

## The CITY STATE BANK

Lowell, Michigan

Capital, \$25,000  
Surplus, \$10,000  
President, E. Van Dyke  
Vice Presidents, D. G. Look and  
W. T. Coulton  
Cashier, R. W. Slayton  
4 per cent interest on Savings  
Accounts



**A Bank Account**  
not only provides an  
**Emergency Fund**

enabling you to grasp good oppor-  
tunities when presented, but has an  
educational value along the lines of  
approved business practice, which  
makes for

**Success In Life**

Don't Overlook It's Importance.

**EVEN ONE DOLLAR**  
WILL BE ACCEPTED  
HERE AS A FIRST  
DEPOSIT

This Bank open Saturday evenings for your convenience.

MAKE  
A BANK ACCOUNT  
WITH US  
THE  
STEPPING STONE  
TO



## SCHOOL OPENS IN NEW BUILDING

**MONDAY, FEBRUARY, 7.  
BUT OLD BELL WILL  
NOT RING.**

**Public Inspection Sunday.  
Grade Exercises Friday. Dedication in March. Working Plan Outlined.**

Superintendent Frazee makes the following official announce-  
ment of the new Lowell High school building opening.

Completing details and wind-  
ing up the cleaning up on sched-  
ule with a flourish, the past be-  
tween-semester's for occupancy. The School Board confidently ex-  
pects that a settlement will be  
made, and that the building will  
be accepted in time for school  
next Monday. The public is in-  
vited to inspect their new plant  
Sunday from one to five in the  
afternoon. On Friday afternoon  
of next week exercises will be  
held in the lower grades, and the  
public may see the plant in oper-  
ation. Dedication will be held  
sometime in March.

Starting with the new semester  
the school will be operated upon  
the six-three-three plan. The  
Junior high, seventh, eighth and  
ninth grades, will be on the main  
floor, and the Senior high, tenth,  
eleventh and twelfth grades, will  
occupy the top floor. This ar-  
rangement necessitates a radical  
change in the curriculum for the  
seventh and eighth grades. Like  
the Senior high their day will be  
divided into seven forty-five min-  
ute periods. Both grades will  
carry four required subjects and  
one elective. The elective may be  
chosen from Latin, Domestic  
Art or Hygiene. The latter is  
composed of two hours a week of  
physical training in the gymna-  
sium, and three hours a week of  
applied physiology. The required  
subjects are English (Spelling,  
Reading, Grammar); Arithmetic,  
History and Geography; Music  
and Drawing. Penmanship will  
be given all without credit.

In the Senior high the course  
will be outlined in the Manual,  
with a few modifications. The  
important change in either high  
will be in the formation of new  
classes for eighth grade graduates  
who may wish to start the second  
semester. For these people new  
classes will be started in Algebra,  
English, Commercial Geography  
and Latin. Heretofore it has  
been almost impossible for a  
student to enter late and get high  
school work he could accomplish.  
The class in Commercial Geogra-  
phy is merely a supplement to  
General Science, and is a contin-  
uation of that course. New  
classes are formed in Civics, Plane  
Geometry and Commercial Law.  
In addition to these, Miss Chaffin  
is offering a class in Composition  
and Design for girls and Mecha-  
nical Drawing for boys; one-half  
credit is allowed in each. In the  
commercial department a course  
in business English is offered.

School sessions will be as an-  
nounced in the Manual, and pub-  
lished earlier in the year. School  
opens at 8:30 and no students  
are admitted until 8:00. There  
will be no bell, but the playground  
gong will sound once at 8:25 and  
twice at 8:30 to call the school to  
order.

Attention of prospective non-  
resident students is directed to  
the fact that the tuition rate re-  
mains at \$12.50 for the semester  
for the ninth grade and up, and  
at \$7.50 for the seventh and  
eighth grades. From the number  
of students already signifying  
their intentions of starting in the  
new semester, the enrollment will  
no doubt be greatly augmented.

## B. OF T. COMMITTEES

Appointed by President Ar-  
hart Last Evening.

The monthly luncheon of the  
Board of Trade had an attend-  
ance of forty-eight at Brezina's  
restaurant last evening.

President Arhart in announc-  
ing the appointment of commit-  
tees for 1916 spoke in part as  
follows:

We are just starting in the  
eleventh year of our existence.  
Glancing back over these eleven  
years we can see much good that  
has been the direct result of the  
work accomplished through our  
Lowell Board of Trade. True  
mistakes have been made. Every-  
thing undertaken by the Board  
has not proven successful, but  
gentlemen, what business cor-  
poration is there but what has  
it's ups and downs? They must  
profit by their mistakes or poor  
judgment if you would rather  
wait. We likewise should profit  
by any mistakes or poor judgment  
shown in the past. We can not  
—we must not stand still, for  
just so surely as we relax, deterio-  
ration immediately sets in and  
the tearing down process is much  
more rapid than the upbuilding  
of any organization. To contin-  
ually force ahead means much  
work—sacrifice here and there.  
We must all pull together—we  
have but the one aim and that is  
to make Lowell a bigger and  
better town in which to live. By  
"bigger" I do not mean that we  
necessarily must have more popu-  
lation, but that we have a clean-  
er and better village both phys-  
ically and morally, and right here  
I want to say that a Board of  
Trade should stand for the morals  
as well as the material conditions  
and I fear that the moral side  
has been sadly neglected by our  
Board.

In appointing our committees  
for the coming year, please bear  
in mind that at the present time  
we have nearly one hundred mem-  
bers and if you do not happen to  
be fortunate in being placed on  
one of these committees do not  
think it is intentional and that  
there is nothing for you to do.  
There is something for you to do,  
each and every one of you have  
some work that is all your own  
and these different tasks taken  
in the aggregate is what speaks  
success for the Lowell Board of  
Trade. The organization will be  
just what we make it. Therefore,  
let each and every one of us put  
our shoulder to the wheel. Do  
not say to me that you haven't  
time for it, like each of you, must  
labor every day to make an hon-  
est livelihood, and if we should  
ask you to perform some task  
take hold of it with a will; say  
that you will give it the best that  
is in you; do not try to shift it  
to the other fellow. If you have  
any suggestions to make do not  
be backward. Your Board of  
directors and your officers are  
human beings, they are pliable,  
they will welcome suggestions  
from whatever source they may  
come. Our Board meetings,  
which will be held once a month,  
are open for members of the  
Board. We extend to you a per-  
sonal invitation to attend same  
whenever it is convenient for you  
to do so.

After suggesting measures for  
ridding the town of professional

Edison's diamond reproducers  
solves the whole question of tone  
reproduction. Ask Stocking.

beggars, advertising fakirs, mag-  
azine subscription frauds, etc.,  
Mr. Arhart announced the  
following committees for 1916:

Village Improvement—L. J.  
Post, Dr. S. S. Lee, A. D. Oliver,  
Conventions—D. G. Mauge, H.  
C. Coons, M. J. Weales.  
Sports and Special Days—J. O.  
Clark, Verne Ashley, John Ban-  
non.  
New Industries—R. Van Dyke,  
Carl Peckham, Dr. J. C. Smith.  
Markets—Earl Thomas, Will  
Doyle, C. H. Alexander.  
Membership—E. A. Anderson,  
Lee Lumpkin, A. J. Nash.  
Morals Efficiency—A. H. Lash,  
A. F. Frazee, F. M. Johnson.  
E. A. Anderson officiating as  
chairman made some earn-  
est introductory remarks. An  
address by Edwin Fallas was  
read and S. P. Hicks gave an  
eloquent patriotic address,  
urging the suppression of all dis-  
loyal sentiments in our commu-  
nity. Other speakers were D. G.  
Look, Mr. Myers of Hamilton,  
O., proprietor of the Dent Kim  
factory, Dr. Harry Hammel of  
the University of Michigan, and  
Will Doyle, president of the  
Athletic association.

## SCHOOL BASKETBALL

Lowell High Lost to South  
Grand Rapids.

Lowell High lost its first game  
of the high school schedule last  
Friday night when it was forced  
to submit to a 27 to 17 defeat at  
the hands of South Grand Rap-  
ids. However the boys played  
well and had the court of Smith  
Memorial church been larger and  
the ceiling higher there would  
have been no question about the  
result of the contest. Despite this  
handicap the locals fought sav-  
agely and deserved a slightly  
better score than was given them.  
With the defeat of South Grand  
Rapids by South High last Tues-  
day night, the defeat will be  
slightly avenged should Lowell  
turn around and hand South a  
beating when these two teams  
come together the last of Febru-  
ary.

Friday night of this week, Low-  
ell girls and boys will encounter  
two strong teams when Ionia  
appears on the local floor. Ionia  
has always emerged from their  
contests with Lowell on the court  
with the short end of the score,  
but this year may prove the ex-  
ception. Ionia has defeated the  
Saranac girls while their boys  
been fairly fortunate in the games  
won. With the game with the  
Mt. Pleasant Normals coming  
the following night, the local boys  
will have two nights of fast play-  
ing ahead of them. However the  
Ionia game is the more impor-  
tant from a local standpoint than  
the Mt. Pleasant contest, al-  
though efforts will be made to  
win both battles.

Owing to the heavy expense of  
the games Friday night, it is  
hoped that the public will lend a  
hand and support the athletic  
association of the school. Both  
boys and girls are practicing  
faithfully and giving their best  
efforts to put out winning com-  
binations and the patrons are in-  
vited to be present Friday night.

Edison's diamond reproducers  
solves the whole question of tone  
reproduction. Ask Stocking.

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## A GOOD MAN GONE

Pastor's Tribute to the Late  
Samuel Yeiter.



Samuel Solomon Yeiter, eldest  
son of John David and Louisa  
Yeiter, was born Oct. 29, 1858,  
and died Jan. 21, 1916, aged 57  
years, 2 months and 25 days.

He was united in marriage to  
Caroline M. Reuter, Oct. 8, 1884.  
To them were born four sons and  
one daughter, all of whom sur-  
vive him: Clair D. of Freeport,  
Otto J. of Lowell, and Claude S.  
Leon L. and Harold G., who re-  
side at home. The deceased is  
survived by his aged mother, his  
wife, a sister, Mrs. Mary M.  
Thomas, and a brother Emanuel  
D. Yeiter, all of whom reside near  
the old homestead. Three grand-  
children also survive him. His  
death is mourned by a wide cir-  
cle of relatives and friends.

The deceased has lived all his  
life in West Lowell. He has al-  
ways lived in, or in sight of his  
father's home.

In the old log house that stood  
where the spacious brick farm  
house stands today, he was born.  
Here, too he died, but in the new-  
er house built forty years ago,  
in the fall of '75, on the site of the  
old home. After the death of his  
father in 1902, he moved into the  
old home and resided there  
until his death. There our friend  
was not only made a home for  
his loved ones, but by his life  
long residence in our community,  
he has no small share in the  
community life itself. He was a  
loving husband and father, a help-  
ful and accommodating neighbor,  
a genial man among men, and a  
friend whom children trusted and  
loved. He became a member of  
the West Lowell Methodist church  
Aug. 2, 1891, during the ministry  
of J. W. Stoffe, and contin-  
ued to be a member of that  
church until his death.

He had been confined to his  
bed for six weeks before his death,  
but he had been subject to an in-  
curable disease for about eight  
years. None but those who knew  
him well understand how stern a  
battle he fought for good health;  
but it was a battle against too  
great odds, and death came to  
him while he was yet in his prime.  
We hoped that he might have  
been spared to his friends and his  
family for years of usefulness,  
and for the good he could have  
drawn from life, but it could not  
be. We bow to the will of our  
Heavenly Father, whose love is  
deeper than we can understand.

The funeral service was held in  
the West Lowell church Thurs-  
day afternoon at one o'clock  
Jan. 27, 1916, the burial being  
in the Merriman cemetery. Rev.  
R. C. Parshall, pastor of the  
West Lowell church had charge  
of the service and was assisted by  
Rev. R. J. Freeman of Grand  
Rapids.

His casket was placed in the  
ground at the home of the  
deceased. The casket was  
carried to the cemetery by  
the family and the service  
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## After the "Grip"

Build Up the Strength

Rexall Beef, Wine, and Iron is an  
excellent preparation and famous as a  
system builder and general tonic.

Great care is taken in its prepara-  
tion, in the treatment of the beef, the  
quality of wine and the form of iron, as well as in the  
manner of its preparation.

Rexall Beef, Wine and Iron  
is most pleasant to take and very prompt in its action. It  
stimulates the appetite and thus helps the stomach to re-  
ceive full nourishment from all that is eaten. It aids in  
quieting the nerves, and conduces to sound refreshing sleep.  
The Blood enriching properties help to bring the glow of  
health to the cheeks. If you are feeling run down, this  
remedy will tend to build you up.

Pint Bottles 50c—Quart Bottles \$1.00.  
Sold Only by  
**D. G. LOOK**  
The Rexall Drug Store.

The People Who Have Taken  
Advantage of our  
**Clearance Sale**

know that when we advertise a Sale that it  
means just what it says. A chance to buy  
good reliable merchandise at a big saving in  
price.

While we have sold many watches and much  
silverware and goods from every line we  
still have hundreds of excellent bargains and  
will continue the sale another week.

**R. D. Stocking, Lowell.**  
Ask for demonstration of Edison Diamond  
Disc Phonograph in your own home.

TEST

In Making A Test  
the greatest precision and accuracy in compounding chemicals and con-  
sidering the effects of light and atmosphere are required.  
We use just as careful methods in all our photographic work and be-  
lieve we excel in

Artistic Portraiture.  
**AVERY**  
"The Photographer in Your Town." Phone 287

Girls are looking  
for careful men  
with Bank  
accounts for  
husbands,  
so are their  
parents

she likes her  
Valentine

GIRLS DO NOT WANT A LIFE OF POVERTY; THEY PREFER MEN WITH MONEY. YOU CAN'T BLAME THEM.

THE BOY WHO HAS A BANK BOOK NOW IS LIKELY TO ALWAYS HAVE ONE. PARENTS KNOW THIS AND WELCOME INTO THEIR HOMES THE CAREFUL YOUNG WHO IS THRIFTY.

WHY DON'T YOU START A BANK ACCOUNT, OR INCREASE YOUR BALANCE IF YOU HAVE ONE?  
BANK WITH US.  
PAY 4 PER CENT INTEREST ON SAVINGS

**OWELL STATE BANK**



**We Have a Good  
Selection of  
Watches**

Can suit both your purse  
and ideas in regards to a time  
piece and all carry our per-  
sonal guarantee for reliable  
service.

**Kodaks and Brownie  
Cameras  
from \$1.00 up**

Call and let us show them to  
you. No trouble.

Silverware, China and Cut  
Glass for gifts. Anniversary  
occasions. Choice selections,  
Reasonable prices.

**A. D. Oliver**  
Jeweler and Optometrist.  
"Eyes Examined and Glasses Fitted"

**Premio**

No obligation on your  
part, but we know you  
will be interested in see-  
ing these light, compact  
and highly efficient cam-  
eras. Prices \$1.50 and  
up.

We carry all that's  
best in photography,  
and do prompt develop-  
ing and printing.



**Strong's Bakery**  
Saturday Specials

Boston Brown,  
Cream Puffs,  
Angel Food,  
St. Cecilia Rolls  
Coffee Cakes  
Salt Rising Bread  
Wednesday and  
Friday.

**Herman Strong,**  
Home of Good Baked Goods.

**"Valentines"**

Our Valentines are here and on  
display. Our line is most com-  
plete and you will be sure to  
find something to please. Send  
the children here.  
**W. S. Winegar.**

## OLD PIONEER GONE

Funeral of Mrs. Jane Ecker  
Held Today.

Mrs. Jane A. Ecker passed away  
at her home in this village Tues-  
day, Feb. 1, aged nearly 78 years.  
Funeral services will be held at  
the home at 2:30 this (Thursday)  
afternoon, Rev. L. A. Townsend  
officiating; burial in Oakwood  
cemetery.

Jane A., daughter of William  
and Elizabeth Pearsall, was born  
at Bloomfield, Mich., Feb. 5,  
1838, and came to Keene with  
her parents at the age of seven  
years in early pioneer days. Ten  
years later they moved to Bos-  
ton township, where she was  
married to W. J. Ecker Feb. 24,  
1856, and in the following year  
they moved to Lowell, where she  
has made her home for 59 years.  
Mr. Ecker passed away in July,  
1891, nearly 25 years ago.

Mrs. Ecker is survived by three  
children, Frank B. and Mary C.  
Ecker and Mrs. Ida E. Denick,  
who were born in Lowell and  
have always made their homes  
here. One son Will died 35 years  
ago at the age of two years.

Mrs. Ecker is survived by an  
aged sister, Mrs. S. M. Carr of  
Lowell, by six grandchildren and  
seven great grand-children and  
a host of friends.

"To know her was to love her."  
—Com.  
**Moose, Attention!**  
Business of importance de-  
mands your attendance at the  
next regular meeting, Feb. 9.

**Overland**  
\$615  
E. O. B. Toledo

**A Real 5-Passenger Auto-  
mobile for \$615**

That is Model 75—small, lighter and more  
economical to run, but with the advantages of  
larger and higher-priced cars.

20-25 H. P. long stroke motor.  
High tension magneto ignition.  
Electric starting and lighting.  
Buoyant cantilever rear spring.  
Deep, soft upholstery.  
Full floating rear axle (four gears).  
31 x 4 tires—non-skid rear—demountable rims.

**Gould's Garage**  
F. A. Gould, Proprietor

Fresh, Salt, Smoked and cooked  
**MEATS of ALL KINDS**  
Poultry and Fish.

Highest Market Prices paid for Hides. Fresh  
Ground Bones to make your hens lay 30 cent eggs.  
**Lee E. Jones, Phone 211**  
on the Bridge. Phone 211.



LOWELL LEDGER

F. M. JOHNSON, Publisher. Entered at the Postoffice at Lowell as Second-Class Matter. LOWELL, MICHIGAN

Harley Maynard PLUMBING

And all work in connection with City Water System. Phone 182

O. C. McDannell, M. D. Physician and Surgeon OFFICE IN REGENCY BLDG., LOWELL, MICH.

M. C. Greene, M. D. Physician and Surgeon OFFICE IN REGENCY BLDG., LOWELL, MICH.

S. P. Hicks Loans, Collections, Real Estate and Insurance

LOST AND FOUND ADVERTISE FUND ARTICLES. THE MICHIGAN LAW SAYS IN EFFLUENT

A person who finds lost property under circumstances which give him knowledge or means of inquiring as to the true owner, and who appropriates such property to his own use or to the use of another person who is not entitled thereto, without having first made every reasonable effort to find the owner and restore the property to him, is guilty of larceny.

The most effective way of restoring found property to the owner is through The Lowell Ledger.

Dr. J. P. Draper, V.S.

Treats all Diseases of Horses and other Domestic Animals. Calls Promptly Answered to Day or Night.

OFFICE and HOSPITAL—On Washington Street, Opposite Residence. PHONES—OFFICE 1442. RES. 1443.

Dr. W. B. Huntley

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Speciality: Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Office: McCarty Bldg., Lowell, Mich.

S. S. Lee, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon. Office Hours: 11 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m. SUNDAYS: 2 to 4 p. m. OFFICE: LEE BLOCK. Office Phone, 98. House, 113.

A. B. GADWALLADZ

FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER. Lady Assistant. Phone 22. LOWELL, MICH.

Roland M. Shivel

ATTORNEY. LOWELL, MICHIGAN. KING BLOCK.

ASSOCIATED WITH POWERS & SHIVEL, Messman Building, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

C. H. ANDERSON, M.D.

Physician and Surgeon. Office Hours—9 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Office over Hill's Shoe Store, Lowell, Mich.

ALL the reliable patent medicines advertised in this paper are sold by D. G. LOOK, the Lowell Drug and Book man.

Advertisement for 'We're Shouting' featuring an illustration of a man shouting and text about the quality of printing and advertising.

Advertisement for 'The Advertised Article' with text about the reliability of the merchant and the quality of the advertisement.

State and General News Section of Ledger

Compiled and Condensed for Readers of Lowell and Environs

AMERICAN CITIZENS ONLY CONSIDERED

A GREAT CORPORATION TAKES A NEW STAND WITH ITS LARGE WORK FORCE.

LOYALTY FIRST CONSIDERED

Reasons Given for This Radical and Remarkable Step Given by its General Manager.

Detroit—Turning one of the greatest motor car factories in the world into a busy hive of loyal Americans the Packard Motor Car company will demand that among its employees, from now on, American ideals, American patriotism and loyalty to America shall be first in the minds and hearts of all employees, and on their stanch Americanism will depend all hope of promotion.

Alvan Macaulay, vice-president and general manager of the great motor car company issued an important announcement, which was posted in every section of the plant Monday and distributed, in the form of hand bills, to each of the 12,300 employees of the company.

The announcement was no spur-of-the-moment affair, but, according to General Manager Macaulay, was the fruit of months of thought over a problem that confronted the factory heads. "We have in our organization almost 100 different peoples," said Mr. Macaulay, discussing the order. "We have Germans, Italians, Austrians, French, Polish—whose sympathies are divided as regards the war at present raging in Europe. We have a babel of tongues, and an endless variety of races and nationalities. "Our workmen are divided into cliques, thereby. Their sympathies are with the lands that gave them birth. They forget our national ideals.

"To my mind, this is a source of danger not only to the company, but to the whole country. The conditions of the average American factory are the conditions of this country. We have no unified people, as in France, in Germany, or in other countries. "In the American factory this sympathy and patriotism of each set of foreign-born workmen for their own native land causes friction among the men. "We find that in many instances, men of one nationality object to working under a foreman or higher official of another nationality. We have had letters from the men along that line, objecting to employment under a boss who is undesirable because of a different nationality. "So we are going to make the 'bosses' in this factory Americans. Be they of whatever nationality when they come in as laborers, they must be American citizens, loyal to American and American ideals and all they stand for, before they can hope for promotion to positions of responsibility and trust. "We determined to make the prerequisite of success in this institution American patriotism and American nationalism. "We will employ foreign born men, but it shall be understood that their only hope for advancement and preferment lies in their speedy adoption of American citizenship, and the foregoing of allegiance to other lands.

A GIRL BEAN GROWER

Wins in a Crop Contest Over All Competitors.

East Lansing—Martha Powlowski, a Huron county girl 15 years of age, is Michigan's champion bean grower. The title was conferred upon Miss Powlowski by the boys' and girls' club department of the Michigan Agricultural college, which, in going over the reports of bean-growing contests conducted throughout the state last summer, found Miss Powlowski to be an easy winner over other competitors. The young woman grew an average of 36 bushels of beans to the acre, and netted a profit of \$93.24. Her total score was \$6.85—enough to knock down the state title. Alex. Bochardt, also of Huron county, was awarded second place.

MICHIGAN NEWS ITEMS

Lieut. Ira Loganacker, of the Twenty-second United States Infantry is to take the office of commandant and head of the department of military science and tactics at M. A. C.

After a chase from New York to St. Louis, Detroit and Grand Rapids, police have captured Richard E. Cuddeby, wanted on a charge of breaking and entering an interstate shipment of silk consigned to Belding.

Henry A. Wolff, aged 65, former deputy state oil inspector and deputy state fire marshal, is dead at his home in Muskegon after a lingering illness.

According to the report made public by Miss Mary E. Marshall, superintendent of nurses, out of 444 persons examined in Calhoun county, 94 were tabulated as "positive cases" of tuberculosis and 126 as "suspicious." Out of 261 persons examined in Battle Creek only 139 were free of tubercular symptoms. Eighty-three were children, only 25 of whom were shown as "suspicious" of tuberculosis.

With 2,500 cases on the calendar, the January term of the circuit court opened at Corunna. All but about 100 of these cases, however, were placed on the calendar under the provisions of the judicature act, which makes it mandatory to take up all cases more than a year old, and make some disposition of them. Two of the cases are against S. S. Miner, now circuit judge, and he will be placed in the unique position of calling his own cases. They were started several years before he ascended to the bench 11 years ago and were in assumpt.

MICHIGAN NEWS BRIEFS

Charles Davis, proprietor of a summer resort at Burt Lake, shot a bear and three cubs in a log jam not far from his camp in Pigeon river.

The Detroit Edison Co., will spend \$5,013,893 on improvements and extensions of its light, power and heating system in Detroit during 1916.

Michael Grady, 82, was found dead on the floor of his home in the village of Brooklyn. Death is supposed to have been the result of heart failure.

The oldest Masonic past grand master in the United States, William T. Mitchell, is seriously ill at his home in Port Huron. Mr. Mitchell is 98 years old.

Rev. Albert E. Wells, of Grand Rapids, registering of the Episcopal diocese of western Michigan, died at Belding, of pneumonia after an illness of three days.

The federal government has sent in \$21,250 for the Michigan soldiers' home at Grand Rapids. This is the amount of federal aid due the state for the quarter ending December 31, 1915.

A child welfare conference is to be held in Detroit, March 5 to 8, under the direction of the Michigan Fraternal congress and delegates will be in attendance from every city in the state.

Henri G. Cassey, the oldest employe of the attorney-general's office in point of service died at Lansing after an illness of several months. He was 75 years of age and was born in Paris, France.

Sheriff Frank Green announced that no favors would be extended to any form of gambling in Flint and that church rallies and other similar forms of gambling would be placed under the ban.

When Morton F. Nowlin, of Belding, learned that his store had been robbed of \$500 worth of goods while his wife was at lunch, hanged himself. His wife arrived, cut him down, but he died later.

Henri G. Cassey, who held a clerkship in the attorney-general's department since 1895 and was the oldest employe in point of service of the department, is dead. He was born in Paris, France.

Fred Allen, a vaudeville actor, formerly an attorney in Hastings, is dead in St. Paul, Minn. Allen was on his way to California with his wife and daughter when he became fatally ill of pneumonia.

More than 200 conventions have already been scheduled for Detroit this year. They will bring a quarter of a million visitors and as a direct result the city will receive from this source a total of \$5,000,000.

Five hundred miners employed in Wolverine mine Nos. 5 and 6, at Bay City, refused to go to work because the Michigan Central railroad declines to accept the special mine fare on its regular Midland trains.

Public service corporations, including railroads, mining and telephone companies, will be permitted to voice protests against assessment of their properties before the state tax commission during the next two weeks.

On the ground that he is the only surviving veteran of the civil war, who lost both arms in the service, a bill has been introduced in congress providing for a pension of \$150 a month for Bernard Magoonough, of Detroit.

The main portion of the business section of Palms was destroyed by fire Friday, the loss being estimated at \$20,000. The resident section was saved by the efforts of bucket brigades formed by men, women and children.

Forty-two aged inmates were in danger when the Gratiot county poor house was completely destroyed by fire. Many who were feeble were carried to safety. They are being housed in the detention home and county jail in Ithaca.

Married, Thursday, William C. Andrews, of Port Huron, will return to the battle front in France and Belgium within two weeks. Andrews came home a fortnight ago wounded. His bride was Miss Matilda Greer, of Port Huron.

Charging that while under the influence of liquor she was abducted to Comstock, Kalamazoo county, and there compelled to go through a marriage ceremony with Frank Chapman, twice her age, Rose Hackbert, 23, has commenced proceedings in the superior court asking an annulment of the marriage.

Ten of the houses in Baldwin bid in on tax title sale by G. W. Porter, of Muskegon, are being razed, and he has a gang tearing down one house a day and trucking the lumber to Baldwin to be loaded on cars and shipped to Muskegon. Marlborough grew up about the Great Northern Portland company that failed about 10 years ago.

Twenty-two members of congress are graduates of the University of Michigan.

At a night session of the circuit court, within 24 hours after they had been arrested for robbing the Pere Marquette section house at Grand Blanc, Lester Gould, James O'Hara and Harry Wells, all 16, pleaded guilty and were sentenced to from nine months to 15 years at Ionia with the recommendation of one year. The youths confessed to committing a series of petty robberies here within the last few weeks.

By a vote of 34 to 17 the Saginaw county board of supervisors named a special committee of five to investigate the methods of present and former county, city and township treasurers in handling state and county funds.

PREACHING DANGER TO THE COUNTRY

THE PRESIDENT CONTINUES HIS WARNINGS TO THE PEOPLE IN STRONG TERMS.

DANGER NEAR, PREPARE NOW!

Utterances Are Growing Stronger and More Pointed As Shown in Speeches at Cleveland and Pittsburg.

Cleveland—The president spoke in Cleveland Saturday night with more gravity and force than he has shown during any of his previous addresses on preparedness. "Let me tell you very solemnly, you cannot postpone this thing," he declared. "I do not know what a single day may bring forth. I do not wish to leave you with the impression that I am thinking of some particular danger. "I merely wish to tell you that we are daily treading amid intricate dangers. The dangers that we are treading amongst are not of our own making and not under our control. I think no man in the United States knows that a single week, a single day, a single hour, may bring forth."

Pittsburg—In his address in this city, Saturday, the president said among other things: "Men should dread war and know that everything on which the nation depends comes from peace. The details of the army plans do not make any difference. Perhaps others have better plans. But I do want an adequate and efficient force of at least 500,000 men trained to the arts of war who will be ready to protect the nation. I am proposing something more than temporary. It is my conception that as the government has encouraged agricultural training, it should also encourage industrial training and it is perfectly feasible along with industrial training to instruct our young men in the mechanical and handling of a rifle and guns and in the rudimentary arts of warfare—instruct them and at the same time quicken and ennoble the performance of the tasks of peace.

"But we can't take the time now to develop and encourage these schools. We must train and equip at once a very considerable body of men. "Nobody supposes that if we have time enough we cannot defend ourselves. But now the world is on fire. We must not sit down and think that we must do nothing until the fire spreads to us. We can not control the fire and cannot govern its spread. I do not believe the fire must touch us, but we must be ready to meet it.

"We should be prepared," continued the president, "not for war or anything that smacks of aggression, but for adequate national defense. "I am not afraid that America will do too much. I am only earnestly desirous that she should be very coolly considerate of what she does.

"Americans were born into the world to do service and no man is a true American who does not seek to serve mankind. "The test of preparedness does not lie in congress. It is going to lie in response of the young men of the country to the call to volunteer and of the employers of those men to place no obstacle to their answering the call. I for one believe both the young men and the employers will do their duty."

NATIONAL ROAD BUILDING

The First Use of Money Appropriated For Michigan, Detroit to Chicago.

Washington—If the present congress grants the \$25,000,000 as proposed for good roads, the United States government will take up the policy of rural road building where it was dropped with the coming of the railroads, nearly 100 years ago. The last roads constructed by the government, practically the only roads in fact, were the Cumberland pike, extending from Washington westward through the Cumberland mountains, and the Michigan road from Detroit to Chicago.

Rep. J. M. C. Smith declared in the course of the debate on the present bill that the first use of federal road money in Michigan should be for constructing the same Detroit-Chicago road, constructed by the government about 1835.

ITEMS OF STATE INTEREST

Charles Stevenson, son of A. E. Stevenson, famous St. Clair county livestock breeder, is in a serious condition as the result of being kicked on the head by a horse on his father's farm in Kimball township.

Charles Morris, of St. Johns, 18 years old, was awarded first prize by the Boys and Girls' club department of the Michigan Agricultural college for the best exhibit of corn conducted with the Michigan Experiment association.

The war has taken a lax at another of the world's great luxuries, tobacco, both chewing and smoking, and incidentally threatens to disrupt one of Detroit's biggest industries, which contributes \$0,000,000 to \$5,000,000 pounds of plugs and granular tobacco to the world's annual supply.

America will be manufacturing dyes in abundance within six months, in the opinion of Prof. A. H. White, of the University of Michigan. Prof. White declares many foreign patents on dye making have expired and coal tar, the necessary raw material, exists in large quantities in the United States.

London—A most imperative need for more ammunition has forced the government to propose a drastic amendment to the munitions act, Premier Asquith informed the house of commons.

NOMINATED FOR SUPREME COURT



LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

Washington—The nomination of Louis D. Brandeis, of Boston, for the supreme court by President Wilson has aroused a storm of opposition and probably will lead to the bitterest fight over a presidential appointment that has ever been staged in the senate.

MICHIGAN MEN GET \$731,043

As Salaries of 515 Persons in Federal Service in District of Columbia.

Washington—Michigan has a grand total of 515 persons in the federal service in the District of Columbia, drawing an aggregate annual salary of \$731,043. The Wolverines are divided as follows: State department—Five persons, salary \$5,300. Treasury department—78, \$109,103. War department—34, \$44,440. Justice department—81, \$16,400. Postoffice department—37, \$46,800. Interior department—19, \$22,259. Agriculture department—89, \$142,850. Commerce department—31, \$47,338. Labor department—Seven, \$10,200. Interstate commerce commission—Nine, \$12,240. Civil service commission—Seven, \$10,050. Federal reserve board—One, \$1,200. Federal trade commission—Five, \$6,800. Panama canal office—Five, \$6,200. Smithsonian institution—Two, \$2,300. Government printing office—48, \$64,637. State, war and navy building—Two, \$1,620. Library of congress—Eight, \$8,320. District of Columbia government—33, \$37,538.

SHIPMENT OF WAR MUNITIONS

A Warm Debate in the Senate on Embargo Resolutions.

Washington—An outburst of denunciation against shipment of American made war munitions to European belligerents in the senate, reflected a revival of sentiment which may force a vote upon embargo resolutions that have been pending in committee for several months. A dozen senators, including democrats as well as republicans, assailed the munitions traffic, while those who have sided with the administration stand that an embargo would violate international law for the most part silent.

A petition for an embargo bearing more than 1,000,000 signatures precipitated the debate.

MAKING MILLIONS ON WAR

Member of Canadian Parliament Charges Great Graft.

Ottawa—F. B. Carvell, member of the Canadian parliament for Carleton, New Brunswick, has issued an ultimatum to the shell committee appointments by the government to handle war contracts. He has supported his charges with a wealth of detail, and has quoted dates, prices, profits and alleged rate offs with startling effect.

In the aggregate, his charges are that the taxpayers of Britain and Canada have been robbed of millions of dollars by the introduction of favoritism, partnership, and reprehensible business methods in the handling of shell contracts in Canada.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Paris—Bulgaria stopped all communication across the Rumania frontier on January 23, according to a dispatch to the Temps from Geneva.

Duane H. Mosher, 26, Paw Paw, was appointed assistant attorney general by Grant Fellows, attorney general. Mr. Mosher was graduated from the U. of M. in 1913 and has been practicing law in Paw Paw for the past year and a half.

Fines aggregating thousands of dollars and terms in federal prisons face managers of more than a score of motion picture theatres in Detroit as the result of an investigation by federal authorities into the report that photographs of real United States currency are being displayed on the screens.

Berlin—Emperor William has presented to the Bulgarian all war materials captured by German troops in Serbia. The booty is said to be worth \$30,000,000 marks (\$7,500,000).

Miami, Fla.—As a bon voyage message to President Wilson upon his departure for an "appeal to the country" on preparedness, former Secretary of State Bryan issued a statement challenging the president to outline his reasons for urging national defense measures. Bryan gave no hint as to his future personal plans in that connection.

TWENTY-FOUR DEAD BY ZEPPELIN RAID

THIRTY FRENCH AEROPLANES SEARCH SKIES FOR THE RAIDERS.

VISITS LAST MINUTE AND HALF

The Zeppelin Dropped Three and One-Half Tons of Bombs, While Paris Was in Darkness.

Paris—A Zeppelin dirigible passed swiftly over Paris, dropping about a dozen great bombs, which killed 24 persons and injured 27.

Of the killed, 14 were men, nine women, and one was a babe of 8 months. Of the injured, 13 were men, 12 were women, and two were children.

In all, 10 houses were damaged by the Zeppelin's bombs. In each of three houses, eight persons were killed or wounded. In another house seven persons were killed or injured.

The raid lasted about one minute and a half, while in the first visit of Zeppelins to Paris, March 21, 1915, four of these aircraft were over or in the neighborhood of the capital for nearly two hours.

The fact that only one German machine appeared leads to the belief that the Zeppelin was making a reconnaissance trip and the supposition is that the Germans have in view a similar operation on a larger scale.

DRIVE LOOTERS AWAY

Valley Turned into Armed Camp By Marines and Sailors.

San Diego—Looting, described by Rear-Admiral Flett, commanding the Pacific reserve fleet as "the worst I have ever seen," broke out in the Otay valley, flood-swept by the breaking of the Otay dam.

The lower valley was turned into an armed camp patrolled by marines and sailors from the battleship Oregon and the cruisers Milwaukee and South Dakota in San Diego bay, with orders to shoot looters on sight. The majority of the looters are said to be Mexicans.

The sailors and marines toiled hard to recover the bodies of those who lost their lives in the disaster and at sundown 20 bodies, some of which were mutilated, had been gathered together.

LINER COLLISION AT SEA

American Liner Philadelphia Puts Back to Liverpool.

London—The American liner Philadelphia, from Liverpool for New York is returning to Liverpool after a collision with the British sailing ship Ben Lee, 12 miles south of Carnarvon bay.

None of the Philadelphia's passengers or crew was injured and the liner is returning under her own steam. She suffered considerable damage to her upper structure, a portion of the bridge, several boats and the main topmast being carried away.

The Ben Lee became water-logged soon after the collision. Her crew was rescued by the Cork steamer Brandon and landed at Holyhead. One seaman on the Ben Lee was badly injured.

GREAT SNAKES ARE NUMEROUS

A Story From Coldwater That Is Creepy Sure.

Coldwater—One of the strangest sights ever seen in Coldwater was witnessed Thursday by hundreds of people, drawn to the banks of Coldwater creek by the sight of thousands of live snakes, wriggling in the swirling waters or riding on large cakes of ice which in some cases were literally covered with squirming black water snakes and striped snakes. The flooded condition of the skating rinks made it necessary to open the gates to lower the water and the reptiles, caught "sunning" themselves on the banks, were swept away with the flood.

TELEGRAPHIC FLASHES

Washington—Senator Oscar Underwood, author of the Underwood tariff bill, announces his opposition to President Wilson's plan for a tariff commission. He intimates his opposition will be active.

London—Premier Asquith, in a written reply to a request for information, says that the total British casualties in all fields of operations up to January 9 were 549,467, of which 24,122 were officers and 525,345 of other ranks.

Toronto, Ont.—It was announced that a total of more than \$2,300,000 has been raised in the city's four-day patriotic fund campaign. The money is to be used to supplement the grant of the federal government to the families of married men who have enlisted for military service.

Bristol—Languet, a French Socialist deputy, who addressed the labor conference on being questioned regarding the French losses in the war, said that 800,000 soldiers had been killed, 1,400,000 had been wounded and that 300,000 had been taken prisoners.

London—Proclamations are being posted throughout the country calling to the colors eight more groups of men who attested for military service under the Earl of Derby's recruiting plan. The men, whose ages range from 27 to 35, are summoned to join on February 29.

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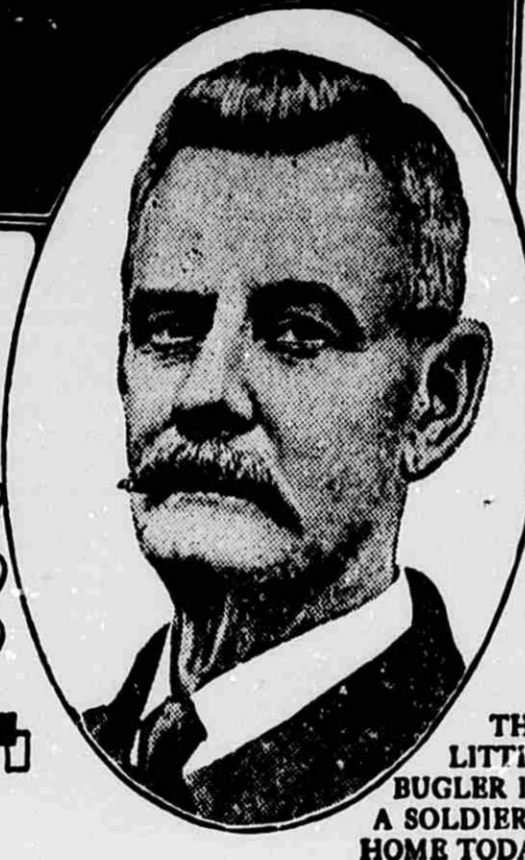


# AN OLD SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

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THE LITTLE BUGLER AS HE LOOKED IN '61



THE LITTLE BUGLER IN A SOLDIER'S HOME TODAY

William F. Johnston went to war at the age of eleven years and became a plains fighter afterward. His reflections, here set down, point a moral and adorn a tale

[This "human document" is published as one of the most remarkable letters we ever read. It was not intended for publication originally, but was written by Mr. Johnston, who lives in the Michigan Soldiers' Home, to his brother, an editor in Nebraska.]

DEAR Brother George: Your letter of November 27 is at hand, and it warms my old heart to think my little brother is so interested in anything pertaining to my rather uneventful past. Of all things I despise, 'tis an egotist. However, as you wish to know something about your brother Billy's early experience, I don't see how I can help telling.

I was born June 18, 1850, in Detroit, Mich., and when the Civil war broke out in 1861, I was going to school, with no thought of anything but a good time and mischief. In July, 1861, when one month past eleven years of age, I offered my services in the Ninth Michigan Infantry, Company "H," Captain Adams in command, which was quartered at Fort Wayne. Of course, I ran away from school to enlist, and mother was almost crazy before they found out where I was. They kept me some two weeks at the fort as a drummer boy. I was so short my drum would not clear the ground when marching, and I had got into so much mischief in that time that a sergeant took me to the port gage, took me over his knee and spanked me with a leather belt, and told me to beat it for home and mother, which I did. I have always thought my father told them what to do with me.

Well father whipped me and mother cried over me, and as I had got peppered with lice white at the fort, I was made to sleep in the barn for a week, until cleaned up. But the lice and drum were too much for me, and in July, when twelve years and a month old, I again ran away from home and enlisted in the Twenty-fourth Michigan Infantry which was quartered on the old fair grounds in Detroit. I beat the drum and played the devil for ten days, when I was again taken to the guard line and invited to skip. With the invitation went some kicks and cuffs I have not forgotten yet.

But the boys were not to blame for the rough treatment they gave me as my father had quietly put them up to it, trying to make me tired of soldiering.

My brothers and sisters thought I was a hero, father thought I was a devil, but mother thought I was just her own little Billy just the same. But go to school I would not! There was too much attraction on the street, so in October, 1862, my mother packed a little trunk of clothing, and they started me for the Lansing Agricultural college. Well things began to happen then. I arrived at the school in the afternoon of Saturday, October 9, and was to have been examined and put into my classes Monday morning. I might say this was the extent of my college education, and the last of my schooling.

Sunday morning Mr. Tibbets, who kept the boarding house for the school, and his wife, left for the day to make a visit. Milton Ward of Detroit, who was at the school at the time, and myself were boon companions, having been acquainted in Detroit. Sunday morning, Milton and I looked away, and went up to Lansing, as I remember it, a couple of miles away. Mitt always had money, and was four or five years older than I. He got a big bag of candy and a bottle of wine. We went out to the school for a lark. After dinner Mitt and I and another boy and three or four little girls who were visiting boys at the school, got together in a

big room upstairs, and what a time we did have! Mr. Tibbets and his wife came home and found the lot of us all asleep; some on the floor, some on the bed, but all of us tipsy and sick from the wine. Was there anything doing then? I should say yes! This whole lark was laid at my door. I was locked in a room to be kept until Monday, when I was to be sent back home to my parents. I did not dare go home, as father would certainly have tried, at least, to whip some of the meanness out of me, for I had about used up his patience. So after the house had got quiet at night, I dropped out the window and hid for Lansing. They were then recruiting for the Sixth Michigan cavalry.

I told the recruiting officer I had no mother or father, that I sold papers and did odd jobs for a living, and swore I was eighteen years old. Sure, he knew better, but they enlisted me regularly as a bugler, and assigned me to Company G, Sixth Michigan cavalry. I was twelve years, three months and twenty-three days old, and was in my first enlistment, but this was the first time I was mustered in. Alf Madden enlisted with me.

I was sent to Grand Rapids where the regiment was camped while being recruited to its full strength. We were mustered into the service there. The life that we led the officers of Company G was anything but pleasant.

In Washington, we camped for a time on Meriden hill from which place we made our first hike. And we tasted war, when we went to Palmyra and skirmished with Mosely's guerrillas. We had the opportunity of trading coffee for tobacco with the Confederate pickets. A white handkerchief on the end of a saber was the signal to stop shooting while the trade was being made between the "Rebs" on the Fredericksburg side of the Rappahannock river and us "Yanks" on the Palmyra side. I must say I never knew of any advantage being taken to shoot a fellow while the trade was being made. In the early spring of 1863, no regiment was kept more busy than the Sixth Michigan looking out for Mosely and his men. We always had them, but never got them to any great extent. Mosely was a wonder.

From then to the time I was taken prisoner we were in eighteen battles and minor engagements between June 30 to October 11, 1863. The Little Bugler never lost a day, but did lose lots of meals in that time.

On October 11, 1863, at Brandy station, my horse was shot under me, and I was taken prisoner. Our regiment was charging through a regiment of enemy cavalry that had got in between the main column and the rear guard, when my horse was struck by a piece of shell between the knee and hoof, throwing me heels over appetite some feet over his head. I was cut and bruised by the feet of the charging troopers, who were behind. When I finally got up it was to look into the barrel of what appeared to me to be a cannon, but in fact was only a .45 Colt, and a fellow in a gray suit was telling me to strip! He took my shoes and pants, and darn him, he could not wear either of them; he was so much larger than I.

I was taken with a trailload of other prisoners to Richmond, Va., but on the way had traded off my blouse for something to eat. We were divided up in bunches after arriving at Richmond. Destiny sent me to Old Libby prison, and later to Belle Isle.

He down to sleep, stretched in long lines of any number of men, all curled up spoon fashion, as close together as possible.

I lay down on the end of the line one cold night when soon a poor fellow came and snuggled up to me. Along in the early morning when he should have turned to warm my back, he did not move. I got up on my elbow and pulled his nose. He was dead. It was the most frightful experience I ever had.

Our dead were usually relieved of any good clothing they may have had on to be used by those who were almost naked. I had still on what was left of a shirt and pair of drawers that I had worn for almost a year. Can you realize or imagine how little of either were left? I saw a body on the dead line one morning and went down to which was a fine shirt of blue cashmere cloth. I went to the gate and asked the officer of the Confederate guard, an old man, if I might remove the shirt from that body to wear myself.

"My poor boy," he said, and gave permission, with tears running down his wrinkled cheeks, to take the shirt.

A red-whiskered, spindle-shanked, low-down fellow from Wisconsin that I was chumming with, and whom I had kept alive by stealing grub for him to eat, stole that shirt from me. I lost a silver mine in Colorado years ago that sold afterwards for three hundred thousand dollars, but it did not hurt so badly as the loss of that shirt.

Shortly after this, there was a parole of sick and disabled men agreed on by the governments. I got out and walked aboard our transport at Savannah, the ragged-looking kid that ever lived in that city. What few troops there were in that transport just stood and cried when they saw our boys. This was the nineteenth of November, 1864. At Annapolis I got my back pay, ration money and clothing money for the time I had been prisoner, amounting to some \$300, with a furlough for thirty days. I started for Detroit. I can't tell you all that happened on the trip, but I got home broke after a week or ten days on the road.

Father killed the fattest calf, mother had it cooked, and I was made much of by everybody, for I had been reported dead long ago, and they had preached a memorial sermon for me, telling what a good little boy I had been. I came home and spoiled it all. After a few days at home I went to dismounted camp at Harper's Ferry and from the camp was returned to my regiment, then in Washington waiting to take part in the grand review, after which we were sent to Fort Leavenworth. Here I was discharged and the regiment sent out on the plains after Indians.

## One Snowy Night

By FRANCES E. LANYON  
(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Norman Bliss had come to Riverdale with a happy, hopeful heart. He left it gloomy, disappointed and discouraged. Ringing in his ears were words it seemed he never would forget:

"I would not marry this country out, if he were the last man in the world!"

And Viola Tascott had spoken that fatal sentence—peerless, beautiful Viola, whom he had come to Riverdale to see, to woo, to wed, if she would but say the word.

And now, driving his farm team back to his lonely, lowly prairie home, the brave stalwart young fellow flinched as he thought over the vivid heart history of the past week.

He had lived in Plainfield, fifty miles across country from Riverdale, where his father died. At the former town Viola had come to visit a cousin, and he had met her. They were quite companionable, when old Mr. Bliss died suddenly. The family home and some other property had been owned by Mr. Bliss and, of course, Norman would inherit it. When the estate came to be settled up, however, one James Monks, a lawyer, seized the same under a mortgage.

Norman was amazed. Time and again he remembered his father had told him that the old mortgage on the property had all been paid up. The records, however, did not show any

of privation and discomfort. Many a night he sought rest early to save the little heap of cordwood he had in store.

Then came a two weeks' spell of twenty below zero weather. To keep from positive suffering, Norman had to use up his little stock of hard wood. He began to gather up loose boards and chips around the place. He became alarmed for his team, and battered them into the little stable, tearing down a shed to repair the barn.

A part of the refuse of the shed and its boards sufficed for quite a fuel supply for the rude fireplace in the kitchen of the cabin.

There had been a heavy fall of snow, then it had cleared off bitterly cold. Seated shivering by the almost empty fireplace, Norman half decided to drive with his team to Plainfield and put up at the hotel there till spring.

The day had opened clear and bright, but towards noon the snow had begun. Now it was a howling, blinding tempest. With the exception of a few bits of wood the fuel supply was absolutely exhausted.

"What was that?" cried Norman suddenly, and sprang to his feet, for above the wallings of the wind a clear, sharp cry had echoed forth in the grasp of the tempest outside.

Dimly he made out a shadowy mass in black contrast where the road had been. He struggled through the snow to discover a horse attached to a sleigh, lying inert where it had fallen. On the seat was the form of a man, evidently overcome by the intense cold. Staggering towards him was a woman, apparently attracted by the lights in the cabin, and screaming for help.

It was Viola Tascott! She fell half fainting into his arms. He bore her into the cabin, placed her on the big settee near the fireplace, dashed forth again, discovered that the horse was dead, and then bore in his arms into the cabin the overcome brother of the girl he loved.

Norman at once comprehended that the Tascotts had started across country that morning for Plainfield, to be overtaken by the storm. The brother lay unconscious. Viola was half sensible of her strange surroundings.

Heat! That was the essential of the hour. Recklessly, Norman piled on the last splinter of wood. Then he rushed to a corner where a hatchet lay. He glared about him desperately. The sled the old desk his father had left him. Crash! into its timber the keen blade sank. It was soon a wreck. Soon, too, the fireplace blazed. Viola sat up and rubbed her eyes.

She told of their folly in trying to cross the bleak prairie. She aided Norman in seeing that her brother was administered to. Then he sat beside her on the settee, waiting for morning.

Only once she referred to the past. Why had he deserted them? He told her of those fearful overhead words at the window, and she, in blank consternation, told him that she had been stung to part of an amateur play she was rehearsing with her cousin.

Then—then—might he hope she would regard the words he had come to speak to her in the long ago? Ah, love was mightier than the storm and poverty, and there their troth was pledged.

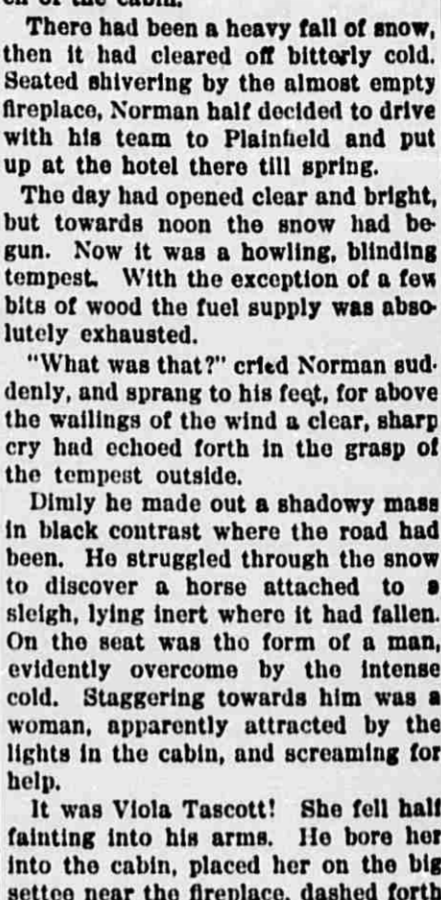
And then came a wonderful discovery, for among the litter from the old desk, doubtlessly driven out from some secret drawer, Norman chanced to pick up a folded sheet.

It was the hidden release deed that made his owner of the town property, and a rich man.

IN SHAPE OF LOCOMOTIVE  
Remarkable Clock That Has Been Constructed by Ingenious Kansas Mechanic—Eight-Day Type.  
Quite a curious clock has been constructed by a Kansas mechanic in the form of a miniature locomotive. The dial, which is made of imitation ebony, is fixed on one side of the highly ornate cab of the engine and is studded with small ruby and green colored incandescent lamps.

## The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubs  
Their Care and Cultivation



A Famous Rose Garden on Long Island. Note the Interesting Planting of Firs and Spruce and the Careful Use of Vines on the House.

### WORK IN THE ROSE GARDEN

By HUGO ERICHSEN.  
Nothing can be said in praise of the rose that has not been said before. Universally recognized as the most beautiful flower, it is the one child of Flora around which a wealth of sentiment, history and poetry clusters.

The beauty of the rose is so widely appreciated that the popularity it now enjoys and the demand for hardy garden roses are annually increasing. No garden is complete without roses, and every family ought to grow them in abundance, for never have roses been so cheap and beautiful as now.

Moreover, the cultivation of the flower is so simple that no excuse can be offered for its neglect.

The first requisite for success in rose growing is the selection of good, healthy plants. Weak, sickly roses are dear at any price. Many of these plants lack vigor because they are stunted by remaining too long in the cutting bed or in small pots before they are set out.

In order to obtain the best results, therefore, it is advisable to restrict one's patronage to first-class nurserymen only, firms that are prepared to furnish strong, well-rooted plants, such as will make a showing the first season and develop into vigorous specimens.

In selecting roses for the garden, it is well to know that those plants are grown in two ways, that is to say, on their own roots or budded low on the Manetti, a briar rose that has largely superseded the dog-rose and other stocks in this country, as it is one of the most desirable for our country and climate.

Experts are divided on the question as to which should receive the preference, and the beginner is liable to be in a quandary, because growers are apt to argue for their own method of propagation.

We find many varieties of roses grown on this stock (Manetti) adapted themselves to a greater range of climate and soil, bloom more profusely, endure better the heat of the summer, and make far stronger plants than if grown from their own roots.

Many object to budded roses on account of the suckers they sometimes throw out; but if proper attention is paid to the planting this will rarely be an annoyance.

Budded roses should be planted sufficiently deep, so that the junction of the bud with the stock is from two to three inches below the surface of the earth. If despite this precaution, a wild shoot should happen to start from the base, the growth and foliage of the stock are so distinct that it is readily recognized by the most inexperienced amateur and is easily removed.

When the rose plants are received from the nurserymen they should be unpacked as soon as they come to hand. Thereupon the tops and roots should be well sprinkled with water, after which they should be covered with burlap and placed in a shaded spot until ready to plant.

If the ground is not prepared when the plants arrive it is advisable to



A Famous Rose Garden on Long Island. Note the Interesting Planting of Firs and Spruce and the Careful Use of Vines on the House.

### WORK IN THE ROSE GARDEN

put them in a shallow trench and cover the roots with loose soil until the ground can be put into a proper condition.

The enrichment of the soil, however, should not only be made at the time of the preparation of the bed before planting, but in the spring of every year, for with such attention a bountiful supply of flowers may be expected every season.

When planting, spread the roots out carefully and do not cross them or crowd them. They should be placed well below the surface of the soil and arranged, as far as possible, in their natural position.

When the roots are covered, the earth should be firmly pressed down upon them, particularly around the stem. If manure is put in the bottom of the hole, it should not be allowed to come in contact with the roots.

After planting, the roses should be well cut back to a few buds, freely watered and protected for a few days if the sun is strong. After that they become thoroughly established.

If the ground is wet when the plants are received it is better to postpone the planting, as the soil is liable to become caked and the safety of the plants may be thus endangered.

Roses may be grown to perfection in ordinary garden soil, provided they are planted in a sunny, sheltered location, away from the roots of large trees, for these will absorb all the life-sustaining nutrition of the soil, whereas young trees and dwarf shrubbery do no harm. If the soil is naturally poor, however, it is advisable to lay a substantial foundation for future good results.

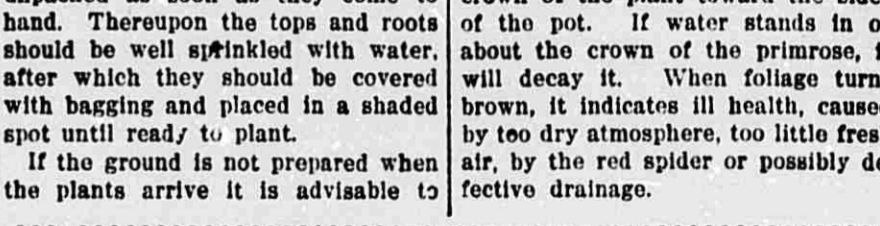
The question naturally presents itself as to which is the best time to plant roses, but the broad extent of our country precludes a definite reply. Generally speaking, however, mid-spring should receive the preference, and it is better to be a little early than too late; in a mild season, indeed, planting may even be done in March.

Norman roses, in fact, should be planted as soon as the frost is out of the ground and the soil can be worked. But it is advisable not to set out tea roses until the weather is thoroughly settled and they should, of course, only be planted in the spring.

Unless a cold, wet or late spring prevails, pruning may be done in March or April. Old and decayed branches and unripened wood should be removed annually, leaving only the strong and well matured.

### CHINESE PRIMROSE

The Chinese primrose has few and small roots and does not require a large pot. In potting this flower, see that its crown is set well above the soil. Slope the earth away from the crown of the plant toward the sides of the pot. If water stands in or about the crown of the primrose, it will decay it. When foliage turns brown, it indicates ill health, caused by too dry atmosphere, too little fresh air, by the red spider or possibly defective drainage.



A Rock Garden With Perennial Flowers.

### Parrot That Talked Egyptian

In regard to the birds of the Bahamas, a lady of my acquaintance reaped this valuable information from the lips of one of the intelligent hucksters of Nassau. She had noticed a bird looking something like a black parrot, and had asked the driver if it actually was a parrot. Oh, yes, it was a parrot, all right, he said. (By the way, it wasn't.) Did it talk, the lady asked. Oh, yes, it talked, but—and this was the really interesting information—it "only talked Egyptian!" "Egyptian!" exclaimed the lady. Yes! all the birds of the island talked Egyptian. Could he understand them? Well, just a little—but . . .

short, he confessed that his own Egyptian was rusty; but the bird talked it all right for sure—Richard Le Gallienne, in Harper's Magazine.

### Apt Description

Grandpa was mending the bureau and he sent little Elsie to ask the janitor for one or two screws. When Elsie found the janitor she had forgotten the word "screws," so she said: "Grandpa wants some nails with ruffles on."

### Nothing New to Mike

The New York Giants were exercising in Texas when one night Mike Donlin crept into the Pullman that was sidetracked at Waco a long while after hours, greatly to the rage of John J. McGraw. Now, according to Donlin, there is supposed to be but one complete humiliation for a ball player who goes against the winter training rules. The culprit is assigned to an upper berth in the sleeper. McGraw was awakened when the belated Donlin climbed into the car and says he:

"Just for that, Mike, you take an upper." The manager had forgotten the player's previous servitudes and stealths in the way of personal transportation across the country. But Mike did not forget. He said merely: "All right, John, I've ridden 'em higher than uppers and lower than lowers."

Ostriches Once of Immense Size.  
That ostriches once grew 15 feet in height is shown by remains found in the island of Madagascar.

## Country's Future Bright

It is generally believed that what used to be the German Southwest Africa will develop rapidly during the next five or ten years, and that the demand for agricultural and mining machinery especially will steadily increase. Capetown is the nearest trade center and has for years been in constant communication with German Southwest Africa by boat. It is thought that the railway systems of the Union of South Africa and of German Southwest Africa will be eventually linked up. Opinions differ as to the comparison of the diamonds of Southwest Africa with those of the Union of South Africa. According to some authorities, they resemble the Kimberley type. Some experts on South African diamonds, however, hold the view that the stones more closely resemble those of Brazil. The diamonds in certain areas have been concentrated by the wind action.

## Books in Cases

To pack books in small packing cases, stand the parcels on end with the edges next to the sides of the cases and the back of the bindings pointed toward the inward, so pack them with crumpled newspapers to ease the pressure on the round part of the books, which may otherwise be pressed flat. Line the case with wrapping paper. Lay a thickness of wrapping paper over the top and fasten on the cover with screws in preference to nails.

## ALASKA'S FLOATING COURT.

"There is a federal judge out in Alaska who has jurisdiction over a larger territory than the whole of Europe and a large part of the United States," remarked Dr. George A. Hite of Portland, Ore., at the Shoreham, according to the Washington Post. "Indeed, he exercises judicial sway over approximately a fifth of the circumference of the earth. He is Frederic Brown, United States district judge for the Third Alaska district, with headquarters at Valdez. His district embraces a 5,000-mile strip east and west and his jurisdiction extends as far west as the one hundred and eightieth meridian, or nearly to Japanese waters. Of course, he does not hold court at either extreme, but during the summer months he comes close to it, for he sits on board the revenue cutter McCulloch, which is a sort of floating court all along the Alaskan coast and among the Aleutian islands. His work necessarily is varied, for many prob-

## lems arise among the foreigners at the various canneries along the coast.

"It is interesting that the McCulloch, which serves as the courthouse or courtboat for Judge Brown, was once Admiral Dewey's dispatch boat at Manila and fired the first shot in the battle of Manila bay. The vessel has been in the revenue service for several years and has been used as a summer courtouse for a number of summers."

## The street-lighting bills of the city of New York for 1915 will be \$400,000 less than for 1914. A goodly portion of the saving is said to have been effected by the use of nitrogen-filled tungsten lamps in place of the arc lamps

A novelty in darning brushes is one in which the bristles are so arranged that they may be pushed forward by means of a plunger as they wear down, and thus the life of the brush is increased considerably.

## Very Effective.

"I hear your daughter is taking singing lessons. Don't you find it rather expensive?" "Well, it's cheaper than hiring a lawyer."

"What has a lawyer got to do with singing lessons?" "Nothing at all, but I want to get out of the apartment I'm in, and if I hired a lawyer to break the lease it would cost me more than to pay for singing lessons and let the landlord break the lease himself."

## All Depends.

"Cheap skates are never popular." "Oh, I don't know. I saw a lot going nicely the other day which had been marked down 25 cents and advertised as a bargain."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Accommodating.  
"What would you like to have for your enjoyment at a party, dear?" "Oh, any old thing." "Then I'll get an antique to dance with you."



The LOWELL LEDGER

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F. M. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop'r

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No Use for Traitors Here.

It has come to our hearing that a man living in Lowell has asserted that in case of war between the United States and Germany that he would fight for Germany.

Asked why he did not go there, he replied: "Because I can make more money here."

We do not know who the man is, nor do we care to know. So, this opinion of him and his kind is entirely impersonal.

Feeling as he does, if he is a patriotic German, his duty is in the ranks of his country's army, fighting its battles; and he has no right to be here with his family enjoying the blessings of liberty.

If he has taken the oath of allegiance, his utterance is treason and he is a traitor to the land of his adoption; and he has no right to be keeping a loyal American citizen out of a job.

Industrial institutions have already recognized these principles in practice, denying promotion to foreigners who have not or will not become citizens and refusing to employ such now and hereafter.

This is no partisan matter. It is a question of good citizenship and all good American citizens are patriotic and loyal to their land, government and flag.

All who cannot or will not qualify under these principles are unworthy of the protection, prosperity and liberty afforded by our government.

Let them go to the country they love better and by fighting for it prove, at least, that they are not cowards.

\* See on page 2 Article "American Citizens Only Considered."

A DETROIT automobile tourist has found a genuine dyed-in-the-wool Rebel relic at Troy, Alabama. It is a marble monument on private grounds and bears this inscription:

Erected by Pink Parker in honor of John Wilks Booth for killing old Abe Lincoln.

On enquiry he learned that Pink Parker is an unreconciled Confederate soldier who tried to place the monument on the public square but was not allowed to do so. So he put it in his own yard within three feet of the sidewalk, where it has been tolerated for ten years, which is about nine years, eleven months, twenty-nine days, twenty-three hours and fifty minutes longer than it would stand anywhere in Michigan.

WHEN Mark Twain wrote Puddin'head Wilson, twenty-two years ago, the use of fingerprints as a means of detecting crime, was brought to public attention through the vagaries of the leading character in that amusing bit of fiction. The value of finger print clues is now universally recognized and in Sunday's paper we read of the removal of a body from a vault in order to obtain fingerprints of a murder victim, and determine the guilt or innocence of a suspect held for the crime. Thus, as in the case of "Around the World in Eighty Days" and "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," we are reminded that the fiction of one generation may become the fact of another.

Someone has figured that the earth will reach its maximum population capacity of 6,000,000,000 in about two centuries. Possibly the war in Europe will be over then and those who are left can do their own figuring. In the meantime, German or Yankee chemists will have invented so many processes for converting wood, dirt, stones and vegetable wastes into nutritious and luscious foods that these wise prophecies may be knocked "higher than Gilderey's kite." Why worry?

It is now claimed that the average depth of the ocean is about 12,000 feet and that the average height of land above sea level is about 2,300 feet. In our school days we were taught that the ocean depths and land heights were about equal. Thus we are reminded that a considerable portion of life's education consists in revising "former editions." As president Wilson puts it: "When a man can't change his mind, he is a back number."

THE report of the death at 113 years of a man who for the past 90 years of his life had taken one drink of whiskey a

In Effect Today 'COONS'

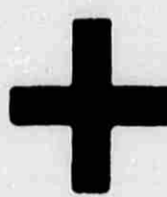
HERE THEY ARE! Clean Sweep Prices that set still greater records for value-giving in Men's and Young Men's Clothes.

NOW ACT TODAY. The prices are final. They mean the goods must go now.

Final Clean Sweep

a genuine "clearing out" of all heavy-weight merchandise. As fine goods as you ever saw—the very "last word" in everything desirable in Men's Merchandise.

It doesn't take a "head for figures" to see at a glance that these "Final Clean Sweep" prices are terribly low. They mean business.



Here's a "partial catalog of values," selected from a multitude of magnificent bargains we are offering NOW. Some of these values are astounding we know—but we will sell these goods during the season for which they were bought.

Shrewd Men Will See These Suit Prices!

- One only, size 40 Men's Suit, dark cassimere, blue stripe, worth \$8. Clean Sweep \$5.45
One size 39 brown Tartan check cassimere suit, Clothcraft, all wool, worth \$12.50. Final Clean Sweep 8.85
One size 38 Grey Cassimere, heavy weight suit, good business suit. Clean Sweep price 8.85
One brown Heather Unfinished Worsted suit, size 37, a fine business suit worth \$12.50. Clean Sweep price 10.45
Just one size 35 Young Men's suit, Tartan plaid, December style in a smart suit, worth \$15.50. Clean Sweep price 12.45
One Young Men's suit, blue Urquhart plaid, patch pockets, cuffs on pants, size 38, was \$16.50. Now it is 13.45

Real Specials, These!

- Men's heavy weight, hair-lined Cassimere Pants, 36 to 40 waists. Clean Sweep at \$1.29
Men's heavy Shaker Sweaters in sizes 38, 42, 44, Oxford and Tobacco Brown shades. Shawl collars. Worth \$3.50. Final Clean Sweep 1.85
Heavy Flannelette Shirts, in grey and brown, sizes 16 1/2 and 17 only. They were a special at 65c but now they are 48c
Rochester Mills best grade Heavy Wool Sox. 39c

Boys' and Children's Suits

- Kulcker Suits in sizes 13 to 16. Lined pants, Good wearing, sold school suits. Good Patterns. Worth \$6.50. Final Clean Sweep at \$2.45
1 Size 16 Grey Diagonal All Wool Norfolk Suit. Yoke and pleats. Lined Kulckers. Worth \$5.50, now 3.85
1 Size 7 Dark Green Mixture Norfolk Suit. Lined Kulckers, yoke and pleats. Was \$4 and worth it. Now 3.15
1 Size 16 Brown Kulcker Suit. Yoke, pleats, lined pants, etc. Worth \$4. Now 2.85
Sizes 11 and 12 of a Dark Brown Scotch mixture. Patch pockets, belts, etc. 2 pairs lined Kulckers. Worth \$5.50. Now at 4.45

All Winter Underwear Way Down!

Overcoats Down, Too

- Men's convertible collar Ulsterettes, dark mixtures in 2 shades, full lined, good to wear, worth \$9. \$6.85
Men's dark blue Overcoats, collar to match, Clothcraft make, roomy and comfortable, worth \$12.50. Final price 8.45
One size 38 convertible collar Ulsterette in seal brown, full lined, Clothcraft \$13.50 coat. The final price is 9.85
Two coats, sizes 35 and 36, "Yung-felo," skeleton lined, satin shoulder lined, piped seams and all. The Clean Sweep price is 14.45
"Varsity 600" Coats—Just two left, double breasted, velvet collars. There are no better coats made, new styles. The Final Sweep price is 17.45

Prices dropped from under FUR COATS

- Bearskin coat, beaverized collar, quilted lining, leather kicker, soft, light, good wearing coat. Final Clean Sweep price \$19.85
Bearskin Fur coats. Skins are dressed making them light weight, quilted lining, plain collar, wavy medium length hair. Final 21.45
Genuine Galloway with whole-piece back, beaverized collar, quilted lining, bound edges, leather kicker, just one left. Clean Sweep price 23.85
Fur lined coat, black Kersey Shell, rat lined, blended rat collar. A Gordon coat worth \$50. Clean Sweep at 34.50

MacKinnaws

- Men's 32 ounce Genuine MacKinnaw Cloth. Blues, greys, reds, plaids, etc. "Gordon" make. Final Clean Sweep \$4.85
Boys', same as above in sizes 25, 28, 32, 34. Madesame as men's. Final Clean Sweep 4.35
Men's 36 ounce "Gordon" MacKinnaws. Same as above only in 36 ounce weights. Mighty good coats. Final Clean Sweep 6.65

COONS

The Home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes

- 50c Caps.....43c
\$1 Caps.....78c
Fur Inbands

day, is important as showing that moderation in the use of strong drink is possible to some men. Whether two drinks a day would have doubled the man's years, or whether being blessed with a remarkable constitution, he lived 113 years in spite of his daily dose, the reader can determine to suit himself.

The Detroit Times is taking a poll of the city on the question "Do you think the police force of this city ought to be pledged not to drink?" Detroit has everything to gain and nothing to lose by adopting the slogan, "Put none but sober men on guard!"

READ the story of the Michigan drummer boy in this issue of The Ledger. It was written by an inmate of the Soldier's Home in this county and is a recital of his own experience in field, camp, battle and Andersonville and Libby prisons half a century ago.

SEA-WASH is carrying away the south side of Nantucket island at the rate of six feet per year. What in tucket is Nan going to do?

Try Ledger job print.

EAST CASCADE & NORTH McCORDS

Miss Edith Quiggle is working for Mrs. Hunter of Lowell. Mrs. H. E. Fuller and sister of Grand Rapids spent Thursday at Roy Fuller's. Chandler Duke of Grand Rapids spent Thursday and Friday at Roy Munger's. John Cox and wife have the grip. Artie Peel is none better at this writing. A nurse is caring for him. Miss Lillian Bloomer and sister spent Friday evening at the home of Oriow Tillyer. Mrs. Ivah Linton and daughter Vada of Alto spent Tuesday at Geo. Linton's. Oriow Tillyer spent a few days with his sister, Mrs. Ward Willette, in Lowell.

SCATICA'S PIERCING PAIN

To kill the nerve pains of Sciatica you can always depend on Sloan's Liniment. It penetrates to the seat of pain and brings ease as soon as it is applied. A great comfort too with Sloan's is that no rubbing is required. Sloan's Liniment is invaluable for stopping muscular or nerve pain of any kind. Try it at once if you suffer with rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, pain in chest, sprains, bruises, etc. It is excellent for neuralgia and headache. See at all druggists. adv

CASCADE

Jan. 31.—About twenty-five of the friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hulbert gave them a surprise Friday evening. A bountiful lunch was served and the evening was spent in a social way. Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert left Saturday for their new home in Grand Rapids, where they will conduct a home business on Colt avenue. Their many friends

wish them success.

Clyde Vanetter was the victim of a surprise party last Monday evening, it being his seventeenth birthday anniversary. Mrs. Byron Patterson entertained with a birthday dinner Friday in honor of her husband. The work of remodeling the basement of the church began last Thursday under the supervision and management of the brotherhood, a recent organization of the church and community. When completed the church will have a large Sunday school room which can also be used as a banquet room and for social purposes and will be a much needed addition. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Carlisle returned home Tuesday from an extended visit at Rockford. MOSELEY Feb. 1.—Mrs. Frank Keech was taken to Grand Rapids to a hospital where she had an operation performed last Wednesday. Mrs. Gordon Frost and daughter spent Friday and Saturday at home. Mrs. F. is spending a few weeks with her parents during her father's illness. John Woodhead of Lowell visited Sunday in Grand Rapids. Earl Brown and family Sunday. Carl Whitebach, Peter Peterson and Helen Andrews visited Miss Louisa Church Sunday. Frank Keech spent Saturday and Sunday in Grand Rapids. Miss Matilda Davis spent part of last week with Mrs. Max Summers. John Rennells and family of Grand Rapids visited relatives at Moseley over Sunday. Mrs. Alfred Bedell entertained the

weeks with her sister, Mrs. Will Hoffman.

Lester Whitten was home from McLaughlin's Business college, Grand Rapids, over Saturday and Sunday. Phillip Jakeway is spending a few days in Detroit. FOR CHILDREN'S COUGH You cannot use anything better for your child's cough and cold than Dr. King's New Discovery. It is prepared from Pine Tar mixed with healing and soothing balsams. It does not contain anything harmful and is slightly laxative, just enough to expel the poisons from the system. Dr. King's New Discovery is antiseptic—kills the cold germs—raises the phlegm—loosens the cough and soothes the irritation. Don't put off treatment. Coughs and colds often lead to serious lung troubles. It is also good for adults and the aged. Get a bottle today. All druggists. adv

SOUTH BOSTON.

Jan. 31.—Those attending S. S. Yetter's funeral from this way were Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Klahn, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Schneider and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Tucker. Mrs. Tucker and family called at the home of Roy Kyster Sunday. Verne Freeman and wife spent Sunday with his brother Frank and wife. Mr. and Mrs. N. M. O'Brien are among the grip victims, a trained nurse from Grand Rapids is attending them. Jefferson Robinson and Joe Gilboe were in Ionia last Monday on business. Mark Sneathen is not gaining as fast as we hoped he might. Dr. Towley of Grand Rapids counseled with Dr. Huntley of Lowell Sunday evening. Mr. Alfred Bedell entertained the

Congregational Ladies Aid society last Thursday with a fair attendance. Mrs. Urs Norton is on the sick list, also Mrs. Chilton Baker. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Raymond of Saranac spent Sunday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Waver. Mrs. Ernest Tucker is ill with the mumps. Mrs. Phyllis Cliley, formerly of South Boston, but now of Ypsilanti, is under the doctor's care. Edward Kvasar and wife called at the home of Jay Parson Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Freeman spent a few days at home here, but returned to Ionia last Tuesday for a more extended visit. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Klahn called on John O'Harrow Sunday. Lagrippe seems to be the order of the day here. Everybody has either had it or is having it.

DON'T SOULD FRETFUL CHILDREN

That nervousness, fretting and restlessness in no doubt caused by worms or constipation. Instead of whipping or scolding, give your child a few drops of KICKAPOO Worm Killer, nice candy confections that kill the worms and are laxative enough to move the bowels and expel not only the worms but accumulated poisons. These poisons are the cause of nervousness and irritability, reduce their vitality and make them victims of sickness. Get a box of KICKAPOO Worm Killer today at your druggist, only 25c.

WEST LOWELL

Nels Gohn of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dawson. Mrs. Chas. McIntyre visited Mr. and Mrs. Seward and mother, Mrs. A. Rolf, Friday night and Saturday in Grand Rapids. Mr. and Mrs. James and Mr. and Mrs. William Kinyon took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. William Rexford last Tuesday. Clarence Kinyon of Lowell is cutting wood for William Kinyon. Arnold Ball of Grand Rapids was quite ill at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Ball, last week. Mrs. Guy Monks and Jack McCarty do not gain as fast as their many friends would like to see them. Orville Austin and John Court attended the funeral of W. K. Munson in Grand Rapids last Tuesday. Will Eselick of Saginaw has been visiting at the home of Ben Peters. Charles McIntyre and Melvin Court were in Grand Rapids on business last Wednesday. Mrs. Philo spent Monday and Tuesday with her daughter, Mrs. Leon McCarty. The Ladies Aid society of the U. B. church will hold their next meeting with Mrs. Melvin Court Feb. 10. Mrs. T. J. Elrick and Carl Monroe are quite ill. Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntyre and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Holmes. Mesdames Clyde and William Mulen spent last Wednesday with Mrs. Charles McIntyre.

SOUTH GRATTAN

Eleanor Rhodes is in Grand Rapids caring for her sister, who is ill with quinsy. Mr. Lawrence of Missouri is visiting his brother, A. H. Lawrence. Ethel Barres of Belding visited Minnie Cummings Thursday night. Mr. and Mrs. H. Booky and little son Richard visited at Burton Partridge's Sunday. The married people's dance was held at Lester's hall Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Weller visited Mrs. Weller's parents Sunday. A party was held at S. Brownell's Friday evening. A picnic supper was served and all reported a fine time. A lecture and program were given at the Grattan hall Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Platt Rowland attended the Good Fellowship club at Belding Monday evening. Henry Slayton has a very sick horse.

McCORDS and WHITNEYVILLE

O. C. Kellogg attended the funeral of his granduncle, Mrs. M. Harkness, at C. E. Dutcher's Friday. The fourth annual banquet will be held at the church Feb. 18. Those who are on the sick list are Mrs. Iva Kellogg, Bert Douglas, Kenneth Fulton, John Green and D. C. Blood. All are on the gain. T. Dolse of Lorain county, Ohio, and Mrs. Ella Lind were married Wednesday at the home of the bride, Rev. Pease officiating. They left at once for Kalamazoo and Vicksburg to visit her brother, Wm. Lewis, and Mrs. Lena Baer. Fern Cooper returned to Grand Rapids Monday after spending over Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Cooper. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Spaulding spent Sunday at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Kellogg. Arthur Lee is ill with pneumonia. A nurse from Wayland is caring for him. Mrs. D. A. Wood and daughter, Mrs. Nettie Chappel, and baby of Alto spent Wednesday and Thursday with Mrs. Wood's niece, Mrs. George Rector of Grand Rapids.

Obituary—Miss Mattie Boulard

Miss Mattie Boulard, daughter of Martin and Louisa Boulard, was born at Bowne Center Mich., Aug. 15, 1862, and died at the home of her brother, Louis Boulard, at the old home-stead, Nov. 29, 1915. Early in life deceased took up the vocation of practical nursing and in 1875 she went as nurse and companion for some friends from Grand Rapids to Boston, Mass., remaining with them for a period of twenty-five years. Fifteen years ago she returned to Michigan and bought a home at Lowell, where she followed her occupation until one year ago when her health failed and she went to the home of her brother Amiel at Marcellona, where she stayed until April last, when she returned to the home of her birth at Bowne Center. Very soon after her arrival she suffered a stroke of paralysis and complications arose which caused her death after nine months of patient suffering. Many years ago she was converted to the Christian faith and portrayed a beautiful Christian character, being identified with the Congregational church while here. Last August she embraced the Catholic faith and her funeral was held at the West Bowne Catholic church, Jan. 3, 1916. Besides the two brothers above mentioned she leaves a brother, Sylvester Boulard of Boston township, and an only sister, Mrs. Louise Raymond of Lowell, who was suffering in her tender care for the deceased during her long sickness. Miss Boulard endeared herself to all who knew her by her many acts of charity and kindness and will be sadly missed by her Lowell friends.—Com.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and it is the last to be cured, because it is incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and therefore required local remedies. Hillebrand's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by P. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it does not cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.

WHITES BRIDGE

Mrs. Chas. Bowen and children spent the last of the week with her mother at Myrns. H. F. Jenkins left last week Wednesday for a trip to Florida to visit a brother. Dr. C. H. Anderson was called from Lowell Sunday to see John Loucks, who is quite ill. Mr. and Mrs. James Stanton of Fallburg visited a few days with Mr. and Mrs. John King. Mrs. Eber Compton was in Lowell Saturday. Harold Gardner of Orleans was a Sunday night guest of his aunt, Mrs. John King.

Read the LEDGER.

SEELEY CORNERS

Recent visitors at R. A. Ferrall's were Miss Ethel Lane and John Freyermuth of West Bowne. Mrs. Alfred Heche returned home Saturday. Johanna Bruggena of Grand Rapids spent the week-end in the vicinity. Ira Westbrook had the misfortune of sawing his finger while busting wood for George Stephens. The Ladies Aid society will meet with Mrs. E. Sinclair next Wednesday for dinner. Ralph Averill, wife and baby of Ada visited their mother, Mrs. F. Quiggle last week. Frank Knowles of Alaska is working for W. Burras. Frank Reynolds and Leonard Simon are assisting Ray Cornell with his work.

JUST TRY RHEUMA

NO CURE NO PAY

That is the Basis on Which Druggists Offer this Great Remedy for Rheumatism. Anybody can afford to use the means to get rid of terrible rheumatism, sciatica, or gout, for it is sold by M. N. Henry and other druggists at only 50 cents. It is wonderful how speedily this simple remedy takes hold and how sore muscles limber up and swollen joints come down to normal. It is the best remedy you can find to drive rheumatic poison from the system and bring back health to misery-racked bodies. "I was so crippled with sciatic rheumatism I could not walk. Doctors could do nothing for me. After taking three bottles of Rheuma, the rheumatism had entirely left me."—Guy Torley, 129 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn. Get the genuine in the trade-marked package—in liquid form—guaranteed.

THE COAL MAN

is talking To You And the best thing you can do right now is to TALK TO THE COAL MAN. Place your order for the winter's supply of coal now, and let us fill your bin before the rush of orders begins. Everybody knows the grade of coal we sell. There is none better and we are keeping the price down. We've talked to you—now you talk to us. It's good for both.

EARL HUNTER

Phone 127

CLAUDE STAAL

East Side Market

Fresh, Salt and Smoked MEATS

at Reasonable Prices

Fish and Oysters in Season

Poultry and Veal received every day and highest prices paid.

City Phone 156

LOWELL, MICH.

To Cleanse and Heal Deep Cuts



Money Back if it Fails

Have it on hand

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

ALINMENT

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chills, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries. Made Since 1848. Ask Anybody About It. Price, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. All Dealers. C. Hanford & Co., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Farmers Attention!

Am in the market for your Wool, Live Stock, Potatoes, Berms and Seeds

For highest prices call Citizen's Phone No. 81, or call at my elevator, Lowell, Mich. Shipping days for stock Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

CHAS. E. JAKWAY

LOWELL, MICH.

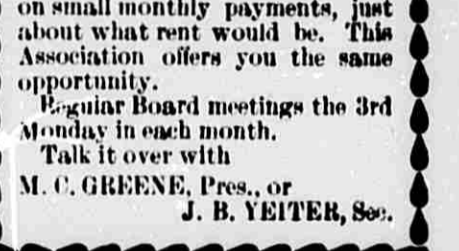
HOMES

Many people have paid for their homes through The Lowell Building & Loan Association

on small monthly payments, just about what rent would be. This Association offers you the same opportunity.

Regular board meetings the 3rd Monday in each month. Talk it over with M. C. GREENE, Pres., or J. B. YEETER, Sec.

American Adding Machine



In your daily work it can probably be proven without any argument from you that the American Adding Machine can take something away that will lengthen your life.

State your business and we will tell you how. (A year's credit allowed.)

MAIL COUPON TODAY

American Can Company Chicago, Ill. Please send booklet descriptive of American Adding and Listing Machine.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

(Clipped from Lowell Ledger.)

Farms for Sale

At McBride in Montcalm Co. on the P. M. R. R. 48 miles North East of Lowell and 30 miles straight north from Ionia we have farms running in size from 40 acres up to 160; we have cleared farms with up-to-date buildings, partly cleared farms with good buildings and uncleared land have no poor lands to offer—there is none here you are looking for a farm home, come now; I am being picked very fast here. If you can't write us what you want.

H. L. Godfrey, McBride, Mich.



HEARD ABOUT TOWN

Newspapers About People You Know.

Mrs. Wayne Pardee is ill. J. W. Hulbert has been ill the past week. Bert Kinyon was in Grand Rapids Friday. Mrs. P. C. Peckham was in Grand Rapids Friday. Clifton Bradish was a Grand Rapids visitor Friday. A. J. Nash was in Grand Rapids on business Friday. Eugene Pippin visited friends in Ada, a couple of days this week. Mrs. J. C. Hatch was in Grand Rapids a couple days last week. Jas. Davern of Pawama was a Lowell visitor one day last week. A. W. Kneel visited friends at Greenville, Cornwall and Murriceent. Joseph Anderson, spent Sunday with his family in Kalamazoo. Don Parker visited friends in Grand Rapids a couple days last week. Neva Coons left Friday p. m. for a short vacation with friends at Kalamazoo. John Kellogg, Cliff Hatch and John Heinzman, were in Grand Rapids Monday. Mrs. W. Gonderman and Mrs. J. M. Hutchinson were in Grand Rapids Saturday. Flannelette house dresses at 69c while they last at the Lowell Home Goods store. Hadley Curtis of Vickeryville, was the guest of Mrs. A. W. Kneel the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. White spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Carpenter at Belding. Mrs. John Goodsell of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with relatives here. Chiz Anti Freeze in your motor. Cheaper and better than alcohol. Smith's Garage. Ada township real-estate transfer. Belle Benedict to Matthew P. Fase, e 1/2 s w 1/4 section 25, s 470. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sweeney of Detroit visited from Friday until Monday with Mrs. Henry Eldridge. The new Tunes-tone need to plays 50 to 200 records on your Victrola without changing. C. B. Williams. The Jolly Dozen were entertained at a six o'clock dinner by Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Johnson Saturday evening. Ida Bell Rutherford of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rutherford. Get busy! Boys' overcoats, regular \$4.50 to \$8.00 values, going for \$2.48 at Lalley & Shuter's. Eliminate bake-day trouble by using Pansy Blossom Flour. (Guaranteed as good as the best. For sale by all dealers. Mrs. Jas. Spencers spent a couple days last week with her mother at Smyrna. The latter recently had cancer removed from her breast. Mr. and Mrs. Phil Dodds of Saranac spent Sunday with their brother, E. C. Walker, who has been confined to the house by illness for a week. Clare Althen finished his trip through Michigan Friday and will spend a month with the home folks before resuming his routes through Ohio and Indiana. Mrs. Elmer Hawk was in Grand Rapids Tuesday and was accompanied home by her sister, Mrs. Ella Smith, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Pottruff, in that city the past two weeks. Get busy! Boys' overcoats, regular \$4.50 to \$8.00 values, going for \$2.48 at Lalley & Shuter's. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Althen spread a full table Sunday, January 23. Outside guests were Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Simpson and daughter Zelma, Mrs. J. Schroeder and son Charles, Mr. Stine, Althen Schroeder and Miss Klath, all of Grand Rapids.

THE SIMPLEST WAY IS THE BEST WAY

A. E. Lerche of Springfield Gives a Recipe for Getting Over the Blues



"If you ever get the blues," he said, "it is well to know the simplest and best way to get rid of them. Crankiness, nervousness and general upset condition preceding the blues usually are due to the relentless grip of constipation on the nervous system. The simplest way to meet this condition is to have a box of Rexall Orderlies in your pocket and the best way is to take one when you feel the attack coming on. It is the finest laxative for men, women and children I know of, and is a regular antidote for the blues—the best ever."

We have the exclusive selling rights for this great laxative. Trial size, 10 cents. D. G. LOOK THE REXALL STORE

Phone 35. Hakes' auto livery. Miss Eva Pottruff was ill last week. Dr. I. B. Malcolm spent Sunday in Ada. Stocking's clearance sale is still on. Rev. Fr. Troy of Parnell was in town Friday. Don Parker returned to Ionia Monday morning. F. A. Gould has returned from a visit in New York. Mrs. H. L. Weekes was in Grand Rapids one day last week. Miss Irene Stone was a Saranac visitor one day last week. Claude Himman of Ionia spent Sunday with friends here. Two big bargains on organs as R. D. Stocking's. Calvin Rogers of Detroit spent Sunday with his family here. See last page for prices at Weekes' cotton sale. Adv. Gale Bowen of Saranac spent Sunday with Lowell friends. Have your ice tools sharpened at Smith's Garage and Machine shop. J. Lockert of Grand Rapids was in Lowell Wednesday of last week. Miss Marie Perry has resumed her duties at the postoffice after an illness of several days. Berlin kettles with covers at 33c, 49c and 55c at Lowell Home Goods Store. Mrs. Luman Cogswell and daughter Juanita spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Grand Rapids. Just a few heavy weight wool sox left. You can buy them cheap at Lalley & Shuter's. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Borroughs and daughter Wilma left Saturday night for their home in Lind, Wash. Big line of overcoats to show you cheap enough so that you can afford to keep it until next winter. Lalley & Shuter. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Conklin, in Grand Rapids, Friday, January 21, a son—Norton Jack. Grandpa and Grandma Conklin have each made a brief trip down there to meet the young gentleman. Just a few heavy weight wool sox left. You can buy them cheap at Lalley & Shuter's. C. E. Wood and family will soon move to Lansing, where Mr. Wood has accepted a position as instructor in the pattern department of the Michigan Agricultural college. While regretting the departure of this excellent family, The Ledger congratulates Mr. Wood upon his deserved preferment and wishes for all success and happiness in their new home. Mr. Wood is an excellent machanic, but it is seldom that a man in middle life is called to so responsible a position, and his selection is noteworthy.

Hakes' auto livery, phone 35. Weekes' cotton starts Saturday. Adv. Mrs. Allen Bennett spent Friday in Grand Rapids. Lalley & Shuter's sale will end February 5. adv. Lattelle Ecker was home from Grand Rapids Sunday. Mrs. Alice Cline is spending the week in Grand Rapids. Mrs. J. E. Monks visited in Lansing over Sunday. Mrs. Alice DeCommerce was in Grand Rapids Thursday. Miss Florence Jones spent Wednesday in Grand Rapids. Mrs. H. V. Getty and son Arthur visited a few days in Lake Odessa last week. Little John Young has recovered from a severe attack of bronchitis. The Cheerful Doers will meet with Mrs. J. C. Smith next Monday evening. Harry Anderson and party of men were home from Greenville over Sunday. Miss Lizzie Dooly has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Michael Farrell, at Ada. Mrs. P. North, Grand Trunk trainmaster, was in Lowell last week Wednesday. Alto real estate transfer: John Keiser and wife to Edmond E. Sueden and wife, lot 52. Mrs. C. A. Lee of Saranac and Mrs. Chas. Lampkin of Keene visited Miss Libbie Lawrence Friday.

For the young men, for the middle aged man—suits cheaper than you can steal them. Lalley & Shuter. Mrs. John Christie of Grand Rapids is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. H. V. Getty. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Loucks left to spend a few weeks with their daughter, Mrs. Earl Richardson of Belding. Mrs. B. H. Lowell of Zephyr Hills, Fla., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Nellie Beadle and brother, Delos Helmer. The Moose lodge is planning another entertainment for Wednesday, Feb. 9, with program and initiation. You will wait too long if you don't look out. Don't miss those rain coat bargains at Lalley & Shuter's for \$6.45. adv. Mrs. Frank Randall and granddaughter Zora have been spending a few days with relatives in Grand Rapids. Mrs. Eunice Richmond has returned to Grand Rapids after spending week with her daughter, Mrs. Walter Rogers. Saturday special: 9, 10 and 12 inch mixing bowls at 10c, 19c and 25c each at the Lowell Home Goods Store. adv. Mrs. V. C. Wood of Brooklyn and daughter Marie of Jackson visited Mrs. C. E. Wood and family a few days last week. Dexter Conklin, Lee Lampkin and Misses Frances Abernathy and Eva Haynes were in Grand Rapids Thursday evening. Big line of overcoats to show you cheap enough so that you can afford to keep it until next winter. Lalley & Shuter. Nelson Burghdoff, Fred Barnes, Mrs. E. N. Jurgan and Mrs. Will Stone attended the funeral of the former's wife at Batavia Monday. Mrs. Burghdoff died in Kalamazoo Friday morning, aged 83 years. Misses Pearl Meade and Florence Richmond, Anthony Zahn and Albert Houserman spent from Saturday until Monday with the latter's sister, Mrs. Truman Compton, near Lake Odessa. For the young men, for the middle aged man—suits cheaper than you can steal them. Lalley & Shuter. W. T. Tuer, who was employed at the Lowell Grand Trunk station with A. O. Heydland fifteen years ago, was in town Tuesday in his capacity as traveling freight agent for the Grand Trunk. His home is now in Grand Rapids. The United Fuel and Supply Co. of Detroit, Free Press building, is sending out fine large calendars showing the Detroit water front. Enclose four cents in stamps with your request. "The Red Mist" story ends in this issue. Next week we begin "The Battle Cry," a tale of the Kentucky Mountain fends. A subscriber recently said that "The Ledger's serial stories alone were worth more than the price of the paper for a year. Sure. He was right, "and then some." Try it out. Your money back, if the paper isn't worth more than the price. Here's a gripe cure as fished by a newspaper reporter from a New York doctor: "Take a cathartic, brief hot bath, a bowl of hot lemonade, go to bed and sleep warm and tight for nine hours. When you get up dress warmly and avoid taking more cold. If the trouble seems to be chiefly in the throat, wrap the neck in a wet woolen cloth." The only trouble with this remedy—for some folks—is that it is cheap. Mr. and Mrs. F. N. White and P. E. White were called to Detroit Saturday morning by a telegram that their daughter and sister Miss Winnie, who is teaching there, was to be operated upon for appendicitis. Dr. O. C. McDannell accompanied them. The operation was successfully performed that night and when the Lowell surgeon came away Sunday evening the patient resting quietly. You will wait too long if you don't look out. Don't miss those rain coat bargains at Lalley & Shuter's for \$6.45. adv

How Two Men Cured LaGrippe

"Last winter I suffered with a terrible cold and a case of LaGrippe," writes E. C. Rhodes of Middleton, Ga. "When getting well of the gripe I still had a hacking cough and for several months could get no relief. Finally I began taking Foley's Honey and Tar and soon I was well of both cough and cold and it never returned." G. Prevo, Bedford, Ind., writes: "After having an attack of LaGrippe I tried everything. I lost in weight and got so thin it looked as though I would never get well. I tried Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and two bottles cured me. I am now well and back to normal weight." Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is a healing family remedy and seldom fails to relieve coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, raw and inflamed throats, laryngitis and chest, irritated tickling throat and bronchial coughs. For sale by M. N. Henry

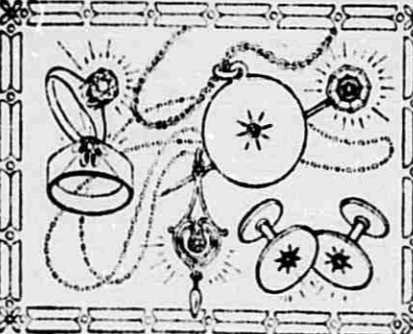
Phone 6. adv. tf. Miss Eva Haynes spent Sunday with her parents in Sparta. Misses Lena Murphy and Edith Munge spent Thursday in Grand Rapids. Mrs. Phil Krum and Miss Abby Malcolm spent Tuesday in Grand Rapids. Hakes gives prompt bus and baggage service. Phone 35. Mrs. John Andrews of Belding spent the week-end with Lowell relatives. Lalley & Shuter's sale will end February 5. adv. The Baptist ladies will hold a food sale at the postoffice Saturday afternoon. All bed spreads included in Weekes' cotton sale. adv. Miss Bernice Creaser is spending her vacation with her parents in Grand Rapids. Miss Marie Tansey of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with her friend, Cora Meyers. Floyd Stinton of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Edward Stinton. Mrs. L. G. Rathbone of Grand Rapids spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Gunn. Don't forget those boys' suits at \$1.98 at Lalley & Shuter's. adv. Miss Frances Leonard spent Thursday night and Friday with friends in Grand Rapids. Don't forget those boys' suits at \$1.98 at Lalley & Shuter's. adv. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Conklin of East Lowell spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Buttermore. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mosher of Devil's Lake, N. D., were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Cameron. Always at your call, McQueens' bus. Phone 6. tf. adv.

George Williams Praises Tanlac. Marion Man Says Nothing Helped Him Like The "Master Medicine."

George Williams, Box 29, Marion, Michigan, writes the following regarding the benefit he has derived from the new remedy, Tanlac: "Although I have had catarrh for years and seemed to be unable to get rid of it. I find that, after taking one bottle of Tanlac my condition is very much improved. Friends have noticed and commented on the change and I feel better in every way. I have tried nearly every remedy on the market but have never been benefited by anything until I started taking Tanlac. Catarrh of the head is very prevalent in this section of the country. Manifesting itself as it does in an accumulation of mucus in the throat, water dripping of the nose, frequently coughing up of mucus, offensive breath, pains across the forehead and throbbing pains in the back of the head, it is very disagreeable. Tanlac has been proven especially valuable in relieving these conditions. Tanlac may be obtained here at the store of M. N. Henry.

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Our Policy

We believe that there is only one way to build up a successful business, and that is to give the customer all that he pays for and a little bit more. We believe you should get a full dollar's worth for every dollar you spend. Our policy has always been to sell only the highest grade merchandise at the lowest possible prices. That this policy is working out successfully, is attested to by the large numbers of people who patronize us. Are you one of them? Victrolas and Records. U. B. Williams Jeweler

ELMDALE

John Weaver of Hastings visited his parents of this place Monday. Alto Miller and family spent Sunday with Noah Shuter and family. Miss Wealthy Shuter returned home from Indiana Wednesday evening. Rev. Jacob Miller made a business trip to Ionia Saturday. Mrs. Louie Peck and daughter Madonna of near Saranac visited relatives in this vicinity the past week. Steve Foster and family entertained his cousin, Samuel Yoder, also John Kaufman and Milton Herberger, all of near Johnston, Pa., Friday night. Crville Clemons and family visited Sunday with Frank Miller and family. Ray Whitman left Tuesday for Rodney on business. Wm. Allen has received the position of night watchman of the P. M. at Freeport and will move his family to that place in the near future. George Sergeant spent Sunday with his mother of East Lowell.

Kidney Trouble Leads To Terrible Tortures

Hundreds of sufferers from pains in the back and sides, and other urinary disorders, lumbago, rheumatism, dizziness, puffing swellings under the eyes or in the feet and ankles, nervousness, tired or worn out or frayed feeling, but unable to realize that the greater part of all sickness today can be avoided by keeping the kidneys working properly. If you suffer from any of the many agonies that accompany weak, clogged-up or diseased kidneys, you should not neglect yourself another day and run the risk of serious complications. Secure a package of Solvax, the wonderful new kidney remedy, which is very inexpensive yet acts quickly and surely on the seat of the trouble. You'll be surprised how entirely different you'll feel in a very short time. It doesn't matter how long you have suffered, how old you are, or how frayed and worn you feel. The very principle of Solvax is such that it is practically impossible to take it into the human system without beneficial results. Solvax has been so uniformly successful that M. N. Henry will in future sell it under a positive guarantee of relief or refund the money.

MORSE LAKE

Miss Bernice Underhill has been very sick with gripe and had to give up her school for the week. Mrs. Cora Miller of Grand Rapids spent Saturday and Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Whitman Kiel and helped care for her sister, Miss B. Underhill. Misses Laura Underhill and Maude Curtis made a business trip to Grand Rapids Saturday, got on the wrong train and were carried past their station to Elmdale. Two young men on their way home from Alto Monday night were going down the Grand Trunk when the business broke letting the buggy on the horse's heels. He became frightened and ran for some distance but fortunately was stopped before anything very serious occurred. In account of the very bad roads the South Lowell Grange degree team postponed their trip to LaBarge Tuesday to some future date. Earl Curtis has been caring for Dr. Hastings of Alaska during his recent illness with gripe and pneumonia. Mark Warner left his many friends and relatives Saturday for his future home at Twin, Wash., where he purchased the house of his last summer. He will make his home with his son Ray. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Burroughs and daughter Wilma accompanied him as far as Lind, Wash. Quarterly meeting at the church Sunday. Preaching Elder Floyd was with us and gave us one of his best sermons. Miss Addie Yelter, who is at Albion college, has been spending a few days at home returning to her studies Sunday evening. Miss Lena Yelter resumed her duties as teacher at the Merriman school Monday, after spending a week at home on account of the illness and death of her father. All the pupils from the Lowell high school in this community are at home this week. The funeral services of S. S. Yelter took place at the church Thursday and was the largest attended for years, owing to his wide acquaintance and the esteem in which his friends and relatives held him. Three school districts were represented among the funeral trustees. Relatives from a distance attending the funeral were Mrs. Talitha Bickley and son Elmer, Mrs. Lena Tink, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reuter and two daughters Pearl and Doris and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Slayles, all of Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reuter of Ft. Recovery, Ohio; G. W. Reuter of St. Paris, Ohio; John Smelker of Hastings; Mr. and Mrs. John G. Reuter, Mr. and Mrs. Semiah Sess and daughter Gella, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Guckler and daughter Minnie, Mr. and Mrs. E. Moore, Mrs. Conrad Smelker, Mr. and Mrs. John Smelker, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Elroy Smelker, Chas. Smelker, Theo. Bacher, Howard Moulton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Sessé, all of Freeport; Miss Adeline Yelter of Albion; Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Skelding and son Fred of Vergennes; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Tucker and Mr. and Mrs. Mart Schneider of South Boston.

ALTON

Mrs. Maggie Ketch (Frank Ketch's wife) returned to Grand Rapids for an operation, last week Thursday. Mr. Ketch went down Saturday night and came back Sunday night and reported that she went through it all right and is improving as well as can be expected. She is at Saint Mary's Hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Ray White at Belding Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Rennels, of Grand Rapids spent Saturday night until Monday morning with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Rennels. The Bound to Win club, meets this week Wednesday evening in the basement of the Moseley school house. John Clarke had another bad spell last week Tuesday, but is some better at this writing. Mrs. Will Dicken was among the sick of the Alton and New Mains area. Mrs. B. V. Norton was in Greenville last week Tuesday. Mrs. Lizzie Davis was in Lowell Friday visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hale, who are sick. David Garfield has a feed mill at Moseley where he grinds grain. The special school meeting Saturday evening, held at the Moseley schoolhouse, was fairly well attended. The Bound to Win club have a fine quilt that they will try to dispose of next week at a social. They are trying to get money enough to buy a new carpet for church. Mrs. Dicken and Mrs. M. Trumbull called on the sick, J. Clarke and Mrs. Jane Cowie, last Wednesday. Mrs. John Rennels of Grand Rapids is visiting relatives here this week. Wm. Dicken and Mrs. M. Trumbull were in Lowell this week Monday. A. Norton and family were Sunday guests of Verne Davis and family of Otisco. Mr. and Mrs. Ray White leave next week Tuesday for their home in Alberta. Mrs. Carrie Porter was a guest at Burr Davis' Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Greene of Grand Rapids were Sunday guests at M. Trumbull's.

Prince Albert fits your taste! Meets the fondest wishes of any man who likes to smoke because it has the right flavor and aroma and coolness. It's the most cheerful tobacco you ever did pack in a jimmy pipe or roll into a cigarette. And it's so good you just feel you never can get enough. The patented process fixes that—and cuts out bite and parch! When you fire up your first smoke you'll decide that you never did taste tobacco that hits your fancy like PRINCE ALBERT the national joy smoke For it exceeds in goodness and satisfaction the kindest word we ever printed about it! Men, we tell you this tobacco will be a revelation to you. So, take this information at 100%, get out the old jimmy pipe from its hiding place or locate the makin's papers—and fall-to! Your wishes will be gratified at the nearest store that sells tobacco, for Prince Albert is in universal demand. It can be bought all over the states and all over the world! Topsy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and that fine pond crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such excellent trim. R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Come Along to the Mountains of Kentucky

Where the thunderstorms are born and where the men and women share with the eagles, their neighbors, the ferocity and intensity of the open skies.

Battle Cry

will carry to you the spicy fragrance of the Kentucky woodlands and make you feel that you have shared the life of the men and women who inhabit them.

If You Like a Good Story You Will Read Our New Serial

Beginning in next issue of The Lowell Ledger.

LOWELL MARKET REPORT. Corrected Feb. 2, 1916. Wheat (red) 80 lb. 1.31, 70 lb. 1.28, Corn 70 lb. 1.20, Oats 1.15, Rye 1.10, Buckwheat 1.05, Corn meal 1.00, Hay baled, ton 12.00, Hiddings, ton 25.00, Corn meal, ton 10.00, Bran, ton 10.00, Timothy Seed, bu 10.00, Flour, cwt 1.90, Beans, dressed 1.50, Beans, undressed 1.40, Butter, lb. 24.00, Pork, live 11.00, Pork, dressed 11.00, Pork, live 11.00, Beef, live, cwt 10.00, Beef, dressed 10.00, Calf, live 7.00-11.00, Veal, dressed 10.00-11.00, Lamb, dressed 10.00-11.00, Sheep, live 4.00-5.00, Spring Chickens, live 12.00, Butter Fat, lb. 25.00

Railroad Time Cards PERE MARQUETTE Effective June 20, 1915. East Bound: 7:40 a. m. Daily, 2:30 p. m. Daily except Sunday, 4:30 p. m. Daily. West Bound: 7:40 a. m. Daily, 2:30 p. m. Daily except Sunday, 4:30 p. m. Daily.

GRAND TRUNK Effective May 30, 1915. East Bound: 4:45 a. m. Daily except Sunday, 11:30 a. m. Daily except Sunday, 1:45 p. m. Daily except Sunday. West Bound: 12:15 p. m. Daily except Sunday, 9:27 p. m. Daily except Sunday.

DISTRICT NO. FIVE. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Percy Atkinson. It's a girl, normal weight. Miss Emma Wilcox is ill. Roy Sherman assisted J. P. Needham and son Emmet in drawing and husking corn last week. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Needham were in South Boston Saturday and Sunday on account of the illness of their daughter, Mrs. Clifton S. Baker. Wingler Bros. have gone north with their engine to operate a saw mill up there.

Auction bills printed at short notice at The Ledger office.

IDLE HOUR THEATRE IS HE CHARLIE CHAPLIN? Vaudeville and Pictures

FEATURING GEORGE MICHAELS, the original Charlie Chaplin's only rival in vaudeville, together with five reels of laugh-producing Chaplin comedy films. Two Days Only, Thursday and Friday, Feb. 3rd and 4th. Complete change of program each day. Watch for him on the street. 10c ADMISSION 15c

Lowell Granite & Marble Works

We bought a large stock of Granite in the fall of 1915, before the Quarry prices were raised, and can give you the benefit of last year's prices as long as the stock lasts. Place the order with us now for the Monument or Marker you wish set in Spring of 1916.

J. H. Hamilton Estate. Citz. Phone No. 20. Lowell, Mich.

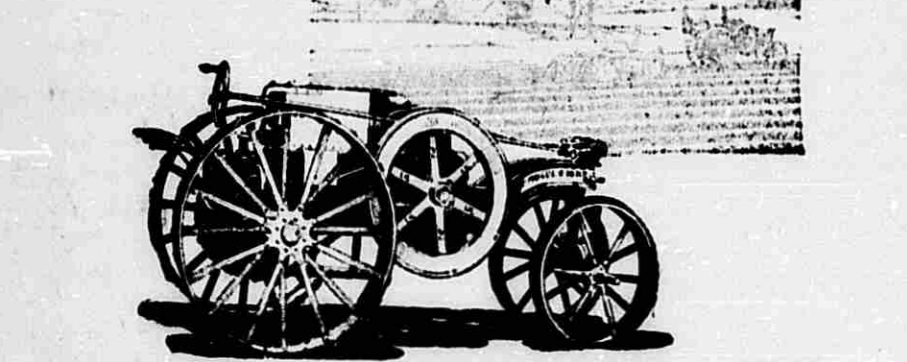
Keeping Up The Pace

in business, in the home work or in society requires consistently well nourished bodies. Simple food is best for generating health, strength and power. Personal magnetism is to a large extent the charm of a healthy body and normal mind. To constantly force upon the stomach useless and waste material is to wear it out unnecessarily. Bread, rolls or pastries made of

Lily White

are practically all digestible material. The eliminating of the waste has been done by machinery, not left for the stomach. Men who do the hardest physical labor eat the whitest, finest bread because they find "it stays by them longest." Scientifically the reason for this is that all the indigestible part of wheat is left out of white flour and the food is entirely digested. If the laboring man, who has a healthy digestion, cannot afford to load his stomach with waste, certainly the sedentary man with less digestive ability cannot. Lily White makes wholesome food for all. VALLEY CITY MILLING COMPANY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

A Real Kerosene Burner



\$675 Mogul 8-16 \$675 Kerosene-Burning Tractor. MOGUL 8-16 is the only tractor of its size that we know of that works on low-grade kerosene. That gives it two big advantages over other tractors. Mogul 8-16 burns any oil that can be burned in an engine. Since you can always get naphtha, benzine, motor spirits, kerosene, or some of the low-grade distillates, you are sure of a plentiful supply of fuel at all times. That's another advantage. The other is that kerosene and the other oils cost less and, in all probability, always will cost less than gasoline. You know the difference in price now, and you can easily figure the saving in burning low-grade oil. That's another advantage. Kerosene is not explosive. Gasoline is. Gasoline requires a separate tank. If you buy a Mogul 8-16, your one kerosene tank will be all you need. We have a sample Mogul 8-16 right here in the store. Come in and have a look at it. We believe when you have seen it, and know all it will do for you, that you will want one for your spring work, especially when you realize that it costs you only \$675 cash, F. O. B. Chicago. H. NASH, Lowell



Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day

Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well.

Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach.

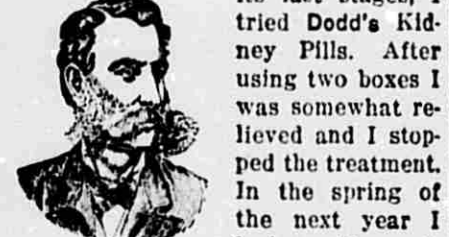
The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, biliousness, stomach trouble, rheumatism; others who have scaly skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any store that handles drugs which will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a perfect crank on the subject of internal sanitation—Adv.

An Awful Feeling.

She—How would you feel if you found I wasn't true to you? He—'I'd feel for my cigarette case.

THE PROFESSOR'S STATEMENT.

Prof. Aug. F. W. Schmitz, Thomas, Okla., writes: "I was troubled with Backache for about twenty-five years. When told I had Bright's Disease in its last stages, I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. After using two boxes I was somewhat relieved and I stopped the treatment. In the spring of the next year I had another attack. I went for Dodd's Kidney Pills and they relieved me again. I used three boxes. That is now three years ago and my backache has not returned in its severity, and by using another two boxes a little later on, the pain left altogether and I have had no trouble since. You may use my statement. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills when and wherever I can." Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at any dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., DuBois, N. Y.—Adv.



A Ringer.

Ernest P. Bicknell, national director of the American Red Cross, said on his return from Belgium to a Washington reporter: "It is peace to come, each side must do its share. Advances must be made like the girl, you know. "A young millionaire said to a beautiful girl on a moonlit beach between two dances: "Don't you like that Shakespearean quotation? "The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, Cradle them to thy soul with hoops of steel." "The girl sighed. "Beautiful," she said. "Beautiful. But wouldn't hoops of gold be better?"

Retort Courteous.

He was an estimable young man, whose life happily had not intimately acquainted him with the etiquette of the barroom, but he had evidently picked up some knowledge of this from hearsay and reading. "Here," said his fellow worker, in reaction against the toll of the holiday "rush," "is to hell with Christmas!"

COFFEY WAS IT.

People Slowly Learn the Facts.

"All my life I have been a slave to coffee. I kept gradually losing my health, but I used to say 'nonsense, it don't hurt me.' "Slowly I was forced to admit the truth and the final result was that my nervous force was shattered. "My heart became weak and uncertain in its action and that frightened me. Then my physician told me that I must stop drinking coffee or I could never expect to be well again. "I thought of Postum but could hardly bring myself to give up the coffee. "Finally I concluded that I owed it to myself to give Postum a trial. I got a package and carefully followed the directions, and what a delicious, warming, rich drink it was! Do you know, I found it very easy to shift from coffee to Postum. "Almost immediately after I made the change I found myself better, and as the days went by I kept on improving. My nerves grew steady, I slept well and felt strong and well-balanced. Now the old nervousness is gone and I am well once more." It pays to give up the drink that acts on some like a poison, for health is the greatest fortune one can have. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

THE RED MIST A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE BY RANDALL PARRISH ILLUSTRATIONS BY C.D. RHODES

CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

"You might make the jump," I said, drawing a revolver from his belt, "but to my best judgment there is a hundred-foot drop right here, and it would damage you some to take it. See," and I tossed the weapon over the edge, and we heard the sound as it struck on the rocks below. "I guess you'll not try that trick. And so you want me to offer you a reward, dead or alive? Isn't it rather my wife you want?"

"I don't believe she is your wife."

"Not after she gave you her word? That's a fairly common commentary to the lady, lieutenant. However, I haven't any reason to be jealous of you—Noreen knows you too well by this time; you proved yourself a treacherous cur in Lewisburg. Now turn around!"

There was no other weapon in his belt, and it never occurred to me that he might possess another secreted in his jacket; nor did I realize the desperate hatred of me which gave him reckless courage. What to do with the fellow obsessed my mind; I possessed nothing to securely bind him with, I could not leave him alive, nor had I any desire to take him along with me. He settled the problem himself. Suddenly, his arms above his head, his eyes on mine, he kicked viciously, the heavy shoe striking my wrist, sending the revolver I held spinning into the grass a dozen feet away. With almost the same movement he was tugging at his jacket pocket. I saw the gleam of steel, and stripped his fingers just in time; my other hand, numbed by the blow dealt me, was for the instant useless, yet I struck him with my elbow full in the face. I had no grip that would hold, yet it tangled the revolver in the folds of cloth so he could not draw, and with a snarl of baffled rage, he tore his fingers loose, and clutched at my throat with both hands. Back and forth we swayed on the very edge of the ravine, kept from plunging down into the black depths by the intervening fringe of trees, savagely contending for the mastery. That he was a trained athlete, acquainted with every wrestler's trick, I knew from the monomaniacal way he fought, for this was to be a fight, no wrestling game. Strong, quick, agile as the man I never doubted I was his match, and as I felt strength come back into my hand, and realized that I could clench it again, I felt coldly confident. Once, twice, I drove my knuckles into his exposed face, compelling him to loosen grip, and throw up his hands in protection. And then I had him; not that I was devoid of skill as a boxer—I had possessed tricks of defense unknown to me, but it was the professional knowledge of the West Point gym, while I had graduated from the rough school of the camp; where he had trained for points, for fancy milking. I had fought to win against desperate opponents. The difference told, for I beat him down, caring nothing for what blows reached me, so that I smashed in through his guard, and landed. Again and again I feinted with my right, and drove my left straight to the exposed jaws. I gave him no time to cry out, to even catch a full breath. There was no sound but a muffled, grating foot fall. I became a machine, grimly determined, a desire to punish throbbing in my veins. He fought catlike and fowl, but I only laughed, and angered him. I drove him out into the open where I could see better. I was fighting now, with no thought of protecting myself, only of hurting him. I tried for a knockout, but he blocked me, clinging desperately to my arm. I tore loose once more, flinging him aside bewildered and breathless.

"Now, Raymond," I said, "that trick doesn't work a second time. Stand up to it, you coward! You wanted a fight, and you are going to have one. What! The gun again? I guess not." He had jerked it out before I reached him, but my hand closed over his—the hammer fell, digging into the flesh of my thumb, and the pain maddened me; he staggered back from the impetus of my body, and I tore loose, the iron still imbedded in my flesh, and struck him. The pearl hammer crashed to the side of his head, tearing his hand in jagged wound, but he went over, dropping to the grass as if dead, and gave no sound; or, for an instant his limbs twitched, and then he lay there, curled into a ball. I stared down at him, panting, scarcely realizing just what had occurred. An instant before he had been fighting like a tiger cat, now he was a motionless, grotesque shadow. Blood streamed from my lacerated hand, and I bound up the wound in a neckerchief stripped from around my throat, hardly conscious of the pain, my breath steadying, my muscles growing tense. Then I bent down, and straightened the man out, upturning his face to the moon. He was not dead—there was a beat to his pulse; but the gas on his head was an ugly one; he would have a scar there while he lived. He lay like a dead man, his face ghastly, his thin lips drawn back from his teeth, and seemingly breathless. But for that faint, barely perceptible throb of the pulse, I would have thought him killed.

And now what? Kelly, and his followers, would not be gone long exploring the depths of the ravine—an hour at most would take them over every inch of it. We must have more of a start than that. There were troops yonder. Fox would never worry over the disappearance of Raymond, but Moran might; and he was in command. There was a squad of horsemen out there now, beyond the corner of the church, and riding southward—they might be in search of the missing lieutenant and his three troopers. I dare not leave the fellow where he was to recover consciousness, and give an alarm, or be discovered by others. There were two things possible to do—to roll the body into the ravine, or bear it with me. The first would be murder; the second a tax upon my physical strength which I might not withstand. Yet there was no other way, but to try the experiment.

I tossed the discarded revolver into the bushes, and struggled with the limp body until I was able to rise to my feet, with the unconscious man dangling across my shoulders, and give of good girth and weight, but I succeeded in staggering the few yards necessary with the burden, and then, hoisted him across the saddle, head and heels dangling. The horse snorted and circled to get away, frightened at his unusual burden, but I soothed the animal, and finally he snuffed at the man's legs, and stood still.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Trail to Covington.

As I gripped the horse's rein and turned him slowly round, I heard a single shot fired in the gorge below, the sound echoing among the rocks, and a spark of fire gleamed through the darkness. It was far enough away to give me little concern, yet the report must have been heard by the cavalry squad now well out in the open, for they wheeled their horses and rode straight toward the ravine. Their course would bring them higher up, just to the rear of the church, yet, with suspicious eyes aroused, 'twas likely they would patrol the banks, seeking for some passage below. Consider the distance between us was sufficient to hide my movements so long as I kept well back in the shadows of the trees. I led the horse forward, advancing as rapidly as I dared to travel, using one hand to steady Raymond's body swaying across the saddle. It must have been a quarter of a mile, or more, to where the forest spread out from the bank into a dark tangle of trees, extending half across the ridge. The winding of the ravine took me out of sight of the body of horsemen above, yet I knew they had galloped to the edge of the gorge, and were calling to whoever was below. I could hear the shouts, without catching the words, and even imagined I distinguished a faint cry in return. By slipping the lieutenant's belt over the saddle horn, thus preventing his limp body from sliding off, I urged the animal to a sharp trot.

What was before us in those dark woods was all conjecture—but I possessed infinite confidence in Noreen. The very silence, coupled with the fact that no sign of the two fugitives had been met with along the way, convinced me that they had safely attained the rendezvous, and were now there, anxiously awaiting my arrival. The time had not been long, and the girl would never consent to proceed alone with Nichols, until she had lost every hope of my joining her. He might not remain so long in such close proximity of danger, but I could count on her to keep the fellow there until the last possible moment. We went down into a shallow gully, and then climbed the opposite bank, having to force a passage through thick scrub. I pressing the branches aside to prevent their scratching Raymond's face. He gave utterance to a groan, and I lifted his head, supporting it on my shoulder as we topped the rise. The horse shied, I caught a glimpse of a shadow flitting across an open space.

"Noreen!"

"Is it really you? I could not tell—the horse; the something across the saddle."

She came forward with a swift spring, not satisfied until her hand actually touched me.

"Oh, I am so glad—you are not even hurt?"

"Not seriously; battered up a bit—Nichols?"

"Yes, he is here; there beside the tree. Tell me what has happened! What have you here? Why is it a man," she shrank back, "a—dead man?"

"No, not dead." I hastened to explain, unbuckling the belt, and lowering the still limp body to the ground. "Here's the fellow that was with me. We cannot guarantee many minutes here; there are cavalrymen scouting the edge of the ravine yonder, they may come as far as this. That is why I brought the fellow along—to keep him from being found. Do you recognize the face, Noreen?"

It was dark and shadowy where we were and she was compelled to bend

low to distinguish the features. Her lips gave a startled, half-suppressed cry: "Why is it Lieutenant Raymond! You—you fought together? How did he come here?"

"I think he suspected we might manage to escape from the church. He was more anxious to capture me than he was to fight evidently, for I caught no glimpse of his face during the melee. But he, and three troopers, were hidden at the edge of the woods watching where the trail comes up from the ravine."

"Yes," breathlessly, "we saw them come across, just after the torches began to flare up inside the church. Then another man rode along there."

"That was Kelly; he brought word that we had got away. I was within ten feet of them when they met. The lieutenant swore at the news, and sent the four men down the trail to search—he offered one hundred dollars for me, dead or alive."

She arose to her feet, but the darkness prevented my seeing the expression on her face.

"He did! This man?" she exclaimed, the horror of the thought visible in the tone. "Why, what is it to him? I do not understand why he should exhibit such bitterness—he was determined to convict you from the start. There was no feud between you two, was there?"

"Only Noreen Harwood," I answered, speaking softly. "But—look! The cavalry squad just passed across that open space; they are riding this way. Raymond will revive presently, and some of his men will find him here; Kelly will search as soon as he discovers the man is missing. Nichols, fasten the belt about his arms—yes, buckle it behind; a notch tighter. You know this trail?"

"I have been over it enough," rather sullenly. "Is Anne Cowan dead?"

"Yes; but that doesn't affect you to Covington. You are going to guide us to Covington. Hold the horse. Now Noreen."

She gave me her hand, and I helped her into the saddle. A horse neighed in the distance, but my fingers closed on the nostrils of the animal beside me in time to prevent response. Nichols stood motionless, a tall, shapeless figure, gazing back over the tops of the bushes. I drew my revolver, and touched him with it sharply on the arm.

"Go on," I said quietly, yet with a threat in my voice. "Attempt to run, or play any trick, and I drop you in your tracks."

He turned without a word, and silently pushed a passage through the scrub into more open woods, and I followed, grasping the horse's rein. A hundred yards farther along we came into a beaten track, and began to mount upward along a rocky ridge, where the moon gave me good view. It was a scene of silent desolation. I took one glance backward, but trees shut off all glimpse of the church, and the plateau I thought I heard a voice, or two, calling afar off, perhaps the cavalrymen again signaling Kelly in the ravine, but we had little to fear from them. Our trail could never be followed before morning, and dawn would be three hours away. I slipped my weapon back into my belt, confident Nichols would make no attempt to desert. He was slouching forward, muttering something to himself as he walked, and never even turned his

head to glance behind. I stole a look upward at the lady in the saddle, but did not venture to address her. She sat erect, her face slightly averted, but her thoughts appeared to be elsewhere, and I plodded on, my heart grown heavy. Beyond doubt she realized now what the end was to be. In the rush and excitement of the past few days, her natural desire to save me from the death of a spy, she had found no time for thought, for consideration. She had merely obeyed the swift impulse of the moment. But now, riding this dark mountain trail, all immediate peril left behind, she was facing the future—and regret, her father's death, her sudden abandonment of home and friends, her sympathy to the cause with which her romances were entailed, her forced marriage, came fresh to her memory like haunting phantoms. Once, I thought, she lifted a hand, and dashed a tear from her eyes; and her head sank lower, as though she would hide her face. She was evidently ashamed, regretful, unhappy; if ever she had cared for me, even in ordinary friendship, that feeling had changed into dislike—prob-

ably into actual hatred. I seemed to feel the change; to comprehend the growing horror with which she confronted the future. I wanted to tell her that I understood; that I sympathized; that I would never consent to stand between her and happiness. Plan after plan flashed through my mind—she should be free; she should go to her own friends, and never see me again. I would arrange to drop out of her life as suddenly as I had come into it. But the impetuous words did unuttered on my lips. Steadily we pushed on through the darkness, no word exchanged between us, slipping and sliding along the rocky trail, following Nichols down into a black valley, and then up again to a steep, narrow ridge. All about us was the night, and the silence.

"Then the dawn broke, the black gloom fading into gray, the clouds of fog in the deep valley below us rising slowly until the rays of the rising sun lifted them to the mountain tops, reddening the mist into grotesque beauty, and revealing the green glades beneath. It was a wild, desolate scene, and we paused on the edge of what seemed a sheer precipice to gaze. Even Nichols stopped, and looked down, pointing to the ridge of rock along which the barely perceptible trail ran.

"You'll have to pick your way mighty careful," Noreen said, "he said slowly, "Taint 'st just safe for a horse, now, but I reckon he'll pick his own way all right. There's a cabin round behind that bend whar we mout git a bite ter eat."

"Who lives there?"

"A fellow named Larrabee; but I reckon that won't be nobody ter 'em," but the old woman—Bill's conscripted."

"Go on down," I said after a moment, "and we'll follow slowly. How far away is Covington?"

"About twenty mile," he said slowly, "Taint 'st just safe for a horse, now, but I reckon he'll pick his own way all right. There's a cabin round behind that bend whar we mout git a bite ter eat."

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"Who lives there?"

BACK TO OTHER DAYS

MODISTES WOULD REVIVE EARLY VICTORIAN IDEAS

Possibility That the Suggestion Will Not Be Received With Great Enthusiasm, for Good Reason—Chignon More Popular.

In the near future we shall have to see to it that our shoulders are in perfect condition, writes Dalila de Villiers, Paris correspondent of the Boston Globe. White, plump and slightly sloping! Yes, it is true that some of the most important dressmakers in Paris are turning their eyes, longingly, to the early-Victorian evening corsage. Even at the present moment there is making a specialty of this outline and our smart women seem to find it attractive.

It cannot be denied that the early-Victorian evening corsage makes considerable demands on one's figure. We have become athletic since those days. Our girls have gone in for outdoor sports of all kinds. The "clinging vine woman" has gone out of fashion. And to carry off an early-Victorian evening dress with real success one must be, or seem, slightly plump!

It seems to breathe feminism—as feminism was understood in the middle of the last century. The sloping shoulders of those days seemed made to carry shawls with exquisite grace. They seemed made to carry the brutes of fashion, and those only.

Since then we women have changed—in spirit and in body. We have become vigorous and emancipated. We certainly have lost the art of "carrying" a shawl. What then are we going to do with the decollete corsages which leave the whole of shoulders bare at every point? We shall see.

All that concerns me at the present moment is the unfolding of the latest fashion schemes of famous Parisian dress artists.

The latest evening corsages of the period just suggested are quite charming.

Crystal bead trimming is much in vogue.

Blanket sports coats have large plaids and fringe.

Bright colored trimmings appear on white voile waists.

The high crowned hat implies the new close hairdressing.

Deep Chinese blue is a favorite shade for evening gowns.

Subtle silks with stripes in strong color are the latest.

Sometimes entire trains are formed of ribbon sewed together.

The newest hats for every day wear are turned up sailor shapes.

Elaborate sport coats of colored velvet have white fur borders.

Colored stitching forms the only decoration on some tailored suits.

Painted Furniture Is New.

It is remarkable what artistic talent has been awakened by the craze for hand-painted furniture. Girls, rich and poor, are painting their own pieces of furniture, and varnishing the surface to make the pictures lasting.

There is no sign of a shoulder strap, even on composed of diamonds; the shoulders are quite bare and the corsage falls off in a way which would strike terror into the heart of any ordinary individual who did not understand the little ways of great dressmakers.

It must be recorded that though

Frenchwoman's Clothes.

An American woman who has lived some years in France and is a keen observer of the Frenchwoman and her ways, writes apropos of war-time economy:

"In France you will never stop Frenchwomen buying one new frock a season, and certainly no preaching of anything or anybody will make her clothe herself unbecomingly. There is not a woman to be seen about the streets of Paris at the present moment who has not had a new frock last autumn, but she has paid for it according to her means, in all probability. Even as Frenchwomen have never spent so recklessly on clothes as Americans, neither will they become so rabidly economical in that direction. At the present moment they are buying neat little frocks in black velvet, neat little cloth dresses or to-fo-mades. They will pay less in both than in ordinary years perhaps, but not necessarily, and they will wear them longer."

Blouse of Silk Jersey.

Another new feature is a blouse of silk jersey material with collar and cuffs of plain color and the blouse itself a changeable plaid. A patch pocket has an elastic run in the top to prevent its sagging, a small but very interesting item to the person who has had experience with the ordinary sweater pocket and its ever-gaping mouth.

Up-to-Date.

"How is Doctor Wombat as a physician?"

"Best ever. When you get exhausted over bridge he prescribes dancing as a rest cure."

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 4 oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any drug can put this up for you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make the hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Easy.

Mr. Jones—What would you give a dog to prevent its barking at night? Mr. Smith—Give it away.

PREPAREDNESS!

To Fortify The System Against Grip when Grip is prevalent LAXATIVE BROMO GUININE should be taken, as this combination of Quinine with other ingredients, destroys germs, acts as a tonic and laxative, and thus keeps the system in condition to withstand Grip, Grip, Grip, Grip. There is only one BROMO GUININE. E. W. Groves' signature on box, 50c.

Hawaii's output in pineapples this year will be nearly ten million cans.

OF LEOPARD SKIN

Small neckpiece and pillow muff of leopard skin lined with brown satin. The fur is mounted flat to the satin in the neckpiece. The muff lining is shirred across the ends, leaving only a small opening for the hands.

Others prefer the chignon which gives a Grecian outline to the head. The hair is very slightly waved, or not waved at all; it is drawn softly back from the face, one or two loose curls being left near the ears.

Blanket sports coats have large plaids and fringe.

Bright colored trimmings appear on white voile waists.

The high crowned hat implies the new close hairdressing.

Deep Chinese blue is a favorite shade for evening gowns.

Subtle silks with stripes in strong color are the latest.

Sometimes entire trains are formed of ribbon sewed together.

The newest hats for every day wear are turned up sailor shapes.

Elaborate sport coats of colored velvet have white fur borders.

Colored stitching forms the only decoration on some tailored suits.

Painted Furniture Is New.

It is remarkable what artistic talent has been awakened by the craze for hand-painted furniture. Girls, rich and poor, are painting their own pieces of furniture, and varnishing the surface to make the pictures lasting.

There is no sign of a shoulder strap, even on composed of diamonds; the shoulders are quite bare and the corsage falls off in a way which would strike terror into the heart of any ordinary individual who did not understand the little ways of great dressmakers.

It must be recorded that though

&lt;



### Why That Lame Back?

Morning lameness, sharp twinges when bending, or an all-day backache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after it cause. It's the kidneys. Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 75% more deaths than in 1850 in the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

**A Michigan Case**

William Hough, 914 Alderman St., Redding, Mich., says: "I had kidney trouble after I left the army and it got p. getting worse. The kidney secretion was painful and too frequent in passage and I had lumbago and rheumatic pains. My limbs were so stiff, I had to be helped around. My back ached and I almost gave up hope when I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

### SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" your mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach; and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

Never Tasted Any.

Officer—I want a man to go around and buy some good horses, sergeant. Are you—anything of a judge of horse flesh?

Sergeant—I dunno, sir. I've never tasted any.

### ITCHING, BURNING SCALPS

Crueted With Dandruff Yield Ready to Cuticura. Trial Free.

Cuticura Soap to cleanse the scalp of dandruff crustings and scallings, and Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal itchings and irritations. Nothing better, surer or more economical than these super-cure emollients for hair and scalp troubles of young or old.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

The Species.

"There is a lot of rot in this location business."

"Then I guess it's dry rot."

Not Gray Hair but Tired Eyes make you look older than you are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies Run Your Eyes. Cuticura tells you. Murnie Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Send Eye Book on request.

Don't Lose all your energy waiting for rich relatives to die.

### Digestive Troubles

cause headache, biliousness, constipation, impure blood and other unpleasant symptoms. If these troubles are neglected they weaken the body and open the way for serious illness. Many chronic diseases may be traced back to indigestion that could have been immediately relieved by Beecham's Pills. This well-known home remedy has proven itself dependable, safe and speedy during sixty years' use. The fame of having a larger sale than any other medicine in the world proves the dependable, remedial value of

### BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold Everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

### ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

### BLACKS OPTICIANS

1835 - DETROIT

# THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST  
By VINGIE E. ROE  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TRAY WALTERS  
COPYRIGHT BY DOUG, HEAD AND COMPANY

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

Silets had always ridden bareback, but now, why she did not know, she took down Sandry's saddle and slung it on Black Bolt. Poppy followed her movements, and by the time Silets had put foot in stirrup and swung up, she had caught up her wide skirt and mounted. Silets stared around at her and her eyes were beginning to sparkle in a face pale with rage.

Without a word they galloped up across the lone valley and took to what had once been a trail in the nodding ferns. Now it was but a slight depression running amid the blackened trunks, the endless heaps of ashes. Poppy Ordway followed Silets, on a chance, a dare, a mere hazard. She did not know the danger, the menace of the hills.

"That's all right," replied the agent. "The house is settling. And that reminds me. It's about time you settled up for last month's installment."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Fires Within Fire.

So it was a double burden that the great black horse carried into the mystery of the shrouded country. Hatred was like a wall between them and Poppy's fingers, clinging perforce to Silets' shirt, twitching with desire. How short a distance to the packet in the bagging blouse!

So they rode with smarting eyes and aching lungs, down into a dim valley and up again, between fires, under mighty, towering trunks, tottering to their fall. They passed the high spire of the Hog Back, a majestic crown against the smoke, and threaded the ruins of the forest. At last they saw great fires ahead and men running among them.

"Where is Sandry?" Silets asked, unabashed, of a soldier.

"Don't know. Haven't seen him for hours." He hurried on and the girl rode along the line where a hundred men were laboring with ax and spade and blanket. The wind had dropped and they were working north and south, trying to bottle up a roaring cross-cut of a valley. Scatterers throughout the hills in squads, obeying the orders sent down from time to time by the ranger and his aids, who patrolled the ridges with field glasses, they worked like a great machine, though they saw no farther than their own trench, their own line of back-fire, their own stretch of felled pines.

But work as they would at the base of the high, massed peaks, Destiny was about ready for her grand coup at the foot of the Dillingworth, and she snatched a streamer from a cross-canyon and shot it high across line and back-fire and trench into the dry pines on that slope. Also she had sent, an hour before, a tall, lone spiral into the dun heavens from the very heart of the spared timber behind the Hog Back. That spiral had caught the eye of Walter Sandry, working with his waning strength north on the east slope. For how many hours he did not know, he had neither eaten nor slept. But still he went with the spirit that would not quit so long as another stayed at his post.

"If the rains would only come!" he thought as he struggled upward, "it's nearly time for them. If they would only bring their first showers now!"

The roar of the new fire—a solitary pine that went up like a huge, graceful torch—was in his ears, its light before him.

"Now how under heaven did it get started up in here?"

He had spoken aloud as he wearily skirted a clump of young spruce and the words fell short, abruptly broken as he emerged from their shelter.

Before him, in a small cleared space, stood Hampton of the Yellow Pines. His back was toward Sandry and he carried in his hand three candles. He was nearly as black and disreputable as any scarecrow down among the fires. He was intently watching something in the distance. Sandry saw the light of the candles and he saw the light of vision.

Bedded high in a pile of tinder-dry needles a fourth candle glowed brightly in the smoky gloom. With utmost cunning it had been set close against the tree where a long branch of pitch trailed down the rugged bark from far up among the branches. When the candle burned down to a light spot on his throat. Before he could reach it, a man in the meantime—the upleaping flames need only to lick that banner to rush with lightning speed to the swaying, inflammable top.

For a long moment the Easterner stood, lost in wonder. Then the whole thing burst upon him and he knew.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Sign of the Silets.

It was Poppy Ordway who struck the gun from Hampton's hand, sending it flying among the ferns.

"We'll have no murder here!" she cried.

Sandry looked at Hampton for one fleeting second as he laid his gun beside him.

"If you move one muscle," he spat harshly, "I'll kill you on the spot."

Then he ceased the slight form of the Preacher down upon the deep pine needles.

Just above the heart blood was pouring from the shabby habit. Sandry tore it away, to find a clean small hole in the white skin, which was fine and delicate as a woman's. The ball had gone straight through, tearing a huge ragged aperture where it emerged in the back from which the red stream flowed in a flood.

"Cloth!" cried Sandy, "give me cloth!"

His voice broke the spell that bound Silets and she sprang forward, tearing her garments, ripping out of her breast some mysterious womanly vesture that was white and soft.

"Oh, my God above the sea!" she was crying with gasping sobs. "Lord of the heavens! Spare him! Spare him!" And only Poppy Ordway saw the packet which tumbled unheeded to the ground. With one catlike, graceful movement she threw herself forward, snatched it up and hid it in her own bosom.

Sandry hastily made compresses and bound them upon the wounds. He tore off what was left of his tattered shirt and added it. He took handfuls of leaves from the hazelbrush and padded the compresses, binding them tighter and tighter. But it was heart's blood that was loosened and each effort to stop it was futile.

It was soon evident that the feet in their heavy shoes had gone their last journey upon the hills, that the triumphant flute had piped its last song of victory.

"My children," said the Preacher, "I promised to come when you should need me. I have served a need. You are young, my son, and the path of youth is fair. There are too many primroses thereon to sacrifice one year of it. I am old—old."

Here Silets flung herself upon her knees beside him, unable to control herself, rocking to and fro after her fashion, her braids swaying and a terrible anguish upon her face.

The handsome boy's eyes turned wonderingly upon her.

"Daughter—little one of the tender heart—hush! I hear strange sounds and I would listen."

He closed his eyes and lay for a time in silence, the delicate tracery on his face emerging more clearly as a pallor spread beneath it. It was the divine record of years spent with his God in the high places, though here and there a drooping line bespoke a vague, forgotten sadness.

Presently he murmured:

"The Winds of the Mighty One are upon the sounding board of the hills! Ah!—"

Again a silence and he opened his eyes with a return to earth. But in them had come the dimness of dreams, and half-remembered years and times and places.

They gazed wonderingly into the dark, tear-blinded ones of Silets bending above. For a long time the old man lay, staring up with that look of wonder. Then a great joy broke on his face with a shining smile, and he struggled to raise himself on an arm.

"Kahwanna!" he cried, "Kahwanna!"

It was a call from a far-distant part, thrilled the little company of listeners with its ecstasy.

"Why—why—What have I dreamed my princess of the hills, that you have seemed so far away? What was it—Ah, I have forgot! But you are here at last!"

He raised paled, trembling arms to the girl's neck.

CHAPTER XXX.

Hampton of the Yellow Pines was the power behind the holocaust!

As this stupendous knowledge forced itself into his weary brain, the other man turned and strode swiftly among the boles. The weary climb had taken the breath from Sandry's lungs and he drew a pistol from his belt and fired over Hampton's head. Like an animal the man whirled, hand to hip, and faced him.

"I've got you at last!" Sandy panted. "You've got me at last!"

Hampton's heavy lips curled venomously from his short, strong teeth.

"You!" he breathed, "you! You damned Easterner! You lily-handed tenderfoot!"

Sandy smiled grimly.

"This is just about the blackest spot in your crooked career, Hampton," he said at last, "the blackest and the biggest blunder. I can't see why you did it."

"You can't!" snarled Hampton, "oh, you can't! Well, by God, you will before I'm done with you. You didn't know what you were gettin' up against—you and your—your—Poppy Ordway. You made yer fight, an' you thought you'd won! But you reckoned without me. I'm makin' mine, an' it's a hummer."

He glared savagely along the gun into Sandry's bloodshot eyes, and at this moment Black Bolt heaved up through the ferns, Silets peering eagerly along his straining neck, and the face of Poppy Ordway at her shoulder. The girl slid out of the saddle and ran to Sandry.

"What is it?" she cried, "what is it?"

Sandry pointed to the burning candle at the pine's foot and instantly she sprang forward and snuffed it out with thumb and finger.

Miss Ordway slipped down from the foamy, steaming hips of the horse, to stand leaning against him, her bright eyes beginning to sparkle with the tension of the moment. At sight of her Hampton's face grew gray beneath its grime. She was smiling with that pleasure which she always found when her men fought, or engineered dramatic coups, or worked out clever schemes, and her beauty was never so maturing to him in all his knowledge of her. His one pure dream had, in truth, reached a sorry ending.

"Sandy," said Silets simply, "I came to you. There's danger somewhere—I don't know where or what—but there's something in the shadows."

A vagrant wind fanned up long sheets and whistling banners that hurried up to leap into the moaning canopy behind the Hog Back. The actors in this little drama were too intent to hear the heightened note.

"So you come to be in at the death!" said Hampton at last, his eyes on Poppy in anguished fury. "You done me to death an' you want to see me die! Oh, th' game's up and I don't care a damn! I'm th' smartest one of this bunch yet. An' for th' fact that you've got th' law on you, I'll take care of you. You'll see me in th' account book with the records of our deals an' rake-offs and so on. I'd a had a chance to fight an' win yet! But I know you, Poppy—Oh, how damned well I know you!—an' I know I'm whipped. But I'm makin' a fight—your damned right I am!"

He waved an eloquent arm around at the appalled, shrinking country which seemed to crouch in its nakedness under the shrouding smoke.

"But th' thing that cuts is knowin' that you done it all for him! A feeble-minded thing from th' East! An' they say you'll marry him! Well, so it'll! He'll have to move out, for there won't be any more Dillingworth Lumber Company in twenty hours. I'll be behind bars, all right, but I've cleaned him out."

As he finished with a reckless laugh Sandry turned amazed eyes to Poppy. She was pale with anger and she avoided his glance. This was the last thing she wanted—that Sandry should know of her attempt to forestall him in the setting of Hampton. She saw her chance to gain his gratitude by her gift drifting away. Also the revelation of her lawyer's perty was a mighty blow.

"Hampton," she said unsteadily, "you're the coarsest beast I know!"

"All right. But ain't that what it's all for? To lay me as a burnt offerin' at his feet—a sacrifice to win his mince love? Didn't you say you'd marry him? Ain't I heard it right an' left?"

"No!" cried Poppy, red with rage under Sandry's astounded eyes, "no! I never did!"

"Yes!" cried Silets ringingly. "You did! You said Sandry was dyin' that you were his promised wife."

In the hush that followed, intensified by the dropping branches from the huge pine which was now but a blackened, pronged staple in the thickening smoke, there fell upon their ears a sound as incongruous with the strained moment as could be imagined.

It was a shower of notes, high, sparkling, thrilling, that seemed to fall like drops of diamond through the murky canopy. They came up from the west, mysterious, martial, joyful, and their burden was "Lead, Kindly Light, Lead Thou Me On!"

"The Preacher!" whispered Silets, "Oh, the Preacher!"

And presently through the dim dun-white of the smoke that crept with portent between the crowding pines, there emerged the familiar, crooked form. With one accord they turned to him as he approached and Sandry for the one moment left Hampton unguarded.

It was all that was necessary. Quick as light the hand that had first instinctively sought his hip sought it again. There was a flash of metal, dun in the dun effulgence, a straightening of the heavy arm that held it, a spurt of flame, a shot.

CHAPTER XXXI.

REALLY MEN AIDED BY WAR

Millions Are Being Spent for New York Rentals in Place of Going to Europe.

After balancing fall rental accounts recently brokers throughout the ultra-fashionable district estimated that more than \$10,000,000 will be paid for Manhattan homes during the coming season. It is estimated that usually make their homes in Europe, the New York World states. Their aggregate living expenses for the year are placed near \$50,000,000, most of which will be spent in New York.

More than 2,500 such families have rented apartments or private dwellings during the past few months. The have paid an average of \$4,000 yearly rental, some paying as high as \$25,000. Their competition for luxurious living quarters has forced rental prices to such levels on record and old families that have been in the habit of renting costly homes by the year, or for the social season, have had to pay fancy figures.

This was illustrated recently when

But quick as the timberman had been, another was quicker. With one leap as Hampton reached for his gun the Preacher reached Sandry, snatched him aside and flung himself before him, his flute raised high in protest, in command. But the gesture came too late.

The bullet meant for the Easterner found lodgment in the gentle breast of the wandering player of hymns, and he sank down in Sandry's arms.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

The Gesture Came Too Late.

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The Gesture Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

When the Amateurs Appear

Another Good Story Added to the Many That Are Told About Those Enamored of Stage.

The anecdotes told at the expense of amateur players are innumerable, and of course of varying degrees, both of truthfulness and of drollery. Another is added to the list by some students, who ambitiously undertook to play "Hamlet" for the benefit of a charity. The man who was to act the part of Horatio was extremely timid, and when the night of the performance came he was so overcome by stage-fright that he could hardly remember the lines he had so carefully studied. During the scene where Horatio and Marcellus tell Hamlet of the appearance of the spirit of his father, and the prince asks: "Stayed it long?" "While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred," Horatio managed to stumle out, but so successfully that Marcellus forgot his cue, and in exclaiming "Longer, longer," stood staring at Horatio.

The prompter, with a view to helping out Marcellus, began to whisper from himself, "Longer, longer." Unfortunately Horatio, having lost all control of himself, was inspired with the idea that the man playing Marcellus was looking at him because he had made an error, and that the words from the verse were addressed to him. With a great effort he straightened himself up, cleared his straining throat, and said loudly: "While one with moderate haste might tell two hundred."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Be It Ever So Humble.

When war broke out in Europe a Savannah negro had been doing a bonerattling, banjo thumping act in one of the London music halls, and like the Georgia negro who told Judge Latshaw in Kansas City that if released he would go so far but it would take \$9 to send him a postal card, he wanted to get back home.

Along with a miscellaneous company of Americans he was besieging the American consulate when a southern er in the crowd, noticing him, said: "Nigger, what are you doing here?"

Whispering with the light of discovery in his eye, Rastus responded: "Fo' God's sake, boss, 'sist dis nigger to get back to de po'k chools callin'—Collier's Weekly."

Jury Exonerates Dead Cow.

When an automobile hits a cow and injures it badly the driver is to blame and not the cow, even if the cow did get nervous when it saw the auto headlights bearing swiftly down on it. A jury decided the foregoing in Judge Gatens' court and awarded \$100 damage to the cow's owner, negotiator August Semper, who owned the auto, argued in court that he didn't know the Fawthorne bridge was a browsing pasture and that the cow should have worn a red light on its tail. But the jury disagreed with him.—Portland (Ore.) Dispatch Los Angeles Times.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Metaphysicalness.

Mary Mitford appears to have had a weakness for coining words with unnecessary female terminations. On one occasion she writes about "a young creature full of grace and beauty. Having in London like a hermitess and teaching her little brothers Greek," and elsewhere she tells of "a most elegant young woman, negotiatrix of the forgeries." Worst of all is a passage in a letter to Sir William Eilford, in which she says: "I believe, my dear Sir William, that you will not need 'one to come from the grave' to inform you that I am a metaphysicalness (is there such a word?)"

Territory Unexplored.

In Arabia there is a tract of unexplored territory nearly five times the area of Great Britain, while nearly a quarter of Australia awaits the investigation of civilized man.

This deed is on file in Athens. It is the only one of its sort in the world.

A French scientist has invented a microscope using X-rays.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Three Hundred Million Bushel Crop in 1915

Farmers pay for their land with one year's crop and prosperity was never so great.

Regarding Western Canada as a grain producer, a prominent business man says: "Canada's position today is sounder than ever. There is more wheat, more oats, more grain for feed, 20% more cattle than last year and more hogs. The war market in Europe needs our surplus. As for the wheat crop, it is marvellous and a monument of strength for business confidence to build upon, exceeding the most optimistic predictions."

Wheat averaged in 1915 over 25 bushels per acre  
Oats averaged in 1915 over 45 bushels per acre  
Barley averaged in 1915 over 40 bushels per acre

Prices are high, markets convenient, excellent land, low in price either improved or otherwise, ranging from \$12 to \$30 per acre. Free homestead lands are plentiful and not far from railway lines and convenient to good schools and churches. The climate is healthful.

There is no war tax on land, nor is there any conscription. For complete information, reduced rates and descriptive illustrated pamphlet, address Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, or

M. V. McKINNIS, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Canadian Government Agent

# Health for Sick Women

For Forty Years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Been Woman's Most Reliable Medicine—Here is More Proof.

To women who are suffering from some form of woman's special ills, and have a constant fear of breaking down, the three following letters ought to bring hope:—

North Cranston, Wis.—"When I was 16 years old I got married and at 18 years gave birth to twins and it left me with very poor health. I could not walk across the floor without having to sit down to rest and it was hard for me to keep about and do my work. I went to a doctor and he told me I had a displacement and ulcers, and would have to have an operation. This frightened me so much that I did not know what to do. Having heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I thought I would give it a trial and it made me as well as ever. I cannot say enough in favor of the Pinkham remedies.—Mrs. MARY ASHBY, North Cranston, Wis.

Testimony from Oklahoma.

Lawton, Okla.—"When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I seemed to be good for nothing. I almost had had headaches much of the time and was irregular. I took it again before my little child was born and it did me a wonderful amount of good at that time. I never fail to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to alling women because it has done so much for me.—Mrs. A. L. McCASLAND, 600 Live St., Lawton, Okla.

From a Grateful Massachusetts Woman.

Roxbury, Mass.—"I was suffering from inflammation and was examined by a physician who found that my trouble was caused by a displacement. My symptoms were bearing down pains, backache, and sluggish liver. I tried several kinds of medicine but I was asked to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has cured me and I am pleased to be in my usual good health by using it, and highly recommend it.—Mrs. B. M. OSOON, 1 Hayes Park, Roxbury, Mass.

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

Puts a ... Stop to all Distemper CURES THE SICK

And prevents others having the disease no matter how exposed. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle, \$5 and \$10 a dozen bottles. All good druggists and turf goods houses. SPOHN'S MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Coshen, Ind., U. S. A.

That Was Different.

"I just think it should be stopped by law," said the good wife, looking up from her paper.

"What should be stopped by law, my angel?" asked the kind husband.

"This practice of people hysenating their nationalities. There should be no German-Americans or French-Americans or Italian-Americans. They should all be just plain Americans."

"But if such a law was passed, my angel," meekly suggested the kind husband, "would that affect your practice of signing your name 'Mrs. Elizabeth Hicks-Muggley'?"

But her only reply was a hypenated sniff.—Judge.

FOR THAT SORE RAW THROAT

Relief in Every Rub

Try this—results are certain: Just rub original ointment, best of true Mustardine and rub it on your neck and upper chest. Do it to-night and that sore, raw feeling will be gone in the morning.

Nothing cures so quickly as true Mustardine which costs but a trifle, yet is so wonderfully good that thousands praise it for Asthma, Pharyngitis, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, and Strain. Get the genuine, made by the Best Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Vacation.

Cook—What is your definition of a vacation?

Look—A vacation is something that enables a man to get away from home for a time, so he won't have to live up to his reputation.

Plies Cured in 14 Days

Drugsists pretend much if FAZI Ointment fails to cure Itching, Biting, Biting of Prurient Skin. First application gives relief.

A small boy says the road to knowledge has too many branches.

Look! Listen! Sudden Death

Caused by Disease of the Kidneys

The close connection which exists between the heart and the kidneys is well known nowadays. As soon as kidneys are diseased, arterial tension is increased and the heart functions are attacked. When the kidneys no longer pour forth waste, uric acid poisoning occurs, and the person dies and the cause is often given as heart disease, or disease of brain or lungs.

It is a good insurance against such a risk to send 10 cents for a large trial package of "Auric"—the latest discovery of Dr. Pierce. Also send a sample of your water. This will be examined without charge by expert chemists at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. When you suffer from backache, frequent or scanty urine, rheumatic pains here or there, or that constant tired, worn-out feeling, it's time to write Dr. Pierce, do in scribo your symptoms and get his medical opinion, without charge—absolutely free. This "Auric" of Dr. Pierce is 37 times more active than lithia, for it dissolves uric acid in the system, and it is water soluble.

Simply ask for Dr. Pierce's Auric Tablets. There can be no imitation. Every package of "Auric" is sure to be Dr. Pierce's. You will find the signature on the package just as you do on Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the ever-famous friend to alling women.

Worry is a frequent cause and sometimes a symptom of kidney disease. Thousands have testified to immense relief from their symptoms after using Dr. Pierce's Auric Tablets for the kidneys and backache.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, sick women well. No alcohol. Sold in tablets or liquid.

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