

POTATO SPRAYING

When spraying for the common potato beetle one can just as well control the late blight and leaf hopper with the same spraying.

A good spray can be obtained by dissolving four pounds of copper sulphate in 25 gallons of water and four pounds of freshly slacked lime in another 25 gallons of water. Mix these two and add about 1 1-2 pounds of Paris Green just before using. This can be made in smaller amounts, using the same proportions. This spray will then help control three of the worst potato enemies, potato beetle, late blight, and leaf hopper. It should be applied at least every two weeks for two or three applications. There are also some good commercial ready mixed sprays on the market which one can obtain.

—Read The Ad—

"Lobby" and "Lobbyists."

The word lobby is derived from the Latin "lobia," a portico, covered way or gallery, and in the modern sense refers to such a hall as an anteroom in a theater or adjacent to a legislative or audience chamber, where private persons are permitted to enter for the purpose of consulting with the members. In the political vocabulary of the United States, the term refers also to the persons who frequent this place for the purpose of influencing the votes of the legislators. Hence they are called "lobbyists" and their business "lobbying."

—Read The Ad—

Jud Tunkins.

Jud Tunkins says your so-called "good loser" is usually no more than a man who has sense enough to keep his mouth shut.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE WOMAN IN WHITE

By WILKIE COLLINS
Condensation by Alice Fox Pitts, New Bedford, Mass.



William Wilkie Collins, the son of a landscape and portrait painter, was born in London, January 8, 1824.

He died September 23, 1889. After some private education at home he spent three years in Italy with his father. On his return he became a clerk with a firm of tea merchants in London, but soon was not to his taste; he studied law at the famous Lincoln's Inn and was called to the bar in 1851. But he was still drifting; he was not attracted to the law, though he found his studies of great use to him in later days.

The death of the elder Collins in 1847 put the son partly in the way of finding himself, for he published his father's life in two volumes the next year. He had been turning over his experiences of three years' life in Italy, and in 1850 appeared his first novel, "Antonina, or the Fall of Rome," "Basil" was published in 1852, and "Hide and Seek" in 1854. He had not attracted the attention of the public as yet. The great event of his life, however, came in 1851, when he made the acquaintance of Charles Dickens.

IT WAS a close and sultry night early in August. And I, Walter Hartwright, master of drawing, aged twenty-eight, was walking from Hampstead to London. In one moment every drop of blood in my body was brought to a stop by the touch of a hand laid gently on my shoulder. There, in the middle of the high road, stood a woman dressed from head to foot in white garments. She asked me the way to London. I told her; and we parted.

Ten minutes later a carriage passed me and a few yards beyond stopped near a policeman. A man put his head from the window and asked: "Have you seen a woman pass this way—a woman in white? She has escaped from my asylum." At a shake of the policeman's head, the carriage drove rapidly on.

The next day I was at Limeridge house, Cumberland, in the service of Frederick Fairlie, Esq. I was there to instruct his two young nieces in the art of painting. I found Marian Halcombe to be dark and ugly, but intelligent. Laura Fairlie, her half-sister, was light, pretty and dependent. They were devoted to each other, and before my engagement was up, I admired the one and loved the other.

My feelings were the cause of my leaving Limeridge house. Marian Halcombe brought to me a realization of my own heart. "You must leave," she said, "not because you are only a teacher of drawing, but because Laura Fairlie is engaged to be married."

A few days before I left Cumberland, while walking alone in the evening, I was confronted by the same face which had first looked into mine on the London high road by night. But I was startled less by its sudden reappearance than by my immediate recognition of an ominous likeness between this fugitive from the asylum and my fair pupil at Limeridge house. Still greater was my consternation when the woman admitted having come to the neighborhood for the sole purpose of thwarting the proposed marriage of Laura Fairlie.

I left Limeridge house, and soon after embarked on an expedition to Central America. The same year Laura Fairlie became the bride of Sir Percival Glyde, Bart., and with her sister went to live at Blackwater park, her husband's country estate. Count Fosco, an audacious and domineering Italian, and his wife were guests of the household. But all was not as harmonious as an English country party should be. Lady Glyde and her sister, as inseparable and confiding as ever, felt a perceptible coolness rising between them and the two gentlemen. Coolness turned to suspicion and soon to fear.

Then it was that Lady Glyde met the Woman in White. The mysterious person stole noiselessly up to her in the twilight one evening and whispered: "If you knew your husband's secret, he would be afraid of you. He would not dare use you as he has used me. I ought to have saved you before it was too late." But before the secret was told there were footsteps in the distance and the woman moved stealthily away.

Sir Percival learned of the brief interview, and was afraid of his wife. He demanded, begged, threatened her to tell him all she knew. What had been a battle of wits between the two sisters and the two men became a struggle of strategy, and the women lost the fight. Lady Glyde was 'decoyed' into leaving Blackwater park for Count Fosco's London home. Less than two weeks later a tombstone in Cumberland bore this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Laura, Lady Glyde."

On my return from Central America the same year, I heard of the death, and immediately visited the grave. As I approached it, two women came towards me. One was Marian Halcombe, the other was veiled, but when she raised this covering from her face, there looking at me, was Laura, Lady Glyde. She was pale, nervous and depressed—more perfect than ever in her resemblance to the Woman in White.

Marian Halcombe told me what she knew. She had found her sister in an asylum, and in the grave at our feet was her mysterious double. Sir Percival's boldness and Count Fosco's cleverness had succeeded in exchanging the destinies of the two women. The circumstance had netted these two gentlemen some 50,000 pounds, derived from the estate of Lady Glyde.

The fortune was gone beyond recall, but Lady Glyde's true identity might yet be established in the face of such evidence as her death certificate and tombstone, and the incredulity of her friends and relatives. This I determined to do. Cast upon the world alone, the sisters readily agreed to allow me to take up their fight, and I determined that Laura should one day re-enter her father's estate recognized by all.

It soon was apparent that Sir Percival and Count Fosco were the persons I must fight. I worked secretly, but directly, for I had no funds with which to carry on a fight through the courts. The secret with which the Woman in White had threatened Sir Percival seemed to me to be the key to the whole situation. Through a series of inquiries, working always under the watch of spies, I found it opportune to look up the marriage registration of Sir Percival's parents. I found it in a little country church—and it was forged. I was no sooner in possession of the knowledge of his illegitimate birth than Sir Percival, in furious desperation to destroy the evidence, entered the little church by night, set fire to the structure, and through the agency of his own stupidity and an old-fashioned wooden lock, trapped himself into an awful death.

Laura was free of her husband, but she remained an outcast—a woman dead to her friends and relatives. I was still determined this should not be. My only hope of success lay in Count Fosco, who alone had the evidence which could establish her legal existence. But to acknowledge Lady Glyde's identity would be to admit his guilt of one of the greatest of crimes. My task looked difficult, but an unknown agency came to my aid.

Count Fosco was a traitor to one of the world-wide Italian secret societies. The knowledge came to me by chance, but it served me in good stead. I went to his house one night and bartered my silence for the evidence of Laura's existence. Count Fosco, in a long exposition, gave the details of his own and Sir Percival's cunning. Then he left England forever. To clear up the last shred of mystery surrounding the Woman in White, I sought out her childhood home. I pieced together her story from her old friends and relatives. Fate had made her the illegitimate half-sister of her counterpart and the chance possessor of Sir Per-

cial's secret.

My labors ended, Marian Halcombe and her sister, who was now my wife, returned to the happy companionship of those days at Limeridge house before Sir Percival's cunning had usurped the consummation of our love. On the death of Laura's uncle some months later, her son and mine became the heir of the estate and fortune of the house of Limeridge.

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BIRD'S FUN WITH SQUIRREL

Cheerful Little Nuthatch Caused Redit to Lose His Temper and Use Bad Language.

A red streak flashed down the limb on which the nuthatch was working. That was the squirrel. A fraction of a second ahead of the squirrel there was a wing of gray and white. That was the nuthatch, Samuel Scoville, Jr., writes in Yale Review. Before the squirrel could even recover his balance there was a cheerful rat-tat-tat behind. As the squirrel turned, the rapping sounded on the under side of the branch. His bushy red tail quivered, and, using some strong squirrel language, he dived back into his hole. He was hardly out of sight when the nuthatch was tapping again at his door. Once more the squirrel rushed out chattering and sputtering. Once more the nuthatch was not there. Then he tried chasing the bird around the limb, but the nuthatch could turn in half the time and space, and moreover, did not have to be afraid of falling, for a drop of 50 feet to frozen ground is as safe even for a red squirrel. The irritating thing about the nuthatch was that no matter how hard the squirrel chased him he never stopped for a second tapping away at the branch, feeding even as he ran. Finally Mr. Squirrel went back to his home and stayed there while the nuthatch tapped in triumph all around his hole, although muffled chattering from within expressed the squirrel's unvarnished opinion of that nuthatch.

The Necessary Horse.

"Do you think the motor will entirely supersede the horse?"

"I hope not," replied Farmer Corntassel. "There must be some market for hay. I depend on what I make on hay to buy gasoline."

IT WAS in the days when African slavery flourished under the free skies of America. Evil times had befallen the house of Shelby, and pressing debt required the sacrifice of a portion of the holdings of the Kentucky planter in human chattels. Uncle Tom instead of the freedom that had been promised him as the reward of a lifetime of devoted service found himself torn from wife, home and children, transferred to the hands of an unscrupulous trader, and consigned to the terror-ridden slave-markets of the lower Mississippi. So trusted had the black man been that numerous avenues of escape lay open to him. Of one of these, in the dead of winter, over the ice-bound waters of the Ohio river, by the "underground" to Sandusky, and thence to freedom in Canada, the mulatto-girl Eliza, and her son who had been sold at the same time, had availed themselves. But Tom's fidelity to his master was too strong, and fearing to involve him in further difficulties he bravely faced the miseries of the future.

"I am in the Lord's hands," said he to those who tried to persuade him to escape, "and there'll be the same God there that there is here."

"Well, it's a nasty mean shame, Tom!" sobbed his master's son George, as he bade the old slave farewell. "But remember—some day I'll come down and buy you back."

The voyage down the Mississippi with the slave-gang to which Tom was attached was filled with scenes and episodes of woe and tragedy, but Tom found relief from sorrow in the companionship of a fellow-passenger, a faty-like little girl, full of the smiling spirit of play, who fascinated by Tom's unusual dexterity in the making of strange toys dear to the hearts of children, clung to him as to an old and beloved friend.

"Where are you going, Tom?" she asked one day.

"I dunno, Missy," said Tom. "Reckon I'm gwine to be sold to somebody—but I dunno who."

"Well, my father can buy you," said she, "and I'll ask him to this very day."

"Thank you, my little lady," smiled Tom, gratefully.

And his "little lady" she soon became, for the brave black won little Eva's life back from the swirling waters of the Mississippi into which she had fallen, and in sheer gratitude for her deliverance the child's father, Augustine St. Clare, bought him from the trader.

The scene now changes to New Orleans, where in a beautiful home, in daily comradeship with his little mistress, Tom for a time was happy. St. Clare, his new master, was kindly and sympathetic, and while of an easy-going disposition a dawning consciousness of the iniquity of slavery had come into his soul, a consciousness confirmed and accentuated by his daily contemplation of the nobility of heart of the faithful Tom. Two years of this unlooked for happiness passed away, and once more Tom was face to face with misfortune. His flower-like little companion, growing daily more and more fragile, herself in spite

of her years envisaging and depressed by the wickedness of the system of slavery which not only destroyed the souls of the oppressed, but debased the character of the oppressors, finally died. Heart-broken over his loss St. Clare found comfort only in the companionship of the equally heart-broken Tom, and one day in a sudden surge of gratitude he promised the old man his freedom, but the light of joy that shone in Tom's face when he heard the promise disconcerted him.

"You haven't had such a bad time here that you should be so glad to leave me," he said sadly.

"Tain't havin' ye, Marse St. Clare," said Tom, "it's bein' free that I'm a-joyin' in."

But it was not to be. The easy-going nature of St. Clare caused him to delay Tom's emancipation papers, and one night trying to separate two drunken brawlers intent upon killing each other St. Clare was himself stabbed to death; and in the settlement of his estate Tom once more found himself at the auction-block.

Enter now one Simon Legree, a master of far different type from Shelby and St. Clare. A brute, and a drunkard. A beast whose glance was an insult to womanhood. A fiend who prided himself upon his inflexible brutality, and with brutish satisfaction showed to all who would look, his knuckles caloused with the blows he had inflicted upon the helpless. To him by virtue of length of purse fell Tom who now tasted the tragic dregs of the cup of slavery. The manifest contrast between his own crass brutality and the high-minded character of his chattel aroused the envious wrath of his new owner, who endeavored by every wicked expedient possible to break Tom's spirit, and his unalterable faith in divine guidance.

"I'll die first," Tom replied, simply. "Well, here's a plow dog—a saint—a gentleman!" sneered Legree.

"Didn't ye ever read in your Bible, Servants obey your Masters? And ain't I your Master? Didn't I pay twelve hundred dollars cash for ye, and ain't ye mine, body and soul?"

"No, Marse Legree," replied Tom, through the tears and blood that coursed down his cheeks. "My soul ain't yours! It's been bought and paid for by one that is able to keep it. Ye may kill my body, but ye can't harm my soul."

Now, according to the nature of his kind Legree was superstitious, and while his hatred increased, he began to fear in the presence of his fearless possession. In Tom's presence what passed for a conscience was aroused within him. Some of the unspeakable crimes of which in his lustful gratifications, and through his murderous instincts, he had been guilty began to prey upon him. Dark things had happened in the decayed old mansion in which Legree dwelt, and in common with the ignorant blacks by whom he was surrounded Legree began to have fears, accentuated by the delirium of drink, of impending visitations by ghosts. Taking advantage of those fears, his one-time mistress, Cassie, a woman of subtle powers, herself a slave, conspired with Emmaline, an attractive mulatto whom Legree was endeavoring to install in her place, to destroy his peace of mind, and ultimately himself by means of wraithful appearances and weird sounds in the turret of the old mansion. Pretending to escape through the swamps, eluding their pursuers, they returned to the house, and lay hid there for days, working their soul-stirring stratagem upon the worried Legree. Legree at the head of a pursuing party made up of negroes and blood hounds sought the missing women in the swamps and forests by which his isolated plantation was surrounded, but in vain; and in the rage of failure, believing him to have been party to the escape, he turned upon Tom.

"Well, ye black beast," he roared, in a paroxysm of baffled rage, "I've made up my mind to kill ye."

"Very likely, Marse Legree," replied Tom, calmly.

"Unless ye tell me what ye know about these yer gals," said Legree.

"I hain't got nothin' to tell, Marse," said Tom.

"Don't ye dare tell me that ye don't know, ye old black Christian," cried Legree in angry contempt, striking him furiously.

"Yes—I know, Marse," said Tom, "but I can't tell anything. I can die."

"Hark ye, Tom," roared Legree, in a terrible voice. "This time I mean what I say. I'll conquer ye, or I'll kill ye! I'll count every drop of blood in your body till you give up."

"Marse," said Tom, "if you was sick, or in trouble, or dyin', and it would save ye, I'd give ye my heart's blood, and if takin' every drop of blood in this poor old body of mine would save your precious soul, I'd give 'em freely as the Lord gave his for me. Do the worst ye can. My troubles will soon be over, but if ye don't repent, yours won't never end!"

For a moment Legree stood aghast awed into silence by Tom's absolutely fearless reliance upon his faith, but only for a moment. There was one hesitating pause, and the spirit of evil within him, defied, rose with seven-fold vehemence. Foamg with rage he struck his victim to the ground and gave him over to be flogged to ribbons.

Two days later George Shelby, Tom's boy-friend from Kentucky, now grown to manhood, appeared to fulfill his promise of redemption, but he came too late. Tom lay dying of his wounds.

Report of the condition of the Crystal Falls National Bank, at Crystal Falls, Michigan at the close of business, June 30, 1921.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts, including rediscounts	247,750.74
Total loans	247,750.74
Overdrafts, unsecured	176.60
U. S. Government Securities owned:	
Deposited to Secure Circulation (U.S. bonds par value)	50,000.00
All other U. S. Government Securities	12,429.54
Total	62,429.54
Other bonds, stocks, securities, etc.	47,614.24
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	22,696.08
Lawful Reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	17,254.87
Cash in Vault and due from National Banks	28,251.13
Net assets due from banks, bankers, and trust companies in the U. S. other than included in items 8, 9 and 10	528.03
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than item 12)	405.03
Total of items 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13	24,184.19
Checks on banks located outside of city or town of reporting bank and other cash items	1,658.22
Redem. fund with U. S. Treas. and due from U. S. Treas	1,400.00
Total	\$425,164.48
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	50,000.00
Surplus Fund	12,500.00
Undivided profits	10,697.46
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	4,978.27
5,719.19	
Circulating notes outstanding	48,900.00
Certified checks outstanding	61.90
Cashier's checks on own bank outstanding	1,416.76
Total of items 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25	1,478.66
Individual deposits, subject to check	132,614.73
Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to reserve items 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31	132,614.73
Certificates of deposit (other than for money borrowed)	2,540.00
Other time deposits	171,111.93
Tot. of time depos. sub. to reserve items 32, 33, 34, 35	173,651.90
Total	\$425,164.48

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Iron—ss:
I, G. A. Brotherton, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

G. A. BROTHERTON, Cashier.

Correct—Attest:
JOHN R. STOLBERG,
THOMAS WILLS,
W. J. REYNOLDS
Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of July, 1921.
OTTO NELSON, Notary Public.

My commission expires May 6th, 1925.



All In a Day's Work

His gun held ready, his eyes glancing about eagerly, a man in hunter's garb moved silently through a North Michigan swamp. Suddenly the beat of flapping wings sounded. Quickly raising gun to shoulder, he fired. "A miss!" he growled disappointedly as the duck rose high into the air and disappeared from view. But—had the duck hunter missed?

Called from his bed that night (it was raining) one of the repair men went out to investigate the trouble. Following the toll lead, he drove more than a score of miles in the darkness and rain and tramped additional miles through a swamp. Using a flashlight, he finally found the source of the trouble—an insulator that had been shot off.

Interruptions in telephone service, we repeat, may be due to a thousand and one causes. The foregoing is a statement of an actual incident. A thousand similar stories could be written. The point is just this: Through all such difficulties, night and day, regardless of weather conditions, the people of the Telephone Company are doing their duty to the public by being constantly on the job to keep service up to its high standard.

MICHIGAN STATE



TELEPHONE COMPANY
Telephone Service for Michigan