

BREAD

—For All The Family—

They all like bread, and our business is to bake good, pure, wholesome bread. Try it.

H. J. SMITH

East Middle St. Chelsea

West Middle Street. **Chelsea, Mich.**

SYLVAN TOWNSHIP TAXES.
Taxes for Sylvan township, including dog taxes, are now due and may be paid at Keusch & Fahrners store. The dog tax must be paid on or before January 10, 1919. William Fahrners, Township Clerk.

Obstetrical Fee, minimum, \$25.00.
Adv.

WANTED—People in this vicinity who have any legal printing required in the settlement of estates, etc., to have it sent to the Chelsea Tribune. The rates are universal in such matters, and to have your notices appear in this paper it is only necessary to ask the probate judge to send them to the Chelsea Tribune.

JOHN FARRELL
Walk Around the Corner and Save a Nickel.

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Select Good Seed

Corn: Take Care of It

By Robert H. Moulton

GOOD AVERAGE EARS



REAL CORN FROM GOOD SEED

GOOD EARS AND BAD

PICKING OUT THE BEST EARS

HANGING UP THE EARS

THE farmers of this country want to profit by the experience of recent years, when they were several times caught without home-grown seed, resulting in poor crops. They will at once turn their attention to the selection of plenty of good seed for their own use as well as to sell to their neighbors. If next year's corn crop should be a total or partial failure, it might not be possible to harvest any good seed at all from it. In that event, this year's seed, if properly chosen and well cared for during the winter months, will not only be good seed for 1920 but better seed in 1921 than imported seed will be.

In 1915, in the northern corn belt, most of the corn failed to mature. We had little good home-grown seed for the 1916 planting. This should have taught us a lesson. We should have saved a two years' supply for seed in 1916, but we didn't. In 1917 the corn again failed to mature and we were again caught without seed. The result was that the farmers of the United States lost millions of dollars because of the reduced yield in 1918. The 1919 corn crop promises to be one of the largest on record, and few farmers will have any excuse for not saving an abundance of seed.

To save plenty of good seed is always good business. If our surplus is not needed for seed it will not be wasted. It always will have a market value, or it may be fed to stock. If it should be needed for seed, it will be worth many times its market value as grain. We can import potatoes, oats or wheat, but we cannot import seed corn and expect to get as good results as we would get from corn grown in the immediate neighborhood.

The importance of testing seed corn before planting is now generally recognized and practiced by farmers everywhere, but all the testing in the world will avail nothing unless good seed is selected after harvest and then properly stored and cared for until testing time comes.

Punctuated as it may seem, the best looking ears will not always prove to be the best for seed. As a matter of fact, one national authority on the subject states that he has frequently planted seed from blue-ribbon ears—ears judged according to the score card and seemingly physically perfect—and failed to get as good results from them as he did from ears which would never win a prize on account of their shape. The trouble is that these fine looking ears do not give any line on their yielding power until after they have been tested. Consequently, if a farmer selects ears based solely on their appearance, he might get nothing but poor reproductions, and it would then be too late to save other ears for planting.

Moreover, the big ears, which it is

human nature for the farmer to save, believing they should be best for seed, are more often than not abnormal ears, due to late maturing or to some defect which nature has endeavored to correct during the period of growing by the use of abnormal methods. As a general thing, the offspring of such an ear is weak.

A medium sized ear, say ten and a half or eleven inches long, with a circumference of approximately seven inches, is about right. Straight rows indicate careful selection and breeding in the seed which produced the ear, and for this reason are desirable. On the other hand, some varieties of corn are known by their characteristically crooked rows and should not be discriminated against. An average ear of the size stated will weigh about 14 ounces when its moisture content is 15 per cent, and it will shrink in length from one to two inches during the process of drying. Of course it will also shrink in circumference, which is something that is not generally observed by farmers.

Before the selected corn is finally stored it must be dried out, so that its moisture content will fall as low as 15 per cent, if possible. Under such conditions even a very hard freeze will have little or no effect on the vitality of the seed. If the drying out process can be carried on in a room where there is store heat, or in another room near enough to get the heat from a stove, so much the better.

One of the best and simplest methods of storing seed corn is to tie it up with binder twine, each string containing from 12 to 15 ears. These strings may be suspended from wires strung in the barn or other places where the corn is to be kept, and it is important that the individual ears should not touch each other. Corn that is to be used for seed should never be piled up.

The best place to store corn is some place where it is dry, and where there is room for the circulation of air between the ears or rows. If a room or attic in the farmhouse can be utilized for this purpose, it makes an ideal storing place. But if any out-building must be used, care should be taken that the spot where the corn is to be hung is as free from dampness at all times as possible.

The corn crop of 1918 on 104,467,000 acres amounted to 2,922,635,000 bushels, worth \$3,116,230,000. The final report of the department of agriculture gives the average of 1919 as 102,070,000, the yield 2,917,400,000 bushels and the value \$3,034,274,000.

The average for the years 1918-17 is as follows: Acreage, 107,495,000; yield, 2,749,349,000 bushels; value, \$2,937,500,000.

Record Crop Value.

Value of important farm crops of the United States for 1919 as given by the final report of the department of agriculture is \$1,092,740,000, compared with \$1,000,526,000, the revised figures of 1918, an increase of 91,214,000, based on prices to producers December 1. This is the greatest value ever given the nation's grain crops.

The five grains—wheat, corn, oats, rye and barley—aggregated 5,350,344,000 bushels, an increase of 41,541,000 bushels over last year. Acreage planted to the principal crops was 350,123,173, compared with 256,407,162 last year, an increase of 2,600,000 acres.

Value of the five leading grains was \$1,177,160,000, compared with \$8,701,396,000, an increase of \$116,893,000.

The corn crop looms up in valuation above all others, and is next to the most valuable ever known, being worth \$3,034,274,000, or \$15,900,000 more than last year and 7,000,000 bushels over previous estimates, with a crop of 2,917,400,000 bushels, the fourth largest on record, and 341,000,000 bushels over last year's.

Wheat yield was the second largest known, 2,408,687,000 bushels, a gain of 23,000,000 bushels over former returns and of 33,557,000 bushels compared with last year, and valued at \$1,543,452,000, compared with \$921,438,000 last year.

A fall down occurred in oats, with 1,245,210,000 bushels, or 28,000,000 bushels more than previously reported, but a loss of 280,000,000 bushels from last year and the shortest in recent years. Barley was also a disappointment with 103,713,000 bushels, a loss of 30,000,000 bushels for the year. Hay is a record crop of 108,000,000 tons, or 17,500,000 tons in excess of 1918. There is all the feed the country requires and provides a good surplus for export.

White potatoes turned out slightly above early estimates with 257,001,600 bushels, or 43,000,000 bushels short of last year.

A yield of 1,527,000,000 pounds of beet sugar was raised, compared with 1,530,120,000 pounds last year.

Almost as Good.

"The farmer's wife tells me it is profitable to keep a pig to get rid of the scraps around the house."

"I presume so. I find, however, that my husband will eat almost anything."

It is added, this to prevent fermentation. "Thus," says Boulder, "the bees invent antiseptics before Pasteur or Lister." It is this drop of poison that preserves the honey for years.

Singing vs. Stammering.

Stammering has its curiosities, writes a correspondent, and goes on to recall the case of the boy at his school who spoke with a stutter and could name the bees song perfectly. The news of his prowess in the choir spread, and harassed masters

would sometimes take advantage of it. And a delighted class would have the novelty of hearing a lesson sung beautifully in a boyish soprano. Like the celebrated judgment in E flat of the lord chancellor in "Iolanthe," his efforts often deserved a double encore.

Where Education Falls.

Furthermore, college education never in this world made a young man hesitate to milk a cow in a muddy lot. —Dallas News.

TEXAS THIEF PUTS UP NOVEL DEFENSE

Woman Alleges That She Stole Only When Hypnotized by Mate.

Dallas, Tex.—Attorney for Mrs. Madeline Tether, pretty 22-year-old brunette of this city, charged with stealing patent rights valued at more than \$100,000, insists the woman is innocent of any crime because she acted under the hypnotic influence of her husband. In support of the claims made by her attorneys, Mrs. Tether was taken to the office of District Attorney William J. Pearson, where she was hypnotized and where she performed a number of seemingly impossible acts. Health physicians who witnessed the demonstrations jabbed her with needles and made other tests which proved her trance was not a fraud.

It is the first time in the South that such a plea has been entered in any criminal case, and as a result attorneys and jurists are watching the outcome with interest.

According to Noah Hark, one of Mrs. Tether's attorneys, she was un-



Hypnotizing His Wife.

der a hypnotic spell when she was married three years ago. At times after the marriage her husband would throw his wife into a trance and allow her to lie for days at a time while he was absent from home. He did not want her to speak to another man or have anything to do with neighbors or any one other than himself.

It is alleged that Tether knew the place where the drawings desired were concealed and that, after hypnotizing his wife, he commanded her to go and get the drawings. She obeyed, but, it is alleged, only did as commanded and therefore cannot be punished for the crime.

WAITED TEN YEARS IN VAIN

San Francisco Woman Kept Lamp in Window to Reclaim Wandering Husband.

San Francisco.—Each night for ten long years a light glowed in the window of Mrs. Adeline Fields' home in this city, to guide the footsteps of her wandering husband, William F. Fields. But Fields never returned.

Then, one morning, Mrs. Fields blew out the light and went downtown to the office of a lawyer, where she applied for a divorce.

"I married William Fields in September, 1909," she told the lawyer, "and he left soon afterward. For ten years I have been waiting for him to return and have written numberless letters. Each night during those ten years I have kept a light burning in the front window for him. But I have decided at last that I have been deserted and I want a divorce."

Judge Graham granted her a divorce.

Gypsy Girl, 14 Years Old, Has Been Wed 12 Times

Although only fourteen years old, Rosa Marks, gypsy, has been married 12 times, she told the police at Omaha, Neb. Each time her father collected "compensation" and then secured her release through the courts because of her tender years.

FOUGHT DUEL FOR WOMAN

One Man Left Dying on Mountain in New Jersey, the Victor a Fugitive.

Jersey City.—In one of the latest spots at Garrett mountain, N. J., two Italians fought a duel for the services of a pretty Italian girl. One of the duellists was killed and the other is a fugitive.

The young woman, Frances Gennaro, 25, is under arrest as a material witness. She admits the police say, that Salvatore Nobile, a former service man, and Salvatore Gennaro were rivals for her hand, and agreed to settle the question with knives.

Nobile, his heart pierced by the knife of his rival, was found dead on the mountain the following day.

BLACK LOCUST RECOMMENDED FOR WOODLOT



Black Locust Plantation, Trees Five Years Old.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Black locust—known also as "yellow locust"—is one of the most profitable and useful kinds of timber for the farm. The wood is heavy, hard, and particularly durable when used in the ground. For use as fence posts, black locust is long-lived and very desirable. Only one other wood gives longer service, namely, osage orange or "hols-



Black Locust Utilizing Rocky Places on Farm Are Indications of Good Farm Management.

"are," which, however, nowhere occurs in abundance and is so hard that it is difficult to drive staples into it except when it is green.

Locust Grows Rapidly.

Black locust grows rapidly and yields good-sized fence posts at an age of from fourteen to twenty years, according to the forest service. A worg-

field in middle Tennessee which 20 years previously had been planted with one-year-old locust seedlings, yielded fence posts worth \$188 an acre on the stump, or \$430 at the railroad about two miles distant. This was a gross return of \$9.40 an acre yearly on a hillside of fairly good soil which bore a return of \$5 to \$7 an acre annually have frequently been up, spread with fertilizer then spread realized on poor, thin hill land. Good soils underlain with limestone and thick, planted to black locust in the Appalachean and Piedmont regions, from Pennsylvania to Kentucky and Tennessee, can be counted on to yield an average of \$10 an acre yearly at the end of from 15 to 20 years.

The manufacture of insulator pins requires large amounts of black locust, for which purpose it is the most satisfactory wood.

Starting Black Locust.

In starting black locust, small sprouts with a portion of the root may be dug up and used; or, better, the seed may be sown in the spring in drills in good soil, like onion seed. At the end of the season the seedlings will be from two to four feet in height and satisfactory in size for setting out. This may be done in the late fall, but the spring season, about the time growth starts, is preferable. In some regions the locust wood borer is almost certain to cause extensive damage to young plantations unless special precautions are taken to keep the trees in a healthy growing condition and the bark shaded by foliage, either from nearby trees, shrubs, or weeds. Information on this insect and methods of its control will be found in United States Department of Agriculture Bulletin 787, "Protection From the Locust Borer."

Strange as it may appear, black locust, although one of the most durable woods when set in the ground, matures early and deteriorates in the tree rapidly if not cut when ripe. Commercially the tree is usually mature in 15 to 25 years.

GOOD TOP DRESS FOR WHEAT

Application of as Little as Two Tons of Manure Per Acre May Increase Yield Ten Bushels.

It pays a big profit to top dress the wheat with manure. An application of as little as two tons per acre may increase the yield ten bushels; at least it has done this much one year with another in Indiana tests. Four tons make only about two bushels more.

The manure benefits the wheat directly through the plantfood which it contains, and indirectly through the winter protection, which often is of greater value. Where manure is used as a top dressing the stand of clover is generally better. There is an organic benefit from the manure which is considerable and is not so easily explained. Where as much or more plantfood is applied in the form of commercial fertilizer the resulting yield has not been as large.

CUT STRAW IS BEST BEDDING

Much of Liquid Manure, Now Wasted, Can Be Saved by Use of Effective Absorbents.

A great deal of the liquid manure now going to waste can be saved by the use of absorbents, such as straw, sawdust, muck and loam. Uncut straw is a very valuable absorbent, taking up two or three times its weight of water, while fine cut straw will absorb six or nine times its weight of liquid. Moreover, cut straw contains quite a large amount of plantfood, especially potash.

BUYING SMALL FARM TOOLS

Time and Money Can Be Saved by Making Purchase on One Order—Give Systematic Care.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

If possible all small tools for the farm should be purchased on one order. This will save time and, usually, money. Also, it will entail a total expenditure sufficiently large to impress the farmer with the importance of giving systematic care to his small tools.

The KITCHEN CABINET

Faith is an invisible and invisible magnet, and attracts to itself whatever it fervently desires and calmly and persistently expects—Trium.

SEASONABLE DISHES.

Put a pound of round steak through the meat grinder with one green pepper and a half cupful of fine cracker crumbs. When all is combined, shape into balls and sear in hot fat. Lower the heat and cook for half an hour, turning often. Ten minutes before serving drain off the surplus fat, leaving two tablespoonfuls. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and mix well. When browned add enough milk to make a smooth sauce. Coat each ball with the sauce, arranging them on a chop plate. Garnish with parsley and serve piping hot with baked potatoes.

Another nice way to serve hamburger steak is as follows: The steak on the stump, or \$430 at the railroad about two miles distant. This was a gross return of \$9.40 an acre yearly on a hillside of fairly good soil which bore a return of \$5 to \$7 an acre annually have frequently been up, spread with fertilizer then spread realized on poor, thin hill land. Good soils underlain with limestone and thick, planted to black locust in the Appalachean and Piedmont regions, from Pennsylvania to Kentucky and Tennessee, can be counted on to yield an average of \$10 an acre yearly at the end of from 15 to 20 years.

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WHITE MAN

Author of "Home," "Through Stained Glass," "John Bogardus," Etc.

(Copyright, 1913, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

By
GEORGE AGNEW
CHAMBERLAIN

"NEVER FORGET. I AM HERE FOR YOU."

Andrea Pellor, handsome daughter of Lord Pellor, impetuous aristocrat, is doomed to marry an illiterate but wealthy middle-aged diamond mine owner. She disconsolately wanders from her hotel in South Africa, and discovers an aviator about to fly from the beach. Impulsively, of course imagining that the trip will be merely a pleasant excursion, she begs to be taken for a flight, although she does not know him. He somewhat unwillingly agrees, and they start. When she realizes her unknown aviator is not going back Andrea in desperation tries to choke him with one of her stockings. He thwarts her and they sail on into the very heart of Africa. Landing in an immense cañon, Andrea finds the natives all bow in worship to her mysterious companion. White Man continues deaf to Andrea's pleadings to be restored to her friends. She goes on a day's hunting trip with White Man and thoroughly enjoys the exciting experience. White Man by a skillful shot saves her from the attack of a sable bull and she is fast becoming reconciled to her fate after eight days in the cañon. On another expedition the donkey on which Andrea is mounted runs away with her and she is for a moment made ridiculous. White Man explains the African method of wife purchase. "Sobolo." She is horrified. After a tedious tramp three bull elephants are sighted and Andrea is transfixed by the excitement of the chase. Back at the camp White Man warns Andrea against another white man in the region. She makes light of the warning.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

She decided to cry a little more and found she couldn't. Tears had been drawn before an intellectual rage. Her face hardened. Well, if she couldn't cry, something must happen; if not on its own, then it must be forced. She wondered what the white man was doing. Perhaps he was sound asleep; perhaps he was even snoring! What did she know about this man, anyway? Was he human? Had he live points of contact or was he an impalpable creation of her sick brain? Perhaps she wasn't here at all! If she screamed, would Aunt Gweo come running in or— Her eyes, following the sequence of her thoughts, fell upon the barred door.

She arose, put on her slippers and her bathrobe, walked deliberately to the door, grasped the bar with two trembling hands and threw it up with all her strength. The clang of the far-away gong rang out above the din of the droning rain. Following it instantly came the thud of a falling chair. The door, released, swung slowly open with a long-drawn creak of unlubricated hinges. Andrea was suddenly frightened.

Coming through the covered way she could hear the swift crash of hurrying steps. M'sungu, fully dressed, shot into the center of her room and whirled. In his hands, held at the hip, finger on trigger, was a villainous sawed-off shotgun. Only his long training to look twice before he fired saved Andrea when his eyes brought him the startling conviction that besides himself she was the only other living thing in the room. She stared at him, wide-eyed and trembling. She saw his figure, keyed to one sort of combat, relax only to grow slowly tense again. He turned, laid the shotgun aside and came toward her with swift sure strides. For an instant his eyes wavered but as he drew nearer they steadied to transfix and hold her pinned against the wall.

She felt herself struggling as against an unjust accusation. Under her trembling hands, her heart beat with great irregular throbs. A lump rose in her throat and it seemed as though



M'sungu, Fully Dressed, Shot into the Center of Her Room and Whirled.

It must strangle her if she did not let it out. In her desperation she hurled herself forward, threw her arms about M'sungu's neck, pressed her face against him and sobbed.

"Oh, White Man," she gasped, "I was so lonely—I am so lonely."

The embrace of a woman is one thing; the clinking of a child quite another. The sternness in M'sungu's eyes died suddenly; the hard look in his face faded, vanished and gave place to one of great tenderness. He gathered Andrea up in his arms and carried her quickly through the covered way.

He told himself there was every reason to hasten, for he could feel her soft warm body, shaken with sobs, wrapping itself round his heart and crossing it beyond repair. He laid her on the couch in his room, made a nest for her in the many pelts with which it was covered, pillowed her head in a bundle of furs and drew over her a gayly figured sarong.

"You were cold," he said, as he tucked her in; then he knelt beside her, took her hand in both of his and suddenly laid his face in her open palm, still moist with her tears.

Andrea drew a long whimpering sigh and nestled down against the warm furs. Her eyes gazed impersonally and a little wonderingly at M'sungu's bowed head; then they wandered about the room. So this was where he had lived and worked during many months! It was a bachelor's room, arranged at once for comfort, utility and aloofness. On one side was his cot, permanently inclosed in mosquito netting and lying at its head a lantern for reading in bed. Next to it, came a high draughtsman's desk roughly made of packing cases. On each end of it, guttering candles, still lighted, rose from mysterious pedestals, empty bottles, discarded under cascades of molten wax.

In the shadow of the high desk stood the one utterly incongruous bit of furniture, a glistening mahogany phonograph. Andrea's eyes passed it and then went back to linger for an instant in vague wonder. Why had M'sungu never brought it out? Never played it? She was not interested enough to ask aloud.

Andrea's eyes flashed; their slow circuit of the room and came back to the white man's bowed head. He had not moved and she herself had lain very still, more through languor than by volition. She had been in that state of subdued consciousness which sweeps troubled humanity back to the borderland of childhood, but now her mind awoke. A deep flush stained her neck and crept up through her cheeks, carrying with it to her eyes a look of sudden age. Her hand, imprisoned under the man's cheek, doubled and contracted into a hard little fist. He looked up quickly and saw the transition that had come to her face. "Don't give in to it," he said, throwing one arm across her knees. "Don't give in to age. Do you think I am so blind that I don't know where I found you? Why do you think I am on my knees? It is in reverence before the glimpse that I caught of the girlhood of Andrea Pellor. My arms are trembling because they have dared to carry her clean youth, soft and warm as it was before the touch of the world and years, and my heart is aching with a memory that will never die."

"White Man," said Andrea, her face unsoftened, "would you pay three pounds for me?"

He stared at her, leaped to his feet and started pacing up and down beside the couch, a look of thunder on his brow. "No," he said, "I wouldn't." Without looking at her he went to the bookcase and, after a moment, drew out a worn volume; then he placed a chair close to the couch so that the light of the lantern would fall over his shoulder, sat down and began to read aloud.

Very gradually the hardened and cheapened look in Andrea's eyes died out. They grew wide again and dwelt dreamily on the man's slim figure. She saw many things about him she had never noted before. His hair was crisp and touched with premature gray at the temples; his shoulders were broad and his hips very narrow. He had a good "boot leg," but his feet were small enough to preserve balance even there. In spite of his height, he was well-knit by grace of the life he had led.

"He is very strong," thought Andrea as she remembered how lightly he had swung her into his arms. Then she began to think of other things about him. He never was too tired to shave before the evening meal. He had shown an almost uncanny tact in foreseeing and preventing the embarrassing situations that one would have thought inevitable under the circumstances of their life together. He never forgot. He had called her "my dear girl" once and she had shown that she hated it. It was enough.

"How old are you, White Man?" she asked.

"Thirty-four, normally," he answered instantly, and went on with his absorbing reading almost without a break.

Andrea fell silent, even her thoughts stopped talking. Gradually the flowing voice possessed her, picked her up lightly, bore her away and away. In other words, she slept as children sleep when put to bed in the good old way.

When she awoke, hours later, the room was heavy with the acrid smell of lanterns burned too low, but to make up for that, the rain had ceased and sunlight poured in through the open door. M'sungu was sitting as he had sat, reading as he had been reading. The flow of his voice was exactly the same as though he himself had been caught in a current that would not let him stop.

Andrea drew a quivering breath. She saw instinctively the workings of his mind: He wished her to awake without awaking—to come to the new day with the selfsame smile in her heart that had been there when she slept. He called upon her to play the game through and she decided to do it. She stretched her bare arms, yawned, rubbed her eyes with doubled fists, laughed and then threw out both hands to him.

"Take me back," she said.

The book fell from his hands. He turned and stared at her with the hungry eyes of a man who sees for the first time one of the rarest of God's creatures—namely, a woman whose youth stands by her in the disheveled morning, defies the ugly finger of gross slumber and proclaims her love beyond the limits set by the wringing seams of coarser and less blessed fabrics. For a moment his gaze wavered as though before too strong a light, then it steadied and his face grew stern. He arose.

"Come on," he said.

She threw her arms about his neck; he picked her up, strong and all, and passed solemnly the length of the covered way. He could feel her face pressed hard against his shoulder and her loosened hair was like a cloud beneath his chin. Her arms clung to him tightly, her body trembled, her eyes twinkled and her lips murmured audibly. "Remember, Andrea Pellor, you're just a kiddie."

He dropped her on her cot with a thud that surprised the six straddling legs of that sturdy campaigner into stringent protest and incidentally startled one young lady.

"There you are, you little devil," he growled and strode from the room with the satisfied air of a dog who has just carried home eight pounds of prime roast intact.

Andrea watched him go, then she arose, took the cord from her bathrobe and advanced upon the door to the covered way. She closed it, let down the bar and with the cord bound it in place. She tied knot after hard knot, and as she drew each one of them tight she said, "Just to give you time to think twice, Andrea Pellor."

CHAPTER IX.

Scarcely had she finished when a sudden languor seized her. She knew that she ought to bathe and dress quickly, for M'sungu would be keen for his breakfast after his "white" night. Why did all Latins call a sleepless night "white," anyway? Her brows puckered over that problem and it seemed as though she must puzzle it out before she did anything else. She crept into her cot to attend to it. A cold wave swept over her body and left it frozen; a pain stabbed into her side.

The pain was like a knife, red-hot. It terrified her. In an instant her tongue was parched, her eyes were burning. So suddenly had sickness come upon her that even in the face of its clamorous presence, her mind declared it incredible. Surely it would pass swiftly as it had come. She clenched her teeth and waited. There was a look in her face as though she listened.

The pain ceased. When it came back again it was no longer a knife but the ravling fangs of a wolf tearing their way toward the vitals of her body. She tried to clench her teeth, to keep silence until the spasm passed, but she could not hold out. "White Man!" she moaned and then, realizing that she must make him hear now or never, she gathered all her strength and screamed.

She heard quick steps coming from the cañon, a thundering on her door and then his voice, "Am I to come in?" She tried to cry out again and could not; tears poured down her cheeks. But the white man did not wait; another moment and he was standing over her twisted body. She looked up. The stricken look in her frightened eyes was as nothing to the sudden terror that had come into his own. He sunk to his knees. "You are ill?" he breathed.

He passed his cool hand across her forehead, held his fingers to the pulse in her throat, grasped her wrist and

found them burning—all burning. "Last night," he said, "when you were in here, you didn't use your curtain? You left the light on?"

She did not answer beyond a stare from glassy eyes. Her face was white, her lips a straight purple line. Her shoulders were rigid, but beneath them her body was twisting and turning as though in a desperate effort to tear itself away from the sentient seat of pain.

"Is it as bad as that?" said M'sungu. Into his voice had already come the calm of a man accustomed to the face of danger. "I'm going to leave you for a moment," he continued. "When I come I'll take the pain away."

He stepped toward the barred door and tried to open it. So intent was he on getting to his room that he glanced at the cord and saw only that it was hindering him. He drew out his knife, cut the bar free and hurried on. The three minutes he was gone seemed an eternity to Andrea. When he came back he carried in one hand a medicine case and in the other a hypodermic syringe already filled. He set the case down carefully, grasped and



"Remember, Andrea Pellor, You're Just a Kiddie."

held Andrea's forearm, rubbed it with alcohol and quickly gave her an injection. "Skip the next five minutes," he said. "Fasten your mind to five minutes from now." She only moaned to show that she heard him.

But even before the five minutes were up she could feel peace coming to her body slowly and from far away, as though it feared to pounce upon her suddenly. When it settled upon her it brought with it a drowsy and ineffable relief. Her eyes could move once more in their sockets. They followed the white man as he made his rapid preparation for a long siege. She heard him call Bathuth and issue a string of orders; then he brought a chair close to the cot and sat down.

"Andrea," he said quietly, "we're up against it, you and I. I can't say just what it is. It may be pneumonia, you may have been sickening for appendicitis, but I'm almost afraid it isn't either of those. If it's fever, it is pernicious." Her eyes stared at him, hung upon his face.

He took one of her hands in his. "I'm breaking all the rules by frightening you," he went on, "and I do it purposely. I do it because I've learned that you and I are brothers in one thing. We're fighters. All the blood in our veins flows one way—up hill to battle. We don't know when to quit. No d— fever can show us where to get off. It is going to be shoulder to shoulder, and if you go back on me I'll go back on God, for I trust you as I've never trusted any living thing."

Her hands twisted in his and gripped his fingers. "You're great, White Man," she said softly. "You're like that—a fighter—and it's sweet of you to ring me in. No d— fever can show you—no d—." She crumpled up and cried.

"Good for you," said M'sungu promptly, "cry now. It can't do you a bit of harm and it will probably put you to sleep. But when you wake, if you want to cry then, please come up crying mad and ready to set your teeth in the throat of pain. For he'll have you, Kiddie, he'll have you in a half-Nelson and I can't always stick him with the needle."

It was even as he said. All day and all night the battle raged, and there were moments when Andrea forgot that she was a fighter, begged with gasping, heartrending moans for opium and relief, and when he refused, her tongue turned bitter, sharp as a serpent's tooth. Each word she said was

chosen to wound. Herself an actual fair-minded of women, she became unjust, ungenerous and cruel as dead love.

He was giving her the treatment for pernicious anemia. Together with every other white man who has served apprenticeship to Africa he had an extraordinary store of rough and ready medical knowledge. To such men only six drugs are essential, all others being classed as furbelows of the pampered sick room, and with these they work as with elements. Kill or cure is their motto, the saving idea being that if the patient can't stand punishment, he would go under in any case.

On these rare occasions when Andrea's spasms conquered his reluctance to use the needle he would watch her until the opiate stilled her and then fall into his chair and to sleep. "I am here," he would say even as his lids closed. "Never forget, I'm here for you. Touch me or speak to me and I'll awake." It was true. In spite of his long vigil he kept deep slumber at a distance by an effort of the will like a man who sets a clock in his mind and trusts to his subconscious self to call him at the hour marked.

The afternoon of the second day found Andrea unusually subdued and still, but he was not deceived. He looked at her eyes and saw that their pupils still appeared convex and glassy like the eyes of a fish. They stared at him with an immeasurable gravity. When her dry lips parted, he shrank even before she spoke.

"I wish you would go away," she said quietly. "I don't like to look at you; I don't wish you to look at me. I will be glad if I never see you again. There is no one in the world that I wish ever to see again. Please send me that nigger, Bathuth. If I must have some one I would rather have him."

He arose, called Bathuth and made him squat on the floor where her eyes could quickly find him; then he went to the door behind her and stood for a long time looking out across the glaring cañon. The rays of the sun descended on that beaten space with an almost audible contact. The leaves of the acacias were shriveled; not a woman or a child was visible, and even the fowls crowded close in the shadows of the eaves.

He took one step out and looked up into the bowl of blue. His tired eyes searched it from horizon to zenith and back to the hot level of the earth. It was empty. His hollow infinity pressed down upon his breast with a measureless weight. He had come out for a parley, remonstrance on his lips, but he had forgotten that in the tropics God walks only at night.

He turned, went back to his post and sat down, disabusing Bathuth with a nod. Andrea's eyes were still fixed in a listless stare. Presently she began to speak. "You bring me here, you let me fall ill, you shame my body. You are like the men that strap down little dogs and open them. You are like that. At you have been staring at my heart, at my bare lungs and all the unnamable beastly things inside of me. You leave me alone with a nigger—when I'm torn open. I can't hate you. You are nothing."

Her voice went on for a long time. He dropped his face in his hands, but he did not try to stop his ears. They listened to all she said, they told him she was suffering as he had known no one ever to suffer before. Her spirit spoke from beyond pain. In that hour he learned a great truth. Pain is a wall, a barrier. So far and no farther can flesh go and still hold to the memories, the fears and affections of everyday life. Beyond that barrier is a vast where love itself is a stranger, where life and death are one and equally of no account.

He did not know when he fell asleep, or when her voice ceased, but on awakening such a silence met him as struck his heart cold. She was still—still as death. Night had fallen, but he was unaware of darkness. He felt that never again would he need light or eyes or air to breathe. He was cold as though the sun in setting had slipped down and out beyond any rising. He leaned over and put his face close to her lips. They were parted. Her hand was lying outside the coverlet. He took it up gently. It was warm and moist. She was sleeping.

He drew erect, his body tense in the first realization of a great and overwhelming relief; then his spirit melted within him and his nerves relaxed from the long, hard strain. His limbs crumpled, his head nodded and fell forward, lower and lower until, one arm outstretched, he lay with his face half buried in the covers of the cot. When again he awoke, the sun had changed its mind and come back; day was streaming across the floor in a single band of light; but he did not stir. On his head he felt Andrea's hand, and in his ears was the lingering caress of her voice. "Lots of good it did to tell you to go away, White Man," she was murmuring. "You came back. You brought me back. White Man, I love you a little."

The other white man appears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Life.

Life is beautiful, and it should be lived in beauty. It has, and must have its shadows, to be sure, but there is a beauty in the shadow as well as in the glint and glimmer of the sun. Sometimes there are sorrows that are good for us, because they clear our hearts of selfishness and teach us to sympathize with our fellow human beings. Grief has made many a heart gentle that was not so before.

SHORT COATS HAVE MANY VOTARIES



As pelts are becoming more and more precious, and even those that are considered ordinary and plentiful, continue to advance in price, the owner of a fur coat looks upon it as an investment that increases constantly in value. It is hard to predict anything about the future prices of furs, but people who are well informed say there is no chance of their falling for some time to come; the chances are that they will continue to go up. In view of this, short fur coats have advantages over all others because they cost less, are very smart and present a chance to remodel partly-worn long coats into something that is stylish and new.

Some furs are difficult to make up or to remodel because the skins must be "matched," that is put together so that the joining is hardly perceptible on the fur side. These require a professional furrier's services when coats are to be changed or remodeled. Other furs that do not require "matching" can be handled by the average dressmaker or good needlewoman quite successfully. The furrier's tools are few and simple. They include a short, very sharp knife for cutting the fur on the skin side, special triangular needles for sewing, chalk for marking and strong thread. Home dressmakers use razor blades for cutting and buy needles and thread of the right sort.

When the fur is to be cut, it is marked with chalk on the skin side and cut with the razor blade along this marking. Pieces are joined by holding the edges together evenly and sewing them by overcasting the thread and drawing it tight so that the edges are firmly held.

Before making a fur coat one should cut and fit an interlining, if one is to be used, or take a cheap cambric and cut and fit it by the pattern selected, making any alterations necessary. The fur is to be cut by this lining so as to avoid waste and alterations. Experimenting must be done in the lining and not in precious furs. For the silk lining, crepe-de-chine, certain tulle, and Japanese silks prove very durable.

A short coat of striped fur and one of seakskin are shown in the picture, as good models to copy in making over furs. Squirrel, either natural or dyed, kolinsky, mink or muskrat might be made in this fashion. The coat has a wide collar with dark stripes vertical and is finished at the bottom in front with a wide border of skins running horizontally. The coat at the right might be of beaver, minkskin and other short-haired furs with collar of marten or skunk or of the same pelts as the coat. It has a narrow belt that matches it, but that is not essential; there are as many beltless coats as others.

Valedictory of Winter Millinery



There is some midwinter millinery that says "hail and farewell" almost in the same breath—appearing as the last development of winter styles and disappearing to make way for the demisenon hats that precede those for spring. The different types of millinery are represented in these last experiments of the season's ideas, as street hats, dress hats and picture hats.

A hat that will prove equal to almost any sort of wear appears in the very elegant street model at the top of the group pictured above. It has a stiff, smoothly covered crown of tan satin and an uneven brim, turned sharply up at the left side, faced with black velvet. There are folds of satin forming a band about the crown, and jet motifs applied at the front and sides. The shape and colors used in this hat proclaim it a street model made of materials that will place it in the ranks of dresser hats and allow it to be very useful.

The soft hat of crepe georgette, with extended brim facing of velvet,

can be developed in any good combination of two colors. It is a background for a splendid rose and beautiful foliage, or any other gorgeous flower that may be used as the star performer in the production of a distinguished dressy hat. It is a bit of fine art in millinery that will pass under the most critical of eyes and command their approval—and more.

The wide-brimmed hat at the right betrays the fancy of its designer, unhampered by any thought of utility, dispersing itself with airy and fine fabrics, to make a thing whose mission is simply to be lovely. Its crown is of narrow moire ribbon, placed row after row. The brim is made of layers of mallows, and between these appear silk applique clusters of grapes and foliage.

Julia Bottomley

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Jack Willis of Jackson was a Chelsea visitor Tuesday.

The S. P. I. will meet Monday evening with Mrs. Julius Strieter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hamilton have moved to Connersville, Indiana.

Mrs. Arthur Cobb of Ann Arbor visited Mrs. Ray Aldrich, Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Armour visited friends in Litchfield over Sunday.

Miss Nina Shrimpton of Detroit spent the week-end with Miss Nellie Lowry.

Miss Ethel Kalmbach visited Miss Agnes Stoll of Lansing over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sheil of Detroit were the guests of relatives here over the week-end.

Floyd Ward of Detroit spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Ward.

Miss Ivah Decker of Ann Arbor visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Decker, Wednesday.

The Bay View Reading club will meet with Miss Ward, Monday evening, January 12th.

Mrs. Frank Leach entertained the Pythian Sisters, Tuesday evening, at a fancy dress party.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Koons and two sons, of Quincy, visited Chelsea friends over the week-end.

Misses Sarah Purcell and Bernadine Collins, of Detroit, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Farrell, Sunday.

Rev. G. W. Kruse of Elletts, Ohio, has been extended a call to the pastorate of St. Paul's church, and has accepted.

Miss Sophia Schatz has received a box of fine California fruit from her brother, George D. Schatz of Fresno, California.

Looks suspicious to us when a young lady buys a brand new sewing machine. Thrifty maybe but, we're still suspicious.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Aid society of the M. E. church will be held Thursday afternoon, January 15, at three o'clock, in the church parlors.

Harmony chapter of the Congregational church will hold a business meeting Wednesday afternoon, January 14th, at the home of Mrs. Roy Harris.

Harold Storms entertained his class of boys in the Congregational Sunday school, Tuesday evening, at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Storms.

A fashion note says that the hair is to be worn on top of the head again. Soon we'll know whether the dear girls have their same old ears, which we used to see.

The annual meeting of the Chelsea Co-operative Stock Shipping association will be held Thursday afternoon, January 15, 1926, at two o'clock, in the Sylvan town hall, Chelsea.

The Hollier band will give a concert at the M. E. church, Monday evening, January 19th, for the benefit of the American Legion. An entirely new program has been arranged.

A pre-school age clinic will be held Wednesday, January 14th, from one to four o'clock, at Red Cross headquarters in the Wilkinsonia building. A specialist from the University hospital will be present.

A card from Mrs. Tint Champlin of Little Valley, New York, nee Mrs. Geo. A. BeGole of this place, advises that she and Mr. Champlin will spend the winter at St. Petersburg, Florida, and expect to remain there until about April 1st.

Mrs. Elmer Weinberg and two daughters, Gertrude and Leona; Mrs. Ben Marshall and daughters, Edna and Irma; Mrs. Emanuel Bahnmiller and daughter, Loretta; and V. Bahnmiller visited Mr. and Mrs. John Harris of Dearborn one day last week.

A. B. Spencer was in Detroit, Monday, to attend the annual meeting of the board of managers of the Methodist Old People's home, located here. The "home" is in much better financial condition than it was a year ago, which is especially gratifying to Supt. Spencer.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Frank J. Cheney.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. Gleason, (Seal) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 76c.

Hall's family pills for constipation. Adv.

Alfred Karcher is reported to be recovering from a recent severe attack of pneumonia.

Snow and lots of it today decides us that there is still some kick in modern winter weather.

The Western Washtenaw Farmers' club will meet Friday, January 16, with Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Mapes.

The Hollier Six touring car is being exhibited at both the New York and the Chicago shows this year.

If dame rumor is to be believed, we incline to the opinion that "still" fishing must be good at Four Mile lake.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Easton of Lima Center entertained the Lima Farmers' club yesterday, about 45 being present.

The Royal Neighbors will give a card party Thursday, January 15, at Woodmen hall. Light refreshments; everybody welcome.

William Atkinson, janitor at the Chelsea high school, was taken suddenly ill yesterday morning and had to be assisted home.

Hiram Pierce of Jackson, son of Hermann Pierce of Lima, is attending the New York automobile show, representing the Briscoe car.

S. P. Foster is again about town. He was taken suddenly ill Friday morning, since which time Wilber Riemenschneider has been carrying the mail on route four.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Ranney and Mrs. Kate Kempf, of Ann Arbor, and Mrs. F. D. Cummings of this place, left Wednesday for Florida. Mr. and Mrs. Ranney are driving through in their Cadillac car and will meet Mrs. Kempf and Mrs. Cummings in Cincinnati, the entire party making the balance of the trip by automobile.

ROGERS CORNERS BRIEFS.

Mrs. John Mayer is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Miss Esther Geyer is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Elmer Feldkamp of Saline.

Arthur Gruu was very pleasantly surprised Saturday evening when about forty of his friends dropped in to help him celebrate his birthday.

The Evangelical league of St. John's church held its annual meeting at the home of Charles Bass, Tuesday evening.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Julius Schiller of Bridgewater, a daughter.

Joseph Wenk, Sr., a former resident of Rogers Corners, is seriously ill at his home in Lima Center.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Schiller spent several days with their son, Julius and family, in Bridgewater.

Christmas All the Year:

Every time that Christmas comes around again we wonder why we haven't cultivated the Christmas spirit all the year.

Advertising is the hyphen that brings buyer and seller together.

No Great Act of Heroism Required.

If some great act of heroism was necessary to protect a child from croup, no mother would hesitate to protect her offspring, but when it is only necessary to keep at hand a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and give it as soon as the first indication of croup appears, there are many who neglect it. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is within the reach of all and is prompt and effectual. Adv.

Effective Printing

means good type, good presses, good workmen and good paper. We have the equipment and the workmen for you, and use Hammermill grades of bond, safety and cover papers. Let us show you.

UPDIKE & MURPHY

N. Main St. Chelsea, Mich.

Can You Beat This?

Pipeless Furnace installed in your home and all ready to kindle the fire for only \$125.00

Call phone 66-W for particulars, or see--

UPDIKE & MURPHY

N. Main St. Chelsea, Mich.

Gentlemen, a Few Tips on Hosiery

SOME socks look like slaves after you have worn them a week. You don't want to buy that kind. You demand service in hosiery. We keep the kinds that last. And they cost you little.

HERMAN J. DANCER

We want you for a regular customer, not only when you buy in your supply of hosiery, but for garters, suspenders, gloves, hats, shirts and everything else for men. Let us show you.

Pay your subscription now; we can use the money.

Chancery Notice.

State of Michigan. In the circuit court for the County of Washtenaw, in Chancery. John W. Oldenburg and Mabel Oldenburg, Plaintiffs, vs. Timothy Lyon, Thomas L. Wheeler, Marcus Lane, Rhoda Walker, Rhoda Gardner, Jeremiah Scott and William S. Warner, and their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, Defendants.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw, in Chancery, on this 8th day of December, 1915, appearing to me the subscriber, Circuit Judge of the 22nd Judicial Circuit and of the County of Washtenaw therein, from the allegations contained in the sworn bill of complaint filed in this above entitled cause and from the affidavit annexed thereto, that said plaintiffs do not know and have been unable after diligent search and inquiry to ascertain the names of the persons who are included as defendants therein without being named and that it cannot be ascertained in what state or country the said defendants Timothy Lyon, Thomas L. Wheeler, Marcus Lane, Rhoda Walker, Rhoda Gardner, Jeremiah Scott and William S. Warner reside, and their unknown heirs, devisees and legatees, therefore, on motion of Cavanaugh & Burke, attorneys for the plaintiffs, it is ordered that the above named defendants and their each and their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, cause their each and their appearance to be entered in

this cause within three months from the date of this order; and in case of their appearance they cause their answer to the said bill of complaint to be filed and copy thereof to be served on the attorneys for the plaintiffs within twenty days after service on them of a copy of said bill of complaint, and a notice of this order and that in default thereof said bill of complaint be taken as confessed by each and all of said defendants and also that within forty days from the date of this order plaintiffs cause a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Tribune, to be published in the Chelsea Tribune, a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said county of Washtenaw and that such publication be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that plaintiffs cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said defendants and each of them at least twenty days before the time prescribed for their appearance.

George W. Sample, Circuit Judge.

Cavanaugh & Burke, Attorneys for Plaintiffs, Business address: Ann Arbor Savings Bank Block, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Notice—The foregoing suit involves the title of lands described as the east half of the southeast quarter of section eight, and also twenty-nine acres off the north end of the east half of the northeast quarter of section seven, all in township one south range seven east containing one hundred and nine acres more or less.

Cavanaugh & Burke, Attorneys for Plaintiffs, Business address: Ann Arbor, Mich. Dec. 12-19-23, Jan. 2-9-16.

IN THE CHURCHES

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. P. W. Dierberger, Pastor. Sunday morning theme, "The Church Awakened by a Rediscovery of the Reality and Power of Prayer." Sunday school 11:15. Union evening meeting; subject, "The Magnotism of Jesus."

METHODIST. Rev. H. R. Beatty, Pastor. Sunday morning, "Redeeming the Time." Bible school at 11:15; lesson Acts 3:1-10. Epworth league at 6 p. m. Union evening meeting at the Congregational church.

CATHOLIC. Rev. Henry VanDyke, Rector. Low Mass at 8 a. m. High Mass at 10 a. m. Baptism at 11 a. m. Mass on week days at 8 a. m.

NORTH LAKE ITEMS.

Mrs. Leigh Becker, who recently submitted to an operation at Harper hospital, Detroit, is improving at this writing. She will be removed to the home of a sister on Saturday, where she expects to remain for ten days.

Mrs. William Brown entertained over the week-end three nieces, the Misses Smith of Anderson.

Frank Riggs, J. C. and H. Webber, of Detroit, spent Saturday at the home of William Eisenbeiser.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren McDaniels of Chelsea spent New Years at E. W. McDaniels.

Claude Burkhardt has returned to his school work at Crystal Falls.

Ice harvesting is popular at present. Herbert Hudson is doing the sawing.

The social held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Brown, Friday evening, January 2, proved that the "teen" age class can do things. Every one present enjoyed a good supper and a social evening. This activity enabled the B. T. G. class to meet its pledge for the church electric lighting fund.

"The Old Fashioned Mother" is the name of the three-act play which the Golden Rule class is preparing to give in the near future.

Sunday, January 11—Public worship at 10:30. Sermon by Rev. C. H. Harris. Sunday school at 12. Everybody welcome. Did you see that resolution on the first page of the Tribune, Tuesday, January 6th?

Tribune "Taper" ads; five cents the line first insertion, 2 1/2 cents the line each subsequent insertion.

To the Dyspeptic.

Would you not like to feel that your stomach troubles are over, that you can eat any kind of food that you crave? Consider then the fact that Chamberlain's Tablets have cured others—why not you. There are many who have been restored to health by taking these tablets and can now eat any kind of food that they crave. Adv.

Effective Printing

means good type, good presses, good workmen and good paper. We have the equipment and the workmen for you, and use Hammermill grades of bond, safety and cover papers. Let us show you.

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Chancery Notice.

State of Michigan. In the circuit court for the County of Washtenaw, in Chancery. John W. Oldenburg and Mabel Oldenburg, Plaintiffs, vs. Timothy Lyon, Thomas L. Wheeler, Marcus Lane, Rhoda Walker, Rhoda Gardner, Jeremiah Scott and William S. Warner, and their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, Defendants.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw, in Chancery, on this 8th day of December, 1915, appearing to me the subscriber, Circuit Judge of the 22nd Judicial Circuit and of the County of Washtenaw therein, from the allegations contained in the sworn bill of complaint filed in this above entitled cause and from the affidavit annexed thereto, that said plaintiffs do not know and have been unable after diligent search and inquiry to ascertain the names of the persons who are included as defendants therein without being named and that it cannot be ascertained in what state or country the said defendants Timothy Lyon, Thomas L. Wheeler, Marcus Lane, Rhoda Walker, Rhoda Gardner, Jeremiah Scott and William S. Warner reside, and their unknown heirs, devisees and legatees, therefore, on motion of Cavanaugh & Burke, attorneys for the plaintiffs, it is ordered that the above named defendants and their each and their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, cause their each and their appearance to be entered in

this cause within three months from the date of this order; and in case of their appearance they cause their answer to the said bill of complaint to be filed and copy thereof to be served on the attorneys for the plaintiffs within twenty days after service on them of a copy of said bill of complaint, and a notice of this order and that in default thereof said bill of complaint be taken as confessed by each and all of said defendants and also that within forty days from the date of this order plaintiffs cause a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Tribune, to be published in the Chelsea Tribune, a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said county of Washtenaw and that such publication be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that plaintiffs cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said defendants and each of them at least twenty days before the time prescribed for their appearance.

George W. Sample, Circuit Judge.

Cavanaugh & Burke, Attorneys for Plaintiffs, Business address: Ann Arbor Savings Bank Block, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Notice—The foregoing suit involves the title of lands described as the east half of the southeast quarter of section eight, and also twenty-nine acres off the north end of the east half of the northeast quarter of section seven, all in township one south range seven east containing one hundred and nine acres more or less.

Cavanaugh & Burke, Attorneys for Plaintiffs, Business address: Ann Arbor, Mich. Dec. 12-19-23, Jan. 2-9-16.

Wear BECAUSE Lyons' Shoes

SALE! SALE! SALE!

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10TH, 1926

WE WILL OPEN SALE ON ABOUT THREE HUNDRED PAIRS OF MEN'S, WOMEN'S, BOYS', GIRLS AND CHILDREN'S SHOES—BROKEN LOTS—ALL NEW GOODS

AMONG THE MANY EXCEPTIONAL BARGAINS OFFERED ARE:

One Lot Men's High Cuts, regular \$7.58 value, now only \$6.00

One Lot Men's High Cuts, regular \$7.98 value, now only \$6.24

One Lot Men's Gun Metal Calf English, \$5.88 value, now \$4.50

One Lot Men's Gun Metal Water-Weir, \$6.88 value, now \$5.00

One Lot Men's Tan Calf English, \$5.88 value, now only \$4.50

One Lot Men's Russian Army, regular \$7.58 value, now \$6.00

AND MANY OTHERS, INCLUDING:

1 Lot Ladies' Patent, Long Vamp, Louis Heel, \$6.98 value, \$5.50

1 Lot \$9.48 Brown Vici Vamp, Mouse Top, Louis Heel, now \$8.00

1 Lot Gray Vici Welt, Cuban Heel, \$8.98 value, now only \$7.00

AND MANY OTHERS INCLUDING:

Several lots in Boys' Girls' and Children's shoes—All new goods

NOW—CALL AND MAKE YOUR SELECTIONS EARLY—NOW!

LYONS' SHOE MARKET

110 North Main Street, Chelsea

GET GOOD GOODS AT GOODYEAR'S

Next Week Is The Last Week of Our Pre-Inventory Clearance

The last week of Remarkable Values in Odd Lots and Short Lines at Prices that take no heed of former selling prices and costs. Starting Saturday Morning at nine o'clock.

SUITS

Choice of All Suits, 79 in the Lot, values to \$75.00, now \$29.50

COATS

All of the Season's Models in stylish shades and materials have been Further Reduced in Price—

\$35 values, on sale at \$19.50, are now \$13.95

\$40 values, on sale at \$29.50, are now \$16.95

\$45 values, on sale at \$29.50, are now \$19.95

\$50 values, on sale at \$39.50, are now \$29.95

\$85 values, on sale at \$49.50 and \$59.50, now only \$39.95.

Values up to \$150, on sale at \$89.50, are reduced in price to \$59.95.

CHILDREN'S COATS

All remaining children's coats are closing out at ONE-HALF the original prices—\$50.00 coats are now \$25.00, etc.

DRESSES

Misses' sizes in serges and silks in navy blue, brown, black and burgundy, values to \$29.50, choice only \$16.95

Tricolette and Paulette dresses in navy blue, brown and taupe, values to \$75.00, now only \$39.50

Panne Velvet dresses in navy blue, brown, wisteria, Belgian blue and Sheridan red; \$75 and \$85 values, at \$49.50

\$100 and \$125 values at only \$69.50.

Dress values to \$65 in tricotline (navy), French serge, checked velours and Jerseys, sizes 16 to 46, now only \$29.50

(Second floor)

Wm. Goodyear & Co.

Entrance 124 South Main

ANN ARBOR, Michigan