

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 6.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, OCT. 10 1902.

No 7



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

The Excursionists

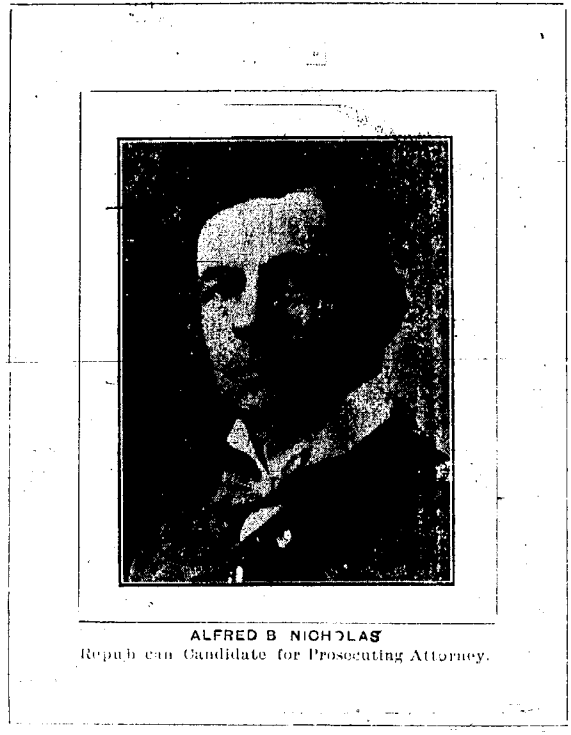
TWO HUNDRED EAST JORDANITES
GO SOUTH TUESDAY A. M.

Manager Crossman of the East Jordan & Southern tells us that he sold 120 tickets for the excursion that left Tuesday morning for Saginaw, Detroit, Toledo and Chicago. As there were a large number of small children in the party we do not think that 200 is far from the number that crowded the train of two passenger coaches and a baggage car which started from this place and there were a few who went to Charlevoix to take the train so that they might have the company of friends on the trip. It is estimated that 3,000 people from Northern Michigan took advantage of the low rates offered to visit their friends in the in the South and East. We were unable to secure a complete list of those who went from here but we note the following:

To Chicago—J. E. Strong, Wm. Richardson, Jas. Malpass and daughter Emma, Jos. Kenny, Mrs. M. Brinkman and children, J. P. Ekstrom and daughter, Geo. C. Murdock, Mr. and Mrs. P. Walsh, Louis Gas, H. H. Cummings, Henry Comrade, wife and children, Walter Martin, F. Behling and family, Fred Bergman, Mr. and Mrs. H. Howe, Mrs. Geo. Frost, Miss Jennie Glenn, D. C. Loveday, L. Doerr, and Chas. Hipp.

To Detroit—Mrs. Maythorne, Hugh Weatherup, Mrs. Jno. Munro jr. and daughter, F. E. Boosinger, Mrs. Al. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Taylor, Mrs. Robertson and son, Frost, Jos. Parks and son, Mrs. Bennett, P. L. Lanway, wife and daughter, Robert Dechane, wife and son, and Mrs. S. J. Lanway and children.

To other points—J. W. Rogers, Charlotte; Mrs. L. Nyquist, Algonac; Levi Metz, Jackson; Harry Kitson, Sanilac; Mrs. Sutton, Meriden, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Grand Rapids; Mrs. Carney and Mrs. Baldwin, Toledo; Mrs. W. A. Rowley, Portland, G. W. Bancroft and wife, Laporte; Miss Eva Greenwood, South Haven; Wm. Aldrich, Mrs. Ira Miles, Homer, Walter Hunsberger, Eileenale; Guy Liskum, Hastings, Mrs. Saedal and two sons, Saginaw; J. C. Glenn and wife, Toledo; Bert Fuller and family, Hastings; E. E. Hall and family, Hillsdale; Miss Anna Lenhardt, Saginaw; Henry Clark, Flint; Mrs. Howey, Mt. Pleasant; Oliver Olds and wife, Blanchard; Mrs. Cutler, Riverside.



ALFRED B. NICHOLAS
Republican Candidate for Prosecuting Attorney.

No one ever thought coal would be sold for jewelry, but that is what is being done in Chicago these days. Fakirs are offering "genuine black diamond stickpins" at 15 cents apiece. The "black diamonds" were lumps of hard coal fastened to washed gold pins. The sale of these jewels was brisk at times, and scores of men wore them in their cravats. Along with the pins were sold badges reading: "We Must Bust the Trust or the Trust Will Bust Us."

"WATCH THE KIDNEYS"
When they are affected, life is in danger," says Dr. Abernethy, the great English physician. Foley's Kidney Cure makes sound kidneys.

- List of Adversely Letters.
- Unclaimed letters for the week ending Oct. 6:—
Griffin, Hurb.,
Gamble, L. R.,
Hursby, Miss Minnie,
Moore, Jas.,
Reynolds, Mrs. Hattie,
Scott, Wm.,
POSTAL CARDS,
Clark, E. B.,
E. N. CLINK, P. M.

WILL NOT BE READY.

Although the Charlevoix Sugar Co. and the building contractors, the National Construction Co., have all summer hoped to have the factory ready to slice beets this coming winter, it has been apparent for some time that the prospect of consummation was very slim.

Several untoward circumstances delayed the start last spring: in the early part of the summer wet weather delayed work; and later, several delays have occurred for want of cement—in fact delays due to this cause have been the most serious of all. So that now all hope of working up this year's crop of beets has been abandoned.

No sooner had this condition of affairs reached the ears of the southern and central Michigan factories than there were overtures made from several sources for the Charlevoix Sugar Co.'s crops. This movement was emphasized by the fact of short crops in other localities, owing to unfavorable weather conditions.

So that, however much we may feel the disappointment that these conditions bring to us, we are favored by conditions elsewhere. The beet crops will be taken care of in strict compliance with contracts.

Meanwhile, the good work of construction goes bravely on, and when the factory is finished early next fall it will be a far more complete in every detail, and in much better shape for work than it would be this winter under a burden of risks from frosts or break-downs, or both. Charlevoix Sentinel.

DANGER IN FALL COLDS.

Fall colds are liable to hang on all winter leaving the seeds of pneumonia bronchitis or consumption. Foley's Honey and Tar cures quickly and prevents serious results. It is old and reliable, tried and tested, safe and sure, contains no opiates and will not constipate.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.
GONE TO EUROPE.

Mr. Asmus Petersen, the well known representative of the Petoskey Grocery Company, left on Thursday of this week on a seven weeks' trip to his former home in Fatherland. Mr. Petersen came to this country when a boy, and by strict attention to business combined with his genial good nature has risen to become one of the best commercial travelers in this section. He is the only member of his immediate family who sought a home in bustling America, and he has justly earned a vacation trip to the scenes of his boyhood. May he have a pleasant voyage and visit.—Independent-Democrat.

"David Caruth" to-night.

A DOZEN TIMES A NIGHT.
Mr. Owen Dunn, of Benton Ferry, W. Va., writes: "I have had kidney and bladder trouble for years, and it became so bad that I was obliged to get up at least a dozen times a night. I never received any permanent benefit from any medicine until I tried Foley's Kidney Cure. After using two bottles I am cured."
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

Charlevoix Tool

EAST JORDAN HIGH SCHOOL WINS
ANOTHER GAME.

The football game at Charlevoix Saturday did not attract a very large crowd, most of the enthusiasm being furnished by the East Jordan contingent. In fact the Charlevoix brand of that article was so badly mixed with stones, brick bats and foul language hurled from the side lines that it could not rightfully be termed anything but rowdyism.

The game had been advertised as a High School game but Friday evening the Charlevoix manager telephoned that he could not get his team together and would have to forfeit the game. This was a serious disappointment to our boys and after considerable telephoning it was finally arranged that they should play an exhibition game with any kind of a team the Charlevoix fellows could pick up.

The game was called at 2:50 p. m. at the old Recreation park, Charlevoix winning the toss and kicking off to East Jordan. The ball was stopped on East Jordan's 35-yard line and as the two teams lined up it was seen that the Charlevoix team had a big advantage in age and weight but this was more than off-set by the speed with which the East Jordan boys got into play and their perfect team work.

Early in the first half Charlevoix got the ball on downs but lost it almost immediately on a fumble and by a series of quick plays most of them fine bucks, the East Jordan boys carried the ball almost the length of the field for a touchdown, Maddock taking the ball across the line. The trial for goal failed.

It was a splendid sight to see Misener, Maddock, Hurlbert and Bennett hit the line composed of men of 15 to 20 pounds more weight, and nearly always for good gains.

Charlevoix again kicked off to East Jordan and again held them for downs. They tried a tandem line buck a couple of times but Bennett was through their line and downed the ball for a loss each time and East Jordan again secured the ball. They now began to use end plays and for the first time put into practice their new double pass, a very clever play by means of which Shapton made several gains of 15 to 20 yards. Bennett scored a touchdown on a very clever line buck through tackle. The goal kick failed this time also, one of the East Jordan team being off side.

Charlevoix again kicked off to East Jordan and they had the ball well down towards Charlevoix's goal when time was called. Score East Jordan 10, Charlevoix 0.

In the first twenty minutes of the second half the ball was kept moving back and forth in Charlevoix's territory, both sides resorting to punts when unable to make their gains. Finally the greater weight of the Charlevoix team began to count and the East Jordan boys were slowly forced back and across the line with two minutes yet to play. Charlevoix kicked goal and time was called with the score 10 to 6 in favor of East Jordan.

As the East Jordan boys were leaving the field they received a parting volley of stones, sticks and vile language. Should the Charlevoix boys come up here for a return game, we can at least assure them of a courteous reception.

SPENT MORE THAN \$1000.

W. W. Baker of Plainview, Neb., writes: "My wife suffered from lung trouble for fifteen years. She tried a number of doctors and spent over \$1000 without relief. She became very low and lost all hope. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and thanks to this great remedy it saved her life. She enjoys better health than she has known in ten years." 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 Ann.

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

ST 1897 XI.

BARGAINS
Odds and Ends in Crockery at
½ price
RACKET STORE
Until August 10th.
H. G. HOLMES.

The Easiest Way

To "Brace Up" and stay Braced Up is to buy a pair of the well known H. & P. Suspenders—all fully guaranteed.

BOOSINGER BROS.

Distinction in Dress

While very much depends upon how a garment is worn, quite as much depends upon what that garment is—how fashioned, how finished and what the fabric. Stylish dressers will find our new suitings the handsomest of their kind. These consist in ultra-stylish Plaids, Chevots, Venetians and Zibelines at from 50 cts. to \$2.00 per yd. Call and make your selection.

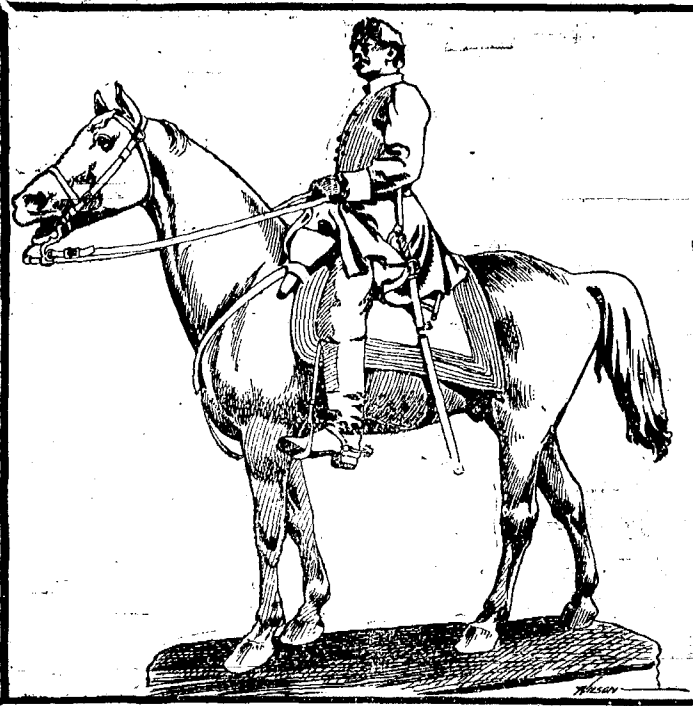
New Fall Cloaks in the new Models from \$5.00 to \$15.00.

Special:—50 Dozen Good Quality Knit Underwear, all sizes, for men or women, **25c.**

Our Motto: "Quality First of All."
BOOSINGER BROS.



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL SLOCUM ERECTED AT GETTYSBURG



The part which the state and city of New York took in the battle of Gettysburg was celebrated on the battlefield with peculiarly impressive services Friday of last week. The ceremony had for its climax the unveiling there of an equestrian statue of Gen. Henry Warner Slocum, which stands where he stood on that memorable Friday, July 3, thirty-nine years ago.

The people of the little borough of Gettysburg have become used to statues, monuments, reunions and excursions ever since Abraham Lincoln, on November 19, 1863, before the grass had had time to grow over the blood of the battle, dedicated a great national cemetery there, with its massive central monument and its three and a half thousand graves. Every

summer some historic society or association of veterans assembles there or some state erects a new monument to its dead. Hundreds of excursionists go thither to roam over the historic hills and ridges, and hear again the story of Pickett's charge.

The statue of Gen. Slocum takes first rank among the monuments of this historic battleground. It is an equestrian figure of bronze on a granite pedestal. Bronze and pedestal, the monument measures 31 feet from base to tip. The statue itself is 15 feet 6 inches high and 10 feet 6 inches long.

On the western plate of the statue are the words which Gen. Slocum uttered at the council of war held on July 2, the night preceding the final day of battle. They are: "Stay and Fight it out."

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

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

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"Why have you lived so long in Alaska?"

"I could not get away," was the answer. "Yours is the only face I have seen since I left my friends, the Indians, save those who held me captive."

"And you have escaped?"

"Yes."

"Then come with us to the camp on the Klondyke."

"Klondyke—I've heard of it; they often talk about it when they think me asleep, but I do not always sleep when I seem to."

Paul was filled with delight, for here was a chance to unravel the mystery in which he was involved.

Another silence fell on the group, broken by Paul asking:

"Do you know a miner named Glum?"

"Glum—Glum—no."

"Glum Ralston?"

The old man again shook his head, declaring he had never known such a person. Paul was disappointed. From what Glum Ralston had told him he was confident that this mysterious hermit of the woods was the long-lost captain who had followed the Indians to the place where they said gold in great quantities was found. But when the mysterious hermit disclaimed any knowledge of him at all he was quite as far away from the solution of the problem as he had been before.

Next morning the party resumed their march guided by the sun, which shone a portion of the day. Paul and the hermit were constantly together, and hourly grew more and more friendly, until, as the noble nature of the hermit unfolded itself, Paul came to love him. He was known to the hermit by his sobriquet of Crack-lash, for he had been called by no other name since his arrival in Alaska.

Paul was hourly entwining himself about the rugged heart of the old man. One night when they had halted and the Indians were building a fire for the night the hermit said:

"Crack-lash, you impress me strangely. I don't know why, but I have grown to love you as if you were my nearest relative. When my own dear boy grows up to manhood I could only wish that he would make as noble a man."

Paul, deeply impressed with the old man's sad story, expressed a hope that he would soon be able to leave Alaska and reach his home, and that his wife and child might yet be alive to welcome him.

Their stock of provisions were running short. One day the Indians came on the trail of a moose and were anxious to start on its trail. Paul gave them permission to go, while he and the hermit kindled the fire and prepared to make themselves comfortable for the night.

The prisoner as usual sat in sullen silence, with his back against a tree and his eyes fixed on the fire. Paul and the hermit sat engaged in earnest conversation. The former was talking in a low tone, telling how he had been robbed by the prisoner and three others, and followed them into the forest. He was in the midst of his narrative when two objects suddenly appeared before them, each with a Winchester rifle and said:

"Surrender or you are dead men."

Resistance was useless; they were prisoners almost before they knew it.

CHAPTER X.

Paul Learns That Laura Is in Alaska. "He, he, he!" chuckled Ned Padgett, rubbing his hands gleefully at seeing the tables turned. "You have in sight, mates, in good time. Must 'a' had fair winds."

Paul had no difficulty in making out the two men, companions of the third, whom he had met on other occasions. As these were the men who had robbed him and whom he and old Glum had chased in the forest, there was little mercy to expect from them. With thongs of seal-skin Paul and the hermit were quickly tied hand and fast, and told they must move on before the Indians returned.

As it was dark and the snow falling rapidly, there was little danger of even the Indians following on their trail, shrewd as they were in such experiences.

The night was dark and the snow falling, so it was difficult traveling. A strip of walrus hide was tied about the arms of each above their elbows and fastened about their backs. They were heavily loaded, and threatened with the knotted stick which Ned carried in his hand when they staggered under their heavy loads.

On, on and on they staggered through the darkness and over the uneven ground. At last Paul, utterly exhausted, sank down at the root of a tree.

"Get up! Go on!" cried one of their captors.

"I cannot."

"Ye he!" cried Padgett and raised his club.

But one of his companions quickly interposed with:

"Hold on, Ned. Don't be a fool, now, and throw away every chance we have."

"What ye goin' t' do?" asked Ned.

"We're too far away for the Metlakantians to overtake us, so we will go into camp and wait till morning."

A roaring fire was built against the

side of a great stone which reared its snow-capped head a hundred feet into the air.

Paul's pack was removed from his back, and he laid on a blanket in front of the fire with the hermit by his side.

The rascal named Morris came to the old man's side and said:

"You said you could not give up that secret if you wished."

"I did."

"What do you mean?"

"It is lost."

Morris stared at him for a moment with wide open eyes and gasped:

"I don't understand you, Cap; you are talkin' in riddles."

"I care very little whether you understand me or not," the old man defiantly answered. "The secret is lost. It was written in cipher on a walrus hide and the walrus hide is lost."

It was some time before the idea could get through the thick skulls of the ex-sailors, but when they came to fully comprehend the loss they roared like madmen. Ned seized his knotted stick and swore he would brain them both, but his more cool companion interfered, saying:

"It may all be a trick. After all it may be only a trick to throw us off the trail. If we decide for the old cuss to pass in his checks, let it be done deliberately and give him time to reflect."

So Padgett decided to let them live and trust to some chance to reveal the hiding place of the money. Paul had heard the above conversation between their captors and waiting for an opportunity to speak with the hermit when he would not be overheard by them, whispered:

"Is the walrus hide you referred to the one left in the cavern where you took me?"

"Yes."

"I took it."

"You?" There was an expression on the old man's face almost fierce as he asked the question.

"Yes, I took it."

"What did you do with it?"

"Gave it to the miner who was with me before I fell from the precipice and whom I found after leaving the cavern. He said he had seen it before."

"Where?"

"The Indians who had enticed his captain away in search of gold had some such hide, only there had been painting added to it since."

The hermit turned, and fixing his great, earnest eyes on him in astonishment, asked:

"His captain—had he been a sailor?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what seas?"

"Almost all over the world, but his last voyage was in a sealing schooner to St. Paul Island, Alaska, and this coast."

"What was this sailor's name?"

"He is called old Glum."

"No other name?"

"I believe Glum Ralston is his name, but after all his real name, I don't think, is known. In this country nearly everybody goes by some nickname, and I fancy that Glum Ralston was only a nickname."

"Might have been Jack Ralston."

"Well, since you mention it, I believe I once heard him say his real name was Jack Ralston; however, I will not be sure."

The hermit was very calm. Paul waited a long time for him to answer, but the old man was silent as the grave. Then two of their captors came near where they were sitting, and they dared not talk anymore.

Their journey was very painful and difficult. Grown desperate, Paul had determined to escape from their captors even if he had to kill them.

One day they reached a great, gloomy cavern which extended to an unfathomable depth in the earth. Their captors had pine knots on the wall about the cavern, and lighting two of these went back to where there were piles of dead grass and a table of stone on which lay a pack of greasy cards. Here they took up their abode.

Several days passed, and then Morris and Padgett left the cavern in charge of Tom Ambrose, who tied the prisoners every night, established a deadline in the cavern in daytime, and swore he would shoot the first one who attempted to cross it.

Two or three weeks had elapsed, for in that dungeon night and day were one, when the two men came back and with them another whom Morris seemed to have known. He introduced the newcomer to Tom Ambrose as a friend from San Francisco.

Padgett took Paul to where the stranger sat on a musk ox hide and the latter asked:

"Is your name Paul Miller?"

"It is."

"Are you from Fresno, California?"

"I am."

"Do you know Laura Kean?"

"I do; what of her? His whole frame was trembling with anxiety and emotion."

"She is in Alaska. Just landed a few days ago at Juneau in company with Mr. Theodore Lackland."

"It is a lie—a lie!" roared Paul, beside himself with rage and mortification. "It's a lie and I will crowd it down your throat!"

Before anyone knew what he intended he had his informant by the throat and hurled him to the ground.

The guards came to the relief of their companion. Paul was quickly torn away from him and his hands bound. He lay upon the dead grass piled in the cavern. His mind was in a whirl and he kept saying to himself:

"Can it be possible? No, no, it is not possible. The whole world may be false, but Laura is not. Come to Alaska in company with that man—no, it is not true."

A thousand tumultuous emotions were stirring his breast as he lay

on the dried grass, striving to persuade himself that after all this was some horrible dream. The man whom he had assaulted in company with Padgett and Morris approached him. Morris handed Paul a letter in the well-known handwriting of Laura Kean. It was dated at Juneau and addressed to Paul's mother in Fresno. The letter was brief, saying she had just arrived, and would rest a day or two before proceeding farther.

"Isn't that evidence?" asked Morris.

"Yes; but she did not come with him."

"Oh no; he came on another ship."

Then he lied when he said they came together.

Morris laughed a cold, sardonic laugh, and in a voice that seemed to have all the evil of a demon in it, answered:

"Though they came on different ships from America, there is but one train going to the Klondyke and both will be in that train. The chances are she knows no one but him, and you know Lackland's feelings towards the girl. When he starts to win he wins; he's got millions to work with, and it's necessary to buy the entire pack train off he can do it."

Paul Miller groaned aloud, but made no answer. He realized how great her danger and how utterly hopeless he was to aid her.

"Now you can save her," said Morris.

"Save her? My Heaven, how? What other infernal scheme have you on hand?"

"You were overheard talking with the old man about a walrus hide. From what you said it was understood you knew something about it. If you will give us information that will lead to finding it, you shall be given your liberty and be taken to this young lady, Laura Kean."

"I cannot," groaned Paul.

"Why?"

"I don't know where it is."

"What did you do with it?" asked Morris, his face expressing the deepest concern.

"I gave it to another. Where he is or what he has done with it: I do not know."

A look of disappointment swept over the faces of the captors at this announcement. They retired to near the entrance of the cavern and there held a consultation.

"It's all a pack of lies," cried Padgett. "We've been twenty years in these woods waitin' t' grab that pile, an' no nearer to it now than before. Knock out their brains an' go away is what I say."

Tom Ambrose, though equally as much a villain as his companion, urged moderation. During all the years the unprincipled rascals had struggled to get possession of their captive's secret, Tom had acted as a brake to fiery Ned's temper.

"We have a hold on the old man," one of the plotters at last declared. "He can be made to tell where the gold is cached."

"But he don't know."

"He does know. He must know."

"Well, what good'll that do? Hain't we been the last eighteen or twenty years tryin' to open the hatches of the old capen, who's as close-mouthed as a clam? We've threatened t' hang him—done everything any one kin, but it's all no use."

"We got a stronger pull now than ever."

"What is it?"

"Come here."

His companions gathered about him and he spread his arms around their shoulders and began to reveal the plan which emanated from his wonderful brain—a plan that was diabolical, but promised success.

(To be continued.)

RACIAL FEUDS IN EUROPE.

Antagonism Engendered Between Prussians and Poles.

Hardly a day passes but the newspapers contain striking evidence of the antagonistic spirit which is being engendered between the Poles and the Prussians. Last week it came to the ears of the publishers of a Polish paper circulating in Westphalia that one of their compositors was about to marry a German girl. They considered that this stamped him as a traitor to Poland, and although he had served them faithfully for many years they dismissed him on the spot. A large number of Poles work in the Westphalia coal mines, and in order to further the amalgamation of the races the authorities have issued regulations to the effect that no person shall be employed underground who is not proficient in the German language. The Poles obstinately refuse to know a word of German when they happen to be called up to make statements in public.

A few days ago a Polish miner had to give evidence in a Westphalia police court. He was, of course, as innocent as a newly-born babe of any knowledge of German until the magistrate threatened to report the case to his employers, who would have been compelled to dismiss him. Thereupon his German came back, and he replied fluently to all the questions put to him. His wife had been present during the hearing of the case, and was waiting for him in the passage just outside the court room door. As soon as he appeared she bitterly reproached him for having given way, and to render her arguments more forcible, soundly boxed his ears. She then kicked him with such vigor that he had to race down the corridor into the street to escape the attentions of his "patriotic" better half.—London Leader.

Novels Read by Statesmen.

The yearly bill for novels supplied to the library of the French Chamber of Deputies is usually between \$4,000 and \$4,500.

DON'T GIVE UP.

Don't be discouraged by past efforts to find relief and cure from the myriads of ills that come from sick kidneys. You may pass nights of sleepless tossing, annoyed by frequent urination. Your back may ache like a toothache or sudden twitches and twinges of backache pain make life a misery. Perhaps you have nervous spells, are weak, tired-out, depressed. There is a cure for all of this and for every trouble of the bladder and kidneys. Read this case and note it tells how well the cure was tested:

Charles Lindgren, sealer of freight cars on the L. S. & M. S. R. R., La Porte, Ind., says: "I have greater faith in Doan's Kidney Pills to-day than I had in the fall of 1897 when I began taking them and made a public statement of the result. At that time I had suffered with lameness and soreness of the back, which was so excruciating that I could scarcely turn in bed, and Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured this trouble. I am always ready to endorse Doan's Kidney Pills personally to anyone requiring a kidney remedy. After a lapse of three years I make this statement, which shows my undoubted faith in the preparation."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine, which cured Mr. Lindgren, will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, 50 cents per box.

Log Cabin Philosophy.

Wisdom didn't die wid Solomon, patience wid Job, nor meekness wid Moses. Come ter think er it, Solomon wuzn't ez wise ez what he 'lowed he wuz; Moses wuz der bigges' growler in de country.

"I don't spend any time at all in growlin' at de weather. Wen it's cold, I thank God fer fire—eff I got any, en I ax Him fer wood, ef I ain't. Den, wen de summer is hot enough ter make folks think er de hereafter, I bless God dat I'm ten mile fum freezin', en dat palmetto fans is cheap."

No matter whether de world is roun' or flat, de sum en total er de whole business is—we're on de green side er it, en de very bes' thing we kin do is ter plant shade trees fer summer en strong shelters fer winter.—Atlanta Constitution.

Tramps Murder a Woman.

Beatrice, Neb., special: Mrs. Kate Fournell of Steinhauer was assaulted by tramps, who then murdered her and dragged her body into the yard, where they set fire to the clothing, which was consumed.

Had Crazy Spells.

West Pembroke, Me., Sept. 22.—The thirteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. A. L. Smith suffered with a peculiar affliction which her mother describes as follows:

"It is two years now since she was first taken with crazy spells. They kept on coming at intervals and I could get nothing to do her any good.

"The doctors gave me no encouragement. They all said they could not help her.

"The crazy spell would last about nine days; then she would be well about nine days, but would eat very little and was very yellow. Even the whites of her eyes were yellow.

"I heard that Dodd's Kidney Pills were a great remedy for young girls and decided to try them.

"After taking one box she was completely restored and she has not had one bad spell since. Of course we continued to use the pills and she used altogether five boxes last fall.

"In March I thought I saw symptoms of the spells again and I got six boxes of which she has taken four, and is in splendid health.

"Her case was certainly a remarkable one and we are very thankful to Dodd's Kidney Pills for the great good they have done my daughter."

Peculiarity of Bean Blossom.

The dark spot in the center of a bean blossom is the nearest approach to black that occurs in any flower.

Hill's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

No woman's guardian angel treats her right if she doesn't tell her when the frost will hurt her palm if she leaves it out on the porch over night.

One of nature's remedies; cannot harm the weakest constitution; never fails to cure summer complaints of young or old. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

The sap of the sugar cane produces from fifteen to twenty per cent of sugar.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

After all, our lives are lived, as it were, in a circle. We generally end where we began.—Ladies' Home Journal.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED? Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Girls always let on that they never heard of a girl that really proposed to a man, but every man knows better.

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

The troubles that trouble us the most are the ones that should trouble us the least.

When doctors fail, try Burdock Blood Bitters. Cures dyspepsia, constipation; invigorates the whole system.

There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing what never could have been done before, and never can again. Cotton.

FOREST FIRES DO MUCH DAMAGE

For many miles along the Wyoming-Colorado line north of Pearl, Colo., a furious forest fire is raging, devastating everything in its path. Every effort to subdue the flames has been exhausted without effect.

According to the latest reports there are at least eighteen serious forest fires burning in Wyoming, to say nothing of numerous smaller fires in southern Albany county that are destroying great swamps of fine pine timber in the Medicine range and threatening mining buildings. One hundred miles away from Cheyenne the smoke from these fires obscures the sky here and the odor of burning wood is plainly noticeable.

The fires in southern Carbon county

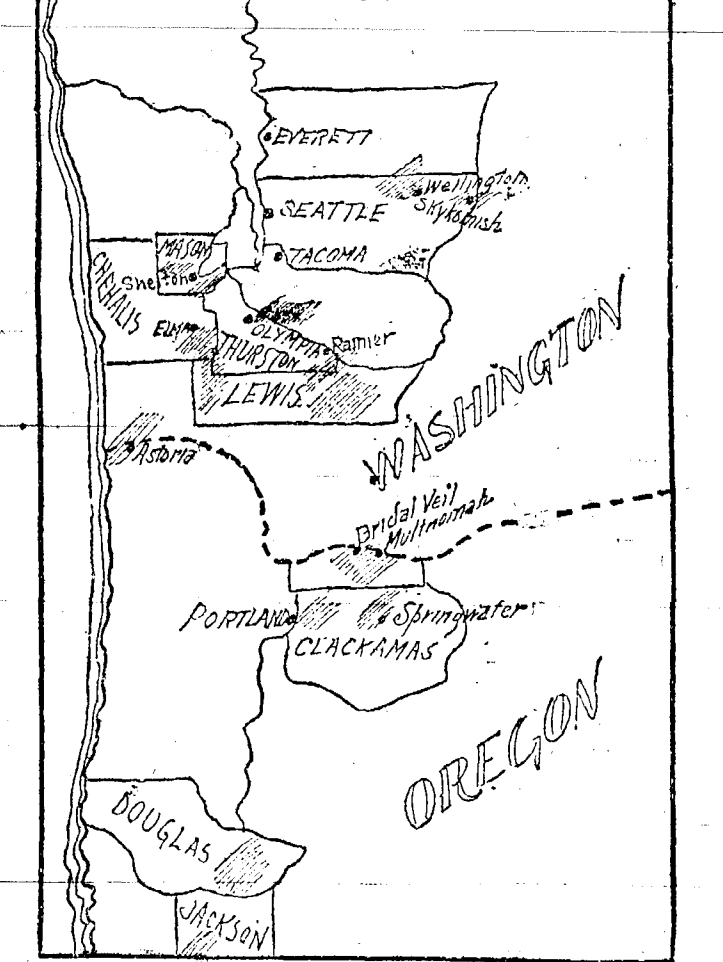
are burning fiercely. A government agent with a large force of men is on the ground, but is reported to be making little progress.

Five or more fires are burning in Fremont county, and more than 300 square miles of magnificent timber land is already in ashes.

In Central Uinta county a fire is burning, and in the Jackson Hole country two big blazes are eating the timber in the game country. Farther east in the Shoshone Reservation a fire has been burning for weeks.

In Natrona county a good-sized fire has been destroying timber for the last ten days.

One big fire threatens the timber of the Big Horn mountains.



BURNING DISTRICTS.
Shaded Spots Show Where Forest Fires Are Raging.

Replanting Grass.

The replanting of grass on the wasted cattle ranges in Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Montana, Idaho and the Dakotas is to be attempted by the railways penetrating those states. The first problem to be solved is the finding of a grass plant suitable for stock purposes. Nearly 4,000 acres will be fenced in and divided into thirty lots for experiments in planting. These western cattle ranges have been ruined by sheep. It is expected once the feasibility of replanting is proved the federal and state governments will lead their aid to the movement.

The Omnipresent Mosquito.

From the equator on either hand to the Arctic and from the Antarctic the anopheles is irremovable. In the tropic jungle, as among the icebergs, the mosquito is equally pestiferous. In remote Alaska, as in Manhattan the venomous insect makes life a burden to man and beast alike. Cold that stiffens the mercury in the tube does not put an end to this plague, and the poisonous creatures revel in the extreme heats of Central Brazil or Middle Africa. For what purpose could they have been created? And why were they kept alive in Noah's ark?

NERVOUS PROSTRATION IS SYSTEMIC CATARRH.

(Peruna is the only Systemic Catarrh Remedy known to the Medical Profession)



MRS. IDA L. GREGORY
A LEADING CLUBWOMAN OF DENVER, Colo.

Mrs. Ida L. Gregory, President of the Poets and Authors Club of Colorado, President of Colorado Art Club, Director of School of Industry and Design, Vice President of Sherman Art League, is One of the Leading Club Women of Colorado.

In a recent letter from 2 Grant avenue, Denver, Colo., this prominent lady says:

"Some years ago my husband suffered from nervous prostration and advising with a friendly druggist he brought home a bottle of Peruna. His health was restored from its use, his appetite was increased and restful sleep came to him. I therefore heartily endorse Peruna, as an honest remedy worthy the good things which are said of it."—Ida L. Gregory.

Nervous prostration is so frequently associated with systemic catarrh that some doctors do not distinguish between the two. In systemic catarrh the disease has pervaded the whole system and there is a constant loss of vital fluids from the mucous membranes.

A great many people are doctoring for nervous prostration who would be immediately cured by a course of Peruna. Peruna makes clean, healthy mucous membranes. By this preservation of the

fluids the weakening drain of their discharge is prevented.

The medical profession is just beginning to awaken to the fact that chronic catarrh, especially systemic catarrh, will soon produce a condition so nearly resembling nervous prostration that it is very difficult to tell one from the other.

Peruna cures these cases without fail. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

UNFINISHED THINGS.

Unfinished things! The verse begun
In ringing meter, strong and free;
Yet laid aside, ere it was done,
By some weak soul of poetry.
The books—the books to help mankind—
To banish care and sorrow's stings;
Abandoned in the daily grind—
The pathos of unfinished things!

The sentence broken all too soon,
Before the kindly words were said;
The words that might have been a crown
Where sore affliction made its bed.
The plans unheeded—plans that might
Have made of swineherds ermined kings.
No day goes by but brings to light
The pathos of unfinished things!

The songs unsung! What mellow strains
Had lent their gladness to our life!
What cadences to soothe our pains
And hush our pretty stress and strife,
Had some blithe measure faltered not
When hands all care forgot the strings
With lilt and rapture now forgot—
The pathos of unfinished things!
—W. D. Nesbit, in Baltimore American.

A Star-Route Robbery.

WHEN the train pulled into McArdles a pretty, fair-haired girl got off the Pullman with her arms full of bundles and looked eagerly up and down the platform. Then she went into the "ladies' waiting room," bestowed her luggage and was out again, nervously scanning the rough men about her as the train groaned slowly toward the south.

"Lookin' fur someb'dy, miss?" asked a rotund, elderly man, with a long beard.

"Yes, sir." She saw that he was a native, for he carried a thick cane, wore no collar and seemed at home on the end of the depot truck. "Yes, sir, I'm looking for Dennis Mather, my uncle. I intended to spend a day in Kansas City with my aunt, but nobody was there to meet me, and so I came on. My uncle doesn't expect me till tomorrow, but I thought he might be here. How far does he live from here?"

"Bout fourteen mile, miss," said the stranger, wiping the tobacco juice from his chin and scanning the fashionable garments of the little visitor. "So you're Marshal Mather's niece? Well, you'd better git over to Queque soon's you kin." This yere is a rough settlement, an' some o' our boys is apt to steal ye, miss."

She flushed at this, but the old fellow's manner was one of fatherly admiration, so she plucked up her failing courage and smiled.

"How shall I get over to Queque?" "Better drive over, missy. Truth is they ain't no fit place in this yere settlement fur to stay over night, an' lessee" he pulled out a big silver watch and resumed, "it's only 5 now. Good drivin' 'll fetch ye to Queque fore 7. Kin you drive, missy?"

"Goodness, no, sir," she laughed. "I never was in the country much. I—I'm a schoolteacher, you know."

"Well, lessee. You wait here, missy, an' I'll go see if the mail hack is left yet."

She thanked him and watched him waddle away across the dusty lot, and up the middle of the single street of McArdles. Then noticing the stares of the few loiterers who were squatting in the sun beside the depot, she went into the empty waiting room and sat down with a shiver of uneasiness. It was half an hour before the old man came back, but she was glad to see him.

"Am I in time?" "No, missy," he answered, taking off his hat, "mail hack's gone. They wasn't no mail for Queque, so Jimmie he jest galloped away. But Boot Jack Washington, he's up thar yet, an' if you don't mind I expect he'll take ye to your uncle, all right."

"Boot Jack?" she frowned, thinking of Indians. "What is Boot Jack? Is he an Indian, a savage?"

"Waal, missy, he is an Injun, but he ain't no savage. Some says he's a leetle wee bit wild 'bout some things, but law, missy, he's that skeered of Marshal Mather he wouldn't take more care o' his own sister than he will o' you. Yonder he comes now."

And around the street corner in a buckboard drawn by two grisky mules came Boot Jack Washington. Little Miss Mather watched him drive up, take off his broad sombrero and alight from the vehicle, holding the lines in his left hand. He was tall and straight as a lance, his face was as white as a Caucasian; his hair, cropped like a collegian's curled in black ringlets over his fine head. His big, quick gray eyes rested upon Miss Mather in frank but respectful admiration as he smiled slightly and said:

"You wish to go to Queque, miss?" "Yes, indeed," she answered, all her courage coming back, "if you'll take me."

"I'll be glad to," he answered, putting on his big hat and lifting her lightly into the buckboard.

"What's the fare?" she laughed. "You know I'm only a poor school-ma'am."

He flushed red under his brown, smooth skin at this and as he bowed over a dangling end of the harness said quite coolly:

"Oh, I'm not running an omnibus, Miss Mather. I'm just driving for pleasure."

"Well, Mr. Boo—Mr. Washington, you're very kind, I'm sure. I hope I haven't offended you?"

"Oh, no." He was sitting beside her now, and as she smiled good-bye to the fat old man on the platform he bowed after her: "Look out fur Injuns, missy!" and chuckled like a Santa Clause as he disappeared in the dust cloud of their wheels.

Miss Mather felt perfectly comfortable beside her stalwart charioteer till they had put McArdles four or five miles behind them and the sandy road, now lying along the dry bed of a river, wound between the jungles of a brown green timber that lined its banks. There was not a house in sight, not a sign of life, not a sound but the croon of the prairie wind in the trees and the whirr of the wheels through the sand.

"Are there—Mr. Washington," she hesitated, trembling a little, "are there any—er—Indians near here?"

"Yes, mles, there is one," and he smiled grimly at her.

"You don't mean—"

"Yes, indeed; I'm an Indian, all right. I think I'm a good Indian. At any rate I'm a Chickasaw."

"Oh," she murmured, glancing at his well-fitting corduroys and the neat blue flannel shirt that covered his broad breast; "why, I thought all the Indians—"

"Wore feathers and bows and arrows?" There was a hint of sarcasm on his handsome face as he said this, and for a few miles they were both silent. Then a queer thing happened. He stopped his team, walked up a delicately that was scarred by recent hoof prints, scanned them earnestly, and, coming back to the wagon, resumed his drive. When they had reached what seemed to the girl the loneliest and most desolate part of the road the big fellow beside her stopped his team, laid down the lines and pulled out a big revolver, which he carefully laid across his knees. Her heart was in her mouth when he said very quietly:

"Miss Mather, give me your watch and those rings and whatever money you have, quick."

His gray eyes looked bright black as he glared at her.

"You!" she murmured, and would have said more, but he growled "Quick!" looking back as if afraid somebody would catch him at his rascality. But the girl was too frightened to speak. She gave him her little gold watch, pulled the rings from her slender fingers and handed him her purse. He opened it and quickly counted the money. There was \$52 in it.

"You can keep the change," he said, handing her back the pocketbook and calmly pocketing the rest of the booty.

"And now," said he, "on your life you must promise not to tell Marshal Mather anything about what has or may happen on this trip." He was fingering his pistol.

"Only take me to him," she whispered between white lips, "I'll swear to say nothing."

"Then don't get scared," he said more cheerfully, picking up the reins and replacing his wicked looking gun.

In another minute they heard the clatter of horses' hoofs behind them, and looking back saw two horsemen with leveled Winchesters hard in their wake.

"Hands up!" shouted the foremost, as Washington stopped his team and got out. Miss Mather, very much scared, clambered down into the sand and followed her driver's example, for that worthy, coward like, seemed to be trying to touch the sky with his finger tips. In a jiffy the robbers had found the girl's pocketbook and, stranger still, her pocket. They took the \$2 and chance that her companion had left her and cursed roundly that it was no more. But whether frightened at the sound of approaching wheels or knowing that Boot Jack had nothing, they then remounted their horses and galloped into the dust toward McArdles.

The tall Indian and his frightened charge then jumped back into the buggy and fairly raced toward Queque, which they could now see like a painted village outlined against the reddening western sky.

When they had reached the last sand hill that rose at the eastern entrance to the scattering town the Indian driver stopped again. This time his revolver did not appear, but he pulled out the little watch, her money and her rings, and handing them back to her looked laughingly in her astonished blue eyes as he said almost tenderly:

"Take them, Miss Mather. I know you thought I'd rob you, but I would not." His fingers, yet clinging to her watch chain, touched her hands and lingered an instant as he resumed: "But you must not forget your promise, you won't say a word to Mather?"

"No-o-o? But Mr. Boo—Washington," she blushed at her own suspicion of him, seeing now that he had "held her up" to save her little property from the highwayman, "but why didn't these hateful robbers rob you?"

He was looking far ahead in the gathering darkness as he answered with a question:

"You will not say a word to Marshal Mather?"

"Not a word, upon my honor," and she wondered what he would say next. But he said nothing at all.—John H. Raftery, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Sick of London.

The patients annually treated in the London hospitals reach the immense total of 1,916,769 patients, and, dividing these into men, women and children, we arrive at the result, says the Westminster Gazette, that of the 1,916,769 patients, 740,783 were men, 644,033 were women, and 531,953 were children. Some of the details of these totals are interesting. There were 84,702 patients who required surgical treatment, 127,775 suffered from eye affections, no fewer than 118,252 children were treated at the special hospitals for their benefit, while the consumptive patients treated in London hospitals during the year numbered 43,467. Altogether the army of sufferers who flock to the hospitals number nearly two millions a year.

Large Family of Fleas.

Naturalists have classified forty-eight different kinds of house fly.

Undisputed for Half a Century.

It is a remarkable fact, which for half a century has not once been disputed, that St. Jacob's Oil never fails to cure shooting pains in the arms, legs, sides, back or breast, or soreness in any part of the body.

It has for fifty years been guaranteed by the proprietors, St. Jacobs Oil, Ltd., Baltimore, Md., to promptly cure lameness, sciatica, rheumatism, lumbago, stiff and swollen joints, stiff back, and all pains in the hips and loins, strains, bruises, burns, scalds, toothache, chilblains, and all aches and pains.

St. Jacobs Oil costs 25 cts and 50 cts.; sold wherever a druggist is found.

The supreme test of love is to listen to the poetry composed by an 18-year-old damsel.

It's folly to suffer from that horrible plague of the night, itching piles. Doan's Ointment cures, quickly and permanently. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Our incomes are like our shoes: if too small, they gall and pinch us; but if too large, they cause us to stumble and trip.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cures Everlasting, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, and regulates the Bowels and Destroys Worms. Over 20,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25 cents. Sample FREE. Address: Allou S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

The reason some folks "lose their mind" must be that they have given others "a piece of their mind" so often, they have none left for themselves.

Takes the burn out! heals the wound; cures the pain! Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, the household remedy.

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soothing of quietude.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Would you know how to give? Put yourself in the place of him who receives.

I am sure Pisco's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

A small but good-paying business plant is better than an unproductive family tree.



Mrs. Emma E. Felch, Treasurer Fond du Lac, Wis., Social Economic Club, Tells How She was Cured of Irregular and Painful Menstruation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for irregular and painful menstruation, and was entirely cured after using two bottles. I can truly say it is a boon to suffering women, and I would recommend all suffering from the above troubles to try a few bottles and be cured. Very thankfully yours, EMMA E. FELCH, Division St., Fond du Lac, Wis."

\$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

No other medicine for female ills in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

Over-pleasure is as hard on the muscles and joints as over-work. The best thing to do to get the body right after a long bicycle ride is to rub the sore, stiff parts well with Mexican Mustang Liniment. No better remedy made for bruises, cuts and chafing.

ABOVE ALL THINGS WATCH YOUR STOMACH

Nature Has Put Into Every Stomach

A liquid called the gastric juice, which in a healthy condition is capable of digesting the food and converting it into "chyme," which at length becomes good, rich blood. The least little ailment of the stomach affects this "gastric juice" and quickly leads to various serious sicknesses. These ailments may be easily avoided by taking regularly

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

(Laxative)
50c and \$1.00 Bottles
ALL DRUGGISTS

SENT FREE: Sample bottle and an interesting book on stomach troubles.
PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

Thompson's Eye Water

The Twentieth Century MONEY MAKER. \$10,000 profits per acre. Large est. Garden in America. Address: R. E. BARNARD, Houston, Mo.

\$500

Will be paid for any case that Dr. KERR'S Liqueur, Tobacco and Ointment Remedies in liquid form will cure, either with or without the patient's knowledge. See and tell. Table form also. Guaranteed by all druggists. Write Dr. H. C. KERR, F 811 Monroe St., Toledo, Ohio.

One Fare Round Trip Home Visitors Excursion

Via

Big Four Route

To all points on the Big Four Route. Also to all points in Central Passenger Association territory via Big Four and connections, West of and including Buffalo, N. Y., Dunkirk, N. Y., Salamanca, N. Y., Erie, Pa., Pittsburg, Pa., Bellaire, O., Wheeling, Parkersburg and Charleston, W. Va., Toronto, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Tonawanda, Black Rock, East Buffalo and Buffalo Junction.

Half rates will be made by lines west and south of St. Louis, Chicago, Peoria, Cairo, Cincinnati and Louisville.

Tickets will be sold October 3rd to 6th, 1902, inclusive, with extreme limit leaving destination not later than November 3rd, 1902.

For tickets and full information, call on your nearest Railroad Ticket Agent and ask for tickets via "Big Four Route," or address

WARREN J. LYNCH, W. P. DEPPE, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt. Asst. G. P. & T. Agt.

CINCINNATI, O.
W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 39—1902

PISCO'S CURE FOR WOUNDS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS

Best Cough Syrup. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

It beats the devil

all how some dealers will propose on the cheap. Alabastine is called for, cheap sometimes that will spoil their walls. Such action is certainly prompted by and commend themselves to honest dealers. Alabastine is a durable cement base wall coating, not a kalsomine, costs no more to apply than cheap dope that spoils your walls and injures the health of your family. Alabastine is a dry powder, comes in packages, mixed with cold water, in white and fourteen beautiful tints, for use on plastered walls, wood ceiling, brick or canvas, superior to paint or paper. Full directions on every package. Ask druggist or paint dealer for sample card of tints or write to ALABASTINE COMPANY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

CITY ADVANTAGES

can be secured by all residents of the country or smaller cities if our catalogue is sent for reference. We sell every variety of merchandise of reliable quality at lower prices than any other house. We have been right here in the same business for thirty-one years and have two million customers. If we save them money, why not you? Have you our latest up-to-date catalogue, 1,000 pages full of attractive offerings? If not send us cents to postally pay postage or express—the book itself is free.

Montgomery Ward & Co. CHICAGO
The house that tells the truth.



EVERY CHILD BORN INTO THE WORLD with an inherited tendency to distressing, disfiguring humours of the skin, scalp, and blood, becomes an object of the most tender solicitude, not only because of its suffering but because of the dreadful fear that the disfiguration is to be lifelong and mar its future happiness and prosperity. Hence it becomes the duty of mothers of such afflicted children to acquaint themselves with the best, the purest, and most effective treatment available, viz., THE CUTICURA TREATMENT.

Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, gentle anointings with CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, are all that can be desired for the alleviation of the suffering of skinned infants and children and the comfort of worn-out, worried mothers. A single set is often sufficient to cure when the best physicians fail.

Sold throughout the world. British Depot: 27-29, Charterhouse St., London. French Depot: 2 Rue de la Paix, Paris. American Depot: E. Taylor & Co., 212 Broadway. Toronto Depot: 222 Queen St. West, Toronto.

East Jordan Company's Store.

The People's Store

OUR STORE

Offers you the following attractions during the next week:

- A good Print, (for comforters) 5c.
- A good 4-4 Unbleached Cotton 5c.
- A good Outing Flannel, 5c.
- A good Towel, 10c. 3 for 25c.
- A good Hose 10c. and up.
- A good Creton 8c., 10c. 12 1/2 c per yd
- A good Dressing Saque, 50c. and up
- A good all wool waisting flannel, 25c.

Ladies' and Children's Underwear, all prices.

Knit Goods

Shawls, Fascinators, Squares, Hoods, Circular or Opera Shawls, Ladies' and Children's Leggings and Skirts, Children's Toques, Tam-O-Shanters, &c.

Dress Goods

(Black and Colors.)

Tricots, Cheviots, Broadcloth, Coverts, Flannels, Homespun, Camelshair, Henrietta

We are showing as fine a line of these goods as can be found in Northern Michigan. Our line of Skirtings is second to none in any market.

SPECIALS

20 Styles of Dress Goods to close out at a big bargain 45c., 40c., and 35c values, 29cts.

One Week Only.

- Blankets, all prices from 60c. the pair and up.
- 25 Rugs, 1-3 off.
- Remnants of Carpet, 1-3 off.

Crockery

New arrival of White and Decorated Chamber Sets, \$1.00 to \$4.50.

Lamps

A complete line of Lamps from 25c to \$5.00 each.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

P. S.—A Jewellery Premium on each purchase of \$3.00 and \$5.

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

State Bank of East Jordan.

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 SURPLUS, \$809.84.

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 \$2.00 per year.

DIRECTORS—JOS. C. GLENN. W. L. FRENCH. WM. P. PORTER.
 M. H. ROBERTSON. GEO. G. GLENN.

Charlevoix County Herald

R. L. Lorraine, 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. Wildey, 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. H. McCartney, of Charlevoix.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

For the first time in their history East Jordan theatre goers are to have an opportunity to witness a Shakespearean production given by a first class company. Manager Loveday has secured for his next attraction Simville's Romeo and Juliet, a gorgeous scenic production of this greatest of Shakespearean comedies. This is a play that is bound to please all and should be greeted with a packed house.

Special electric effects will be used to heighten the beauty of the various scenes, which will include street scenes in ancient Verona and Mantua, the palace of the Capulets, cloisters of a convent, Juliet's chamber and the famous balcony scene. All this special scenery is from the brushes of the best artists. The costumes, also, are magnificent and correct to the minutest details.

A first-class company of undoubted merit and reputation has been engaged including Edward N. Hoyt, prominent for many years in the leading legitimate companies, Edouard D'Olze, Charles Balsar, Chas. Carver, Chas. Panniere, Fannie Hoyt, Louise Clarke, Clara Sherman, Johnson Gilchrist, Mary Thompson, Jos Gobay and other equally capable people.

The date and other particulars will be announced next week.

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.

STARTS FOR INDIA.

Dr. Winifred E. Heston took the D. & C. train Tuesday morning enroute for New York City, from which port she will sail for India as a missionary. Many of her friends were at the station to bid her farewell and God speed. Miss Heston long ago decided to devote her life to this noble work and for several years has been making her preparations, the final step being a course in the Cincinnati college of medicine. She goes under the direction of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and colds and prevents pneumonia. Take no substitutes.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

THE NOVEMBER DELINEATOR.

The Delineator for November is one of the most notable issues of the year and presents an inviting display of fashions, literary features and domestic matter. With the paper on Dante one of the best in the whole collection the stories of Authors' Lives and in serial form. In Thyra Varrick, Mrs. Barr's novel, the action is rapid and dramatic, and the reader's interest is kept at high pitch. The character development of the chief personages is wonderfully fine. There is an admirably told story by Josephine Dodge Daskam, entitled "The Courting of Lady Jane." Another collection of Historic and Other Pitchers will delight china lovers; and those who have followed in the preceding issues the triumphs and tribulations of Jill in the building of her artistic house will be further attracted by her bright account of how the plumbing was done. J. Pamley Paret, the well-known player, has furnished for the Athletic series an article on Tennis for Women which is one of the best published on this subject. For the children the Pastimes are unusually entertaining, and in addition to a natural history sketch there is a delicious nonsense story by Carolyn Wells, illustrated by Strothmann. The various departments, fancy work, householding, etc., are up to their usual high standard.

England boasts of a locomotive that has run a million miles. Over here that machine would long ago have been put in the scrap heap and replaced by a better one. That's the difference.

NEVER ASK ADVISE.

When you have a cough or cold don't ask what is good for it and get some medicine with little or no merit and perhaps dangerous. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar, the greatest throat and lung remedy, it cures coughs and colds quickly.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

Gov. A. T. Bliss was thrown from his horse and seriously injured while riding in the big parade at the G. A. R. National Encampment at Washington Wednesday. A gash about two inches long was cut in his forehead. There was also an abrasion on his nose and his knee bruised and strained.

No Hair?

"My hair was falling out very fast and I was greatly alarmed. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair stopped falling at once."—Mrs. G. A. McVay, Alexandria, O.

The trouble is your hair does not have life enough. Act promptly. Save your hair. Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. If the gray hairs are beginning to show, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore color every time. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

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. 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, Uneeda Biscuit, Uneeda 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 gal. crocks and made by the best butter makers in this section—every ounce 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 is a guarantee. It stands the world over for the most reliable, most easily adjusted and the most durable machine. Call and see the latest design—the automatic drop and the Westinghouse terms.

THE BRIDGE HARDWARE CO
 EAST JORDAN, MICH.

SMOKE

"PRIDE OF CHARLEVOIX"

SAME OLD CIGAR.

R. F. Steffes.

Warne Block

Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

WILL RICHARDSON'S

State Street Grocery.

ROY'S

Restaurant and Bakery

Fresh Home-made Bread, Pies and Cookies always on hand. All kinds of Pastry made to order.

A Fresh Line of Canned Meats, Fruits and Vegetables

Goods delivered in any part of the city.

One door North of Lakeside Hotel.

Phone No. 74

THE HERALD

\$1.00 PER YEAR

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.

Council meeting next Monday evening.

Rev. L. S. Matthews occupied the pulpit at the M. E. church on Sunday last.

The Board of Supervisors meet at Charlevoix next week commencing Monday.

G. L. Sherman is building a barn just across the alley at the rear of his premises.

"David Caruth"—a fine character and a fine play presented by the best talent yet.

John Tooley has been having the unfinished portion of his residence plastered this week.

The High School foot ball team expect to meet the Gaylord boys on the gridiron here to-morrow.

A bright little baby girl has been making her home with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Burkett since Sunday.

Rev. Yost, the new pastor of the M. E. church arrived this week and will occupy his pulpit for the first time Sunday.

The Directors of the Fair Association will meet at this place to-morrow to finish the settlement for the Fair just closed.

The steamer Onekama was in port Saturday morning with a cargo of peaches. The East Jordan Lumber Co. purchased them.

Prof. H. E. Bell, of Boyne City, has been chosen as School Examiner to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of A. F. Milford, who has removed to Pennsylvania.

The next attraction at Loveday Opera House will be entirely different from anything ever presented in East Jordan, being a grand production of Shakespeare's famous "Romeo and Juliet" magnificently costumed and with elegant scenery and electrical effects.

Contractor Harry Price informs us that he expects to complete his contract for nineteen houses for the Ward Estate at Deward by Saturday night of this week. He also has a crew of men at work at Frederic erecting a residence for the station agent at that place.

A lower Michigan man recently escaped from a burning house, and when he was out he began to take an inventory in his effects. He discovered two half-dollars and three quarters in his vest pocket, all welded together by the heat. If that man's story is true, and he can stand such heat as would melt silver money like that he need have no fear of the hereafter.

Personal Mention.

W. J. Palmer returned on Saturday last from a trip to Toledo.

Miss Alma Petersen returned Saturday to her home in Traverse City.

J. J. Votruba returned Monday evening from a trip to Traverse City.

Mrs. John Severance has been very ill with pneumonia for several days.

R. C. Squires was up from Charlevoix a short time Saturday morning.

Miss Idah Etcher is working temporarily at the telephone central office.

Howard Gage came home from Haakwood Thursday evening for a few days' visit.

Miss Mina Hite is taking a two weeks vacation from her work in the telephone office.

Dan. McKinley and Morley Tindale returned on Friday last from their trip to Minnesota.

Gus. Muma left Tuesday morning for Big Rapids, where he will enter the Ferris school.

Miss Jennie Zoulek left Wednesday for Traverse City where she will spend the coming winter.

R. S. Hubbard, of LaGrange, Ind., was in town Wednesday looking after his property interests.

Mrs. A. L. Coulter, of Charlevoix, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. M. E. Heston the first of the week.

J. J. Warne and daughter Mattie, of Petoskey, have been the guests of Dr. F. C. Warne and family this week.

Mrs. S. J. Lanway and children departed Tuesday for Detroit where they will spend the winter with relatives.

J. C. Glenn and wife departed Tuesday morning for a month's visit in Pennsylvania, going as far as Toledo on the excursion.

Messrs. Theo. N. Plathner, W. S. Johnson and W. A. Whitman, of the South Arm Lumber Co. were in town the first of the week.

Mrs. J. A. Palmer departed Tuesday morning for Bay City to attend the meeting of the Grand Chapter, O. E. S. in session there this week.

Messrs. R. K. Metheany and T. N. Godburne, president and secretary of the proposed Alpena & West Michigan railway were in town Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Cutler, who had been very ill at the home of her mother, Mrs. B. C. Gonsolus for several weeks, had so far recovered as to be able to return Tuesday to her home at Riverside, Berrien county.

W. H. Lanway returned Saturday evening from Grand Rapids, where he spent several days attending the West Michigan State Fair. He reports the biggest kind of a show, the only drawback being a wet track which seriously interfered with the races.

Ed. Winstone is able to be about with the aid of crutches after being laid up for five weeks from injuries received in trying to alight from a moving buggy. Just as he jumped the horses started up and his foot was caught in the spokes of the wheel and badly wrenched.

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No danger of consumption if you use Foley's Honey and Tar to cure that stubborn cough.
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

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

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.

It stands alone, it towers above. There's no other, its nature's wonder, a warming poultice to the heart of mankind. Such is Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents.
Warne's Pharmacy.

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

Heavy frosts every night this week.

The farmers are busy with their potato harvest.

W. S. Stripp, of Charlevoix, is in town to-day.

Jas. Suffern came down from Deward Thursday evening.

See J. N. Roy's new advertisement in another column.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crossman are visiting friends in Detroit.

The work of putting in gutters on Main street is progressing nicely.

W. H. Lanway drove to Boyne City Wednesday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Walter Ware.

Several cases of diphtheria are reported at Kalkaska. So far there have been no deaths reported from the disease.

Sheriff Pearson has purchased the pacing stallion Sir Henry, who won the free-for-all race at the Fair here two weeks ago.

J. L. Wiesman's store will be closed from six o'clock this evening until the same hour to-morrow evening on account of a Jewish holiday.

The annual plowing match of Barnard Grange will be held Thursday, October 23d on the farm of James Willis. Dinner will be served at Robert Trimble's.

Paymaster General Bates of the army reports the disbursement of over \$200,000,000 from the opening of the war with Spain without the loss of a single cent.

If you need glasses or have any trouble with your eyes don't fail to consult Leahy, the optician, when he comes Oct. 21-23 as he is prepared to fit any eyes that can be fitted.

Anthony Kenny and Jos. Weller made a trip to Boyne City Thursday morning after the household effects of Ed. Staley, who was removing from that place to East Jordan Lumber Co.'s camp.

The Hargraves murder trial before Judge Mayne has just been completed at Traverse City. After being out 22 hours the jury brought in their verdict that the defendant was guilty of manslaughter.

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.

O ye people! have ye wasted the golden moments of never returning time in taking a substitute for the genuine Rocky Mountain Tea made by the Madison Medicine Co.
Warne's Pharmacy.

A horse hitched to a dump cart backed off the dock into the lake and furnished a little excitement at Mill B. Thursday afternoon. With considerable difficulty the animal was fished out with no damage done.

An up-to-date young fellow smoked enough cigarettes to get a rifle free with the tickets from the packages, and now his nerves are so ruined by his indulgence that he can't shoot straight and the gun is a dead loss to him.

J. Leahy, the expert optician will soon be here.

Mrs. J. N. Roy is under the doctor's care this week.

The steamer Walter Chrysler is laid up for a few days.

Regular communication of Mystic Lodge No. 379, F. & A. M. to-morrow (Saturday) evening.

No trace has yet been found of Lemuel Brewer who disappeared so mysteriously two weeks ago.

About fifty from here went to Charlevoix Saturday to witness the football game between the East Jordan High School and the Charlevoix city team.

All Knights of Pythias are requested to be present at the regular meeting at Castle Hall next Wednesday evening. Refreshments and a good time are promised.

Mrs. A. R. Cunningham is removing her restaurant into her old quarters in the Ericks building which has been repaired and greatly improved since the fire.

Traverse City High School beat Petoskey 34 to 0 at football last Saturday. The East Jordan boys are endeavoring to secure a game with the Traverse City team.

\$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.

She's a radiant, witching, wonderful gem that beautiful, blushing wife of mine. She is an angel on earth, so you can be, only take Rocky Mountain Tea.
Warne's Pharmacy.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid Society will hold their annual meeting Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 15th at the home of Mrs. Jas. Howard. It is important that a full attendance of members should be present. Secretary.

Don't neglect your children's eyes. If you find them complaining while at school of headache or letters blurring or not being able to see the work on the board they need help, and Leahy, the optician, who will soon be here makes a specialty of fitting children's eyes.

M. M. Burnham's auction sale last Saturday was an entire success, everything that was offered being sold at fair prices. In the lot was his fine herd of registered Galloway cattle and these were secured by Messrs. J. J. Bennett, M. Bartholomew and James Howey.

The Cemetery Improvement Association will hold its last meeting for this season at the home of Mrs. A. Waistad Thursday afternoon, Oct. 16th. It is hoped that every member will be present and all arrearages in dues paid so that the accounts for this year may be balanced.

Prosecuting Attorney Nicholas was called to Boyne Falls Wednesday to represent the people in several cases of violation of the game laws. There were three parties charged with shooting partridge out of season and one was held for threatening the game warden. All of them plead guilty and paid their fines.


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 Department

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

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Scott's Emulsion is the means of life and of the enjoyment of life of thousands of men, women and children.

To the men Scott's Emulsion gives the flesh and strength so necessary for the cure of consumption and the repairing of body losses from any wasting disease.

For women Scott's Emulsion does this and more. It is a most sustaining food and tonic for the special trials that women have to bear.

To children Scott's Emulsion gives food and strength for growth of flesh and bone and blood. For pale girls, for thin and sickly boys Scott's Emulsion is a great help.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

C. H. MADDAUGH,

SHOP ON MAIN STREET. **MERCHANT TAILOR** EAST JORDAN, MICH.

Samples of the Very Latest Styles always on hand.

Lawrence Doerr has been making some experiments with his spraying machine endeavoring to find the weight and strength required for the various parts. At the water works power plant last week, the pressure tank of one of the machines successfully withstood a cold water pressure of 60-lbs. to the square inch. They will make the tanks on all their machines to withstand this pressure, although 30 lbs. is sufficient for all purposes required.

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It stands alone, it towers above. There's no other, its nature's wonder, a warming poultice to the heart of mankind. Such is Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents.
Warne's Pharmacy.

Alive and doing Business!

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

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

J. W. Coates,

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

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

BRING

Us your Job Printing. We will do it right.

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THE HERALD.

"Why are the newspapers so dull?" asks somebody. They aren't.

Mont Pelee continues to furnish matter copiously for the magazines.

Rev. Small frankly admits that he underestimated the potency of Vermont cider.

Mr. Schwab should keep his nervous system out of range of Monte Carlo this time.

As a respecter of persons the trolley car is closely related to the man on the pale horse.

Foreign crop reports indicate a light yield in all lines except King Alfonso's wild oats.

One of the city officers of Columbus, O., writes his name "C.C. Philbrick." He belongs to the 200.

In Philadelphia a pugilist was killed in a glugging match, but all bouts do not turn out so happily.

Japan's progress is the real thing. The mikado's government is about to make an influenza census.

It was a foregone conclusion that both the army and navy would do well in the army and navy duel.

Lord Beresford's advice to British workmen and employers may be summed down to two words, "Get busy."

It used to be but a step from the cradle to the grave. Now it's a step from the cradle to the golf championship.

The Red Jacket shaft in Northern Michigan is 4,000 feet deep. That's pocket enough for any jacket, no matter the color.

And now the professional pessimist is beginning to wail over the theory that it is going to be abnormally hot next summer.

New York is reported to be running short of chorus girls. The Grand Duke Boris will not be likely to tarry long in that town.

All kinds of trouble might ensue if King Alfonso and the crown prince should become infatuated with the same American girl.

It is said that fall hats for women will be as large as the moon looks. No doubt, the price will be equally colossal and distant.

A Kansas real estate agent has gone to Posen to start a boom. If Posen wants one she undoubtedly has the right man to run it.

A man who shot another man in Kentucky is thought to have been insane. At any rate, he had just refused a drink of whisky.

An eastern paper is trying to find out what is the happiest time of life. How about the time when the children have been put to bed for the night?

A Minnesota editor has, after a hard struggle, given up his paper and opened a bowling alley. Let us hope that he may now be able to keep on his pins.

"If you want to get on with women," says Max O'Reil, "never criticize them and never offer them advice." M. Blouet's wisdom seems almost superhuman sometimes.

A Kentucky judge holds that a typewriter will be valid. More than one recalcitrant business man has found out that his typewriter's will is sturdy and invincible.

The Cincinnati inventor who turned his flying machine because it wouldn't fly shows the sort of common sense that disqualifies him for the genius class.

Andrew Carnegie is going to build a \$5,000,000 home in London. Before long it may be possible for the multi-millionaire to travel around the world and sleep in his own palace every night.

A New York boy who was being tried in police court said: "If yer mother don't care for yer, yer ain't got no mother." The judge wisely refrained from trying to disprove the statement.

If the person who threw tacks in the way of the cycle trust can be found there is likely to be something doing. But the public cannot resist the temptation to wish that some other trusts also ran on pneumatic tires.

John D. Rockefeller owns a park of 50,000 acres in the Adirondack Mountains. He keeps adding to it right along, and expects in time to use the rest of York state as his back yard.

Prof. Doolittle and Prof. Hough have started an argument on the habitation of Mars. The rest of us will continue to discuss the price of coal on earth.

Two shirts are the cause of a \$25,000 damage suit in the Chicago courts. There must be a sad tale mixed up in this affair somewhere.

Cottage and Castle

Lives of Simplicity and Luxury Found in Strong Contrast in Bavaria.

(Special Correspondence.)

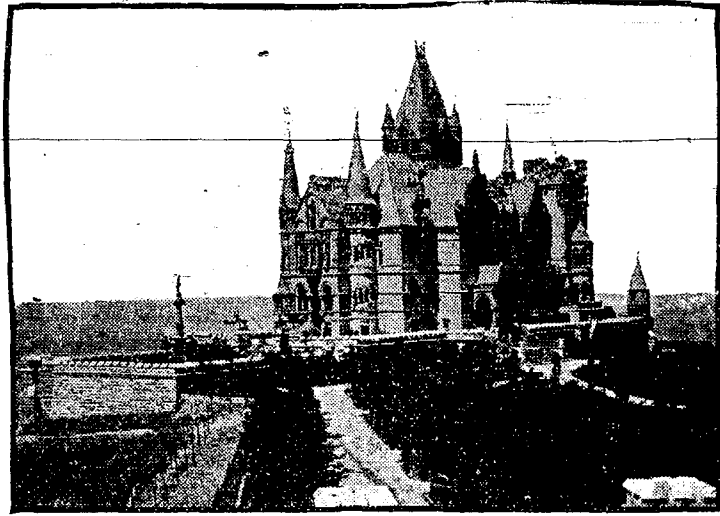
THOUGH it was not the year of the Passion Play we could not leave Munich without making a pilgrimage to Oberammergau. Though it was a year, sultry afternoon when we arrived, below in the streets men were busily engaged in making counters and arranging their wares for the fair which was to be the following day. Toward evening we took a vehicle and rode through a long valley, where the men and women were working in the field, and up a high hill to see the Stein Gruppe. This is a splendid marble group of Christ, Mary and Mary Magdalene given by Ludwig of Bavaria.

The driver then took us farther up the road to see Anton Lang, who in 1900 played the part of Christ. Lang has long dark hair and is of slight build. As he greeted us and asked us in, his face wore a warm, kindly smile. Not only did he resemble Christ in appearance and dress, made up of a loose blouse and

one end is a gilded piano with organ arrangements; and above it hangs a beautiful mirror. The carpet as well as the draperies are white and gold.

The Gobelin room opens into the yellow cabinet. The walls are made of carved woods veneered with silver. The ceiling decoration represents the four continents and four elements, with small pictures of the twelve signs of the zodiac. The paintings in this room are especially worthy of attention. There is also a collection of pastel portraits of the most noted men belonging to the courts of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. The furniture and the mirrors are of silver, to harmonize with the color scheme.

We were next shown into the king's workroom, probably the finest study in the world. On one side is an elaborate throne heavily embroidered in gold and decorated with ostrich tips. The writing table and chairs are heavily gilded; the candelabra and the writing set are of solid gold. The latter predominating. Another handsome piece of furnishing is a large



LINDERHOF.

dark overalls, but also because of his home and gentility of manner. He was delighted to learn we were Americans, and explained that he had many friends in our country and in England.

We arrived in Oberammergau Saturday, and Sunday morning before sunrise we heard the pounding of the hammer and voices below our windows. We saw men and women working at the stalls for the fair. By the time the chimes started to ring everything had been set in order and the men, women and children hastened to church. Every seat was occupied; besides many were standing. All the inhabitants of Oberammergau are Catholics, and therefore attend this one house of worship. They have kept the old Jewish custom of the men sitting on one side, the women on the other, with the children down in front. The music was beautiful, consisting of a full choir, a rich organ and a violin orchestra. Their voices are well trained.

If the traveler who goes to Oberammergau be interested in the perfection gained in French art he must visit Linderhof, one of the palaces of Ludwig of Bavaria, which is only a few hours from Oberammergau.

The grounds near the palace are laid out in gardens enhanced by



"Descent From the Cross." (Passion Play.)

artificial cascades and fountains. In front is a large gilded fountain representing Flora in a half-reclining position. Opposite is a high terrace, at the foot of which is a statue of the king, halfway up a beautiful bust of Marie Antoinette and on the summit a temple and statue to the goddess of beauty. On the other side of the palace is the Neptune group and above a large cascade with rich arbors.

Though the environs of Linderhof are magnificent, the interior of the palace is more beautiful. Entering the vestibule we were attracted by a bronze equestrian statue of Louis XIV. In the adjoining hall is a large Sevres vase representing Queen Esther before King Ahasuerus; this was a gift to the king from Napoleon III. Walking through the hall we were shown the Gobelin room, which derives its name from the paintings that resemble Gobelin.

In this room especially are to be noticed the mantelpiece with two rococo vases and a marble group with Louis XIV. as the central figure. At

mirror, in the middle of which is a clock. Though this room is not especially large, it can be illuminated with 100 lights.

This study opens into the heliotrope room which was meant to serve as a place for the king to rest when he tired of working. It is furnished in gray and gold; and the curtain is of point lace.

One of the handsomest apartments is the king's bedroom; the paintings on the ceiling and walls have been done with great skill. The one represents Ludwig XV. on his way to Olympia; the other Apollo with the morning star and Aurora. The mantelpiece is of African marble and on it rest two songbirds made of finest carrara. Another feature of this room is two mirrors made of Meissen, most of the other apartments, are so heavy that one can hardly lift them with two hands.

The bedroom opens into the dining room through the rose cabinet. The furniture and the walls are of red satin, relieved by white and gold. The window draperies are of Brussels lace.

Like all the other apartments the dining room is richly decorated with paintings and heavily embroidered draperies; but the most interesting object is the table that used to be let down into the kitchen, for the king never permitted any one to serve him at table.

The handsomest room in Linderhof is the mirror room, done in the most perfect rococo style. The color scheme is blue and silver harmoniously reflected by many mirrors. The furniture is of rosewood, covered with gold made more brilliant by the candles at night shedding their soft luster.

If it be through contrast that we obtain the keenest pleasure, there is no more fortunate way to visit this wonderful palace than after having spent a few days in the humble village of Oberammergau.

The Little Busy Bee.

When one thinks that any bee that walks out of its cradle, pale, perhaps, but perfect, knows at once all that is to be known of the life and duties of a bee, complicated as they are, and comprising the knowledge of an architect, a wax-modeler, a nurse, a lady's maid, a housekeeper, a tourist agency and a field marshal, and then compares that vast knowledge with the human baby, who is looked upon as a genius if it gurgles "goo-goo" and tries to gouge its mother's eyes out with its fingers, one realizes that the boasted superiority of the human brain depends largely on human vanity.—London World.

Japanese Great Fish Eaters.

The Japanese eat more fish than any other people in the world. With their meat-eating is a foreign innovation, confined to the rich, or, rather, to those rich people who prefer it to the national diet.

Gift to Harvard University.

Charles Elliot Norton has given to the library of Harvard university several volumes once the property of Ruskin, which contain many marginal notes in Ruskin's own hand.

First Japanese Woman's Statue.

Japan's first statue in memory of a woman was unveiled recently at Shtjo-Nzwate, near Kioto.

ONE HUMOR OF POLITICS.

Malice of a Billposter Spoiled a Candidate's Chances of Election.

One of the best political workers in England is Sir William H. Holland, one of the new knights, who, although a busy Manchester manufacturer—a cotton king, in fact—finds time to look after the interests of a big mining constituency like Rotherham in the West Riding. Sir William is a well-groomed man with a florid face that is seldom guilty of a smile. In spite of this somewhat doleful aspect, which seems to be made to match a lugubrious tone of voice, he invariably has in hand a fund of anecdotes calculated to put audiences in the best of humor. One of his stories is worth repeating.

A personal friend of his, fighting a parliamentary contest in the south of England, had the disadvantage of being a "carpet-bagger," whereas the conservative candidate enjoyed considerable local prestige. Toward the close of the contest the liberal agent warned him that the matter was one of some importance, whereupon he replied: "Very well, then you can tell the voters that if they return me I will come and live here." But he had not reckoned up all the circumstances. The agent printed bills setting forth that "if Mr. — is elected he will live here." The bills got into the hands of an opposition bill-poster and the result was that they were found placarded on every pig sty and barn in the division. That candidate, needless to say, was not elected.

FOUR OF A KIND.

Bill of Fare That Failed to Suit Fastidious Diner.

A man "Down East" sojourned for a few days at a reasonably cheap boarding house in the city.

He became tired of the monotony of the table fare and complained to a newly made acquaintance. His friend told him of another boarding house which he thought would just suit, and stated that they served four kinds of meat daily, and every day.

The Down-easter made the change, and after a few days' trial of the new place changed again.

The friend who had recommended the house inquired in astonishment why he had left it.

"Didn't like the fare," was the answer.

"Didn't they give you four kinds of meat a day, as I told you they would?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, what was the matter? Wasn't that enough?"

"Enough, I guess; but I didn't like the kinds."

"What were they?"

"Ram, lamb, sheep meat and mutton."—New York Times.

NOT A CONSOLING THOUGHT.

Sympathy May Have Been Well Meant, but Was Not Effective.

The late Dr. Herman C. Riggs of Rochester, pastor of St. Peter's, did not enjoy a popular reputation as a humorist, but he had some disguised fun in his composition and regarded with very little patience those whose piety found expression in deprecating the sinfulness of the times, says the New York Times. One day a lugubrious elder, temperamentally a pessimist and usually a bore, said to him: "Doctor, the tendencies of the times are indeed deplorable. The baser I live the worse the world seems to become."

Dr. Riggs replied: "My dear sir, the fact is undoubtedly as you have observed, but perhaps you exaggerate the relation which it would seem to establish between cause and effect. However, I would not let that worry me too much, since you may be able to derive some consolation from the thought that perhaps the world will be better when you are out of it."

The longer the elder pondered this reply the less satisfaction was he able to derive from it.

Coffee-Chewing Fiends.

Men who work in coffee-roasting plants often contract the habit of chewing coffee. This habit grows stronger and stronger as time passes, until finally its victim must be chewing all the time. His face takes on, then, a yellowish, unhealthy color, and his heart beats too fast. His breathing is irregular and his appetite is poor. In temper he is irascible and so tremendous is his appetite for tobacco that he will even smoke in bed. Yet he does not, as a matter of fact, chew a great deal of coffee; probably two pounds a week is the greatest record he ever makes; but he is coffee's slave as much as some men are the slaves of opium or of alcohol. Some of the proprietors of coffee-roasting plants, aware of the deleterious effect of the habit, have signs on their walls, forbidding coffee-chewing on pain of dismissal. Many of the men, however, disregard these signs. Java coffee is the sort that they prefer to chew.

A Witty Pauper.

While walking through an old street in Stuttgart recently a man found a purse, and thinking that it might contain something valuable, he stuck it hastily in his pocket and hurried home.

He examined it then and was disgusted to find that it contained nothing except these four lines in German on a slip of paper:

When you find this purse refrain from joy.

I'll tell you in a minute; I only threw it away because I hadn't a cent to put in it.

Location of Gold Remains a Mystery.

The death of Mrs. Futch, an aged lady of Moultrie, a small settlement on the Mantanzas river seven miles south of St. Augustine, Fla., recalls a story of buried gold, which now lies undiscovered probably upon the old farm on which she spent many years, and in quest of which she devoted many years of her life.

Her husband, the late Joshua Futch, was a man of secretive habits, who did not divulge his business to his own family. He was a thrifty cattleman and like many woodsmen had a horror of modern methods of banking. A number of years ago Mr. Futch sold to Mr. William J. Sanchez a bunch of cattle for which he received \$1,300 in gold. Mr. Sanchez and his father, Mr. Vanancio Sanchez, enjoyed the confidence of nearly all the people of St. Johns county with whom they had extensive dealings. In a burst of confidence Mr. Futch told Mr. Sanchez that the gold received from him he had buried and that no living person knew of its existence, or its hiding place.

He also said that whenever he received money which he did not have immediate use for he converted it in gold and made another deposit in

Mother Earth. He was tempted to reveal to Mr. Sanchez the spot where his treasure lay, but the latter begged him not to tell him, as if perhaps some person should track him to his hiding place and make away with the money he might perhaps always suspect Mr. Sanchez as the only person who knew his secret. Mr. Futch was urged to inform him wife, but he declined to do this. He promised, however, that if at any time he became ill, or anything serious happened to him, he would send for him and tell him where the money was hidden.

About four years ago Mr. Sanchez received a hurried summons to go out to the Futch place. He mounted a saddle horse and galloped out to the old farm. Mr. Futch lay there speechless and almost unconscious. He endeavored, however, to make signs which were unintelligible and the secret died upon his lips.

Mr. Sanchez told the story to Mrs. Futch, who, ever since, until her death, has been unceasing in her efforts to discover the treasure.

The passions have the voice and the voracity of the syrens.

Wu Ting Fang Tells Why Americans Succeed.

Americans are known, in whatever quarter of the world chance happens to throw them, by their marvelous self-reliance and independence. A typical American is never at a loss what to do with himself. If, by some enchantment, he were whisked away over night and set down in the middle of Timbuctoo he would doubtless when he should awake the next morning be astonished, but before luncheon he should be busily engaged in some business enterprise, so readily does he adapt himself to circumstances. In every instance he knows how to take care of himself, but perhaps the real secret of his success is that he knows how to make the most of his opportunities.

The intelligence of the average American is worthy of note. This, I take it, is due in large measure not only to the excellent schools but also to the innumerable newspapers and other publications. I have found in all parts of the country that in every town of any size there is published a daily paper, and that the metropolitan publications circulate in the homes of the most remote corners of the land.

The ability to seize his opportunities, which is characteristic of the American, is seen in the business enterprises of the country. Its industrial machinery is adjusted to the production of wealth on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. This is a valuable condition. American brains and American capital are reaching out to control the markets of the world, and, with good reason, other nations are watching the efforts with keen interest. China is but awakening to its vast possibilities, and more and more will she welcome the American merchant and American commerce within her borders. American enterprise is now building a railway from Hankow to Canton, and no doubt other roads will soon be building. China's rivers and harbors are to be improved and there will be more and more demand for American steel, rails and other products.—Wu Ting Fang in Success.

When a woman's husband quits doing something he knows she doesn't like it is time for her to discover if he has begun doing in its place.

Forgot the Location of Bonanza Gold Mine.

"There's a man with a hard-luck story beside which our troubles look like 3s cents," said one human derelict to another as they stood in front of a New York cheap lodging house. The man to whom he referred had just emerged from the building. He slouched along in a dejected way, with downcast eyes, stooped shoulders and that look of resigned hopelessness peculiar to those who have long been well-nigh penniless and never expect to be anything else. As he disappeared into a neighboring saloon the man who had pointed him out to his companion resumed his story.

"I knew that fellow well when we were both prospecting for gold in Southwestern Arizona. He, like most of us, had been at it a long time without having any luck, and was down to hard pan, when one day he suddenly turned up with a bunch of nuggets rich enough in gold to make your eyes pop out of your head. He started in to whoop it up, and whoop it up he did until his stake was gone. Mean-

while he had told enough to convince us all that he had found a bonanza, but no amount of persuasion would induce him even to hint at its location. About the time he went broke the 'rot gut' he'd been drinkin' got in its work and he had the 'Willies' as bad as I ever saw a man have 'em. When he came to his memory was gone. Not a single event in his past could he recall for months, when some portions of it began to come slowly back to him. The location of his bonanza where nuggets of the richest kind could be picked up from the surface could never again be recalled by him, not even a general idea as to its direction, and to this day it remains among the many lost gold mines of that locality."

"Gee, that's enough to make a man swear off forever, and I'd do it if I thought I could remember where there is a gold mine," said the second derelict as he and his companion followed the "man with a history" into the saloon.

FOUND RARE OLD PARCHMENT.

Letter Written in 1500 Recently Discovered in England.

A remarkable history of an illuminated letter of King Henry VIII. was related by the Right Rev. Monsignor Corbushley to the members of the Cumberland Antiquarian Society on their visit to Ushaw College on July 5. Among the numerous ancient manuscripts exhibited was a long parchment scroll, a letter of Prince Henry afterward Henry VIII., beautifully illuminated to the tutor of the prince. A gentleman was passing through one of the streets in the poorest part of Liverpool a few years ago, when his attention was drawn to a parchment roll that a little boy was using as a football. On examination he found it to be a Latin illuminated scroll. The parents of the boy could give no account of how they became possessors of it, except that it had been in the family for many years, and only preserved because of the pictures on it. It was of no value to them, and they readily parted with it for a sum more than they thought it was worth.

The gentleman had the parchment cleaned and discovered it to be an autograph letter of Prince Henry to his tutor. The date will be about 1500. It is in a wonderful state of preservation, the coloring on the illumination being bright and clear. The discoverer of the rare manuscript presented it to Ushaw College, where

it is now shown as one of their most valued possessions.

OLD MAN KEPT HIS PROMISE.

Kentucky Mountaineer Has Fun With Revenue Officer.

Deputy Police Commissioner N. B. Thurston, who still holds his position as colonel on the staff of Major General Roe, is credited with the following story of a young revenue officer who was detailed to discover illicit distilleries, or private stills, as they were familiarly called, in the mountains of Kentucky. One day this officer met a mountaineer, who confessed he was a moonshiner, but was promised immunity from punishment if he would show the officer a private still. He led the way through swamps and underbrush, across streams and up rocky trails for perhaps an hour; and at last, with much display of caution, he paused on the edge of a clearing, in the center of which was a rudimentary hut.

"Do you see that man in the doorway?" he asked in a husky whisper.

"Yes," replied the officer in the same tone.

"Well, that's my son," and there were tears in his voice. "Seven years ago he went into the army with the solemn intention of becoming a colonel, but he had he's a private still."

—New York Times.

An alpenstock for a mountain; common sense for philosophy.

AT THE BEND OF THE RIVER.



"At the bend of the river," a spot to charm equally the angler and the seeker after rest, is a gem of photographic art. The picture was made

by Nanna Louise Brown of South Haven, Mich., and is certainly a striking bit of scenery—a veritable paradise in which to while away a hot

summer afternoon. Cares would weigh heavily on the mind which would not be soothed by a sojourn in such a spot.

WHY HE WAS 'SHOCKED.

Fact That He Had a Mortgage on the Cow Explained It.

For many years there has lived in a South Dakota town a German who is familiarly known to his fellow-citizens as "the Baron." In his early manhood the baron became estranged from his titled relatives as a result of his marriage to a daughter of a London shopkeeper. He then came to this country and by his thrift acquired considerable wealth. Though a devoted husband and father, he has long been known as the town Shylock, and woe to the poor farmer who is unable to meet in full on the date agreed upon all claims upon him by the inexorable baron!

One day while several men were sitting in a general store, the baron entered and listened attentively to a story that was being told by an acquaintance. The young man was describing how, while coming to town that morning, he had seen several Indian girls cutting up a cow that had died of some bovine disease a day or two before.

"Well?" demanded the baron, when the narrator finished. "Well?"

"Well," replied the young man, "the scathens are actually going to use the flesh as food. What do you think of that, baron?"

An angry flush colored the German's face, almost purple, and his whole figure seemed to dilate with indignation.

"Vot do I dink of it?" he cried. "It disgusts me mit human nature. I had a mortgage on dot cow!"

TEA GROWN IN AMERICA.

Japanese Government to Investigate South Carolina Gardens.

According to a Charleston (S. C.) special in the Atlanta Constitution, Sinko Hatto, a wealthy Japanese now residing in New York, has been appointed by his government to make a thorough study of the tea-growing conditions in South Carolina. He will make a thorough inspection of the Pinehurst tea gardens at Summerville and will go from there to Rantowles, where the American Tea company has bought a big plantation. Mr. Hatto said that his government had been greatly interested in the published reports from the tea plantations in South Carolina and for business reasons it was desired to get facts as gathered by a personal representative.

The gardens at Summerville, which were planted more as an experiment than anything else, have since become a splendid paying investment and Dr. Shepard, the proprietor, has disposed of the home-grown teas at good profits. So impressed were eastern capitalists with the enterprise that a company was formed and 5,000 acres of land were purchased, between Charleston and Savannah. On this plantation the plants have been set out and in the course of time the fields will have an enormous yield of fine teas.

WORKING ON POTATO PATCHES.

On City's Vacant Lots, a Big Source of Income to Philadelphia.

One is accustomed to think of the vacant lot potato patch as something belonging exclusively to Detroit, the home of the late Gov. Pingree, the originator of the idea. It appears, however, that the plan has been used with effect in other cities, notably in Philadelphia. Of the results there a competent observer says: "Each year we have saved the city of Philadelphia more than we have spent. We have saved it in the expenses of the police courts and jails. A man who has a garden for which to care has less time to hang about saloons. He has an object around which his thoughts and plans may center. An example of this is the case of a colored man, who asked for a plot when the land was being apportioned the first year. He was old, partially paralyzed and very drunk. It is the policy of the association to give land to any one who applies; whether a

man keeps his garden or not depends upon himself. The superintendent explained the conditions and assigned a plot to the man, who made many wordy and incoherent promises. The next day he appeared in a comparatively sober condition, but his right arm was almost useless, and he worked slowly and awkwardly. The next day he was too drunk to work at all. So it went on, almost constant drunkenness varied by occasional spasms of industry. Nevertheless, he managed to keep the garden. Gradually it became the intoxication which was intermittent, while the habit of working grew upon him, and exercise brought strength to the useless arm. He still has his garden and each year he finds progressive respectability more delightful."

The Infection of Insanity.

A Berlin newspaper has published an article in which the claim is made that insanity is infectious. Whether it is so in the same sense that other diseases are may well be doubted, but no student of social conditions can doubt that there are classes of people who are susceptible to the infection of unsound ideas.

Nothing is too absurd for belief, to these people, and fads of all kinds, in religious thought, political reform and social customs result. We presume that no anti-toxin for either physical or mental liability to the germs of erratic opinions will be discovered. Salvation from a good deal of this tendency to go wrong is found in an effort to be natural and go quietly about the work at hand. General good health and good nature are excellent as a means of resistance to disease germs of any kind.

Cupid never bothers about the results.

"I don't want you to forget to send me that book. I am greatly interested in it." But Mr. Stockton never lived to receive the promised "first copy." He died while Mr. Harben was reading the proofs of the novel.

Handle Much Gold.

About 45,000 sovereigns pass over the Bank of England counters every day.

New Way to Aid Temperance.

Williamsport clergymen are utilizing street car ads to fight the liquor evil.

TACT OF A GENTLEMAN.

How Frank Stockton Relieved Feelings of a Friend.

Last winter, while Will N. Harben was writing Abner Daniel (Harpers), he often met Frank R. Stockton at the Author's club. One afternoon Harben told Mr. Stockton of his new book, and added that he had been trying to get up his courage to ask to be allowed to send it to him when it was published. Stockton assured Mr. Harben that he would be glad to see it, but just then another novelist sauntered across the room and said:

"Frank D— has just sent me a copy of his last book and wants me to review it. I suppose you are often bored with similar requests?"

It was an awkward moment for Stockton and Harben, but the former was equal to the emergency.

"Well," he said, carelessly, "it is rather hard to write reviews of books for friends when one is busy writing novels, but I do certainly like to read books written by men I know."

The conversation took a turn, and Harben walked away. He thought the matter had passed out of the mind of the genial humorist, but a few minutes later Stockton came to him and said:

"I don't want you to forget to send me that book. I am greatly interested in it." But Mr. Stockton never lived to receive the promised "first copy." He died while Mr. Harben was reading the proofs of the novel.

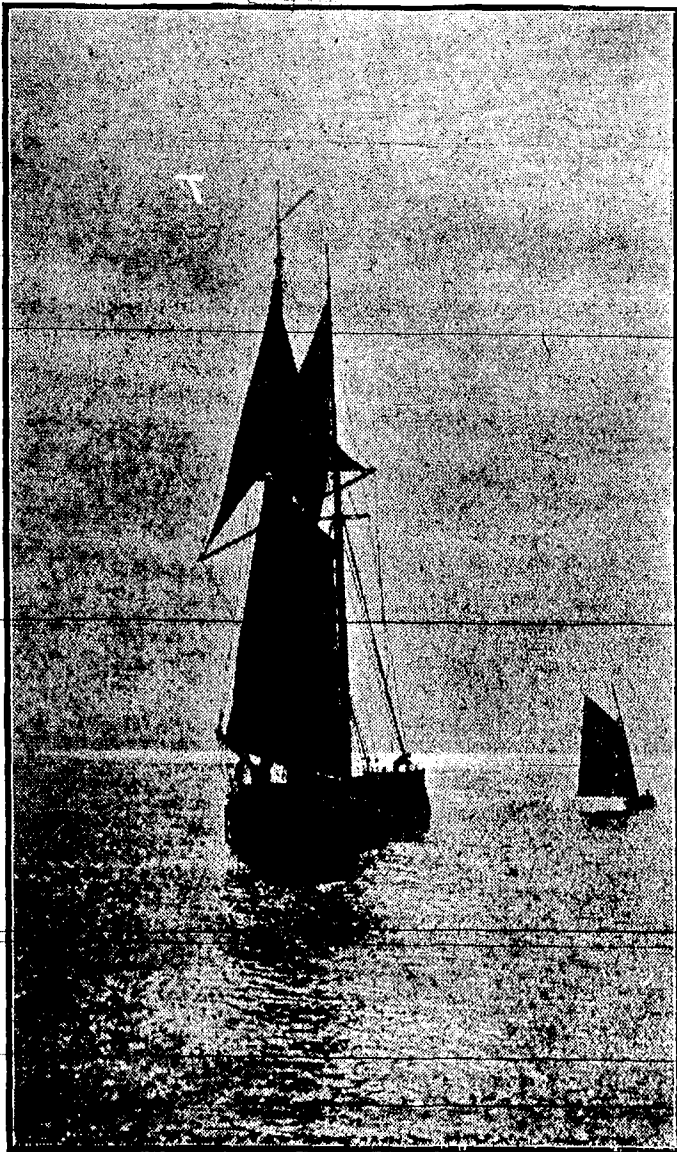
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"MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE."



MAN KILLING HORSES.

(R. Farington Duff, in Frank Leslie's Weekly.)

Among bucking horses one can find almost every temper characteristic of man. There is the animal that bucks from fear, and these are in the majority, others that buck from some sudden grievance, perhaps because touched with the spur in some unusual spot; then again the brute that bucks from pure viciousness and, by all odds the worst in this class, the true man-killer. Some horses buck for the pure fun of it, and have no other intention as nearly as I can make out.

The great majority of bucking horses will carefully select a location to buck in where the risk of bodily harm to themselves is eliminated, thereby greatly reducing the danger to the rider.



Knight of the bucking horse.

At the B. E. ranch on Sand River we had a gray mare that for viciousness was never surpassed and seldom equaled. She had never been successfully ridden and several who attempted to break her, had it not been for help at hand, would have died with their boots on.

We were just passing through the pasture gate when our foreman came out and asked us to gather in Brimstone from the pasture, as he was going to have her "rode."

In fifteen minutes she was in the corral and a darkey, who had undertaken to "break" her, surveying her with rolling eyes.

"That er beast am sure a spatterer," said the burly fellow, and his big eyes rolled.

Jack Dorsey had all but been killed by the mare a month before, so the boys had prepared to smoke her. They were soon in the corral and for the next half hour a running fight ensued in which the negro received a severe scalp wound in one of the animal's plunges at him. Had she not been smoked she would have played the thing to a finish right there.

She was finally stretched, neck and heel, though still standing. Just before stepping into the saddle, the darkey turned to us top-rail men and remarked: "Boys, I'm mighty hard up—just a dollar to my name; but if some of you'll bet with me I'll guarantee to put that dollar in the stirrup and keep it there, providing some of you kind gentlemen will put one under the other foot."

More cartwheels were offered than he could have covered had he been a centipede. With a little difficulty the dollar was placed between the thin sole of his boot and the stirrup. The boys were anxious to help out, so they put the rest of the coins in a purse.

I may say this is one of the hardest, in fact, the hardest, trick known, for one can readily see that the least movement of the foot in the stirrup would lose the silver disk. (This is a feat when accomplished on the ordinary bucking horse; but here we saw it done on a genuine man-killer.)

The ropes were turned loose and for an hour some of the wickedest and hardest bucking, together with mean tricks, were gone through with to unseat and kill the negro.

At the end of that time the brute stood a jaded, wet beast, bleeding from stem to stern where the huge rowels of the buster's spurs had jabbed and jabbed, while Bill Thompson, one of the finest riders that ever donned chaps, sat the conqueror with the money still in his place.

Bill was with us for the round-up after this, but passed over the long divide five years from the time I first met him. Like all professional busters, internal hemorrhages were his undoing. As a penalty for such working against the laws of nature a buster rarely exceeds eight years at this calling.

I recall a rat-tail broncho picked up in Sunlight Basin, over which there was much talk. The outcome of it all was that a half-breed bet his spurs against a leg of tobacco he'd ride him to death.

The animal was caught up, thrown and saddled and the half-breed mounted. Buck? Not a bit of it. Away he went—"chain lightning couldn't have caught him"—right for the cook tent, and without the slightest hesitancy went smash into it. The tent was only a ten-ounce and what would be called rotten.

In a trice all was confusion; tent torn in shreds; hissing of steam from the overturned water on the stove; yelping of the various scalded curs, the followers of the offal pail; yelling of cowboys, each scurrying for his pony, many of which had run away, as had the pack mules from the rope corral near the tent, scared like antelope by the squealing and bucking demon as he plunged about in wild fury, disabling pans, kettles and the like.

As he emerged from the debris he set off up the flat at a high run, and Frank, to our horror, hung left foot fast in the stirrup, while at each jump of that big cayuse he was snapped about like the buck end of a bull whip, now under the beast's forelegs, then at the mercy of his hind legs.

We chased the animal a good mile with that human log, now battering over rocky ground, now dragging over the sage brush, before he was brought down by the hail of bullets that followed in his wake.

My pony was leisurely loping down Bobcat to Clark's, where I expected to mail a letter, when I met Fred Dalton, owner of the E. V. ranch, who told me Slick was going to ride a locoed cayuse.

A locoed horse is one addicted to the eating of the loco, a weed, which has the effect of making the animal crazy. On tasting it horses become addicted to it and will travel miles to get it. The poison finally kills them.

The rider was soon got ready and the locoed brute was driven into the enclosure. Slick dropped his saddle over the bars and lowered himself to the ground, rope in hand. His brother sat on the corral; hence, a Winchester in his hand, enough to tell the story.

Wilson cast his loop gracefully over the brute's head, and the battle royal began. For a few minutes the corral was a confused mass of legs and rope, and we on the downwind side were forced to leave our place, nearly choked by clouds of dust.

By this time Slick had got the better of the brute and was making fast the hacamore (halter) on the beast. The hacamore adjusted, Slick worked the broncho over toward his saddle, reached down for his blanket and cast it over the horse's back.

The operation of saddling this animal, I believe, could never be eclipsed. I have never seen its equal. Like a wood tick, Slick stuck to the animal with his left arm, while he trailed the forty-pound saddle in his right. After a hard and exhausting fight, the blanket and saddle were placed and cinches made fast.

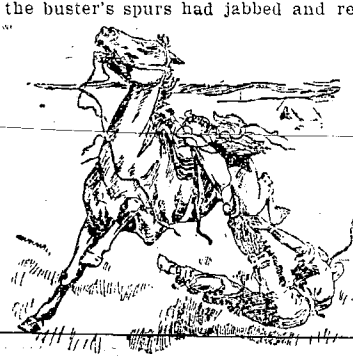
The beast's viciousness now returned with an increase and it was a handsome fight as Slick tried to mount, which he shortly succeeded in doing.

With bawls and squeals, a firing of six-shooters and cheers from the on-lookers, Slick and the old loco were tearing about the enclosure like a cyclone when, in the midst of the fray, the brute "circled back" with all his force. A cry went up as the animal struck his head with a dull thud on the corral fence, and we saw that Slick was caught.

In a moment we had dragged the dead animal from the suffering cowboy, who we found was caught by a tear in his chaps on the inside of his leg. Water, sponges, liquor and other simple medical aid was hurriedly administered.

The groaning man was taken by willing hands to the bunk house, and a cow-puncher, astride the speediest horse on the range, was throwing skywards a cloud of alkali as he disappeared far down the dusty valley to secure the doctor, sixty miles away. They covered the distance in six hours.

The doctor arrived in the small hours of the morning. A little mound down in the pasture corner under the beautiful cottonwoods, on whose limbs the morning dove sings her grieving song—that is all, save a rude wooden cross.



CAVE A-SOLEMN WARNING.

Providential Escape of a Darkey Urged Him to Prophecy.

Gen. John Palmer, formerly Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, told this story at the Grand Union hotel:

One Sunday, while in camp near the Rapidan, we received word that a baptism under the auspices of the colored church would occur on the banks of the river at 11 o'clock, and nearly the whole regiment went down. The river was rushing like a mill-stream and the outdoor baptism was a risky performance.

The first one to wade out and reach the minister, who had secured a good footing, was a young buck about twenty years of age. As the minister laid him down and he felt the cold water covering him he struggled so hard that he got away from the minister and went down out of sight in a second. The witnesses were shocked to stillness and were wondering what to do when about 500 feet down the stream the negro's head was seen coming up, and as he had struck a sunken tree he kept climbing along, spluttering out the river water right and left, seeking a perch where he could get his breath.

The observers, expecting some expression of thankfulness on his part after his narrow escape, were shocked a second time when he hollered out:

"Go on, go on up there, but somebody's gwine to lose a biggab, sure, 'fore you git frow wid dis nonsense."—New York Times.

PUPS DAMPER ON PROPOSALS

Indignities Heaped Upon the Bridegroom-Elect in China.

Women are constantly complaining that eligible men show a most uncomplaising desire to remain single instead of selecting a wife. It is, therefore, a good thing that the same conditions do not prevail in England as in some parts of China, or the probability is that not one in a thousand would ever take a woman "for better or for worse."

In these Celestial regions the bridegroom-elect has to submit to being dressed up by his friends in any sort of costume they like, and thus habited they accompany him in state through the streets of the town. Perhaps in that part of the world men are over-anxious to be married, and everything which can possibly be done to induce them to remain single until they arrive at a more mature age has to be resorted to.

It is another case of all being fair in love and war, and no doubt the Chinaman who is shouting to-day as he accompanies his friend knows full well that next week he may be the bridegroom-elect, and so the punishment is robbed of much of its terror.—Woman's Life.

PLEASANT FOR THE INVALID.

Undertakers' Signs Calculated to Rob Death of its Terrors.

Death must have greatly diminished terrors for the inhabitants of Rutland county, Vermont. From the town of Fairhaven as a center an enterprising firm of undertakers—funeral directors—have not yet penetrated that section—has literally covered the surrounding country with roadside signs that must be a never-failing source of comfort to the passing invalid. Here is one of them:

Undertaking
As It Should Be
Undertaken.

A second reads thus:

Finest Rubber Tired
Hearse in the State.

And this is an open invitation to all:

Caskets of Every Design
Open Day and Night.

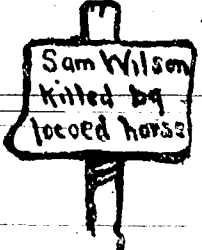
Saratoga is Track-Mad.

The degree of rapidity with which horse racing has leaped into popular favor this season, and particularly among the fashionable habitues of the Saratoga track, is unexampled. This form of amusement has ever been a predominant one in the annals of American sport and a favorite gambling means for the interchanging of money, but this year the betting mania has laid hold of the people as never before and the amount of money that changes pockets after each race is extraordinary.

"I estimate that two millions of dollars a day is bet on the races at this track," said a prominent Saratoga bookmaker a few days since. "The amount of betting now," he continued, "is five times as great as any other year that I have known here. The money does not come from any great plunger or group of plungers, but from the great assemblages of rich men who are willing to bet from \$100 to \$1,000 on their choices in a race."

She Does Not Flirt.

The one girl in the world who does not understand the art of flirting is she of the Philippine Islands. She is womanly and interesting, extremely graceful, as straight as an arrow and always picturesque, but seldom pretty. A girl becomes a young lady at 12 or 13; by 35 she is probably a grandmother, but even at the advanced age of 50 she is still supple and graceful and picturesque. The type of beauty of all the Pacific Islands is the same. The skin is yellow or brown, the hair straight and shiny black, the eyes soft and lustrous, and the teeth white. The girls are modest to the last degree.



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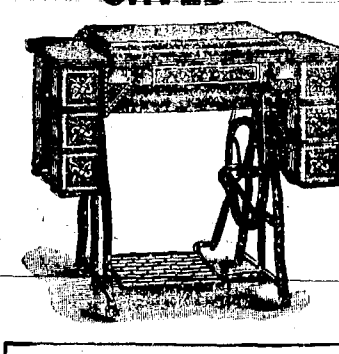
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Time Schedule, Takes effect Sunday, Aug. 31, 1902.

Table with columns for West Bound, Mixed, and East Bound, listing stations and times.

Trains stop on signal to take on or to get off passengers.

CLARK HAIRE, Gen. Manager

East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE, In effect June 22, 1892.

Table with columns for SOUTH and NORTH, listing stations and times.

All trains daily except Sunday. Trains run by central standard time.

W. P. PORTER, E. J. CROSMAN, Gen. Manager

BOAT SERVICE

East Jordan and Charlevoix Route.

TIME TABLE, Commencing Monday, July 21, 1902.

Table with columns for A. M., P. M., P. M., listing boat routes and times.

GEO. JEPSON, Master, Charlevoix and East Jordan Line.

Str. Jos. Gordon

LV. Charlevoix, 9:00 a. m., Railroad Dock

Ar. East Jordan, 11:30 a. m.

LV. East Jordan, 1:00 p. m.

Connects at Charlevoix with trains North and South on the Pere Marquette Railway.

L. GUARD, Master.

Moses Lemieux

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PERE MARQUETTE, In effect September 28, 1902.

Trains leave BELLAIRE as follows:

For Grand Rapids, Chicago, and West: 10:10 a. m.; 4:17 p. m.

For Saginaw and Detroit: 10:10 a. m.; 4:17 p. m.

For Charlevoix and Petoskey: 2:15 p. m., 9:10 a. m., 7:55 p. m.

F. N. STEWART, Agent, Bellaire, Mich.

H. F. MOELLER, Gen. Passenger Agt., Detroit.

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The School Commissioners' Column.

ABEL W. CHURCH, Commissioner.

About two-thirds of the rural teachers are supplied with the Teacher's Reading Circle books. The schools will feel the advantages to be gained from those teachers who keep up with the State Reading work.

Some of the complaints from the teachers who neglect this work are not feasible.

A mechanic might as well complain that he is kept so busy with his daily work that he has no time to study new methods and devices. He soon finds himself a back number and is pointed out as one of the workmen who built Noah's Ark.

We have no sympathy with a teacher's complaint that the daily school room work prevents doing anything but the routine.

In the Reading Circle book selected yearly, the live, up-to-date teacher finds some of the best pedagogical works, also some good practical school works.

This year's "James' Practical Agriculture" affords the means of doing some good work along the lines of Nature Study which we intend to look after in our visitations this fall and winter.

The day is coming when a teacher who makes application for a position to teach will be met by the query: "Do you study the State Reading Circle books?"

EDUCATORS WILL MEET. A meeting of teachers of the Little Traverse region was held at Petoskey Sa rday, September 13, to consider the advisability of forming a local teachers' association which should bring together once or twice a year the teachers of a few neighboring counties. Representatives were present from Charlevoix, East Jordan and Petoskey and communications were read from teachers at several other places indicating much interest in the movement. Supt. J. M. Tice of Charlevoix presided. Discussion revealed the fact that many teachers do not attend the N. M. T. A. at Cadillac or the State Teachers' Association either on account of difficulty in reaching the place of meeting or on account of the expense.

It was finally decided to organize such an Association. The first meeting will be held at Petoskey October 31 and Nov. 1. A good program has been arranged by the committee and a rousing meeting is anticipated.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION. The next regular Teachers' Examination for Charlevoix county for second and third grade certificates will be held at Boyne City on Oct. 16-17, 1902. Examinations will commence at 8:30 a. m. sharp, standard time. Paper furnished free to applicants. A. W. CHURCH, School Commissioner.

Teeth Put to Many Uses. All Eskimos have good teeth, but they are subjected to severe usage, being used for pinchers, vises and filing machines. The teeth are employed in drawing bolts, untying knots, holding the mouthpiece of a drill, shaping boot soles, stretching and tanning skins. When they become uneven from hard usage they are leveled off with a file or whetstone.

Not a Good Liar. Mrs. Newbride—I didn't see you at my wedding. Mr. Stinger (who saved the price of a gift)—Why, I didn't get any invitation. Mrs. Newbride—I'm sure one was sent to your house on Sixteenth street. Mr. Stinger—No, it wasn't. It was sent to the same number on Fifteenth street and er—that is—I declare there goes my car! Goodby!—Catholic Standard Times.

It costs \$125,000 per annum, to run the government of London. A century ago the potato was a new and unpopular article of food in France. The bookkeepers of Cincinnati have an organization and hold regular monthly meetings. England has no Journal of forestry. Germany has several, one of which is in its seventy-sixth year. Deaths of children under 5 years of age in Boston last year were 32.14 per cent of the total mortality. The total number of leeches along the Hudson is 445, with a total tonnage capacity of 3,768,000.

Victoria as a Host. The London Chronicle says the announcement that the king of Italy will be the guest of King Edward VII this year recalls the visit paid by his grandfather, Victor Emmanuel, when he was king of Sardinia, to Queen Victoria. The king used to tell his friends for many and many a year afterward little stories to illustrate Queen Victoria's friendly and homely spirit. When his leave taking of the queen, and the prince consort was formally over and he was in his apartment on the point of departure, the queen knocked on the door and ran in alone for a last handshake with her guest but greatly delighted guest.

Frank A. Kenyon, Register of Deeds

and Abstracter.

These abstracts are the only Record of Title up to the time of the fire which destroyed the Court House.



Miss Ida M. Snyder, Treasurer of the Brooklyn East End Art Club.

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Wine of Cardui is a regulator of the menstrual functions and is a most astonishing tonic for women. It cures scanty, suppressed, too frequent, irregular and painful menstruation, falling of the womb, whites and flooding. It is helpful when approaching womanhood, during pregnancy, after childbirth and in change of life. It frequently brings a dear baby to homes that have been barren for years. All druggists have \$1.00 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

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