the battens.

The two end walls can be set up in position first, and nailed to the end tree supports; then the side walls can be set up and fastened to them; or one end wall can be set up, then a side wall, then the second end wall, and then the second side wall.

Fig. 1 shows how to put on the roof

Marking on Wood. If any one in your home has a pyrograph outfit, use it for marking your boy's hockey sticks, baseball bats, tennis rackets and all such wooden things. Painted names can wear or be scratched off, but when burned in deeply the identification is there to stay.

Child's Birthright. A child in any station of life should have the unspeakable heritage of being able to look back in after life on a home of happiness and joy.

Generally. Visitor—"How do you get along with your rival town, Bungville?" Native—"Same as all rival towns do. The Civic League in each town works from October to April promoting friendly relations between the two towns, and the first baseball game we play them undoes it."

Imagination Needed Message. H. D. Howells at luncheon at Kittery Point said of a certain popular novelist: "There is about as much poetry in him as there is in McMaisters."

Alcoholic Beverage From Rice. Both the Chinese and Japanese manufacture alcoholic beverages from rice.

boards, by fastening first one layer in place, about 1 1/2 inches apart, and then lapping another layer of boards over the spaces between the first layer. If you can get some roofing paper you will find it easier to make a tight roof. This can be tacked to a layer of boards spaced several inches apart.

The window opening can be made of the right size for an old window sash; but if you cannot find a sash, a wooden shutter can be used for closing up the opening.

Batten together several boards at top and bottom for the door, and fit a diagonal brace between the battens. Hinge the door in place with the diagonal running in the direction shown in Fig. 1. This is the proper direction for the brace, to keep the door from sagging.

The post H (Fig. 3) should be fastened at the edge of the platform so you will have something to steady yourself by in descending and ascending.

(Copyright, 1912, by A. Neely Hall.)

NO CHANCE TO REACH THEM

Precious Foothills, the Haven of Safety, Were Far, Far Away in the Distance.

A Kansas lawyer was stranded in a small Oklahoma town not long ago, where heavy rains had raised the river to such an extent that it was feared that the town would be flooded before morning. Before the anxious townspeople retired for the night it was arranged that warning would be given of any further danger.

The Kansan, in the little hotel, was awakened from a heavy sleep by a knock on his door and a summons to arise. Reluctantly he arose and made a careful toilet, because, as he afterwards remarked, "if I'm to be a corpse floating around, at least I want to be a presentable one."

When he went to the office he found a number of half-dressed people trembling with fear whenever a daring rider dashed along the village street, with the warning, "Fly to the foothills, the floods are coming."

A traveling man, a German, who had been in a cyclone the week before, rushed into the office with uncombed hair pointing skyward, shoes untied and collar flying, and yelled at the clerk:

"Shusalem, my happy home, there is dose foothills?"
The humor of this question was matched by the clerk's laconic reply: "Oh, just across the river."—Kansas City Star.

Depth of Ocean.

It appears that the depth of the ocean at the place where the Titanic sank was something over 10,000 feet, or approximately two miles. The place where the ill-fated ship went down was not by any means the deepest in the Atlantic. The greatest depth of the North Atlantic is supposed to be the depression about a hundred miles to the north of St. Thomas, where the soundings indicate 3,875 fathoms, or about four and one-third miles. The floor of the basin proper of the Atlantic, at its widest part, lies at a depth of from 2,000 to 3,000 fathoms, while the "plateau" is found to be on an average not more than 2,000 fathoms. It was on the plateau, therefore, that the great White Star liner found her grave.

Cemeteries Breed Mosquitoes. Mosquito exterminating commissioners will this week start to destroy or remove from all cemeteries in Essex county, New Jersey, every receptacle that is capable of holding water.

They assert that urns, flower pots and such things breed millions of mosquitoes. There is talk of stopping them by injunction until a test can be made of their right.—New York Evening World.

Looks That Way.

"I wouldn't want to teach school these days. I watched a school teacher one day not so long ago. She showed one class how to whistle, then she did some rapid-fire crayon work, modeled in clay and played on the violin."

"Well, what about that?"
"Seems to me that a girl with all these accomplishments would do better in vaudeville."

Exact Cause.

"When I saw Dipley yesterday he looked nervous and ran down."
"You guessed it exactly."
"Guessed what?"
"He always was nervous."
"Yes."
"And that's how he happened to be run down by an automobile."

The Widow's Woods.

"They say Mrs. Jellife has given up that pet white poodle of hers," said Mr. Johnson.
"Yes," said Mrs. Willinger. "She's in deep mourning for Mr. Jellife, you know, so she has exchanged Tobey for a black and tan."—Harper's Weekly.

Generally.

Visitor—"How do you get along with your rival town, Bungville?" Native—"Same as all rival towns do. The Civic League in each town works from October to April promoting friendly relations between the two towns, and the first baseball game we play them undoes it."

Imagination Needed Message.

H. D. Howells at luncheon at Kittery Point said of a certain popular novelist: "There is about as much poetry in him as there is in McMaisters."

"McMaisters, you know, was walking with a beautiful girl in a wild New England wood.
"What is your favorite flower, Mr. McMaisters?" the girl asked softly.
"McMaisters thought a moment, then cleared his throat and answered: "Well, I believe I like the whole wheat best."—New York Tribune.

IN SIBERIAN WASTES

DESOLATE AND BLEAK COUNTRY OF THE NORTH.

Valuable Ivory Still Yielded From Animals That Lived Centuries Ago—Reindeer and Dogs Used as Beasts of Burden.

It is not generally known that Siberia furnishes a large quantity of ivory to the markets of the world, but the production of it belongs to another age and to a species of animals that does not now exist.

The ivory is cut from the tusks of mammoths whose skeletons are found frozen in masses of ice or buried in mud of Arctic rivers and swamps.

Even to wild animals these dogs are forbidden ground. The nimble reindeer can sometimes cross them safely in the summer, but most other large animals would be engulfed. With the summer thaw that penetrates more deeply than usual into the ground some of these antediluvian monsters are always exposed.

It is to recover these valuable fossil tusks, also to hunt and trap the fur-bearing animals and transport the pelts of the sable, ermine and sea otter back to civilization that forms a chief occupation of many of the Siberian natives. According to the Railroad Man's Magazine, they make the most perilous freighting journeys in the world, beset by all sorts of hardships.

The people are divided into two classes, the reindeer breeder and the dog-breeding tribes. The former live entirely on the products of their reindeer herds. Some of the reindeer tribes use their animals for riding and sledge driving only and not for food purpose. The Yakuts, one of the largest and most progressive tribes, use their deer entirely for transportation purposes.

Two large animals are always used to a freight sledge. These carry merchandise, mail and furs all over the northern part of the province of Yakutak. Their reindeer are of great size, larger than those possessed by the other reindeer people.

If well pastured and not overworked a trained pair of harnessed reindeer can make 50 to 75 miles a day, provided that the snow is thin and hard on the tundra. When tired the deer must be immediately rested. If compelled to travel further they become exhausted and often drop dead.

The team dogs serve till 10 or 12 years old. After the sixth or seventh year they begin to decline. The dogs are harnessed in pairs to a strong seal whiffletree. A full team consists of six or seven pairs.

The course is directed by special call words. These are understood by the leading dog, which is trained especially for that purpose. The harness consists of a breastpiece and two or three bands across the back. The dogs pull on the traces somewhat obliquely, so as to leave sufficient room between them to avoid jostling. Even when a young or badly trained dog is matched to an old one the elder will actually prevent its companion from causing trouble, biting it severely every time it tries to leap across the strap.

Shy or disobedient dogs are placed nearer to the sledge, where they can be reached by the whip. At the rear more exertion is required, since the sledge, on every undulation of the ground, pulls backward. Strong animals somewhat slow from age or from lack of mettle are usually placed at the rear and those that are more brisk in the front.

With a light sledge and good dogs 150 miles can be traveled in 24 hours. Two hundred miles have been made in two days. The dogs are fed once a day, usually in the evening. A piece of blubber about two inches square and some shreds of walrus meat, dried or frozen fish, form the daily ration of every dog.

A good team of 12 dogs can haul from 400 to 600 pounds. One of the long sledge journeys made by the inland reindeer people is over 500 miles, in March and April, when they make up a trading caravan of reindeer skins for boots and clothing, etc., which they take to East Cape on the Pacific to barter to Americans and whalers.

Women in the Middle Ages.

Professor Masterman has pointed out that in the middle ages women land owners had the same right as male land owners of voting. He wants to know when that right was abrogated, and winds up by expressing a doubt whether women have ever lost their old privilege. Having raised the hopes of the suffragists, as Portia did Shylock's, he proceeds to damp them somewhat unkindly, though, perhaps, not effectually, by remarking that the women land owners of the middle ages were accustomed to exercise their rights, military service, votes and the like by proxy. This rather takes the bloom off the peach, and, curiously enough, much the same line has been taken by the Filipinos. From the feudal system of England to the budding parliament of the Filipinos is a far and long cry, but the same idea seems to have recommended itself in each case. The Filipinos would allow a woman—of twenty-three and upward—to vote, provided she first obtained the consent of her husband in writing. "Franchise in leading strings!" our suffragists will, no doubt, scornfully term this, and we are not sure that it would not provoke too much domestic discussion—to use the politest phrase—to be quite acceptable in England.

Diary Difficulty.

Many of us, as 1912 comes in, will contemplate the keeping of a diary," said Mayor Grant at a dinner in Oshkosh.

"Diaries, however, are dangerous things. They make terrible revelations. I knew a man who said to his wife:

"Don't you think, Maria, that with the New Year's advent it would be a good thing for us to keep a diary?"

"Yes, perhaps," Maria answered "but if we registered all our family quarrels in the volume I'm afraid most people would mistake it for a scrapbook."

How It Happened.

"It is said that the name of the first Chinese aviator is Fwa Yu."

"That isn't his name. When he signified his intention of taking up aviation his friends all hollered: 'If I was you I wouldn't!' and the Chink reported on the scene thought they were hollering: 'Fwa Yu, I wouldn't.'"

Not His Taste.

"Are you interested in contemporary history?"

"Not much. I am more interested in what is going on now."

GOOD JOKES

CLOSE RUB.

The steamer was on the point of leaving and the passengers lounged on the deck and waited for the start. At length one of them espied a cyclist in the far distance, and it soon became evident that he was doing his level best to catch the boat.

Already the sailors' hands were on the gangways, and the cyclist's chance looked small, indeed. Then a sporting passenger wagered a sovereign to a shilling that he would miss it. The offer was taken and at once the deck became a scene of wild excitement.

"He'll miss it."
"No; he'll just do it."
"Come on!"
"He won't do it."
"Yes, he will. He's done it. Hurrah!"

In the very nick of time the cyclist arrived, sprang off his machine and ran up the one gangway left.

Stripes and Bars.

The thin girl and the stout girl were admiring some handsome gowns displayed in the show window of a department store.

"I'd like that one," said the fat girl, indicating one of the prettiest.

"Huh," said the other, "I never wear stripes."

With a glance at the more than sylphlike figure of her companion the stout girl replied:

"Of course not. It would be utterly impossible. There wouldn't be room to put more than one stripe used lengthwise, and if you wore them horizontally they'd be bars."

Different Kind.

Mayor Gaylor of New York was once talking about the fondness of some men for tacking official titles onto their names.

"I once met," he said, "a man who called himself Judge Green, and I ventured to ask him if he was a United States judge or a circuit court judge."

"I hain't neither," he told me; "I'm a judge of horses!"

PROOF.



"She is not at all vain about her beauty, although she has good cause to be."

"How do you know?"
"She told me so herself."

Eternal Feminine.
Mary had a little calf,
"Twas clad in silken socks;
And to find muddy crossings she'd
Walk blocks and blocks and blocks.

Scarce Heard.

"What has become of the Flushings? They used to be the 'big noise' in this town."

"Oh, they've moved away to a real city now, where they make about as much noise as a jewsharp would in a brass band."

Their Sorry Plight.

"This weather is certainly rough on some people."
"The poor, I presume, you refer to?"

"No, the almost rich."
"I don't understand you."
"The fellows who own fur overcoats. It's too warm to wear them, and it's too cold to go without them."

Her Specialty.

"It is queer that the dressmaker you patronize is so popular."
"What is queer about it?"
"I understand she gives her customers particular fits."

Tact.

She—Here's a man says women are not honest.
He—Well, aren't they always robbing men of their peace of mind and their hearts?

Model of Politeness.

"Mrs. X. is as polite as an echo."
"As an echo! What do you mean by that?"
"She never fails to return one's call."

Not in Father's Footsteps.

"Johnny, what are you going to be when you grow up?"
"I dunno yet."
"Don't you think you will want to be what your father is?"
"Now. He never has a chance to get no raise by refusin' to sign for next season."

Where Engagements Take Place.

"The canons of a church are found in the pulpits," observed the Observer of Events and Things, "but most of the fighting is done in the choir."

Catty!

Nan—Isn't it laughable to see Miss Wellon put on youthful airs?
Fay—Gee, yes! I heard her complaining the other day that she couldn't eat Northern Spy apples because they set her teeth on edge!

No Use.

"So you are on your way to propose to Miss Pickle?"
"You bet! Wish me luck!"
"Oh, I wish you luck, all right; but it won't do you a bit of good; I feel sure she is going to accept you."

How It Happened.

"It is said that the name of the first Chinese aviator is Fwa Yu."

"That isn't his name. When he signified his intention of taking up aviation his friends all hollered: 'If I was you I wouldn't!' and the Chink reported on the scene thought they were hollering: 'Fwa Yu, I wouldn't.'"

Not His Taste.

"Are you interested in contemporary history?"

"Not much. I am more interested in what is going on now."

TRY IT YOURSELF SOMETIME.

"That's a swell umbrella you carry. 'Isn't it?"
"Did you come by it honestly?"
"I haven't quite figured out. It started to rain the other day and I stepped into a doorway to wait till it stopped. Then I saw a young fellow coming along with a nice, large umbrella, and I thought if he was going as far as my house I would beg the shelter of umbershoot. So I stepped out and asked: 'Where are you going with that umbrella, young fellow?' and he dropped the umbrella and ran."

TRUE.



Miss Chance—Men like women with intelligence.

Miss Wise—Yes, provided they have enough of it to refrain from impressing the man with his ignorance.

Brutal.

The June groom said he'd cherish her, Love her and never tire; And now he lies abed and lets Her rise and build the fire.

The Stranger.

A stranger knocked at a man's door and told him of a fortune to be made.

"Um," said the man. "It appears that considerable effort will be involved."

"Oh, yes," said the stranger, "you will pass many sleepless nights and toilsome days."

"Um," said the man, "and who are you?"
"I am called Opportunity."
"Uh," said the man, "you call yourself Opportunity, but you look like hard work to me."
And he slammed the door.

And Then She Said—

"That's a sad case," said Mrs. Jones as she laid the paper on her knees and wiped her spectacles. "A bride struck dumb after leaving the altar, and by last accounts she hadn't recovered her speech."

"It's the way of the world, my dear," said old Mr. Jones, with a sigh. "It's the way of the world. Some men have all the luck."

False Hopes.

"Poor Bob had a dreadful disappointment last week."
"What was it?"
"His employer told him he was going to give him a raise, and when the poor fellow's hopes were raised to the highest pitch what do you think the employer did?"

"Invited Bob to take a ride with him in a captive balloon."

Something Due Elsewhere.

"Who is that man over there with such a surprised look on his face?"
"That is Billfill's tailor, and he has just heard Billfill say that he owes everything to his wife."—Browning's Magazine.

MAYBE.



Miss Chance—Miss Antique says her engagement ring cost a hundred dollars.

Miss Caustique—I guess he meant that she spent that much entertaining the man before she got it.

Compensations.

"I've no complaint to make," said one Who found few joys along life's way, But from the law he'd never run. And always had three meals a day.

Getting Back.

The bald-headed barber: "I see premature baldness is due to some trouble with the teeth, according to a Paris physician."

The vindictive victim: "Well, I hope you'll be more careful when you are cutting my hair than you were when you were cutting your teeth."

An Old Story.

Yeast—Did your wife read the riot act to you last night?
Crimsonbeak—No.

Yeast—Why, you thought she would when you got in late, didn't you?
Crimsonbeak—Oh, no; she doesn't have to read it to me now. She knows it by heart.

Behind the Times.

"Mrs. Whiffers is an old-fashioned woman."
"Yes, indeed. She still thinks genetics is taboo in good society."

The Usual Trick.

"Are you going to defend yourself against the charge of grafting?"
"Not yet," replied the astute politician, Hyer Rupp. "I'm going to find another system of graft that I don't care so much about and see if I can't sic the investigation onto that."

The Reason.

"That young couple are not in particularly good odor with the rich set are they?"
"How could they be in good odor when there is a centless marriage?"

Berlin's Dogs.

The exodus of inhabitants from the central portion of Berlin to the districts has become so general that the dogs are joining them. Whether the canine thereby show purely personal or whether their change of the compulsory result of similar by their masters cannot be obtained, but municipal statistics that whereas in 1909 Berlin harbored 45,981 dogs the figure for 1910 was only 43,703, and in 1911 it fell to 42,078. This year the dog in the taxable contingent figures amounts in round figures Non-taxable dogs, however, creased by about 800. Amongst are 82 belonging to the and to the various foreign of 46 police dogs and 1,120 blind and other invalid "eros"

Lengthy Ostrich Feather.

The woman who can sit on hair grows rarer and rarer of artificial coiffures, but the who can sit on her own hat coming to the fore in fashion. A young actress apparently in a New York restaurant a feather drooping nonchalantly the edge of her hat brim and the lower edge of her long coat. She caught up the plume and twisted it around in the form of a sash, or ar shoulders in the form of a scarf. Immediately every woman saw the feather longed to precisely like it—or even a hair er, and now these elongated are quite the fad in the metro the poor ostrich is still further ed for woman's sartorial glo

Every Second Girl Mary.

Practically one out of every girls studying in Wellesley subsequently marries. The children born to former Well dents in 37 years is little one for each marriage. Statistics gathered for the first time year or two of diligent search country over prove these figures complete the task is was necessary carry the inquiry into numerous lands. Since it was 1875 by the late Henry Ford 9,781 women have studied in college, although only about number remained to receive as bachelors of art. Of 3,613 have married

We turn out Many a Loaf of Bread Here every day Yet cannot be Accused of loafing We keep busy Turning out Bakery Goods of Quality

STRONG The Baker

SCHOOL NOTES

Weekly Notes of Studies, Sports and Sundries

Prof. Jackson inspected the work of the high school Monday. Girl's basket ball team will go to Greenville next week to their first out-of-town game this season.

The following is the high school yell: "Who are? who are? who are we? Lowell High School can't you see? Up with the colors red and white! Lowell High School School all right, all right!"

At the beginning of the second semester the high school will begin work at 8:15 a. m. and close at 3:00 p. m. This change of program will give the baseball team more time for practice during the spring and has proven successful in larger cities where the change has been made.

The following officers were elected to take charge of the high school annual: L. Hutchinson editor in chief, M. Curtis assistant editor, L. Ecker business manager, O. Andrews joke editor, H. Smith specialty editor, A. Schneider sporting editor, R. Willette special editor, art editor to be chosen later. Miss McIntosh is faculty critic.

To My Customers

And to all farmers, I have moved my cream station over to the south side of Main street, 2 doors west of H. Nash's implement store. H. Taylor. 24

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS

LOWELL DIST. NO. 5

J. P. Needham's new house has been fitted for acetylene lights.

NORTH CAMPBELL

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bell and Bernie spent Sunday with Floyd Tapley.

Sunday visitors at Silas Drew's were John Tucker and family, Margaret Roth and Leah Long.

SOUTH LOWELL

Chas. Christman returned Saturday from Ohio where he attended the funeral of his brother-in-law.

Norton Avery of Lowell was a Sunday guest of T. C. Willette and family.

HEARD ABOUT TOWN

Newsp Notes About People You Know.

Jesse Cahoon of Saranac was in town yesterday.

Mrs. Samuel Chambers has been quite ill the past few days.

Born—at Fox's Corners Thursday, Jan. 19th, to Mr. and Mrs. Guy Kennedy, a son.

Lot more news this week. Read all the ads and mention THE LEDGER when buying.

Courtland Showerman of Ionia spent Sunday at the home of his mother Mrs. Chas. Buttermore.

Miss Blanche Wood entertained her Sunday school class of girls at a six o'clock supper Saturday evening.

Canon real estate transfer: Duncan McNaughton and wife to Israel N. Heit, sec. 1/2 sec. 1/4 sec. 1/4 sec. 33, Cannon township \$2,500.

Mrs. Mary Hancock returned to her home at Manton Tuesday after spending two weeks here caring for her mother Mrs. Louis All who is very ill.

Miss Ethel White has written her people here of her safe journey and arrival at the home of her aunt Mrs. Agnes Wiley at Montross, Calif., and reports all well.

Mr. and Mrs. David Flanagan visited at the home of their daughter Mrs. O. J. Odell in Vergennes over Sunday. Mrs. Flanagan remaining until yesterday.

Mrs. Chas. Lane of Ionia was called here Tuesday to see her daughter who had been taken ill at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Buttermore while visiting there.

Lowell Markets

Corrected Jan. 22, 1913.

Wheat, red, 60 lb.	1 12
Wheat, white, 60 lb.	1 10
Corn, white, 50 lb.	1 05
Oats, per bu.	32
Rye	50
Beans	65
Hay, baled, per ton	12 00
Corn and Oats per ton	25 00
Middlings per ton	20 00
Corn Meal per ton	24 00
Flour per cwt.	3 20
Buckwheat flour per bu.	6 00
Butter per lb.	26 28
Eggs	20
Lard	15
Cloves per lb.	35
Pork dressed, per lb.	9 00
Pork live per lb.	10
Fowls dressed, per lb.	12
Butter fat per lb.	31
Timothy	3 00
Cloverseed per lb.	10 00
Beef live per cwt.	4 50 5 00
Beef dressed per cwt.	7 00 7 10
Calves live	9 8 00
Ven dressed per cwt.	9 00 10 00
Sheep live	4 50 5 00
Lamb	6 50 7 00
Pork live	7 00
Spring chickens	10

Nautical.

Ancient mariner (at the first football game)—Where's the tackle we hear so much about? Smart Landlubber—Don't you see the lines all over the ground?—Judge.

AT THE END OF THE LONG CAR RIDE

By EDmund MOBERLY.

Whenever he could do so without seeming rude, Kenneth Crat allowed his gaze to rest upon the girl who, like himself, stood waiting for a car. He was spending a few months at home, after several years in the tropics. During those years, he had been to associate with few of the women of his race, and he now found positive delight in the mere sight of such a radiant, tall-made vision as the one a few feet from him.

A car came along and they boarded it. It was well filled, and after she had seated herself, there remained but one vacant seat—the place by her side, which he straightaway took. An acquaintance of Kenneth's, thinking he was accompanying the girl, bowed to him, at the same time raising his hat. Kenneth returned the bow, and absently followed the other's example as to the hat. In the next instant, he would have given anything to recall his action, for he saw that she had noted it, and construed it as an impertinence.

The conductor approached them, and when Kenneth handed him a dime, he promptly rang up two fares, assuming the pair to be companions, and being in blissful ignorance of the fact that the girl was at that moment delving in her handbag for her purse.

"Your paying my fare was an act of unpardonable presumption," said a cool voice at his side.

"Very well," he replied. "Shall I call the conductor? Or do you prefer to cancel the debt by simply handing me five cents?"

"The latter method will serve," she decided, and again began to search for her purse.

Suddenly she grew red and nervous. "I cannot find my purse; it isn't in my bag," she faltered.

"I'm very sorry," he replied, solicitously polite.

"Oh, it isn't the loss that I mind; it was but a small sum—but now I cannot cancel my obligation to you."

"It is a trifling matter. Let us forget it," he urged.

"Indeed we must not. You must let me know where I may send the money."

"Oh, very well. If you insist, here is my card. It has my address on it." The card stopped at his breast, and when he left it, he was mildly surprised to see that she did the same. He bought a paper, and she passed him. When he started toward his home, he noticed that she was just ahead.

He tramped along, reading the headlines of his paper, and when he reached his home, he was amazed to see her standing on the front porch.

"Are you following me?" she asked defiantly, as she ascended the steps.

"Not in the way you mean," he replied with a smile.

"Then why do you come here?"

"Do you know whose house this is?" he asked, answering question with question.

"Yes."

"Then will you kindly look at the card which you so disdainfully thrust unread into your bag while on the car?"

The card was quickly found. She read it with a gasp. "You are Elias Craig's brother," she exclaimed, in pretty confusion. "Oh, why didn't I look at this card before?"

"And you are—" he hinted.

"I'm Barbara Page, Elias's roommate and chum at college."

Kenneth looked at her intently. "So you are Barbara Page," he said musingly. "Elias never mentioned you while I was in Brazil—but, by the way, you weren't expected until tomorrow, were you?"

"No; I am a day ahead. My father was traveling this way today, so I came as far as the city with him, leaving my baggage to follow."

"Elias won't be home for an hour or two yet," he said, opening the door. "Won't you come in?"

"Will you go to your room, or will you hear me company in the living-room until sister arrives?" he asked as she entered. "Such a pleasure as chatting with a real, live American girl has almost entirely denied me during the last three years, and in view of the fact that you are indebted to me for the sum of—"

"If you start by mentioning that, I shall assuredly go to my room," she broke in with a laugh, as she entered the living-room.

She sang his favorite songs to him, and played the compositions of his favorite composers.

"Miss Page, did Elias ever talk to you about me?" he asked, after a hour and a half had slipped by and no Elias had appeared. "It is a rather strange question, but I have a special reason for asking it."

"Oh, yes," she replied, "but I think I ought to go to my room now."

"Please hear me first," he said. "Last summer, when you and Elias graduated, she wrote me that she could not bear separation from you, and that if I wished to prove myself a loving brother, I must come home and marry you, so that she could have you for a sister. I—I wish to prove myself a loving brother."

She started to leave, but found him in her path.

"Please let me pass," she pleaded. "Two hours ago we had never seen each other."

There was a light step on the porch outside and someone entered the hall.

"Is that you, Elias?" he called.

"Yes, Ken," answered a voice outside the door.

"Come in here and persuade my future wife," he said, "to take me seriously as her future husband."

"Seaside Cocktail"

Mix a pretty girl with a holiday boy and soak them in moonlight till midnight. Squeeze into a tiny corner of the pier. Stir well with the music of love waltzes. Serve with an engagement ring.—Marquis of Queensberry.

Go After Business

In a business way—the advertising way. An ad in this paper offers the maximum service at the minimum cost. It reaches the people of the town and vicinity you want to reach.

Try It—It Pays

COLLECTION OF CURIOS

By BARBARA BOYD.

They had just returned from Europe, and like all returning tourists, they had a lot of what their friends privately called junk, but which they enthusiastically referred to as a valuable collection of rare curios.

"Aren't these the quaintest things?" said Anne, exhibiting some brass hooks picked up in Holland.

"She would have brought a whole hardware shop of them, if I hadn't stopped her," laughed her husband.

"But just imagine how stunning they'll look on the hall to hang towels on, or—in the bathroom for towels."

"I don't believe the fat owner will let you put up hooks," objected a friend.

"Goodness! I never thought of that," replied Anne. She put the hooks away thoughtfully. Then she dived into another box.

"Did you ever see anything so horribly charming as these?" she rapturously exclaimed, producing several specimens of leering gargoyles. "They are so ugly they are fascinating."

"What are you going to do with them?" asked a friend.

"Well, of course, they aren't intended so much for houses. That is, I don't think so. Are they?" she asked her husband.

"Oh, I don't know. They'll look all-fired queer, no matter where you put them."

"Tom really hasn't much taste for quaint things," explained Anne. "But I thought they would look delightful sort of peeping over the eaves of the house, like they do at the tops of churches; or maybe—sort of sitting up against the water spout."

"But there aren't any eaves to a flat," objected the practical friend.

"Nor water spouts, either," chimed in another.

"I never thought of that," replied Anne still more thoughtfully. "But I just couldn't resist getting them."

"If you only had a chicken house," said a cynical friend, "you might set them up there. I think they would be right on the job of keeping thieves away."

Anne ignored such irrelevancy, and very carefully brought out a huge box which she opened and tenderly drew therefrom one by one some door hinges, lockers, latches, locks and bolts, nail heads and a bunch of enormous keys.

"Aren't they just dear?" she said, looking at them with kindly eyes.

"But what in the world will you do with a lot of scrap iron like that?" objected the practical friend.

"Fix up the doors and make them look old-timey. Just imagine how distinguished a door will look with a latch like that," she said, picking up a piece of bent and rusty iron. "Most of these are Spanish. Some are German. But aren't they delicious?"

"But if you are taking the hardware off the doors of your apartment," chorused the practical friend, "you'll get a call-down from the janitor."

"I suppose I would," admitted Anne. "I guess the only thing for us to do is to build."

So now, she and her husband are hunting a location that will be a proper setting for a house sufficiently medieval in design to bear up under French gargoyles, Spanish locks, German latches, Florentine nail heads and Dutch hooks. They feel there must be a deep, dark ravine, and embattled crags, and some melancholy trees such as arbutus, put in Italian landscapes, and a church with chimneys. And snuggled out of sight, so as not to interfere with this artistic harmony, they would like a well-lit stone road, a good trolley and a town with a good show or two.

And while they are hunting this location an architect is having brainstorms trying to design a house that will be harmoniously French, Spanish, German, Florentine and Dutch, all at one and the same time.

Analysis of Hailstones.

The infrequency of their occurrence and the difficulty of keeping them for examination, have stood in the way of any careful investigation of the character of hailstones, but Prof. Boris Weibner of Tomsk, Siberia, has just perfected an apparatus which is expected to obviate these difficulties. He will gather the hailstones as opportunity offers and preserve them by plunging them in a liquid of about the same density contained in a double-walled receptacle like a superior ice cream freezer, but "packed" with a mixture of ice and sulphate of copper. As needed for study the stones can be removed, sliced in extremely thin sections and photographed by a polarizing microscope or autocromatic plates, as is done with anatomical preparations.

Rather Give Himself Away.

Parson White's precautionary measure of protecting his chicken coops with chilled steel bars was futile, for that very night four more of his choice Leghorns disappeared, leaving no sign of the theft. The only visible evidence of the theft, however, his suspicions pointed toward his neighbor, whom he had seen prowling around his yard that day, and accordingly he had this suspect up in the police court next morning.

"If the prisoner can file an alibi I'll let him off with a suspended sentence," announced the judge at the end of the evidence. "Can you file an alibi, Ham?"

"I guess I can," eagerly replied the suspect. "It isn't any harder than Parson White's chicken coop bars."—San Francisco Star.

A Word to the Borrower

If you are a borrower of this paper, don't you think it is an injustice to the man who is paying for it at this very moment. Make it a regular visitor to your home. The subscription price is the investment that will reap you work.

Job Printing

We are here to serve you with anything in the line of printed stationery for your business and personal use.

Letter Heads Bill Heads
Envelopes Cards
Wedding Invitations
Posters or Announcements
Of All Kinds

The best quality of work at prices that are RIGHT

BARTERING OF BETTY

By ANITA CAVENAUGH.

"Just why," queried Billy as meekly as his 175 pounds would permit, "are you jilting me? Here is your ring. I bought it today." He tossed the jeweled circle on the table before them.

"Oh, Billy, what a beauty? May I try it on for a minute?"

"For as long as you like. No other woman will ever wear a ring of mine." There was bitterness in his young heart.

"I wish you could put it on, Billy, just as if nothing had happened."

He saw the tears glittering on her lashes and suddenly caught her hands in his own.

"What is it, Betty dear? What's gone wrong since last night? Be honest with me, girl!"

Betty glanced about her apprehensively. "Somebody will hear."

"I took great care to bring you straight to my den."

"For heaven's sake, Betty, why this suspense? Let the air fall. Have you discovered that you don't care for me, after all?"

"No, Billy. I love you better than anything else in this world."

"That settles it," said Billy, slipping the circle of big diamonds on her finger. "Neither man nor devil can take you away from me now."

Betty looked down at the auburn head bent over her hand. "Don't, Billy!" she cried sharply. "Don't make love to me. If you do, I never can give you up, and father says—"

"So—your father objects."

"Only on principle, Billy."

She took the ring from his finger and handed it to him solemnly.

"He says that I am keeping you from getting a good business start, that you have no head for figures."

"In other words, he thinks I'm no man, just a plain boob."

"No, he believes that you are clever, but he says you never take anything seriously, that you are only in love with me temporarily. You won't want me after you get me," sighed Betty.

Billy looked at her, and his pulse throbed as he caught her and held her close to him. "I am going to show father a thing or two," he said. Hearing footsteps, he released her.

A man supported himself, swaying by the curtains in the doorway.

"I beg pardon," he said thickly. "Didn't mean to disturb you and the lady. I—I was just looking about, you know—"

As he spoke, Billy covered him with the little pistol he had taken from the table drawer.

"Up with your hands! Quick about it!"

The stranger's expression changed perceptibly.

"I've had a little too much. That's all. Don't make a row. I'll go now."

"Not with the property of my mother's guests in your pockets. Your drunken ruse does not work with me, Betty, please touch that bell by the window."

When the servants had answered the summons, and the thief lay bound on the floor, Billy proceeded to search him.

"There's father's watch," screamed Betty. "The one grandfather gave him. And mother's horseshoe of diamonds! What a bold thief!"

The police made a quiet entrance to take their prisoner. Billy and Betty went downstairs to return the spoils. Everybody was busy playing bridge. Not one of them had discovered any loss.

"What time have you, daddy dear?" asked Betty stopping by her father's chair.

There was consternation on his face when he felt in an empty pocket.

"Why, I—I," he floundered miserably, not caring to announce a loss in his friends' house.

Billy held up his valuable old watch. "How many of you have lost jewelry tonight?" He opened a box full of pins, trinkets and a string of pearls worth a king's ransom.

"My pearls!" shrieked Mrs. Stanley Weyland.

"My horseshoe pin!" cried Betty's mother.

"My emerald bracelet," moaned Kitty Melcars. "It's the one you gave me, Dick."

"Quiet," ordered Billy. "I have everything. There's the thief!"

He pointed to the stairway where two policemen could be seen leading away their prisoner.

"How did this happen, young man?" Betty's father was perturbed. He was annoyed that any man could take his watch without his knowledge. He had prided himself all his life on his ability to read character. "The fellow did not look like a thief."

"People, like things, are not always what they appear," suggested Billy meaningly. "I may not look like a business man myself but I am going to make you look to your laurels in that Snyder-Mynatt suit tomorrow. And, suppose I might as well tell you since you'll have to know it anyway, I am going to marry Betty."

"Upon my soul, you astonish me, sir!"

"My dear girl," whispered Betty's father to her, "don't let Billy what I said about him. I can't afford to have him for an enemy. Tell him that I will be proud to welcome him into my family. Tell him anything you like. So he's the young scoundrel who is about to beat me out of fifty thousand in the Snyder-Mynatt case. I won't put up with it. He ought to leave business for us older lawyers and have a good time. He's too young to take life seriously yet."

THE FRUIT GROWER AND FARMER. A magazine that has helped its readers improve their fruit, no matter whether they have a big orchard or just a few trees in the yard. It is the largest fruit paper in the United States and contains more helpful matter for people who grow fruit for profit or pleasure than all other fruit magazines. Published monthly. Regular yearly subscription price—\$1.

SUCCESSFUL POULTRY. A subscription to this magazine is a year's course of instruction in poultry culture from the foremost experts and practical breeders. Contains special articles on all branches of poultry raising, that will save you money and teach you how to get the results that insure pleasure and profit to the amateur or the expert. Published monthly. Regular yearly subscription price—50c.

KIMBALL'S DAIRY FARMER. A magazine that appeals to the big breeder of cattle and the general farmer who wants to increase the production of his cows. Edited by practical men who breed good dairy cattle, hogs, horses and poultry and give their readers the benefit of their work and experience. Published twice a month. Regular yearly subscription price—50c.

THE FAMILY. A great newspaper that gives you the best stories and features from the Sun and Daily Inter Ocean. A world-wide news service, market reports, etc., makes this paper second to none. Every issue contains a sermon by some noted clergyman, and a story by a distinguished author. Published weekly. Regular yearly subscription price—\$1.

THE FARM AND HOME. A working food magazine for the housekeeper. Published monthly. Regular yearly subscription price—50c.

THE CHICAGO WEEKLY INTER OCEAN AND FARMER is a great newspaper that gives you the best stories and features from the Sun and Daily Inter Ocean. A world-wide news service, market reports, etc., makes this paper second to none. Every issue contains a sermon by some noted clergyman, and a story by a distinguished author. Published weekly. Regular yearly subscription price—\$1.

THE FAMILY is a great newspaper that gives you the best stories and features from the Sun and Daily Inter Ocean. A world-wide news service, market reports, etc., makes this paper second to none. Every issue contains a sermon by some noted clergyman, and a story by a distinguished author. Published weekly. Regular yearly subscription price—\$1.

THREE BIG VALUE BARGAIN CLUBS

Either of these combinations means a saving of at least one half, and in addition you do not have to bother writing each publisher direct. They comprise a variety of publications that will appeal to those who want the best in their respective fields at a price within reach of all.

CLUB No. 1		CLUB No. 2		CLUB No. 3	
FRUIT GROWER AND FARMER	\$1.00	SUCCESSFUL POULTRY	\$1.00	KIMBALL'S DAIRY FARMER	\$1.50
WEEKLY INTER OCEAN	.50	WEEKLY INTER OCEAN	.50	WEEKLY INTER OCEAN	.50
FARM AND HOME	.50	FARM AND HOME	.50	FAMILY HOME LIFE	.50
FAMILY HOME LIFE	.50	FAMILY HOME LIFE	.50	FAMILY HOME LIFE	.50
Regular Price	\$3.50	Regular Price	\$3.50	Regular Price	\$5.00

ANY ONE of the above Clubs (No. 1, 2 or 3) and a Year's Subscription to **THE LOWELL LEDGER**, all SIX papers ONE YEAR for only **\$1.75**

Be sure to specify which club you desire. Order by Number (Club No. 1, 2 or 3).

THE LEDGER, LOWELL, MICH.

WAS SORRY FOR TOM

By EUGENIE LEITCH.

"Well, I'd like to know why not!" Githers paused in the doorway, the picture of amazed protest. In one hand he held the evening paper and a magazine, and in the other a cigar. On his feet were slippers, around his form was a smoking jacket. A straight line drawn to the nearest object from his chair comfortably turned upward toward the electric lamp on the table.

It was a chair that Githers had sat in after dinner for more evenings than he could count. "Why," he repeated, "can't I go in there and read? What do you mean, mother?"

Mrs. Githers approached him and picked a thread off his sleeve.

"Wouldn't you just as soon sit upstairs with me?" she asked brightly. "I'm going to sew."

"What of it?" demanded her husband. "Don't you usually sew downstairs here? Why not?"

"My goodness, John!" exclaimed his wife impatiently. "Wouldn't you like a change?"

"Elmira," said Githers, firmly, "you're hiding something—tell me at once!"

"Simply nothing," said his wife. "Only Grace is going to have a call this evening and I wanted to let the child have the living room—oh, its one of the boys in her class and it's all right, so you needn't glare. She's seventeen and must have friends among the boys as other girls do. Not that she wouldn't just as soon have us there, but we'd embarrass them!"

"What the dickens!" growled Githers, turning toward the stairs. "Pretty state of things when I can't use my own chair! Callers at her age! Umph!"

Mrs. Githers got him nicely arranged in her room and as she reached for the mending basket she paused, hand in air. The front door had slammed and a vast whistling heralded the entrance of the son and heir of the household. Mrs. Githers went and leaned over the banisters.

"Rob!" she called in dulcet tones. "Hullo! came the inquiring answer. "Where are you? Where is everybody? Who's sick?"

"Come up," said his mother. "Wouldn't you like to sit up here with father and me?" she wheeled as he arrived at the door. "Here's a nice comfortable chair and—"

"What's the matter with the living room?" he demanded in amazement.

"Why—"

Mrs. Githers sighed. "I never saw such stupid men folks!" she declared. "Why can't you do things without having them all explained. I'd like to know? Grace has a caller coming and—"

"Whoop-ee!" shouted Grace's brother, making a dart for her door.

"Who's your beau, sis? Who've you got a crush on?"

"Mother!" came Grace's indignant voice. "Make Rob stop! I think he's perfectly horrid! I haven't got a crush on anybody and you know it, Bob Githers, and I perfectly hate you, so there now!"

"Children!" cried Mrs. Githers. "I'm surprised at both of you. Stop it at once!"

"Well, I'd like a look at the chump who's so important that I'm barred out

Big Value Bargain Clubs

A Year's Reading Matter for the Whole Family

For the Fruit Grower: **The Fruit Grower and Farmer**

For the Poultry Raiser: **Successful Poultry**

For the Dairyman: **Kimball's Dairy Farmer**

You Save One Half

Send Your Order Today

Don't Wait Do It Now

Each Magazine the Best of Its Class

THREE BIG VALUE BARGAIN CLUBS

Either of these combinations means a saving of at least one half, and in addition you do not have to bother writing each publisher direct. They comprise a variety of publications that will appeal to those who want the best in their respective fields at a price within reach of all.

CLUB No. 1		CLUB No. 2		CLUB No. 3	
FRUIT GROWER AND FARMER	\$1.00	SUCCESSFUL POULTRY	\$1.00	KIMBALL'S DAIRY FARMER	\$1.50
WEEKLY INTER OCEAN	.50	WEEKLY INTER OCEAN	.50	WEEKLY INTER OCEAN	.50
FARM AND HOME	.50	FARM AND HOME	.50	FAMILY HOME LIFE	.50
FAMILY HOME LIFE	.50	FAMILY HOME LIFE	.50	FAMILY HOME LIFE	.50
Regular Price	\$3.50	Regular Price	\$3.50	Regular Price	\$5.00

ANY ONE of the above Clubs (No. 1, 2 or 3) and a Year's Subscription to **THE LOWELL LEDGER**, all SIX papers ONE YEAR for only **\$1.75**

Be sure to specify which club you desire. Order by Number (Club No. 1, 2 or 3).

ADDRESS

THE LEDGER, LOWELL, MICH.

Primary Enrollment

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Board of Enrollment of the

TOWNSHIP OF LOWELL

County of Kent, State of Michigan, will be in session at the TOWNSHIP CLERK'S OFFICE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25

A. D. 1913, from 7 o'clock a. m. until 5 o'clock p. m. of said day, for the purpose of enrolling the names of all persons, members of whatever political party, who make PERSONAL APPLICATION for such enrollment.

FRANK N. WHITE, Twp. Clerk

We're Opposed to Mail Order Concerns Because—

They have never constituted a cent to furthering the interests of our town.

Every cent received by them from this community is a direct loss to our members.

In almost every case their prices can be met more cheaply and the possibility of mistakes in filling orders.

But—

The natural human wish is to buy where goods are cheapest. Local prices are usually exceeded. An advertisement in this paper will carry your message far. Hundreds of homes in this community. It is the most modern of killing your present competitor. A space this size won't cost much. Come in and see us about it.

Therefore

Mr. Merchant and Business Man, meet your competitors with their own weapons—advertising.

Advertise!

The local field is yours. All you need do is to send your ad to the opportunity offered. An advertisement in this paper will carry your message far. Hundreds of homes in this community. It is the most modern of killing your present competitor. A space this size won't cost much. Come in and see us about it.

Self-Cure.

Regatta—Sometimes I lie awake half the night. Are you over troubled with insomnia? Percolium—Never. When I'm waked I begin to repeat to myself some of my early poems, and I fall asleep in no time.

New Roofing Material.

A new roofing material is steel coated with lead.