JOHN RAWN
PROMINENT CITIZEN
BY EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR of THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE; 51-10 OR FIGHT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY EMERSON HOUGH

SYNOPSIS.

John Rawn, a clerk in a St. Louis railway office, hears his daughter Grace's lover, a young engineer named Charles Halsey, speak of a scheme to utilize the lost current of electricity. He appropriates the idea as his own and induces Halsey to perfect an experimental machine. He forms a company, with himself as president, at a salary of $100,000 a year, and Halsey as superintendent of the works at a salary of $5,000. Rawn takes charge of the office in Chicago, and Virginia Delaware is assigned as his stenographer. She assists in picking the furniture and decoration for the princely mansion Rawn has erected. Mrs. Rawn feels out of place in the new surroundings. Halsey goes to New York with Rawn and Miss Delaware to explain delays in perfecting the new motor to the impatient directors. He gets a message that a deformed daughter has been born to his wife, Grace Rawn. Rawn bargains with Miss Delaware to wash his jewelry and appear in public with him, as a means to help him in a business way. Rawn is fortunate in market speculations, piles up wealth and attains prominence. He gives his wife a million dollars to leave him. He asks his daughter, Mrs. Halsey, to take charge of his household. Grace moves to Graystone hall, and Halsey continues to live alone in the cottage near the inventory's machine proves a success, but he keeps the fact a secret. Rawn becomes more and more indispensable to Rawn. He takes her to Paris on a business trip. Idle talk prompts him to offer her marriage. They are married. Halsey threatens to get a divorce because his wife refuses to return to him.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Yes, that is to say, I could have had that any day in the week these past eight months—if he really has got that much left where he can realize on it. He's pretty well spread out."

"Then you have had it—what have you done with the money?"

"I presume I look as though I'd spent or could spend a mere fifty thousand dollars or so, don't I?" was his quiet answer. "No, I didn't have it, and I haven't got it. I'll say this much to you, however, that I ran my little old car here to-night on a charge taken out of one of the overhead receivermotors of the International Power company—a motor completed on my own ideas, and by my own hands. It's mine, I tell you—mine."

"Charley!" she caught him by the wrists, with both hands, eagerly. "You can give me the things I've got used to having! I'll go back—oh! I'll go back—we'll go on together! I hate her so—you don't know!"

"That's nice of you, Grace; but you've guessed wrong. I've not got that fifty thousand yet."

"But you can have."

"Yes, I can. What could I buy with it? For one thing, I could buy back my wife!"

"But Charley! We're rich! You've succeeded!"

"No, I am poor, I've failed; I'm just beginning to see how much I've failed!"

"If you don't tell father the truth about this I'll do it myself!" she exclaimed fiercely. "You're not been loyal—you've taken pay!"

"Your father took his pay from me," was his half-savage answer. "He's been paid enough! As for me, I don't want any more of this sort of pay."

"What are you going to do—you're not going to sell out to some one else?"

"No, my dear, I'm not going to do precisely what you suggested I should do just a moment ago. I'm not going to sell out. I could do that, too, and make more than any fifty thousand. The foreman in our factory, who knows very little, can sell out to-morrow morning for ten thousand dollars, maybe double or treble that now. The watchman on our door can sell out when he likes. We can all sell out, any of us sell out. But we haven't! If there has been any selling out it has been done by those who built this place here—the place which you found better than the best home I could offer you."

She sat back stiff, silent, somber. "You—you never mean that you are going to throw this away, then!" she asked at length. "What earthly good will that do? Pa'll have it out of you somehow! I'll—I'm going to tell him!"

"Try it," said Charles Halsey, easily.

She had courage. "Father," she called out. "Pa! Come here—at once!"

Rawn rose suddenly up from his chair at the startling quality in her voice. "What's that, Grace?" he called across the long gallery.

"Come here, I want you! We've got something to say to you."

Halsey sat motionless.

Rawn approached slowly, obviously annoyed. "If it's important—" he began. He had found love-making to his young wife especially delicious this evening, although he mistook her strange silence and preoccupation merely for wifely coyness.

"It is important!" Grace exclaimed, and rising, clutched at his arm.

"Well, then, what's it all about, what's it about? Come, come!"

"Charley's done it, he's got—he's got the machines finished—over there—!" Her voice was almost a scream, hoarse, croaking. She stood bent, tense.

"What's that?" demanded Rawn. "What do you mean? Is that the truth, boy?"

"He came over in his car, under international overhead—he told me so, right now," she went on, half hysterically. "You owe him money—a lot; a pile of money—he told me so right now—it's worth more than any fifty thousand. Oh, we're going to have money, too. You see!"

Rawn shook off her arm and half flung her back in her chair. "What's this about, Halsey?" he said. "Is it true?"

Halsey nodded calmly, but said nothing.

Rawn half-assailed him, his large hand on his shoulder. "Did you get the current?" he demanded. "Did you really come over under power out of one of our overheads?"

"Yes, to-night," said Halsey. "Often before."

"Why, my boy, my boy!" began John Rawn. At once he stood back, large, complaisant, jubilant. "My boy!" was all he could say. Not even his soul could at once figure out in full acceptance all the future which these quiet words implied.

"Come!" he explained after a moment, excitedly. "Let's get to the telephone! I want the wires right away! I'll make a million out of this before morning!"

"And write me a check for my fifty thousand to-night?" smiled Halsey.

"Surely I will—I've told you I would—I'll do more than that—I'll make it a twenty-five thousand extra for good measure. I'll have the check taken care of to-morrow at my bank, as soon as I can get downtown! Oh, things'll begin to happen now, I promise you!"

"I wouldn't be in too big a hurry to use the wire, Mr. Rawn," said Charles Halsey quietly. "And never mind about that check."

"What do you mean? You're going to try to hold me up?"

"No, I'm not going to try to hold you up at all. If there's any question about that possibility, I can get a million to-morrow as easily as I can any fraction of a million to-night, Mr. Rawn, and it's just as well you should know that, perhaps."

"A million?" croaked John Rawn. "You'd sell us out?"

"No, I said, I'm not going to sell you out, Mr. Rawn. And you're not going to buy me out."

"Of course not, of course not," laughed Rawn hoarsely. "You don't understand me."

"You haven't understood me either, Mr. Rawn. Now, what would you do? I told you that after taking my charge for the little car yonder I turned about and dismantled every motor in the shop—destroyed them all—locked up the secret, ended the whole game now—to-night! What would you say to that?"

"By God! I'd kill you!" said John Rawn.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Step-Mother-in-Law.

On this very beautiful evening, in this very beautiful scene—as beautiful as any to be found in all that luxurious portion of a great city representing the flower of a great country's civilization—Graystone Hall was a double stage. At the back of the pall mansion house countless auto-cars passed in brilliant procession, carrying countless men and women, personal evidences of all the ease and luxury that wealth can bring; and of these who passed, the most part looked in with envy at the tall mansion house beyond the curving lines of shrubbery, brilliantly illuminated now, the picture of beauty and ease, of peace and content. More than one soft-voiced woman murmured, "Beautiful!" as she passed. More than one man, more than one woman, envied the owners of this palace.

"He's awfully gone on his wife, they say," commented one young matron, much as many did. "Not that I see much in her myself—although she seems to have a sort of way about her, after all."

"Lucky beggar!" growled her husband.

"Well," he began; and turning, faced young Mrs. Rawn!

"I'm sorry," he commenced, "it's disgraceful. I beg your pardon with all my heart. But I couldn't help it. He struck me first with what he said. He threatened me. Let me go. I'll never come back again. I'm sorry—on your account—"

"Charles," she said softly, "Charley, wait. Where are you going?"

"To the divorce courts, and then to hell."

"But you mustn't go away like this. I'm sorry, too. Wait!"

Suddenly moved by some swift, irresistible impulse, perhaps born of this unregulated scene where all seemly control seemed set aside, she put both her white, bare arms about his neck and looked full into his eyes, her own eyes bright. He caught her white wrists in his hands; but did not put away her arms. He stood looking at her, frowning, uncertain. His blood flamed.

"It's disgrace," he said. "I admit it. I can't square it any way in the world. I'm sorry on your account—awfully sorry!" His blood flamed afresh.

"Listen!" she said, panting, eager, her voice with some strange, new, compelling quality in it, foreign to her as to himself. "You mustn't go. You mustn't ruin the future of us all in just a minute of temper. You mustn't ruin yourself, or—me. Besides, there's Grace!"

"Oh, Grace!"

"But she's your wife!"

"Not any longer. She's chosen for herself. She left me and would not come back. I'm going now. I'm on my own from this time."

"Why not?" she asked coolly. "But why wreak ruin on us all? You don't need to think!"

"Yes, it will set him back pretty badly—" Halsey nodded toward the bowed frame of Rawn, dimly visible, in the gallery's shade, through the tall glass doors.

"Yes," she said slowly, "he's my husband, surely."

"Who has given you everything."

She nodded, her arms still about his neck. "Let me think this out for all of us, Charley. Keep matters as they are until I have time to think—won't you do that much—just that little—for me?"

His hands were still upon her wrists as he looked down upon her from his height, his eyes angry, his face frowning disturbed. Worn almost to gauntness, tall, lean, he was of a certain distinction in look, as he stood there before her now an ignorant observer might have thought the two lovers, he her lover, not her husband, she at the least his younger sister, surely not his mother by mixed marriage.

As he stood thus, Rawn turning, saw them through the tall glass door. His face grew eager. "He's not gone," he whispered hoarsely to his daughter, who stood rigid, close at his arm. "She's got him! By Jove! She's a wonder—she is, my wife—she'll land him yet—she will!"

"Do you see that?" hissed Grace at last, pointing at the door.

"Do I see it—didn't you hear me? Yes, of course I see it!"

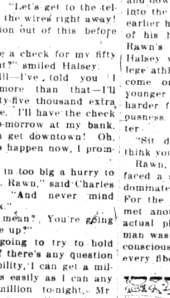
"And you'll allow that, between your wife and my husband—"

"Allow it—wife!—why! damn you, girl, what are you talking about—wives and husbands?—what's that to do with this? There's many a million dollars up now, I tell you, on those two standing there. You make a move now—say a word—and I'll wring your neck, do you hear?" He caught her by the wrist. She sank into a chair, sobbing bleakly.

A moment later the two figures beyond the door stood in the rifle apart. The arms of Virginia Rawn dropped from Halsey's neck. She laid a hand upon his arm and, side by side, neither looking out toward the gallery, they drew deeper into the room, behind the shelter of a heavy silken curtain which shut off the view.

It was a beautiful night. The long ladder of the moon lay across the gently rippling lake, which murmured at the foot of Graystone Hall's retaining sea-wall. The scent of flowers was about. It was a night of peace and beauty and content. John Rawn and his daughter remained upon the gallery for a time

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Struck Rawn Full in the Face.

Dangerous Flight.

Even if man is able to make a flying machine which will bear him safely aloft for hours at a time, it seems likely that the limitations of his physical make-up will keep him from following the path of the eagle and soaring in to a great altitude. Recently two German aeronauts started on an upward expedition to see how far they could go above the earth's surface. They wore oxygen masks. When they reached a height of 16,000 feet they had to inhale oxygen every two minutes as they were beginning to gasp for breath, and had palpitation of the heart. When a height of nearly 27,000 feet was reached, one aeronaut removed his mask and immediately fainted. The air was intensely cold, the glare of the sun almost terrifying. After they returned to earth, it was two days or more before they were physically in a normal condition.

WHAT DOES "LURID" MEAN?

Popular Usage of the Word Is Opposed to Its Definition, Which Is "Pale."

Two men got into an argument regarding the meaning of the word "lurid." One of them had used the word, as the police reporter uses it, to describe the red glare in the sky made by a fire at night. The other man objected to this, asserting that the word "lurid" means "pale" instead of "deep red." Thereupon they applied to the dictionaries and found them agreed in defining "lurid" as "pale, wan, ghastly pale."

But the Oxford Dictionary has caught up with the now and popular meaning of the word with this definition:

"Shining with a red glow or glare amid darkness (said of lightning flashes across dark clouds or flame mingled with smoke)."

But this seems to be gratuitous of the Oxford Dictionary. The word "lurid" started out it seems as a Latin adjective meaning "pale, yellow." It was used chiefly of the complexion, much as "sallow" is used. Then it grew to have the meaning of "ghastly." But its transition into the popular meaning given it today seems to have been due to the wilifulness of the press, which found it a handy word to describe a phenomenon for which no other word had, apparently, quite the desirable "flavor."—Manchester Guardian.

He Saw It.

Housekeeper—How is this? You promised to saw some wood if I gave you a lunch.

Tramp—I recall no such promise, madam.

Housekeeper—The idea! I told you I would give you a lunch if you'd saw some wood, and you agreed.

Tramp—Pardon me, madam; your exact words were: "I'll give you a lunch if you saw that wood over there by the gate."

Housekeeper—Exactly; that's just what I said.

Tramp—Well, madam, I saw the wood over there by the gate when I came in.

PRIVILEGE OF BEING AN ASS

Generally Considered Inalienable, but New York Magistrate Who Fined Student Thought Otherwise.

Compared to the inalienable right to make a fool of yourself, the right of free speech, which loud-mouths proclaim the most cherished one, is of small concern in the average person. Of all places where some restraint on the former might be expected New York is the last that would be thought of. Yet in the night court a Columbia student, caught by an alert constable in the act of standing still under an open umbrella while the stars shone overhead, was fined $10 and warned that the penalty for the next offense of similar genesis would be a term in the workhouse. The young man, of course, was qualifying for a fraternity. He looked foolish—as was the authoritative intention, in which he acquiesced.

"But," quoth the police magistrate pedagogously, "no fraternity has a right to order a man to make an ass of himself;" and he expressed the wish that the whole chapter could be haled into court that he might fine them all. Considering in how many ways New York invites young men to make asses of themselves, and how many persons in that town, in fact, do make asses of themselves without molestation, why should the line be drawn at a practice apparently so inoffensive to public policy as the one criticized?—Providence Journal.

Did She Get the Place?

"Oh, yis, mum," said Kathleen, applying for a new situation, "I lived in me last place three weeks, mum, an' though I say it th' misthress didn't gev excellent satisfaction?"

"And why did you leave?" ventured the lady who was looking for a servant.

"Shure, I couldn't get along wid th' missus at all, she wor that ould an' cranky."

"But, maybe you'll find me old and cranky, too."

"Cranky ye may be, mum, for sweet faces like yours is sometimes deceivin', but ye're not ould—I c'u see that at a glance!"

NATIONS AGREE ON SAFETY PLANS

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE AT LONDON CLOSES TUESDAY.

PRESIDENT TELLS OF SAFEGUARDS FOR SEA TRAVEL.

Full Text of the Convention Will Be Submitted to Various Governments Before Being Published.

London—The task of securing greater security for ships at sea and their passengers was dealt with in a thorough manner by the international conference on safety at sea, which came to an end Tuesday. The delegates of 14 nations Tuesday afternoon signed a convention laying down regulations for the future.

Lord Mersey, the president, in making the closing speech, referred in a general way to all the subjects which had been discussed, and on which agreement had been reached by the delegates.

The president told of arrangements made for ice patrols, ice observation, reporting of ice, regulation of the speed of vessels during fogs, lighting of ships, life-saving apparatus, wireless code signals, water-tight compartments, fire prevention, double bottoms, drills and inspections and steering apparatus. He did not give out the full text of the convention, which must first be submitted to the various governments.

The convention provides that all merchant vessels when engaged in international or colonial voyages, whether steamers or sailing vessels, and whether carrying passengers or not, must be equipped with wireless telegraphy, if they have on board 50 persons or more, except where that number is increased owing to causes beyond the master's control. The contracting states, however, have the discretion to make suitable exemptions in certain cases, the most important of which are vessels which on their voyages do not go more than 150 miles from the nearest land.

$923,750 For Michigan Roads.

Washington—A supplemental report on the bill to appropriate $25,000,000 a year for federal aid to road construction in the various states was filed in the house Monday by Representative Shackleford, chairman of the house roads committee.

The bill proposes to divide the appropriation to the rural delivery routes and post-roads in each state. Tables setting forth the mileage of these roads in each were included in the report. Michigan's apportionment is $923,750.

Confesses to Killing Wife.

Galesburg, Ill.—Robert Higgins confessed that he killed his wife at New Henderson, Ill., January 5, so he would be free to marry his step-daughter Julia Flake, 15 years old.

He was arrested after the girl told State's Attorney John M. Wilson of Mercer county, of her infatuation for Higgins and that she importuned him to dispose of her mother, who, she said, was only obstacle between her and happiness.

Chinese Revolt Leader Killed.

London—A Tien-Tsin dispatch to the Daily Mail says that on the arrival there of the express from Pekin, Monday, the body of a man who had been stabbed to death was found in one of the carriages. He was identified as the revolutionary leader, Jung Kwashing, who was implicated in the murder of Gen. Sung Chiao-Jen, ex-minister of education at Shanghai, last March.

Strike Lasts Less Than Day.

Albany, N. Y.—The strike on the Delaware & Hudson railway called Monday was settled the same night. Company officials met the union's demands that they restore two discharged employes. Engineer James A. Lynch and Conductor F. A. Slade, to their former positions. All strikers returned to duty at once. G. W. W. Hanger, a member of the federal board of mediation and conciliation, brought about the agreement.

Prominent Attorney Is Dead.

Bay City, Mich.—Edgar A. Cooley, one of the most prominent attorneys of northern Michigan, died Monday morning at Bay City hospital. Mr. Cooley was son of the late Thos. M. Cooley, former supreme court justice and one of the foremost jurists of Michigan. He was a graduate of Ann Arbor literary and law departments.

Mrs. Byron B. Buckhout, 78, a resident of Saginaw 60 years, author of "Aftermath," and many magazine articles, founder and charter member of several clubs, died Monday night. She was born in Troy, Oakland county.

At a meeting of the Saginaw county supervisors resolutions were adopted placing the office of sheriff on a salary basis of $3,500 and under-sheriff at $1,800, all fees to go into the county treasury. The county road commissioner is changed from an elective to an appointive office.

Some one sent 30 gray squirrel tails to Deputy Game and Fish Warden Harvey Young, of Marshall, as a present. The law prohibits the shooting of gray squirrels, but Harvey cannot prosecute the sender, not knowing who he is.

Carleton Miller with his oration, "Democracy and distinction," won first prize, $15, and Richard A. Varnum, who discussed "Opportunity and the individual," won second prize, $10, at the forty-eighth annual oratorical contest of the Amphictyon society of Hillsdale college.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock, Grain and General Farm Produce.

Live Stock.

DETROIT—Receipts, 586; market strong; best steers and heifers, $8@$.25; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs. $7.50@7.75; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000 lbs. $6.75@7.25; steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700 lbs., $5.75@6.50; choice fat cows, $5.75@6; good fat cows, $5.25@5.50; common cows, $4.25@4.75; canners, $3@4; choice heavy bulls, $5.50@7; fair to good bologna bulls, $5@6.25; stock bulls, $4@5@5.75; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs, $6.75@7.25; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs. $6@6.50; choice stockers, 500 to 700 lbs. $6@6.25; fair stockers, 500 to 700 lbs. $5.50@6; stock heifers, $56@6; milkers, large young, medium age, $75@100; common milkers, $45@65.

Veal Calves—Receipts, 131; market steady; best $11@11.50; others, $8@10.50.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 5,106; market steady; best lambs, $8; fair to good lambs, $7.50@7.75; light to common lambs, $6.50@7.25; fair to good sheep, $4.50@5.25; culls and common, $3.50@4.25.

Hogs—Receipts, 1,746; not many sold, big packers bidding $8.20. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, $8.20@8.25; pigs, $8.20; light yorkers, $8.20@8.25; heavy, $8.20@8.25.

East Buffalo Markets.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts 150 cars; heavy grades, 15@25c lower; butchers, 10@15c lower; prime steers, $8.75@8.90; good to choice weighty steers, $8.40@8.50; best shipping steers, $8.40@8.75; fair to good, $7.85@8.25; plain weighty steers, $7.35@7.60; best handy butcher steers, $7.75@8.25; fair to good, $7.25@7.50; common to fair, $6.75@7.00; heavy fancy fat cows, $6.50@7; choice to prime fat cows, $6@6.50; good butcher cows, $5.50@6; fair to good $5@5.50; cutters, $4@4.50; canners, $3.50 3.85; choice heifers, $7@7.75; medium to good, $6@6.50; common to fair, $5.25@5.85; feeders, $6.25@7; yearling stockers, $6.35@6.75; fair to best stockers, $5@6.25; common, $4@4.50; heavy bulls, $6.75@7.25; medium, $6.25@6.50; bologna, $5.75@6.25; milkers and springers, $50@100.

Hogs—Receipts, 100 cars; market active; heavy and mixed, $8.60@8.65; few, $8.70; yorkers, $8.60@8.65; pigs, $8.50.

Sheep—Receipts, 125 cars; market 25c lower; top lambs, $8@8.19; yearlings, $6@7; wethers, $5.85@6; ewes, $5.25@5.50.

Calves—Receipts, 700 head; market slow; tops, $12; fair to good, $10@11; grassers, $4.50@5.75.

Grains, Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, 89c; May opened with an advance of 1-4c at $1.04 1-2c; touched $1.04 3-4 No. 1 white, 98 1-2c.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 63c; No. 3 yellow, 3 cars at 66c; No. 4 yellow, 2 cars at 62 1-2c, 2 at 62c.

Oats—Standard, 1 car at 41 1-2c; No. 3 white, 41c; No. 4 white, 1 car at 40 1-2c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, 66c.

Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, $1.85; January, $1.87; February, $1.92.

Cloverseed—Prime spot, $8.75; March, $8.80; sample red, 60 bags at $8.25, 125 at $8. 40 at $7.75; 5 at $7.50; prime alsike, $10.75; sample alsike, 12 bags at $9.50.

Timothy—Prime spot, $2.55.

Alfalfa—Prime spot, $7.25.

Hay—Carlots, track Detroit; No. 1 timothy, $15@16; standard, $14@15; No. 2 timothy, $12@14; light mixed, $14@14.50; No. 1 mixed, $12@13.50; No. 1 clover, $12@13; rye straw, $8@9; wheat straw, $7@8; oat straw, $7.50 @8.50.

Flour—In one-eighth paper sacks, per 196 pounds, jobbing lots: Best patent, $5.30; second patent, $4.80; straight, $4.50; spring patent, $5.10; rye, $4.40 per bbl.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots; Bran, $25; coarse middlings, $27; fine middlings, $29; cracked corn, $29; coarse cornmeal, $28; corn and oat chop, $25.60 per ton.

General Markets.

Apples—Steele Red, $5.50@6; Spy, $4.50@5; Greening, $4@4.50; No. 2, $3@3.50 per bbl.

Rabbits—$2@2.25 per dozen.

Cabbage—$2.25@2.50 per bbl.

New Potatoes—Bermuda, $2.50 per bu and $7 per bbl.

Sweet Potatoes—Jersey kiln-dried, $1.35@1.40 per crate.

Dressed Calves—Fancy, 15@16c; common, 12@13c per lb.

Onions—$1.15 per bu., $2.25 per sack of 100 lbs.; Spanish, $1.50 per crate, $4 per large crate.

Potatoes—In bulk, 65@67c per bu; in sacks, 68@70c per bu for carlots.

Dressed Hogs—Light, $9.50; heavy, $7@8 per cwt.

Dressed Poultry—Chickens, 14 1-2@15c; hens, 14@14 1-2c; No. 2 hens, 9@10c; old roosters, 9@10c; ducks, 17@18c; geese, 15@16c; turkeys, 20@22c per lb.

Geese—Wholesale lots: Michigan late made, 15@16c; Michigan fall made, 16 1-2c; New York flats, 17 1-2@18c; brick, 16@16 1-2c; limburger, 14 1-2@15 1-2c; imported Swiss, 24@24 1-2c; domestic Swiss, 19 1-2@20c; long horns, 18@18 1-2c; daisies, 18@18 1-2c per lb.

Nuts—Shellbark hickory, 2c per lb; large hickory, 1@1 1-2c per lb.; Spanish chestnuts, 8@9c per lb.; walnuts and butternuts, 1@1 1-2c per lb.

Hides—No. 1 cured, 14 1-2c; No. 1 green, 12 1-2c; No. 1 cured bulls, 12 1-2c; No. 1 green bulls, 10c; No. 1 cured veal kip, 17c; No. 1 green veal kip, 14c; No. 1 cured murrain, 1c; No. 1 green murrain, 10c; No. 1 cured calf, 19c; No. 1 green calf, 18c; No. 1 horsehides, $4.50; No. 2 horsehides, $3.50; No. 1 kip and calf 1-2c off; No. 1 hides 1c off; sheepskins, as to amount of wool, 50c@$1.25.

To Pipe Smokers

We Are Independent

and have no one to please but our customers. We have been making high-grade smoking tobacco for more than half a century and "Wild Fruit" is our best effort. It is Union Made. Packed by first cut; foil packages, ten cent cloth pouches, eight and sixteen ounce tins. Premium coupons in all packages. Should you fail to find the "Wild Fruit" in your dealer's stock, send us five cents in postage stamps and we will mail you an original package.

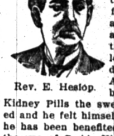
Jno. J. Bagley & Co., Detroit, Mich.

One thing the bald-headed man can never understand is why the world should respect gray hairs.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Some women want the last word, and others don't seem to realize there is such a thing.

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.



The Rev. Edmund Heslop of Wigton, Pa., suffered from Dropsy for a year. His limbs and feet were swollen and puffed. He had heart fluttering, was dizzy and exhausted at the least exertion. Hands and feet were cold and he had such a dragging sensation across the loins that it was difficult to move. After using 5 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills the swelling disappeared and he felt himself again. He says he has been benefited and blessed by the use of Dodds Kidney Pills. Several months later he wrote: I have not changed my faith in your remedy since the above statement was authorized. Correspond with Rev. E. Heslop about this wonderful remedy.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Send for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Jones Was Classed as an "Otherwise."

In the lobby one overheard a conversation between the fat man and the thin man.

"What sort of a fellow is Jones to get along with?" asked the fat one.

"He's an otherwise," said the thin one, sourly.

"What do you mean by an otherwise?"

"I'll tell you. When he's talking to a Democrat, he's a Republican. When he's talking to a Republican, he's a Democrat. When he's talking to a capitalist, he's a Socialist. And when he's talking to me, he's just a darned fool!"

What Is Coming?

Whitney Warren, at the recent New York horse show, nodded toward a young man in tight morning coat and rakishly tilted top hat, and said:

"That young millionaire has already had three wives. Yet he is received, yet he is even flattered, everywhere. What is the world coming to?"

"What is the world coming to?" Mr. Warren pursued. "As I look about me at the tolerant, the too tolerant society of today, I think of the horse thief.

"Yours is a very serious crime, my man," a judge said sternly to a horse thief. "Fifty years ago it was a hanging matter."

"Well, your honor," said the horse thief, calmly, "fifty years hence it may'n be a crime at all."

WONDERED WHY.

Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak.

"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life.

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it.

"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. When it was made right—dark and rich—I soon became very fond of it.

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone.

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 lbs. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.