

Mortgage Sale.
 Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by John Lighthill and Anna Lighthill his wife, of Owosso, Michigan to Mary D. Waugh of the township of Bennington, County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, dated the 14th day of January, A. D. 1915, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for the County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, on the tenth day of February, A. D. 1915 in Liber 129 of Mortgages, on page 140 on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal and interest the sum of four hundred fifty-two and 00/100 dollars, and an attorney's fee of twenty-five dollars as provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof. Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided on Monday the 27th day of July, A. D. 1914 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the undersigned will, at the front door of the Court House in the City of Corunna, that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee is held, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount so as aforesaid due on said mortgage, with six per cent interest and all legal costs, together with said attorney's fee, to-wit:
 Lots seventeen and eighteen in block three (3) George T. Abrey's Woodlawn Park Addition to the City of Owosso according to recorded plat thereof, Shiawassee County, State of Michigan.
 MARY D. WAUGH,
 Mortgagee.
 KILPATRICK & PIERPONT,
 Attorneys for Mortgagee,
 Address, Owosso, Mich.

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 U. PHONE 519.

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Greeting a Gun Handler

With a Surprise All Around

By VINGIE E. ROE
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That the old west was not entirely gone was apparent on every side as the shoddy old coach lumbered along. But that it was making its last pathetic stand was equally plain in the dotting homesteads, in the telephone line that had timidly followed the bold road of the stage line for many miles.

A woman and three men rocked and bumped on the shabby seats inside, and the driver, a weathered old timer, who handled his four lines with the deftness of lifelong habit, swayed on the boot, straight as an Indian, in his blue flannel shirt.

The woman was slim and handsome, about thirty years of age, clad in the last word of urban taste—the east by every sign and token.

And yet she bore one earmark of the west—she "traveled light." Only one small alligator bag was to her credit amid the luggage.

Of the other passengers one was patently a traveling man, a dapper young man of the new west; one was a rancher, middle aged and calm, and one was that motley offspring of the old and the new, an irresponsible hybrid, taking the worst strains of both parents. He was neither a cowboy, a miner nor a rancher; neither a farmer, a promoter nor a business man, and yet he partook a little of all.

He was loud voiced, with the overdrawn vocabulary of story book wild westerners. His clothes were as motley as himself—a sombrero, a light flannel shirt exaggeratedly open necked, broadcloth trousers, patent leather shoes and a cartridge belt from whose two holsters glowered the black butts of a couple of guns.

He monopolized the conversation and cast bold glances at the young woman. "Yes," he said loudly, "the west ain't what it usta be. It's be'n over-run with these here d— Easterns."

"I've met a few of 'em," said the rancher quietly, "an' I've noticed that most of 'em make it a p'int not to cuss before ladies—specially when that same is shut up in a stage with the cusser an' can't help themselves."

The woman shot the interrupter a grateful glance which struggled with a smile for mastery. "Hey," said the bully, "meanin' me?"

The rancher looked calmly out at the drooping hills, clad in their noble vestments of constantly heightening pines. "Shoe pinch?" he asked of the scenery.

The other studied him a moment in suspicious perplexity. "Old man," he said largely, "a few years back you'd 'a' got plugged fer that."

"Maybe. But the west has changed—also its men." The woman could not repress the smile that twitched her handsome mouth, and she gazed out of the window at the beautiful road winding and climbing among the ledges.

The dapper traveling man fidgeted uneasily, edging away from the blatant black guns.

The owner saw the signs of the tenderfoot and mistook the woman's absorbed study of the landscape for the fear of himself he loved to instill.

"Therefore he talked with heightened vigor. "Yes, sir, the west ain't what it was. Why, they's been a horse thief rustlin' up on Sleepy Fork fer months, an' they ain't men enough in the country to catch him—an' string him up."

He glanced at the woman, expecting a shiver of horror. He thought he saw it and pressed his line of talk.

"Five, yes, three years back he'd 'a' be'n in h— in heaven by now. An' fifteen—why, ef he'd 'a' be'n tryin' his don'ts in Big Bill Dally's time he'd 'a' furnished sport for the countryside. Now, there was a man! I know the time he rode into Circle and shot three of the Burgess gang all by his lonesome. He was a gun man right!"

The trim shoulders in the blue traveling suit shivered perceptibly, and the red lips of the woman drooped from their amused smile.

The bully went on delightedly: "Hain't many of us left of the old gun handlers. I know when Big Bill trimmed a Johnny Eastern's new sombrero into a lacework fringe on his head. Gee! Them was days! Hain't but a few of us left!"

The traveling man was gnawing his small mustache, and the fingers of his immaculate hands were gripped tight together.

The rancher's kindly eyes took in the pain in the woman's face. "No," he said, "they hain't any left." "Oh, I don't know," said the other in an exaggerated offhandedness, hitching his holsters a bit to the fore. "No, I don't know. I'm goin' up on Sleepy Fork right now."

"The men of the old days shot," he said with contemptuous sarcasm; "they didn't talk. It's the mark of the new west—these talkers like!"

The sentence was never finished. There was a startled "Whon!" from the old timer on the boot, a gathering

of taut lines, a creaking grind of brake, and the lumbering old coach lurched to a stand in the presence of grim tragedy.

At the side of the road where it turned around a shoulder and spread out in a wide ledge a dozen men went about a work so wild, so amazing in its steadiness as to bring forward with a jerk that old west of which the little company in the stage were speaking.

With their backs to a ragged pine, their arms pinioned at their sides and their silver stars gleaming ridiculously on their khaki shirts, two officers of the law watched in white wrath the deliberations of the rest.

These others, nine men in corduroys, wide hats and flannel shirts, were masked. One man alone was bareheaded, barefaced, and he stood among them with his hands tied and a rope about his neck. Its huge knot stood out prominently under his left ear. He was a bad type, a heavy featured, bold eyed man, whose record of evil was stamped upon his face.

One of the others was casting the loose end for a high limb as the newcomers stopped abreast. With a disdainful disregard for interference this bunch of avengers worked in silence, not even protesting against the stopping of the stage.

Not so the two officers against the tree. "For heaven's sake," cried one hoarsely, "get out of there, you men, and stop this outrage! This man is our prisoner—suspected horse thief from Sleepy Fork—and we were taking him to Circle to the federal jail when these men took him from us by force! Get out and do something!"

All left the stage except the traveling man, who crouched back in one corner, and later when the party returned he was found in a faint. As the bully got out he tried to edge around so as to get behind some of the others as much as possible.

The big black guns in the holsters of the bully attracted the eyes of the sheriff. "I deputize you!" he yelled. "Cut these ropes and give me a gun! Stop them!"

"Why—why?" said the bully, "why this hain't!"

At this moment the rope sallied over the high limb, fell, swung, was caught by a dozen eager hands and snatched taut in an instant.

The eight masked men stepped back all together, took good grip, their hands reaching high along the rope, and, lifting one foot each for purchase and start, heaved hard away.

The rancher was old in the ways of the wilderness, and he stood silent, being unarmed, only his dilating, kindly eyes showing his horror. The bully was agape with his hands up, transfixed in the presence of death.

Only the slim, handsome woman behind them was keenly alive, it seemed. As that tragic line swayed tautly backward and down her two white hands, from which she had stripped the gloves, reached forward. The sensitive fingers closed caressingly around the gun butts at the bully's hips, there was a flash of gun metal, a spring of the slim blue clad figure to one side, and the next instant the hills awoke to thunder as the horse thief rose, struggling, in the air.

The first shot, a perceptible second apart, was for the spokesman who covered the two men and the driver on the box, and it sent his gun hurtling against the rocks of the roadside.

Then, in such swift succession as to seem a roaring volley, the black guns spoke together, and one by one, like leaves falling in a wind, every second hand dropped, red and shattered, from the rope above their heads.

The miserable thing at the rope's end fell to the earth in a heap.

Yells, screams, curses rose in fantastic clamor as five men flung useless arms in panic. The others, their grip so low as to be shielded by their comrades' bodies, sprang away.

"Don't move," said a clear voice cuttingly. "I have a few shots left."

She nodded to the rancher. "Loosen that rope on that man's neck, thank. Now the officers."

"Now," said the woman at last, "you may go—all of you. And don't look back."

Without protest the masked line strung out, a grotesque procession, and disappeared down the white road, its progress marked by trailing sprinkles in the dust.

Then speech broke out among those left, and the officers and the old driver were for almost groveling before her. "What nerve! Where do you come from?"

But the woman only smiled and would answer nothing.

She handed the black guns to the gun man with a smile. "The west hain't what it was," she said. "It's be'n sp'iled by these Johnny Easterns!"

But the bully had no word. He simply climbed up on the boot beside the driver.

At sundown the stage lumbered into the forgotten town among the mountains. The woman looked wistfully around with the light of dim remembered things in her eyes.

As they alighted at the tumbledown shack that had once been Meadow Mine's hotel the rancher took off his hat as he helped her out. "I may be buttin' in on what you don't want to talk about," he said, "but I've seen Big Bill Dally shoot the buttons off a bad man's vest, an' he had a draw like no one's in the world—a sort of flip an' flourish. You throwed his draw."

His bright, kindly eyes held an unspoken question.

The woman smiled. "Why shouldn't I?" she said calmly. "I'm his daughter. He taught me how to shoot before he died ten years ago."

BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

BIBLE STUDY ON
 WHAT BLIND BARTIMAEUS SAW.
 Mark 10:46-52—July 19.

"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing."—Isaiah 35:5, 6.

IT was the Passover season, and many were journeying toward Jerusalem. Bartimaeus, a blind beggar, sat by the wayside.

Hearing an unusual commotion, he inquired the cause. The answer was that Jesus had just passed by.

Bartimaeus had heard that Jesus was the reputed Messiah who, according to Scripture, would eventually bless the whole world and remove sin, sickness, sorrow and pain. He had heard that already Jesus was healing the sick, casting out devils and opening blind eyes.

His faith and hope flamed up, and he shouted, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!"

Be quiet! Do not interrupt the great Teacher; He is talking to others, said the passersby. But Bartimaeus shouted louder than before, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!"

Jesus heard the voice, and bade the blind man come to Him. Helped by others, Bartimaeus finally found himself in Jesus' presence. The Master asked, "What wilt thou that I should do to thee?"

Promptly came the answer, "Lord, that I might receive my sight." Jesus replied, "Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole." Immediately he received sight, and followed in the concourse, praising the Divine power and acknowledging Jesus as the Messiah.

"Jesus, Thou Son of David." The blind man's words had a special significance to the Jews of his day which is lost so far as the multitudes of today are concerned. The Jews knew that Messiah as the great High Priest was prefigured by Aaron, and as the great Law-giver was typified by Moses, and as the great King was represented by Solomon. The unifying of all these lines of prophecy in Jesus is pictured in Melchizedek, who was a priest upon his throne—he had a double office. On the basis of the prophetic statement in Psalm 110:4, St. Paul shows the Divine foreintention in respect to Jesus and the character of the Messianic Kingdom.

The committee arranging these International Bible Studies evidently had in mind the fact that Jesus' miracles at His First Advent were the merest foreshadows of the greater works which He will accomplish at His Second Advent. In line with this thought they have given us as today's Golden Text Isaiah's prophecy respecting Messiah's Kingdom. This agrees with the general trend of the Apostolic teaching to the effect that Jesus' miracles illustrated the greater work of the Messianic Kingdom. We read, "These miracles did Jesus, and manifested forth His glory"; that is, showed in advance His Kingdom power.

Not for a moment are we to suppose that Jesus and His disciples attempted to heal all the sick of Palestine. On the contrary, those healed were such as manifested special faith. Bartimaeus had his eyesight restored because he cried out, because he would not listen to those who sought to turn aside his faith. When we come to understand that Jesus' miracles pictured forth the blessings of His Kingdom, we get the proper thought.

All the Blind Eyes Shall Be Opened. Whoever reads the Golden Text and thinks that merely natural blindness will be done away in Messiah's Kingdom sees only a small portion of the glorious work to be accomplished. The blindness of ignorance and superstition with which Satan has afflicted the race is far worse than physical blindness. The Scriptural declaration, "Every eye shall see Him, and they also that pierced Him," has undoubtedly reference to the eyes of understanding.

Jesus declared to His disciples, "Yet a little while, and the world seeth Me no more; but ye shall see Me." St. John says, "We shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." By the miraculous change of the First Resurrection the Church will be made spirit beings, and then will see the Master face to face, because spirit beings like Him. But the world will see Him only with the eyes of their understanding, just as believers now see the Father and Jesus—with the eye of faith—just as they see "the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him"—things seen by spiritual perception.—1 Corinthians 2:9, 10.

Similarly, during the Millennial Kingdom, all blinded eyes will be opened to see the goodness, the greatness, the love, the power, of God. Thus the world will come to know God, being helped to that knowledge through the Messianic Kingdom. All who avail themselves of the privileges then extended may attain that glorious degree of knowledge mentioned by Jesus, "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."

Blind Bartimaeus.

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