

Missing Issues

Charlevoix County Herald

Volume 21, No. 1, 2, & 3

January 5, 12, & 19, 1917

Briefs of the Week

W. J. Ellison and Eugene Adams were at Saginaw on business this week.

Herman Goodman has purchased the Joseph Lozen property on the West Side.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bowman at Detroit, a son—Jack Wilbur, Jan. 16th.

Mrs. Geo. Glenn entertained the Whist Club at her home Wednesday afternoon.

Rev. Fr. Kroboth was guest of Fr. Kamrind at Elk Rapids a couple of days this week.

Mrs. John Hoffman underwent a serious operation at one of the Petoskey hospitals, Sunday.

Mrs. J. B. Palmeter left Thursday of last week for Tawas City, where she visits her brother, John A. Mark.

Mrs. Harold Boyd left Monday on an extended visit with friends at Bay City, Grand Rapids, South Bend, Ind., and other points.

The Ladies Altar Society of St. Joseph's Church will meet at the home of Mrs. Margaret Green on Thursday, Jan. 25th, at 2:30 p. m.

The Improvement Club will be entertained at the home of Mrs. R. S. Sidebotham this Friday evening. A potluck supper will be served.

Vern Smith and family who have occupied rooms over Miss Kneale's millinery store, moved this week to a residence near the Furnace.

Mrs. H. J. Bryant and daughter, Miss Daisy, have moved their dressmaking parlors from the Gibson residence into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cummings.

Miss Ethel Crowell returned to her school duties at Afton, Tuesday, after being confined to her home by illness first of the week. Miss Fae Warden substituted for her.

Henry Ribble returned home from the Saville Sanitarium at Petoskey, Tuesday, where he has been taking treatments. He is suffering from an abscess on the middle ear. He is reported a little better.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. E. E. Hall, Friday, Jan. 19th, at 2:30 p. m. Every member is urgently requested to be present as important business is to be transacted, also election of officers. Visitors welcome.

L. P. Holliday with students Walter Fowler, Bruce Cross, Donald Porter and Charles Danto journeyed to Petoskey latter part of last week on skis. They left Friday afternoon, spent that night at Charlevoix. Went on to Petoskey, Saturday, returning home by train.

"Sandy" Dean received a paralytic stroke while at his work, Wednesday morning his left side being badly affected. He had just reported for work as sawyer at Mill A., when he was affected. He was removed to his home and his condition is reported a little better at this writing.

John Kramer passed away last Tuesday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jerry Moblo, west of this city. Deceased was eighty years of age, being born in Germany, Dec. 27th, 1836. Funeral services will be held from his late residence this Friday morning, conducted by Rev. R. S. Sidebotham.

George F. Snellen, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, passed away at his home on the West Side, last Friday afternoon. Deceased was 45 years of age and leaves a wife. Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon from the L. D. S. Church, conducted by Rev. Leonard Rudley, interment at East Jordan Cemetery.

Mrs. Clara Plant received a broken hip bone in a fall last Saturday which may prove very serious. Grandma Plant as she is affectionately called makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Spencer, and family. She was in her room last Saturday when she suddenly became dizzy and fell to the floor fracturing the hip bone. As the lady is over eighty years of age and quite heavy in weight, the healing process will be very slow.

The first steps toward organizing a County Civic League were taken in this city last Saturday forenoon when a number of representatives from several parts of the County met and perfected a temporary organization in the lecture room of the Presbyterian Church. Among those present from outside were Messrs. Walker, Wilkinson and Kane of Charlevoix, and White, Houghton, Banker Smith and Supr. Smith of Boyne City. It is planned to complete the organization in the spring.

Ed. Blosswick is quite ill with pneumonia.

Robert Pray is confined to the house by illness.

W. E. Malpass returned home from Flint, Saturday last.

E. L. Burdick is confined to his home by illness, this week.

Miss Francis Roy of Goshen, Ind., is visiting relatives here.

Leo LaCroix is working in Cobbs and Mitchells store at Springvale.

J. Leahy the Optometrist will soon be here again see date next week.

W. S. Ritter was down from Deward Wednesday to visit his family here.

Men's heavy fleeced underwear at 45 cents per garment.—WEISMAN'S.

Miss Freeda Peterson of Mancelona visited friends in the city over Sunday.

Mrs. Oswin Bartlett went to Central Lake, Tuesday to visit her sister, Mrs. R. Burr.

Miss Alba Nowland of Charlevoix is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Lanway, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Blosswick are receiving a visit from the latter's mother of Manistique.

C. L. Arnold, m'gr of the Cabinet Co. left Tuesday for Grand Rapids on a business trip.

A very pretty line of new Percales and Ginhams at the East Jordan Lumber Co. Store.

Herbert Talbert and family now occupy rooms in the Bisnett building on the West Side.

Wm. Wolsey of Saginaw visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Weisman this week.

Bruce Flannery and Thurlow King left Thursday for Detroit, where they will seek employment.

Mrs. Vern Flanders is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson at Churchill Corners.

Charles H. Shaffer of Marquette was here first of the week in the interest of the Furnace Co.

Mrs. Jas Malpass and daughter, Miss Esther, went to Traverse City, Wednesday to visit relatives.

You can secure the East Jordan Cook Books at the E. J. Lumber Co's store or at M. E. Ashley's store.

W. J. Bruns of Detroit, traveling auditor of the Telephone Co., was here on business this week.

Mrs. L. G. Balch returned home Saturday last from a visit at Jamestown, N. Y., Detroit and other points.

James Palmeter, who spent the holidays here visiting relatives, returned to Detroit latter part of last week.

Herbert Talbert returned home from Howell, Thursday, where he has been taking treatments for tuberculosis.

Miss Sara Layn, stenographer at the Lumber Co's office, left Monday for a visit with her parents at Paw Paw.

Mr. and Mrs. Clare Hungerford returned to Flint, Monday, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Brooks.

Mrs. Geo. Glenn and children returned home from Butler, Pa., last week where they have been visiting relatives for several weeks.

A miscellaneous shower was given Mrs. Clare Hungerford last Friday evening, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Brooks.

Mrs. Frank Phillips entertained a number of her friends with a six o'clock dinner Monday evening at her home on Upper Main-st. The evening was spent in playing cards.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid wishes to urge all those who have delayed handing in their subscription to McCall's Magazine to do so immediately. Within a month the subscription price will raise from 50c to 70c per year, and you will save 25c by subscribing now.—Miss Agnes Porter, Sec'y.

Presbyterian Church Notes
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Jan. 21, 1917.

10:30 a. m.—"Remedy for Practical Atheism."

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

6:00 p. m.—Senior Endeavor.

6:15 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—"How to become a Christian."

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

The meeting Sunday night is the third under the Auspices of the Young People's Bible Class.

Remorse is a good deal like a wooden leg—it helps a man on his way, but he can see where he'd be happier without it.

1916 Fair

Financial Statement of Charlevoix County Agricultural Society.

RECEIPTS	
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 ladders, 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.

To stop 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 [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.

CHINESE WOMAN REGISTERS

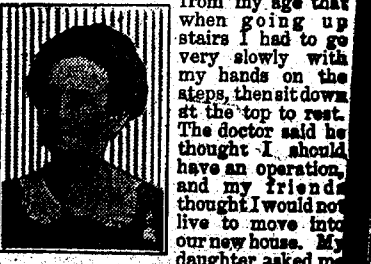


Mrs. See Tong King Chong is shown here registering in San Francisco primaries. She is the widow of the late Senator Chong, the first senator of the Chinese colonies of the United States to the Chinese republic. Mrs. Chong has long been denied the privilege of voting on account of her husband's Chinese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



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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

Wetly's Sage and Sulphur Darkens the Naturally Thin No-body can tell.

That loses its color and lustre, or it faces, 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 of 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 oozes 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
EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY

The IRON CLAW by ARTHUR STRINGER

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

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Palidori intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Palidori opens the dyke gates and floods the island and in the general rush to escape the flood kidnaps Golden's six-year-old daughter Margory. Twelve years later in New York a masked One calling himself "The Hammer of God" rescues an eighteen-year-old girl from the cadet Casavanti, to whom Jules Legar has delivered her, and takes her to the home of Enoch Golden, millionaire, where she is recaptured by Legar. Legar and Stein are discovered by Manley, Golden's secretary, setting fire to Golden's buildings, but escape. Margory's mother fruitlessly implores Enoch Golden to find their daughter. The Masked One again takes Margory away from Legar. Legar loots the Third National bank, but again the Laughing Mask frustrates his plans.

FIFTH EPISODE

THE INTERVENTION OF TITO

David Manley was not altogether proud of his day's work. As he sat tied and bound on the rough brick floor beneath the Owl's Nest that once flippant-minded young man even acknowledged that things looked rather bad for him. He had been made a prisoner. The iron claw of Legar had reached suddenly out and closed about him.

But David Manley did not altogether give up. As he lay there, sore in body, but even more battered in mind, he still spasmodically struggled with the cords that held him hand and foot. The solitude of that unsavory den did not add to his comfort. The mere fact that Legar could see fit to leave a prisoner thus unguarded impressed the prisoner with the fact that his one-armed enemy was only too well assured of his power. And the more Manley thought of Legar and his methods the more that sinister figure seems to bewilder him. He knew that Legar was the unrelenting and eternal enemy of Enoch Golden, just as he had been the enemy of Golden's daughter Margory.

The thought of Margory directed Manley's mind back to the earlier events of that strange day. He recalled his long talk with that quiet girl in the quiet-toned shadows of the Golden Library. It had been the first talk between them into which the personal note had entered. He had enjoyed that talk, for he had felt, as it progressed, that the girl had begun to realize he was her friend, that he wanted to be her friend.

But the quietness of the Golden home had proved to be nothing more than a lull which precedes the sudden storm. For, five minutes after he had left the smiling girl, the Golden butler, with terror in his eyes, had come running to him saying there was a stranger in the house, a stranger who had been seen lurking about the halls and had promptly disappeared at the sight of one of the servants. So Manley, forgetting everything else, had promptly joined in the search for that mysterious intruder. And his first thought, after doing so, had been for Margory Golden.

Hurrying to the library to make sure of her safety, he had found her seated at her father's desk, quietly talking over the telephone. And there had been little in that scene not suggestive of tranquility. For blinking placidly down from its perch beside her had stood Tito, Margory Golden's newly acquired parrot, for which Manley himself had small love. This feeling was based, not so much on the malevolent air of wisdom surrounding that green-bodied filcher of human phrases, as on the somewhat disturbing trick, taught it by some earlier master, of seeking out gas jets and turning them on the moment it was freed from its chain.

Yet as it had stood close beside the girl so busily talking over the telephone it had seemed as companionably innocent as a canary. And it had turned to blink sagely at Manley as the girl, apparently unconscious of his presence, had crossed to the mahogany-faced vault set in the library wall and proceeded to open its ponderous door. This had startled Manley not a little, for the combination of that vault was a secret jealously guarded by Golden, a secret unknown to Manley himself. It was not until she stood with the massive door swung open that Manley had confronted her. But she showed no embarrassment at his sudden interruption.

"My father has just phoned from Philadelphia," she explained. "There are certain papers he must have for his conference with the Regent Trust company tomorrow."

"But when did you find out how to open that door?" had been Manley's inquiry.

"Two minutes ago, over the telephone," had been the girl's reply.

"Then the sooner that door is shut and locked again the better," he had warned her.

"Why?" she had asked, for the first time conscious of his excitement.

"Because there's an unknown man hiding somewhere in this house, and heaven only knows what he's after, times like these!"

Even as he had spoken Manley had detected an unnatural fullness in the portiere draping the side

of the library. And on the polished parquet floor at the bottom of that portiere the toe of a man's shoe had been plainly visible. Yet Golden's secretary had waited until the girl had closed and locked the vault door. Then he had leaped for the figure behind the drapery.

But that intruder behind the drapery had apparently not been altogether unconscious of the danger confronting him. He had at the same moment side-stepped nimbly through the quickly opened door, throwing an approaching and suddenly hysterical housemaid aside as he had swept past her. The redoubtable Wilson, who had also attempted to block his exit, had even more promptly gone down, knocked flat by one fierce blow. It had been then, and then only, that Manley discovered the identity of the intruder. He had caught sight of the scarred face, which even an ample beard failed to screen. He had seen the right arm of wood which ended in its sinister iron hook, and all doubt as to his enemy had vanished.

But this discovery had in no way interfered with Manley's pursuit of that audacious intruder. It had not been a pretty fight, that hand-to-hand contest between the slim-bodied youth and the scar-faced exploiter of evil, but it had been a desperate one. As Manley, pressing stubbornly on, had struggled to close in on his opponent, Legar had discreetly and nimbly backed away until he found the double house door itself barring his farther retreat. Thereupon he had promptly shattered the plate-glass backing the iron grill work on the hinges, and had actually swung one of these doors open before Manley could gather himself together and spring boldly on his escaping enemy.

They had gone down the broad steps together, locked arm in arm, fighting and clawing as ferociously as midnight cats in a tenement court. And Manley, with one hand on Legar's leathery throat, would surely have won, had not a closed car glided up to the curb along which they were writhing and panting and rolling. From that car a yellow-faced Italian known as Scoop had taken a prompt and active part in the encounter. He had withheld finalities, however, until Manley was uppermost. Then, with a quickly drawn "billy" he had blackjacked that youth into utter indifference as to Legar and mysteriously waiting limousine and all the rest of the world.

Before Manley's senses had come back to him he had the green-bodied parrot had been tossed bodily into the closed car, and three minutes before the arrival of the police for whom the white-faced girl in the library had so frantically telephoned, that mysterious limousine had sped off into the night, carrying not only Legar but the youth who had been so presumptuous as to attempt to interfere with Legar's exploits.

But Manley did not altogether give up. His heart still had the resilience of youth. He still believed in his star.

What fretted Manley most, however, was his lack of freedom. Rolling a little over on his side, he studied minutely the rough brick floor on which he lay. After this inspection he wormed his way carefully from side to side, lying face down and trying each row of exposed bricks with his shoe toe, in the hope of finding one of them loose.

He had elaborately tested eleven rows before he found any reason for hope in this direction. A chill of excitement ran through his tired body, in fact, as he discovered one brick which seemed less securely embedded in cement than were its fellows. He worked at it patiently, laboriously, kicking away small particles of plaster, thumping it with his boot heel, prying at it with his sole until it rocked free in its row. Then came the even sterner task of shifting it from its place. This he did by turning about and lying close to it, on his side, so that the fingers of his tightly imprisoned hand might come in contact with its edges. Time after time it fell back, but in the end he triumphed.

Yet it was not this unearthly brick which interested him. His attention was directed towards the rough-edged parallelogram where that brick had originally rested, for the corners of this opening, he soon realized, provided him with a saw edge which in time might serve to abrade and cut through the stoutest of cotton rope. But the consolation of this hope did not stay with him long. For even as he started to work, his movements were interrupted by the sound of a key in the heavy iron lock on the door that shut him in. He rolled over quickly, twisting about so that his apparently inert body covered both the loosened brick and the spot from which it had been taken. He continued to lie there as though in a sleep of exhaustion, for his veiled eyes had already caught sight of the type-headed ruffians advancing into the room.

"Let the poor boob sleep," warned the larger man, in a husky whisper. "He'll go to sleep in before mornin'!"

"He's still struggling," said the smaller man, in a low voice. "He's still struggling."

In this rat hole. Why can't Legar get back here where he belongs and do his own stickup work?"

"I tell you the doc's up to the Golden house makin' his haul when the coast's clear! And if you wake that king there you'll have to cut out the red-eye and keep busy chokin' off his boiler!"

Manley could hear their shuffling feet as they recrossed the rough flooring and then the scrape and rasp of the rusty lock as they once more turned the key in the door. But the moment they were gone he was once more busy with the cotton rope about his wrists, for what he had overheard increased his passion for liberty. When a man, however, is still youthfully blind enough to believe in his start, to nurse the delusion that some special genius has singled him out and watches over him, he is not easily discouraged. Yet discouragement came, and came in a form most unexpected, even before Manley's hands were free.

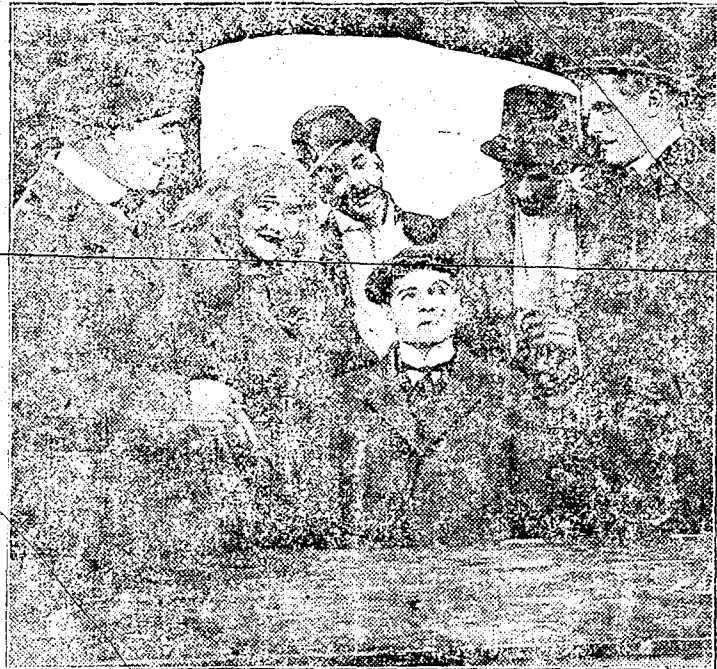
It came, in fact, in the form of a green-bodied parrot creeping stealthily through the rusty cross-bars grilling the transom above the locked door. He watched the bird slip into the room, climb along the rusty iron gas jet, deliberately turn it on.

Manley knew what this meant, and it spurred him to even more frantic efforts to saw through the cords, still holding him a prisoner, for already the fumes of the escaping gas were reaching his nostrils.

When one strand of it had parted, and he had uncoiled the rest of it from his ankles, his head was swimming and his legs were unable to support him. So he crossed the room on his hands and knees, caught at the rusty gas pipe for support and painfully drew himself upright. His trembling hand went out, found the gas jet, and turned it off. And the next moment he fell face down on the rough floor, and lay there in a gray daze of weakness.

How long he lay there he could not tell. But he was aroused by the sound of thick voices from the outer chamber, punctuated by the shrill cries of an angry and scolding woman. He pulled himself together and possessed himself of the brick that, as a weapon.

He waited, scarcely breathing, as the door was flung open. So quick, however, was the entrance of the first intruder that Manley could not lift his missile before the darkness had swallowed up that shifting shadow. But standing in the lighted doorway was a second man, crouched low and leaning forward with blinking eyes, a blue-barreled navy revolver in his hand. Manley, eyeing that evil face as a sharp-shooter eyes his target, let fly with his



Sat Tied and Bound in the Owl's Nest.

poised brick, and let fly with all his force.

The stooping man went down like a crouched rabbit, without a sound. But even as he fell the first intruder, at the far end of the room, struck a match. And at that second figure Manley let drive with the only missile at hand.

The heavy glass lamp, hurled true, sent man and match against the case side in a shower of oil and broken glass. But Manley did not wait to witness the result of that second assault. He leaped for the door, caught up the blue-barreled revolver from the hand of the stunned man on the threshold, and drove for the heavier door at the end of the outer chamber.

But this door he found to be locked. He was on the point of starting back in search of a timber heavy enough to batter down that barrier when all movement was arrested by an uproar of sound that fairly drove the breath from his body. For the shower of oil that fell about the lighted match at the vaulted end of the side chamber had sunk into the litter of rubbish beside the powder cases, had burst into flames and had crept closer about those wooden cases until the licking tongues of heat had reached the explosive.

Yet even as Manley stood there, fighting for breath, a second surprise both confronted and engulfed him. Following close on that telltale roar of sound came an even more bewildering rush of water, tearing through the low-roofed cellar like a thousand hounds let loose. And he knew then that the explosion had broken down the walls between him and the East river at high tide.

He leaped in the direction of the door, in the hope of getting it closed before the water could reach him. He was still struggling

at this door when a heard a voice, and at first he thought it was a human voice, crying shrilly through the gloom.

"Let me out!" was the frantic cry close above him. "Let me out!" Groping and pawing along the wall, his hand came in contact with the rung of a narrow iron ladder. He caught at this ladder and drew himself up, for he now stood shoulder high in the ever-mounting flood. On the topmost rung, as he mounted, he found a shivering and feathered body clinging stubbornly to the rusting iron, beating with its beak on the hollow sounding boards above his head.

In a flash Manley himself was shouldering up against these boards. There was the sound of a reading staple, and in another moment he was swarming up through the ruptured trap door, catching at the parrot as he went.

The Figures of Fate.

Margory Golden, alone in her father's library stared apprehensively about that massively furnished room as though dreading that some new terror might leap out at her from its shadowy corners. She was unnerved not only by the disquieting disappearance of David Manley but also by the thought that she was still so surrounded by the tides of evil.

As she sat there, deep in thought, she was depressed by the sudden suspicion that some one of the many servants in that house was a traitor to his master. Yet as she checked them over, one by one, she found nothing on which to ground this ghostly suspicion. She remembered that she had once been suspicious even of Manley himself, of this serious-minded friend who hid his true feelings behind a mask of light-hearted irrelevancies. And there were things in which she herself had not been altogether candid with him. There was, for instance, the matter of Tito, the Amazon parrot. She had not confided to Manley the fact that in that bird, she had found an old friend, a friend dating back to her unhappy days in the Owl's Nest. And she sighed aloud as she gathered up the papers on the rosewood desk and turned to the vault to which she had forgotten to restore them.

"Twenty-one, thirty, forty-two, sixty," she repeated, recalling her father's instructions over the wire. "Forward and back and forward and back again, for it's a four movement dial, whatever that may mean!"

The vault door opened, obedient to the combination, and seeking out the inner compartment marked "J" she

She crossed to the rosewood desk to carry out this plan, and her finger was even extended to press the bell button when a sudden soft movement at her shoulder caused her to swing sharply about.

Confronting her, with a slightly triumphant smile on his deep-scarred face, stood Legar himself. "I am intruding, I know," he began in his suavely accented tones, "but there was a possibility, you see, of your friends in uniform interrupting our meeting beside the Soldiers' monument!"

The girl's fingers, as she edged away along the desk, closed determinedly on the scrap of manilla paper still held in her hand. The vault door, she saw, was also still open. But that was not the thought troubling her. The vague fear at the back of her mind was whether or not she was too late to save Dave Manley from the danger threatening him. And she edged still farther away.

Her movement was arrested by the ringing of the telephone bell close beside her.

"Answer that phone!" he suddenly commanded.

The next moment a great load seemed to lift suddenly from her heart, and a renewed wave of audacity swept through her body, for the voice that spoke to her over the wire was the triumphant voice of Manley himself. Manley declaring that he was free and that he would hurry back as fast as wheels could carry him.

"Who spoke then?" cried Legar, his face clouded by a move which apparently was an unexpected one from his standpoint. But the wife of hope now singing through the girl's veins made her more crafty, more ready to face Legar with his own weapons. Instead of answering him her hand moved out to the bell button, for with the ringing of that bell, she felt, would surely come help. And once the slip of manilla was back in the vault, and the door locked, she now had little to fear from Legar. So when she felt back, as he sprang forward to strike her hand from the bell, she saw that her retreat lay in the direction of the vault door.

Her pursuer, however, was in no mood for equivocation. He seemed suddenly to foresee her intention. For without warning he leaped towards her, as an animal leaps for its prey. And with one sweep of his maimed arm the iron hook at its end was snared deep in the folds of her clothing.

"Give me that map!" he said, in a voice husky with blind and unreasoning rage. Margory Golden, however, had no intention of giving him the map in question. She fought against him, with all the strength at her command, knowing that any moment now would bring the needed help.

But Legar, with his hand on her throat, hurled her back against the heavy vault door, shook her, and then, with a snarl, he snatched the map from her fingers, flung her



Legar and His Confederates.

ten years through that sand, looking for his precious treasure! Now it's my chance, and I want that paper. And unless you want your secretary to come home a rather unpleasant thing to look at, you're going to have that map in my hands in half an hour. So tell me quick, what your answer is. Do I get it?"

For one moment the girl sat silent, breathing quick through parted lips. "Yes, I'll bring it," she at last said over the wire. Then she sat motionless, with her hands gripping the desk edge for several minutes. When she moved it was with the quickness of a sudden and clear-cut decision.

"Give me police headquarters," she called out as she caught up the receiver. The next minute she was explaining to the desk official at Center street the news of Legar's latest threat and the need of forestalling it. Then, after another interval of studious thought, she crossed to the vault and began a hurried search for the document which Legar had described as being stored away there.

She found it at last, in a package of faded deeds and papers to do with Windward Island, and while one glance at it persuaded her that it was indeed a chart of the island, the fact that it represented only one-half of this island tended to convince her that Legar had spoken the truth.

But she had no time to deliberate over that discovery for her next move, she felt, should be to call the servants and warn them against any midnight intrusions.

She crossed to the rosewood desk to carry out this plan, and her finger was even extended to press the bell button when a sudden soft movement at her shoulder caused her to swing sharply about.

Confronting her, with a slightly triumphant smile on his deep-scarred face, stood Legar himself. "I am intruding, I know," he began in his suavely accented tones, "but there was a possibility, you see, of your friends in uniform interrupting our meeting beside the Soldiers' monument!"

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"Give me that map!" he said, in a voice husky with blind and unreasoning rage. Margory Golden, however, had no intention of giving him the map in question. She fought against him, with all the strength at her command, knowing that any moment now would bring the needed help.

But Legar, with his hand on her throat, hurled her back against the heavy vault door, shook her, and then, with a snarl, he snatched the map from her fingers, flung her

gering into the maw of the open vault, and with a throaty and beastlike cry of triumph swung the great steel door shut, even as the partly-dressed Wilson ran gaping in through the library door. Yet Legar took time to throw back the tumbler lever and spin the dial before turning to confront that wide-eyed servant. Then, hearing other approaching steps, he dove through the second door, scurried like a petted hound through shadowy rooms, slipped eel-like through a quickly opened window and escaped to the street.

There he ran for a dark-bodied car standing in the deep tree shadows, and with a gasp of relief flung himself up into the cushioned seat.

As he did so a masked figure sitting crouched close back in the hooded gloom of that seat suddenly threw out a hand and garroted the startled Legar against the leather upholstery, on which he began to writhe like a caterpillar on a cabinet pin. But with an equally deft second movement the man in the yellow mask snatched the oblong manilla paper from his opponent's hand.

"This," blandly announced the man of mystery as his garrotting fingers relaxed and he stepped down to the running board, "is one of the rare moments when I have the pleasure of trumping your ace!"

And the all but apoplectic Legar lay back gasping for breath as that stranger dropped lightly from the speeding car and vanished shadowlike into the night.

At the home of Enoch Golden, in the meantime, the terrified Wilson had regained both his feet, his presence of mind and a presentable portion of his dignity. His frantic shouts for help had brought the rest of the servants flocking to the library, and his equally frantic efforts to describe what had taken place did not add to the peace of that little group from below stairs.

"I tell you, Tibbins, Miss Margory's locked in that vault, and there's no one in the 'ouse as knows 'ow to open it!"

Cries of horror burst from that suddenly arrested circle.

"Someone-telephone for the police!" cried the second man, as Wilson shouldered out through the group swarming and gesticulating about the vault door. "Yes, the police!"

He had the instrument in his shaking hand when the door opened and David Manley stepped quickly in, with Tito, the green-bodied parrot, on his arm.

"What's wrong here?" was the newcomer's sharp demand.

"It's Miss Margory, sir," began the quavering-voiced butler.

"Well, what about Miss Margory?" "She's locked in that vault, sir, and no one in the 'ouse knows the combination!"

"Good God!" cried Manley, suddenly transfixed. Then he ran to the vault door, flinging the others aside.

Flinging off his coat, he bent over the dial. The silent group circled about him. And still he worked, worked with every nerve on edge, every sense alert, for time, he knew, was precious.

"I said silence there!" he called out sharply, for his whole mind was directed to the faint click of metal against metal in front of him. But louder than before the green-bodied bird on its broken perch repeated its cry.

"Twenty-one - thirty - forty-two - sixty!" was the shrill and monotonous cry of the parrot, with one eye cocked ceilingward.

Manley suddenly wheeled about. "What in God's name does that parrot mean? Wait! . . . It is . . . it must be!—But instead of finishing that declaration he repeated the bird's cry. "Twenty-one, thirty, forty-two, sixty."

In the next breath he was facing the vault door, with his trembling fingers turning and spinning the glimmering dial. Then, without breathing, and with colorless face, his hand grasped the tumbler lever. And not one of that group moved as he put on that lever the pressure that would tell the tale.

It was Celestine the parlor maid who indorced her Latin temperament by falling back in a dead faint as the metal door swung open. But at that moment, was the time.

"It's all right," Manley called out, as he stepped into the vault. "It's all right," he called out, as he stepped into the vault. "It's all right," he called out, as he stepped into the vault.

Briefs of the Week

W. J. Ellison and Eugene Adams were at Saginaw on business this week.

Herman Goodman has purchased the Joseph Lotén property on the West Side.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bowman at Detroit, a son—Jack Wilbur, Jan. 16th.

Mrs. Geo. Glenn entertained the Whist Club at her home Wednesday afternoon.

Rev. Fr. Kroboth was guest of Fr. Kamrand at Elk Rapids a couple of days this week.

Mrs. John Hoffman underwent a serious operation at one of the Petoskey hospitals, Sunday.

Mrs. J. B. Palmeter left Thursday of last week for Tawas City, where she visits her brother, John A. Mark.

Mrs. Harold Boyd left Monday on an extended visit with friends at Bay City, Grand Rapids, South Bend, Ind., and other points.

The Ladies Altar Society of St. Joseph's Church will meet at the home of Mrs. Margaret Green on Thursday, Jan. 25th, at 2:30 p. m.

The Improvement Club will be entertained at the home of Mrs. R. S. Sidebotham this Friday evening. A potluck supper will be served.

Vern Smith and family who have occupied rooms over Miss Kneale's millinery store, moved this week to a residence near the Furnace.

Mrs. H. J. Bryant and daughter, Miss Daisy, have moved their dressmaking parlors from the Gibson residence into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cummings.

Miss Ethel Crowell returned to her school duties at Afton, Tuesday, after being confined to her home by illness first of the week. Miss Fae Warden substituted for her.

Henry Ribble returned home from the Saville Sanitarium at Petoskey, Tuesday, where he has been taking treatments. He is suffering from an abscess on the middle ear. He is reported a little better.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. E. E. Hall, Friday, Jan. 19th, at 2:30 p. m. Every member is urgently requested to be present as important business is to be transacted, also election of officers. Visitors welcome.

L. P. Holliday with students Walter Fowler, Bruce Cross, Donald Porter and Charles Danto journeyed to Potosky latter part of last week on skis. They left Friday afternoon, spent that night at Charlevoix. Went on to Petoskey, Saturday, returning home by train.

"Sandy" Dean received a paralytic stroke while at his work, Wednesday morning his left side being badly affected. He had just reported for work as sawyer at Mill A, when he was affected. He was removed to his home and his condition is reported a little better at this writing.

John Kramer passed away last Tuesday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jerry Moblo, west of this city. Deceased was eighty years of age, being born in Germany, Dec. 27th, 1836. Funeral services will be held from his late residence this Friday morning, conducted by Rev. R. S. Sidebotham.

George F. Snellen, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, passed away at his home on the West Side, last Friday afternoon. Deceased was 48 years of age and leaves a wife. Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon from the L. D. S. Church, conducted by Rev. Leonard Rudley, at East Jordan Cemetery.

Mrs. Clara Plant received a broken hip bone in a fall last Saturday which may prove very serious. Grandma Plant as she is affectionately called makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Spencer, and family. She was in her room last Saturday when she suddenly became dizzy and fell to the floor fracturing the hip bone. As the lady is over eighty years of age and quite heavy in weight, the healing process will be very slow.

The first steps toward organizing a County Civic League were taken in this city last Saturday forenoon. When a number of representatives from several parts of the County met and perfected a temporary organization in the lecture room of the Presbyterian Church. Among those present from outside were Messrs Walker, Wilkinson and Kane of Charlevoix, and White, Houghton, Banker Smith and Supr Smith of Boyne City. It is planned to complete the organization in the spring.

Ed. Bloswick is quite ill with pneumonia.

Robert Pray is confined to the house by illness.

W. E. Malpass returned home from Flint, Saturday last.

E. L. Burdick is confined to his home by illness, this week.

Miss Francina Roy of Goshen, Ind., is visiting relatives here.

Leo LaCroix is working in Cobbs and Mitchells store at Springvale.

J. Leahy the Optometrist will soon be here again see date next week.

W. S. Ritter was down from Deward Wednesday to visit his family here.

Men's heavy fleeced underwear at 45 cents per garment.—WEISMAN'S.

Miss Freeda Peterson of Mancelona visited friends in the city over Sunday.

Mrs. Orrin Bartlett went to Central Lake, Tuesday to visit her sister, Mrs. R. Burr.

Miss Alba Nowland of Charlevoix is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Lanway, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bloswick are receiving a visit from the latter's mother of Manistique.

C. L. Arnold, m'gr of the Cabinet Co. left Tuesday for Grand Rapids on a business trip.

A very pretty line of new Percalos and Ginhams at the East Jordan Lumber Co. Store.

Herbert Talbert and family now occupy rooms in the Bisnett building on the West Side.

Wm. Wolsey of Saginaw visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Weisman this week.

Bruce Flannery and Thurlow King left Thursday for Detroit, where they will seek employment.

Mrs. Vern Flanders is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson at Churchill Corners.

Charles H. Shaffer of Marquette was here first of the week in the interest of the Furnace Co.

Mrs. Jas Malpass and daughter, Miss Esther, went to Traverse City, Wednesday to visit relatives.

You can secure the East Jordan Cook Books at the E. J. Lumber Co's store or at M. E. Ashley's store.

W. J. Bruns of Detroit, traveling auditor of the Telephone Co., was here on business this week.

Mrs. L. G. Balch returned home Saturday last from a visit at Jamestown, N. Y., Detroit and other points.

James Palmeter, who spent the holidays here visiting relatives, returned to Detroit latter part of last week.

Herbert Talbert returned home from Howell, Thursday, where he has been taking treatments for tuberculosis.

Miss Sara Layn, stenographer at the Lumber Co's office, left Monday for a visit with her parents at Paw Paw.

Mr. and Mrs. Clare Hungerford returned to Flint, Monday, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Brooks.

Mrs. Geo. Glenn and children returned home from Butler, Pa., last week where they have been visiting relatives for several weeks.

A miscellaneous shower was given Mrs. Clare Hungerford last Friday evening, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Brooks.

Mrs. Frank Phillips entertained a number of her friends with a six o'clock dinner Monday evening at her home on Upper Main-st. The evening was spent in playing cards.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid wishes to urge all those who have delayed handing in their subscription to McCall's Magazine to do so immediately. Within a month the subscription price will raise from 50c to 75c per year, and you will save 25c by subscribing now.—Miss Agnes Porter, Sec'y.

Presbyterian Church Notes
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Jan. 21, 1917.

10:30 a. m.—"Remedy for Practical Atheism."

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

8:00 p. m.—Senior Endeavor.

6:15 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—"How to become a Christian."

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

The meeting Sunday night is the third under the Auspices of the Young People's Bible Class.

Remorse is a good deal like a wooden leg—it helps a man on his way, but he can see where he'd be happier without it.

1916 Fair

Financial Statement of Charlevoix County Agricultural Society.

RECEIPTS	
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
Chhlds	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	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 ladders, 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. ½] of the Northeast quarter [¼] 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.

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

Wet's Sage and Sulphur Darkens Gray Hair Naturally that No-body can tell.

It loses its color and lustre, or it fades, 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 hundreds 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 "Wet'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 of 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 Wet's Sage and Sulphur Compound, is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance.

Wet'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 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 situated 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 blacklock 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 (75) 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 (28) and one-half (1/2) (28.5) 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 situated in the County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at joint five and forty three one hundredths (54.3) 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 situated in the county of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a stake set on the west eighth line of section twenty-seven (27) town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west at a point thirty-one and fifty-two one hundredths (31.52) chains north of section line between sections twenty-seven (27) and thirty-four (34) thence north 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) 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) 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 situated 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 situated 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 situated 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 Com-

Foley's Kidney Pills and Hite's Drug Store.

BLAB BALLADS

On the top of a vane sat Prexy Woodrow
Chirping, "Villa! Get Villa! Get Villa!"
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
16 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.

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 Breast 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.

Limbs 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.

Dr. C. H. Pray Dentist

Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m. Evenings by Appointment. Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold DENTIST
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.

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 of all, the thousands of sickly, anemic, nervous, men, 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

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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 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

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.

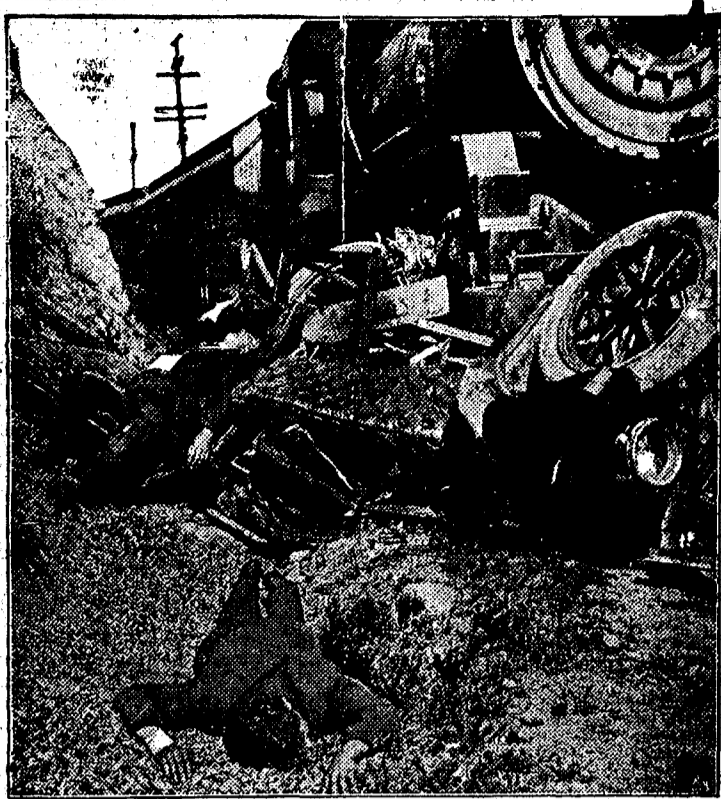
"Good!" cried Seagrue.

"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 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 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

gone away by 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

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.

The evening assemblage was brilliant. Not alone with the guests of the day but a second special had come from the city bringing another car of friends and a procession of motor cars brought to the door guests from the neighboring estates.

In the house, Helen, radiant in evening attire, was descending the stairs. Storm waited at the foot to meet her and after receiving her guests she left the scene for a few moments with her lover. The last among the laggards seemed to have arrived when a big limousine, turning in from the highway, was driven rapidly through the grounds and stopped in front of Helen's door. The car contained three men—Seagrue, Ward and Adams.

"Wait in the garden," was Seagrue's command to his companions. "I will go in, look the field over and report in a few minutes."

When Seagrue crossed Helen's threshold that night, a strange feeling came over him. An Ocean-side lady, an old acquaintance, was the first to extend greetings. She noticed the strained expression of his face and the ravages made on it by his recent dissipation. She was, indeed, shocked. "I haven't seen you for an age," she declared. "and you're not looking a bit well, either. I can tell you. What's the matter," she demanded. A shudder seemed to pass over him as she spoke. "Do you like?" she asked with wide

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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. He was up before the train

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



"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

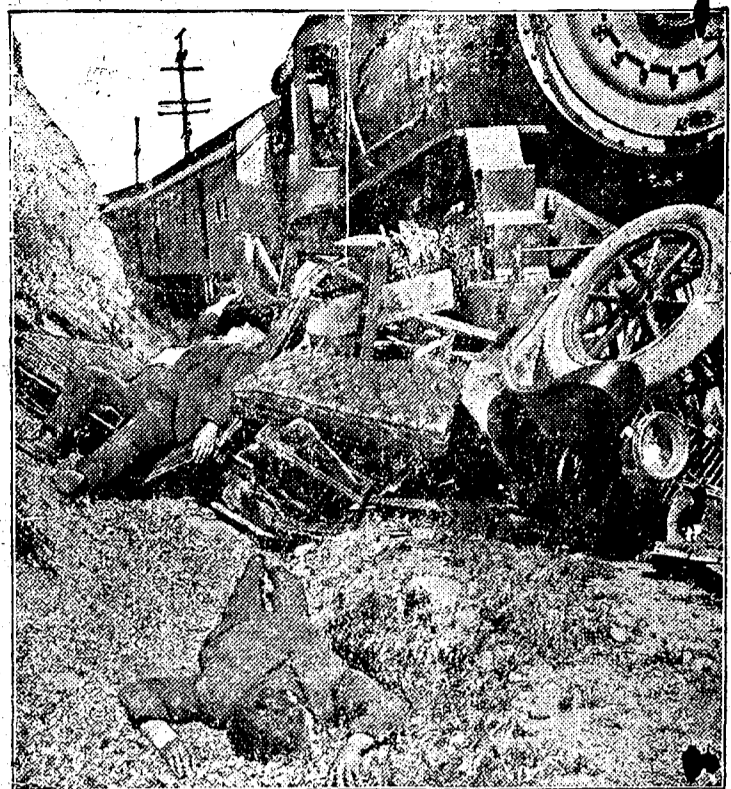
happy over the fortunate outcome of the day that the evening festivities at Helen's home were looked forward to with pleasurable excitement. It was an open secret among her friends that this occasion was to signalize the public announcement of her engagement to George Storm.

The evening assemblage was brilliant. Not alone with the guests of the day but a second special had come from the city bringing another car of friends and a procession of motor cars brought to the door guests from the neighboring estates.

In the house, Helen, radiant in evening attire, was descending the stairs. Storm waited at the foot to meet her and after receiving her guests she left the scene for a few moments with her lover. The last among the laggards seemed to have arrived when a big limousine, turning in from the highway, was driven rapidly through the grounds and stopped in front of Helen's door. The car contained three men—Seagrue, Ward and Adams.

"Wait in the garden," was Seagrue's command to his companions. "I will go in, look the field over and report in a few minutes."

When Seagrue crossed Helen's threshold that night, a strange feeling came over him. An Ocean-side lady, an old acquaintance, was the first to extend greetings. She noticed the strained expression of his face and the ravages made on it by his recent dissipation. She was, indeed, shocked. "I haven't seen you for an age," she declared. "and you're not looking a bit well either, I can tell you. What's the matter?" she demanded. A shudder seemed to pass over him as she spoke. "Are you ill?" she asked with wide-



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 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."

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 to 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.

(THE END)