The Lone Star Ranger

A Fine Tale of the Open Country

By ZANE GREY

SYNOPSIS.

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The time of the story: about 1875. The place: The Texas cow country. The chief character: Buckley Duane, a young man who has inherited a lust to kill, which he suppresses. In self-defense he shoots dead a drunken bully and is forced to flee to the wild country where he joins Bland's outlaw band. Euchre, an amiable rascal, tells him about Jennie, a young girl who had been abducted and sold to Bland for a bad fate. They determine to rescue the girl and restore her to civilization. Euchre then has just reconnoitered, and is reporting the outlook to Buck. Euchre is killed. Buck kills Bland and, seriously wounded by Mrs. Bland, but escapes with Jennie. Jennie is abducted. Buck never sees her again, but kills her abductor. Duane barely escapes death at the hands of lynchers for a crime he never committed. He goes to see Captain MacNelly of the Rangers, who hands him a pardon on condition that he join the Rangers and assist in breaking up the outlaws. Duane accepts and goes to the outlaw headquarters on a secret mission.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

But in striking contrast to this mystery was the person, character, and cold-blooded action of Poggin and Knell, the chief's lieutenants. They were familiar figures in all the towns within two hundred miles of Bradford. Knell had a record, but as gunman with an incredible list of victims, Poggin was supreme. If Poggin had a friend no one ever heard of him. There were a hundred stories of his nerve, his wonderful speed with a gun, his passion for gambling, his love of a horse—his cold, implacable, inhuman wiping out of his path any man that crossed it.

"Cheseldine is a name, a terrible name," said Colonel Webb. "Sometimes I wonder if he's not only a name. In that case where does the brains of this gang come from? No; there must be a master craftsman behind this border pillage; a master capable of handling those terrors, Poggin and Knell. Of all the thousands of outlaws developed by western Texas in the last twenty years these three are the greatest. In southern Texas, down between the Pecos and the Nueces, there have been and are still many bad men. But I doubt if any outlaw there, possibly excepting Buck Duane, ever equaled Poggin. You've heard of this Duane?"

"Yes, a little," replied Duane quietly. "I'm from southern Texas. Buck Duane, then, is not known out here?"

"Why, man, where isn't his name known?" returned Colonel Webb. "I've kept track of his record as I have all the others. His fame in this country appears to hang on his matchless gun-play and his enmity toward outlaw chiefs."

"Has Cheseldine's gang been busy lately?" asked Duane.

"No, probably all the stock that's being shipped now was rustled long ago. Cheseldine works over a wide section, too wide for news to travel inside of weeks. There are some people who think Cheseldine had nothing to do with the bank-robberies and train hold-ups during the last few years in this country. But that's poor reasoning. The jobs have been too well done, too surely covered, to be the work of greasers or ordinary outlaws."

"What's your view of the outlook? How's all this going to wind up? Will the outlaw ever be driven out?" asked Duane.

"Never. There will always be outlaws along the Rio Grande. All the armies in the world couldn't comb the wild brakes of that fifteen hundred miles of river. But the sway of the outlaw, such as is enjoyed by these great leaders, will sooner or later be past. There's talk of Vigilantes, the same that were organized in California and are now in force in Idaho. So far it's only talk. But the time will come. And the days of Cheseldine and Poggin are numbered."

CHAPTER XVI.

Next morning Duane mounted his horse and headed for Fairdale. He rode leisurely, as he wanted to learn all he could about the country. There were few ranches. The farther he traveled the better grazing he encountered, and, strange to note, the fewer herds of cattle. It was just sunset when he made out a cluster of adobe houses that marked Sanderson, half-way between Bradford and Fairdale. When he drew up before the inn the landlord and his family and a number of loungers greeted him laconically.

"Bent the stage in yet, hey?" remarked one.

"There she comes now," said another, "Joel shore is drivin' tonight."

Far down the road Duane saw a cloud of dust and horses and a lumbering coach. Presently it rolled up, a large mud-bespattered and dusty vehicle, littered with baggage on top and tied on behind. A number of passengers alighted, three of whom excited Duane's interest. One was a tall, dark, striking-looking man, and the other two were ladies, wearing long gray ulsters and veils. Duane heard the proprietor of the inn address the man as Colonel Longstreth, and as the party entered the inn Duane's quick eyes caught a few words which acquainted him with the fact that Longstreth was the mayor of Fairdale.

Duane passed inside himself to learn that supper would soon be ready. At table he found himself opposite the three who had attracted his attention.

"Ruth, I envy the lucky cowboys," Longstreth was saying.

Ruth was a curly-headed girl with gray or hazel eyes. "I'm crazy to ride broncbos," she said.

Duane gathered that she was on a visit to western Texas. The other girl's deep voice, sweet like a bell, made Duane regard her closer. She did not resemble the Colonel, who was evidently her father. She looked tired, quiet, even melancholy. A finely chiseled oval face, that had something nervous and delicate about it which made Duane think of a thoroughbred, a mouth by no means small, but perfectly curved, and hair like jet proclaimed her beauty to Duane. When she looked at him, drawn by his rather persistent gaze, there was pride, fire, and passion in her eyes. Duane felt himself blushing in confusion.

After supper the guests assembled in a big sitting-room where an open fireplace with blazing mesquite sticks gave out warm and cheery glow. Duane took a seat by a table in the corner, and, finding a paper, began to read. Presently when he glanced up he saw two dark-faced men, strangers who had not appeared before. They were peering in from a doorway. When they saw Duane had

One Was a Striking-Looking Man.

observed them they stepped back out of sight.

It flashed over Duane that the strangers acted suspiciously. In Texas in the seventies it was always bad policy to let strangers go unheeded. Then he went out into a patio, and across it to a little dingy, dim-lighted barroom. Here he found the innkeeper dispensing drinks to the two strangers.

"Hev somethin'?" one of them asked, leering. Both looked Duane up and down.

"No thanks, I don't drink," Duane replied, and returned their scrutiny with interest. "How's tricks in the Big Bend?"

Both men stared. It had only taken a close glance for Duane to recognize a type of ruffian most frequently met along the river. These strangers had that stamp, and their surprise proved he was right. Here the innkeeper showed signs of uneasiness, and seconded the surprise of his customers. No more was said at the instant, and the two rather hurriedly went out.

"Say, boss, do you know these fellows?" Duane asked the innkeeper.

"Nope. They nooned heah, comin' from Bradford they said, an' trailed in after the stage."

When Duane returned to the sitting-room Colonel Longstreth was absent, also several of the other passengers. Miss Ruth sat in the chair he had vacated, and across the table from her sat Miss Longstreth. Duane went directly to them.

"Excuse me," said Duane, addressing them, "I want to tell you there are a couple of rough-looking men here. I've just seen them. They mean evil. Tell your father to be careful. Lock your doors—bar your windows to-night."

"Oh!" cried Ruth, very low. "Ray, do you hear?"

"Thank you; we'll be careful," said Miss Longstreth, gracefully. The rich color had faded in her cheek. "I saw those men watching you from that door. They had such bright black eyes. Is there really danger—here?"

"I think so," was Duane's reply.

Soft swift steps behind him preceded a harsh voice: "Hands up!"

No man was quicker than Duane to recognize the intent in those words! His hands shot up. Miss Ruth uttered a little frightened cry and sank into her chair. Miss Longstreth turned white, her eyes dilated. Both girls were staring at someone behind Duane.

"Turn around," ordered the harsh voice.

The big, dark stranger, the bearded one who had whispered to his comrade in the bar-room and asked Duane to drink, had him covered with a cocked gun. He strode forward, his eyes gleaming, pressed the gun against him, and with his other hand dived into his inside pocket and tore out his roll of bills. Then he reached low at Duane's hip, felt his gun, and took it. His comrade stood in the door with a gun leveled at two other men, who stood there frightened, speechless.

"Git a move on, Bill," called this fellow; and he took a hasty glance backward. A stamp of hoofs came from outside. Of course the robbers had horses waiting. The one called Bill strode across the room, and with brutal, careless haste began to prod the two men with his weapon and to search them. The robber in the doorway called "Rustle!" and disappeared.

Duane wondered where the innkeeper was, and Colonel Longstreth and the other two passengers. The bearded robber had wheeled once more. Duane had not moved a muscle, but stood perfectly calm with his arms high. The robber strode back with his bloodshot eyes fastened upon the girls. Miss Longstreth never flinched, but the little girl appeared about to faint.

"Don't yap, there!" he said, low and hard. He thrust the gun close to Ruth. Duane had a little gun in his pocket. The robber had missed it. And he began to calculate chances. "Any money, jewelry, diamonds?" ordered the ruffian, fiercely.

Miss Ruth collapsed. Then he made at Miss Longstreth. She stood with her hands at her breast. Evidently the robber took this position to mean that she had valuables concealed there. But Duane fancied she had instinctively pressed her hands against a throbbing heart.

"Come out with it!" he said, harshly, reaching for her.

"Don't dare touch me!" she cried, her eyes ablaze. She did not move. She had nerve. She eluded two lunges the man made at her. Then his rough hand caught at her waist, and with one pull ripped it asunder, exposing her beautiful shoulder, white as snow.

She cried out. The prospect of being robbed or even killed had not shaken Miss Longstreth's nerve as had this brutal tearing off of half her waist.

The ruffian was only turned partially away from Duane. The gun was still held dangerously upward close to her. Duane watched only that. Then a bellow made him jerk his head. Colonel Longstreth stood in the doorway in a magnificent rage. He had no weapon. Strange how he showed no fear! He bellowed something again.

Duane's shifting glance caught the robber's sudden movement. He seemed stricken. The hand that clutched Miss Longstreth's torn waist loosened its hold. The other hand with its cocked weapon slowly dropped till it pointed to the floor. That was Duane's chance.

Swift as a flash he drew his gun and fired. Then the robber's gun boomed harmlessly. He fell with blood spurting over his face. Duane rushed out of the room, across the patio, through the bar to the yard. In the gloom stood a saddled horse, probably the one belonging to the fellow he had shot. His comrade had escaped. Returning to the sitting-room, Duane found a condition approaching pandemonium.

The innkeeper was shouting to find out what had happened. Joel, the stage-driver, was trying to quiet the men who had been robbed. The wife, wife of one of the men, had come in, and she had hysterics. The girls were still and white. The bearded her Bill lay where he had fallen. Like a caged lion Longstreth stalked and roared. There came a quieter moment in which the innkeeper shrilly protested:

"Man, what're you ravin' about? Nobody hurt, an' Joel's lucky. I swear to God I hadn't nothin' to do with them fellers!"

"I ought to kill you anyhow!" replied Longstreth. And his voice now astounded Duane, it was so full of power.

Upon examination Duane found that his bullet had furrowed the robber's temple and had glanced. He was not seriously injured, and already showed signs of returning consciousness.

"Drag him out of here!" ordered Longstreth; and he turned to his daughter.

Before the innkeeper reached the robber Duane had secured the money and gun taken from him; and presently recovered the property of the other men. Joel helped the innkeeper carry the injured man somewhere outside.

Miss Longstreth was sitting white but composed upon the couch, where lay Miss Ruth, who evidently had been carried there by the Colonel. The Colonel, now that he finally remembered his womenfolk, seemed to be gentle and kind. He talked soothingly to Miss Ruth, made light of the adventure, said she must learn to have nerve out here where things happened.

"Can I be of any service?" asked Duane, solicitously.

"Thanks; I guess there's nothing you can do. Talk to the poor girls while I go see what's to be done with that thick-skulled robber," he replied, and, telling the girls that there was no more danger, he went out.

Miss Longstreth sat with one hand holding her torn waist in place; the other she extended to Duane. He took it awkwardly; and he felt a strange thrill.

"You saved my life," she said, in grave, sweet seriousness.

"No, no!" Duane exclaimed. "He might have struck you, hurt you, but no more."

"Did you kill him?" asked Miss Ruth, who lay listening.

"Oh, no. He's not badly hurt."

"I'm very glad he's alive," said Miss Longstreth, shuddering.

"Tell me all about it?" asked Miss Ruth, who was fast recovering.

Rather embarrassed, Duane briefly told the incident from his point of view.

"Cousin," said Miss Longstreth, thoughtfully, "I was fortunate for us that this gentleman happened to be here. Papa scoffs—laughs at danger. He seems to think there was no danger. Yet he raved after it came."

"Go with us all the way to Fairdale—please?" asked Miss Ruth, sweetly offering her hand. "I am Ruth Herbert. And this is my cousin Ray Longstreth."

"I'm traveling that way," replied Duane, in great confusion, to find not know how to meet the situation.

Colonel Longstreth returned then, and after bidding Duane a good night, which seemed rather curt by contrast to the graciousness of the girls, he led them away.

Before going to bed Duane went outside to take a look at the injured robber and perhaps to ask him a few questions. To Duane's surprise, he was gone, and so was his horse. The innkeeper was dumfounded. He said that he left the fellow on the floor in the barroom.

"Had he come to?" inquired Duane.

"Sure. He asked for whisky."

"Did he say anything else?"

"Not to me. I heard him talkin' to the father of them girls."

"You mean Colonel Longstreth?"

"I reckon. He sure was some riled, wasn't he? Best as if I was to blame for that two-bit of a hold-up!"

"What did you make of the old gent's rage?" asked Duane, watching the innkeeper. He scratched his head dubiously. He was sincere, and Duane believed in his honesty.

"Wal, I'm doggoned if I know what to make of it. But I reckon he's either crazy or got more nerve than most Texans."

"More nerve, maybe," Duane replied. "Show me a bed now, innkeeper."

Once in bed in the dark, Duane composed himself to think over the events of the evening. Why had that desperate robber lowered his gun and stood paralyzed at sight and sound of the mayor of Fairdale? This was not answerable. There might have been a number of reasons, all to Colonel Longstreth's credit, but Duane could not understand.

Next morning Duane walked up the main street and back again. Just as he arrived some horsemen rode up to the inn and dismounted. And at this juncture the Longstreth party came out. Duane heard Colonel Longstreth utter an exclamation. Then he saw him shake hands with a tall man. Longstreth looked surprised and angry, and he spoke with force; but Duane could not hear what it was he said. The fellow laughed, yet somehow he struck Duane as sullen, until suddenly he espied Miss Longstreth. Then his face changed, and he removed his sombrero. Duane went closer.

"Floyd, did you come with the teams?" asked Longstreth, sharply.

"Not me. I rode a horse, good and hard," was the reply.

"Hump! I'll have a word to say to you later." Then Longstreth turned to his daughter. "Ray, here's the cousin I've told you about. You used to play with him ten years ago—Floyd Lawson. Floyd, my daughter—and my niece. Ruth Herbert."

Duane always scrutinized everyone he met, and now with a dangerous game to play, with a consciousness of Longstreth's unusual and significant personality, he bent a keen and searching glance upon this Floyd Lawson.

He was under thirty, yet gray at his temples—dark, smooth-shaven, with lines left by wildness, dissipation, shadows under dark eyes, a mouth strong and bitter, and a square chin—a reckless, careless, handsome, sinister face strangely losing the hardness when he smiled. The grace of a gentleman clung round him, seemed like an echo in his resonant voice. Duane doubted not that he, like many a young man, had drifted out to the frontier, where rough and wild life

"More Nerve, Maybe."

had, with its sternly but not quite effaced lines of good breeding.

Colonel Longstreth apparently did not share the pleasure of his daughter and his niece in the advent of this cousin. Something hinged on this meeting. Duane grew intensely curious, but as the stage appeared ready for the journey he had no further opportunity to gratify it.

CHAPTER XVII.

Duane followed the stage through the town, out into the open, on to a wide, hard-packed road showing years of travel. It headed northwest. To the left rose a range of low, bleak mountains; he had noted yesterday, and to the right sloped the mesquite-patched sweep of ridge and flat. The driver pushed his team to a fast trot, which gait surely covered ground rapidly.

Early in the afternoon from a ridge-top Duane sighted Fairdale, a green patch in the mass of gray. For the barrens of Texas it was indeed a fair sight. But he was more concerned with its remoteness from civilization than its beauty. At that time, in the early seventies, when the vast western third of Texas was a wilderness, the pioneer had done wonders to settle there and establish places like Fairdale.

It needed only a glance for Duane to pick out Colonel Longstreth's ranch. The house, not more than a few minutes' walk from the edge of the town, was a low flat-roofed structure made of red adobe bricks. All was green about it, except where the fenced corral and numerous barns or sheds showed gray and red.

From all outside appearances Fairdale was no different from other frontier towns, and Duane's expectations were scarcely realized. As the afternoon was waning he halted at a little inn. A boy took charge of his horse. Duane questioned the lad about Fairdale and gradually drew to the subject most in mind.

"Colonel Longstreth has a big outfit, eh?"

"Reckon he has," replied the lad. "Doan know how many cowboys. They're always comin' and goin'. I ain't acquainted with half of them."

"Much movement of stock those days?"

"Stock's always movin'," he replied, with a queer look.

"Rustlers?"

But he did not follow up that look with the affirmative Duane expected.

"Lively place, I hear—Fairdale is?"

"Ain't so lively as Sanderson, but it's bigger."

"Yes, I heard it was. Fellow down there was talking about two cowboys who were arrested."

"Sure. I heered all about that. Joe Bean an' Brick Higgins—they bee long heah, but they ain't heah much. Longstreth's boys."

Duane did not want to be over-inquisitive, so he turned the talk into other channels.

After getting supper Duane strolled up and down the main street. When darkness set in he went into a hotel, bought cigars, sat around, and watched. Then he passed out and went into the next place. It was full of men coming and going—a dusty-booted crowd that smelled of horses and smoke. Duane sat down for a while, with wide eyes and open ears. Then he hunted up the bar. He stayed in there for a while, and knew that strangers were too common in Fairdale to be conspicuous. Then he returned to the inn where he had engaged a room.

Duane sat down on the steps of the dingy little restaurant. Two men were conversing inside, and they had not noticed Duane.

"Say, Bo, who's the stranger's name?" asked one, [illegible].

"He didn't say," replied the other.

"Sure was a strappin' big man. Struck me a little odd, he did. No cattleman, him. How'd you size him?"

"Well, like one of them cool, easy, quiet Texans who's been lookin' for a man for years—to kill him when he found him."

"Right you are, Laramie; and, between you an' me, I hope he's lookin' for Long—"

"Sh-h!" interrupted Laramie, "You must be half drunk, to go talkin' that way."

Thereafter they conversed in too low a tone for Duane to hear, and presently Laramie's visitor left. Duane went inside, and, making himself agreeable, began to ask casual questions about Fairdale. Laramie was not communicative.

Duane went to his room in a thoughtful frame of mind. There was something wrong about the mayor of Fairdale. The innkeeper Laramie would be worth cultivating. And last in Duane's thoughts that night was Miss Longstreth. He could not help thinking of her—how strangely the meeting with her had affected him. It made him remember that long-past time when girls had been a part of his life. He had no right even to dream of a beautiful woman like Ray Longstreth.

Several days passed. Duane did not succeed in getting any closer to Laramie, but he found the idlers on the corners and in front of the stores unsuspicious and willing to talk. It did not take him long to find out that Fairdale stood parallel with Huntsville for gambling, drinking, and fighting. The street was always lined with dusty, saddled horses, the town full of strangers. Money appeared more abundant than in any place Duane had ever visited; and it was spent with the abandon that spoke forcibly of easy and crooked acquirement. Duane decided that Sanderson, Bradford, and Ord were the notorious outposts of this Fairdale, which was a secret center of rustlers and outlaws. And what struck Duane strangest of all was the fact that Longstreth was mayor here and held court daily. Inquiry had brought him the fact that Ray Longstreth had just come to live with her father. Longstreth had originally been a planter in Louisiana, where his family had remained after his advent in the West. He was a rich rancher; he owned half of Fairdale; he was a cattle-buyer on a large scale. Floyd Lawson was his lieutenant and associate in deals.

On the afternoon of the fifth day of Duane's stay in Fairdale he returned to the inn from his usual stroll, and upon entering was amazed to

"Bo Snecker! He Hit Me—"

have a rough-looking young fellow rush by him out of the door. Inside Laramie was lying on the floor, with a bloody bruise on his face. He did not appear to be dangerously hurt.

"Bo Snecker! He hit me and went after the cash-drawer," said Laramie, laboring to his feet.

"Are you hurt much?" queried Duane.

"I guess not. But Bo needn't to have soaked me. I've been robbed before without that."

"Well, I'll take a look after Bo," replied Duane.

He went out and glanced down the street toward the center of the town. He did not see him on the couple of rigs for the innkeeper's assailant. Then he looked up the street, and he saw the young fellow about a block away, hurrying along and gazing back.

Duane yelled for him to stop and started to go after him. Snecker broke into a run. Then Duane set out to overhaul him. There were two motives in Duane's action—one of anger, and the other a desire to make a friend of this man Laramie, who Duane believed could tell him much.

Duane was light on his feet, and he had a giant stride. He gained rapidly, kept him in sight, in the shade, on the paths, and up the road into the countryard, and he saw Snecker go straight for Longstreth's house.

Duane was not to be turned back by that, singular as it was. He entered the first door and burst into the presence of Miss Longstreth and a number of young people. Evidently she was giving a little party.

Lawson stood leaning against one of the pillars; at sight of Duane his face changed remarkably, expressing amazement, consternation, then fear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SEA BATHING HITS HEARING

Deafness Often Caused by Blowing Nose Too Soon After Taking a Dip in the Ocean.

Says a prominent physician about "bathers' deafness," a common summer ailment:

"This is a saltwater, not a freshwater, complaint, and many people who have been disporting themselves by the seaside return home much harder of hearing than when they left it. Cases are on record in which people have become actually deaf after bathing on the Riviera.

Bathers' deafness is caused by blowing the nose after your dip. People blow their noses instinctively after bathing, because the salt water in their nostrils makes them uncomfortable. The result is that water is forced into the little eustachian tubes, which run from the ears to the nose.

Here the water replaces for days till inflammation is set up by the particles of salt. Then the eustachian tubes get blocked, remaining more or less so permanently, causing partial deafness.

So, if you must blow your nose, wait till some time after your bath is over, and then do it very gently. But it is better not to blow your nose at all until at least an hour has elapsed.

Paying the Rent.

Flannery—What rint do they charge for a house like yours?

Finnegan—Forty dollars.

Flannery—My! that's high. Don't ye have trouble gettin' it together?

Finnegan—Faith, Oi don't, but the agent does

HOW RUSSELL GOT NICKNAME

Lord John Was Called "The, Widow's Mite" Because of His Short Stature.

Lord John Russell's diminutive stature earned him other nicknames besides the inevitable "Johnny." The sweetest is the one bestowed by Creevey, which was bestowed by some wag upon him when he married the widow of the second Lord Ribbledale—"the Widow's Mite."

John Russell was a frail and delicate child from the first, but his adolescence could have been helped by the hardship of his school days. He had to be taken away from Westminster because he could not stand the fagging and unwholesome food. And before that came a private school at Sunbury, where, as he recalled in later life, he found the mutton fat so intolerable that he dropped it under the table. But the master, a clergyman, made him sweep it up off the dusty floor and eat it, dirt and all.—London Chronicle.

Hard Luck.

"Talk about perverse fate! This proves it."

"What proves it?"

"Here it is leap year when a woman has an extra chance to be married, and along comes the war to take all the men away."

Short Lived Wires.

It has been found that telegraph wires will last for 40 years near the seashore, but in the manufacturing districts the same wires will last only ten years, and [illegible]

AUSTRIAN RULER DIES SUDDENLY

WAS KNOWN AS "EUROPE'S MAN OF SORROW"—HAD REACHED THE AGE OF 86 YEARS.

OCCUPIED THRONE 68 YEARS

Saw Many Rises and Falls During His Long Reign—Record of Tragedy.

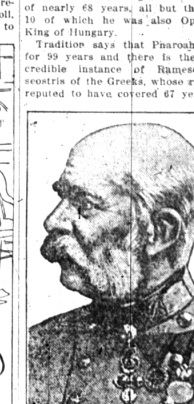
London.—Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria-Hungary, died at Schoenbunn castle, according to a Reuter despatch just received here from Vienna by way of Amsterdam.

Ruled Nation 68 Years.

It is doubtful if in all history there has been an active authenticated reign longer than that closed by the death of Francis Joseph.

At 19 years of age he ascended the throne of Austria on the abdication of his uncle, Ferdinand I., December 2, 1848, his death ending an active reign of nearly 68 years, all but the first 10 of which he was also Apostolic King of Hungary.

Tradition says that Pharoah ruled for 99 years and there is the more credible instance of Rameses II., scostris of the Greeks, whose reign is reputed to have covered 67 years.



EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

But in recorded history there certainly has been no reign equal in period of time of that of the Hapsburg which is now closed. Louis XIV., of France, was nominally king for 71 years. He actually occupied the throne for little more than half a century. A closer rival and the only one of modern times, was Queen Victoria, who reigned for 64 years.

Saw Many Rises and Falls.

Francis Joseph's reign was as eventful as it was long. From his imperial vantage point he saw the French monarchy go down, the second empire rise and crumble, the commune flare briefly, and the republic of today rise on its ashes; he saw the black pinions of the Prussian eagle stamped on the flag of the new German empire—later to tower threateningly over Austria itself; he saw the papacy shorn of its territorial demesne, while about it a bickering family of petty principalities was wielded into united Italy; he saw Spain, once the greatest of colonial powers, lose the last of her dependencies in two oceans; he saw Japan opened to western civilization, and later defeat the sprawling colossus of two continents; he saw the most absolute despotisms—Russia, Turkey and Persia—concede representation to the people; he saw at a distance the United States cement its federation with the blood of a great internecine war, and he saw his own brother Maximilian prove that monarchy could not take new root on American soil.

In his own country he faced internal dissensions and external aggressions from the moment he came to the throne. By the war of 1859 with France and Sardinia he was forced to cede Lombardy to Italy; by force of arms and treaty he lost the duchy of Holstein to Prussia and Venice of Italy; and by the revolt of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, he barely escaped having his dual empire cut in two.

Geo. W. Hatch, 84 years old, of Carlton township, in a state of despondency caused by infirmities of old age, committed suicide by hanging himself to a tree. He was one of the oldest native born residents of Michigan, having been born in Ottawa county in 1832. He resided on a farm at Lamont for 60 years before coming to Barry county.

A movement commemorating the establishment of rural free delivery service in Michigan at Climax December 7, 1916, will be erected at the intersection of two main streets if the proposal of the Climax Men's Fellowship club is accepted by the town council.

The coal situation is growing worse in Pontiac and it promises to be serious all the winter months. Coal dealers are unable to get new shipments and the supply on hand is rapidly vanishing. The price of coke has been going up rapidly.

Lewis Rich, a Bedford farm hand, attempted his life at the Battle Creek detention hospital, where he was undergoing for infantile paralysis, Rich, who is only 27 years old, claims he did not know what he was doing, but the doctors think he feared death from paralysis and so cut his throat when left alone. Chances for recovery are fair.

For trying to commit suicide in Highland Park, John Hurada, 24 years old, was sentenced to 60 days in the Detroit House of correction by Justice Langan.