SERIAL STORY

Archibald's Agatha

By
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HUNTINGTON
MASON

Author of
"The Real Agatha"

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SYNOPSIS.

Archibald Terhune, a popular and indolent young bachelor of London, receives news that he has been made heir to the estate of his Aunt Georgiana, with an income of $20,000 a year, on condition that he become engaged to be married within ten days. Failing to do so the legacy will go to a third cousin in America. The story opens at Castle Wyckoff, where Lord Vincent and his wife, friends of Terhune, are discussing plans to find him a wife within the prescribed time. It seems that Lady Vincent is one of seven persons named Agatha, all close girlhood chums. She decides to invite two of them to the castle and have Archie there as one of the guests. Agatha Sixth strikes Archie as a handpainted beauty. Agatha First is a breezy American girl. Lady Vincent tells her husband that Agatha Sixth already cares for Archie. He gains from Agatha Sixth the admission that she cares for him, but will require a month's time fully to make up her mind. Agatha First, neglected by Terhune, receives attentions from Leslie Freer. Four days of the precious time have passed when Terhune is called to London on business. Agatha First, on the plea of sickness, excuses herself from a motor trip planned by the Vincents. Later they see Agatha First picking flowers with a strange man. The Vincents discuss Agatha's seeming duplicity. The following day the party visits the ruins of an old convent. Terhune continues his attentions to Agatha Sixth. Then suddenly he transfers his attentions to Agatha First. Vincent scores him for his apparent fickleness. The last evening of the time allotted in which to become engaged arrives. The following day Solicitor Burns will arrive from London, and the Vincents are anxious to consummate the engagement. Vincent discovers Agatha First, and a man with his arm around her waist. Vincent decides that the man must be Terhune. The next morning Terhune and Agatha First are very friendly at the breakfast table, while Agatha Sixth seems somewhat displeased. Solicitor Burns arrives. The Vincents are anxious. In an interview of Vincent and his wife the latter cries in desperation over the puzzling condition of affairs. Solicitor Barnes arrives. The Vincent's are anxious. Will Terhune report an affianced or a free man? Terhune tells Lord Vincent that he proposed to Agatha Sixth and that she had refused to marry him. Terhune declares that if he cannot have the woman of his choice that he will sacrifice his aunt's fortune. An automobile arrives. Murray Brancepeth, a young man who resembles Terhune, steps out of the machine. He has been in love with Agatha First, and was the man in the checkered suit. It now lacks three minutes of the time that Terhune has for announcing his engagement. Vincent rushes Terhune to urge Agatha Sixth to accept him. Solicitor Barnes is notified and the ceremony is performed.

(CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.)

He had at first, it appeared, called upon Agatha Endicott when she was staying at Chiltern house, and courted her openly, but on hearing of the Simplin complication, Chiltern, who hated the possibility of being dragged into a family row, as much as he disliked to be responsible for offending his powerful friend and ally, had objected vehemently and had forbidden a continuance of their intimacy, at least for as long as it was in his power to demand obedience. That is, while the girl was a guest under his roof, which decree had forced Brancepeth to cease his attentions temporarily, when our invitation to make one of our house party had mercifully removed the other principal in this romance to Wyckhoff castle. A change of scene, which while it did not utterly remove her from the sphere of danger, since a chance visit on the part of either her former or present hostess to either mansion might reveal all, still afforded her a better opportunity to see her lover.

A state of affairs which naturally explained Agatha First's reluctance to have my wife make the trip to Chiltern house, where she feared mutual revelations might be made which must necessarily expose the secret of Brancepeth's courtship of her, continued as it was, in spite of and against Mr. Chiltern's expressed wish. It was also made plain to us that Agatha First's devotion to Terhune sprang from two sources. It was assumed partly to throw Mrs. Chiltern off the scent in case she should make any attempt to find out whether Brancepeth were still continuing his attentions. In case of awkward questions she wished my wife to be able to say with truth that her guest was interested in some one else. That some one else chancing to be Terhune. She had also indulged in her flirtation with Arch, she admitted with a most engaging laugh and teasing glance at her lover, partly because she had conceived a fondness for the old boy, but softened this shaft by adding that she liked to talk to him because she had discovered that he knew Brancepeth, and she was therefor able to talk about her lover, though she could not often see him. Terhune's fondness for her society—for being with Agatha First—I thought could be explained even more simply. He had quite given himself away at the time when he had so naively confided to me his belief that the girl was in love with him.

"By George!" said young Murray, feelingly, as he finished his part of the duet the two had been giving for our benefit, "how I love that squire, or farmer, or whatever it was she married! I'll never forget to my dying day what I owe him for cutting me out like that! Keen about his cheek, aren't you, Vincent?"

"He's awfully young, Brancepeth, but rather a decent sort on the whole, and I can see that he's grown steadier and more of a man than when I knew him a year ago. And I'm glad of that. Agatha First is a fine girl and deserves a fine man."

"Well, I never did in all my life!" said Dearest, as a sort of l'envoi to the romantic tale of our guests. "What will happen next, I wonder? What is there left to happen?"

"Nothing possibly," said the three of us together. Solicitor Barnes, by the way, had taken no part in the discussion of these interesting events—but we spoke too soon. For even as the words left our mouths I saw Brancepeth, who faced the French windows of the dining room, which opened out on to the side veranda, pointing with his finger at some apparition which had evidently just come within his range of vision.

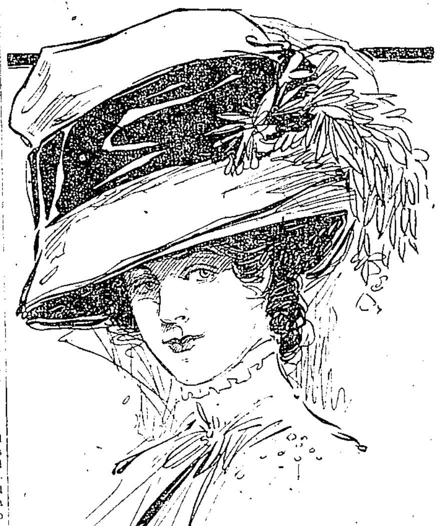
"Look!" he said.

I turned around, but before I could exclaim, Dearest had pushed back her chair with a cry of pleased suprise and started forward. "Why, it's the Chilterns," she said.

And so it was. Our friends from the next county had arrived in our midst, unheralded even by the noise of their motor car, which now made itself plainly audible as it chugged its way slowly to our garage, so intent had we been upon the telling of Agatha First's and Brancepeth's tale.

"Friends," said Chiltern in the wearied, bored tones that have become habitual to him as chairman of innumerable political meetings, "we have come to tell you—"

"We feel it our duty to tell you," put in Agatha Fourth.



Agatha Sixth.

"That you are undertaking a great responsibility in allowing our former guest, Miss Endicott, to receive the attentions of—" There he stopped short, for he seemed to perceive for the first time Brancepeth and Agatha First, seated tranquilly side by side at the table. But in spite of this damper, he struggled bravely on with what he had evidently come with his mind made up to say. By this time we, Dearest and I, had gotten an inkling of what that was. He had come, we could see, to warn us against encouraging the affair between Brancepeth and Agatha First the report having at last reached him in some way or other that it was being carried on more furiously than ever under our protection, but we had no doubt, however, that, aside from his personal interest in putting a stop to the thing, the man was convinced that he was acting for Brancepeth's interests as well in interfering, since it had been true enough that the lad was so placed that he could not well afford to offend his uncle. 'Chiltern is a fine fellow, all right, but he's a good deal older than I am, and a conservative in private life as well as public. But in spite of his tendency to preach, and an obnoxious habit of expecting everyone to toe the mark as rigorously as he does himself, I rather like the old cock. He's deuced popular with men, certainly, and is unanimously returned by his borough every election. And then, as another excuse for what might, otherwise seem his uncalled for interference in this affair, I rather think he fancied he was doing Dearest and myself a kindness in informing us of the true inwardness of the situation, that we might at least be able to act with our eyes open. That he meant well, I felt no doubt.

Nevertheless, I could see that the part of informant was distasteful to his wife, who, in all probability, had been the means of delaying execution of that duty so long.

These things having become clear to us, we also perceived that the Hon. Cecil Chiltern could not possibly be aware of that morning's events, the elopement of Miss Simplin and consequent sanction of Brancepeth's uncle upon his marriage with Agatha First. So, with one voice and mind, we undertook to enlighten him, Brancepeth and Miss Endicott having grasped the object of his visit on the moment of his arrival.

"I feel it my duty," Chiltern began again, then paused. He seemed to have difficulty in proceeding, with all our astonished tidingful eyes upon him, but we let him get no further.

"It's all right! Don't worry. Have some lunch, do, Cecil, old boy. You look done!" added young Murray cordially. And it was a rippin' hot day, too.

But Cecil was not to be beguiled.

"I feel it my duty," he reiterated manfully. But we would have none of it at all.

"Oh, hang your duty," urged Brancepeth, lightly. "It's all right, I tell you. We're going to be married, Miss Endicott and I."

"Miss Simplin eloped this morning," supplemented Agatha First.

"And my uncle has given us his blessing," finished Brancepeth. And at this astounding intelligence Chiltern succumbed entirely and was as clay in our hands.

Seizing him each under an arm we had him sitting at the table in no time. Brancepeth was even solicitously tucking a napkin under the dignified gentleman's chin when he came to and pushed him aside with a frown.

"Take that thing away," he said; "I'm not a child!"

Then he caught his wife's eye as Agatha Fourth, very beautiful in a pale blue outfit placarded down the middle with lace, was graciously allowing Dearest and Agatha First to seat her at the table, and they laughed—the two of them—Agatha Fourth relievedly, Chiltern a trifle shamefacedly.

"It seems my fervor of duty was quite wasted," he said. "But, upon my word, I meant well. Mrs. Chiltern and I did our best to persuade Miss Endicott, there, to give the thing up long ago, until matters arranged themselves. But she was very headstrong, very indeed!" And he shook his head whimsically at his late guest and smiled. She smiled back at him.

"And you see it didn't do any harm after all!" she told him brightly, "my being headstrong. Everything has all worked out for the best!"

"Rather!" remarked Brancepeth, ardently, and threw her a glance that made her fine color rise.

For myself, I never felt more brilliant, and Brancepeth vied with me in getting up would-be humorous telegrams, first to Terhune's Aunt Georgy, and then to Miss Simplin, apprising them of the beatific state of the matrimonial prospects of himself and Arch.

"It's a pity they can't be here to share in the joy which has been the direct result of their handiwork," said young Murray, to whom, and to his fiancee, we had confided the sentimental situation between Terhune and Agatha Sixth.

"Rather!" I said. "Their presence is the only thing lacking to make this particular soiree as good as the third act of a well-balanced comedy, where all the characters appear at once and compose themselves into statuesque groups about the stage."

"Yes," he agreed, "but if we're going to have all the characters in our play appear, we ought really to have invited Mrs. Armistead and the three other Agathas with their American husbands for luncheon, to make it quite complete."

"Right!" I agreed, enthusiastically, "I say, wouldn't that have been jolly?" And we laughed delightedly. I was so elated over everything in general, and the outcome of Dearest's and my match-making schemes in particular, that I was amused at anything at all.

But if Murray and I were hilarious, you should have seen those girls! Their consciences seemed to be worrying them for some reason, for every half minute they'd get up and embrace each other and ask each other to forgive them. If it wasn't Agatha First who was falling on Agatha Fourth's neck, it was Dearest who was falling on Agatha First's neck.

By Jove! it got rather tiresome, though once in a while, for a change, they'd all three get up and clinch so tight I couldn't for the life of me have said which was my own wife.

We couldn't get anywhere at all with the meal, and Brancepeth and I began to feel quite left out, they kept it up so. But when we attempted to fall on the necks of Solicitor Barnes and old Chiltern, respectively, just by way of getting into the game, we were rudely, and I may say almost violently repulsed, so that we were unable to find out what the fun was in that sort of thing at all.

It was only when we had quieted down somewhat, the girls and Brancepeth and myself, that Solicitor Barnes, who had heretofore been giving his undivided attention to his luncheon, condescended to speak.

"Where are Mr. Terhune and his—ah—er—fiancee, if I may ask?" he said. "One would have supposed that my client's nephew, Mr.—ah!—Mr. Terhune—would have had more curiosity as to the exact value of the property to which he has only just become heir."

"I suppose they're still standing on the stairs, just where we left them," said my wife, ecstatically. "The dears!"

"Not a very comfortable place to make love in I should say," commented the solicitor dryly—he was a bachelor himself. "But I presume they hardly realize where they are, poor things." And his thin lips parted slightly in a smile of infinite pity.

But nobody else at the table seemed at all to comprehend his sarcasm.

Quietly, unobtrusively, my wife and I exchanged glances, and irritatingly enough Brancepeth and Agatha First, and even the impassive Chiltern and Agatha Fourth did the same. We none of us saw anything at all queer or out of the ordinary in the conduct of Agatha Sixth and Terhune. You see, we'd been there ourselves.

And as a needle to its magnet, so did the hands of Dearest and myself, as we sat cat-a-cornered at the table, seek each other under the cover. And with that clasp the last remnant of the ill-feeling the exciting events of the past few days had tried to make between us vanished, and I vowed, as I lost myself in the depths of those dear gray eyes, that even as it had been our first misunderstanding, by Jove! it should be our last.

THE END.

SUCCESS TURNS MANY HEADS

Average Man Assumes an Importance to Which He Actually Is Not Entitled.

It is rather a remarkable illustration of the weaknes of our nature that there should be so many persons whose heads are completely turned by attaining even the slightest degree of success. Instead of realizing that the achievement which won him fame is a thing of the past, and therefore buried in oblivion, except to those nearest to him, the average man imbibes a goodly portion of self-satisfaction and drinks to his own conceit. His one success looms very large upon his narrow horizon, and the temporary adulation of a fickle public magnifies its proportions and appears to give him an importance not realy his due. This self-importance is apt to be reflected in all his further efforts, if indeed it does not forbid effort of any sort, and once a man becomes obsessed with an exaggerated idea of his attainments there is small chance of his ever duplicating those attainments. It is just here, however, that so many persons make the mistake of their lives by believing that having once established a record for themselves there is no need to live up to it. If they could only forget their successes, or hide them away in the dim places of their own minds to be preped at only for inspiration, their self-aggrandizement would give way to a correct valuation of their ability, which would go far toward helping them to new accomplishments. A man's most serious thoughts should be of what is to come, of what he is to do in the future, not of what is passed or of what he has already accomplished.

MADE A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT

Row of Tempting Pies Attracted Musical Students to the Boarding House 'Round the Corner.

Pie, the national dish, has been the subject lately of pure food investigations, fumigation and of an eating contest, in which the champion pie belt of the world was won. But still more recently, in Boston, it was used as an especially clever advertisement. In a certain kitchen window in a certain apartment house that backed up against a certain court, around three sides of which lived certain musical students and other people who dined at restaurants—in this kitchen window was displayed each day a row of tempting pies.

The crust was flaky and delicately brown. Oozing through fancy little pricks in its top was juice so rich and plentiful that the mouth watered at the sight. Occasionally a faint pie odor would float across the court and drive the restaurant frequenters wild with longing. Day after day that kitchen window was pie-filled. Then some student asked the owner of the windof if she took boarders. "No," she replied, with the selfpossession of one who had been awaiting the query, "but those pies are made by a friend of mine on the next street. No doubt she could board you." And she did.—Boston Herald.

Origin of Nuptial Kiss.

The nuptial kiss, with a meaning akin to that of the kiss of peace, had its origin in a most serious and practical church ceremony known as the espousals. Among mediaeval people, as among some classes of Jews today, it was customary for the bridegroom and the bride to meet before witnesses in the church some days or even weeks before the marriage and there make a pledge of future union, and at such times a ring was usually presented by the prospective husband. Sometimes, however, the man was too poor to buy the ornament, and instead presented a kiss, which was doubtless more pleasant, and was considered a binding pledge before man and God.

THREE MILLIONS ARE STARVING

ACCORDING TO REPORTS RECEIVED THAT IS THE NUMBER AFFECTED BY FAMINE IN CHINA.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS IS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR THEIR AID SAY THE CABLES.

Chinese Government and People Are Generously Contributing to Relief of Sufferers.

Private advices received in Washington state that the famine in China already reported in the news dispatches from Peking has so far affected 3,000,000 persons, and that $1,000,000 is urgently needed for their aid.

Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Brown, chairman of the committee on reference and counsel representing the boards and societies of foreign missions in the United States and Canada, made public the following cable message from the inter-denominational committee of foreign missionaries in Shanghai:

"Famine to a great extent over northern part of Kiangsu and Anhui province. Three million people affected. Chinese government had people generously contributing relief. According to report of missionaries in the district affected, relief is insufficient. International committee organized in Shanghai proposes that missionaries co-operate with generous Chinese to raise funds and in distribution. A million dollars is needed. Help must be carried on until May. Please communicate this to missionary societies, church papers, and Christian Herald, urgently requesting contributions.

"FERGUSON,
"Chairman."

The combined population of the two provinces named in the cable is 37,050,549.

Tax Lands Sold.

According to the annual report of the state land commissioner the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1910, has been the most successful in the history of the department.

At the close of the fiscal year in 1909 the state was in the possession of 604,172 acres of land. Since that time the auditor-general has deeded to the state, under the provisions of the tax homestead law, 215,5[illegible]5 acres and there reverted to the state in compliance with the homestead law and from other sources, 2,9[illegible] acres, making a total of 826,639 acres.

The report shows that the amount collected for trespass upon agricultural college, primary school tax, homestead and state tax lands for the year ending June 30, 1910, was $3,858.71 and the receipts of the office $152,197.32. From the 62,310 acres of land returned to the state for nonpayment of taxes the state has realized $108,899.92, or an average of $1.75 per acre. Most of this land formerly sold at the rate of $1.25 per acre with standing timber upon it, and $1.75 is considered the highest price the state has ever realized from such a source. Not alone in the acreage line has the land department done a thriving business, as it has disposed of a few city and village lots, which have netted $18,103. Actual settlers have made homestead entry upon 17,544 acres and according to indications all of this land will be converted into farms by the homesteaders.

Hemans Will Be R. R. Commissioner.

Lawton T. Hemans has received the formal tender of a place on the railroad commission from Gov.-elect Osborn and, while he refuses to discuss the proposition at all, it is known that he will accept the offer of the new governor.

Toledo Has $225,000 Fire.

Fire which followed an explosion of unknown origin destroyed the building occupied by the Toledo Biscuit Co. The loss is placed at $225,000. The company, which is an independent concern, will rebuild at once.

The supreme court has decided that Isaac Dubois, of Vassar, was not influenced when he made a will involving an estate of more than $1[illegible]0,000, dividing the property among relatives to be distributed in 20 years.

Henry Neiderling, 25, married, accidentally shot himself while hunting near Grand Haven. He paused to shoot a rabbit when the shotgun was accidentally discharged and he received the charge in his shoulder.

When Patrick O'Connor pleaded guilty to drunkenness in Battle Creek and willingly awaited sentence to the county jail, meaning free food and lodging for the winter, he did not suspect what Justice H. H. Battdorff had up his sleeve. Battdorff, tired of having tramps work their way into the county jail, sentenced O'Connor to hard labor in the city jail. The police will have O'Connor's work to outline. The sentence is new to Battle Creek, but is designed to keep tramps away from the community.

In a speech before the common council Mayor John J. Reycraft, of Petoskey, advocated the establishment of a municipal laundry.

The Petoskey charter commission has decided to formulate in the new charter a method by which city members of the county board of supervisors may be appointed by the council, one being chosen from each voting precinct. According to resolutions adopted by the board, all city officials will be appointed with the exception of mayor, three councilmen, two justices of the peace and two constables. The council of three members only will be elected at large.

John D. Gives Final $10,000,000.

John D. Rockefeller gave the University of Chicago $10,000,000 and severed his official relations with the institution.

The benefaction completes an amount of $35,000,000 which he has given to the university since he founded it in 1889. The great school is to receive no further support from the oil king.

Announcement of the gift and the withdrawal of Mr. Rockefeller from any control of the university was made by Martin A. Ryerson, president of the board of trustees, at the seventy-seventh convocation of the University of Chicago. Mr. Ryerson's statement, marking one of the largest gifts in the history of educational philanthropy, resulted in a dramatic demonstration by the students.

The donation consists of income bearing securities "of the present market value of $10,000,000," set aside from the funds of the general educational board, Mr. Rockefeller's $53,000,000 educational foundation. The sum is to be delivered in 10 equal installments beginning January 1, 1911.

Montmorency to Vote on Local Option.

The matter of submitting the question of local option in Montmorency county at the spring election was brought before Judge Emerick in circuit court at Hillman. Attorney Elmer E. Smith represented the board of supervisors and Pliny Marsh the local optionists. The board of supervisors refused to submit the proposition at the October meeting, holding that of 328 names signed to said petition 45 had asked to have their names withdrawn, leaving an insufficient number of petitioners. It required 288 for the necessary number. Mandamus proceedings were started by T. E. Lewis, of Hillman. An order to show cause was issued by Judge Emerick and on hearing today the court issued a writ compelling the board to reconvene and submit the question of local option to the electors. It is generally believed that local option will carry at the spring election.

"Nearly half the charts and more than half of the sailing directions supplied to our ships are publications of the British admiralty. Should these in time of war be declared contraband, it would be extremely difficult to obtain the requisite number." Secretary of the Navy Meyer in these words urged on the house committee on naval affairs in testimony made public provision for purchasing complete charts.

THE MARKETS.

DETROIT—Cattle—Market [illegible] grades steers [illegible] butchers, cow stuff and [illegible] 15c to 25c higher than last week. We quote: Best steers and heifers, $6; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs, $5.50@5.75; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000 lbs, $4.50@[illegible]; steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700 lbs, $4@4.75; choice fat cows, $4.50@[illegible]; good fat cows, $[illegible]; common cows, $3@[illegible]; canners, $2@[illegible]; choice heavy bulls, $[illegible]; fair to good bolognas bulls, $[illegible]; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs, $[illegible]; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs, $[illegible]; choice stockers, 500 to 700 lbs, $[illegible]; fair stockers, 500 to 700 lbs, $[illegible]; stock heifers, $[illegible]; milkers, large, young, medium age, $40@50; common milkers, $[illegible].

Veal calves—Market steady at last week's prices; best, $[illegible]; others, $4@[illegible]; milch cows and springers steady.

Sheep and lambs—Market steady at last week's prices; a few extra early sales at $[illegible]; best lambs, $6; heavy lambs, $[illegible]; light to common lambs, $[illegible]; fair to good sheep, $[illegible]; culls and common, $2@[illegible].

Hogs—Market 20c to 30c higher than last Thursday. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, $[illegible]; pigs, $[illegible]; light yorkers, $[illegible]; stags one-third off.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle steady. Hogs slow; heavy, $[illegible]; [illegible] $[illegible]. Sheep slow; top lambs, $[illegible]; heavy, $[illegible]; yearlings, $[illegible]; wethers, $[illegible]; ewes, $[illegible]. Calves, $[illegible]@10.25.

Grain, Etc.

Detroit—Wheat: Cash and December No. 2 red [illegible]; May opened without change at [illegible] and advanced to $1.00½; July opened at [illegible] and advanced to [illegible]; No. 1 white, [illegible].

Corn—Cash No. 2, 53c; No. 2 yellow, 56c; No. 3 yellow, 55c; new No. 3 yellow, 7 cars at 47½c; No. 4 yellow, 2 cars at 45½c; 4 at 45¼c; sample, 2 cars at 44c, 3 at 44½c, 2 at 43½c.

Oats—Standard, 2 cars at 35c; No. 3 white, 34½c.

Rye—Cash No. 1, 85½c; No. 2, 84½c.

Beans—Cash, $1.98, January, $2.

Cloverseed—Prime spot $9 bid, $9.10 asked; March $9.05; sample, 60 bags at $8.65, 25 at $8.50, 40 at $8.25, 27 at $7.75, 60 at $7.60, 30 at $7.50, 24 at $7.25; prime alsike, $9; sample alsike, 12 bags at $7.75, 8 at $8.50.

Timothy Seed—Prime spot, $4.15 nominal.

Feed—In 100-lb. sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, $27; coarse middlings, $25; fine middlings, $26; cracked corn and coarse cornmeal, $25; corn and oat chop, $24 per ton.

Flour—Best Michigan patent, $5.25; ordinary patent, $4.75; straight, $4.[illegible]; clear, $4.55; pure rye, $4.50; spring patent, $5.75 per bbl in wood.

Arthur V. Hill, manager of the Reliance Loan company, of Philadelphia, the first person to be convicted in Pennsylvania under a decision which classes money loan officers where usurious rates are charged as disorderly persons, was sentenced Monday to pay a fine of $500 and costs. His counsel immediately took an appeal.

Testifying at Jackson in the bribery case of George Maine, a boilermaker, ex-Warden Armstrong, now serving time in the Detroit house of correction, said he received $69.75 from the latter as a bribe in connection with the erection of an oil house on the Jackson prison grounds.

Because the woman he loved scorned him and sent her 8-year-old daughter out to get a policeman to arrest him, Edward Morris, of Grand Rapids, aged 31 years, a Pere Marquette yardman, stabbed Mrs. Martin, aged 27, five times in the face and once in the neck. He then cut his own throat. He will die; she will live.

Following a secret investigation, a committee of Kalamazoo aldermen was instructed to take steps to collect $20,000 from the Standard Paper Co., which is accused of illegally taking city water. The allegation is based on the testimony of employes of the company.