



Get a Scientific Examination free from "drops," discomforts and dangers.

When Getting Glasses Consult Only.

Glenn F. Smith Registered Optometrist 833 Optician. Steglich Jewelry Store. 29 Monroe Ave. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Why Let Your Clothing Get Old?

Haven't you felt the finer instinct of your nature prompting you to "keep it looking nice" when you have a new dress or suit? But the garment gathers soil with each wearing, and this soil is the unconscious cause for the indifference you begin to feel toward it.



GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. WORKS 150 FULTON STREET 147-149 Logan St., S. E. Both Phones 2424 445 Jefferson Ave., S. E.

Matek School of Music

Grand Rapids, Michigan. OTTOKAR MALEK, Pianist Founder and Director. Only Complete School of Music in Western Michigan. Teacher's Certificates issued in all branches.

AVERAGE SALARY OF M. E. PASTORS IS \$1,050 A YEAR

Port Huron, Mich.—The average salary of the Methodist preachers in Michigan has increased from \$64 a year in 1800 to \$1,050 in 1915, according to figures given out by the statistical department of Detroit conference of the Methodist Episcopal church here recently.

Unique Problems In House Hygiene

A house erected in accord with modern science and the builder's art must satisfy a few apparently simple needs. These have been summarized in the following words: protection from the elements, from cold and heat, from rain and snow and damp, from intruders who might interfere with the family safety or possessions; water at hand; some way of getting rid of waste; space for the family for all their occupations and belongings; room for a guest; these were sought by even the cave dwellers.

tors are now talking about house diseases. Tuberculosis is one of these, and the fight against it must be made, in part, just here. It is for sun and air that we have to pay large rents in town; and it is partly to secure these in our large dwellings that tenement-house commissions exist to protect those who cannot protect themselves.

Only a few years ago, such subjects were regarded by some as beneath the dignity of scientific investigation. The way in which our homes are run, or, in more technical terms, the science of home economics, is now in much the position that scientific agriculture was in 20 or 30 years ago.

Reluctant Luck.

Luck is an uncertain performer. It doesn't always feel like responding to an encore.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Teaching Thrift To Children

Soon the children will be returning to their schools for another year. "Train up a child in the way he should go," says the old proverb, "and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Some Climates.

The northern parts of Norway and Sweden extend well up into the Arctic circle, while the southern parts come down to the latitude of Glasgow; so there is a wide range between the winter temperatures in those countries. The same applies to Canada.

Maneclona

Damage that easily will amount into six figures now is apparent as a result of the frost of a week ago in Antrim and surrounding counties. The frost immediately following the frost effectively killed what undoubtedly would have been an immense cucumber harvest.

BE EXAMINED DURING TUBERCULOSIS WEEK

NATIONAL MOVEMENT DECEMBER 6TH TO 12TH WILL INCLUDE MEDICAL EXAMINATION, CHILDREN'S HEALTH AND TUBERCULOSIS DAYS

Plans for the national Medical Examination Day, a Children's Health Crusade Day, and a Tuberculosis Sunday, all to be held in Tuberculosis Week, December 6th to 12th, were announced recently by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

Medical examination day is set for Wednesday, December 8th, and will be the first effort on a national scale to urge an annual physical examination for everyone. Plans for the day include an appeal to induce everyone, sick and well, to see a doctor and learn whether they are in good physical condition.

Central Michigan News of Interest

Grand Rapids — Judge William E. Groves, of this city, believes he has practiced law longer than any other attorney in Michigan. He has been a prominent figure in west Michigan legal circles for more than 60 years, and he still continues to work, despite the 82 years that have settled over his shoulders.

Manistee — Justice Richmond is out after a record. In court here one day this week he heard five drunk cases, and either fined or sent them to jail.

Newaygo — Moses Melanson, 89 years old, a pioneer trapper, who lived in this section when Grand Rapids was an Indian post, is dead at his home following a stroke of paralysis.

Traverse City — Edward W. Weathers is dead from blood poison, resulting from an ulcerated tooth. He was 37 years old and had been a resident of this city all his life.

Fenton — Mrs. Homer VanTiffin, a widow living west of here, is dead following burns received when a lamp exploded which she was attempting to light.

Grand Rapids — When funeral services were held Saturday afternoon for Mrs. Harry Knapp, finis was written to another story which had its beginning in an automobile accident. Two years ago Mrs. Knapp, then 17 years old, was with a party of friends, including her brother Beverly Dredge, when the machine collided with a wagon.

Port Huron — When Grant M. Hudson, superintendent of the Michigan Anti-Saloon league, addressed the delegates here to the conference of the Detroit district of the Methodist Episcopal church, he made his first authoritative announcement of the determination of the "dry" to start the petitioners for state-wide prohibition this fall.

Holland — Cucumbers, which are mostly of small size, are selling for as high as 50 cents near Saugatuck. It is said that the crop is much lighter than last year.

Mancelona — Damage that easily will amount into six figures now is apparent as a result of the frost of a week ago in Antrim and surrounding counties. The frost immediately following the frost effectively killed what undoubtedly would have been an immense cucumber harvest.

Sparta — Rev. Bret H. Taylor, pastor of the First Baptist church, did not notice a wire clothes line over his head while splitting wood Tuesday and as a result he is nursing a bad wound in his forehead. The ax caught over the line and the blunt edge struck him. Several stitches had to be taken.

Eaton Rapids — Allen Nichols of Hastings and David Rogers of Eaton Rapids were boyhood chums. Fifty-three years ago they lost track of one another. A few days ago Nichols heard Rogers lived here and they met

annual physical examination for all employees. Thousands of anti-tuberculosis associations, other societies, and dispensaries all over the country are expected to co-operate in furnishing free examination for those not able to pay a physician.

Children's Health Crusade Day on Friday, December 10th, is planned to interest and instruct school children in healthful living. Special exercises will be held at which lectures, essays, and plays will be given on the subject of health. This will also be the occasion for the launching of the Red Cross Christmas Seal sale in the schools.

The culmination of the campaign will be the sixth annual celebration of Tuberculosis Day. Last year on Tuberculosis Day over 100,000 churches gave attention to the subject of tuberculosis by sermons, talks, and announcements. The Governors of all of the states will be asked to issue proclamations of increasing the knowledge of the public on how to avoid consumption. Clubs, lodges, and societies will also be asked to consider the subject at a meeting either on Tuberculosis Sunday or some other day of Tuberculosis Week.

Lansing — The twenty-first annual convention of the Michigan State Federation of Women's clubs will be held here October 19 to 22.

Hastings — Sheriff Mannedi ordered a band of gypsies reported to have stolen \$25 from Wesley Mead of Rutland township to leave the county. The money was recovered and returned to Mead.

Holland — Gerrit J. Deur, a Holland township farmer and fruitgrower, thrashed 925 bushels of oats from six acres, an average of eighty-seven and one-half bushels to the acre.

Grant — Charles Gooderham, living three miles east of Grant, says that the purchase of an auto was a lucky strike for him. Finding his trees laden with 2,000 bushels of choice peaches and no local market Gooderham ripped off part of the body and built on a rack and each day he is busy spinning to Grand Rapids city market with twenty-five bushels per load.

Wood Burning Fireplace Popular Never since the colonial days of this country has the wood-burning fireplace been so popular as today, says Stanley C. Covert in the Philadelphia Public Ledger. It has again come into its popular place and relation to our home — and has come to stay.

Strassburg, the capital of Alsace-Lorraine, which is a crucial center of strategy in the western area of the war, is remarkable for the great lack of its cathedral.

WOOD BURNING FIREPLACE POPULAR

Never since the colonial days of this country has the wood-burning fireplace been so popular as today, says Stanley C. Covert in the Philadelphia Public Ledger. It has again come into its popular place and relation to our home — and has come to stay.

On the highest platform is a natural sized figure of Christ, and when Death strikes the hour at noon the 12 apostles pass before the feet of their Master, bowing as they do so.

Must Tell the Court Attorney General Fellows has ruled that when a person is found intoxicated in a public place in a local option

THE .99 STORE. These beautiful and stylish English Top Coats are coming in now in large quantities. HAUGER-MARTIN CO. 239 MONROE AVENUE. (Just Two Doors North of Heyman's) GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

have it so designed and constructed that the smoke will go up the flue and not into the room. We believe in brick for the construction of fireplaces, as burned clay is the material par excellence for this work, being fire-resisting and perfectly adapted for this purpose and therefore thoroughly artistic.

GROSKOPF BROS. The Place to Buy Your Traveling Goods. We have for this week a Filure Suit Case, a regular size case, with good lock and catches, nicely lined and looks like a real leather case. \$1.00. Sent parcel post add 15c postage. GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN GROSKOPF BROS.

The Children's First Teeth

Because the first teeth of the child drop out so early, parents often suppose that they are of little importance, and therefore do not bother to take measures for preserving them.

But the proper development and shape of the jaws depend on the retention of the first teeth until the second set is ready to replace them. Also, every child's physical and mental growth depends upon proper nutrition, which in turn requires sound, symmetrical teeth for chewing food; and the proper growth of the second set of teeth does not take place if the first teeth are lost early.

Retention of the first teeth helps to cause a normal growth of the bony parts of both the upper and the lower jaw. That growth is necessary in order to accommodate the second set of teeth which are nearly twice as numerous as the first.

WOOD BURNING FIREPLACE POPULAR

Early decay or extraction of the first teeth is often followed by deformities of the teeth and jaws, which are humiliating to the child and to the parents. Sometimes the deformities can be corrected by a skillful dentist, but even then it is generally at the expenditure of much pain to the child and a considerable sum of money.

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A REAL FARM

Think it over and then tell us if it's going to pay you to invest in a farm that you will have to toil all the rest of your life on to get cleared up and made into a farm, then die and leave it to the other fellow, who will enjoy the fruits of your life's toil? Will it not be better to invest in a farm like the one described below where you can get results from the start? Who ever buys this farm will be a pleased and satisfied customer forever.

F. L. WEBB REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE. 210 Prudden Building, Lansing, Michigan. Citz. Phone 3745.

Happenings of Interest To Busy Readers

The bean crop throughout Central Michigan, particularly in Eaton and Ingham counties, which are among the banner bean producing counties in the state, according to reports which have been reliably gathered from the farmers, has been injured fully 50 per cent by the unprecedented wet weather.

Ginseng and golden seal are two of the crops that have not suffered from rain in Central Michigan counties this season, and the growers of these products will have an unusually good harvest this fall.

The new school house at Petrieville, which replaces the one destroyed last June, has credit for being the most modern rural school building in central Michigan, with the exception of one near Grand Ledge, which is constructed on practically the same plans.

Springport township, Jackson county, has built more state reward road this year than any other township in Michigan. When the road now in course of construction is completed, Springport will have finished over

fifteen miles of gravel road since the present road building season opened. Road that has been completed across that township this summer connects with the gravel road east and west of Springport village, giving a straight away state reward road from Jackson to Duck Lake a distance of nearly 35 miles.

W. C. Maguire & Son, of Aurelius township, Ingham county, who own the largest herd of Dutch Belted cattle in Michigan—the herd that took the first prize at the international stock show in Chicago, have decided not to exhibit their cattle at the Adrian, Hillsdale and Charlotte fairs this fall as they had intended. They will make a fair exhibit at all, but may exhibit at the Chicago show again.

One Monograph Lost to Literature. "The other day," said Berry M. Aull, Chiglerbite's popular undertaker, "I sat down to write a monograph on the Futurity of Everything. It was a great thought—it thrilled me. But mine is a sternly logical mind. The more the truth of my great theme came home to me, the more clear it became that I would have to give up writing the monograph. For writing also is futile."—Kansas City Star.

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the stock 75c to \$3. will do their early and we them to stay for one year. AMERICAL RECORDS. Jers Ground repaired at Machine Shop.

"YOU ARE GREATER than the wizards of old!

We've hardly started to think—we've barely learned to do. You can't stretch your imagination half as far as your own children will stretch their hands."

Young men of today do not realize today's opportunities—4 hundred chances to make good as compared with those of our forefathers.



PUT YOUR MONEY IN OUR BANK

LOWELL STATE BANK LOWELL MICHIGAN INTEREST ON SAVINGS

PUT YOUR MONEY IN OUR BANK

HEARD ABOUT TOWN

Newspapers About People You Know.

Cider apples wanted at the Canning factory. R. J. Enos of Grand Rapids was in town Tuesday. Mrs. Levi Fletcher has returned from an extended visit in the West. Newspapers for shelves and carpets, 25 for 5c at The Ledger office. Mrs. Robert Luz and Miss Inez Dickson spent Saturday in Grand Rapids. Mrs. Florence Fuller is spending a week with her daughter in Grand Rapids. Ask and get Pearl flour of your dealer. None better at a reasonable cost. adv Mrs. Elmer Howk spent part of last week at the home of her brother, George Ford, at Logan. The Ledger's job printing business is double that of the same period last year. "There's a reason." Mrs. Norman Ford was guest of her daughters, Mrs. E. Pottruff and Mrs. Don Smith, in Grand Rapids Monday and Tuesday. Mrs. Levi Fletcher visited over Sunday with Mrs. A. A. Milliman and at dinner Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hunt and daughter Vera. Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Parsons and daughter Beulah of Grand Rapids left last week for Albuquerque, New Mexico, to remain indefinitely. Mrs. C. D. Blakeslee, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Blakeslee and Mr. and Mrs. Jack McSorley of Charlotte spent the first of the week with friends here. Belding News—Do you remember when old Uncle Spriggs carried mail from Kiddville to Belding, Cook's Corners and Smyrna by stage, over 45 years ago? No, brother, we don't. But some of our old readers may. In our paragraph concerning the marriage of Frank A. Sherman, last week, we neglected to give the city of his employment and home, Owosso, where his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sherman, have lived since their removal from Lowell.

F. E. Howk is ill. Blue Ribbon oleo at Shaw's. Hakes' auto livery, phone 35. M. W. Morse of Detroit was in town Monday. Mrs. Ralph Kenyon of Freeport is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chet Leary. Mr. and Mrs. P. R. L. Carl of Manistee visited Mr. and Mrs. Will Tredenick Saturday. Cannon transfer: Freeman C. Johnson and wife to Cor. Van Dellen, part n w 1/2 section 30. Glenn Conklin of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with his wife and baby at the home of his parents. Mrs. Frank Taylor and daughter Laura visited the former's mother in Grattan over Sunday. Now is the time to order storm sash. Save cost in fuel in one year. Westfield & Fall River Lumber Co. Advertisers: Frank Albert, Frances Parker, Lewis Wheeler, Mrs. T. M. Boise, foreign, C. H. Cook. The Lowell Literary club will be entertained at the home of Miss Audie Post Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 6. Farmers, change your wheat for flour at Alton mills. You get more value for your wheat and as good flour as any. adv Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hunt and daughter Vera of Saranac will leave soon for Phoenix, Arizona, and spend the winter with their daughters and sisters Susan and Agnes, who teach in Phoenix schools. Oct. 13th, "The Eternal City," eight reels, largest "movie" ever attempted in this place. Idle Hour theatre. Seats for this production have sold as high as \$2.00, but here will be within reach of all. Mr. and Mrs. Davis and three children of Milwaukee and Mrs. Anna Goodell of Saranac are spending a few days this week with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watters and family. Clover Leaf Club, attention: Dickens' day, Oct. 5, with Mrs. John Krum. Roll call, a quotation from Dickens. Autos will take all members there and back. Come prepared to pay dues and receive your 1915-16 year book. Program Committee. A party of Caledonia boosters for the field day at that place today (Thursday) was in town with automobiles and a band parading Main street several times Monday. A ball game between the Lowell and Caledonia teams is expected to draw a big crowd. The game at Lowell scheduled for last Sunday was, on account of the bad weather, postponed for a week. Blue Ribbon oleo at Shaw's. Phone 35, Hakes' auto livery. Watches and diamonds cheap at Stocking's. adv Cider apples wanted at the Canning factory. R. VanDyke has been in Chicago a few days this week. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jacob of Ionia were in town Tuesday. Leo Kallinger of Alto was in town last Thursday evening. Mrs. Charles Peterle left today for Detroit to join her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Bergin were Grand Rapids visitors Sunday. Hair work wanted, switches, etc. Nina Wright, near Oakwood cemetery. 16p Best grade Portland cement \$1.40. Westfield & Fall River Lumber Co. Miss Ethelyn White has opened a studio at her home for giving piano lessons. The Cheerful Doers will meet Monday evening, October 4, with Mrs. F. T. King. Miss Geraldine Heyt of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with Miss Florence Jones. Harley Mullen, who is working in Grand Rapids, spent Sunday with his family here. Always at your call, McQueen's bus. Phone 6. Mr. and Mrs. John O. Clark and Mrs. J. T. Jones spent Sunday in Grand Rapids. Mrs. Helen Avery spent last week with her son Arthur and wife in Grand Rapids. Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Anderson attended the fair in Grand Rapids Friday afternoon. Mrs. A. S. Cormican and daughter visited friends in Grand Rapids from Thursday until Monday. Wayne Ford spent Sunday and Monday in Grand Rapids with his sisters, Mesdames E. Pottruff and Don Smith. The Ladies Aid society of the Church of Christ will hold their next meeting with Mrs. Nathan Blair, October 7. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Howk, Elmer Howk and Mrs. H. F. Dawson attended the fair last Thursday in Grand Rapids. Messrs. Charles, Clarence and Harold McIntyre and Melvin Court attended the Grand Rapids fair last Thursday. Mrs. Charles McIntyre and daughter Lucile spent Wednesday and Thursday in Grand Rapids with Mrs. Eldon Faust and attended the fair. Mrs. A. S. Cormican and daughter Geraldine, who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Mullen, leave Friday for their home in Denver. Having retired from the auto business I shall devote my full time to my store, which will mean better service in the repair work, etc.; and therefore I solicit your patronage and shall endeavor to give full satisfaction in the future. R. D. Stocking. V. H. Church of the weather bureau service, Lansing, was in town Tuesday. He remarked upon the vast improvements in Lowell's appearance since the days 25 years ago when he used to haul wheat from South Boston to the Lowell market and the mud on Main street was a foot deep. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Hull went to Grand Rapids Sunday to help Mrs. Hull's father, Augustus Buchanan, celebrate his birthday. The old gentleman is 92 years old and rather feeble. He is a brother of our old townsman James Buchanan and formerly lived in Lowell, at one time running a saw mill on the Buchanan farm where the Church and McDannell dam was afterward built. While Paul Stuart was driving home from Ada Thursday evening, in turning out for another car near Cournot's place, his car went over an 8-foot embankment. Mrs. Dawson was bruised quite badly, and Jack Hayes helped her into W. F. Howk's car and brought her home. It is said to be a dangerous place, four other cars having come to grief there recently. A suitable warning sign should be placed there. Miss Beatrice VanDyke entertained with a miscellaneous shower at her home Thursday evening in honor of Miss Helen Look. Ten guests were present and as each entered she was given a glass towel on which she worked her name and presented it to the bride elect. The rooms were decorated in red and white. In the dining room a shower of red hearts hung from the lights over the table. Place cards were red cupid with a picture of Miss Look and Mr. Berger on either side, and favors were red and white nut baskets. After refreshments were served Miss Look opened her gifts, which had been placed in a red basket and were many and beautiful.

What is the Best Remedy For Constipation? This is a question asked us many times each day. The answer is JEXALL'S CATHARTIC. We guarantee them to be satisfactory to you. Price, 10 cents. D. G. Look.

Pure Gold Flour Best for Bread and Pastry 24 lb. sax.....\$.75 49 lb. sax..... 1.50 1 barrel..... 6.00 A Good Opportunity to Put in a Supply.

GROSSE POINTE The Most Beautiful Residential Section in America. Jefferson avenue is the main east and west thoroughfare of Detroit. Running parallel to this avenue, the Detroit river merges into its source, Lake St. Clair, about eight miles east of the City hall. From this point Jefferson avenue follows the lake shore closely and for eight miles this lake frontage is owned and occupied by Detroit's millionaires. Magnificent homes and grounds form a regal background to Lake St. Clair. The first trip through Grosse Pointe is awe inspiring and invariably brings forth the statement "The Most Beautiful Residential Section in America." All of this property that remains vacant sells at \$500 to \$1000 a lake front foot. As announced in last week's quotation from the Detroit Free Press of September twentieth, this company will subdivide and sell several hundred acres that headjoint to the "Millionaire Colony" and within eight miles of the city hall. This property has lake frontage and lies on both sides of Jefferson avenue. Protected by rigid building restrictions, the investor may rest assured that his lots will ever increase in value, for the simple reason that high class residential property in Detroit is comparatively scarce. We will sell these lots at \$40 to \$100 a foot. We believe a \$2000 lot bought for \$200 down and \$20 a month will turn a profit of \$2000 in less than five years. Write TODAY for further information. FRANK R. KELLY With STORMFELTZ-LOVELLY CO. Investment Brokers DETROIT

To The Man Who Pays \$20 or More And Who Hasn't Learned To Come Here. \$20.00 has been a popular clothing price for years. Unconsciously merchants plan to have a big line at \$20.00. Unconsciously men everywhere have formed the \$20.00 habit. We have a revelation for you men with \$20.00 to spend. We will show you Styleplus Clothes \$17 The same price the world over. which have a definite conception behind them---style plus guaranteed quality at a medium price. Guaranteed all-wool fabrics, skillfully made, and styled by a designer whose work is nationally approved. We challenge you to show us a suit bought elsewhere for \$20.00 that will stand inspection alongside a STYLEPLUS SEVENTEEN. The biggest value at the lowest price is the logical outcome. We can fit your age as well as your shape. Special styles for young men. Come in and see this wonderful suit, no matter whether you want to buy or not. See the new Hats here! New Pearl Grays and Two Tones. Magnificent line of Sweaters! Brushed coats and fancy trimmed. Big line of Jerseys. Two new shapes in Caps! Carter and Staley Underwear! Union and two-piece garments. \$1.00 to \$5.00. Hansen's Gloves! Gauntlets and short gloves; drivers' and work gloves. 50c to \$5.00. Come in and see the biggest and finest line of Fall Clothing and Furnishings this or any other store in Lowell has ever shown. Lalley & Shuter

WHERE CAUTION SHOULD RULE If your estate is small, consisting possibly, of a few hundred dollars or a life insurance policy, it is all the more reason why it should be carefully handled for those you wish to protect. The appointment of this Company as Executor, Administrator or Trustee will afford this protection. Send for blank form of will and booklet on Descent and Distribution of Property. THE MICHIGAN TRUST CO. Of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Blue Ribbon oleo at Shaw's. Hakes gives prompt bus and baggage service. Phone 35. Meeting of Island City Rebekah lodge Tuesday evening Oct. 5 at 7:30. Miss Mary Thompson of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with her friend, Ellen Taylor. Miss Angelus McGee, who is teaching at McCords this year, spent Sunday with her parents. Some boy or girl can earn a dime easily by bringing two copies of The Ledger, date August 5, to this office. Eliminate bake-day trouble by using Pansy Blossom Flour. Guaranteed as good as the best. For sale by all dealers. Miss Hazel Gardner and Wellington Gardner of Orleans spent a few days last week with their sister, Mrs. Elmer Hart. About 35 members of Island City Rebekah lodge visited Alto lodge last Wednesday evening. Refreshments were served and all report a good time. Born, Tuesday, at Butterworth hospital, Grand Rapids, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Warner of Belding. The babe weighed nearly ten pounds. What would you think of a nation at war that would in distributing awards pass by the veterans who had borne the brunt of battle from the first and shower favors on the eleventh hour recruits? A thousand dangers and sacrifices forgotten in the tinsel of a new uniform. "Not good sense?" Well, then—New Diamond disc phonographs and records at Stocking's. adv

Alarm Clocks? We have the stock and variety, 75c to \$3. They will do their stunt regularly and we guarantee them to stay on the job for one year anyway. Williams JEWELER Victrolas and Records Lawn Mowers Ground and Repaired at Billinger's Machine Shop



THE RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE
By RANDALL PARRISH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

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A. C. McClary & Co.

SYNOPSIS.

Confederate Sergeant Wyatt of the 1st Artillery is sent as a spy to his native county of the Green Briar by General Jackson. Wyatt meets a mountaineer, James Taylor, who tells him of a hidden mine in the mountains. Wyatt and Taylor meet Major Harwood, father of Noreen and an old neighbor of Wyatt, who puts him in touch with other men who have become suspicious and find that Taylor has murdered Harwood and escaped.

CHAPTER IV.

Into the Evening's Hand.
The major lay dead with his blood-stained revolver—evidently the weapon which had struck the blowing side him. Dawn would reveal the deed, and I would be discovered alone in the house. Only my wretchedness, my desire to investigate, had interfered with the complete success of this hideous plan. Taylor had prepared himself for this emergency, had deliberately taken the weapon for that very purpose. Where had the fellow gone? And what had become of the negro?

I stood there, lamp in one hand and revolver in the other, staring down at the dead face of this man who had once been my father's friend. Out of the mist floated the face of the girl, the girl who had loved me in the road. The vision brought back to me coolness and determination. I felt through the pockets of the dead man and found a knife, keys and a roll of bills untouched, but not a scrap of paper. On the floor partially concealed by one arm, was a large envelope, unaddressed, roughly torn open. It was some document, then, the murderer sought, and he had fled with it in his possession.

Intent now on my one purpose of discovery, my mind active and alert, I began a rapid search of the house. The front door was fastened and barred, proving Taylor had not left that way. There was but one other room on that floor, a kitchen in considerable disrepair, as though the servant had made haste to complete his work; but its outer door stood unwatched. Sam must have gone with the mountaineer in his hasty flight—must be equally guilty. This was the only conclusion possible, and the knowledge that I was left there alone rendered my own position precarious. Harwood had surely never ventured into this doubtful region without having soldiers within call, no doubt in the village, who, if he failed to appear when expected, would search for him. Before they came, and made discovery of the dead body, no doubt I had beyond reach. If found there, no defense, no asseveration of innocence, would ever save me from condemnation. Their vengeance would be swift and merciless.

Thinking now only of my own escape unobserved, I felt my way into the night with my bundle. This would be Federal territory; or if not, already, my night's ride would bring me well within their lines before dawn. I slipped instantly out of the soiled suit, buckled on the belt about my waist, and securely hooked the saber. Then I scooped out a hole in the soft dirt and buried the old uniform, tearing my pass into shreds, scattering the fragments broadcast. It was so lonely and still all about that I felt a return of confidence, a renewed courage. The house behind me, and the stable before, were mere outlines, scarcely discernible through the gloom. Once safely in the saddle, I circled the room of the house silently, and followed the roadway to the gate.

Not a light gleamed in any direction and I could recall no other house nearby. While it remained in view I could bid my eyes from the mansion I had just left, or forget the dead body lying there in the dark. The shy of my horse at the gate caused me to note the black something lying against the post. At first I deemed it a mere shadow, but the animal would not respond even to the spur, and I dismounted to ascertain the cause of his fright. The negro lay there, dead as a doornail, a knife thrust in his heart. Then it was Taylor alone who had done the foul deed.

There was nothing I could do but flee swiftly through the night. My own position was now far too desperate to permit of my giving any alarm, or seeking to trace the murderer. To fall into Union hands would be my death warrant, irrespective of Harwood's fate, and my duty lay in carrying out the orders of "Old Jack." To allow myself to be captured would spoil everything.

I rode toward Hot Springs as rapidly as I dared, watching of every deepening shadow, until I came to the first straggling houses. These were dark and silent, and not so much as a dog barked as I walked my horse cautiously forward toward the main street. I saw but one dim light streaming through an uncurtained window of what looked like a law office, and passed close enough to learn that a group of men within were playing cards. It was highly probable these belonged to the major's escort. I passed the place unobserved and rode

on into the night, feeling I had escaped from immediate danger. At what I took to be the tavern corner I discovered the road leading to the left and turned in that direction, assured that it would lead directly into the heart of Green Briar. The road ran through thick woods, the darkness intense, and as the way was silent and seemed deserted I gave the animal the spur.

I must have loped along thus for ten minutes, all thought of pursuit already dimmed, and my mind occupied with plans for the future, when the woods suddenly ended in a bare ridge, the ribbon of road revealing itself under the soft glow of the stars. I know not why I heard no sound of warning, but at the instant, a half dozen shadows loomed up blocking the path. I barely had time to rein in my horse before we were intermingled, the surprise evidently mutual, although one of the newcomers was swift enough to seize my animal's bit, and hold him plenteously in fright. I clung to the stirrups, aware of the flash of a weapon in my face, and an oath uttered in a gruff voice.

"In God's name! where did you come from? Here, Snow, see what this fellow looks like."
The speaker had a wide-brimmed hat, drawn low over his face, and a cape concealed his uniform. But Snow wore the cap of the Federal cavalry, and I knew I had fallen into Yankee hands.

"I have no objection to telling you my name and rank," I said coldly, "but lower that gun first; I am in uniform."
The rather contemptuous tone of voice employed had greater effect on the fellow than the evidence of my eyes. His arm fell to his side, although he still retained a grasp on my bridle.

"So I see," but with no cordiality in the words. "But that is hardly convincing. Federal officers are rare birds who ride these roads alone. Who are you, sir, and why are you here?"
"Perhaps I may be privileged to ask first by what authority you halt and question me?"

He laughed, and waved the weapon he still held toward the others of his party.
"Our force alone is sufficient authority I should suppose. However, I will try your mind at rest—I am Captain Fox, in command of a detachment of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry."

"Oh, yes," responded more pleasantly than I expected, "you are in command of the Green Briar? You know Major Harwood, do you not?"

"We are of his escort," both surprised and commanded lost before my cool assurance. "You are in the service, sir?"
"Third United States Cavalry; on recruiting detail. I was to meet Harwood at Hot Springs, but was told he had gone to Green Briar."
"By whom?"
"A scout I met by chance; he gave me the name Taylor."

The captain swore grimly, glancing across my horse into the face of the trooper opposite.
"Well, this stumps me!" his voice growl suddenly harder. "It doesn't sound straight, for we left him safely in Hot Springs an hour before sundown, and he had no purpose at that time except to wait there for Taylor. Do you carry any papers?"

I drew the official envelope from my pocket, and held it out to him calmly. He opened the flap.
"A little light, Snow—yes, a match will do."
The flame lit up their faces—the officer a thin-faced man with moustache and imperial, his teeth oddly prominent; the trooper older in years, but smooth-shaven, with deep-set eyes and square chin. Their uniforms were dusty and well worn. The others, clustered behind, remained mere shadows. The captain took in the nature of the document at a glance, and marked a change in his expression before the match went out.

"Oh, I see—you are Lieutenant Raymond. Got to us earlier than you expected. Find many recruits north?"
"No," I answered, taken completely by surprise, but managing to control my voice. "That was why I thought I might accomplish more in this section. Those counties have been combined over." I hesitated an instant, and yet it was best for me to learn what I could. "I was not aware, captain, that my projected visit had been announced."

"He laughed, and the second match went out, leaving us again in darkness. "No," I answered, taking up the matter, "the major kept his own counsel, but something I overheard caused me to believe his engagement with Taylor was of a more private nature. Chambers was his clerk, perhaps he knows."
The lad shook his head, his eyes on the dead man.

"I'm certain those papers were not meant for him, sir," he answered slowly. "They were to be given to a scout named Bailey. It was some other business that brought the major here all alone—but he never told me."
There was nothing further to be discovered, and Fox realized the necessity of haste. His orders were prompt. Four men were detained to bury the body, and then rejoined the column as soon as possible. The others were marched back to the gate, and remounted.

It was an hour later when we came suddenly to the fork, the south branch leading over a long bay hill, the west along a rocky ridge. Fox sprang to the ground and followed the faint prints of the horse we were pursuing.

said Pasquall. "It is a powerful canon that shoots thousands of yards of macaroni, which so entangles the enemy that it is then a simple matter to rush up and slay them."
"Follow me!" repeated the recruiting officer inflexibly. — Translated From the Italian.

Philosophy of Clothes.
It is not necessarily a fine didactic of material things, but rather a keen sense of moral and physical efficiency, which pays due heed to wherewithal ye shall be clothed, at any rate outside of Palestine. Those who dream and discuss may wear anything or nothing. It mattered not what Socrates wore. But men of action must wear the easy armor that fits them best for their particular task. Men who toil either at their pleasure or at their work must change their garment, if only for the sake of rest and health.

not appear to recall any such character. "We have only been in this region a few months," he said, in explanation, "and I don't remember any such chap. He is none of Ramsay's scouts. What do you say, Snow?"
"Only that I've heard of him, sir," said Ned Cowan, and he ain't likely he's left the mountains to go into 'Old Jack's' camp."
Fox laughed, as though the idea amused him.

"Hardly. Cowan is too well known to take the risk. Either side would hang the hound on sight. Well, let's ride along into Hot Springs. You'll come with us, lieutenant?"
There was no excuse left me, no reason that I could urge for riding on alone westward. Indeed, before I could clearly collect my thoughts, I was in the midst of the horsemen, slowly moving east once more over the dark road. Riding as rapidly as the darkness made possible, we clattered to the deserted street at Hot Springs, and the Fox hurried vigorously to the negligent guard. The sergeant knew little of where Major Harwood had gone, as he had given no orders, and not even intimated the probable time of his return. When last seen he was riding out the south road accompanied only by his servant.

Fox swore again, and ordered the men into saddle, and we swung out at a sharp trot along the dirt pike. I rode next him, but the captain was in such rage I kept silent, knowing well the tragic discovery soon to be revealed. The gray dawn began to steal about us, making objects near at hand visible, and revealing the tired faces of the cavalrymen. There was sufficient light to enable us to perceive the gloomy house in the oak grove, and the motionless form lying beside the gate. Fox drew up his horse with a jerk, and leaned forward staring.

"My God, men!" he exclaimed, choking. "That's Harwood's nigger."



"Not Robbery, for Here is Money and a Watch."

Turn the body over, Green—ah! the poor devil was knifed. Here, a half dozen of you, unslung carbines and follow me—there's been dirty work done. Sergeant, don't let your men destroy those hoofprints in the road. Lively now, lads!"

I advanced with them up the driveway, fearful that if I held back it might later be commented upon. The front door refused admittance, but we entered from the rear. Everything within was exactly as I had left it, and in the parlor, still dark because of closed blinds, lay the lifeless body of Harwood. Fox fell upon his knees beside the motionless form, ordering the windows thrown open, his hands touching the lifeless flesh.

"Dead for hours," he exclaimed in a tone of horror, turning his gaze upon me. "Struck from behind—see, Raymond. What in God's name can this mean?"
He began searching the pockets.

"Not robbery—for here is money, and a watch. But the papers were every scrap of them." He looked about at the men. "The major had his papers with him, did he not, Chambers?"
"Yes, sir," and the young, boyish soldier addressed straightened up "I was with him when he put on citizen's clothes and he slipped a big packet into his pocket."
Fox's bewildered glance met mine.

"Do you know what that packet contained, captain?" I questioned.
"I do not know. Harwood expected to find Taylor here at Hot Springs, and I think there were others to be here also. The major kept his own counsel, but something I overheard caused me to believe his engagement with Taylor was of a more private nature. Chambers was his clerk, perhaps he knows."
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Hereafter the French soldier will be clad in a blue-gray uniform, said to be even more "invisible" than a uniform of khaki.

for a hundred yards on foot. Some cattle had passed southward, but there was a defect in the shoe of the animal Taylor rode clearly revealed in the clay. The captain came back, a grim smile on his lips.

"The cuss was no Johnny Reb," he said shortly. "That was what I was afraid of, but now I know what to do. 'I'll save our horses, men, for this is going to be a long ride—that murthering devil is headed for the Green Briar. This is the lower Lewisburg road.' He swung up into saddle. 'Green, take three men ahead with you, and keep half a mile in advance. Watch out carefully, for there may be graybacks along here. Going with us, lieutenant?"

"About the best thing I can do," I replied loudly, "my orders were for Green Briar and Fayette."
"All right, then, but they had small respect for your life when they sent you there. From all I hear it is like a menagerie of wild animals broken loose—good fighting anywhere. Only trouble will be there is so much at home there will be no need for the boys to enlist. However, that's your affair, not mine." His eyes surveyed his men keenly. "Loosen carbines! Forward march! Trot!"

"Slightly, say for the jingle of accoutrements and the thud of horses' feet, we rode westward, sunlight peking the dusty uniforms. The pike dipped down into a hollow and, climbing the hill beyond, appeared the figures of the four scouts. Far away was the haze of the mountains.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

J. BARLEYCORN, BAD DRIVER

His Hands Shake, His Knees Wobble and His Conscience is More Than Half Asleep.

John Barleycorn is a bad chauffeur. His hand shakes, his knees wobble, his eyesight is poor and his conscience half asleep. And anyone who permits the reckless driver to sit at the wheel of a motor car is a menace to life.

That is why little sympathy is felt for the Baltimore man just sentenced to two years in the penitentiary because, while intoxicated, he ran down and killed a woman. And if this convict fancied himself the victim of a great injustice, he should compare his fate with that of the woman whose neck his careless driver broke.

Men who are so liable to be intoxicated to deserve prison for reckless driving. Nor does one have to be rich, as the Baltimore man is. Indeed, the plight of this man should have an equally sobering effect upon all careless drivers, tipplers, teetotalers, plutocrats and poor.

Russia's Trade Language.
Merchants doing business in Russia are advised by the Merchants' Association of New York to use the Russian language in preference to the French in commercial letters to Russian correspondents. As the result of several inquiries on this matter the association a few days ago asked the advice of C. J. Medeiros, secretary, commercial attaché of the Russian embassy in Washington. He stated that it would be better and more advantageous to use Russian rather than other languages, French included.

Before the beginning of the war German was more widely in use as a business language in Russia than the French language, but at present it is not advisable to use German in any correspondence with Russia. There are a number of firms in Russia with whom it is possible to correspond in the English language, and there are agencies for the translation of English into Russian at Petrograd, Warsaw and other large cities.—New York Times.

Concerning the Dolomites.
The fairyland of Cortina is familiar to thousands of English tourists as "The Dolomites." Dolomite, a rock composed of carbonate of lime which it is possible to correspond in the English language, and there are agencies for the translation of English into Russian at Petrograd, Warsaw and other large cities.—New York Times.

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NEAT BONBON BASKETS

NEW IDEA IN TABLE DECORATION IS REAL NOVELTY.

Intended to Hold Salted Almonds or Confections—Expensive to Buy But Not Difficult to Make at Home.

One of the novelties in table decoration this season is the tiny gift and lace individual basket designed to hold dainty confections. They are the prettiest things imaginable, and though expensive to buy, should not be difficult to make at home.

One should make a trial basket first. Get a ten-cent knot of gilt wire and fashion into a basket, leaving the wire in and out in a very large mesh, in any preferred shade. There is the dainty little French basket, also the square shape fashioned on the cruder of the ordinary waste paper basket. Both are popular and also quite easy to follow. The first step is to take a piece of wire and cut a tiny round of cardboard to fit the bottom of the basket, square, round or oval, as the case may be, and cover first with silk in a delicate color and then with a scrap of the valencienne lace. Next cut a strip of lace edging a little wider than the depth of the basket and long enough to go around it and half as much again. Gather the straight edge of the lace and sew to the piece of covered cardboard. Put in a gathering of the lace, thus creating a little frill to stand up all around the basket, trim the handles with baby ribbon tied into bows to match the color of the bottom, and the basket is complete.

For a Christmas table the baskets could be trimmed with red or holly ribbons. For ordinary use one could get a very pretty effect by using a different color for each basket in harmonious fashion. In this way any scrap of silk or ribbon that might be on hand could be used up.

Val lace at ten cents a yard or less will answer the purpose. It should be from three to three and one-half inches wide and the scrip not too deep for obvious reasons.

As one becomes more skilled in basket making larger pieces could be attempted, as a catch-all basket for the bedroom or as a centerpiece for a luncheon to hold the favors.

Sateen Petticoats.
The more or less transparent material of the summer dresses makes a "shadow proof" petticoat necessary. A fine white sateen is satisfactory and inexpensive, and is just right for wear with this dresses. Then too, in order that a good effect may be had, the petticoat must be almost the length of the dress skirt, perhaps only half an inch shorter. Many of the lightweight goods, even serge, are somewhat transparent, and the effect of a smart skirt is often spoiled by this fact, and an inadequate petticoat.

Smocking for Skirts.
Smocks have taken the popular fancy this summer, and smocking is employed on many of the thinner materials. The skirt that is shirred, sometimes smocked, into a slim silhouette at the waist line and hips is very becoming to the slender woman.

Keeping Ham Moist.
Ham may be kept from getting hard and dry on the outside thus: Take some of the fat part and fry it out. Let it get hard, then spread on the cut end of the ham half an inch thick. This excludes air. Hang in a cool place. Before slicing the ham scrape off this fat and spread it on afterward as before.

Apple Fritters.
One cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg, a little salt, flour enough for a batter thicker than for the average griddle cake and two apples chopped fine stirred into the batter. Fry to a delicate brown in hot lard. Serve warm with sirup or whipped cream.

Baked Eggplant.
Peel the eggplant, cut a piece from the top, take out the seeds, fill the cavity with dressing as for ducks, replace the top piece and bake one hour, basting with a spoonful of butter in a cupful of hot water, afterward dredging with flour. Serve immediately.

Blisque Cream.
One-half pound peanut brittle, one pint thick cream. Put the brittle through the food chopper; whip the cream, combine mixture, pour into a mold, seal on the cover and bury in equal parts of ice and salt for four hours.

When Making July Pie.
In making a juicy pie try beating an egg light and mixing in the sugar covered by the fruit. Add a little flour, mix thoroughly, and then bake as usual. In this way excess of juice will be in the pie and not in the bottom of the oven.

Left-Over Meat Recipe.
Cut up the meat in small pieces, add onions and cold water to cover them, let boil until the onions (cut up) are done, then add diced potatoes and the thickened gravy, and salt, if needed. It makes a very easy and cheap dish of leftovers.

Curried Tomatoes.
Chop an onion and an apple fine and fry them in butter, season to taste with curry powder and add a cupful of stock or hot water in which a beef cube has been dissolved. Pour over fried tomatoes and serve very hot.

Peaches and Rice.
Arrange a mound of boiled rice in the middle of a dish. Have ready on the top some sliced, sweetened peaches. Put the peaches around the rice and pour their juice, mixed with sugar, over the mound and rice.

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Tulle on Straw.
A charming hat shows an accordion plaited tulle ruffle around the brim of a straw hat—the straw in coral pink the tulle in turquoise blue. The result is truly delightful.

Two Figures for Fall.
It is said that this autumn will show the two extremes of the straight and the rounded figure.

SEMITAILORED SUIT

The model of this semitailored suit is of black broadcloth. The skirt reaches to the shoe tops and the coat is double-breasted. The collar, cuffs and coat edging are of black fox.



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TOO TALL OR TOO STOUT

Dressmakers' Art is to Cover the Defects in Stature of Their Patrons.

Most women, measured by an ideal standard of beauty, are too tall or too thin, too short or too stout; they do not stand well; they walk badly; or they have spotted their complexions by hook or by crook—something is wrong. The dressmaker's art is to cover these defects so far as possible, to draw attention away from defects toward the good points of the figure.

The ideally beautiful woman can wear anything from a Greek gown to a peat suit and costume, and look divine. But with very few exceptions allowed for the perfect woman, designs in dress must be adapted before they can be adopted to advantage. Fashion plates are drawn upon beautifully tall and fair women to show the proper proportions to be observed in the designs themselves, according to the mind of the designing artist.

Some designs are hopelessly bad at the beginning. Designs, however good in themselves, are not meant to be slavishly copied. A woman six feet tall may wear a dress skirt eight or ten yards wide at the bottom, but the dumpy little woman who is as broad as she is long will be a ridiculous figure in the same enormous sweep of skirt.—Belle Armstrong Whitney, in Good Health.

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USE OF THE CASSEROLE

NOT A SPOONFUL OF ANYTHING EDIBLE NEED BE WASTED.

Tasty and Nourishing Dishes Can Be Prepared From Scraps of Meat and Vegetables—Hints for the Cook.

When the making over old cold meats into warm dishes is in question consider the casserole. By its use even the smallest scraps of meat, vegetables, sauces and gravies can be used up. Not a spoonful of anything edible need go to waste.

When the Sunday joint of roast beef has been served hot and then cold, make a delicious lunch or supper of the remains if there is insufficient for a dinner. In the bottom of the casserole put sliced potatoes, a carrot and a couple of onions, small, chopped, and, if on hand, a few mushrooms. Over this pour the gravy from the meat, or, if this has been thrown away, add water seasoned with pepper and salt. Put on the cover and bake in a slow oven for an hour. Half an hour before serving lay the cold meat on top of the vegetables, replace the cover, and remove the balance.

Cold roast of lamb will prove a very tasty dish cooked in a casserole with green peas. The peas are boiled and placed in layers in the casserole alternately with slices of the lamb. The liquor in which the peas were boiled is thickened and poured over, the casserole being set in the oven until the meat has heated through. Served with mashed potatoes, an appetizing meal is the result. In the bottom of the casserole are on hand a white sauce can be poured over, or any gravy that may be available. The liquor from the peas is not absolutely necessary, though it adds to the nutriment of the dish.

A very delicate dish for a dainty lunch or a meal for an invalid is a combination of chicken and mushrooms prepared in a casserole. The mushrooms are fried in butter very lightly, then a tablespoonful of flour mixed with a scant cupful of milk is poured in and cooked until creamy. The mushrooms and cold chicken are packed into the casserole in alternate layers and the creamy sauce poured over until the contents are heated through evenly.

A novel way of using up cold rice is to cover the bottom of the casserole with it in quite a thick layer, and re-cook it with raw eggs. Make as many depressions in the rice as there are eggs to be cooked and drop one egg (broken) into each space. Season with salt and pepper and pop bits of butter over rice and eggs.

A still more unusual dish is made from cold veal. About one cupful of the meat diced is mixed with one dozen almonds chopped and blanched, salt and pepper to taste and a dash of paprika. This mixture is held together with a beaten egg and formed into small balls. These are laid in a casserole and covered with stewed tomatoes. The cover is put on and the dish put into the oven for half an hour or so.

Custard Corn Cakes.
Two eggs, one-third cupful of sugar, one cupful sweet milk (to pour over top), one cupful sour milk, 1/4 cupful Indian meal, one-half cupful flour, one spoonful soda, one spoonful salt. Pour the mixture into your baking pan containing two spoonfuls melted butter, and pour into the center of the cake, without stirring, the cupful of sweet milk mentioned. Bake in piping hot oven one-half hour.

Postponed Preserving.
Instead of making out preserves in the autumn some housekeepers prefer to can the tomatoes then, and use them in the winter to make preserves from time to time as wanted. To one can of tomatoes when using them in this way add an equal weight of sugar, and one sliced lemon, and cook until the lemon rind is transparent.

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WAS MISERABLE COULDN'T STAND

Testifies She Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Lookswanna, N. Y.—"After my first child was born I felt very miserable and could not stand on my feet...

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

Had Used Them. "Look here," said a lodger to his landlady, "your daughter has been using my comb and brush gain."

"I beg your pardon," said the landlady, indignantly. "I never allow my children to meddle with my lodgers' belongings in any way."

"But I am sure she has been using them," said the lodger, "for there are long black hairs on them, and she is the only person with black hair in the house."

ONLY A FEW PIMPLES

But Many More May Come if You Neglect Them. Try Cuticura Freely.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are most effective in clearing the skin of pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness, itching and irritation as well as treating the scalp of dandruff, dryness and itching, besides satisfying every want of the toilet and nursery.

Woman—What is your very best butter? Grocer—Our very best, ma'am, is butter.

Feel All Used Up?

Does your back ache constantly? Do you have sharp twinges when stooping or lifting? Do you feel as if you are used up as if you could just go no further?

A Michigan Case

Mrs. N. M. Chapman, of Flint, Mich., writes: "My back is so stiff and sore that I cannot get up without aching and grinding, and I feel as if I had had a very bad cold."

Doan's Kidney Pills

Doan's Kidney Pills are the best recommended special kidney remedy.

In Thousands of Homes

early and certain relief is found for the ailments to which all are subject—ailments due to defective or irregular action of the stomach, liver, kidneys or bowels—in the most famous family remedy, the world has ever known.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are justly famous because they have proved to be so reliable as correctives or preventives of the sufferings, dull feelings and danger due to indigestion or biliousness.

Insure Health and Happiness

Important Sign of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 50c, 25c.

ABSORBINE

will reduce inflamed, swollen joints, sprains, bruises, soft swellings, rheumatic nodes, foot pain, chilblains, frozen sores, insected sores, itching and it is a positive antiseptic and germicide.

ABSORBINE, JR.

will reduce inflamed, swollen joints, sprains, bruises, soft swellings, rheumatic nodes, foot pain, chilblains, frozen sores, insected sores, itching and it is a positive antiseptic and germicide.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 40-1918.

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Beck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

(Copyright, 1918, by W. J. West & Co.) CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Dear Samson: The war is on again. Tamarack Spicer killed Jim Asberry, and the Hollmans have killed Tamarack. Uncle Spicer is shot, but he may get well. There is nobody to lead the South. I am trying to hold them down until I hear from you. Don't come if you don't want to—but the gun is ready. With love, "SALLY."

Samson stopped at his studio and threw open an old closet where, from a littered pile of discarded background draperies, canvases and stretchers, he fished out a buried and dust-covered pair of saddlebags. They had long lain there forgotten, but they held the rusty clothes in which he had left Misery.

CHAPTER XIV

Samson stopped at his studio and threw open an old closet where, from a littered pile of discarded background draperies, canvases and stretchers, he fished out a buried and dust-covered pair of saddlebags.

From the railroad station to his home he must make his way—most probably fight his way—through thirty miles of hostile territory, where all the trails were watched. And yet, for the time, all that seemed too remotely unreal to hold his thoughts.

He took out Sally's letter, and read it once more. He read it mechanically and as a piece of news that had brought evil tidings. Then, suddenly, another aspect of it struck him—an aspect to which the shock of his reception had until this tardy moment blinded him.

Moreover, at the end were the words, "with love." It was all plain now. Sally had never repudiated him. She was declaring herself true to her mission and her love.

"Good God!" groined the man in abjectly bitter self-contempt. His hand went involuntarily to his crumpled head, and dropped with a gesture of self-doubting. He looked down at his tan shoes and silk socks. He rolled back his shirt-tail and contemplated the forearm that had once been as brown and tough as leather.

He must repeat before his kinsmen as much as possible the boy who had left them—not the fox with new-fangled affections. His eyes fell upon the saddlebags upon the floor of the Pullman and he smiled satirically.

"I've done been your executioner for twenty years," complained a voice, which Samson at once recognized as that of Aaron Hollis, the most trusted of Purry's personal guards. "I ain't never laid down on ye yet. Me an' Jim Asberry killed old Henry Spier. He laid for his boy, an' would 'a' got him if ye'd only said that word 'Sally'."

RISKS OF RED CROSS WORK

Doctors Who Operate on the Field Under Fire Receive Nervous That Are Steady.

In the fighting areas Red Cross workers are running greater risks than they have ever done in past campaigns. Those who succor the wounded do not wait until the end of a battle before they take to the field. In business work, neither do they remain in safety some distance at the rear. The numbers of the wounded in modern battle are too great for that, and assistance must be given to them on the battlefield itself, with shot and shell whistling around. Surgeons now make their way along the trenches under heavy fire, carrying small surgical kits which contain a number of absolutely necessary medicines. These include pain-killing drugs, such as morphine, antiseptics and syringes.

streets of Hixon as a stranger. And, after leaving Hixon, there was a mission to be performed at Jesse Purry's store. As he thought of that mission a grim glist came to his pupils.

All journeys end, and as Samson passed through the tawdry cars of the local train near Hixon he saw several faces which he recognized, but they either eyed him in inexpressive silence or gave him the greeting of the "fur-riener."

As Samson crossed the toll bridge to the town proper he passed two brown-shirted militiamen, lounging on the rail of the middle span. They grinned at him, and, recognizing the outsider from his clothes, one of them commented:

"Ain't this the hell of a town?" "It's going to be," replied Samson, enigmatically, as he went on.

Still unrecognised, he hired a horse at the livery stable, and for two hours rode to silence, save for the easy creaking of his stirrup leathers and the soft tread of hoofs.

The silence, soothed him. The brooding hills lulled his spirit as a crooning song lulls a fretful child. Mile after mile unrolled forgotten vistas. Something deep in himself murmured:

"Do you know me?" he inquired, as the mountaineer pulled away and crouched back with startled surprise and vicious frenzy.

"No, damn ye! Git outen my road!" Aaron thrust his cocked rifle close against the stranger's face. From its muzzle came the acrid stench of freshly burned powder. "Git outen my road or I kills ye!"

Now Samson stood looking down, interrupted, on what had been Aaron Hollis as it lay motionless at his feet. There was a powder-burned hole in the buttoned shirt, and only a slender thread of blood trickled into the dirt-grimed cracks between the planks.

Samson turned to the darkened doorway. Inside was emptiness, except for the other body, which had crumpled forward and face down across the counter. A glance showed that Jesse Purry would no more fight back the coming of death. He was quite unarmed.

Samson paused only for a momentary survey. His score was clean. He would not again have to agonize over the dilemma of old ethics and new. Tomorrow the word would spread like wildfire along Misery and Crispiehook that Samson South was back and that his coming had been signalled by these two deaths. The fact that he was responsible for only one—and that in self-defense—would not matter. They would prefer to believe that he had invaded the store and killed Purry, and that Hollis had fallen in his master's defense at the threshold. Samson went out, still meeting no one, and continued his journey.

Dusk was falling when he hitched his horse in a clump of timber, and, lifting his saddlebags, began climbing to a cabin that sat back in a thicketed cove. He was now well within South territory and the need of masquerade had ended.

The cabin had not for years been occupied. Its roof was leaning askew under rotting shingles. The doorstep was ivy-covered, and the stones of the hearth were broken. But it lay well hidden and would serve his purposes.

Shortly, a candle flickered inside, before a small hand mirror. Scissors and safety razor were for a while busy. The man who entered in impeccable clothes emerged fifteen minutes later—transformed. There appeared under the rising June crescent a smooth-faced native, clad in stained street clothes, with rough woolen socks showing at his brogan tops, and a battered felt hat drawn over his face.

No one who had known the Samson South of four years ago would fail to recognize him now. And the strangest part, he told himself, was that he felt the old Samson.

At a point where a hand bridge crossed the skirting creek, the boy dismounted. Ahead of him lay the stile where he had said good-by to Sally.

He was going to her, and nothing else mattered. He lifted his head and sent out a long, clear whistler's call, which quivered on the night music like the other calls in the black hills around him. After a moment he went nearer, in the shadow of a poplar, and repeated the call.

Then the cabin door opened. Its jamb framed a patch of yellow candle light, and, at the center, a slender silhouetted figure, in a fluttering, eager attitude of uncertainty. The figure turned slightly to one side, and, as it did so, the man saw clasped in her right hand the rifle, which had been his mission, bequeathed to her in trust. She hesitated, and the man, invisible

in the shadow, once more imitated the bird note, but this time it was so low and soft that it seemed the voice of a whispering whistler.

Then, with a sudden glad little cry, she came running with her feet grace down to the road.

Samson had vaulted the stile and stood in the full moonlight. As he saw her coming he stretched out his arms and his voice broke from his throat in a half-hoarse, passionate cry: "Sally!"

It was the only word he could have spoken just then, but it was all that was necessary. It told her everything. For a moment there was no speech, but to each of them it seemed that their tumultuous heartbeating must sound above the night music, and the telegraphy of heartbeats tells enough.

But they had much to say to each other, and, finally, Samson broke the silence: "Did ye think I wasn't a-coming back, Sally?" he questioned, softly. At that moment he had no realization that his tongue had ever fashioned smoother phrases. And she, too, who had been making war on crude idioms, forgot, as he answered:

"Ye done said ye was comin'." Then she added a happy lie: "I knowed plumb shore ye'd do it."

After a while she drew away and said, slowly: "Samson, I've done kept the old rifle-gun ready fer ye. Ye said ye'd need it had when ye come back, an' I've took care of it."

She stood there holding it, and her voice dropped almost to a whisper as she added: "It's been a lot of comfort to me sometimes, because it was your'n. I know if ye stopped keerin' fer me ye wouldn't let me keep it—an' as long as I had it I—"

After a long while they found time for the less wonderful things. "I got your letter," he said, seriously, "and I came at once." As he began to speak of concrete facts he dropped again into ordinary English and did not know that he had changed his manner of speech.

For an instant Sally looked up into his face, then with a sudden laugh, she informed him: "I can say 'ain't' instead of 'hain't'."

He held her off at arm's length, and looked at her proudly, but under his gaze her eyes fell and her face flushed with a sudden diffidence and a new shyness of realization. She wore a calico dress, but at her throat was a soft little bow of ribbon. She was no longer the totally unself-conscious wood nymph, though as natural and instinctive as in other days. Suddenly she drew away from him a little, and her hands went slowly to her breast and rested there. She was fronting a great crisis, but, in the first flush of joy she had forgotten it. She had spent lonely nights struggling for rudiments; she had sought and fought to refashion herself, so that, if he came, he need not be ashamed of her. And now he had come and, with a terrible clarity of distinction, she realized how pitifully little she had been able to accomplish. Would she pass muster? She stood there before him, frightened, self-conscious and palpitating, then her voice came in a whisper:

"Samson, dear, I'm not holdin' you to my promise. Those things we said were a long time back. Maybe we'd better forget 'em now and begin all over again."

But again she crushed her in his arms and his voice rose triumphantly: "Sally, I have no promises to take back, and you have made none that I'm ever going to let you take back—not while life lasts!"

Her laugh was the delicious music of complete happiness. "I don't want to take them back," she said, then, suddenly, she added, importantly: "I wear shoes and stockings now, and I've been to school a little. I'm awfully-widly ignorant, Samson, but I've started, and I reckon you can teach me."

His voice choked. Then, her hands strayed up, and clasped themselves about his head.

"Oh, Samson," she cried, as though someone had struck her, "you've cut yore ha'r."

"It will grow again," he laughed. But he wished that he had not do so. To make that excuse. Then, being honest, he told her all about Adrienne Lescoe—even about how, after he believed that he had been outcast by his uncle and herself, he had had his moments of doubt. Now that it was all so clear, now that there could never be doubt, he wanted the woman who had whom he loved. He loved them both, but he was in love with only one. He wanted to present to Sally the friend who had made him, and to the friend who had made him the Sally of whom he was proud. He wanted to tell Adrienne that now he could answer her question—that each of them meant to the other exactly the same thing; they were friends of the rarer sort, who had for a little time been in danger of mistaking their comradeship for passion.

As they talked, sitting on the stile, Sally held the rifle across her knees. Except for their own voices and the soft cooing of night sounds, the hills were wrapped in silence—a silence as soft as velvet.

When she stepped there. Yet, her sign completed the sentence as though she had added, "but he was only one of several. Your war went further."

After a moment's pause, Samson added: "Jesse Purry's dead."

"The girl drew back, with a frightened gasp. She knew what this meant, or thought she did.

"Jesse Purry's dead," she repeated. "Oh, Samson, did ye—?" She broke off, and covered her face with her hands.

"No, Sally," he told her, "it didn't have to." He recalled the day's occurrences, and they sat together on the stile, until the moon had sunk to the ridge top.

Capt. Sidney Callomb, who had been dispatched in command of a militia

company to quell the trouble in the mountains, should have been a soldier by profession. All his enthusiasms were martial.

The deepest sorrow and mortification he had ever known was that which came to him when Tamarack Spicer, his prisoner of war and a man who had been surrendered on the strength of his personal guaranty, had been assassinated before his eyes. In some fashion, he must make amends. He realized, too, and it rankled deeply, that his men were not being genuinely used to serve the state, but as instruments of the Hollmans, and he had seen enough to distrust the Hollmans. Here, in Hixon, he was seeing things from only one angle. He meant to learn something more impartial.

WAR TERMS NOT UNDERSTOOD
"Forlorn Hope," for instance. He, not the Meaning With Which It Is Credited.

In the course of every war one hears a great deal about "forlorn hopes." The term is one of the most misused in the vocabulary of war. It is commonly understood to mean "lost troops"—that is, "detached troops." The word "hope" in the phrase is not an English but a Dutch word, "hoop," meaning literally "heap," and secondarily body of troops. The word "forlorn" represents the Dutch "verloren"—lost. A "verloren hoop" was a detached body of troops thrown out in front of the main line of battle to find the enemy and engage them first. This was the regular sixteenth and seventeenth century practice, and though it was one of the most dangerous kinds of service it was not desperate or, in the English sense, forlorn. Nowadays the same work is done by the detached bodies of cavalry which are thrown out before the main line to find the enemy.

Woman's Logic.
You sometimes wonder about the logic of the feminist mind.

A man was to meet his wife at her office at one o'clock to take luncheon with her. He was 20 minutes late. She had gone out. He sat down and waited. At 1:30 she arrived.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I'm waiting for you."

"Didn't you know I wouldn't come back after I'd given you up and gone out?"

"You are back now, aren't you?"

"Yes, but you might have known that when I did come back I would have had my lunch, and there would be no use in waiting to have it with me."

"Well, have you had it?"

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10c Worth of DU PONT Will Clear \$1.00 Worth of Land. Get rid of the stumps and grow big crops on cleared land. Now is the time to clean up your farm while products bring high prices. Blasting is quickest, cheapest and easiest with Low Freezing Du Pont Explosives. They work in cold weather.

Service First. You do not buy shoes just for the sake of possessing the shoes, but for the service they will give you. It is service, not ownership you seek. It is service we deliver when the workman buys our Rouge Rex Shoes.

HIRTH-KRAUSE COMPANY. Grand Rapids, Michigan. I Have No Promises to Take Back. In the course of every war one hears a great deal about "forlorn hopes."

CURED OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE. Mrs. A. L. Crawford, Medfield, Mass., writes: "Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Bright's Disease, and I am healthy and strong to-day and have been blessed with good health ever since my cure."

The Balky Balkans. Allan R. Hawley, president of the Aero Club, was talking in New York about the Balkans.

Strength for Thinkers and Doers. Good appetite, a well-balanced stomach, reserve energy, and a keen zest for work and sport are among the results of the regular use of Grape-Nuts.

Grape-Nuts and Cream. This nutritious ration contains the full food value of the whole wheat and malted barley, of which it is made—including the mineral salts of the grains—potash, iron, lime, etc., so lacking in white bread and many common foods, but which are essential to thorough nourishment of body, brain and nerves.

HEARD ABOUT TOWN

Newspapers About People You Know. Valda Watts of Alto was in Lowell Monday. Miss Mildred Oberly spent Friday in Grand Rapids...

Hon. T. H. McNaughton and family have returned to Grand Rapids after spending the summer at their Ada home.

SOUTH BOSTON. Sept. 27.—Mrs. Albert Fazio is ill. Robert Woods returned home from Pennsylvania Saturday after spending two weeks with friends there.

HICKORY CORNERS. Sept. 26.—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blakeslee and daughter Letha were Sunday guests of Lyle Bovee's of Boston.

NORTH CAMPBELL. Gertrude Heaven of Greenville spent Saturday night and Sunday at the home of Harry Church.

HEARD ABOUT TOWN

Mrs. Glenn Conklin of Grand Rapids gave an A. B. C. shower at the home of her mother, Mrs. Orton Hill, Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Raymond Bergin and Miss Helen Look.

CONGREGATIONAL. Subject next Sunday at 10:30, "Life's Great Aim."

MOTHERS—WATCH IRITABLE CHILDREN! That fever, painless, grinding of teeth, white stool, and other facts are indications that your child has worms in its system.

WEST BOWNE. Sept. 27.—J. E. Lind worked on the West Michigan fair ground last week as deputy sheriff.

EAST GRATTA. Sept. 27.—Mrs. George Rhodes is visiting friends and relatives in Grand Rapids.

HEARD ABOUT TOWN

AD A VILLAGE. Ladies, men and children's winter underwear, union suits and single garments, 25c to \$1.00 at Holliday's, Ada, Mich.

BOWNE CENTER. Mrs. Robert Johnson and granddaughter Margaret were in Grand Rapids last week from Wednesday until Saturday attending the fair.

LOWELL MARKET REPORT. Corrected Sept. 30, 1915. Wheat (red) 80-16. 100. Corn, 20 1/2 20-10 100. Oats, 18 1/2 18-10 100. Beans, 28 28-10 100. Potatoes, 15 15-10 100. Pork, 25 25-10 100. Lard, 18 18-10 100. Eggs, 15 15-10 100. Butter, 22 22-10 100. Cattle, 10 10-10 100. Sheep, 10 10-10 100.

GRAND TRUNK. Telephone the news to THE LEDGER. Office phone 200, during business hours. Or call house phone 289, at any hour of day or night.

RAILROAD TIME CARDS. PERRE MARQUETTE. Effective June 29, 1915. East Bound: 7:40 a. m. Daily except Sunday. 7:50 p. m. Daily except Sunday.

No Difference

The Proof is Here the Same As Everywhere. For those who seek relief from kidney backache, weak kidneys, bladder irritation, Doan's Kidney Pills offer hope of relief and the proof is here in Lowell, the same everywhere.

ADA VILLAGE. Ladies, men and children's winter underwear, union suits and single garments, 25c to \$1.00 at Holliday's, Ada, Mich.

BOWNE CENTER. Mrs. Robert Johnson and granddaughter Margaret were in Grand Rapids last week from Wednesday until Saturday attending the fair.

GENUINE PRESCRIPTION FOR ALL RHEUMATISM. Rheuma—that is the name of the scientific prescription that is putting rheumatism out of business.

SCADEC. The entire community extends deepest sympathy to the family of F. D. Wisner in the loss of husband and father.

HICKORY CORNERS

Sept. 26.—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blakeslee and daughter Letha were Sunday guests of Lyle Bovee's of Boston.

PARNELL. Katherine Malone spent the week with friends in Grand Rapids.

SCADEC. The entire community extends deepest sympathy to the family of F. D. Wisner in the loss of husband and father.

NORTH CAMPBELL

Gertrude Heaven of Greenville spent Saturday night and Sunday at the home of Harry Church.

METHODIST CHURCH. Morning class, 10 a. m. Morning service, 10:30. "A Man's Hand."

CASCADE PIONEER IS FOUND DEAD BY SON. Cornelius Kortelzer, 68 years old, a pioneer of Cascade township, was found dead near a hay-stack at his farm home Monday morning.

SCADEC. The entire community extends deepest sympathy to the family of F. D. Wisner in the loss of husband and father.

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HOWARD CITY

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Classified Advertising

FOR SALE: Good, recently built 8-room house, with well, clean, city water, barn, etc. near new Central school. Price reasonable. Inquire of H. H. Clark.

FOR SALE: HARD COAL STOVE, Buck, large size. Price 2 1/2.

FOR SALE: TWO coming two-year colts. Dick Russell, R. 47, Lowell.

FOR SALE: AN Edison photograph and 154 good 4-minute records.—Henry Wilson.

FOR SALE: NEW DISCOVERY—Hand made Hurley 5c cigar. Have you tried one? Mild and sweet! Made in Lowell.

This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use. IT'S different from others because more care is taken in the making and the materials used are of higher grade.

The Lowell Granite & Marble Works. Have just received several shipments of FINE GRANITE MONUMENTS ready for fall delivery.

Your Last Chance. Sale Ends. The Hoosier Wonder. (Highest Award, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco) Your Last Chance. Sale Ends. The Hoosier Wonder. Decide Now. You have been studying these ads all week. Other men's wives have already been here. They have saved miles of steps today with their Hoosier Cabinets.