

MICHIGAN OWNERS OF AUTOMOBILES

Are Greatly Favored With
Mutual Insurance.

The farmer of the state as well as the lawyer and banker feels the need of keeping his automobile insured against the damage claims and suits together with fire and theft.

When the farmers began to buy automobiles they found that with the increased number, accidents would be large in which some person would be injured, a horse would become frightened, running away and injuring the driver, etc. Damage claims were brought entailing the expense of defense, a lawsuit, a trial and a large judgment, possibly \$5,000. This condition has created a demand. Michigan is the only state that has a large mutual insurance company protecting against fire, theft, and liability and its rapid growth and success is being watched by other states.

The cost in stock companies for this insurance has been about \$50 per year, but on the mutual plan, with a large membership it is estimated that the cost is about 2 cents per day.

A man who is able to own a automobile is willing to pay aside a few dollars each year to protect his car against fire and theft and the accumulations of years from damage suits. The past week an automobile was stolen from Arthur Sipe, a farmer near Springfield; another one from the farm from David LaBlanc, Ronulus; a car burned on a farm near Jonesville and another one near Frankfort. In every paper you read of damages done by automobile owners to persons and property.

As only about 4% die leaving an estate of over \$1,000 but few are able to stand heavy losses without protection; that is reason that \$7,000 policies have been issued by the Citizens Mutual Automobile Insurance Company of Howell.

The cost is \$1.00 for policy plus 25 cents per H. P. to join. The company now starting on the third season; 245 claims have been promptly paid.

Write William E. Robb, Secretary, Howell, Mich.—Advertisement.

Progressive Motion.
"The world moves in cycles."
"Yes, and it is fast getting to move on motorcycles."

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Few persons can be sick who use Green's August Flower. It has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart from gases created in the stomach, pains in the stomach, and many other organic disorders. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion, both in the stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and whole alimentary canal, and stimulates the liver to create the bile and impurities from the blood. Try it. Two doses will relieve you. Used for fifty years in every town and hamlet in the United States and in all civilized countries.—Adv.

Tire of Steel Wire.
Of German invention is a bicycle tire made of steel wire that is closely coiled.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, cures women with no alcohol. Sold in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

A baby makes the home a happy place at all times and more so when it's asleep.

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER, BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness,
bad taste or constipation
by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.
Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passage-way every few days with Pilsa, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil, etc.?

Purgative Waters?
Stop! Having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons to the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never grip, sick or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take Cascarets now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Be careful how you give advice, somebody might take it.

Pure blood is essential to Good Health. Good blood dispels impurities, cleanses the system and eradicates disease. Adv.

A peach of a girl ought to become a well-preserved woman.

HEART of the SUNSET BY REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Iron Trail,"
"The Silver Horde," Etc.



MRS. AUSTIN IS ACCUSED
BY HER DRUNKEN HUSBAND
OF BEING TOO
FRIENDLY WITH THE
STATE RANGER.

Mrs. Alaire Austin, a handsome young matron, mistress of Las Palmas ranch, gets lost in the Texas desert and is rescued by an all-day struggle wanders into the little camp of David Law, a range officer hunting a Mexican murderer. Circumstances force her to marry him, and she and him all the next day. Law catches his man and kills an other, then escorts her home.

CHAPTER IV.

At Las Palmas.
Although the lower counties of southwest Texas are flat and badly watered, they possess a rich soil. The soil is very fertile and the climate is sub-tropical in its mildness. The Rio Grande, founded, erratic as an invalid, wrings its sallow blood from the clay bluffs and gravel canyons of the hill country, but near its estuary winds quietly through a low coastal plain which the very impurities of that blood have richened. Here the river banks are smothered in thickets of huisache, ebony, mesquite, and other trees, and the water is so scarce along this division of the border that to travel from Brownsville north along the international line one must, for several hundred miles, avail oneself of horses, mules or mule-trains, since rail transportation is almost lacking. And on his way the traveler will traverse whole counties where the houses are jacals, where English is a foreign tongue, and where people solve their ills with crooked sticks as old the ancient Egyptians.

That part of the state which lies below the Nueces river is a dense and fertile territory. Long after Texas had given their lives to drive the eagle of Mexico across the Rio Grande much of it remained a forbidden land. Even today it is alien. It is a part of the Southwest, but a Southwestern to any other that we have. Within it there are no blacks, and yet the whites number but one in twenty. They are swarthy, black-haired men who speak the Spanish language, and their citizenship is mostly a matter of form.

The stockmen, pushing ahead of the nesters and the tillers of the soil, were the first to invade the lower Rio Grande, and among these "Old Ed" Austin was a pioneer. Like the other cattle barons, he was hungry for land and took it where or how he could. Those were cruel old days; the pioneers who pushed their heads into the pastures were lawless fellows, ruthless, acquisitive, mastered by the empire-builder's urge for acres and still more acres.

As other ranches grew under the hands of such unscrupulous owners, so also under "Old Ed" Austin's management did Las Palmas increase and prosper. It comprised an expanse of rich river-land backed by the hills, a range where "Box A" cattle lived and bred. In his later years when the old man handed Las Palmas to his son, "Young Ed," as a wedding gift, the ranch was known far and wide for its size and richness. Las Palmas had changed greatly since Austin, senior, painfully scratched his slanting signature to the deed. It was a different ranch now to whom the old man had known; indeed, it was doubtful if he would have recognized it, for even the house was new.

Alaire had some such thought in his mind as he rode up to the gate of the ranch following her departure from the water hole, and she felt a thrill of pride at the acres of springing corn, the dense green field of alfalfa so nicely fitted between their fences. They were like clean, green squares of matting spread for the feet of summer. A Mexican boy came running to care for her horse, a Mexican woman greeted her as she entered the wide, cool hall and went to her room. Dolores fixed a bath and laid out clean clothes with a running accompaniment of chatter concerned with household affairs. She was a great gossip, and possessed such a talent for gathering information that through her husband, Benito, the range boss, she was able to keep her mistress in fairly intimate touch with ranch matters.

Alaire, as she leisurely dressed herself, acknowledged that it was good to feel the physical comforts of her own house, even though her homecoming gave her no especial joy. She made it a religious practice to dress for dinner regardless of Ed's presence, though often for weeks at a time she sat in solitary state, presiding over an empty table. Tonight, Ed was at home. It was with a grave preoccupation that she made herself ready to meet him.

In the dining room, Ed acknowledged his wife's entrance with a careless nod, but did not trouble to remove his hands from his pockets. As he seated himself heavily at the table and with unwelcome fingers shook the folds from his napkin, he said: "You stayed longer than you intended. Um—um—you were gone three days, weren't you?"

"Four days," Alaire told him, realizing with a little inward start how very far apart she and Ed had drifted. She looked at him curiously for an instant, wondering if he really could be her husband, for if it were not some peculiarly disagreeable stranger, Ed had been a handsome boy, but he was growing fat from drink and soft from idleness; his face was too full, his eyes too sluggish; there was an unhealthy gleam in his cheeks. In contrast to his wife's semi-formal dress, he was unkempt—unpleasant and soiled. His preparations for dinner this evening had been characterized simply by the fact that he had drunk three cocktails and dined his sombrero into a corner.

"I've been busy while you were gone," he announced. "Been down to the pump house every day, and I'm getting into it. It was a nasty job, too. I had Morrice barbecue a cubito for my lunch, and it was good, but I'm hungry again." Austin attacked his meal with an enthusiasm which Alaire eyed with a heavy and a constant drinker at all times. What little exercise he took upon the back of a horse, and as no one knew better than his wife, the physical powers he once had were rapidly deteriorating.

By and by he inquired, vaguely: "Let's see. . . . Where did you go this time?"

"I went up to look over the Ignacio tract."

"Oh, yes. Think you'll lease it?"

"No, I don't know. I must find some place for those La Feria cattle."

Austin shook his head. "Better leave 'em where they are, and not let the ranch be a nuisance to you."

"That's the trouble," Alaire told him. "You stand too well—to well that I want to get my stock out of federal territory as soon as possible."

Ed shrugged carelessly. "Start your self; they're your cows."

The meal went on with a desultory flow of small talk, during which the husband indulged his third freshly. Alaire told him about the accident to her horse and the unpleasant ordeal she had suffered in the mesquite.

"Lucky you found somebody at the water hole," Ed commented. "Who was that stranger? Never heard of the fellow," he commented on the name.

"The rangers are nothing like they used to be."

"This fellow would do credit to any law-abiding citizen. As Alaire said how expeditiously Law had made his arrest and handled his man, her husband had not the remotest interest.

"Neither Aho, eh?" said he. "Who was his companion?"

"Pantle Sanchez."

Ed started. "That's strange? They must have met accidentally."

"So they both decided. Why did you let Benito go?"

"We didn't need him here, and he was too good a man to lose, so—"

Ed found his wife's eyes fixed upon him and dropped his own. "I knew you were short-handed at La Feria, then Ed had an interval of silence, then Ed

exclaimed, testily. "What are you looking at?"

"I wondered what you'd say."

"Well, I don't I did all right without a long-winded explanation? Just because I've let you run things to suit your self."

"Wait! We had our understanding. Alaire's voice was low and vibrant. "It was my payment for living with you, and you know it. You gave me the reins to Las Palmas so that I'd have something to do, something to live for and think about, except—your actions. The ranch has doubled in value, every penny is accounted for, and you have more money to spend on yourself than ever before. You have no reason to complain."

"You pushed me into a ball and flung it from him, with a scowl he shoved himself back from the table."

"It was an idiotic arrangement, just the same. I agreed because I was sick, and I thought I was all shot to pieces. But I'm all right now and able to run my own business."

"Nevertheless, it was a bargain, and it will stand. If your father were alive he'd make you live up to it."

"You talk as if I were a child," shouted her husband, and his plump face was apoplectic with rage. "The title is in my name. How could he make me do anything?"

"Nobody could force you," his wife said, quietly. "You are still enough of a man to keep your word. I believe, so long as I observe my part of our bargain."

"I'm slightly mollified, agreed. Of course I am; I never weched. But I'm not treated as an incompetent, and I'm tired of these eternal wrangles and jangles."

"You have weched."

"Ed" Austin frowned belligerently. "You agreed to go away when you felt your appetite coming on, and you promised to live clean, at least around home."

"Well?"

Alaire went on in a lifeless tone that covered the seething emotions within her. "I never inquired into your actions at San Antonio or other large cities, although of course I have ears and I can't help hearing about them; but these border towns are home to us, and people know me. I won't be humiliated more than I am by public city is hard enough to bear. I've about reached the breaking point."

"Indeed?" Austin leaned forward, his eyes inflamed. His tone was raised, heedless of possible repercussions.

"Oh, why don't you and I? Why don't you divorce me? I never see anything of you. You have your part of the house and I have mine; all we share in common is meat, horses, and a mail address."

Alaire turned upon him eyes dark with misery. "You know why I don't divorce you. No, Ed, we're going to live out our agreement, and these border towns are home to us, and people know me. I won't be humiliated more than I am by public city is hard enough to bear. I've about reached the breaking point."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You transferred Paloma because he was growing impatient of you and Rose. Ed burst into sudden laughter. "There's no harm in a little flirtation. Don't be a pretty girl."

"His wife uttered a breathless, smothered exclamation as her hands, they lay on the tablecloth, were tightly clenched. "She's your tenant—almost your servant. What kind of a man are you? Haven't you any decency left?"

"Say! Go easy! I guess I'm no different to most men." Austin's unpleasant laughter had been succeeded by a still more unpleasant scowl. "I have to do something. I've decided around here."

"You must stop going there."

"Humph! I noticed you go where you pleased. Rose and I never spent a night together in the chambers."

"Ed Alaire's pastime was like the map of a whip. She rose and faced her husband, quivering as if the lash had stung her flesh.

"That went home, eh? Well, I'm no fool! I've seen something of the world, and I've found that women are about like men. I'd like to have a look at this David Law, this grizzled, this Hand some Harry who sits at water holes and is so hard on me."

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As for him, he was captivated by the splendid, handsome girl, whom he remembered only as a shy, red-headed little comrade.

As Las Palmas had been the elder Austin's wedding gift to his son, so Alaire's dowry from her father had been La Feria, a grant of lands across the Rio Grande beyond the twenty-league belt by which Mexico faithfully strives to guard her border. And, to Las Palmas had come the bride and groom to live, to love and to rear their children.

But rarely has there been a shorter honeymoon, seldom a swifter awakening. Within six months "Young Ed" had killed his wife's love and had himself become an alcoholic. Other vices so multiplied that what few virtues the young man had inherited were soon choked. To the bride the truth had come as a stunning tragedy. The wreck of her hopes and glad imaginings left her sick, bewildered, in the face of the "old man's comrade."

Nor had the effect of this transformation in "Young Ed" been any less painful to his father. When the truth

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PAYS FOR 160 ACRES OF LAND

From the Crop of Wheat on 53
Acres in Western Canada.

This story of paying for your land out of one year's crop is fully authenticated by a great many farmers in Western Canada.

And now, all that the farmer makes for wheat and grain is going more extensively into stock raising, for all authorities agree that in a short time there will be a demand for live stock, such as even will tax the vast resources of Western Canada. They will go into stock raising because of the adaptability of the country to provide food and fodder without feeding grain if necessary. They will go into stock and improve their places. They will install stumps and heating plants—in fact, many are now doing it. They still have automobiles, in fact in many districts there is not a farmer but has one. They will beautify their homes and erect fine barns until the whole country will be as attractive as any of the counties in the best states in the Union. But we started out to tell you of the farmer who paid for 160 acres of land from the crop of wheat of 53 acres. The Holden district on the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific does not appear to the ordinary observer to be any better than many other districts along that line, and probably isn't. It was in this district that John Larcome, a settler, purchased in 1915 160 acres of raw prairie land. He broke and seeded 53 acres. His crop turned out well, and he sold the greater portion of it for \$2,970. His land cost him \$18.50 per acre, or \$2,540. So that the crop from the 53 acres paid for the land and left a balance of over \$300, which with part of the crop left over would just pay for the cost of operation. This is not really an unusual case, hundreds of other farmers in Alberta and Saskatchewan having been able to do the same.

Sales of land are being reported from many districts in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta at good prices. And values are going up with the flow of any value that will take place after the war, no doubt they will be considerably increased. The home-stands in the Park sections which are to be had actually for the price of the situation of a good class of settlers, who want to go into mixed farming.—Advertisement.

Prices of fish have risen

Why Product of the Sea Should Cost as Much as Choice Steaks is Question Asked.

One of the inexplicable things in connection with the tremendous increase in the cost of foodstuffs in New York is the rise in the price of fish. Nothing gives a more specific evidence of the necessity of some sort of regulation to prevent artificial price making than the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star