

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 6.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, SEPT. 5 1902.

No 2



**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 Mattings. A good assortment of FURNITURE always on hand.

C. H. WHITTINGTON,
Funeral Director and Embalmer,

Phone 66.

OPPOSITE LOVEDAY OPERA HOUSE

Alpena & West Michigan.

**New Railroad Proposed to
Cross the State.**

EAST JORDAN ON THE PROPOSED
ROUTE. MR. A. H. FROST
A DIRECTOR.

Preliminary steps in the organization of the Alpena & West Michigan railroad were taken at a meeting held in Alpena last week, at which Mr. A. H. Frost represented East Jordan interests. The capital stock of the new company at the start will be one million dollars but may be increased to a million and a half.

The route to be followed will be from Alpena via Planders, Hillman, Atlanta, Big Rock, Heatherton, Gaylord, Elmira and East Jordan to Charlevoix, a distance of 120 miles. It is proposed to commence the work of grading as early as possible, work to be begun at both ends of the line and it is the intention to grade 25 miles from each terminus before winter sets in.

A board of directors was chosen, consisting of the following named gentlemen:

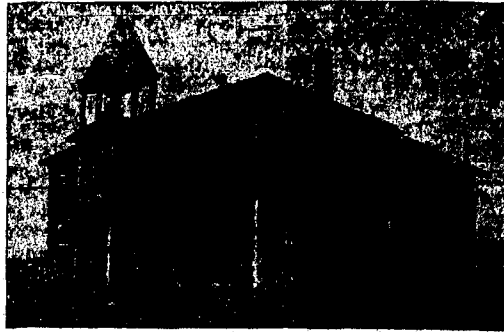
R. R. McNeany, Grand Rapids.
Harry Nicholls, Charlevoix.
J. Milo Eaton, Charlevoix.
J. M. Felts, Charlevoix.
A. H. Frost, East Jordan.
W. R. Anderson, Detroit.
T. N. Goodburne, Alpena.
Wm. Krebs, Alpena.
Herman Besser, Alpena.
C. B. Williams, Alpena.
Fred L. Richardson, Alpena.

The following are the officers of the new company chosen at a meeting of the board of directors:

President—R. R. McNeany, Grand Rapids.
Secretary—Thos. N. Goodburne, Alpena.

Treasurer—W. H. Johnson, Alpena.
Among the stockholders in the company are the above named gentlemen and E. O. Knight, J. M. Goodell, E. E. Perrin and T. G. Holmes, of Detroit, Robert Rea of Hillman and G. M. Babcock of Atlanta.

Messrs. Frost, Nicholls, Felts and Eaton returned from Alpena in carriages accompanied by Sec'y Goodburne. They drove along the proposed route of the railroad, which traverses



School opened Tuesday for season 1902-'3.

several immense tracts of hardwood timber as well as a rich farming and grazing country. The grade also seems to be comparatively easy.

The opening of this line of railroad will be an epoch in the history of Northern Michigan and will mark the beginning of a new era of industrial prosperity.

At present it does not appear just what is expected of the people at this end of the line but we are certain that both Charlevoix and East Jordan will do everything in their power to assure the success of the project.

CURED HEMORRHAGES OF THE LUNGS
"Several years since my lungs were so badly affected that I had many hemorrhages," writes A. M. Ake, of Wood, Ind. "I took treatment with several physicians without any benefit. I then started to take Foley's Honey and Tar and my lungs are now as sound as a bullet. I recommend it in advanced stages of lung trouble."
Sold by L. C. MADISON & Co

Flint apparently stands a good chance of securing the "Odal Fellows" arrangement. A site just bordering the city limits is proposed and at a meeting of the council the plan was approved to expand and have the corporate limits so changed as to take in the farm if the home is located there. The object is to give the home the advantage of city schools, electric lights, sewers and sidewalks.

FEET SWOLLEN TO AN IMMENSE SIZE.
"I had kidney trouble so bad," says J. J. Cox, of Valley View, Ky., "that I could not work, my feet were swollen to an immense size and I was confined to my bed and physicians were unable to give me any relief. My doctor finally prescribed Foley's Kidney Cure which made a well man of me."
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

HOLD YOUR APPLES.

The apple crop this year is very light. In our news columns this week we publish statements of some of the leading growers showing this is certainly the condition in Mason county. It is also the universal opinion of the best authorities. Apple buyers appreciate this fact and as the following press dispatch indicates are using fair means and foul to keep the price down.

"There is intense indignation among fruit growers," says the New York Commercial, "over the reports which are cropping out in the newspapers of every fruit growing section in the United States, evidently inspired by members of the Apple-Shippers' association, which held a meeting recently in Rochester. These reports—while written, apparently by regular correspondents of the various papers, are so alike that they are evidently the result of interviews with members of the association who have had outlined for their benefit a plan of talk which has for its object the spreading of the idea that the crop of apples this year is very large and of excellent quality, and that the prevailing prices will be low. In every article which has appeared, these prices are quoted at \$1.25 for the first quality apples, with possibly \$1.50 for the fancy grades.

"It is claimed that in 1900 the same plan was followed, the press committee getting a report on the Associated Press wires which frightened apple growers so that the early sales were scooped in at from \$1.15 to \$1.50, while later in the season the price jumped up to \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.50 after the buyers had secured all of the early ones. Last season the same tactics were tried and many apples were bought at \$1.25 and \$1.50 when crop was exceedingly short, market made late at \$3.00 and \$3.25 for topers and \$2.50 and \$2.85 for firsts and seconds barreled together."

Farmers with good or even fair crops who have not contracted for the sale of their apples have a gold mine and will show wisdom by holding the fruit and waiting for higher prices. All know how prices rose last year and the very best and most reliable sources, this year's crop is only a little better than last year's and considerably below the 1900 crop.—Ludington Record-Appeal.

A NEW JERSEY EDITOR'S TESTIMONIAL
M. T. Lynch, Editor of the Phillipsburg, N. J., Daily Post, writes: "I have used many kinds of medicines for coughs and colds in my family but never anything so good as Foley's Honey and Tar. I cannot say too much in praise of it."
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

In the book of Nahum the Prophet these words are found: "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings." Did this wonderfully impressive and vivid description foretell the era of the automobiles and the trolley. Even the sultan of Morocco and Sir Thomas Lipton have been jostled and shaken up by self-motors in the last few days.
New York Times.

USED FOR PNEUMONIA.
Dr. J. C. Bishop, of Agnew, Mich., says, "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar in three very severe cases of pneumonia with good results in every case. Refuse substitutes."
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

Bro. Wilson of the Boyne Citizen is to be congratulated upon having been awarded the publishing of the delinquent tax list the coming winter.

WM. M. GILBERT,
Practical House and
Sign Painter.
Plain and Decorative Paper Hanger.
EAST JORDAN, MICH.



Are you still paying rent

When you can't afford to do it?
We 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? G.A.L. 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—

All goods, baggage and Mer of all descriptions.
and lumber delivered.
MICH

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.

Frank A. Kenyon,
Register of Deeds
and Abstractor.
These abstracts are the only Record of Title up to the time of the fire which destroyed the Court House.

Moses Lemieux
Practical Horseshoeing
and General Blacksmith
All kinds of wood repair work done promptly.
Last shop East end of State St.

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ST 1897 XI.
BARGAINS
Odds and Ends in Crockery at
1/2 price
RACKET STORE
Until August 10th.
H. G. HOLMES.

BOOSINGER BROS.

STYLE AND GOOD QUALITY.

The
Important
Thing
In
your
new dress!

There is no way of showing in print the texture and the quality of a fabric. You cannot tell from a picture how a thing really is. But when you can see the real thing, examine the goods, "heft" them, see the appropriate colors, see what people are wearing—then you can tell.

We cordially invite your attention to our new Dress Suitings—new up-to-date Waistings—Dress Goods—Skirtings.

The Leading New Things

Beautiful Venetian Cloths, Cheviots, Serges, Meltons.
The prices are the attractive feature—25 cts. to 75 cts. for the new Waistings—50 cts. to \$2.00 for the new Skirtings and Suitings.

Our Motto: "Quality First of All."

BOOSINGER BROS.

Tennessee has developed a second Tracy and we have yet to hear from Texas.

The Russian authorities are afraid to arrest Tolstol, and Tolstol is afraid they won't.

Japan is again supplying arms to China, but they are old arms which Japan has discarded.

Somebody ought to teach young King Alfonso the old song, "A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother."

Newport is to have a horse show before long. The milliners are now working overtime getting it ready.

An astrologer says Helen Gould will marry happily. If ever a woman deserved happiness, that person is Miss Gould.

If the Rockefellers and Rothschilds effect a merger of their capital there will be no place big enough to hold the goods.

Late reports from San Francisco are to the effect that Mr. Fitzsimmons has taken his share of the money and quit weeping.

The end of Outlaw Tracy seems to have been in accordance with all the prophecies, taking everything into consideration.

They say that Mrs. Mackay knows how to make money fly. This is an art in which women seem generally to be very proficient.

According to reports John B. Gates averted a panic by refusing to call. This shows how closely the stock game resembles poker.

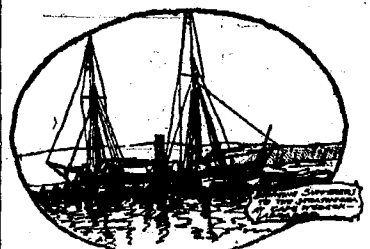
Japan seems to have come to the conclusion that women have rights, which is considered a great discovery in the flowery kingdom.

Rev. Ziedler says some good men go wrong in politics. We have also noticed that some wrong men "go good" in the same occupation.

A New York policeman has discovered that London is much more

ON A HOSPITAL SHIP

THE hardest medical practice in the world is in swing again. While most of us are dreaming of hammocks and cool drinks, only a few days' sail from our northern Atlantic ports a little steamer is rolling and tumbling through great seas and fields of ice floes.



read this, looking for the only help that ever comes to them in their solitudes, where ice and gales lock them away from all their human kind.

There is no spot on the globe where life is harder or serious accidents of all kinds are more frequent than along that stormy stretch of coast from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Cape Chilly, at the opening into Hudson Strait.

Every year there is a lack of food, and starvation weakens the people until they are easy prey to typhoid, consumption and intestinal diseases of almost all the painful kinds known to medical science.

and one is open in northern Newfoundland, where the conditions of life are almost as hard.

Yet, still the service can only reach a percentage of those who need it. For through the winter months even the brave hearts on the Strathcona cannot force her through the ice that girdles the coasts as with an iron ring.

From Nov. 14, to March 29 Dr. Macpherson of the Battle Harbor hospital traveled 1,833 miles by sledge, snowshoes and boat and paid 680 visits. He missed scarcely a hut or a tent on the whole coast from Paul's river, above the Straits of Belle-Ile, to Rigolet, under latitude 55.

Scurvy, another affliction that curses the dwellers on the inhospitable coast, was found in many places. One case had gone so far that it had produced internal hemorrhage and required extensive operation.



Hard Sledding.

any one except poor, ignorant persons who had not tried to do

AGRICULTURE



Necessary for Drainage.

If there was ever a year when the advantages of good drainage were manifest it is this year, especially in the territory bordering on the Great Lakes, where rains have been very copious during the past two months.

It seems strange that after so long a campaign in favor of draining there should exist such large areas still undrained, especially areas that are devoted to the growing of expensive and profitable crops.

THE ARMY OF HAITI

Haiti is chiefly remarkable by reason of its being a military republic, with an army of 4,000 generals and 4,000 privates—a general to each Tommy. The generals are extraordinary men in more than one sense of the word.

Every third man you meet in Haiti is a general, but it is only every tenth general who gets paid; it has to be conceded that each general does his best to pay himself.

The Haitian soldier's uniform is a fearful and wonderful thing. Let us review a regiment on parade. Some of them are shod in dried grass slippers. They wear a little blue cap with a red band.

The army, it goes without saying, is miserably housed. In Port-au-Prince, the capital of Haiti, you will

find a post of soldiers every fifty or a hundred yards. They live in wretched guard rooms, which are merely long hovels, with piazzas raised two feet above the street.

You must never allow a smile to cross your face—however, tempted you may be to laugh—if you meet a Haytian soldier. A European diplomatist landed once at Port-au-Prince and on his way from the ship he fell in with what he imagined to be a tattered mountebank carrying a rifle.

The Haytian soldier needs but the license of a political strife to lash him into frenzy. Given political troubles and a modicum of shooting in the streets, and a man such as we have just described, with intense irascibility of temper and thousands of companions like himself, he would become a very perilous and terrible element in the general anarchy.

The Haytian army in peace time may be like that upon a comic opera stage, but given a war, it would become a hotbed of tragedy.—London Express.

Character is the best commercial asset in the world.

HIS NEW ANGLING TACKLE

A prominent physician of Baltimore has been busy of late trying to regulate his practice so that he may enjoy an extended fishing trip. His early arrangements have not been propitious, though he has boasted of the great catches which he anticipates making in Canadian waters.

Thinking it a kink in the new line, he wound harder. Then there was a suppressed scream from the sidewalk. The reel worked, however, and to the prospective fisherman's surprise a woman's picture hat came to the end of the pole.

USE FOR A MILLION

Seated with some congenial cronies in a cool corner of a roof garden the other night was James Conner Roach, actor, playwright, wit and raconteur. They had been discussing wealth and what it meant to be a man of millions, when Roach said:

"Now, how many of us here to-night know what a million dollars really means? How many people in general know?"

"Some think of a million as a check for that amount signed by George Gould and indorsed by Russell Sage. Others picture great heaps of gold."

"When I hear poor chaps like us speaking of millions I think of the story of three of my countrymen who were digging a sewer up in Harlem."

"They had shovels with very short handles and the dirt had to be thrown higher the deeper they dug, so the longer they worked the more energy had to be expended."

SOME NEW CYCLONE STORIES.

What the Wind Recently Accomplished in Michigan.

A Wheatland farmer says that upon entering his pigeon, immediately after the passage of the cyclone last Wednesday, he was surprised to find what he at first supposed was a new species of swine. His porkers had been driven so full of splinters as to be scarcely recognizable.

A man sitting in the back window of his residence, just out of the path of the twister, saw his cows, which were grazing in a neighboring field, go sailing skyward. They landed on an adjoining farm and began grazing again. He has not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"Do you know the reason they couldn't find that piano?" asked a man in the barber shop. "I was standing in front of the hotel at Manitou Beach when I heard something that sounded like music directly overhead. I looked up and saw a piano going northward over the lake at an elevation of about 200 feet. The wind was agitating the keys, and I could distinguish the strains of 'Ain't It a Shame?' I have told a lot of people about this, but they don't seem to believe it."

The foregoing stories were gathered

arter, and there with a tub of water is now in the doctor's back yard and the gate is locked. If he wants to practice casting between now and the time set for the real fishing trip he can safely cast out of a back window.—Baltimore Sun.

"One noon hour they were seated on the fence, eating dinner, when Pat said: 'Byes, do yez know what I'd do if I had a millyun dollars? I'd buy myself a job as portner on a Pullman car and spend the rist of me days in luxury.'"

"Mike removed his pipe from his mouth, sighed as he looked at his empty pail and said: 'Well, well now, would yez? I'd buy me one of them big corner saloons with all the lookin' glasses, and ivy time I took a drink I'd see meelf 21 times takin' it.'"

"The whistle summoned them to work when Jim gave his opinion. 'Holding his same old back with one-hand and reaching for his shovel, he declared: 'If I had a millyun dollars I'd add two feet to the handles of all these shovels.'—New York Times.

from reliable sources.—Hudson (Mich.) Post.

Not Impressed by Title. Back in the summer of 1871 Benjamin Harrison, with a party of fourteen made up of members of his family and some friends, started from Rye Beach, N. H., for Center Harbor. The neighborhood was then very popular with tourists, and he thought it well to telegraph ahead for rooms. As he was about to sign the telegram, he said to a friend:

"I never make use of my title—don't believe in that sort of thing; but—well, do you think we'd fare better if I wrote 'General' before my name? Do you think they'd take care that we got nice rooms?"

"Certainly!" was the friend's reply. "The wire was sent. When the party of fourteen arrived, the ladies were told at the hotel that he could give them pallets on the parlor floor, while the men could get nothing better than side-by-side chairs in the reception room. Gen. Harrison never again tried to make an impression by using his title.

God has given the poet an imagination so that he can have the pleasure of thinking of things he would do if he had money.

experiments... the old way is better in all other respects.

The Duchess of Marlborough is coming to this country to visit her ma and stepfather. She may also throw a few kisses over the back fence to pa.

The last collision of Vanderbilt's auto was with a market wagon, and he got the worst of it. What has he not brought up against this side of a broken neck?

The Chicago man who was engaged in twenty minutes after he met the lady and married in an hour ought to be due for a divorce in at least twenty-four hours.

Spain is said to be recuperating financially. This is probably due to the fact that the crown clothes for a boy are much less expensive than those for a woman.

The plutocratic Vanderbilt auto was knocked into smithereens by a common farm wagon loaded with cabbages the other day. The plain people still run this country.

The kaiser and the czar are paying each other nice compliments these days. But the kaiser's big army doesn't forget to drill and fight sham battles while the boss is away.

The citizen of Albany, N. Y., who has just wasted a stamp and envelope in forwarding to United States Treasurer Roberts a conscience contribution of 1 cent is just two-centsitive for anything.

The Michigan man who has just adopted a whole orphan asylum of 22 children must have a large heart. If the average man were going to adopt a whole institution, he would probably prefer Vassar college.

In New York it is found that a good bed of gravel laid at intervals on roads where automobiles are not wanted quenches their ardor wonderfully. The automobile is quite helpless in gravel a foot deep.

Kipling has had a quarrel with his English neighbors. He also quarreled with his American neighbors while living here, which goes to show that the place of Kipling's residence has nothing to do with his quarrels.

The work who sent a \$20 bill to a New York brokerage firm with the request that it be "invested" so as to make \$200 right away appears to have received a touch of the true Wall Street spirit. The incident, by the way, also illustrates where the evil of speculating is doing the most harm.

hort, there under Dr. Wilfred Grenfell.

Month after month the little Albert worked her way through ice and snow and gale, through hundreds of miles of uncharted and unlighted waters, over reefs pounded by mountain seas, seeking out whom she might succor. When her sail was seen men came in skin kayaks, in birch canoes, in all sorts of craft, crazy or stanch, bearing their sick and wounded to the visitors.

Too often the visitors were too late to do more than ease the dying moments of some poor wretch. They found whole settlements that had been wiped out by diphtheria. In one place they saw the rude graves, scooped into the hard Laurentian rocks, of twenty-nine persons who had died absolutely without any attempt at saving them. They found one man whose little

one had frozen both her feet. There was nothing in the whole settlement with which to help her, and before long both feet began to gangrene. And when the Albert returned to St. John's she carried back the terrible story of how the unhappy father had been forced at last, being in utter despair and knowing that it was the only hope of saving the child from a death of torture, to take a hatchet and cut off both the little one's feet.



A HARD FIGHT TO REACH A PATIENT.

With such knowledge as this to sustain him, Dr. Grenfell and his band of doctors and nurses—Drs. A. O. Bobard and Elliot Curwen and the Misses Cecelia Williams and Ada Carwardine—fought their way through the long seasons on the coast, and then, on their brief visits to civilization, fought to arouse men to help them in their efforts. Bit by bit they obtained assistance. First they got a rowboat. Then somebody else helped them to buy a steam launch. Finally another sailing vessel was added to their tiny fleet. But still they knew that all this was merely a scratching at the outside of a mountain of misery. And they fought on until now they have the little but beautifully equipped steamship Strathcona, given largely through the efforts of Lord Strathcona, while two hospitals are established on the coast.

varieties. Rainbows have been brought over, Dolly Vardens, the Mount Shasta trout, which, in its native water is a very vicious steel-head indeed, Montana trout and other sorts of salmonide, but nothing has been put into Wisconsin water yet which is as good as the native brook trout.

Moreover the state has many amateur pisciculturists who put fish into the water with beneficial intent and leave other folk to have trouble with them. Some of them are in the class with men who brought English sparrows to this country, the San Jose scale, the Russian thistle and such things.

Some time ago one of these well-meaning persons put a lot of German carp into Lake Koshkonong. Koshkonong five years ago was the greatest inland water for canvasback ducks in the world, since it was matted with wild cherry and the big fellows came to it from a thousand miles afar.

The carp have eaten all of the celery, as well as forty million tons of mud, and loaf about, rotund, sleepy, happy and worthless, but there are no canvasbacks.

Played Joke on Kitchener. Years ago Kitchener was in command of raw Arab troops at Korosko, on the Nile. There with a few other English officers he schooled in civilized warfare Sheikh Arnold and his wild tribesmen throughout the long summer months. And during the schooling some one put up a joke upon the Arab chieftain and taught him and all his men to heave a harmless and unwitting insult at their distinguished leader. The whole band, yelling wildly, used to dash down toward the Nile bank, on which was Kitchener's tent, and halting suddenly to salute in these words: "Kitchener damfool! Kitchener mufin man." It was a harmless imbecility, and its object was as much amused by it as any one, though, of course, the salute had to be altered.

Lord Roberts in Fiction. A character called Lord Roberts, and representing the British Commander-in-Chief, is the villain of a romance entitled "Gold Fever," now running in the Neues Wiener Journal of Vienna.

Here is a specimen passage: "Lord Roberts went suddenly pale, almost fallow. He knew that everything depended upon the successful carrying out of his plans; but in spite of this he soon regained his composure. Only an extremely careful observer would have noticed the evil flicker of his boast-of-prey-like eyes."

Needless to say "Lord Roberts" is helplessly in love with the heroine, for whom he plays the piano.

and dry weather, but is especially necessary in rainy weather.

Hill or Level Culture.

Under perfect conditions of soil as relates to drainage level culture is best. But there is so little land where the conditions of drainage are perfect that some hilling is necessary. So our forefathers were not far wrong when they hilled up everything. In their day drainage of any kind was unusual except such as was given by surface ditches. When the corn was hilled up a natural drain was left by the removal of the dirt. This condition helped matters every time there was a freshet. The man that has a heavy soil that has no artificial drainage must hill or ridge up to save his crop in the case of a heavy fall of water. Even though the land be high or rolling a heavy soil needs some treatment of this kind. Clayey hillsides hold water to such an extent that crops are often lost from too much water. The usual inference is that the drainage is good because there is a slope. This is a mistake, as heavy clay holds water for a very long period unless there be means for drawing it away from beneath. In case of heavy clay on a hillside being underlaid with gravel or sand we have a condition that may be counted as an exception. Where the land is sandy of course level culture may be followed, unless there are obstructions to the draining away of the water.

Some Wheat Tests.

At the Pennsylvania station some tests with wheat gave results that were summarized as follows:

1. The yield of grain from the different varieties of wheat varied greatly.

2. The bearded varieties gave the largest yield of grain and of straw and the grain per measured bushel was heavier than that produced by the beardless or smooth varieties.

3. In general, the smooth chaff varieties were injured more by the Hessian fly than the bearded chaff varieties.

4. Late sown wheat was injured less by the Hessian fly than that sown early.

5. The difference in the yield of the varieties may be accounted for in part by the difference in the severity of attack by the Hessian fly.

Water in Wood.

Green wood contains fully 45 per cent of water, and thorough seasoning usually expels but 36 per cent of this fluid.

Anything you get for nothing usually is not worth that much.

Clay soil to do its best must be thoroughly pulverized.

The World Is Too Much with Us.

The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid
boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the
moon;
The winds that will be howling at all
hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping
flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of
tune;
It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn.
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the
sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed
horn!

—William Wordsworth.

Following Orders.

BY HAROLD HUME.

(Copyright, 1902, Dally Story Pub. Co.)
Dick had finally all the sentiment
knocked out of him so far as the busi-
ness was concerned. He had come to
the great city and taken a position as
reporter on the Screamer full of en-
thusiasm in the work and a determina-
tion to succeed, and he had spared
neither time or energy to make good.
He had been the first man down to
report and last to go home, staying
about long after he could have gone
in the hope of catching a late emer-
gency assignment. He had sought
hard assignments which the older re-
porters dodged.

He had not minded the sneers of
his colleagues, but it had jolted his
faith when the powers that were utterly
ignored his faithfulness and placed
it not to his credit at all.

Dick felt the injustice of it keenly,
but the first real blow came when
he had spent four days and nights of
an elopement story and had fallen
down while the Thunderer had all
the details on the first page—secured,
he afterward ascertained, by wire
from the Kansas City correspondent
and rewritten in the office to make it
appear a local story. He attempted
to explain to the city editor, but was
cut short.

"I don't care a rap why you didn't
get it. The fact remains that you
didn't. You fell down and that's all
there is to it. Results are what
count, and what I want is stories, not
explanations."

This made Dick blind with fury, in-
asmuch as he would have willingly
given up his day off to work on the
story. The final crash came when
he was sent out on a big
financial story and found a
lead which seriously reflected
upon a concern in which the chief
backer of the paper was the dominant
personality. He worked out his story
on another theory and ingeniously
covered the connection. When the
storm broke loose the next day and
he attempted to justify upon he was told
with more emphasis than courtesy
that he was not responsible for the
editorial policy of the paper.

"What d'ye suppose we have copy-
readers and city editors and night ed-
itors and managing editors here for?"
shouted the city editor. "What you
are hired for is to go out and get
facts. Then if we want 'em sup-
pressed we'll let you know. And
when we get so we are not competent
to run the sheet we'll turn it over to
a batch of cub reporters. I ought to
fire you—that's what I ought to do,
and I've a blamed good mind to do it,
too. But I'll just lay you off for a
week so you can have a chance to
study over the question of your duties
and limitations, and then I'll give you
one more chance." Then the other
fellows gazed him unmercifully as the
man who had appointed himself the
correr of the paper.

So it was that Dick became hard-
ened like the others and worked for
his salary, and not for glory, and took



"You fell down, and that's all there
is to it!"

as little responsibility as possible and
did as little work as was compat-
ible with the holding of his job. And
he became blasé and lost most of his
old-time enthusiasm and interest. He
never lost his pride in getting a scoop
nor in turning in a good story—no
born-reporter does that—but he be-
came as the others, stolid, indifferent
and more or less hopeless.

This was the frame of mind in
which he found himself one fine after-
noon when, as he sat chewing a cigar
and fuming inwardly over his lost

hopes, he was sent out to "do" a sen-
sational embezzlement story. It
proved considerable of a puzzler and
the assignment lasted several days.
Finally all his fighting blood became
aroused and he buckled down to the
mystery with his old-time enthusiasm
and fidelity. While rooting around
night and day picking up loose ends
of the story and running down im-
possible clues, he accidentally stumbled
upon a most peculiar fact which
set him off upon a scent wholly out-
and beyond the lines being pursued
by the other reporters and the police.



"My God, Horton, help me keep this
from my mother and sister!"

The clue led him straight into a de-
monium so startling as nearly to
floor him. Before he knew whether
his investigations were leading him
he stumbled full into the fact that
Herbert Knox, the son of "the old
man," as the city editor was called,
was beyond peradventure the embez-
zler and that he had covered his
crime so carefully by torgery that sus-
picion had not only been thrown upon
several others, but had been wholly
diverted from him. Indeed, in the
ordinary course of events he would have
been the last person toward whom it
could have been directed.

The discovery not only surprised
him, but it unnerved him. Herbert
was the pet and idol of his father and
his appearance and record warranted
all the pride and affection bestow-
ed upon him. He was a hand-
some and apparently frank youth,
filled with good nature and gifted
with high ability. He had gone
through the schools and university
with high honors and was of such ex-
emplary character that he had never
given his parents a moment's uneas-
ness. He had no bad habits that any
one had ever heard of and was in very
fact a model young man. After his
graduation his father, brushing aside
with indignation the suggestion that
he should follow in his footsteps,
had secured him a position in a great
financial establishment.

"Dib about in a cheap newspaper
job and get worse off the older he
grows? I think not!" exclaimed
Knox, Sr., with spirit. "Aint one in
a family enough to get on a dead one?
No, siree, that boy is going to have
the benefit of my hard experience."

But he did much more and landed
Herbert in a very good position in a
big institution where there was plenty
of chance to be pushed ahead. And
Herbert had made good with his em-
ployers and had been rapidly ad-
vanced until he was entrusted with
grave responsibilities and drew a large
salary than his sire. And it was the
one enthusiasm of "the old man's"
life. "Herb" was forever on his
tongue and forever in his mind.

It was to this fact that Dick's mind
reverted the moment he realized the
significance of his discovery. His
first impulse was to save the "old
man" from this awful pit that was
opening under his feet.

But he had not spared him. Dick
thought grimly, and had given him
cold notice that the very next time
he failed to turn in his story as he
found it he would be discharged.

"Let him take his medicine," said
Dick, setting his lips, ominously. "I
will follow the letter of the law."

So he went to the office, sat down
and wrote his story. It was a pass-
ing good one, forsooth; there being
plenty of inspiration both in the nov-
elty of the facts, the sensational qual-
ity and best of all, in the fact that
Dick knew well enough that the story
was a clean scoop. When it was
finished he read it over and it set his
newspaper instincts all aglow. As he
rose to hand it to the head copy-

reader he nearly ran into a vision in
blue and white—a girl with flashing
black eyes and a saucy rosette of a
mouth. He recognized her as Alice
Knox, the pretty daughter of "the old
man" and twin sister of the subject
of his story. She accepted his stam-
pered apologies demurely and passed
on after a friendly word of greeting.

This chance meeting gave him a
new viewpoint on his story—and a
most startling one. This was Her-
bert Knox' twin sister and her ex-
ceeding fondness for the brother was
a matter of common comment. Could
he break her heart? He had no com-
punction for the father who had hum-
iliated him, but could he be the
means of breaking the sister's heart?
He glanced up and saw her standing
before the door of "the old man's"
room. She was radiant and at that
moment glanced at him and gave him
a saucy nod and smile. That settled
the fate of the story. He took it in
both hands and started to tear it in
pieces, but a second thought possessed
him and he rose quickly and walked
over to where she stood.

"Will you hand this to your father
when you go in?" he said, steadily.
"Certainly!" she replied. Then she
vanished, leaving the room cold and
dreary.

Presently Dick was summoned into
the inner room, where he found "the
old man" alone and white and trem-
bling. The daughter had departed.

"Is this story known?" he whis-
pered, hoarsely.

"Only to you and me," replied Dick.
"It is a scoop. I worked it up alone.
Even the police do not suspect."

"The old man" threw himself upon
Dick's mercy and begged that the
secret be kept between them.

"I will fix up the deficiency to-mor-
row in some way," he said, "and send
the boy away. My God, Horton, help
me keep this from his mother and sis-
ter. I know I have no right to ask
it, but it would kill them and I am
human and, by heaven, sir, you can
name your own price."

"Done," cried Dick. "You have the
copy. I have forgotten it."

"And your price?" asked the father.
"I will demand later," responded
Dick, with a sphinx-like smile.

"It shall be yours, whatever cost,"
replied "the old man," grasping his
hand.

What that price eventually was is
another story, the gist of which the
reader is entitled to guess.

THE SORT OF MAN HE WAS.

Ex-Speaker Reed's Opinion of One
Who Was Rather Too Effusive.

Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed has a
knack of disposing of disagreeable ac-
quaintances that few public men pos-
sess, as many have learned to their
intense chagrin.

"I was in Washington once," said
a man at the club, "when Tom Reed
was the czar of the house of repre-
sentatives. He was holding forth with
earnestness on some theme to a group
of friends when that man you see over
there by the cigar counter pushed his
way through the crowd, grasped Reed
by the hand and said effusively:
'Hello, Tom, old boy, how do you do?'"

"Reed responded in a manner that
was more of a shake for the man than
for his hand and went on with his
talk. When our friend over there had
edged out of the crowd someone said:
'You didn't seem to be happy over
him, Reed. Who is your friend, any-
way?'"

"Reed drawled out: 'He's a fellow
from New York who knows more men
who don't want to know him than any
other man in the United States.'"

Flowers and Weeds of Life.

Everywhere we see youth, unwilling
to pay the full price for success, try-
ing to pick the flowers out of an oc-
cupation or a profession, but omitting
all that is hard, ugly and disagreeable.
This is as if soldiers were to go
through a hostile country leaving a
stronghold, here and there, unconquer-
ed, to harass them perpetually by fir-
ing on their rear and picking off their
men. The only way to insure victory
is to conquer as you go. You must
not leave the enemy a foothold in
any part of your kingdom. Dread of
dread must be overcome. Grasp the
nettle hard, if you would rob it of
its sting. You must destroy the
weeds as you go, or soon there will
be no flowers; and without flowers you
cannot have fruit.—Success.

Ladies' Tailors Not New.

There were, it seems, "ladies' tail-
ors" and tailor-made dresses in the
days of Queen Elizabeth. A contribu-
tor of the Tailor and Cutter has been
visiting Cumnor, and was shown a
letter written by the ill-fated Amy
Rohsart shortly before her death at
Cumnor house, which Sir Walter Scott
describes in "Kenilworth." It was to
a Mr. William Edey, tailor at the
Tower, and refers to the alteration of
a gown he was making for her, and
contains a promise to see him paid.
The unfortunate lady died before the
gown was finished, and the poor tailor
had to wait for five years before he
was paid by the earl of Leicester.

Not Hector but Another.

On one fine day in May, 1901, James
McDonald, a fisherman of Mallaig, in
the western Highlands of Scotland,
took out three girls for a row in his
boat. Suddenly a squall arose and
upset the boat in thirty feet of water.
McDonald contrived to get all three
ladies on to the keel of the upturned
boat, and then swam to an islet some
forty-five feet away. Here he removed
his big sea boots and heavier cloth-
ing, and then struck out for the girls,
whom he carried one by one to the
rock. McDonald's noble action hav-
ing been brought under the notice of
the Royal Humane Society, that body
awarded him its medal.

CITIES OF PORTUGAL

(Special Letter.)

HOW this Portugal grows on
one! A very terra incognita
only two and a half days by
steamer from London, or 40
hour by express from Paris.
As pretty a land as one could ask
for, an interesting and courteous peo-
ple, scenery to delight rather than
astound, hotels—only a few, it must
be admitted, quite up to date—with
prices as low or lower than Switzer-
land or Italy. Yet nobody comes here,
except on business or very adven-
turesome tourists.

I have seen just four Americans in
my eight weeks in Portugal and her
near islands, and perhaps a dozen
English since I reached the mainland.
My letter of credit, issued by an old
and substantial London bank, gives
just one place in all this country to
draw money, which shows what its
makers think of the probabilities.

It is generally understood that Lis-
bon is a beautiful city, but its mis-
fortune, from the traveler's point of
view, is that it is not on the direct
route to anywhere. And there is a
prevalent idea that when one has
seen Lisbon he has had all that is
worth seeing in Portugal.

Now, Cintra alone is worth a jour-
ney across the Atlantic. Busaco, rivals
the Bavarian Alps, Coimbra has at
least as many charms as Heidelberg.
Mafra almost causes you to forget
Escorial, Batalha is one of the great
sights of the world. And these are
only the beginning.

The inhabitants, less touched by

the embankment wall of the esplanade
being some 30 feet in height, and
the ground rising gradually toward
the rear.

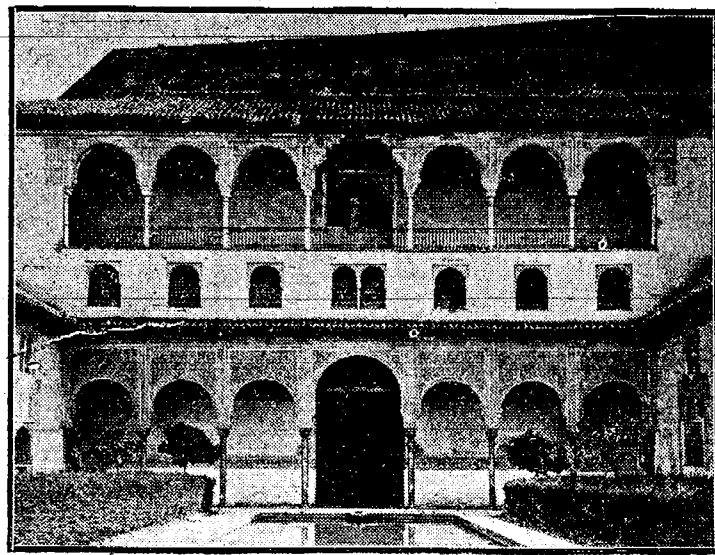
The region in the government-
owned hills of Bussaco are worth a page
in themselves, instead of the trivial
mention that can be allotted them
here. The people are indebted for
this splendid reservation—as they are
for many more in Portugal—to the
monks, who have such an unerring
eye for grandeur and situation, and
showed such taste in adorning the
vast estates which they acquired.

The story of the great convent at
Mafra reads like a page from the life
of Louis XIV. Between the years 1717
and 1730 the average number of work-
men employed was 14,700, with a max-
imum of 45,000 men. One is not aston-
ished to learn that the cost, \$20,000,000
(equal to double that at present
prices), left the nation in a state of
bankruptcy.

A church, a monastery and a palace
are included in the scheme, besides
barracks. The four-storied building
forms a rectangle measuring 820 by
720 feet. There are said to be 2,500
windows and 5,000 doors. The chim-
neys in the towers, comprising 57 bells,
cost \$2,000,000 alone.

As these monks were expelled with
the others, many years ago, this giantic
folly is only used now as a place
for exhibition, and may all be inspec-
ted for 25 cents.

John IV. is credited with this, but he
only followed an idiotic example. In
order to show how grateful he was



PART OF GREAT CONVENT.

the 19th century than most others of
Europe, retain to a greater degree
their primitive customs and dress.
They are not of one type, either, it
frequently happening that entirely dif-
ferent faces are found in districts but
a few miles apart.

The Moor left his impress, which
will not soon be eradicated. The Goth
perpetrated his fair hair and blue
eyes over a large area. The purely
Iberian race survives here and there
unadulterated. Nevertheless, all are
Portuguese in sentiment, strongly patri-
otic, ready to repel an invader from
whatever direction he comes.

The Spaniard must keep his own
side of the mountains—they want
none of his rule. Their ancestors
fought with Wellington to drive Na-
poleon's legions back to France. To-
day the young men serve their terms
in the army, and the people willingly
bear the heavy burden, that they may
have—these six millions—a force to
fight with should the integrity of their
land be menaced.

Cintra—the summer residence of
royalty and diplomacy—is less than
20 miles away and I must get there
before Don Carlos if I intend to view
the interior of the palaces. The first



Relic of Arab Occupation.

thing to be done after alighting from
the train was to drive to the Cas-
tello da Pena, a well-imitated medi-
eval castle which the King-consort
Ferdinand erected on the site of an
old and disused monastery. Only the
Moorish castle, a short distance away,
dominates the Pena, where King
Charles lives during the summer sea-
son.

This Castello dos Mouros, as its
name implies, is a veritable relic of
the Arab occupation, and occupies, as
was usual with those astute conquer-
ors, a rocky height difficult of as-
sault.

for the events which secured the inde-
pendence of his country, King John I.,
husband of Philippa (daughter of John
of Gaunt), proceeded to wreck it finan-
cially by starting the immense struc-
ture known as Batalha. From 1388 to
1551, the ruinous work went on, im-
poverishing the country.

Afterward the earthquake of 1755,
combined with the usual tactics of the
French invaders of the last century,
made sad havoc with it. At the pres-
ent time it is as valueless as the one
at Mafra, except to attract tourists,
which are few. The figures of size and
cost, as may be imagined, are stu-
pendous. I wonder with what feeling
the overtaxed people of the country
regard this monument of imbecility.

There are many other places in Por-
tugal to which the traveler who has
sufficient time may well turn, but let
us close with a handsome, active,
wholly interesting city of the present
day, hardly second to Lisbon itself in
attractiveness.

Oporto is a very few miles north of
a line drawn east from New York,
about as far away as London, and yet
less known to most of our people than
Buda Pesth or Odessa. A fairly good
steamer makes the direct passage once
in six weeks, I believe, but the Yan-
kee would probably prefer the round-
about road via England, France and
Gibraltar.

It is not too much to say that no
American city of its size has so pretty
a site as Oporto, whose 150,000 in-
habitants are spread over a dozen hills
on both sides of the gorge through
which the Douro flows to the sea.

The common people, from the west-
ern point of view, are not "common"
at all, but fill the streets with a ka-
leidoscopic procession at which one
never tires of looking. The women
seem in all outdoor pursuits to far
outnumber the men. As they pursue
their several ways with the inevitable
burden poised on the head, the sinuous
movement of the strong body is as
rhythmic as an Arab dance. With the
feet bare, the skirt held up by a loose
band around the hips, the torso and
head absolutely rigid, all the move-
ment of walking takes place below the
waist.

"Queenly" is the inaccurate and in-
adequate expression that rises at once
to the lips when the poorest market
woman passes. Even the children ac-
quire the same gait, for hands are
never used to carry any article that
can be poised aloft. A girl of 12 has
just filled her bucket with water at
the fountain opposite my window, and
now goes down the street with 30
pounds on her head, erect, square-
shouldered, full-chested, a very picture
of grace.

There is a solidity to the city that
impresses the beholder, massive ma-
sonry, tall towers, architectural gems
everywhere. The numerous open mar-
kets are filled with meats, fish, vege-
tables, fruits, flowers, the latter in
rank abundance. Except the profes-
sional beggars no one seems idle, and
nearly all look strong and well.

Decadence of a Crime That Was Com- mon in Illinois.

"Horse stealing has become almost
a lost art in Illinois," said a sheriff.
"Twenty-five years ago the crime was
one of the most common, but it gradu-
ally became unpopular on account
of the measures taken to suppress it."
"In the first place, the sheriffs of
the different counties formed an asso-
ciation, held meetings, and made plans
to act in harmony. Farmers and stock
dealers organized anti-horse-thief asso-
ciations, and dealers in horses became
more cautious in their purchases."

"As soon as a horse was stolen the
members of the association in the
neighborhood started in pursuit of the
thief, and there being so many of
them, every road, cartway and bypath
was followed, and it was a smart thief
who escaped them. In the meantime
the sheriff of the county, having been
notified, sent out telegrams and postal
cards to brother sheriffs, chiefs of po-
lice and village and township con-
stables, and the description of the
stolen horse was soon in the hands of
so many watchful people that it was
almost certain to be seen and recover-
ed."

"Sometimes the pursuing parties re-
turned with the horse, but without the
thief, and then dark rumors spread
abroad as to the fate of the criminal.
Stories of a grave in a lonely creak
bottom or of a body found floating in
the river became current, and thus a
certain horror was added to the crime."

"The punishments for horse steal-
ing were made severe, and, what was
of more importance, were rigidly en-
forced. Legal quibbles never saved a
man, and it became a common saying
that a man found with a halter in his
possession was certain to be convict-
ed. The juries, made up largely of
farmers, might be fooled into acquit-
ing a murderer, but a horse thief could
not escape conviction at their hands.
So it was that the business became
unprofitable, and the number of horses
stolen these days is comparatively
small."

HAD THE BUTTON SEWED ON.

Mother's Solicitude Over a Missing
Attachment to Her Son's Vest.

At 6 o'clock in the morning of the
wedding day in a town up York state
a postoffice messenger rang the door-
bell at the home of the bride-elect
and handed a special delivery letter to
the servant who responded.

It was addressed to the best man,
who had come 400 miles to second
his best friend in the ceremony, and
was, with several others, the guest
of the bride's parents.

The best man was still asleep, but
he was promptly awakened, on the
supposition that the letter must con-
tain something of importance. It did,
indeed. Rubbing his eyes in an ef-
fort to understand he tore open the
envelope and was astonished to find
a sheet of letter paper, with a large
needle of the sort men always choose
when emergency compels them to
sew, thrust through it, and a foot of
double black thread trailing in a loose
tangle down the page.

The best man thought it was a joke,
but he couldn't see it; and he was
about to become resentful when, up-
on turning the sheet over, he found
this hastily written note:

"Dear Brother—Mother says there
is a button off your dress coat. It
is in your right-hand vest pocket. Sew
it on."

Crawling out of bed the best man
examined his coat and laughed to see
that the situation had been accurate-
ly described in the letter.

"Just like mother," he said. "I'll
wager she lost a whole night's sleep
thinking about that confounded but-
ton."

Later in the day four bridesmaids
gleefully assisted in making the re-
pairs, and this telegram went to moth-
er:

"Button sewed on. Don't worry."

Human Lives Longer Now.

Timid people and pessimists are in-
clined to fear that the progress of
invention is increasing the dangers of
accident and disease to such an ex-
tent that human life must necessarily
be shortened. This fear appears to
be groundless. Collected statistics
show that the average duration of
human life is steadily increasing.

Some interesting and striking facts
along this line are presented in a
recent report of the Chicago board of
health. The average duration of life
has increased in a third of a century
from 14 years to more than 31 years.
Exclusive of suicide, deaths from vio-
lence have decreased 6.3 per cent.
Deaths from railway and car accidents
have decreased more than 5 per cent.

A Futile Mercy.

The Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals means well by its
distribution of a couple of thousands
of bonnets for horses. But there will
be no real diminution of the aggregate
suffering of the world as long as the
society contents itself with giving
bonnets to horses. A horse cannot
talk at night or go through a man's
pockets when he sleeps of exhaustion
in the gray dawn. Nor can a horse
obtain credit at a milliner's, to the
dispendency of the man who has ac-
quired the right to pay some one's
bills. What is needed is a Society
for Distributing Bonnets to Indignant
Fornalors. A mere horse has not soul
enough to know if its hat is on
astright.

The sun that bleaches sanctity
will tan sin darker.

The World Is Too Much with Us.

The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid
boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the
moon;
The winds that will be howling at all
hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping
flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of
tune;
It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be
A Fugan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the
sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed
horn!

—William Wordsworth.

Following Orders.

BY HAROLD HUME.

(Copyright, 1922, Datty Story Pub. Co.)
Dick had finally all the sentiment
knocked out of him so far as the busi-
ness was concerned. He had come to
the great city and taken a position as
reporter on the Screamer full of en-
thusiasm in the work and a determina-
tion to succeed, and he had spared
neither time or energy to make good.
He had been the first man down to
report and last to go home, staying
about long after he could have gone
in the hope of catching a late emer-
gency assignment. He had sought
hard assignments which the older re-
porters dodged.

He had not minded the sneers of
his colleagues, but it had jolted his
faith when the powers that were, utter-
ly ignored his faithfulness and placed
it not to his credit at all.

Dick felt the injustice of it keenly,
but the first real blow came when
he had spent four days and nights on
an elopement story and had fallen
down while the Thunderer had all
the details on the first page—secured,
he afterward ascertained, by wire
from the Kansas City correspondent
and rewritten in the office to make it
appear a local story. He attempted
to explain to the city editor, but was
cut short.

"I don't care a rap why you didn't
get it. The fact remains that you
didn't. You fell down and that's all
there is to it. Results are what
count, and what I want is stories, not
explanations."

This made Dick blind with fury, in-
asmuch as he would have willingly
given up his day off to work on the
story. The final crash came when
he was sent out on a big
financial story and found a
lead which seriously reflected
upon a concern in which the chief
backer of the paper was the dominant
personality. He worked out his story
on another theory and ingeniously
covered the connection. When the
storm broke the next day and he
attempted to justify upon he was told
with more emphasis than courtesy
that he was not responsible for the
editorial policy of the paper.

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was beyond peradventure the embez-
zler and that he had covered his
crime so carefully for forgery that sus-
picion had not only been thrown upon
several others, but had been wholly
diverted from him. Indeed, in the
ordinary course of events he would have
been the last person toward whom it
could have been directed.

The discovery not only surprised
him, but it unnerved him. Herbert
was the pet and idol of his father and
his appearance and record warrant-
ed all the pride and affection bestow-
ed upon him. He was a hand-
some and apparently frank youth,
filled with good nature and gifted
with high ability. He had gone
through the schools and university
with high honors and was of such ex-
emplary character that he had never
given his parents a moment's uneasiness.
He had no bad habits that any
one had ever heard of and was in very
fact a model young man. After his
graduation his father, brushing aside
with indignation the suggestion that
he should follow in his footsteps,
had secured him a position in a great
financial establishment.

"Dab about in a cheap newspaper
job and get worse off the older he
grows? I think not!" exclaimed
Knox, Sr., with spirit. "Aint one in
a family enough to get on a dead one?
No, siree, that boy is going to have
the benefit of my hard experience."

But he did much more and landed
Herbert in a very good position in a
big institution where there was plenty
of chance to be pushed ahead. And
Herbert had made good with his em-
ployers and had been rapidly ad-
vanced until he was entrusted with
grave responsibilities and drew a large
salary than his sire. And it was
the one enthusiasm of "the old man's"
life. "Herb" was forever on his
tongue and forever in his mind.

It was to this fact that Dick's mind
reverted the moment he realized the
significance of his discovery. His
first impulse was to save the "old
man" from this awful pit that was
opening under his feet.

But he had not spared him. Dick
thought grimly, and had given him
cold notice that the very next time
he failed to turn in his story as he
found it he would be discharged.

"Let him take his medicine," said
Dick, setting his lips, ominously. "I
will follow the letter of the law."

So he went to the office, sat down
and wrote his story. It was a pass-
ing good one, forsooth, there being
plenty of inspiration both in the novel-
ty of the facts, the sensational quality
and best of all, in the fact that
Dick knew well enough that the story
was a clean scoop. When it was
finished he read it over and it set his
newspaper instincts all aglow. As he
rose to hand it to the head copy-

reader he nearly ran into a vision in
blue and white—a girl with flashing
black eyes and a saucy rosette of a
mouth. He recognized her as Alice
Knox, the pretty daughter of "the old
man" and twin sister of the subject
of his story. She accepted his stam-
pered apologies demurely and passed
on after a friendly word of greeting.

This chance meeting gave him a
new viewpoint on his story—and a
most startling one. This was Her-
bert Knox' twin sister and her ex-
ceeding fondness for the brother was
a matter of common comment. Could
he break her heart? He had no com-
punction for the father who had humi-
liated him, but could he be the
means of breaking the sister's heart?
He glanced up and saw her standing
before the door of "the old man's"
room. She was radiant and at that
moment glanced at him and gave him
a saucy nod and smile. That settled
the fate of the story. He took it in
both hands and started to tear it in
pieces, but a second thought possessed
him and he rose quickly and walked
over to where she stood.

"Will you hand this to your father
when you go in?" he said, steadily.
"Certainly," she replied. Then she
vanished, leaving the room cold and
dreary.

Presently Dick was summoned into
the inner room, where he found "the
old man" alone and white and trem-
bling. The daughter had departed.

"Is this story known?" he whis-
pered, hoarsely.

"Only to you and me," replied Dick.
"It is a scoop. I worked it up alone.
Even the police do not suspect."

"The old man" threw himself upon
Dick's mercy and begged that the
secret be kept between them.

"I will fix up the deficiency to-mor-
row in some way," he said, "and send
the boy away. My God, Horton, help
me keep this from his mother and sis-
ter. I know I have no right to ask
it, but it would kill them and I am
human and, by heaven, sir, you can
name your own price."

"Done," cried Dick. "You have the
copy. I have forgotten it."

"And your price?" asked the father.
"I will demand later," responded
Dick, with a sphinx-like smile.

"It shall be yours, whatever cost,"
replied "the old man," grasping his
hand.

What that price eventually was is
another story, the gist of which the
reader is entitled to guess.

THE SORT OF MAN HE WAS.

Ex-Speaker Reed's Opinion of One
Who Was Rather Too Effusive.

Ex-Speaker Thomas D. Reed has a
knack of disposing of disagreeable ac-
quaintances that few public men pos-
sess, as many have learned to their
intense chagrin.

"I was in Washington once," said
a man at the club, "when Tom Reed
was the czar of the house of repre-
sentatives. He was holding forth with
earnestness on some theme to a group
of friends when that man you see over
there by the cigar counter pushed his
way through the crowd, grasped Reed
by the hand and said effusively:
'Hello, Tom, old boy, how do you do?'
Reed responded in a manner that
was more of a shake for the man than
for his hand and went on with his
talk. When our friend over there had
edged out of the crowd someone said:
'You didn't seem to be happy over
him, Reed. Who is your friend, any-
way?'"

"Reed drawled out: 'He's a fellow
from New York who knows more men
who don't want to know him than any
other man in the United States.'"

Flowers and Weeds of Life.

Everywhere we see youth, unwilling
to pay the full price for success, try-
ing to pick the flowers out of an oc-
cupation or a profession, but omitting
all that is hard, ugly and disagreeable.
This is as if soldiers were to go
through a hostile country leaving a
stronghold here and there, unconquer-
ed, to harass them perpetually by fir-
ing on their rear and picking off their
men. The only way to insure victory
is to conquer as you go. You must
not leave the enemy a foothold in
any part of your kingdom. Dread of
dreadfulness must be overcome. Grasp
the nettle hard, if you would rob it
of its sting. You must destroy the
weeds as you go, or soon there will
be no flowers; and without flowers you
cannot have fruit.—Success.

Ladies' Tailors Not New.

There were, it seems, "ladies' tail-
ors" and tailor-made dresses in the
days of Queen Elizabeth. A contribu-
tor of the Tailor and Cutter has been
visiting Cumnor, and was shown a
letter written by the ill-fated Amy
Robart shortly before her death at
Cumnor house, which Sir Walter Scott
describes in "Kenilworth." It was to
a Mr. William Edney, tailor at the
Tower, and refers to the alteration of
a gown he was making for her, and
contains a promise to see him paid.
The unfortunate lady died before the
gown was finished, and the poor tailor
had to wait for five years before he
was paid by the earl of Leicester.

Not Hector but Another.

On one fine day in May, 1901, James
McDonald, a fisherman of Mallaig, in
the western Highlands of Scotland,
look out three girls for a row in his
boat. Suddenly a small arose and
upset the boat in thirty feet of water.
McDonald contrived to get all three
ladies on to the keel of the upturned
boat, and then swam to an island some
forty-five feet away. Here he removed
his big sea boots and heavier cloth-
ing, and then struck out for the girls,
whom he carried one by one to the
rock. McDonald's noble action hav-
ing been brought under the notice of
the Royal Humane Society, that body
awarded him its medal.

CITIES OF PORTUGAL

(Special Letter.)
HOW this Portugal grows on
one! A very terra incognita
only two and a half days by
steamer from London, or 40
hour by express from Paris.
As pretty a land as one could ask
for, an interesting and courteous peo-
ple, scenery to delight rather than
astound, hotels—only a few, it must
be admitted, quite up to date—with
prices as low or lower than Switzer-
land or Italy. Yet nobody comes here,
except on business or very adventur-
ous tourists.

I have seen just four Americans in
my eight weeks in Portugal and her
near islands, and perhaps a dozen
English since I reached the mainland.
My letter of credit, issued by an old
and substantial London bank, gives
just one place in all this country to
draw money, which shows what its
makers think of the probabilities.

It is generally understood that Lis-
bon is a beautiful city, but its mis-
fortune, from the traveler's point of
view, is that it is not on the direct
route to anywhere. And there is a
prevalent idea that when one has
seen Lisbon he has had all that is
worth seeing in Portugal.

Now, Cintra alone is worth a jour-
ney across the Atlantic. Busaco rivals
the Bavarian Alps, Coimbra as at
least as many charms as Heidelberg.
Mafra almost causes you to forget
Escorial, Batalha is one of the great
sights of the world. And these are
only the beginning.

The inhabitants, less-touched by

the embankment wall of the esplanade
being some 30 feet in height, and
the ground rising gradually toward
the rear.

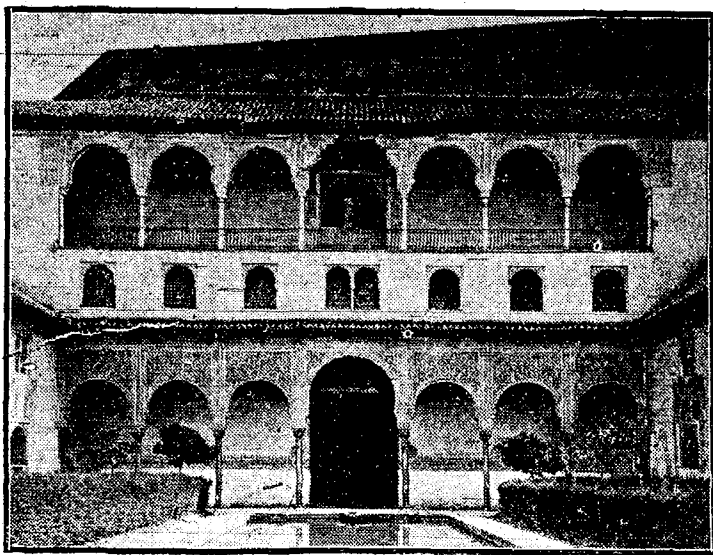
The region in the government-own-
ed hills of Bussaco are worth a page
in themselves, instead of the trivial
mention that can be allotted them
here. The people are indebted for
this splendid reservation—as they are
for many more in Portugal—to the
monks, who have such an unerring
eye for grandeur and situation, and
showed such taste in adorning the
vast estates which they acquired.

The story of the great convent at
Mafra reads like a page from the life
of Louis XIV. Between the years 1717
and 1730 the average number of work-
men employed was 14,700, with a max-
imum of 45,000 men. One is not aston-
ished to learn that the cost, \$20,000,000
(equal to double that at present
prices), left the nation in a state of
bankruptcy.

A church, a monastery and a palace
are included in the scheme, besides
barracks. The four-storied building
forms a rectangle measuring 320 by
720 feet. There are said to be 2,500
windows and 5,000 doors. The chim-
neys in the towers, comprising 57 bells,
cost \$2,000,000 alone.

As these monks were expelled with
the others, many years ago, this gigan-
tic folly is only used now as a place
for exhibition, and may all be inspec-
ted for 25 cents.

John IV. is credited with this, but he
only followed an idiotic example. In
order to show-how grateful he was



PART OF GREAT CONVENT.

the 19th century than most others of
Europe, retain to a greater degree
their primitive customs and dress.
They are not of one type, either, it
frequently happening that entirely dif-
ferent faces are found in districts but
a few miles apart.

The Moor left his impress, which
will not soon be eradicated. The Goth
perpetrated his fair hair and blue
eyes over a large area. The purely
Iberian race survives here and there
unadulterated. Nevertheless, all are
Portuguese in sentiment, strongly patri-
otic, ready to repel an invader from
whatever direction he comes.

The Spaniard must keep his own
side of the mountains—they want
none of his rule. Their ancestors
fought with Wellington to drive Na-
poleon's legions back to France. To-
day the young men serve their terms
in the army, and the people willingly
bear the heavy burden, that they may
have—these six millions—a force to
fight with should the integrity of their
land be menaced.

Cintra—the summer residence of
royalty and diplomacy—is less than
20 miles away and I must get there
before Don Carlos if I intend to view
the interior of the palaces. The first



Relic of Arab Occupation.

thing to be done after alighting from
the train was to drive to the Cas-
tello da Pena, a well-imitated medi-
eval castle which the King-consort
Ferdinand erected on the site of an
old and disused monastery. Only the
Moorish castle, a short distance away,
dominates the Pena, where King
Charles lives during the summer sea-
son.

This Castello dos Mouros, as its
name implies, is a veritable relic of
the Arab occupation, and occupies, as
was usual with those astute conquer-
ors, a rocky height difficult of as-
sault.

Coimbra interests the traveler, as
it contains the only university in Por-
tugal. The town, which is somewhat
dearer to Oporto than to Lisbon, con-
tains about 14,000 inhabitants, and
has some 1,500 students. It is pic-
turesquely situated on Montego river,

HORSE STEALING A LEGIT ART.

Decadence of a Crime That Was Com-
mon in Illinois.

"Horse stealing has become almost
a lost art in Illinois," said a sheriff.
"Twenty-five years ago the crime was
one of the most common, but it gradu-
ally became unpopular on account
of the measures taken to suppress it."

"In the first place, the sheriffs of
the different counties formed an asso-
ciation, held meetings, and made plans
to act in harmony. Farmers and stock
dealers organized anti-horse-thief asso-
ciations, and dealers in horses became
more cautious in their purchases."

"As soon as a horse was stolen the
members of the association in the
neighborhood started in pursuit of the
thief, and, there being so many of
them, every road, cartway and bypath
was followed, and it was a smart thief
who escaped them. In the meantime
the sheriff of the county, having been
notified, sent out telegrams and postal
cards to brother sheriffs, chiefs of po-
lice and village and township con-
stables, and the description of the
stolen horse was soon in the hands of
so many watchful people that it was
almost certain to be seen and recover-
ed."

"Sometimes the pursuing parties re-
turned with the horse, but without the
thief, and then dark rumors spread
abroad as to the fate of the criminal.
Stories of a grave in a lonely creek
bottom or of a body found floating in
the river became current, and thus a
certain horror was added to the crime."

"The punishments for horse steal-
ing were made severe, and, what was
of more importance, were rigidly en-
forced. Legal quibbles never saved a
man, and it became a common saying
that a man found with a halter in his
possession was certain to be convicted.
The juries, made up largely of
farmers, might be fooled into acquit-
ing a murderer, but a horse thief could
not escape conviction at their hands.
So it was that the business became
unprofitable, and the number of horses
stolen these days is comparatively
small."

HAD THE BUTTON SEWED ON.

Mother's Solicitude Over a Missing
Attachment to Her Son's Vest.

At 6 o'clock in the morning of the
wedding day in a town up York state
a postoffice messenger rang the door-
bell at the home of the bride-elect
and handed a special delivery letter to
the servant who responded.

It was addressed to the best man,
who had come 400 miles to second
his best friend in the ceremony, and
was, with several others, the guest
of the bride's parents.

The best man was still asleep, but
he was promptly awakened, on the
supposition that the letter must con-
tain something of importance. It did,
indeed. Rubbing his eyes in an ef-
fort to understand, he tore open the
envelope and was astonished to find
a sheet of letter paper, with a large
needle of the sort men always choose
when emergency compels them to
sew, thrust through it, and a foot of
double black thread trailing in a loose
tangle down the page.

The best man thought it was a joke,
but he couldn't see it; and he was
about to become resentful when, upon
turning the sheet over, he found this
hastily written note:

"Dear Brother—Mother says there
is a button off your dress coat. It is
in your right-hand vest pocket. Sew
it on."

Crawling out of bed the best man
examined his coat and laughed to see
that the situation had been accurate-
ly described in the letter.

"Just like mother," he said. "I'll
wager she lost a whole night's sleep
thinking about that confounded but-
ton."

Later in the day four bridesmaids
gleefully assisted in making the re-
pairs, and this telegram went to moth-
er:

"Button sewed on. Don't worry."

Human Lives Longer Now.

Timid people and pessimists are in-
clined to fear that the progress of
invention is increasing the dangers of
accident and disease to such an ex-
tent that human life must necessarily
be shortened. This fear appears to be
groundless. Collected statistics show
that the average duration of
human life is steadily increasing.

Some interesting and striking facts
along this line are presented in a
recent report of the Chicago board of
health. The average duration of life
has increased in a third of a century
from 14 years to more than 31 years.
Exclusive of suicide, deaths from vio-
lence have decreased 63 per cent.
Deaths from railway and car accidents
have decreased more than 5 per cent.

Since the partial abolition of rail-
ways on grade and the introduction
of fenders on cars, six years ago,
deaths from this source have de-
creased 12.6 per cent.

A Futile Mercy.

The Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals means well by its
distribution of a couple of thousands
of bonnets for horses. But there will
be no real diminution of the aggregate
suffering of the world as long as the
society contents itself with giving
bonnets to horses. A horse cannot
talk at night or go through a man's
pockets when he sleeps of exhaustion
in the gray dawn. Nor can a horse
obtain credit at a milliner's to the
despondency of the man who has ac-
quired the right to pay some one's
bills. What is needed is a Society
for Distributing Bonnets to Indignant
Females. A mere horse has not soul
enough to know if its hat is on
straight.

The sun that bleaches sanctity
wh'or tans sin darker.

East Jordan Company's Store.

News from The People's Store

Always have something crisp and newsy to delight the readers of their advertisement.

Our New Suit and Cloak Room

Will be opened
To the General Public

Friday and Saturday,
Sept. 5th and 6th.

You are Cordially Invited.

Special "Order Day"

For Ladies' Tailored Suits,
Will be

Thursday, Sept. 11th.

We shall have an agent here from one of the leading manufacturers in the country, who will take special orders for the entire day. Please Keep the date in mind and call and give us your order.

New Arrival of Trunks And Dressing Suit Cases.

Do you intend taking a trip?
Are you going away to school?
A wedding journey, or
To Homestead a farm?

Get one of our Trunks.

Shoes! Shoes!

In Men's Shoes

We have the "Douglass," "Snow & Smith," "M. D. Wells" and "Reeder" celebrated shoes, in all of the latest styles.

In Ladies' Footwear

We have the Fall Styles in the popular "Queen Quality," "Edwards-Stanwood" and "Wolf Shoes," ever satisfactory to most critical buyers.

All Other Departments

Replete with their usual assortment of goods.

Special

Offerings in broken lines of (Cotton) Knit Underwear, for Ladies and Children.

One-Third Off Regular Price,
To close out.

The "Murdy Plums."

We have arranged for the exclusive selling of the "Murdy Plums." Order at store from Monday on.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

JOE C. GLENN, President. W. L. FRENCH, Vice President.
GEO. G. GLENN, Cashier.

State Bank of East Jordan.

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 SURPLUS, \$800.94.

Money to Loan on Short Time.
Deposits of \$1.00 and upward received and interest allowed if left on deposit three months or longer.
Bank Money Orders sold at lowest Rates.
Fire Insurance Written - we have seven good companies.
Private Deposit Boxes to Rent at \$3.00 per year.

DIRECTORS - JOE C. GLENN. W. L. FRENCH. WM. P. PORTER.
M. H. ROBERTSON. GEO. G. GLENN.

Charlevoix County Herald

R. L. Lowaine, Publisher.

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

Republican Ticket.

- 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. Wilder, of VanBuren.
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 B. 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. S. McCartney, of Charlevoix.

"Side Tracked" To-night.

"Of all the shows I have ever seen there is none I like so well as "Side Tracked." This is the general comment by the theater going public. "Side Tracked" is a show that will attract you any time during the performance. If you should come late see something at once that will make you laugh and interest you. You don't have to rack your brain to follow the plot to be amused. Enjoyment is what the public are after and you will certainly find it in this play. Any comed that will stand the test for fourteen years like "Side Tracked" has done and still be more popular than ever is in itself the best recommendation anyone could wish for. There will be all new scenery and specialties. At Loveday Opera House to-night.

DOCTORS COULD NOT HELP HER.

"I had kidney trouble for years," writes Mrs. Raymond Connor, of Shelton, Wash., "and the doctors could not help me. I tried Foley's Kidney Cure and the very first dose gave me relief and I am now cured. I cannot say too much for Foley's Kidney Cure."
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

It has just come to light that the stockings of a hotel chambermaid figured in the pomp incident to King Edward's coronation. They were worn by the mayor of a seaport town, who, on robing for the historic ceremony, found that he had not brought long stockings with him. All the stores were closed and so he could not purchase a pair. A chambermaid heard of the mayor's embarrassment and blushing offered to furnish the necessary hosiery. Her offer was gladly accepted and his worship looked as brave as the rest of them in his borrowed finery.

A Relic of the Pioneer Days.

Mr. J. H. Stone presented us with an interesting souvenir while in town the other day, it being a premium list for the Second Annual Fair of the Charlevoix Co. Agricultural Society held here in the fall of 1886. Hon. Jno. Nicholls, of Charlevoix, was president that year and J. H. Stone, secretary. Mr. Stone was secretary of the Association for many years and it is largely through his efforts that the "Fairs" of the Association have become so popular in Northern Michigan. In those days the Fair was held in the rink and we cannot find any horse races on the program. The premium list was well filled with advertisements and among all the advertisers we only notice the names of three who are now in business here. These are Messrs. F. E. Boosinger, J. C. Glenn and R. Renard. All the rest have gone, some to other fields and some to the great beyond.

Foley's Honey and Tar is peculiarly adapted for chronic throat troubles and will positively cure bronchitis, hoarseness and all bronchial diseases. Refuse substitutes.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

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.

SOUTH ARM.

Mrs. Alvina Hines, of Gaylord, visited friends here several days this week.

Geo. Bussing and family, of Coldwater, came up on the excursion Wednesday to visit the Scofield family.

Mrs. J. R. Vance and son Earle, of Mitchell were over here last week, bringing H. C. Scofield to live with his daughter.

Wm. Brant and Chas. Munro with their families took in the Labor Day excursion to Charlevoix Monday. Mr. B. returned to Boyne City to his work the same evening.

W. A. Loveday was in Bellaire Tuesday afternoon working up an excursion to this place to attend the production of "Side Tracked" at the Opera House this evening.

E. W. Grove

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

EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

WASHINGTON, D. C.
G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT, OCTOBER 1902.
Tickets will be sold to everybody who wishes them at very low rates on October 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th, good to return until October 14th. An extension of limit will be made to November 3d if desired, upon payment of 50 cents extra. Ask agents for full particulars. This is not alone for G. A. R. people. Any person who has the price of a ticket may get one. 2t

Gray Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over thirty years. It has kept my scalp free from dandruff and has prevented my hair from turning gray."—Mrs. F. A. Soule, Billings, Mont.

There is this peculiar thing about Ayer's Hair Vigor—it is a hair food, not a dye. Your hair does not suddenly turn black, look dead and lifeless. But gradually the old color comes back,—all the rich, dark color it used to have. The hair stops falling, too.

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, Cera Nut Flakes, Malta Vita, Grape Nuts, Shredded Whole Wheat.

FOR LUNCHEON

Long Island Wafers, Unceuda Biscuit, Unceuda Ginger 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 1/2 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,

Snk 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 29th.

R. J. 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

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.

Jule Walters' "Side Tracked" is all right—don't miss it.

The berry pickers brought back fifty bushels of huckleberries from Deward Sunday.

School opened in the Bills district Tuesday with Miss Mabel Malpass in charge.

Miss Florence Connors is receiving a visit from her brother, Mr. Edward Connors, of Lapeer.

Miss Florence Barrett commenced the fall term of school in the Three Bells district Tuesday.

Dr. C. A. Sweet now drives a very nobby looking new car and it is comfortable and convenient as well.

J. J. Gage was in Boyne City Wednesday delivering a Stimpson computing scale which he had sold to one of the merchants there.

Avoid serious results of kidney or bladder disorder by taking Foley's Kidney Cure.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE GOLD.

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. PHOEBE 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.

Occasionally one reads of a printer being robbed of \$12 or thereabouts. Readers should not confuse editors and printers in these instances. The printer sometimes has \$12.

When once liberated within your system, it produces a most wonderful effect. It's worth one's last dollar to feel the pleasure of life that comes by taking Rocky Mountain Tea.

Warne's Pharmacy.

Kalkaska and Boyne City played two games of ball at the latter place Monday. Kalkaska won the first by a score of 4 to 3 and the second game was tied 6 to 6, it being impossible to finish the game on account of darkness.

School commenced Tuesday morning with 285 pupils enrolled but this number will probably be increased considerably within the next two weeks. Everything is working nicely and everything points to a very successful school year.

50 to 100 men can get work at making cedar ties, posts and poles at Germfask, Schoolcraft county, Mich. Wages \$28.00 to \$30.00 per month or better wages can be made by piece work. Inquiries addressed to James H. Stone, Germfask, Mich., will receive prompt reply.

There was a football meeting at Dr. H. W. Dicken's office Thursday evening at which it was decided to organize a football team here this fall. Monday afternoon next was set for the first practice. A letter from the manager of the Traverse City team was read asking for a game in the near future and it is very probable that the boys will accept the challenge. It is still too early to state positively the personnel of the team or what positions they will fill, but there is plenty of good material to work up into an eleven who will make a good showing for the town.

Say, "Side Tracked" is here and the parrot said, "Let's go." "Let's go."

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Willard returned to her home in Chicago Monday.

W. E. Lanway was in Charlevoix on business Wednesday.

W. J. Welkel was up from Charlevoix on business Monday.

C. G. Lewis, of Boyne City, was in town Wednesday evening.

Myer Cohen, of Charlevoix, was in town Thursday greeting old friend.

H. M. Enos, of Charlevoix, is in town to-day calling on his flour customers.

R. F. Steffe made a business trip to Boyne Falls and Boyne City Wednesday.

Miss Blanche Robertson visited friends in Boyne City the first of the week.

Mrs. J. M. Hurst returned to her home in Grand Rapids the first of the week.

Mrs. Walter Tillotson and son George are guests of Dr. H. W. Dicken and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kiser welcomed a baby boy into their home circle Monday.

Miss Idah Etcher is answering calls at the switchboard in the telephone central office.

A fine baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Visger, of Wilson township Thursday.

Chas. Maddaugh returned Tuesday from Bay City where he was called by the death of his brother.

Mrs. R. G. Bruce and daughter Marion, of Elk Rapids, were guests of friends in town Sunday.

Thos. N. Goodburne, one of the directors of the new Alpena & Western railroad, was in town Monday.

Mrs. A. D. Otis, of Grand Rapids, has been spending the past week with her friend, Mrs. G. L. Sherman.

Mr. and Mrs. King, of Homer, Mich., are among the excursionists this week, visiting at the home of Ira Miles.

Miss Isabelle Finnity, of Petoskey, was the guest of her friends, Misses Belle Roy and Idah Etcher over Sunday.

Miss Agnes Collins, of Detroit, was the guest of Mrs. P. Walsh and other friends in town several days this week.

Howard Rowley and his sister, Miss Mildred Rowley, of Bucyrus, Ohio, are guests of his uncle W. A. Rowley and family.

Miss Nellie Rohr, who had been spending several weeks with her cousin, Miss Leila Clark returned Monday to her home in Millington.

August Lew, a farmer living north of town, was seriously injured by being kicked in the face by a vicious horse on Friday of last week.

Mr. Lenhardt and his daughter, Mrs. Rochleau, of Gaytown are spending a few days with his daughters, Mrs. John Weiler and Miss Anna Lenhardt.

J. L. Wiesman returned this morning from a business trip to Chicago, where he has been for the past ten days purchasing goods for his fall and winter trade.

Mrs. J. D. Follmer returned this morning to her home in Schoolcraft accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. R. L. Lorraine and the baby, who expect to be away about a month.

The first accident at the new shingle mill occurred Thursday morning when John Pangborn, a knot sawyer lost the first joint of the thumb on his left hand. Dr. Sweet dressed the injury.

Mrs. McKinnon and son Clarence departed Wednesday morning for their home in Canada, having spent the summer with Mr. and Mrs. S. Stephens. Mrs. Stephens accompanied her as far as Mackinac Island.

Mrs. P. K. Winters departed Sunday for an extended visit with friends in Kansas. Mrs. L. A. Kenyon accompanied her in the greater portion of her journey, going on to Colorado where she expects to remain for several months.

Arcelle Couturier has retired from the meat market business, having sold his interest to his partner, Louis Gass. Arcelle's health has been poor of late and he will go onto a farm, hoping to regain his health through working out of doors.

Earle Buhling celebrated his nineteenth birthday on Friday last and that evening about 20 of the young people from town drove out to his home and treated him to a genuine surprise party. A highly enjoyable time was reported by all who were present.

J. J. Votruba returned last Friday evening from an extended trip through the Canadian Northwest. While in Alberta he called on Messrs. Holburn, Rowley and Hudkins in their new homes. "Jim" is looking considerably better from his western trip but says that he doesn't think that country is so far ahead of Northern Michigan.

SELZ

\$3.50 Shoes For Ladies or Men.

Beauty in a Shoe is not hard to find these days but it is difficult to find that rare combination of Beauty and Style, Comfort and Durability. My footwear is noted for this.

I have bought many thousand pairs of Selz Shoes, Oxfords and Slippers knowing I can offer you a Shoe with all the good qualities of the higher priced kind.

An inspection will verify this statement.

J. L. WIESMAN,

LEADER OF LOW PRICES,
Loveday Block, East Jordan.

BREVITIES

Don't get "Side Tracked" until you get to the Opera House to-night.

Boosinger Bros.' store front was brightened up with a fresh coat of paint Thursday.

Sixty tickets were sold from here on the D. & C. excursion Sunday to the berry fields at Deward.

C. H. Whittington has replaced the outside stairway on the north side of his furniture store with a new substantial stairway.

Ira D. Bartlett shipped 4,000 pounds of choice clover honey to parties in Indiana Wednesday. He still has about three tons of it on hand.

FOR SALE OR RENT:—My entire pool room and lunch counter outfit. For full particulars inquire of
JOS. ROUTHIER.

The Singer Sewing Machine office is removed to J. E. Strong's where we are ready to take your order for machines or supplies.
E. A. LEWIS.

Roy Sherman had so far recovered as to be able to be out on Saturday last but suffered a relapse and is again confined to the house with rheumatism.

One of the big circular saws at the Lumber Co.'s Mill B. was broken Wednesday while running at a high rate of speed. Fortunately no one was hurt.

There was a water famine in the down town districts Tuesday, the gates in the mains being closed while repairs were made on a broken hydrant at Supernaw's.

We have arranged for the exclusive agency of the celebrated "Murdy Plum" Orders taken at store any time after this date.
EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

W. S. Johnson of the South Arm Lumber Co., was here the first of the week. We understand that it is the intention to rebuild their sawmill this fall and lumber extensively again the coming winter.

The Charlevoix Courier has an extended write up in this week's issue of the trip up to Deward over the Detroit & Charlevoix railroad. It contains a whole lot of nice things about the "River Jordan Route."

Dress does not make the person. Nor does a clean exterior indicate a clean interior. To be well, all organs of the body must work in harmony. Rocky Mountain Tea does this work.
Warne's Pharmacy.

When Geo. Glenn went fishing over on the Pigeon River in July he lost his dog, Max. Some time ago he learned that the dog was in Vanderbilt and Wednesday evening he got him back again. E. A. Ashby brought him down from Frederic. Max had apparently been well cared for but was very glad to see his master again.

A party of ten, most of them members of the Gun Club, took the D. & C. train Tuesday morning for Manton. They went down to compete in a shooting tournament. They took along several grips in which to bring back their prizes. They did not need them. They did well enough in the snipestakes events but we will not refer to the painful subject of the team shoot. The Manton boys showed them a good time, however, and have promised to return the visit in the near future.

More fun than ever to-night.

Robt. Mackey drove over to Bellaire this morning.

Next Monday evening will occur the regular meeting of the Village Council.

The "Side Tracked" Co. reached here on the steamer Pilgrim on her first trip up this morning.

Dr. C. A. Sweet is improving the appearance of his lot greatly by sodding the side of the terrace.

A party of Rebekahs went up to Chestonia this morning to call on Mrs. Cyrus Tobey who has been very ill.

Coach No. 1 of the East Jordan & Southern will go into the shop tomorrow to be fitted with new wheels and re-painted.

Several of the property owners interested will put in a sewer from the bank block corner down Esterly Street to the lake.

Jas. H. Stone, was in town greeting old friends Monday and Tuesday. He is now located at Germfask in the Upper Peninsula.

Foley's Kidney cure makes the diseased kidneys sound so they will eliminate the poisons from the blood.
Sold by L. C. MADISON & Co.

\$20,000.00

To loan at reasonable rates on Farm and Village property. Enquire of
A. B. NICHOLAS,
12-14 Office over Bank of East Jordan.

Genuine Rocky Mountain Tea made by the Madison Medicine Co. is made of rare and costly herbs not found in any other preparation, therefore get the kind you read about. 35 cents.
Warne's Pharmacy.

East Jordan was unusually quiet Monday. The Longshoremen went to Charlevoix in the morning accompanied by their families to celebrate Labor Day and a greater number went to Boyne City by teams and launches to participate in the jollification at that place.

The melodious (?) cry of the chimney sweep is heard and that reminds us that cold weather is not very far distant and property owners should carefully examine their chimneys for cracks and other defects. A little precaution at this time may prevent an expensive conflagration next winter.

Warren Myers came back from Grand Rapids yesterday, where he went about two weeks ago. He took a position as motorman on an electric car on the Interurban road from Grand Rapids to Holland, but was taken sick and forced to give it up. When he fully recovers he expects to go back.
Bellaire Independent.

Lovers of intelligent humor who witness Jule Walters' comedy, "Side Tracked," on its production at Loveday Opera House to-night will no doubt enjoy the amusing incidents that befell the tramp. No expense has been spared to make each scene of this play a series of funny stage pictures. All scenery for each act is carried by the company. Several good specialties are introduced. The play is virtually new, having been re-written by Miss Louise Llewellyn. The piece has many imitators but not any have reached the high standard of "Side Tracked" which has become a household word.

Bird-Shot For Tiger.

No use to hunt tigers with bird-shot. It doesn't hurt the tiger any and it's awfully risky for you.

Consumption is a tiger among diseases. It is stealthy—but once started it rapidly eats up the flesh and destroys the life. No use to go hunting it with ordinary food and medicine. That's only bird-shot. It still advances. Good heavy charges of "Scott's Emulsion" will stop the advance. The disease feels that.

Scott's Emulsion makes the body strong to resist. It soothes and toughens the lungs and sustains the strength until the disease wears itself out.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 400 Pearl St., N. Y. (see and \$1.00) all druggists.

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 Englies and P. & O. Agricultural Implements. See our Beet Cultivator.

BRING

Us your Job Printing. We will do it right.

THE HERALD.

Beautiful Home That Can Be Built for Comparatively Little

A beautiful home is not necessarily a matter of lavish expenditure of money with the modern principals of imitative art governing the production of art, metal and stone work and with the assistance of the wonderful wood-working machinery we are enabled to reproduce from original designs results that a few years ago would have been thought of only by the wealthy. Yet you secure the same results, the sublime purity of the designs, the lack of any attempt at undignified ornamentation, the fascinating repose of the simple outline, have a quiet, restful, homelike feeling that at once enraptures us in admiration of the taste and appreciation of the beautiful. This is a square plan, yet a most beautiful, dignified and chaste elevation. The first story of buff Voman brick in white mortar and buff stone

a "peculiar squeamishness" to pass over one. "Now, the singular part of the whole thing," he continued, "was that every man who held that coin in his hand had a long spell of sickness afterward, and some died. I saw Griffith a year or two later, and he said he had never fully recovered, and never expected to." Griffith got interested in that coin when he heard what it had done, and began to trace back its history. He remembered Cal Davis had paid it to him, and asked him where he got it. Davis had got it from a man named Holt, and Holt got it from the guerrilla chief, Sam Hildebrandt. "Hildebrandt got the coin from a Spaniard in a stage robbery. The Spaniard told him the coin had been cursed by the Pope, as it was part of

conception of the value of athletics will add dignity, interest and standing, making it a factor second to none in the development of our civilization. It will be a mighty influence in the creation of a new and superior type of men and women. That women are growing more and more to realize this is evidenced by the athletic tendency of the modern girl. If she will combine therewith an intelligent effort after well-balanced and harmonious development, the results are bound to be satisfying in the extreme.

Decline of German Jews.
A statistical return of the religions professed in the German Empire, based on the census of 1900, has recently been issued. It appears that the number of Roman Catholics has increased in a greater proportion than



Value of Mature and Immature Fodders.

A report of the Nebraska station relative to the composition of feeding stuffs at different stages of growth says: The conditions of growth of the crops this season were about equally favorable for each of them, and some tentative conclusions may hence be drawn from the result of this (1900) season's work. The mixed crop, oats and peas, improves in composition as it grows older and should probably be allowed to stand as long as the peavines will remain fairly erect. The proportion of flesh-forming to fat-forming constituents in the fodder obtained from this crop is very nearly the correct one for a well-balanced ration for most classes of animals, and it would probably be found unnecessary to supplement this fodder with grain or other foods.

Field corn, millet, sorghum and Kafr corn decrease rapidly in protein content while heading out. The percentage of crude fiber also decreases somewhat. Both of these changes are probably due to the rapid accumulation of starch and sugars in the plant juices at that time, as shown by the increased proportion of nitrogen-free extract. In order to obtain a fodder having as narrow a ratio of flesh-forming foods as possible, the crop should be cut at as early a stage as it can be well cured. For roughage to be fed in connection with highly nitrogenous foods it may well be allowed to grow until seeds are formed. After that period, however, the stalks rapidly become woody and the proportion of waste is greatly increased.

No very significant change in composition of the cowpeas is apparent. This year's experience would seem to indicate that consideration of chemical composition is of minor importance in the selection of the proper stage for harvesting this crop for fodder. As compared with the other fodders analyzed this year, this one is by far the most desirable on account of its high proportion of nitrogenous material and small percentage of difficultly digestible fiber.

Poor Cattle Imposed on Mexicans.

Reports from Mexico indicate that some live stock dealers there are working a confidence game on the badly informed natives and are selling them poor American cattle at high prices. Some Mexicans are enterprising enough to come to this country and buy their own breeding cattle. Such men get the best there is and are satisfied, though they have to pay good prices for everything in the breeding line. But the Mexicans that order American cattle through native or resident dealers get some very poor stuff. This has been the case to an extent that threatens to injure the sale of breeding bulls from this country. The Mexicans pay for first-class animals, but get scrubs. One result is seen in the turning of the Mexican buyers to the Brown Swiss cattle. Switzerland does not permit cattle to be exported without a certificate showing breeding and so forth. Thus no animals of inferior quality have so far gone to Mexico from Switzerland and the confidence of the Mexicans has been won for the Brown Swiss. The United States has had a number of lessons of this kind. Probably after the Swiss have taken all the trade the United States may wake up and do something. But there is danger that the lesson we had when Canada took our foreign cheese trade will not be remembered in connection with our cattle trade. We had a magnificent cheese trade with England till American sharpers were permitted to swamp the English market with filled cheese, and then we lost it. The English traders turning to Canada, where there were laws absolutely preventing such frauds. The Canadians took the trade and have kept it. We have a good trade in cattle springing up with Mexico and the other countries to the south of it. We should foster it by making fraud impossible.

Period of Gestation of Sheep.

Prof. W. A. Henry, Tessler, in a report to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, gives the results of his observations on the period of gestation of 912 ewes. The shortest period for the ewe carrying her lamb was 146 days and the longest 161 days, a range of 15 days. More than three-fourths of the ewes yeared between the 150th and the 154th day after impregnation, bringing the average to about 152 days, or 21 weeks and five days. Randall's statement as to the gestation of ewes coincides with that of Tessler.

The Gardener's Friend, the Toad.

From Farmers' Review: While not an object of beauty, the humble toad will please the most fastidious gardener's eye if he will watch toady at work of an evening. If one is very quiet the toad will gather in his supper of insects before the onlooker, and the number of these pests that are required to satisfy toady's appetite is more than a few. If they do any harm at all, we have never discovered what it was, and we do know they do an amount of good, so don't destroy any of them. We have the children bring into the garden all toads they find in the byways, and as it is seldom one gets accidentally destroyed, they are quite numerous. If one will cultivate toads around the house the number of roaches and flies will be many less. A toad is good in the cellar, too.—Emma Clearwaters.



An Asparagus Pest.

A bulletin of the Geneva station says: In 1896 many asparagus plants were found to contain, just below the surface of the ground the little flaxseed-like bodies which form one stage in the life history of some of the flies, like the Hessian fly. Adults have now been raised from these "flaxseeds" and found to be small, metallic-black flies about one-sixth of an inch in length. They are found to be quite common on the flowers and branchlets of the asparagus, especially on plants that have been eaten into by the asparagus beetle. The maggots, or larvae, of these flies are about one-fifth of an inch in length, somewhat flattened and of a transparent-white color. They are found in mines in the asparagus stems, just beneath the epidermis, the mines usually beginning near the surface of the ground and extending diagonally downward about the stem below ground for a distance of three or four inches. On seedling beds and newly set beds, the mining of these maggots has caused some injury, especially during 1900; but no serious trouble has been observed on cutting beds, though they are probably numerous enough to cause some weakening of the plants. The seedlings turned yellow and died much earlier than they would naturally do. The maggots changed to puparia—the "flaxseed" stage—in the fall and show on the infested stems as small, oblong, dark-brown, raised spots beneath the epidermis of the stalks near the base. Though the insect is not yet a serious pest, it will be well to adopt some repressive measures should it appear upon a bed. The eggs of the first brood are probably deposited early in June, so no small shoots should be allowed to grow on the cutting beds to receive these eggs. Pulling the old stalks in the fall and burning them when dry will destroy many of the puparia.

Harvesting Potatoes.

The time for harvesting potatoes is indicated by the dying of the vines. The ripening process in the tubers goes on up to this time, and it is therefore not wise to attempt to harvest before that time. If dug while immature the quality will not be so good as it will be if the tubers are left in the ground till mature. On the other hand, if left too long in the ground decay is likely to set in. We have known potatoes left in the fields too long—till the ground froze too hard to permit of digging. This is not likely to occur, but has occurred some years when winter came very early. The man with a small patch of potatoes will dig his by hand but the man that has a large quantity to be harvested cannot afford to do it in the old-fashioned way. He must depend on some of the first-class potato diggers that are on the market. Plowing out the tubers is practiced by some farmers, but this is hardly a desirable method, as by it a great many potatoes are injured. It is better to invest in a tool made expressly for the work.

American Packing Bad.

The State Department has published the following report from Richard Westcott, acting consul general at London: "I have recently received a communication from W. E. Boyes, of Leicester, chairman of the conference of the National Federation of Fruit-ers, at Cardiff, May 12 and 13, 1902, transmitting a copy of a resolution adopted by the federation, which reads: 'This federation wishes to call your attention to the unsatisfactory way in which American apples are packed, and asks if it is not possible for you to adopt the same system as Canada, and have all the apples graded and stamped with the government stamp. By so doing, you will largely increase the demand for best quality, and, consequently, the price of American fruit.' Canadian apples are now graded and stamped with the government stamp, and for all barrels sent out without the stamp the sender is liable to a fine of \$1 for each barrel."

A Government Date Orchard.

A dispatch from Phoenix, Arizona, to the Chicago Packer says: The government is going into the business of date culture on a large scale. At the experimental station near here has just been planted the largest date orchard in America, and perhaps in the world. Five acres have been planted with various kinds of date trees imported from Africa, besides about 1,000 seedlings. The Department of Agriculture seems to have no doubt that the date palm will ultimately solve the problem of what to do with the arid and alkali lands of Arizona and other parts of the West. Experiments have demonstrated the great possibilities of the industry.

Reports from the potato growers indicate that the yield of potatoes is likely to be good, as they are being extensively grown this year all over the country where potatoes are grown at any time. The high prices of potatoes during the past year has stimulated the growing of this article of food. Not only has the field acreage been increased, as shown by government reports, but the gardens have a larger crop of potatoes than usual. There are millions of such gardens in the country and their output, while not entering into commerce, will cut quite a figure in the totals. Draining helps both in time of drought and in time of freshet.

In Somewhat of a Hurry.
Harry Furness tells of a testy but popular Scotch lecturer who, on a tour of the Lowlands, met with a chairman of his office that, in introducing the visitor, he actually talked to the audience for an hour. The gathering, a large one, bore it all patiently. This was the chairman's peroration:

"It is unnecessary for me to say more; so, I call upon the distinguished gentleman who has come so far to give us his address tonight." The gentleman who had come so far arose, stepped forward, bowed, pulled out and looked at his watch, and then said: "You want my address. It is 322 Rob Roy Crescent, Edinburg. A letter will find me there. Good night!" Saying which he left the stage and the hall before anybody could interpose.—Philadelphia Times.

Lightning Kills Three.

Brownsville, Tenn., dispatch: James Rhodes, William Kircus and John Smith of Haywood were killed instantly by lightning. They had taken refuge from the rain under a tree.

Couldn't Live Without Them.

New York City, Aug. 18th.—Mr. Charles Beck of 64 Rue de la Victorie, Paris, France, relates a most interesting experience:

"Ever since I was about three years of age I have suffered severely with Kidney Disease.

"Last year I spent some time at the baths at Carlsbad (Bohemia), but I came back after five weeks' treatment with a severe pain still in my kidneys.

"My doctors in Paris and Hamburg could do nothing for me.

"I was obliged to start from Paris to Montreal, Canada, and when I arrived in the Canadian city I was half dead.

"I read an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills in a newspaper there and began to use this remedy and after two days' treatment I felt that my pains were leaving me and in a week I had no pains at all.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are the most wonderful remedy in the world. I keep them always with me for I believe I could not live without them."

If you go to church without praying for the preacher, the devil will be very apt to walk home with you.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a running or stuffed ear, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are cured by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

In the parrot's beak both mandibles are located a peculiarity unknown in other species of birds.

FITS

permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Peppermint Cure. Send for FREE 500 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. H. H. KANE, Ltd., 23 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Why do they say streams run dry when everybody knows that they run wet when they do run?

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Croup.

Use Red Cross Ball Bine and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Time and tide wait for no man, but if they did some men would get there late all the same.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Keeping right with God is the surest way ever yet discovered of keeping bread in the house.

I am sure Pison's Cure for Consumption saved my life two years ago. Mrs. THOS. ROSS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1902.

Life is not so short but that there is at any time time for courtesy.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL CUTS WOUNDS

ALL DRUGGISTS FURNISH IT

LIBBY'S NATURAL FLAVOR FOODS

Are U. S. Government Inspected. Perfectly packed. Libby's Natural Flavor Foods come to you Fresh, Daily and deliciously flavored. The up-to-date equipment and the skill of our workers will order it at your request. Prepared only by LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, CHICAGO

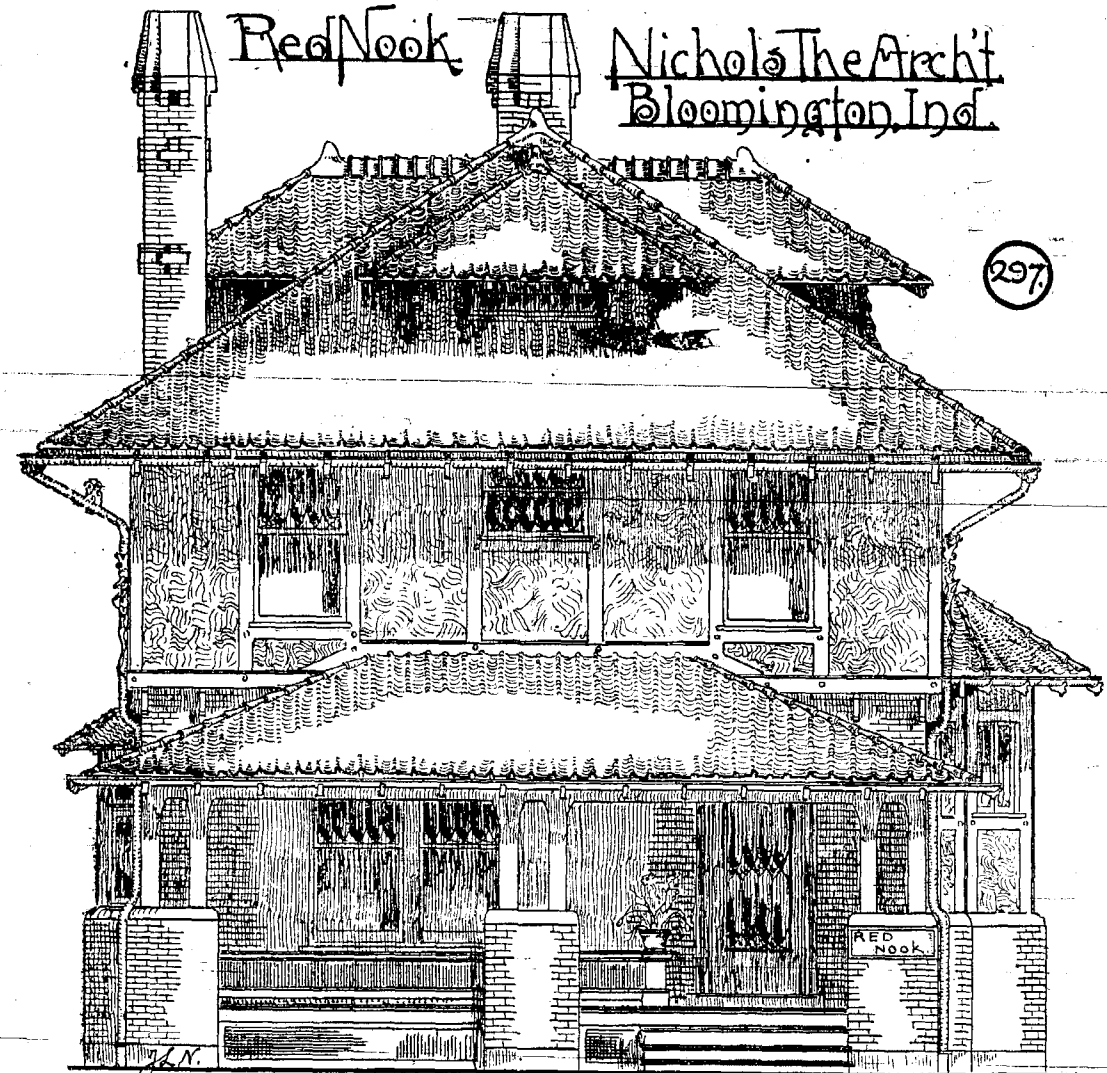
The World's Greatest Caterer

Our new edition of "How to Make Good Cakes to Eat" sent free for the asking.

PISON'S CURE FOR CURSES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS

Best Cough Syrup, Taste Good, Use 15 Min. Sold by Druggists

CONSUMPTION



trimmings. The second story, old oak timbered work, with buff cement panels combed. The roof is of red Spanish tile. The hall and three main rooms are finished in mahogany with wood mosaic floors. The walls are bur-lapped and decorated in oil; divans, book cases, buffets, etc., built in; second story finished in native hard woods.

Plate and art glass, hot water heat and modern plated plumbing. As good as a house can be built, complete outside of hot water heat and plumbing, \$3,800.

THIS COIN WAS "CURSED!"

Misfortunes That Befell the Persons Who Happened to Own It.

An old resident of Carthage tells a reporter for the Press a strange story of a cursed coin. Among some money turned over to Dick Griffith, treasurer of Jasper county years ago, was a \$20 gold piece with a singular design cut in it. The design represented a cross with snakes coiling around it. The "old resident" says that when it was passed across the hand it caused

an American booty captured by pirates in Chinese waters and sent to Rome as a peace offering. The coin was stolen from Rome by a Spaniard, and he, fearing to pass it, gave it to his friend, who was coming to America. Hildebrandt nearly died of fever while carrying it, and Holt died from some peculiar ailment which baffled the doctors.

"What became of the coin I do not know, but every word of this story is as true as anything I ever told."—Carthage (Mo.) Press.

Art and Athletics.

The universally increasing attention now being given, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries, to out-of-door sports and to physical culture is a sign of the best omen. No class can have a greater solicitude for the furtherance of this movement than the artists, for they cannot create beautiful forms without having beautiful forms around them from which to draw inspiration, says a writer in Outlook. The art of a nation is a mirror of that nation's ideals, and faithfully reflects their slightest change. The new

number of Protestants, while the increase in Judaism as compared with the Christian professions has been very small. The Protestants numbered 35,231,104 in 1900, as against 31,026,810 in 1890, or an increase of 13.6 per cent; while the Catholics numbered 29,327,913 in 1900, as against 17,674,921 in 1890, or an increase of 55 per cent. The number of professing Jews has only increased from 567,884 to 586,948, which gives a percentage of 2.4. Of every 1,000 persons in the German Empire 625 are Protestants, 361 Catholics, 10 Jews, and 4 of different or undetermined religious creeds.

A Queer Test.

An old lady applied at a registry office for a maid.

"I want a little girl, between eighteen and twenty-two years of age, who is fond of mushrooms."

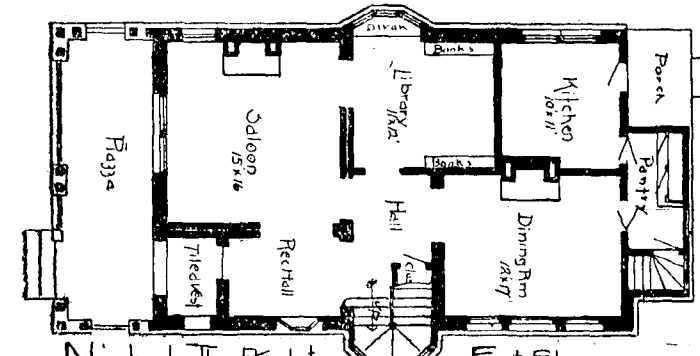
"Fond of mushrooms?" inquired the agent. "That is something I never inquire about from my applicants. I don't understand."

"Well, I am very fond of mushrooms myself, and there are so many mistakes made. The idea came to me several years ago, and it was a dispensation of Providence that it did, or I should have been killed. I make my maid eat a portion of all mushrooms brought to my house before any are served to me. I always require it," replied the old lady. "I have lost two excellent maids from leadstoops during the last five years, and, of course, I could not think of taking the risk of eating mushrooms unless I had a maid to test them."

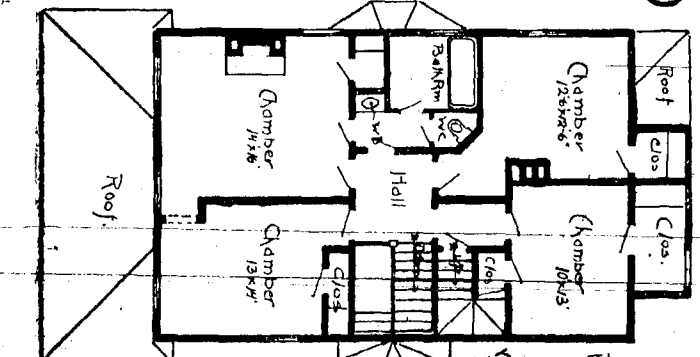
Cure for Ingrown Nails.

Tardif says that he has been able to cure all cases of ingrowing nail without recourse to the knife. His proceeds as follows: With a flat probe or a match he slips a bit of cotton between the edge of the nail and the inflamed flesh. Another strip of cotton is put along the outer margin of the ulcerated area and the space between these two strips of cotton, and which is occupied by the ulcer, is thickly powdered with nitrate of lead. The whole is covered with cotton and the toe is bandaged. The dressings are repeated the following day, and every day until the incarcerated edge of the nail is plainly visible. Then, with patience, the edge of the nail is lifted away from the flesh and a bit of cotton is introduced under it to keep it up. As it grows it will gradually take its proper position above the flesh, this having meantime shrunk and shriveled by reason of the application of lead nitrate.

A dishonest man suspects every honest man he encounters.



Nichols The Architect, Bloomington, Ind. First floor



Red Nook Second floor

The Klondike Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Alameda's Double," etc.

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"We've got one on 'em wounded, an' let's make most out o' him we kin afore we let him go. Let's not go an' act like a hull passel o' fools as don't know what we're a-doin' nohow. Save him an' we'll git Crack Lash's dust back an' we'll hang all four together; you all know that's much better'n hangin' one at a time."

The life of the captive was spared for the time being, and the miners proceeded at once to organize themselves into a vigilance committee, preparatory to stopping crime at the very beginning in their new settlement.

Lying on a low couch in one of the shanties was the hero of this story, known on the Klondike as Crack Lash Paul. His wounds were severe, and he was in a feverish condition. One of the miners who had some knowledge of medicine and surgery had extracted the ball and dressed the wounds. The name of the doctor will perhaps never be known. In the Klondike he was only called "Sawbones."

The patient's face was flushed and his eyes closed. His quick breathing and nervous movements indicated that he suffered mentally as well as physically.

"Be quiet," whispered "Sawbones" to the ear of his patient. "Here, take

He raised the head of the wounded youth and gave him a spoonful of nerve-quieting medicine. He

It off, and then lay back on his bed and slept. The doctor arose from

He quickly turned his gaze toward the projecting branch within range of vision. A look of disappointment

over his face as his eyes searched vain for some object.

"What have you done with him?" asked of a miner who was going

"He's dead," was the answer.

"Hain't you hung him yet?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I am not tired."

"Ye don't think ye are, mate, but you'll have all the wind out o' yer sails afore ye know it. Set down."

There was a log lying near, and both sat upon it.

"I am sufficiently rested, so let's go on," said the youth, after a short rest, starting to his feet.

"Don't be too certain ye know ye kin stand it, lad. I tell ye it's a longer voyage 'n you think, an' there's rough sailin' 'tween this an' the Chilkoot."

They reached Dawson City next day at noon. As Paul was still weak, he

secured a room in the hotel and went to bed to rest. Being overcome by

weariness and the journey, he was soon buried in profound slumber.

He was awakened by some one shaking him by the shoulder and whisper-

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ing his way to the cabin at which he had stayed since the attack, when he met Glum Ralston.

"Hello, Crack Lash, gettin' under way agin'?"

"I am able to be out, Glum," he answered.

"Glad on it, boy—glad on it."

The ex-sailor was about to pass on when the young man said:

"I want to talk some with you, Glum. There was a deep-laid plot to rob and murder me. I have an enemy or enemies—I know not how many—who have designs on my happiness."

Ralston was not a man to be moved by emotion or jump at a conclusion. He sat a long time listening to the unquestionable evidence of the youth.

When he had finished there was no longer a doubt that here was a conspiracy to injure Crack Lash, and perhaps take his life. A new light was breaking in on him and he became more interested in the youth than he had been.

"M-well, Crack Lash, I think we'd better run 'em down. Wonder how many we kin git to go with us."

"I want no one but you, Glum," said the youth. "You and I are enough, for I can trust you, which is more than I care to do with all. I believe that if I can capture those men they will not only tell me where to find my lost treasure, but also inform me who this enemy 'L. T.' is."

"Then by the trident o' Neptune we'll go an' never stop until we find them."

After consulting the matter, they decided to keep their departure a secret from their companions, and decided to start before they were awake next morning. During the night a snowstorm raged. Next morning long before the miners were astir our two

friends were attired in furs, with several dogs, provisions, blankets and rifles, and set off on snow-shoes in search of the three men who had robbed and so nearly killed Paul several weeks before.

Glum Ralston had received reliable information that the men he wished to find were in a valley up the Yukon, and they acted on that information.

They found the snow still falling, though it was not very cold. For several miles they trudged along on the snowshoes in silence. At last Glum

said:

"Stop!"

"Why?" asked Paul.

"We'll rest."

"I am not tired."

"Ye don't think ye are, mate, but you'll have all the wind out o' yer sails afore ye know it. Set down."

There was a log lying near, and both sat upon it.

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shouted to them to halt. The fugitives cast quick glances behind, and then, with defiant yells, fled.

Two darted around one side of a huge, projecting cliff that formed the extreme spur of the mountain, and one went the other way. Two rifle shots rang out on the mountain, and two bullets whizzed through the air.

"Ye winged yer man, Crack Lash," cried Glum. "Follow him and I'll give chase to the others."

Paul needed no second command, but darted after the man at whom he had fired. The fugitive threw away his gun and fled for life, and for an hour Paul was in doubt whether he was gaining on him or not. At the end of that time, to his great chagrin, he saw him dash into a thick forest of pines and firs.

When next he saw him he was creeping along a ledge five hundred feet above him. With no other thought than the capture of the fugitive and recovery of his treasure, Paul threw off his snowshoes and clambered up the steep precipice with great labor and no little danger. Up he went, heedless of everything but the solution of the mystery which threatened his life and happiness of himself and Laura. He reached the fork and began to climb the great dead limb of a tree which touched the coveted ledge. At that moment he heard a crackling at the root of the tree and became conscious of a descending motion in the limbs to which he clung.

He knew he was falling, and that with the vast mass he must descend into the valley beneath. He left himself rushing downward through the air; he closed his eyes; there came a horrid crash on his ears, and he knew no more.

When Paul regained consciousness he was lying on a pile of skins and furs in a cavern.

A man clothed wholly in bear and seal-skins stood over him, gazing at him with a pair of strange grey eyes.

His hair was long, falling to his shoulders, and his beard, which was almost white, fell to his waist. He had a half-breed and half-civilized appearance.

Paul gazed into the strange, wild face and asked:

"Who are you?"

The stranger, without taking his eyes off him, asked:

"Who are you?"

"I am a miner from the Klondike who was robbed. I was in pursuit of the robbers when the accident befell me. You found me?"

"Yes."

Paul at first supposed that some of his limbs were broken or dislocated, and dared not move, but after a few moments he discovered that he had suffered no greater injury than a severe shock. He had fallen into a deep snowdrift, which had broken the fall and no doubt saved his life.

"Won't you tell me who you are?" asked Paul after a few minutes' gazing into the face of the mysterious stranger. The man turned away for a moment as if he wished to avoid the answer and then slowly turning back answered:

"I am a hermit; will that suffice?"

"Do you live here?" Paul asked.

"Yes."

"How long have you lived in this mountain?"

"Then came a longer silence than usual, when the hermit of the cave answered:

"What difference can that make to you? I found you in a perishing condition and brought you here and saved your life. Is that not enough without telling all the secrets of my life?" He turned slowly about and went to a small fire that smoldered on the stones some distance away, and began to toast some slices of moose steak. Paul closed his eyes and tried to reason that he could be in no immediate danger. If the man had intended to kill him, he would no doubt have done so while he was unconscious. He also reasoned he might have some design in saving his life.

(To be continued.)

HE LOVED HIS HORSES.

Owner Wept When Compelled to Part With Them.

An incident which illustrates the strong attachment that forms between a man and a good team occurred at a public sale four miles south of town Wednesday. It was noticed that the owner immediately withdrew from the crowd upon the bringing forth of a fine span of blacks, but returned later when called upon to describe the team. Among other things, their age, etc., he stated that he had raised them from colthood; that they were true, kind and faithful. Here he could say no more, and crossing his arms on the one nearest him, he sobbed like a child. The intelligent animal, evidently realizing that something was wrong, turned his head and gently pushed his nose against his old master's face. Such scenes are not witnessed every day in this hard old world, and a glance at the crowd of farmers disclosed scores of moist eyes and the auctioneer's voice grew husky as he proceeded with the sale of the old friends. No man need be ashamed of such weakness, if such it may be termed. It is one of the finest qualities attributable to mankind.—Jefferson Bee.

Sowing Wild Oats.

"Since them city boarders got to comin' here our Johnny has been goin' to the bad," said Mrs. Hayseeds to Mrs. Clovertopp.

"You don't say!"

"Yes, indeed! He's got to stayin' out late at night. Why, last Sat'day night he went off down town and never came home until half after 9. I've got a mind to ask the preacher to talk to him on the error o' his way."

SLAUGHTER OF THE BUFFALO.

Thirty-one Million of Them Were Killed in Thirteen Years.

In the forties, when the American Fur Co. was in the heyday of its power, there were sent from St. Louis alone in a single year 100,000 robes; and the company bought only the perfect ones. The hunter usually kept an ample supply for his own needs, so that for every robe bought by the company three times as many were taken from the plains. St. Louis was only one port of shipment. Equal quantities of robes were being sent from Mackinaw, Detroit, Montreal and Hudson bay. A million would not cover the number of robes sent each year in the forties. In 1868 Inman, Sheridan and Custer rode continuously for three days through one herd in the Arkansas region; and in 1869 trains on the Kansas Pacific were held from nine in the morning until six at night to permit the passage of one herd across the tracks. Army officers relate that in 1882 a herd that covered an area of seventy by thirty miles moved north from the Arkansas to the Yellowstone. Catlin and Inman and army men and employes of the fur companies considered a drove of 100,000 buffalo a common sight along the line of the Santa Fe trail. Inman computes that from St. Louis alone the bones of thirty-one million buffalo were shipped between 1868 and 1881.

HOW GRANT GAVE ORDERS.

Promptness in Decision Characteristic of the Man.

"Grant was a great smoker even when I knew him," says Mr. Weber, a Missouri neighbor of Grant's farming days, "but he wasn't a good talker. When it came to action, though, he never was at a loss." Mr. Dent, his father-in-law, owned a fine specimen of Durham bull. The big animal was as powerful and as vicious as any I have ever seen. He broke through every fence that was put about him, and the farmers for miles around suffered ruined orchards and devastated garden patches. The animal would go among the trees, and, dashing from left to right, would scatter the fruit on the ground for yards about. One day, after a night in which the old fellow had been especially annoying, we sent over to the Dent place for aid. Grant rode back with our messenger. The bull was racing about the fields, terrorizing the neighborhood. Grant asked two or three questions as to losses, then he told some one to get a spoke.

Now, he said, as if he were directing a simple task, 'catch the bull and tie this in his mouth, bit fashion.'

If anyone else had made the suggestion he would have been laughed at, but Grant's direction was taken as a command. He took no part in the proceedings, but turned his horse about and rode away. The men went out, caught the animal, gagged him, and turned him loose again. After a few days of starving he was completely broken of his bad habit."

SEAMY SIDE OF LIFE.

Pathetic Incident Noted in a New York Barroom.

The lines of dissipation were ill concealed by rouge and powder, and she was singing a ribald song in the back room of a Houston street saloon, when a youngster entered with a man of more than twice her age, says the New York Times.

The wayward girl's voice left her, and she gazed in horror at the fair youngster holding a glass of whisky in her hand. She got up, went quietly over to the table, and said to the man:

"You go, or I'll have you arrested for bringing a child in here, and don't you ever dare to follow this baby again."

The man slunk away.

"Now go home, dearie," begged the other girl, with a strange tremor in her voice, "and be a good girl. You don't want to be like me. It's worse'n hell to be bad. Come, I'll see you to the door."

And the two went out.

"The youngun's her sister," said the bartender.

What Constitutes "News."

The Buffalo Commercial says that Charles A. Dana once defined news in this way: "If you see a dog biting a man don't write it up. But if you see a man biting a dog spare no pains or money to get the details to the Sun office." This is a poor paraphrase of a good story. When "Doc" Wood was night editor of the Sun a young reporter asked him: "What constitutes news?" Mr. Wood considered for a moment and then replied: "Here's an illustration which will probably give you a correct idea of what I think on that subject. If you should see a dog running down Broadway with a tin can tied to his tail it isn't worth a line. But if you should see a dog with a tin can tied to his tail—walking down Broadway—it's worth a column."

A Matter of Fractions.

A West Philadelphia boy whose grandmother had been attractive enough when made a widow to marry the second time, recently asked his mother:

"Why doesn't Uncle Will call grandpa 'father'?"

"Because grandpa isn't Uncle Will's father," she replied.

"Then he can't be your brother, mamma," said the lad.

"Of yes, dear; he is my half-brother."

"Your half-brother?" asked the child, amazed. "Where's the other half?"

I SUFFERED TERRIBLY WITH FEMALE WEAKNESS.

SAYS MRS. ESTHER M. MILLER.

"I Had The Headache Continually—Could Not Do My Work—But—Was Cured."

Mrs. Esther M. Miller, DeGraaf, Ohio, writes:

"I was a terrible sufferer from female weakness and had the headache continually. I was not able to do my housework for my husband and myself. I wrote you and described my condition as near as possible. You recommended Peruna. I took four bottles and was completely cured. I think Peruna a wonderful medicine and have recommended it to my friends with best results."

—Mrs. E. M. Miller.

Miss Mamie Groth, Plattville, Wis., writes: "Accept a grateful girl's thanks for the wonderful help I have received through the use of Peruna. Although I looked well and strong I have for several years suffered with frequent backache and would for several days have splitting headaches. I did not wish to fill my system with poisonous drugs, and so when several of my friends advised me to take Peruna, I asked my physician what he thought of it. He recommended it and so I took it and am entirely without pain of any kind now."

—Miss Mamie Groth.

Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, has had over fifty years experience in the treatment of female catarrhal diseases. He ad-

A school of specialists holds that the white cells of the blood are traps to catch microbes.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 3 oz. package, 5 cents.

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The Art Department is modeled after the best Art Schools of Europe.

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GEORGE N. ELLIS, Principal, Olivet, Mich.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 34—1902

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\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES

W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world.

W. L. Douglas made and sold more men's Good-year Welt (Hand Sewed Process) shoes in the first six months of 1917 than any other manufacturer.

REWARD will be paid to anyone who \$10,000 can disprove this statement.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOES

CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

1850 sales, \$1,109,820 in 6 months, \$2,340,000 in 12 months.

Best Imported and American Leathers, Heyl's Patent Galf, Enamel, Box Galf, Galf, Vicil Kid, Corona Galf, Mac, Kanteroo, East Color, Eyelets used.

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W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 34—1902

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