

The UNABLE LORCHA

By HORACE HAZELTINE

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SYNOPSIS.

Robert Cameron, capitalist, consults Philip Clyde, newspaper publisher, regarding anonymous threatening letters he has received. The first promises a sample of the writer's power, and a certain day on that day the head of a newspaper is sent from a portrait of Cameron while the latter is in the room. Clyde has a theory that the portrait was mutilated and the head removed by means of a string, unnoticed by Cameron. Evelyn Grayson, Cameron's niece, with whom Clyde is in love, and the head of Cameron's portrait nailed to a tree, where it was had been used, as a target. Clyde decides Evelyn to secrecy. He learns that Cameron's portrait was destroyed by Philip Murphy, an artist living nearby, had borrowed a rifle from Cameron's lodgekeeper. Clyde makes an attempt to call on Murphy, but is rebuffed. He pretends to be investigating alleged infractions of the game laws and speaks of finding the bowl of an opium pipe used by Cameron. Cameron's portrait was found. The Chinese boy is found dead next morning. While waiting Cameron in his room, Clyde receives a letter from Evelyn. She is mysteriously snatched. Cameron becomes seriously ill as a result of the attack. The third letter appears mysteriously on Cameron's desk. It is a direct threat against the life of Cameron. Clyde tells Cameron the envelope was empty. He tells Evelyn everything and plans to take Cameron on a yacht trip. The yacht picks up a fisherman found drifting helplessly in a boat. He gives the name of Johnnie. Cameron's diary bears fruit. Clyde calls on a doctor. A fruitless search is made for a motor boat seen by the captain just before Cameron disappeared. Evelyn is questioned. Evelyn takes the letters to an expert in Chinese literature, who pronounces them as being of Chinese origin. Evelyn calls on a doctor. Cameron's letters to him from one of his friends in China. Cameron had frequently declared to Clyde that he had never been in China. Clyde calls on Dr. Addison. He learns that Addison and Cameron were at one time intimate friends, but had a falling out over Cameron's denial of having been seen in Pekin by Addison. Evelyn goes to meet up with Johnnie, as he attempts to follow him. Evelyn is discovered to have a mysterious relationship with the Chinese. Miss Clement promises to get information about Cameron. Blimp in Crystal Consolidated, of which Cameron is the head, is caused by a rumor of Cameron's illness. Clyde and Cameron on Fifth Avenue. Cameron had emaciated condition and takes him home.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

He was about to bid me good night when I checked him.

"Doctor," I said, "I am glad to find you so optimistic. Before you go I want you to write me a bulletin of Mr. Cameron's condition and sign it. I want no mention in it of the injury, since it is not serious. If possible, I would suggest that you use the word 'indisposition' and be sure to employ the 'temporary' you called into play a moment ago."

Dr. Massey gladly acceded. Seated at Cameron's writing table he scribbled a bulletin of even more encouraging and confident tenor than I had indicated. And I used it to turn the tide of speculation in Crystal Consolidated.

But neither the spoken nor the written words of the physician held for me any considerable measure of so late. My friend's condition was desperate. I knew it and my heart ached for him, but it ached more for Evelyn, his ward, who loved him, and who must be given the gladness of good news only to be crucified the next moment on the cross of anxiety.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Three Promises.

Need I say that I did not sleep that night? It was five o'clock when I left Cameron's after a talk with the nurse, and I promised to return in an hour. The interval was devoted to a cold bath, a shave, and a change of clothing at my room; and at six I was back again, talking once more with Checkabeedy who was personally serving me with coffee in the breakfast room.

"Between you and me," I began, "there is small need of concealment in this matter of Mr. Cameron's disappearance and return, his coming as remarkable and mysterious as his going. I think I am experienced enough to understand that such an affair as this cannot be kept entirely secret—especially not from Mr. Cameron's servants—and it is better, Checkabeedy, that you should understand it thoroughly. I can fancy the distorted story that has been circulated below stairs. That more rumors, wide of the truth, have not leaked out and gained press publicity, speaks very well for you and your staff, and I congratulate you on your loyalty and good judgment. All I ask now is that you will continue to be guarded in what you say. A single unadvised word might interfere very materially with our efforts to trace the guilty ones and bring them to punishment."

And then I told him as much as I deemed wise of the facts of the abduction, of my chance finding of his master the previous night, and of my anxiety concerning his present condition.

And above all things, Checkabeedy, I added in conclusion, "don't look solemn and distressed when Miss Evelyn is present. Before her, no matter how we really feel, we must appear contented."

A little later the morning papers were brought in, and I scanned one after another in search of some new twist or turn of the story of the previous afternoon. The more conservative journals were inclined to make light of the scare. "Mr. Cameron," said one, "ceased to be active in the affairs of the Crystal Consolidated over two years ago. If he be ill, which is by no means certain, the fact can have but little real significance so far as the company of which he is the largest shareholder is concerned. It may be stated on the best authority that Mr. Cameron's shares have never been used speculatively, and that even in the event of his death they could not, for any possibility come on the market, for the reason that he has provided a trust fund, by will, for the benefit of his niece, and that they are a part of that fund."

The sensational press, of course, still insisted that the Glass King was in a New England sanitarium, though they had failed to locate the institution. Despite my alarm I smiled at the thought of how their afternoon editions would have to eat the leak, as the Welsh say.

The papers finished, I grew restless. I desired constant news from the sick room, and lacking it, I roamed about the house, in nervous unease, my brain busy with conjecture, forming one theory after another, and dismissing each as readily. The situation was a tantalum. The answer to all the questions which had absorbed me for weeks lay dormant in the brain of the man sleeping beyond that closed door. Theories, therefore, were now more futile than ever. The one accomplishment to be asked was the arousing of an intellect, the stirring of a memory. Dr. Massey had promised that when Cameron awakened mental clarity would be restored, that he would be able to answer questions with intelligence.

It is hard to explain why I doubted this. I think it must have been something I saw in those dull, vacuous eyes, when I first looked into them under the pale light of the white glowing electric street lamp. If I had been forced to identify Cameron by those eyes alone, I should have said that this man was not he. They were so different, lacking all the expression of the Cameron eyes I knew. And yet I made no question as to his identity. I knew him, despite this; knew that strong chin and jaw, which spelled determination in two syllables; knew his broad, generous nose, and his high intellectual forehead. These points of recognition were so convincing, that I could afford to ignore the eyes I had never seen before and the wasted frame and the shrunken unsteady legs.

At brief intervals I consulted the clocks. It was marvellous how the time dragged. And that nurse! Would he never have an errand outside the suite? I had told him I should spend the morning in the house, and that I wished to be informed of the slightest change in his patient. I must conclude, therefore, that Cameron was still sleeping, that Bryan was still watching.

From the fact that Evelyn had not yet appeared I drew a measure of consolation. If I could have tidings of even the slightest improvement in Cameron before meeting her, it would add me in the assumption of confidence upon which I had determined.

At ten minutes past eight I was searching the encyclopaedias in the library for information on the subject of brain concussion. Already I had followed the trail through three volumes from "Brain" to "Nervous System" and from "Nervous System" to "Concussion," when an opening door caused me to turn eagerly. Mr. Bryan, the nurse, in a white uniform such as hospital doctors wear, stood on the threshold. The next moment I had risen from my crouching position before the bookcase and had met him midway across the room with anxious inquiry.

"Mr. Cameron awoke a quarter of an hour ago," he told me. "His power of speech has returned. He asked me where he was and what had happened. I told him he was in his own house, and that he had met with an accident."

"Yes, yes," I hurried him. "And what then? Did he inquire for any one?"

"No. For all of a minute he lay looking about the room without another word. Then, in a puzzled way, he repeated: 'My own house?' and asked, 'Where is this house?' And I told him. He did not seem to recognize the room at all."

"Is he still awake?"

"Oh, no. Dr. Massey left directions that he was to be given some nourishment—a raw egg and milk—and then another powder to make him sleep. He turned on his side after that, and in less than three minutes was in a deep slumber once more."

I was annoyed that I had not been called. I let myself hope that sign of life, might possibly have stirred his memory even though the familiar of the room was so different from the one that

as much to the short, broad-shouldered nurse, whose twinkling eyes were in violent contrast with his thin-lipped, grave, determined mouth.

"Dr. Massey's orders were that for twelve hours no one should be admitted to the room," was his unanswerable rejoinder.

"Which means not until after five o'clock, this evening?"

"Exactly, sir. But I shall report to you everything he says, as nearly as possible in his own words."

"Very well," I said. "I shall spend the day here. My tone conveyed dismissal and I fear it still smacked of annoyance. Mr. Bryan, however, gave no sign of resentment. His eyes were still kindly merry, his mouth still inspired reliance. He turned towards the door, saying:

"He'll probably sleep four hours; at least, Mr. Clyde. If you wish to go out, there's no reason why you shouldn't."

I meant to reply, "My lips were already forming a sentence, when a tableau checked me."

Evelyn Grayson was standing in the doorway. She wore a clinging house gown of pale blue, cut low at the throat, and bordered with a deep collar of Irish lace. The rose flush of youth and health tinted the cream of her complexion and a shaft of sunlight from a near window made a glittering golden nimbus of her hair. With wide, startled eyes she was gazing at Bryan, or, to be more exact, at the snowy linen duck in which he was clad, and which must have held for her a perplexing significance.

The nurse had halted, deferentially standing aside at sight of the girl whose young beauty seemed to dazzle him.

For a moment the stillness and silence were absolute. Then Evelyn turning her gaze upon me advanced quickly, with a little questioning cry:

"Philip?"

"You're surprised to find me here," I interpreted, with hands outstretched.

"And to—" she began, laying her fingers against my palms.

"To find a nurse here, as well," I finished for her. "Let me introduce Mr. Bryan."

But when I would have presented him he had already gone.

"But who is this?" she questioned in nervous haste. "What?"

"It was I, I thought, to have the revelation over and done with as speedily as possible."

Your uncle brought him home at two o'clock this morning."

I did not know what I expected, but I am sure I was not prepared for what ensued. Her fingers, suddenly releasing themselves from my hand, but feeble support, clutched wildly of the lapels of my coat for support, as she burst into a passion of sobs. In vain I made efforts to comfort and quiet her. She became hysterical. She laughed and cried by turns, while I, making hold to regard her as a sorrowing child rather than the woman she was, held her close and murmured all the soothing, encouraging words and phrases I could conjure.

"I—I am so glad," she whispered at last her big blue eyes swimming, her fair face wet with the torrent of her emotion. "I—I am so happy."

Presently I placed her in a great, cavernous leather chair, and lent her my handkerchief—assisted her, indeed—to remove the evidences of her tumultuous joy. After which I sat down opposite her and answered a hundred questions, still marvelling at the contrary of the feminine temperament which defies disaster dried and over good tidings is like Niobe all tears.

Evelyn's emotions alone considered, it was, therefore, just as well that Cameron had not returned robust and of sane mind. Her rejoicing undiluted might have resulted in nervous breakdown. As it was, the mere fact that he was weak and a trifle distraught—which was the mildly equivocal way in which I softened the truth for her—had for her fortitude the revivifying potency of a tonic. It so balanced her joy with anxiety that she grew strong in surprisingly short space.

"I do not see why a nurse is at all necessary," she objected, at once. "I shall nurse him, myself. Louis and I can do everything that is required."

"But Dr. Massey—" I began. Whereupon she interrupted me.

"Dr. Massey probably thinks I am a foolish, frivolous child. I shall nurse Uncle Robert even if I have to dismiss Dr. Massey and get another physician."

There was nothing to be gained by opposing her at this time, so I held my non-committal peace, doubting, nevertheless, the practicability of her proposition. But to her next proposal I must needs interpose the obstructive truth.

"Come," she commanded, brushing back from her temples with both hands the approaching golden halo, with the gesture of one who prepares for conquest, wiping away, as it were, the last clinging vestiges of her emotional weakness. "Come, let us go to the nurse's room. I shall have to ask her to leave."

See was on her feet before I could restrain her.

"Not now, Evelyn," I said, quietly, and, at the risk of seeming rudeness, sat still.

"But, why?" And there was a hint of suspicion in the look she gave me. "He is asleep," I told her. And when she had relaxed into the great chair again, I added, temporizing, "Mr. Bryan will let us know when he awakens."

Her disappointment was undisguised, and in secret I sympathized with her. She was experiencing something of that which had come to me when Bryan had refused me converse with his patient. But it were better to divert than to commiserate, and so I said:

"This is the day I am to hear from Miss Clement."

"Is it?" she asked, indifferently, the disappointment still rankling. "I didn't know."

"She has promised me important information before three o'clock. If she keeps her word, this whole perplexing mystery may very shortly be cleared up."

"Isn't that what you would call supererogatory?" she asked, smiling. "I should think Uncle Robert could tell all that is needed, now, himself."

I was at a loss for a moment how to answer her; and in that moment the telephone broke in, and did away with the necessity of response.

The instrument was on the writing table at my elbow, and with a "Shall I?" to Evelyn, I took the receiver from the hook and bent to the transmitter.

"Yes," I said. "Miss Grayson is here. Who is it, please?" I thought I recognized Miss Clement's voice, and I was not wrong. But, after all, it was I she wanted. She had called up my rooms and my office, and, unable to get me at either place, had taken the chance that Evelyn might aid her to my discovery.

"You have learned something?" I asked, disguising as well as I could my burning interest. If possible, I would keep from Evelyn the least suggestion of how vitally important I regarded the news I hoped for.

"I hardly know how to explain it to you," came Miss Clement's reply. "I was on the verge of what I am sure was a most pregnant revelation. I was to be given names and dates and circumstances. I had been promised these by one in whom I put the greatest reliance. And now I am asked to wait another twenty-four hours. Something has happened, my confident tells me, something puzzling and utterly unexpected, and those who know most of the matter are now most at sea."

Evelyn must have seen me smile. It was quite evident to me that Miss Clement was in touch with some one well informed, but it was not that which provoked the smile. I smiled because I felt that Cameron in some way had outwitted his captors and gained his freedom. This was the unexpected happening which had thrown the villainous slanted camp into confusion, and I rejoiced at my friend's intuitively.

"And so," I said to Miss Clement, "you wish me to wait another day?"

"I think it would be worth while," she answered.

"And I do, too," I told her. "I don't suppose you've seen an afternoon paper, have you?" I went on. "Well, they contain some news of interest. They say that Mr. Cameron came home last night and for once, at least, they tell what is very nearly the truth."

If slanders ever carried over a wire it carried then in Miss Clement's congratulations, and there was something almost divine in her forbearance to ask for particulars. She congratulated Evelyn, too, and promised to come to see her, soon; and then once more she assured me that she would yet learn everything we could possibly care to know.

"The Chinese," she added, "are a deliberate race, Mr. Clyde. They refuse to be hurried. But eventually we shall have our answers."

With Evelyn beside me the hours no longer dragged. We talked unceasingly, reviewing everything from the receipt of the first letter, conjecturing on each of the score of little problems making up the one great mystery, but arriving at nothing definite; adding, if changing conditions at all to our own confusion.

And if, in passing, at intervals, where opportunity offered, I spoke tender words and pleaded for a definite, or at least a closer, more intimate understanding between us, who shall say that I was to blame? She was never more lovely, never more appealing than she was that morning; and I begged for an admission of a sentiment above and beyond the mere sisterly regard to which hitherto she had persisted in limiting her expressed affection for me.

More than once I had read in her eyes—without unseemly concert. I trust I may be permitted this assertion—that I now asked in lip avowal. But there seemed to be with her a notion that the occasion was ill-suited to my plea.

"Philip," she said, "dear Philip, I care for you very much, almost as much as I care for Uncle Robert. You have been very good to me, and very good to him, and if I could tell you that I love you in the way you ask, I—"

And there she hesitated a shade of a second. "Even if I could tell you," she corrected, "I wouldn't tell you now. It is not aboutness, Philip. It is just a woman's way. Ask me again, when Uncle Robert is well, and all this horrible nightmare has passed. Promise me that you will ask me again!"

"Never fear," I returned, "I'll ask you."

"And promise me, too," she added, "that until all the skies are clear once more, you will not mention the subject."

I was on the verge of promising, not because I could be an easy promise to keep, for I knew it would be very difficult; but because I could deny her nothing. I was on the verge, I say, when the library door opened, and Louis, pale and excited, and so in haste that he had not paused to knock, was exclaiming:

"Monsieur Cameron! Pardon! Mals, enfin, etc., etc., etc.!"

A score of feet springing instantly to birth within us, Evelyn and I were on our feet before the speech, rapidly delivered as it was, was finished. "Were we ready?" We evidenced our readiness in no such voiceless thing as words.

Louis stood aside for us to pass, and as I went by him, I asked, under my breath:

"What is it, Louis?"

"Ah!" he whispered. "Monsieur Cameron is talking in the strange tongue which neither Monsieur Bryan nor I myself can understand."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Pang of Disillusion.

The sick room was dark. So dark that for a little, until our eyes accustomed themselves to it, we could barely distinguish objects. But our ears required no attuning. Even in the passageway, separated by a heavy mahogany door, we had hint of what was going on within; and as we entered, a hoarse trade smote us in the gloom, like an assault from ambush.

To us both the tone and words were alike unfamiliar. In infection and modulation the voice was strange. And the uttered sounds were a coarse, horrid jargon. Once I thought I detected an English diction, but I was not sure.

Evelyn clutched my hand, and I could feel against me the tremble of her slim young body. Gladly I would have spared her this ordeal, but I had been no less unprepared than she. And now, as gradually shapes defined themselves less dimly in the gloom, the horrors grew, and held by it, speechless, inert, I stood where I had paused—the quivering girl very close beside me—staring, listening, wondering.

It was a large room, lofty of ceiling, with high windows across which heavy curtains were drawn; and the only light was that which stole between these hangings or filtered through three dark, richly-colored, glass medallions set in a side wall.

Cameron's bed, a massive, ornately carved four-poster, was hung with fringed and embroidered velvet, and in the dusk of the chamber it took on the somber likeness of a catafalque, adding to the eerie seeming a touch of the funereal. Inconspicuously from the shadowy midst of it came that ranted rignarole of strange words now high pitched, now bass, now guttural.

What had at first seemed a moving gray patch had developed by degrees into the white, night-robed, sitting figure of the invalid, swaying excitedly, with arms extended in ceaseless gestures. For a long moment this uncanny object had held my gaze, but presently near the bed's foot, I detected Bryan's white uniform and the night brought a measure of relief. In response to a beckoning head-tilt, the nurse joined us.

"I thought you had better come," he whispered, quite calmly. "I thought possibly you might understand what he is saying."

"But I don't," I whispered back. "It's a real language I never heard it. What do you imagine it is?"

"I have an idea it's Chinese," he answered. "It sounds like the stuff you hear at a Chinese theater, and I caught two or three words of pidgin English, just before you." He broke off suddenly, and plucked at my sleeve. "There!" he murmured. "Did you hear that? 'Maskee' That was plain enough. It means 'never mind.' A little while ago he was evidently trying to hurry some one. It was chop chop about every other sentence."

Evelyn's eyes shone luminous in the gloom.

"Can't you give him something to quiet him?" she begged. "It's awful to let him go on like this. It's cruel. He seems to be in such distress."

"I can, of course," Bryan returned. "But I thought Mr. Clyde was anxious to have everything he said reported, and—"

"Oh, do give him something," she insisted.

Bryan left us to obey. I saw him stop at a table near the bed, and in the half light I caught the glint of a hypodermic syringe. But, as if scenting his purpose, Cameron's voice lulled abruptly. For a second or two he was quiet, and then, before any one of us, I think, suspected his purpose, he turned suddenly, swiftly, and slipped from beneath the bed clothes to the floor where he stood erect, with arms upraised and tensed, shouting in shrill, strident key what seemed to be orders, directed not at one but at a horde.

The great bed separated him from both Bryan and myself, but we skirted it in haste, and came upon him before he had taken more than a single step. As we confronted him, his arms lowered and his clenched fists shot forward threateningly. But a far more startling happening at this juncture was his abandonment of his jargon, and his adoption of intelligible English.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Scarcity of Opium Felt.

Codaine, a very largely used narcotic, is more than twice its normal value, owing to the scarcity of opium. Carbofic acid continues to advance in price, and it is not at all unlikely that the cost of household disinfectants may be increased. The most noteworthy of the few articles which have declined in value is glycerine, which, after a long period of high value, now shows signs of coming down in price.

CONSTIPATION



Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They clear the liver into activity by gentle methods, they do not scour, they do not grip, they do not weaken, but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and bowels. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood, instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

TORTURED BY UGLY ITCHING ERUPTION

Doctor Recommended Resinol

Half of a 50c Jar Cured It.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 5, 1912.—"My little daughter was taken with a very small eruption on the back of her hand. It grew larger and caused her more trouble. When she would scratch it, it would bleed and get very ugly looking, so I doctored it myself for about a year, and at last it broke out on both knees, and when she would go to bed she would scratch, and was so tortured and suffered so from the itching, that I took her to our doctor, who recommended Resinol Soap, and Resinol Ointment."

Improved with first application

"I sent for samples and after the first application the itching and inflammation was improved, and I kept it up night and morning; and by the time the sample was gone she complained very little, so I got a fifty-cent jar, and before that was half gone, the trouble had entirely disappeared." (Signed) Mrs. Maude Schmechel, 237 Freyburg Street.

Nothing we can say of Resinol equals what others, such as Mrs. Schmechel, say of it. If you are suffering from itching, burning skin troubles, pimples, blackheads, dandruff, chaps, face and hand ulcers, boils, stubborn sores, or piles, it will cost you nothing to try Resinol Ointment and Soap. Just send to Dept. 25-K, Resinol Chem. Co., Baltimore, Md., for a free sample of each. Sold by all druggists or by parcel post.

Occasional Visitor.

A notable housekeeper of the past generation, before the days of screens, had just announced with decision that she never had any flies.

"But, Aunt Augusta," faltered the timid visitor, "it seems to me that I saw a few in the dining room."

"Oh, those," replied her aunt, with a majestic wave of the hand, "were the neighbors' flies. They will come in occasionally. But I was saying, we never have any of our own." Youth's Companion.

Too Much for Him.

The elevator passed the homey man's floor.

"Here, boy," he cried, "let me out on the sixth. I thought you knew that was my floor."

"Excuse me, sah," returned the boy, stopping the elevator and returning to the sixth floor. "I ought to know your fare, sah, but de trouble is I have to remember so many ob' em, an' you's am so complicated, sah."

We've Done Our Share.

Woodby—Is there any money in writing for the magazine?

Scribbins—Sure! the postal department is about half supported that way.—Boston Transcript

Sometimes They Are Stolen

"After all, you ought to buy an auto."

"Buy one, child? That would be difficult. But I might try to get one."—Megendorfer Blatter (Munch)

He only is rich who owns the day and no one owns the day who allows it to be invaded with worry, and fret, and anxiety.—Emerson

Shivery Mornings

You can have a taste of the summer sunshine of the corn fields by serving a dish of

Post Toasties

These crisp flavoury bits of toasted white corn make an appetizing dish at any time of year.

Try them in February

and taste the delicate true maize flavour.

A dish of Toasties served either with cream or milk, or fruit, is surprisingly good.

"The Memory Lingers"

Grocers everywhere sell Toasties

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

WOMAN SICK FOURTEEN YEARS

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

Elkhart, Ind.—"I suffered for four years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet, and I had such awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sanative Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me.



"If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them."—Mrs. S. S. Williams, 455 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

BUT SHE DID NOT VISIT HIM

Little Chance That Voice-Culture Student Attempted to Gratify Old Gentleman's Friend.

Patently the old gentleman had been sitting through the entire of the voice-culture student in the hall bedroom below practicing with a real which left no room for criticism, but with a talent by no means so kindly described.

Finally, he crept down the stairs and rapped at the door of the young woman's room.

"I can't come in," he said in response to an invitation, "but I simply came to tell you of a friend of mine who would like you, he willing to pay almost any amount of money to hear you sing."

Overwhelmed with joy the young woman begged the kind old gentleman to write his friend's name and address on a piece of paper.

When he had gone upstairs she looked at the slip of paper which he had handed back to her inscribed and neatly folded. It read: "John W. Jones, Asylum for the Deaf."

Knew It All.

An old but sturdy Irishman, who had made a reputation as a gang boss, was given a job with a railroad construction company at Putnam, Prince, Idaho. One day, when the sun was hotter than usual, his gang of black hatters began to shirk, and as the chief engineer rode up on his horse the Irishman was heard to shout:

"Aller—you sons of guns—aller!" Then turning to the engineer, he said: "I curse the day I ever learned their language."

Credit and "Confidence."

First Bank Official—I just loaned \$50,000 on his business.

Second Ditto—Is his business good enough to warrant it?

"Sure! He showed that he was employing over fourteen hundred children."—Life.

A DIFFERENCE.

St. Paid This Man to Change Food.

"What is called 'good living' eventually brought me to a condition quite the reverse of good health," writes a N. Y. merchant.

"Improper eating told on me till my stomach became so weak that food seemed me, even the lightest and simplest lunch, and I was much depressed after a night of uneasy slumber, unfitting me for business."

"This condition was discouraging, as I could find no way to improve it. Then I saw the advertisement of Grape-Nuts food, and decided to try it, and became delighted with the result."

"For the past three years I have used Grape-Nuts and nothing else for my breakfast and for lunch before retiring. It speedily set my stomach right and I congratulate myself that I have regained my health. There is no greater comfort for a tired man than a bowl of Grape-Nuts. It insures restful sleep, and an awakening in the morning with a feeling of buoyant courage and hopefulness."

"Grape-Nuts has been a boon to my whole family. It has made our 2-year-old boy, who used to be unable to digest much of anything, a robust, healthy, little rascal weighing 32 pounds. My husband certainly owes a debt of gratitude to the expert who discovered this perfect food."

Name—Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

See the above full advertisement from time to time. The Grape-Nuts food, and full of health.

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.

Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

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SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

No. Oh, of course not. Nothing that goes on out here ever drifts east of the Missouri. Lord! We might as well be serving a foreign country. Well, listen: I was at Washita, then, and had the story first hand. Dugan was a lieutenant in 'D' Troop, out with his first independent command scouting along the Canadian. He knew as much about Indians as a cow does of music. One morning the young idiot left camp with only one trooper along—Hamilin here—and he was a rookie, to follow up what looked like a fresh trail. Two hours later they rode slap into a war party, and the fracas was on. Dugan got a ball through the body at the first fire that paralyzed him. He was conscious, but couldn't move. The rest was up to Hamilin. You ought to have heard Dugan tell it when he got so he could speak. Hamilin dragged the boy down into a buffalo wallow, shot both horses, and got behind them. It was all done in the jerk of a lamb's tail. They had two Henry rifles, and the rookie kept them both hot. He got some of the bucks, too, but of course, we never knew how many. There were twenty in the party, and they charged twice, riding their ponies all most to the edge of the wallow, but Hamilin had fourteen shots without reloading, and they couldn't quite make it. Dugan said there were nine dead, and Hamilin a radius of thirty feet. Anyhow it was five hours before 'D' Troop came up, and that's what they found when they got there—Dugan laid out, as good as dead, and Hamilin shot twice, and only two cartridges left. Hamilin had added disgustfully, and you never even heard of it east of the Missouri."

There was a flush of color on the sergeant's cheeks, but he never moved.

"There was nothing else to do but what I did," he explained simply. "Any of the fellows would have done the same if they had been up against it the way I was. May I ask, his eyes first upon one and then the other in quickening what it was you wanted of me?"

McDonald drew a long breath.

Certainly, sergeant, sit down—yes, take that chair."

He described the situation in a few words, and the trooper listened quietly until he was done. Travers later repeated once, his voice emerging from a cloud of smoke. As the major concluded, Hamilin asked a question or two gravely.

"How old is your daughter, sir?"

"In her twentieth year."

"Have you a picture of the young lady?"

The major crossed over to his baggage coat hanging on the wall, and extracted a small photograph from an inside pocket.

"This was taken a year ago," he explained, "and was considered a good likeness then."

Hamilin took the card in his hands, studied the face a moment and then placed it upon the table.

"You figure she ought to leave Ripley on the 15th," he said slowly. "Then I shall need to start at once to make Dodge in time."

"You mean to go then?" Of course, you realize I have no authority to order you on such private service."

"That's true. I'm a volunteer, but I'll ask you for a written order just the same in case my troop commander should ever object, and I'll need a fresh horse; I rode mine pretty hard coming up here."

"You shall have the pick of the stables, sergeant," interjected the cavalry captain, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Anything else? Have you had rest enough?"

"Four hours," and the sergeant stood up again. "All I require will be two days' rations, and a few more revolver cartridges." The sooner I'm off the better."

It he heard Travers' attempt at conversation as the two stumbled together down the dark hill, he paid small attention. At the stables, aided by a smoky lantern, he picked out a tough-looking buckskin mustang, with an evil eye; and, using his own saddle and bridle, he finally led the half-broken animal outside.

"That buckskin's the devil's own,"

protested Travers, careful to keep to one side.

"I'll take it out of him before morning," was the reply. "Come on, boy, easy now—easy! How about the rations, captain?"

"Carter will have them for you at the gate of the stockade. Do you know the trail?"

"Well enough to follow—yes."

McDonald was waiting with Carter, and the dim gleam of the lantern revealed his face.

"Remember sergeant, you are to make her turn back if you can. Tell her I wish her to do so—yes, this letter will explain everything, but she is a pretty high-spirited girl, and may take the bit in her teeth—imagine she'd rather be here with me, and all that. If she does I suppose you'll have to let her have her own way."

The Lord knows her mother always did. Anyhow you'll stay with her till she's safe."

"I sure will," returned the sergeant, gathering up his reins. Good-by to you."

"Good-by and good luck," and McDonald put out his hand, which the other took hesitatingly. The next instant he was in the saddle, and with a wild leap the startled mustang rounded the edge of the bluff, flying into the night.

All had occurred so quickly that Hamilin's mind had not yet fully adjusted itself to all the details. He was naturally a man of few words, deciding on a course of action quietly, yet not apt to deviate from any conclusion finally reached. Not he had been hurried, pressed into this adventure, and now welcomed an opportunity to think it all out coolly.

At first, for a half mile or more, the plunging buckskin kept him busy, bucking viciously, rearing, leaping madly from side to side, practicing every known equine trick to dislodge the grinning rider in the saddle. The man fought out the battle silently, immovable as a rock, and apparently as in different. Twice his spurs brought blood and once he struck the rearing head with clenched fist. The light of the stars revealed the faint lines of the trail, and he was content to permit the maddened brute to race for ward, until, finally, snatched, the animal settled down into a swift gallop, but with dark laid back in ugly defiance.

The rider's gray eyes smiled pleasantly as he settled more comfortably into the saddle, peering out from beneath the stiff brim of his scouting hat, then they hardened, and the man swore softly under his breath.

The peculiar nature of this mission which he had taken upon himself had been recalled. He was always doing something like that—permitting himself to become involved in the affairs of others. Now why should he be here, riding alone through the dark to prevent this unknown girl from reaching Devere? She was nothing to him—even that glimpse of her pictured face had not impressed him greatly; rather interesting, to be sure, but nothing extraordinary; besides he was not a woman's man, and, through years of isolation, he had grown to avoid contact with the sex—and he was under no possible obligation to either McDonald or Travers.

Yet here he was, fully committed, drawn into the vortex, by a hasty ill-considered decision. He was tired still from his swift journey across the desert from Fort Union, and now faced another three days' ride. Then what? A headstrong girl to be convinced of danger, and controlled. The longer he thought about it all, the more intensely disagreeable the task appeared, yet the clearer did he appreciate its necessity. He chafed at the knowledge that it had become his work—that he had permitted himself to be ensnared—yet he dug his spurs into the mustang and rode steadily, grimly, forward.

The real truth was that Hamilin comprehended much more fully than did the men at Devere the danger menacing travelers along the main trail to Santa Fe. News reached Fort Union much quicker than it did that isolated post up on the Cimarron. He knew of the fight in Raton Pass, and that two stages within ten days had been attacked, one several miles east of Bent's Fort. This must mean that a desperate party of raiders had succeeded in slipping past those scattered army details scouting into the northwest. Whether or not these warriors were in any considerable

force he could not determine—the reports of their depredations were but rumors at Union when he left—yet, whether in large body or small, they would have a clear run in the Arkansas Valley before any troops could be gathered together to drive them out. Perhaps even now, the stages had been withdrawn, communication with Santa Fe abandoned. This had been spoke of as possible at Union the night he left, for it was well known that there was no cavalry force left at Dodge which could be utilized as guards. The wide map of the surrounding region spread out before him in memory; he felt its brooding desolation, its awful loneliness. Nevertheless he must go on—perhaps at the stage station, near the ford of the Arkansas he could learn the truth.

It was a waterless desert stretching between the Cimarron and the Arkansas; consisting of almost a dead level of alkali and sand, although toward the northern extremity the sand had been driven by the ceaseless wind into grotesque hummocks. The trail cut deep by traders' wagons earlier in the spring, was still easily traceable for a greater part of the distance, and Hamilin as yet felt no need of caution—this was a country the Indians would avoid, the only danger being from some raiding party from the south. At early dawn he came trotting down into the Arkansas valley, and gazed across at the greenness of the opposite bank. There, plainly in view, were the deep cuts of the main trail running close, in against the bluff. His tired eyes caught no symbol of life, either up or down the stream, except a thin spiral of blue smoke that slowly wound its way upward. An instant he stared, believing it to be the fire of some emigrant's camp; then realized that he looked upon the smoldering debris of the stage station.

A new day gave her a first real glimpse of the surrounding dreariness as she stood looking out through the grimy glass of her single window, depressed and heartsick. The low, rolling hills, bare and desolate, stretched to the horizon, the grass already burned brown by the sun. The town itself consisted of but one short, crooked street, flanked by rough, ramshackle frame structures, two-thirds of these apparently saloons, with dirty, flapping tents sandwiched between, and huge piles of tin cans and other rubbish stored away behind. The street was rutted and dusty, and the ceaseless whirl swirled the dirt about in continuous, suffocating clouds. The hotel itself, a little, shabby, two-story affair, gazed to the blast, threatening to collapse. Nothing moved except a wagon down the long ribbon of road, and a dog digging for a bone behind a nearby tent. It was so squalid and ugly she turned away in speechless disgust.

The interior, however, offered even smaller comfort. A rude bedstead, one leg considerably short and propped up by a half brick, stood against the board wall; a single wooden chair was opposite, and a fly-specked mirror hung over it in the basin and pitcher. The floor sagged fearfully and the side walls lacked several inches of reaching the ceiling. Even in the dim candle light of the evening before, the bed coverings had looked so forbidding that Molly had compromised, lying down, half-dressed on the outside, now, in the garish glare of returning day they appeared positively filthy. And this was the best to be had, she realized that, her courage failing at the thought of remaining alone amid such surroundings. As she washed, using a towel of her own after a single glance at the hotel article, and did up her rebellious hair, she came to a prompt decision. She would go directly off—would take the first stage. Perhaps her father, or whom ever he sent, would be met with along the route. The coaches had regular meeting stations, so there was small danger of their missing each other.

The question of possible danger was dismissed almost without serious thought. She had seen no papers since leaving St. Louis, and the news before that contained nothing more definite than rumors of uneasiness among the Plains Indians. Army officers interviewed rather made light of the affair, as being merely the regular outbreak of young warriors, easily suppressed. On the train she had met with no one who treated the situation as really serious, and, if it was, then surely her father would send some message of restraint. Satisfied upon this point, and fully determined upon departing at the earliest opportunity, she ventured down the narrow, creaking stairs in search of breakfast.

The dining-room was discovered at the foot of the steps, a square box of a place, the two narrow windows looking forth on the desolate prairie. There were three tables, but only one was in use, and, with no waiter to guide her, the girl advanced hesitatingly and took a seat opposite the two men already present. They glanced up, curiously interested, staring at her a moment, and then resumed their interrupted meal. Miss McDonald's critical eyes surveyed the unsavory looking food, her lips slightly curved, and then glanced inquiringly toward the men. The one directly opposite was large and burly, with iron-gray hair and beard, about sixty years of age, but with red cheeks and bright eyes, and a face expressive of hearty good nature. His clothing was roughly serviceable, but he looked clean and wholesome. The other was an army lieutenant, but Molly promptly quelled her first inclination to address him, as she noted his red, inflamed face and dissipated appearance. As she nibbled, half-heartedly, at the miserable food brought by a slovenly waiter, the two men exchanged barely a dozen words, the lieutenant growing out monosyllabic answers, finally pushing back his chair, and striding out. Again the girl glanced across at the older man, mustering courage to address him. At the same moment he looked up, with eyes full of good humor and kindly interest.

"Looks rather tough, I reckon, miss," waving a big hand over the table. "But you'll have ter git used to it in this kentry."

"Oh, I do not believe I ever could," disconsolately. "I can scarcely choke down a mouthful."

"So I was nothin' from the East, I reckon?"

"Yes; I—I came last night, and—really I am afraid I am actually homesick already. It—it is even more—more primitive than I supposed. Do—do you live here—at Ripley?"

"Good Lord, no!" heartily, "though I reckon yer might not think my home was much better. I'm the post-trader down at Fort Marcy, jist out of Santa Fe. I'll be blame glad ter git back char too, I'm tellin' yer."

"That—that is what I wished to ask you about," she stammered. "The Santa Fe stage; when does it leave here? and—where do I arrange for passage?"

He dropped knife and fork, staring at her across the table.

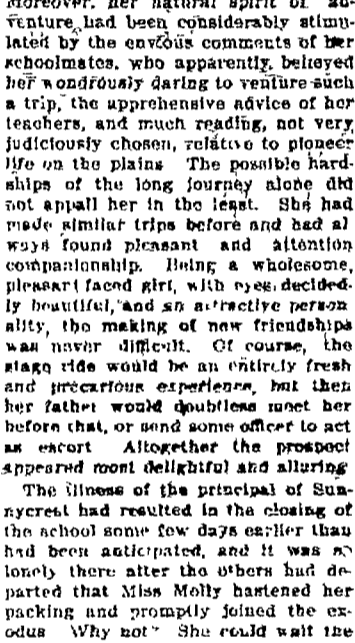
(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER III.

The News At Ripley.

Miss Molly McDonald had departed for the west—carefully treasuring her father's detailed letter of instruction—filled with interest and enthusiasm. She was an army girl, full of confidence in herself and delighted at the prospect of an unusual summer. Moreover, her natural spirit of adventure had been considerably stimulated by the eavesdropping comments of her schoolmates, who apparently, believed her wondrously daring to venture such a trip, the apprehensive advice of her teachers, and much reading, not very judiciously chosen, relative to pioneer life on the plains. The possible hardships of the long journey alone did not appall her in the least. She had made similar trips before and had always found pleasant and attention companionable. Being a wholesome, pleasant-faced girl, with eyes decidedly beautiful, and an attractive personality, the making of new friendships was never difficult. Of course, the stage ride would be an entirely fresh and precarious experience, but then her father would doubtless meet her before that, or send some officer to act as escort. Altogether the prospect appeared most delightful and alluring.

The illness of the principal of Sunnycrest had resulted in the closing of the school some few days earlier than had been anticipated, and it was so lonely there after the others had departed that Miss Molly hastened her packing and promptly joined the exodus. Why not? She could wait the



Nevertheless He Must Go On.

proper date at Kansas City or Fort Ripley just as well, enjoying herself meanwhile amid a new environment, and no doubt she would encounter some of her father's army friends who would help entertain her pleasantly.

As a result of this earlier departure she reached Ripley some two days in advance of the prearranged schedule, and in spite of her young strength and enthusiasm, most thoroughly tired out by the strain of continuous travel.

Her one remaining desire upon arrival was for a bed, and actuated by this necessity, when she learned that the army post was fully two miles from the town, she accepted proffered guidance to the famous Gilsey House, and promptly fell asleep. The light,

of a new day gave her a first real glimpse of the surrounding dreariness as she stood looking out through the grimy glass of her single window, depressed and heartsick. The low, rolling hills, bare and desolate, stretched to the horizon, the grass already burned brown by the sun. The town itself consisted of but one short, crooked street, flanked by rough, ramshackle frame structures, two-thirds of these apparently saloons, with dirty, flapping tents sandwiched between, and huge piles of tin cans and other rubbish stored away behind. The street was rutted and dusty, and the ceaseless whirl swirled the dirt about in continuous, suffocating clouds. The hotel itself, a little, shabby, two-story affair, gazed to the blast, threatening to collapse. Nothing moved except a wagon down the long ribbon of road, and a dog digging for a bone behind a nearby tent. It was so squalid and ugly she turned away in speechless disgust.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Simple Prescription Said to Work Wonders for Rheumatism.

This has been well known to the best doctors for years as the "quick and easy" remedy for rheumatism, for backache, and headache. It has been published here for several winters and hundreds of the worst cases cured by it in a short time. From your drug store get one ounce of Toris Compound (in original sealed package) and one ounce of the syrup of Sarsaparilla. Come home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake the bottle and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bedtime. Results come the first day. If your druggist does not have Toris Compound, get it from the Toris Company, 111 North Dearborn Street, Chicago. Don't be influenced to take some patent medicine instead of this. Toris Compound is the genuine Toris Compound. It is a pure, non-poisonous, sealed, yellow package. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical Laboratories of Chicago.

Surely a Good Cook.

Mrs. Champ Clark was engaging a new cook. The applicant, a nice-looking woman, made a fine impression on Mrs. Clark. After the usual preliminary questions, the speaker's wife asked:

"Can you really cook?"

"Can I cook?" exclaimed the applicant. "I should say I can cook!"

"But are you a good cook?"

"Am I a good cook?" echoed the woman. "I go to mass every morning."

—The Sunday Magazine.

This Will Rid You of Children's Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all the other ailments of the throat and lungs. It is a most pleasant and effective remedy, and is sold by all druggists. Address: A. C. McCLURG & CO., 111 North Dearborn Street, Chicago.

When you have a lawsuit to lose you can afford to hire a cheap lawyer.

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue.

As a sticker a porous plaster hasn't anything on a bad habit.

Only One "BROWN QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROWN QUININE. Look for the signature of W. W. GRAY, Jr., on the box. Don't buy Quinine in any other form.

The best cure for kleptomania may be arrest cure.

Backache Is a Warning

Thousands suffer kidney ailments—without knowing that the backache, head-aches, and dizziness, all these conditions are often due to kidney weakness alone.

Anybody who suffers constantly from backaches should suspect the kidneys. Some irregularity of these organs may give just the needed proof.

Doan's Kidney Pills have been curing backache and sick kidneys for over fifty years.

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Get Doan's at Any Store, Dr. & Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-McLEARN CO., Buffalo, New York.

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are relieved at once by an application of Sloan's Liniment. Don't rub, just lay on lightly.

"Sloan's Liniment has done more good than anything I have ever tried for stiff joints. I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work right in the middle of the day. I thought at first that I would have to have my hand taken off, but I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and used it. In a few days my hand was all right and I was able to work again."

Good for Broken Sinews. G. G. Jones, Bala Cynwyd, Pa., writes: "I used Sloan's Liniment for broken sinews above the knee cap caused by a fall and to my great satisfaction was able to resume work in less than three weeks after the accident."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Fine for Sprain. Mr. Henry A. Vogel, 84 Somerset St., Philadelphia, writes: "A friend sprained his ankle so badly that it went black. He happened when I told him that I used Sloan's Liniment in a week I applied Sloan's Liniment and in four days he was working and said Sloan's was a right good liniment."

Price 25c. 50c. and \$1.00. Sloan's Book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan.

Stanton, Mass. U.S.A.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-McLEARN CO., Buffalo, New York.

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Good for Broken Sinews. G. G. Jones, Bala

You don't need money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to some with and soda.

active in mind.

Ask Your Druggist

The World Knows

the best preventive and corrective of disorders of the digestive organs is the gentle, harmless, vegetable, always effective family remedy

BEECHAM'S

PILLS

A detailed map of Michigan showing county boundaries and names. The map is oriented with the top of the state at the top. Major cities and towns are marked with dots and labeled. The map is divided into two main sections by a vertical line, likely representing the Huron River. The left section shows the western part of the state, including counties like Ontonagon, Benzie, Charlevoix, and Mackinac. The right section shows the eastern part, including counties like Emmet, Charlevoix, and Mackinac. The map is signed "W. H. ALLSWED" at the bottom left.

[illegible]

THOUGHTFUL RUTH.



1

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One at a Time.

"She—When we are married, dear, I must have three servants.

"He—Certainly, darling. But try to keep each as long as possible.—St. Louis Post.

**Cures Con-
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and Distress After Eating.**

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

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SALVET

The Great Worm Destroyer and Conditioner

is a dedicated stock salt that will rid every animal on your place of worms quickly and keep them worm free and healthy. No pay if it fails. No dosing, no drugging. Just put it where all your stock can run to it freely. They will doctor themselves, thrive faster, and put on money. No loss. Salvat is not expensive. We carry it in six sizes from 75c up. Come in and get a package to try. You will be pleased with the results. We guarantee it.

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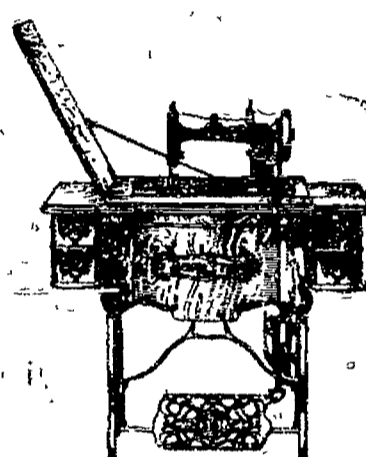
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Yes, the genuine Domestic—the same old reliable sewing machine that our grandmothers used—the same machine that has been a household friend for 49 years—now offered with all the very latest improvements.



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Instantaneous adjustment enables you to use lock-stitch or chain-stitch at your will. Smooth running—silent—no vibration. Durable—stand almost selected work—all in hand—used for over 40 years. Very highly polished. New horizontal drop-head, perfectly balanced.

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THIRTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER

We want to place the Domestic in your home and make it prove its worth to you. We want you to put it to every conceivable test. We want you to try it for thirty days absolutely FREE. If it is not what you want, simply return it to us at our expense. Then if you find that you want it, you may pay the rock-bottom factory price of less than half the cost of other machines and on terms as low as \$2.00 a month.

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JOB PRINTING

We can do the finest class of printing, and we can do that class just a little cheaper than the other fellow. Wedding invitations, letter heads, bill heads, sale bills, statements, dogtags, cards, etc., all receive the same careful treatment—just a little better than seems necessary. Prompt delivery always.

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150 PER DAY AND UP

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The POSTAL HOTEL CO.

A strictly modern and up-to-date hotel

Three minutes walk to Detroit's famous shopping district

Five minutes walk to all theatres.

The finest cafe west of New York

GILT EDGE NEWS.

Mrs. F. E. Bradley was a Detroit visitor Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. George Simmons has been visiting her son Guy at Novi.

Mr. and Mrs. Tuck and daughter Helen, ate Sunday dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Will Garbow and family at Livonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Tuck and daughter Helen spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Bradley and family.

Mrs. Fred Detrigis III with pneumonia. Her daughters Mrs. Earl Peck of Pontiac and Mrs. Herman Maas of Farmington have been caring for her.

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Ex-Governor Fred M. Warner was one of the delegates to the state convention at Lansing Tuesday.

F. M. Warner and F. H. Nichols attended the 29th annual meeting of the Michigan Dairywomen's association at Saginaw last week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Pepple of Porters station are spending a few weeks with relatives at St. Thomas, Ont. J. G. Dennis a brother is taking charge of his business at the cheese factory.

The Pontiac "Y" team defeated the Farmington boys in a close game played in the former city last Friday evening. Our boys lead at the end of the first half but the "Y" bunch reversed things in the second. Final score 31 to 27.

Mrs. S. W. Horner, assisted by some of the ladies of the Ladies Aid society entertained at the parsonage Thursday afternoon and evening, Feb. 13. A lunch to which the public was cordially invited, was served commencing at 5 o'clock. In the evening an excellent program was given.

Thomas McGee of Farmington was selected as temporary chairman and A. D. Kildner of Royal Oak, secretary of the democratic county convention when it assembled at the Pontiac court house this Tuesday morning. Forty five men were in attendance when A. K. Tripp read the call of the convention which he said was to select 37 delegates to attend the state convention at Lansing, Feb. 14.

The excellent self-served lunch given last Tuesday evening in the town hall by the young ladies and young men's classes of the M. R. Sunday school was a great success. The little Dutch waiters and waitresses acted their parts to perfection and the program which was of a high class order of the German type, was well rendered by every participant and brought forth many peals of laughter.

SALEM NEWS.

David Duke has purchased Ed Tasker's farm near here.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wespha visited relatives in Detroit last week.

Lloyd Barber of Flint spent a few days of last week with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. James Woodworth visited their son, Roy and family at Grand Rapids last week.

The Ladies Dime wove pleasantly entertained at the congregational parsonage last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Savory of Dexter, were guests of their daughter Mrs. John Ranwick last week.

The young people of Superior will give a play in our town hall next Friday evening, February 21, for the benefit of the Salem Union school.

Roy Waterman of Ypsilanti visited his mother Mrs. John Asplin the forepart of last week. Mr. Waterman has purchased the David Duke farm near here and will take possession about March 1.

Charles Stanley of Northville with his concert and the Northville quartet assisted at the Y. P. S. at the Baptist church Sunday evening and the service was especially enjoyable.

SEEDS

BUCKBEE'S SEEDS SUCCEED!

SPECIAL OFFER:

Made to build new business. A trial will make you our permanent customer.

Prize Collection

1000 lbs. of seeds, 1000 lbs. of fertilizer, 1000 lbs. of lime, 1000 lbs. of manure, 1000 lbs. of bone meal, 1000 lbs. of cotton seed, 1000 lbs. of clover seed, 1000 lbs. of alfalfa seed, 1000 lbs. of timothy seed, 1000 lbs. of ryegrass seed, 1000 lbs. of red clover seed, 1000 lbs. of white clover seed, 1000 lbs. of lucerne seed, 1000 lbs. of sainfoin seed, 1000 lbs. of vetch seed, 1000 lbs. of birdsfoot trefoil seed, 1000 lbs. of alfalfa hay, 1000 lbs. of clover hay, 1000 lbs. of timothy hay, 1000 lbs. of ryegrass hay, 1000 lbs. of red clover hay, 1000 lbs. of white clover hay, 1000 lbs. of lucerne hay, 1000 lbs. of sainfoin hay, 1000 lbs. of vetch hay, 1000 lbs. of birdsfoot trefoil hay, 1000 lbs. of alfalfa seedlings, 1000 lbs. of clover seedlings, 1000 lbs. of timothy seedlings, 1000 lbs. of ryegrass seedlings, 1000 lbs. of red clover seedlings, 1000 lbs. of white clover seedlings, 1000 lbs. of lucerne seedlings, 1000 lbs. of sainfoin seedlings, 1000 lbs. of vetch seedlings, 1000 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