

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 5.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, AUG. 22 1902.

No 52



**Satisfactory Carpets**

That's the only kind of Carpets We sell.

We do not buy job lots or seconds that have been closed out at low prices in order to sell them at all. You will find that our Carpets are New Fresh Goods—New Patterns. You will always find us headquarters for all kinds of

**Satisfactory Floor Coverings**

Including Linoleums and Straw Matting. A good assortment of FURNITURE always on hand.

**C. H. WHITTINGTON,**  
Funeral Director and Embalmer,

Phone 66.  
**OPPOSITE LOVEDAY OPERA HOUSE**

ST 1897 XI

**BARGAINS**

Odds and Ends in Crockery at 1/2 price

**RACKET STORE**

Until August 10th.

H. G. HOLMES.

**Fitzhugh Lee Recognizes Dr. Robbins.**

One of the pleasant incidents connected with the late visit of General Fitzhugh Lee to Bay View was his recognition of Dr. J. J. Robbins, of Boyne Falls, as one of his paroled prisoners in 1862. At the time Dr. Robbins was hospital steward and was in charge of over one hundred sick and convalescent soldiers about 12 miles from Richmond, on the Pamunkey river. General Lee, as the advance of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's big raid around our army, came sweeping down on the squad, but General Lee paroled them then, including Dr. Robbins. Then came Stuart and the whole outfit was ordered sent into Richmond as prisoners but when in line the next morning getting ready for the march General Stuart changed his mind and paroled the whole bunch. But the confederates were in front and rear and they could not get away until the confederates moved northward on a boat was sent up the Pamunkey from Fortress Monroe for them. Dr. Robbins says that General Lee looks much now as he did then, barring the grey hair, for even as a young man he was not sylph-like in form.—Petoskey Record.

Foley's Kidney Cure is a medicine free from poisons and will cure any case of kidney disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine.  
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

**Prizes Offered For Sugar Beets.**

The Agricultural Society are offering special premiums for sugar beet acreage:—

For the best ten-acre field of sugar beets, \$8.00.

For the best five-acre field of sugar beets, \$5.00.

For the best one-acre field of sugar beets, \$3.00.

Entries for these prizes must be made ten days previous to the Fair under the regular rules for making entries and the Charlevoix Sugar Co.'s expert will examine the different fields carefully and decide who are entitled to the prizes.

Frequently campers find it hard to keep ice at hand and the food suffers for the want of it. A common clay flower-pot may be made good use of in keeping the butter cool and firm. Place the pot over the plate of butter and wrap around it a cloth wet in cold water, sprinkling water over the outside of the cloth as it becomes dry. Milk will remain cool and sweet if treated in the same manner.

**List of Advertisers' Letters.**

Unclaimed letters for the week ending Aug. 18.

- Avery, Adam,
- Aldrich, H.,
- Beulah, Miss-Vena,
- Baker, Wellington,
- Leroy, Levi,
- Reed, Miss Clarissa
- Tike, Mrs. Mary J.,

E. N. CLINK, P. M.

**THE BLUE LAWS.**

The blue laws of Connecticut were so called because they were printed on blue tinged paper. These are some of them:

"No one shall be a freeman or have vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion."

"No dissenter from the essential worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing magistrates or any officer."

"No food or shelter shall be offered to a heretic."

"No one shall cross the river on the Sabbath but an authorized clergyman."

"No one shall travel, cook vituals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day."

"No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or fasting days."

"The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset Saturday."

"Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace above one shilling a yard, shall be presented to the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the estate \$300."

"Whoever brings cards or dice into the Dominion shall be fined £5."

"No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet or Jewsharp."

"No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without obtaining the consent of her parents. £5 penalty for the first offense, £10 for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court."—Ex.

Some new and striking metaphors were sprung at the last session of congress. Representative Corliss, of Michigan is responsible for this query: "Shall the wheels of progress be shackled by this cable octopus?" One critic ventures the suggestion that it would be difficult to use an eight-armed cephalopod for shackling purposes on a wheel at the bottom of the Pacific. Senator Proctor spoke the other day of "holding out the butt end of the olive branch."

**Legally Dead.**

The Shannons appear in "Legally Dead" a beautiful story in 4 acts which are full of comedy. Ada Lorene Shannon will appear as Sharley wearing some beautiful gowns. Little Harry appears as Warren one of the Comedy roles, which he plays in a true comedian style. Little Hazel appears in an emotional role with as much ease and grace as any of our leading ladies. The Shannons are supported by a company of much merit, by far the strongest ever carried by them. Elegant special scenery is carried for the production, none of the house scenery being used. Clever specialties lend to the charm of the performance. At Loveday Opera House next Monday night, Aug. 25th—one night only.

**CONSUMPTION THREATENED.**

"I was troubled with a hacking cough for a year and I thought I had consumption," says C. Unger, 211 Maple St., Champaign, Ill. "I tried a great many remedies and I was under the care of physicians for several months. I used one bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. It cured me and I have not been troubled since."  
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

One can't help but wonder what the future will bring forth when a girl named Green marries a man named Apple, says the Logansport (Ind.) Journal. As a rule green apples are not conducive to happiness, but the minister who wedded these two people declared in so doing he had made them a happy pear.

**A PHYSICIAN HEALED.**

Dr. Geo. Ewing, a practicing physician of Smith's Grove, Ky., for over 30 years, writes his personal experience with Foley's Kidney Cure: "For years I had been greatly bothered with kidney and bladder trouble and enlarged prostate gland. I used everything known to the profession without relief until I commenced to use Foley's Kidney Cure. After taking three bottles I was entirely relieved and cured. I prescribe it now daily in my practice and heartily recommend its use to all physicians for such troubles. I have prescribed it in hundreds of cases with perfect success."  
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

**SEED FOR SALE.**

Anyone in need of Milkweed, Burdock or other noxious weeds can get A No. 1 seed by applying to Max Scheffels who can show you plenty of it in his neighborhood.

FOR RENT—The John Eagan house Apply to E. N. Clink.

**Excursion to Mackinaw**  
Via Detroit & Charlevoix R. R.

The Detroit & Charlevoix Railroad will run an excursion train on Sunday next, August 24, leaving South Arm at 5:00 a. m., running to Frederic where connection is made with the Mackinaw excursion train on the Michigan Central road, arriving at Mackinaw at 10:00 a. m. Returning leaves Mackinaw at 7:25 p. m. and Frederic at 10:30 p. m. The round trip rate on the Michigan Central from Frederic to Mackinaw is \$1.10 On the Detroit & Charlevoix R. R. the round trip rate is, to Frederic, \$1.00; to Deward, 75c.; to Alba, 50c.; to Green River, 40c.; to Graves' Camp, 35c.; to Jordan River, 25c.  
You can't afford to miss this trip.

**Soldiers' Reunion**

All Old Soldiers and their wives are invited to attend the Grand Traverse Soldiers and Sailors reunion at Central Lake, next week Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 26, 27 and 28th. The railroads make an excursion rate of one fare for the round trip; tickets sold the 26th and 27th, good to return until the 28th. Take your blankets and tent, go on the 1:20 train in the afternoon and you will connect at Bellaire with train for Central Lake.  
J. W. ROGERS, Com.

**East Jordan & Southern R. R.**  
TIME TABLE.

In effect June 22, 1892.

SOUTH			NORTH		
No. 1	No. 2	Stations	No. 4	No. 3	
A. M.	P. M.		P. M.	A. M.	
9:00	1:20	East Jordan	4:30	11:30	
9:17	1:37	*Mt. Bliss	4:15	11:15	
9:28	1:46	Wards	4:07	11:07	
9:30	1:50	*Chestonia	4:04	11:04	
9:50	2:10	Hitchcock	3:50	10:50	
10:00	2:20	*Wolcott	3:41	10:41	
10:15	2:35	Bellaire	3:30	10:30	

All trains daily except Sunday. Trains run by central standard time. \*Flag stations; trains stop on signal to take on or let off passengers.  
W. P. PORTER, Gen. Manager. E. J. CROSSMAN, Traffic Manager.



NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Are you still paying rent

When you can't afford to do it?

\$7.50 will start you buying or building a home in the city or country. Our rates are \$7.50 on each \$1,000 you borrow per month; \$15 per month on each \$2,000, without interest and we credit you \$7 on each \$7.50 payment on your loan each month. 50 cents is the principal that this company does business on and is the only company that is incorporated and has a charter to do this business. Can you afford to pay rent when you can apply this rent money on the purchase price of a home? CALL or cut this out and send it, enclosing stamp for particulars to the

**UNITED STATES LOAN AND REALTY CO.**  
(Petoskey Branch.)

295 Jackson Street, Petoskey, Michigan

Name .....  
Street .....  
Town .....  
State .....

**C. G. LEWIS,**

Dealer in

**ORGANS and PIANOS**

Our Leaders,

**ESTEY, RIVERSIDE, CROWN**

All warranted 10 years. Sold on easy payments. Address

BOYNE, MICHIGAN.

**JOHN KENNY,**

—GENERAL—

**DRAYMAN**

Moves household goods, baggage and Mer- chandise of all descriptions.

Stove wood and lumber delivered.  
EAST JORDAN, MICH.

**DON'T BE FOOLED!**

Take the genuine, original **ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA** Made only by Madison Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitute. Ask your druggist.

**KIDNEY DISEASES**

are the most fatal of all diseases.

**FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE** is a Guaranteed Remedy

or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles.  
PRICE 50c. and \$1.00.

**Foley's Honey and Tar** cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

**WM. M. GILBERT,**

Practical House and

Sign Painter.

Plain and Decorative Paper Hanger.  
EAST JORDAN, MICH.

**CITY**

**Restaurant and Cafe.**

J. NELSON ROY, Prop'r.

(Successor to Winters Bro.)

Hot and Cold Lunches, Coffee, Etc., at all hours. Oysters in season. Cigars, Fruits and confectionery

**Frank A. Foster, M. D.**

**PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.**

Office, Main St. Opposite Whittington's store.

## BOOSINGER BROS.

To Our Customers:

We desire to have a heart to heart talk with you on the subject of

### CLOTHING.

Never in our history have we given so much attention to the subject. We are of the opinion that we are showing the handsomest array of popular priced Clothing ever presented to this community. The Newest and Swellest things in

Worsteds, Cheviots and Cassimeres, Including the popular "CORONATION CLOTHS," are the goods that have the first call.



SCHLOSS BROS. FINE CLOTHING DETROIT, MICH.

The Perfect Fitting, justly popular, absolutely reliable SCHLOSS BROS. Clothing has first place in the hearts of dozens of our customers who have bought this honest clothing for more than fifteen years of us, and we can only say of the new Fall line—Strictly up to the "Schloss" standard, and priced to meet the demands for the best made Clothing.

Moderate Prices, \$8.00 to \$18.00.

Our Motto: "Quality First of All."

**BOOSINGER BROS.**

# DARKEST AFRICA TO GLOW WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT

## VICTORIA FALLS TO BE HARNESED AND ITS POWER, GREATER THAN THAT OF NIAGARA, WILL BE UTILIZED TO DEVELOP A COUNTRY RICH IN GOLD, COPPER AND PRECIOUS GEMS

Cecil Rhodes had a notion that some day, long after he had gone to his rest beneath the bowlders on the Matappo hills, South Africa would rise up to compete with the United States just as the United States has risen to make Europe "hustle."

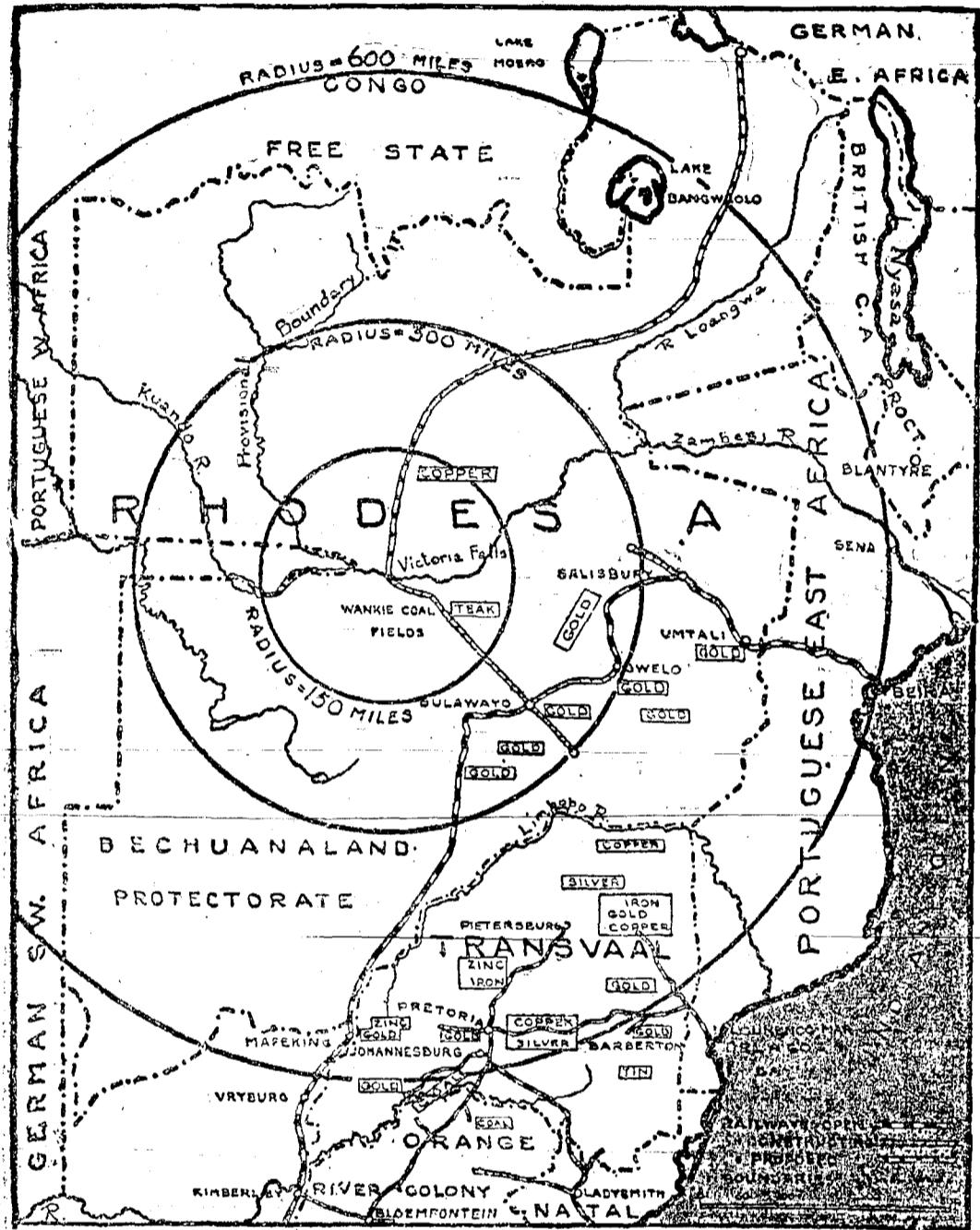
Whether or not that dream was too big for its foundation of facts, it is certain that one branch of its support is about to be erected, and that the results are going to be of far reaching interest and importance.

It will not be permissible to call Africa the Dark Continent when it

certain to be on the exact lines of that used at Niagara, and will probably come from America.

Naturally the exploiters of the Victoria falls will work along the lines which have been followed at Niagara and in other parts of the United States, and their plans for the future are being based chiefly on the results of American experiments. They are encouraged to believe that in time they will be able to transmit electricity economically to a distance of 400 miles, supplying power to the gold fields of Mazoe, Hartley and Lo Mag-

But after all the immediate possibilities of the Victoria falls in South Africa count for little in comparison with the remoter future in which Rhodesia may step forward as the great industrial country of the world. "That is my dream," said Mr. Willis, "and it seems to me not at all an absurd one. In the first place it is the richest gold country in the world—one-third of the world's most precious metal within eleven square miles—the richest diamond country, with seven-eighths of the world's most precious gems. The whole land is a mass of coal. The copper mines may be expected to make an immense difference. The country is well watered, all kinds of cattle flourish, and cereals of every variety in the world's copper trade, sort do well. There is any amount of cheap labor—the Kaffirs—and unlike the red Indians they multiply under white control. White children thrive in the country, for we are from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea level, with a climate much like that of Califor-



THE DISTRICT OF SOUTH AFRICA THAT CAN BE REACHED WITH ELECTRICITY FROM THE VICTORIA FALLS

has a tremendous electric light in the middle of it. Yet that is what it is going to have. The plan is not merely a dream, for within a few weeks an expedition sets out from London to make an actual beginning on the work of establishing at Victoria falls, on the Zambesi river, an electric power plant that will in time put to blush the famous turbines at Niagara falls. Just as Victoria falls themselves greatly exceed in height, width and grandeur those at Niagara.

It was Prof. George Forbes, an American engineer, who had taken a prominent part in the "harnessing" of the Niagara falls, who first suggested that the millions of horse-power which had been going to waste in the heart of Africa should be put to practical use.

A commission of electrical engineers, which may include two or three Americans, is now preparing to leave England to make all the arrangements for putting in the plant as soon as the machinery can reach the falls. That will be when Rhodesia Cape to Cairo railway, over which the material will have to be sent, is built up to the great cataract.

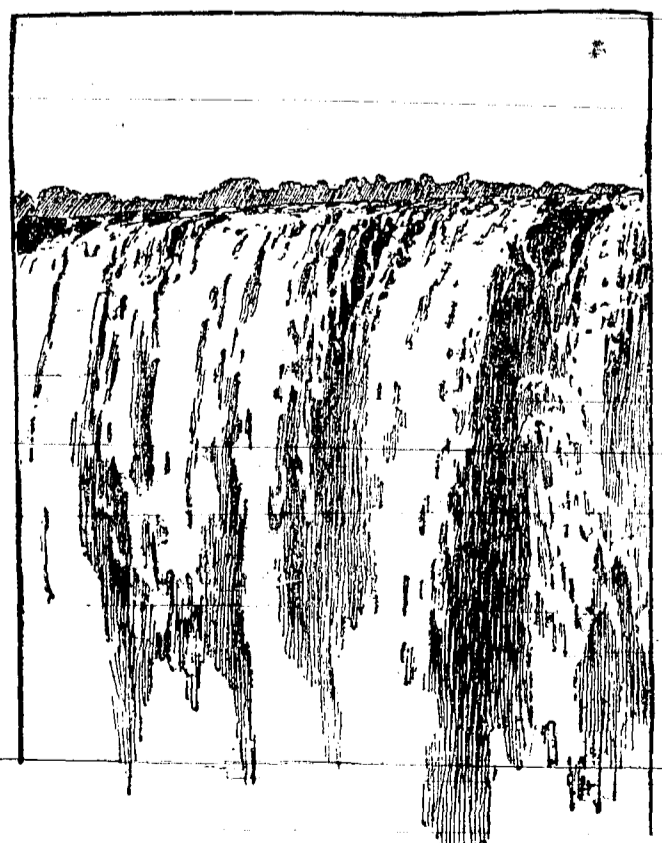
The men who are to build the power plant at the Victoria Falls probably will have as many close calls from wild beasts as those who have been working on the Cape to Cairo railroad and telegraph line have done, but they are not likely to have any trouble with the natives. Some time ago they elected to come under the protection of the Chartered company, and one of its administrators lives among them.

In speaking to the writer the other day, W. A. Willis, the secretary of the syndicate which is going to "harness" the Victoria falls, said that they expected to be supplying power wholesale in about fifteen years from now.

Nothing definite has been decided yet about the machinery that will be used for the plant, but it is almost

hunda, as well as to the towns of Bulawayo, Salisbury and Gwelo—power for electric lighting, telegraphs and telephones and the other up-to-date conveniences that make such a startling contrast to the hippopotami and lions.

nia. In time Rhodesia will be the one place in the world for a young man to go to. In fifty years we will have a tremendous population there and what part the Victoria falls may play then is a subject that is too big even for my imagination."



THE VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI, TWICE AS WIDE AND OVER TWICE AS HIGH AS NIAGARA

### "WHY WILL YOU DIE?"

IMPRESSIVE SERMON BY LYMAN BEECHER.

The Message of Ezekiel to the House of Israel Furnishes the Text—Reform the Lever to Lift the Mountain of Sin.

(Copyright, 1902.)

"Thus ye speak saying: If our transgressions and our sins be upon us, and we pine away in them, how should we then live?"—Ezekiel xxxiii, 10.

The house of Israel had become very wicked and were suffering in captivity the punishment of their sins.

They were like tares sown among good wheat. They were permitted to ripen, and the husbandman was ready with his sickle to cut them down and cast them into the fire to save the wheat.

They cried out in despair, not seeing any way open for their return to righteousness. They were hopeless.

It never entered their minds that they could reform. "We are too far gone," they thought within themselves, and the measure of our iniquities more than outweighs any full repentance.

The burden had increased until they felt it crushing them down—down—down.

How remove its weight? How could they release themselves from it? But again they cried in their despair, desponding: "Even if the burden be removed, how should we then live?"

They were simple people, these children of Israel. Wicked for a long space of time, then good for a short period. They alternated the evil and the good, with the evil in excess, and only a trace of good in the whole mass. Thus they lived their lives, but the time came when a dark specter arose before them. Repentance they knew was necessary, but of what use repentance? A mountain was pressing them down, and a spoonful of earth removed here and there would make no impression on its monstrous weight. A grain weight taken from a ton is not perceptible. They were lost, so they thought.

But the eye of the Lord was upon them. "Not a sparrow falleth." So he made it the duty of Ezekiel to save them from themselves. He was to show them that reform was the great lever that would lift the mountain of sin from their hearts. They were to be taught how to use that lever; how to remove that load.

Repentance is good and right and proper, but repentance and remorse are too often twin brothers, boon companions. Reform was and is the panacea. That means a change, a return to gather up the good that is cast away on the pathway of life, a retracing of the steps back to the forks where the straight road was rejected and the crooked one accepted.

Therefore, Ezekiel was commanded to expostulate with them and to banish their despondent apprehensions. The Most High condescended to reason them out of their despair, to reanimate their hope.

"Say unto them: As I live I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

The Lord was imploring a wicked people to turn and live.

Surely, this means reformation; grief, sorrow, repentance will come, but reform first; retrace your steps; begin again.

"As for the wickedness of the wicked, he shall not fall thereby in the day that he turneth from his wickedness. If he restore the pledge, give again that he had robbed, walk in the statutes of life without committing iniquity, he shall surely live, he shall not die."

We are forced to the true thought, in the commands of Ezekiel, that the work of reformation, in the time of great moral declension, is a difficult but not an impossible or impracticable work.

Take now thy soul, O man, and free it from the galling chains of sin; permit it no longer to be the galley slave of a tyrant. 'Tis difficult, but not impossible.

How difficult it is to reform, long experience demonstrates.

The sons of Belial, in a time of moral depression, are numerous and daring. The spirits of darkness have their prey almost within their clutch. They are emboldened by impunity. They declare themselves independent both of God and man; they are leagued by common interests to defend their usurped immunities. They are watchful and zealous, and the moment an effort is made to reform every mouth is open against the work; their clamors and threatenings, like the croakings of the frogs of Egypt, fill the land.

Strange it is, how difficult the lesson to learn, that sin is infamy and that reformation is glory and honor.

Men lament bitterly the prevailing evils of the day, and multiply predictions of divine judgment and speedy ruin. There are signs in the heavens, upon the earth; a fiery chariot appears at night; the waves of ocean rise up and overflow the land; a vast mountain explodes and destroys tens of thousands. Then the timids, the peacemakers, the fearful, arise and point to God. But if a voice be raised, or a finger be lifted to attempt a reformation,—not a mere remorse, repentance of spiritual cowardice, like that of one who hides from the lightning's flash—but a reformation, a return, a spiritual revolution, they are in a tremor lest the peace of society be invaded, lest social interests be damaged. Friends would be wounded in their pride, relatives

made unhappy. These could endure to see men live in infamy and die in despair, while they shrink from the imagined disgrace of applying a remedy which may rescue the victim, or limit the influence of his pestilent example. Men are ashamed to acknowledge Christ, but take pride in recounting their misdeeds.

The worldly maxim seems to be: "Better to die in sin, if we may but die quietly, than to purchase life and honor by contending for them." If men will be wicked, let them be wicked, if they will but be peaceable. Here we have wickedness transformed into virtue, and the reformation of the wicked a disturbance of the peace of society.

But peace purchased at such a price will destroy. There is no such thing as giving up laws to conciliate the favor of the flagitious. The degenerate Romans paid tribute to purchase peace of the northern barbarians, but every concession brought another still greater, until finally Rome went down under the mountain of bribery.

Who would not be glad to have vice suppressed and good morals promoted, if these events would come to pass of their own accord? But when the question is asked, what must be done? There is a panic, and the well-wishers of good morals go over to the enemy. The noise and clamor of flaunting, brazen wickedness frightens them, and they say: "Oh, we are stirring up disorder; we are disturbing the peace of society; it is safer and wiser for us to do nothing." So the enemy gains a victory against the side of truth. Suppose truth and virtue beat upon drums, blew trumpets and out-noised wickedness, would not the latter flee and leave the victory with the good?

Men are busy buying and selling; their professions are lucrative and their harvests rich. It is enough, and society must take care of itself; the coming generation must provide for its own safety. No one has an anxious thought concerning the future.

Alas, that I must say it! How eager men are to effect a reformation when it can be done with perfect safety to their political interests. Their popularity is at stake; the devil has votes, and they take their stand on a safe middle ground. They do not oppose either side—they wait, till they perceive Israel or Amalek prevail and then up go their hats in loud huzzas for the winning side.

Let me reduce the power of this temptation to carry water on both shoulders by laying down as a maxim, that when the toleration of crimes becomes the price of public suffrage—when the people will not endure the restraint of righteous laws, but reward with peace and position, officials who suffer them to sin, and wink at moral laws with impunity; and when office seekers sell their conscience and the public good for a little brief authority, a trifle of gain, then the public suffrage is of little value, for the day of liberty is drawing to a close, and the night of despotism is at hand.

Remember this: when the flagitious, the corrupt, the conscienceless control the government, the people may prepare for the chains of slavery, for the wicked rule with a rod of iron. No compact entered into by men is more unallowable than the tacit agreement between rulers and subjects, to dispense with the laws and tolerate crime.

Like the captive Israelites, we sit down and fold our hands, and sigh and weep and pray that something may be done, but at the same time we predict that nothing can be done. "It is a land that caten up the inhabitants thereof, and all the people that we saw in it are men of great stature. And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which came of the giants, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight."

Thus wailed the Israelites in their despondency. Nothing could be done; the work was too vast to be done at a stroke, so brave it could not all be done at once, nothing could be done.

When we think of reformation, the sins of the whole nation rise up before us in an appalling mass. The aggregation of its crimes fill us with despair. What? Refuse to do a little good because we can not do a great one? Where is our persevering industry? Have we forgotten that the land is formed of little grains of sand, and the mighty ocean of petty drops of water?

There are those who do not despair. Oh, no, they presume, which is as deadly. They pray and wait for God to deliver them. They have no conception of human exertion. But you may pray and wait forever, upon this principle, and the Lord will not come. For the kingdom of God is a kingdom of means, and though the supreme excellence of the power belongs to Him exclusively, human instrumentality is indispensable.

Not only is the individual, you yourself, jeopardized, but the life of the nation is at stake by your supineness. Do you expect the nation to live forever and flourish without a drawback in spite of the Supreme Being?

The desert places of the earth are filled with the ruins of great nations, powerful dynasties exist now only in a few broken columns that shelter jackals and beasts of prey. They existed without God. Where are they now? God still lives.

Are we better, or worse than we were? Are our morals improving? If you, then we may escape. But let us see. Has our material progress, our victories on land and sea purified our morals? Is the God of Heaven as universally worshipped in the family? Are our children as obedient and as faithfully instructed in religion and religious practices? Are

the laws against immorality and corruption as faithfully executed as they were? Is there a decrease of slander, falsehood and perjury? Is the Sabbath day remembered and kept holy with its ancient strictness? Did our fathers journey and labor on that holy day and do things with our impunity? Has there been no increase of intemperance?

So I might go and enumerate the whole decalogue, and what would be your answer?

It will amaze you to know that the ancient discipline of the family has been extensively neglected. Children have never been instructed in religion nor governed in early life as they were in the days of our fathers. That is the great obstacle in the way of moral and religious life—the children—they are the future people, the rulers, and they are neglected. I do not mean abandoned, but left to their own devices and taught wrong. Everybody has a new plan to train children; everybody is experimenting.

And how are we experimenting? Only this. A great discovery has been imported, a philosophic discovery from the undermined, effete systems of Europe, Asia and Africa, so to speak. We have discovered that human nature is too good to be made better by discipline; the children are enticed from the right way by inane instruction; they are driven from the path to the higher life by the rod and kept in thralldom by a conspiracy between the priests and legislators. We must change all that, say the disciples of the great discovery.

We multiply new prohibitions and prescribe new penalties, but of what avail are they when the very evil to be redressed is the non-execution of laws already competent enough if executed to our protection. We are wallowing in the dust of neglected laws, a mass of dust without life or vigor.

Truly "our transgressions and our sins are upon us, and we pine away in them." How shall we live? The institutions which are in danger are not only the institutions of this great nation, the institutions of Heaven provided to aid us in reaching eternal life—are crumbling. The laws which have lent their congenial influence to the immortal work of saving sinners; laws upon which the welfare of millions through eternity, depends, under God, upon their preservation, are being abrogated.

Are you prepared, oh, Christian father and mother, to blindly permit your beloved children to take part in this abrogation of God?

Let me entreat you, unhappy people, floundering about in the quagmire of uncertainty, to cease from your vain experiments and return to the old institutions which led to morality.

Why will you die? Why will you drive others of your fellow creatures to death? What is there so fearful in the idea of a beautiful heaven that causes you to flee from it? What attraction is there in the grimy smoke of the Lake of Pitch, that excites such frenzied exertion to burst every bond, overleap every mound to force your way downward to the chambers of everlasting death?

Stop! I beseech you, and repent, reform. God will blot out your transgressions and remember them no more. Stop, and the many who are treading in your footsteps by force of your example, will also stop and return. "As I live, I desire not the death of the sinner, but that he shall not die."

### DO OUR WOMEN WEAR SOCKS?

Custom in France, but New York Man Protests.

The following letter was recently sent to the New York Sun:

In Thursday's Sun I find a clipping from the Philadelphia Record about the wearing of socks by women in Philadelphia, and I am pained to hear that this custom has been adopted by the ladies of the Quaker City because it is of Parisian importation. I am sure, and Philadelphia cannot have anything in common with Paris. I do not assert positively that Paris women first introduced the custom, but I know that some years ago while in Paris I did as other visitors did, and still do, and one night went over to the Latin Quarter to see what could be seen at the Students' Ball. During my visit I talked with a couple of pretty girls, one of whom I asked if she were dancing—you know they dance the can-can there with great expression—and she very naively told me she was not because she was not wearing socks that evening. "Socks?" I queried, quite at a loss to understand. "Oh, yes," she explained. "You see, when we dance the can-can we wear socks. Show him, Marie," she added, turning to her companion. And Marie showed me with the pretty and piquant delicacy of a Frenchwoman that her hose were what we usually call "half," but I am quite sure they were not more than an eighth, for they did not get four inches above her shoe tops. Later, when the fair maid danced, I could readily understand why the alleged half-hose made the can-can more interesting than whole hose. Under these painful circumstances, I sincerely hope that the sock is not general among the ladies of the Quaker City.

Probably Appropriate.

When A. B. Frost, the artist, built his house at New Rochelle, his wife and friends were trying to decide upon an appropriate name for the new home. Mr. Frost thought first, and surprised them by announcing that a very good one had occurred to him during the building process.

"I know my wife's fondness for good old Indian names," said he, "so let us call the place 'Money Sunk.'"

—New York Times.



# The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Allendale's Double," Etc.

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## CHAPTER I.

### Strange Information.

From the flowery fields of California to the barren region of the Klondyke, from 1849 to 1897, is a wide reach, but the gulfs of time is bridged over and the hopes and fears of thousands of hearts follow the argonauts who go to search for the golden fleece in the confines of the Arctic Circle, as they did forty-eight years ago the California prospectors. The real story of the discovery of gold on the Klondyke is not generally known, and so unravel that mystery is the purpose of this story.

On a certain night, about three years ago last May, five men were seated about a camp fire, built under the south side of a cliff, among some pine trees, near the banks of the Yukon river, fifteen miles above Dawson City. As some of this party have become well known by the development of the Klondyke gold fields, it will be as well to introduce them to the reader before we proceed with our story. That large man dressed in moose-skin coat and trousers, with a bear skin thrown over his shoulders, was once well known in the great northwest as the most daring hunter, miner and adventurer in all Alaska. He was as honorable as he was brave, and as kind hearted as he was sullen. His name was Jack Ralston, but along the Yukon he was commonly known as "Glum Ralston."

Ralston was once an American. He was getting along in years, for his hair was growing frosty, yet his frame was still strong and his heart had not abandoned its hope.

George W. Cormack, or "Lucky George," as the miners nicknamed him, sat on the log just opposite Glum Ralston. George was an Englishman, a brave, adventurous fellow, who was also an expert miner. Perhaps it was his knowledge of geology and mining that tended to his success. Nevertheless, the miners attributed it to luck.

Gid Myers was a man of thirty, with pale blue eyes and sandy complexion. Gid had had considerable experience as a hunter and prospector, but in the miner's parlance had never struck it rich.

Porter Allen, or "Big Port," was a giant in size, being over six feet in height, with broad shoulders and sinews of steel. He was forty, his hair and long beard quite grizzled with age and exposure.

The fifth was a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, with the freshness of youth and innocence still on his face. While his older companions were smoking their pipes, the younger man of the party gazed abstractedly into the glowing fire. His mind went back over the mountains, rivers and seas to his quiet little home in Fresno, where he had left his widowed mother, dear to his heart, and one still dearer, her name was Laura Kean. They were lovers and betrothed.

While he sat gazing into the fire and seeing only the well-beloved face of his betrothed, his companions toasted and ate their suppers and talked of their present situation.

"Glum, how long ye been in Alaska?" asked Lucky George.

"It's now twenty-one years."

"An' never been back to the States?"

"No."

"Are you ever goin'?"

"Don't know," he answered, with a sigh. "It'd be like goin' back to a graveyard now. Most everybody I know's dead. If— if he did not finish the sentence. His weather-beaten eye seemed to gleam with softer light as he gazed into the fire, and Gid Myers thought he saw a shade of moisture gathering there.

"Glum, you often promised us you would tell your own story sometime—how you came here, and why you have spent all these years in Alaska. Why not tell now?" asked Lucky George.

Glum moved uneasily on the log on which he was sitting and, clearing his throat, said:

"Boys, 'tain't much of a yarn when it's spun. I came to Alaska in '73 in the scallin' schooner 'Eleanor.' We had good officers and crew, an' the sun never shone on a better man than our captain. We all loved him and would have died for him.

"Well, we had no luck sealing, and the captain and sailors went with a party of Indians who said they knew where gold could be found. I didn't believe them, and wouldn't go. But he asked me not to leave Alaska till he came back, and I promised.

"At the end of six months an explorer party came back with the cap o' one o' the sailors which they had found on the snow several days' journey away.

"Winter was on us, and we ran into Sitka, where we anchored until spring. It was a hard winter, and I have often wondered why we didn't all die, but all but two pulled through, and when spring came on, an' the captain hadn't hove to in sight, the first mate said he was going back with the ship. They tried to make me go, but I'd promised the captain I'd stay until he came back.

"Our ship sailed away, an' I stayed around the town for a while, an' then went on a cruise with some hunters.

We branched off into the woods. I didn't tell the story of my captain and the Injun chief with the gold beads for a good many years. Then I went into the interior to try to find him. I got in with some moose hunters and traveled one whole summer and part of a winter and nearly starved an' froze a hundred times, but not a word could I hear of him, so I suppose I am doomed to make my last voyage from this port. When I meet my captain on that unknown sea to which we are all steerin', I'll tell him I kept my promise."

When the ex-sailor had finished his story a silence fell on the group. No one spoke for several minutes.

The youth, known only by the sobriquet of "Crack Lash," sat gazing abstractedly into the fire. He had heard no part of the story, for his mind was still on his far-away home, where dwelt mother and the fair being who had promised to be his wife, for whom he had braved the dangers of the wilderness.

At early morn the little camp on the Yukon was astir. Paul was the last to awake. Youth is healthful and innocent, so sleep lingers longer about its eyelids than those whose bodies are freighted with disease or minds burdened with cares.

"Where's George?" asked Gid, as he toasted steaks.

"Been gone these two hours," Big Port answered.

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"That's strange."

Breakfast was disposed of, the dogs fed and harnessed and the party prepared for their journey up the river to Dawson City, then an insignificant village, and yet Lucky George had not returned.

As the sun rose higher the mud and snow made travel more uncomfortable, yet Paul trudged on, uncomplainingly. He could bear any burden or hardship without a murmur when he reflected that it was for Laura. Her presence gave strength to his arm and keenness to his eye, spurring him on to efforts more than superhuman.

When they halted at noon they were compelled to get to leeward of the smoke to protect themselves from the mosquitoes. But little had been said of their missing companion, Lucky George. Gid followed his trail through the snow without difficulty, and gave it as his opinion that he was going straight to Dawson City.

Glum Ralston, who had not expressed an opinion on the subject for some time, at last said:

"Boys, I heard him say somethin' one day 'bout goin' to the Klondyke."

"What for?" asked Gid.

"Said a squaw man told him there was heaps o' gold along that air stream."

Glum informed him it was one of the tributaries of the Youkon which had been but very little explored. Gid remained with his head bowed for a few moments, his mind lost in thought. At last he said:

"Boys, he's tryin' to give us the slip. I'm afeard, or run a cold deck on us," said Gid.

"What if he does," asked Port.

"We don't lose much."

"We might if he struck pay dirt," said Gid.

"Won't we be just as likely to strike pay dirt as George?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because George is allers in luck. Every time he draws from the deck it's a trump. If a feller holds a straight George has a flunk. I'll make my dogs an' packs that he makes a ten strike right now."

There was a silence, and the men sat and smoked and steamed, to drive away the mosquitoes. At last Paul broke the silence by saying:

"If there is gold on the Klondyke let us go and find it ourselves."

"Now yer shoutin'," cried the prospectors. "Why not go to the Klondyke ourselves?"

"Truth is, boys," said Glum, "I've never had any very exalted opinion of Lucky George's honesty. If he makes a big strike we can, of course, come in for a claim, but he'll strike out the best an' work on the others without us knowin' it."

They decided to set out at once for the Klondyke. It was a journey attended from beginning to end with great danger and hardship. Glum Ralston was the only member of their party who had been on the stream, and he acted as guide.

Again night came on, and they went into camp and prepared their suppers. Paul was a little disheartened on this night. Countless disappointment had made him heart-sick. Rising to relieve his cramped limbs, he turned his back toward the fire and gazed across the wood-covered hill into the darkness beyond. To his surprise he discovered a glow on the woods far in the distance. For a moment he gazed upon it in doubt, and then, touching Gid Myers, who sat near, on the arm, he whispered:

"Look off there, Gid, in the direction I am pointing. Don't you see anything suspicious?" Gid Myers did as directed, and said:

"Yes, that's somethin' unnatural, Crack Lash."

"What is it?"

"Well, I'd say it was th' glow from a camp fire like our own."

"Gid, suppose we go and reconnoitre. We may make some discovery."

"Keep your eyes peeled, boys," cautioned Big Port. "It may be a mighty sight more risky'n ye think."

"Oh, let us alone for that; we'll let no red nigger o' the north woods get the drop on us."

Through the dense wood, across ravines, snowdrifts and muddy streams the two pressed on over hill and dale,

until, after three hours' painful toils, they came upon a bend in the stream called the Klondyke, where, on passing around a spur of the cliff, all of a sudden the full glare of torches and fire-light fell upon them. It was a strange and unexpected sight that met their view. A great fire was blazing, to which was added the light of pine knot torches stuck in the ground.

Two men were at work with picks, shovels and pans. "Late as it was, dark as it was, and tired and hungry as they were, they toiled on and on. "Crack Lash," Gid gasped in a hoarse whisper, "it's Lucky George and the squaw man, Lattimer."

"Yes."

"What are they doin'?"

"Diggin'! Great heaven, look at the saining ore! See the buckets and pans are full of nuggets and dust. Oh, Gid! Gid! It's a bonanza!"

"Hush, they will hear you."

"I am going to make myself known to them."

"And be shot?"

"Why should they shoot me when we are friends? If they are like savage dogs over a bone, then we can shoot first."

Gid consented to go to them, and, advancing to within a hundred paces, they called to the diggers. At first they were a little confused, but Lucky George, who was a shrewd fellow, saw it was best to admit to the discovery.

"Come-down, boys; come down," he cried, cheerfully. "I tell you we have made the greatest strike in the world. Look at the work of a few hours."

"George, are there more good claims?"

"Plenty of them. Let us all set to work, stake out the best and get the very cream before the world finds it out. Lattimer here put me onto this; he got it from the Indians."

This was the discovery of the great gold fields in the Klondyke. Lucky George got the tip from Lattimer, the white man with an Indian wife, and had determined to work it alone if he could do so, but now that his friends had found him, he decided to make the most of it and divide.

The others were sent for, and claims for all staked out.

Next morning with the dawn of day Paul began to work his claim. From the first shovelful of earth, he began to take out gold. His pick seemed attracted to the largest nuggets, and his pan was always rich in ore. He washed out a thousand dollars' worth of dust and nuggets to the pan. He forgot breakfast, lunch or dinner, but toiled on. The small moose-skin bags were quickly filled, and then he poured the renewed accumulation into a water bucket. His eyes gleamed with the fire of the treasure, and in his mind he saw only the faces of sweetheart and mother and took no thought of rest, health or the danger which his accumulation brought him.

There was danger hovering over the happy youth. His claim was some distance up the stream from the others, and one day, as he was toiling and heaping up the golden treasure, two pairs of fierce, avaricious eyes glared at him from the dense foliage of pines. They watched him a long time as he toiled, and then exchanged knowing looks, winks and smiles, which said:

"Let the fop toil on. When he has taken his thousands from the earth we will have it."

After the first few days he stopped long enough to eat and sleep a few hours at a time, dreaming of home and of making loved ones there happy.

Little did he dream that a storm cloud was gathering over the loved ones at home and another over his own head, threatening to ruin himself and all most dear to his heart.

(To be continued.)

**BRIGANDS QUEER IN GREECE.**

**Treat Prisoner Well, But Insist on Ransom Money**

M. Stravalopoulos, a young man, who was captured recently by brigands, has returned to Athens. He states that as he was about to go on board his yacht at Egion he was accosted by a fashionably dressed young man, who kept him in conversation while four other men crept up behind him and seized and gagged him. They then carried him off to the mountains to which they were accompanied by the fashionable young man, who turned out to be a notorious brigand chief named Pano-poulos. M. Stravalopoulos was taken to a large cavern or grotto, very comfortably furnished, where the brigands compelled him to write to his father, a rich banker, for a ransom of £4,000 in gold. His captors gave him plenty of food and wines, and even insisted on his saying his prayers twice a day. They also made him read various improving books, of which there was a large supply in the grotto. On the arrival of the money it was conveyed to a monastery in the mountains, where one of the monks counted it and handed it over to the robbers. A great feast was held the same evening in the grotto, and the brigands becoming intoxicated, the prisoner made his escape and reached the railway after a journey of five hours on foot. He returned to the grotto as soon as a force of police could be got together, but the brigands had all decamped.—London Globe.

**An Unlikely Event.**

Despite the conclusion of the Boer war, it is unlikely that King Edward will be known to posterity as Edward the Conqueror.

It sometimes happens that the man who dubs his house, a castle, has the moat in his eye.

## AN EPIGRAM INSTEAD OF \$50.

Gallant Washington Regrets Chance Woman Acquaintance.

A certain prosperous looking resident of Washington who is stopping at the Fifth Avenue hotel will think twice before he forms another chance acquaintance. Saturday afternoon he was standing in front of the hotel when a good-looking and elegantly gowned woman passed, and, being jostled by some rude pedestrian, dropped her purse. Quick as a flash the rather elderly gentleman stepped forward, picked the purse from the sidewalk, and handed it to her, lifting his hat politely. She thanked him profusely, and a conversation was opened. That evening they dined together, and then went to see "The Show Girl."

Yesterday afternoon the prosperous looking man went to the West Thirtieth street police station and told the story of the meeting and the evening. He said that while in the theater the woman he was with deftly abstracted from his vest pocket two twenty-dollar bills and one ten-dollar bill. In their place she left a slip of paper upon which this was written:

Here's to the girl that is strictly in it, Who doesn't lose her head even for a minute, Plays well the game and knows the limit, And still gets all the fun there is in it.

The prosperous looking Washingtonian refused to give his name.

**Typhoon Sweeps Luzon.**

Manila cablegram: A severe typhoon is sweeping over the island of Luzon, between the thirteenth and eighteenth parallels. It is central on the eastern coast and fears are expressed that it will inflict heavy damage.

**Physicians Puzzled.**

St. Aubert, Mo., Aug. 4th.—Mr. E. R. Langendorfer of this place suffered very severely with a peculiar case of Kidney Trouble which completely baffled the skill of the local physicians and instead of getting any better he was gradually growing worse. He says: "A friend advised me to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and after I had used two boxes I was entirely cured and have not since had the slightest symptoms of the return of my trouble."

"I had tried all the surrounding physicians but they did me no good and instead of getting better I grew worse till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. "I can sincerely say to everyone suffering with Kidney Trouble that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure them for they cured me satisfactorily and completely when all the doctors had failed."

**Got Rid of Sharks.**

"The waters around Martinique are usually swarming with sharks," said old "Skipper" Perry, a retired sea captain. "They have the reputation of being man-eaters, which makes bathing dangerous as well as an exciting sport. I shall never forget how, on one of my visits to the island, the engineer effectually got rid of the monsters. He took a lot of bricks, heated them to a white heat, took them down in the fire-room, and then poured oil over them. Then he quickly got them on deck, and, with the aid of a pair of tongs, he threw them overboard one by one. The first one had scarcely struck the top of the water before a hungry shark swallowed it whole. The scorching brick inside naturally made him feel as though there was a volcano in his stomach, and he started to do all sorts of crazy stunts before disappearing in deep water. Each one of the hot bricks was swallowed by a shark, and in a few minutes there wasn't one to be seen."—Philadelphia Record.

**Knights Pythias Biennial Meeting.**

For this gathering in San Francisco in August next excursion tickets will be sold via the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. from Chicago to San Francisco or Los Angeles for \$50 for the round trip with final return limit September 30.

The "Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul" railway is the Short Line between Chicago and Omaha. Two through trains daily in each direction with the best Sleeping Car and Dining Car Service, and a regular travelers know and appreciate the merits of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway's Short Line between the East and the West.

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Hold a fruit stained article over a bowl and pour boiling water through the cloth.

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In this hearing enjoin secrecy. It is very probably a lie you are telling.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.** For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The Chinese compass points to the south instead of the north.

**YELLOW CLOTHES ARE UNSIGHTLY.** Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Dye. All grocers sell large 3 oz. package, 5 cents.

Men may be made of dust, but he doesn't always settle.

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Says: "It Will Build Up a Depleted System Rapidly."

Hon. W. F. Aldrich, Congressman from Alabama, writes from Washington, D. C.

"This is to certify that Peruna, manufactured by The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, O., has been used in my family with success. It is a fine tonic and will build up a depleted system rapidly. I can recommend it to those who need a safe vegetable remedy for debility."—W. F. Aldrich.

H. S. Emory, Vice Chancellor and Master of Arms, K. P. of Omaha, Neb., writes from 213 North Sixteenth street, the following words of praise for Peruna as a tonic. He says:

**Catarrh of Stomach.**

"It is with pleasure I recommend Peruna as a tonic of unusual merit. A large number of prominent members of the different Orders with which I have been connected have been cured by the use of Peruna of cases of catarrh of the stomach and head; also in kidney complaint and weakness of the pelvic organs.

"It tones up the system, aids digestion, induces sleep, and is well worthy the confidence of sufferers of the above complaints."—H. S. Emory.

**Nervous Debility.**

Everyone who is in the least degree subject to nervousness, sleeplessness, prostration, mental fatigue or nervous debility in any form, finds the hot weather of June, July and August very hard to bear, if not dangerous.

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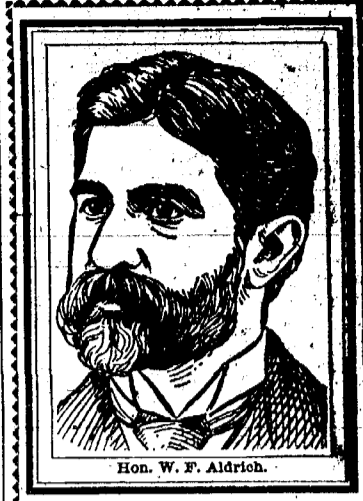
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W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 32—1902



Hon. W. F. Aldrich.

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R. L. Lorraine, Publisher.

Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan, Michigan, as second class mail matter.

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- STATE—  
For Governor—  
Aaron T. Bliss, of Saginaw.  
For Lieutenant Governor—  
Alex. Maitland, of Marquette.  
For Secretary of State—  
Fred M. Warner, of Oakland.  
For State Treasurer—  
Daniel McCoy, of Kent.  
For Auditor General—  
Perry F. Powers, of Wexford.  
For Attorney General—  
Charles A. Blair, of Jackson.  
For Comm'r of State Land Office—  
Edwin A. Wilkey, of Van Buren.  
For Superintendent of Public Instruction—  
Delos A. Fall, of Calhoun.  
For Members State Board of Education—  
Patrick H. Keeley, of Wayne.  
L. L. Wright, of Gogebic.

#### CONGRESSIONAL—

- For Member of Congress from the 11th district—  
Archibald B. Darragh, of Gratiot.

#### LEGISLATIVE—

- For State Senator—  
O. C. Moffat, of Grand Traverse.  
For Member of State Legislature—  
Robert W. Paddock, of Charlevoix.

#### COUNTY—

- For Sheriff—  
William J. Pearson, of Charlevoix.  
For Register of Deeds—  
Frank A. Kenyon, of South Arm.  
For County Clerk—  
Darwin F. Meech, of Charlevoix.  
For Treasurer—  
Henry C. Cooper, of Charlevoix.  
For Prosecuting Attorney—  
Alfred C. Nicholas, of South Arm.  
For Circuit Court Commissioner—  
A. L. Fitch, of Charlevoix.  
For Surveyor—E. A. Robinson.  
For Coroners—  
Frank A. Foster, of South Arm.  
W. H. McCartney, of Charlevoix.

#### Mortality in Michigan in July.

There were 2,347 deaths returned to the Department of State for the month of July, or 113 more than the number recorded in June. The death rate was 11.3 per 1000 population.

There were 500 deaths of infants under 1 year of age; 186 deaths of children aged 1 to 4 years inclusive; and 623 deaths of persons aged 65 years and over.

Important causes of death were as follows: pulmonary tuberculosis, 152; other forms of tuberculosis, 28; typhoid fever, 37; diphtheria and croup, 26; pneumonia, 102; diarrhea and enteritis (under 2 years), 200; cancer, 140; accidents and violence, 235.

There were 4 deaths from smallpox distributed as follows: one each in the city of Alpena, Custer township, Antrim county; Sherman township, Iosco county and Flynn township, Sanilac county. Two deaths from lightning occurred during the month, 1 in Frankenth township, Saginaw county and 1 in Sanilac township, Sanilac county. There were also 4 deaths reported from tetanus, following wounds received on July fourth.

The month was a very favorable one most of the diseases recorded showing a diminished frequency. There was a slight increase in the number of deaths from typhoid fever; an increase, but not as marked as usual, in the number of deaths from diarrheal diseases of children; and the usual increase of deaths from violence, chiefly due to drowning, that occurs at this season.

"I had diabetes in its worst form," writes Marion Lee, of Dunreath, Ind. "I tried eight physicians without relief. Only three bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure made me a well man." Sold by L. C. MADISON & Co

There is in the county a certain crossroads where a patient teacher struggles daily with the development of the young idea. One morning she was giving the school a lesson in geography.

"What is a cataract?" she asked. There was absolute silence in response and she explained the meaning of the word.

"What is a cape?"

This was better. One of the children knew it was a point of land jutting out into the water.

"What is a strait?"

Over in the corner a hand went up. "I know teacher," said a small boy. Well, what is it?"

"It beats three of a kind," was the triumphant answer.

*E. H. Grove*

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets**—the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

#### The Delineator for September.

The first installment of Mrs. Barr's new love story *Thyra Varrick*, appears in the *Delineator* for September, and judging from the first chapter it will hold the reader's attention to the end by its fine characterizations, beauty of thought and language and spirited action; it is superbly illustrated. The second section of *The House that Jack and Jill Built* tells about the old-fashioned garden and how it was made, and the pictures are delightful. The influence of the noble *Vittoria Colonna* on the life of *Michael Angelo* furnishes material for a notable addition to the series of *Authors' Loves* by *Clara E. Laughlin*. An interesting paper on *Julia Ward Howe*, lovingly called the grand old woman of America, also appears in this number. There are two spirited short stories by well known writers, innumerable articles on fancy work and domestic interests; stories and pastimes for children, window gardening, home entertainment, etc.

#### FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE.

Will cure Bright's Disease.  
Will cure Diabetes.  
Will cure Stone in Bladder.  
Will cure Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Sold by L. C. MADISON & Co.

"Why is it," asked the man of the physician, "that so many people are suffering these days with appendicitis and have to be operated upon, when there didn't use to be any of them?"

"My young friend," the doctor answered, "this disease has been in the world ever since Adam was—perhaps that story of his losing a rib may have arisen because he was operated on for appendicitis. When your grandfather was a boy his neighbors had it all around him, and so they did when you were a boy. But they called it inflammation of the bowels, stomach ache, acute indigestion, liver trouble, or something of that sort. The patient got well or he died, but no one ever opened him when living to see what the matter was. Perhaps it is as well that they did not, for much of the surgery of those days was more dangerous than any disease.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Hair Falls

"I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop my hair from falling. One-half a bottle cured me."  
J. C. Baxter, Braidwood, Ill.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly the most economical preparation of its kind on the market. A little of it goes a long way. It doesn't take much of it to stop falling of the hair, make the hair grow, and restore color to gray hair.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

## Oh! what shall I get to eat?

can be answered by going to GAGE & CO'S. They have.

### FOR BREAKFAST

Cream of Wheat, Quaker Rolled Oats, Corn Nut Flakes, Malta Vita, Grape Nuts, Shredded Whole Wheat.

### FOR LUNCHEON

Long Island Wafers, Unceada Biscuits, Unceada Gingers, Wafers, Cheese Straws, Graham Crackers, &c.

### FOR ALL THE TIME

A Fresh and Complete stock of Groceries. Our Valley City Mocha & Java and Porto Rican Coffees are giving good satisfaction. We are handling the choicest Butter put up in small 1 gal. crocks and made by the best butter makers in this section—every pound guaranteed to be sweet. We can take care of your orders.

Cream of Wheat and Iron Duke flour always on hand.

GAGE & CO.

Phone 32 (2 rings.)

## The Reception is Over

But we are still selling the beautiful **Palace Range** and it is just as good as it looks. FULLY WARRANTED.

## NEW HOME

That name needs no explanation. It stands the world over for the lightest running, the most easily adjusted and the most durable machine. Call and see their latest design—the automatic drop head. We sell them on easy terms.

THE BRIDGE HARDWARE CO  
EAST JORDAN, MICH.

## School will soon open

And you are sure to need some

Tablets, Lead Pencils,  
Ink or Pens.

Kindly remember me in your prayers. I will have the largest stock of the above articles in Charlevoix county. It will arrive August 20th.

R. F. Steffes.

Warne Block

## Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND  
CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

WILL RICHARDSON'S

State Street Grocery.

## Satisfaction

## Guaranteed

IN EVERY PACKAGE  
THAT LEAVES.....

## Sherman's Central

## Meat Market and Grocery

THE HERALD \$1.00 PER YEAR



LOVEDAYS HARDWARE

## The GREAT MAJESTIC RANGE

Takes the lead of all cooking devices. Don't be led to believe that others are just as good.

### A few Oil Cook Stoves

At greatly reduced prices.

### WOOD COOK STOVES

As low as quality will permit.

Builders' Hardware, Brick, Lime and Cement at

## W. A. Loveday & Co's.

LOVEDAYS HARDWARE

### BREVITIES

**"Legally Dead."**

A bright little baby boy came to live with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Price Monday.

Miss Lula Dodge, of Charlevoix, was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Chas. Hodge over Sunday.

W. H. Lanway has a light driving team which he would like to sell or trade for a single horse.

The Singer Sewing Machine sold on instalments. Liberal discount for cash or ninety-day sales.

Loveday blk. E. A. Lewis.

Ray Chink returned Saturday from Mt. Pleasant where he has been for the past six weeks attending the summer term at the Central Normal school.

Geo. Cooper, of Essex, was greeting old friends here Saturday. He is taking a vacation, the mill in which he has been employed having finished its season's cut.

Many persons in this community are suffering from kidney complaint who could avoid fatal results by using Foley's Kidney Cure.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

**TAKEN UP—**A Red Heifer that came to my place six miles north of East Jordan about June 15th. Owner can have animal by identifying it and paying costs. DAVID GAUNT.

Pickpockets and sneak thieves reaped a harvest at Petoskey when the Wallace shows visited that place. Their richest haul was about \$200.00 which they took from the cash box at the G. R. & L. depot.

There is a pretty girl in an alpine hat. A sweeter girl in a sailor brim. But the handsomest girl you'll ever see is the sensible girl who uses Rocky Mountain Tea.

Warne's Pharmacy.

D. F. Godfrey and wife, of Detroit, are visiting at the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. Jas. Howard. Mrs. G. resided in East Jordan formerly, being then Miss Rose Rohr. She has many friends who join with us in wishing them much happiness.

Another scenic production is "Legally Dead"—it is seldom we have had two in succession, but we are promised the finest lot of plays this fall and winter that we have ever had, and that promise is starting to be well fulfilled.

A case that might be looked up by the society with a long name occurred on Stone's Addition Monday evening. Lawrence Provost was riding a horse owned by Frank Decker, urging the animal at a furious pace through the deep sand with whip and oaths when the animal stumbled and dropped dead.

Mrs. Jas. Payne, of South Arm, is several thousand dollars richer than she was a few weeks ago, the change in her fortunes being wrought by the death of a relative in Canada who left her a large sum of money. Mr. and Mrs. Payne are negotiating for the purchase of a farm down the Lake on the west side and will make good use of their "windfall."

**NOTICE**

If your hens don't lay or are troubled with vermin I will sell you a Poultry Food and Vermin Killer. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

MAX SCHEFFELS, South Arm.

**"Legally Dead."**

J. M. Hurst and family were in Charlevoix Wednesday.

C. L. Lorraine went to Charlevoix this morning on business.

Mrs. Frank Greenwood is recovering from an attack of malarial fever.

Romaine Porter returned Monday from the Soo where he has been working for some time.

The East Jordan laundry is now located in their new quarters in the Chamberlain building on Main st.

Among the late arrivals we note that of a fine baby boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Decker Saturday.

Miss Jennie Faight returned to Traverse City Wednesday, accompanied by her friend, Miss Maggie Harrington.

The premium lists for the coming annual Fair of the Charlevoix County Agricultural Society are being sent out this week.

Misses Belle Roy and Idah Etcher drove to Boyne Falls Sunday and spent the day with their friend Miss Genevieve Soule.

E. C. Hayward, a Michigan Telephone Co. lineman is at work on the exchange here putting in new phones and making repairs.

They are happy out at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Meredith in Wilson township over the arrival of a bouncing baby boy Tuesday.

Jno. F. Kenny has been unable to work for several days on account of a cold and a very lame back. His brother Joe is taking his place on the dray.

H. F. Roy departed Monday morning for Northport where he has secured employment as a carpenter on the new resort hotel which is being built there.

Misses Edythe and Marguerite Fortune and spending a few days visiting friends at their old home in Ludington. They are expected home the first of the week.

Jacob Quick received a severe scalp wound by receiving a blow from a lever on a grading machine on which he was working Monday. Dr. C. A. Sweet dressed the injury which is now doing nicely.

Arthur Vance, aged 18, and Miss Fannie Martinek, aged 17, were married Monday afternoon at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vance, on the West Side. Rev. E. E. Sprague performed the ceremony.

The Detroit & Charlevoix R.R. are advertising an excursion to all points on their line next Sunday and to connect at Frederick with the Michigan Central excursion to Mackinaw Island. Train will leave South Arm at 5:00 a. m. giving an all day outing at the Island.

Ira D. Bartlett is marketing the honey which his bees have produced this summer. He has 10,000 lbs. of choice white honey, the season having been fairly good for its production. Owing to the dry weather and to the fact that the buckwheat has been badly damaged by the frosts the supply of late honey will fall far below the average.

There was a family and neighborhood re-union at the home of Martin Bartholomew Tuesday, which was attended by the Bartholomew family and their friends and neighbors to the number of over ninety. They had a picnic dinner followed by several speeches. Mrs. M. B. Palmeter was present and secured a fine photograph of the entire group. The occasion of the affair was the departure of Daniel Bartholomew who leaves to-day for his old home in Steuben county, New York.

There are some things in life that one should not miss. The famous Shannons including two very clever child artists Hazel and Harry Shannon in their 4 act scenic comedy drama by Eunice Fitch who comes from a family of playwrights. "Legally Dead" is a great comedy replete with original humor and strong climaxes and thrilling situations which never fail to bring forth vociferous applause. Taking specialties contribute to the enjoyment of this powerful play. At Loveday Opera House next Monday night. Seats now on sale at Hoosinger Bros. One night only.

**Personal Mention.**

Jos. Weller is driving one of J. F. Kenny's drays.

Ashland Bowen is now working at Sherman's Central Market.

Ray Highland, of Traverse City, is visiting friends in town this week.

Mrs. Torrance is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. D. F. Clement.

Miss Susie Dye, of Boyne City, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Albert Supernaw.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Supernaw spent Sunday with Mr. S.'s parents at Torch Lake.

Wm. Boswell, of Traverse City, is visiting his sister, Mrs. M. B. Palmeter.

Misses Glenn and McCullough returned Monday from a trip to Mackinac Island and the Soo.

John Nelson went to Phelps the first of the week to accept a position as sawyer in a shingle mill.

Roy Sherman is very sick, being confined to his bed with an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

Mrs. Wm. Johnson has been confined to her bed with a very severe cold for several days this week.

H. S. Price went up to Deward Thursday to see how the work on his building contracts was progressing.

Mrs. John Jamison is visiting her old home in Pennsylvania, being called there by the serious illness of her father.

Dennis Crothers came down from Levering Monday to look after his property interests here, returning the next day.

S. Stevens and family and Mrs. McKinnon are enjoying a week's camping and fishing at Graves' several miles up the Jordan river.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Loveday and daughter Louisa returned home Tuesday evening from a year spent in England and traveling through southern Europe.

Chas. Gotham, W. A. Renard, M. A. McHale and their families left Monday morning on a camping expedition up the line of the Detroit & Charlevoix railway.

J. J. Gage made a trip to Petoskey and Harbor Springs Tuesday, stopping a few hours at Boyne City enroute. He returned Wednesday evening by way of Charlevoix.

W. W. Mallory and family departed Wednesday for Blanchard, this State, where Mr. has arranged to embark in the meat business. We wish him a full measure of success.

J. M. Kenny has not as yet fully recovered from the shock he received when he collided with catcher White of the Kalkaska ball team the second day of the big Odd Fellow celebration.

Chas. McCalmon returned Tuesday from the hospital at Petoskey, where he underwent an operation for the removal of a blood clot. Though still very weak he seems now to be in a fair way to recovery.

**STOP THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COOLD.**

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Restaurant and Lunch Counter and good accommodations for Boarders on State St.

**MRS. PHOENIX DUFORD.**

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

## At Wiesman's

You will find many articles suitable for the Babies, Mother and Father that will insure comfort and pleasure to the purchaser.

### For the Dear Babies

I have a large line of Muslin and Silk Bonnets at 15c, 25c, 35c, and 50c. Infants' Hosiery in black, blue, red and white, lace stripe. Dainty white goods for dresses. Laces and Embroideries for trimming.

### For the Loving Mothers

Large assortment of Underwear with long sleeves, short sleeves, and no sleeves at 5, 10, 15, 25 and 50 cts. Parasols and Umbrellas from 15c to \$3.00.

### For the Suffering Fathers

Underwear at 25 and 50c. Socks, excellent quality at 5, 10, 15 and 25c in novelties and black. Negligee Shirts 50c, 75c, and \$1.00.

## J. L. WIESMAN,


LEADER OF LOW PRICES,  
Loveday Block, East Jordan.

## JEWELRY

THE BEST LINE IN CHARLEVOIX CO.

I am receiving new goods every day—elegant up-to-date articles—and am better prepared than ever before to supply the wants of my many customers—Watches, Diamonds, Cut Glass Novelties, Silverware, Flatware, etc.

## FRANK MARTINEK.



**Prescriptions Compounded**

### The Doctor's Prescription

needs to be filled with care and pure Drugs. He expects it when he prescribes Our Prescription Department

has become famous to the people of East Jordan on account of the quality of the Drugs used, the accuracy of the compounding and the promptness in filling. When the doctor prescribes bring it here to be filled. Of course you know we keep a large stock of Proprietary Medicines and Toilet Articles.

**WARNE'S PHARMACY**

## C. H. MADDAUGH,

### MERCHANT TAILOR

SHOP ON MAIN STREET. EAST JORDAN, MICH.

Samples of the Very Latest Styles always on hand.

### Alive and doing Business!

More accidents occur in runaways than in all the railroad tavel and the number injured is all out of proportion considering the number who travel.

Be sure you have a good Neckyoke, Whiffletree and Evener before you start or call on

## J. W. Coates,

The Carriage and Wagon maker of East Jordan,  
who will sell you Second Growth Hickory goods at no more than you pay for common ones and you will be safe.

We are sole agents for the Flint Buggies and P. & O. Agricultural Implements. See our Beet Cultivator.

## BRING

Us your Job Printing. We will do it right.

## THE HERALD.

**DON'T WAIT.**

If you knew how SCOTT'S EMULSION would build you up, increase your weight, strengthen your weak throat and lungs and put you in condition for next winter, you would begin to take it now.

Send for free sample, and try it. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 1/2 East Street, New York, N. Y. and all druggists.

Tolstoy is the reincarnation of Hamlet's father's ghost. He will not down.

The friends of the Egyptian sphinx will be much mortified to learn that he is decaying.

Many people would settle the New Jersey mosquito problem by moving out of the state.

The national amateur golf champion is only twenty years of age, but he hopes to outgrow it.

A stogie trust has been formed at Pittsburg. Some people will regard this as a burning shame.

A Pittsburg man killed himself because his wife left him. The amount she took with her is not stated.

Mr. Wu is to have honors bestowed on him when he gets back to China. Everybody hopes they will not hurt.

Few people are dying from appendicitis now. King Edward deserves praise for establishing a fine precedent.

May Yohe henceforth will hardly trust the key to her safety-deposit box to young men who swear undying affection.

Count Matsukata, a Japanese financier, predicts a panic in the United States. Has the count been dabbling in oil stocks?

We do not know exactly what a Swiss "setche" is, but it is evidently a proper thing for all well regulated summer resorts.

Spain will station a diplomatic representative at Havana, but it will be some time before he will become the dean of the corps.

San Francisco has one saloon for every twenty-two adult male inhabitants. In some respects, however, it isn't such a bad town.

The Rev. John N. Mills classifies many of our modern novels with yellow fever. This is unjust, for the fever is not always fatal.

A machine that will lay brick as fast as six or seven men has been invented, but we shall still continue to get our eggs in the same old homely way.

Great Britain did the best she could in arranging a coronation display, but America quite took the shine out of it with a Vanderbilt wedding.

Perry would be cheered up if he could be reached by telegraph. The Windward has started toward the North Pole and the relief ship bears a ping pong outfit.

That New Jersey boy who was resuscitated after being under the water half an hour will be a good man to experiment with our submarine boats when he grows up.

A Rhode Island man claims to have been cured of rheumatism by a stroke of lightning. An analysis of the case probably will show that the rheumatism was scared out of him.

According to a pathetic article on the requirements of school teachers which was recently printed in an educational journal, they have to know pretty near as much as a country editor.

Minister Wu Ting Fang is going to write a book on the United States, but it is difficult to see where he is going to find any new material since he has already practically exhausted the subject.

It may serve a good purpose to remind the public that deaths resulting from the use of the harmless fire-cracker on our last national anniversary are still being reported to the coroner.

When the Duke of Marlborough goes to assume his duties of viceroy a large percentage of the people of Ireland will have their first opportunity to see a chafing dish and a spider plant.

Dr. Loyds has been barred out of South Africa. In view of the fact that he has money enough to live like a prince in Europe, some people probably will refuse to regard his banishment as a hardship.

The saying is that "every man has his fool hour at some time in his career." It would seem as if a good many spend it at Newport. Strange things occur down in that metropolis of fools and folly.

A Chicago man who was worth \$300,000 a year ago has assured the tax reviewers that he hasn't a cent. This shows that when a man is lucky enough to get hold of \$200,000 he should take it away somewhere and bury it.

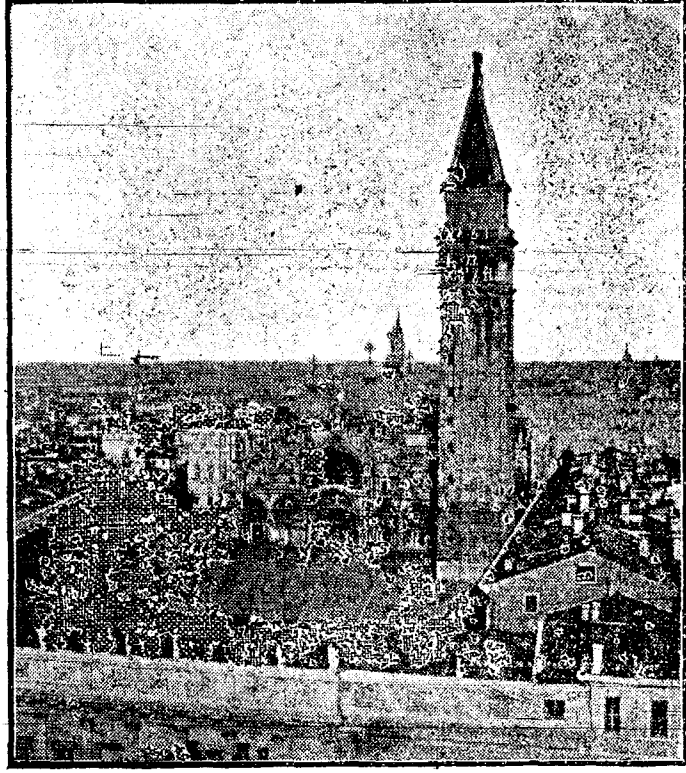
The manager of a New York aquarium has discovered that fishes really think. If he could interview some that come within range of the summer resort angler their opinions on the fool with the fancy rod and reel would be worth chronicling.

VENICE IN MOURNING

(Special Letter.)

WITH the fall of the campanile of St. Mark's cathedral one of the famous glories of Venice was destroyed. The campanile was a relic of a time which to Americans in particular seems far remote. It was first built more than a thousand years ago. It was a monument to the Italian devotion to art during the darkest of the middle ages. The heroic angel which crowned it was cast and put in position while the discoveries of Columbus were still a subject of marvel and mystery in European courts. The men and women, nobles and peasantry, who once thronged its vestibule wore the picturesque costumes of an earlier and more romantic epoch. The destruction of so beautiful a relic of an earlier civilization will be regretted by every tourist who has been to Venice and by every one who ever expects to go there. It is to be hoped the Venetians will find a means of restoring the great tower in as nearly its original condition as may be possible. The

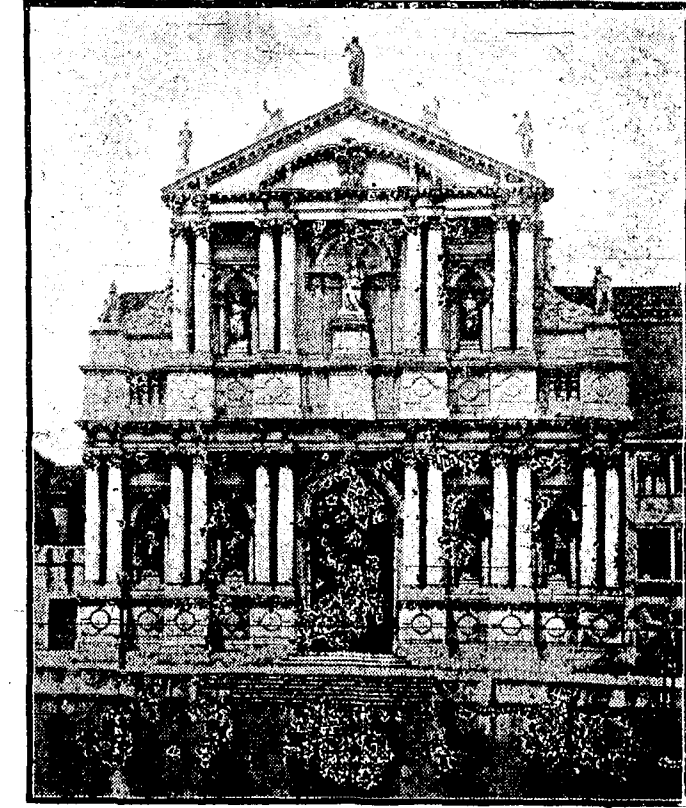
ing. Their campanile was their eye, their dial, their pivot, about which the whole life of the city swept. Besides, it was beautiful, and it survived to them out of a past of glory and power. A watchman in the gallery night and day for hundreds of years swept the sea with his eye for the approach of the argosies that made Venice rich, or the raid of the enemies that wanted her destruction. For hundreds of years the bells of the tower, far up in the air, had chimed the hour, or, like a tocsin, sounded the alarm, had rung out in joy for the victories of Venice, had sent down muffled sounds to tell Venice to mourn. Even now, in this modern day, the base of the tower was the center of activity, and the million doves of Venice were fed there every evening by the bounty of the municipality. Till the fourteenth century Venice continued to adhere to the old Byzantine style of sculpture. In the early part of the fourteenth century Florentine influence rapidly gained ground, and many sculptors from Florence



SQUARE OF ST. MARK'S.

artists and art lovers of the world certainly must find this an effort worthy of their support. The campanile was one of the glories of Venice, like the cathedral and the ducal palace, the Rialto and the Lions. The campanile was 325 feet high and 42 feet square at the base. It was built of brick and the belfry that topped it of marble. Upon the belfry stood an angel, clad in golden plates, laid on a core of wood. One thousand years ago its foundations were laid by the Duce Pietro Tribuno, and it was completed 231 years after in 1131 A. D. The belfry was added in the first year of the sixteenth century and was the work of Bartolomeo Buono. The gallery at the top was reached by a series of inclined planes instead of by stairs, and there were no windows in the tower, only clefts for light.

came to work on the richly carved capitals of the ducal palace and other places, and especially produced a large number of very beautiful tombs, with recumbent effigies. One very graceful type, the general motive of which was first used by Arnolfo del Cambio, was frequently repeated; at the head and foot of the effigy an angel is represented drawing a curtain so as to expose the figure of the dead man. The sarcophagus, on which the effigy lies, has reliefs of the Virgin and the Angel of the Annunciation, with the Crucifixion or some other sacred subject between. In later times these subjects were usually replaced by allegorical figures of the virtues, and the simple curtain, drawn by angels, gradually became a large tent-like canopy, of rather clumsy and tasteless form. In most churches the sculptured decoration, apart from that on the tombs, was



CHURCH OF THE SCALZI.

As late as 1885 the foundations were examined and found to be in good condition after 900 years and more of service. The campanile had for foundation piles of ten-inch white poplar. Upon the piling were laid layers of oak planks, and upon these trachyte from the Euganean Hills was cemented. This foundation bore up the immense weight of masonry in the 300-foot tower for 1,002 years. The Venetian people are in mourn-

concentrated on the west facade, the tympanum of the central doorway being often filled with a very fine relief, such as that from the church of the guild Della Misericordia, now in the South Kensington museum. In domestic architecture sculpture was but little used after the Byzantine period, the splendor of the facades depending mostly on their rich-colored marbles and on molded tracery and string-courses.

WAGE WAR ON HOUSE FLY.

Washington Authorities Seem to Have Undertaken 'Big Job.'

Many generations of American housekeepers have been hurried to their graves by worry over the musca domestica, the stomoxys calcitrans, the drosophila ampelophila—in short, the house fly. At last the department of agriculture at Washington has determined to exterminate the nuisance if possible. So long as he only meandered, gently over the table, buzzed inside the patent screen, sat down upon the sticky paper thoughtfully provided for his repose and drove the housewife to the verge of insanity to keep him outdoors the fly was allowed to go his way in peace. But now that it has been discovered that the fly, like his little friend, the mosquito, carries germs about with him the department of agriculture has decided that he must go. Incidentally the American housewife, when she hears this, will probably smile a little bitterly and decide that the department of agriculture has undertaken the biggest job in which it has yet engaged—in short, has bitten off more than it can chew. The department has begun its campaign by the issuance of pamphlets through the division of entomology to health boards, doctors and individuals all over the country, asking them to see that no breeding or feeding places are afforded the little fly—if they can help it. "As if any person on earth can help it," quoth the weary housekeeper as she makes one more wild swipe with a towel.

CURING A BALKY HORSE.

Simple Methods May Be Employed Without Using the Whip. An expert states that the vice of balking in horses is almost invariably caused by improper breaking and handling of the animal while young. It is only high-strung and ill-tempered horses that balk, and these are handled with more success by humoring and patience than by severe measures, which generally make matters worse. It is almost impossible to follow rules in a case of this sort. What will succeed in one case is useless in another, so that a driver must exercise good judgment—"horse sense"—in handling a case. A very good treatment is to watch the animal closely in places where it would be likely to balk, and with the first sign of stopping the driver should say "Whoa," then get off and loosen or pretend to change the harness in some way; also take up a foot and tap the shoe with a stone. Spend a few moments leisurely in this way and in nine cases out of ten the animal will forget his inclination to balk and will go on at the first bidding. It is also well to give a lump of sugar or a handful of oats or an apple. This will always produce better results than severe measures.

MADE A GREAT DIFFERENCE.

Railroads Are Great Convenience When They Cause No Discomfort. Secretary Shaw, the humorist of the present administration, tells this story:

"I stopped off at Syracuse not a great while ago and listened to two men talking about the tremendous business development of this country in which everybody was sharing. One of them was making the point that the general prosperity was for the benefit of the entire community. "Look at this great railroad, with its four tracks running east and west," he said. "It is a highway of empire, carrying each day to the Atlantic or the Pacific the product of the factory, the mine and the farm. Wipe it off the map and everything comes to a standstill and we become involved in a common ruin." "Just then the empire state express came rushing along and a red-hot cinder struck the speaker in the eye. "If—these engines!" said he. "I wish there was not a railroad in the country."

It Didn't Matter.

A well-known musician related an experience of his as a teacher.

One day a lady, somewhat advanced in years, came to make arrangements for taking private lessons in singing. At the end of the second lesson the teacher felt constrained to tell her that her ear was not true. She received the remark very coolly, and at the next lesson sang as well as she had done on the previous occasion.

"I am afraid," said Mr. E.—"that you can never learn to sing in tune." "Oh, it doesn't matter!" was the reply.

"Doesn't matter?" said the astonished teacher. "No," said the pupil. "I don't care anything about music, but my doctor said that singing would be the best thing for my dyspepsia, and so I decided to take lessons."

A Severe Test.

"You have taken a severe cold," said the old family doctor, "and it seems to have settled in your throat."

"Yes, doctor, you see I can hardly speak," said the patient, a vivacious, bright-eyed young woman.

"Can you stand heroic treatment, do you think?" asked the doctor.

"Try me."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, anything you like; medicine, mustard plasters, electricity—anything," said she, in a breath.

"And you want to get back your voice?"

"Yes." "It's heroic treatment, mind you." "All right—what is it?" "You mustn't talk at all for two days!"

A KIDNAPED POODLE

HERE is a story of an unsuccessful ruse in love, and a kidnaped poodle. Billinger and Batterson were rivals for the good graces of Miss Mayhew, and Miss Mayhew was dotingly fond of her pug, Chicot.

It was after a visit to his adored one that Billinger was struck with a great idea. As he turned into the avenue he met a butcher's boy whom he remembered as having, on rare occasions, by reason of a reputation for unimpeachable integrity, been intrusted with the precious Chicot on rainy days when, despite the weather, it was deemed desirable that the animal should be exercised. Billinger stopped the hastening youth and addressed him something in this wise:

"Young man, are you ambitious?" The boy grinned amiably, for he knew Billinger, and responded succinctly: "Sure thing."

"This well," quoth Billinger. "Have you any objection to laying forthwith the foundations of the princely fortune that will one day be yours?" The boy grinned again and guessed not, whereupon Billinger, with many admonitions to secrecy, unfolded his plot.

The details of the conspiracy are not important. Suffice it to say that one rainy morning about ten days later the boy appeared at Billinger's office in John street with a much-ladragged and altogether rebellious Chicot, whom an office boy was straightway deputed to tie to the safe in Billinger's safe-tum.

"Well done, good and faithful servant," said Billinger solemnly to the butcher's boy. "Behold now, how virtue is rewarded." And he gave his fellow conspirator more money than

he had ever seen at any one time in his life.

Then he glanced triumphantly at the captive Chicot and went out to luncheon in high spirits. "What I will do to that pestiferous pup," said he to himself, "will be what the etiquette books describe as a general sufficiency."

Alas for Billinger. While he was treating himself handsomely at a neighboring cafe, who should drop in at his office but the hated Batterson, whose partner had a law case in Billinger's hands.

The first object that met his astonished gaze was the form of the mud-battered Chicot. Now it happened that Batterson had received by telephone the awful news of Chicot's taking off. "Funny thing," he thought. "Batterson must have found the pup."

But then he remembered that Miss Mayhew had said that she had asked Billinger to advertise for him. He remembered this the more distinctly because he had offered his own services to that end, and had been anything but pleased to find that he had been anticipated.

A great light began to illumine the obscurity of Batterson's mind. He passed into the hall, carefully closing the door behind him, and re-entered Billinger's private office by the other door. Batterson unloosed the rope that fastened the dog to the safe, leaving the other end still tied to that substantial piece of furniture.

Then, taking the joyous Chicot in his arms, he stole silently out into the hall, closing the door behind him, and walked down eight flights of stairs, peering cautiously out into the street, he rejoiced to see no Billinger, and, hearing his armful of muddy dog, fled precipitately toward Broad street.

"Has upset me," went on Miss Mayhew, especially coming at a time when I was so happy—when I so wanted everything to be serene and joyous."

Billinger's reprieve was too recent for speech, but Batterson managed to say:

"Oh? How do you mean? I don't understand."

"Of course you don't," said Miss Mayhew. "How should you? But when that wretched boy came to tell me he had lost dear Chicot I was just writing to you and Mr. Billinger to tell you of my engagement to Lord Blottingham."

Billinger and Batterson went drolly down the brownstone steps arm in arm. The war was over.

"I say, old fellow," said Billinger, mournfully, "I know a place around the corner where there's a chap who makes the best mint julep in New York."

"Oh? What?" said Batterson, absently. "Oh, I don't mind if I do."

As they sadly turned the corner they met an automobile careering madly up the avenue. A pair of feet reposed upon the dashboard. Behind the feet appeared a mouth between whose lips was held a TOBE, TAC, BINGO cigar. The face was the face of the butcher's boy. He was having a fine time of his life.

Immensity of the Ocean. If all the land on the globe above sea level were shoveled into the North Atlantic it would only reduce its depth from an average of two miles to one mile.

cursed his luck for five minutes without repeating himself. Then, in desperation, he closed his desk and sent for a cab. The suspense was unendurable. He had made up his mind to know the worst at once.

The man who answered his ring would see if Miss Mayhew was at home and ushered him into a well-remembered drawing room. As soon as his eyes became accustomed to the dim half light he was aware of a figure in the chair by the window. The next instant he recognized it. It was

Billinger. He rose and took one step toward the door. Flight was his purpose. Nothing else was left him now. Too late! At that very instant Miss Mayhew entered the room. A handkerchief was pressed to her eyes, and if there had been sufficient light it could have been seen that they were red. Billinger stood miserably aside. Batterson advanced proudly to the middle of the room, but before he could speak the poodle leaped from his arms and rushed with joyous yelps upon his mistress.

Batterson was clothed in a proud humility, and as he opened his mouth to speak Billinger shuddered in his dim corner by the door.

"F-r-r-r," stammered Batterson. "I-er-t was so fortunate as to find Chicot, you see."

"Yes, yes," cried the joyful mistress of the dog, "thank heaven. I was afraid I should never see him again. But where—how, oh, tell me—I beg you." Billinger waited as waits the convicted criminal to hear his sentence. Batterson cleared his throat.

"Er—not far from my office—in John street," he said, "as I was going to luncheon." Billinger seized a chair to keep from falling. He could hardly realize that he was to be spared.

"The poor, poor doggie!" cried the lady. And to think he had walked all the way down there. I can't think how he failed to be killed by a trolley car or a truck or something. It is simply marvelous. How can I ever thank you enough?" And she pressed a kiss upon Chicot's black, wet muzzle.

"You have no idea how all this

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LORD BLOTTINGHAM



MISS MAYHEW



BATTERSON



BILLINGER



# Yesterday and To-Day

Yesterday, God's day, I spent  
In holy thought, in calm content,  
Amidst the ferns and grasses sweet;  
Where, here and there, about my feet,  
I found this little flower.

I'd longed for such a day to be—  
When every vine and bush and tree  
Should don its robe of verdant hue;  
Then I should gather, dear, for you,  
This little purple flower.

And now my joy has passed away;  
'Tis but a memory to-day.  
My happiness to you I lend,  
In that these violets I send,  
May brighten up an hour.

As with all joys, their reign is short—  
No pleasure that hath e'er been sought;  
No happiness, however great,  
Did permanently satiate—  
We're happy but an hour.

## The Ransom of an Overcoat.

BY JAMES BUCHANAN.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
Mr. E. Wilbert Marsh sallied forth one morning, with a brand new light overcoat thrown jauntily over his left arm. About half way between his lodging house and the station where he was wont to climb up to that abominable inconvenience, the "elevated," he observed a young lady dart down the front steps of one of the most imposing and least flaked of the venerable brown-fronts. She carried a letter in her hand. On her head was nothing but a great glorious mass of piled-up saffron hair. She was strikingly pretty and strikingly conscious of the fact, if one might judge from her make-up and manner. It was evident that she was bound for the nearest letter-box.

Hardly, however, had the little kid slippers of this pleasing damsel tripped along the pavement a dozen yards when, with the exasperating unexpectedness which nature sometimes displays in her most perverse moods, it began to rain. The attractive figure stopped short, wavered a moment and then turned back—just in time to meet young Marsh, struggling to raise his umbrella over his \$25 overcoat.

With a silvery laugh and, apparently the most perfect unconsciousness of any impropriety in thus accosting a stranger, the girl exclaimed:

"How sudden!"

E. Wilbert Marsh smiled, and raised his hat with a gratified blush.

"Would you have the kindness to drop my letter in the first box you pass?" asked the girl, putting the little square missive into the young man's hand, and gathering her skirts preparatory to flight. The next instant she fled, rustling and laughing, back to the shelter of the brown stone front, and E. Wilbert Marsh found himself saying "With pleasure!" to the empty air. The young lady looked back as she was vanishing and nodded. "I wonder if she would recognize me, if she met me again?" mused Marsh. Then he walked briskly on.

The rattle of an approaching train fell on his ear. He had just time to reach the station and catch it. There would not be another train for five minutes, and it happened that he was somewhat late that morning. With an inward vow that he would mail the young lady's letter immediately on leaving the car, he made a wild dash for the stairway and rushed upon the platform of the nearest car just as the guard was closing the gate. Then he slipped the letter into his overcoat pocket, and straightway did what all men do under such circumstances—forgot it.

Presently another young man left his seat, came up the aisle, and stood smiling down upon Marsh. "Going to the ball game, this afternoon?" he asked.

"Why, hello!" replied Marsh, recognizing a chum in whose company he had sometime done his part toward hoarsely eulogizing the national game. "Yes, I want to go. Shall, if I can get away. You going?"

"Not much chance of it. Two hundred and fifty pieces in last night's mail! Don't know how much larger



"How sudden!"

"This morning's mail will be. But say, Wil, if you can go, you want to. It's going to be great ball. Hutchins will pitch for our fellows. The champions play us, and are only just a notch ahead, you know."

By the time E. Wilbert Marsh left the car his head was completely full of the great game which was to come off that afternoon. He was planning how he could get away. He

kept planning all the morning; in the early afternoon he got away. He just went.

It was a glorious day and a glorious game. The rain had let up. Everybody was there. The grand stand was jammed. The bleachers groaned. The entire field was shut in by black parentheses of humanity.

The visitors began to score briskly in the first inning. They made four runs in succession, with out a man out. At the end of the fifth inning the score stood six to two in favor of the champions.



Then it was that an eager face was upturned to E. Wilbert Marsh from the tier of seats below. "Three to one—that the Chicagos win!"

"I'll take you," replied Marsh, with a fierce, desperate thrill of pride and confidence in the home team. They would win yet! Anyway, it would be cowardly to go back on them in their extremity. He would try to turn their luck by betting beyond his usual figure. "Let it be X's!" he exclaimed.

"All right!" responded the eager voice below.

The Chicagos won.

"I'll trouble you for that X," said the young man sitting at Marsh's feet, as the bleachers rose with a howl, at the completion of the last inning. The champion of the home team began to search in his pockets in a dazed way. He finally gathered together a handful of coins and two bills. "I'm stuck at \$4.75," he said, ruefully. "Didn't suppose I was so short. Ought not to have bet. But—say!" He looked desperately at the resplendent overcoat lying across his arm. "You'll take this coat in pledge, won't you? I'll meet you here to-morrow afternoon—right here on the bleachers—with the cash to redeem it."

The other young man hesitated. Then he took the garment which E. Wilbert Marsh tragically handed to him, and disappeared in the crowd.

A few hours later, the temporary owner of the new overcoat pulled a letter out of a pocket of the garment, and stared at the envelope with startled and flashing eyes. "I'd know her writing anywhere!" he muttered. "And addressed to my rival, Sam Niebaum. Confound it! I'll open it!"

He impetuously tore open the envelope and read:

Dearest Sam—What a shame that your invitation to the theater, to-night, came just after I had accepted as a dernier resort, one from that odious Fred Crombie, who has been persecuting me with attentions of late! I should not have accepted his invitation, anyway, if I had not been just dying to hear that particular play. And then came your welcome but tantalizing note. What a con-tempt! But, Sam, I will go with you, and I will tell you how we will outwit Fred and give him the slip. Do you be at, or near, the head of the stairway at the Brooklyn entrance of the bridge at 7:30 sharp, to-night. I will drop my fan over the stairway, as Fred and I are going up. He will, of course, run back to get it. I will then seem to be pushed upward by the crowd. Meet me at the head of the stairs. Then, adieu, Mr. Fred.

Lovingly yours,  
OLLIE.

Mr. Fred Crombie did indeed run dutifully back for the fan that evening when Miss Ollie dropped it from the bridge stairs. But instead of returning, he buttoned his coat, raised his umbrella against the drizzling rain which had begun to fall, and walked away to a street car. Of course, Miss Ollie found no "dearest Sam" awaiting her at the head of the

stairs, since he had never received her letter. She rushed frantically about, got into a jam, had her opera hat crushed out of shape, her purse stolen, and the better part of her indignation wind squeezed into gasping protests. Finally, she got free, but having neither umbrella nor money, had to walk home unsheltered from the rain. She arrived in a drenched, disgusted and hysterical condition, and snaked up to her room like a truant child.

Next day, E. Wilbert Marsh presented himself at the bleachers, as he had agreed, with the ransom money for the overcoat. After the game he found precisely the same sum in the pocket of that garment, together with six of the choicest fifty-cent cigars ever swaddled in tin-foil. No wonder he thought the world must be growing better! He had totally forgotten that he did not mail a certain letter that was handed to him by a young lady. He will never think of it again, for the evidence necessary to recall the matter to the masculine mind had, in his case, entirely disappeared.

## CHINESE AND HIS PEN.

Little Anecdote that Shows Deftness of the Oriental.

A certain newspaper man, who was induced to "try" a stylographic pen, got it out of order by reckless treatment; and took it to a pen-shop for repair. The man there soon showed him that there was nothing serious the matter with it, the only trouble being that he had neglected to do some little thing in using it. Then he began to take the pen apart for the newspaper man's instruction, so that he might see how very simple a thing it is.

"Simple!" cried the indignant owner of the instrument, "it is as complicated as a Chinese puzzle! I don't wonder that I can't make it go when I want it to!"

The penman laughed.

"You remind me," he said, "that there is a Chinese in this town who uses a stylographic regularly. He came here to buy one several months ago, and when I showed it to him he began to take it all apart. I hurriedly stopped him, supposing that he would do it an injury, but he at once put down the value of the pen, saying that it was his, and then continued his dissection of it. I give you my word that he handled that pen more deftly than the man who made it, and in five minutes he had it put together again, so that it worked better than it did at first. Those fellows beat the world at understanding little details. Now, an Irishman or an American—I beg your pardon—could never have done that; and, remember, it was the first pen of the kind the Chinese ever saw."—Philadelphia Record.

## A Child's Faith.

One of Philadelphia's politicians who was a looker-on in Harrisburg during the recent convention told a group of friends an incident that illustrated his own daughter's firm faith in his all-around ability. The crescent moon had excited her amazement and wonder for the reason that, therefore she had always associated Luna with a round and cheese-like fullness. So, she rushed into the house and informed her mother that the moon was "all broken up," and that only a very small piece of it remained. The mother, not thinking the child old enough for an explanation of the lunar phenomena, simply muttered:

"Too bad, dearie—too bad!"

The child seemed downcast for a moment; then, her face illumined with joy, she leaped up and exclaimed:

"O! it will be all right when papa comes home, mamma—he'll mend it again."

## Thorough Paced Economy.

A young man living in Cincinnati is a close worker in money matters, that is, he stays close to the shore with his expenditures. He had, the good luck to marry a girl whose parents are quite wealthy, and is at present living with his wife in one of his father-in-law's houses.

One day not long since, while discussing affairs with a friend, the latter asked:

"Did the old gentleman give you that house?"

"Well—no, not exactly," was the answer. "He offered it to me, but I wouldn't accept it."

"How's that?" asked the friend.

"Well," answered the man who had made the lucky matrimonial venture. "You see, the house really belongs to me. I'm living in it, rent free, and I'll get it when the old man dies. If I accepted it now I'd have to pay the taxes."

## A Unique Procession.

A correspondent of the London Graphic writes:—"The Church of the Madonna del Rosario at Valle di Pompei, or, as it is called, the Madonna di Pompei, is the best known shrine of the Madonna in the south of Italy, on account of 'her' wonderful miracles which are supposed to be performed there. People from all parts, far and near, come on pilgrimage from the far distant mountains, and even from Sardinia. Some most wonderful costumes are seen in and about the church. The confidant come on foot, or in carts often drawn by white oxen, singing and playing on musical instruments, tambourines, pipes, etc. Often in a case of illness, girls with their hair down and barefooted go in procession to the church to intercede with the Madonna for the sick person."

If there be a want of concord among members of the same family, other people will take advantage of it to injure them.

Cong.

We sail toward evening's lonely star,  
That trembles in the tender blue;  
One single cloud, a dusky bar,  
Burnt with dull carmine through and through.

Slow smoldering in the Summer sky,  
Lies low along the fading West,  
How sweet to watch its splendor die,  
Wave-cradled thus and wind-carossed!

The soft breeze freshens: leaps the spray  
To kiss our cheeks with sudden cheer:  
Upon the dark edge of the bay—  
"Light-houses, kildie far and near,  
And through the warm deeps of the sky  
-Steal faint star-clusters while we rest  
In deep refreshment, thou and I,  
Wave-cradled thus, and wind-carossed!"

How like a dream are earth and heaven,  
Star-beam and darkness, sky and sea:  
Thy face, pale in the shadowy even,  
Thy quiet eyes that gaze on me!  
O realize the moment's charm,  
Thou dearest! We are at life's best,  
Folded in God's encircling arm,  
Wave-cradled thus and wind-carossed!"  
—Celia Thaxter.

## A Wedding in The Wilderness

The sky was blue; the lake was blue, and Alice was blue; and it is safe to assert, that Alice was the bluest part of the outfit; for it was the day set for her marriage to "The Only Man," and everything went to indicate that she, of all people, would be absent from that particular wedding.

She had announced at the outset that she had always scorned the conventional wedding and that she intended that her own should be something out of the ordinary. Nevertheless, when the time arrived for that joyful event the usual invitations were issued for the usual church wedding, followed by the usual reception.

Fate, however, ordained that the marriage should take place under circumstances too unique to suit even unconventional Alice Bradbury.

She had decided at the last moment to exchange the pins selected for the bridesmaids for others of a more artistic design. This errand satisfactorily accomplished, she was returning home when she noticed from the car window a few scattered specimens of the rare Canadian lily. Without thought of possible consequences, the impulsive girl had foolishly jumped from the train to get them. The train had been making long stops and the gay blossoms were temptingly near the track. It seemed so easy—it was so easy—to gather them.

If she hadn't stepped on her gown, if she hadn't caught her foot in the ruffe, if the embankment hadn't been so steep, if she herself had been a person of discretion—or if the engineer or the conductor, or the passenger, or even the wretched train boy, who had appeared at her elbow with the "Love Letters of an English Woman" every three minutes, had seen her step from the car, all would have been well. But she did step on her gown, the embankment was not only steep but sandy, no one had witnessed her impulsive leap from the rear platform of the last coach; and there she was, twenty miles from any place in particular, upon her wedding day.

"Chump!" said Alice, resentfully. "I should say I was a chump! Anybody but the queen of chumps would have stayed quietly and properly at home. I had a dozen obliging relatives that I might have sent after those miserable pins. Anybody but a first-class goose would have taken the early train, instead of depending upon the very last one there was."

Here I am, bounded on the north by huckleberry bushes, on the east by all Lake Superior, on the south by more huckleberry bushes, and on the west by railroad track; with no more trains until to-morrow morning, and not a house in sight. Bridesgrooms sometimes fall to appear, but who ever heard of a bride absent from her own wedding? What a state of mind poor mother will be in; and Gilbert—but there isn't any use in crying over spilled milk, or in ruining a good complexion by standing here in this broiling sun. I'll follow this path along the track until I come to a shadier place. Fortunately, I'm in no danger of starvation with these acres of huckleberries around me.

"Why!" exclaimed Alice a moment later, "this is a regular wagon road. It's sandy, but it's much pleasanter than walking on the ties. It seems to follow the track, too, so there's no danger of getting lost." Alice, who was an up-to-date young woman and not at all timid, sauntered calmly along the road and found, somewhat to her surprise, that she was even enjoying the walk.

"There isn't any really good reason," said she, "why I shouldn't walk all the way home, though of course I couldn't get there in time for the wedding; but it will be better than staying out here all night."

With this, Alice gathered up her long skirt and quickened her pace. When she had covered about a mile, she suddenly stopped short and gave a little gasp of astonishment. Indeed, there was reason for her surprise; for there before her in the road, stood nothing less than a brand new horseless carriage, apparently abandoned to its fate.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Alice; "here's a beautiful automobile and not a soul in it. Its owner must be somewhere around. Isn't this luck! I'll get in and rest my weary bones, while I wait for the owner's return. Perhaps he is taking a dip in the lake."

Presently her attention was attracted by a card attached by a white but dusty ribbon to the vehicle. Upon this card was written:

Miss Alice Bradbury,  
With the compliments of Mr. Horace Claversham.

"Why!" gasped Alice, almost petrified by astonishment, "it's a wedding present for me, from Gilbert's uncle; but what in the world is it doing out here in the wilderness? Has it dropped from the clouds? If I only knew how to make it go I should be home in a jiffy."

It was fortunate, however, that she did not succeed in starting it, for fifteen minutes later—there appeared upon the scene no less a personage than the bridegroom-elect. He looked, to be sure, more like a tramp than a bridegroom, for his face was covered with perspiration and dirt, his clothes were torn, and his hands were covered with scratches. In each hand he carried a small tin pail, and there was an odor of gasoline about him.

"Alice!" he exclaimed, recognizing the occupant of the automobile, and almost dropping the pails in his astonishment.

"Oh, Gilbert! were you looking for me?"

"For you! I should say not. You're the last person I was looking for here."

"Then what in the world are you doing way out here in the woods? How awfully pathetic you look. What does it all mean?"

"Uncle Horace sent this—this thing to you for a wedding present," said Gilbert, with a hostile glance at the vehicle, "and, miserable duffer that I was, I thought I'd save time by riding down in it. The sand was a foot deep, the gasoline gave out, and I've been stuck right here since nine o'clock this morning. Even now, it will be impossible to get to town in time for the wedding. Still, I can stand it now, since you are not there either; but how, in the name of common-sense, did you get here?"

Alice explained the situation.

"But where," asked Alice, did you find the gasoline? Does it grow on bushes in these woods?"

"There's a camp of berry-pickers up this path, and one of them said we could find gasoline at a little supply store about four miles north of here."

"Well," said Alice, "this isn't so bad after all. We have the bride and the bridegroom, a wedding gift and even the means—she pointed at the pails—"for the wedding journey. All we lack is the clergyman."

"If that is all," said a deep voice from behind the horseless carriage, "the wedding may take place at the appointed time, if not at the appointed place."

"This," said Gilbert, "is the Reverend Mr. Spencer. I forgot to mention that I brought Mr. Spencer with me to make sure of having him there on time. He has been foraging for refreshments, and I see that he has the wedding banquet in a paper sack under his arm."

"Doughnuts and Bologna sausage," murmured the clergyman, lifting his hat.

"Now," continued Gilbert, "while I am not a bit superstitious, I have a horror of postponed weddings. My father laid all his troubles in after life to the fact that his wedding was postponed, the bride having eloped with the best man. While I feel perfectly safe on that score, having taken the precaution of selecting the bride's brother for my best man, I still object to the postponement of a wedding, particularly when the wedding belongs to me. I obtained the license three days ago when I was in your town, and I have the ring in my pocket."

"My surplus," said Mr. Spencer, "is under the seat."

"So," said Gilbert, "is the bride's bouquet."

"But," objected Alice, "we have no witnesses."

"Oh, yes, we have," said the clergyman, pointing toward the side of the road at two adult berry pickers, who had just emerged from a little side path. "These two will do very nicely."

The berry pickers were glad of an opportunity to attend a wedding in any capacity, and smilingly consented to serve.

"Well," said Alice, "this isn't my idea of a wedding; but it is certainly much pleasanter than having to stand up before a whole roomful of people to be married, particularly when you are conscious that your wedding gown has a wretched wrinkle all down the back. I'm rather glad not to wear it."

So, without further ado, the wedding took place in the automobile, with the witnesses standing hand in hand by the roadside.

Upon the conclusion of the brief ceremony, Alice handed the berry-picker in the blue sunbonnet a small box.

"You," said she, "have been my maid of honor, so you are entitled to this little pin."

"You," said Gilbert to the berry-picker in the pink shirt, "have been my best man upon this happy occasion. Accept this little scarf pin with my thanks."

"These here," said the two witnesses, speaking in concert and handing up a fine basket of huckleberries, "ain't much; but we'd like to give 'em to the bride."

"And now," said the bridegroom, turning to the prosaic task of pouring the gasoline into the tank, "we might as well start on our wedding trip. If we have luck we may be able to cut the wedding cake at the reception. At any rate, we must hasten to allay the anxiety of the bride's parents, though our unique appearance will undoubtedly create as much a sensation as our absence has already done."—Carroll Watson Rankin in The Ladies' World.

The raising of the instrument shelter of the weather bureau in New York city from an elevation of 160 feet above the street to an elevation of 300 feet has caused an apparent lowering of the mean annual temperature of 2½ degrees.

## OLD TOOLS FOUND IN MINE.

implements Used Two Centuries Ago Discovered in Massachusetts.

A remarkable collection of implements used by miners in 1683 has been discovered in a deserted shaft of the Sturbridge graphite mine at Webster, Mass., ninety feet below the surface.

The discovery includes a wooden pump stock, twenty-five feet long and almost intact; a section of chain formerly weighing fifty pounds and now tipping the scales at but five, and some hammers of ancient make.

More than this, it has become positively known that the Sturbridge graphite mine was the first mine of any kind discovered and worked in the United States.

The discovery was recently made by C. E. and Francis Husbands of Philadelphia, expert graphite men, who are now operating at the mine.

For something like 219 years these implements have lain in ice-cold water deep in the ground, and in the line of ancient tools, are probably more valuable than any others in the country.

An investigation conducted by the Philadelphia men has developed the facts, which first became known outside to Edward S. Hill of Webster, president of the Massachusetts Graphite company, which owns the property.

Mr. Husbands and son believe they are now in a fair way to unearth a very rich bed of graphite, and it was during their investigation that the relics mentioned were discovered. In cold water, away from the air, the pump had lain for more than 200 years, apparently, and is to-day in almost a perfect state of preservation.

## HAD A GOOD THING.

Mr. Rockefeller's Opinion of the Medical Profession.

When Mr. William Rockefeller had appendicitis Dr. McBriney was called in to perform the necessary operation.

After his recovery Mr. Rockefeller received the doctor's bill in due course, and, drawing a check, went to pay the account in person. In the conversation which followed appendicitis was "naturally their main theme."

"You told me," said Mr. Rockefeller, "while I was sick, doctor, that everybody in the world had a veriform appendix."

"With a few exceptions I believe that to be the case," answered the doctor.

"And that sooner or later," pursued the oil magnate, "every one would have to be operated on, either to cure or prevent the disease."

"That is the generally recognized opinion among the medical fraternity," was the answer.

"Well," said Mr. Rockefeller, "if you will pardon me saying so, it seems to me that you have a better thing of it than has the Standard Oil Company."—New York Times.

## Rivalry Over Beethoven Statue.

Much rivalry has existed between the cities of Leipzig and Vienna for the possession of the remarkable statue of Beethoven, recently executed by Max Klinger of Leipzig. Subscription lists were opened in both places, but it is understood that the city council of Vienna finally decided to make no contribution to the fund, so Leipzig now has the best chance of securing it. It represents the labor of fifteen years and depicts the great German musician seated upon a bronze throne which is supported by symbolical figures in relief. An eagle, chiseled in black marble spreads its wings at the feet of the massive figure. The unconventional treatment as well as its fine execution has created quite a sensation throughout Europe. It is said to have cost \$37,500 for materials alone, and is held by the sculptor at a purchase figure of \$100,000.

## No Boat Free from Danger.

Once upon a time a small boy asked permission of his father to go rowing in a boat with a friend.

"You may go, my son," said the parent, "if you are careful to keep away from the rocks."

"Certainly," replied his son; "we are going in deep, clear water, where there are no rocks."

They went, and as it happened, his friend was a fool. So, when they were from shore, he swayed the boat from side to side, thinking that it was great fun to do so. Finally the boat turned bottom side up, and the occupants had a very narrow escape from drowning.

## Two Hundred Miles to Buy a Hat.

A writer in the Boston Journal is responsible for the following story:

"What are you doing in Boston?" I asked a friend of mine, a New Yorker, the other day, as we met in Postoffice square.

"Come on to buy a hat."

"Why come to Boston for that?"

"Well, you see, in New York when you put on a new hat all your friends promptly remove it and look inside to see if it was bought at a swell store. Not having the price the swell store wanted and being favored with a railroad pass, I came on to buy mine here and fool the crowd. Going back to-night."

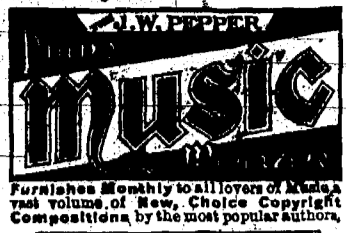
## Roman Philosopher's Words.

You will do the greatest service to the state if you shall raise, not the roofs of the houses, but the souls of the citizens; for it is better that great souls should dwell in small houses rather than for mean slaves to lurk in great houses.—Epictetus.

There is a great difference between poker spots and polka dots.



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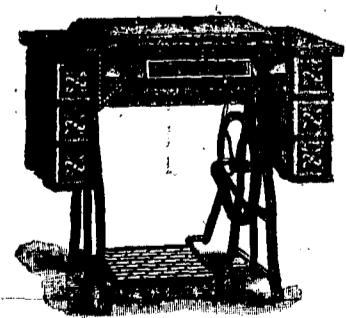
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THE FRENCH SOLDIER

SOME OF THE BRUTALITIES TO WHICH HE IS SUBJECTED.

Hazings and Other Punishments Which Sometimes End in the Victim's Death That Are Witnessed at, if Not Ordered, by the Officers.

Soldiers in the French army are not subjected by law to corporal punishment any more than it has been a part of the regulations governing the Military academy at West Point...

The thing which distinguishes the hazing in American colleges and universities is that it is suggested and almost ordered by the commissioned officers.

The officer turns on his heel and walks away while the unfortunate soldier is placed in a blanket, with saber, spurs, jack boots, bayonets and such pleasant bedfellows...

In some of the French barracks a favorite method of punishment is to hang the offending soldier up by his heels and then to spank him with a sword bayonet.

The military authorities when they became aware of these tortures issued an order prohibiting such a punishment...

Several years ago Prince Pignatelli d'Aragon, a young Spanish noble, ran away from his home and went to Algiers to join the foreign legion...

Another form of punishment which used to be popular in Algiers was the "carcau." A piece of wood, usually the trunk of a tree, was used.

An Embarrassing Laugh. During a funny turn on the stage at the Walnut Street theater...

Where the Gull Lay. "You say the play was entirely without a villain?"

Curiously, the men who are easiest to get along with are the very men who have no faculty for getting along.

Victoria as a Host.

The London Chronicle says the announcement that the King of Italy will be the guest of King Edward VII...

One Thing and Another. According to Professor Georson grain can be matured almost anywhere in Alaska.

Experiments with macaroni wheats lead to the belief that a considerable section of this country can grow these wheats better perhaps and cheaper than anywhere in the world.

Known Where He Stood. "There's one thing I must say for Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton.

"No, indeed! That's what makes home so happy. If she expresses herself in the morning, I know perfectly well that she hasn't changed her mind when I get home at night.

When the Cook Kicked.



Waiter—Hi, make that steak a chop! Cook—Sacre! Vat you tink? I am a chef, not you magician!

M. Bourget's Metamorphosis.

Joseph, the ex-violet de chambre of Felix Faure, has written a book...

Hard Luck.

"What! You say that Mr. Smith, the merchant, has gone blind? Here's a pretty how d'ye do! I've got a bill on the man which is made out 'payable at sight!'"

Trafalgar Hats.

The year 1805 was a memorable one, as on Oct. 21 was fought and gained the battle of Trafalgar.

Question of Ownership.

"Need of counsel? Come up and let me introduce you to my lawyer." "Your lawyer? Do you own a lawyer?"

PERE MARQUETTE

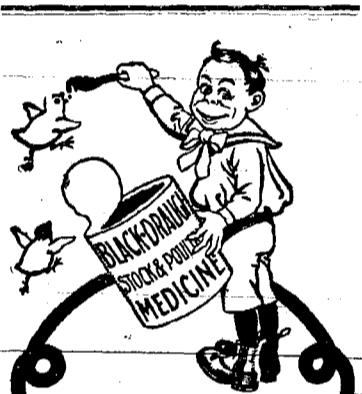
In effect June 22d, 1902. Trains leave Ellsworth as follows: For Chicago and West—9:56 a. m. and 3:49 p. m.



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