

Parisian Ivory Goods

We Are Showing a Much Larger and Better Line Than Ever Before

MUCH LARGER VARIETY, PRETTIER DESIGNS, AND LESS IN PRICE.

Come in and examine any of the articles and get our prices. See our window display.

Grocery Department

THANKSGIVING SPECIALS THAT SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

- Bismark Mince Meat, large jars 25c
- Light House Mince Meat, 3 packages for..... 25c
- Quart Can Large Olives..... 35c
- Quart Can Sweet Pickles..... 25c
- Boiled Cider, per bottle..... 30c
- TRY MONARCH BRAND CANNED VEGETABLES
- Seal Brand Coffee, pound can..... 40c
- Seal Brand Coffee, two pound can..... 75c
- Fancy Layer Figs, per pound..... 25c
- Fancy Budded Walnuts, per pound..... 30c
- Polished Jumbo Brazil Nuts, per pound..... 25c
- Polished Naples Filberts, per pound..... 25c
- Fard Dates, per pound..... 15c
- Oysters, solid meats, per pint..... 25c
- Headquarters for Oranges, Bananas, Lemons, Grape Fruit, Apples, Malaga Grapes, Cranberries, Sweet Potatoes, Squash and Pumpkins.

PHONE 53. ALL GOODS DELIVERED.

YOURS FOR SATISFACTION

HENRY H. FENN COMPANY

Each Year

As WINTER approaches we are always confronted with this problem:

How Shall We Keep Warm?

Shall we use a Furnace or use a Stove? In either case we are able to serve YOU with RELIABLE GOODS.

WE ARE SELLING:

ROUND OAK, MONROE and GARLAND FURNACES. ROUND OAK, GARLAND, and the ESTATE HOT STORM—the STOVE with a LITTLE FURNACE in IT—50 hours on 30 pounds of SOFT COAL. We Guarantee IT. Our FURNITURE line is nearly complete. And always REMEMBER: WE are here to serve YOU.

Dancer Hardware Co.

ARCHIE B. CLARK, Pres. J. N. DANCER, Treas. J. B. COLE, Sec.

BLANKETS AND ROBES

We have a nice new line of Blankets and robes at prices to suit you. See them and be convinced.

Hardware, Furniture

and Housefurnishing Goods of all kinds. New Furniture arriving every day.

For the Baby

In Sulkys, Go-Carts and Baby Carriages we have the dandy line. See them.

For Heating Your Home

We can furnish you with anything you want—Hot Water, Steam, Hot Air, and Coal and Wood Heating Stoves, also Ranges and Cook Stoves.

In Holiday Goods see us for something good.

We are distributors for Swift's Meat Scraps for Poultry, and Tankage for Pigs and Hogs.

HOLMES & WALKER

WE WILL ALWAYS TREAT YOU RIGHT.

Grover-Walworth Marriage.

A very pretty home wedding was that of Mr. T. Kent Walworth and Miss Jean Templeton Grover at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon, November 22, 1915, at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. F. G. Grover, of Fraser, Mich., Rev. Stitts, of Mt. Clemens, officiating. Only the immediate families of the bride and groom witnessed the ceremony.

Those attending from Chelsea were Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Walworth, father and mother of the groom, George and Miss Anna Walworth and Miss Rena Walworth.

Mr. Walworth is one of Chelsea's well known business men, being a member of the firm of Walworth & Streiter, and Mrs. Walworth was a teacher in the Chelsea high school last year.

Mr. and Mrs. Walworth returned to Chelsea Monday evening and have gone to housekeeping in the Howard Holmes residence on McKinley street.

Injured When Train Was Wrecked.

Charles Kalmbach, of Grass Lake township, who was shot by an unseen hunter, near Soo Junction, the first of last week, was moved from the hospital at Sault Ste Marie to the U. of M. hospital at Ann Arbor the first of this week. The train on which Mr. Kalmbach was being carried, Bay City and Mackinaw division of the Michigan Central, was wrecked near Mackinaw City early Sunday morning, and a number of the passengers were badly injured. Mr. Kalmbach was thrown from the cot on which he was being carried, and the wound in his thigh was reopened and some of the splints on the broken bone were displaced. Mrs. Kalmbach accompanied her husband from the Soo to Ann Arbor and she is suffering from a nervous shock as the result of her experience in the wreck.

Got The Worth of His Money.

Paul Hyzan was given a fine of the costs, \$4.80, before Justice Avery Tuesday morning. The complaint was made by Joseph Bedmork, who was considerably bruised up, the result of a mix-up he had with Hyzan. Bedmork with a friend from Detroit, called at the Hyzan home on North street Saturday evening and about midnight a fight ensued, in which the two visitors were badly cut on their heads and they had to visit a physician to have their wounds sewed up. Both men are Austrians and are employed at the Michigan Protland Cement plant. Hyzan says that he got the worth of his money.

Motion Was Denied.

Cavanaugh & Burke, of Ann Arbor, counsel for the D. J. & C. Railway Company, made a motion Monday morning in the circuit court before Judge Kinne to have a judgement for \$300 awarded the plaintiff in the case of William Tuttle, of Lima, versus the D. J. & C. Railway, set aside, on the grounds for no cause of action. The motion was opposed by John Kalmbach, attorney for Mr. Tuttle. Judge Kinne denied the motion to set aside the verdict.

Mr. Tuttle sued for damages sustained while alighting from a D. J. & C. car. He was awarded \$300 by a jury.

Thanksgiving Day Guests.

Rev. A. A. Schoen will entertain the following guests at his home on Summit street Thanksgiving Day: Rev. and Mrs. G. A. Neumann and daughter, of Ann Arbor, Rev. K. Buff and family, of Dexter, Dr. and Mrs. Mayer and Rev. and Mrs. G. Eisen, of Freedom, Rev. J. Wulfmann and family, of Manchester, Rev. C. Wittbragt and family and Rev. and Mrs. O. Papsdorf, of Saline, Rev. and Mrs. A. Beutenmuller, of Jackson, Mrs. Anna Alpermann and daughter, of Ypsilanti.

Couldn't Forget It.

Mrs. Norris Bott, of Stockbridge, was the recipient Friday of a check for \$50, principal and interest on sum of \$15, which was stolen from her twenty-eight years ago by a cousin while she was living in New York state previous to her moving to Michigan. It was always a mystery to her who stole the money, but after over a quarter of a century the mystery has been solved.

Sudden Muscular Aches and Pains—Need Not Be!

That is—if you use the right remedy. Sloan's Liniment is a real necessity in every home—for young and old. Its merit is praised in dozens of letters. A stiff neck from colds, children's sprains, those aching muscles, that sharp neuralgia pain—these find guaranteed relief in Sloan's Liniment. Every home meets with sudden aches and accidents. Your home needs a bottle. 25c, 50c and \$1.00.—Adv

LYNDON MAN SUICIDES

Carl Koeltz Shot Himself With Small Rifle Tuesday Morning.

Tuesday morning about 7 o'clock, Aaron Finkle, Will Barber and Victor Moekel, of Waterloo, went to the Koeltz farm in Lyndon township, about a mile south of Waterloo village, to husk corn, and not finding anyone about went into the house and discovered the dead body of Carl Koeltz, aged 31 years. He was lying on the bed, and had shot himself, using a 22 calibre rifle. The bullet had entered his left temple and came out through the back of his neck. Death must have been instantaneous.

Mr. Koeltz was the son of Mr. and Mrs. August Koeltz, of Waterloo, and lived alone on his father's farm. Besides his father and mother, three brothers survive him, Herman of Detroit, Walter of Ann Arbor and Theodore of Jackson.

George Beeman, of Lyndon, justice of the peace, empaneled a coronor's jury composed of the following men: George Noefler, Charles Vicary, Ed. Broesamle, Geo. Archeubron, Arthur Waltz and Geo. Rentschler. The inquest was held at the home of the justice Beeman Wednesday evening.

Mr. Koeltz has not been feeling just right recently, and on Monday told the young men who were working with him that there was "a screw loose in his head." A note was found where he had placed it under the table cloth, directing that his property be given to his mother after his debts were paid, and hoping that God would forgive him for the deed he was about to commit.

The funeral will be held at the U. B. church at Waterloo at 11 o'clock Friday. Interment at Mt. Hope cemetery.

John W. Howlett.

John W. Howlett's dead body was found in a field near his home in Lyndon Friday forenoon, November 19th. Thursday afternoon he started to go hunting, and when he did not return in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond McKune, who reside on the farm, thought that he had gone to the home of his cousin, William J. Howlett. When he did not return Friday morning, a search was made and his body was found in a field a short distance from the house. The cause of his death was apoplexy.

John W. Howlett was born in England, March 19, 1845, and came with his parents, Robert and Elizabeth Howlett, to this country when he was five years of age. He was united in marriage to Rebecca Higgins on December 23, 1868. Mrs. Howlett died last February. A son, Dr. B. J. Howlett, of Albion, two grandchildren, and two brothers, W. H. Howlett, of Bunker Hill, and Fred Howlett, of Ann Arbor, survive him.

Mr. Howlett has practically lived on the farm where he died since coming to America. He was a member of the M. E. church, and also of Olive Lodge, No. 156, F. & A. M., Olive Chapter, No. 140, R. A. M., and Olive Chapter, O. E. S.

The funeral was held at his late home Monday, Rev. A. T. Camburn, of Pinckney, officiating. The services at the grave were conducted by his Masonic brothers. Interment at Mt. Hope cemetery, Waterloo.

No Agricultural Trains.

No "agricultural trains" will be conducted by the Michigan Agricultural College extension department in the future because of an order issued by Dr. F. Houston, United States secretary of agriculture, in accordance with an act of congress. Trains have been used with some success in the upper peninsula as a means of reaching the farmers in small towns. Under the new ruling persons receiving any part of their salaries from the Smith-Lever funds must not accompany any trains or incur any expense in connection with them.

Thanksgiving Service.

Thanksgiving services will be held in St. Paul's church at 9:30 o'clock this morning. Sermon by Rev. G. A. Neumann, of Ann Arbor. Special music by the choir. The offering will be for the pension and relief fund.

Irritable Children Often Need Kickapoo Worm Killer.

There is a reason for the disagreeable and fretful nature of many children. Think of the unrest when the child's body is possessed by tiny worms sapping its vitality and clogging its functions. Whatever may be the cause—that children have worms is a fact. Your child's peevishness and irritability has a cause. Give Kickapoo Worm Killer a chance and if worms are there this humanly harmless remedy will eliminate the annoying parasites. 25c a box.—Adv

Buyers Entitled to Courtesy.

Fred H. Lewis, president of the Lewis Spring and Axle Company, and designer and manufacturer of the Hollier Eight, takes up the cudgel in behalf of the automobile buyer, who, according to Mr. Lewis, has in the past often been given a poor deal.

"A while ago," says Mr. Lewis, "when the automobile dealer handled a line one season and another the next it seemed to matter little whether he retained the good-will of his customer or not. If the dealer transferred his allegiance to another manufacturer's product the second season he was able to meet the customer's inquiry with the curt reply, 'I don't handle the so-and-so car any more.' And that was the end of it—at least as far as the dealer was concerned.

"Sometimes the dealer could not be blamed for turning to a line that proved more profitable, and in some cases the failure of the manufacturers, many of who own neither factory nor equipment, to prolong their existence has to be held responsible for the rapid changes which work mainly to the detriment of the buyer.

"Whenever we have a meeting of dealers of the Hollier Eight I take occasion to condemn the ignorant salesman who neglects every opportunity to put himself in the way of a thorough education on the merchandise he attempts to sell. But no amount of obsequious language could possibly begin to do justice to the grouchy and impolite salesman, who suspects a joy rider in every inquirer and treats him in accordance with that notion.

"The wide-awake automobile dealer should bear in mind the unsatisfactory impression given to the prospective customer is doubly revenged in results when the impolite treatment is administered to the man who has become an owner by purchasing a car. It is unfortunately true too many dealers dismiss the buyer from their minds as soon as the bank has honored the check and the car has been turned over.

"Right at that moment should be given a friendly relation between dealer and customer. The satisfied customer is an advertisement that no amount of money can possibly buy.

"Courtesy to Hollier customers need not necessarily consist in the giving away accessories and in free repairs and adjustments, but it may be shown in a thousand and one ways that cost the dealer little or nothing, but bear the most substantial fruit."

Circuit Court Jurors.

Petit jurors were chosen last Friday afternoon to serve at the December term of the circuit court. They will be summoned to be in attendance at the court house in Ann Arbor on Tuesday, December 7. The term will begin on Monday, December 6. The following were drawn as jurors:

- Ann Arbor city—First ward, Gottlob Raiser; second ward, Wm. Degan; third ward, George Decker; fourth ward, Albert Meyers; fifth ward, Thos. Burris; sixth ward, Fitch D. Forsythe; seventh ward, Henry G. Allmendinger.
- Ann Arbor town—Herman Marker.
- Augusta—James Carmer.
- Bridgewater—William Flynn.
- Dexter—Clifford Green.
- Freedom—Lambert Reno.
- Lima—Emanuel Wacker, Leigh Beach.
- Lodi—Fred Walker, jr.
- Lyndon—A. J. Greening.
- Manchester—George Koffberger.
- Northfield Charles Gerstler.
- Pittfield—Emanuel Cook.
- Salem—James Clark.
- Scio—George Walsh.
- Sharon—L. B. Lawrence.
- Superior—Lawrence Whalen.
- Sylvan—Herman W. Hayes.
- Webster—Clay W. Alexander.
- York—James A. Saffell.
- Ypsilanti city—First district, Zlma Buck; second district, Elgin Darling.
- Ypsilanti town—Nelson Richards.

Tell Them Where You Saw It.

Why does a man or woman in buying an advertised article seldom tell the merchant where he or she saw the advertisement? That they did see it—and read it—is proved by the purchase they are making at the time, but the retailer is left to form his own conclusion as to what prompted them to come to his store. Newspapers and magazines everywhere urge buyers to tell where they see the advertisements, and they really should do so. If they would, the advertiser would know his advertising was paying him. He naturally would then do more advertising, and, just as naturally, he would sell more goods, he would be able to sell even cheaper than he is now doing—and the result would be that the public would benefit—and all from so little trouble as telling the business man where his advertisement was seen. In looking over our advertising columns in this issue, please tell the business man you saw his advertisement in our paper.

How About That Thanksgiving Dinner?

We can supply you with everything you will need, except the turkey, and we'll get that if you say so.

WE ARE SELLING:

- Chelsea made Leader Brand Flour..... 30c
- Chelsea made Phoenix Brand Flour..... 30c
- Ann Arbor Roller King Flour..... 30c
- Russel-Miller North Dakota Occident Flour..... 35c
- Lake Shore Pumpkin, Conneaut, Ohio, 3 cans..... 25c
- Golden Heart Celery, nicely bleached, 3 for..... 10c

Baltimore Shucked, Solid Pack, Canned Oysters, Pints, 25c. Quarts, 50c.

Oysters in bulk, solid meat, gallon..... \$1.75

Raisins, Currants and Citron for the Cake at lowest prices

- California Valencia Oranges, per dozen..... 20c, 25c and 40c
- Ripe Bananas, per dozen..... 15c and 20c
- Choice Florida Grape Fruit, 2 for..... 15c
- Candies, per pound..... 10c, 15c, 20c and 25c
- Choice Tokay Grapes, 2 pounds..... 25c
- Fancy Mixed Nuts, per pound..... 20c
- Wisconsin and New York full Cream Cheese, per pound..... 23c
- Lyndon full Cream Cheese, per pound..... 20c

Vegetables of all kinds in season. Coffee, our famous Red Band, the biggest seller to people who like good coffee at a fair price, pound 33c.

HERE ARE A FEW EVERYDAY BARGAINS

- Acme Soap, 8 bars for..... 25c
- Lenox Soap, 8 bars for..... 25c
- 4 Cans Corn for..... 25c
- 8 Pounds Rice for..... 25c
- Jellycon, 4 Packages for..... 25c

At Freeman's

REMEMBER OUR WAGON

Makes Daily Trips over every street in town with every kind of Baked Goods and Groceries. Watch for it and give us a trial order.

Also remember that we give our most particular attention to special orders for socials and banquets.

OUR SPECIALTIES—"White Elephant" and "Lighthouse" brands of Tea and Coffee. Best for the money.

CHELSEA HOME BAKERY

Phone 67

T. W. WATKINS, Prop.

Farmers & Merchants Bank

Now the man who saves his money as the seasons come and go, is the man you will notice will some day have the dough; While others may be careless and throw their cash away, He's adding to his bank account a little every day.

Farmers & Merchants Bank

DeLAVAL SEPARATOR



Are you particular at threshing time not to have the grain go through the blower with the straw? We will venture to say you are. It's the same proposition with your Separator. Don't allow the cream to go through the skim milk tube. What you are losing can be quickly determined by allowing us to set up a DeLaval beside your present machine and then use any test you like, and we will convince you that you cannot afford to skim without a DeLaval. We have a large stock of DeLaval on hand at this time and can place one with you on an hour's notice.

The DeLaval For Efficiency, Durability and Ease of Operation

PHONE 66

HINDELANG & FAHRNER

MICHIGAN WOMEN TO MEET WILSON

INVITATION TO PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION TO SUFFRAGE WORKERS.

WILL HAVE SPECIAL TRAIN

Detroit Women Are Assisting in Costuming of Three Hundred Who Will March in Historical Pageant.

Detroit—Mrs. Edward Breitung, of Marquette, chairman of the Michigan Congressional Union; Mrs. Jennie Law Hardy, of Tecumseh; Mrs. G. B. Jennison, of Bay City, and Mrs. C. D. Hamilton, of Grand Rapids; Mrs. Ralph Ainsworth, Miss Margaret Fay Whittemore and Mrs. Eugene R. Thippen, of Detroit, have received invitations to be present at the reception to be given on December 6th in honor of the suffrage "flying squadron" which will be attended by 300 workers in the Congressional Union.

TO STAMP OUT DIPHTHERIA

Cadillac Has Adopted Strenuous Measures Against Disease.

Cadillac—Because of the desire to effectively and quickly stamp out the diphtheria which has been prevalent in Cadillac for more than a month, the authorities are enforcing some rather stringent regulations. The city schools are to be closed this week, the public library closed, Sunday school classes will not meet, the junior members of the Y. M. C. A. will be required to remain away from the association building and all children under 16 years of age are not permitted to attend theater or moving picture performances.

Decapitated in Sugar Plant

Caro—Glenn Blake, 21, and unmarried, was decapitated while at work in the local sugar plant at 4 o'clock Monday morning.

Barns on Campus Must Go

East Lansing—M. A. C. professors who live on the campus may have garages, but henceforth barns will be for them taboo. Such is the ruling of the state board of agriculture. The board has authorized the removal of barns back of faculty residences, for the reason that the structures have come to be looked upon as an insult to the esthetic sense of the college community and detract from the beauty of the campus.

Hunter Kills Highway Commissioner

Luzerne—Volney C. Miller, highway commissioner of Clinton township, Oscoda county, was fatally shot by an unknown hunter. Miller was standing at a highway conversing with a companion. Two shots were fired, one of which took effect. Physicians were called, but Miller died in a short time. The hunter disappeared.

MICHIGAN NEWS ITEMS

Rev. R. W. McLain, pastor of the Baptist church at Ithaca and grand chaplain of the Michigan I. O. O. F., has resigned his pastorate to enter the field of evangelism.

Fourteen thousand men are employed in the principal motor plants in Flint, according to figures made public Saturday by the manufacturers' association. This is an increase of 5,000 since Jan. 1, and 1,500 more than ever employed there before.

A 30-foot fall from a tree caused the instant death of Lloyd Abbott, aged 15, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Abbott, living two miles south of Cadmus. Abbott started on a hunting trip shortly after breakfast. Later in the morning his dog returned and this led to an investigation and the discovery of the body lying under the tree. The boy is supposed to have tried to get a squirrel he had shot.

A shipment of 50,000,000 whitefish eggs has arrived at the Point Edward hatchery at Port Huron. The eggs will be hatched and the fish turned into Lake Huron next spring.

MICHIGAN NEWS BRIEFS

The City hotel at Allegan was badly damaged by fire which broke out in the Hicks harness shop next door. The loss is about \$12,000.

Sam Shingler fell from a ladder Thursday while ascending to the loft of his barn at Charlotte, striking on his head. He never regained consciousness after the fall and Friday died.

While Rev. D. D. Shaw, of the First Methodist church, of Port Huron, was delivering his Sunday evening sermon, burglars ransacked the parsonage. Their efforts netted only ten cents.

With flowage rights along Crocker creek acquired, the formation of a hydro-electric company to build a big power plant at Ravenna to develop 275 horsepower will be started in the immediate future.

Albion college will have representatives in both the men's and women's state intercollegiate oratorical contests this year. The local men's contest will occur December 2 and the women's December 9.

In a report to the council, the special committee appointed at Flint to obtain better telephone service suggested that the operators be paid better wages so that more capable operators could be obtained.

Dr. Thomas Jefferson Sherlock, 70 years old, of Hart, one of the oldest practicing physicians in that section of the state, died at Butterworth hospital at Grand Rapids Saturday from a complication of diseases.

An effort is to be made to unite the board of trade the boosters' club, the retail merchants' association and all such local organizations in Ludington into one strong body to work together for the good of the city.

Under a ruling of David F. Houston, secretary of agriculture, M. A. C., will have no agricultural trains this year. The Smith-Lever bill prohibits any person receiving salary or expenses for accompanying such trains.

The question of submitting local option to a vote in Arenac county next spring, was turned down by the board of supervisors in session at Standish Wednesday because the petitions were not presented in time. The county is now wet.

Joseph Ferson, residing at Traverse Lake, Leelanau county, was instantly killed Sunday when the tank which provided acetylene light for his house exploded. His head was split open by a fragment of the tank. He was filling the tank when the explosion occurred.

Three men are now in the field for the office of mayor under Albion's new charter, the election to occur Dec. 14. The candidates are Geo. W. Schneider, clothing dealer; H. H. Sheldon, owner of a drug store, and William H. McIntosh, formerly state deputy factory inspector.

A fire in the Bohm motion picture theater at Albion Saturday night occurred fortunately just as the last reel was being shown and but a handful of people were in the place. The operator dropped a hot carbon on a film and damage amounting to several hundred dollars was done.

Lowering of insurance cost to subscribers will be considered at the fourth annual meeting of the subscribers to the Michigan state accident fund, to be held at Lansing Dec. 10. Robert K. Orr, manager, states that the assets of the funds are \$115,000 and the number of subscribers 649.

All the churches of Howell united Sunday evening in a union service in the new \$75,000 Presbyterian church following dedication of the edifice during the day. Rev. J. Rose Stevenson, president of Princeton theological seminary, officiated at the dedicatory services. One thousand persons attended.

Hugh Beardon saved Jerry Moore, 12 years old, and Harley Johnson, 12 years old, from drowning in Saginaw river Saturday. They were fishing from a canoe, which capsized. Beardon swam from a dredge and took Johnson from a pile where he was clinging, and then rescued Moore by grabbing his hair as he was sinking.

About 200 students from other Michigan colleges are expected to be guests at M. A. C., December 3, 4 and 5, when the state student convention of the Y. M. C. A. will convene at East Lansing. The convention will open Friday evening, December 3, when Gov. Ferris and Acting President Dedzie, of the college, will address the delegates.

Mrs. Norman Galt, fiancée of President Wilson, Friday night, from Washington flashed a signal that formally opened the \$1,000,000 Masonic temple and inaugural fair. On receipt of the signal a firing squad from the Michigan Soldiers' home fired a presidential salute of 21 guns, the boulevard system was turned on and factory whistles were blown.

In accordance with several plans for general civic improvement the Albion Boosters and Knockers' club has voted to permanently endow a large room in the Albion city hospital.

Instead of four years more of a ten years sentence at Jackson to serve, William O. Sutton now faces life imprisonment. Sutton is the convict who attacked Charles Smith, another convict, with a knife and inflicted terrible wounds. He was convicted of murderous assault, and has been sentenced to Marquette prison for life.

TRAIN IS DITCHED AT MACKINAW CITY

ONLY FOUR INJURED IN WRECK CAUSED BY BROKEN RAIL

MANY HUNTERS ARE ABOARD

Two Sleepers and Three Day Coaches of Michigan Central Train are Thrown into Ditch and Wrecked.

Cheboygan—Although three passenger coaches and two sleepers were thrown into the ditch when the Michigan Central southbound train was wrecked by a broken rail, three miles south of Mackinaw City at midnight Sunday, only five or six persons were hurt.

It was at first reported that 40 were killed and many injured and physicians from Cheboygan and Mackinaw rushed by auto to the wreck.

Postmaster John Noll, of this city, had his right arm dislocated, and E. A. Tremaine, also of Cheboygan, was badly bruised about the face. The train was an exceptionally heavy one, being drawn by two engines. The track and roadbed were torn up for more than 150 feet.

A number of hunters, some with their wives, were returning from the upper peninsula. The train was several hours late.

WOODMAN OFFICIAL IS DEAD

John H. Mitchell of Ionia Was Major-General of Foresters.

Ionia—General John H. Mitchell, major-general in command of the Modern Woodmen of America, Foresters' uniform rank, died here Friday at the age of 66 years, after an illness of 16 months, having been afflicted with arterio-sclerosis.

He was born in Franklin, N. Y., and came here when 7 years old. At 17 he went to Grand Haven and published the News there. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in Ottawa county. Returning, he edited the Standard for a time when it was owned by L. E. Rowley. This was in 1883. In 1903 he took up the work of the Woodmen of America.

New Finnish Republican Paper

Calumet—Finnish republican businessmen of Houghton and Keweenaw counties will put into the field a republican newspaper, a semi-weekly publication, designed for use in the coming county, state and national campaigns.

Those associated in the enterprise include several prominent republican leaders in this part of the state. The new publication is expected to reach the Finnish-Americans in all parts of the country. The company, known as the Finnish Republican Publishing Co., is capitalized at \$10,000.

Fire Loss at Yale

Yale—Fire, supposed to have started in the engine room, completely destroyed the plant of the James Livingston Flax company, here, at 10 o'clock Thursday night. The mill was filled with a large quantity of finished tow. Loss is estimated at \$15,000. The company employs about 18 men here and has three other mills. James Livingston is chairman of the corporation. Edgar W. Farley, secretary, and James McColl, local treasurer and secretary.

Nurse Employed by Church

Saginaw—Hereafter tired mothers who want to attend service at the Jefferson ave. M. E. church will not have to soothe crying babies and the services will not be interrupted any more. A nurse will be stationed in one of the unused rooms of the church and will care for all the youngsters during service. The plan has been tried out in a number of churches and has been a great success, the attendance at the morning worship particularly increasing.

ITEMS OF STATE INTEREST

Harlan A. Dewey, of Ann Arbor, has been appointed chemist in the bureau of mines at Pittsburgh.

At a special election Wednesday night for the school district which embraces the city of Flint, the taxpayers voted to bond for \$110,000 for extension to the system. Twenty thousand dollars was voted for a school site in the Fourth ward and a similar amount for a site in the Fifth. The remainder, \$70,000, was for a new building in the Fifth ward.

The first fatality of the deer hunting season occurred Wednesday at Delaware, Keweenaw county. John Besonen, aged 70 years, was found dead near a deer he had killed. It is believed he died of heart failure when attacked by the wounded deer.

King Potato will rule in Grand Rapids for three days beginning December 1 when the National Potato association and the Michigan State Potato association will meet in joint conference and will exhibit and lecture, seek means to extend his domain and improve his kind.

TENNESSEE SENATOR LOSES PRIMARY FIGHT



LUKE R. LEA.

Nashville—Kenneth D. McKellar, congressman from the Tenth district and Malcolm R. Patterson, former governor, will be opponents in a runoff of Saturday's primary for the Democratic senatorial nomination.

Complete unofficial returns from 93 out of 96 counties gave McKellar 41,874 votes, Patterson 33,221 and Senator Luke R. Lea 31,933. Senator Lea has conceded his defeat.

The state committee already has set Dec. 15 for a runoff. Party rules provide that when no candidate polls a majority of all votes cast at a primary, the two highest shall oppose each other at a runoff or second primary.

HILLSTROM SHOT IN UTAH

Young I. W. W. Leader is Executed by Firing Squad After Several Efforts at Reprieve Fail.

Salt Lake City, Utah—Fighting death in an insane frenzy, Joseph Hillstrom, young I. W. W. leader, was executed by a firing squad shortly after sunrise Friday for the slaying of John G. Morrison and his son, here, in January, 1914.

In some unknown manner he had concealed a broom handle in his cell. When the door was opened, Hillstrom leaped upon the guards, swinging his club fiercely on their heads, severely cutting one about the scalp and face.

The guards leaped upon him and overpowered him almost in a twinkling. The pleadings of the Swedish government and President Wilson's intercession on two occasions failed to save Hillstrom.

Hillstrom's unsupported defense that he was elsewhere at a married woman's house on the night the two men were killed was disregarded by the authorities.

He went to his death with the woman's name, if true, his own secret. She did not come forward to save him.

Early Friday, many hours after Gov. Spry had refused President Wilson's last request to grant Hillstrom a reprieve, the state executive received a telegram from Seattle, the sender of which said he was with Hillstrom on the night when the Morrisons were slain and declared that Hillstrom was innocent.

Gov. Spry immediately summoned the board of pardons and it went into session to decide whether the eleventh hour evidence was of sufficient value to grant another reprieve. The decision of the board was against further continuance.

Munday is Found Guilty

Morris, Ill.—Charles B. Munday, former vice-president of the La Salle Street Trust & Savings bank, of Chicago, known as the Lorimer bank, was found guilty Friday night of conspiracy in connection with the failure of the bank.

The jury recommended that Munday be sentenced to serve five years in prison.

The trial of former Senator William Lorimer, president of the bank, is expected to follow soon, but it probably will be in Chicago.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Chauncey Olmstead, of Detroit, was shot to death Thursday near Detroit. Olmstead was hunting when a gun, standing against a tree, fell and was accidentally discharged. The bullet pierced his neck, killing him almost instantly.

Officers were elected Wednesday by the Michigan Conference Woman's Missionary society, at Jackson, as follows: President, Mrs. Grace H. Peck, Kalamazoo; vice-president, Mrs. F. A. Mail, Grand Rapids; treasurer, Mrs. Thomas Ray, Manistee.

SCHOOLS TO GIVE WEEK TO TBC STUDY

SUPT. KEELER AT HEAD OF PLAN TO HELP BIG CAMPAIGN IN STATE.

WEEK BEGINNING MARCH 6TH

It is Thought Parents May be Reached Through Instruction Given to Children During This One Week.

Lansing—Michigan public schools will have a tuberculosis week beginning March 6.

Superintendent of Public Instruction Fred L. Keeler, who is engineering the plan, also intends to ask the parochial schools to cooperate and is satisfied that they will do so.

This is to be the contribution of the public school system to the anti-tuberculosis campaign now being carried on with the \$100,000 appropriation by the 1915 legislature.

The way to reach many of the parents is through their children," says Mr. Keeler, "and I think I can do as much, if not more good, for this cause of anti-tuberculosis in this one week than the others can do with their \$100,000."

Lessons for the entire week will be drawn up in the office of the superintendent of instruction and it is planned to have them in the hands of the teachers at least a month before the time set aside.

Next week the work of the campaign will be taken up in Grand Traverse county. Nurses are already busy there. St. Clair county will be next invaded.

With three counties, Wexford, Barry and Ottawa, practically completed the officials who are conducting the work think they have reached a point where pretty close to ultimate results can be guessed at.

WOMAN IS BURNED TO DEATH

Attempt to Start Fire With Kerosene Results Fatally at Saginaw.

Saginaw—Mrs. Anna Shebasta, aged 77 years, was fatally burned late Sunday afternoon when kerosene, with which she attempted to light the kitchen stove exploded throwing flames over her body. She died three hours later. Mrs. Shebasta suffered a stroke of paralysis last spring and had little control of her left side.

So rapidly did the flames consume her clothes that she fell at the stove. When neighbors responded to her screams, they found her garments burned off and her body charred. She was taken to the woman's hospital.

Attempt to Blow Up Archbold

Tarrytown, N. Y.—Preparations for what the police believe to have been a plot to blow up the home of John D. Archbold, president of the Standard Oil company, and business partner of John D. Rockefeller, were discovered Sunday when four sticks of dynamite were found concealed within 50 feet of the building.

The explosive was wrapped in coarse yellow paper and around each of the four sticks was wound copper wire.

Dallas After Democratic Convention

Washington—Cato Sells, commissioner of Indian affairs and member of the Democratic national committee from Texas, Sunday received word from Mayor Lindsay, of Dallas, that \$100,000 had been raised to secure for Dallas the 1916 Democratic national convention. The message said a special train would bring Texas here to urge Dallas' claim before the Democratic national committee at its meeting December 7.

To Buy Gowns in America

Washington—Denial was made at the White House Saturday night that Mrs. Norman Galt, President Wilson's fiancée, has ordered any gowns from Paris. It was said that all of her trousseaus will be made in the United States. The denial was issued in connection with reports from Paris that the Dressmakers' Syndicate there had blacklisted a New York dealer said to have been commissioned to buy gowns for Mrs. Galt.

TELEGRAPHIC FLASHES

Rome—Passports to Austrian and German cardinals will be issued by the Italian government, enabling them to attend the consistory at the Vatican in December.

Washington—Great Britain, France and Russia have united in an effort to add China to the Entente Alliance in order to prevent possible friction in the future between Japan and China, and to preserve the peace of the far east.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock

DETROIT—Best heavy steers \$7.25 @7.60; best heavy weight butcher steers, \$6.07; mixed steers and heifers, \$5.50@6; handy light butchers, \$5.25@5.75; light butchers, \$4.50@5.25; best cows, \$5@5.50; butcher cows, \$4@4.75; common cows, \$3.75@4; canners, \$3@3.50; best heavy bulls, \$2.25@2.75; bologna bulls, \$4.50 @5.25; stock bulls, \$4@4.50; feeders, \$6@6.50; stockers, \$5@5.50; milkers and springers, \$4@4.85.

The veal calf trade was active, the tops bringing \$9@10.50 and medium and common from \$7 to \$9.50; heavy coarse grades are dull and not wanted.

Best lambs, \$8.65@8.70; fair lambs, \$7@8; light to common lambs, \$6.25@6.85; fair to good sheep, \$4.50@5.50; culls and common, \$3@4.

Pigs, \$6@6.20; light Yorkers \$6.25@6.40, and heavy \$6.40@6.50.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle: Receipts, 7,250; market, 25@50c lower; choice to prime native steers, \$8.50@9; fair to good, \$7.75@8.25; plain and coarse, \$7@7.25; Canadian steers, 1,400 to 1,450 lbs, \$8@8.25; do, 1,300 to 1,350 lbs, \$7.25@7.50; do, 1,100 to 1,250 lbs, \$6.75@7; do, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs, \$6.25 @6.75; choice to prime handy butchers native, \$7.50@7.75; fair to good grassers, \$6.25@6.50; light common grassers, \$5.50@5.75; yearlings, dried, \$8@8.75; prime fat heifers, \$6.50 @7; best handy butcher heifers, \$6.50 @6.75; light grassy heifers, \$5@5.75; best fat cows, \$6@6.25; good butcher cows, \$5@5.50; medium to good, \$4.25 @4.75; cutters, \$3.75@4; canners, \$3 @3.25; fancy bulls, \$6.75@7; butchering bulls, \$5.75@6.25; sausage bulls, \$4@5; light bulls, \$4@5; best feeding steers, \$6.50@6.75; common to good, \$5.50@6.25; stockers, \$3.50@6.25; milkers and springers, \$6@100.

Hogs—Receipts, 24,000; market 25 @40c lower; heavy, \$6.65@6.75; Yorkers, \$6.50@6.60; pigs, \$6@6.25.

Sheep and Lamb—Receipts, 9,800; market active and higher; top lambs, \$9.15@9.25; yearlings, \$7@7.50; wethers, \$5.75@6; ewes, \$5.25@5.50.

Calves—Receipts, 1,100; steady; tops, \$11; fair to good, \$9.50@10; grassers, \$8.50@9.

Grains, Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat: Cash No 2 red, \$1.18 1-2; December opened without change at \$1.14 and advanced to \$1.15; May opened at \$1.16 1-2 and advanced to \$1.17 1-2; No 1 white, \$1.10 1-2.

Corn—Cash No 3, 68c; No 2 yellow, 69c bid.

Oats—Standard, 39 1-2c; No 3 white, 38c; No 4 white, 35 1-2@36c; sample, 32@35c.

General Markets

Apples—Fancy, \$3@3.50 per bbl and \$1@1.25 per bu; common, \$1.50@2 per bbl.

Cabbage—\$1.75 per bbl.

Mushrooms—45@50c per lb.

Onions—Per 100-lb sack, \$1.75.

Celery—Michigan, 15@20c per doz.

Tomatoes—Hothouse, 20@22c per lb.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 3 1-2@90c; heavy, 7@8c per lb.

Dressed Calves—Fancy, 12@130c; common, 10@11c per lb.

Lettuce—Head, \$1.50@1.75 per crate; hothouse, 7@8c per lb.

Maple Sugar—New, 14@15c per lb; syrup, \$1@1.10 per gal.

Nuts—Spanish chestnuts, 10@11c per lb; shellbark hickory, \$2.25; large hickory, \$2 per bu.

Honey—Choice to fancy new white comb, 15@16c; amber, 10@11c; extracted, 6c per lb.

Potatoes—Michigan, 60@65c; Minnesota red, 65@70c; Minnesota white, 60@65c per bu in sacks.

Sweet Potatoes—Jersey, \$1@1.10 per hamper and \$3.25 per bbl; Virginia, 90c@91c per bu and \$2.25 per bbl.

Live Poultry—No 1 spring chickens, 13 1-2@14c; medium spring chickens, 12 1-2@13c; heavy hens, 13 1-2@13c; medium, hens, 11 1-2@12c; light hens, 9@10c; ducks, 15@15 1-2c; geese, 14 1-2@15c; turkeys, 18@17c; spring turkeys, 21@22c.

BUSINESS IN CANADA IS GOOD

Successful Crops and Big Yields Help the Railway.

The remarkable fields that are reported of the wheat crop of Western Canada for 1915 bear out the estimate of an average yield over the three western provinces of upward of 25 bushels per acre. There is a portion of that great west of 2,000 square miles in which the crop was not good and the yields abundant. An American farmer who was induced to place under cultivation land that had been holding for five years for speculative purposes and high prices, says that he made the price of the land out of this year's crop oats. No doubt, others, too, who took the advice of the Department of the Interior to cultivate the uncultivated land, have done as well.

But the story of the great crop that Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta produced this year is best told in the language of the railways in the added cars that it has been necessary to place in commission, the extra trains required to be run, the increased tonnage of the grain steamers.

It is found that railway earnings continue to improve. The C. P. R. earnings for the second week of October showed an increase of \$762,000 over last year, the total being only \$310,000 below the gross earnings of the corresponding week of 1913, when the Western wheat crop made a new record for that date.

The increase in C. P. R. earnings for the corresponding week of that year was only \$351,000, or less than half of the increase reported this year. The grain movement in the West within the past two weeks has taxed the resources of the Canadian roads as never before, despite their increased facilities. The C. P. R. is handling 1,000 cars per day, a new record. The G. T. R. and the C. N. R. are also making new shipment records. The other day the W. Grant Morden, of the Canada Steamships Company, the largest freighter of the Canadian fleet on the Upper Lakes, brought down a cargo of 476,315 bushels, a new record for Canadian shipping. Records are being broken in all directions this fall, due to Canada's record crop. The largest Canadian wheat movement through the port of New York ever known is reported for the period up to October 15th, when since shipments of the new crop began in August, 4,265,791 bushels have been reloaded for England, France and Italy. This is over half as much as was shipped of American wheat from the same port in the same period. And, it is remembered, Montreal, not New York, is the main export gateway for Canadian wheat. New York gets the overflow in competition with Montreal.

BANKER A REAL TIGHTWAD

Kansas's Act Hard to Beat, Even by Those Who Have Made the Matter a Study.

Gomer Davies of the Concordia Kansas, declares that the worst tightwad story he ever heard was told him many years ago by Doctor Jones at Republic City. The doctor was an all-around practitioner, and occasionally pulled teeth, the town having no dentist. The president of one of the banks came in to the doctor's office one evening looking for his seven-year-old boy by the hand. "Doc," he asked, "have you a tooth forceps handy?" Getting "Yes" for an answer, he asked to see them, and the doctor handed them over.

The banker put the boy in a common chair, opened the child's mouth, inserted the forceps and yanked out a molar to the accompaniment of howls of pain. "There," said the banker, handing back the forceps, "the thing is out all right enough, and just as well as if I'd paid you 50 cents for doing it. Let's go home, kid, and quit your bawling."—Kansas City Journal.

Assured of One Point. Complaints about the milk had been "frequent and painful and free" that morning, and the milkman quite lost his temper when he had been giving the cows to eat lately.

"These cows is better fed, ma'am, than many human beings I could mention," he said. "They live as well on the fat of the land. When their fodder isn't quite up to the mark, we give them the best biscuits that money can buy. You can believe that or not, just as you like."

"I'm not denying it," replied the customer, tartly. "What I say—and I challenge contradiction on the point—is that it ain't milk biscuits you feed 'em on!"

Not a Booklover. After spending the summer in a mountain hamlet in Tennessee, the visitor hired a native to help pack up. As they were engaged in heaving a shelf of books the mountaineer remarked:

"Somehow, ah nevah keered much for books; but," he resumed after a thoughtful pause, "ah can't read, an' I mebbe that had sumpin' to do wit' it."

Its Class. "Forestry is a science," "No, it's an art. Isn't it where the wood cuts come from?"

Saying Farewell to the Pet



Photo by Frank Fournier.

There is a dawning in the sky
Which doth a world of fate imply,
And on each casual passing face
A look expectant you may trace.
The signs the veteran turkey sees
And with a deep and mournful sigh
He calls his numerous family nigh
And murmurs, pointing to the trees,
"Roost high, my little ones, roost high."
—Eugene Field.

Gratitude



I AM thankful that I have the power to feel the glorious sunshine or the gray rain. My heart fills with joy that I can see the leaves and the brook and hear the music of the brook. Grateful am I that I can appreciate the height of the mountain or steep and the depth of the shadows, and I am glad that I can be uncomfortable in the intense heat or cold, for that means a joyous sense of relief when it comes.

WHICH one of us is not glad of the power to judge? From the many recurrent cases we can induce a rule, a law, a generality. And from this we can make applications to specific instances. Is it not wonderful, and are you not glad?

FOR my power to decide for myself I am thankful. My freedom of will is a precious jewel that I pray I may duly treasure. No one can say what I shall think, for that is my heritage. My thoughts concerning life, death and the hereafter, are mine, and I am glad.

WHEN there is this country in which I live. I am grateful that it is here, with water around it, and other lands on the east and west. The lure of the distant country will prevent us from a narrow insularity. I am glad that we can govern ourselves in matters that affect ourselves. I am filled with joy that men are born free and equal and can keep on living that way.

FOR the position of woman in this country may I ever be thankful. She is not the draft animal of the fields in some countries beyond. She is not the chattel of the middle ages. She is not the spineless creature that was a well-trained echo of another. A woman is the equal of man now, except at the polls. For small favors I am deeply grateful.

A NUMBER of institutions of learning are letting us in at the front doors. I wish to study sociology or medicine or the languages. I am not beaten into a pup by scornful deans. I wish to write a book, I need not be ashamed and hide it under a sampler if I hear anyone coming. Thanks awfully!

GLAD am I that I can earn money to clothe, feed and shelter myself. Father and mother should not support an adult woman until another man offers to take up the burden. I am not a hanger-on in the political economy march, and I give thanks.

A power of self-expression let me never be forgetful. Let me be glad that I can sing when I feel like it, cry when I am inclined to, walk when I want to get away, play when I forget how old I am and write or draw or

carve when the great impulse toward beauty stirs in my soul.

I AM thankful that at some times I can be extremely miserable. Psychologists tell us that that implies a power to be intensely happy. Think it over.

ESPECIALLY glad am I for the year 1911. It is so much better than 1911. I am glad that I am living now. The heritage of the past is here. The greatness of science and art is too good to miss.

AND oh, how thankful I am that I can laugh! How much does a sense of humor ease the way! The happy phrase, the clever story, the quick parry and thrust—all are necessary to balance the heavy parts in the life play.

I AM grateful for the bumps that I have had in this life. The retort courteous, the cut direct, the infamous lie, the cruel knock—all have done something. The world is a great teacher.

FOR my friends, let my heart be always grateful. One can't help relatives; a mere accident placed a friend in the same family, but friends are chosen. I am glad that I have dear, congenial souls on my visiting list.

MEMORY, my constant companion, makes me grateful. Whether it be a little verse of sunshine, a book, a play or some past joy or sorrow, I must give thanks for the gift of remembering. It doubles life.

AND I am glad that today I am not fearful of the Great Beyond.
BARBARA LEE.

To the Harvest Lord.

Heep high the board with plenteous cheer and gather to the feast, Complete the circle of our love; And when we think of these, and pray, We keep, in thanksgiving Day! —William Bruntton.

Fortunate Americans.

When the American citizen looks abroad he feels inclined to give thanks for the possession of a system of government which, despite partisan differences, commands universal respect and confidence. The exceptionally high standard of intelligence which here prevails is a guaranty against sudden movements in opposition to the established order. The vast majority of the American people are capable of analyzing conditions. They keep in close touch with the affairs of the world and with the circumstances of their own land. They are growing steadily in political acumen and are becoming more and more efficiently independent in their determinations. With every peaceful political revolution they strengthen the national foundations by providing outlets for sentiments and dissatisfactions.

Mistake Too Many Make.

If, on this Thanksgiving season, you feel a great melancholy, a lack, a sense of loss or of life's injustices, take this to heart: The cure for every loss and lack is in your own power. The great mistake of the whole world is the belief that some supernatural happiness comes with the money to buy and to do certain things. A year is a short time, but set out if you please, with the definite intention of finding by next November the secret of happiness.

OLD AS THE RACE STORY OF THE DAY

Setting Aside a Period for Thanksgiving Is a Custom of Remote Antiquity.

THE idea is prevalent in the United States that our Thanksgiving is peculiarly an American custom of New England origin. This is true in part only. The general observance through many years of a set day on which to give thanks to Almighty God for his blessings has made the custom distinctively American; but its origin antedates the settlement of the western continent, and we must look elsewhere for it. The idea of Thanksgiving goes back to remotest antiquity. It is a part of natural religion, and is probably as old as the human race. In written records, we have ample evidence that the festival was celebrated in connection with "the fruits of the earth" by the ancient Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks and the Romans. Long before Luther's revolt from Rome in the sixteenth century it had been observed by the Christians; and after the Reformation, Thanksgiving days were in frequent use by the Protestants, especially those of England.

The festival appears early in Jewish history, and, as it was connected with the land and its possession, may have had a Canaanitish prototype. Its celebration was annual, and each festival continued through seven days. At the beginning "two vessels of silver were carried in a ceremonious manner to the temple, one full of water, the other of wine, which were poured at the foot of the altar of burnt offerings, always on the seventh day of the festival." Plutarch describes this ceremonial, which he believed was a feast of Bacchus. He says: "The Jews celebrate two feasts of Bacchus. In the midst of the vintage they spread tables, spread with all manner of fruits, and live in tabernacles made especially of palms and ivy together. . . . A few days later they kept another festival which was openly dedicated to Bacchus, for they carried boughs of palms in their hands, with which they went into the temple, the Levites going before with instruments of music."

Analogous to the Jewish festival and possibly borrowed from it was that of the old Greeks, the Thesmophoria. This was a feast to Demeter, the goddess of the harvest. It lasted nine days and consisted of sacrifices of the products of the soil with oblations of "wine, milk and honey." Theocritus refers to it in the "Seventh Idyll," where Simichidas says: "Now, this is our way to the Thalesia; for our friends, in sooth, are making a feast to Demeter of the beautiful robe, offering the first fruits of their abundance, since for them in bounteous manner, the goddess has plied the threshing floor with barley."

The Circle of Our Love.

The strange sweet life we have and own. So wondrous is from friends we've known; And those near and those above, Complete the circle of our love; And when we think of these, and pray, We keep, in thanksgiving Day! —William Bruntton.

Thanksgiving Fable.

A turkey one day observed a peacock in the farm yard and immediately began to find fault with it. "You vain, conceited bird," said the turkey, "you are proud of your looks, and yet you are of no value in the economy of nature. Why do you strut around and regard all others with disdain?" "You make a mistake," replied the peacock. "I am not now admiring myself, though I should be excused for doing so. Next Thursday is Thanksgiving, and I was merely indulging in a cakewalk because I am not a big, fat turkey like you." Moral: Beauty is only skin deep, but edibility extends to the bone.

Not Copied From the Jews.

Undoubtedly our present Thanksgiving day has its prototype in the Plymouth thanksgiving festival of 1621. It has been asserted repeatedly that the Plymouth festival was suggested to the Pilgrims by the Jewish "Feast of Ingathering." That is not probable, as the differences between them are more striking than the likenesses. They were of the same duration, each lasting a week; and in common with all other harvest festivals they had the same intent. But in the Jewish festival sacrifice and worship were the prevailing characteristics, while in that of the Pilgrims they were entirely wanting.

Thanksgiving Observances Have Been General Only a Comparatively Short Time.

THE day which is now called Thanksgiving day, and which is a formal observance by proclamation of presidents of the United States, usually followed by proclamations of governors of nearly all of the states, has had its poetry, its rhyme which is not poetry, and prosaic literature which is better than either poetry or the rhyme. It was in its origin really a religious observance, the first proclamations being promulgated by provincial governors of very religious New England, Bradford having in history the credit of the first proclamation.

Observance was in the beginning desultory, that is, not simultaneous; and it was not general and synthetic, really, until 1864, when the first presidential proclamation was issued by Lincoln for a day of thanksgiving because of the apparent approaching end of the Civil war. Naturally that day was not observed by the seceded states, but now it has come to be recognized in nearly all of the states, though in many of them it is not a statutory holiday. It is not, and never was, a national holiday by legislative enactment.

Just when the turkey flew in as one of the almost imperative accompaniments of the Thanksgiving table is not worth mentioning, as it is an incident so vague. That fowl, with mince or pumpkin pie as a part of the dessert of the time-honored dinner of the day, has for long years come to be so well recognized that it has been urged as the only logical bird for blazoning on the national escutcheon, the eagle having become mighty "skase," and having been much missed both in this and other countries.

In 1859, the morning of June 5, frost killed all that was killable throughout the entire North. In October of the previous year, as will be well remembered by elderly people who were children then, the Donati comet suddenly blazed across the heavens, and for months was one of the most beautiful of spectacles, but, to the superstitious, fear and dread. When the nucleus was low in the northwest in the early evening the "tail" dominated all other celestial phenomena, flowing far past the zenith. The presage of a great Civil war to come was in the air and to those who were in the least superstitious the comet was a sign of calamity near at hand. The freeze of the following June clinched the premonition, and in the fall of the year of the frost there was a quite generally observed day of fasting and prayer.

It was this sort of recognition of the omnipotence of Deity, solemn and profound and utterly sincere, which in the earlier days of the nation gave foundation to the origin of the day of human existence, and when they were not as good as they might have been, that they were no worse than they were.

Then the whole custom of setting apart a day for giving thanks to the Almighty grew gradually into that present beautiful intermingling of religious services, reunion of families and friends, feasting and general rejoicing, even if the times were portentous of adversity for some of the peoples of this and other parts of the world.

It is peculiarly an American "institution," and our fat and frivolous fowl of paradise is its fetish. It is in all its forms and colors, wild or domestic, essentially an American bird, our Thanksgiving dinner bird, yesterday and today and forever, beloved by all ages and races, and for at least that one day putting the Roman nose of the eagle out of joint.

Slow to Find Favor in South.

In the South Thanksgiving day was practically unknown till about 1855, when Governor John of Virginia urged the observance of the day in a letter to the legislature; but the idea met with hot opposition, on the ground that it was a "New England superstition," and the small favor it found was completely wiped out by the Civil war.

Pessimist Always With Us.

"Well," said the cheerless person, "Thanksgiving is all right, but I believe I prefer an old-fashioned Fourth of July." "Why?" "It's cheaper to celebrate. A pack of firecrackers costs a lot less than a turkey."

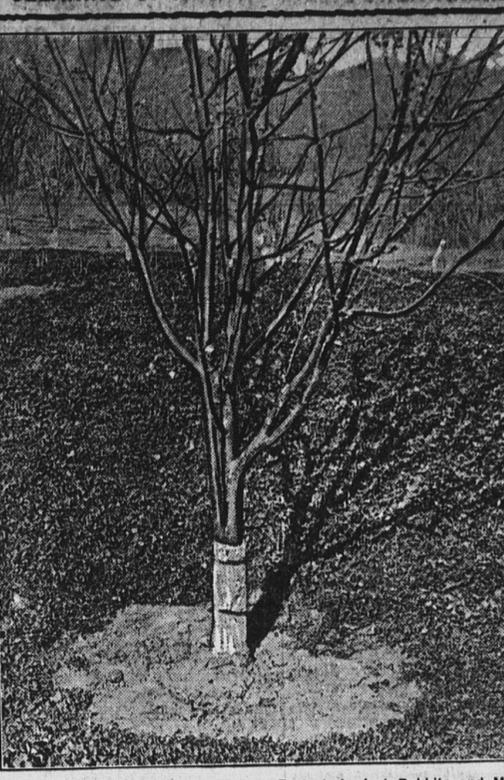
A Thanksgiving Poem

THANKFUL, each morn, for the bright light of day;
Thankful for interest in work and in play;
Thankful for those who e'er greet me with love;
Thankful for white clouds and blue skies above;
Thankful for raiment and thankful for food;
Thankful for bird-songs, and flow'rs in the wood;
Thankful for showers to freshen the earth;
Thankful for sweet sounds of gleeful child mirth;
Thankful for e'en Sorrow's softening touch;
Thankful for little and thankful for much;
Thankful for snowfalls, so peaceful and white;
Thankful for moonlight and dark, restful night

Thankful for laughter and thankful for tears;
Thankful for each of the lengthening years;
Thankful for all Thou hast given to me—
Heart that can feel deep, and eyes that can see.

—Margaret C. Hays.

CLEANING UP THE ORCHARD IN THE FALL



Apple Tree Wrapped With Paper to Protect Against Rabbits and Mice.

(By I. J. MATHEWS, Michigan Agricultural College.)

One job about the farm that should not be put off until spring is cleaning up the orchard. If this is put off until later, one of the greatest benefits which may accrue from it will be lost. I refer to that host of orchard pests and diseases that live over winter in piles of rubbish and decaying apples. Those limbs that have been pruned off and thrown to one side and which are now in dry condition, are just the shelter under which these orchard pests can remain dormant through the cold blasts of winter and come forth in the spring, hale and hearty, ready to attack the first shoots and buds of the apples that appear.

If there is nothing to burn but old branches and tree prunings, then burning is a good and satisfactory way of getting rid of this rubbish. But where weeds have been cut in the orchard and piled up outside the area covered by the tree limbs, it would certainly be a waste of valuable plant food to burn this material. There is just one of two things to do in the disposition of this material. To burn it means that all the plant foods, except the minerals are lost. In the face of our shortage in the potato supply, this, of course, should be saved, but why not

save the nitrogen and phosphorus also?

If the ground is plowed, by all means take this decaying mass and put it in the bottoms of the furrows. In all probability, these pests will never hatch out there, and even if they did they could not get up through the soil in the spring. Some men who do not have a great many trees collect this rubbish and put it about the base of the trees. The heap is covered with dirt. This excludes the air and in the deepening process so much heat is generated that all these dormant forms of insect life are killed. I have seen this heating, however, result in a scalded trunk for the apple tree.

By all means the old limbs should be burned up and if the land is plowed, the other refuse should be plowed under, but as to whether it would pay to compost this old rubbish where the land is not plowed is a question that will be largely determined by the amount of rubbish, the number of trees and the cost of labor in doing it. Where there is only a small amount of this refuse, it may be easier and less expensive to keep the pests down by spraying, but where there is a whole lot of it, it should certainly be drawn away or otherwise disposed of before the snow comes on.

TILLAGE INFLUENCES FERTILITY OF SOILS

More Food Is Made Available for Growing Trees—Cover Crop Protects the Roots.

The effect of tillage and cover crops on the orchard are similar in some respects, but tillage adds nothing to the amount of plant food in the soil. The amount it influences the fertility of the land so that more food is made available for the growing trees. A well-managed system of cover crops will accomplish all that tillage can and at the same time add to the store of the plant food that will be available for the trees.

Fruit trees are often injured by root freezing during the winters. In the northern latitudes this is one of the most important reasons for keeping the soil covered in the winter. The influence of a cover crop in protecting the roots from frost is very important. On soil that is rolling or on hillsides it will be found almost impossible to maintain any degree of fertility in the orchard without the use of cover crops. It will not only prevent the soil from washing away, but will also hold the fertilizers from washing and prevent the leaves from blowing away.

The saving of plant food is also an important function of a cover crop. When the cold weather arrests the growth of trees there is considerable available plant food that may be wasted on account of the trees not being able to consume it at that time. This may be saved by the cover crop and held until such a time as it is desired to have it give it up or when the cover crop decays in the following spring.

The ideal system of managing orchard lands in the northern and middle states is perhaps most nearly approached when the soil is stirred in the early spring, as early as practicable and as deep as it can be and not injure the roots; cultivate in this manner until the trees are budded, then seeded with a cover crop which will grow until autumn and be turned under the following spring, and the same method practiced again.

Some sections of the apple country a cover crop is used the year that the trees are due to produce a large crop, so as to form a bed for the apples to fall upon and keep them clean and free from mud.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF STABLE MANURE

Humus Supplied the Soils Is Worth More Than Accompanying Food Elements.

What is the real commercial value of common stable manure? Three constituents of this waste are much sought for and command good prices in the world's market today. Our fellow farmers back East are paying about 20 cents a pound for nitrogen, four cents for phosphoric acid, and five cents for potash in commercial fertilizers, that have not nearly the value the same food elements have when found in stable manure. The humus supplied the soils by manure is worth even more than the accompanying food elements, because humus is the master key that unlocks the potential fertility in our soils. Some day we will be found going to the store to buy this same fertility we are now wasting. It will come higher, and no master key will be found in the sack. Farmers in New York are paying today at the rate of not less than \$2.50 for the sacked condensed plant food contained in one ton of the manure that now outrages our sense of beauty and presents us with swarms of flies. Just add the freight and don't be behind the times and forget the up-to-date profits.

DESTROY INSECTS BY THE FALL CLEAN-UP

Plowing Is Generally Recognized as Good Method for the Prevention of Injury.

In the war against farm and orchard pests a fall clean-up is a good means of attack. Fall plowing is generally recognized as a good method for the prevention of insect injury; but rubbish left in piles along fences, or in the orchard, or garden, make the best kind of winter quarters for insect pests in various stages. Trash of this kind should be cleared away and burned. Burning will destroy any insects among the rubbish.

HAVE YOU A CHILD?

Many women long for children, but because of some curable physical derangement are deprived of this greatest of all happiness.

The women whose names follow were restored to normal health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Write and ask them about it.

"I took your Compound and have a fine, strong baby." — Mrs. JOHN MITCHELL, Massena, N. Y.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for expectant mothers." — Mrs. A. M. MYERS, Gordonville, Mo.

"I highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before child-birth, it has done so much for me." — Mrs. E. M. DOERR, R. R. 1, Conshohocken, Pa.

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to build up my system and have the dearest baby girl in the world." — Mrs. MOSS BLAKELEY, Coalport, Pa.

"I praise the Compound whenever I have a chance. It did so much for me before my little girl was born." — Mrs. E. W. SANDERS, Rowlesburg, W. Va.

"I took your Compound before baby was born and feel I owe my life to it." — Mrs. WINNIE TULLIS, Winter Haven, Florida.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Bilelessness, Sick Headache and indigestion, as millions know. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Ben Wood
Courage is a plant that cannot be destroyed by plucking one up.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

The man who goes through life on a bluff eventually walks.

Write Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago for illustrated Book of the Eye Free. Many a spinster is sorry she learned to say "no."

Rest Those Worn Nerves

"Every Picture Tells a Story"
Don't give up. When you feel all unstrung; when family cares seem too hard to bear, and backache, dizzy head-aches, queer pains and irregular action of the kidneys and bladder may mystify you, remember that such troubles often come from weak kidneys and it may be that you only need Doan's Kidney Pills to make you well. When the kidneys are weak there's danger of dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease. Don't delay. Start using Doan's now.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
50¢ at all Stores
Foster-McMillan Co. Prop. Buffalo, N.Y.

MOONE'S Emerald Oil

THE FAMOUS and UNEXCELLED ANTISEPTIC and GERMICIDE For Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Hemorrhoids (Piles), Eczema, Painful Swellings, Abscesses, Sores, etc., only a few drops required at an application. So marvelously powerful is Emerald Oil that Enlarged Glands, Wens and Varicocele disappear with its use. Price \$1.00 sent anywhere charges paid on receipt of price. Generous sample on receipt of 10c from Moore Chemical Co., Dept. W., Rochester, N. Y.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 Cents and soon delivered. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrup & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

KELLOGG'S REMEDY

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Over one million satisfied owners testify to the merits of the Ford car. Reliable for business or pleasure, in all sorts of road and weather conditions. Serving and saving every day for about two cents a mile operation and maintenance. The old high quality at a new low cost, and service for owners more efficient than ever. You want "The Universal Car." Runabout \$390; Touring Car \$440; and Town Car \$640; Coupelet \$590; Sedan \$740. f. o. b. Detroit.

On sale at
PALMER MOTOR SALES CO.
Chelsea, Michigan.



The Chelsea Standard

An independent local newspaper published every Thursday afternoon from its office in the Standard building, East Middle street, Chelsea, Michigan.

O. T. HOOVER,
PROPRIETOR.

Terms—\$1.00 per year; six months, fifty cents; three months, twenty-five cents.
To foreign countries \$1.50 per year.
Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.

Entered as second-class matter, March 6, 1906, at the postoffice at Chelsea, Michigan, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

PERSONAL MENTION.

H. S. Holmes was a Detroit visitor Sunday.

Miss Gladys Schenk spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. James Speer spent last Thursday in Detroit.

Geo. Wackenhut spent Sunday with Dexter friends.

Mrs. G. Abemiller is visiting relatives in Howell.

Mrs. Mary Harper is spending several days at Corunna.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wurster spent Sunday in Detroit.

Miss Bernice Prudden is visiting relatives in Detroit.

Mrs. M. Noon of Jackson spent Tuesday in Chelsea.

Howard Seeley, of Ann Arbor, was in Chelsea Saturday.

B. H. Glenn, of Highland Park, was in Chelsea Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Reynolds, of Jackson, spent Sunday here.

Blaine Barch was an Arbor visitor Tuesday and Wednesday.

W. F. Riemenschneider of Detroit is visiting relatives here.

William Holzappel, of Ann Arbor, spent Sunday in Chelsea.

George Scherer, of Francisco, was a Chelsea visitor Saturday.

Miss Hazel Speer spent several days of the past week at Clinton.

Miss Elizabeth Dewey will spend Thanksgiving in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Susan Canfield is spending several days of this week in Lansing.

Misses Amelia and Margaret Miller spent Monday in Manchester.

Mrs. J. W. Schenk, of Ann Arbor, spent the week-end in Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Norman, of Jackson, spent Sunday in Chelsea.

Miss Dorothy Glazier spent several days of this week in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Inskip, of Ann Arbor, were Chelsea visitors Tuesday.

Miss Leona Belser, of Highland Park, spent Sunday with her parents here.

Mrs. A. C. Pierce, of Highland Park, spent several days of this week in Chelsea.

Burton Long spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Beach, of Lima.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Freeman are spending today with relatives in Manchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Steinbach are spending a few days with their son Otto at Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schenk and children, of Ann Arbor, spent the week-end in Chelsea.

Misses Norma Turnbull and Ruth Walz visited friends at Albion Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Fred L. Arner, of Dexter, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Schneider.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, of Detroit, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Adam Kalmbach.

Mrs. Mary Dewey left Tuesday for Alpena where she will spend some time with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Seckinger of Jackson were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hammond Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Stabler of Freedom spent the week-end with their uncle, Rev. A. A. Schoen.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Johnson and family, of Selo, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Walker.

Henry Beau, of Wyoming, spent several days of last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Spear.

Paul Maroney and Hollis Freeman made an automobile trip to Olivet Saturday, returning Sunday.

Mrs. G. P. Glazier and great granddaughter, Geraldine, spent a few days of the past week in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Ella Bond, of Jackson, spent several days of last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hathaway.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moulds, of Detroit, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Riemenschneider.

Frank Krous, of Bellfontaine, Ohio, was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Spiegelberg last Thursday.

Mrs. Nettie Shaffer and granddaughter, Katherine Jewett, of Detroit, are visiting Mrs. F. D. Cummings.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Herman and children, of Manchester, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Witherell.

Rev. A. B. Bush and Fred Bush returned to their homes in California the first of the week, after spending several weeks here.

Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor and granddaughter, Marion Updike, will spend Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Taylor in Detroit.

Miss Nen Wilkinson spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Detroit. Her brother, Tommie, spent Sunday in the city and accompanied her home.

Church Circles.

CONGREGATIONAL.
Rev. Charles J. Dole, Pastor.
Morning worship with sermon by the pastor at 10 o'clock a. m.
Sunday school at 11 o'clock a. m., with classes for all.
Vesper services from four to five o'clock.
No evening service.
All are cordially invited to attend these services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.
Rev. G. H. Whiting, Pastor.
Preaching at 10 a. m.
Bible school at 11:15 a. m.
Epworth League at 6 p. m.
Evening services at 7 o'clock.
Thursday prayer meeting 7 p. m.
A cordial invitation to all.

BAPTIST.
C. E. Osborn, Pastor.
Church service at 10 o'clock.
Our Sunday school meets at 11.
Meeting for prayer Thursday eve'g.
Everybody invited to join with us.

ST. PAUL'S.
Rev. A. A. Schoen, Pastor.
Preaching service, Sunday, at 9:30 a. m.
Sunday school at 10:30 a. m.
Young People's meeting at 7:00 p. m.

ST. JOHN'S, FRANCISCO
Rev. A. A. Schoen, Pastor.
Preaching service at 1:45 p. m.
Sunday school at 2:45 p. m.

SALEM GERMAN M. E. CHURCH,
NEAR FRANCISCO.
Rev. G. C. Nothdurft, Pastor.
Sunday school Sunday 9:30 a. m.
German worship 10:30 a. m. Thanksgiving services conducted by the pastor.
Epworth League 7:00 p. m.
English worship 7:30 p. m.
Everybody most cordially invited.

Union Thanksgiving Service.
The union Thanksgiving service will be held at the Baptist church at 10 o'clock Thursday morning. Everybody should plan to attend this one service of the year especially appointed as a recognition of God and His bounty.

Must Report Cases of Mumps.
According to the provisions of a law which went into effect August 24, 1915, it is the duty of the health officer to report each and every case of mumps that comes to his knowledge, and if he does not do so he is subject to a fine of not less than ten dollars nor more than fifty dollars. Any physician, householder or other person who fails to report a case of mumps to the health officer is also subject to the same fine. The attorney general has advised the state board of health to enforce this law strictly.

Announcements.

The Bay View Reading Circle will meet with Mrs. J. D. Colton next Monday evening.

The Ladies' Guild of the Congregational church will hold their annual fair and chicken pie supper at the church, Thursday evening, December 2.

Olive Chapter, O. E. S., will give a party at Masonic Hall Wednesday evening, December 1st. All Masons and their wives and all members of the O. E. S. are invited. A good program is being prepared.

The W. C. T. U. annual meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. N. F. Prudden Friday, November 26th, at 2:30 o'clock. Election of officers will be held, and the annual dues are to be paid at this time. Mrs. Perkins, of Ann Arbor, county president, will be present.

Social Dance, December 2d.
The L. O. T. M. M. will give a social hop at Maccabee Hall Thursday evening, December 2d. Schneider's orchestra will furnish the music. Bill, 50 cents. Door rights reserved.

Princess Theatre.
THURSDAY—THANKSGIVING DAY.
Geo. Kleine presents the Photo Drama Co.'s production of "The Last Days of Pompeii," in six parts, made at Pompeii, Italy, from the novel by Lord Bulwer Lytton. The finest spectacular production ever shown in Chelsea.

SATURDAY.
"The Monoplist," a three-part Victory drama with a thrill in every foot of film.
"A Mix-up for Mazie" a Phunphilm.
MONDAY—FEATURE NIGHT.
Robert Warwick in "The Dollar Mark," in five acts. A Wm. A. Brady feature presented by the World Film Corporation.

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY
DECEMBER 1 AND 2
Cal. Stewart and Co. in a high-class vaudeville act, four people:
Cal. Stewart, the man who made the "Uncle Josh" stories for the phonograph.
Gypsy Rossini and her violin in classical and popular selections.
Marjorie Stewart as "Cindy."
Augusto Dalle-Molle, the Caruso of the accordion.
Given in addition to three reels of pictures each night. Fourteenth and last episode of "The Exploits of Elaine" on Wednesday. Adv.

Colds Do Not Leave Willingly.
Because a cold is stubborn is no reason why you should be. Instead of "wearing" it out, get sure relief by taking Dr. King's New Discovery. Dangerous bronchical and lung ailments often follow a cold which has been neglected at the beginning. As your body faithfully battles those cold germs, no better aid can be given than the use of this remedy. Its merit has been tested by old and young. Get a bottle today. 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

LEAVE YOUR ORDER for Saturday Evening Post and Ladies Home Journal at the Standard office.

Dress Footwear For Women!



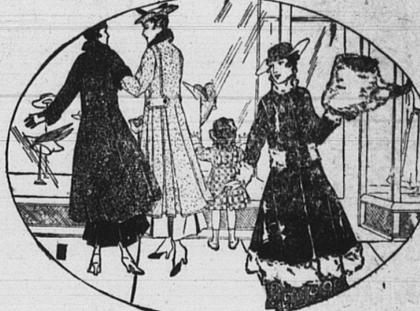

Our stocks cover a very wide variety of new lasts and popular leathers in the distinctive Footwear for Women who care. The high quality of these new offerings, combined with the low prices we ask should be the means of bringing you here without delay, for your new

FOOTWEAR

Women's stylish "J. & K." dull kid or patent Shoes in medium spool Heel, Gypsy style or regular button or lace styles, at **\$3.50** and **\$4.00**.
Women's dull finish button or lace Shoes, **\$2.50** and **\$3.00**.

BUY CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' EDUCATOR SHOES

Women's and Children's Coats



Women's very latest Printzess Coats in black, navy and African brown, very specially priced now at **\$15.00** and **\$20.00**.
Black Fancy Plush Coats, very special at **\$10.00**.
Children's Newest Coats, all sizes and colors, at **\$10.00**, **\$7.50**, **\$5.00**, **\$3.00** and **\$2.00**.

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

Ye Needlecraft Shoppe

-- OFFERS --

A Few Suggestions for Christmas Gifts

A dainty Guest Towel.	A white Waist, embroidered.
A cross stitch Pillow.	A Luncheon Set.
A pair of Envelope Day Cases.	A Center Piece.
A pair of Night Cases.	A Laundry Bag.
A pretty Corset Cover.	Serviceable Rubber Bag to use when traveling.
A dainty Gown or a Crepe Jacket.	A Button Bag.
A Shampoo Jacket.	A Darning Bag.
A Breakfast Cap.	A Pillow, Cap or Jacket for the Baby.
An Envelope Chemise	Travelling Cases of all kinds.
A pretty Work Bag.	Necktie Rack or Collar Bag for Him.
A fancy Apron.	
A Dresser Set.	

All these articles and many more are for sale at the Needle Craft Shop, and any one of them may be made up in a few hours time. Besides many articles all made up and ready to wrap.

FREE INSTRUCTIONS WITH EACH PURCHASE

Room 8 Freeman Block

Christmas Photographs

At the annual home-coming on Christmas day they will be glad to have YOUR Picture and you their's.
And if perchance you can't go home this year your picture will help.
Also you will want to exchange among your friends—they will have one for you.

E. E. SHAVER, Photographer

Princess Theatre

Thanksgiving Night

(NO MATINEE)

Geo. Klein presents The Photo-Drama Co.'s production of

"The Last Days of Pompeii"

IN SIX MASSIVE PARTS

Made at Pompeii, Italy, from the novel by Lord Bulwer Lytton. The most magnificent spectacular drama ever shown in Motion Pictures

ADMISSION, 5 AND 10 CENTS.

Every child not in arms must have a Ticket.

WANTED

SOME ONE TO HANDLE
A VERY EXCLUSIVE
CORSET

Only Small Capital Needed.
TEACHING FREE

Address
E. M. B. LONG,
125 Farmer St., Detroit, Mich.

Piano, Voice, Oral and Dramatic Expression

CLASSES FOR CHILDREN

Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell

Studio at Residence of
MRS. S. P. FOSTER, Park St.

WANT COLUMN

RENTS, REAL ESTATE, FOUND LOST WANTED ETC.

LIVE STOCK—I am in the market for all kinds of live stock. Quantity of hay and cornstalks for sale. Frank Leach, phone 221. 18

HORSE FOR SALE—Four years old, dapple grey, weight 1400 lbs., broke single and double, Michigan stock. Aaron Marofsky, at H. Rosenthal's, Chelsea. 18

FOR SALE—Forty-seven thoroughbred White Leghorn fowls. Inquire at Standard office. 18

STRAYED—A Black Poland China pig. Finder please notify Fred Hutzel, phone 158-F13. 18

WANTED—A loan of \$1,500 on 80 acres valued at \$4,500. R. B. Waltross. 17

CONKEY'S Famous Poultry Remedies are for sale by Glenn Barbour, phone 43-F3, Chelsea, Mich. 23

WANTED—At once, girls to pick beans. Apply at office. D. C. McLaren & Son. 18

TO RENT—The 6-room house on the Gates road, known as the Eli Ward place; good well and cistern. Inquire of E. D. Chapman, phone 162-F5. 18

FOR SALE—Buggy and single harness, both new, and a cutter. Inquire of Peter Fletcher, phone 161-F11. 17

FOR SALE—Mare and colt and one yearling colt. Inquire of Julius Niehaus, phone 155-F22. 17

GASOLINE Lamps of all kinds cleaned and repaired on short notice. M. A. Shaver's harness shop. 101t

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE for farm property, half interest in the seed dryer at Waterloo. Inquire of C. J. Daly, Waterloo, Mich. 21t

WE PUT CUSTOM CLOTHES WITHIN EVERY MAN'S REACH



Custom Tailoring means clothes that fit perfectly at no increase in cost.
Special values in Overcoats and Suits at
\$15.00 - \$17.50 - \$20.00

Come in and look over our Footwear, we carry the "Ball Brand" and the "Goodrich Red Top." Also sheep lined Shoes and Arctics at

SPECIAL PRICES

WALWORTH & STRIETER

Your Thanksgiving Turkey



should be ordered now. We can supply your wants in plump, young country-fed fowls in sizes from seven to twenty pounds. The demand will be greater than the supply, so take our advice and get your order in early. We will have plenty of choice chickens; a finer lot will never be shown.

Try our Fresh Oysters.
Phone 59
Fred Klingler

Try The Standard Want Column.



THE WISDOM OF ALL WOOL QUALITY

Will not make its presence felt until after you have worn the suit a few weeks. After that time if you did not buy an all wool Suit you will learn to regret it.

While on the other hand, if your purchase was one of all wool quality, you'll find the original shape still in the garment, no sign of wear and a long life of usefulness still ahead.

There's not a single Suit or Top Coat in our store that will not stand the all wool test and strictly hand tailoring furnishes still another feature.

\$12.00 to \$25.00

Made-to-Measure Clothes

We have a very fine line of Sample Patterns of the latest weaves and colors. Absolute fit.

\$15.00 to \$35.00

Furnishing Goods

All the latest in Fall Hats and Caps, Neckwear, Shirts, Collars and Gloves, is ready for your inspection.

Fall and Winter Footwear

The largest and most complete line we have ever shown—made by the best manufacturers. Shoes with a reputation. All the latest and most attractive styles await your inspection.

DANCER BROTHERS.

OPEN EVERY EVENING

FLOUR

Chelsea Phoenix, Stott's Diamond, Stott's Columbus, Henkel's Bread, Jackson Rose Bud, Grand Rapids Lily White.

You can't make a mistake on any of the above Brands.

The best Crackers in Chelsea, 8c per pound. Jitney Biscuit, 5c dozen. Our Bacon is the best that can be produced. Our Lard is fine and white as snow. Our prices are the lowest, our goods the best. When you are in need of Work Shoes or rubbers look us over.

JOHN FARRELL & CO.



We Will Sell You a Steak

whose flavor will take your appetite and digestion on the most pleasing gastric picnic ever planned for a man or woman's nourishment. Let us assist you in planning your menus. Our complete assortment of meats will offer you some pleasing suggestions in the matter.

ADAM EPPLER

PHONE 41 FREE DELIVERY

THANKSGIVING

On this day of the great American Festival we would impress upon you this thought from Governor Ferris:

"Just a 'thank you' thrills the heart of the receiver and reveals the kindness of the giver. Gratitude is contagious, gratitude enriches the home and the state; gratitude makes life worth living. During the past year Michigan has shared with the nation in peace and prosperity, in civic and religious progress, in an appreciation of health and sanity. The firesides of Michigan have had the courage and faith that conquers. To God, the source of all power, it is fitting that we devote one day to praise and thanksgiving in the spirit that shall brighten and beautify all the days of all the years to come."

The Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

LOCAL ITEMS.

Some of Chelsea's citizens have been seeing ghosts lately.

Mrs. O. T. Hoover entertained the Five Hundred Club Friday evening.

James Dann brought home a deer from the north, as a result of his hunting trip.

Born, on Tuesday, November 23, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. James DeYoung, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Saunders have moved into their new farm home, north of town.

The Chelsea schools have been closed this week on account of the epidemic of mumps.

The postoffice will close at 9 o'clock a. m., Thanksgiving Day, and will not reopen until Friday morning.

Prosecuting Attorney Lehman and Deputy Sheriff Canfield each shot a deer on their recent hunting trip.

The anniversary of the L. C. B. A. was celebrated last Thursday with a six o'clock dinner at the home of the Misses Miller.

Jacob Kern & Son report a yield of 82 bushels of beans from four and three-quarters acres, for which they received \$246.

The mail pouch which was thrown from train No. 6 Monday morning bounded back under the train and was badly chewed up.

Dr. L. A. Maze has received word that he was elected to membership in the American Veterinary Medical Association at a recent meeting held in Oakland, Cal.

The chicken supper and election of officers of the Modern Woodmen will be held Tuesday evening, December 7th, instead of on the 6th, as announced last week.

"Pumpkin College," Lyndon, No. 4, has a new set of wall maps and a teachers' desk, purchased with the proceeds from the social held at A. J. Greening's on October 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kaufka and daughter of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Shaler and son and Henry Phelps of Dexter will spend Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martin.

G. H. Barbour has just received two pairs of fine New Zealand red rabbits and one pair of white African owl pigeons. They came through in excellent condition, notwithstanding that they travelled 2,500 miles.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. English have been appointed members of the reception committee for the reception to be given to the delegates to the State Grange, to be given at Hill auditorium at Ann Arbor next month.

A two-days' Teachers' Institute will be held on January 14 and 15 in Ann Arbor. Dr. Earl Barnes, of Philadelphia, a renowned educator, will be the principal speaker. The entire program for the institute has not yet been completed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gilbert will entertain today Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Watkins and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Watkins, of Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Watkins, of Grass Lake, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Watkins, of Battle Creek, and Miss Merry Shaw, of Ypsilanti.

D. Clark & Son threshed their crop of beans last week and report a yield of 422 bushels from twenty acres. There were two fields each of which was stacked separately. One field gave an average of 24 bushels to the acre. The crop was sold for \$3 per bushel.

The Standard is in receipt of a telegram from Dowagiac stating that Joe Welch had been robbed and thrown from a train there, and was in the hospital. Mr. Welch is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Welch, of Sylvan, and a telephone message brought the word that he would be able to be out in a few days and would start for home.

Mrs. Wiley Richard Reynolds will leave today for New York city there to pass the winter. She will not however this season live at Hotel St. Regis as has been her custom for several winters, but has rented a house, 340 west 89th street, right in the heart of the village, and her maid and cook will accompany her.—Jackson Star.

The electric light commission is in receipt of word from the manufacturers of the new generator that is to be installed here, that on account of the difficulty in getting copper wire—the war in Europe consuming much of the copper supply—it will be some little time longer than had been anticipated before the machine can be installed.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Glazier moved to Detroit Wednesday.

Paul Wagner is assisting Walworth & Strieter during the holiday season.

The new bazaar store expects to open about the middle of next week.

Born, on Tuesday, November 23, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Foor, a son.

J. E. Weber, who has been seriously ill for the past two weeks, is improving rapidly.

The High Five met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Millsbaugh Tuesday evening.

Mrs. J. S. Allen entertained a number of ladies at her home on Orchard street Tuesday evening.

Word is received from Detroit that C. H. Kempf is seriously ill at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. J. Chandler.

Fred Riemenschneider has taken the agency for Michigan bath tub and hot water heater. He has opened a store in the Steinbach building.

Capt. and Mrs. E. L. Negus will entertain today Mr. and Mrs. John Weinmeister, of Howell; and Mr. and Mrs. Ira VanGieson, of South Lyon.

The Bay View Reading Circle gave a Thanksgiving program at the home of Mrs. J. S. Gorman Monday evening. A lunch was served after the program.

Judging from the number of young boys who are seen smoking on our streets, someone must be breaking the law in regard to selling tobacco to minors.

The iron girders, the non-arrival of which has held up the work on the Faust garage for some time, have been placed in position and the work will now go forward rapidly.

Married, Thursday, November 18, 1915, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Kimel, of Lyndon, Miss Helena Mae Kimel and Mr. Robert H. Straver, of Cassopolis.

The Research Club gave a six o'clock dinner at the home of Mrs. Geo. W. Millsbaugh Monday evening. Each member brought a towel which was afterwards presented to the Old People's Home.

At the inquest into the death of Christ Schwikert, which was held at Lyndon town hall Friday evening, the jury brought in a verdict that deceased came to his death by the use of a shot gun held in his own hands.

The dinner given by the Brotherhood in the Congregational church last Thursday evening was attended by the largest crowd that they have ever entertained at their annual affair. The members of the organization are excellent cooks.

According to a druggist, the lover of hard cider is to have his innings. Owing to the advance in prices of drugs the cider preservative which was sold last year for 25 cents cannot be made this year for less than \$1.25, a price which discourages those who heretofore have "stopped" the fermentation at the point.

Mrs. Bertha Wolff made a motion through her attorney, John Kalmbach, Monday morning in the circuit court, for alimony in the divorce suit which Fred W. Wolff has filed against her. Cavanaugh and Fahrner represented Mr. Wolff. A former bill for divorce, tried at a previous term of the circuit court, brought by Wolff, was denied by Judge Kinne.

The Washtenaw County Association of the O. E. S. will meet with the Saline Chapter, on Friday, November 26, in their new hall. The grand worthy matron, the grand worthy patron, the grand secretary, all state officers, are expected to meet with them. The new officers for the coming year will be installed and two new candidates presented. The ladies' society of the Presbyterian church will serve the supper.

Friday afternoon Deputy Sheriff Wyman, of Dexter, brought in three suit cases and a bag, and a number of neckties, shirts and pairs of socks that were stolen from the H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.'s store on the night of November 1st. They were found in a swamp about two miles west of Dexter by Frank Pierce, who was hunting. With the plunder were a shirt and pair of shoes not taken from the Holmes store.

The Standard enjoyed a very pleasant call Friday morning from H. H. Harris, of St. Johns, who came to Chelsea to attend the funeral of Mrs. Susan Cooper. Mr. Harris was the first youth in Chelsea. His father, Ashel Harris, built and conducted the first hotel erected in Chelsea, in the year 1850. Mr. Harris told of many interesting things that happened in the old days.

For results try Standard "Wants."

SHOES AND HOSE FOR ALL THE FAMILY



ONLY COME INTO OUR STORE AND SLIP YOUR FEET INTO A PAIR OF OUR SHOES. THEY WILL LOOK SO WELL, AND FEEL SO GOOD, AND THE PRICE WILL BE SO LOW THAT YOU WILL BUY THEM. THEY WILL GIVE YOU SUCH LONG WEAR THAT YOU WILL COME TO US THE REST OF YOUR LIFE WHEN YOU NEED SHOES. OUR HOSIERY WILL PLEASE YOU, TOO.

The real swell Shoes are here. The solid comfort Shoes are here. The best that money can buy in Footwear you will find here, and at moderate prices.

The New Gypsy Cut Ladies' Shoes are here at \$3.50, and they are beauties. You won't match them elsewhere at \$4.00.

Ladies' Shoes at \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00. All new and right up to the minute in style. The Men's Shoes we are now showing are wonderful values. Ask to see them. Price, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50.

Dr. Reed's Cushion Sole Shoes at \$5.00. Boys' Shoes at \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

New Coats for the women at \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.00 and \$14.00. Velvet Coats with Channel Stripe, classy garments, at \$10.00.

High Grade Cords, Velvets and Mixtures, with guaranteed Satin Linings and Fur Trimmed, shown in the cities at \$18.00 to \$20.00. Our Price, \$14.00.

New Suits and Overcoats for the Men. Don't buy before you have looked here. If you do you will be sorry. Here are \$10.00 and \$12.00 Suits and Overcoats that are bargains. Here you can choose from the cream of the stock and buy your Suit or Overcoat at \$14.00.

W. P. Schenk & Company



You Younger Men Will Appreciate This

Suits that outline the figure, pockets either straight, or, if you like clothes a little "ultra," pockets that slant. Pencil stripes, Glen Urquhart plaids, tartan and shepherd checks—we could write pages of it.

But no words of ours could adequately describe the attractiveness of the clothes we offer. Their tailoring is of the best, and we guarantee every garment to give satisfaction.

Suits at \$12.50, \$15.00 and \$18.00

Men's Overcoats

In Men's Overcoats you'll find the largest assortment to select from here. See our Specials at

\$10.00, \$12.50 and \$15.00

Always glad to have you try on as many garments as you wish—come in.

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

THICK MIST

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

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SYNOPSIS.

Confederate Sergeant Wyatt is sent as a spy to his native county on the Green Briar. He meets a mountaineer named Jim Taylor. At a house beyond Hot Springs they meet Major Harwood. Wyatt is sent to bed. He becomes suspicious, and finds that Taylor has murdered Harwood and escaped. Wyatt changes to U. S. uniform, and to a detachment of Federal cavalry identifies himself as Lieutenant Raymond, Third U. S. Cavalry. Captain Fox finds Harwood's body. The detachment is ambushed. Wyatt escapes to the Green Briar country and goes to Harwood's home, where he finds Noreen Harwood. He introduces himself as Lieutenant Raymond. Parson Nichols comes to the house and tells Noreen of her father's death. Wyatt forces Parson Nichols to confess that he has been sent in advance of Anne Cowan, who proposes to marry Noreen at once, and so quiet title to the land in dispute between the Cowans and Noreen's dead father. Anne Cowan and her gang arrive and find the preacher bound in a closet. Wyatt and Noreen have concealed themselves in the attic. The Cowan gang ransacks the house, but fails to find the hidden couple. Wyatt tells Noreen who he is. They return to the second floor and await the next move of the gang, forcing the preacher to silence. Unable to escape while the gang is on the first floor and around the house, Wyatt proposes to marry Noreen to protect her from Cowan. She accepts and Wyatt forces the preacher to marry them. Cowan's gang is driven off by Federal troops, one of whose officers is the real Lieutenant Raymond.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

The captain fitted a pair of glasses to his eyes and surveyed me with care.

"Why, bless me, so he is," he ejaculated, "and you never saw him before?"

"No, and there is not another Third U. S. Cavalryman west of the Alleghenies."

The girl laughed and laid her hand on Whitlock's arm.

"I told Lieutenant Raymond that I would explain fully," she said, pretending to be amused. If it is the uniform my friend wears, I must assume all responsibility, as I furnished it."

"You! there was a sarcastic sneer in the lieutenant's surprised exclamation. "Why should you have in your possession a uniform of the Third Regulars?"

"I did not," she answered sweetly, but looking at Whitlock. "That uniform belonged to my cousin, an officer of the Third Kentucky."

Raymond uttered a smothered expression, stared an instant at her slightly averted face, and then, with a slight stride forward, swung me to the light.

"See here, Captain Whitlock," he exclaimed indignantly. "I cannot conceive what object Miss Harwood may have in desiring to protect this man, but this is not the uniform of any volunteer regiment."

"Do I understand, lieutenant, that you dare question my word?" she asked proudly, her eyes gazing straight into his. "I am unaccustomed, sir, to such treatment."

"Wait a moment, Raymond," broke in the captain. "There is no doubt of Miss Harwood's loyalty. Let us hear her explanation first. You say, Miss Harwood, you know this man? that he is a friend? May I ask his name?"

"Surely! I only desire an opportunity to answer any question. He is Thomas Wyatt, the son of the late Judge Wyatt, whose home was on the ridge yonder. We were children together."

"A rebel?"

"Really, I never thought to ask, carelessly. I was too glad to have his protection. We—we spoke only of our childhood days together, still I gathered the impression that Mr. Wyatt had never joined either side, and was merely here to look after his property. Of course he can explain all that."

"But how came he to be dressed in that uniform?" burst in Raymond.

"Will you be courteous enough to permit me to tell you? I have endeavored twice already to fully explain. Mr. Wyatt came here in the midst of the storm last night. He had found his own home destroyed, and this was the nearest shelter to be found. He supposed the house deserted, and merely sought protection until morning. How I chanced to be here you gentlemen both know, and that matter requires no explanation Mr. Wyatt arrived with his clothing muddy, and soaked with rain. I gave him the only change to be found in the house—a uniform belonging originally to a cousin of mine, Lieutenant Anton Harwood, Third Kentucky Cavalry."

"But this is not the uniform worn by volunteer troops. Captain Whitlock, I insist!"

"Really, Lieutenant Raymond," the girl said, fronting him, her eyes sparkling, "this is becoming most tiresome. What do I care what uniform it is! I have told you where it came from, how it chanced to be there, and the reason it was worn by this man. I cannot be expected to know all the petty distinctions of the service."

"But surely," spoke up the captain, plainly bewildered. "The suit he wore when he came can be produced. You know where that is?"

"I know where it was," she answered coolly. "Hanging before the fireplace in the dining room. However, I cannot guarantee that it remains there now—this house has been razed by Cowan's guerrillas, and

from the sound, your own men were none too careful."

Whitlock nodded with the tassel of his sword, evidently far from satisfied himself, yet unwilling to make final decision unsaid.

"I hardly know just what to do," he confessed reluctantly. "Ordinarily, you know, a lady's word would be sufficient, but somehow, I—I—well, this looks just a little queer. What do you think, lieutenant?"

"That the fellow ought to be taken before Major Hawes and made to explain what purpose brought him here. I have no desire to question Miss Harwood; indeed, I am perfectly willing to accept her statement. But this man is not a civilian—he is a soldier; he has had military training. He should be made to account for himself, sir."

The speaker's eyes fell upon the preacher, huddled back in the corner, now clearly revealed by the gray daylight which was stealing in through the windows. "Hullo! here seems to be yet another specimen we have overlooked. Who are you?"

Nichols shuffled forward, looking woebegone and miserable, his cheek disfigured by Cowan's blow, sneak and coward written all over him. His shifting eyes met mine, and he must have read in my gaze a threat he dare not ignore. Twice his mouth opened and closed before he could make words issue.

"One of Cowan's gang?"

"God be praised—no. Made to serve that human fend by force. I am a minister of the Gospel."

"You!" The lieutenant broke into a laugh. "By Jove, you fit the part. Whitlock, did you ever hear of the fellow?"

The captain rubbed his glasses. "Are you the Baptist preacher at Cane Ridge?" he asked doubtfully.

"For twenty years I have ministered to that congregation; the young woman can vouch for my labor."

"Then, I presume you are also acquainted with this fellow?" questioned Raymond impatiently.

Nichols turned his glance again in my direction, but his gray face was devoid of interest.

"I have no knowledge of the young man," he asserted solemnly. "But I knew the old judge well. The resemblance is strong, and I have no doubt but he is a son. The father was a Christian and a gentleman."

"And a rebel, I presume?"

"Judge Wyatt died before the breaking out of the war, sir, but was known throughout these parts as a Unionist."

There was a silent pause. Whitlock fumbling at his eyeglasses, Raymond, a perplexed frown on his face, staring first at Nichols and then at me, as though more than half convinced he was being made a fool of. The girl had seated herself in a chair, and was leaning forward, her face hidden. The lieutenant turned and strode across the room, glancing out the window; then back again.

"Well, we cannot remain here discussing the matter," he said tartly. "If we do we may have a real fight on our hands before we are safely back in Lewisburg." He planted himself squarely in front of me. "See here, it is time you did some talking. You haven't opened your mouth yet."

"There has been no occasion," I replied pleasantly. "The others have told all you need to know without my even being questioned."

"I have a mind to search you," he retorted, completely losing his temper. "At your pleasure, lieutenant," I spoke coldly enough, although there was a catch in my throat at sudden memory of the paper I bore containing his name. "And there is no guessing what you might find in Lieutenant Harwood's uniform."

We were still looking defiantly at each other's eyes when a trooper appeared in the open doorway, saluted, and said something in a low tone to Whitlock. I failed to catch the words spoken, but heard the captain answer: "Certainly, corporal, have him come up at once."

The soldier disappeared down the hall, and the lieutenant stepped back across the room, bending his head to whisper something privately into Whitlock's ear. My eyes followed his movement, and then sought the face of the girl; she sat motionless, the long lashes shading her eyes, the only visible sign of excitement the swift rise and fall of her bosom. Then a man came hastily into the room through the opened door. My heart leaped into my throat at sight of him—he was Captain Fox.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Prisoner.

The captain was hatless, and a bloody handkerchief was wound about his head; his uniform was torn and black with mud. He saw Whitlock first, and gripped his hand warmly, his glance straying from the face of the little captain to the other occupants of the room.

"Gad, but it is good to see a blue uniform again," he exclaimed heartily. "What was the row here, Fred—some guerrilla work? Ah! by Jove! his eyes brightening as he recognized me,

"Raymond, I am glad to see you again," and he strode forward, his lips smiling, his hand held out. "Old Ned swore to me you were dead, but the sergeant said you got away at the first rush. Not even a scratch—hey—"

"Just a moment, please," and the interested lieutenant interrupted him by a hand on the shoulder. "I believe we have never met before, but I presume you are Captain Fox?"

The latter turned, a trifle indignant at the other's manner.

"I am; what of it?"

"Only I am naturally somewhat interested in your identification of this fellow. To us he has claimed the name of Wyatt, but you address him as Raymond. What Raymond did he represent himself to be?"

Fox stared about in surprise at the faces surrounding him, scarcely able to collect his scattered wits.

"I am," he answered, as though half in doubt of his own words, "Lieutenant Charles H. Raymond, Third Cavalry, on recruiting service. I met him at Hot Springs, and he showed me his papers. Isn't— isn't he all right?"

"Well, you can draw your own conclusion," returned the lieutenant, his thin lips curled in a sneer, "for I am Raymond, Third Cavalry. This man is a rebel spy."

Escape was impossible; I knew that, for I had considered the chances. Both Whitlock and the lieutenant—the latter with revolver drawn—stood between me and the windows. The hall without was thronged with troopers, and, although I might attain the open door, that would be the end of it. I saw Noreen rise to her feet, her startled face turned toward me, but I held my nerves firm, and managed to smile.

"I expect the jig is up, gentlemen," I acknowledged quietly, determined they should get as little comfort out of me as possible. "I know when I have played my last card."

"Is your name really Wyatt?"

"It is; I am a sergeant in the Staunton horse artillery."

Raymond glanced from my face to where she stood, white-lipped and silent.

"There is nothing else between you?" he asked roughly. "Do you mean to say—"

"I hardly think, lieutenant," broke in Whitlock, suddenly realizing his authority, "it is necessary to ask such questions now. The man confesses himself a spy, and a court-martial will probe into this matter. We must remember the young lady is the daughter of Major Harwood."

"And as Major Harwood's daughter," she said gravely, standing before me, "I desire to be heard, and to answer this gentleman's question. I sought to save Sergeant Wyatt because of the special service he has rendered me during the past night. I know nothing of his purpose here, but—but I hold him friend whatever may be his uniform."

The lieutenant bowed, hat in hand. "I intended no criticism of your motives; but a soldier must perform his duty. Under whose orders are you here, Wyatt?"

"I refuse to answer."

"No? Well, Ramsay will get a reply out of you!"

"I hardly think so, sir. You hang spies, but do not torture them."

"True enough," and Whitlock stepped to the door. "Sergeant, bring a file of men, and take charge of this prisoner. There is nothing to detain us longer. We have extra horses. Captain Fox

"I gave small heed to the glance of Satisfaction He Gave Me."

and you will ride with us as far as Lewisburg; Miss Harwood, I presume you have no desire to remain here alone—indeed, I could not permit it. Better bind the fellow's hands, Harper; search him first for weapons, and whatever papers he may carry. Mount him on that old artillery horse, and wait for us."

Raymond watched the proceedings carefully, taking my credentials as a Federal recruiting officer from the hands of the sergeant, and reading them over with a grim smile. I gave small heed to the glance of satisfaction with which he regarded me, and only ventured to look once toward the girl, as the soldiers roughly bound my hands. She had turned away, and was staring out of the open window. I marched out into the hall closely surrounded by the guard, my thought less concerned with my own fate than with her feeling toward me. Suddenly the truth revealed itself to my mind that I loved the woman I had so strangely married.

It is indeed a how the human

mind works, and now this new discovery completely eclipsed every other consideration. The thought of possible escape, of any means of defense, never occurred to me. All my memory retained was that last glimpse of her slender figure at the window and the silhouette of her averted face. What was her thought of me? In the moment of her first surprise she had sprung to my defense, but as soon as she could consider the conditions, her whole nature would turn against me—even now the feeling of disgust had come. She had turned coldly away, hating the very sight of me—staring out of the window until I should disappear, dreading lest I prove cur enough to boast of our relationship. Well, the lady need not fear that. My fate would be swiftly and surely settled—a drumhead court-martial at Lewisburg, a verdict of guilty, and a firing squad at dawn. No one need ever know of the preacher's lips could be easily closed. And perhaps Lieutenant Raymond—Bahl! my teeth clenched angrily at thought of him, and I tramped on down the stairs to the graff order of the sergeant.

There were three other prisoners, sallow-faced, roughly dressed mountaineers, one wounded in the arm, but I was kept separated from them with a special guard. Within ten minutes the entire command was in saddle and moving slowly northward. The lieutenant rode in my rear for the first mile, watchful and suspicious. Noreen was riding in advance of the column between the two captains. A gray, circular cape concealed her slender form, but I could observe the frequent turning of her head as she apparently conversed vivaciously with her attentive escorts. Her show of utter heartless indifference hurt and blinded me. I actually believed the girl was glad of my capture; that she rejoiced at the knowledge that within a few hours she would be freed from all the consequences of our rash act. It was the reaction which had given her such high spirits, the exhilarating sense of escape, a relief so profound as to cause her to even forget her father's death.

At first the thought served to numb my faculties, and I rode forward with lowered head, all interest in life dead within me. Then pride came to the rescue, and I straightened up in the saddle. She was my wife—that slender, laughing girl! Of course I would never claim her; no word would ever pass my lips to bring her pain and humiliation. No one would ever know—excepting us two. But if I did speak she could not deny, and she must realize why I had kept silent, why I had even gone down to death with closed lips.

And then—there was yet a chance! While there was life there was hope, and I was soldier enough, and sufficiently reckless, to accept of any opportunity. There might occur a relaxation in the vigilance of the guard, some delay at Lewisburg, possibly a forwarding of me to headquarters at Charleston—some sudden, unexpected opening through which I could squeeze.

Through the mud we rode steadily on, following the pike that curved along the base of the mountains, and finally into the streets of Lewisburg. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

MEANING OF "HORSE POWER"

Simple Manner by Which the New Farm-tractor Term Was First Brought into Use.

The use of the "horse-power" as a measure of an engine's work came naturally from the fact that the first engines were built to do work which had formerly been performed by horses. John Smeaton, who built atmospheric engines before Bolton and Watt placed their more complete machine on the market, had valued the work done by a strong horse as equal to lifting a weight of 22,000 pounds one foot high a minute. When Bolton and Watt began to bid for public favor, they agreed to place their engines for "the value of one-third part of the coals which are saved in its use." They also increased the value of the horse-power to 33,000 foot-pounds, so that their engines were half again as powerful for their rated power as those of their competitors. In this way they established the value of the horse-power. The following are the various values of a horse-power: Thirty-three thousand foot-pounds a minute, 550 foot-pounds a second, 2,565 thermal units an hour, 42.75 thermal units a minute. The horse-power of a boiler depends on its capacity for evaporation. The evaporation of 30 pounds of water from 100 degrees Fahrenheit into steam at seven pounds gauge pressure equals 34 1/2 pounds, and at 212 degrees Fahrenheit is equivalent to a horse-power.

Amazing Appetites.

If a baby had the appetite of a young potato beetle it would eat from 50 to 100 pounds of food every 24 hours. If a horse ate as much as a caterpillar, in proportion to its size, it would consume a ton of hay every 24 hours. A caterpillar eats twice its weight of leaves every day; but a potato beetle devours every day at least five times its weight of foliage, every bit of which represents just so much money to the farmer.

The most destructive of all insects, however, is the grasshopper, which, when in good health, consumes in a day ten times its weight of vegetation. No wonder that whole districts are devastated by its multitudinous swarms.

Sporting Risk.

Small Youth—"I ain't goin' to say no, prayers tonight, mother. I'm goin' to take a chance."—Life.

DAIRY

PROPER TIME TO FILL SILO

Begin Operation Soon as Corn Has Reached Right Stage for Feeder—Let the Silage Settle.

By J. G. WATSON, Missouri Experiment Station.

Don't wait too long to fill the silo. Begin as soon as the corn is right for fodder. The kernels should be in the dough stage but dented and the lower leaves turning brown. Let the corn mature as much as possible without becoming so dry that water must be added to make the silage pack solidly and ferment properly.

Cut into pieces half to three-fourths of an inch long to make them pack well and to prevent waste in feeding. This takes more power but is worth it. Pack well with concrete tampers, keeping the silage higher at the wall than in the center.

Fill slowly, if possible letting the silage settle a day or so at a time. This makes it keep better and increases the amount the silo will hold. This amount may be still further increased by using woven wire to hold more silage at the top. It will gradually settle into the silo but tends to spoil while doing so. If more silage is added after such settling, take out the spoiled layer at the top.

If caught by frost, the corn for silage should be cut before it dries out. After that, add water. The corn may even be shocked to put in at a more convenient time or to refill the silo if enough water is added.

The experiment station has published bulletins on shock corn for silage; silo building; and silage for horses, mules and steers.

KEEPS OUT DIRT AND FLIES

Sanitary Device, Invented by Texan, Closes Aperture in Bucket During Milking Operation.

A milk pail which tends to prevent the unnecessary contamination of its contents by flies and dirt has been invented and patented by a Texas ranchman. Instead of being open and therefore a catchall for filth, as is the ordinary bucket, the device is provided with a cover having a funnel-shaped

opening in the middle. A sanitary sleeve with slits for the insertion of the hands is fixed to this, so that the aperture in the bucket is entirely inclosed during the milking operation.—Popular Mechanics.

TRAMP SILO WHILE FILLING

One or Two Men Needed to Give Silage Such Compactness as Will Insure Its Proper Curing.

The importance of tramping while filling is one that must be given consideration. In a silo at least one or two men are needed in order to give the silage such compactness as will insure proper curing. The outside or near the silo wall should be kept the highest and made in the most compact condition. This will prevent spoiling, which is so very frequent in poorly packed silage.

If the silo is filled quickly and poorly tramped, there will be a large amount of settling. Where a farmer owns his own outfit it will pay to allow this settling to take place for one or two days and then fill up the silo.

Keep Only Best Cows.

The right kind of a man will have profitable cows. The kind of breed does not matter so much. There are good and poor cows in all breeds, but the good business man will weed out the poor of any breed and keep the good.

Carbolated Vaseline for Teats.

For use on teats carbolated vaseline is somewhat superior to plain vaseline, as the small amount of carbolic acid in the mixture has antiseptic qualities that tend to prevent infection.

Milking Machine a Success.

The milking machine is proving to be a success, but it must be properly handled. Anyone who cannot succeed in getting his own cows properly milked by hand should try the milking machine.

Hard, Heavy Work.

Cutting corn for ensilage is hard, heavy work. Do not go at it hammer and tongs. There are more years coming, and we want to be here to enjoy them.

Sod and Insects.

To guarantee against insects, do not follow a grass sod with such a grain crop as corn. It is well to keep the land fallow for a time.

THE NEWEST REMEDY FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM AND DROPSY

Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid troubles bring misery to many. When the kidneys are weak or diseased, these natural filters do not cleanse the blood sufficiently, and the poisons are carried to all parts of the body. There follow depression, aches and pains, heaviness, drowsiness, irritability, headaches, chilliness and rheumatism. In some people there are sharp pains in the back and loins, distressing bladder disorders and sometimes obstinate dropsy. The uric acid sometimes forms into gravel or kidney stones. When the uric acid affects the muscles and joints it causes lumbago, rheumatism, gout or sciatica. This is the time to send Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for large trial package of "Anurie."

During digestion uric acid is absorbed into the system from meat, and even from some vegetables. The poor kidneys get tired and begin to ache. This is a good time to take "Anurie," the new discovery of Dr. Pierce for kidney trouble and backache. Neglected kidney trouble is responsible for many deaths, and insurance companies examining doctors always test the water of an applicant before a policy will be issued. Have you ever set aside a bottle of water for twenty-four hours? A heavy sediment or settling sometimes indicates kidney trouble. If you wish to know your condition send a sample of your water to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and describe symptoms. It will be examined without any expense to you, and Dr. Pierce or his medical staff will inform you truthfully. Anurie is now for sale by dealers, 50c per box.

Don't Suffer Longer

and allow yourself to become grouchy, upset, nervous and depressed. These conditions usually indicate a disordered digestive system, which, if neglected, may be hard to remedy. Remove the disturbing element and put your digestive organs in good working order by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

They gently stimulate the liver, act on the bowels, tone the stomach—purify the blood and regulate the system. These benefits are particularly marked by women at such times when nature makes special demands upon their vitality. They act promptly and safely.

The next time you feel low-spirited and out of sorts, take Beecham's Pills. Their sure, mild, thorough action will

Give Quick Relief

Special Directions of Value to Women are with Every Box Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

Men who give advice always save the best they have for themselves.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Enough.

"Still living out on Long Island? I suppose the mosquitoes are all gone by this time."

"Yes, but we still have the Long Island railroad."

Long Day.

John was grieving because he had no gift for his mother's birthday.

"Do not quarrel with little sister all day," suggested grandmother.

"That would be the best gift she could have," John agreed.

"Can't you see how much mother enjoyed your gift, John?" asked grandmother at night. "Why don't you do this every day?"

John drew a breath that came from his very boots.

"I'd rather die, grandma, than live like this every day!" he said fervently.

He Was a Boy Himself.

"No," said Uncle Fogy to a group of urchins. "I am not going to walk through your game of marbles, but around it. I was once a boy myself and know how you feel about it. I am not going to pat any of you on the head and prognosticate that you will be president some day. I was once a boy myself and still remember how tired I got of philanthropic old gobs patting me on the head. On the other hand, you young varmints are not going to lam me in the back with a dornick when I start on my way, us, having once been a boy myself, I shrewdly suspect you intend to do, or I'll wrap my faithful hickory around you about twice a piece. Haur-raump!"—Kansas City Star.

It isn't always the clock with the loudest tick that keeps the best time.

Beautiful, clear white clothes delight the laundress who uses Red Cross Blue. All grocers. Adv.

Unpopular.

"Higgins doesn't seem to have many friends."

"He hasn't. Last Saturday he had three tickets to the football game, and he couldn't get anyone to go with him."

Watched Her Step.

The lawyer was cross-examining a witness.

"Do you happen to know," he asked, "what time it was when the wife of the defendant stepped into the taxi in front of the National bank?"

"Yes," replied the witness. "It was seventeen minutes past one."

"Ah, it was seventeen minutes past one, eh? Now will you please tell the jury how you happen to be so positive that it was precisely seventeen minutes past one?"

"Certainly," said the witness. "The lady was wearing an ankle watch."

The Water Cure.

A Swedish farmer who lived on his wheat farm in Minnesota was taken ill, and his wife telephoned the doctor.

"If you have a thermometer," answered the physician, "take his temperature. I will be out and see him presently."

An hour or so later, when the doctor drove up, the woman met him at the door.

"How is he?" asked the doctor.

"Well," she said. "I laid out the barometer on him like you tell me, and it says, 'Very dry,' so I gave him a pitcher of water to drink, and now he has gone back to work."—Youth's Companion.

A Powerful Physique

Is a valuable asset, but—

Strength of body must be combined with a healthy, active mind, to make for success.

It is well established that both body and brain are nourished and rebuilt daily from food—each taking up the particular elements required.

Grape-Nuts

made of wheat and malted barley, supplies all the rich nutriment of the grains, including the vital mineral elements necessary for building stout bodies and active brains.

Grape-Nuts food not only supplies rich, well-balanced nourishment, but is delicious and easy to digest.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

THE RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE
By RANDALL PARRISH
Illustrations by C. D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.
Confederate Sergeant Wyatt is sent to his native county on the night of the battle of Gettysburg. He meets a mountain man named Jim Taylor. At a house beyond the Springs they meet Major Harwood, Wyatt's father. He becomes suspicious and finds that Taylor has murdered Harwood and escaped. Wyatt escapes to U. S. Cavalry and is assigned to U. S. Cavalry identifies himself as Lieutenant Raymond, Third Cavalry. The attachment is announced Wyatt escapes to the Green River country and goes to Harwood's house. He finds Noreen Harwood, a woman who has been sent in advance of the army. She proposes to marry him and so quiet title to the land in dispute between the Cowans and Noreen's dead father. Aime Cowan and Wyatt arrive and the preacher and in a contest Wyatt and Noreen are concealed themselves in the attic. The Cowan gang attacks the house, but Wyatt escapes. Wyatt and Noreen are unable to escape while the gang is on the first floor and around the house. Wyatt proposes to marry Noreen and she agrees. Wyatt forces Noreen to marry him. Aime Cowan's gang is driving off by Federal troops, one of whose officers is a real Lieutenant Raymond. Wyatt is captured, though Noreen attempts to desert him. Wyatt is taken to Lewisburg as a spy.

CHAPTER XV.

I Choose Death.
I knew the town well, and few changes had occurred since last I walked those streets hand in hand with my father. It had not grown any larger, and thus far the war had wrought little damage. The most of the sleepy old town centered about the Frost hotel, a three-story wooden structure, where the officers of the garrison lodged, and the courthouse, a dignified edifice of red brick, block beyond, where in other days my father presided on the bench, now completely surrounded by a military camp. There were more Federal soldiers here than I had expected to see, a remark exchanged between two of my guard informed me that most of these had arrived during the night of the 22d. I saw a regiment of Ohio troops, and a battery of light artillery, destined to assist in a contemplated attack on Livingston.

The head of our little column halted in front of the hotel, but Whitlock, a sergeant, issued a command to the sergeant, and we rode on past, the guard closing tightly. I kept my face straight ahead, determined to make no sign, nevertheless, I had a glimpse of green, standing at her horse's head, and, for an instant, I felt certain her eyes were resting on me. Then Raymond spoke to her, touching her arm familiarly with his hand to attract attention, and she smiled up into my face, as if in answer to some witty remark. This was the last glimpse I had as we clattered on down the street.

At the courthouse steps the sergeant turned me over to the officer of the day, and I was marched into the element. The old jail had evidently been burned, for I could see the roof had fallen in, and the stone walls were blackened with smoke, but the tower story of the courthouse was barely enough, the windows barred, the walls strong and thick. The place in which they thrust me had at one time protected the county records, was perhaps nine feet square, with one narrow window high up in the wall, and an iron door. The floor and walls were of stone, and the ceiling beyond reached a soldier threw in a box, to be utilized as a seat, together with a pile of blankets.

"There, Johnny," he said carelessly, "guess you'll stay here till you're wanted. There'll be some grub along ere awhile."

The iron door clanged behind him, and I heard the sharp click of a heavy bolt, then regular steps passing back and forth across the stone floor, proof of a sentinel had been posted. There was a little need of one as I sat on the box and stared disconsolately about. The window afforded a feeble light, but no hope of escape, the shelves on which had once rested the records of Green Briar were of iron, as a safeguard against fire, with a sheet of iron at the back, concealing the wall behind. My heart gave a sudden leap, as a boy I had played about this building, invading every nook and corner, I could even recall when those shelves were first installed, and I had almost where I was sitting then, I watched the workmen bolt them to their present position. It was because my father bought the place out of the ridge, and we were living only a few blocks down the street. Those shelves had been against the big chimney, and there was an opening leading into it, through which they had nailed a tin snapper before they fastened the shelves to the wall.

I could once get in behind that plate the way out would not be a hard or difficult one to travel. The chimney was large; I recalled standing upright in the fireplace on the floor above, and looking up to see I could perceive the light of the fire. It was constructed of irregular stones, which would afford lodg-

"I thank you for your message, Captain Fox," I said sincerely, clasping his hand. "Tell her how glad it made me. But it cannot change my decision; I will answer no questions."

"This is your final reply, sergeant?" the colonel's voice had hardened; his eyes had lost their friendliness. "Good day, sir."

The door opened to the rap of his knuckles, and the two men passed out, neither one glancing back at me. The sentry asked a question, and I heard Pickney answer:

"Yes, set the food within, but let no one communicate with the prisoner except on my written order. I will have another sentry posted above."

A soldier entered, bearing a camp ration and a pannikin of water, and placed these on the box. He said nothing, and the colonel stood beside the door watching until I was left alone. I put the food on the floor untouched and sat down on the box. I wanted to live; I was young, ambitious, and I loved that girl. I realized this truth clearly and it became the one ceaseless incentive to effort. Her face arose before me, and I felt that her message was meant for my encouragement. She wanted me to live; wished me to know that she was not indifferent; trusted me to accomplish all that a man could. And I must act now, if at all.

I ate the food, not from any sense of hunger, but because I needed it to keep up my strength. I was alone, unwatched; there was no place where an eye could peer in on my movements. I dragged the box over to the window, stood on it, and managed to dislodge the bit of iron entangled in the grating. It proved to be part of a discarded horseshoe, flung there carelessly by some farrier and contained three thin-headed nails. With difficulty I loosened one of these and fitted the sharp edge into a screwhead of a shelf bracket. The nail afforded little purchase, and I tried three of the screws before finding one loose enough to turn. By this time my fingers were numb and bleeding, yet the final success set my heart throbbing with exultation.

The removal of the screw, which by chance was the lower one, enabled me to insert the remnant of horseshoe beneath the bracket iron. Slowly, fearful of creating alarm, the improvised lever wrenched the bracket free, until I was enabled to get firm

grip on it with my hands. With foot braced, and every muscle strained, I worked that bit of iron back and forth, tearing it free, until I knew that another wrench would separate it entirely from its fastenings. Then I forced it back into place again, pressed down the loosened screws, carefully gathered together the slight debris littering the floor, and cast it into a dark corner. The bracket seemed as solid as ever. Now I must wait for night.

So I Went Back to My Seat on the Box.

Under Death Sentence.
It was dreary waiting, for every unusual sound reaching me brought with it a throbbing of fear. That my fate was already practically settled I knew, but how long the delay might be remained a problem. "Fox, I felt convinced, would use whatever influence he possessed to delay action, and there was a faint hope in my mind also that Noreen might even make a plea to higher authorities in my behalf. I dare not believe she would, but the vague dream of such a thing recurred again and again to my mind.

To learn all I could I dragged the box to a position below the window, and standing on it, managed to gain a narrow glimpse without, the vista revealing a flap of dirty tent cloth and part of an army wagon backed up against the building, leaving barely enough space for the guard to pace back and forth the length of his beat. I could see his blue-cad legs, with the white stripes, cross and recross in front of me. I tested the strength of the iron grating with my hands, but the bars were firmly imbedded and immovable.

The sun must have been well down in the west when Fox returned. I had been expecting him, trusting to his friendly interest, and with a fleeting hope that Noreen might commission him to bring me some further message. Yet the moment I looked into his face, shadowed by the fading light, I realized that he brought no encouraging news. My heart sank, but I kept a smile on my lips. "I expected to be out of here before now," I said meaningly; "yet I judge from your expression there is no reprieve."

"And no hope of one, Wyatt," he answered regretfully. "The evidence against you is too strong. The delay in convening a court has been caused by the scarcity of officers in camp. Our forage trains are just beginning to return, but it is now so late that Colonel Pickney has decided to hold you prisoner until morning. I waited until the order was issued before coming here. The court-martial is set for eight o'clock."

"I am thankful for even that delay. There is a I presume no doubt as to the result?"

"None, so far as I can learn. You are a soldier, Wyatt, and may as well face the truth. I have urged mercy on Colonel Pickney, until he finally ordered me to drop the subject. He is a strict disciplinarian, a bit of a martinet, indeed, and inclined to take the advice of a regular army officer in such matters, rather than rely on volunteers. Has Raymond any special reason to dislike you?"

"Only that I impersonated him in this masquerade."

"Bah! that was mere chance, the selection of his name from the army list. The fellow is naturally vindictive enough, but surely could not harbor personal dislike over so small a matter." He paused hesitatingly, as though doubtful of the propriety of pressing an inquiry. "I trust you will pardon me, Wyatt, but I have wondered if there was not some trouble existing between you relative to the friendship of Miss Harwood."

"That would appear impossible," I replied, somewhat surprised, "for my being with her was entirely accidental."

"Yes, so she insists; but I know Raymond is deeply interested in the girl. Someone told me he actually proposed to her at West Point, and sought this detail in hope of meeting her again. The occurrence which aroused my suspicion that he felt a personal grudge against you was this: I know he promised her to use his influence to have you sent to Charleston for trial, but instead he urged Colonel Pickney to exercise his own authority. I chanced to be in the next room, and overheard. I have not seen the young lady since."

My mind worked rapidly. That Raymond was treacherous was probably true. Noreen had treated him with marked coldness. There could be no great degree of intimacy between them, or she would have chosen him in this emergency rather than Captain Fox. But she had revealed to neither officer the fact of our marriage; it was not so much as suspected.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FALLACY OF LONG STANDING

That Frost is Most Likely to Occur in the "Light of the Moon" is a Wrong Idea.

One of the most tenacious beliefs is that the weather is affected by the movement of the moon. It is generally considered that frost is more likely to occur in the "light of the moon" than at any other time. For this reason crops which the frost is likely to destroy are planted at such a time as to be certain to avoid a full moon.

The moon reflects sunlight to the earth and produces the tides. It has minor effects, such as changing the position of the earth and causing minute deflections of the magnetic needle; these last, are, however, so small that they have only effect upon refined instruments of detection, and it has been proved conclusively these two have no relation to the change of weather. Regarding the two former effects named, it is quite easy to understand that reflected sunlight from the moon cannot affect the weather. In the first place, more light is received from the sun in thirty minutes than from the moon in one year, and, moreover, the greatest reflection is at full moon; from a logical point of view then it should be warmer instead of colder, at full moon. This should disprove any argument that the reflected light makes it colder at full moon.

Kitcheener's Good Humor.
Lord Kitcheener is so much regarded as a man without a smile, writes a correspondent, that an anecdote illustrating his human quality may be to the point. One of my officers has a rich father who wrote directly to "K. of K." offering to settle £250 apiece on each of his two sons if the war minister would give them commissions. "Settle the money on your daughters instead," came the reply; "if your sons are any good I shall be glad to take them for nothing." Sound common sense this, as well as humor touched with irony.—London Chronicle.

Officer's Wife a Car Conductor.
At a meeting of the Portsmouth town council recently it was stated that two women, one a colonel's daughter and the other a captain's wife, were working as conductors on the municipal street cars. Their object is to release two eligible men for war service, and they devote their pay to charity. Portsmouth has now 30 woman conductors and 25 postwomen.—London Telegraph.

Styles Soon Change.
"So you are going to motor across the continent, Mrs. Whyffer?" "Yes. We start tomorrow."

"I dare say you anticipate a pleasant time?" "Yes, but there is one thought that troubles me."

"And what is that?" "I'm afraid our car will be out of date when we reach our destination."

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Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that so many people say it has proved to be just the remedy needed in thousands of even the most distressing cases.

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He Pleased the Baby.
Restaurant Patron (caustically)—I am glad to see your baby has shut up, madam.
Mother—Yes, sir. You are the only thing that's pleased him since he saw the animals at the zoo.—Puck.

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