

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1916.

No. 53

## Barnum and Bailey

### Not the Great Showman this Time.

The Farmers' Institute for Charlevoix county will be conducted this year by R. D. Bailey of Gaylord. Mr. Bailey has some interesting and valuable talks which should be of interest to old and young alike. Schools near the several meeting places are urged to close for the day so the boys and girls may attend. The one-day institutes will be held at the following places—Barnard, Jan. 2; Horton's Bay, Jan. 3; Clarion, Jan. 4; Springvale, Jan. 5; Boyne Falls, Jan. 6; and South Arm Grange Hall, Jan. 8.

Miss May Stuart, the Commissioner of Schools, will be at all the meetings, and Pres. D. E. Ingalls of the County Institute Society will have a few funny stories up his sleeve. Come and see the exhibits of farm products.

### Round-Up Institute.

The county Round-Up Institute will be held at Deer Lake Grange hall, Jan. 17-18, and the Woman's Congress will be held on Jan. 18 at the home of Herman Barber near the hall. The Round-Up is the most important of the institutes and three state speakers will be present. Chas. H. Gaskill of Hastings will talk on soil problems, alfalfa, dairying, etc. E. O. Ladd of Old Mission will discuss orchard problems and grain and potato raising. Mrs. Helen A. Hill of Flint will conduct the Woman's Congress. She will give an evening talk on Michigan Birds besides her two talks before the women on The Selection and Testing of Textiles and Eggs and their Use in the Diet.

### Farmers' Week.

The state Round-Up, now called "Farmers' Week", will be held at the Agricultural College, March 5-9. During this week visiting farmers at the college may attend special classes conducted for them in the various college departments. This presents a fine opportunity for Michigan farmers to visit their big school down at East Lansing and take a short college course with only slight expense. The courses include work in soils, farm crops, dairying, poultry, live stock judging, farm mechanics, and horticulture.

H. L. BARNUM,  
Co. Secy.

## CHARLEVOIX COUNTY'S OPPORTUNITY

Failure to act now in securing our proportion of the funds set aside by the United States Government for the purpose of building good roads will be a positively suicidal policy.

This money (seventy-five millions) has already been appropriated and there should be some few men in Charlevoix county who will go after it and get it, as well as the thirty-five hundred promised by the State. This, in addition to the part given by the national government, will give our portion of the national highway, known as the West Michigan Pike and Dixie Highway, such a boost that we ourselves will have but little to pay.

Now, fellow citizens of the greatest county in the State is the greatest opportunity of the age. Do it now. If you find yourself going to sleep in a business way, wake up sufficiently to buy a small stock of dynamite (just enough to blow you up nicely). Sit down on it, light it and while you are up in the air get your second wind and begin life anew. There will be no doubt that during your flight you will form a solemn resolve—something like this: "If I ever live to get on earth again, I'll work for the general good of Charlevoix county and for the building of roads with a permanence. I will save both myself and my heirs from an everlastingly big sum to help keep up gravel or macadam roads."

VAN PELT.

A girl keeps her relatives in the background during courtship, but they always come to the front after marriage.

FOR SALE—very cheap. FARM 40 acres (Wilson township) near State road. Good land but buildings needing repairs. Also two adjoining BUILDING LOTS (Bowens addition.) Sold in parcel if desired. Address, C. A. Holmes, Sherburne, N. Y.

Those contemplating the purchase of a Monument can save money, by interviewing Mrs. George Sherman who is local agent for a well known manufacturer of high grade monuments.

## MRS. ELIZABETH GOTHRO PASSES AWAY

Mrs. Elizabeth Gothro, mother of Bert Gothro of this city, passed away at her sons home last Saturday evening. The immediate cause of her death was a blood-clot forming on the brain.

Deceased was born in New Brunswick April 10, 1845, her parents being Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Bannister. She was united in marriage to Thomas Gothro, Sept. 20, 1862, at Dorchester, New Brunswick. They came to Michigan in 1888, locating in Oscoda, County. Eleven children were born to the union of whom nine survive together with the bereaved husband. All of the nine sons and daughters were here to attend the funeral services with the exception of George Gothro of Portland Oregon, who was unable to arrive in time. Those present were—Edgar, Frank and wife, and Mrs. W. I. Stillwell of Cleveland, Ohio; Thomas Gothro and Mrs. L. N. McDougall of Detroit; Herbert of Grayling, Charles and wife of Boyne City and Bert of this city.

Deceased, with her husband, came to East Jordan in November last for a visit with her son and family.

Funeral services were held from her son's home on Main-st Thursday morning at ten o'clock conducted by Rev. John Clemens pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, which church deceased has been a member of from childhood. Interment at the East Jordan cemetery.

## FREIBERG-RICHARDSON

Miss Minnie Freiberg, daughter of Mrs. Freiberg, was united in marriage at the home of the brides mother in this city last Thursday evening, Dec. 21st, to William W. Richardson of this city.

The ceremony took place at 7:30 in the presence of about forty-five friends, Rev. R. S. Sidebotham, pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiating. Mrs. W. E. Moore presided at the piano playing the wedding march. The bride and groom were unattended. Following the ceremony a luncheon was served.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Richardson are well-known in our little city and have a host of friends who extend sincere congratulations. They will make their home in the residence owned by the groom on Empey's addition.

## GIDLEY-RENARD.

Mr. Arthur Gidley and Miss Louise Renard were married on Thursday morning by the Rev. Timothy Kroboth. Both are well known and popular young people of this city. Mr. Wallace Merchant was best man and Miss Rose Gognia brides-maid. Only the immediate relatives and friends witnessed the ceremony. After the service the bridal party was entertained at breakfast by Mrs. Chas. Coykendall. The young couple left on the afternoon train for Grand Rapids, Lansing and Detroit.

## Church of God

J. W. Ruehie, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 24, 1916.

9:30 a. m. Sunday School.  
10:30 a. m. Morning Worship.  
6:30 p. m. Evening Worship.  
Wednesday 7:00 p. m. Prayer Service.  
Friday evening Cottage meeting.  
The revival meetings at the Three Bell school house still continue.

Some of the most eloquent sermons are wordless.

Y. M. Norway HERRING in BULK at Votruba's Cash Store.

It's sometimes easier to step into another man's shoes than it is to walk in them.

People who travel on the downward path seldom provide themselves with a return ticket.

A clock keeps right on working when it goes on a strike; thus it gets the bulge on a man.

WANTED—Ambitious men desiring to earn \$35.00 or more per week. Every salesman given special training. Unlimited opportunities. Write immediately. POWER LUBRICATING CO., Detroit, Mich.

## STOPPED CHILDREN'S CROUP COUGH

"Three weeks ago two of my children began choking and coughing, and I saw they were having an attack of croup," writes Billie Mayberry, Eckert, Ga. "I got a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar and gave them a dose before bedtime. Next morning their cough and all sign of croup was gone."—Hite's Drug Store.

## Anti-Injunction Proposals

### Effort Will Be Made to Have a Legislative Act.

The Michigan Federation of Labor has failed in its attempt to amend the constitution of the state of Michigan via the initiative and referendum route.

The Federation proposed to amend the fundamental law of the commonwealth so that judges of the circuit court should no longer have the power to issue injunctions in labor disputes. The failure of the united union labor forces of the state to obtain a statewide referendum on the anti-injunction proposition is of the deepest significance. The movement has been urged and vigorously prosecuted for many months and its failure means much to the voters of the entire state.

The constitution provides that an initiative petition for an amendment to the constitution must bear the signatures of not less than ten per cent of the qualified voters, and that "the total number of votes cast for governor at the regular election last preceding the filing of any petition proposing an amendment to the constitution shall be the basis upon which the number of legal voters necessary to sign such a petition shall be computed."

The Michigan Federation of Labor sought to have the proposed amendment submitted to the voters at the recent general election. Thus it would have been necessary for the Federation to procure at least 44,000 signatures, as the total vote for governor in 1914 was 440,448. Moreover, it is necessary that such petitions shall be in the hands of the secretary of state four months prior to the election at which the proposed amendment is to be submitted.

It was therefore mandatory that the 44,000 signatures be procured by early July. Every energy of the Federation and its allied local federations was bent in the direction of obtaining the 44,000 signatures within the time limit. The campaign was a spirited one, but the Federation was many thousand names short when the final day came.

Still hopeful, the union forces then started the campaign anew to have the proposed amendment submitted in the spring election of 1917. But here entered a new element. In the meanwhile we have had a new election for governor and the total vote for that office in November last was more than 650,000. Thus it was necessary to have not less than 65,000 signers and the petitions would have to be in the sec'y of state's hands by Dec. 7th last.

Again the campaign failed. The federation was able to muster few more than 40,000 signers.

The Michigan Manufacturers' Ass'n gave the proposal effective publicity in the newspapers of the State so that the ordinary voter could appreciate the purpose and effect of the measure. But so far as any direct appeal to the workman of the state is concerned, this Association bided its time for the contest at the polls confident in the good judgment of the people.

Now what does the Federation of Labor propose?—It announces that it will go before the legislature which convenes in January and demand a legislative act which will achieve the same end as was proposed by the constitutional amendment that failed to receive sufficient votes to submit it to the people at a general election.

In other words, the allied union labor forces of Michigan will demand a statute taking away from circuit judges the right to issue an injunction in labor disputes. This demand will be made too, in spite of the fact that the supreme court of the state of Massachusetts only recently declared unconstitutional a similar act by the legislature of that state.

The deep significance of the failure of the Michigan Federation of Labor to obtain sufficient signatures for a constitutional referendum lies in this fact: The Federation and its allied bodies have a total membership of more than 30,000. This of course is small in proportion to the total number of workers in Michigan, but it is at least a strong nucleus for the petitions. It is very evident then, that not all the members of the various unions themselves signed the petitions.

Of course it is mere speculation why the union workers of the state did not all rally to the initiative proposal, but it is safe to presume that many of them had this in mind; if the circuit judges had not the right to issue injunctions in labor disputes, the resultant situation would have harmed labor itself. The lawless element in labor circles,

seizing control of a dispute would be unrestrained in the wrecking of the employer's property and the smashing of his business. Anarchy and chaos would prevail were the courts powerless to prevent it. The law abiding, decent, industrious element in union labor, and that element is in the majority, feared the result of unrestrained violence.

This is why the petitions fell. And if the legislature is responsive to the will of the people it represents, the attempt of the Michigan Federation to force the anti-injunction act through that body doubtless will also fail.

## BRIEF ITEMS FROM U. S. DEPT' AGRICULTURE

Permits for the importation of 127,706 canaries were issued by the Biological Survey during the past year.

The Bureau of Soils of the department last year mapped in detail the various soils of 24,749,440 acres in 75 areas in 32 States.

Two thousand bluebill and 300 white-winged scoter ducks were found to destroy 8,000 oysters a day in a single bay near Olympia, Wash.

For correcting soil acidity, 1 ton of burned lime is practically equal to 1½ tons of slaked lime or 2 tons of ground limestone, in case all three forms are of equal grade of purity.

Successful methods for the control of the foot-rot of sweet potatoes, a serious and destructive disease in several States have been developed by the specialists of the department.

The Bureau of Soils is cooperating with cement mills, blast furnaces, and wool scourers with the object of enabling them to recover potash as a by-product wherever this proves to be commercially feasible.

In 1904 the actual cash road and bridge expenditure in the United States averaged slightly less than \$28 per mile of rural roads. In 1915 the cash road and bridge expenditure had increased to an average of \$109 per mile of road.

Practically no injury to alfalfa from summer heat has been recorded in dry climates, but high temperatures combined with much moisture in the atmosphere are so injurious that it is difficult to grow the crop successfully under these conditions.

The pasturing of corn is especially applicable to semiarid regions. The dry soil is not injured by the animals, and very little corn goes to waste or spoils by coming in contact with the soil. The stalks are left in good shape to prevent the drifting of snow.

What a noiseless world this would be if women were as quiet all the time as they are when it comes to telling their age.

The trouble with some men is that they seem to think they are entitled to a month's vacation every time they work an hour.

Even with his remarkable memory the oldest inhabitant fails to recall that he has inflicted his reminiscences on everybody he knows.

## Chancery Order

State of Michigan: In the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix in Chancery.

Ida May Spencer, Plaintiff

—vs—  
Joseph Spencer, Defendant.

Upon due proof by affidavit that Joseph Spencer, defendant, in the above entitled cause pending in this Court resides out of the said State of Michigan, and his residence is unknown, and on motion of Dwight H. Fitch, Attorney for Plaintiff, it is ORDERED that the said defendant, do appear and answer the bill of complaint, filed in the said cause within five months from the date of this order, else the said bill of complaint shall be taken as confessed; And further, that this order be published within twenty days from this date, in Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed in the said County of Charlevoix and be published therein once in each week for six weeks in succession; and that a true copy of this order be served by registered mail to defendants last known address such publication, however, shall not be necessary in case a copy of this order be served on the said defendant, personally, at least twenty days before the time herein prescribed for his appearance.

Dated, this 8th day of December A. D. 1916.

FREDERICK W. MAYNE,  
Circuit Judge.

A True Copy: Attest:  
Richard Lewis, Clerk.

## SEND CONDEMNED BEANS ABROAD

### Oceana Canning Co., of Shelby Asks Department for Goods.

Washington, Dec. 26.—The Oceana Canning Company of Shelby, Mich., owner of a large quantity of beans condemned in the United States district court at Grand Rapids recently, has appealed to the department of agriculture to be allowed to ship the beans abroad. The beans were ordered condemned by Judge Sessions because they were affected with anthracnose and bean blight. The order of the judge would prevent their shipment in interstate commerce.

Officials of the company state that they have large orders for canned goods from abroad, especially from the European nations at war. They say that these goods were condemned not because they were "unfit for food" or deleterious to health, "but because they were affected with a kind of dry rot which is not poisonous nor injurious. The court ruled that the extent of degree of the decomposition in the beans was immaterial. The company now is seeking to recover the goods confiscated by paying the costs and putting up a bond. They contend that food intended for export and prepared according to the direction of the foreign purchaser is exempt from control of the food and drugs acts if no substance is used in conflict with the laws of the foreign country.

The Shelby concern explained to the government officials that the foreign buyers have already tried out some of these same beans of the same season's growth, are satisfied with them and want more.

## Commission Proceedings.

Special meeting of the City Commission, held at the commission rooms on Tuesday evening, Dec. 19, 1916. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross; present, Cross, Gidley and Lancaster; absent, none. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

On motion by Gidley the following bills were allowed:

E. R. Kleinhaus, labor at cemetery	\$ 4.50
State Bank of East Jordan, insurance on Hose House	28.60
East Jordan L'br Co., lumber	1.54
State Bank East Jordan, insurance on Town Hall	8.25
A. Walstad, labor and material	22.11
E. J. Cabinet Co., grade stakes	5.57
Chas. Erickson, team work	3.90
State Bank of East Jordan, bond of Treasurer	30.00
E. J. Hose Co., Boswell fire, false alarm and practice	44.00
Reid-Graff Co. install g meters, etc.	821.80

The following resolution was introduced by Commissioner Lancaster, who moved its adoption; seconded by Commissioner Gidley:

"Resolved—That the City of East Jordan, by its City Commission, hereby grants permission, so far as authority is in it vested, to Doerr Poster Advertising Co., to erect and maintain in said city on private property where proper arrangements have been duly made with the owners thereof, steel poster boards for advertising purposes. Provided, always, that said poster boards shall be erected and maintained in such manner and in such places as not to be or become a nuisance to said city, or increase the fire hazard therein, or be offensive or a menace to adjacent property owners. The city reserves the right to designate such places, and to prevent the erection and maintaining of the same where objection is made by proper parties."

Adopted by the City Commission of the City of East Jordan, on the 19th day of December, A. D. 1916, by an aye and nay vote, as follows: Ayes—Cross, Gidley, Lancaster. Nays—none.

On motion by Lancaster, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,  
City Clerk.

The biggest fish are caught with hook and lyn.

Family jars are never used in preserving pease.

Never judge women and cigars by their wrappers.

## COUGHED FIFTEEN YEARS

Coughs that hang on and grow worse in the night are relieved by Foley's Honey and Tar. R. F. Hall, Mabe, Va., writes: "For 15 years I was afflicted with a troublesome bronchial cough and irritation of the throat. Foley's Honey and Tar relieved me; and after taking one bottle the cough ceased."—Hite's Drug Store.

## A NEW LIQUOR PROBLEM

Senator Martine of New Jersey, that staunch defender of the liquor interests whenever prohibition is the topic of discussion in the Senate, indignantly repudiates the suggestion that foreigners have a greater capacity for intoxicants than Americans. In the recent discussion on the pending prohibition legislation for the District of Columbia it developed that a provision had been inserted in the bill exempting members of foreign legations from its effect because they are more accustomed to its use at home. This aroused Martine who vehemently declared that citizens of this country could absorb as much of the fiery fluid as visitors to our shores. Other Senators joined in the discussion until Senator Weeks of Massachusetts suggested serious international complications might arise unless the debate were continued in executive session behind closed doors.

## PATRONAGE IN ILLINOIS.

The President is reported to be much incensed at Senator Jimham Lewis, believing that the Senator's recalcitrance over the postoffice appointment in Chicago lost many votes to the Wilson ticket in Illinois. He is now inclined to name a postmaster of his own choosing and let the Senator do what he will with "senatorial courtesy" or any other old weapon of defence. We think the President overestimates the effect of the Chicago postoffice row. Doubtless there have been Congressmen defeated because of issues growing out of patronage. Many people believe that Benjamin Harrison lost a reelection because of the accumulated grievances arising from the same source. Patronage, to either party, is both an asset and a liability—with the preponderance on the latter side. It would be well if it could be done away with altogether. The extension of the civil service offers one method. Popular selection of officials by the people of the localities whom they serve is other. A few big rows like that in Chicago may center public attention on this question and produce one or the other of these remedies.

## Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 31, 1916.  
10:30 a. m.—"Liberality."  
11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.  
6:00 p. m.—Senior Endeavor.  
6:15 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.  
7:00 p. m.—"A Happy New Year."

The music Sunday morning includes violin solo by Mr. M. S. Berger, and vocal solo by Mr. R. O. Bisbee. This is to be Mrs. Moore's last Sunday with us. Many music lovers will be desirous of hearing her in both morning and evening. She is a musician of far more than ordinary talent.

Sunday afternoon we make our financial canvass for 1917.

Friday 7:00 p. m.—Meeting of session.  
Thursday, 7:30 p. m.—Annual Business meeting.

Friday 2:30 p. m.—Ladies Aid.  
The Young Peoples Bible class are to have charge of the evening services for January. Further announcement next week.

## St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Dec. 31, 1916.  
8:00 a. m.—Low mass. Benediction.  
Monday, Jan. 1. Holy Day of Obligation.

10:30 a. m.—High mass. Benediction.  
Friday, Jan. 5. First Friday.  
5 and 6 a. m.—Holy Communion.

8:00 a. m.—Mass.  
7:00 p. m.—Sacred Heart Devotions.  
7:30 p. m.—Holy Name meeting.  
Election of officers.

## First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 31, 1916.  
10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship—"Boal Militancy."  
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.  
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Topic, "Beginning All Over Again." Leader, Miss Helen Ward.  
7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship, "Now and Then."  
Prayer service Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

## Card of Thanks

We desire to express our appreciation of the many acts of kindness extended by the friends in our sudden bereavement in the death of our mother. Also to the business men of the city for the many floral offerings.

MR. and MRS. BERT GOTHRO.



**NOTICE OF SALE  
OF REAL ESTATE**

State of Michigan  
Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix in Chancery.

Stanley A. Bush,  
Plaintiff,  
vs.  
Clark Haire and  
Flora U. Haire,  
Defendants.

WHEREAS, on the 28th day of July, 1918 the said Circuit Court made a decree in the above entitled cause which was duly filed on the 4th day of August, 1918, wherein and whereby the parcels of land hereinafter described were ordered sold to satisfy said decree; and

WHEREAS, on the twenty-eighth day of December A. D. 1916, the said Circuit Court in Chancery made and entered in the above entitled cause a decretal order therein and thereby determining and describing the time, manner and terms upon which the lands therein described were to be sold and conveyed, dividing said lands into twelve (12) parcels, numbered from one (1) to twelve (12) both inclusive, for the purpose of said sale; and

WHEREAS, by the terms of said decree and said order all the right, title and interest of Clark Haire and Flora U. Haire in and to each and every of said parcels of land are to be sold at public auction by Charles Novak, sheriff of said county of Charlevoix, he being the person designated and appointed in said decretal order to make such sale.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that under and by virtue and in pursuance of said decretal order of the said Circuit Court for the county of Charlevoix in Chancery made and entered in the above entitled cause on the twenty-eighth day of December A. D. 1916, I, the subscriber, sheriff in and for said county of Charlevoix, by said order duly appointed to make this sale, will sell in parcels as hereinafter designated, at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court house in the city of Charlevoix in said county of Charlevoix (that being the place in which the Circuit Court for the county of Charlevoix is held) on the twelfth day of February A. D. 1917, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, all the right, title and interest of Clark Haire and Flora U. Haire in and to all those certain lands and premises situated and being in the counties of Charlevoix and Otsego in the state of Michigan, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

**PARCEL I.**

All the timber on the west half (1/2) of the north-west quarter (1/4) of Section twenty-two (22), Township thirty-one (31) north, range four (4) west, located in the county of Otsego and late of Michigan, with twenty-five (25) jars from May 18, 1912 to cut timber; purchaser to pay taxes on land and timber until timber removed and land surrendered to Ward Estate or its assigns.

**PARCEL II.**

All that piece or parcel of land situated in the township of Melrose, in the County of Charlevoix, State of Michigan, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit: All of Government Lot two (2) in the north half (1/2) of the south-east quarter (1/4) of Section seventeen (17), town thirty-three (33) north, range five (5) west, lying east of the center line of Boyne City and Springvale State Road, so called, and,

All the merchantable saw log timber ten (10) inches and over in diameter on the stump were cut, standing lying and being on that part of said Government Lot two (2) lying west of the center line of said Boyne City and Springvale state road, with the right of ingress and egress to and from said premises with men and teams, etc., for the purpose of cutting and removing said timber and trees during the full term of three years from and after January 1, 1913, and no longer.

**PARCEL III.**

An undivided one-half (1/2) of the following described piece or parcel of land situate in the County of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing on the beach of Lake Michigan at a point where the north and south quarter (1/4) line of section twenty-seven (27) in town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west intersects the low water mark of said Lake Michigan, thence south across said beach to an iron pin set at the intersection of the south line of said beach and said quarter (1/4) line from which stake an oak ten (10) inches in diameter bears north sixty-six (66) degrees east twenty-four (24) links and a hemlock twelve (12) inches in diameter bears south twenty-seven (27) degrees west thirty-eight (38) links; thence south on one quarter (1/4) line four and seventy-five one hundredths (4.75) chains to an iron pin; thence south seventy (70) degrees west ten and sixty one hundredths (10.60) chains to an iron pin; thence north ten (10) chains to an iron pin on the south line of said beach from which a soft maple six (6) inches in diameter bears north seventy-six (76) degrees east seventy-four (74) links and a maple eight (8) inches in diameter bears south eleven (11) degrees east twenty-eight and one-half (28 1/2) links; thence north parallel with the quarter line across said beach to low water mark, thence in a north-easterly direction, along the low water mark of Lake Michigan to the place of beginning, together with all riparian right pertaining to the above described land to the waters of Lake Michigan. Containing five (5) acres more or less and being a part of lot two (2) section twenty-seven (27) town thirty-four (34) north range eight (8) west, Charlevoix County, Michigan, subject to an easement of a highway running through said land.

**PARCEL IV.**

An undivided one-half (1/2) of the following described piece or parcel of land situate in the County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point five and forty three one hundredths (5.43) chains west of the north and south quarter line of section twenty-seven (27) town thirty-four (34) north range eight (8) west, on the north line of an extension

of Upright avenue, City of Charlevoix, said point being designated by an iron pin set at the southwest corner of land heretofore deeded by John Ward, Byron W. Miller and E. H. Green, trustees and recorded in Liber 61 of Deeds page 373 for Charlevoix county, Michigan, thence north eight and eighty four one hundredths (8.84) chains along the east line of land owned and occupied by William Crandall on the eighth day of August, 1906, to center of highway at iron pin; thence north seventy (70) degrees east to a point one and thirteen one hundredths (1.13) chains east of an extension of the east boundary line of said Crandall's parcel, thence south eight and eighty-six one hundredths (8.86) chains, more or less to north line of extension of Upright avenue aforesaid, thence west one and thirteen one hundredths (1.13) chains to place of beginning and containing one (1) acre of land more or less, located on government lot two (2) in section twenty-seven (27), town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west.

**PARCEL V.**

An undivided one-half of the following described piece or parcel of land situate in the county of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a stake set on the west eighth line of section twenty-seven (27) town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west at a point thirty-one and fifty-two one hundredths (31.52) chains north of section line between sections twenty-seven (27) and thirty-four (34) thence north on the west eighth line aforesaid eight and fifty-two one hundredths (8.52) chains more or less to the waters of Lake Michigan thence easterly along the waters of Lake Michigan ten (10) chains more or less to the northwest corner of land owned by J. S. and Martha Baker thence south five (5) chains more or less to the southwest corner of land owned by J. S. and Martha Baker September first, 1912; thence south seventy (70) degrees west ten and thirty-four one hundredths (10.34) chains to place of beginning; being a part of government lot two (2) of section twenty-seven (27) town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west and designated on plat of survey caused to be made by the trustees of the estate of Austin C. Newman, deceased, as lot No. 2. This deed is subject to highways shown on unrecorded plat aforesaid, and is subject to a mortgage of twelve hundred and fifty dollars (\$1250) in favor of Almon W. Rickerd, being a part of government lot two (2) of section twenty-seven (27) town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west.

**PARCEL VI.**

An undivided one-half of the following described piece or parcel of land situate in the county of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing on the west eighth line of said section twenty-seven (27) at the intersection of the north line of Upright avenue of the city of Charlevoix extended, with said eighth line; thence running north on said eighth line three and forty-eight one hundredths (3.48) chains; thence running north seventy (70) degrees east along proposed road three and eighty-one one hundredths (3.81) chains to northwest corner of land owned by the Hodge estate; thence south along the line of said Hodge estate land, four and sixty-eight one hundredths (4.68) chains to the north line of Upright avenue extended; thence west three and eighty-seven one hundredths (3.87) chains to place of beginning and containing one and fifty one hundredths (1.50) acres more or less, and being designated on unrecorded plat of the Austin C. Newman estate as lot No. three (3).

**PARCEL VII.**

An undivided one-half of the following described piece or parcel of land situate in the county of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point in the north and south quarter (1/4) line of section twenty-seven (27) township thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west as per United States survey thereof marked by the intersection of the center line of said highway with said quarter line at a point fifty-one and eighty-one one hundredths (51.81) feet south of the center of said section; running thence south seventy (70) degrees west along the center line of said highway eight hundred forty-eight and ten one hundredths (848.10) feet to an iron pin set in the center of said highway; which iron pin is the starting point of this description thence running south from said starting point four hundred fourteen and forty-eight one hundredths (414.48) feet to the north line of a highway which is a prolongation westward of Upright Avenue in the city of Charlevoix, county of Charlevoix and State of Michigan; thence east along the north line of said last mentioned highway four hundred thirty-nine and fifty-six one hundredths (439.56) feet to an iron stake; thence north five hundred eighty three and forty-four one hundredths (583.44) feet to an iron stake set in the center of the highway first above mentioned, thence south seventy (70) degrees west along the center of said highway to the starting point aforesaid; being a part of lot two (2) of said section twenty-seven (27), township thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west aforesaid; containing five (5) acres of land more or less. Said description is also designated as lot five (5) on an unrecorded plat of the subdivision of a part of lot two (2) and the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of said section twenty-seven (27), township thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west aforesaid made by the trustees of the estate of Austin C. Newman, deceased.

**PARCEL VIII.**

An undivided one-half of the following described piece or parcel of land situate in the county of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at iron pin set at twelve and nine one hundredths (12.09) chains west of the north and south quarter line of section twenty-seven (27) town thirty-four (34) north range eight (8) west on a prolongation of the north line of Upright Avenue of the city of Charlevoix, the same being the southwest corner of land deeded by Joseph Bassett to William and Florence M. Crandall; thence north along Crandall's west line six and twenty-eight one hundredths (6.28) chains to the north-

west corner of said Crandall's land in the center of highway; thence south seventy (70) degrees west four and twenty-five one hundredths (4.25) chains; thence south four and fifty one hundredths (4.50) chains more or less to prolongation of north line of Upright Avenue; thence east four (4) chains to place of beginning, and being a part of Government lot two (2), Section twenty-seven (27) town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west, and containing two and ten one hundredths (2.10) acres of land more or less and being lot four (4) on unrecorded plat. Which three last above described premises are subject to a mortgage of twenty-five hundred (\$2500) dollars given to the Charlevoix State Savings Bank.

**PARCEL IX.**

An undivided one-half of lot No. thirty-five (35) of Crouter's Addition to the city of Charlevoix, Charlevoix county, Michigan, according to the plat hereof as recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix county, Michigan.

**PARCEL X.**

An undivided one-half of lot No. thirty-six (36) of Crouter's Addition to the city of Charlevoix, Charlevoix county, Michigan, according to the plat thereof as recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix county, Michigan.

**PARCEL XI.**

An undivided one-half of lot No. thirty-seven (37) of Crouter's Addition to the city of Charlevoix, Charlevoix county, Michigan, according to the plat thereof as recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix county, Michigan.

**PARCEL XII.**

An undivided one-half of lot No. thirty-eight (38) of Crouter's Addition to the city of Charlevoix, Charlevoix county, Michigan, according to the plat thereof as recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix county, Michigan.

CHARLES NOVAK,  
Sheriff.

CLINK & WILLIAMS,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Business address,  
East Jordan, Michigan.  
Dated December 29th, 1916.

**ECHO BRIEFS**

**A Happy New Year.**  
Miss Ethel Murray is enjoying a two weeks vacation after a very successful program and Xmas tree on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Lola Barclay is visiting her sister Mrs. Thos. Bartholomew and other friends for a few weeks.

Miss Augusta Schroeder is here for a short visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Schroeder.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Bartholomew and son, Carol, spent Xmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bartholomew ate Xmas dinner with their daughter Mrs. Roscoe Mackey.

John Carney captured a fine red fox last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Murray visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murray on Xmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carney and children ate Xmas dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Carney.

**URIC ACID IN MEAT  
CLOGS THE KIDNEYS**

Take a glass of Salts if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers you—Drink more water.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

**PUT CREAM IN NOSE  
AND STOP CATARRH**

Tells How To Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.

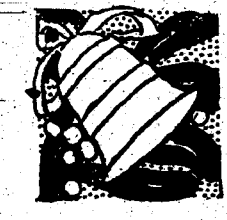
You feel fine in a few moments. Your cold in head or catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more dullness, headache; no hawking, snuffing, mucous discharges or dryness; no struggling for breath at night.

Tell your druggist you want a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through your air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, and relief comes instantly. It is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer needs. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable.

**EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE**

**A Happy New Year!**

The spirit of the season prompts us to express to you appreciation of our pleasant business relations during the past year and to most heartily wish you health and prosperity for the coming year.



**East Jordan Lumber Co.**



**Prince Albert gives smokers such delight, because**

- its flavor is so different and so delightfully good;
- it can't bite your tongue;
- it can't parch your throat;
- you can smoke it as long and as hard as you like without any comeback but real tobacco happiness!

On the reverse side of every Prince Albert package you will read: "PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30th, 1907"

That means to you a lot of tobacco enjoyment. Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!

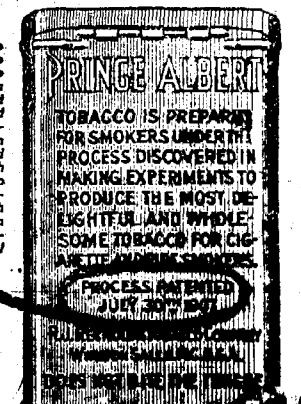
**PRINCE ALBERT**  
the national joy smoke

in goodness and in pipe satisfaction is all we or its enthusiastic friends ever claimed for it!

It answers every smoke desire you or any other man ever had! It is so cool and fragrant and appealing to your smokeappetite that you will get chummy with it in a mighty short time!

Will you invest 5c or 10c to prove out our say-so on the national joy smoke?

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.



This is the reverse side of the Prince Albert tidy red tin. Read this "Patented Process" message-to-you and realize what it means in making Prince Albert so much to your liking.



**PLAN TO RESUME RAILWAY INQUIRY AFTER MARCH 4TH**

Postponement Forced by Press of Congressional Business.

**COUNTRY DEMANDS ACTION**

Shippers, Investors and Representatives of All Branches of Business Demand Unification of System of Railway Regulation—Roads Ask Fewer Masters.

Washington, Dec. 18.—The Congressional Joint Committee on Interstate Commerce, which has been conducting the inquiry into government regulation and control of transportation, last week decided to suspend its hearings on the subject and adjourned, subject to the call of the chairman, because of the pressure of other work before Congress. According to the resolution creating the committee, it is required to submit a report by January 8th next. It is understood that before that time the committee will ask for an extension of time and that the hearings will be resumed at a later date, when some of those who already have appeared before the committee will be questioned further and a great many others will be heard. It is probable, however, that the hearings will not be resumed until after adjournment of Congress on March 4th. In addition to regular routine business the commerce committees of the two houses are charged with the important duty of preparing and presenting the legislation asked for by President Wilson to make impossible a railroad strike without previous investigation. This will leave little or no time for the consideration of the general questions of railway regulation.

**Country Wants Something Done.** Members of Congress and others who are interested in the inquiry undertaken by the Newlands Committee insist that there is no intention of abandoning it.

It seems doubtful, indeed, if the country would permit the matter to be dropped if there were evidence of a desire on the part of Congress to do so. The nation-wide evidences of interest evoked by the initiation of the Newlands inquiry show that the people of the country—shippers, consumers and investors, as well as railway men themselves—are alive to the fact that the railway situation is highly unsatisfactory and that steps must be taken without unnecessary delay to make it possible for the railroads to meet the growing needs of the nation.

From reports received here it seems as though almost every commercial organization and business interest in the country were engaged in studying the railroad question. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States has been conducting an elaborate inquiry into various phases of the subject for many months past. Many local and state commercial bodies in every part of the country have committees engaged in study of the problem and have indicated a desire to come here and present their views. National organizations of manufacturers, lumbermen, coal operators, wholesale and retail dealers, have expressed through resolutions their desire for the unification of the system of railway regulation. The National Industrial Traffic League, speaking from the viewpoint of shippers using the railways, has endorsed exclusive federal regulation

**Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast a Splendid Habit**

Open sluices of the system each morning and wash away the poisonous, stagnant matter.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise; splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, lame back, can, instead, both look and feel as fresh as a daisy always by washing the poisons and toxins from the body with phosphated hot water each morning.

We should drink, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to flush from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach.

The action of limestone phosphate and hot water on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast and it is said to be but a little while until the roses begin to appear in the cheeks. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store, but is sufficient to make anyone who is bothered with biliousness, constipation, stomach trouble or rheumatism a real enthusiast on the subject of internal sanitation. Try it and you are assured that you will look better and feel better in every way shortly.

**RIGHT NOW IS THE TIME TO JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB**



Have every member of your family join our

**Christmas Banking Club**

Come in, ask about it.

**JOIN TODAY It costs NOTHING to Join**

All you need to do is to come into our bank with 10c, 5c, 2c or 1c, or 50c, \$1.00 or \$5.00 and tell us which Club you wish to join. We will make you a member of the Club and give you a BANK BOOK showing the Club you have joined.

We want every MAN, WOMAN and CHILD in this city to join our Christmas Banking Club and we extend to all a cordial invitation to come into our Bank and join this Club.

Come in NOW!



Come in; ask about it.

**\$63.75**

is what you will have if you join our

**Christmas Banking Club.**

**WHAT THE DIFFERENT CLUBS WILL PAY YOU**

1c Club	2c Club	5c Club	10c Club	50c Club	\$1 Club	\$5 Club	X Club
Payments 1st week ... 1c 2nd week ... 2c 3rd week ... 3c Increase every week by 1c. Total in 50 weeks	Payments 1st week ... 2c 2nd week ... 4c 3rd week ... 6c Increase Every Week by 2c. Total in 50 weeks	Payments 1st week ... 5c 2nd week ... 10c 3rd week ... 15c Increase every week by 5c. Total in 50 weeks	Payments 1st week ... 10c 2nd week ... 20c 3rd week ... 30c Increase every week by 10c. Total in 50 weeks	Payments 1st week ... 50c 2nd week ... 50c 3rd week ... 50c Deposit 50c Every Week Total in 50 weeks	Payments 1st week ... \$1.00 2nd week ... \$1.00 3rd week ... \$1.00 Deposit \$1.00 every week Total in 50 weeks	Payments 1st week ... \$5.00 2nd week ... \$5.00 3rd week ... \$5.00 Deposit \$5.00 every week Total in 50 weeks	FOR \$2, \$3, \$4 \$10 or any amount

YOU CAN BEGIN WITH THE LARGEST PAYMENT AND DECREASE YOUR PAYMENTS EACH WEEK

**It Means Success and Happiness to You**

Money spent is money GONE; Money banked is money SAVED. The systematic method of saving money in our Christmas Banking Club makes it easy for all to SAVE and HAVE money. The "saving habit" is one of the best habits anyone can have. Children should be taught it early. Ask any wealthy man how he "got his start" and he will tell you that he saved and banked his money. Get your start. Get it TODAY. Join our Christmas Banking Club TODAY.

**The Best Gift of All**

When you give the members of your family a membership in our Christmas Banking Club you give them something worth having; something of value and something that will benefit them in the future. For not only will they have the money they have banked, but they will also have learned how to bank and HAVE MONEY.

Every parent knows this is good sense. Come in and enter every one of your family in our Christmas Banking Club.

YOU WILL RECEIVE FOUR PER CENT INTEREST ON YOUR CHRISTMAS SAVINGS

**PEOPLES STATE SAVINGS BANK**

providing it is accomplished in such a way as to give full protection and prompt adjustment in matters relating to transportation within the states.

**Many Interests Studying Problem.**

All these organizations represent primarily the shippers of the country, but they are not the only ones who are taking a hand in the discussion. The investors of the nation, through their own associations and through committees representing the savings banks and other financial organizations, are preparing to show the necessity of improving railroad credit and protecting the rights of those whose money is invested in railway securities. Finally the railroads themselves, being vitally concerned in the improvement of existing conditions, are planning to submit their views through their executives, operating officials and traffic experts and to assert their willingness to accept far-reaching federal regulation along lines that will enable them to attract capital and to provide the facilities needed for the prompt and efficient handling of the country's transportation business.

**Main Trouble is Too Many Masters.**

Not all of these interests are in accord as to the remedies that should be adopted. There seems to be a general agreement, however, that many of the difficulties which confront the railroads and which make it impossible for them to meet the requirements of the nation's commerce promptly and satisfactorily arise from the haphazard and often conflicting measures of regulation that have been adopted from time to time by the federal government and the forty-eight states and that what is needed is a well ordered, systematic scheme of federal regulation that shall cover the whole country and make it possible for the railroads to provide the extensions and improved facilities so badly needed, while at the same time protecting fully the public interests.

Chronic complaining doesn't make a hard lot softer.

**Black Silk Stove Polish**  
Liquid or Paste  
Does Not Rub Off, Lasts 4 Times as Long as Others, Saves Work.  
Get a Can Today

**LATH BOLTS Wanted At Once!**

Must be not less than 5 in. diameter and 49 in. length. HEMLOCK, Spruce, Balsam and Cedar. Hemlock Bolts must be separate.

Will pay \$4.00 delivered at Mill B.

**East Jordan Lumber Co.**

An elaborate tombstone and a contested will make the only notoriety wealth brings to some men.

Every man intends to have his own way after marriage; but his wife is likely to overrule his intentions.

**OUR JITNEY OFFER—This and 5c.**

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose five cents to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hite's Drug Store.

**We have the New BRETON an ARROW COLLAR WEISMAN'S**

**SAGE TEA DARKENS HAIR TO ANY SHAD**

Don't stay Gray! Here's a Old-time Recipe that Anybody can Apply.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's tin. She used it to keep her hair beautiful, dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking any drug store for a 50 cent bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, you will get this famous old preparation improved by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application of two, it becomes beautifully dark and glossy.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire a more youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

Not all floorwalkers are to be found in department stores, as any young father can inform you.

**TO STOP SELF-POISONING**

For furred and coated tongue, biliousness, sour stomach, indigestion, constipation and other results of a fermenting and poisoning mass of undigested food in the stomach and bowels, there is nothing better than that old-fashioned physic—Foley's Cathartic Tablets. Do not gripe nor sicken; act promptly.—Hite's Drug Store.

**TO THE MAN WHO WANTS A HOME**

Why buy a Lot for a home when you can buy an acre of two for less money just as conveniently located and grow your potatoes, vegetables, corn and have room for the chickens, thereby helping home to many comforts. On easy terms. Apply to W. F. EMPEY.

ESTABLISHED 1723  
**O'Reillon Freres**  
Largest Fur Manufacturers in the World  
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR RAW FURS  
Ship your furs to us. We pay all express and mail charges. Write for our price list.  
453 West 28th St. New York

And the man who goes thru life kicking like a mule nearly always lacks the force which renders that animal's kick effective.

**BRING IN YOUR Hides and Furs**

**Scrap iron Brass Copper Rafts Rubber Wool Bought LEAD ZINC ETC.**

We Pay the Top Market Price.

**H. KLING.**

**25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted**

Best Wishes, Greetings, Lovers, Birthday, etc. Also your NAME in our POST CARD EXCHANGE free on request and free sample copy of the Family Story Paper; also catalogs and premium list. Enclose 10c stamps for return postage, etc.

**FAMILY STORY PAPER**  
24-26 Vandewater Street  
New York

Every time a man trades horses he expects to get the best of it—yet he knows the chances are about 100 to 1 against him.

**DRS. VARDON & PARKS**  
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS  
Office in Monroe block, over Spring Drug Co's Store  
Phone 158—4 rings  
Office hours; 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.  
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.  
X-RAY in Office.

**Dr. F. P. Ramsey**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.  
OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK  
East Jordan, Mich.  
Phone No. 196.

**Dr. G. W. Bechtold**  
DENTIST  
Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a. m.  
1:00 to 5:00 p. m.  
Evening by Appointment.  
Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.

**Dr. C. H. Pray**  
Dentist  
Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m. And Evenings.  
Phone No. 223.



# IRON CLAW

by ARTHUR STRINGER

AUTHOR OF "THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER," "THE WIRE TAPPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC.  
NOVELIZED FROM THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

## SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Pallidori intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Pallidori opens the dyke gates and floods the island and in the general rush to escape the flood kidnaps Golden's six-year-old daughter Margory. Twelve years later in New York she calling herself "the Hammer of God" rescues an eighteen-year-old girl from the cadet Casavanti, to whom Jules Legar had delivered her.

## SECOND EPISODE

**The House of Unhappiness.**  
Enoch Golden, with all his millions, was a hard man. Those closest to him contended that he had experienced much to make him hard.

The one person who stood in any way intimately and personally connected with Golden was his young private secretary, David Manley. For young Manley, often enough known to his associates as "Dave," was both incorrigibly youthful and engagingly irresponsible. Golden, oddly enough, secretly liked this youth for his foolishness.

Golden smiled a little as he stepped into his massively furnished library and found young Manley curled up in one of the great leather chairs intently working over a pocket camera and quite oblivious of the telephone bell shrilling from the rosewood desk beside him. Golden, as he seated himself at this desk and curtly answered the phone call, blinked with mock disapproval at the youth bent over the camera.

It was not until he heard Golden's great fist smite the rosewood desk that Manley looked up. The man of millions was frowning over the letter in his hand.

The condition of these tenements was awful. Times are hard, and we find, are out of work. If you are raising the rents, as you our settlement workers claim, dredges of the poor will have their homes. So, for the sake of others and children alone, I you to reconsider your earlier

incidentally.  
"AMOS SCHOFIELD, D. D."  
The fools!" said Golden aloud. They know as much about business, Manley, as you know about bond issues! Not raise my own rents! I guess Enoch Golden still knows enough to run his own business!"

He stopped and looked at Manley. "What's that gim-crack you're wanting your time on?" he demanded.  
"Gim-crack!" laughed Manley. "It's the neatest thing in cameras that ever came into America. That's a new Swiss telescopic lens I've just been adjusting to fit. Take a snap of a flea biting your ear eighty paces away! And your income on those tenements, by the way, amounts to an annual return of just 43 per cent of the capital invested!"

But Golden's patience was exhausted. "Get out of here!" was his brusque



Intently Working Over a Pocket Camera.

command. "Get down to Griswold's bank with these checks, and be quick about it!"

Whereupon Manley meekly took his departure. Two minutes later, however, yet another figure was passing through the gloomy silences of Enoch Golden's home. It was a more purposeful figure than that of the lazy-eyed young secretary. And over the face of this intruder as he cautiously made his way through the great house was an odd-looking band of yellow cloth, cut in the form of a mask. The center of this, drooping apronlike almost to his upper lip, was marked by an inverted crescent, which at first glance lent to the partly-covered face the faint suggestion of an ironically laugh-

ing mouth. Yet the unknown stranger was serious enough as he stopped before a door at the end of the second hall and pushed on one of a row of mother-of-pearl buttons. The door slid noiselessly back at that signal, and an electric elevator rose automatically to the level of the floor where he stood. Inside the elevator, he touched still another button, whereupon the cage rose noiselessly. Once it had come to a stop, he leaned against the apparently blank wall of the elevator shaft and studied it closely.

His exploring plainly found there a secret spring, for the next moment a panel slipped noiselessly to one side and he stepped into the room so artfully reproofed with pressed steel panels and grained to look like oak which Golden had once used as his boudoir.

That room, although not used for years, was at the present moment far from empty. For pacing restlessly back and forth, as the stranger quietly entered, was a golden-haired woman of little more than twenty. The face under the mask smiled a little at her sudden movement and gasp of surprise as he confronted her.

"Are you still afraid of me?" he asked.

"No!" hesitated the girl.

"I'd give a good deal," declared the other, "to know who you are!"

"I'm—I'm afraid I can't help you any in that," she finally told him.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't know myself."

"I want to take you to a man who may be interested in you, who may even prove to be very kind to you!"

The pale face with the haunted eyes suddenly hardened.

"I no longer ask for kindness from men," was her almost passionate retort.

"Oh, this old scoundrel won't be too dangerously kind, especially until the ice is broken. I warrant you that much. But with him, I'll also warrant, you'll face none of the affronts that you may have faced in the Owl's Nest."

"But why should he be interested in me?"

"Because you may remind him of a daughter he himself once had."

"Then what must I do?"

"You must put on a dress I have ready, one exactly like the one his own daughter used to wear. And I'd like you to let down your hair."

So the girl, still touched with wonder, was cautiously led to another part of the great house, where she let down her hair and dressed herself in a girlish little frock which she found already laid out for her. And the wonder was still in her eyes as the masked stranger smuggled her quietly down through the house, and, as the aged millionaire bent low to unlock the bottom drawer of his desk, motioned her noiselessly into the library and into an armchair facing the desk.

By the time Golden had raised his head again the mysterious stranger had slipped out of sight.

Golden, as he sat upright, stared for several moments of silence at the strange figure in the armchair.

"Who are you?" the grim-faced old financier finally demanded. But the girl remained silent.

Golden, studying her more closely, rose unsteadily to his feet.

"How did you get here?" he asked. And passing a hand across his moistened brow he asked still again: "Who are you?"

"I don't know," answered the girl. Golden rose to his feet, and still staring hungrily at that mild yet clouded face, crossed to her side.

He held her face between his hands, peering into it. Then, with a weary shake of the head, he dropped his hands.

"It was too much to expect," he huskily murmured. "Too much to hope for!"

His grief-stricken face touched the girl's heart.

at the milk-white skin. Then a groan of disappointment broke from his throat.

"No the mark is not there!"

"What mark?" asked the wondering girl.

"My daughter carried a scar on her right arm. My men, when she was a child on Windward Island, caught and killed a shark. The child, when no one watched her, thrust a hand in between the brute's jaws. Those dying jaws closed on the flesh, and an iron bar had to be used to open them again. And they said that scar would always stay with her."

The girl, wide-eyed, dropped back into the armchair.

"Why, I seem to remember," she said, staring before her. "I seem to remember years ago, rows and rows of sharp teeth and the sudden pain as those teeth came together!"

"But the scar!" cried Golden. "There is no scar!"

"I seem to remember about that, too. It was long ago, after Legar had brought me across water, and then miles and miles in a railway train. I remember him taking me to a man who wore round eyeglasses, and showing him my arm. This man gave me something to make me sleep. But when I awakened my arm was sore again, for weeks and weeks. And when it healed the scar was gone. I remember—"

But she stopped suddenly, for the telephone bell close beside Golden shrilled out a sudden call. Mechanically the man at the desk took up the receiver, his eyes still on the girl facing him.

"This is Eastman of the central office speaking," said the voice over the wire. "A short while ago a young woman was seen entering your house."

"Well, what of it?" was the impatient inquiry.

"Our office merely wants to warn you that the girl is Blondie Casey, the come-on for the Cookson gang. She's the smoothest swindler in the business. And as long as that baby-eyed she-crook is in your house, Golden, your house will be in danger!"

Golden hung up his receiver and sat



Holding His Breath, He Crept Closer and Still Closer.

studying his desktop. Then with his grim mouth fixed he crossed to the rear door and opened it, stepping out into the hall and peremptorily called for his butler as he did so.

Manley, returning from his errand, at the same moment stepped into the room from another door. He stared at the girl as he stopped to pick up his pocket camera.

"Who are you?" he pertly inquired, as Golden re-entered the room.

But his eyes, the next moment, were on neither Golden nor the girl. His gaze passed beyond those two strangely diverse figures to yet a third, the crouching figure of an eavesdropper clinging to the wistaria vines that framed the huge window on the far side of the room.

Manley, crossing the room on the run, took the window, glass and all, in one leap. He landed on a hydrangea bush even as the burly eavesdropper dropped to the grass beside him. The next moment the two men clinched.

The fight was an uneven one, but Manley stuck to his man. He stuck to him until that worthy, with a sudden blow on the jaw, sent the lithe-bodied young secretary staggering to the ground.

Before Manley could recover himself, the mysterious eavesdropper broke away, vaulted to the street and signaled to a waiting automobile.

Then Manley's senses came back to him, and rolling over into the open roadway, he took the camera from his pocket and held it between him and the disappearing touring car. He pressed the spring, knowing that his telescopic lens would carry to the waiting film the secret of that mysterious car's license number.

**The Arrows of Confagration.**  
Jules Legar, in his role as a master of underworld activities, was both adroit in his engagement of the services of others and painstaking in the preparation of the field wherein they should labor. Like the humble weasel, he held that every warren should have both an exit and an entrance.

So when Legar and his scientific friend, Dr. Herman Stein, engaged their triple-floor office suite at the top of the Central Tower building, they insisted on certain structural alterations in those offices. Not only was

one of the largest windows commandeered for the installation of a strangely complex apparatus used in Stein's electric wave-projector (which was announced to be the latest improvement on wireless), but the upper and lower floors of the suites were connected by a smooth-walled shaft which, it was explained, would make easier the passage back and forth of chemicals and apparatus needed by the illustrious Doctor Stein in his carefully guarded experiments.

Equally well prepared was Legar's second base of activities, the secret subcellar beneath the Owl's Nest. This second warren, deep as it stood underground, was also provided with a secret passage leading into a water-gate opening on the East river itself.

It was from both these points that Legar was conducting his campaign against his old-time enemy—Enoch Golden. And both of these points might have remained as well hidden as their user still dreamed them to be had it not been for the casual agency of a pocket camera. For less than an hour's work in the office of the registrar of automobiles had duly shown Manley that license No. 6249 belonged to one Prof. Herman Stein of 42 Maple avenue. Yet Manley, armed as he was with the knowledge of this car's identity, showed no undue haste in interfering with its movements. For still another hour of cautious shadowing on the part of Golden's private secretary provided him with the knowledge that Doctor Stein was in the habit of motoring from Maple avenue to the Central Tower building, and from that prosperous skyscraper to an humble point within a block of the Owl's Nest itself. Thirty minutes later found Manley in a telephone booth, talking to his employer.

"Have you received any message from that man Legar?" asked the younger man, after impatiently explaining who he was.

"I have received a message, but I don't know it came from Legar."

"Then how did you get it?"

"It was thrown through my house window folded up in a beer bottle."

The Third National, received a warning identical with mine, and already the building of the Third National bank is in flames! And what, I want to know, sir, is the meaning of it all!"

The telephone bell interrupted Golden as he was about to speak.

"Yes, this is Mr. Golden's house. Yes, Mr. Griswold is here. What's that?" He leaned forward for a moment, listening. Then the receiver fell from his flaccid hand. "My God, Griswold, your building is on fire! The Union-Traders' bank is burning."

The next minute Griswold was hurrying from the house and leaping into his waiting limousine.

Golden, sitting at his desk, stared startled and vacant-eyed before him.

Yet that young secretary who was so foolishly accepted as feather-headed was, at the time being, anything but idle. Ten minutes after his talk over the wire with Golden he was in a taxicab speeding towards the Stein house on Maple avenue. A block away from that house he dismounted, sauntering casually up to the home of Legar's confederate as a tradesman's delivery wagon stopped before it.

"Boy," he said to the youthful driver of the wagon, "that housemaid at the door there is my steady. But we scrapped and she won't even see me. Here's a dollar if you let me hand in that box of groceries for you!"

"Sure," said the boy, as he pocketed the bill. Manley, whistling blithely, carried his armful of parcels into the tradesman's entrance.

"My driver says these things weren't paid for," he coolly announced.

"Dey vass paid for, ef'ryding vass paid for!" cried the German girl.

"Then you go and tell him that," was the other's calm suggestion. And as the belligerent-eyed maid strode out to the wagon, Manley slipped in through the still open door, dropped his parcels and stole quickly yet guardedly up through the silent house.

When he came to a large room, half library and half laboratory, he stared in wonder at the strange apparatus which stood on a table in the center of this room. He heard the sound of approaching steps. He saw a door on his right and darted through it. He realized, as soon as he had done so, that he had committed the fatal error of diving into a trap.

As he peered out through the still partly opened door he saw that it was the German maid who had entered the room. Then she crossed to the closet door itself, straightened the edge of the disordered rug, closed the door and turned the key in the lock.

A moment later, Manley, with his ear against the panel, heard the sound of heavier steps. Then came the ever more interesting sound of voices.

"Well, what do you say of Old Stein now, maybe? You still tink he talk foolish ven he claim dose actinic rays in conjunction mit converging wireless impulses couldn't maybe start a little combustion von or two miles away, eh?"

"A little combustion, Stein?" said an unknown voice, "you've peddled 'em out like gunfire, all over the damned city."

Manley suddenly ducked back behind a waterproof, smelling acridly of acid burns, for footsteps had approached the closet-door and the key was being turned in the lock.

The fugitive stood close against the wall, draped by the waterproof, as the spectacled scientist groped blankly about for his housecoat.

"Und you, Legar, if you please, show me on der map choost vat remains to be dond. Vich buildings vill you have viped out, ven der viping is still goot?"

Manley, emerging from under cover, saw that the old German had left the closet-door a trifle open. So moving cautiously forward, he peered out into the room. Clustered about the table, bent close over the map, he could see Stein and Legar and two of his unknown accomplices. Manley advanced silently into the room, crouching low as he went. For on the table he had already caught sight of the blueprint of Stein's projector apparatus. So, holding his breath, he crept closer and still closer. He had the blueprint in his hand, but before he could slip back from the table edge his presence was detected and his retreat cut off. He darted for the window, going through it like a circus rider through a paper hoop.

A minute later the conspirators were after him. But Manley, rolling through a clump of shrubbery and doubling rabbitlike on his pursuers, dodged under cover. By the time he had recovered his breath and his wits he slipped unobserved from the grounds, rounded the block and climbed into his waiting taxicab.

"Police headquarters!" he told the driver.

Brief as was Manley's visit to police headquarters, that call resulted in sudden and startling movement from the great gray structure in Center street. For the mysterious fires were now breaking out, even in crowded tenements on the East side, keeping a bewildered fire department shuttling impotently back and forth.

The attack on Legar's skyline quarters was a feverishly hurried and yet a surprisingly orderly one. It was not until the police reached the top floor that the elevator came to a stop. At the same moment that they poured out into the narrow hallway a mechanic in his shirt sleeves opened the door leading from Legar's private workshop and started down the hall. Before he could retreat or slam shut that door the lieutenant's revolver was covering him. Reaching back to his hip, his hand was already on the butt of a blue-metalled automatic. Before he could whip out that weapon, however, the lieutenant's quick eye comprehended the move-

ment and his own firearm spoke first. The shirt-sleeved figure fell in a heap, where he had stood in the open doorway.

At the sound of that shot, from within could be heard sudden calls and shouts and hurrying steps.

"That's Legar," cried Manley, as he caught sight of the one-armed figure side by side with a bespectacled German striving and fighting to push shut the intervening door. But the fallen man's body lay in the way, and



He Slipped Unobserved From the Grounds.

the door refused to close. Before that body could be dragged to one side, the lieutenant and his men were in through the door, welding night-sticks and flashing firearms.

It was Manley himself who caught up a chair and brought it crashing down on a strangely complicated mechanism standing squarely in the light of the Tower window.

But Legar himself had not been idle. At the first wild charge into his tower room, the master criminal had dropped crouching behind a work-table, darted across to his parcel chute and there touched a hidden spring. The next moment the chute stood open and Legar was descending like a plummet to the floor below. But not before Manley had caught sight of his vanishing head and started in pursuit.

Manley was joined a minute later by the police. In the meantime Legar had escaped to the street by way of the fire escape.

He hailed a taxicab and hurried eastward to the Owl's Nest. Two minutes after Legar went rocking and swerving eastward he was followed by a stranger in a second cab. This stranger drove straight to the water front, two blocks to the north, dismissed his taxi, and earnestly conferred with a roughly-dressed longshoreman, who later rounded the slip in a rowboat and took the stranger aboard.

Legar, in his quarters beneath the Owl's Nest, was in anything but an amiable mood. He stared about at his coterie of unsavory confederates.

A gleam of triumph showed in his narrowing eyes as he spied a white-faced girl in a chair near the fireplace.

"So we've got you back, little one?" he mocked.

She winced as he wheeled her roughly about, but remained silent.

A sleepy-eyed parrot, standing on its perch beside the empty fireplace, stirred uneasily at Legar's rough movements. The girl, rising slowly from her chair, stared into Legar's evil face.

"What are you going to do with me?" she demanded.

Legar laughed.

"You won't be asking questions about it, when you find out!"

"Courage, little one, courage!" said a low yet distinct voice.

Legar, at the sound, wheeled suddenly about.

"Who taught that damned bird to talk?" he demanded. There was a stir of uneasiness about the room.

"Why, cap, that parrot can't talk," declared the tremulous coke-snuffer at the end of the table, "it never could talk!"

"Then who said 'Courage'?" called out the irate master criminal.

"I did," said the same distinct yet ghostly voice. And had that wide-eyed group stared closer into the fireplace, instead of the silent and motionless bird on its perch, they might have noticed where a small stone, little bigger than a man's hand, had been worked loose and lifted away from the heavy wall separating that unseen watcher from the room into which he had been peering.

Yet that stone was once more in place before Legar and his worthies peered, squinting-eyed, about the smoke-stained masonry. Only the hands of the girl, sitting silent and thoughtful in her chair, were no longer trembling. The cowering look had faded from her eyes. For to her that voice had not seemed an altogether unfamiliar one.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



# The IRON CLAW by ARTHUR STRINGER

AUTHOR OF "THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER," "THE WIRE TAPPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Pallidori intriques Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Pallidori opens the dyke gates and floods the island and in the general rush to escape the flood kidnaps Golden's six-year-old daughter Margory. Twelve years later in New York one calling himself "the Hammer of God" rescues an eighteen-year-old girl from the cadet Casavanti, to whom Jules Legar had delivered her.

## SECOND EPISODE

### The House of Unhappiness.

Enoch Golden, with all his millions, was a hard man. Those closest to him contended that he had experienced much to make him hard.

The one person who stood in any way intimately and personally connected with Golden was his young private secretary, David Manley. For young Manley, often enough known to his associates as "Dave," was both incorrigibly youthful and engagingly irresponsible. Golden, old and elderly, secretly liked this youth for his foolishness.

Golden smiled a little as he stepped into his massively furnished library and found young Manley curled up in one of the great leather chairs intently working over a pocket camera and quite oblivious of the telephone bell shrilling from the rosewood desk beside him. Golden, as he seated himself at this desk and curtly answered the phone call, blinked with mock disapproval at the youth bent over the camera.

It was not until he heard Golden's great fist smite the rosewood desk-top that Manley looked up. The man of "Hons" was frowning over the letter in his hand.

"Condition of these tenements awful. Times are hard, and we find, are out of work. If you are raising the rents, as you our settlement workers claim heads of the poor will have their homes. So, for the sake others and children alone, I on to reconsider your earlier

AMOS SCHEFFEL, D. D.

"The fools," said Golden aloud. "They know as much about business Manley, as you know about bond issues! Not raise my own rents! I guess Enoch Golden will know enough to run his own business."

He stopped and looked at Manley.

"What's that gimcrack you're wasting your time on?" he demanded.

"Gimcrack?" laughed Manley. "It's the newest thing in cameras that ever came into America. That's a new Swiss job people boys! I've just been adjusting it to. Take a snap of a flea biting your ear eighty paces away! And your income on those tenements, by the way, amounts to an annual return of just 43 per cent of the capital invested."

But Golden's patience was exhausted. "Get out of here!" was his brusque



Intently Working Over a Pocket Camera.

command. "Get down to Griswold's bank with these checks, and be quick about it!"

Whereupon Manley meekly took his departure. Two minutes later, however, yet another figure was passing through the gloomy silences of Enoch Golden's home. It was a more purposeful figure than that of the lazy-eyed young secretary. And over the face of this intruder as he cautiously made his way through the great house was an odd-looking band of yellow cloth, cut in the form of a mask. The center of this, drooping apronlike almost to his upper lip, was marked by an inverted crescent. Which at first glance lent to the partly-covered face the faint suggestion of an ironically laugh-

ing mouth. Yet the unknown stranger was serious enough as he stopped before a door at the end of the second hall and pushed on one of a row of mother-of-pearl buttons. The door slid noiselessly back at that signal, and an electric elevator rose automatically to the level of the floor where he stood. Inside the elevator, he touched still another button, whereupon the cage rose noiselessly. Once it had come to a stop, he leaned against the apparently blank wall of the elevator shaft and studied it closely.

His exploring plainly found there a secret spring, for the next moment a panel slipped noiselessly to one side and he stepped into the room so artfully fireproofed with pressed steel panels and grained to look like oak, which Golden had once used as his bedroom.

That room, although not used for years was at the present moment far from empty. For pacing restlessly back and forth, as the stranger quietly entered, was a golden-haired woman of little more than twenty. The face under the mask smiled a little at her sudden movement and gasp of surprise as he confronted her.

"Are you still afraid of me?" he asked.

"No," hesitated the girl.

"I'd give a good deal," declared the other, "to know who you are!"

"I'm afraid I can't help you any in that," she finally told him.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't know myself."

"I want to take you to a man who may be interested in you, who may even prove to be very kind to you!"

The pale face with the haunted eyes suddenly hardened.

"I no longer ask for kindness from men," was her almost passionate retort.

"Oh, this old scoundrel won't be too dangerously kind, especially until the ice is broken. I warrant you that much. But with him, I'll also warrant, you'll face none of the affronts that you may have faced in the Owl's Nest."

"But why should he be interested in me?"

"Because you may remind him of a daughter he himself once had."

"Then what must I do?"

"You must put on a dress I have ready, one exactly like the one his own daughter used to wear. And I'd like you to let down your hair."

So the girl, still touched with wonder, was cautiously led to another part of the great house, where she let down her hair and dressed herself in a girlish little frock which she found already laid out for her. And the wonder was still in her eyes as the masked stranger, smuggled her quietly down through the house, and as the aged millionaire bent low to unlock the bottom drawer of his desk, motioned her noiselessly into the library and into an armchair facing the desk.

By the time Golden had raised his head again the mysterious stranger had slipped out of sight.

Golden, as he sat upright, stared for several moments of silence at the strange figure in the armchair.

"Who are you?" the grim-faced old financier finally demanded. But the girl remained silent.

Golden, studying her more closely, rose unsteadily to his feet.

"How did you get here?" he asked. And passing a hand across his moistened brow he asked still again: "Who are you?"

"I don't know," answered the girl.

Golden rose to his feet, and still staring hungrily at that mild yet clouded face, crossed to her side.

He held her face between his hands, peering into it. Then, with a weary shake of the head, he dropped his hands.

"It was too much to expect," he huskily murmured. "Too much to hope for!"

His grief-stricken face touched the girl's heart.

"Oh, sir, what had you hoped for?" she managed to ask.

"I hope for nothing," was the broken man's reply. "But once I had a daughter, and I lost her."

"How did you lose her?"

"She was stolen from me, as a child."

"And what became of her?"

"God only knows! Yet, for a moment I was mad enough to think to hope. But I have no longer any right to hope," he added with sudden passion. "All I ask is that once before I die I meet face to face that one-armed devil with his scar of shame!"

"One-armed, and with a scar?" cried the startled girl, leaning suddenly forward in her chair.

Golden wheeled about at her cry.

"What does that mean to you?"

"Why, it was a one-armed man with a scarred face who kept me a prisoner! It was he, Legar, who always told me my parents were dead."

"Legar!" repeated the bewildered millionaire. "Legar? But my man's name was Pallidori!"

"Girl, let me see your arm!"

With trembling fingers he thrust up the fimsy sleeve, staring breathlessly

at the milk-white skin. Then a groan of disappointment broke from his throat.

"No, the mark is not there!"

"What mark?" asked the wondering girl.

"My daughter carried a scar on her right arm. My men, when she was a child on Windward Island, caught and killed a shark. The child, when no one watched her, thrust a hand in between the brute's jaws. Those dying jaws closed on the flesh, and an iron bar had to be used to open them again. And they said that scar would always stay with her."

The girl, wide-eyed, dropped back into the armchair.

"Why, I seem to remember," she said, staring before her. "I seem to remember years ago, rows and rows of sharp teeth and the sudden pain as those teeth came together."

"But the scar!" cried Golden. "There is no scar!"

"I seem to remember about that, too. It was long ago, after Legar had brought me across water, and then miles and miles in a railway train. I remember him taking me to a man who wore round eyeglasses, and showing him my arm. This man gave me something to make me sleep. But when I awakened my arm was sore again, for weeks and weeks. And when it healed the scar was gone. I remember—"

But she stopped suddenly, for the telephone bell close beside Golden shrilled out a sudden call. Mechanically the man at the desk took up the receiver, his eyes still on the girl facing him.

"This is Eastman of the central office speaking," said the voice over the wire. "A short while ago a young woman was seen entering your house."

"Well, what of it?" was the impatient inquiry.

"Our office merely wants to warn you that the girl is Blondie Casey, the come-on for the Cookson case. She's the smoothest swindler in the business. And as long as that baby-eyed shoe-crook is in your house, Golden, your house will be in danger."

Golden hung up his receiver and sat

studying his desk-top. Then with his grim mouth fixed he crossed to the rear door and opened it, stepping out into the hall and peremptorily called for his butler as he did so.

Manley, returning from his errand, at the same moment stepped into the room from another door. He stared at the girl as she stopped to pick up his pocket camera.

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She winced as he wheeled her roughly about, but remained silent.

A sleepy-eyed parrot, standing on its perch beside the empty fireplace, stirred uneasily at Legar's rough movements. The girl, rising slowly from her chair, stared into Legar's evil face.

"What are you going to do with me?" she demanded.

Legar laughed.

"You won't be asking questions about it, when you find out."

"Courage, little one, courage!" said a low yet distinct voice.

Legar, at the sound, wheeled suddenly about.

"Who taught that damned bird to talk?" he demanded. There was a stir of uneasiness about the room.

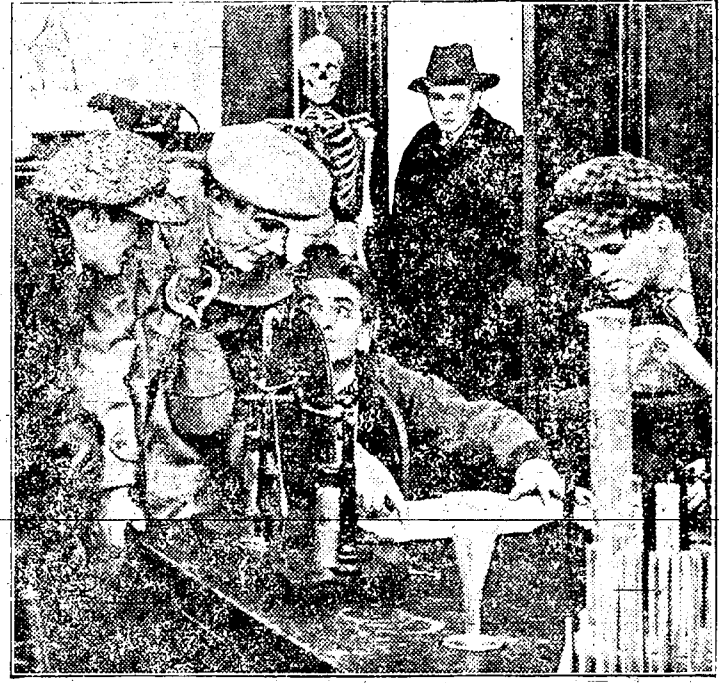
"Why, cap, that parrot can't talk," declared the tremulous coke-snuffer at the end of the table. "It never could talk!"

"Then who said 'Courage'?" called out the irate master criminal.

"I did," said the same distinct yet ghostly voice. And had that wide-eyed group stared o'er into the fireplace, instead of the silent and motionless bird on its perch, they might have noticed where a small stone, little bigger than a man's hand, had been worked loose and lifted away from the heavy wall separating that unseen watcher from the room into which he had been peering.

Yet that stone was once more in place before Legar and his worthies peered, squinting-eyed, about the smoke-stained masonry. Only the hands of the girl, sitting silent and thoughtful in her chair, were no longer trembling. The covering look had faded from her eyes. For to her that voice had not seemed an altogether unfamiliar one.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Holding His Breath, He Crept Closer and Still Closer.



He Slipped Unobserved From the Grounds.



## Briefs of the Week

Schools reconvene, Wednesday.

L. A. Hoyt is confined to his home by illness.

Miss Eva Heller of the Soo is home for the holidays.

Miss Helen Peck is home from Detroit for the holidays.

C. R. Brownell was a Traverse City visitor this week.

Bruce Dickie returned from Pennsylvania, Thursday.

Miss Gladys Plank of Flint is visiting relatives in the city.

Boyd and Sam Singles of Flint are visiting friends in the city.

A. E. Cross and family spent Xmas with relatives at Central Lake.

Dr. C. H. Pray and family visited relatives at Mancelona this week.

Walter Hackstad of Traverse City is visiting friends in the city this week.

Att'y E. N. Clink is on a business trip to Grand Rapids and other points.

Miss Harriett Anderson left Wednesday for a visit with friends at Traverse City.

F. Tjellin of Manistique spent Xmas at the home of his sister, Mrs. W. J. Elison.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Porter and son returned home from Mt. Pleasant, Tuesday.

Miss Mable Hennings of Flint is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Pete Lalonde.

Thos. Whiteford returned to Flint, Tuesday after spending Xmas with his family here.

Born to Att'y and Mrs. D. L. Wilson a son—Robert Dwight—on Christmas day, Dec. 25th.

James Hamilton of South Dakota is guest at the home of his brother, George Hamilton.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold and family will go to Bellaire, Saturday to spend New Year's with his parents.

Mrs. Lenox and children of Lake View now occupy rooms in the M. E. Heston flat on Second St.

Clare Colter of Muskegon and Miss Finucan of Detroit are guests at the home of Mrs. M. E. Heston.

Ward and Ralph Peck, who spent Christmas with their parents here returned to Detroit, Tuesday.

Miss Myrtle Ward is home from Bad Axe for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ward.

Arthur Johnson of Century, West Virginia, is guest at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Johnson.

Mrs. Anna Bulow and son, Fenton, and Miss Thelma Milford were over from Springvale and spent Xmas with relatives here.

Mrs. Eliza Flynn and daughter, Ruby returned from Boyne City, Tuesday, where they visited the former's daughter, Mrs. Frank Gorman.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter returned home from Pennsylvania, Thursday, where they attended the funeral of the latter's sister, Mrs. Dickie.

Mr. and Mrs. O. I. Garver of Ney, Ohio, are guests at the home of Mrs. E. Hammond. They were called here by the death of the latter's father, E. Hammond.

Rev. Fr. Kroboth left Thursday for Grand Rapids to attend the funeral of Bishop Henry Joseph Richter, who passed away first of this week. Bishop Richter was well-known in East Jordan having visited this city biennially for nearly thirty-five years past. The funeral takes place this Friday morning and Fr. Kroboth will return in time for Sunday services.

Little Arlene Gee, five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Gee, who was so seriously burned last Thursday, passed away that evening. Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon from the Methodist church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. John Clemens. Interment at East Jordan Cemetery. The parents have the heartfelt sympathy of our citizens in their sad bereavement.

The Price Bros., Contractors, have made East Jordan their Mecca the past week. Ed. came up from Midland last Saturday to spend Xmas with his family returning to his work first of the week. Fred and wife came up from Lansing, Monday. Charles and wife, who have been visiting at Muskegon and other points, returned Saturday. Harry S., with son, Gail are here from Grand Rapids and expect to return Saturday.

Arthur Ward is home from Lansing. Miss Ula Dewey is home from Central Lake.

Guy Graff was home from Rogers City to spend Xmas.

John Hackstad returned from Traverse City, Monday.

Clyde Danforth of Flint is visiting relatives in the city.

Hugh Murphy spent Xmas with his parents at Cheboygan.

B. E. Waterman is at Grand Rapids on business this week.

Arlene Hammond is home from Detroit for the holidays.

Miss Pearl Lewis of Grand Rapids is visiting her parents here.

Warren Hoover is home from Flint for a visit with his family here.

Mrs. A. Kile and children visited relatives at Deward this week.

Miss Phyllis Weisman is visiting friends at Harbor Springs this week.

Harry Taylor of the Soo is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Heller.

Mrs. J. F. Kenny and Mrs. Estella Sherman were Mancelona visitors, Tuesday.

Mrs. Chas. Johnson and children of Flint are visiting relatives in the city this week.

Donald Roxburgh of Traverse City is guest at the home of his aunt, Mrs. R. E. Webster.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Anderson of Boyne City visited relatives in the city over Sunday.

Irvin Burr of Central Lake is guest at the home of his grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Smatts.

Miss Rena Alstram returned Tuesday from Grayling after spending Xmas with her sister.

Rev. T. Porter Bennett returned to his home at Hartford, Saturday, after a short visit here.

Russell Harrington is home from Flint for a visit with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington.

Henry Clark and A. G. Rogers of Flint were home to spend Xmas with their families here.

The Electa Club will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Will Sloan next Thursday, Jan. 4th.

Harry Walstad and Carl Heinzelman returned to Midland, Tuesday, after spending Xmas here.

Mrs. Samuel Whiteford went to Charlevoix, Thursday, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Etta Simmineau.

Clyde A. Colter of Chicago visited at the home of his grand-mother, Mrs. M. E. Heston last week.

Miss Myrtle Walling of Petoskey was guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. Ward, first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Smith and children of Traverse City visited at the B. E. Waterman home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Boeole of Petoskey were guests at the home of their daughter, Mrs. A. W. Clark, over Xmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Ward returned home from Rosebush, Wednesday, after a visit with the latter's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stone of Marshfield, Wis., are guests at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. Will Stoue.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Blaire and daughter of Flint are guests at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Barrie.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whittington returned home Tuesday from Jackson, where they spent Xmas with their son, Fred and family.

H. J. Ribble, mail-carrier on Route 3, has not been able to carry his mail this week on account of illness. Chas. Carson is substituting.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Connor and Miss Louise Winkler of Boyne Falls were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Milford over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Malpass returned to their home at Cadillac, Tuesday after spending Xmas with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Malpass.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Bowen of Flint are visiting at the home of the latter's mother, Mrs. E. Hammond, being called here by the death of Mr. Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Little, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Ames of Traverse City and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ames of Detroit visited at the C. R. Alexander home over Christmas.

Miss Allen returned from Mancelona, Saturday.

Geo. Jepson and wife of Detroit are here for a visit.

Harold Nachazel left Thursday for Mackinaw City.

Mrs. C. Ingalls visited friends at Deward, Monday.

Ed. Nachazel of Rogers City is home visiting his parents.

Roy Gregory returned home from Pinconning, Saturday.

Wallace Merchant is home from Grand Rapids for the holidays.

Bernard Brennan went to Mackinaw City, Wednesday to visit relatives.

Miss Rosabelle Danto is at Harbor Springs visiting friends this week.

Misses Esther Porter and Anna Jamison are home from Oberlin for the holidays.

Mrs. Wm. Bodrie and daughter went to Pinconning, Wednesday to visit her parents.

Miss Caroline Helfeman of Belding is home for a short visit with her parents and friends.

Mrs. Thos. Flynn returned to Deward this Friday after a short visit with Mrs. Eliza Flynn.

Mr. and Mrs. Cal Bennett of Flint are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lanway.

Harry Gregory returned to Flint, Tuesday after spending a few days visiting friends.

Miss Gladys Davis of Chicago is guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Davis.

Our public schools will start again next Wednesday morning, following the holiday vacation.

The Board of Supervisors will hold their bi-annual January meeting, commencing next Tuesday.

Henry Bedore and wife of Bay City visited at the home of his sister, Mrs. Wm. Bodrie over Xmas.

Misses Helen Hilliard and Grace Malpass, who are attending the M. A. C. at Lansing are home for the holidays.

Thos. Nowland and family and Mrs. Ray Dorrance of Charlevoix spent Xmas with their daughter, Mrs. Fred Lanway.

FOR SALE—Three-year-old grade JERSEY COW—fresh soon.—E. H. Clark, Route 1, East Jordan.

The secretary of the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid wishes to make her annual report, and requests all those indebted on their dues, to kindly pay these.—Sec'y.

Those desiring Fresh Roasted and Salted PEANUTS in quantities can secure the same by telephoning No. 24 or leaving orders at CLARK'S Pop Corn and Peanut Stand.



Juliet Musidora in "The Vampires."

**BANK OFFICIAL RECOMMENDS THEM**

T. J. Norrell, vice president of the Bank of Cottonwood, Tex., writes: "I have received relief and recommend Foley Kidney Pills to any one who has kidney trouble." Kidney trouble manifests itself in many ways—in worry, by aches, pains, soreness, stiffness, and rheumatism.—Hite's Drug Store.

## CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan Michigan, as second class mail matter.

### JOHN LAMERSON DIES FROM SHOCK OF INJURY

John Lamerson, who is employed in the stock house of the East Jordan Furnace Co., received serious injuries in a fall of ore, Thursday afternoon, which caused his death early Friday morning. In a slide of the ore one of his legs was caught and badly smashed from the knee down. He was removed to his home near the plant, and died from the shock Friday morning. Deceased was aged 59 years and leaves a family. At this writing funeral arrangements have not, as yet, been made.

### RAMSEY-SIMMONS.

Miss Edith Ramsey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ramsey, and Harry Simmons were united in marriage Thursday evening, at the groom's home on Second street.

The ceremony took place at 8:30 o'clock in the presence of about forty guests, Rev. R. S. Sidebotham pastor of the Presbyterian church performing the service. The wedding was informal the bride and groom being unattended. Following the service, refreshments were served.

The young couple leave on a wedding trip to the southern part of the state, and will visit the groom's sister, Mrs. Flora Tape at Milan.

Both young people are life-long residents of our little city and have a host of friends who extend congratulations.

### COMRADE HAMMOND PASSES AWAY

The funeral of Elias Hammond, whose death was recorded in these columns last week, was held from his late residence last Friday afternoon conducted by Rev. T. Porter Bennett of Hartford, Mich., formerly of this city.

Deceased was born in Canada in 1847. In 1865 he enlisted in Co. A, 23th U. S. Infantry and served for three years. On February 14th, 1876 he was united in marriage to Miss M. R. Freeman at Ronulus, Mich., who survives the deceased. They came to Charlevoix County in 1882 and have resided in East Jordan since 1886. There were eight children born to the union, six of whom survive, viz.—Mrs. Nina Bowen of Flint Mrs. Edith Garver of Ney, Ohio; Herman, Roy and Gaius of this city, and Clifford who is with Company I, 33rd M. N. G., at El Paso, Texas.

Mr. Hammond was a member of Stevens Post No. 68, G. A. R., and of the Longshoremen's Union. He was also sexton of the East Jordan cemetery for a number of years.

The McCall's Magazine is the best magazine published today for the money, 50c. Something in it for each member of the family. The offer they make to churches is an especially good one. The \$70.00 the Presbyterian Aid made last year was "easy money." They have made us the same offer this year. Can we not take advantage of it? Give your name and 50 cents to any member of the Presbyterian Aid they will do the rest.

### HARD CHRONIC COUGH Made Well by Delicious Vinol

Crestline, Ohio.—"I contracted a hard, chronic cough, and was weak, nervous and run down. I have a small family of three, and it was hard for me to do my work. I took different medicines without benefit. Finally I heard about Vinol, and it has restored me to health and strength, my cough is all gone and I feel fine."—Mrs. H. H. CARLISLE.

Vinol is a constitutional remedy for chronic coughs and colds, and for all weak, nervous, run-down conditions. Try it on our guarantee.

HITE DRUG CO. Also at the leading drug store in all Michigan towns.

### TO THE MAN WHO WANTS A HOME

Why buy a lot for a home when you can buy an acre or two for less money just as conveniently located and grow your potatoes, vegetables, corn and have room for the chickens, thereby helping home to many comforts. Apply to W. F. EMPEY.

### Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist. When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.

As the old year draws to a close and we gather up the threads of the story in anticipation of 1917, it is a pleasure to pause a moment on the threshold, just to exchange greetings, and wish for you and yours a full measure of happiness.

**M. E. ASHLEY & CO.**

**New Year Greetings!**

We deem it an opportune time to thank our friends and patrons for their liberal support and patronage the past year.

And the spirit of the season prompts us to extend to you our sincere wishes for a Very Happy New Year.

We hope it will be a prosperous one for you, and that we may continue to enjoy your confidence and patronage.

We are very truly,  
Yours for BETTER SHOES,  
**CHAS. A. HUDSON**  
PIONEER SHOE STORE.

Circle No. 1. of the M. E. Ladies Aid will hold a bake sale at Palmer's store this Saturday afternoon, Dec. 30th.

**WANTED—DRIVING HORSE** for its keep during the winter months, with option of purchasing in the spring.—J. E. HOUGHTON, East Jordan, Route 3.

### DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

Get a small package of Hamburg Dress Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Thee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teaspoon full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus driving a cold from the system.

Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

### RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

Sub Pain and Stiffness away with a small bottle of old honest St. Jacobs Oil

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a 25 cent bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right into the pain or ache, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly!

People who travel on the downward path seldom provide themselves with a return ticket.

### NO HIGHER PRICE FOR THIS

While food and clothing have advanced in cost, it is well for the sick that the prices of such reliable family remedies as Foley Kidney Pills are not increased. Foley Kidney Pills cost little and relieve backache, pains in sides and loins, sore muscles, stiff joints, rheumatic pains and bladder trouble.—Hite's Drug Store.

For Sewing That's Right You Will Need the "White"

Sold by the EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY



# The GIRL and the GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life  
By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING SMITH," "THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOVING PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME, PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORATION. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

## SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by George Storm, a newby. Grown to young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a foreman, her father, and his friends Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Safeguards employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater. Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Helen recovers the survey plans from Seagrue, and though they are taken from her, finds an accidentally made proof of the survey blueprint. Storm is employed by Rhinelander. Spikes, befriended by Helen, in his turn saves her and the right-of-way contracts when Seagrue kidnaps her. Helen and Storm win for Rhinelander a race against Seagrue for right-of-way. Helen, Storm and Rhinelander rescue Spike from Seagrue's men. Spike steals records to protect Rhinelander, and Storm and Helen save Spike from death in the burning court house. Vein in Superstition mine pinches out. Seagrue sells it and sells it to Rhinelander.

## TWELFTH INSTALLMENT BURIED ALIVE

Seagrue's sale to Rhinelander of the Superstition mine did not go through as smoothly as he had expected. Meeting Rhinelander at the office of an attorney in Las Vegas, the details of the transfer were arranged without much difficulty. Rhinelander's only care was to be sure that the conveyance should give him a clear title to the valuable property, and having satisfied himself on this point, the minor details were easily arranged.

While the attorney was embodying these items in a supplementary agreement, Rhinelander wrote out a telegram to Helen telling her that he was completing the transfer of the mine and would come up on No. 8. When the final draft of the contract had been made in duplicate, and signed by the two parties, in due form, Rhinelander handed over a second check to Seagrue, and putting the agreement in his pocket, left the office.

Seagrue watched him go with something of relief and a great deal of satisfaction. The whole scheme he had so successfully compassed looked to him almost too good to be true, and he had a hearty laugh with the attorney before they left the office together.

But, unexpectedly enough, opposition developed in an unlooked-for quarter, namely, among minority stockholders of the mine itself. Rumors flew thick and fast, and at Ocean-side Seagrue was openly accused of underhanded work in parting with the property. To afford a clear understanding of his position, a meeting of the stockholders of the mine was called, and Seagrue, when the time came, addressed the gathering in explanation of the sale.

"I have understood," he began, "there has been some criticism of my action in disposing of the Superstition mine to the Copper Range and Tidewater people. Some of our stockholders have been unkind enough to hint



Helen Told of the Disaster.

that there was treachery in my part of the proceedings. I have called this meeting to explain without any mincing of words why I was forced to act as I did on my own responsibility and to act quickly."

He related in detail the story of the sudden word received from the mine foreman announcing the pining out of the vein. In more veiled language, but still making himself plain enough to be understood, he disclosed the amount that had come to him of getting the mine ready for sale by selling it, and of his subsequent success in selling the property on Rhinelander's account without serious loss to any of the stockholders.

In spite of his explanation, protest was heard almost at once against his action in selling out without consulting the directors. Seagrue's criticisms firmly. "If I had asked the directors for ad-

thority as to what to do, the news of the failure of our principal vein would have been all over Nevada. It would have been too late to sell the property at any price to anybody."

"If the vein could be recovered, what difference would that make?" asked one of the disaffected shareholders.

"It would make the difference that you would be holding the sack instead of the other fellow," retorted Seagrue, bluntly.

The chairman, one of the larger minority stockholders, proved one of the least tractable of the disaffected. He rose to reply to Seagrue's address. "You are telling us," he said coldly, "that you disposed of one of the best quartz properties in the Superstition mountains for a song because your foreman told you the vein had pinched out. And you say your expert corroborated his statement. By what right did you go ahead in this fashion without calling us together to decide whether we did not want further expert advice on the possibility of locating the vein?"

"That part of the matter has been thrashed out already," said Seagrue angrily. "No, it hasn't," retorted the chairman. "Not to our satisfaction. Where the investment is so large, our interests should have been given the most careful consideration before you disposed of them."

"You wouldn't have got ten cents out of your interests," exclaimed Seagrue. "If you had tried what you now propose."

"Even that wouldn't have been a serious matter," persisted the chairman, "as compared to what you have done. None of us here are dependent on dividends from the Superstition mines for our bread and butter. We feel, as business men, that we are entitled to consideration. You haven't given us that. By your own confession, you have disposed of this property under false pretenses. You have, by your conduct toward your competitors, justified the suspicion that has arisen among your own associates, Mr. Seagrue."

"I don't wish to make any unfair insinuations or to assert what I cannot prove, but," interposed a second shareholder from the foot of the table, "I want to call forth your attention and the attention of every man in this meeting to the fact that the moment it is discovered by the Tidewater people that this mine was salted, we shall be called on to refund every dollar of the money paid to us."

"If that is the case," sneered Seagrue, "I should say you fellows had better stop talking. Your greatest safety," he added, without much display of sympathy for the uneasy ones, "lies in keeping your mouths shut."

"It is a matter of no moment whatever," declared the stubborn chairman, "how much the thing is discussed. You know the men in this room, Mr. Seagrue, well enough to know that we should all take the same position concerning what you confess you, yourself, have done in this matter. No matter what happened, we should never approve such proceedings."

"As things stand, I don't know what else you can do," said Seagrue, sullenly. "You talk here as if you owned this mine. I want you to understand that I hold the control of it, and you will do as I say."

"No," declared one stockholder, jumping up, "I won't do any such thing."

"Then you may do as you wish," replied Seagrue, loftily, "but I am through with the Superstition mine."

The heated discussion continued. Almost everyone in the room took sides against Seagrue. Finally, at bay himself, and realizing the trouble the minority stockholders could put him to, he made a further conciliatory proposal. "As we cannot agree," he said, "I am willing to buy your shares in the mine at their par value."

This seemed to pour a little oil upon the troubled waters. After some further wrangling, details were actually arranged then and there for the transfer of the minority shares, and the meeting closed in a better feeling than it had opened.

At the mine, Helen and George Storm were talking together when the foreman joined them. Helen asked him about the work.

"If you'll come this way," he suggested, "I'll show you exactly where we're going to drill today."

A messenger handed Helen a dispatch. It was from Rhinelander announcing the completion of the transfer and advising her he would arrive on No. 8.

"First, we'll go down and meet Mr. Rhinelander," said Storm to the foreman. "When we come back we'll see where you're working."

Rhinelander returned well pleased

with the result of his trip. They walked over to the mine together and entered it. While they were talking, a man came to Mr. Rhinelander, saying that the foreman had asked to see him. Accompanied by Helen and Storm, Rhinelander walked down the tunnel to where the men were working.

The foreman turned from his work. "How are things looking?" demanded Rhinelander.

"Why, to tell the truth," answered the man reluctantly, "they are not looking as good this morning as they were yesterday."

"What do you mean?" "We had trouble with this vein once or twice before," began the foreman, guardedly, "but it didn't turn out very serious. This time it looks as if the vein had pinched out on us. Just come over this way."

Rhinelander stood as if rooted to the ground, looking significantly at Helen from Helen to Storm. "Helen," he said quizzically, "what does that sound like to you?"

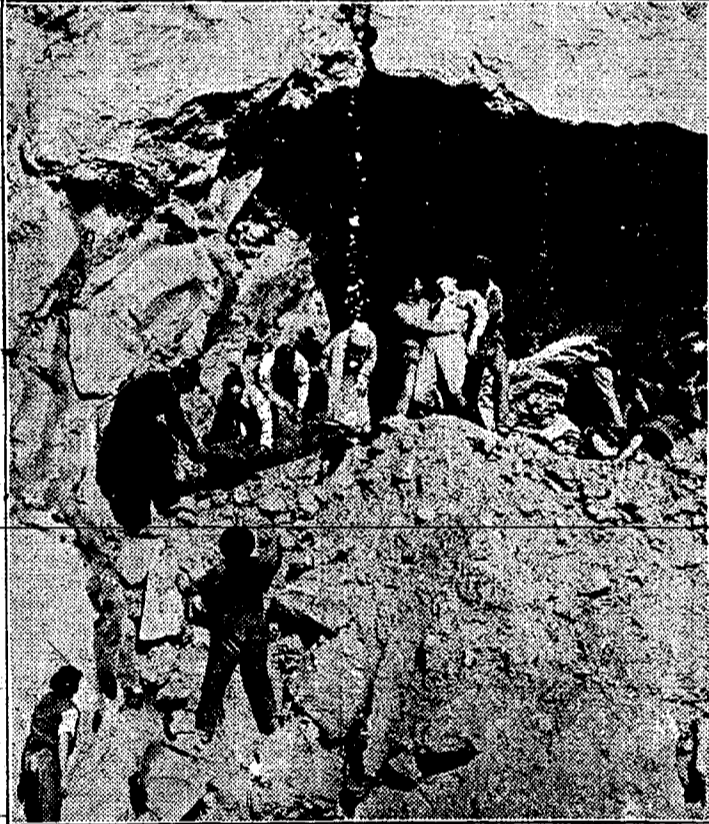
Helen looked at him evenly. "It sounds," she replied, "very much like Mr. Earl Seagrue."

Followed by his companions, Rhinelander joined the foreman. They examined the rock in turn and held a long discussion. The foreman suggested calling in an expert.

"No," said Rhinelander, stubbornly; "I just bought this mine on the recommendation of an expert; all I want is a little hard-headed, common sense here, and I am going to have it. The best authorities in the mining world told General Holmes he had a property here that would last as long as these mountains lasted."

"But Seagrue must have known all this," interposed Helen.

"He thought it time to unload, beyond a doubt," answered Rhinelander. "Helen," he exclaimed, "I know Seagrue better than you do. I know how full his head is of schemes and all that. But I want to tell you it is a fact that Earl Seagrue is a quitter. He gives up too quick and starts a new scheme. Now, I am not going to quit on the Superstition mine until I've made a thorough investigation of this trouble. I am not a miner," he



The Imprisoned Men Were Passed Out.

said, speaking to the foreman; "I'm just a plain, everyday railroad man. But I've heard that things can be done even when a vein pinches out. Now, you get busy," he said to the listening foreman, "and tell me, now and here, what's the first thing to do to try to pick this vein up again."

"You might pick it up," responded the foreman, "for a song, if you're lucky. It all depends. You might spend a million dollars and never pick it up."

"Well, we don't have to spend the million all at once, do we?"

The foreman admitted they did not. "Very well," continued Rhinelander, sharply. "How's the first part of that money to be spent?"

The foreman scratched his head and looked up and down the wall. He selected a place that looked to him like a possibility. Pointing, he said: "Cross-cut through there and we might pick up the vein."

Rhinelander asked further questions; the hard-headed miner seemed to have, he thought, some good ideas. "All right," said Rhinelander, at length, "cross-cut right there, just as you say. We'll see how we come out. If we get beat, we'll try something else."

Under the impetus of new hope, the work went rapidly forward. Every man in the mine took courage. So long as there was a possibility of doing anything they were glad to work to save their own jobs. The crew at hand went vigorously to work under the foreman's directions. In a short time a hole had been primed for a blast, the fuse lighted and the men rushed out. The explosion followed and they went back.

Work was proceeding in this fashion when something occurred that drew Helen's attention. She was looking into the tunnel when she noticed that one wall near the roof seemed to be weakening. A large piece of rock had dropped from it. The men were called back and Helen, with

Rhinelander, Storm and the foreman, went over to examine the break. All waited on the old miner for a verdict as to the condition of the roof. He made a pretty careful examination and seemed satisfied there was no danger. "That roof," he declared, "will never cave in."

"If that is so," said Rhinelander, "and you ought to know, if anybody knows—send the men back to work."

Blasting their way into the wall where the foreman had indicated, the men, bused with their work, failed to notice a gradual weakening of the tunnel roof. Helen, outside the mine and occupied with other matters, heard the blasting within, but gave the subject no further thought. It was not until a moment following one of the heavy explosions that she heard a great crash behind her, and, looking back, was horrified to see a mass of rock crashing through the roof of the tunnel. She ran forward in dismay. The disaster was complete. Where the tunnel had opened, a great cave-in now raised a solid barrier.

Men on the outside ran up, white-faced, to where she stood. Questions flew back and forth. A round-up was hastily made to determine who had been caught on the inside. Rhinelander and Storm were nowhere to be found—they had almost certainly been caught with the crew in the tunnel.

Spasmodic efforts were made to clear the opening. Men, losing their heads, rushed hither and thither, accomplishing nothing and adding to the panic that possessed everyone at the thought of the tragedy within the closed tunnel. Bidding a man to stop his useless efforts to tear away the fallen rock, she gave him directions as to what to do. "Telephone for doctors," she said hurriedly, "while I go over to the Neighbor mine for help."

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By the time they had gotten what they hoped might be the final shot ready, Rhinelander and the miners—all in the tunnel except Storm—were on the verge of collapse.

Nerved to a final effort by the hope of life, the shot was fired. No ray of daylight greeted their straining eyes as the smoke thinned away. The air, now foul, had so overcome them that few could crawl forward to examine the shattered wall. One grizzled fellow, sturdier than his mates, staggered to it. He looked for a moment at the rock and cried out. Animated by fresh hope, the exhausted men responded by dragging themselves to him.

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He strode up and down the room revolving in his mind the situation of the men imprisoned within the big tunnel. He knew enough of the mine to understand perfectly the peril of their position and the necessity of a quick rescue if their lives were to be saved. Further than this, he charged his mind with nothing of responsibility; indeed, he would hardly have walked across the street to save one of the imperiled men. Yet, a strangely persistent curiosity moved him to want to know more of the fate of those who were thus struggling for their lives.

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others not to give up and was the first to hear a call coming through the cave-in. He answered it with all the strength he could summon.

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coming so close that Storm and Rhinelander almost felt they could see the work. In another instant a shaft of light, gleaming like a star, greeted the staring eyes of the two men and they cried out together to greet the man on the other side. A second and larger piece of rock fell and was dragged away and more light shot into the prison house.

"Water!" cried Rhinelander. "For God's sake, boys, push in a canteen." Helen heard the cry. Half-dozen willing men ran for the precious fluid. A bottle of water was pushed into Storm's hand and the next moment the half-conscious men were being revived by him.

Nerved, despite exhaustion, to a final spurt of energy, the rescuers rapidly enlarged the hole until Helen, eager at the foreman's elbow, said she could get through, and against his protestations of danger crawled first through the cave-in, closely followed by the chief surgeon who, once inside, began to treat the most helpless of the suffering men.

The condition of the uncertain entrance called for the greatest care on the part of the rescuers. Great masses of rock, suspended by not more, it would seem, than a thread, hung threateningly over the ragged passage.

But time was too precious to wait for further safety and the moment the men could be passed out, they were turned over to the hospital staff.

Rhinelander had refused to leave until the last of the miners had been taken out to safety. Storm followed him. Helen was the last to come through.

A great crowd had gathered about the mine and as the imprisoned men were revived, and the chief surgeon covered with dust and debris, announced that no lives would be lost, cheers went up again.

Seagrue, elbowing his way through the bystanders up to Rhinelander, congratulated him on his escape.

Rhinelander smiled grimly. "That was a close squeak, Seagrue. Helen," he exclaimed, addressing his words to her, "I came near losing out, girl, but we didn't—quite. I'm all right and so is George Storm, here." He laid his hand on his stalwart foreman's shoulder. "The rest of the men," he added, "will be as good as ever by tomorrow. But that isn't all, Seagrue. We've relocated the vein!"

Seagrue started. "What do you mean?" he cried.

"I mean, we have found the vein again," exclaimed Rhinelander, "and that we're going to take a million dollars in quartz out of the Superstition in the next three months."

Seagrue refused to credit his hearing. He started for the tunnel and, despite the warnings of those about him, crawled through the opening and made his way to where the final blast had disclosed the glistening vein. He picked up the ore thoughtfully and looked from it back to the rock wall. It was a vision to dazzle the sight of prospector. Untold wealth was symbolized in that great deposit. The stormy scene with his shareholders in the directors' room rose in the semi-darkness before his eyes. He stood a moment in deep study.

At the mine entrance the men were getting on their feet and telling listening comrades their experiences.

Storm was dismissing the men for the day and, released from further toil, they slowly filed away. Turning from them, he joined Helen and Rhinelander. Together the three discussed the great new fortune.

Within the gloom of the tunnel stood Seagrue. He had taken out his contract and was looking intently at it. Something it suggested seemed to appeal to him; some hopeful idea, perhaps, occurred to his mind, for he smiled.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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# The GIRL and the GAME

## A Story of Mountain Railroad Life

### By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING SMITH," "THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOVING PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME. PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORATION. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

#### SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by George Storm, a lowly boy, grown to young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a fireman, her father, and his friends, Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagru, promoter, from a threatened collision. Saboteurs employed by Seagru steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater, fatally wound the general and escape. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Helen rescues the survey plans from Seagru, and though they are taken from her, finds an accidentally made proof of the survey. Storm is employed by Rhinelander. Spike, befriended by Helen, in his turn saves her and the right-of-way contracts when Seagru kidnaps her. Helen and Storm win for Rhinelander a race against Seagru for right-of-way. Helen, Storm and Rhinelander rescue Spike from Seagru's men. Spike seeks records to protect Rhinelander, and Storm and Helen save Spike from death in the burning court house. "Win in Superstition mine pinches out," Seagru says it and sells it to Rhinelander.

#### TWELFTH INSTALLMENT

##### BURIED ALIVE

Seagru's sale to Rhinelander of the Superstition mine did not go through as smoothly as he had expected. Meeting Rhinelander at the office of an attorney in Las Vegas, the details of the transfer were arranged without much difficulty. Rhinelander's only care was to be sure that the conveyance should give him a clear title to the valuable property, and having satisfied himself on this point, the major details were easily arranged.

While the attorney was embodying these items in a supplementary agreement, Rhinelander wrote out a telegram to Helen telling her that he was completing the transfer of the mine and would come up in No. 28. When the final draft of the contract had been made in duplicate, and signed by the two parties, in the form, Rhinelander handed over a second check to Seagru, and putting the agreement in his pocket, left the office.

Seagru watched him go with something of relief and a great deal of satisfaction. The whole scheme he had so successfully compassed looked to him almost too good to be true, and he had a hearty laugh with the attorney before they left the office together.

But, unexpectedly enough, opposition developed in an unexpected quarter, namely, among minority stockholders of the mine itself. Rumors flew thick and fast, and at Occoimide Seagru was openly accused of underhanded work in parting with the property. To afford a clear understanding of his position, a meeting of the stockholders of the mine was called, and Seagru, when the time came, addressed the gathering in explanation of the sale.

"I have understood," he began, "there has been some criticism of my action in disposing of the Superstition mine to the Copper Range and Tidewater people. Some of our stockholders have been unkind enough to hint



Helen Told of the Disaster.

that there was treachery in my part of the proceedings. I have called this meeting to explain without any mincing of words why I was forced to act as I did on my own responsibility and to act quickly."

He related in detail the story of the sudden word received from the mine foreman announcing the piteous end of the vein. In more veiled language, but still making himself plain enough to be understood, he disclosed the thought that had come to him of getting the mine ready for sale by salting it, and of his subsequent success in unloading the property on Rhinelander without serious loss to any of the shareholders.

In spite of his explanation, protest was heard almost at once against his summary action in selling out without authority from the directors. Seagru met the criticisms firmly. "If I had stopped to ask the directors for au-

thority as to what to do, the news of the failure of our principal vein would have been all over Nevada. It would have been too late to sell the property at any price to anybody."

"If the vein could be recovered, what difference would that make?" asked one of the disaffected shareholders.

"It would make the difference that you would be holding the sack instead of the other fellow," retorted Seagru, bluntly.

The chairman, one of the larger minority stockholders, proved one of the least tractable of the dissatisfied. He rose to reply to Seagru's address. "You are telling us," he said coldly, "that you disposed of one of the best quartz properties in the Superstition mountains for a song because your foreman told you the vein had pinched out. And you say your expert corroborated his statement. By what right did you go ahead in this fashion without calling us together to decide whether we did not want further expert advice on the possibility of locating the vein?"

"That part of the matter has been thrashed out already," said Seagru angrily.

"No, it hasn't," retorted the chairman. "Not to our satisfaction. Where the investment is so large, our interests should have been given the most careful consideration before you disposed of them."

"You wouldn't have got ten cents out of your interests," exclaimed Seagru. "If you had tried what you now propose."

"Even that wouldn't have been a serious matter," persisted the chairman, "as compared to what you have done. None of us here are dependent on dividends from the Superstition mines for our bread and butter. We feel, as business men, that we are entitled to consideration. You haven't given us that. By your own confession, you have disposed of this property under false pretenses. You have, by your conduct toward your competitors, justified the suspicion that has arisen among your own associates, Mr. Seagru."

"I don't wish to make any unfair insinuations or to assert what I cannot prove, but," interposed a second shareholder from the foot of the table, "I want to call forth your attention and the attention of every man in this meeting to the fact that the moment it is discovered by the Tidewater people that this mine was salted, we shall be called on to refund every dollar of the money paid to us."

"If that is the case," sneered Seagru, "I should say a fellow had better stop talking. Your greatest safety," he added, without much display of sympathy for the noisy ones, "lies in keeping your mouths shut."

"It is a matter of no moment whatever," declared the stubborn chairman, "how much the thing is discussed. You know the men in this room, Mr. Seagru, well enough to know that we should all take the same position concerning what you confess you yourself have done in this matter. No matter what happened, we should never approve such proceedings."

"As things stand, I don't know what else you can do," said Seagru, sullenly. "You talk here as if you owned this mine. I want you to understand that I hold the control of it, and you will do as I say."

"No," declared one stockholder, jumping up. "I won't do any such thing."

"Then you may do as you wish," replied Seagru, loftily. "But I act through with the Superstition mine."

The heated discussion continued. Almost everyone in the room took sides against Seagru. Finally, at bay himself, and realizing the trouble the minority stockholders could put him to, he made a further conciliatory proposal. "As we cannot agree," he said, "I am willing to buy your shares in the mine at their par value."

This seemed to pour a little oil upon the troubled waters. After some further wrangling, details were actually arranged then and there for the transfer of the minority shares, and the meeting closed in a better feeling than it had opened.

At the mine, Helen and George Storm were talking together when the foreman joined them. Helen asked him about the work.

with the result of his trip.

They walked over to the mine together and entered it. While they were talking, a man came to Mr. Rhinelander, saying that the foreman had asked to see him. Accompanied by Helen and Storm, Rhinelander walked down the tunnel to where the men were working.

The foreman turned from his work. "How are things looking?" demanded Rhinelander.

"Why, to tell the truth," answered the man reluctantly, "they are not looking as good this morning as they were yesterday."

"What do you mean?" "We had trouble with this vein once or twice before," began the foreman, guardedly, "but it didn't turn out very serious. This time it looks as if the vein had pinched out on us. Just come over this way."

Rhinelander stood as if rooted to the ground, looking significantly at the while from Helen to Storm. "Helen," he said quizzically, "what does that sound like to you?"

Helen looked at him evenly. "It sounds," she replied, "very much like Mr. Earl Seagru."

Followed by his companions, Rhinelander joined the foreman. They examined the rock in turn and held a long discussion. The foreman suggested calling in an expert.

"No," said Rhinelander, stubbornly; "I just bought this mine on the recommendation of an expert; all I want is a little hard-headed, common sense here, and I am going to have it. The best authorities in the mining world told General Holmes he had a property here that would last as long as these mountains lasted."

"But Seagru must have known all this," interposed Helen.

"He thought it time to unload, beyond a doubt," answered Rhinelander. "Helen," he exclaimed, "I know Seagru better than you do. I know how full his head is of schemes and all that. But I want to tell you it is a fact that Earl Seagru is a quitter. He gives up too quick and starts a new scheme. Now, I am not going to quit on the Superstition mine until I've made a thorough investigation of this trouble. I am not a miner," he

said, speaking to the foreman; "I'm just a plain, everyday railroad man. But I've heard that things can be done even when a vein pinches out. Now, you get busy," he said to the listening foreman, "and tell me, now and here, what's the first thing to do to try to pick this vein up again."

"You might pick it up," responded the foreman, "if a song, if you're lucky. All it depends. You might spend a million dollars and never pick it up."

"Well, we don't have to spend the million all at once, do we?" "The foreman admitted, they did not.

"Very well," continued Rhinelander, sharply. "How's the first part of that money to be spent?"

The foreman scratched his head and looked up and down the wall. He selected a place that looked to him like a possibility. Pointing, he said: "Cross-cut through there and we might pick up the vein."

Rhinelander asked further questions, the hard-headed miner seemed to have, he thought, some good ideas. "All right," said Rhinelander, at length, "cross-cut right there, just as you say. We'll see how we come out. If we get beat, we'll try something else."

Under the impetus of new hope, the work went rapidly forward. Every man in the mine took courage. So long as there was a possibility of doing anything they were glad to work to save their own jobs. The crew at hand went vigorously to work under the foreman's directions. In a short time a hole had been primed for a blast, the fuse lighted and the men rushed out. The explosion followed and they went back.

Work was proceeding in this fashion when something occurred that drew Helen's attention. She was looking into the tunnel when she noticed that one wall near the roof seemed to be weakening. A large piece of rock had dropped from it. The men were called out and Helen, who

Rhinelander, Storm and the foreman, went over to examine the break. All waited on the old miner for a verdict as to the condition of the roof. He made a pretty careful examination and seemed satisfied there was no danger. "That roof," he declared, "will never cave in."

"If that is so," said Rhinelander, "and you ought to know, if anybody knows—send the men back to work."

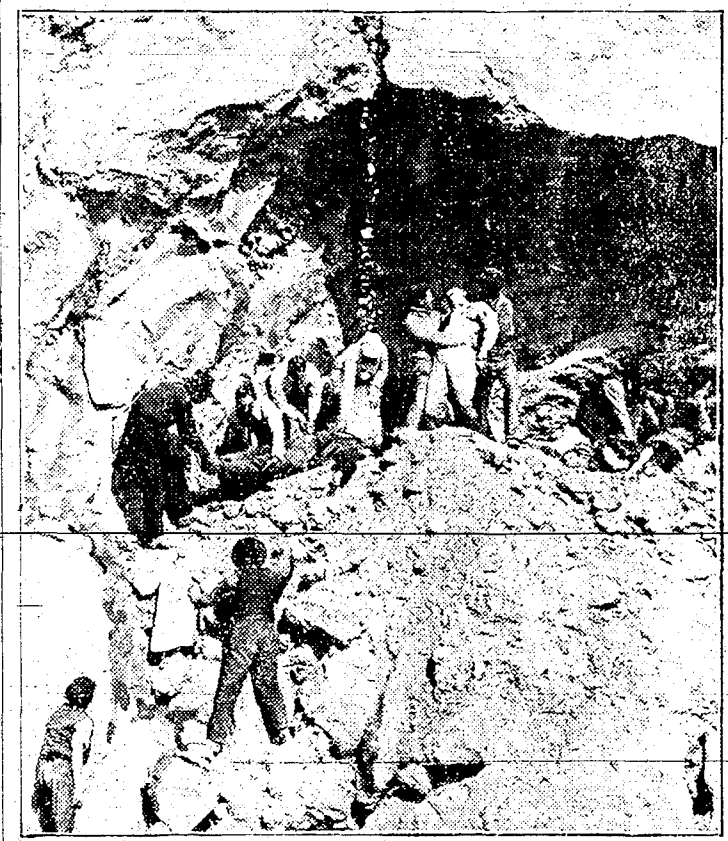
Blasting their way into the wall where the foreman had indicated, the men, busied with their work, failed to notice a gradual weakening of the tunnel roof. Helen, outside the mine and occupied with other matters, heard the blasting within, but gave the subject no further thought. It was not until a moment following one of the heavy explosions that she heard a great crash behind her, and, looking back, was horrified to see a mass of rock crashing through the roof of the tunnel. She ran forward in dismay. The disaster was complete. Where the tunnel had opened, a great cave-in now raised a solid barrier.

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The Imprisoned Men Were Passed Out.

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The man in a half-frightened way began to laugh. "Only picking a little ice, sir," he said, apologetically.

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Rhinelander, in spite of the fact that he was among the oldest of those caught in the horrible trap, was standing the strain better than most of them. He, in his turn, encouraged the

owner of the Superstition. Halting on the way, he dashed up into Seagru's room and told him what had happened.

"The main tunnel of the Superstition mine has collapsed," he cried. "We're on the way out in a car. Rhinelander, Storm and a crew of the men are caught inside."

"Sorry to hear that," said Seagru, shortly. "Go on. Don't lose any time. I'll follow." He called to his servant for his coat and hat as the doctor ran out. Putting on the coat he hesitated, changed his mind, and decided not to go. He threw his hat and coat on the table again and sat down.

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coming so close that Storm and Rhinelander almost felt they could see the work. In another instant a shaft of light, gleaming like a star, greeted the staring eyes of the two men and they cried out together to greet the man on the other side. A second and larger piece of rock fell and was dragged away and more light shot into the prison house.

"Water!" cried Rhinelander. "For God's sake, boys, push in a canteen." Helen heard the cry. Half-dozen willing men ran for the precious fluid. A bottle of water was pushed into Storm's hand and the next moment the half-conscious men were being revived by him.

Nerved, despite exhaustion, to a final spurt of energy, the rescuers rapidly enlarged the hole until Helen, eager at the foreman's elbow, said she could get through, and against his protestations of danger crawled first through the cave-in, closely followed by the chief surgeon who, once inside, began to treat the most helpless of the suffering men.

The condition of the uncertain entrance called for the greatest care on the part of the rescuers. Great masses of rock, suspended by not more, it would seem, than a thread, hung threateningly over the ragged passage. But time was too precious to wait for further safety and the moment the men could be passed out, they were turned over to the hospital staff.

Rhinelander had refused to leave until the last of the miners had been taken out to safety. Storm followed him. Helen was the last to come through.

A great crowd had gathered about the mine and as the imprisoned men were revived, and the chief surgeon covered with dust and debris, announced that no lives would be lost, cheers went up again.

Seagru, elbowing his way through the bystanders up to Rhinelander, congratulated him on his escape.

Rhinelander smiled grimly. "That was a close squeak, Seagru. Helen," he exclaimed, addressing his words to her, "came near losing out, girl, but we didn't—quite. I'm all right and so is George Storm, here. He laid his hand on his stalwart foreman's shoulder. "The rest of the men," he added, "will be as good as ever by tomorrow. But that isn't all, Seagru. We've relocated the vein!"

Seagru started. "What do you mean?" he cried.

"I mean, we have found the vein again," exclaimed Rhinelander, "and that we're going to take a million dollars in quartz out of the Superstition in the next three months."

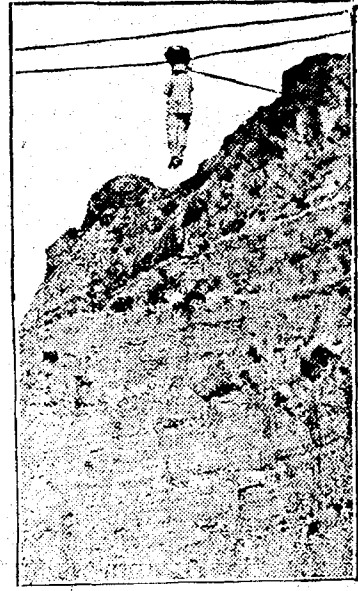
Seagru refused to credit his hearing. He started for the tunnel and, despite the warnings of those about him, crawled through the opening and made his way to where the final blast had disclosed the glistening vein. He picked up the ore thoughtfully and locked from it, back to the rock wall. It was a vision to dazzle the sight of a prospector. Untold wealth was symbolized in that great deposit. The stormy scene with his shareholders in the directors' room rose in the semi-darkness before his eyes. He stood a moment in deep study.

At the mine entrance the men were getting on their feet and telling listening comrades their experiences.

Storm was dismissing the men for the day and, released from further toil, they slowly filed away. Turning from them, he joined Helen and Rhinelander. Together the three discussed their great new fortune.

Within the gloom of the tunnel stood Seagru. He had taken out his contract and was looking intently at it. Something it suggested seemed to appeal to him; some hopeful idea, perhaps, occurred to his mind, for he smiled.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Grasped the Hook of the Frail Aerial Carriage.