# The PIC

## By FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

—10—

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer because of socialistic tendencies, holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Securities, in the president's private office and escapes with $50,000 in cash. He goes aboard the Belle Julie as a deckhand. Charlotte Farnham of Wahaska, Minn., who had seen him cash Galbraith's check in the bank, recognizes him, and sends a letter of betrayal to Galbraith anonymously. Griswold is arrested at St. Louis, but escapes from his captors. He decides on Wahaska, Minn., as a hiding place, and takes the train. He falls ill on the sleeper, and is cared for and taken to her home in Wahaska by Margery Grierson, daughter of Jasper Grierson, the financial magnate of Wahaska. Margery finds the stolen money in Griswold's suitcase. Broffin, detective, takes the bill. Margery asks her father to get Edward Raymer into financial hot water and then help him out of it. Griswold receives a letter to find the stolen money gone. He forms a friendship with Raymer, the iron manufacturer. Broffin comes to Wahaska in search of the woman who wrote the anonymous letter to Galbraith. Margery takes Griswold into the safety deposit vault and turns the stolen money over to him. Charlotte lights out Broffin and Margery begins to watch him. Griswold puts the money in Raymer's plant and commences to rewrite his book. Griswold is not sure that Charlotte has not recognized him. He uses Margery and Charlotte as models for the characters in his book, and sends the manuscript to them. Broffin spies on Margery, who throws him off the scent regarding Griswold.

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

"And that was when you began to suspect?" queried Raymer.

"That was when the suspicion began to torture me. I fought it, oh, you don't know how hard I fought it! There he was, lying sick and helpless, utterly unable to do a thing or say a word in his own defense; and yet, if he were the robber, of course, we should have to give him up. It was terrible!"

"I should say so," was Raymer's sympathetic comment. "How did you get it straightened out, at last?"

"It hasn't been altogether straightened out until just lately—within the past few days," she went on gravely. "After he began to get well, I made him talk to me—about himself, you know. There didn't seem to be anything to conceal. At different times he told me all about his home, and his mother, whom he barely remembers, and the big-hearted, open-handed father who made money so easily in his profession—that was Mr. Griswold, the great architect, you know—that he gave it to anybody who wanted it—but I suppose he has told you all this?"

"No; at least, not very much of it." Miss Grierson went on smoothly, falling sympathetically into the reminiscent vein.

"Kenneth went to college without ever having known what it is to lack anything in reason that money could buy. A little while after he was graduated his father died."

"Leaving Kenneth poor, I suppose; he has intimated as much to me, once or twice," said Raymer.

"Leaving him awfully poor. He wanted to learn to write, and for a long time he stayed on in New York, living just any old way, and having a dreadfully hard time of it. I imagine, though he would never say much about that part of it. That is why he thinks he is a socialist. At last I felt that I just must know, at whatever cost. One day when we were driving, I brought him here and—and introduced him to Mr. Galbraith. I was scared that I could taste it—but I did it!"

Raymer laughed. "Of course nothing came of it?"

"Nothing at all. And then, right out of a clear sky, came another proof that was even more convincing. Do you happen to know who the young woman was who discovered the bank robber on the steamboat?"

"I? How should I know?"

"I didn't know but she had told you," was the demure rejoinder. "It was Charlotte Farnham."

"What!" ejaculated Raymer. But he was not more deeply moved than was the man behind the window curtains. If Broffin's dead cigar had not been already reduced to shapeless inutility, Miss Grierson's cool announcement, carrying with it the assurance that his secret was no secret, would have settled it.

"It's so," she was adding calmly. "I found out. How do I know? Because her father bought the draft at poppa's bank, and in the course of time it came back with the Bayou State Security's dated paying stamp on it. See how easy it was!"

Raymer's laugh was not altogether mirthful.

"You are a witch," he said. "Is there anything you don't know?"

"Not very many things that I really need to know," was the mildly boastful retort. "But you see now, how foolish my suspicions were."

Raymer nodded. Though he would not have admitted it under torture, the entire matter figured somewhat as a mountain constructed out of a rather small molehill to a man for whom the subtleties lay in a region unexplored. He wondered that the clear-pated little "social climber," as his sister called her, had ever bothered her nimble brain about such an abstruse and far-fetched question of identities.

"You said, a few minutes ago, that Griswold calls himself a socialist. That isn't quite the word. He is a sociologist."

Miss Grierson ignored the nice distinction in names.

"Socialism goes with being poor, doesn't it?" she remarked. "Since Mr. Griswold's ship has come in, I suppose he finds it easier, and pleasanter, to be a theoretical leveler than a practical one."

"That is another thing I have never been quite able to understand," said the iron founder. "You say his father left him poor; where did he get his money?"

"Why, don't you know?" was the innocent query. And then, with a pretty affectation of embarrassment, real or perfectly simulated: "If he hasn't told you, I mustn't."

"Of course, I don't want to pry," said Raymer, loyal again.

"I can give you a hint, and that is all. Don't you remember 'My Lady Jezebel,' the unsigned novel that made such a hit last summer?"

"Why, bless goodness, yes! Did he write that?"

"He has never admitted it in so many words. But I'll divide a little secret with you. He has been reading bits of his new book to me, and pshaw! a blind person could tell! I asked him once if he could guess how much the author of 'My Lady Jezebel' had been paid, and he said, with the most perfectly transparent carelessness: 'Oh, about a hundred thousand, I suppose.'"

"Tally!" said Raymer, laughing. "Grierson has put an even ninety thousand into my little egg basket out at the plant. But, of course you knew that, everybody in Wahaska knows it by this time."

Miss Grierson did not reply, and for a little while they were both silent. Then Raymer said:

"I wonder if McMurtry doesn't think I've dropped out on him. I guess I'd better go and see. Don't wait any longer on my motions, unless you want to, Miss Margery."

When Raymer had gone, the opportunity which Broffin had so lately craved was his. Miss Grierson was left alone on the big veranda, and he had only to step out and confront her. Instead, he got up quietly and went back through the lobby with his head down and his hands in his pockets, and the surviving bit of the dead cigar disappeared between his strong teeth and became a cud of chagrin. There had been a goal in sight, but Miss Grierson had beat him to it.

And the cause of the small handicap? With a deep breath-drawing that was almost a sob, Miss Grierson sprang up, stole a swift confirming glance at the empty chair behind the window hangings, and crossed the veranda to stand with one arm around a supporting pillar. And since the battle was fought and won, and the friendly pillar gave its stay and shelter, the velvety eyes filled suddenly and the ripe red lips were trembling like the lips of a frightened child.

CHAPTER XXI.

All That a Man Hath.

For four entire days after Margery Grierson had driven home the nail of the elemental verities in her frank criticism of the new book, and Charlotte Farnham had clinched it, Wahaska's public places saw nothing of Griswold; and Mrs. Holcomb, motherly soul, was driven to expostulate scoldingly with her second-floor front lodger who was pushing the pen feverishly from dawn to the small hours, and evidently—in the kindly widow's phrase—burning the candle at both ends and in the middle.

Out of this candle-burning frenzy the toiler emerged in the afternoon of the fifth day, a little pallid and tremulous from the overstrain, but with a thick packet of fresh manuscript to bulge in his pocket when he made his way, blinking at the unwonted sunlight of out-of-doors, to the great house at the lake's edge.

Margery was waiting for him when he rang the bell; he guessed it gratefully, and she confirmed it.

"Of course," she said, with the bewitching little grimace which could be made to mean so much or so little, "I can't think your brewing; it's positively breathless in the house."

Griswold was glad enough to acquiesce; glad and restfully happy and mildly intoxicated with her beauty and the loving rudeness with which she pushed him into the easiest of the great lounging chairs and took the sheaf of manuscript away from him, declaring that she meant to read it herself.

When it was over, and he could not tell whether the interval should be measured by minutes or hours, the return to the realities—the hot afternoon, the tree-shaded veranda, the lake dimpling like a sheet of molten metal under the sun glare—was almost painful.

"It is wonderful—simply wonderful!" he said, drawing a deep breath; and then, with a flush of honest confusion to drive away the work pallor: "Of course, you know I don't mean the story; I meant your reading of it. Hasn't anyone ever told you that you have the making of a great actress in you, Margery, girl?"

"No—"

She was smiling across at him, level-eyed. "Let me pass it back to you, dear boy," she said. "You have the making of a great novelist in you. It may take years and years, and—and I'm afraid you'll always have to be helped; but if you can only get the right kind of help. . . ." She looked away, out across the lake where a fitful breeze was turning the molten-metal dimples into laughing wavelets. Then, with one of her sudden topic-wrenchings: "Speaking of help, reminds me. Why didn't you tell me you had gone into the foundry business with Edward Raymer?"

"Because it didn't occur to me that you would care to know, I guess," he answered unsuspectingly. "As a matter of fact, I had almost forgotten it myself."

"Mr. Raymer didn't ask you for help?"

"No; it was my own offer."

"But he did tell you that he was in trouble?"

"Yes," hesitantly.

"What kind of trouble was it, Kenneth? I have the best right in the world to know."

Griswold straightened himself in his chair and the work-weariness became a thing of the past.

"You don't have to have a right to know anything that will distress you."

"Foolish!" she chided, "You may as well tell me. Mr. Raymer had borrowed money at poppa's bank. What was the matter? Did he have to pay it back—all at once?"

There seemed to be no further opening for evasion. "Yes; I think that was the way of it," he answered.

Griswold expected something in the nature of an outburst. What he got was a transfixing glance of the passionate sort, quick with open-eyed admiration.

"And you just tossed your money into the breach as if you had millions of it, and by now you've almost forgotten that you did it!" she exclaimed. "Kenneth, dear, there are times when you are so heavenly good that I can hardly believe it. Are there any more men like you over on your side of the world?"

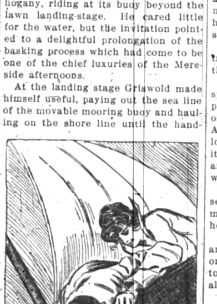
At another time he might have smiled at the boyish frankness of the question. But it was a better motive than the analyst's that prompted his answer.

"Plenty of them, Margery, girl; too many for the good of the race. You mustn't try to make a hero out of me. Once in a while I get a glimpse of the real Kenneth Griswold—you are giving me one just now—and it's sickening. For a moment I was meanly jealous; jealous of Raymer. It was only the writing part of me, I hope, but—"

He stopped because she had suddenly turned her back on him and was looking out over the lake again. When she spoke, she said: "See! The breeze is freshening out on the water. The oars are fagged and tired and needing a bracer. Let's go and do a turn on the lake in the Clytie."

From where he was sitting Griswold could see the trim little catboat, resplendent in polished brass and mahogany, riding at its buoy beyond the lawn landing-stage. He cared little for the water, but the invitation pointed to a delightful prolongation of the basking process which had come to be one of the chief luxuries of the Mere side afternoons.

At the landing stage Griswold made himself useful, paying out the sea line of the movable mooring buoy and hauling on the shore line until the hand-



"I've Got Him!" He Cried.

some little craft lay at their feet. Strictly, under orders he made sail on the little ship, and when the captain had taken her place at the tiller he shoved off; and when the helmswoman had laid the course up the lake, Griswold, pipe filled and lighted, pillowed his head in his clasped hands and a great contentment, flowing into all the interstices and leveling all the inequalities, lapped him in its soothing flood.

He was still half-dozing when he was made to realize that the murmuring rush of water under the catboat's forefoot had changed into a series of resounding thumps; that the wind was rising, and that the summer afternoon sky had become suddenly overcast. The pretty tiller maiden was pushing the helm down with her foot and hauling in briskly on the sheet when he sat up.

"What's this we're coming to?" he asked, thinking less of the changed weather conditions than of the charming picture she made in action.

"Weather," she said shortly. "Look behind you."

He looked and saw a huge storm cloud rising out of the northwest and spreading like a great gray dust curtain from horizon to zenith.

"There's a good bunch of wind in that cloud," he said, springing to help his companion with the slatting mainsail. "Hadn't we better lie up under the island and let it blow over?"

"No," she snapped. "We'll have to reef, and be quick about it. Help me!"

He helped with the reefing, and the great mainsail had been successfully reduced to its smallest area and hoisted home again before the trees on the western shore began to bow and churn in the precursor blasts of the coming storm.

"It will hit us in less than a minute; how about weathering that island?" he asked.

"We've got to weather it," was the instant decision; "we can't go around." Then, the catboat still hanging in the wind's eye: "Kenneth, help me get her over."

"Hadn't you better let her fall off a little more and run for it?" he suggested, and he had to shout it into the pink ear nearest to him to make himself heard above the roaring of the wind and the crashing plunges of the spray.

She shook her head and made an impatient little gesture with her elbow toward the storm-lashed raceway over the bows. Griswold winked the spray out of his eyes and looked. At first he saw nothing but the wild waste of whitecaps, but at the next attempt he made out the hotel steam launch, halfway to the entrance of the southern bay and a little to leeward of the Clytie's course. The small steamer was evidently no seaboat, and with more courage than seamanship, its steersman was driving straight for the inn bay without regard for the direction of the wind and the seas.

"That's Ole Halverson!" cried the tiller maiden with scorn in her voice. "He thinks because he happens to have a steam engine he needn't look to see which way the wind is blowing."

"She's pitching pretty badly," Griswold called back. "If he only had sense enough to ease off a little. . . ."

Suddenly he became aware of the finer heroism of his companion. He knew now why she had refused to take shelter under the lee of the island, and why she was holding the catboat down to the edge of peril to keep the windward advantage of the laboring steamer. "Margery, girl, you're a darling!" he shouted. "Take all the chances you want to and I'm with you, if we go to the bottom!"

She nodded complete intelligence and took in another inch of the straining main sheet.

Griswold looked again, this time over the catboat's counter, and saw a big schooner, close reefed, hauling out from a little bay on the north shore. The launch's plight had evidently impressed others with the necessity of doing something. The need was sufficiently urgent. Once again the Swedish man of machinery in charge of the craft in peril was inching his helm up in a vain endeavor to hold the course, and the little steamer was rolling almost funnel under. Griswold forgot his companion was a woman and swore rabidly.

"Look at the fool!" he yelled. "He's trying to come about! If he gets into the trough—"

The thing was done almost as he spoke. A wilder squall than any of the preceding ones caught the upper works of the launch and heeled her spitefully. At the critical instant the steersman lost his head and spun the wheel, and it was all over. With a heaving plunge and a muffled explosion the launch was gone.

Once again Griswold was given to see the stuff Margery Grierson was made of in the finer warp and woof of her.

"That's for us," she said calmly, and then: "Help me get another inch or two on this sheet. We don't want to let those people on the Osprey do all the heroic things."

Together they held the catboat down to its work, sending it ripping through the created waves and fighting sturdily for every foot of the precious windward advantage. None the less, it was the big schooner, thrashing down the wind with every inch of its reefed canvas drawing, which was first at the scene of disaster. Through the rain and spume they could see the schooner's crew picking up the shipwrecked passengers, who were clinging to the lifebelts, broken bulkheads and anything that would float. So swiftly was the rescue effected that the rescuer had luffed and filled and was tearing on its way down the lake again when the close-hauled Clytie came up with the first of the floating wreckage. The sting in the dark eyes were shining again, but this time their brightness was of tears.

"Oh, boy, boy!" she cried, with a little heartbroken catch in her voice; "some of them must have gone down with her! Can you believe that the Osprey got them all?" And then, with the sweet lips trembling: "I did my best, Kenneth; my very best—and it wasn't—good enough!"

She was putting the catboat up into the wind, and Griswold stumbled forward to get the lifeline outlook. Sadly he called back to her.

"Port—port your helm hard! There's a man in a lifebelt—he's just out of reach. Hold her there—steady—steady!" He had thrown himself flat, face down, on the half-deck forward and was clutching at something in the heaving seas. "I've got him!" he cried, and a moment later he was working his way aft, holding the man's face out of water.

It asked for their united strength to get the gray-haired, heavy-bodied victim of the capsize over the Clytie's rail. They had to bring the lifebelt too; the old man's fingers were sunk into it with a dying grip that could not be broken. At first Griswold was too much preoccupied and shocked to recognize the drawn face with its hard-lined mouth and long upper lip. When he did recognize it the gripping fear was at his heart—the fear that makes a cruel coward of the hunted thing in all nature.

What might have happened if he had been alone; if Margery, taking her place at the tiller and busying herself swiftly in getting the catboat underway again, had not been looking on, he dared not think. And that other frightful thought he put away, fighting against it madly as a condemned man might push the cup of hemlock from his lips. Forcibly breaking the drowned one's hold on the lifebelt, he fell to work energetically, resorting to the first aid expedients for the reviving of the drowned as he had learned them in his boyhood. Once, only, he flung a word over his shoulder at Margery as he fought for the old man's life. "Make for the nearest landing where we can get a doctor!" he commanded, and then, in a passion of gratitude: "O God, I thank thee that I am not a murderer!—he's coming back! He's breathing again!"

A little later he was able to leave off the first-aid arm-pumpings and chest-pressings; to straighten the limp and sprawling limbs, and to dive into the cuddy cabin, under Margery's directions, for blankets and rugs. When all was done that could be done, and he had propped the blanket-swathed body with the cushions so that the crash and plunge of the pitching catboat would be minimized for the sufferer, he went aft to sit beside the helmswoman, who was getting the final wave-leap of speed out of the little vessel.

"He is alive?" she asked.

"Yes; and that is about all that can be said. He isn't drowned; but he is old, and the shock has gone pretty near to snapping the thread."

"Of course, you remember him?" she said, looking away across the leaping waters.

Griswold, with his heart on fire with generous emotions, felt the cold hand gripping him again.

"He is the old gentleman you introduced me to at the Inn the other day—Galbraith; is that the name?"

"Yes," she rejoined, still looking away; "that is the name."

Griswold fell silent for the time; but a little later, when the catboat was rushing in long plunges through the entrance to the Wahaskan arm of the lake, he said: "You are going to take him to Mereside?"

"Yes. He is a friend of poppa's. And, anyway, it's the nearest place, and you said there was no time to lose."

Griswold helped the bearers lift the blanket-figure out of the Clytie's cockpit, and while he was doing it, the steel-gray eyes of the rescued one opened slowly to fix a stony gaze upon the face of the man who was bending over him. What the thin lips were muttering Griswold heard, and so did one other. "So it's you, is it, ye murdering blue-eyed deavil?" And then: "Eh, man, man, but I'm sick!"

Griswold walked with Margery at the tail of the little procession as it wound its way up the path to the great house.

"You heard what he said?" he inquired craftily.

"Yes; he is out of his head, and no wonder," she said soberly. Then: "You must go home and change at once; you are drenched to the skin. Don't wait to come in. I'll take care of your manuscript."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Valley of Dry Bones.

The cyclonic summer storm had blown itself out, and the clouds were beginning to break away in the west, when Griswold, obeying Margery's urging to go home and change his clothes, turned his back upon Mereside and his face toward a future of thickening doubts and unnerving possibilities.

Griswold had not deceived himself, nor had he allowed Margery's apparent conviction to deceive him. Deep in the old man's mind had not been wandering in the eye-opening moment of consciousness regained. On the contrary, what he had failed to do under ordinary and conventional conditions had become instantly possible when the plunge into the dark shadows had brushed away all the artificial beclouding of the memory page. What action he would take when he should recover was as easy to prefigure as it was, for the present at least, a matter negligible. The disturbing thing was that he were shining again, but this time their brightness was of tears.

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"Port—port your helm hard! There's a man in a lifebelt—he's just out of

When the Bulk Filled the Doorway It Was Covered by the Pistol

the pipe; I want something that I can chew on."

A cigar was found, in the drawer which had so lately furnished the weapon, and by the flare of the match in Raymer's fingers Griswold saw a face haggard with anxiety.

"What is the matter, Edward?" he asked.

"A mix-up with the labor unions. It's been brewing for some little time, but I didn't want to worry you with it. Unless we announce a flat increase of 20 per cent in wages to-morrow morning, and declare for the closed shop, the men will go out on us at noon. I've seen it coming."

If the god of mischance had chosen the moment it could not have been more opportune for the fire-lighting of malevolence. Griswold's swing-chair righted itself with a click.

"We'll see them in hell, first, Raymer!" The ungrateful beggars are merely proving that it isn't in human nature to meet justice and fairness and generous liberality half way. If they want a fight, give it to them. Hit first and hit hard; that's the way to do. Shut up the plant and make it a lockout."

"I was afraid you might say something like that in the first heat of it," said the young ironmaster. "It's a stout fighting word, and I guess, under the skin, you're a stout fighting man, Kenneth—which I'm not. Where are your convictions about the man-to-man obligations? We've got to take them into the account, haven't we?"

"Damn the convictions!" snapped Griswold viciously. "If I've been giving you the impression that I'm an ingratiable theorist, forget it. These fellows want a fight. I say give them a fight—all they want of it and a little more for good measure."

Raymer did not reply at once. This latest Griswold was puzzling him, and with the puzzlement there went sorrowful regret; the regret that has been the recanter's portion in all the ages. When he spoke it was out of the heart of common sense and sanity.

"I know how you feel about it. I don't dare to pull down a fight which may not only shut us up for an indefinite time, but might even go far enough to smash us."

Griswold took his turn of silence, rocking gently in the tilting chair. When the delayed rejoinder came, the harshness had gone out of his voice, but there was a cynical hardness to take its place.

"It's your affair; not mine," he said. "If you've made up your mind not to fight, of course, that settles it. Now we can come down to the causes. You've been stabbed in the back. Do you know who's doing it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CURIOUS REASON FOR MURDER

### Surely Slayer Never Gave More Whimsical "Excuse" Than That Offered by Englishman.

The "Brides' Bath" murder trial in London with one Smith charged with slaying for the sake of insurance and legacies three of his six wives—who were found drowned in the bathtubs of lodging houses—recalls the singular case of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, journalist, art critic, forger, poisoner, a member of the circle to which Lamb, Hazlitt, Hood and others belonged. Philip Hale observes in the Boston Herald. Among those whom he poisoned for insurance money was young Helen Abercrombie. When he was asked how he had the heart to kill such a fair and innocent creature, he answered, after mature reflection: "Upon my soul, I don't know, unless it was because she had such thick ankles."

It is said that Wainewright was the original of Bulwer Lytton's Varney, and the husband of that author's Lucretia Clavering; that Dickens' "Hunted Down" was suggested by Wainewright's career. Oscar Wilde wrote a whimsical if not wholly sympathetic essay about Wainewright, and there is an account of him by W. Carew Hazlitt prefixed to a collection of the poisoner's essays and criticisms published 25 years ago. Wainewright had a son who entered the British navy. And, lest to escape the dishonor attached to his name, he came to America and, it is said, married a woman of means. If he is living he would now be about eighty years old. Has his history in this country ever been traced?

### Coal Tar Once Thought Waste.

About a century ago coal tar was considered almost a waste product and no one had thought it worth while to experiment with it. At that time gas was being introduced as a new light and Frederick Accum, who wrote one of the first books on gas lighting, suggested the boiling of the tar in a still and the condensation and collection of the volatile products. The experiment was made and the process yielded two oils. One was heavy and the other light. It was soon found that the heavy could be satisfactorily used as a preservative for wood that had to be fixed underground or submerged in water and was used extensively in preserving piers and wharfs.

### Two of a Kind.

The visitor claimed to be a good pianist with unusual ability in reading music at sight. Seeing a sheet of music on the piano rack, she sat down and began playing, pounding the keys with little regard for correctness of time. Observing the small daughter of the household watching her earnestly, the would-be admired player pressed harder on the loud pedal, lifted her hands higher, and ended with a flourish.

Whirling around on the stool, she bestowed a patronizing smile upon the child, who looked up and naively remarked: "I can't play that, either."—Woman's Home Companion.

## MICHIGAN BREVITIES

Hillsdale.—The Methodist United Brethren church of Woodbridge will be dedicated October 29. Rev. Dr. C. A. Hummart of Huntington, Ind., president of Central college, will speak.

Battle Creek.—The annual reunion of Custer's Michigan Cavalry Brigade association will be held here October 19 and 20, the fifty-first anniversary of the battle of Cedar Creek. Made famous as the occasion of Sheridan's ride.

Lapeer.—Robert Skinner, an employee at the Upland orchards, southeast of Lapeer, was instantly killed at Capac while attempting to board a freight train for Lapeer.

Muskegon.—State tax commission figures, received from Lansing, show that the valuations of this county have been practically doubled by the board, the total being $40,000,000.

Negaunee.—Accidental discharge of a shotgun as he was about to start on a hunting expedition resulted in the loss of the right arm of John Parts of Princeton.

Grand Rapids.—W. J. Ennis, aged fifty years, died of injuries received when he fell from the top of a box car. He was a brakeman employed by the Michigan Central.

Grand Rapids.—Frank A. Bone of Cincinnati started suit against the city of Grand Rapids asserting infringement on patents held by him. He alleges the city used a buttress, which he patented, in building the flood walls along Grand river.

Grand Rapids.—Claims for steamers, dear persons and aliens will be features of the Grand Rapids push the night schools which will open November 1.

Hillsdale.—The farmhouse of Fred M. Wigent of Camden township was burned to the ground. Mrs. Wigent lost 600 cans of fruit that she had preserved.

Bay City.—An unidentified man about thirty years of age was ground to pieces by a Michigan Central freight train near the Bay county line.

Eaton Rapids.—Much interest in the Wolverine Speedway is manifested here, although it is down by a number of miles off the proposed route. There is a general disposition to boost the project.

Grand Rapids.—Mrs. Louis Rogers, aged fifty-nine years, was burned to death when a gasoline stove exploded, wrecking her home. She was alone at the time. Neighbors hurried in automobiles to the scene.

Newaygo.—The men, teams and logliter that have been engaged in raising sunken logs and deadheads from Muskegon river, are piling on skidways a good share of the 20,000,000 between Mill Iron and Bridgeton 10,000 logs have been raised.

Charlevoix.—Fire did considerable damage in the business district of St. James, Beaver Island. A pool room, bowling alley, the ice shop and tailor shop, all owned by Peter Gaffney of Escanaba, were destroyed. A volunteer bucket brigade was the only means to fight the flames.

Fairfield.—Twelve residents of this vicinity have passed the eighty-year mark. They are: Orrin Delano, eighty-five; Mrs. Rosanna Delano, eighty-three; Oren White, eighty-four; George Leslie, eighty-six; Hiram Leslie, eighty-four; Clark Calkins, eighty-four; O. H. Algen, ninety-one; Henry White, eighty-four; Mrs. Rufus Ballar, eighty-seven; Heman Robb, eighty-four; C. McIntyre, eighty; Mrs. Nancy Boham, eighty-two.

Fort Huron.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leonard are in jail and their five daughters, ranging in age from nine to fifteen, are being cared for by Police Matron Carey, as the result of the recency of a watch and an elk pin from Theodore Hammen of Fort Huron. Hammen alleges that he went to the Leonard home in company with the husband and was introduced to Mrs. Leonard. When he prepared to leave he discovered that his watch and his were gone.

Lansing.—Universalists and Unitarians of the state named officers and considered meeting places for next year at the closing sessions of their joint convention here. Officers for the Universalist denomination are: President, F. C. Aldinger, Lansing; vice-president, William Holmes, Eagle; secretary, W. A. Moore, Detroit; treasurer, W. S. Snyder, Detroit; member of executive board, R. A. Smith, Lansing; Detroit, Kalamazoo and Charlotte were recommended to the executive board for next year's meeting. Unitarians named as president, R. S. Loring, Detroit; vice-president, R. R. Shippen, Detroit; secretary-treasurer, D. Roy Freeman, Grand Rapids; executive Board Orlando Weber, Detroit; W. Ferris, Mrs. L. Vosper, Toledo; Mrs. E. L. Fuller of Jackson; Mrs. F. E. Haynes, Grand Rapids, and George F. Patterson, Kalamazoo. Kalamazoo is favored by the Unitarians for their next convention.

Holland.—Richard Dogger, Isaac Van Dommelen and Herman Beekman, Jr., narrowly escaped asphyxiation from gas while asleep in Dogger's barber shop. The wind blew out the gas and slammed the door. Odors were detected by neighbors and Andy Clark saved the trio.

Albion.—The Albion College Glee club has elected Fred M. Jewell of Osborne, Kan., president; Weldon H. Bradburn of Houghton, vice-president; Gerald Stedman of Detroit, secretary; John Alexander of Albion, treasurer, and Preston Manning of Albion, business manager.

Ann Arbor.—While washing the windows of the engineering building on the campus, Edward Walker fell from a second-story window and broke both legs at the ankles. About a year ago, while working on the new bleachers, Walker fell with a scaffold, which gave way under him, and was badly injured.

Lansing.—Ridge township, Lenawee county, has a "local option fund." There are said to be five factions in the township who want to build their own good road by assessment under the new Covert law. Practically all routes run between the same townships.