

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 6.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, OCT. 31 1902.

No 10



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

ST 1897 XI.

BARGAINS

Odds and Ends in Crockery at

1/2 price

RACKET STORE

Until August 10th.

H. C. HOLMES.

BOOSINGER BROS.

More Good Bargains Monte Carlo Coats

New Models purchased from a leading maker, the smartest and best novelties, \$10 \$15 \$18

Also

A superb gathering of new styles in Dress Skirts just in this week.

"It's the dress, not the wearer that decides the beauty."

It's the exclusive Style and Individuality of a "BOOSINGER" garment that makes them the most desirable for the neatest dresses.

New ones \$3.50 to \$7.00. Cheviot. Unfinished Worsted. Covert Cloth

Our Motto: "Quality First of All."

P. S.—Don't forget our Sale, now just commencing, on leading staples.

BOOSINGER BROS.

THE THIRD ANNUAL HUNT.

Tuesday was not an ideal day for hunting being cold and wet with an occasional snow flurry but that did not interfere with the members of the Game, Fish and Dog Protective Association who had joined in their 3d Annual Hunt. Perhaps the weather had something to do in keeping down the score but there was a great plenty of game for the supper Wednesday evening at the Lakeview House.

Frank Martinek is credited with securing the first bird, a fine fat one coming and tapping on his window and rousing him early in the morning. "Dick" Steffen easily carried off the laurels as being the best hunter.

Lawrence Doerr's side won handily with several hundred points to spare but Capt. Doerr was unable to participate in the supper on account of illness.

All who sat down at the tables at the Lakeview Wednesday evening pronounced it the best game supper they ever enjoyed. It was an inspiring sight to see the disappearance of the platefuls of game all done to a turn and served smoking hot. It certainly was the best ever.

After full justice had been done to the supper the gentlemen adjourned to the club room and spent the balance of the evening very pleasantly at whist and other card games.

UNTIL THEY ARE EIGHTEEN.

Franklin Aikens aged 14 and his brother Robert, aged 13, two lads living on the West Side, were sentenced to the State Industrial School at Lansing Wednesday morning by Justice Clement. The boys are incorrigibles, their parents being utterly unable to control them. Franklin will be a ward of the State four years and Robert five years, or until they are 18. County Agent L. C. Madison started for Lansing with the boys Wednesday afternoon.

I. O. O. F. RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS—The Almighty in His infinite wisdom has taken away the beloved helpmeet and companion of our brother Walter Ware, therefore be it

RESOLVED—That we extend to our stricken brother our deepest heartfelt sympathy in his hour of sorrow and bereavement; and be it further

RESOLVED—That these resolutions be incorporated in our Lodge records; that a copy be sent to brother Ware and that they be printed in the CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD.

Committee.

MR. D. C. LOVEDAY BUYS THE PORTER GRIST MILL.

An important real estate transaction was completed Wednesday whereby Mr. D. C. Loveday secures the W. H. Porter grist mill and water power at Deer Creek a mile and a half from town. It is not yet fully decided just what will be done with the property, the plans being still incomplete. It is certain however that the dam will be raised and the water power considerably augmented. A portion of the power will be used for operating a grist mill and it is also possible that the Electric Light and Power Co.'s plant may be removed to that site.

At all events we are satisfied that Mr. Loveday will develop the property to the great advantage of the our industrial interests.

"FAUST."

A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS.

The production of Goethe's masterpiece, "Faust," at the Whitney Opera House yesterday afternoon and evening, by Miss Olga Verne and company was a credit to the theater and everyone connected with the play. Goethe's powerful page from the book of life, that touches the height of human passion and the depths of human despair, and is destined to last as long as men and women shall love and suffer, following as it did, a succession of melodramas and farce comedies, must have awakened the patrons of the playhouse to a deeper realization of the meaning of existence, and it is a matter worthy of record that at both performances the audience evinced the strongest interest in the unfolding of the story. Primarily the author of "Faust" is to be thanked for the intellectual feast, but the audience owes no small debt of gratitude to Porter J. White and his associates for an earnest and worthy rendering of the play, and for the adequate and attractive scenic embellishment with which Mr. White has enhanced his production. The setting for Marguerite's garden was particularly beautiful, a veritable rose bower with the tall spires of old Nuremberg rising in the distance. The electrical effects were numerous and elaborate.

Miss Olga Verne, as Marguerite, invested the part with sweet womanliness and a sure grasp of the finer points and significance of Goethe's heroine.

The Port Huron Traction and Engine Co. has placed a fund of \$2,500 at the disposal of State Senator Earle for his work of promoting good roads in Michigan.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

A Sunday School-convention will be held at South Arm, Sunday, November 3d, 1902, in which all the Sunday Schools in the township will participate. The following very interesting program will be carried out:—

9:30 A. M.—

Song and Praise Service.

Address of Welcome, by W. W. Howe.

Address by President Geo. Vance.

Sunday School Lesson of November 23d, conducted by J. M. Hurst.

Reports of Schools by Secretaries. (Secretaries will please bring their reports.)

Adjournment for noon.

1:30 P. M.—

Devotional Service led by Rev. R. E. Yost.

The Sunday School—

(a)—Its Aim—Mrs. Prudence Smith.

(b)—Its Work—Mrs. L. S. Thompson.

(c)—The Parent—Mrs. J. E. Houghton.

(d)—The Teacher—Robt. Sherman.

(e)—The Scholar—Miss Collins.

(f)—The Time—John Dunlop.

(g)—The Pastor—Scott Bartholomew.

(h)—Music—Elmer Murray.

Discussions will follow each paper. J. Harvey Milford, Musical Director.

Mrs. J. E. Houghton, Organist.

Music by the different Sunday Schools.

Bring Pentecostal Hymns. Bring lunches and horse feed.

Don't fail to hear the celebrated church choir, in the Great Cathedral Scene, with Porter J. White's "Faust."

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.

List of Adversed Letters.

Unclaimed letters for the week ending Oct. 27:—

Ellingsen, Jens E.,
Evans, J. Clifford,
Hulbert, Mrs. Will,
Hyatt, Mrs. Gertrude,
Murray, Mrs. Geo.,
Nichols, Jessie,
Post, Jno.,

POSTAL CARDS.

Bowen, Peter,
Cook, Orson,
Evans, James,
Marvan, Lewis,
Sutton, Ira.

E. N. CLINK, P. M.

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.

The election of the republican congressional candidates in Michigan next Tuesday is important. Every member of the Michigan delegation should be elected, and there is a prospect that they will. But the vote should be a full one. The republican majority in the next house should be sufficiently large as to give the administration unimpeded support in the great work before it. Congressman Darragh of the Eleventh district of Michigan has made a magnificent record, and it is due to him that the enormous majority of two years ago should be maintained. No man ever went to Washington from this district who has done more or better work for the district. Of course he will be returned, but let it be by such a majority as to inspire him with a renewed realization of the confidence placed in him by his friends in this country. Evening Record.

NOTICE.
If your hens don't lay or are troubled with vermin I will sell you a Poultry Food and Vermin-Killer. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. MAX SCHEFFELS, South Arm.

THE PRESIDENT'S THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

President Roosevelt issued his Thanksgiving proclamation Wednesday, the text of which is as follows:— According to the yearly custom of our people it falls upon the president at this season to appoint a day of festival and Thanksgiving to God.

Over a century and a quarter has passed since this country took its place among the nations of the earth, and during that time we have had, on the whole, more to be thankful for than has fallen to the lot of any other people. Generation after generation has grown to manhood and passed away. Each has had to bear its peculiar burdens, each to face its special crises, and each has known years of grim trial, when the country was menaced by malice, domestic or foreign levy, when the hand of the Lord was heavy upon it in drought or flood or pestilence, when in bodily distress and anguish of soul it paid the penalty of folly and a froward heart.

Nevertheless, decade by decade, we have struggled onward and upward, we now abundantly enjoy material well being, and under the favor of the Most High we are striving earnestly to achieve moral and spiritual uplifting. The year that has just closed has been one of peace and of overflowing plenty. Rarely has any people enjoyed greater prosperity than we now are enjoying. For this we render heartfelt and solemn thanks to the Giver of Good; and we seek to praise Him, not by words only, but by deeds, by the way in which we do our duty to ourselves and to our fellow-men.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States, do hereby designate as a day of general thanksgiving, Thursday, the twenty-seventh day of the coming November, and do recommend that throughout the land the people cease from their ordinary occupations, and in their several homes and places of worship render thanks unto Almighty God for the manifold blessings of the past year.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 29th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-seventh.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the President:

JOHN HAY, Secretary of State.

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

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

THIRD GRADE REPORT.

The following pupils were neither absent nor tardy during the month ending October 24th:—

John Kitson,	Belle Gotham,
Jake Fielstra,	Geneva Kile,
Florence Bartlett,	Harry Waistad,
John Shier,	Julius Nachazel,
Ralph Lalonde,	John Malpass,
Robert Bridge,	Stewart Carr,
John Fitzgerald,	Lawrence Lemieux,
Florence Cottrell,	Jesse Welkel,
Oscar Larson,	Lucile Boosinger,
Myra Welkel,	

ELIZABETH HOUGHTON,
Teacher.

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.

The garden scene in "Faust" finds the stage a veritable flower-bed, overhanging with beautiful twining roses, intermingled with large Cuban palms.

"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.

FIFTY YEARS AFTER.

Days of youth, of love and truth, of labor in the mine, vanished days in Times' dim haze—oh, days of Forty-Nine! feeling burns as memory turns to those dear scenes of old, pick in hand, a fearless band, we roamed the West for gold!

In the solemn, snow-covered Rockies, from the hills of Santa Fe, in the Colorado, leaping down its cañon-bordered way, the poppy-glowing valleys by the bay of Saint Francis Blessed, by hill and dale bears witness of the men who "went out West."

O'er the thirsty, sun-parched desert tolled those stalwart men and true, Beaconed by the Star of Empire smiling downward from the blue, Westward, Westward, ever Westward, till each hillside and ravine Opened to them as the heavens opened to the Florentine.

Long years have fled; those days are dead; but still their wealth is ours; The golden grain on many a plain, the orchards and the bowers, The jowling herds, the bright-plumed birds, the homes of peaceful rest, That crown the soil won by the toil of those who "went out West."
—Robert Mackay, in Success.

On the Waves of Chance.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.

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The literary woman was playing the role to the man of means. He liked her well enough. She was honest, though she did have a penchant for flitting her thoughts into periods. They never agreed; but then it is always exhilarating to converse with people who say only "yes" and "by certainly."

To-night the bone of contention was self-made man. "There isn't such a thing," she declared. "Let me show you how this self-manufacturing business appears when you get it into a focus: We really have not much say so about that we are going to do and what that we are not going to do. We are washed on shore by the waves of chance, and because we were furnished before and with roots predetermined to strike into the soil, and because the soil happens to suit the roots, we tickle where we are tossed, make a goodly growth and cry out to all beholders: 'See what I have done by my lone self.' If the soil doesn't happen to suit our roots, we shrivel instead of flourishing; we tap each passerby on the shoulder and whisper to him that this is the Lord's doing." He interrupted her with an impatient movement and the woman laughed lazily.

"Not very flattering, eh?"
"It is not true."
"True enough, and growing truer every day. Take this terribly tormented question of matrimony. How many men and women out of a hundred couples do you suppose sought each other deliberately? They just happened to meet and happened to fall in love and happened to marry. If the marriage turns out well, why, it is their doing; if they drift into the divorce court, the Lord gets the credit for the whole of it—'Mysterious Providence.'"

She laughed at his disgusted frown. "You are like all the other women of to-day," he remarked. "Even while you stand before the altar you have the divorce court in clear perspective."
"I am not standing before the altar," she cut in dryly, "and don't expect to be for one long, sweet while. What is more; the women who are flocking to the divorce court aren't the women of to-day. They are the women of yesterday and last year. The sight of our freedom has made them feel their fetters."

"Do you honestly believe that?"
"What?"
"That the unmarried woman has a better showing in life than the married woman."
"Eighty per cent of the divorce suits are brought by women."
"That proves nothing. Breach of promise suits are also brought by women."

The literary woman shrugged her shoulders.
"It isn't human nature to know when it is well off."
"Then what about divorce?"
"Just so; better be a dog and sleep on the door-mat, than a divorced woman. But you and I know that there are horribly unhappy married women—lots of them."
"There are unhappy women in all walks of life."
"Granted. But when the weather grows too foul for the single woman

with that saying of George Eliot's about the folly of expecting trees lopped of their bravest branches in youth to be anything but gnarled and ugly in their old age, she will easily grow to believe that she is more or less mutilated and let herself grow lopsided at her leisure. Self-pity is a dangerous element to introduce into any life, when an excuse for all forms of self-indulgence and indolence stands ready at our elbow, the chances are a thousand to one that we will be self-indulgent and indolent to beat the band. And even though a woman may be strong enough to go on living a straight, honest life she never quite gets over a mishap of the heart. Don't you believe that?"

"No," he replied with a rough laugh, "I have seen too many women recover from heart-breaks."

"Or think that you have," she suggested.



Looked down angrily into her smiling face.

gested. "I doubt if even your astuteness can say what is in a sealed can that is not labeled."
"There is nothing of the sealed can about a woman's heart," he said, and there was a nasty slur in his tone that fired the literary woman's blood.

"You know so much. Listen to this from the pen of a woman who'll unite to call strong and contented," she took a written sheet from the drawer and ran her eye over it searchingly. "Here it is: 'Perhaps it is in me to do better work and more of it, but I don't know. Fate doomed me years ago and her grip is still on my throat. Where I see others leap and stand upright, there is for me only spasmodic, ineffectual efforts to get upon my feet. Still, living on the back is not such an uncomforable position and a grip never annoys unless one struggles against it; and I gave up struggling long ago.'"

The man of means turned upon her eagerly.
"Who wrote that letter?"
"That's none of your business," she laughed, "are you satisfied as to your skill—?"
"I insist on knowing who wrote that letter."
"Insist as much as you please. Business women do not betray confidences."

He stood up and looked down angrily into her smiling face.
"If I told you that all my hopes of now and hereafter depended upon seeing that signature, would you show it to me?"
"I am afraid I could scarcely credit such a rash statement."
"Oh, you can believe it. It is true enough."

He faced around and stared at the fire. When he spoke again his tones betrayed intense disgust.
"I would not give thirty cents for the heart and soul of all the business women in the world put together!"
"I didn't know it was up for auction," she commented.
He turned upon her savagely.
"Once more, will you tell me who wrote that letter?"
"Oncé, Bunslly will you scoot."
"Listen to me," he thundered. "Sitting there in your inane imbecility you are holding the happiness of two lives—"
"I shall try to hold them tight," she murmured.

"You will not show me that signature?"
"No."
"Then I will go to her without seeing it. Don't you suppose that I know there is but one woman in the world strong enough to pen such words as those?"
The literary woman laughed as the door banged viciously.

"And to think that it was one of my own little creatures that wrote them. Well, I dare say he and Lou will make up that long-standing squabble of theirs now that a wave of chance has washed them together," and then as though she suddenly felt the need of something strong, she took up the paper at her elbow and read again that bit of righter's: "A man must sit on his own salt sack; that's the first duty. Then he must walk in the path whereto the Fates kick him; that's Kismet. Then he must gather all the red and blue blossoms along the way, and hold his head high, and breathe deep and whistle at the stars and keep away from churchyards and laugh so merrily as he may; that's cheerfulness. For the rest, there is no man that may walk against the high waves of the sea, nor gather thistle down in the wind, nor plant cabbage in granite."

Desert incites to poetry. Writer discovers beauty of a sort in desolation. I know a desertlike place that is not wholly a desert, yet it is neither oasis nor fertile land, says Vermer Z. Reed in the August Atlantic. It is what might be termed a semi-desert, and it has a mood that is different from that of other deserts. It seems a philosophic, well-contented sort of place, that has much knowledge, much wisdom, and that extracts a wise enjoyment from the days that pass over it. It is nearly related to a tall peak, and is akin to a nearby range of mountains, and to the air and the sky. Flowers grow upon this semi-desert—sunflowers, and bergamot, and blue-bells, and Mariposa lilies, and many other shaggy little steps that bear blue and yellow and white and seven-hued blossoms. It knows sage-brush, too, and yucca, and various pygmy cacti. It is field and farm and native land for many well-established, ancient and wise nations of prairie dogs, and it is the world and the fullness thereof for thousands of "republics of ants. This semi-desert stretches away from the mountains and runs its way in billows towards the East. We know it reaches to farms and towns and work and trouble, and that its next of kin, the prairie, goes on to the great rivers whose banks are lined with the covers of chattels, but we like to think that, as a desert, it stretches away beyond the horizon, and passes unchanged on to infinity, and across it is the road to eternity, and endless growth of soul and joy of effort and consummation.

Old Home Week.

The children are coming home again! The old town stands at the door—Homelick women and weary men, She welcomes them all once more;

"The rooms are all furnished and drest for you!
We have been saving the best for you! The echoing hills have kept your name; Meadow and woodland are still the same; Lane and love-nook—nay, do not weep! Nothing is changed that our love could keep."

Never a word of how bad you've been, How far you've traveled, how sad you've been!
Door and heart are alike flung wide; The mother's cheek is aglow with pride; The good you have done or have tried to do— These are the things she has heard of you.

The children are coming home again—Hark to the names we know!
The dear old love-names—Will and Ben And Mary and Dick and Sue!

Coming from half a world away, (Glad to be far from the world away), Men and women, they all come back, Over the dusty grass-grown track; And we know why the Lord of the undecorated Said heaven is near to the heart of a child.

—Anna Burdham Bryant in Boston Transcript.

Warm Congressional Campaign.

The redistricting of Mississippi had a curious result. Three Democratic congressmen—Patrick Henry of Vicksburg, John Sharp Williams of Yazoo, and Charles Edward Hooker of Jackson—suddenly found themselves in the same district. All three wanted to go back to the house; only one could. Williams has won out in the primary and remains in congress. Williams' canvass is spoken of as one of the greatest ever seen in Mississippi. The last day of it found him in his shirt sleeves in a reputedly hostile ward of Jackson speaking alternately in English, German and French. His own county went for him solidly and he made surprising inroads in the counties of his competitors.

A Grand Duke's Costume. By all accounts Grand Duke Boris was a spectacular feature of the horse show in Newport the day he attended that function. The rather kaleidoscopic costume of his royal highness included a suit in large gray plaids, a lemon-colored shirt, and silver gray tie; tan shoes, a white and tan belt, fastened by a showy gold buckle, and a white straw hat trimmed with light blue. A jeweled snake, curled in three glittering coils, formed his ring, and the much written about bracelet was in evidence whenever he gesticulated with his left arm.

Good Move of Y. M. C. A. The Young Men's Christian Association of the Bowery, New York, has leased a farm of 130 acres in New Jersey. The farm is intended to serve as a temporary home for men who are awaiting employment. They are not expected to remain there longer than two weeks. While they are working on the healthy upland of the Y. M. C. A. is working in their interests.

A Simple Explanation. A man in public life noted for his brusqueness of speech was under informal discussion in cabinet circles. "There's one thing to be said in his favor, however," said Secretary Wilson, "and that is he never importunes the department to get promotions or positions for his friends. 'That's readily explained,' commented Secretary Root; 'he hasn't any.'"



How to Circumvent the Hessian Fly.

So little complaint of the Hessian fly has been heard at the Ohio Experiment Station this season that there is ground for the hope that there will be no more trouble from it for a few years to come, but it will be wiser for farmers to be on their guard lest it may reappear suddenly as it did in 1899.

It is possible for every farmer to determine for himself whether the fly is likely to appear in destructive numbers in his wheat each season. To accomplish this, let a small strip of wheat be sown along one side of the intended wheat field about two weeks before the time when the main crop is usually sown in that particular locality. As soon as the wheat comes above the ground examine the young shoots carefully every day with a magnifying glass. A cheap lens, magnifying about three diameters, which can be bought at any optician or department store for a dollar or less, is sufficient: If the fly is present its minute, reddish eggs, one-fiftieth of an inch long, will be found in the creases of the young wheat blades. Once seen under a glass these eggs can easily be seen by the unaided eye as red specks. Often two or more are found together, lying end to end.

Usually egg laying occupies about a week, and if the fly, on her appearance, finds a little wheat ready for her, she will soon deposit all her eggs, after which the main crop may safely be sown in the assurance that by the time it appears above ground the eggs will all have been laid on the earlier sown wheat.

Many farmers suppose that the so-called "flax-seeds," which are found in October and November at the base of the wheat stalk, are the eggs of the fly, but this is a mistake; these "flax seeds" are the full grown larvae of the fly, which undergo their transformation into the winged insect within the brown cases called "flax seeds."—Chas. E. Thorne, Director Ohio Experiment Station.

Giant Spurry.

We illustrate Giant Spurry, a plant that is being tried on some of our sandy soils. It is a low-growing annual, forming a tangled mass. Under



fair conditions it makes a good growth on sandy land, but is otherwise of little value. Its place in the agricultural system of the country is yet to be determined.

Canada Thistle.

In all the history of weeds in America none has been more complained of than the Canada thistle. A century ago it was regarded by the farmers of New England as the greatest pest of their fields. When the sons of these farmers moved West the Canada thistle went with them. It grows vigorously, sometimes spreads rapidly, and is always difficult to kill by ordinary cultivation. It forms dense patches, sometimes to the complete exclusion of other plants, and its abundant sharp spines make it disagreeable to handle. To these characters are due its traditional reputation in the Northeastern United States as the worst of all weeds. With little doubt, however, it causes in the aggregate less real injury to farm products than does bull thistle, ragweed, or pigeon grass, and its distribution is confined to a smaller area than that of any of these weeds.

Rotating Crops to Escape Potato Scab.

When the soil has become badly infested with the scab fungus it is usually cheaper to abandon potato growing upon it for a time at least than to continue the practice. The best system of cropping to purify such a soil and the length of time which should elapse before potatoes may be grown again with safety is not fully determined. The evidence indicates that root crops should be avoided, and that grains, including corn, grasses, and especially clover, are the best cleaning crops. The turning under of a green crop, like clover, just before potatoes are again planted is especially commended.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

American brewers have already invested \$4,000,000 in and about Havana.

Is it a burn? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. A cut? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At your druggist.

Some women show their age and some cover it with a coat of paint.

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

Economy may be wealth, but it doesn't cut much ice in a will.

Nothing half so fine as Mrs. Austin's Pancake flour. Ask your grocer for it.

It is said that the German emperor does not like electric cars.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color more goods, per package, than others.

Every man has his limit and some men have two or three.

No trouble to get breakfast quick if you have Mrs. Austin's Pancake flour.

TALE OF TWO DOGS.

How Newcomer Taught Old Fellow Becoming Modesty. Bill Dorgan used to own a pup, in which all breeds were well mixed up; a hump-eyed, yellow sort of cur, with fleas and sandburs in its fur. It was a scrapper in its way and licked some dogs most every day; and it, in course of time, did reach the yard that it was a peach.

It used to loaf around the town, and show its teeth and wear a frown, and every now and then 'twould wail: "Why won't some dog step on my tail, or bite my ear, or bark or growl, or look me in the face and howl? Are all the dogs devoid of snap? I'm simply spoiling for a scrap."

One day a bulldog came to town; it was a sort of brindie brown, with bandy legs and sawed-off tail, and teeth that would eat through a nail. Its face was scratched, its eyes were sore, its tongue was like a cellar door. It padded up the village street as though in search of stuff to eat, and when the mongrel saw it come, the latter cried: "A scrap, by gum! Now, doggies, see me go and muss the stuffing out of yonder cuss; I'll teach the ugly, lop-eared clown to push himself into this town."

The mongrel, with upstanding wool, jumped then upon the vagrant bull; and then there came a cloud of dust, a crack as though some bone had bust, a shriek, a moan, a sickening thud, a gentle rain of fur and blood; and then the bulldog took his way, and nodded to the dogs, "Good day." The mongrel had been scattered round so all the chunks were never found; Bill Dorgan scraped up what he could, and planted them out in the wood.

MORAL: The fighting man may yawp and brag; But soon he'll run against a snag. —Walt Mason in Nebraska State Journal.

Helen Moon's Case.

New Providence, Ia., Oct. 13th.—The wonderful case of little three-year-old Helen Moon continues to be the talk of the neighborhood and everyone is rejoicing with Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Moon, the happy father and mother.

It will be remembered that this sweet little girl was given up by the doctors with Dropsy. She was so far gone that her eyes were closed up and her body bloated till it was purple.

After everything else had failed Dodd's Kidney Pills were used and to the joy and surprise of everyone she commenced to improve. This improvement resulted in complete good health and she continues to keep strong and well and without the slightest symptom of the Dropsy left. The doctors are as much bewildered as anyone at the wonderful cure of this desperate case.

Owens Maximilian's Coat.

A coat that is of great historical interest was discovered at Jackson, Miss., the other day, and is the property of Prof. Ad. le Maitre, an old Frenchman, who has been teaching the language to a small class there for several months. This garment is the one worn by the Emperor Maximilian just before his execution on the morning of June 18, 1867. Prof. le Maitre was one of the very few who witnessed the execution, and the unfortunate emperor pulled the coat off just before the word to fire was given, and, handing it to le Maitre, told him to keep it. He prizes it higher than he does life itself, and though a poor man has refused large sums of money for it.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Man. Gantz, of Fairfield, Ia., is 30 years old, weighs thirty pounds and is eighteen inches high.

The way to speak and write what shall not go out of fashion is to speak and write sincerely.—Emerson.

It's a mistake to imagine that itching piles can't be cured; a mistake to suffer a day longer than you can help. Doan's Ointment brings instant relief and permanent cure. At any drug store, 50 cents.

A woman always stops talking long enough to give a man a chance to propose. All one's life is music, if one touches the note rightly and in time.—Ruskin.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

American brewers have already invested \$4,000,000 in and about Havana.

Is it a burn? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. A cut? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At your druggist.

Some women show their age and some cover it with a coat of paint.

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

Economy may be wealth, but it doesn't cut much ice in a will.

Nothing half so fine as Mrs. Austin's Pancake flour. Ask your grocer for it.

It is said that the German emperor does not like electric cars.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color more goods, per package, than others.

Every man has his limit and some men have two or three.

No trouble to get breakfast quick if you have Mrs. Austin's Pancake flour.

IN A BAD WAY.

Night after night with rest and sleep broken by urinary troubles. Painful passages, frequent calls of nature, retention, make the day as miserable as the night.

Man, woman or child with any wrong condition of the bladder and kidneys is in a bad way.

Don't delay till dangerous Diabetes comes. Cure the trouble before it settles into Bright's Disease.

Read how certain are the cures of Doan's Kidney Pills and how they last.

John J. Scharschug, a retired farmer, residing at 474 Concord St., Aurora, Ill., says: "Three years ago I was a sufferer from backache and other kidney disorders, and for months exhausted all my knowledge of medicine in an endeavor to obtain relief. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me, and time has not diminished my estimation of this preparation. Not only did Doan's Kidney Pills cure me at that time, but although over three years have elapsed there has not been a symptom of a recurrence of the trouble. I consider this preparation to be a wonderful kidney remedy and just as advertised."

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

Look After the Hand Separators.

No good thing is a success unless looked after. It is no argument against hand separators to say that unless they are taken care of they will in a year or so become unserviceable. One man urges against them that he has known people that did not wash their separators more than once a week, and that in the meantime the separators were a point of multiplication for all kinds of ferments and perhaps disease germs that got into them. But no agent of a hand separator would want to sell a hand separator if he supposed the buyer would use so little intelligence in its care and handling. We are in a state of chaos as regards our dairy matters, and it is only slowly that we are working into a condition of order. But we do not believe that the hand separator is at all the cause of disorder.

Room for Capons.

T. Greiner: Capons stand crowding. While there is a limit to the number of laying hens that one can keep with profit, there is practically no limit to the number of capons. You can keep as many as you have room for. They will do just as well when in a flock of a hundred as when there are only a dozen. They are hardy and remarkably exempt from disease.

Spruce grows nearer the Arctic regions than any other tree.

W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world. W. L. Douglas made and sold more shoes in the first six months of 1902 than any other manufacturer.

\$10,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can discover this statement. W. L. Douglas shoes and price stamped on bottom.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

Best Imported and American leathers, Hag's Patent Gait, Enamel, Box Gait, Vici Kid, Corona Gait, Hat, Kangaroo. Fast Color Eyelets used.

Caution! The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail, 25c extra. Illus. Catalog free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & \$3.50 SHOES

W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world. W. L. Douglas made and sold more shoes in the first six months of 1902 than any other manufacturer.

\$10,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can discover this statement. W. L. Douglas shoes and price stamped on bottom.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

Best Imported and American leathers, Hag's Patent Gait, Enamel, Box Gait, Vici Kid, Corona Gait, Hat, Kangaroo. Fast Color Eyelets used.

Caution! The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail, 25c extra. Illus. Catalog free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives relief and cures.

Box of testimonials and 10 DAYS' treatment FREE. Dr. R. H. GREEN'S BUREAU, Box R, Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Best Cough Syrup. Taste Good. Use with Honey and Syrup.

Religious instruction is not given in Japanese schools.

W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world. W. L. Douglas made and sold more shoes in the first six months of 1902 than any other manufacturer.

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W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

Best Imported and American leathers, Hag's Patent Gait, Enamel, Box Gait, Vici Kid, Corona Gait, Hat, Kangaroo. Fast Color Eyelets used.

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 XII.

"D'ye know him?" Kate asked. "Yes, I have seen him."

"Ye know no good o' him, I be bound, and I'm one as is not slow in expressin' my mind about such cat-tis."

"Don't, Kate, I beseech you." All the while the marble white face of Theodore was unmoved.

"Is this your hand-bag, Laura?" he asked, picking up the pretty, white bag where the porter had left it.

"Yes."

"Let me carry it to the hotel for you. This good woman will assist you. Come, there is but one hotel in the place, and there is no missing it. It is a long way from the landing, with no cable line."

In a maze the unfortunate Laura was led from the landing back toward the hotel. She had left home, hoping to be rid of her persecutor, and found him waiting at the landing for her.

Laura took the small, neat card from the dirty hand of the boy and, glancing at it, read the name of Theodore Lackland. Should she see him? She knew the interview must come. In fact she wished for it on her own account, so why not have it at once, understand each other and have it over with?

"Et yer please, mum, that's a feller downstairs who gin me this keard fer ye, an' says he'd like ter chin yes a bit."

"Come in," she said.

The door opened and Theodore Lackland entered the apartment. There was an insidious smile on his face, as he said:

"You did not expect to meet me, did you?"

"I certainly did not," she answered, her eyes glowing round with astonishment.

"I hope my appearance did not cause any unpleasant shock to your nerves, and now that it is over I trust you will be glad to have a friend in this strange, wild land."

"There was a short pause, after which he went on:

"I will be frank with you, Miss Kean. I came that I might be near you."

"I am capable of taking care of myself," she answered.

"But while I concede all that, I reasoned that you were coming to a land beset by many dangers, and could not feel comfortable in the thought that you were alone. I had leisure and means, and consequently why not devote them to your service? Oh, Laura, and he drew his chair a little nearer to her. "I know you spurn me. I know you believe me to be a deceitful hypocrite, but I am not so bad as you think. I am your friend—your best friend if you will only permit me—"

"I cannot."

"You have mistaken me all along." "Perhaps at times I have, but I know you now."

"Laura, will you listen to me a moment—just one moment?"

"Yes, I will have to do so, as I have no other choice."

His voice regained its calmness, but his manner was still agitated.

"I may serve you even yet," he said. "I have done you much wrong—I know that—and him, too. I did you and him a wrong, knowing I would repent it to the last hour of my life, but I was driven to it; I had no power to resist it—it mastered me; then, it masters me now."

Theodore had risen and took a step nearer.

"Laura," he said, and his voice fell to a broken whisper. "I love you so I can see you the wife of another if he can make you more happy than I. Do you believe there can be an unselfish love? I know it, and I swear that if you can be more happy as the wife of Paul Miller, then I will go with you all over the world to find Paul Miller, and if he be living will find him and give him to you."

will trust me implicitly. You may think you have money sufficient to push this search and may be mistaken; all I ask of you is, that you allow me to furnish the funds you need. You shall not lack means to find Paul."

The man watched with anxious eyes the face of the girl to read the impression his great generosity would make.

It was favorable, and his delight at the discovery was almost diabolical.

"Thank you, Laura. You have made me supremely happy by accepting my favor. I will endeavor to find Paul for you. We will go together, and do all that can be done to find him."

He bowed and went out. She bowed her face in her hands and wept.

"My heart misgives me," she sobbed. "He talks fair and seems honest, but something within keeps saying: 'Trust him not!'"

Ben Holton, who had remained behind to look after her heavier luggage, arrived at the hotel, and went to consult with his mistress about some missing packages. On his way to her room he met Lackland, and was much astounded to see a man whom he thought in Fresno that he was half inclined to think himself mistaken.

"I say, Miss Laura, was a feller in here a minit ago?" he asked.

"Yes."

"He looked just like Lackland."

"It was Lackland."

"Well, Miss Laura, I jist be dod gasted if he's here for any good. He's after grub stakes, ye kin depend on et. Look out for him."

She then told her faithful employe the proposition he had made, and old Ben listened carefully to her, and at the conclusion said:

"I'll bet my head for a football that it's a salted mite he's a-plantin'. Don't ye bite at his bait, Miss Laura; don't ye bite."

Laura was more distressed after the departure of Ben Holton than before. She began to realize how utterly helpless she was.

There was quite a change in the expression on Lackland's face after he left Laura's room. All the benevolence and unselfish concern for the girl's welfare gave way to a look of selfishness, and he chuckled in triumph.

"I will have her yet. She will be wholly in my power. A few weeks more, another turn of the cards and the game is mine."

At a low grocery in the town he found his two employes, Ben Allen and Horsa Cummins.

"Well, how are you faring?" asked Lackland.

"Dry!" growled Cummins.

"Come, Cummins, you remember the obligation imposed on you when you were employed—you were not to drink."

"Yes, but that makes me dry," said Cummins, with a wink.

"Now, you have both been here before, have you not?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where to procure good outfits?"

"Right here is the best place in Alaska," declared Cummins.

"How much will a first-class outfit cost?"

Cummins reflected a moment and said:

"Well, I think it will take about two thousand dollars."

Without returning a word his employe counted out the money and told him to go and procure it at once.

Cummins and Davis set out, and next morning reported that all had been secured.

"It is well," declared the shrewd Mr. Lackland. "Be prepared to go whenever I give the word."

"We'll be ready."

Lackland was often seen talking with one of the Indians, who spoke English fairly well, and was a big, burly, villainous-looking fellow. One day two men came to their camp. They held long, earnest conferences, and when they went away that night the man named Ben Allen went with them. It is perhaps needless to inform the reader that the two men were Morris and Ned Padgett, who brought the information that Paul and the old hermit were prisoners in the cavern.

"It is lucky I learned of his capture," thought Lackland. "Curse him, why isn't he dead? For over a year he has been lost in the forest and thought to be dead; now, why isn't he dead?"

Lackland little dreamed that the very tools he was using were willing to betray him if they could make more out of it, and that they were trying by bribes and threats to extort from the prisoners in the cavern the secret of the cached treasure.

After Ben left the party to fulfil his orders they camped three weeks in a valley.

Laura inquired why they delayed so long, but Lackland had abundant excuses, and assured her they would go on before winter set in earnest.

Already lowering clouds had hung over the valley and covered it with snow.

At last they broke camp and were moving slowly toward the Yukon, when a dog was discovered coming toward them. Beyond a doubt it was the property of some of the Klondykers. Horsa Cummins discovered a strip of tanned skin about its neck and called the attention of Lackland to it.

He quickly removed it and read:

"We are in the forest out of food and starving. Follow on the trail at once and find us. Paul Miller and Companion."

The bit of tanned skin dropped from the trembling hand of Theodore Lackland. He pressed his hand to his forehead and groaned.

"What is it, boss?" asked Cummins.

"Go into camp. We must start at once to find some men who are starving."

When they went into camp, after taking care to see that Laura was made comfortable, he took one man and three Indians and started on the back trail made by the dog. All the while he was thinking:

"Paul Miller and one companion. Who can that companion be?"

CHAPTER XIII.

Clarence Berry and the Metlakahltians.

Clarence Berry and his brave little wife Ethel continued to heap up their golden treasure day by day, but they had not forgotten their unfortunate friend, Paul Miller. One evening, as they sat in their shanty, before the great, blazing fire, they received the usual visitors, Long Dick and Gid Myers.

"Say, ef ye want t' see d' worst old geezers ye ever clapped yer lamps upon, ye want t' go down d' camp," began Dick.

"Dun know, but it looks mighty t' me like it was some starved-out Egyptian mummies—az had been resurrected from de pyramids."

"Where are they from?"

"Metlakahlta."

"Where is that?"

"An island far away across the mountains."

Clarence opened his book again, and, casting a casual glance over the pages, remarked that he did not see what they had to do with the peace of the miners of the Klondyke. Gid was about to speak when his friend began:

"That's where yer off yer trolley, Clarence. They come without recommendation, but they spin mighty strange yarns, and old Gid he put this thing and that thing together and say they got some information."

(To be continued.)

OUR SOIL RICH IN GEMS.

Where American Precious Stones Have Been Found by Miners.

The report of the geological survey, just compiled for 1901, shows that during that year there were mined in the United States precious stones to the value of about \$300,000. When talking about rare and beautiful gems one's thoughts naturally revert to South Africa, the orient or the mountains of Asia or Europe, or perhaps to South America, but one is not likely to think of our own land yielding them; but the fact is, that no insignificant value in gems is taken from the soil right here at home. The report of the geological survey shows that during that year we mined in the United States precious stones to the value of about \$300,000.

Diamonds represent only \$100 of this amount, but the fact that they are found at all gives encouragement to the hope that paying fields of them may some time be found. Last year one diamond was found in Lee county, Georgia, where diamonds were not before known to exist. New Mexico furnished \$118,000 in turquoises, and these have been placed on the market. Montana gave us \$90,000 in sapphires, which come next. They come from Ferguson county. Granite country is now being explored for fancy colored sapphires, that give evidence of being there in paying quantities. Fine and extensive rhodolite garnet deposits are found in Macon county, North Carolina. Many dark green, blue and yellow beryls, as well as amethysts and emeralds, were found in that state. There is hardly a state of the Union in which there is not some trace of precious stones and it appears not at all unlikely that before many years we may be competing with the old world in furnishing gems.

IN A COMEDY JAIL.

Prisoners Rarely Attempt to Secure Their Liberty.

Elizabethtown, the county seat of Essex, in the Adirondacks, possesses a comedy jail. It is small, having windows secured by wooden bars, and a jail yard inclosed by a solid fence of three-quarter inch boards which a healthy male could push over with his shoulder. But the prisoners rarely, if ever, attempt to escape.

Some good stories are told by residents. It is a custom to allow the prisoners out on parole, so that they may do the grass on neighboring lawns, do garden work, or repair roads for the village or county. Recently one prisoner who should have returned at 6 o'clock did not apply for admission until nearly an hour later. The warden angrily demanded to know the reason, and added:

"Don't let this occur again or I will not allow you to come in. I lock the door at 6 o'clock and won't open it in the future for you."

Another, accused of and awaiting trial for manslaughter, overstaid his parole and pleaded as an excuse that as it was Saturday he thought he would go and spend Sunday with his wife, returning to the jail on Monday morning.

The Cranberry Crop.

From reports received from various sources it seems likely that the cranberry crop will be somewhat less than it was last year. One forecast says that Massachusetts, which last year shipped 240,000 barrels of cranberries, will this year ship only about 190,000.

New Jersey, which last year sent over 100,000 barrels, will this year have but about half that amount to sell. Wisconsin is fortunate in the possession of a crop of about 50,000 barrels, which is 10,000 barrels more than she had last year. It is probable that prices will be good, and that the eaters of turkey and cranberry sauce will pay a high price for their sauce this year, as they have been doing for a number of years. The fact is, the cranberry is yearly growing in favor, and the supply hardly keeps pace with that demand. It is not an easy matter to develop new bogs, though opportunities exist on every hand. Cranberry growing requires a good deal of brain force expenditure and a very great expenditure of muscle. Then, too, the business has not yet been reduced to a science, and we have yet to find out just how to fight some of the insect pest.

She was Persuaded to Try St. Jacobs Oil, and All Pain Disappeared Immediately.

It is undoubtedly a fact beyond dispute that the strongest advertising medium the proprietors have is that of people who recommend others to use St. Jacobs Oil. People who have themselves experienced a happy result which invariably follows the use of this great remedy, show their gratitude by recommending it to those whom they know are similarly affected. This is the case of Margaret Lee, of 71 Brightfield road, Lee Green, Wis. "Having suffered from muscular rheumatism for years and not receiving any benefit from various remedies, I used St. Jacobs Oil; pain and soreness removed at once; no return of rheumatism." St. Jacobs Oil is sold in 25 cts. and 50 cts. sizes by all druggists.

"One to-day is worth two to-morrow. Have you something to do to-morrow? Do it to-day."—Franklin.

SUFFERED SEVEN YEARS

With Catarrhal Derangements of the Pelvic Organs.



Miss Kate Brown.

Hundreds of Dollars Spent in Vain—Peruna Cured.

to you for Peruna."—Miss Kate Brown neglected gold is frequently the cause of death.

It is more often, however, the cause of some chronic disease. There is not an organ in the body but what is liable to become seriously deranged by a neglected cold. Diseases of the kidneys, bladder and digestive organs are all frequently the result of neglected cold.

Hundreds of dollars are spent on doctors and medicines trying to cure these diseases, but until the true cause of them is discovered, there will be no use in using medicine.

Dyspepsia, medicine, diarrhoea, medicine and constipation medicine is of no good—whatever when catarrh is the cause. The catarrh must be treated. The cause being removed, the derangements will disappear.

Peruna cures catarrh of the digestive organs, the urinary organs or any of the internal organs.

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.

Mexican MUSTANG LINIMENT

For the Ailments of

FOR HORSES COWS CALVES FOR MAN OR BEAST MULES SHEEP and OXEN

Mexican MUSTANG LINIMENT

The number of amateur singers who are compelled to quit art and go to work is growing larger every year.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KILNE, Ltd., 331 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Up-to-date undertakers now insist upon drivers refraining from smoking while engaged in the procession to the cemetery.

Dyspepsia—bane of human existence. Burdock Blood Bitters cures it, promptly, permanently. Regulates and tones the stomach.

A brutal man would be an ornament to any morgue.

Too late to cure a cold after consumption has fastened its deadly grip on the lungs. Take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup while yet there is time.

Patience is a virtue found chiefly in lazy people.

Don't forget to have Mrs. Austin's Pancakes for breakfast. Your grocer can supply you.

OPIMUM MORPHINE and COCAINE

disappear at once without pain and without loss of time; pay in installments. \$1,000 will be paid for any case I can cure. For particulars write Dr. H. C. KERR, 1511 Monroe St., Toledo, Ohio.

FREE ELECTRIC BELT OFFER.

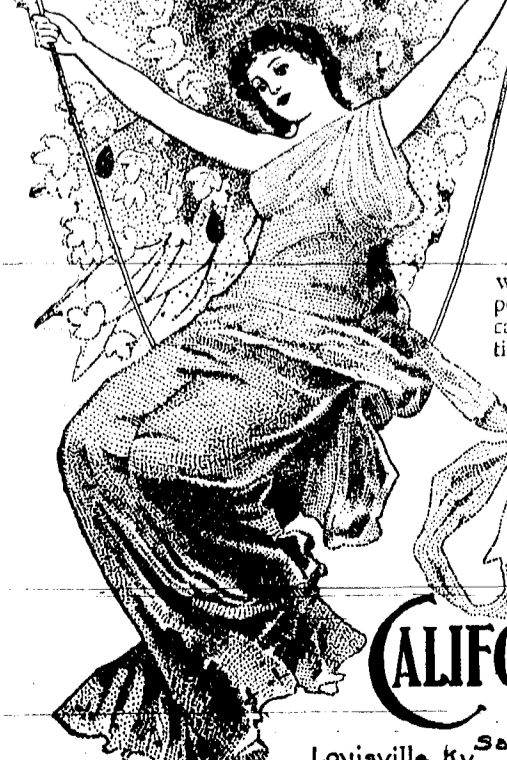


WITH TEN DAYS' FREE WEARING!

Try it on your own home, we furnish the generator and only \$1.00 for the belt. RETURN CURRENT ELECTRIC BELTS to any reader of this paper. No money in advance; very low cost; positive guarantee. COSTS ALMOST NOTHING compared with most all other treatments. Cures various ailments: electric belts, appliances and remedies for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, backache, sprains, dislocations, etc. For complete scaled confidential catalogue of this ad. and mail to us SEARS, REBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 42—1902

SYRUP OF FIGS



Acts Gently; Acts Pleasantly; Acts Beneficially; Acts truly as a Laxative.

Syrup of Figs appeals to the cultured and the well-informed and to the healthy, because its component parts are simple and wholesome and because it acts without disturbing the natural functions, as it is wholly free from every objectionable quality or substance. In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine—manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y. For sale by all druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

East Jordan Company's Store.

The People's Store

PRINTERS' INK

Is only a medium to convey a thought or suggest an idea.

You Do Well

to READ what we place before you this week.

Plain Facts about Seasonable Merchandise.

Ladies Attention:

Coats, Jackets, Capes, Skirts, \$4.00 to \$20.00.
Children's and Misses' Coats, \$2.50 to \$10.00.
Men's Overcoats, \$5.00 and up.
Boys' Reefers and Overcoats \$2.50 and up.
Men's, Women's and Children's Underwear—no cheap unworthy stuff but reliable goods that will keep the blood warm, 25c, 35c, 50c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and up.

Special Values

A broken lot of Women's and Children's Underwear 1/3 to 1/2 their former prices.

Extra Special Values

Outing Flannel, 5 cts., 8 cts., 10 cts., and 12 1/2 cts.
Bleached and Unbleached Cotton Flannel 5c to 12 1/2 c
Cotton Cloth (good value) 5c the yard.
Batting, 5c, 10c and up.
A god print, 5c.
500 yds. Dark Dress Goods, 40c, 45c and 50c value, Choice, 29c.

Our Remnants of Dress Goods and Outing Flannel are winners because of PRICE. We put about 150 on sale Saturday about 1/2 their value.

Ladies' Rain Coats 1/2 price.
Misses' and Children's Shoes, \$1.75 value, \$1.25, \$1.40 value, \$1.00 to close out. Other Bargains in Shoes also.

GLOVES AND MITTENS

We have an overstock of some lines—Children's sizes 10c, 15c, 25c. Ladies' 25c, 35c, 40c and 50c.

NEW SKIRTS

A few new Walking Skirts, latest type, see them.

Our Carpet Sale

Will soon end.

Remnants of Ingrain, 25 cts. to 30 cts. each.
Brussels Remnants, \$1.00 each.
All remaining Ingrain Carpets, 50 cts. per yard.
All remaining Brussels and Axminster Carpets, \$1.50 quality, 95 cts. per yard.

This Sale will close Nov. 5th.

FURSI FURSI FURSI

Our sale on these goods will close Wednesday November 5th.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

JOS. C. GLENN, President. W. L. FRENCH, Vice President.
GEO. G. GLENN, Cashier.
State Bank of East Jordan.
CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 SURPLUS, \$800.94.
Money to Loan on Short Time.
Deposits of \$1.00 and upward received and interest allowed if left on deposit three months or longer.
Bank Money Orders sold at lowest Rates.
Fire Insurance Written—we have seven good companies.
Private Deposit Boxes to Rent at \$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 Van Buren.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction—
Delos A. Fall, of Calhoun.
For Members State Board of Education—
Patrick H. Keeley, of Wayne,
L. L. Wright, of Gogebic.

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

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

COUNTY—
For Sheriff—
William J. Pearson, of Charlevoix.
For Register of Deeds—
Frank A. Kenyon, of South Arm.
For County Clerk—
Darwin F. Meech, of Charlevoix.
For Treasurer—
Henry C. Cooper, of Charlevoix.
For Prosecuting Attorney—
Alfred 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.

Personal Mention.

Wm. Hite went to Northport Monday to work on the Northport Beach hotel being built there.
Albert Supernaw left Tuesday morning for the Upper Peninsula with a carload of farm produce.
Miss Mina Hite is back at her old place in the telephone office again after a two weeks vacation.
A. B. Christner, of Michigan City, Ind., was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Geo. Hobbler over Sunday.
Mrs. J. N. Roy is again reported as improving and it is hoped that she will soon be able to be out once more.
Mr. and Mrs. Ransom Jones Jr. are very proud and happy over the arrival at their home on Saturday last of twin boys.
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crossman left for Chicago Wednesday morning, Mr. Crossman being called there on business.
H. Howe removed with his family the first of the week from the Harry Marshall house to the W. E. Lanway house on Second street.
There will be services in the Episcopal church next Tuesday evening, conducted by Rev. C. T. Stout, of Traverse City. A cordial invitation is extended to all to be present.
Mrs. L. A. Kenyon returned Saturday evening from Colorado. She came home a trifle sooner than she had intended on account of the illness of her daughter Mrs. John Roy.
W. J. Palmer went to Charlevoix Tuesday to attend a school of instruction for Royal Arch Masons given by the officers of the Grand Chapter there that evening. He reports a very enjoyable time.

M. H. Robertson left Wednesday for Buffalo on a business trip.

Miss McCullough departed Tuesday morning for her home in Pennsylvania.

The O. E. S. gave a very enjoyable box social in the Masonic parlors last Friday evening.

W. H. Lanway returned Saturday evening from a business trip to Port Huron and Detroit.

Wm. Hitchcock, of Lansing, has been the guest of Dr. F. A. Foster and family for several days.

Rev. Buchanan, of Akron, Mich., occupied the pulpit at the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning and evening.

Mrs. M. H. Robertson and Mrs. M. Thompson have been in attendance at the 11th district W. C. T. U. convention at Elk Rapids this week.

S. Gregory's household goods have arrived from Battle Creek and the family are expected the last of the week. We are glad to welcome Mr. Gregory and his estimable family back to East Jordan.

Dr. C. A. Sweet and Atty A. B. Nicholas returned Saturday evening from a week's outing in Southern Michigan. They report the quail shooting as being not so good as in former seasons.

W. R. Coats, an engineer from Grand Rapids, was in town the first of the week figuring on a power plant for local parties. He went from here to Petoskey to look after the city water system, which is receiving considerable attention just now owing to the prevalence of typhoid fever there.

Veterinary R. E. Pearsall is nursing a very sore hand, which was injured in a peculiar manner. Last Saturday he was filing off a broken tooth in the mouth of a mare belonging to S. J. Colter, when the animal jerked her head away and snapping her jaws shut, bit off the end of Mr. Pearsall's thumb.

NEVER ASK ADVICE.

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.

Joseph M. Kenny, of East Jordan, Mich., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Chas. F. Dixon.—Genoa Junction (Wis.) Times.

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.

D. C. Loveday is making excavations on his lot on upper Main st., south of Mrs. Bowman's residence preparatory to removing thereto the Trimble building, which he purchased some time since of Wm. Harrington.

Bad Coughs

"I had a bad cough for six weeks and could find no relief until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Only one-fourth of the bottle cured me."
L. Hawn, Newington, Ont.

Neglected colds always lead to something serious. They run into chronic bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or consumption. Don't wait, but take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral just as soon as your cough begins. A few doses will cure you then.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All drugists.
Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Oh! what shall I get to eat?

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

FOR BREAKFAST

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

FOR LUNCHEON

Long Island Wafers, Unceada Biscuit, Unceada Ginger Wafers, Cheese Straws, Graham Crackers, &c.

FOR ALL THE TIME

A Fresh and Complete stock of Groceries. Our Valley City Mocha & Java and Porto Rican Coffees are giving good satisfaction. We are handling the choicest Butter put up in small 1/2 gal. crocks and made by the best butter makers in this section—every pound guaranteed to be sweet. We can take care of your orders.

Cream of Wheat and Iron Duke flour always on hand

GAGE & CO.

Phone 32 (2 rings.)

\$15. \$15. \$15.

Buys a good Drop Head Sewing Machine at The Bridge Hardware Co's. The machines are made by the Old Reliable New Home Company and are fully warranted.

RANGES AND HEATING STOVES

Call and see the largest stock of Heaters and Ranges in Charlevoix county. We have taken great care in selecting these lines of goods and can offer you the very best made and at very attractive prices.

THE BRIDGE HARDWARE CO
EAST JORDAN, MICH.

For Sale or Rent

500 Titles by the best authors can be found in the People's Library at the Cigar Store. Let me help to pass away your time pleasantly by renting you books. Cheaper than buying them.

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. 7

THE HERALD \$1.00 PER YEAR

LOVEDAYS HARDWARE

W. A. Loveday & Co.

now have their complete line of Heating Stoves and the

30 Styles and Sizes

Present a fine appearance.

All Prices from \$2.25 to \$17.50.

A complete line of

Fall and Winter Hardware at

W. A. Loveday & Co's.

LOVEDAYS HARDWARE

Why do we feel kinder toward each other after seeing "Faust?"

Chas. Barrett has fitted up a buzz saw, which he operates with the laundry engine and is sawing slabs into stove length for his own use and for the trade.

The steamer Pilgrim struck a sunken log as she was leaving this place on her first trip last Saturday morning and received injuries which necessitated returning to her dock. The Chrysler was steamed up and put on in her place. Repairs having been completed the Pilgrim went into commission again this morning.

W. A. Morrissy returning from supper last Saturday evening attempted to turn too short at the Bank corner and was thrown from his seat striking on his head and shoulders. Mr. Morrissy was stunned by the fall and being picked up and carried into Warne's pharmacy it was several minutes before he regained consciousness. The horse ran away and scattered fragments of the delivery rig to which it was attached for several blocks.

The funeral of Mrs. John Isaman was held in Afton Sunday, Rev. John Hackett conducting the services. A large company of old friends and neighbors were present and followed the remains to their final resting place to show their last token of love and respect. Deceased leaves a husband and six children to mourn the untimely taking away of a loving wife and mother while the entire community suffers the loss of a loyal and true friend and extend their deepest sympathy to the grief stricken family.

The presentation of "Faust" at the Armorial last night was a theatrical event in the history of Bloomington. The drama was staged with especial care, the electrical and mechanical effects being of a very high order. The members of the company are all strong in their parts and were well received. The audience was the largest that has ever been in the Armorial, every seat being taken and standing room was in demand. About 800 tickets were sold and the receipts were about \$425.00.—Bloomington (Ind.) Phone.

BRONCHITIS FOR TWENTY YEARS. Mrs. Minerva Smith, of Danville, Ill., writes: "I had bronchitis for twenty years and never got relief until I used Foley's Honey and Tar which is a sure cure."

Sold by L. C. MADISON & Co.

The work of pulling sugar beets is occupying the attention of farmers now, the first consignment ever sent out from this region, three carloads, being shipped to Saginaw this week. The raising of the beets this year was an experiment and there is general dissatisfaction among the growers over the results achieved and especially over the treatment accorded them by the Sugar Co. The price allowed for the beets in some cases barely pays the cost of pulling and hauling them to market. Of course the Sugar Co. is at a great disadvantage owing to the fact that they could not get their factory ready to slice the beets this fall and the experience gained this year help the growers in caring for the crop to better advantage another season, yet under the best of conditions it is very evident that the returns from the raising of sugar beets will be far less than the growers had been led to anticipate from the glowing representations of the promoters of the project. From conversation with a number of the growers we have been led to the conclusion that in this vicinity at least it will be very difficult to secure contracts for sugar beet acreage another season.

Young Plants

Every farmer knows that some plants grow better than others. Soil may be the same and seed may seem the same but some plants are weak and others strong.

And that's the way with children. They are like young plants. Same food, same home, same care but some grow big and strong while others stay small and weak.

Scott's Emulsion offers an easy way out of the difficulty. Child weakness often means starvation, not because of lack of food, but because the food does not feed.

Scott's Emulsion really feeds and gives the child growing strength.

Whatever the cause of weakness and failure to grow—Scott's Emulsion seems to find it and set the matter right.

Send for free sample. Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 400 Pearl St., New York 30c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

THE SOCIETY EVENT OF THE SEASON.

Loveday Opera House,

One Night Only, TUESDAY, Nov. 4th.

EXTRAORDINARY ENGAGEMENT.



Mr. Porter J. White
Presents the talented actress
Miss Olga Verne

—IN—

FAUST

Positively producing the following original effects

THE

Rain of Fire,
Electric Sword Duel,
Electric Fire Flies,
Electric Flower Bed,
Electric Necklace,
Circle of Fire,
Electric Skull.

Together with electric owls, snakes and many other weird and dramatic effects.

Full Choir for the Cathedral Service and Mendelssohn Celebrated Quartette

\$1,000 FORFEITED if this is not the finest production of FAUST ever in this city.

Prices, 25c, 35c, 50c, and 75c.
Positively no higher.

Ed. Price is having his house plastered. Jas. Sufferin is doing the work.

Fire at Alva Monday morning destroyed Bell's saloon and the Tuttle House. Being without fire protection it was with great difficulty that the flames were prevented from spreading further.

The M. E. congregation gave Rev. Yost and family a reception at the parsonage Wednesday evening. The affair was in the nature of a social welcome to their new pastor. Several happy hours were spent by the pastor and his people getting better acquainted with each other.

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. PHIGBE DUFORD.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.

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

When preparing to retire Thursday night at his home in Kansas City, Frank Barber discovered the hem of a woman's skirt protruding from underneath his bed. He followed up the clew and found the woman. She could not explain her presence and was sent to jail. On the following night very few Kansas City men went to sleep until they had looked under their beds and it is said some of them sat up to watch for intruders. A perfect epidemic of hysteria prevails among the male residents and many thoughtful wives have decided it best to send their husbands out of town if another similar discovery is made.

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.

BREVITIES

Archie Couturier is the new clerk at the Commercial House.

See that your name is registered tomorrow if you wish to vote next Tuesday.

Landlord E. F. Meech of the Commercial House is suffering from an attack of the grip.

The East Jordan Dancing Club open the season with a Halloween party at Loveday Opera House to-night.

Geo. M. Huber, the nurseryman from Petoskey, is in town superintending his fall delivery of fruit trees.

The Royal Neighbors had a very enjoyable time at their opening dance at the Woodmen hall Thursday evening.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society will be held at the home of Mrs. D. Crothers next Monday evening.

All money refunded at the end of the third act to those who are in the least dissatisfied with Porter J. White's production of "Faust."

Our football enthusiasts have arranged to receive the announcement of the result of the Michigan-Wisconsin game at Chicago Saturday, by telegraph.

Manager Loveday has secured an attraction that can truly be called the society event of the season, in the production of "Faust" by Porter J. White's Co.

Michigan defeated the Ohio State University at football last Saturday running up a score of 86 to 0. Joe Maddock is credited with one of the touchdowns.

The National Grange will open at Lansing Wednesday, Nov. 12. The sessions will continue all that week and into the week following. The grange numbers 10,000 patrons.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid Society meets with Mrs. S. G. Isaman on the West Side Friday afternoon, Nov. 7th. A full attendance is desired.

G. R. Catton will occupy the Presbyterian pulpit next Sunday morning and evening. Mr. Catton is well known among our people and every pew should be filled at both these services.

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.

Rev. G. A. Weaver, of Petoskey, Sunday School missionary, was in town the first of the week arranging for the Sunday School convention to be held at South Arm Sunday, Nov. 23d.

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.

Mr. Garberson, living on the Otis farm down the lake on the west side lost six calves one day this week from eating poison. After spraying his potato vines last summer he threw out the residue of the poisonous mixture thinking that it would soon become innocuous but this did not prove to be the case and now several months afterwards eight of his calves got hold of it and as before stated six of them are dead.

The Presbyterian parsonage is being improved by the addition of a new veranda.

Mrs. H. C. Holmes was under the doctor's care the first of the week but is now much improved.

Seats will be on sale to-morrow (Saturday at Boosinger Bros.' store for "Faust." Prices, box or parquet seats 75 cts.; parquet circle, 50 cts., balcony 35 cts.

\$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.

Reuben Todd, an old settler of Wilson township died Monday from a paralytic stroke. The funeral was conducted from the Afton school house Tuesday morning, Rev. John Hackett officiating.

Next Tuesday, Nov. 4th, is election day. Don't forget to cast your ballot for the Republican nominees. They are all good men chosen on account of their particular fitness for the offices they aspire to fill. In this county there is no opposition and they are bound to be elected anyway but let us give them a good big complimentary vote just to show our good will.

Fred. Haggert returned Saturday from Port Horon where he had been in attendance at the I. O. O. F. Grand Lodge. Fred. reports a fine time, one of the most enjoyable features being a ride through the railroad tunnel under the St. Clair river. The trip was made in open cars the tunnel being lighted with an electric search light. A. H. Brown, of Traverse City, is the new Grand Master. Next year the meeting will be held in Saginaw.

In Porter J. White's production of Faust at the Loveday Opera House next Tuesday night there are nine special electric effects, in addition to his own version of the famous "Broken" scene: "The Rain of Fire;" "Electric Sword Duel;" "Fire Flies;" "Flower Bed;" "Stars;" Morning Glories;" "Necklace;" "Skull;" and "Circle of Fire;" not to mention electric owls, snakes, bats, lizards and other weird, uncanny and bloodcurdling creatures, all apparently cheerful inhabitants of this gruesome stage Hades.

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.

An exchange gives the following very sensible advice which is capable of local application:

"We never like to say anything to injure a man's business, but this juvenile courting on the streets of our village breeds pneumonia. The world loves a lover, but it has no love for the kind who do the Romeo and Juliet Business on the streets of the town, when they should be at home reading or in bed dreaming. These young people who thus court on the back streets need to be made acquainted with a shingle. There are youngsters in this town who are talking of conjugal bliss and cannot even conjugate the verb love. The boys are not more to blame than the girls; it is a mutual thing with them. What is needed is for every mother to have a curfew bell of her own, ring it and see that the girls and boys hear it ring."

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 highest priced kind.

An inspection will verify this statement.

J. L. WIESMAN

LEADER OF LOW PRICES
Loveday Block East Jordan

JEWELRY

THE BEST LINE CHARLES W. CO.

I am receiving new goods every day and am better prepared than ever before to satisfy any of my many customers. Watch, Diamond, Glass Novelties, Silverware, Flatware, etc.

FRANK MARTINEK.

Prescriptions Compounded

The Doctor's Prescription

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

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

WARNE'S PHARMACY

C. H. MADDAUGH,

MERCHANT TAILOR

SHOP ON MAIN STREET. EAST JORDAN, MICH.

Samples of the Very Latest Styles always on hand.

Alive and doing Business!

More accidents occur in runaways than in all the railroad travels 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 Bogies and P. & O. Agricultural Implements. See our Beet Cultivator.

BRING

Us your Job Printing. We will do it right.

THE HERALD.

"LI" is no longer lieutenant, but means "left tackle" now.

The pen is mightier than the sword, but the abscess knocks them both out.

May Yohe and Capt. Strong are remaining decent a long while this time—for them.

The earthquakes must be making a tour of the world. They have jumped to Turkestan.

Mr. Baer has not as yet expressed any fear of what may happen to a man who dies rich.

"Lace boleros are much worn," says a fashion item. Some of us also have fall overcoats that are.

Although the season is early, most of the Arctic explorers are home on their summer vacations.

Europe is always making complaints about the Monroe Doctrine, she can't do any doctorin' to it.

Peary says the north pole can be reached. There are others who say that perpetual motion can be solved.

If King Leopold hears what Marse Vatterson said of the "four hundred" he will take the next ship for New York.

The egg dealers, it is said, are getting together, which probably means that eggs and the people will be farther apart.

King Edward's gout has returned. It is apparent that his majesty is not giving proper attention to the new cereal foods.

The Missouri clergyman who has a scheme to merge five churches is entitled to be called a theological capitalist of industry.

Now that Zoia is dead and gone the anti-Edwards will probably make Dreyfus wish he were back at the Belle de Diabie.

Undergraduates of the Western university who were hit with the yolk of stale eggs understand something of the yellow peril.

A contest is likely to ensue over Millionaire Stratton's will. Men without fortunes do not bother their descendants with litigation of this sort.

The accounts of the battles in some of the South American republics leads to the belief that a good sprinter ought to be able to win something there.

There may be a slight shortage in turkeys this year, but the pumpkin pie crop, thanks to a gracious providence, promises to be large and luscious.

A dissatisfied guest at a Washington hotel blew up the establishment with dynamite. He got tired of blowing up the clerk and the head waiter undoubtedly.

When it is remembered that a census bureau would be required to count Brigham Young's grandsons it is not so very surprising that one of them should go wrong.

England's war secretary, Mr. Brodrick, has determined to enlist an automobile corps in the English army. What has become of those rules of civilized warfare?

Earthquakes are reported from different parts of Mexico, but, thanks to Diaz, these are the only disturbances that are likely to occur in the neighboring republic.

King Alfonso wants to rebuild the Spanish navy. All right, Alfey; rebuild it if you want to, but when you have rebuilt be careful that it shall never get into a fight.

It is said that the seven Ringling brothers who run a circus have always got along together without the least friction or discord. In other words, the Ringlings have no wranglings.

Announcement is made of the fourth elopement of Grand Duke Paul of Russia. Unless the duke's matrimonial proclivities can be restrained in some way the czar will quit trying to maintain a court.

The meanest man living is the one who tells his street car acquaintances that he bought his coat last spring and could now make \$3 or \$4 a ton on it if he chose to sell it to his less fortunate neighbors.

The mayor of Emiland in France, finding that he could not please everybody, hanged himself by his scarf of office. Evidently Lamartine's *Demos* was not part of the mayor's library.

Complaint is made at Harvard that the members of the football eleven this year are not beefy enough. But consider it, they are not millionaires.

King Alfonso has not yet found a bride to his liking. The discovery has been made that most of the eligibles are addicted to the cigarette habit.

Yankee Adventurer to Seek Land of Gold

(Special Correspondence.) The great conqueror, Cortez, and the other Spanish grandees who subjugated Central America ages ago have a modern rival to fame in one Charles Meadows. He is collecting a force with which to invade Tiburn Island, in the Gulf of California, the home of the savage Seri Indians, undoubtedly the most war-like and repulsive people on the American continent.

Through all the years since Cortez made Mexico Spanish, the Seri Indians have defied encroachment on their tiny domain. Although the island is claimed as part of the territory of Mexico, the Indians owe no allegiance to President Diaz, pay no tribute and to-day live as independently and in as fierce savagery as

The cowboy knight is now spending his time between San Francisco, Los Angeles and Yuma, collecting stores and arms and making preparations for the trip to Tiburn Island. He has a boat under construction at Yuma that will carry his little army down the Colorado river and out on the Gulf of California to the island. Stores and provisions sufficient for a cruise of several months will be carried. Each man will have his own rifle, a brace of revolvers and hunting knife—ornaments that from long habit with them have become indispensable even when on peace missions.



GRAND CANYON AND COLORADO RIVER.

when, before the coming of white men, they made war and defended themselves against the tribes of the main land and neighboring islands. The Seris were never conquered, and it is not believed they ever will be; they may be exterminated, but never subjected to any rule but that of their own making.

In the expedition which Meadows is fitting out at Yuma, Ariz., there will be none but men of proved courage, men who can shoot and fight and endure any hardship. Nearly all of them have spent years on Arizona ranges, engaging in battles with Indians and bad white men in which only the fittest survived.

Charles Meadows, the leader of the

expedition, is a man of wonderful courage and energy. He is not the rough and wild person that his favorite cognomen, "Arizona Charlie," indicates, but as modest of manner as a hazed freshman and as polished as a Fifth avenue swell. His conversation is that of the cultured traveler, not a bit of the wild and woolly westerner. In stature he is six feet four inches, as lithe as one of J. Fenimore Cooper's Indian heroes and in years he is one or two less than 40.



CANON DE CHELLEY MONUMENT.

port of a massacre has reached the capital, but before the resolution can be carried into effect the massacre is forgotten and the agitation ceases. Once President Diaz was about to send soldiers to the islands, but before the command was given the Washington ethnological bureau, asked to be allowed to collect data of the queer race of people before it was made extinct, and that was the last heard of either the data or the expedition.

TREES FOR THE ROADSIDE.

Planting of Kieffer Pears Advocated by Meehan's Monthly.

The rural resident frequently confronts himself with a question usually difficult to answer satisfactorily, namely: If I plant fruit trees along the road, a space I would like to use profitably, will I get the fruit or will the passerby? Near large cities it is frequently not simply the casual stroller along the road who picks up what he goes, but it is planned by some to go out for a mess of apples or pears for stewing. The question may as well be answered favorably for the planting, except for the annoyance depredations are sure to cause. The planting of Kieffer pears might be advocated. No boy first sampling one before he filled his pockets or bag would pick up a second. Though it may so seem, this is not slandering the quality of the pear, but rather points to the fact that unless it is worthless to the taste, and it must be picked from the tree and ripened to insure the really fine flavor it is capable of possessing. Some doubtless will say the Kieffer flower is not perfect, and requires pollen transferred by natural means from nearby trees of another variety; but evidence is abundant that it will fruit at such a great distance from other trees that doubt need not be entertained.—Meehan's Monthly.

WANTED HIM TO GO BACK.

Modest Request Made by Man Saved from Drowning.

One chilly October evening Charles Summers, at present mechanical engineer for the Chicago General Railway company, was standing on the Twenty-second street bridge, Chicago, which was swung open for repair. It was just about 7 p. m., and dark at the approach, but quite a number of people were waiting to be ferried across the river, when a man came up the street and turned directly out of the way of the crowd and walked into the river. The cry went up of "Man in river!" and Mr. Summers, being an expert swimmer, jumped from the bridge into the river, clothes and all. He managed, after striking the man several times to get him to shore. When the man revived he asked for his rescuer, and to Mr. Summers' surprise asked him "kindly go back in again and recover the cover of his lunch pail."

Thirteen Fateful to Fairs.

Margaret Luzon, the maid of the late Mrs. Charles L. Fair, who, with her husband was killed in France in an automobile accident, arrived in New York recently in the second cabin of the steamer Kronprinz Wilhelm, on her way to San Francisco to be married. She had with her Mrs. Fair's poodle dog. She said that the dog had cried all the way across, thinking that its mistress was on board. The maid attributed the death of the couple to their marriage on the thirteenth day of the month and their departure from San Francisco on the thirteenth day of the month, and that the fateful date was again marked by the arrival of their bodies in San Francisco on Sept. 13.—New York Tribune.

His Iron Lifebelt.

Some time ago, a ship which carried a few passengers, whilst crossing the Atlantic, was caught in a heavy storm.

The captain of the ship, seeing the passengers in danger of being washed overboard, ordered them to lash themselves to anything that would keep them afloat in case the ship was wrecked.

But after a time, however, the storm passed off, and a man who was one of the passengers was missed.

Thinking that the worst had happened, a search round the boat was at once made, and after a while he was found up in the bow of the boat, fast asleep, with the anchor tied to him.

Elevators of London.

Lifts in the city offices are generally too few and are painfully slow, and the sanitary arrangements are altogether inadequate. In one of the largest blocks of offices in the city the lifts resemble small open horse boxes in elegance of structure, and move round in a circle. Passengers are supposed to step in and out at will, reports the Kansas City Journal. There is no danger of accident from falling to catch these primitive lifts. No one in a hurry would use them, but would tire himself climbing five or six stories instead. He has to choose between losing time and wasting energy.

Cuba Not Explored.

After more than 400 years it appears that Cuba has not yet been entirely discovered. Much of it and many of its treasures are yet unknown, according to the recent report made by Governor General Wood. He says that after the centuries of Spanish occupancy there are large portions of the island that have never been prospected and practically remain undiscovered, so far as knowledge of what they contain goes.

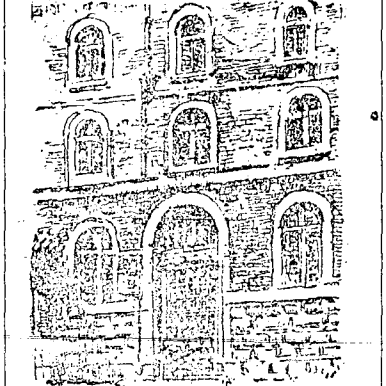
Pine Needle Oil Industry.

Mr. Hughes, our consul general at Coburg, thinks there is the suggestion of a new industry for the pine lands of the south and west of our country in the success with which the business of extracting and preparing pine needle oil is pursued in the Thuringian mountains of southern Germany. This oil finds a sale all over the world, being used for pharmaceutical purposes, for medicating baths, and so on, while the dried fibers are used for stuffing mattresses and pillows.

Famous Old Prison Is Being Torn Down

Famous Newgate prison, where so much of London's criminal history has been enacted, is being torn down. Although the present structure was erected in the eighteenth century, the gloomy building belonged more to mediaeval times, and its "Graveyard" and cells were veritable vaults, in which the unfortunate occupants may truly be said to have been buried alive.

The destruction of Newgate has been contemplated for a long time, but the actual work was not begun until the present time because of numerous obstacles. On the site will be erected a business building, and instead of gloomy cells filled with idle



The Old Prison Now Disused.

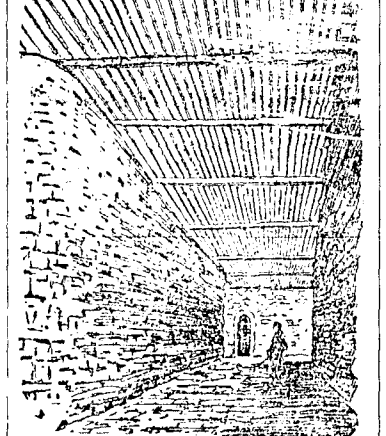
men awaiting death there will be electrically lighted offices, open and airy, and tenanted by industrious workers. The contrast could hardly be more complete.

The structure that is now being demolished is by no means the original Newgate. Several prisons have occupied this part of London, the first being one of the towers of the old city, which was at the new gate of the town wall, and which thus gave its name to the prison. It was first mentioned in 1295. The building now falling before the workers' hammers was begun in 1779, but the Gordon rioters in 1780 partially destroyed the unfinished structure.

Newgate was then rebuilt, and here were imprisoned the chief criminals of the metropolis, while those convicted of murder were publicly executed before its doors. When public executions came to be considered demoralizing and evil in their efforts upon the multitude who witnessed them, the murderers were executed within the prison and buried beneath the paving stones of the hall leading through to the Old Bailey. This hall was commonly known as the "Graveyard." Those who paid the penalty of death within these grim precincts were obliterated by means of quicklime placed in their coffins, but a token of their existence was left in the shape of an iron letter, representing the initial of their surnames and fastened in the wall over their graves.

Of late years Newgate had only been used for prisoners awaiting trial at the Central Criminal Court building and for those there condemned to death. At Newgate, moreover, only murderers whose crimes had been committed in the metropolitan district were executed. Transient murderers are hanged at Wandsworth gaol, unless otherwise ordered by the authorities. It was in 1858 that the interior of Newgate was rebuilt on the single cell system. In crowded times the prison held nearly two hundred convicts.

It was out of old Newgate that the notorious "Jack" Sheppard broke, and the story of his escape, although it is



The Burial Ground.

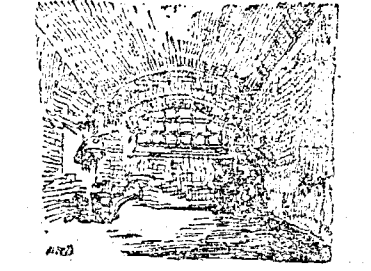
now nearly two hundred years old, is being retold by Londoners at the present time. "Jack" Sheppard, like many another criminal, owed his downfall to the company of bad women. His father was a carpenter, and a man of sterling honesty. The boy was also apprenticed to a carpenter, Owen Wood; but he fell into the society of bad companions near by, at the Black Lion, in Drury Lane. Here he met "Boss" Lyon and "Poll" Maggott, who began to incite him to theft.

After many robberies of increasing boldness, "Jack" Sheppard was captured, tried and sentenced to death in Old Bailey. But he had been supplied with a file by "Poll" Maggott and "Boss" Lyon, and he adroitly managed to escape. His liberty was of short duration, and ten days later he was recaptured and placed in the strongest cell of Newgate, known as the Castle. Here he was "chained with two ponderous staples to the floor." Nearly all London flocked to see the prisoner, who, despite all the care that was taken, had secreted a

small file in his Bible, and a complete set of tools in the rushes of his chair.

The guards inspected his chains on September 16, 1724, and left him at 2 o'clock in the afternoon for the remainder of the day. Sheppard then made his last and most wonderful escape. After freeing himself of his manacles and snapping the chains which held him to the floor, he removed a stout iron bar from the chimney and climbed up the flue. After forcing several heavy bolted doors by an almost incredible exertion of strength and ingenuity, he found himself upon the upper leads.

But, just when his escape was all but accomplished, the convict was compelled to retrace his steps to his cell to get his blanket, by which he might let himself down to an adjoining roof twenty feet below. The return trip was made in safety, and, dropping to the roof, he entered a garret window, and thence slipped unnoticed into the purlieus of Smithfield. Passing down Gray's Inn lane to the fields, he spent two or three days in an old house by Tottenham Court. Five days after his escape he went to a cellar by Charing Cross, where all were talking about "Jack" Sheppard. He then broke into a pawnbroker's shop, decked himself out in smart clothes and drove past Newgate in a closed carriage. The next day he treated his mother to three quarters of brandy, and then drank himself silly at Beer's tavern, Maypole alley. In this state he was captured and taken back to Newgate. The turnkeys, despite their disgrace, turned the occasion to one of gain, and charged the multitude of curious visitors 3s. 6d. a head to see their capture. He was watched night and day until November 16, when his execution was witnessed by over 200,000 persons, at Tyburn. A riot, which broke out over the disposal of the corpse, had finally



A Cell.

to be quelled by the military with fixed bayonets. Such was the end of the career of the most notorious prisoner of Newgate.

Accepted in Cipher.

A young man in Elmira, N. Y., recently proposed to the girl of his choice, making his declaration by mail, because he thought that in that way he could do himself better justice. He was in his office a day or two later when a messenger boy arrived with this enigmatical telegram: "Isle of View.—E w e r s." He was convinced that the message had something to do with his proposal, but he could not decipher it. He went to consult his mother. She read the telegram over once or twice, shook her head and then read it aloud. But what she said sounded like: "I love you—yours." The son snatched the message out of his mother's hand and read it once more. Then he shouted: "It's all right, mother," and dashed for the telegraph office, where he sent a return telegram.

The Simple American Fashion.

Royalty is given to a useless expenditure of words, as of everything else. In drinking to the health of the czar the shah of Persia said: "I take this God-given opportunity to thank your majesty for the kind sentiments and kind, sympathetic and pleasant welcome which I have received in your empire. In the hope that the ties uniting the two countries, already so firm, will be drawn still closer than they have been in the past, I drink to the health of your majesty, their majesties the empress and your august family, to the happiness, glory and long duration of your reign and to the prosperity of your states." An American citizen would have said, "Here's hoping," with quite as satisfactory results.

After Twenty Years.

Rip Van Winkle came down the hill after his twenty years' sleep. "But my friends and relatives," he inquired, "where are they?" "Dead and buried," replied the strangers as they led him away weeping.

Testimonial to Henrik Abel.

Hornson was the author of the text of the cantata which was sung at Christiania the other day by way of celebrating the hundredth birthday of Norway's famous mathematician, Henrik Abel. About 300 guests from foreign countries were invited and Prof. F. Nansen presided at the banquet. Although Abel lived only twenty-seven years, he was repeatedly invited to a professorship in Berlin, but his patriotism caused him to decline the invitation, notwithstanding his poverty.

AMERICAN TROOPS INFLECT DECISIVE DEFEAT ON FILIPINO INSURGENTS.

CONQUEROR OF MOROS, SULTAN KILLED, TYPICAL NATIVES.



MORO OFFICERS AND WARRIORS.



SULTAN OF CABAGULAN

CAPT. PERSHING

In a recent expedition against Filipino insurgents Capt. John J. Pershing's column completely routed the Maclu Moros in the island of Mindanao, killing or wounding a hundred of them and capturing and destroying forty forts. Two Americans were wounded.

The Moros had retired to their largest and strongest fort on the lake shore, and Capt. Pershing attacked them with artillery, bombarding the enemy for three hours. Lieut. Loring, leading a squad of men, attempted to set fire to the fort. He crept under the walls and started a blaze, but the Moros discovered him and forced the Americans to retreat.

The Sultan of Cabagulan led a sortie at the head of a band of fanatics armed with kris. They crept

through the grass and sprang up and attacked the Americans.

The Sultan was wounded six times and bled an American before he died. His followers were killed.

In the darkness Capt. Pershing took his batteries within a hundred yards of the fort, closed in his infantry lines and resumed the attack. The Moros broke through twice and attempted to escape by the beach, but

were discovered and many of them were killed.

The Moros abandoned the fort after fifteen hours' bombardment and Capt. Pershing destroyed the rest of the forts and returned to Camp Vicars.

It is believed the moral effect of the defeat of the Moros will be great. Gen. Davis ordered that hostilities be stayed in order to permit the Sultan of Bacool and other hostile Sultans to make peace.

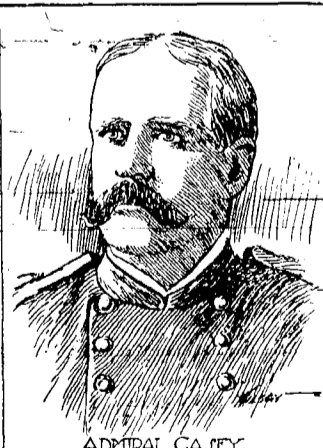
The Sultans of Maclu were confident of their ability to defeat the Americans and vowed before the fight to enter slavery voluntarily if they themselves were defeated.

Gen. Davis sent Gen. Sumner, in command of the American force in Mindanao, a congratulatory telegram on the success of Captain Pershing and the small American loss.

CASEY A CIVIL WAR VETERAN.

United States Admiral Has a Distinguished Naval Record.

Admiral Sitas Casey, U. S. N., who forbade the Colombian government forces to transport munitions of war or unarmed soldiers over the isthmian railway, is one of the few American naval officers still on the active list who saw service in the civil war. He was graduated from the naval academy in 1860 and was assigned as executive officer of the gunboat Wissahickon, which took a prominent part in the attack on Charleston under Ad-



ADMIRAL CASEY

miral Dupont. He served on the Quaker City in the attack on Fort Fisher, and later commanded in the assault on Fort McKee. In 1889 he was made captain, and in 1898 was promoted to the rank of commodore.

Good Bag of Mountain Lions.

Mrs. A. F. Dobrowsky, the young and pretty wife of a jeweler, killed two mountain lions on Sunday at Bear mountain. The man and his wife go every Sunday into the woods, but last Sunday she killed her first mountain lion. She was alone on the mountain-side when she was attracted by the baying of her hound. She found he had a large lion up a tree. As she prepared to shoot at it she saw a second lion looking hungrily at her through the thick foliage. Just then her husband came up attracted by the noise of the dog. At the count of three the two rifles rang out and two tawny brutes fell to the earth mortally wounded. As they rolled in their death struggles Mrs. Dobrowsky saw

WOMEN ELECTORS IN NORWAY

Experiment Seems Likely to Prove a Great Success.

In Norway the women have for the first time taken part in the municipal elections, for, according to the Law law, any Norwegian of the male sex is a municipal elector, and this without the payment of any tax. It is to correct the liberalism that the electoral qualification has been given to woman, which qualifications apply to any unmarried woman, the tax being 300 crowns in the country and 400 in the city. Further, all married women are electors whose husbands are taxed from 300 to 400 crowns, and thus a total of 200,000 women have become municipal electors, comprising therein the women of all classes, working women and women of the middle classes as well as those of the highest social group. Not only are the women electors, but they are also eligible for election, and, in consequence, the municipality of Bodo has elected Mr. and Mrs. Aspelund, and Christiania has two women councillors in the municipal assembly.—Public Opinion.

GOOD ASPHALT IN MEXICO

American Company Formed to Work the Deposits There.

Attention has lately been turned, says Modern Mexico, toward the deposits of asphalt in Mexico. That these exist in various parts of the republic has been known for some time, but no effort has been made until lately to place this material on the market. Now several companies are at work quietly exploiting beds of asphalt in different parts of the south and southeast of Mexico. Among others who are investing money in this enterprise is ex-Gov. Hogg of Texas, who has secured a concession along the line of the Monterey and Gulf road in the state of Tamaulipas. A strong force of skilled workmen from the United States is at work, and machinery is on the way to further develop the asphalt deposits. It is the intention of ex-Gov. Hogg to export most of the asphalt from his mines to the United States. He claims that the asphalt deposits of Tamaulipas are of vast extent and excellent quality.

ARCHBISHOP KAIN IS ILL.

Fear Felt for Head of St. Louis Archdiocese.

Archbishop John J. Kain, whose disposition of the past six months has just developed into a critical illness, has been the official head of the archdiocese of St. Louis since 1895, and had been coadjutor for several years previously during the infirmity of the venerable Archbishop Kenrick. Before his advent in St. Louis Archbishop Kain had been bishop of Wheeling, W. Va., and his early services to the church were spent in missionary work in the Blue Ridge



Archbishop Kain.

Mountains of the old Dominion. He is 61 years of age and a public-spirited citizen. He was born in West Virginia.

Workmen's Baths.

Bathing facilities are provided for the employes of a great paint factory in Cleveland, Ohio. All are encouraged to take daily shower baths, and the men of the "dry-color department" are absolutely required to do so in the interest of their health. Before the rule was made it was a rare thing for any man to work more than a month in the department mentioned, owing to the injurious action of the lead used in making dry colors. Nowadays, men are able to work years in this department, and not more than one in twenty appears to be injuriously affected by the lead.

Lunatics on the Increase.

Since 1858 the number of lunatics in Scotland has increased by 180 per cent while the population increase has been only 49 per cent.

Philosophical Observations

By BYRON WILLIAMS

Did you ever ponder on the uses of newspapers? They are printed to read, but there are people who boast they never read their home papers—merely use them for pantry shelves, etc.—principally etc.

The Value of the Modern Newspaper.
If papers are to be used on pantry shelves some fancy figures should be cut in the edges. Fold the paper and with the scissors cut a pretty dido or monogram. Then spread on the shelves. The monogram border cannot fail to inculcate a love of the beautiful in little Willie when he slips into the pantry in search of jam.

The newspaper is very good underpinning for carpets. Mop the floor clean, lay papers flat and roll carpet over them to place. This is much better than the old way of placing straw beneath the carpet. It is more intellectual and obviates the undesirable presence of an occasional corn cob, horseshoe or the false teeth of a cow which now and then get into the straw pile and under the carpet.

Mr. Weary Wandering Raglets, cousin to Dusty Rhodes, has also discovered a use for newspapers. They are his mattress and his coverlet in the palace box car where he sleazeth. Verily, he is kept from pneumonia thereby.

Newspapers have been used for stuffing sofa pillows, but we would not recommend them for this purpose. They are not apt to retain that pristine rectness for which they are noted when in wad form—and they rattle! This is very objectionable to young ladies who are trying to get Steadyboy to "break over!"

As moth preventatives newspapers are worth their weight in gold. First, get a sealskin. If this causes inconvenience buy a canine cover. Wrap said furry garment carefully in newspapers. Pin shut all the apertures in the paper. Pepper freely and serve—er, we mean hang carefully in the closet. If the newspaper is real hot editorially pepper will not be necessary. We will give a written guaranty with this usage. It is simply inviolate, as it were.

Newspapers are also useful in the toilet. Torn into bits and used as curl papers they transform Curly Locks' locks into distracting little ringlets.

As goat fodder newspapers have no superior, even tin cans being relegated to the spinal column—that is, to the back.

For wrapping furniture and picnic dinners newspapers are very handy and sell for so much per pound. By the way, what is it the young woman wraps in a newspaper when she goes to stay all night with a friend on the North Side?

Newspapers are used to do up other things—politically as well as in a domestic sense.

Medicinally newspapers are great benefactors. A newspaper is a non-conductor of heat and a retainer of electricity. Therefore any man or woman who will wear a newspaper across his or her chest will avoid sudden colds and influenza.

A newspaper makes an excellent football and very few men there are who don't take a kick at it occasionally.

Housewives find newspapers useful in defeating the intentions of the ice trust. A newspaper wrapped carefully about the congealed cake in the ice-box will prolong the size of the cooling chunk many hours.

There is a slang assertion that the newspaper "cuts some ice," but this is not meant literally.

Newspapers may also be used to wrap about foot-warmers in the winter season, thereby retaining the warmth in the soapstone and making matrimony that much easier for the young man who has Tootsie out for a sleighride.

Dressmakers use newspapers from which to cut patterns, once again testifying to the fitness of the great American news-dispenser. Newspapers are, therefore, often close to women, and their popularity with the fair sex is not to be wondered at.

The colored supplement of a newspaper is useful not only to the colored people for fly killers, but when covered with water and set in the pantry of a fashionable white man's palace will kill cockroaches.

As window polishers newspapers have no equal, thus assisting to "let a little sunshine in!"

Newspapers have long been in use as lamp chimney cleaners, thereby assisting "to keep thy lamp burning, my brother!"

As a morning fire starter the newspaper is simply indispensable. It is safe and reliable, never explodes and is always handy.

Love-sick couples in the park find newspapers acceptable as a base for Cupid's maneuvers, thereby avoiding dampness and the wilting of crinoline.

Newspapers are useful for spreading on newly varnished or dew-wet chairs, and seldom "off-set" unless the person camps on the paint-box supplement.

Johnnie could not make his kite's tail without the newspaper. Thus many an editorial is elevated above its original eminence.

Laura cuts the newspaper into mimic men. Thereby many a newspaper man is made—not born!—By this same process such a condition is pre-empted that an editorial writer knows not his own child after Laura has made doll-babies of his effort.

When the towel has forgotten to come home from the laundry there is the ever-faithful newspaper helping along the practice embodied in the Biblical assurance that "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

A thrifty housewife rolls newspapers, ties a string around the middle, breaks the roll in the center and uses the papers for coat and dress hangers. This is a simple usage. All one needs is ingenuity, the papers, a string—and an extra coat.

It is said by a reasonable authority that newspapers are used in the stuffing of bustles—but we do not speak from knowledge or even belief in this regard. However, we can see no reason why newspapers would not answer this purpose, being light, cleanly and non-aromatic.

Every good housekeeper knows the value of newspapers about moving time. She wraps them about her fruit jars and dishes and stuffs the intellectual sheets between the breakables in great wads.

When Mr. Wise Boy sweeps his office, which he does faithfully every three months, he tears newspapers into bits, then sprinkles them as they lie scattered over the floor. When he sweeps the bits keep the dust down and grapple the dirt.

On a cold, cold night when the janitor has neglected to spend as much money in coal as the lease calls for, carefully spread newspapers between the quilts. There will be more crackle and snap in the bed coverlet than usual, but you will sleep as cozy as the proverbial bug in a rug.

Newspapers are often used to place over the backs of pictures, thereby keeping dust from the cherished production.

When the wind howls with glee in winter, raise the window sash and shut it down upon a paper neatly folded. Thus will you calk the crack and defy Boreas.

What would the rag-picker do without the newspaper—likewise the "rag chawer"?

But why continue? The uses of newspapers are multifarious and to continue to the end of the category would be like staying until the close of a Chinese opera or a continuous Chicago vaudeville.

What shall we do with our anarchists? The suggestion most in favor is to place them on a lonely island from which they cannot escape, and leave them to the tender mercies of their own dynamite. An Irishman has moved to amend this by taking the anarchists away out to sea, there leaving them to hunt their own island.

There are other things we might do to the anarchists. We might parcel them out as sheep herders, far apart on the plains of aridness. The ceaseless beat of sheep superinduces craziness. Everybody knows that a crazed anarchist is a better citizen than when in his right mind, and then, too, there is the excuse: "To the mad house!"

Another punishment, if not too drastic, can be recommended. Give each howling anarchist a Washington hand-press, a shirt-tail full of type and a shooting-stick and set him to running a country newspaper out West. By the time his paper has reached Vol. I, Number 8, he will be a meek and lowly citizen, the fire having been drawn from him as the madstone sucks poison. Either that or the handles on his coffin will be rope!

There are some widows and a few old maids who could emblazon a way through the matrimonial wood to a place in history by marrying a few of the more tractable anarchists, teaching them to saw wood, mind the baby—and incidentally the head of the family. Flatirons and broomsticks are preferred weapons in this school.

And there is the Wood-choppers' Union. If the anarchists could be forced to join this, to take to the woods with a few pounds of "chow" and a double-bitted ax, and remain burrowed all winter, we would at least have the matter settled until the springtime, Gentle Annie!

But, after all, the Irishman, as usual, has made a good suggestion.

The newspapers tell of embarrassment and inconvenience caused great men in this country by the curious populace. From time immemorial this seems to have been one of the unpleasant characteristics of greatness. President Roosevelt quits work at 3:30 to avoid being intercepted by hundreds of clerks who get away from their places of labor at 4 o'clock and hurry over to the White House to "see" the President.

Cicero used to be so bored by just such curious visitors that he often slipped out of the back door of the forum to elude them. They gathered much the same as to our people, except that in most instances they insisted on accompanying him to the end of his brief journey. Fortunately the American people are content to "rubber" and not "tag."

In building your air-castle, however, it would be just as well to have a back door!

ANECDOTES OF JUSTICE GRAY.

Once Mistaken for John L. Sullivan—An Unfortunate Quotation.

Although the late Justice Gray was a man with whom people did not easily come into friendly relations, because of his somewhat austere manner, he is described by those who know him intimately as one of the most charming of conversationalists, with a range of information which was remarkable. He liked a good story, and would often tell one at his own expense. He often gave publicity to a peculiar experience which he had in a little town in Colorado some years ago. John L. Sullivan was then at the zenith of his fame, and was expected in that part of the state in a few days. The train which was carrying the Supreme Court justice made such connections at a junction point that a stop-over of one hour was necessary, and he improved the occasion to stretch his legs on the station platform.

The natives saw this great man, and began speculating as to his identity. One of the knowing ones hinted that it was John L. Sullivan and cited in evidence that he had seen "Boston" marked on one of the belongings of the distinguished-looking traveler. This was enough. The crowd gazed in mouthed wonder; the report that the greatest fighter of the country was at the station brought half the population of the town there to get a glimpse of him. The justice could not understand the meaning of such a demonstration in his honor until one of the citizens not altogether satisfied on the subject asked him: "Be you really John L. Sullivan, the prize-fighter?"

Mr. Gray used also to tell of a very religious man who had favorite passages of scripture stamped on his letter-heads, changing them from time to time. He happened to write to Justice Gray once, making a suggestion in connection with a case to come before him, on letter paper bearing these words: "Ye are bought with a price." In acknowledgment which was severely formal, the justice suggested that in the future a more apposite quotation at least should be selected.—New York Evening Post.

Who is Best Educated?

R. J. Wells, Esq., gave the teachers something practical to think about in the conundrum: "Who is the best educated person?" Various opinions were expressed by the teachers, but Mr. Wells' own answer is probably the best. The best educated person, he said, is the one who can instantly think the right thing, say the right thing and do the right thing under any and all circumstances. The best education, he said, is obtained outside of text books and schools. Lincoln, Franklin and Washington attended school and studied text books but little. And where did Shakespeare, Galileo and Darwin get their education? he asked. Certainly not in the schools or from text books. The inference to be drawn from Mr. Wells' practical talk is, "That teaching is best which induces most thought on the part of the pupils, and no teaching is really valuable which does not lead the pupils to think."—Sioux Falls (S. D.) Argus-Leader.

Where Echo Dwells.

Some summer morn immersed in calm,
When every wafture breathes of balm,
Take you the pathway under hill,
Night haunted by the whippoorwill,
Until where beech and birch confer,
And hemlocks make their harp-like stir,
A weeping amphitheater
Opens, golden green, upon the view;
There Echo dwells, and waits for you.

II.
The elderberry every hour
Adds to the purple of its dower;
With every dusk, with every dawn,
The mandrake fruit takes amber on;
A gossip brook gives happy hint
Of spruce and sassafras and mint;
While overhead, a luring tint,
The vast vault arches, virgin blue;
There Echo dwells, and waits for you.

III.
If you bespeak her loud or low,
At night heart, or at morning glow,
Trump clear, or subtle sweet and shy,
Swiftly her voice will make reply,
Never behind, or near or far,
Evasive as blown perfumes are,
Evasive as a falling star,
With all her arid retinue,
Fair Echo dwells, and waits for you!
—Clinton Scollard, in Munsey.

Death on Bicycle Thieves.

Judge John Stewart of Chambersburg, Pa., considers that those who steal bicycles should be classed with horse thieves, because persons too poor to buy horses use the silent steed instead. Two bicycle thieves were convicted in his court last week and he sentenced each of them to eight-months in the penitentiary. One of them said, impudently: "Thank you," whereupon his honor remarked: "As you are so well pleased I shall increase your term by six months."

Snag in Carnegie's Path.

One of Mr. Carnegie's libraries went to Grove City, Pa., on condition that the borough would appropriate \$1,800 annually for its maintenance. The courts have now decided that the borough had no constitutional power to make such an agreement and now the question arises whether Mr. Carnegie will take back the library and how many other gifts of his in Pennsylvania are in the same strait.

Boats Run by Electric Power.

An "electric mule" company has secured a lease of the Miami & Erie canal in Ohio, and it is promised that a fleet of forty or more boats will soon be running by electric power. The canal is 274 miles long, connecting Cincinnati and Toledo, and was completed in 1835. The first electric construction will be for sixty miles, south from Toledo or north from Dayton.

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 Japaree think it impossible for a
 groc to be honest, and the rickshaw
 boy s as rough people without any man
 rs.

There are two classes of servants,
 personal and kitchen. Kitchen serv
 ants need have no knowledge of et
 quette. They are sometimes rough
 creatures from the country, no better
 than rickshaw boys. They are dull,
 contented drudges, but Cook San (Mr.
 Cook) is held in a very differe
 mation. In a plain household he does
 all catering and keeps the accounts as
 well as superintends the ridiculous lit
 er bird's nest of charcoal ash which
 poks the meals in Japan.

The personal servants show a hu
 mility to their employers which would
 analyze an Englishman with any
 sense of humor, and their masters as
 sume an etiquette air of command,
 at from every one else these serv
 ants expect a considerable amount of
 lteness.

otel servants are male and female,
 for Europeans generally have
 housemaids as well as men wait
 and call them all "boys."
 go to a Japanese hotel for the
 time is like going to a farce. It is
 ssible to keep serious. In the din
 you are surrounded by panto
 jumps dressed in indigo cotton
 sets and hose, who run about
 jess and are called "boys" and
 like boys until the day they die.
 of them know no English except
 umbers. Each has a number to
 7, and each dish on the menu
 umber, even down to the pota

"You say if you are new to it,
 ve some 2, and I'll take some 7
 with it, please." He catches
 umbers and brings them, but
 ould have a far better chance of
 what you want if you simply
 9.
 an hardly hear yourself speak
 scruff, scruff across the floor,
 nk it is lucky they don't wear
 very grand hotels they wear
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 y don't run, and then they
 it so well, because it is not
 for a Japanese "boy" not to

anese "boy" has one good qual
 ough he cannot understand Eng
 efore you have been in the house
 days he will know your tastes,
 if you like the breast of a chicken
 ter than the leg you will get it, and
 ou will have your steak to look purple
 or turned under when it is cut, as you
 prefer.

If he saw you using a teaspoon after
 your wife, he would very likely bring
 you a used teaspoon with your next
 morning's tea. His motto is that there
 is no accounting for the madness of
 foreigners and the forms it will take.

But your bedroom boy is a very dif
 ferent person. He has intelligence and
 often a fair command of English.
 There is nothing that a Japanese
 room boy cannot do. I would trust him
 to mend my watch. I have tried him
 on such varied problems as luring a
 frightened canary back to its cage,
 fishing up a small coin that had fallen
 through a crack in the floor and mend
 ing the lock of a portmanteau. One of
 them even said that he could take in a
 felt hat which I gave him so large for
 him that his ears did not stop it.

The Japanese like their hats to rest
 upon their ears. They can mend your
 clothes or put a button on and are
 handier than sailors. They expect you
 to show them all your purchases and
 always tell you how much more or how
 much less you ought to have paid.
 In the transient life of a hotel you
 see the farcical side of Japanese serv
 ants. The pristine and sentimental side
 you only get in a private family, where
 the servants, like the pages of the mid
 dle ages, may be equal in birth to their
 masters, but willing to do service in
 his household because he is a famous
 poet or noble or man of science, so as
 to gather the crumbs of education
 which fall from his table.—Exchange.

Economy.
 Fudge—Yes, Splinks has a splendid
 system of economy.
 Judge—How so?
 "He goes to work and lays aside
 money for something he doesn't need."
 "No economy in that."
 "Isn't there? Well, by the time he
 has the money saved he always finds
 out he doesn't want the thing—and
 then the money is saved."—Baltimore
 Herald.

An Annoying Insinuation.
 "I don't suppose he meant anything
 unkind," said the young woman, "but
 it was a very startling coincidence."
 "What do you mean?"
 "Just before Harold and I got mar
 ried his friends persuaded him to join
 a 'don't worry' club."—Washington
 Star.

One of the worst things that can hap
 pen a young man is to get the notion
 that he can't have a good time without
 wasting his money.—Acheson Globe.

THE SNIPE.

Much Lead Is Wasted on the Artful
 Dodger at Migration Time.

The snipe, properly Wilson's snipe,
 Gallinago delicata, but commonly
 known as English snipe and wrong
 fully called half a dozen other names,
 is a widely distributed species. It vis
 its every state at some season. Its
 northward migration extends within
 the arctic circle, while it is known to go
 southward to northern South America
 and the West Indies. Comparatively
 few of the birds which move north
 ward from February until May head
 south of the International line. It is
 quite true there are breeding grounds
 at various points of the northern states,
 but the great breeding range extends
 from latitude 42 degrees north to some
 undetermined point much nearer the
 pole than most sportsmen will venture.
 Some time in September the first
 southbound birds pass below the Cana
 dian grounds, and soon rest of the
 suitable marshy bits of east and west
 have their share of long billed prizes.
 Then begins an astonishing attack
 which extends from ocean to ocean and
 generally sweeps southward from Cana
 da to California. Probably tons of
 lead, half of which is wasted, are fired
 at the artful dodger.—Edward Savoy,
 San Antonio.

That Awful Boy Jones.
 Fifty or more years ago "that awful
 boy Jones" was the torment of Queen
 Victoria's life, and his short career in
 public contains a mystery which would
 try the mettle of Sherlock Holmes.

He was a barber's apprentice, who du
 ring some misadventure discovered a
 passage into Buckingham palace, wh
 ich he alone was acquainted with. When
 he was first found trespassing, he was
 gently admonished and sent home.
 Soon after he was encountered again
 in the palace. He would not tell how
 he obtained access. Again he was sent
 home, and again he reappeared.

Once he calmly admitted that he had
 been lodging in the palace for a fort
 night. He had laid snug during the
 day, sleeping in the royal apartments,
 and at night had wandered from room
 to room, helping himself to the food
 left over from royal repasts. He had
 seen the queen repeatedly and indeed
 had never been far from her.

The matter was considered so serious
 that the boy was summoned before a
 special meeting of the privy council.
 He refused to give any account of his
 secret. Soon after he disappeared, and
 it is supposed that he was removed
 under state protection.

Promising For the Tenors.
 Three tenors while strolling in Paris
 began to talk of their engagements for
 the coming season.

"Where are you two fellows going?"
 asked one.

"I'm going to Rio Janeiro," answered
 one of his companions.

"So am I," answered the other one.

"That's very queer," said the first
 speaker, "for I'm going there too."

They then compared notes and, find
 ing that the same theatrical manager
 had engaged each of them, they called
 on him and asked for an explanation.

"I don't see why any of you should
 be dissatisfied," he replied. "I've en
 gaged each of you because I don't want
 to be left without a tenor in Rio Jan
 eiro. It is very probable that before
 you are acclimated there yellow fever
 will carry off two of you, and wouldn't
 I be in a nice fix then if I hadn't a
 third tenor on hand?"

The Value of a Struggle.
 It is a curious fact in the history of
 nations that only those which have had
 to struggle the hardest for an exist
 ence have been highly successful. As
 a rule the same thing is true of men.
 One would think that it would be a
 great relief to have the bread and bu
 tter problem solved by one's ancestors
 so that one might devote all his ener
 gies and time to the development of
 the mental and spiritual faculties. But
 this is contrary to the verdict of his
 tory and the daily experience of the
 world. The strugglers, those born to a
 heritage of poverty and toil and not
 those reared in the lap of fortune,
 have, with a few exceptions, been the
 leaders of civilization, the giants of
 the race.—Success.

A Straight Tip.
 Little Boy—I say, mamma says you
 are going to take sister away.

Engaged Young Man (soon to be mar
 ried)—Yes, in a few weeks she's com
 ing to my home, and my mamma and
 papa will be her mamma and papa.

Little Boy—See, then she'll be your
 sister same as she was mine. BUT, I
 say, don't you do anything she doesn't
 like, for, if you do, she'll bang you
 about awfully when your mamma and
 papa ain't looking.

The Millennium.
 Little Dot—I know something my
 teacher doesn't know.

Mamma—Indeed! What is that?
 "I know when the world is coming
 to an end and she doesn't. I asked
 her and she said she didn't know."
 "Oh, well, who told you?"
 "Uncle John. He said the world
 would come to an end when children
 stopped asking questions that nobody
 could answer."

Geraldine's Preference.
 Mother—If you are a good girl, Ger
 aldine, I will consent that you shall
 have another piece of cake.

Geraldine—I would prefer, maw, that
 you should make that indulgence de
 pendent on the cake's being good.—
 Richmond Dispatch.

People who sell newspapers in the
 streets of Moscow are compelled to ap
 pear in uniform.

Those who have disagreeable news
 to tell you always find you in.—Ache
 son Globe.

THE FASTING FAD.

There Is No Advantage to Be Gained
 From Going Hungry.

We are living in an age of fads, re
 marks Good Health, and as its opinion
 has been solicited in regard to the
 "fasting fad" it proceeds to give it as
 follows:

There is no particular advantage to
 be gained from going hungry. Hunger
 is the voice of nature telling us that
 the system needs food and, like all of
 nature's warnings, should be heeded.
 To be sure, a great many, we might
 say the majority, of people eat too
 much as well as too often. But the
 entire abstinence from food is an ex
 ceptional remedy if it is used at all.
 In cases where one's stomach is filled
 with germs it is far better to fast than
 to go on eating in the usual way, but
 even then it is not necessary, for one
 can get all the benefits of fasting and
 more without discomfort by subsisting
 for a time upon a fruit diet. In this
 way the germs are starved out, the
 fruit juice acting as a disinfectant.
 Usually one or two days of this kind
 of fasting is all that is needed, and
 it is not always necessary to use the
 fruit entirely alone even then. Some
 dry sterilized bread, such as zwieback
 or graham, may be taken with it with
 out interfering with the purpose of the
 fast. It is really wonderful what can
 be accomplished by the use of fruit in
 ridding the digestive tract of germs.

Eau de Cologne.
 How many of those who use eau de
 cologne from Cologne daily, one might
 almost say hourly, are aware of the
 fact that it was invented by an Italian
 and not by a son of the Fatherland,
 which gives its name?

Almost 200 years ago an Italian
 priest, Giovanni Maria Farina, eked out
 his modest fortune by selling perfum
 ery, little art objects and so on at Do
 mospolina. In 1702, happening to be
 in Cologne and making use of some of
 the finest vegetable productions of the
 country, he discovered the secret of the
 miraculous perfume, which has
 never been revealed to this day except
 to his descendants. He soon devoted
 himself to the sale of his invention,
 which was so satisfactory that, need
 ing help in its manufacture, he had his
 brother and nephew join him from
 Italy.

The increasing fame of the water
 brought increasing difficulties of rival
 ry. New firms who stole his name, his
 trademarks, stamps and so on sprang
 up like mushrooms, but they could not
 steal his secret.

Smoking a Narghile.
 "The narghile is the best instrument
 to smoke tobacco through, provided you
 use it in the right way," said a man
 who knows. "Most people use it in the
 wrong way. They load it with tobacco
 and light up with a match as though
 it was a pipe they were smoking. This
 is incorrect, and the narghile, so
 abused, has an abominable taste and
 odor. The right way to use the nar
 ghile is first to dip your tobacco in
 water, squeeze the water out and place
 the soaked, damp mass in the pipe
 bowl. Then you take a lump of burn
 ing charcoal and set it on the top of
 the wet tobacco and begin to smoke.
 The tobacco itself, you see, is not really
 alight; it's the charcoal that's alight; it
 is the burning charcoal that cuts the
 tobacco up. This is the secret of nar
 ghile smoking. And a narghile, smoked
 properly, is delicious—unlike, in fact,
 the very best smoke in the world."—
 Philadelphia Record.

Her Great Fault.
 A Georgia citizen recently said that
 while riding out from Savannah on
 horseback he saw a typical southern
 man outside a whitewashed cabin,
 while on the lawn in front a bevy of
 young colored children were playing.
 There were eight of them altogether,
 seven of their number being very, very
 dark, while the eighth one was light
 complexioned.

"You've got some fine looking chil
 dren there, auntie," he said.
 "Dead 'n' hub, boss," she replied.
 "Dere ain't any better pickaninnies in
 dere whole state of Georgia den dat first
 seven, but dat eighth one, dat mulatto,
 she done make me more trouble dan de
 whole oder seven put togadder."
 "In what way?" I asked. And she
 replied:

"Cause she done show dirt so easy!"

Chased and Refined.
 At a recent police court sitting a man
 was fined 40 shillings and costs for as
 saulting a policeman. Considering him
 self a much injured man, on reaching
 the dog, he began abusing the magis
 trate in very violent language. The
 magistrate sent an officer after him,
 and the delinquent found himself once
 more in the dock and fined again for
 contempt of court.

"My man, if you had been more
 chaste and refined in your language,"
 said the magistrate, "you would not
 have been chased and re-fined."—Lon
 don Tit-Bits.

How Goshawks Are Trained.
 A French traveler states that the
 goshawk is still used in Persia in hunt
 ing the gazelle and that it is trained to
 feed on that creature's beautiful eyes
 by placing its food in the emptied eye
 balls of a stuffed gazelle, so that when
 used in the hunt the goshawk stops its
 victim by attacking its eyes, a horribly
 cruel form of sport.

A Lovers' Quarrel.
 "Hailon, Filzy! where did you get
 that black eye?"
 "Oh, it was only a lovers' quarrel."
 "Lovers' quarrel! Why your girl
 did not give you that, did she?"
 "No; it was her other lover."

The ink of the Greeks and Romans
 was merely lampblack mingled with
 gum in the proportion of three parts of
 the former to one of the latter.

Frank A. Kenyon,

Register of Deeds

and Abstracter.

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



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