Rainbow's End

A NOVEL by REX BEACH

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ROSA AND HER TWO COMPANIONS FACE DEATH FROM STARVATION OR DISEASE

Synopsis.—Don Esteban Varona, rich Cuban planter, hides his money and jewels and the secret of the hiding place is lost when he and the only other person who knows it are killed. Donna Isabel, stepmother of the Varona twins—Esteban and Rosa—searches vainly for years for the hidden treasure. Johnny O'Reilly, an American, loves and is loved by Rosa. Donna Isabel fails to her death in an old well while walking in her sleep. Esteban's connection with the Cuban insurrectos is discovered and he and Rosa are forced to flee. O'Reilly, in New York on business, gets a letter from Rosa telling of her peril and he starts for Cuba. Pancho Cueto, faithless manager of the Varona estates, betrays Estebap and Rosa, leading Colonel Cobo, notorious Spanish guerrilla, to their hiding place. Esteban, who is absent, returns just in time to rescue Rosa. O'Reilly's efforts to reach Rosa are fruitless and he is compelled by the Spanish authorities to leave Cuba. Esteban wreaks a terrible vengeance on Pancho Cueto. A fierce fight with Spanish soldiers ensues. Esteban escapes, but, badly wounded and half conscious, he is unable to find his way back to his camp. Rosa, with the faithful servants who had remained with her, is forced to obey the concentration order of General Weyler, the Spanish commander, and seek refuge in Matanzas. O'Reilly returns to Cuba with a band of filibusters, which includes Norine Evans, an American girl who has dedicated her fortune and services as nurse to the Cuban cause. Although warned by Cuban officers that both Esteban and Rosa probably are dead, O'Reilly refuses to abandon the search. He joins the forces of General Gomez, the Cuban commander.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

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"I inferred as much from what Lopez told me." The general nodded his white head. "Well, you'll make a good soldier, and we shall be glad to have you." He extended his hand, and O'Reilly took it gratefully.

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The city of Matanzas was "pacified." So ran the boastful bando of the captain general. And this was no exaggeration, as anyone could see from the number of beggars there. Of all his military operations, this "pacification" of the western towns and provinces was the most conspicuously successful and the one which gave Valeriano Weyler the keenest satisfaction; for nowhere did the rebellion lift its head—except, perhaps, among the ranks of those disaffected men who hid in the hills, with nothing above them but the open sky. As for the population at large, it was cured of treason! It no longer resisted, even weakly, the law of Spain. The reason was that it lay dying. Weyler's cure was simple, efficacious—it consisted of extermination, swift and pitiless.

Poverty had been common in Matanzas, even before the war, but now there were so many beggars in the city that nobody undertook to count them. When the refugees began to pour in by the thousands, and when it became apparent that the government intended to let them starve, the better citizens undertook an effort at relief; but times were hard, food was scarce, and prices high. Moreover, it soon transpired that the military frowned upon everything like organized charity, and in consequence the newcomers were, perforce, abandoned to their own devices. These country people were dumb and terrified at the misfortunes, which had overtaken them; they wandered the streets in aimless bewilderment, fearful of what blow might next befall. They were not used to begging, and therefore they did not often implore alms; but all day long they asked for work, for bread, that their little ones might live. Work, however, was even scarcer than food, and the time soon came when they crouched upon curbs and doorsteps, hopeless, beaten, silently reproachful of those more fortunate than they! Their eyes grew big and hollow; their outstretched hands grew gaunt and skinny. The sound of weeping women and fretting babies became a common thing to hear.

Dogs and cats became choice articles of diet, until they disappeared. The government did supply one quality of food, however; at intervals, it distributed yucca roots. But these were starchy and almost indigestible. From eating them the children grew pinched in limb and face, while their abdomens bloated hugely. Matanzas became peopled with a race of grotesquely misshapen little folks, gnomes with young bodies, but with faces old and sick.

Of course disease became epidemic, for in the leaky hovels, dirt-floored and destitute of any convenience, there could be no effort at sanitation. Conditions became unspeakable. The children died first, then the aged and infirm. Deaths in the street were not uncommon; nearly every morning bodies were found beneath the portales. Starving creatures crept to the market in the hope of begging a stray bit of food, and some of them died there, between the empty stalls. The death wagons, heavy with their daily freight, rumbled ceaselessly through the streets, adding to the giant piles of unburied corpses outside the city.

Typhoid, smallpox, yellow fever, raged unchecked. The hospitals were crowded, and even in them the commonest necessities were lacking. It is believed that men have returned from the grave, but no one, either Spaniard or Cuban, had ever been known to return from one of these pesthouses, and, in consequence, those who were stricken preferred to remain and to die among their dear ones.

Yes, Matanzas was pacified. Weyler's boast was true. Nowhere in the entire province was a field in cultivation; nowhere, outside the garrisoned towns, was a house left standing. Nor was the city of Matanzas the only concentration camp; there were others dotted through Santa Clara, Habana and Pinar del Rio. In them half a million people cried for food. Truly no rebellious land was ever more completely pacified than this, no people's spirits ever more completely crushed.

Into Matanzas, city of beggary and death, came Rosa Varona and her two negro companions, looking for relief. They made the journey without mishap, for they were too destitute to warrant plundering, and Rosa's disguise concealed what charms remained to her. But once they had entered the city, what an awakening! What suffering, what poverty, what rags they saw! The three of them grew weak with dismay at the horror of it all; but there was no retreat.

Asensio built a makeshift shelter close under La Cumbre—from it the ruins of the Quinta de Esteban were visible—and there they settled down to live. They had hoped to lose themselves among the other prisoners, and in this they were successful. Far none of their miserable neighbors were in any condition to notice them, and there was nothing sufficiently conspicuous about two tattered blacks and their hunchbacked daughter to draw attention from the soldiers.

Asensio foraged zealously, and at first he managed somehow to secure enough food for his little family. One day the soldiers seized him and put him to work on the fortifications along with a gang of other men who appeared strong enough to stand hard labor. Asensio was not paid for his, but he was allowed one meal a day, and he succeeded in bringing home each night a share of his allotment.

It is surprising how little nourishment will sustain life. Rosa and her two friends had long felt the pinch of hunger, but now they plumbed new depths of privation, for there were days when Asensio and his fellow conscripts received nothing at all. After a time Evangelina began making baskets and weaving palm-leaf hats, which she sold at six cents each. She taught Rosa the craft, and they worked from dawn until dark, striving with nimble, tireless fingers to supplement Asensio's rations and postpone starvation. But it was a hopeless task. Other nimble fingers worked as tirelessly as theirs, and the demand for hats was limited.

Their hut overlooked the road to San Severino, that Via Dolorosa on which condemned prisoners were marched out to execution, and in time the women learned to recognize the peculiar blaring notes of a certain cornet, which signified that another "Cuban cock was about to crow." When

Rosa Shrank Into a Doorway.

in the damp of dewy mornings they heard that bugle they ceased their weaving long enough to cross themselves and whisper a prayer for the souls of those who were on their way to die. But this was the only respite they allowed themselves.

Rosa meditated much upon the contrast between her present and her former condition. Matanzas was the city of her birth, and time was when she had trod its streets in arrogance and pride, when she had possessed friends by the score among its residents. But of all these there was not one to whom she dared appeal in this, her hour of need. But even had she felt assured of meeting sympathy, her pride was pure Castilian, and it would never down. She, a Varona, whose name was one to conjure with, whose lineage was of the highest! She to beg! The thing was quite impossible. One crumb, so taken, would have choked her. Rosa preferred to suffer proudly and await the hour when hunger or disease would at last blot out her memories of happy days and end this nightmare misery.

Then, too, she dreaded any risk of discovery by Mario de Castano, who was a hard, vindictive man. His parting words had shown her that he would never forgive the slight she had put upon him; and she did not wish to put his threats to the test. Once Rosa saw him, on her way to buy a few centavos' worth of sweet potatoes; he was huddled in his victoria, a huge bladder of flesh, and he rode the streets deaf to the plaints of starving children, blind to the misery of beseeching mothers. Rosa shrank into a doorway and drew her tattered shawl closer over her face for fear Don Mario might recognize in this misshapen body and in these pinched, discolored features the beauteous blossom he had craved.

Nor did she forget Colonel Cobo. The man's memory haunted her, asleep and awake; of him she was most desperately afraid. When for the first time she saw him riding at the head of his cutthroats she was like to swoon in her tracks, and for a whole day thereafter she cowered in the hut, trembling at every sound.

In these dark hours she recalled the stories of the old Varona treasure and Esteban's interesting theory of its whereabouts, but she could not bring herself to put much faith in either. Of course it was barely possible that there was indeed a treasure, and even that Esteban's surmise had been correct. But it was little more than a remote possibility. Distance lends a rosy color to reality to our most absurd imaginings, but, like the haze that tints a far-off landscape, it dissolves upon approach. Now that Rosa was here, in sight of the ruined quinta itself, her hopes and half-beliefs faded.

More than once she was tempted to confide in Evangelina and Asensio, but she thought better of it. Although she put implicit faith in Evangelina's discretion, she knew that Asensio was not the sort of fellow to be trusted with a secret of great magnitude—he was boastful, talkative, excitable; he was just the sort to bring destruction upon all of them. Rosa had sufficient intelligence to realize that even if she found her father's riches they would only constitute another and a greater menace to the lives of all of them. Nevertheless, she wished to see her mind at rest once for all. Taking Evangelina with her, she climbed La Cumbre one day in search of roots and vegetables.

It turned out to be a sad experience for both women. The negress wept nobly at the destruction wrought by Pancho Cueto, and Rosa was overcome by painful memories. Little that was familiar remained; evidence of Cueto's all-devouring greed spoke from the sprouting furrows his men had dug, from the naked trees they had felled and piled in orderly heaps, from the stones and mortar of the house itself.

The well remained, although it had been planked over, but it was partially filled up with rubbish, as Rosa discovered when she peered into it. Only a tiny pool of scum was in the bottom, and after a long scrutiny the girl arose, convinced at least of her brother's delusion, and vaguely ashamed of her own credulity. No, if ever there had been a treasure, it was hidden elsewhere; all of value that this well contained for Rosa was her memory of a happiness departed. Of such memories the well, the whole place, was brimful. Here, as a child, she had romped with Esteban. Here, as a girl, she had dreamed her first dreams, and here O'Reilly, her smiling knight, had found her. Yonder was the very spot where he had held her in his arms and begged her to await the day of his return. Well, she had waited.

But was that Rosa Varona who had promised so freely and so confidently this pitiful Rosa whose bones protruded through her rags? It could not be. Happiness, contentment, hope—these were fictions; only misery, despair, and pain were real. But it had been a glorious dream, at any rate—a dream which Rosa vowed to cherish always.

CHAPTER XIV.

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That Sick Man From San Antonio.

It was part of the strategy practiced by the Cuban leaders to divide their forces into separate columns for the purpose of raiding the smaller Spanish garrisons and harassing the troops sent to their relief, reassembling these bands only when and where some telling blow was to be struck.

When O'Reilly and Branch enlisted in the Army of the Orient they were assigned to the command of Col. Miguel Lopez, and it was under his leadership that they made their first acquaintance with the peculiar methods of Cuban warfare.

There had been, at first, some doubt of French's fitness to take the field at all—he had suffered a severe hemorrhage shortly after his arrival at Cubitas—and it was only after a hysterical demonstration on his part that he had been accepted as a soldier. He simply would not be left behind. At first the Cubans regarded him with mingled contempt and pity, for certainly no less promising volunteer had ever taken service with them. But upon the occasion of the very first fight all ill-will disappeared as if by magic, for, although Branch deliberately disobeyed orders, he nevertheless displayed such amazing audacity in the face of the enemy, such a theatrical contempt for bullets, as to stupefy every one. Moreover, he lived up to his reputation; he continued to be insanely daring, varying his exploits to correspond with his moods, with the result that he attained a popularity which was unique, nay, sensational.

O'Reilly alone understood the reason for the fellow's morbid irritability, his suicidal recklessness; but when he privately remonstrated he was gruffly told to mind his own business. Branch flatly refused to modify his conduct; he seemed really bent upon cheating the disease that made his life a misery.

But, as usual, fate was perverse; she refused to humor the sick man's hope. When, after blindly inviting death, Leslie had emerged from several engagements unscathed, his surprise—and perhaps a natural relief at finding himself whole—became tinged with a certain apprehension lest he survive those deliberately courted dangers only to succumb to the ills and privations of camp life. The fellow's tongue grew ever sharper; his society became intolerable, his gloom oppressive and irresistibly contagious. When, after several weeks of campaigning, the column went into camp for a short rest, O'Reilly decided that he would try to throw off the burden of Leslie's overwhelming dejection, and, if possible, shift a portion of it upon the shoulders of Captain Judson.

On the day after their arrival O'Reilly and the big artilleryman took advantage of a pleasant stream to bathe and wash their clothes; then, while they lay in their hammocks, enjoying the luxury of a tattered oil-cloth shelter and waiting for the sun to dry their garments, O'Reilly spoke what was in his mind.

"I'm getting about fed up on Leslie," he declared. "He's the world's champion crepe-hanger, and he's painted the

"Tell Me What You've Been Doing Since You Left Cubitas."

whole world such a deep, despondent blue that I'm completely dismal. You've got to take him off my hands."

O'Reilly's youthful assistant, who at the moment was painstakingly manufacturing a huge, black cigar for himself out of some purloined tobacco, pricked up his ears at the mention of Branch's name and now edged closer, exclaiming:

"Caramba! There's a hero for you. Meester Branch is the bravest man I ever seen. Our people call him 'El Demonio!'"

O'Reilly jerked his head toward the Cuban. "You see? He's made the hit of his life, and yet he resents it. My nerves are frayed out. I've argued myself hoarse, but he misconstrues everything I say. I wish you'd convince him that he has a chance to get well; it might alter his disposition. If something doesn't alter it I'll be court-martialed for shooting a man in his sleep—and I'll hit him right in the middle, no matter how slim he is." O'Reilly compressed his lips firmly.

The assistant, who had finished rolling his cigar, now lighted it and repeated: "Yes, sir, Meester Branch is the bravest man I ever seen. You remember that first battle, eh? Those Spaniards seen him comin' and threw down their guns and beat it. I laugh to skill myself that day."

"Jacket" was at once the youngest and the most profane member of Colonel Lopez's entire command. The most shocking oaths fell from his beardless lips whenever he opened them to speak English, and O'Reilly's efforts to break the boy of the habit proved quite unavailing.

This Camagueyan boy was a character. He was perhaps sixteen, and small for his age—a mere child, in fact. Nevertheless, he was a seasoned veteran, and his American comrades had grown exceedingly fond of him. He was a pretty, graceful youngster; his eyes were large and soft and dark; his face was as sensitive and mobile as that of a girl; and yet, despite his youth, he had won a reputation for tireless and ferocious activity as notable in its way as was the renown of Leslie Branch.

In order to expand his knowledge of English—of which, by the way, he was inordinately proud—Jacket had volunteered to serve as O'Reilly's striker, and the result had been a fast friendship. It was O'Reilly who had given the boy his nickname—a name prompted by a marked eccentricity, for although Jacket possessed the two garments which constituted the ordinary insurrecto uniform, he made a practice of wearing only one. On chilly nights, or on formal occasions, he wore both waistcoat and trousers, but at other times he dispensed entirely with the latter, and his legs went naked. They were naked now, as, with the modesty of complete unconsciousness, he squatted in the shade, puffing thoughtfully at his giant cheroot.

Once Jacket's mind was fastened upon any subject, it remained there, and after a time he continued:

"Did I told you about that battle of Pino Bravo? Eh?" He turned his big brown eyes upward to O'Reilly. "Cristo! I skill more'n a dozen men that day!"

"It was a hot scrimmage," Judson attested. "Some of Luque's niggers, those tall, lean, hungry fellows from Santiago, managed to hack their way through a wire fence and get behind a detachment of the enemy who had made a stand under a hill. They charged, and for a wonder they got close enough to use their machetes. It was bloody work—the kind you read about—no quarter. Somehow Jacket managed to be right in the middle of the butchery. He's a brave kid, all right. Muy malo!"

At that moment Branch approached, his long face set in lines of discontent, even deeper than usual. He had been wandering about the camp in one of his restless fits, and now he began:

"Say, what do you think I've been doing? I've been looking up some grub for Miss Evans, and I can't find any."

"Can't find any?"

"Nothing fit for her to eat. You don't expect her to live on this infernal, eternal beef stew?"

"Didn't Major Ramos bring anything along?" O'Reilly asked.

"He says there's a famine at Cubitas."

"We'd better look into this," Judson exclaimed, and, finding that his clothes were dry, he hurriedly began to dress himself.

Together, the three men made an investigation of the camp's resources, only to discover that Branch was right. There was, indeed, but little food of any kind, and that little was of the coarsest. Ordinarily, such a condition of affairs would have occasioned them no surprise, for the men were becoming accustomed to a more or less chronic scarcity of provisions; but the presence of Norine Evans put quite a different complexion upon the matter. They were still discussing the situation when Miss Evans, having finished her afternoon nap, threw open the flaps of her tent and stepped out.

When she had listened to the account apologetically submitted by her three friends, she drew her brows together, saying, plaintively: "Oh dear! We've been going short for a week, and Major Ramos told me we'd fare better when we got here. I had my mouth all set for a banquet. Couldn't you even find the poor dog a bone?"

"I'm afraid the cupboard is bare," O'Reilly acknowledged.

"Do you know what I want for dinner?" Norine inquired. "Lamb chops with green peas, some nice white bread, a salad, and coffee."

The three men looked at her anxiously. Judson stirred uneasily.

"That's what I want. I don't expect to get it."

With a sigh of relief the captain exclaimed, "I thought you were giving your order."

"Goodness, no!" With a laugh the girl seated herself upon her one campchair, inviting her callers to disperse themselves on the ground about her. "If you can stand the food, I dare say I can. Now then, tell me what you've been doing since you left Cubitas. I've been frightened to death that some of you would be hurt. That's one reason why I've been working night and day helping to get the hospitals in shape. I can't bear to think of our boys being wounded. Everything is so different to what I thought it would be, and I'm so weak and ineffective. The medical supplies I brought are nearly all gone, and I've learned what hard work it is fitting up hospitals when there's nothing to fit them up with." She sighed. "I imagined I was going to work wonders—I thought I was going to be a Florence Nightingale, and the men were going to idolize me."

"Don't they?" Judson demanded.

"No. That is—not in exactly the way I expected."

"Insolent bunch!" growled the captain. Then he swallowed hard and said, "But for that matter, so do I."

"How silly you boys can be!" Norine laughed. "I dare say the others are joking too, but—"

"Joking?" O'Reilly grinned. "Not at all. I'm the only single man in camp who isn't in love with you. When you arrived this morning there was a general stampede for the river. I'll bet the fish in this stream will taste of soap for years to come."

As if to point O'Reilly's words at the moment appeared Colonel Lopez, shaved blood-raw and clad in a recently laundered uniform which was still damp. The three Americans rose to salute him, but discipline was lax and he waved them back to their seats.

O'Reilly, fighting with the Cuban rebels, makes a remarkable discovery that puts new life into his hopes. Don't miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GLADLY TOOK "WAR" BREAD

Horrible Thought Quickly Cured Small Girl of Unreasonable Prejudice Against the Article.

"Oh, mother, must I get war bread?" Little Daughter had been asked to go to the bakery for bread for her school lunch.

"It's wheatless day, dear."

"But I don't like war bread. It's so dark and different. And the rules aren't for children, are they?"

"No, but you know we were asked to send one million bushels of wheat to the allies by May first. We have given our wheat, our baker is trying to help by making this special bread, which has almost as white flour in it whatever. But, of course, if you don't feel you can help in this way, you may buy a lighter loaf."

"Little Daughter started off. In a few moments she returned. Mother unwrapped the package. There was the small, dark loaf, indeed different, but really most palatable and nourishing. Little Daughter's eyes were glowing.

"Mother, the baker asked me if I liked war bread, and I said I did."

Mother looked up in astonishment. "But, my dear, you just said—"

"Yes, mother, I know I just said to you I didn't like it, but I was afraid if I told it to the baker, he would think I was a German."—By Jane Dransfield of The Vigilantes.

Bontanists have found that Alpine plants which push their way through the snow do so by breathing more rapidly than normally to generate heat.

MICHIGAN BREVITIES

Portland.—Doyle Hyland, this city, in service overseas, is dead of wounds.

Marshal.—Women in short skirts and overalls are cutting weeds on railroad property near here for $2.72 a day.

Eaton Rapids.—Sunday, June 23, to Sunday, June 30, will be dedication week for the new Methodist church in Eaton Rapids.

Pontiac.—A campaign will be started here to raise money to pay a full time boy scout commissioner to take charge of activities in the city.

Grand Rapids.—Thousands of dollars worth of potatoes and corn were seriously damaged Saturday night by a severe frost in Kent county.

Lapeer.—Arthur Carmody, former local resident, a lieutenant in the British flying corps, has been given an indefinite furlough because of heart trouble, after two years of service in France.

Ann Arbor.—Wallace Trabbe, three years old, was run over and seriously injured by an automobile while the lad, dressed in a "soldier suit", was watching the drills of the U. of M. auto mechanics unit.

Grand Rapids.—This city honored 1,729 selects from all parts of western Michigan who passed through Grand Rapids Monday on their way to Camp Custer. Kent county has contributed 683 men to this contingent.

Ferndale.—The village government has exhausted its initial loan of $1,500, from the First State Commercial bank of Royal Oak, and has passed a resolution asking for another $1,500 pending the collection of this year's taxes.

Saginaw—The Saginaw Shipbuilding Co., launched the first of 24 steel ships it is building on the Saginaw river at noon Sunday. The second one will be launched the Fourth of July. The local yards are seeking additional contracts.

Olivet.—Seventeen B. A. degrees were conferred upon seniors of Olivet college at the commencement exercises. Dr. Edwin W. Bishop, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational church of Lansing, delivered the address.

Port Huron.—Eighteen questionaires in local draft board offices are now being revised, and men who were taken out of Class 1 and given deferred classifications, will be reexamined and many of them brought back to Class 1.

Grand Rapids—Oakley C. Johnson, principal of the Grant high school, near here, is being sought by federal agents as a supporter of the I. W. W. Police say Johnson had receipts for contributions for the defense of the I. W. W. members on trial in Chicago.

Holland—Students of the Holland high school, both boys and girls, will wear regulation uniforms next year. A committee, including Mayor Bosch and Superintendent E. E. Fell, selected the uniform. Blue cadet uniforms were adopted for the boys, the design similar to that of the West Point fatigue uniform.

Albion.—E. L. Moore, druggist, paid to the local treasurer of the Red Cross a $200 fine imposed on him by the Michigan state fuel administration for illegally filling out three applications for hard coal. He has turned back to O. H. Gale, local fuel administrator, all the hard coal he had on hand and this will be distributed to the poor.

Houghton.—The Greenwood Lumber company, operating in Ontonagon county, was ordered to sell 50 barrels of hoarded flour, by G. W. McCormick, upper peninsula food administrator, including 25 barrels found in the home of K. H. Bice, the manager, and one found in the home of his assistant. The company also was fined $50 for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Ann Arbor.—In an effort to find slackers, between 250 and 400 men of draft age were rounded up recently in draft raids in Washtenaw county. But eight or nine of the men taken to the armory were unable to prove that they had classification cards at home. They were sent to the county jail. Members of the sheriff's and police forces, the One Hundred and Seventy-fourth company, Michigan State troops made the raids.

Ann Arbor.—After the city aldermen voted to allow poolrooms to be operated on Sundays in this city, Circuit Judge George Sample called County Prosecuting Attorney Carl Lehzen, and City Attorney Frank Devine to his chambers for a conference. The aldermen's edict will be ignored, and the state law against opening pool rooms on Sundays will be rigidly enforced. "I will take the responsibility for the strict enforcement of the state law into my own hands," said Judge Sample.

Pontiac.—Oakland county's five Covert law roads to be constructed this year have been approved by the capital issues committee at Washington. Word was received that the Elizabeth Lake and Royal Oak-Clawson highways are given governmental sanction. Three others had been approved earlier, making a total of nearly half a million dollars in bonds for roads this year authorized. The county commissioners won approval on the ground that Oakland roads are important in government transportation.

Manistee.—The biggest step yet taken toward firmly establishing the stock raising industry in Michigan was taken when L. H. Scobey, of Carrizoz, New Mexico, representing several prominent stockmen of the southwest, leased 70,000 acres in Manistee county for stock. Owing to the long period of drouth, Mr. Scobey stated it had been necessary to kill thousands of animals, and the stockmen in New Mexico and Arizona are forced to seek new grazing lands or be ruined. One shipment already is on the way to the grazing fields.

Greenville.—Reading P. Russel, 76 years old, for 44 years a member and for 21 years chief of the fire department, is dead.

Battle Creek.—Milburn Burns, of Coldwater, was fatally injured when a Michigan Central passenger train struck his motorcycle.

Imlay City.—John Zimmerman was tarred and feathered by a crowd which declared he had refused to subscribe to the Red Cross.

Grand Rapids.—William Robertson, 72 years old, was instantly killed when he fainted and fell in front of a street car from which he was alighting.

Monroe.—Twenty-four of the surviving 60 veterans of the Seventh Michigan Volunteer Infantry held their Thirty-second reunion here recently.

Grand Rapids.—Business sessions of the twenty-second national synod of the Christian Reformed Churches of America opened at Calvin college. The synod will be in session two weeks.

Eaton Rapids.—The thirty-third annual 10 days' meeting of the Michigan State Holiness Camp Meeting association will be held at Riverside park in this city Thursday, July 25, to Sunday, August 4, inclusive.

Eaton Rapids.—Because of the drought the past three weeks the strawberry crop has been shortened 50 per cent and other fruit, as well as the farm crops and war gardens, are suffering much for want of rain.

Grand Rapids.—Grand Rapids hotels and restaurants have won a victory over the city in a decree by Judge Major L. Dunham, that residents need not give their garbage to the city if they desire to dispose of it themselves.

Petoskey.—Wesley E. Herr, 24 years old, who was to go to Camp Custer with the next Emmet county contingent, has disappeared after notifying Sheriff Miller that he intended to take his own life to avoid the draft.

Port Huron.—The chamber of commerce has appointed a committee to investigate the possibilities of developing natural gas wells in this vicinity. Several wells have been sunk by private citizens and a good quality of gas secured.

Detroit—Minnie Denton has been sent to the detention home by federal officials for aiding her son, William H. Denton, to escape the draft. She explains she is not pro-German but simply a "conscientious" objector. Her case is being investigated.

Owosso.—The investigation being made of the Detroit House of Correction is being closely watched by central Michigan counties, nearly all of which have contracts with the institution for the care of prisoners, paying at the rate of seventy cents a day.

Lansing.—Walter B. Cady, Washtenaw county farmer, whose wheat was confiscated and sold by the food administration when Cady refused to sell it, has returned the administration's check for $1,272 in payment for the grain. The case will be referred to Washington.

Marshall—Charles Smith, 15 years old, wanted for hurtlarizing the sanitarium at Battle Creek and the Sanders brothers' hardware store here, was captured Sunday in a barn on William Lake's farm west of Battle Creek. The lad had escaped from the detention home.

Flint—Genesee county leads the entire central division of the Red Cross in the number of nurses recruited during last two weeks, according to message from headquarters. Forty nurses had been reported when the message was sent, but 10 more were enrolled making 50 in all.

Grand Haven—Lake steamers now entering the ports of western Michigan are directly under the control of the United States. The steamers all bear inscriptions, "U. S. Railroad Commission." Almost daily boats are being taken from the Great Lakes by the government and traffic has been seriously crippled.

Coldwater.—Crushed under a cylinder press in the Daily Reporter office when a roll of paper struck a lever and started the machinery, Frank L. Parker, 38 years old, was killed and Grant L. Smith, 40 years old, was probably fatally injured. Parker's father, a civil war veteran, witnessed the accident.

Benton Harbor.—Thomas J. Rector, 60 years old, former street commissioner, was burned to death by fire starting from an open gas jet at night. The man was alone in the house. Neighbors heard the explosion and found Rector unconscious. He died soon after being taken to a hospital. The lower floor of the residence was wrecked.

Kalamazoo.—Geo. L. Stein, newly elected commander of the department of Michigan, United Spanish War Veterans, has announced the following staff: Chief of staff, Oscar E. Kilstrom, Grand Rapids; adjutant, Frank H. Presley, Lansing; quartermaster, Frank C. Burmaster, Kalamazoo; color bearers, Frank D. Davenport and Alfred Foland, Kalamazoo.

Traverse City.—A system of selling farm produce has been devised here at a meeting of producers from northern Michigan counties. The scheme provides for local farmers' co-operative associations to be federated into larger ones taking in groups of counties geographically related. The plan of the Western Fruit exchange will be followed. The group of which Grand Traverse county will be the center includes the counties of Emmet, Cheboygan, Otsego, Antrim, Kalkasha, Wexford, Leelanau, Benzie, Manistee and Charlevoix.

Bay City.—Carl Adamson, a Rawlins, N. M., sheep grower, left here for his home after closing a lease for a 5,600-acre ranch in Alcona county, to which he will ship 4,000 sheep at once. "We have had no rain in the New Mexico grazing country for two years," said Mr. Adamson. "Sheep and cattle are dying by the thousands because of lack of pasture. It is a shame that the rich cut-over lands of this state are not being used for feed this live stock. There are scores of men in my own part of New Mexico who are awaiting my report on Michigan.