FINE FEATHERS

Novelized from Eugene Walter's Drama by the same name

By WEBSTER DENISON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES FROM THE PLAY

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SYNOPSIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds move into their new bungalow—$200 down, balance same as rent!—on Staten Island. Mrs. Collins, a neighbor, calls before the household gods are set in order. Spring. Dick Meade, newspaper man, cynic, socialist, takes dinner and spends the night. The Reynolds seem comfortable in their home. But with a hint of loneliness. Jane Reynolds goes to a city matinee with Mrs. Collins, and by her companion's advice pretends sickness to cover her neglect to provide dinner for Bob. Jane, confessing, is forgiven for shamming. Dick arrives with delicatessen forage. Dick warns against John Brand, Bob's old schoolmate, now a member of "the system," who is expected to call. Jane confides that the money for the butcher's bill has gone for a new hat. Bob pleasantly reminds her of the "balance same as rent." Dick preaches socialism. Brand, the prosperous, member of "the system," calls. Brand, Hudson Cement company president, offers Bob $6,000 to use his position as chemist with the United Construction company to cheat the specifications for cement work on the Peeps River dam. Jane overhearing asks Bob to accept. Bob refusal, in the face of thier poverty, chills her. Brand wiles Jane into a conspiracy to make Bob "earn the $6,000." They go for an automobile ride to discuss details. Mrs. Collins playing chaperon. Bob sees them. Jane receives $100 "conspirator's money" by mail from Brand.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

She thought of Bob, too. It seemed to Jane that he had worn that faded tan suit ever since she could remember. Poor Bob! She wished she could hurry over to New York, tell him about their good fortune and divide the hundred with him. Of course, that was out of the question, but he would come into his own in the end and, in the meantime, he should share her new found wealth to some extent. She would buy him something; handkerchiefs, hose and some neckwear. Christmas and birthdays were the only time he boasted such luxuries for he never bought them for himself.

Before she had finished with her list Jane found she had far exceeded the equivalent of her yellowback. She had thought it would be hard to plan the expenditure of so much money at one time but now, without even stepping inside of a store, she had thought of a score of purchases and she found it necessary to prune and strike out half the articles she wanted.

She longed to go over and break the news of her good fortune to Mrs. Collins, but then she thought that would be unwise. Mrs. Collins was so plebeian and narrow-minded that she misconstrued everything including Brand's attentions and intentions. "I guess you won't be needing me as a chaperon much longer," she had said a few days ago and Jane was so enraged at the remark that she felt as if she could chastise her. But Mrs. Collins would have been fully able to avert such a catastrophe. No one had ever found such a thought father to the deed with her; not even dear James.

No, Jane was powerless. She had to have a chaperon and her neighbor was the only one she could trust. Despite Mrs. Collins' proclivities for gossip, she felt that she could trust her, for in such little intrigues as this the good woman was exactly in her own element. So Jane's expression of resentment had been confined to harsh words that brought tears and apologies and a reconciliation.

She dressed hurriedly now in the repressible blue serge and started for New York alone. On her way to the car she stopped suddenly in front of her grocer's. The monthly account there remained unsettled. An idea occurred to her. Perhaps her plan for revenging herself on the butcher hadn't been so visionary after all. Why not awe the grocer by revealing the prosperous state of her finances and forestall another scene with Bob. She was sure the man could find no way of telling her husband that she had presented a hundred dollar bill. Besides, Bob seldom went into the place.

She entered with a cheerful "Good morning," to which the merchant responded with a salutation not quite so cordial. He was thinking of $17.43 and of the fact that it was seven days past the first of the month. But her next words brought such a metamorphosis of manner that Jane smiled in spite of herself.

"I want to pay the bill, Mr. Nolte," she informed him. "I neglected to bring it with me. Would you mind looking it up?"

He wouldn't mind at all and although the figures were quite vividly impressed on his mind he went through the pretense of examining his books and presently told her the amount. She held out the yellowback, at which Mr. Nolte's best smile broadened, then waned and finally vanished into a blank stare of hopeless disappointment. He didn't have the change. It was so early in the day, he told her, but if she didn't mind waiting for a minute or so he would have Fritz mind the store while he tried to break the bill at Mr. Hoffenbach's across the way. But she did mind. She was in an awful hurry. She had an appointment in the city and was late now. Of course, tomorrow would do, he reluctantly admitted but he proceeded with much alacrity and renewed amiability to take a substantial order that she found time to give.

Jane left the store in high spirits. Money was indeed power. She opened her purse and looked at the bill again while she waited for the car. The sight of it thrilled her. Oh, why was there any such thing as poverty? Here in this little strip of crisp paper was the key to life's real joys; it pointed the route and paved the way to escape from the bitter confines of her impecunious past. She had never a thought that it was not rightfully hers; that she had not earned it. She knew only that she had it. So the gambler, when he has won another man's money, revels in thoughts of how he will squander it and is buoyed up to the heights of all moral oblivion and freedom from care.

CHAPTER IX.

Jane In Her Own Element.

When she reached New York Jane did not head for the bargain counters of the big Sixth avenue stores. These were her rightful domain, or had been when she had gone to spend the few dollars that her own limited resources allowed. She rode now to one of the more exclusive Fifth avenue shops and proceeded to make such purchases as she wanted without regard to cost. The more she paid the better, for her plan of concealment would not permit of her buying too much, and, besides, she was through with the cheap and shoddy.

Everything in this store catered to the better tastes of the better class of people. Even the girls behind the counters were different. They were polite and suave, softer voiced and gentler mannered. None of them chewed gum and none of them called "cash" in shrill, repellent tones. Nor did any of them carry on a conversation with a companion 50 feet away to inform her friend that she had had a "perfectly swell time last night" and contemplated spending the ensuing evening with "Jimmie" tasting joys unconfined at the skating rink.

Most of the floorwalkers were in keeping with the clerks. They were not dressed in long Prince Alberts as for an afternoon tea, nor did they twirl huge black mustachios. They were clean shaven and neat, and stood or walked about with some display of modesty as if they thought it possible that some of their milliondaire customers were almost as elevated in life's station as themselves.

Here was a house in order and Jane reveled in it. No more Sixth avenue for her; she would leave that to Mrs. Collins. For herself she was through with the hoi polloi. She was not one of them and never had been except from necessity. She thought of her home in one of the larger cities upstate and of her life there when Bob had courted her five years ago. Her father was not rich, as wealth is regarded today, but he was a well-to-do and much respected attorney and an intellectual one. If the occasion had required it he would have taken lodging at a first-class hotel and done without a meal rather than stay at an inferior one.

Mrs. Collins.

Jane had had a year at one of the leading colleges for girls and then a turn in the tide of her father's business affairs had cut short this luxury. But she knew her art and her music and she had looked forward with a thrill and with wholesome anticipation to her advent in the great metropolis. She had an inkling of Bob's business then and business of any kind seemed better for a man to her than a profession. Her father's case convinced her of this. She was sure that no man was more capable, more suited to enjoy the best things of life or more eager to supply them for his family, but his calling did not seem to provide the means.

Jane had known Bob's history at school. He was a leader, as Brand had said, and she was confident that he would force his way to the front in the business world. Not that she was marrying him from any selfish viewpoint. She loved him, but she was also proud of him, and the last year or two of their married life had seen a tinge of disappointment mingled with his pride. She was still hopeful, or had been until the coming of Brand in five years Brand had become a millionaire, though it was true that he had started from a higher plane than Bob and with much greater opportunities. But he had made the most of these chances and she found herself wondering now whether Bob had done the same.

All women like the fineries and the luxuries of life, but some crave them more than others. Jane was one of these. She was essentially what Brand read her to be. She had the finesse, the culture of the so-called upper classes and the inherent longing to be a living part of their order. Still she had a woman's instinct for a home and for this reason she had not opposed her husband's humble venture on Staten island. She had wished it might be more elaborate, but since it was all they could afford, it was better than none.

And Jane was not selfish. She knew that besides the joy of having her and her love the five years of their wedded life had brought few thrills to Bob. Perhaps some of the glamour had begun to fade for him, too; the long grind at his work and then the long idle evenings in the flat or the fruitless pleasures of some cheap amusement in the city. This idea of a home had been something new. He had talked about it and planned for it and become so enthusiastic over it that she had entered into the spirit of it and rejoiced with him. And now the spell of this Utopia was gone, at least for her.

Much of her husband's enthusiasm over suburban life was not shared by Jane. When they had moved into the place in the spring her natural love of the artistic had given her a happy interest in her flowers, but there her concern in the rustic pursuits ceased. For his sake she assumed a sympathy that she did not feel. Truck gardens, Jane thought, were for truck gardeners and while hens were useful for laying eggs, they were not interesting companions.

Bob's school, on the other hand, had a poultry department that was noted the world over and while he had not specialized in that branch of education he had a latent liking for all forms of animal life had attracted him to it. When his young Plymouth Rocks had begun to feather out he went into ecstasies if a rooster showed the proper barrings on wing and tail, while with Jane the bird's superiority was gauged only from the standpoint of a frying pan.

Such tendencies did not make Jane one bit less a woman. We cannot all be Walt Whitmans, and preference for a steam-heated drawing room to a barnyard, in a woman at least, is no sign of perverted morals. But the hunt for happiness in the cheap suburb was, for Jane, a quest founded on false premises. She knew it; and now she turned eagerly to the escape.

CHAPTER X.

A Nocturnal Visitor.

In the bungalow now a new era dawned. There was no marked change in Jane's mode of life but there was a vast difference in the spirit of it. A little army of joy gods entered and gave battle to the dissatisfaction that in this conflict of mental legions the joys triumphed. Not alone did they crush the foes of Jane's spiritual welfare. Such victories won they took hold of the physical being and with deft touch here and there restored it to the full power of its natural beauty. They put a light into the eyes that had seemed, perhaps, a little tired; added fresh glow to cheeks that had become a little wan and gave quick elasticity to a step that had grown listless.

Jane was really a beautiful woman. But she was the type that needs the full blend of all attractions to complete the picture of the subtle whole. She was tall and willowy. Vivaciousness made her slimness a charm; without this spirit she was thin. So, too, her hair, luxuriant, abundant raven tresses, seemed heavy and added years unless flashing eyes and colored cheeks defied its somberness. And, just as a prosaic life and tired, dulled senses had caused the bird to droop, keeping pace with frayed and worn plumage, now new prospects and new feathers caused it to thrill and flutter.

Mrs. Collins, keen observer of all these changes, literally winked the other eye. She was not the kind who scorns gossip but having once met sufficient rebuke from Jane and being more or less a beneficiary of this property she held her peace. If her nerves required material relief now she had but to make the want known. The means was always at hand.

There came presently into the Reynolds household, however, something that disturbed even the equanimity of Mrs. Collins. This was a servant girl. She was inefficient and untrained, but she kept Jane's hands out of the dishwater.

"The extra expense is so little," Jane had told her neighbor. "Why, I pay Frieda only two dollars and a half a week."

Mrs. Collins turned up her nose and opined that the girl was committing larceny, at that. But the idea of the "hired help" rankled just the same. She saw that Jane's hands were getting white and soft while her own were red and rough. She sought refuge in rubber gloves which in many a woman's life are mute evidence of vanity or pathos as the case may be. But Mrs. Collins gave them up. It was no use, she told herself. The hands weren't all. Jane was young and pretty and the common bond of complaint over their ill luck had been broken. Whatever it was, good fortune of some sort had come into the younger woman's life and the future seemed to hold promise of more. For Mrs. Collins this meant only more poignant realization of power gone for her and gone never more to return.

One afternoon some three weeks after her first excursion into Fifth avenue Jane was sitting with an open handbag in her lap counting over some money and comparing it with figures in a little notebook. There was a ring at the doorbell, but no response from the maid in the kitchen.

"Frieda," Jane called.

Still there was no reply and Mrs. Collins, a silent spectator of the scene, smiled in scorn.

"Frieda!" Jane repeated, "are you deaf?"

"No'm" came the laconic answer, but there came no Frieda.

Jane turned to her the sharp command: "Then answer the bell."

"Yessum," Frieda agreed, and having divested herself of these two words and exhausted the full measure of her vocabulary, she did as she was told.

At the door was a messenger boy and after much voluble instruction from Jane and more "yessums" from Frieda, the girl signed the book and came forward with the message. Jane tore it open.

"It's a lovely afternoon for an auto ride," Mrs. Collins remarked innocently.

"No, it isn't that at all," Jane answered. "I mean the message isn't what you think. It's from Bob. He's been sent out of town and can't get home tonight. It's the first time since we've been married. Oh, I know I shall be frightened to death in this place."

"Come over and stay with us," her neighbor invited promptly.

"I'd like to, but—" Jane looked toward the kitchen—"you'd be crowded to make room for me and I couldn't think of Frieda here alone."

Mrs. Collins revealed just a semblance of a sneer.

"I don't think she'd be in any great danger," she said tartly, "but if you do, Mrs. Reynolds, we could make room for her on the sofa."

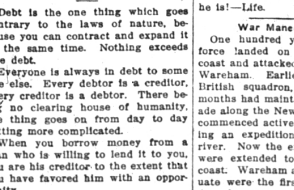
"No, it's kind of you," Jane decided, "but we'll have to stand it here. Of course, there's no danger. It's just the idea."

So Mrs. Collins desisted and Jane looked forward to the first night she had ever spent alone, or practically alone, and that in the lonely bungalow. She ate her supper in silence and with the fox terrier lying on the rug at her feet settled herself at the table and tried to banish thoughts of herself by reading.

Dick had grown into a fine specimen of his breed. He was an intelligent little brute and good to look at if one enjoys seeing the evidence of caste in dogs as well as men. And like all thoroughbreds of his kind he was most pronounced in his attachments. He was the constant companion of Jane, alert and watchful of her every movement. He had never taken a liking to Brand though that gentleman in his several calls at the bungalow had gone out of his way to appease and cajole him. But despite his own preferences Dick had been forced to feel that the millionaire was welcome. At first he had been openly disgruntled at the intrusion, but Jane had reprimanded him and on one occasion had gently chastened him, so now, whenever Brand appeared, the dog simply sulked. At times he would disappear entirely and not show himself again until the visitor had gone. On two occasions, when he had been taken into the auto with the trio, he had jumped out, and even the sharp tones of his mistress, that usually demanded instant attention, failed to arrest his flight.

Some one has said that in our modern civilization there is no place for dogs. No more is there for some men. It is true that primal instincts remain more acute in dumb animals than in humans, but the primal instincts are not all bad. Loyalty and gratitude may be signs of arrested development. If so, no wonder we see a menace in the dog. We are not prone to turn to dumb people for guidance in matters pertaining to our acumen. Yet how often in such cases as this of Brand, Jane and the fox terrier is the humble animal the keener. Suggestion that this poor brute's attitude emanated from any power of divination would have met with instant and perhaps just scorn from Jane, yet the day was to come when she would remember it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



QUEER THINGS ABOUT DEBT

Only Thing That Goes Contrary to Nature's Law—Every Debtor is a Creditor.

Debt is the one thing which goes contrary to the laws of nature, because you can contract and expand it at the same time. Nothing exceeds it like debt.

Everyone is always in debt to some one else. Every debtor is a creditor, every creditor is a debtor. There being no clearing house of humanity, the thing goes on from day to day getting more complicated.

When you borrow money from a man who is willing to lend it to you, you are his creditor to the extent that you have favored him with an opportunity.

Everybody starts by owing the government his part of the interest on the national debt. As this is increasing all the time, the fatal habit some people have of putting off the day of their birth counts against them.

It is declared to be immoral for poor people to borrow money. Rich people, who have inherited money which really doesn't belong to them, can, however, borrow all the money they can get, a practice considered highly proper.

Debt is a poor sleeping companion. He won't stay hitched. If you put him off in a room by himself and draw down the blinds, he always breaks loose and interrupts your rest when you are beginning to enjoy yourself. If you fail to pay his board and lodging, he grows larger and eats more. And what a witless companion he is!—Life.

War Maneuver of 1812.

One hundred years ago a British force landed on the Massachusetts coast and attacked the little village of Wareham. Earlier in the year the British squadron, which for many months had maintained a strick blockade along the New England coast, had commenced active operations by sending an expedition up the Conecticut river. Now the enemy's depredations were extended to the Massachusetts coast. Wareham and the town of Scituate were the first sufferers. A sudden descent made by boats' crews from the frigates Superb and Nimrod so completely surprised the inhabitants that the enemy burned the shipping at the wharves, looted the shops and returned to their vessels before the bewildered villagers had time to take any measures for defense.

Stuffed Cats Scare Birds.

A novel method of scaring away birds has been adopted by a Kentish (England) farmer. He has killed a number of cats, had them stuffed and placed them in various attitudes among the branches of the fruit trees in his orchard.

Michigan Brevities

Hastings.—Striking a horse and buggy at Nashville, a west-bound Michigan Central express was delayed an hour. It is alleged a farmer tied the horse to a coal car on a siding. The animal was cut in two. The train was nearly derailed. Officers are investigating.

Grand Rapids.—Arthur Kooman, a telephone lineman, fell 30 feet and in an effort to break his fall threw his left arm across a pole-step. The point of the step entered his arm and ripping through the biceps, held him suspended until the police assisted him down. It is believed he will lose his arm.

Sault Ste. Marie.—The body of a man, found in the woods near Fibre, near here, is believed to be that of Henry Southfield of Grand Rapids, who wandered from a camp in the vicinity a few weeks ago while mentally upset, and has not been seen since. Two brothers at Grand Rapids were notified.

Petoskey.—Three persons were injured, when a touring car driven by Ray Rice overturned, north of the city. Mr. Rice was uninjured, but the scalp was practically torn from Verne Greenwell's head. Misses Minnie and Ivah Borst are in a hospital with slight injuries. Miss Augusta Schebrat escaped unhurt.

Mt. Clemens.—The Capron hotel notified the police that H. Rogers, said to be a merchant of New York city, Mr. Rice was uninjured, but the scalp was practically torn from Verne Greenwell's head. Misses Minnie and Ivah Borst are in a hospital with slight injuries. Miss Augusta Schebrat escaped unhurt.

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Flint.—Presence of mind and prompt action of a vocational student, who threw a burning couch through a window, averted a serious blaze in the cabinet shop at the Michigan school for the deaf. The flames ignited combustible material in the shop, but they were extinguished before the arrival of the fire department.

Battle Creek.—Saying A. J. Brigham, his landlord, had a remedy that would cure his ailment, O. B. Johnson, tenant on the old Kellogg farm, a mile south of Pennfield, near here, went to Brigham's home and got his revolver. Johnson then committed suicide in the presence of his wife. Stomach trouble had made him despondent.

Charlotte.—Howard Eastmon, Lansing youth, who sent Charles Hickman, prisoner in the county jail, a saw through the mails, with which Hickman sawed his way to freedom, was placed on probation for two years and fined $50 by Judge Smith in circuit court. Eastmon met Hickman while he was serving 30 days for the theft of a bicycle at Sunfield.

Ann Arbor.—David McLaughlin, nineteen years old, son of Prof. Andrew McLaughlin of the University of Chicago and grandson of President Emeritus James B. Angell, of the University of Michigan, died in Chicago after lying paralyzed from his hips down for two months as the result of an accident while swimming in Lake Michigan. Young McLaughlin fractured three vertebre at Chicago in August while diving into water that a recent storm had made unexpectedly shallow.

Muskegon.—Drifting helplessly all night, with part of her sails blown away during the severe storm on Lake Michigan, the schooner Isolda Bock was picked up off the Muskegon harbor and towed into port by the United States life-saving crew. When first sighted the Bock was found to be in a battered condition and unmanageable, she was loaded with ceiling posts at North Bay, Wis., and was bound for St. Joseph. This is the second time the Isolda Bock has had a narrow escape from storm on Lake Michigan recently. A short time ago, while heavily laden, she ran into a gale off Milwaukee and nearly foundered. The Bock is a vessel of 70 gross tons, 76.2 feet long.

Marshall.—Sheriff Fonda and his deputies arrested William Hughes in a barn on the Russell farm in Marengo township, and he was arraigned before Justice Cortright, charged with breaking and entering the residence of former State Representative Perry May, former deputy state oil inspector. He is in jail waiting examination on a charge of attempting to commit murder or a statutory crime. Miss Nellie Mayo, an officer of the state grange, was awakened when Hughes, who had been working on a road gang, broke open a screen door. Her father rushed down with a shotgun, but found it unloaded and called to her for a revolver. She fired four times at the intruder, but missed him. Mayo broke the stock of the shotgun on Hughes' shoulder.

Marshall.—Venton Hookway, thirteen years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hookway, of Lee township, went four weeks with a broken collar bone before he discovered the break. Blood poisoning set in two weeks ago. The boy could give no explanation of how he injured himself. He died.

Battle Creek.—Local merchants, druggists, confectionars, cereal manufacturers, taxicab men and sanitarium representatives formed a convention league, with L. J. Montgomery as president, to land 1915 state conventions.

Charlotte.—W. H. Rand was re-elected superintendent of the poor; H. I. Bronson, of Dimondale, and E. E. Crampton, of Eaton Rapids, were elected to membership on the board of county examiners, and J. H. Brown of Charlotte, George W. Little of Grand Ledge and D. W. Knapp of Sunfield were chosen as the board of county canvassers by the Eaton supervisors.

Port Huron.—The board of supervisors of St. Clair county voted a two-mill tax for good roads work. About $60,000 will be raised.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock, Grain and General Farm Produce.

Live Stock.

DETROIT—Cattle: Receipts, 843; market dull; best heavy steers, $8.50@8.75; best handy weight butcher steers, $7.50@8; mixed steers and heifers, $7@7.25; handy light butchers, $6.50@7.25; light butchers, $6.25@6.75; best cows, $6@6.50; butcher cows, $5.25@5.75; common cows, $4.50@5; canners, $3.50@4.50; best heavy bulls, $6@6.75; bologna bulls, $5.50@5.75; stock bulls, $5@5.50; feeders, $6.50@7.25; stockers, $5.50@6.50; milkers and springers, $40@85.

Veal calves: Receipts, 186; market steady; best, $11@11.50; others, $8@9.50.

Sheep and lambs: Receipts, 8,253; market steady; best lambs, $7.50; fair lambs, $7@7.35; light to common lambs, $6.50@6.75; fai rto good sheep, $4.25@4.50; culls and common, $2.50@3.50.

Hogs: Receipts, 2,530; market 25@30c lower; pigs, $7.50; others, $7.70@7.85.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts, 6,000; market 15@25c lower; choice to prime native shipping steers, $9.50@9.75; fair to good, $8.50@9; plain and coarse, $8@8.25; Canadian steers, 1,300 to 1,450 lbs., $8.25@8.85; do 1,100 to 1,200 lbs., $7.15@8.10; choice to prime handy steers, natives, $8.15@8.35; fair to good, $7.50@8.75; light common, $7@7.75; yearlings, $8.25@9; prime fat heavy heifers, $7.50@7.75; good butcher heifers, $7.25@7.50; light do, $3.25@6.75; best heavy fat cows, $6.25@7; good butcher cows, $5.50@6; canners, $3.25@4; cutters, $4@4.50; best feeders, $7@7.50; good do, $6.25@6.50; best stockers, $6.50@6.75; common to good, $5.50@6; best bulls, $6.75@7.25; good killing bulls, $6@6.25; stock and medium bulls, $5@6; milkers and springers, $35@85.

Hogs: Receipts, 22,000; market 25c lower; heavy, $7.90@7.95; yorkers, $7.85@7.90; pigs, $7.

Sheep and lambs: Receipts, 10,000; market 10c higher; top lambs, $8@8.15; yearlings, $6.25@6.75; wethers, $5.50@5.90; ewes, $5@5.50.

Calves steady; tops, $12; fair to good, $10@11; grassers, $4@6.

Grain Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, $1.10; December opened with an advance of 1-2c at $1.14 1-2 and advanced to $1.15; May opened at $1.21 and advanced to $1.22; No. 1 white, $1.07.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 78c; No. 3 yellow, 2cars at 75c; No. 4 yellow, 73c.

Oats—Standard, 1 car at 47 1-2c, 1 at 47 3-4c, closing at 48c; No. 3 white, 47 1-2c; No. 4 white, 46c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, 90c.

Beans—Immediate, prompt and October shipment, $2.15; November, $2.20.

Cloverseed—Prime spot, $9.15; December, $9.30; March, $9.50; sample red, 44 bags at $8.40, 17 at $7.75; prime alsike, $9; sample alsike, 12 bags at $7.75.

Timothy—Prime spot, $2.60.

Alfalfa—Prime spot, $9.25.

Hay—Carlots, track Detroit: No. 1 tihothy, $16@16.50; No. 2 timothy, $14@14.50; No. 3 timothy, $11@12; No. 1 mixed, $12@12.50; No. 2 clover, $11@12; rye straw, $7.50@8; wheat and oat straw, $7@7.50 per ton.

Flour—In one-eighth paper sacks, per 196-lbs, jobbing lots: best patent, $6; second patent, $5.50; straight, $5; spring patent, $6.20; rye flour, $5.80 per bbl.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, $24; standard middlings, $25; fine middlings, $32; coarse cornmeal, $31; cracked corn, $32; corn and oat chop, $28 per ton.

General Markets.

Apples—$1.50@2.50 per bbl and 50@75c per bu.

Peaches—Fancy, $2; AA, $1.75; A, $1.50; B, 90c@$1 per bu.

Pears—Bartletts, $1.25@1.50 per bu; sugar pears, 50@75c per bu.

Grapes—Blue, 15@16c; Niagara, 18@20c; Delaware, 20@22c per 8-lb basket.

Tomatoes—80cfb$1 per bu.

Chestnuts—11@12c per lb.

Cabbage—Home-grown, 75c@$1 per bbl.

Green Corn—Home-grown, 75@80c per sack.

Dressed Calves—Fancy, 16c; common, 10@11c per lb.

Onions—70c per 100 lbs in bulk and 80@85c per 100 lbs in sacks.

Potatoes—Carlots, 40@45c per bu in bulk and 50c per bu in sacks.

Honey—Choice to fancy new white comb, 15@16c; amber, 10@11c; extracted, 6@7c per lb.

Sweet Potatoes—Virginia, $2.25 per bbl and $1 per bu; Jersey, $3.50@3.60 per bbl and $1.50 per bu.

Live Poultry—Broilers, 14@14 1-2c per lb; heavy hens, 14@14 1-2c; medium hens, 14c; No. 2 hens, 10@12c; old roosters, 11c; ducks, 14@15c; young ducks, 15@16c; geese, 11@12c; turkeys, 19@20c per lb.

Cheese—Wholesale lots: Michigan flts, 14@14 1-2c; New York flats, 16 1-2@16 3-4c; brick, 14 1-4@14 1-2c; limburger, 12@13c; imported Swiss, 30@32c; domestic Swiss, 20@21c; long horns, 14 1-2@15c; daisies, 14 1-2@15c per lb.

Hides—No. 1 cured, 16c; No. 1 green 13c; No. 1 cured bulls, 13c; No. 1 green bulls, 10c; No. 1 cured veal kip, 16c; No. 1 green veal kip, 14c; No. 1 cured murrain, 13c; No. 1 green murrain, 10c; No. 1 cured calf, 18c; No. 1 green calf, 17c; No. 1 horsehides, $4.50 No. 2 horsehides, $3.50; No. 2 hides 1c and No. 2 kip and calf 1 1-2c lower than the above; sheepskins, as to amount of wool, 25@75c.

William Miller was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting Sunday near Kaleva.

A NURSE TAKES DOCTOR'S ADVICE

And is Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Euphemia, Ohio.—"Because of total ignorance of how to care for myself when verging into womanhood, and from taking cold when going to school, I suffered from a displacement, and each month I had severe pains and nausea which always meant a lay-off from work for two to four days from the time I was 16 years old.

"I went to Kansas to live with my sister and while there a doctor told me of the Pinkham remedies but I did not use them them as my faith in patent medicines was limited. After my sister died I came home to Ohio to live and that has been my home for the last 18 years.

"The Change of Life came when I was 47 years old and about this time I saw my physical condition plainly described in one of your advertisements. Then I began using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I cannot tell you or any one else how relief it gave me in the first three months. It put me right where I need not lay off every month and during the last 18 years I have not paid out two dollars to a doctor, and have been blest with excellent health for a woman of my age and I can thank Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for it.

"Since the Change of Life is over I have been a maternity nurse and being wholly self-supporting I cannot over estimate the value of good health. I have never earned a comfortable little home just by sewing and nursing. I have recommended the Compound to many with good results, and it is excellent to take before and after childbirth."—Miss EVELYN ADELIA STEWART, Euphemia, Ohio.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

WHY NOT TRY POPHAM'S ASTHMA MEDICINE

Gives Prompt and Positive Relief in Every Case. Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00. Trial Package by Mail 10c.

WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

It serves a man right if he marries a suffragette and has to take in white-washing to support her.

Be happy. Use Red Cross Ball Blue; much better than liquid blue. Delights the laundress. All grocers. Adv.

No man knows the day or the hour when one of his old love letters will turn up and take a fall out of his happiness.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 47 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules. Adv.

Light Traffic.

"Was the car crowded you came in on."

"Not very. I had a strap all to myself."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Same as Being Away.

Neighbor's Little Girl—When did you get back, Mrs. Browne? Did you have a nice time?

Neighbor—Why, I haven't been away, my dear.

"Haven't you, really? I'm sure I heard mother say you and Mr. Browne had been at Loggerheads for a week!"—National Monthly.

He Felt It.

The man in the thin summer coat shrugged his shoulders and shivered, and finally said to the man across the aisle:

"It approaches, don't it?"

"Yes, sir, it do," was the reply.

"It's in the air."

"Yes, sir.'

"It makes one shiver.'

"It do, sir."

"Did you understand me when I said it approached?"

"You meant the autumn, I took it."

"Glad to meet a man of intelligence."

"But I am not a man of intelligence, sir. On the contrary, I haven't the sense of a bull calf. I knew what you meant because I was ass enough to pawn my overcoat in May, and won't be able to raise three dollars to get it out before next July. Yes, sir, it approaches, and it's in the air. Yes, sir, and be hanged to it, sir!"

FOUND OUT.

A Trained Nurse Discovered Its Effect.

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee, a nurse in Ra, writes: "I used to drink strong coffee myself, and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion.

"While on a visit to my brothers I had a good chance to try Postum, for they drank it altogether in place of coffee. After using Postum two weeks I found I was much benefited and finally my headaches disappeared and also the indigestion.

"Naturally I have since used Postum among my patients, and have noticed a marked benefit where coffee has been left off and Postum used.

"I observe a curious fact about Postum when used by mothers. It greatly helps the flow of milk in cases where coffee is inclined to dry it up, and where tea causes nervousness.

"I find trouble in getting servants to make Postum properly. But when it is prepared according to directions on package and served hot with cream, it is certainly a delicious beverage."

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

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, made a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.