

Missing Issues

Charlevoix County Herald

Volume 21, No. 1, 2, & 3

January 5, 12, & 19, 1917

Briefs of the Week

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Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

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1916 Fair

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Cash bal on hand Feb. 16th, 1916	\$ 32.23
Received from Subscriptions	215.50
Advertising in Premium List	161.00
From concessions	161.75
Membership tickets	153.00
Grand Stand	139.00
Bus licenses	64.00
Hay sales	1.85
Telephone toll	.28
Sandy Copeland, halftone	3.00
Entry fees	3.50
Charlevoix County	600.00
State of Michigan	311.00
Gate Receipts:—	
Adults	\$1573.95
Children	56.25
Teams and autos	139.25
Single horse	22.80
	1792.25
Total Receipts	\$3638.34

DISBURSEMENTS	
Expense Account:—	
Freight and Drayage	\$ 32.60
Postage	21.75
Labor	10.00
Road work	152.43
Printing	26.50
Premium list	122.00
Hay, straw, feed	53.40
Office supplies	35.75
Gate keepers	30.60
Night watching	16.00
Telephone toll	8.60
Miscellaneous 1915	30.00
General expense	9.85
Advertising Account:—	
Supplies purchased	\$ 18.68
Advertising expense	215.70
Work on track	234.38
Free Attractions	58.70
Music	755.00
Races	162.50
Office salaries	616.25
Insurance 1915-16	336.16
Insurance 1916-17	92.87
Payment on contract	47.50
Premiums	114.00
Special premiums allowed	576.00
	4.40
	\$3547.32
Balance on hand	91.02

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, January 21, 1917.

10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship—Topic—"The Two Human Types."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Topic: "Star Christians." Leaders—Misses Josie Hammond and Greta Lacroix.

7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship, Topic, "Contagious Christianity." Prayer service Thursday evening, at 7:30.

Ten of the young people of the Epworth League were organized into a Mission Study Class last Tuesday evening. The first course of study will be on "Christian Stewardship." Members of the League over fifteen years of age are eligible to join.

Officers elected were:
President—Miss Eva Waterman
Vice Pres.—Miss Helen Ward
Sec.—Treas.—Miss Hazel Sheldon.

St. Joseph's Church
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Jan. 21st.

8:00 a. m. Low Mass. Holy Communion for the Ladies Altar Society. Benediction.

Church of God
J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Jan. 21, 1917.

9:30 a. m. Sunday School
10:30 a. m. Morning Worship
2:00 p. m. Services at Three Bell School House
6:30 p. m. Evening Worship
Wednesday at 7:00 p. m. Prayer meeting
Friday at 7:00 p. m. Cottage Meeting.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank the many friends and neighbors for their kindness and help during the sickness and death of our husband and father. Also those who sang in the choir and for the beautiful floral offerings.

MRS. JOHN ZOULEK and Family.

No, alonzo, spot cash isn't always spotless cash.
Divorce pulls the feathers from the wings of love.
It's a case of love's labor lost unless it gets into the union.

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

Thrift day—Feb. 3rd.

Did someone say, "Who ever saw a school room with windows on just one side?" Several in the county, but for ideal construction visit the principal's room—East Jordan, West Side. Just finished.

Thrift essays: "I earn \$1 per week. What I shall buy and what I shall save." "Mending—Why? and Mending—How?" "The Garden I Raised, the Money it Cost. What I got from it." Others? It's up to you.

Five teachers in Charlevoix County are eligible for pension under the new retirement fund law.

The county agent met with universal favor among the teachers—a unanimous vote on a resolution in favor of securing one for this county.

List of bulletins that may be secured from this office: School Laws, Explanations of School Laws, Preferred Lists of books for District School Libraries, Preferred Lists of Books for Township and High School Libraries, Special Day Programs, Manual and Course of Study for Elementary Schools Manual and Course of Study for County Normal Schools, Manual of School Room Equipment and Construction, Michigan Standard Schools, Labor Laws Compulsory Education Laws, Acceptance Affidavits, County Directories, Attendance Certificates, Class Books for Grading purposes, Home Work Supplies, old examination questions, etc. By enactment of 1915 the commissioner's office is a distributing center for state departments. Michigan Red Books and Reports from State Superintendent of Public Instruction are received every other year. The latter have been received for this year and are being held until the officers' meeting for more convenient distribution than is otherwise possible.

County Survey returns will be published soon.

County Round-up of Farmers' Institute Society, Feb. 17-18th. Were you there?

A splendid institute for the teachers. The state department used us fine this year and sent some splendid workers to us. Every teacher was expected to be present and nearly every teacher was present.

The institute workers declare that Charlevoix county has the most wide-awake, responsive teaching corps they have met. Three cheers for the teachers.

Mr. Frank Osborn of the West Side School in the city of East Jordan, has developed some hand work that could be introduced into the smallest or largest of the rural schools. He gives this work to the boys' one hour each week. He gets his designs from a woodwork manual, no previous training necessary, just a little energy, the desire and the determination. For material he uses old cigar boxes, his tools are whittling knife, sandpaper and an old file. The boys have made wooden ladles, kite winders and calendar supports. So many times we find extras for the girls, but now for the boys!

The Rock Elm Mothers' Club is discussing the hot noon lunch problem. They will get there.

Examination returns should be in this office at the latest by Jan. 25th.

IRONTON

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hammond and Fanny Hammond returned from a three weeks visit in Detroit, Saturday.

Our fifth degree "Grangers" are practicing for Pomona, which will be held Feb. 3rd.

H. L. Barnum came home Saturday. He has been conducting Farmer's Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. James Tumath returned to Ironton, Tuesday. They have been living in Detroit.

The Grangers will give a dance in the Grange Hall next Friday, Jan. 26th.

The Maccabees ladies will meet with Mrs. Munson, Tuesday.

SCHOOL NOTES

The fourth grade pupils are making "Eskimo" booklets.

Nellie Ward, Homer Hammond and Harold McMullin, primary pupils were neither absent nor tardy during the first four months of school.

A number of our pupils have the chicken-pox.

The school bell sounded Saturday. School was in session so as to make up the time lost last Monday.

Lap-land is the country of small children.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but there are times when one derives more satisfaction from calling a man a

Your Last Chance.

Recently we published in these columns an offer of The Youth's Companion and McCall's Magazine, both for a full year, for only \$2.10, including a McCall Dress Pattern. The high price of paper and ink has obliged McCall's Magazine to raise their subscription price February 1 to 10 cents a copy and 75 cents a year—so that the offer at the above price must be withdrawn.

Until March 31 our readers have the privilege of ordering both publications for a full year, including the choice of any 15-cent McCall Dress Pattern, for only \$2.10.

The amount of reading, information and entertainment contained in the fifty two issues of The Youth's Companion and the value of twelve monthly fashion numbers of McCall's at \$2.10 offer a real bargain to every reader of this paper.

This two-at-one-price offer includes:

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues.
2. The Companion Home Calendar for 1917.
3. McCall's Magazine—12 fashion numbers.
4. One 15-cent McCall Dress Pattern—your choice from your first copy of McCall's—if you send a two-cent stamp with your selection.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made for thirty days and more on the part of the mortgagors in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage given by Lorence O. Isaman and Rita L. Isaman, his wife, both of South Arm Township, Charlevoix county, Michigan, to the Peoples State Savings Bank, a body corporate under the laws of Michigan, of the City of East Jordan, Michigan, bearing date the 19th day of November, A. D. 1913, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix County, Michigan, on the 24th day of November, A. D. 1913, in liber 40 of mortgages on page 155.

Because of said default, said Peoples State Savings Bank, by virtue of the option given it in said mortgage, has heretofore and does now, declare the entire principal sum secured by said mortgage to be due and payable, and there is now claimed to be due and unpaid thereon, the sum of One Thousand Six Hundred Twenty-two and 50/100 (\$1622.50) Dollars, and an attorney fee of Thirty-five (\$35.00) Dollars provided by law, and no suit or proceeding has been instituted at law or in equity to recover said sum, the debt remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

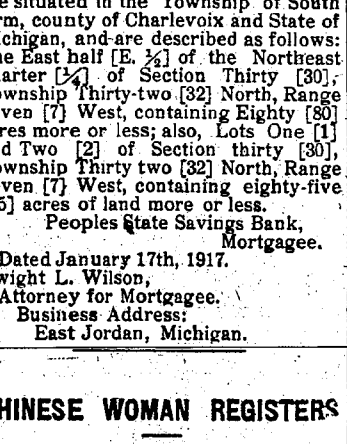
Therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, [which has become operative by reason of said default], and the statutes in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed and the premises described therein sold at public auction to the highest bidder, on the 23rd day of April, A. D. 1917, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the northeasterly front door of the Court House in the City and county of Charlevoix, said Court House being the place of holding the Circuit Court for said County, which premises are situated in the Township of South Arm, county of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, and are described as follows: The East half [E. 1/2] of the Northeast quarter [N.E. 1/4] of Section Thirty [30], Township Thirty-two [32] North, Range Seven [7] West, containing Eighty [80] acres more or less; also, Lots One [1] and Two [2] of Section thirty [30], Township Thirty-two [32] North, Range Seven [7] West, containing eighty-five [85] acres of land more or less.

Peoples State Savings Bank, Mortgagee.

Dated January 17th, 1917.
Dwight L. Wilson,
Attorney for Mortgagee.
Business Address:
East Jordan, Michigan.

The man behind a gun is all right—if he doesn't invite you to hold up your hands.

CHINESE WOMAN REGISTERS

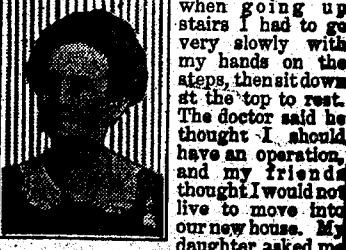


Mr. See Tong King Chong is shown here registering in San Francisco primaries. She is the widow of the late Senator Chong, the first senator of the Chinese colonies of the United States to the Chinese republic. Mrs. Chong has long been denied the privilege of voting on account of her husband's Chinese birth. He was the first Chinese boy to enter the public schools of San Francisco.

CLIMBED STAIRS ON HER HANDS

Too Ill to Walk Upright. Operation Advised. Saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This woman now raises chickens and does manual labor. Read her story: Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak with troubles from my age that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, did all kinds of garden work, shoveled dirt, did building and cement work, and raised hundred of chickens and ducks. I can not say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as if these facts are useful you may publish them for the benefit of other women."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSTON, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.



Boarders Wanted
AT THE
Commercial House
James Shay, M'gr
Second Door North of Postoffice.
STEAM HEAT
First Class Accommodations
Rates:
\$5.00 per week
Transients, \$1.50 per day
Meals, 35c

WOKEN GRAY HAIR,

LOOK YOUNG, PRETTY

Wetly's Sage and Sulphur Darkens the Hair Naturally that Nobody can tell.

That loses its color and lustre, or it itches, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmothers made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe.

Nowadays we get this famous mixture improved by the addition of other ingredients by asking at any drug store for a 50-cent bottle of "Wetly's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Wetly's Sage and Sulphur Compound, is that, besides beautifying darkening the hair, after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance.

Wetly's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite to impart color and a youthful appearance to the hair. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How To Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just as easy as blowing your nose with a cold or nasty catarrh—comes right off.

For Sawing That's Right
You Will Need the "AWL"
Sold by the
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Bus licenses	64.00
Hay sales	1.85
Telephone toll	.28
Sandy Copeland, halftone	3.00
Entry fees	3.50
Charlevoix County	600.00
State of Michigan	311.00
Gate Receipts:—	
Adults	\$1573.95
Chilids	56.25
Teams and autos	139.25
Single horse	22.80
	1792.25
Total Receipts	\$3638.34

DISBURSEMENTS	
Expense Account:—	
Freight and Drayage	\$ 32.60
Postage	21.75
Labor	10.00
Road work	152.43
Printing	26.50
Premium list	122.00
Hay, straw, feed	53.40
Office supplies	35.75
Gate keepers	30.60
Night watching	18.00
Telephone toll	8.60
Miscellaneous 1915	30.00
General expense	9.85
Advertising Account:—	
Supplies purchased	\$ 18.68
Advertising expense	215.70
Work on track	53.70
Free Attractions	755.00
Music	162.50
Races	616.25
Office salaries	336.16
Insurance 1915-16	92.87
Insurance 1916-17	47.50
Payment on contract	114.00
Premiums	578.00
Special premiums allowed	4.40
	\$3547.32
Balance on hand	91.02

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, January 21, 1917.

10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship—Topic—"The Two Human Types."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Topic: "Star Christians." Leaders—Misses Josie Hammond and Greta Lacroy.

7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship, Topic, "Contagious Christianity."

Prayer service Thursday evening at 7:30.

Ten of the young people of the Epworth League were organized into a Mission Study Class last Tuesday evening. The first course of study will be on "Christian Stewardship." Members of the League over fifteen years of age are eligible to join.

Officers elected were:
President—Miss Eva Waterman
Vice Pres.—Miss Helen Ward
Sec. Treas.—Miss Hazel Sheldon.

St. Joseph's Church
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Jan. 21st.

8:00 a. m. Low Mass. Holy Communion for the Ladies Altar Society. Benediction.

Church of God
J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Jan. 21, 1917.

9:30 a. m. Sunday School

10:30 a. m. Morning Worship

2:00 p. m. Services at Three Bell School House

6:30 p. m. Evening Worship

Wednesday at 7:00 p. m. Prayer meeting

Friday at 7:00 p. m. Cottage Meeting.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank the many friends and neighbors for their kindness and help during the sickness and death of our husband and father. Also those who sang in the choir and for the beautiful floral offerings.

MRS. JOHN ZOULEK and Family.

No, alonzo, spot cash isn't always spotless cash.

Divorce pulls the feathers from the wings of love.

It's a case of love's labor lost unless it gets into the union.

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

Thrift day—Feb. 3rd.

Did someone say, "Who ever saw a school room with windows on just one side?" Several in the county, but for ideal construction visit the principal's room—East Jordan, West Side. Just finished.

Thrift essays: "I earn \$1 per week. What I shall buy and what I shall save." "Mending—Why? and Mending—How?" "The Garden I Raised, the Money it Cost, What I got from it." Others? It's up to you!

Five teachers in Charlevoix County are eligible for pension under the new retirement fund law.

The county agent met with universal favor among the teachers—a unanimous vote on a resolution in favor of securing one for this county.

List of bulletins that may be secured from this office: School Laws, Explanations of School Laws, Preferred Lists of books for District School Libraries, Preferred Lists of Books for Township and High School Libraries, Special Day Programs, Manual and Course of Study for Elementary Schools Manual and Course of Study for County Normal Schools, Manual of School Room Equipment and Construction, Michigan Standard Schools, Labor Laws Compulsory Education Laws, Acceptance Affidavits, County Directories, Attendance Certificates, Class Books for Grading purposes, Home Work Supplies, old examination questions, etc. By enactment of 1915 the commissioner's office is a distributing center for state departments. Michigan Red Books and Reports from State Superintendent of Public Instruction are received every other year. The latter have been received for this year and are being held until the officers' meeting for more convenient distribution than is otherwise possible.

County Survey returns will be published soon.

County Round-up of Farmers' Institute Society, Feb. 17-18th. Where you there?

A splendid institute for the teachers. The state department used its fine this year and sent some splendid workers to us. Every teacher was expected to be present and nearly every teacher was present.

The Institute workers declare that Charlevoix county has the most wide-awake, responsive teaching corps they have met. Three cheers for the teachers.

Mr. Frank Osborn of the West Side School in the city of East Jordan has developed some hand work that could be introduced into the smallest or largest of the rural schools. He gives this work to the boys one hour each week. He gets his designs from a woodwork manual, no previous training necessary, just a little energy, the desire and the determination. For material he uses old cigar boxes, his tools are whittling knife, sandpaper and an old file. The boys have made wooden ladies, kite winders and calendar supports. So many times we find extras for the girls, but now for the boys!

The Rock Elm Mothers' Club is discussing the hot noon lunch problem. They will get there.

Examination returns should be in this office at the latest by Jan. 25th.

IRONTON

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hammond and Pansy Hammond returned from a three weeks visit in Detroit, Saturday.

Our fifth degree "Grangers" are practicing for Pomona, which will be held Feb. 3rd.

H. L. Barnum came home Saturday. He has been conducting Farmer's Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. James Tumath returned to Ironton, Tuesday. They have been living in Detroit.

The Grangers will give a dance in the Grange Hall next Friday, Jan. 26th.

The Maccabee ladies will meet with Mrs. Munson, Tuesday.

SCHOOL NOTES

The fourth grade pupils are making "Eskimo" booklets.

Nellie Ward, Homer Hammond and Harold McMullin, primary pupils were neither absent nor tardy during the first four months of school.

A number of our pupils have the chicken-pox.

The school bell sounded Saturday. School was in session so as to make up the time lost last Monday.

Lap-land is the country of small children.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but there are times when one derives more satisfaction from calling a man a

Your Last Chance.

Recently we published in these columns an offer of The Youth's Companion and McCall's Magazine, both for a full year, for only \$2.10, including a McCall Dress/Pattern. The high price of paper and ink has obliged McCall's Magazine to raise their subscription price February 1 to 10 cents a copy and 75 cents a year—so that the offer at the above price must be withdrawn.

Until March 31 our readers have the privilege of ordering both publications for a full year, including the choice of any 15-cent McCall Dress Pattern, for only \$2.10.

The amount of reading, information and entertainment contained in the fifty two issues of The Youth's Companion and the value of twelve monthly fashion numbers of McCall's at \$2.10 offer a real bargain to every reader of this paper.

This two-at-one-price offer includes:

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues.
2. The Companion Home Calendar for 1917.
3. McCall's Magazine—12 fashion numbers.
4. One 15-cent McCall Dress Pattern—your choice from your first copy of McCall's—if you send a two-cent stamp with your selection.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.

To slip over with praise is to prove yourself insincere.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made for thirty days and more on the part of the mortgagors in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage given by Lorence O. Isaman and Rita L. Isaman, his wife, both of South Arm Township, Charlevoix county, Michigan, to the Peoples State Savings Bank, a body corporate under the laws of Michigan, of the City of East Jordan, Michigan, bearing date the 19th day of November, A. D. 1913, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix County, Michigan, on the 24th day of November, A. D. 1913, in liber 40 of mortgages on page 155.

Because of said default, said Peoples State Savings Bank, by virtue of the option given it in said mortgage, has heretofore and does now, declare the entire principal sum secured by said mortgage to be due and payable, and there is now claimed to be due and unpaid thereon, the sum of One Thousand Six Hundred Twenty-two and 50-100 (\$1622.50) Dollars, and an attorney fee of Thirty-five (\$35.00) Dollars provided by law, and no suit or proceeding has been instituted at law or in equity to recover said sum, the debt remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, [which has become operative by reason of said default], and the statutes in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed and the premises described therein sold at public auction to the highest bidder, on the 23rd day of April, A. D. 1917, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the northeasterly front door of the Court House in the City and county of Charlevoix, said Court House being the place of holding the Circuit Court for said County, which premises are situated in the Township of South Arm, county of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, and are described as follows: The East half [E. 1/2] of the Northeast quarter [N. E. 1/4] of Section Thirty (30), Township Thirty-two (32) North, Range Seven (7) West, containing Eighty (80) acres more or less; also, Lots One (1) and Two (2) of Section thirty (31), Township Thirty-two (32) North, Range Seven (7) West, containing eighty-five (85) acres of land more or less.

Peoples State Savings Bank,
Mortgagee.

Dated January 17th, 1917.
Dwight L. Wilson,
Attorney for Mortgagee.
Business Address:
East Jordan, Michigan.

CHINESE WOMAN REGISTERS

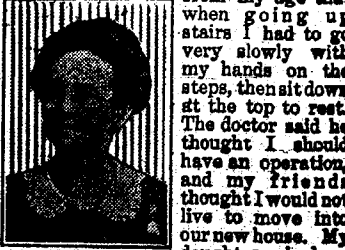


Mrs. See Tong King Chong is shown here registering in San Francisco primaries. She is the widow of the late Senator Chong, the first senator of the Chinese colonies of the United States to the Chinese republic. Mrs. Chong has long been denied the privilege of voting on account of her husband's Chinese birth. He was the first Chinese boy to enter the public schools of San Francisco.

CLIMBED STAIRS ON HER HANDS

Too Ill to Walk Upright. Operation Advised. Saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This woman now raises chickens and does manual labor. Read her story: Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak with troubles from my age that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared. I gained in strength, moved into our new home, did all kinds of garden work, shoveled dirt, did building and cement work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and if these facts are useful you may publish them for the benefit of other women."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSTON, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.



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Boarders Wanted AT THE Commercial House

James Shay, M'gr
Second Door North of Postoffice.

STEAM HEAT
First Class Accommodations
Rates:
\$5.00 per week
Transients, \$1.50 per day
Meals, 35c

The man behind a gun is all right—if he doesn't invite you to hold up your hands.

WOKEN GRAY HAIR, LOOK YOUNG, PRETTY

Gray hair is a sign of age, but it can be removed. Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a natural hair restorer. It restores the hair to its natural color and luster, and keeps it from falling out. It is a perfect hair restorer and is used by thousands of men and women who value their hair.

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CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How To Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membranes and relief comes instantly. It's just fine. Don't stay stuffy with a cold or nasty catarrh—Ely's comes to the rescue.

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

Sold by the
EAST JORDAN
LUMBER COMPANY

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, 1916 the said Circuit Court made a decree in the above entitled cause which was duly filed on the 4th day of August, 1916, 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 said parcel 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, situated in the county of Otsego and State of Michigan, with twenty-five (25) years 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.
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) township 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 spruce 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 rights 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 joint five and forty three one hundredths (5.43) chains west of the north and south quarter

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 51 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 1/2) chains north of section line between sections twenty-seven (27) and thirty-four (34) thence north 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 and one-half one hundredths (10.34 1/2) 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 section line between sections twenty-seven (27) and thirty-four (34) thence north 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 and one-half one hundredths (10.34 1/2) 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.

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 west 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 there-of 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 sixty-six one hundredths (439.66) 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 south-west corner of land deeded by Joseph

Passett to William W. Thompson, et al.,

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 thereof 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.

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.

SIGNS OF GOOD HEALTH

Bright eyes, clear skins, alert brains, and energetic movements, are signs of good health. You don't have them when digestion is impaired and fermenting, decaying food clogs the intestines. Foley Cathartic Tablets set you right. Act without pain, griping or nausea. Too-stout persons welcome the light feeling they bring.—Hite's Drug Store.

Many men remain bachelors because they associate with married men. It's wonderful how smart a woman can make a man think she thinks he is.

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. On easy terms. Apply to **W. F. EMPEY.**

It's all well enough to believe in fate—if you keep on hustling. There is nothing quite so uninteresting as a human phonograph. Experience teaches us how to make other kinds of mistakes. A poor man should be polished, for he receives many hard rubs. A man can drink himself tighter than a woman can lace herself. Don't think because a corporation has no soul, that it is on its uppers.

THIS—AND FIVE CENTS!

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, Kidney Pills and Hite's Drug Store.

BLAB BALLADS

On the top of a vane sat Prexy Woodrow
Chirping, "Villal! Get Villal! Get Villal!"
So we sent every soldier we had who could go,
To get Villa, get Villa, get Villa.
But Carranza has put our commission to rout
And the boys who marched in have been asked to march out
And still Prexy does not know what he's about,
But, nit Villa, nit Villa, nit Villa!

"Was it Whiskers Carranza, oh, Prexy?"
I cried
"Proved a pretty tough worm in your patent inside?"
With a shake of his pedagogue head he replied:
"Quit Villa! Quit Villa! Quit Villa!"

The power to read and write is the standard by which illiteracy is determined. Hence writing is a subject of the curriculum second in importance only to reading. Not only must the educated persons possess the ability to get the thoughts of others from the printed page, but he must be able to express his own thoughts with the pen for his own pleasure and for the information of others. Ability to express one's self, whether vocally or in writing is a most excellent test of his power and is very essential to his success in life. Every common school teacher must teach writing, and without doubt a clear conception of the aim to be reached will assist materially in securing better penmen. It is not penmen who are capable of writing with a great many flourishes or who can execute in copy-plate fashion that we are seeking, but those that can write in an easy, fluent, smooth, plain hand, whether vertical, slant or intermediate. And every child can reach this acquirement, if properly taught, without any reference to heredity.

It is a foolish notion that a child must inherit a tendency to be a good penman in order to succeed. But writing must not be considered as a haphazard exercise, a task at which the pupils may be set while the teacher goes on with some lesson. It needs as careful and scientific instruction, according to a definite plan as any other subject of the curriculum.

In as much as it is a universal requirement of all educated persons, is of practical utility in gaining a living and is a source of so much enjoyment to the individual, it is worth doing and doing well. Let every teacher, then, study the aim and method of teaching writing as conscientious as every other subject is studied.

Some people marry for love and remain married for spite.

When one girl meets another she invariably repeats the conversation she had with the last young man she met.

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.

WORTH ATTENTION OF WOMEN

When you feel too tired to work, wake up weary, have backache or pains in sides, when you suffer rheumatic twinges you may be sure the kidneys are disordered. Fry, Shelburg, All, Mo., writes: "I had kidney trouble two years. Nothing did me any good until I got Foley Kidney Pills. Two 50c boxes cured me."—Hite's Drug Store.

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 \$4.50 delivered at Mill B.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

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 catalogue and premium list. Enclose 10c stamps for return postage, etc.

FAMILY STORY PAPER
6 Vandewater Street
New York

HERE AND THERE

New York Sun—Some years ago an exasperated Congressman advised the South to raise "less hell and more hogs and hominy." Hominy statistics are not at hand, but it is evident that the South is at present long on hogs.

Boston Transcript—Current developments indicate that after all, Mr. Wilson's note was indeed not a peace note.

Minneapolis Tribune—Official reports by neutral committees show that conditions in Belgium are almost as bad as they are in Mexico.

Philadelphia Press—There won't be any peace until Berlin names its terms, and when Berlin names its terms they won't be accepted.

New York Sun—Complete returns show that Mr. Wilson got 48.7 per cent of the total vote cast for President, a magnificent minority.

Historical Facts of the Week

Former President Hayes died January 16, 1893.

Benjamin Franklin was born January 17, 1706.

The German Empire was proclaimed January 18, 1871.

Six Zeppelins, among the first used in the European war, raided England on Jan. 19, 1915—two years ago.

John Ruskin died Jan. 20, 1900.

Even matrimony has its advantages. A bachelor has to pay to attend lectures but a married man gets his at home, free.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF COUGHS

Colds lead to different kinds of coughs—"drycough", "winter cough", la grippe cough, bronchial cough, asthmatic cough, and racking, painful cough to raise choking phlegm. Enos Halbert Paoli, Ind., writes: "I coughed continually, could hardly sleep. Foley's Honey and Tar relieved me, curing my cough entirely."—Hite's Drug Store.

We have the New

BRETON

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Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a. m. 1:00 to 5:00 p. m.

Evenings 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.

Clear, Peachy Skin Awaits Anyone Who Drinks Hot Water

Says an inside bath, before breakfast helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Sparkling and vivacious—merry, bright, alert—a good, clear skin and a natural, rosy, healthy complexion are assured only by pure blood. If only every man and woman could be induced to adopt the morning inside bath, what a grand change would take place. First, the thousands of sickly, anemic, nervous, women and "girls" who are pale or muddy complexioned, victims of the multitudes of "nervous wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking each morning, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening, and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds, and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance, awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.

No, Cordelia, it isn't the proper thing to eat prunes with a pruning knife.

Many a man who wouldn't make a wife of his cook makes a cook of his wife.

HEAVY MEAT EATERS HAVE SLOW KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if you feel Backsachy or have bladder trouble—Take glass of Salts.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will 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 the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE—DRINK HOT-TEA!

Get a small package of Hamburg Breat Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Tee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup 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 breaking up a cold. Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

Rub Soreness from joints and muscles with a small trial bottle of old St. Jacobs Oil

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia. Limber up. Get a 50 cent bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, sores and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

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 ne'er-do-well young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a freeman, her father, and his friends, Ames Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Saboteurs employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater. Helen's father is badly injured by his death. Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Helen rescues 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. Spike is betroubled 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 courthouse. Vein in Superstition mine pinches out. Seagrue sells it and sells it to Rhinelander. The mine is relocated. Rhinelander gives Helen and George each one-third of the Superstition mine stock. Seagrue's scheme to prevent payment for the mine is spoiled. Helen, restored to home and social position, saves her departing guests from a threatened collision by a wild ride.

FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT

DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE

It was a week later that there were social activities again in Helen's home. Rhinelander had come down from the mountains with Storm to announce to Helen the completion of the Superstition cut-off, the cause of so much enmity and bitterness between the rival roads that had striven to achieve its successful building.

Helen was making ready, when they arrived, to join her two friends, and all returned to the station to take the special train that was to carry them with a party up the line to celebrate the driving of the last spike—a responsibility that Rhinelander had assigned, over all her protests, to Helen herself.

The train, gayly decorated, pulled in early and the party—railroad men, constructionists and personal friends of the builders—getting out on the platform at Signal, gave it a moment an air of social gaiety. The stop was made only long enough to exchange greetings, and the party, enlarged by the Signal contingent, again boarded the train to continue the journey to the cut-off.

The morning newspapers at Ocean-side had contained articles descriptive of the prospective celebration, and it was in one of these that a headline fell under Seagrue's eye as he sat in his living room reading his paper.

CUT-OFF TO SUPERSTITION MINE

Helen Holmes to Drive Last Spike.

At noon today Helen Holmes, daughter of the late General Holmes, assisted by Superintendent A. Rhinelander and Construction Engineer George Storm will drive the spike that marks the completion of the Superstition cut-off.

Seagrue read with anger. To his disordered mind, now victimized by drink, it seemed as if the celebration were intended to signalize his own defeat.

In a furious mood, he struck the bell to summon Adams, his servant. When the latter appeared his master said curtly: "Bring Ward here at once," and turned to the decanter that had latterly become his most intimate resource.

The moment Ward came in with Adams, Seagrue picked up the newspaper. "Look at that," he said, without preliminary words. Ward read the headlines hastily. "You see what's going on," exclaimed Seagrue, laboring apparently under excitement. "I want you to get busy."

He spoke the last words in a tone that left no doubt of his meaning. And Ward, old in ways of intrigue and crime, looked at him so understandingly that Seagrue had hardly need to add what he did: "This is my last chance," he muttered, viciously. "I want them both. Get them. I'll make you rich."

Ward was quick to assent. He was quick to act, and after conferring hurriedly on details Seagrue started the two men out. In the street, Ward and Adams boarded a taxicab, gave their orders to the driver and were whirled rapidly out on the desert.

At the cut-off, the roadmasters and officials of the operating department of the Tidewater line were in waiting for the special. When it reached the scene a salute, arranged by an ingenious railroad man with dynamite, was fired from an adjoining hill.

But from a second hill, across from where the improvised salute had noisily greeted the gay special, two men looked with unfriendly eyes down on the interesting ceremony. A golden spike had been provided for Helen. And the senior roadmaster, acting as

the master of ceremonies, was leading the way to where she was to officiate. On the spot where the last rail joint awaited its completion at her hands, Rhinelander handed to Helen the spike and the maul. And Helen, placing the golden emblem into position, struck the spike the first blow.

"You know," she said, looking up after she had given it a few more taps, "that part of the agreement is, George must finish this."

Storm took hold of the maul with a smile. "For a man that's driven a maul as many miles as I have, this ought to be easy."

Friends crowded up as the spike went home and congratulations fell thick and fast on the winners of the long-drawn struggle. Rhinelander still had something to propose. "While we are all here together," he said, "we'll complete the celebration by starting the first train. I want to see whether Miss Holmes and Mr. Storm can drive a spike that will hold a rail joint for an engine to run over it. If it fails, it shows them both up. Throw the switch for the main line, George, and let Helen start the first train over the cut-off."

Storm walked toward the switch, some distance away, followed by Spike. Standing together they threw it and signaled that all was right.

Helen, quite at home inside an engine cab, pulled the throttle slightly and the drivers began to revolve; the engineer then handed her carefully down from the gangway and the train started.

At the switch, Spike and Storm engaged thus intently, failed to notice two men creeping up behind them, ropes in hand. Taken unawares, nooses were thrown suddenly over their heads and before they could make the least defense, they were throttled, felled and dragged back from the switch. So swiftly and expertly was the attack made that Spike and Storm were choked almost at once and dragged down out of sight before anyone noticed their disappearance.

Tying their hands expeditiously, Ward speculated for a moment on what to do with them. Adams' proposal to throw them from the bridge he negated. "They would find them too quick. We'll put them into the ore cars," he said cunningly. "When the cars are located at the mine the ore will do the rest."

The two picked Storm up, unconscious, and carried him along the track, laying him beside it to await the coming of the freight train. Returning to bring Spike in like fashion, they were surprised and upset to find he had disappeared.

Spike had, in fact—overhearing the fate in store for him—rolled, gagged and bound as he was, along the track to the bridge below. Gaining this, he continued to roll over and tried to drop out of sight underneath. But in getting down, helpless as he was, his hands caught by the rope with which he was fastened on the head of a projecting spike and instead of dropping to where he speedily could have hidden himself, he hung quite helpless in the air suspended by his wrists.

The ore train, meantime, had come along the mine spur and Ward and Adams, watching their opportunity, flung Storm into a gondola.

"We've got to get after Spike," declared Ward, now alarmed for the safety of himself and his companion. Indeed, Spike was having a close call for his life in more than one direction. A single slender chance gave him hope of escape. The cord with which his hands had been bound, he thought, might be sawed in two on the spike against which it had caught. Acting on this thought, he threw himself from side to side to saw the cord against the iron. In spite of the intense pain suffered in sustaining the entire weight of his body on the thongs that bound his wrists, he kept desperately busy in the hope of releasing himself before his captors should return. For he had no doubt that Ward, as assistant director, would not hesitate to kill him on sight. With a resource and cunning developed through a long career of doubtful enterprises and close squeaks—Spike struggled wildly for freedom and life, and thus engaged he heard the footsteps of men running along the track.

This might mean help; it might mean a knock on the head. There was but a moment left to effect his escape. Jerking himself convulsively, arms, legs and body—the cord cutting and sawing every moment into the quick around his wrists—he threw such a force on the rope that the strands finally parted on the bridge face and Spike dropped to the ground.

What had happened was that Helen, leaping from the gangway of the engine almost before the Special, its wheels ground by the brakes, fully stopped, had run swiftly up the switch track beside the gondola in which Storm lay. She had no means of knowing whether this car contained her lover. It was too late to signal the

every place of concealment, came on. Their hurry, however, was too great, and the very place where they should have looked, they passed. Even before they were well out of the way, Spike had released his feet and gaining the track was running at full speed back to where Helen was waiting, beside the Special with her friends.

These latter saw a bareheaded man dashing down the track, waving his arms.

"They've got Storm," exclaimed Spike. "They carried him off first, to throw him into an ore car. They meant to throw us both in. If they've thrown George into one of those cars, the minute it's loaded, he'll be killed!"

Helen blanched. To threaten Storm's life was to touch her heart. "We must get aboard," she cried to those about her, "and run the train up to the mine without losing a minute. Hurry," she cried, "everybody!"

Rhinelander hastened the excited guests into the cars, signaled the conductor and the Special, swiftly gathering speed, started to catch the freight train at the mine.

In the gondola into which he had been flung, Storm, pounded and shaken over the rough rail joints, gradually recovered consciousness.

He knew he was in no danger until he should reach the mine, not even then, if he were only able to cry out. But struggle as he would, he could not release his hands and feet nor the gag that half-choked him. Every movement of the train was so familiar to him that it added to the horror of his situation.

He was hoping it might chafe before it should reach the deadly chute, for it was this that constituted his peril.

Revolving rapidly in his mind the features of his situation, he felt the car rolling slowly and monotonously on until it seemed as if the train must have traversed twice the length of the switch—the track of which he was familiar with—and the farther he was pulled, the worse his predicament looked.

The car rolled slower and slower. He knew well what the engineer was doing: pulling ahead to spot the last gondola under the chute. Storm saw, as the condemned man sees the blade of the guillotine poised above him, the chute itself come into sight. The next moment his own gondola drew under it and stopped.

Helen, on the Special, had taken her place in the cab where she could urge the engineer to every burst of speed

leverman, too late for him to avert the disaster, if one were impending from his action—the chute was coming down. But at the instant the monster maw was opened and tons of heavy quartz shot into the gondola, Helen, outside the car, turned the dumping key and Storm dropped through the opened car bottom under the trestle. The ore at the same moment was pouring in at the top.

When the young engineer returned to consciousness, Helen was raining tears and kisses on his upturned face. He lay under the trestle, freed from the cords that had so nearly caused his death, mine men and the guests of the day crowding around. He staggered to his feet and greeted his deliverer.

"They had Spike, too," he said, speaking rapidly to Helen. "We must find him before he is smothered."

There was no need for her to answer. Spike spoke for himself. "And what I want to do," he said with heat, when he had told Storm the story, "is to get that Special back to the bridge and get after the guy that roped me."

The neighborhood was scoured for a sign of their assailants. They found where the taxicab had stood in which Seagrue's pair had come up. But the two had long ago made their escape and were running back to town to report to their employer.

Hastening up the stairs, looking guiltily over their shoulders as if fearful of immediate apprehension for their crime, Ward and Adams burst into Seagrue's room.

Seagrue was in waiting. "We got Storm," Ward began.

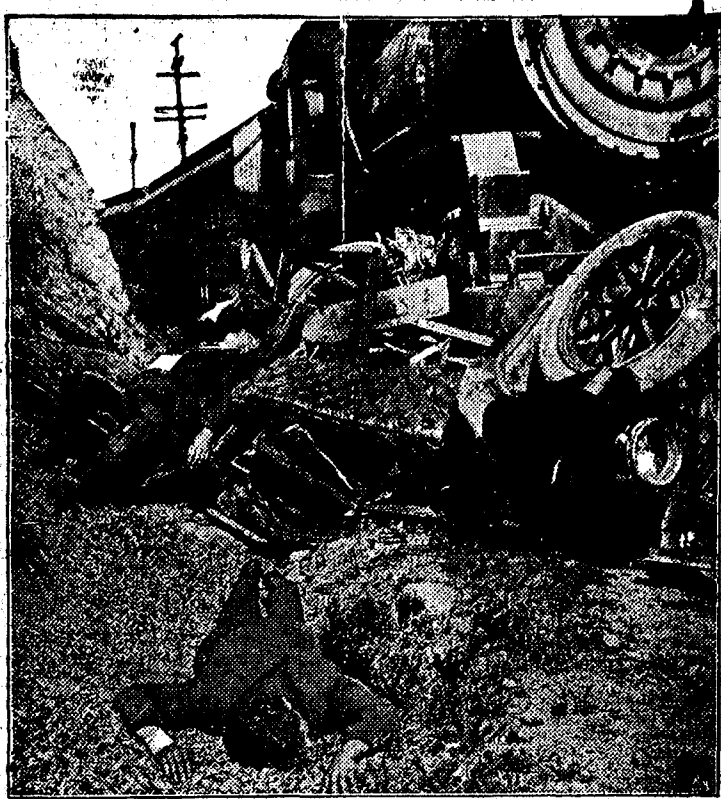
"Good!" cried Seagrue.

"Spike got away!"

Seagrue struck his fist into his open hand. "I wanted that fellow worse than the other," he muttered between his teeth. For another moment he stood deep in thought. Then he turned savagely on Ward. "If Spike escaped, he will be at Helen's home. We will get him there." Ward nodded as coolly as if a further crime were a mere detail. "I'm going up there tonight," continued Seagrue, "and I must change for the evening now. Adams has two guns. Stop! There they are, on the table."

Seagrue, a little later, came in dressed. His tools had made their preparations and were dismissed with the injunction to eat their dinners before the murder was committed.

When the special, on its return, reached Signal, those aboard were so



The Engine Struck the Limousine Squarely in the Middle.

Then a reckless look crossed his face. He called up once more the old smile. "Not a thing," he insisted. "Nothing whatever. It's a little cold outside tonight. Perhaps," he added with a restless laugh, his eyes wandering over the gay faces all about, "someone's walking over my grave."

"Oh," exclaimed his friend. "Are you superstitious?"

"No," returned Seagrue, almost fiercely, "only tired of the world and everything in it. Where is Helen?"

"She's in the library," said his companion. "You're awful late. Let's go and find her."

She would have led him into the library. He stopped on the threshold and refused to enter. He saw, as in a vision, what others—now that the room was filled with laughing men and women—did not see. He saw midnight within it and his own accomplices in a death grapple with an old man. He saw that old man laid out a few moments later on a couch, a doctor bending anxiously over him to detect a heart beat. And he saw the surgeon's face as he looked up and gravely said: "General Holmes is dead!"

Despite his reckless bravado, a shudder gripped him for an instant again. He shook it off and braced himself with angry resentment. "No," he said brusquely, "I won't go in there—too much of a crowd for me. I'll try the reception room." Turning, he encountered Rhinelander. The two men greeted each other briefly.

Rhinelander spoke with kindness to his nephew. He tried to tell him that he wanted him to do differently. He assured him that neither he nor Helen cherished any lasting resentment for what had gone before and now that they two were the winners, they meant to be generous to the losers and to him in especial.

"I am willing," declared Rhinelander, "and I think that Helen will stand with me in it, to give you an interest in the mine—it is big enough to make a dozen millionaires. Make a man of yourself, Earl, that's all we ask. We'll do the rest."

Seagrue regarded him with an expression so terrible that it shocked Rhinelander, but what was passing through Seagrue's mind, he could not tell.

"Tomorrow," Seagrue muttered, like one hardly in possession of his senses, "not tonight—I'll talk to you tomorrow. Where's Helen?"

"She left here this moment for the conservatory with George Storm."

Seagrue took a step forward, as if to go to her. Then he stopped and turned away. Someone took Rhinelander's attention and he lost sight of his nephew, but the woman who had first spoken to Seagrue afterward related what she saw. Seagrue looked once more toward the library. He directed his steps toward it. On the threshold he halted abruptly again as it rudely checked by an unseen hand. He looked about as if he saw and heard what others did not see and hear. Then, shaking himself loose from the seeming clutch of invisible fingers, he took a determined step, strode into the library as one who accepts a challenge, walked defiantly through the room and out of the French doors he himself had opened on a midnight to a murderer.

He disappeared from sight in the shrubbery of the garden and walked some distance before he encountered those whom he had gone out to meet. Even the two hiding men saw the emotion under which he was laboring. He told them what he had seen, told them of Storm's escape, the thwarting of his plans, and with oaths gave them orders as to what to do and how to do it. He trembled with furious emphasis as he spoke on. "And when the coast is clear," he exclaimed, at last, "I'll drop my handkerchief!"

Turning on his heel, he left them. The two murderers looked uncertainly at each other. Something of his uneasiness communicated itself to them.

In the conservatory, Helen and Storm were conversing with guests. The guests left the room as Seagrue came in and he returned, somewhat stiffly, the greeting of Helen and Storm. Storm, resolved now to be generous with his enemy, stepped to the door, took his shining glasses, crossed the

Helen and Seagrue. In the garden, Ward and Adams, watching intently, saw his silhouetted figure on the lowered curtain.

And Storm's trifling act of hospitality was to prove his salvation and Seagrue's undoing. Having seen that the punch bowl was nearly empty he excused himself and stepped into the next room to summon a maid to refill it. The door of this room—a breakfast room—opening on the garden, stood, for the evening, ajar. The maid, reaching up on the sideboard for a napkin, when Storm spoke to her, let it fall from her hand as she turned. The white square of linen, partly unfolded, fluttered to the ground.

Where she stood, the maid could not be seen from Ward's hiding place in the garden. Only the figure of Storm beside her was visible and the highwayman mistook his figure for Seagrue's. When the napkin fluttered to the floor, Ward, mistaking it for the handkerchief, watched intently the two silhouetted figures in the conservatory.

Seagrue, at Helen's side, rose to his feet. Two shots rang through the night air. Seagrue, stricken, clutched his heart. With a ghastly expression he looked at Helen. And as she screamed, he clutched at his heart again and fell headlong to the floor. Helen's frantic cries brought a crowd to the conservatory doors. Storm, nearest at hand, held up the others and entered the room. He turned, lifted Seagrue from the floor and asked for a doctor. Helen, half hysterical, told where the shots had come and Storm, followed by her, ran out into the garden.

The murderers had made good their escape. Hurrying to where their machine was hidden, they jumped into it and started at breakneck speed for Ocean-side. It was Spike's keen ear that detected the faint hum of their motor. "They're making their getaway in a car," he cried. "If we are to get them, we've got to work quick."

Commandeering the first car parked in the driveway and accompanied by Helen and Storm, Spike drove rapidly down the highway after the fleeing taxicab. No lights were visible on it, but some moonlight made it possible to follow the murderers accurately.

Below the bridge at Signal, the highway, turning sharply, crossed the railroad. It is a bell crossing and the signals were ringing for the Ocean-side express when Ward and Adams, looking behind at the headlights of Spike's car, saw they were hotly pursued. They opened fire with their revolvers on the pursuing car, but Helen, Storm and Spike, keeping under cover as best they could, did not slacken speed. The criminals thus pressed, saw there was a chance to put the railroad crossing between them and the pursuers. The express was close by them, but desperate men cannot be choosers. Ward took a chance. Crowding his machine to the limit, he tried for the crossing ahead of the train. The engineer seeing a collision unavoidable, checked his train heavily. It was too late. The engine was almost on the taxicab and the next instant the pilot, striking it squarely in the middle, threw the heavy limousine fifty feet in the air. When Helen, Storm and Spike reached the spot, the engineer was backing down to investigate the catastrophe.

Lanterns and searchlights were brought into play where the moon left the landscape in shadow. Adams' body was found in a borro' pit. The shock had killed him. Ward, flung against a tree, lay at the foot of it, mutilated beyond recognition.

In Helen's conservatory, a doctor bent over Seagrue, but this wretched victim of his own criminal intent lay quite dead.

The sun rose happily after the events of that tragic night. It rose nowhere on two people more grateful for their escape from assassination than Helen and Storm. Within the following week the guests of that night, had they been gifted with vision, might have seen Spike seated, book in hand, in the garden, reading an account of a marriage ceremony. In it, surrounded by her friends and away from her foster uncle, Adams' wife of Ocean-side had become



"Part of the Agreement is That George Shall Finish This."

his machine was capable of. "One minute," she reminded him pathetically and more than once, "may mean a life very dear to me. Do the very best you can, won't you?" she pleaded.

Tense and collected under the strain, Helen, staring through the open cab window, had only eyes for the ore cars, which in another moment she saw stood in on the switch with the last gondola spotted for loading under the chute.

What car had Storm been thrown into? The question racked her nerves and clutched at her heart.

With Storm still struggling on the car floor, the foreman of the ore plant, taking a fresh chew of tobacco, signaled: "Ore on!" A man below threw the lever and the jagged quartz rock tumbled with a roar into the chute.

Storm, working to free himself, had heard the foreman's order, heard the deadly rush of the falling rock. It was only as the great chute—the one which he, himself, had helped to install and which worked with such fatal efficiency—slowly descended that he gave up hope.

A cry outside, a woman's voice, hardly roused him from his stupor. But the next moment he felt a great shock. It seemed as if he were launched precipitately into space; the world was falling around him. Overhead, a mighty roar crashed on his hearing—consciousness left him.

What had happened was that Helen, leaping from the gangway of the engine almost before the Special, its wheels ground by the brakes, fully stopped, had run swiftly up the switch track beside the gondola in which Storm lay. She had no means of knowing whether this car contained her lover. It was too late to signal the

happy over the fortunate outcome of the day that the evening festivities at Helen's home were looked forward to with pleasurable excitement. It was an open secret among her friends that this occasion was to signalize the public announcement of her engagement to George Storm.

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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 ne'er-do-well. Young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a woman, her father, and his friends, Anos Rhineland, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Saboteurs employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater. Helen, Storm and Rhineland rescue Spike from Seagrue's net. Spike steals records to protect Rhineland, and Storm and Helen save Spike from death in the burning courthouse. In Superstition mine, Seagrue's scheme to prevent payment for the mine is spoiled. Helen, restored to home and social position, saves her departing guests from a threatened collision by a wild ride.

FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE

It was a week later that there were social activities again in Helen's home. Rhineland had come down from the mountains with Storm to announce to Helen the completion of the Superstition cut-off, the cause of so much enmity and bitterness between the rival roads that had striven to achieve its successful building.

Helen was making ready, when they arrived, to join her two friends, and all returned to the station to take the special train that was to carry them with a party up the line to celebrate the driving of the last spike—a responsibility that Rhineland had assigned, over all her protests, to Helen herself.

The trains, gayly decorated, pulled in early and the party—railroad men, constructionists and personal friends of the builders—getting out on the platform at Signal, gave it for a moment an air of social gaiety. The stop was made only long enough to exchange greetings, and the party, enlarged by the Signal contingent, again boarded the train to continue the journey to the cut-off.

The morning newspapers at Ocean-side had contained articles descriptive of the prospective celebration, and it was in one of these that a headline fell under Seagrue's eye as he sat in his living room reading his paper.

CUT-OFF TO SUPERSTITION MINE

Helen Holmes to Drive Last Spike.

At noon today Helen Holmes, daughter of the late General Holmes, assisted by Superintendent A. Rhineland and Construction Engineer George Storm will drive the spike that marks the completion of the Superstition cut-off.

Seagrue read with anger. To his disordered mind, now victimized by drink, it seemed as if the celebration were intended to signalize his own defeat.

In a furious mood, he struck the bell to summon Adams, his servant. When the latter appeared his master said curtly: "Bring Ward here at once," and turned to the decanter that had lately become his most intimate resource.

The moment Ward came in with Adams, Seagrue picked up the newspaper. "Look at that," he said, without preliminary words. Ward read the headlines hastily. "You see what's going on," exclaimed Seagrue, laboring apparently under excitement. "I want you to get busy."

He spoke the last words in a tone that left no doubt of his meaning. And Ward, old in ways of intrigue and crime, looked at him so understandingly that Seagrue had hardly need to add what he did. "This is my last chance," he muttered, viciously. "I want them both. Get them. I'll make you rich."

Ward was quick to assent. He was quick to act, and after conferring hurriedly on details Seagrue started the two men out. In the street, Ward and Adams boarded a taxicab, gave their orders to the driver and were whirled rapidly out on the desert.

At the cut-off, the roadmasters and officials of the operating department of the Tidewater line were in waiting for the special. When it reached the scene a salute, arranged by an ingenious railroad man with dynamite, was fired from an adjoining hill.

But from a second hill, across from where the improvised salute had noisily greeted the gay special, two men looked with unfriendly eyes down on the interesting ceremony. A golden spike had been provided for Helen. And the senior roadmaster, acting as

the master of ceremonies, was leading the way to where she was to officiate. On the spot where the last rail joint awaited its completion at her hands, Rhineland handed to Helen the spike and the maul. And Helen, placing the golden emblem into position, struck the spike the first blow.

"You know," she said, looking up after she had given it a few more taps, "that part of the agreement is, George must finish this."

Storm took hold of the maul with a smile. "For a man that's driven a mogul as many miles as I have, this ought to be easy."

Friends crowded up as the spike went home and congratulations fell thick and fast on the winners of the long-drawn struggle. Rhineland still had something to propose. "While we are all here together," he said, "we'll complete the celebration by starting the first train. I want to see whether Miss Holmes and Mr. Storm can drive a spike that will hold a rail joint for an engine to run over it. If it fails, it shows them both up. Throw the switch for the main line, George, and let Helen start the first train over the cut-off."

Storm walked toward the switch, some distance away, followed by Spike. Standing together they threw it and signaled that all was right.

Helen, quite at home inside an engine-cab, pulled the throttle slightly and the drivers began to revolve; the engineer then handed her carefully down from the gangway and the train started.

At the switch, Spike and Storm engaged thus intently, failed to notice two men creeping up behind them, ropes in hand. Taken unawares, nooses were thrown suddenly over their heads and before they could make the least defense, they were throttled, felled and dragged back from the switch. So swiftly and expertly was the attack made that Spike and Storm were choked almost at once and dragged down out of sight before anyone noticed their disappearance.

Tying their hands expeditiously, Ward speculated for a moment on what to do with them. Adams' proposal to throw them from the bridge he negated. "They would find them too quick. We'll put them into the ore cars," he said cunningly. "When the cars are located at the mine the ore will do the rest."

The two picked Storm up, unconscious, and carried him along the track, laying him beside it to await the coming of the freight train. Returning to bring Spike in like fashion, they were surprised and upset to find he had disappeared.

Spike had, in fact—overhearing the fate in store for him—rolled, gagged and bound as he was, along the track to the bridge below. Gaining this, he continued to roll over and tried to drop out of sight underneath. But in getting down, helpless as he was, his hands caught by the rope with which he was fastened on the head of a projecting spike and instead of dropping to where he speedily could have hidden himself, he hung quite helpless in the air suspended by his wrists.

The ore train meantime had come along the mine spur and Ward and Adams, watching their opportunity, flung Storm into a gondola.

"We've got to get after Spike," declared Ward, now alarmed for the safety of himself and his companion.

Indeed, Spike was having a close call for his life in more than one direction. A single slender chance gave him hope of escape. The cord with which his hands had been bound, he thought, might be sawed in two on the spike against which it had caught. Acting on this thought, he threw himself from side to side to saw the cord against the iron. In spite of the intense pain suffered in sustaining the entire weight of his body on the thongs that bound his wrists, he kept desperately busy in the hope of releasing himself before his captors should return. For he had no doubt that Ward, as assistant director, would not hesitate to kill him on sight. With a resource and cunning developed through a long career of doubtful enterprises and close squeaks—Spike struggled wildly for freedom and life, and thus engaged he heard the footsteps of men running along the track.

This might mean help; it might mean a knock on the head. There was but a moment left to effect his escape. Jerking himself convulsively, arms, legs and body—the cord cutting and sawing every moment into the quick around his wrists—he threw such a force on the rope that the strands frayed parted on the face of the spike and he fell to the ground.

every place of concealment, came on. Their hurry, however, was too great, and the very place where they should have looked, they passed. Even before they were well out of the way, Spike had released his feet and gaining the track was running at full speed back to where Helen was waiting, beside the Special with her friends.

These latter saw a bareheaded man dashing down the track, waving his arms.

"They've got Storm," exclaimed Spike. "They carried him off first, to throw him into an ore car. They meant to throw us both in. If they've thrown George into one of those cars, the minute it's loaded, he'll be killed!"

Helen blanched. To threaten Storm's life was to touch her heart. "We must get aboard," she cried to those about her, "and run the train up to the mine without losing a minute. Hurry," she cried, "everybody!"

Rhineland hastened the excited guests into the cars, signaled the conductor and the Special, swiftly gathering speed, started to catch the freight train at the mine.

In the gondola into which he had been flung, Storm, pounded and shaken over the rough rail joints, gradually recovered consciousness.

He knew he was in no danger until he should reach the mine, not even then, if he were only able to cry out. But struggle as he would, he could not release his hands and feet nor the egg that half choked him. Every movement of the train was so familiar to him that it added to the horror of his situation.

He was hoping it might stop before it should reach the deadly chute, for it was this that constituted his peril.

Revolving rapidly in his mind the features of his situation, he felt the car rolling slowly and monotonously until it seemed as if the train must have traversed twice the length of the switch—the track of which he was familiar with—and the farther he was pulled, the worse his predicament looked.

The car rolled slower and slower. He knew well what the engineer was doing: pulling ahead to spot the last gondola under the chute. Storm saw, as the condemned man sees the blade of the guillotine poised above him, the chute itself come into sight. The next moment his own gondola drew under it and stopped.

Helen, on the Special, had taken her place in the cab where she could urge the engineer to every burst of speed

leverman, too late for him to avert the disaster, if one were impending from his action—the chute was coming down. But at the instant the monster maw was opened and tons of heavy quartz shot into the gondola, Helen, outside the car, turned the dumping key and Storm dropped through the opened car bottom under the trestle. The ore at the same moment was pouring in at the top.

"When the young engineer returned to consciousness, Helen was raining tears and kisses on his upturned face. He lay under the trestle, freed from the cords that had so nearly caused his death, mine men and the guests of the day crowding around. He staggered to his feet and greeted his deliverer.

"They had Spike, too," he said, speaking rapidly to Helen. "We must find him before he is smothered."

There was no need for her to answer. Spike spoke for himself. "And what I want to do," he said with heat, when he had told Storm the story, "is to get that Special back to the bridge and get after the guy that roped me."

The neighborhood was scoured for a sign of their assailants. They found where the taxicab had stood in which Seagrue's pair had come up. But the two had long ago made their escape and were running back to town to report to their employer.

Hastening up the stairs, looking guiltily over their shoulders as if fearful of immediate apprehension for their crime, Ward and Adams burst into Seagrue's room.

—Seagrue was in waiting. "We got Storm," Ward began.

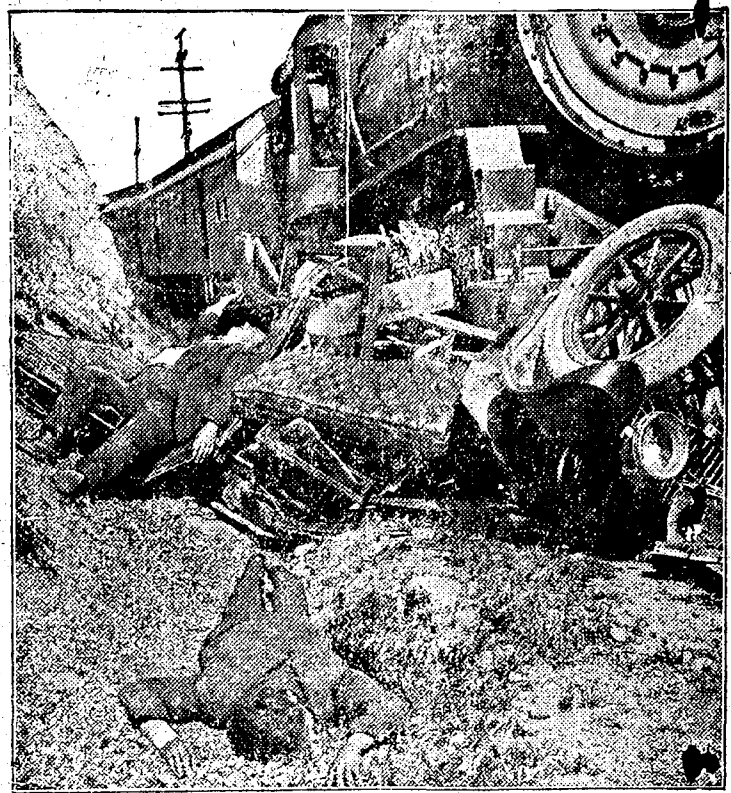
"Good!" cried Seagrue.

"Spike got away!"

Seagrue struck his fist into his open hand. "I wanted that fellow worse than the other," he muttered between his teeth. For another moment he stood deep in thought. Then he turned savagely on Ward. "If Spike escaped, he will be at Helen's home. We will get him there." Ward nodded as coolly as if a further crime were a mere detail. "I'm going up there tonight," continued Seagrue, "and I must change for the evening now. Adams has two guns. Stop! There they are, on the table."

Seagrue, a little later, came in dressed. His tools had made their preparations and were dismissed with the injunction to eat their dinners before the murder was committed.

When the special, on its return, reached Signal, those aboard were so



The Engine Struck the Limousine Squarely in the Middle.

Then a reckless look crossed his face. He called up once more the old smile. "Not a thing," he insisted. "Nothing whatever. It's a little cold outside tonight. Perhaps," he added with a restless laugh, his eyes wandering over the gay faces all about, "someone's walking over my grave."

"Oh," exclaimed his friend. "Are you superstitious?"

"No," returned Seagrue, almost fiercely, "only tired of the world and everything in it. Where is Helen?"

"She's in the library," said his companion. "You're awful late. Let's go and find her."

She would have led him into the library. He stepped on the threshold and refused to enter. He saw, as in a vision, what others now that the room was filled with laughing men and women did not see. He saw midnight within it and his own accomplices in a death grapple with an old man. He saw that old man laid out a few moments later on a couch, a doctor bending anxiously over him to detect a heart beat. And he saw the surgeon's face as he looked up and gravely said: "General Holmes is dead!"

Despite his reckless bravado, a shudder gripped him for an instant again. He shook it off and braced himself with angry resentment. "No," he said brusquely, "I won't go in there—too much of a crowd for me. I'll try the reception room." Turning, he encountered Rhineland. The two men greeted each other briefly.

Rhineland spoke with kindness to his nephew. He tried to tell him that he wanted him to do differently. He assured him that neither he nor Helen cherished any lasting resentment for what had gone before and now that they two were the winners, they meant to be generous to the losers and to him in especial.

"I am willing," declared Rhineland, "and I think that Helen will stand with me in it, to give you an interest in the mine—it is big enough to make a dozen millionaires. Make a man of yourself, Earl, that's all we ask. We'll do the rest."

Seagrue regarded him with an expression so terrible that it shocked Rhineland, but what was passing through Seagrue's mind, he could not tell.

"Tomorrow," Seagrue muttered, like one hardly in possession of his senses, "not tonight—I'll talk to you tomorrow. Where's Helen?"

"She left here this moment for the conservatory with George Storm."

Seagrue took a step forward, as if to go to her. Then he stopped and turned away. Someone took Rhineland's attention and he lost sight of his nephew, but the woman who had first spoken to Seagrue afterward related what she saw. Seagrue looked once more toward the library. He directed his steps toward it. On the threshold he halted abruptly again, as if rudely checked by an unseen hand. He looked about as if he saw and heard what others did not see and hear. Then, shaking himself loose from the seeming clutch of invisible fingers, he took a determined step, strode into the library as one who accepts a challenge, walked defiantly through the room and out of the French doors he himself had opened on a midnight to a murderer.

He disappeared from sight in the shrubbery of the garden and walked some distance before he encountered those whom he had gone out to meet. Even the two hiding men saw the emotion under which he was laboring. He told them what he had seen, told them of Storm's escape, the thwarting of his plans, and with oaths gave them orders as to what to do and how to do it. He trembled with furious emphasis as he spoke on. "And when the coast is clear," he exclaimed, at last, "I'll drop my handkerchief."

Turning on his heel, he left them. The two murderers looked uncertainly at each other. Something of his uneasiness communicated itself to them. In the conservatory, Helen and Storm were conversing with guests. The guests left the room as Seagrue came in and he returned, somewhat stiffly, the greeting of Helen and Storm. Storm, resolved now to be generous with his enemy, stepped to the punch bowl and filling glasses, crossed the conservatory with them to serve

Helen and Seagrue. In the garden, Ward and Adams, watching intently, saw his silhouetted figure on the lowered curtain.

And Storm's trifling act of hospitality was to prove his salvation and Seagrue's undoing. Having seen that the punch bowl was nearly empty he excused himself and stepped into the next room to summon a maid to refill it. The door of this room—a breakfast room—opening on the garden, stood, for the evening, ajar.

The maid, reaching up on the sideboard for a napkin, when Storm spoke to her, let it fall from her hand as she turned. The white square of linen, partly unfolded, fluttered to the ground.

Where she stood, the maid could not be seen from Ward's hiding place in the garden. Only the figure of Storm beside her was visible and the highwayman mistook his figure for Seagrue's. When the napkin fluttered to the floor, Ward, mistaking it for the handkerchief, watched intently the two silhouetted figures in the conservatory.

Seagrue, at Helen's side, rose to his feet. Two shots rang through the night air. Seagrue, stricken, clutched his heart. With a ghastly expression he looked at Helen. And as she screamed, he clutched at his heart again and fell headlong to the floor.

Helen's frantic cries brought a crowd to the conservatory doors. Storm, nearest at hand, helped the others and entered the room. He turned, lifted Seagrue from the floor and asked for a doctor. Helen, half hysterical, told where the shots had come and Storm, followed by her, ran out into the garden.

The murderers had made good their escape. Hurrying to where their machine was hidden, they jumped into it and started at breakneck speed for the seaside. It was Spike's keen ear that detected the faint hum of their motor. "They're making their getaway in a car," he cried. "If we are to get them, we've got to work quick."

Commanding the first car parked in the driveway and accompanied by Helen and Storm, Spike drove rapidly down the highway after the fleeing taxicab. No lights were visible on it, but some moonlight made it possible to follow the murderers accurately.

Below the bridge at Signal, the highway, turning sharply, crossed the railroad. It is a bell crossing and the signals were ringing for the Ocean-side express when Ward and Adams, looking behind at the headlights of Spike's car, saw they were hotly pursued. They opened fire with their revolvers on the pursuing car, but Helen, Storm and Spike, keeping under cover as best they could, did not slacken speed.

The criminals thus pressed, saw there was a chance to put the railroad crossing between them and the pursuers. The express was close on them, but desperate men cannot be choosers. Ward took a chance. Crowding his machine to the limit, he tried for the crossing ahead of the train. The engineer, seeing a collision unavoidable, checked his train heavily. It was too late. The engine was almost on the taxicab and the next instant the pilot, striking it squarely in the middle, threw the heavy limousine fifty feet in the air. When Helen, Storm and Spike reached the spot, the engineer was backing down to investigate the catastrophe.

Lanterns and searchlights were brought into play where the moon left the landscape in shadow. Adams' body was found in a borrow pit. The shock had killed him. Ward, flung against a tree, lay at the foot of it, mutilated beyond recognition.

In Helen's conservatory, a doctor bent over Seagrue, but the wretched victim of his own criminal intent lay quite dead.

The sun rose happily after the events of that tragic night. It rose nowhere on two people more grateful for their escape from assassination than Helen and Storm. Within the following week the guests of that night, had they been gifted with vision, might have seen Spike seated, book in hand, in the garden, reading an account of a marriage ceremony. In it, surrounded by her friends and given away by her foster uncle, Anos Rhineland, Helen had become the wife of George Storm.



"Part of the Agreement is That George Shall Finish This."

his machine was capable of. "One minute," she reminded him pathetically and more than once, "may mean a life very dear to me. Do the very best you can, won't you?" she pleaded.

Tense and collected under the strain, Helen, staring through the open car window, had only eyes for the ore cars, which in another moment she saw stood in on the switch with the last gondola spotted for loading under the chute.

What car had Storm been thrown into? The question racked her nerves and clutched at her heart.

With Storm still struggling on the car floor, the foreman of the ore plant, taking a fresh chew of tobacco, signaled: "Ore on!" A man below threw the lever and the jagged quartz rock tumbled with a roar into the chute.

Storm, working to free himself, had heard the foreman's order, heard the deadly rush of the falling rock. It was only as the great chute—the one which he, himself, had helped to install and which worked with such fatal efficiency—slowly descended that he gave up hope.

A cry outside, a woman's voice, hardly roused him from his stupor. But the next moment he felt a great shock. It seemed as if he were launched precipitately into space; the world was falling around him. Overhead, a mighty roar crashed on his hearing—consciousness left him.

What had happened was that Helen, leaping from the gangway of the engine almost before the Special, its wheels ground by the brakes, fully stopped, had run swiftly up the switch track beside the gondola in which Storm lay. She had no means of knowing whether this car contained her lover. It was too late to signal the

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