THE PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE — Illustrations by C. D. RHODES

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CHAPTER I.

At Chaudiere's.

It was at Chaudiere's that Griswold had eaten his first breakfast in the Crescent city, and it was at Chaudiere's again that he was sharing a farewell supper with Bainbridge of the Louisianian. Six weeks lay between that and this; forty-odd days of discouragement and failure superadded upon other similar days and weeks and months.

Without meaning to, Bainbridge had been strewing the path with fresh thorns for the defeated one. He had just been billeted to write up the banana trade for his paper. Boyishly jubilant over the assignment, he had dragged the New Yorker around to Chaudiere's to a small parting feast. Not that it had required much persuasion. Griswold had fasted for 24 hours, and if Bainbridge were not a friend in a purist's definition of the term, he was at least a friendly acquaintance.

The burden of the table talk fell upon Bainbridge, and it occurred to the host that his guest was less than usually responsive, a fault not to be lightly condoned under the joyous circumstances. Wherefore he protested.

"What's the matter with you to-night, Kenneth, old man? You're more than commonly grumpy; it seems to me; and that's needless."

Griswold looked up, with a smile that was almost humiliated; and quoted cynically: "'Unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath.'"

Bainbridge's laugh was tolerant enough to take the edge from his retort.

"That's a pretty thing to fling at a man who never knifed you or pistoled you or tried to poison you! An innocent bystander might say you envied me."

"I do," rejoined Griswold gravely. "I envy any man who can earn enough money to pay for three meals a day and a place to sleep in."

"Oh, cat's foot!—anybody can do that," asserted Bainbridge; with the air of one to whom the struggle for existence has been a mere athlete's practice run.

"I know; that is your theory. But the facts disprove it. I can't, for one."

Griswold was a fair man, with reddish hair and beard and the quick and sensitive skin of the type. A red flush of anger crept up under the closely cropped beard, and his eyes were bright.

Bainbridge scoffed openly; but he was good-natured enough to make amends when he saw that Griswold was moved.

"I take it all back," he said. "I suppose the book-chicken has come home again to roost, and a returned manuscript accounts for anything. But, seriously, Kenneth, you ought to get down to bed-rock facts. Nobody but a crazy phenomenon can find a publisher for his first book, nowadays, unless he has had some sort of an introduction in the magazines or the newspapers. You haven't had that; so far as I know, you haven't tried it."

"Oh, yes, I have—tried and failed. It isn't in me to do the salable thing, and there isn't a magazine editor in the country who doesn't know it by this time. I tell you, Bainbridge, the conditions are all wrong when a man with a vital message to his kind can't get to deliver it to the people who want to hear it."

Bainbridge ordered the small coffees and found his cigar case.

"That is about what I suspected," he commented impatiently. "You couldn't keep your peculiar views muzzled even when you were writing a bit of a pot boiler on sugar planting. You drop your fool socialistic fad and write a book that a reputable publisher can bring out without committing commercial suicide, and you'll stand some show."

"Call it what you please; names don't change facts. Listen"—Griswold leaned upon the table; his eyes grew hard and the blue in them became metallic—"For more than a month I have tramped the streets of this cursed city begging—yes, that is the word—begging for work of any kind that would suffice to keep body and soul together, and for more than half of that time I have lived on one meal a day. That is what we have come to; we of the submerged majority. And that isn't all. The wage worker himself, when he is fortunate enough to find a chance to earn his crust, is not a serf; a chattel among the other possessions of some fellow man who has acquired him in the plutocratic redistribution of the earth and the fullness thereof."

Bainbridge glanced at his watch.

"I must be going," he said. "The Adelantado drops down the river at eleven. How are you fixed for the present, and what are you going to do for the future?"

Griswold's smile was not pleasant to look at.

"I am 'fixed' to run twenty-four hours longer, thanks to your hospitality. For that length of time I presume I shall continue to conform to what we have been taught to believe is the immutable order of things. After that——"

He paused, and Bainbridge put the question. "Well, after that; what then?"

"Then, if the chance to earn is still denied me, and I am sufficiently hungry, I shall stretch forth my hand and take what I need."

Bainbridge fished in his pocket and took out a ten-dollar banknote. "Do that first," he said, offering Griswold the money.

The proletary smiled and shook his head.

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The fruit steamer Adelantado, outward bound, was shuddering to the first slow revolutions of her propeller when Bainbridge turned the key in the door of the stuffy little stateroom to which he had been directed, and went on deck.

"Why, hello, Broffin! How are you, old man? Where the dickens did you drop from?"

It was the inevitable steamer acquaintance who is always at hand to prove the trite narrowness of the

"You Couldn't Keep Your Peculiar Views Muzzled."

world, and Bainbridge kicked a chair into comradely place for him.

Broffin, heavy browed and clean shaven save for a thick mustache that hid the hard-lipped mouth, replaced the chair to suit himself and sat down. In appearance he was a cross between a steamboat captain on a vacation and an upriver plantation overseer recovering from his annual pleasure trip to the city. But his reply to Bainbridge's query proved that he was neither.

"I didn't drop; I walked. More than that, I kept step with you all the way from Chaudiere's to the levee. You'd be dead easy game for an amateur."

"You'll excuse yourself, disliked, the first thing you know," said Bainbridge, laughing. "Don't you ever forget that you are in the man-hunting business? Where are you headed for, Broffin?"

The man who might have passed for a steamboat captain or a plantation overseer, and was neither, chuckled dryly.

"You don't expect me to give it away to you, and you a newspaper man, do you? But I will—seeing you can't get it on the wires. I'm going down to Guatemala after Morteen."

"The Crescent bank defaulter? By Jove! you've found him at last, have you?"

The detective nodded. "I've been two years, off and on, trying to locate Morteen; and now that I've found him, he is where he can't be extradited. All the same, I'll bet you five to one he goes back with me in the next steamer—what?"

CHAPTER II.

The Right of Might.

Two days after the supper at Chaudiere's the unimpetuous routine of the business quarter of New Orleans was rudely disturbed by the shock of a genuine sensation.

To shatter at a single blow the most venerable of the routine precedents, the sensational thing chose for its colliding point with orderly system one of the oldest and most conservative of the city's banks—the Bayou State Security. At ten o'clock, following the precise habit of half a lifetime, Mr. Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State, entered his private room in the rear of the main banking apartment, opened his desk, and addressed himself to the business of the day. At half-past the hour the president was left alone to read his correspondence.

Being a man whose mental processes were all serious, and whose hobby was method, Mr. Galbraith had established a custom of giving himself a quiet half-hour of inviolable seclusion in which to read and consider his mail. During this sacred interval the stenographer, standing guard in the outer office, had instructions to deny his chief to callers of any and every degree. Wherefore, when, at 20 minutes to 11, the door of the private office opened to admit a stranger, the president was justly annoyed.

"Well, sir; what now?" he demanded, impatiently, taking the intruder's measure in a swift glance shot from beneath his bushy white eyebrows.

The unannounced visitor was a young man of rather prepossessing appearance, a trifle tall for his breadth of shoulder, fair, with blue eyes and a curling, reddish beard and mustache, the former trimmed to a point. So much the president was able to note in the appraising glance—and to remember afterward.

The caller made no reply to the curt question. He had turned and was closing the door. There was a quiet insistence in the act that was like the flick of a whip to Mr. Galbraith's irritation.

"If you have business with me, you'll have to excuse me for a few minutes," he protested, still more impatiently. "Be good enough to take a seat in the anteroom until I ring. MacFarland should have told you."

The young man drew up a chair and sat down, ignoring the request as if he had failed to hear it. Ordinarily Mr. Andrew Galbraith's temper was equable enough; the ice-cooled temper of a methodical gentleman whose long upper lip was in itself an advertisement of self-control. But such a deliberate infraction of his rules coupled with the stony impudence of the visitor, made him spring up angrily to ring for the watchman.

The intruder was too quick for him. When his hand sought the bell push he found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver, and so was fain to fall back into his chair, gasping.

"Ah-h-h!" he stammered. And when the words could be managed: "So that's it, is it?—you're a robber!"

"No," said the invader of the presidential privacy calmly, speaking for the first time since his incoming. "I am not a robber, save in your own very limited definition of the word. I am merely a poor man, Mr. Galbraith—one of the uncounted thousands—and I want money. If you call for help, I shall shoot you. It is merely a question of money, and if you are amenable to reason——"

"If I'm—but I'm not amenable to your reasons!" blustered the president, recovering a little from the first shock of terrified astoundment. "I refuse to listen to them. I'll not have anything to do with you. Go away!"

The young man's smile showed his teeth, but it also proved that he was not wholly devoid of the sense of humor.

"Keep your temper, Mr. Galbraith," he advised coolly. "The moment is mine, and I am your slave. Ring, and call your office people, and I shall be undone. Which is it to be? Please decide quickly—time is precious."

The president pulled the bell rope, but that of the indifferent; and he promptly shut his mouth under the compulsion.

"Well, what then, out with it, since you are so set on having it?"

"This: You are rich; you represent the existing order of things. I am poor, and I stand for any necessity which is higher than any man-made law or custom. You have more money than you can possibly use in any legitimate personal channels; I have not the price of the next meal, already twenty-four hours overdue. I came here this morning with my life in my hand to invite you to share with me a portion of that which is yours chiefly by the right of possession. If you do it well and good; if not, there will be a new president of the Bayou State Security. Do I make myself sufficiently explicit?"

Andrew Galbraith glanced furtively at the paper-weight clock on his desk. It was nearly eleven, and MacFarland would surely come in on the stroke of the hour. If he could only ward off the catastrophe for a few minutes, until help should come. He searched in his pockets and drew forth a handful of coins.

The invader of privacies glanced at the clock in his turn and shook his head.

"You are merely trying to gain time, and you know it, Mr. Galbraith. My stake in this game is much more than a handful of charity silver; and I don't do you the injustice to believe that you have your life so cheaply. You who have so much money and at best, so few years to live."

The president put the little heap of coins on the desk, but he did not abandon the struggle for delay.

"What's your price, then?" he demanded, as one who may possibly consider a compromise.

"One hundred thousand dollars—in cash."

"But man! you're clean daft! Do ye think I have——"

In the midst of his vehement protests the stranger sprang out of his chair, stepped back a pace and raised his weapon.

"Mr. Galbraith, you are juggling with your life! Write a check while there is yet time!"

The hammer of the leveled pistol clicked. Andrew Galbraith shut his eyes and made a blind grasp for pen and checkbook. His hands were shaking as with a palsy, but the fear of death steadied them suddenly when he came to write.

"Indorse it!" was the next command. The voices had ceased beyond the partition, and the dead silence was relieved only by the labored strokes of the president's pen and the tap-tap of the typewriter in the adjacent anteroom.

The check was written and indorsed, and under the menace of the revolver Andrew Galbraith was trying to give it to the robber. But the robber would not take it.

"No, I don't want your paper; come with me to your paying teller and get me the money. Make what explanation you see fit; but remember—if he hesitates, you die."

They left the private office together, the younger man a short half-step in the rear, with his pistol-bearing hand thrust under his coat. The president did not despair. In the public lobby there would be eyes to see, and perhaps some that would understand. Mr. Galbraith took a firmer hold upon his self-possession and trusted that some happy chance might yet intervene to save him.

But chance did not intervene. There was a goodly number of customers in the public space, but not one of the half dozen or more who nodded to the president or passed the time of day with him saw the eye-appeal which was the only one he dared to make. On the short walk around to the paying teller's window, the robber kept even step with his victim, and try as he would, Andrew Galbraith could not summon the courage to forget the pistol muzzle menacing him in its coat-covered ambush.

At the paying wicket there was only one customer, instead of the group the president had hoped to find; a sweet-faced young woman in a modest traveling hat and a gray coat. She turned to give her dollar or two a second look as the president approached, and then went on counting her money. It was a thin roll of bills, and the banknotes were all of one denomination.

The teller counted out the one thousand in small notes quickly; but he had to leave the cage and go to the vault for the large remainder. This was the crucial moment of peril for the robber, and the president, stealing a glance at the face of his persecutor, saw the blue eyes blazing with excitement.

"It is your time to pray, Mr. Galbraith," said the spoiler in low tones. "If you have given your man the signal——"

But the signal had not been given. The teller was re-entering the cage with a bulky packet of money paper. "You needn't open it," said the young man at the president's elbow. "The bank's count is good enough for me." And when the window wicket had been unlatched and the money passed out, he stuffed the loose bills carelessly into his pocket, put the package containing the ninety-nine thousand dollars under his arm, nodded to the president, backed swiftly to the street door and vanished.

Then it was that Mr. Andrew Galbraith suddenly found speech, opening his thin lips and pouring forth a torrent of incoherence which presently got itself translated into a vengeful blue and cry; and New Orleans the impetuous had its sensation ready-made.

CHAPTER III.

In Triumphe!

Once safely in the street, Kenneth Griswold, with a thousand dollars in his pocket and the packet of banknotes under his arm, was seized by an impulse to do some extravagant thing to celebrate his success. It had proved to be such a simple matter, after all—one bold stroke, a tussle, happily bloodless, with the plutocratic dragon whose hold upon his treasure was so easily broken; and presto! the hungry proletary had become himself a power in the world, strong to do good or evil as the gods might direct.

This was the prompting to exultation as it might have been set in words; but in Griswold's thought it was but a swift suggestion, followed instantly by another which was much more to the immediate purpose. He, Kenneth Griswold, was a restaurant next door to the bank without thinking overmuch of the risk he ran, and perhaps not at all of the audacious subtlety of such an expedient at such a critical moment, he went in, sat down at one of the small marble-topped tables, and calmly ordered breakfast.

Since hunger is a lusty special pleader, making itself heard above any pulpit drum of the higher faculties, it is quite probable that Griswold dwelt less upon what he had done than upon what he was about to eat, until the ham and eggs on the street reminded him that the chase was begun. But at this, not to appear suspiciously incurious, he put on the mask of indifferent interest and asked the waiter concerning the uproar.

The serving man did not know what had happened, but he would go and find out if Mr'sieu so desired, "M'sieu'" said breakfast first, by all means; and information afterward. Both came in due season, and the hungry one ate while he listened.

Transcribed into the broken English of the garden eating place, the story of the robbery lost nothing in its sensational features.

It was very evident that the plutocratic dragon did not intend to prosecute. The Portuguese Jew behind the counter, who had seen the bank messenger hurry in with the money and hurry out again with the robber at his heels, had been told that the latter was a lunatic who had escaped from his keepers, and the waiter who served Griswold had heard almost the same words from the lips of the president himself. Griswold smiled grimly as he ate. Andrew Galbraith was not the man to make public confession of his own folly in being cozened by a madman's plausible story of a run on the bank. Griswold knew that he was safe from pursuit, and that the money would be restored intact before the day's business should be closed. Indeed, he felt sure that Andrew Galbraith would have given him a thousand dollars freely if he could have thought he had—before he made the break. Since I did not, I've got to do it now, and there isn't much time to throw away. Let me see——" he shut his eyes and went into the inventive mood of the literary craftsman—"The keynote must be originality. I must do that which the other fellow would never think of doing."

On the strength of that decision he ventured to order a third cup of coffee, and before it had cooled he had outlined a plan, basing it upon a cross-questioning of the Gascon waiter. There had been but one man concerned in the robbery, and the sidewalk gossip was beginning to describe him with disconforting accuracy.

Griswold paid his score and went out to build and work studied nonchalance. He reasoned that, notwithstanding the growing accuracy of the street report, he was still in no immediate danger so long as he remained in such close proximity to the bank. It was safe to assume that this was one of the things the professional "strong-arm man" would not do. But it was also evident that he must speedily lose his identity if he hoped to escape; and the lost identity must leave no clue to itself.

Griswold smiled when he remembered how, in fiction of the felon-catching sort, and in real life, for that matter, the law-breaker always did leave a clue for the pursuers. Thereupon arose a determination to demonstrate practically that it was quite as possible to create an inerrant fugitive as to conceive an infallible detective. Joining the passers-by on the sidewalk, he made his way leisurely to Canal street, and thence diagonally through the old French quarter toward the French market. In a narrow alley giving upon the levee he finally found what he was looking for; a dingy sailors' barber's shop. The barber was a negro, fat, unctuous and sleepy looking, and he was alone.

"Yes, sah; shave, boss?" asked the negro, bowing and scraping a foot when Griswold entered.

"No; a hair cut." The customer produced a silver half-dollar. "Go somewhere and get me a cigar to smoke while you are doing it. Get a good one, if you have to go to Canal street," he added, climbing into the rickety chair.

The fat negro shuffled out, scenting tips. The moment he was out of sight Griswold took up the scissors and began to hack awkwardly at his beard and mustache; awkwardly but swiftly and with well-considered purpose. The result was a fairly complete metamorphosis. Hastily wrought in place of the trim beard and curling mustache there was a rough stubble, stiff and uneven, like that on the face of a man who had neglected to shave for a week or two.

"There, I think that will answer," he told himself, standing back before the cracked looking-glass to get the general effect. "And it is decently original. The professional cracksman would probably have shaved, where upon the first amateur detective he

Griswold Went Out Smiling Behind His Teeth.

met would reconstruct the beard on the sunburned lines. Now for a pawnbroker; and the more avaricious he happens to be, the better he will serve the purpose."

He went to the door and looked up and down the alley. The negro was not yet in sight, and Griswold walked rapidly away in the direction opposite to that taken by the obliging barber.

A pawnbroker's shop of the kind required was not far to seek in that locality, and when it was found, Griswold drove a hard bargain with the Portuguese Jew behind the counter. The pledge he offered was the suit he was wearing, and the bargaining concluded in an exchange of the still serviceable business suit for a pair of butternut trousers, a second-hand coat too short in the sleeves and Monkalais cotton shirt, a red handkerchief, three yards of cheap Shawanese and Manchester cotton, and a wide-brimmed straw hat, one side of which he deplored having before he would consent to accept it.

The sheet of the handling was precisely what Griswold had prescribed. The Portuguese Jew was a shrewd trader, but he was also a man of business, and he knew that the stranger who was willing to pay 100 per cent for the privilege of changing his clothes in the back room of a pawnbroker's shop was not to be trifled with. Griswold's change was made in the back room, and he emerged from it with a fairly complete disguise, which he completed by buying a pair of blue goggles. The pawnbroker's curiosity was not to be satisfied, and the Jew's apprehensions should be quieted.

Having thus disguised himself, Griswold made the transformation artistically complete by walking a few squares in the dust of a loaded cotton float on the levee. Then he made a tramp bundle of the manuscript of the moribund book, the pistol and the money in the red handkerchief, and having surveyed himself with some satisfaction in the bar mirror of a riverside pot-house, a daring impulse to test his disguise by going back to the restaurant where he had breakfasted seized and bore him townward.

The experiment was an unqualified success. The proprietor of the bank-neighboring cafe not only failed to recognize him; he was driven forth with curses in idiomatic French and broken English.

"Bete! Go back on da levee w'ere you belong to go. I'll been kipping dis cafe for zhentlemen! Scelerat! Go!"

Griswold went out, smiling between his teeth.

That settles the question of identification and present safety," he assured himself exultantly. Then: "I believe I could walk into the Bayou State Security and not be recognized."

As before, the daring impulse was irresistible, and he gave place to it on the spur of the moment. Pouring a five-dollar bill in the mud of the gutter, he went boldly into the bank and asked the paying teller to give him silver for it. The teller sniffed at the money, scowled at the man, and turned back to his cash book without a word. Griswold's smile grew to an inward laugh when he reached the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DATE SET FOR END OF WAR

November 11 or April 11 is the Prediction Recently Made by a "Soothsayer."

A soothsayer from Zagarabia, who wishes to remain unknown, has predicted the end of the great war toward the end of the year, and he insists that peace will be concluded on November 11. His prediction is based on logical mathematical calculations which he says cannot fail, as proved by past experience of former wars.

In fact the same rule which enabled him to find out when this war is going to end works to perfection when applied to the last Napoleonic war and the Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

The last war against Napoleon started in 1813 and ended in 1814. The soothsayer adds up these two years and divides the total, viz.: 3827, into two numbers of figures each, viz.: 38 and 27. Then adding the two figures of each number, viz.: 8 plus 8 equals 9, and 2 plus 7 equals 9, he gets the ninth day of the ninth month, viz.: September 9, the date when peace was signed.

The same result is obtained in the case of the Franco-Prussian war, begun in 1870 and ended in 1871. In fact, 1870 plus 1871 equals 3741, or 37 and 41, and 3 plus 7 equals 10, while 4 plus 1 equals 5, so that the date of peace was May 10.

Assuming that the present war ends this year then 1914 plus 1915 equals 3829, or 38 and 29; hence 3 plus 8 equals 11 and 2 plus 9 equals 11, and the result is November 11.

Supposing, however, the war lasts until 1916, then peace will be signed on April 11.

The soothsayer does not explain on what his prophecy that the war will end this year is based.—New York Sun.

Disadvantage of Being a Fire-Eater.

It developed that Haba-Haba, the fire-eater and "wild man" with a circus touring in southern Kansas, named Harry Blitz, and he lived in Parsons thirty years ago. He was identified by several old acquaintances in Parsons. "The nerves in my tongue are dead," Blitz explained, "and it never bothers me to do my act except when I accidentally swallow some of the gasoline. Then I usually have a bad stomach ache, but that is all. Pie, meat and beer all taste alike, I don't get any satisfaction from a cold beer until it gets down. That's one of the real regrets of my life. You know it's tough not to be able to enjoy a cold glass or two on a hot night after doing your stunts." Haba-Haba is fifty-four years old. He's paid $30 a week for his work.—Kansas City Star.

The Greater Need.

"I am very busy," said the inventor, "devising a range finder while——" "Good Lord, man," said the suburbanite, "what a waste of time! What the world needs is not a range finder but a cook finder that will stay when found by the ranges already located."

STATE NEWS

Lansing—Assessed valuation of 68 counties, already on a cash basis, has been boosted $468,190,000 over what it was formerly.

Grand Rapids.—A dog show will be held at the West Michigan state fair this year. Entries are coming in from all parts of the state.

Grand Rapids.—At the convention of the Michigan Antituberculosis society here September 2-3-4, Frank Leland of Detroit will speak.

Hillsdale.—Farmers in this vicinity have suffered heavy losses from the severe rains. Many of them have not gun feeding their ruined oat and barley crops to their hogs.

Muskegon.—The Western Michigan Development bureau announces that between 2,500 and 3,000 families, previously residing in other states, have settled in western Michigan this year.

Lansing.—Motor cars have been barred from Mt. Hope cemetery except when in funeral procession, as a result of the use of the excellent roads for testing ambulance trucks for the French government, it is learned here.

Owosso.—Thrown from his horse when the animal stumbled while fording the Shiawassee river, Louis B. Allison, chairman of the Democratic county committee, narrowly escaped drowning.

Coldwater.—The body of Chelsea Willmarth, aged twenty-two years, was found in a wheat field two miles south of here, terribly mangled by a mad bull. The enraged animal had used both horns and hoofs on the young man. Five were in witness to the encounter.

Ludington.—Wilhelm Schmidt, proprietor of the Bugg house at Hamlink lake, was bound over to circuit court under $300 bonds, charged with violating the liquor law. Complaint was made by evidence obtained by Fred Burk. Schmidt bought the Bugg house shortly before the local option law went into effect.

Grand Rapids.—Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McGuire, parents of Aviator "Mickey" McGuire, who was killed in the service of General Villa in Mexico, discredit the report that their son was executed by Villa, as reported by an army captain in Chicago. Mrs. McGuire says she has letters from friends of "Mickey's" who saw him fall when his machine hit an air pocket.

Port Huron.—Word has been received here that a raft containing 4,000,000 feet of pine logs for the Cleveland-Sarnia mills, that was being brought down from Georgian bay by the Reid tugs Fischer and Samuel Ott, was blown ashore at Harbor Beach during a heavy gale. It will be several weeks before the logs can be picked up and brought here.

Harbor Beach.—When the passenger coaches of a Pere Marquette train pulled off the trestle bridge at Rock Falls, a mile south of this village, early on the track, Dr. C. W. Wagner of this place and a traveling man whose name is unknown, were seriously hurt. The physician's auto was in a collision the preceding day. Robert Allen, a lawyer of this place, being badly injured.

Owosso.—Application has been made in Clinton county for the establishing of the Maple river drain to traverse Gratiot, Clinton and Ionia counties and affect Shiawassee and Montcalm counties. The outlet will be in Shiawassee county. The proposed Maple river drain have been the cause of much litigation, but it is believed the widening of Maple river will eliminate many of these.

Lansing.—When John Falconbridge of Detroit, signed a waiver of extradition at Rock Island, Ill., a relation of Civil war times reached a happy climax. Before the warrant which Governor Sleeper issued for Falconbridge could be served on the officials at Rock Island, Falconbridge had signed the waiver which made it unnecessary to hold him. Governor Sleeper then issued a requisition on the Illinois governor for the Jew's apprehension should he quibble.

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Lansing.—Motor cars have been barred from Mt. Hope cemetery except when in funeral procession, as a result of the use of the excellent roads for testing ambulance trucks for the French government, it is learned here.

Owosso.—Thrown from his horse when the animal stumbled while fording the Shiawassee river, Louis B. Allison, chairman of the Democratic county committee, narrowly escaped drowning.

Coldwater.—The body of Chelsea Willmarth, aged twenty-two years, was found in a wheat field two miles south of here, terribly mangled by a mad bull. The enraged animal had used both horns and hoofs on the young man. Five were in witness to the encounter.

Ludington.—Wilhelm Schmidt, proprietor of the Bugg house at Hamlink lake, was bound over to circuit court under $300 bonds, charged with violating the liquor law. Complaint was made by evidence obtained by Fred Burk. Schmidt bought the Bugg house shortly before the local option law went into effect.

Grand Rapids.—Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McGuire, parents of Aviator "Mickey" McGuire, who was killed in the service of General Villa in Mexico, discredit the report that their son was executed by Villa, as reported by an army captain in Chicago. Mrs. McGuire says she has letters from friends of "Mickey's" who saw him fall when his machine hit an air pocket.

Port Huron.—Word has been received here that a raft containing 4,000,000 feet of pine logs for the Cleveland-Sarnia mills, that was being brought down from Georgian bay by the Reid tugs Fischer and Samuel Ott, was blown ashore at Harbor Beach during a heavy gale. It will be several weeks before the logs can be picked up and brought here.

Harbor Beach.—When the passenger coaches of a Pere Marquette train pulled off the trestle bridge at Rock Falls, a mile south of this village, early on the track, Dr. C. W. Wagner of this place and a traveling man whose name is unknown, were seriously hurt. The physician's auto was in a collision the preceding day. Robert Allen, a lawyer of this place, being badly injured.

Owosso.—Application has been made in Clinton county for the establishing of the Maple river drain to traverse Gratiot, Clinton and Ionia counties and affect Shiawassee and Montcalm counties. The outlet will be in Shiawassee county. The proposed Maple river drain have been the cause of much litigation, but it is believed the widening of Maple river will eliminate many of these.

Lansing.—When John Falconbridge of Detroit, signed a waiver of extradition at Rock Island, Ill., a relation of Civil war times reached a happy climax. Before the warrant which Governor Sleeper issued for Falconbridge could be served on the officials at Rock Island, Falconbridge had signed the waiver which made it unnecessary to hold him. Governor Sleeper then issued a requisition on the Illinois governor for the Jew's apprehension should he quibble.

Monroe.—William H. Pope, city sight died here from heart trouble. Mr. Pope was one of four brothers, all trained for the ministry, who celebrated their birth. He was at one time pastor of St. Paul's Methodist church of this city. Mr. Pope for many years was the pastor of Mary Palmer Memorial church, Detroit, and at one time was the presiding elder of the Sault Ste. Marie district. Mrs. Pope, two daughters and a son survive him.

Lansing.—Joseph Fleischman, sentenced from Detroit to 1903, to life at Jackson prison for murder, has had his sentence commuted to 25 years by Governor Ferris. The governor pardoned Frank Pedersen, sentenced to Jackson prison from Kalamazoo county for a statutory offense. Layton Parsons, sentenced from Ingham county in 1911 to Ionia reformatory for burglary, and William Ottman, sentenced to Ionia from Muskegon county in 1911 for robbery, have also been paroled.

Lansing.—Of the 189 corporations representing a capital of $29,524,120, which filed articles of incorporation in July, 162 were new and Wayne county furnished 67 of them. In the corresponding month last year, 146 corporations, with a capital of $11,181,000, filed articles. There are now over 15,000 corporations doing business in Michigan.

Bay City.—Claiming he had taken a gold watch from W. J. Small, inspector in a Flint automobile plant, as a friendly act, William McNally, twenty-seven, of Detroit, was fined $15 or 30 days for robbery.

Muskegon.—O. D. Lyons, the negro who attempted to hang himself in a city jail cell after being locked up on a disorderly charge, is now serving a five-day term at the county jail.

Lansing.—Statistics for 1913 show that cancer is causing more deaths each year in Michigan, the rate per 100,000 population being: 1913, 86.9; 1912, 78.8; 1911, 73.2; 1910, 74.9; 1909, 78.1. Deaths numbered 1,943 in 1909 and 2,289 in 1913.

Jackson.—Out of 24 applications for pardon filed, the board of pardons granted nine. The August meeting of