

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 6.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, NOV. 21 1902.

No 13

## Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND  
CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

**WILL RICHARDSON'S**

State Street Grocery.

Drink to it when Awake. Dream of it when Asleep!

and let it weight your eyes with peaceful slumber when sleepless nights descend. All this and more too if poor cigars is your trouble. Try the

Pride of Charlevoix

and be convinced of its high merits. 5 cts. at all first class cigar stands.

**R. J. Steffes.**

Warne Block

### THREE NIGHTS' ENGAGEMENT.

Marks Bros.' dramatic and vaudeville company No. 1 opened a three nights' engagement at Loveday Opera House Thursday evening, the opening number being "The Soldier of France." The house was comfortably crowded parties coming from Charlevoix, Belaire, Hitchcock and other places. Tom Marks, the inimitable Irish comedian in the roll of Major O'Hara kept the audience convulsed with laughter. The various other rolls were well sustained, the costumes and scenery elegant. High class specialties, illustrated songs, etc., fill up the waits between acts, making a practically continuous performance. Friday night "The Night Before New Years" he'd the boards. Saturday night it will be "The Rose of Kerry." They also give a matinee Saturday afternoon for the ladies and children. Marks Bros.' is certainly the best repertaire company that has ever visited East Jordan.

### A POLICEMAN'S TESTIMONY.

J. N. Patterson, night policeman of Nashua, Ia., writes, "Last winter I had a cold on my lungs and tried at least a half dozen advertised cough medicines and had treatment from two physicians without getting any benefit. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and two-thirds of a bottle cured me. I consider it the greatest cough and lung medicine in the world."

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

### MORTALITY IN MICHIGAN.

There were 2,360 deaths reported to the Department of State for the month of October, a decrease of 188 deaths from the preceding month. The death rate was 11.4 per 1,000 population, as compared with 12.6 for September.

There were 470 deaths of infants under 1 year; 181 deaths of children aged 1 to 4 years inclusive, and 607 deaths of elderly persons over 65 years of age. Important causes of death were as follows: pulmonary tuberculosis, 143; other forms of tuberculosis, 19; typhoid fever, 84; diphtheria and croup, 73; scarlet fever, 19; measles, 2; whooping cough, 13; pneumonia, 149; diarrhea and enteritis, under 2 years, 120; cancer, 104; accidents and violence, 188. A decrease was shown in mortality from tuberculosis, whooping cough and diarrheal diseases from the preceding month and an increase in the deaths from diphtheria and pneumonia.

Two deaths from smallpox were reported, one in the city of Mt. Clemens

and one in Detroit. One death from hydrophobia was reported from Grand Rapids.

The Postoffice Department will soon issue a new postage stamp of the two cent denomination. Washington's portrait, which has appeared upon the common letter postage stamp since the beginning of the use of stamps, except during the single year 1869, will again occupy the position of honor upon the label, but the bust of Washington, so long familiar to the public, will disappear, probably forever. The portrait of Washington drawn from Jean Antoine Houder's profile cast is abandoned to be succeeded by a photo direct from Gilbert Stuart's famous painting which now adorns the National capitol building. This photo will occupy the central oval somewhat smaller than the oval in the current stamp. Above this, in a panel, are the words: "United States of America" and draped upon either side, occupying two-thirds the length of the stamp, are two flags forming a back ground against which the oval seems to rest. Immediately beneath the bust of Washington appears his name and at the side in small figures the dates of Washington's birth and death, 1732-1799.

H. C. Jackson of the Michigan Maple company, which controls the output of 15 large mills located in the lower peninsula among the lakes, says that while nobody can say positively at this time what the output of the mills will be this winter he does not think that it will be very much in excess of the demand. Prices will be gradually advanced. The great bulk of the maple lumber now manufactured goes into maple flooring, everyone having a boiler and engine, seemingly going into the maple flooring business. Maple is being used in many other ways. A few years ago the manufacturers of agricultural implements thought that nothing but ash would answer but now they are glad to get maple.—Grand Rapids Herald.

### HE COULD HARDLY GET UP.

P. H. Duff, of Ashley, Ill., writes, "This is to certify that I have taken two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure and it has helped me more than any other medicine. I tried many advertised remedies but none of them gave me any relief. My druggist recommended Foley's Kidney Cure and it has cured me. Before commencing its use I was in such a shape that I could hardly get up when once down."

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

### WAS SHE TO BLAME?

A story that for dramatic intensity and power has never been excelled. There is an intermingling of pathos and comedy, tears and laughter. A homespun ideal, it contains a rich vein of rural simplicity, of green lanes and shady dells; it is of true heart interest, free from vulgarity and ribald jest, as pure and sweet as a breath of new-mown hay, and as ever welcome as the violets in spring. It is interpreted by a carefully-selected company with perfect stage environments, and has been pronounced by both press and public an exceptionally powerful and pleasing production.

To miss this charming life story is to miss one of the rarest dramatic treats of the decade. At the Loveday Opera House Thanksgiving night. 25-35-50c. Seats on sale Tuesday.

### THIRTY YEARS OLD.

The Christmas (December) number of the Delinicator is also the Thirtieth Anniversary number. To do justice to this number, which for beauty and utility touches the highest mark, it would be necessary to print the entire list of contents. It is sufficient to state that in it the best modern writers and artists are generously represented. The book contains over 230 pages, with 34 full-page illustrations, of which 20 are in two or more colors. The magnitude of this December number, for which 728 tons of paper and six tons of ink have been used, may be understood from the fact that 91 presses running 14 hours a day, have been required to print it; the binding alone of the edition of 915,000 copies represented over 20,000,000 sections which had to be gathered individually by human hands.

### List of Advertised Letters.

Unclaimed letters for the week ending Nov. 17:—

Defenbaugh, Miss Laura.  
Hyatt, Robert.  
Karlskin, Miss Nellie,  
McCabe, Pat.  
McCabe, John.  
Moon, June,  
Reed, Nellie.

### POSTAL CARDS

Cook, Orson,  
Worrel, Chas. B.,  
E. N. CLINK, P. M.

The old Bay Springs hotel property has been purchased by the trustees of the Beulah Land Farm Co. and will be used for the reclamation and training of boys from the city slums, or those who are without parental control. We know nothing of the enterprise, nor who the incorporators are but the property is a fine one for such a purpose.

### Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1903 Almanac.

To say that this splendid work of science and art is finer and better than ever is stating it mildly. The demand for it is far beyond all previous years. To say that such results, reaching through Thirty Years, are not based upon sound sense and usefulness is an insult to the intelligence of the millions. Prof. Hicks, through this great Almanac, and his famous family and scientific journal, *Word and Works*, is doing a work for the whole people not approached by any other man or publication. A fair test will prove this to any reasonable person. Added to the most luminous course in astronomy for 1903, forecasts of storms and weather are given as never before, for every day in the year, all charmingly illustrated with nearly two hundred engravings. The price of single Almanac, including postage and mailing, is Thirty Cents. *Word and Works* with the Almanac, is \$1.00 per year. Write to WORD AND WORKS PUBLISHING CO., 2201 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., and prove to yourself their great value.

### ANXIOUS MOMENTS.

Some of the most anxious hours of a mother's life are those when the little ones of the household have the croup. There is no other medicine so effective in this terrible malady as Foley's Honey and Tar. It is a household favorite for throat and lung troubles, and as it contains no opiates or other poisons, it can be safely given.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

### NOTICE.

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

*E. W. Grove*

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

### The School Commissioners' Column.

ABEL W. CHEW, Commissioner.

There is general agreement among the school authorities that the first thing to be done is to reduce the number of small school districts, to make the township the smallest unit of school management, and as far as possible consolidate the country schools wherever the average falls below 20. This carries with it the proposition to provide free transportation for pupils whenever they live beyond a reasonable walking distance from the schools.

The movement for the consolidation of small schools has already been in progress long enough to have demonstrated that when properly managed it will produce excellent results. So rapidly has legislation opened the way for this change that it will probably be a surprise to many readers to learn that in 18 States transportation of pupils at public expense is already permitted by existing laws.

This is at present the most important movement affecting the rural schools and it will be well therefore to study it more closely.

It is the general experience that a saving of funds is effected through consolidation of schools. Of the towns in Massachusetts that have tried the plan 68 percent report a less cost after consolidation and only 8 percent an increased cost.

Of 124 New Hampshire towns 118 report less cost with conveyance as compared with maintaining local schools. Connecticut transported pupils at \$6.14 per capita, Vermont at \$12.85 per pupil. These are averages. In individual cases the cost varies greatly according to the particular circumstances in each case.

The testimony is very general that consolidation results in improved schools and is well nigh unanimous that attendance is more regular.

### ECCENTRIC METHODS.

Why Alexandre Dumas Did Not Succeed as a Publisher.

The Mousquetaire, a Parisian journal founded by Alexandre Dumas, grey and flourished for a short time and then became extinct. It was carried on during a brilliant existence, with an astonishing disregard of business methods commonly in vogue. Its staff was the largest and most varied ever known. Persons would walk into the office, propose working for the paper and find themselves at once accepted.

"What will you allow me?" a new man would ask.  
"Whatever you like, my boy," Dumas would return. "By the way," he would explain to every new aspirant, "we must understand one thing: I mean you to be handsomely paid. You must have 1,000 francs a month, and if you should want a month's pay in advance now, don't scruple to ask for it."

Everybody was dazzled, and Dumas himself more than all the rest. No business enterprise, however, could exist on such a basis, and the journal began to languish. Then a man named Boule proposed taking the speculation out of Dumas' hands. He offered the great man 100 francs a day, which meant more than \$7,000 a year.

"Here," said Boule, is a checkbook full of those little tinted leaves you are so fond of. Every morning you have only to write your name at the foot of one, send it into the office and touch your 100 francs.

Dumas loved money, and his face beamed with delight. "But suppose," said he, "that some day I should want 300 or 400 francs?"

"Well, all you have to do is to send in three or four of your checks. Nothing is more simple."

The book lay on the author's desk, a delightful and ready resource. Did a creditor call? A slip of paper, and he was paid. A poor woman was about to be turned out into the street. A few more slips, and she was relieved. At the end of the week nothing was left of the book but the cover. Then Boule changed his mode of procedure.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Origin of a Popular Myth.

People are expected to believe history when such things as this happens. In 1892 a man living on a small farm east of Wichita ran out of coal one evening. He was getting supper, and he took an armful of corn and dumped it in the stove. Corn was 10 cents a bushel, and the Wichita reporter fired the story out over the country that Kansas farmers were burning corn. The corn burning story has passed into history as a fact. If Julius Caesar had no better foundation than the corn story he never existed at all.—*Wichita Eagle*.

ST 1897 XI.

## BARGAINS

Odds and Ends in Crockery at  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  price

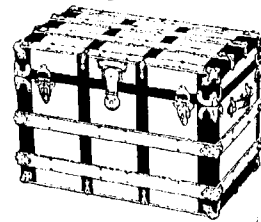
## RACKET STORE

Until August 10th.

H. G. HOLMES.

# BOOSINGER BROS.

Travelers Goods Topics.



You can Put Your Clothes in our Trunks.

with every assurance that you are getting the best that man can make or money can buy.

**Our \$5.00 Trunk**

exceptionally good value for the money—better ones. \$6, \$8, \$10, up to \$12. People who know how and where to buy Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases, Telescopes, etc. come to us, we never disappointed them. The time to buy travelers' goods is just before you need them; not the day after.

Our Motto: "Quality First of All."

**BOOSINGER BROS.**

# 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 XVI.—(Continued.)

"Did you leave the others there?"  
"Yes; an' lemme tell ye, I'll take four to manage that woman. I couldn't stay in the same camp and set up quarters by a big black stump half a mile away from her."  
"Curse such luck! I wish the men had stayed."

"Why? Who are you afraid of?"  
"I don't know who he is, only he calls himself the Old Man of the Mountains."

"Where is he?"  
"In her tent."  
"Where did he come from?"  
"Looks as if he had slid down the peak of some iceberg. Gó and take a squint at him."

Cummins, though a coward when there was a woman in the case, had little fears of men. Creeping stealthily up to the tent he peeped in and beheld the "Old Man of the Mountains," seated on a camp stool before the fair Laura, his rifle between his knees, while she was telling him her story.

"Umph! It's old St. Nick or an escaped Selkirk. Looks as if he's bristled with weapons, and I don't doubt but he can use 'em. The boss is right, for a glimpse of that face and the arsenal he carries is enough to give a polar bear the ager."

Notwithstanding the unprepossessing appearance of the man from the mountains, he pressed his ear close to the tent to listen to the conversation between the two.

"Why did you come to Alaska, my poor child?"

"I came to find the man I love, my Paul, who was lost."

Laura told the old man her story and at the conclusion said:

"He tells me Paul is dead. I do not believe him. He has deceived me on more than one occasion, and he will do so again if it serves his purpose. My heart tells me Paul lives."

"My child, that silent monitor is never wrong. Your Paul lives. He is not far away, but he, you and I are in great peril. We must act with caution and secrecy or we will all be dead before morning. These men are desperate criminals. Will you trust me?"

"Yes, with my life!"

"Pretend as if you had heard nothing, but be ready to act as I direct."

"Do you know where Paul is?"

"Yes, but he is under a strong guard. Is there no one with the train you can trust? No Indian or Esquimo?"

"I do not understand them nor they me; but I have my trusty servant, Ben Holton."

"Where is he?"

"He was sent to-day to see if the pass could be opened."

"The pass has not been closed," said the "Old Man." "My dear daughter, sending him off was only an excuse to get your friends out of the way; but all is well. Heaven is on your side and directed me here."

"Humph! We'll see about that!" growled Cummins, rising from his knees. "They let their trust in what they like, but the boss will let me have my way. I'll put mine in about ten inches of cold steel!"

He hurried to Lackland, who was sitting on a sled, his face expressing the deepest anxiety. In a few words as possible he narrated the interview between the mysterious old man and Laura. Lackland made several efforts to speak before he finally succeeded, then, in a voice strangely unnatural, he said:

"It has come at last! I hoped I would be spared bloodshed, but there is no help for it. Since it must come, let it come. We will do our worst. If the old man and Paul Miller are in our way, let them die!"

"Well, there will be little time to act."

"I know it."

Lackland, who still shrank from the thought of committing murder himself, began to plan to have his myrmidons do all the work, and agreed very readily to have reinforcements.

"I think it would be well for you to start back and get two of the men," he said. "Can't you do it in a few hours?"

"Yes; on snowshoes I can make it by to-morrow noon. Let us leave the valley and start down the trail."

They had to cross the river to reach the trail, but by this time the Yukon was frozen over, so they crossed on the ice.

They had scarce got over when they saw three forms coming along the trail.

"There they are now," said Lackland.

The three forms could be seen coming hurriedly up the path and, when they drew nearer, the form of the old man could be seen coming along behind.

"Holton, come here!" said Lackland. As the old man advanced toward him, the Indians were ordered across the river on the ice.

"What d'ye want, Mr. Lackland?"

"Your mistress sent for you to go back and meet Miss Willis."

"Me go back!" gasped old Ben.

"This do seem monster queer. Why, I'm about pestered out. I don't believe I kin go a mile further."

"It's not over a mile."

"Well! try I stand it."

Lackland took the arm of the tired, faithful old fellow and led him as rap-

idly as he could travel until the cavern was reached.

"Is that the place, Cummins?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Come in here—in this cavern!"

"What for?"

"Shut your infernal mouth and come on; you talk too much!"

"I won't go!" he cried, for his suspicions began to be aroused, and he made an effort to pull away.

The faithful old man seemed to realize that in some way this attack had reference to his mistress, and he fought with the desperation of a madman; but he was choked into insensibility, and Lackland said:

"Take him up! Drag him in there, and tie him hard and fast!"

Cummins obeyed instructions, and a few moments later emerged from the cave, saying:

"Well, boss, that's done."

"Yes, but there is not a second to lose, for the old man at the camp will not be dealt with so easily. You must get two or three of the others, if they have not gone, and bring them here at once. Don't waste a moment, for everything depends on getting reinforcements before daylight."

The nights in Alaska were long at this season, and it was possible for reinforcements to arrive before dawn.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A Groan in the Dark.

When Paul Miller leaped from his pallet and rushed from the door of the hut, he was as insane as any inmate of a madhouse.

"Oh, stop! stop! stop!" shrieked Kate Willis. "Where are you going—where are you going?"

"Laura! Laura!" he shouted.

"Laura! Oh, my goodness sakes alive, does he know her?" cried Miss Willis, clapping her hands as a new and wonderful thought burst on her mind. "It can't be—it must be—he is the girl's lover! He must be her Paul!" She shouted to some of the Indian porters left to look after the camp:

"Stop him!"

The Indians were soon on him, had him tied with moosskin thongs and carried him back to the shanty, where he was lain on the bed. Kate followed them, sobbing frantically and groaning:

"He's dead! They've killed him and I'm to blame for it. Oh, what a fool I've played all the way through!"

He breathed and, placing her head on his breast, she discovered that his heart still beat. She placed the kettle over the little oil stove and prepared some nourishment, pouched up his head, which was slightly bruised, and soon had his eyes open. No sooner was he rational enough to recall what had happened than he began to sob.

"Don't take on so!" the kind-hearted woman said. "I tell ye, ye couldn't have got a mile away from here! Ye would have died and ye must know it!"

"But Laura, my darling, in the power of that man!"

"Say, let's you and I understand each other, an' then there won't be any danger of making mistakes. Are you Paul Miller, who's been dead so long?"

"I am Paul Miller and they may have reported me dead."

"From Fresno, California?"

"Yes, from Fresno, California."

"Have you a sweetheart called Laura Kean?"

"Yes—yes! It was she you told me had gone on—and I will—"

"Now, look here! I am your friend. I am the best friend you and Laura ever had aside from yourselves. If ye'll just listen t' me, I'll outwit the whole caboodle an' show 'em what's what!"

Kate told him he must pretend to be a great deal worse than he really was, and she would report that she believed he was going to die. He at once fell in with the plan, with the assurance that as soon as he was strong enough he was to start secretly for the camp where Laura was waiting for her companion to join them.

Meanwhile there was a change in guard. Cummins was relieved and four men sent to take his place. The Indians went with Cummins, and Kate had four white men to contend with.

She often eavesdropped the four men when at quarters, and gained enough of their plans to realize that they must act promptly.

The very night the "Old Man of the Mountains," as he called himself, so suddenly appeared in the tent where Laura was expelling her unwelcome suitor, they set out. On and on they hastened over the frozen snow, and Paul's heart began to beat with pleasure. But hark! What are those ominous sounds in their ears? They have been four or five hours on the route when they hear the sound of feet crushing the hardened snow.

"Paul!" Kate whispered, "we are pursued! Can you run?"

"I can—and I can do more—I can shoot!"

"Run first and shoot when you have to. Gimme yer hand."

The strong woman took his hand in her own and they ran along the snow-covered trail swiftly as hares. They were almost at the point where the river was crossed on the ice when a voice behind them cried:

"There they go!"

"Halt—stop, or we'll fire!"

Paul wheeled around and leveled his rifle at one of the dark objects coming toward him, but just as his finger was ready to press the trigger he was struck a blow between the shoulders, which sent him sprawling in the snow.

It was Cummins, going after reinforcements, who came up at this inopportune moment.

The two prisoners were lifted from the ground and carried to the cavern, where they were left tied hard and fast, their fates to be determined later.

Paul Miller was not unconscious at any time, and when he found himself tied, lying on the hard floor of the cavern, he began to calculate on his chances.

Suddenly he heard a groan in the darkness.

"Kate—Kate—was that you?" he whispered.

"No!" was the answer.

"Who was it?"

And another hollow groan came on their ears.

"Great goodness gracious! What is it?" shrieked Kate Willis. "What is it?"

"Hush, Kate!" whispered Paul. "Some other unfortunate is here as well as ourselves!"

Then came another deep groan, which seemed to be only a few paces away.

"Who are you?" asked Paul.

"I'm Ben Holton," came a feeble answer. "I ain't done nothin' t' be tied up here an' left t' die in this way!"

"I know him!" gasped Kate. "He was Laura's faithful servant!"

In the anguish of his soul Paul groaned:

"Oh, Laura, Laura, why can I not reach your side and save you from those fiends?"

Paul had deep thoughts, but kept those to himself. He still had faith that heaven would never permit such an evil as these unscrupulous men contemplated to succeed. How divine interposition would come he had no idea, but he believed it would come.

At that very moment Paul had a faithful friend of whom he had never thought coming to him. The dog courier that had borne the tidings that he and his companion were perishing in the forest had always shown a strange fondness for him.

On the night Paul left, his canine friend was tied with the other dogs, lest he should follow and betray their flight. The dumb brute determined to follow, and when Paul was gone set to work to deliberately gnaw the seal riata in twain. His sharp incisors did the work and his keen sense of smell soon told him the course they had gone, and he finally brought up at the cavern.

Paul was lost in painful thought when he suddenly felt the touch of a cold nose tip on his cheek and became aware that a friend was near.

The dog sniffed about him for a moment, and reaching his wrists, at last, realizing that something was wrong, seized the thongs with his teeth and began pulling at them.

"What is that noise?" asked Kate Willis.

"Be quiet!" Paul answered in an undertone.

The sharp teeth of the dog were silently cutting the thongs, which tied his master. In a few minutes Paul's hands were free. Then untying his ankles, he crept to where Kate sat against the big rock, her arms flung around it.

"Who's that?" she asked.

"Keep quiet!" he whispered. Kate was a bit nervous and very anxious to know if there was any chance for escape, but she restrained her natural inclination and said nothing.

Paul released her and went next to old Ben Holton, who was groaning as if he was breathing his last.

The old fellow, dumb with astonishment for a moment, blurted out:

"Be-ye, agoi! t' untie me?"

"No, no, ye won't!" roared the sentry, who began to suspect what was up. Lighting a torch, he started to the interior of the cavern, where they had left the captives, who, suddenly there came a sharp groan, an oath, a cry and a man was on his back, a furious dog at his throat.

(To be continued.)

## TRADE IN OLD CLOTHES.

Philadelphia Does Large Business in Cast-Off Raiment.

Philadelphia is said to do a bigger business in old clothes, says the New York Commercial—that is, of course, in the cast-off or second and third hand clothes of men—than any other city on the American continent. It is the center of the trade in the east and the buyers of New York—men with bags from Canal, Hester and Baxter streets—and from all over the middle states—"work" the City of Brotherly Love for old clothes every business day of the year. These outsiders lumber nearly 600 on an average. The capital invested in the old clothes-trade of Philadelphia aggregates \$3,500,000. There are about 1,000 flourishing retail stores, and the average value of their stocks is set by experts in the trade at \$3,000. Each of a half dozen stores carries goods valued at \$15,000 or \$20,000. Each store gives employment to three persons on an average—the proprietor, his wife, and the "busbeler," or mender. In all there are fully 3,000 in the retail shops.

## Honduras in Hard Straits.

Honduras, since 1900, has had no market for her cattle. In the past she depended on Guatemala, but financial conditions in that republic have closed the market.

## All He Needed.

"Wonder what Brown needs to make him a successful author?"  
"Nothing but a story to tell, and brains to tell it."—Atlanta Constitution.

## Value of Texas Cattle.

It is said that Texas alone markets \$50,000,000 worth of cattle annually.



## New Possibilities in Pump Irrigation.

Much has already been said in these columns relative to irrigating small areas on the farm by means of pumps. Generally wind power has been the force used and advocated. It has been taken for granted that any means of supplying water by pumping meant the supplying of it in such small quantities at the time of pumping that it would have to be stored in reservoirs previous to being used, so that a sufficient amount of water could be applied at one time to properly do the work. It is recognized as a principle that the "little-and-often" method of watering will not do.

In the West, this system has been brought to some perfection, especially in Western Kansas and Western Nebraska. There a windmill will fill a reservoir with enough water to irrigate about 15 acres of land, which, of course, is not used for grain growing, but for the raising of vegetables. But the cost of constructing a reservoir is considerable, and the cost of erecting a windmill tower is also considerable. So if a method could be found that would make it possible to supply water to the land in a large enough stream to irrigate it direct there would be a considerable saving. This the Arizona station has done. It has used an ordinary engine for lifting the water, but has employed a very large stream of water for the purpose. From seven to 42 acres of ground can thus be irrigated in a single day of 24 hours.

The use of a large stream of water has a great advantage over the use of a small stream. The experiments are to be continued at the Arizona station and will doubtless bring to light many things, especially the economy of using certain kinds of fuel. In all of our states there are times in the year when an application of water would save valuable crops. There are those that persistently stick to the idea that we should not irrigate if we live in the humid states. But if a drought comes just before a crop is ready to harvest and ruins it, the result is the same as if it had been present all the time.

Hitherto it has been thought that only garden truck could be irrigated, the expense being too great for field crops. But at the station mentioned it was found that irrigation could be carried on at about \$1 per acre and cover the ground more than five inches deep with water. At this rate any kind of a crop could be irrigated to advantage. There is evidently a great future for this kind of enterprise. In some of our hilly states there are no end of water powers going to waste, which will doubtless some day be used as has been indicated.

## A Bad Summer for Birds.

After allowing for the damage which a few towns have sustained from tornadoes, farmers have felt that they were the chief and almost the only sufferers by the uncertain, tempestuous weather which has marked the season we usually call summer, but which this year has had few of the characteristics of that torrid period. It would seem, however, that the lower orders of creation have suffered, too, in certain localities. One of the correspondents of the Weather Bureau writes: "This has been a very hard season on our Iowa birds, and I think most of them have been killed by the severe storms. After one storm in August many hundred dead birds were picked up in this town. The blue bird seems to have stood the weather the best of all the birds. Bluejays, blackbirds, woodpeckers, and all the snipe tribe are very scarce. Even the crow is not near as plenty as usual. Last season I could stand at my door and see thousands of blackbirds, to-day not one. The yellowhammers that generally gather in the timber when the first cold "north wind" comes in September are not here. I have been out this morning and counted the birds. I saw two yellowhammers, six bluejays, ten bluebirds, six swallows and one small sand-shipe. Last year I could see more than ten thousand birds any morning in the month of September. It may be that the reason they are not here is that there is no feed for them, but my judgment is that most of them have been killed by the storms."—Farmers' Review.

## Mementoes of Sunflower State.

Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow is from Kansas, and the fact was evident during the recent Grand Army encampment in Washington. Friends from the sunflower state brought him splendid specimens of corn, apples, pears and potatoes—all the leading agricultural products of Kansas—and these were hung or strung artistically about his room in the postoffice department.

## FOUND FRIEND IN MILLER.

Homeless Jap Welcomed by the "Post of the Sierras."

Yone Noguchi, the young Japanese artist and writer, has been termed by Charles Warren Stoddard "the dream child." Certainly he is a naively interesting personality. After graduating at the University of Tokio at an early age, dissatisfied with a shut-in life, and believing that in the English language he could express himself to better advantage than in his own tongue, he went to San Francisco, where, as he expressed it, he "slept on the floor of the city." He continues: "You get tired of that life a while. I think where I can go. Joaquin Miller likes Japs. He will see you." Accordingly Noguchi took up his knapsack. At Oakland, the mountain home of the poet of the Sierras, he knocked at the door and Miller opened it. "I have come to stay with you," said Noguchi. "Why, come in!" cried Miller. "I love Japs. How long can you stay—a week, a month, a year, ten years?"

## OLD HABIT TOO STRONG.

Pent-Up Enthusiasm Had to Find an Outlet.

Congressman Jones of the state of Washington tells this "amen" story: A brilliant theological student had been invited to come and preach as a candidate. Brother Silas Smith was noted for his tendency to keep the audience awake by shouting "amen" about every so often. Some of the members thought that this might disconcert the preacher, so one of the members offered him a new pair of boots if he would refrain from shouting "amen" that day. Silas agreed. But toward the end of his discourse the student waxed a little too eloquent for Silas, who shouted: "Amen! Boots or no boots, amen!"

## American Farms.

Approximately the earnings of the five and two-thirds million farms of the United States was, for 1902, five and one-fifth billion dollars, says the Review of Reviews. This is far in excess of the total income of the farmers at any other time in their history. The products of the farms for 1899 sold for \$4,739,118,752. The cereals, save corn, are about equal to the crop of 1899. This year, 500,000,000 bushels more corn and several hundred thousand head of steers in excess of three years ago were placed on the market. And one should also remember that the number of farms is continuously increasing at a rate of from 15,000 to 40,000 annually.

## Sons of the Shah of Persia.

It is not generally known that the shah of Persia has four sons now in Europe receiving their education. They are mild and inoffensive, with hardly enough spirit between them to declare an opinion, such is their fear of their royal parent. The latter was not in favor with his father, Nasser ed Din, who was assassinated in 1906. Until his accession he was governor of a distant province. The princes until recently were confined in the harem with their father's numerous wives.

## Nordica's Gymnastic Exercise.

Mme. Nordica, the opera singer, is mistress of the ungentle art of punching a bag. This is a daily exercise with her, as she considers that it gives opportunity for all necessary muscular training and subjection of adipose tissue. The punching bag is a compromise. She desired to learn boxing, but it was pointed out to her that an accidental blow on the neck or chest even with soft gloves might wreck her vocal career.

## Authors' Peculiarities.

A writer in the London Tatler says that he knows few men more hearty and more genial than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Robert Barr. Both are unconsciously more fiercely Tory in their politics than anything that the Primrose league can boast, although one is a member of the reform club and the other of the Devonshire. But they are both true liberals in being ever ready to help lame dogs over stiles.

## Bernhardt as Costume Designer.

Sarah Bernhardt frequently "composes" the costumes which are used in her theatrical productions. On the eve of an important event of this character she has a corps of girls in a workshop pinning dress materials, lace materials and general trimmings on manikins. Once in a while madam personally superintends these operations, and even the forewoman bows to her opinion.

## McKinley's Niece a Financier.

Margaret McKinley, niece of the late president and daughter of Abner McKinley, is a clerk in the national bank at Oklahoma City and has made a small fortune in real estate speculation. Miss McKinley has been in her present position for several years. She began her real estate operations by buying city lots, for which she paid about \$125 apiece. The property was located in what later became a prominent business section and the young woman's profits are said to have exceeded \$40,000.

## SAVED A LIFE.

Grattude promotes publicity, and its no wonder people testify when life is saved.

Every reader with a bad back is in danger, for bad backs are but kidney ills and neglect may prove fatal.

Neglected backache is quickly followed by too frequent urinary discharges, retention of the urine, painful urination, Diabetes, Bright's disease.

Read how all such troubles can be cured.

Case No. 34,520.—Mr. Walter McLaughlin of 3022 Jacob street, Wheeling, W. Va., a machine hand working at J. A. Holiday & Son's planing mill, says: "I firmly believe had I not used Doan's Kidney Pills when I did I would not be alive now. I was in a terrible condition, and although I took quarts of medicine and was attended by doctors, I got no better, but worse. Friends spoke of my bad appearance, and thousands knew about it. I could hardly get around and felt and looked like a dead man rather than a living one. Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at the Logan Drug Co.'s store, were a blessing to me; half a box relieved me; three boxes entirely cured me."

A free trial of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. McLaughlin 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.

## Limit in Initials.

"These initials that girls are wearing," declared Dick, "are about the limit. They have them stuck over everything; they wear—embroidered, I suppose the term is. Whenever I see a girl with an 'M' on the shoulder an almost irresistible temptation to say 'Hello, Mamie,' seizes me. When a girl with a 'C' sprawling all over her stock passes me I never know whether to whisper, 'Good morning, Carrie,' or 'Cissy, wink.' The worst ever in initials was traveling along Fourteenth street on Thursday. The poor, misguided girl wore a white gown with a black crepe clasping the left sleeve. A high three-inch 'D' embroidered in white almost covered the mourning band. An initial on a crepe band would breed doubts whether 'D' was the person mourned or the wearer of the crepe."—New World.

## Incredible Age of Tortoises.

The giant tortoises from the Gallapagos islands destined for the London zoological gardens are said by biologists to be between 2,500 and 3,000 years old.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Waiding, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by all druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

He—"Her rich uncle gave them a magnificent wedding present." She—"What was it?" He—"A ton of coal."—Detroit Free Press.

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

A definition of truth: All which has not been proved false, and much of this even may not be truth 100 years from now.

No matter how long you have had the cough; if it hasn't already developed into consumption, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will cure it.

Instruction in the art of reading railway time tables is now being given to his pupils by a schoolmaster in Silesia.

Hives are a terrible torment to the little folks, and to some older ones. Easily cured. Doan's Ointment never fails. Instant relief, permanent cure. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Incompetent: "She doesn't know how to manage, does she?" "No. For years she has lived beyond her alimony."

One man makes a fortune to eight that become bankrupt in England.

Mrs. Austin's Pancakes will help you to regain that lost appetite. At grocers.

Singing salutes are seldom sad ones.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
POSITIVELY CURES  
Rheumatism  
Neuralgia  
Backache  
Headache  
Feetache  
All Bodily Aches  
AND  
**CONQUERS PAIN.**



# BACKACHE.



Backache is a forerunner and one of the most common symptoms of kidney trouble and womb displacement.

## READ MISS BOLLMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

"Some time ago I was in a very weak condition, my work made me nervous and my back ached frightfully all the time, and I had terrible headaches."

"My mother got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and it seemed to strengthen my back and help me at once, and I did not get so tired as before. I continued to take it, and it brought health and strength to me, and I want to thank you for the good it has done me."—Miss KATE BOLLMAN, 142nd St. & Wales Ave., New York City. —\$5000 for full original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures because it is the greatest known remedy for kidney and womb troubles.

Every woman who is puzzled about her condition should write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all.

## Best in the World.

No other medicine has such a record of cures of colds, coughs, croup, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, pneumonia, and even consumption, or has such hosts of friends as Down's Elixir. 71 years of cures has established it in the confidence of the people.

Henry Johnson, 104 S. Front, Burlington, Vt.

**HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL**  
**BURNS, SCALDS**  
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT



## Nursing Mothers

Your child is sure to be unhealthy—cross and irritable—if your own stomach, liver or kidneys are deranged. Regular doses of

## Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

Insures your own health and promotes the health and growth of your child. Doctors recommend Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin to mothers and expectant mothers.

50c and \$1.00 Bottles All Druggists

FREE SAMPLE and Book, "The Story of Traveling Nip" for the asking.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

## 7% INVESTMENT

The Preferred Stock of the **W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.**

Capital Stock, \$2,000,000.  
\$1,000,000 Preferred Stock.  
\$1,000,000 Common Stock.

Shares, \$100 each. Sold at Par. Only Preferred Stock offered for sale.

W. L. Douglas retains all Common Stock. Why invest your money at 4% or 4 1/2% when the W. L. Douglas Preferred Stock pays 7% and is absolutely safe. Every dollar of stock offered in the publication behind more than a million dollars of actual business.

W. L. Douglas continues to own one-half of the business, and to remain the effective head of the concern. This business is not an undeveloped prospect. It is a demonstrated dividend payer. This is the largest business in the world producing millions of dollars of profit every year. It has always been immensely profitable. The business is safe against fire, competition or panic, making it a better investment than any other industrial stock. There has not been a year in the past twelve when the business has not earned in actual dollars more than the annual dividend on the preferred stock of \$100,000.

The annual business now is \$2,000,000, and is increasing very rapidly, and will equal \$3,000,000 for the next year. The factory is now turning out 7500 pairs of shoes per day and an addition to the plant is being built which will increase the capacity to 10,000 pairs per day. The reason I am offering the Preferred Stock for sale is to perpetuate the business.

If you wish to invest in the best shoe business in the world, which is permanent, and which pays 7% on your money, you can purchase one share of more in this great business. Send money by cashier's check, certified check, express or P. O. money order, payable to W. L. Douglas. Certificate of stock will be sent you by return mail. Complete information free.

Our Salesmen Make \$10.00 Daily. When answering Ads. please mention this page.

# Philosophical Observations

By BYRON WILLIAMS

Religion since the beginning has had many modes; varying greater even than the tribes. In all religion, however, there are two elemental characteristics, the mythical and the practical. The former, buried in Grecian lore, often hears not the knock of the beggar as does the practical religion. It is well to be wise in Christian lore, but not to the blotting of the practical religion, the kind that stimulates the body as well as the soul.

Myths, dogmas, conceptions, are all good enough in their way, but the bread-and-butter kind of religion, the live-and-let-live sort, is the religion that St. Peter will ask you about when you rap at the Heavenly gate. He who did for his fellows will get a front seat near the big, white throne, where he can hear the harp-music, entranced, while the mere bookish religionist will need an ear trumpet to hear the bass-drum.

An elaborate doctrine is not religion; the crossing of one's self, the sprinkling of the holy water, are mere forms, and unless they represent inward honesty are no more symbols of Christianity than a mule's lusty kicks at a troublesome horse-fly. Dogma and ritual are only manifestations of religion, and all signs fail in wet weather. There must be an inner conviction—a doing as well as seeming, a feeling as well as ostentation.

Tree worship and stone worship were in vogue in ancient times. In the days of our boasted civilization and enlightenment we worship the stone, as did our forefathers, except that our stone must have yellow particles of gold therein to influence our worship to become lovely.

Too many people who profess religion have the outer trappings in the stone-worshipping age. The sanctimonious man, the kind of whom the Bible says it will be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for him to enter the kingdom of heaven, has much of the outward manifestation with little of the inner conviction. People need an every-day religion, a religion not of the Euphrates and the Jordan, but a religion of the babbling brook in the woodland, whose waters are pure and blessed to him who drinks thereof—a religion that comes right home and by exemplification lightens the burden and gives real cause for faith in the better world to come.

The name of one of the best known streams in the world is "Salt Creek." Topographically no one knows where it winds and meanders, nobody hears its sudsy gurgle over the rocks of jagged form. Yet the boulders are there. We believe in the river's existence; we know the stones are sharp in contour. He who sails the stream meets disaster. It is as certain as that measles breaks out and thieves break in—incon- troverible. None voyages on the creek by choice, not one believes he is thim- ing his sails for the voyage. Some sacrifice themselves for party, but each in his heart believes and hopes that something may happen to keep him from the river of defeat. The best laid schemes of river rats go after—clay, to para- phrase Burns, and that is why the creek called Salt has so many mariners. Strange to say, though the river has never been seen, it is known to be placid and bright at its rise. A gushing, bubbling spring of clear, sweet water slides away through flower-laden banks. Its sands are white and cleanly and song- birds sing their songs of love along its shore. Nature paints a panoramic pic- ture of glory and peace along its happy way and blithely it carries its trav- elers toward the mouth.

But the rapids are below! Rumbling, torrentuous, tortuous rapids, that lash and smash and crash to oblivion! This is Salt Creek at its mouth. Some men have lived through the passage; others have lost their force and their desire in the jagged precipice. Innocent of its terrors, they have drifted into the vortex. Their conceptions of a river have been poor, their self-opinions wanting, and Salt Creek hurls them to oblivion.

Happy the man who never launches a boat on the mirrored bosom of the treacherous stream.

The Harvest Home Supper! About it cling memories that make us remi- niscent. The good old custom of celebrating it is observed in every country town. It is the event of the Fall season. The ladies of the Cemetery Association, or the Woman's Guild, or some other equally deserving organization, have the celebration in charge. For days they canvass the town and invite the cooks to bake and stew, fry and fri- cassee. The good things prepared for the supper are legion in quantity and quality. How the mouth moistens at the thought of such a banquet—and mourns at the passing away of a once immeasurable appetite. As a lad, the Harvest Home Supper appealed with overpowering force—a time when turkey and "stuffing" were as plentiful as ozone. As a young man, what men of you cannot recall how you have participated with the pretty maidens of the village? Mayhap you remained after the feast to help them get the dishes together and act as willing pack horses to tote the table service homeward. Wasn't it a night? And the money raised from the great supper in which all participated—not alone from a love of appetite and pleasure, but from a sense of charity—to what good use was it put for the poor and needy? The Harvest Home Supper! Long may it continue in its annual plenty! The individual who has lived to grow so hardened and preoccupied as to forget the holy associations of that feast is lost to self, indeed.

Why Hearts Touch Kindred Hearts.

Use and Abuse of Hell and Inferno.

Some curious scouter asks derisively, "What is Hell for, anyhow?" It might be a storehouse in which stoves that won't fit are kept. And then, again, it might not. Hell, as painted by the old hard-shell circuit riders, was anything but desirable as a place in which to take up a claim. It may be con- sidered as the opposite of what this country might have been along Jan. 13, provided the coal strike had not been settled. Some people don't believe in Hell, but we will wager our imitation panamahama that when they die they will think a moment or two about buying an excursion ticket in a circuitous route around Hell. Notice we speak of Hell with a capital "H." It is just as well to be respectful in such matters. Dante had a few words to say about Hell that make a man's hair assume erectness. In a casual sort of way, it might be just as well to live within speaking distance of the latter place. The pictures of St. Peter and his golden gate have a more reassuring color than those of the Inferno. Somehow we like the looks of an angel, picking the strings of a coral harp better than the chromo of Mephistopheles with a sash in his tail. What if you are lonesome trying to be good; isn't it better to miss a few of the red lights of this earth than to straddle a red-hot barbed-wire fence in Hell? Well, we would enunciate:

Did you ever hitch the town cow to the rope of the Curfew bell? Of course, you need not incriminate yourself thoughtlessly, but really have you not been guilty of placing the village dray on the peak of the school house? You need not answer. Make a sign. That will do as well. It would be presumptuous to assume that you have tied a can to the city marshal or tipped over ten or eleven—um, summer smoke-houses? We mean on Hallowe'en night, certainly! Oh, you have! Well, that's just what we thought. Hallowe'en is a great night, isn't it? It is a night when sidewalks have a way of walking, and corn rattles on the window-pane as rice on a newly married couple's hand-boxes. The ordinary boy is bitten by a dog, runs into a clothes-line, loses his hat, gets arrested and says prayers in the woodshed with pa next morning—and all because he has celebrated a time-honored custom of breaking loose on this night of nights. A father who will so far forget his own youthful escapades, as to spank a son for falling into a coal hole on Hallowe'en night, deserves to have dyspepsia. That is what we started out to say.

Hallowe'en When Spirits Stalk.

Success comes occasionally from cleverness but more often from hard work well applied. The few may dream dreams that point them to the desired end, but the rule is a general one, that he who succeeds must do so by persistent, careful effort. In the striv- ing we all have our blue days when the mind is depressed and the imagination a hobgoblin that rides rough-shod over our sensitiveness. The friendly word or appreciative look is oftentimes balm to a dejected spirit. Unfortunately, the help is not often in evidence and we must lift ourselves from the Slough of Despond to the plane of hopefulness and cheerfulness. "Never give up," is a motto of great worth. Despair is the most foolish of mental hallucina- tions. Be brave, be sweet, be above your own dark thoughts. The sunshine is only a few hours distant and success slumbers but to be awakened.

Here Lies Our Honored Dead.

memory does not disintegrate. The pain may lessen, the grief may become a benediction, but the thought of loved ones gone, remains always. This is why, wandering in a country churchyard, one is awed by the holy-associations. What a great love is wrapped about a city of the dead! And what triumphs and failures slumber there with the resting dead!

## JUST A TRUCK DOG.

Scrawny and Dirty, but He Did His Duty Well.

He was a dirty, scrawny dog, but he maintained the dignity of his standing, or running, in fact, in dogdom. He might have been white at one time, with his black spots defined sharply, but circumstances evidently had com- pelled an existence that in recent years had not permitted a bath other than that provided by falling rain, and the indications were that he had not taken advantage of opportunities in that respect frequently.

He was trotting along under a truck that crossed Fulton street at a busy hour of the day. He glanced neither to the right nor to the left, but kept his gaze on the heels of the horses in front. If he had been a coach dog he would have been under the axle of the front wheels, but, being a truck dog, he was under the rear axle. Whether he had been trained to trot there as a protector of the tail-end of the truck from the exasperating urch- ins of the street, says a writer in the New York Times, or had of his own volition dropped back to a rear position as a concession to the difference between a coach dog and a truck dog, the chronicler knoweth not. At any rate, he knew his duty, and he was doing it.

## Some Young-Old People.

Mrs. Castlebury writes from Phila- delphia to her 75-year-old son in New York that she never felt so gay and jolly in her life as at this very time, and feels quite positive that she will live to be over 100. Her handwriting is like copperplate, it is so steady and clear. At 97 she is planning amuse- ments five years ahead. "Old Man" Cochran, a highly respected citizen of Brooklyn, aged 93, walks from his home in Lewis avenue to Richmond Hill, a distance of seven miles, to romp on the lawn with his grandchild- ren. The late Secretary Gresham's mother has just celebrated her 100th birthday, hale and hearty. The ad- vertising collector and assistant ad- vertising manager of the Detroit Free Press is younger at 82 than any other man on the paper. He walks thirty or forty miles a day, takes a drink whenever he feels like it, and plays cards until midnight. James F. Secor, at 88, superintends his farm and country place at Pelham Manor, and there is scarcely a day that he does not handle a rake or hoe himself. As a diversion he pushes a lawn mower. There are others. Glory to every green and vigorous old age!—as Chas. A. Dana said.

## A Wonderful Pill.

Freedom, Mo., Nov. 3d.—A splendid remedy has recently been introduced in this neighborhood. It is called Dodd's Kidney Pills and it has cured Rheumatism right and left. On every hand may be heard stories of the re- markable recoveries and from what has been stated already there seems to be no case of rheumatism that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure.

One of those who has already tested the virtue of Dodd's Kidney Pills is Katie Anderson of this place, who says:

"I can't say enough for Dodd's Kid- ney Pills. They have helped me so much. I suffered very severely with rheumatism. Five boxes cured me completely. They are certainly the most wonderful medicine I have ever used."

Osage county abounds in just such cases and if the good work keeps on there will soon be no rheumatism left in this part of the state.

## Demand Investigation.

Bloomington, Ill., special: Superin- tendent R. S. McCauley of the Sol- diers' Orphans' home has issued a signed statement requesting an im- mediate and thorough investigation of the charges of cruelty to inmates.

## Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot- Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Only those who have sympathized with others who have needed help, to expect comfort and help. The world's premiums are never worth the cost of the coupons.

Hundreds of lives saved every year by having Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the house just when it is needed. Cures croup, head burns, cuts, wounds of every sort.

It takes more than money to make a living. Good intentions do not improve with age.

Energy all gone! Headache! Stomach out of order? Simply a case of torpid liver. Burdock Blood Bitters will make a new man or woman of you.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who chewed calico, before buying it, to see if it would fade?

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES pro- duce the brightest and fastest colors. The greedy man always cheats him- self.

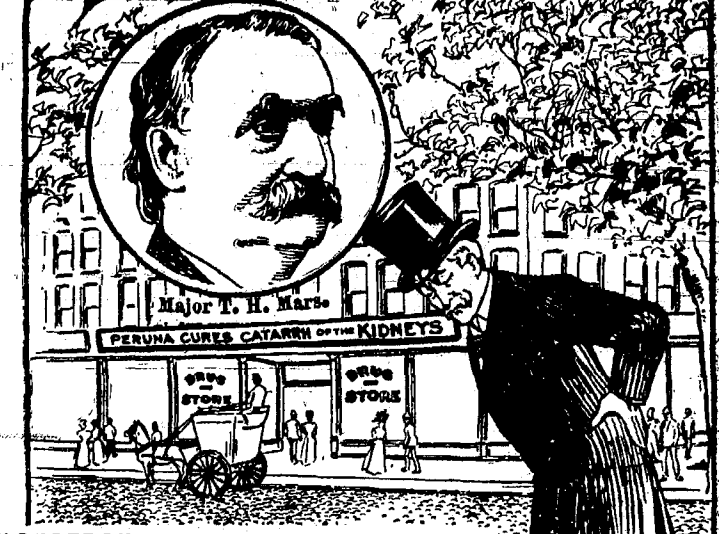
To Cure a Cold in One day. Take Luxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Mrs. Austin's famous Pancake flour is in town—fresh and delicious as ever. Nothing jars a chronic invalid like being told that he is looking well.

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup. For children teething, sore throat, tonsil- litis, inflammation, always pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

To break our mirrors will not make us beautiful. For winter or summer Mrs. Austin's Pancake flour. Always good. At grocers.

# PE-RU-NA CURES CATARRH OF KIDNEYS EVERY TIME.



## DANGEROUS KIDNEY DISEASES CURED

Pe-ru-na Creating a National Sensation in the Cure of Chronic Ailments of the Kidneys.

Major T. H. Mars, of the First Wiscon- sin Cavalry regiment, writes from 1425 Dunning street, Chicago, Ill., the fol- lowing letter: "For years I suffered with catarrh of the kidneys contracted in the army. Medicine did not help me any until a comrade who had been helped by Pe- ru-na advised me to try it. I bought some at once, and soon found blessed relief. I kept taking it four months, and am now well and strong and feel better than I have done for the past twenty years, thanks to Peruna."— T. H. Mars.

Mr. John Vance, of Hartford City, Ind., says: "My kidney trouble is much better. I have improved so much that everybody wants to know what medicine I am using. I recommend Peruna to everybody and some have commenced to use it. The folks all say that if Dr. Hartman's medicine cures me it must be great."—John Vance.

Mr. J. Brake, of Petrosia, Ontario, Canada writes: "Four years ago I had a severe attack of Bright's disease, which brought me so low the doctor said nothing more could be done for me. I began to take Peruna and Manalin, and in three months I was a well man and have continued so ever since."—J. Brake.

At the appearance of the first symptom of kidney trouble, Peruna should be taken. This remedy strikes at once the very root of the disease. It at once re- lieves the catarrhal kidneys of the stagnant blood, prevent- ing the escape of serum from the blood. Peruna stimulates the kidneys to excrete from the blood the accumu- lating poison, and thus prevents the convulsions which are sure to follow if the poisons are allowed to remain. It gives great vigor to the heart's action and digestive system, both of which are apt to fail rapidly in this disease.

Peruna cures catarrh of the kidneys simply because it cures catarrh where- ever located. If you do not derive prompt and sat- isfactory results from the use of Pe- ru-na, 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.

**Pain Won't Trouble You**  
Only Keep a Bottle of  
**MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT**  
IN THE HOUSE.  
For SIXTY YEARS it has Proved the  
BEST LINIMENT for MAN or BEAST.

Will Undermine Your Health.  
**Constipation**  
Mull's Grape Tonic Cures Constipation.  
When the sewer of a city becomes stopped up, the refuse backs into the streets where it decays and rots, spreading disease-creating germs throughout the entire city. An epidemic of sickness follows. It is the same way when the bowels fail to work. The undigested food backs into the system and there it rots and decays. From this festering mass the blood saps up all the disease germs, and at every heart beat carries them to every tissue, just as the water works of a city forces impure water into every house. The only way to cure a condition like this is to cure the constipation. Pills and the ordinary cathartics will do no good.  
**MULL'S GRAPE TONIC**  
is a crushed fruit tonic-laxative which permanently cures the affliction. The tonic properties contained in the grape go into every afflicted tissue and creates strength and health. It will quickly restore lost flesh and make rich, red blood. As a laxative its action is immediate and positive, gentle and natural. Mull's Grape Tonic is guaranteed or money back.  
Send 10c. to Lightning Medicine Co., Rock Island, Ill., for large sample bottle. All druggists sell regular sized bottles for 50 cts.

THE GREAT  
**WA-HOO BLOOD AND NERVE TONIC**  
A POSITIVE KIDNEY AND BLADDER CURE. In fact Never Fails in any Catarrhal Troubles. This Preparation contains the following ingredients: Sarsaparilla, Prickly Ash, Yellow Dock, WA-HOO, Rhubarb, Wild Cherry, Sassafras, Mandarin and Dandelion.  
PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.—IF YOUR DRUGGIST HASN'T IT WRITE US.  
MANUFACTURED BY WA-HOO REMEDY CO., DETROIT, MICH.

**20% Month on Everything You Buy**  
That's the amount you can save by trading with us regularly. Send five in coin or stamps for our 1100-page catalogue. It contains quotations on everything you use in life. Write TODAY.  
**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**  
Chicago

Thompson's Eye Water  
**DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY:** gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 DAYS' treatment FREE. Dr. R. M. QUEEN'S SONS, Box 11, Atlanta, Ga.  
\$500 Will be paid for any case that Dr. KEITH'S Ligator, Tobacco and Oiga- rine Remedies in liquid form will not cure, either with or without the pa- tient's knowledge. See and Buy. Tablets form also. Guaranteed by All druggists. Write for H. C. KEITH, 7111 Monroe St., Toledo, Ohio.

FINE SERVICE TO  
**MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL**  
RAILROAD  
New Line From Chicago  
Via Dubuque, Waterloo and Albert Lea. Fast Vestibule Night train with through Sleeping Car, Buffet-Library Car and Reclining Chair Car. Dining Car Service on route. Tickets of agents of I. C. R. R. and connecting lines.  
A. N. HANSON, D. P. A., CHICAGO.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

Sincerity is the secret of success.

# East Jordan Company's Store.

## The People's Store

### DRY GOODS.

5,000 yards of Dark outing Flannel,  
at 5c., 6c., 8c., 10c. and 12½c.

10,000 yards of Unbleached Sheeting,  
5c., 6c., 7c., 8c.

Prints, at 4½c., 5c., and 6c.

Ladies' Mercerized Petticoats,  
\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and up.

Ladies' Calico Wrappers,  
50c., 75c., \$1.00.

### Ladies Underwear

Extra Value.

Women's Fl.-lined Pants and Vests, 25c. each  
Women's Combination Suit, (in gray) 50c.  
" Wool combination Suit, (in gray) \$1.25  
These are Exceptional Values and demand your AT ONCE Attention.

### Saturday Specials.

1 Lot Men's Dress Shoes at  
1:4 off.

25 Children's and Misses'  
Coats, 1-4 off.

1 Lot Children's Gloves and  
Mittens, 10c, 15c, 20c.

## SATURDAY

Bargains in every Department.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

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

### State Bank of East Jordan.

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 SURPLUS, \$800.04.

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. O. 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.

#### HE WENT TOO FAR.

What the Sweet Girl Did, Could and Could Not Accept.

Who shall fathom the heart of a woman? If he had not been so young, he would not have tried to.

But the ingenuousness of youth was upon him.

There was no uncertainty about his action as he put his arm around her waist and, drawing her to him, kissed her fervently—kissed her with that acquired ease, that sureness of touch, that lack of embarrassment, that comes from a perfect understanding.

And she did not even blush.

"Dearest," he said, "I have just been thinking that we have known each other a whole week."

"It seems, oh, so much longer than that!" she replied.

"Doesn't it? Isn't it wonderful how much feeling, how much love, can be compressed into such a short time? I like to dwell upon it."

"It is nice."

"Yes," he went on. "The first evening we met as I looked into your eyes I felt that I loved you, and yet I did not dare that night to do anything more than press your hand as we parted."

"But afterward you were?"

"Yes; the next evening, with that sort of confidence that came to me I know not why, I went further. I held your hand in mine, I drew closer, and then I suddenly left you, not daring to frighten you with the sudden intensity of my love."

"And then the next night?"

"Ah, then it was that my arm unconsciously and as it were inevitably stole around your waist, and, inspired by your sweet acquiescence, I kissed you. Since then I have loved you more and more until now I feel I must show you some real substantial token of my love."

He drew from his pocket a small package. He handed it to her triumphantly. She opened it rapidly. It was a diamond pin.

There was a silence. Then she handed it back to him slowly, reluctantly.

"What?" he cried. "Are you not going to accept it?"

She shook her head.

"I cannot," she replied. "Don't you know that it wouldn't be proper for me to accept anything more than flowers or candy from a man I have known only a week?"—Tom Masson in Brand Magazine.

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strong and I am old and feeble, will you, Johnny?"

"No, sir," blubbered Johnny, rubbing himself, "but I'll spank your grandchildren till they can't rest!"—New York Times.

#### Owls in Asia Minor.

Perhaps Asia Minor is richer in crude and interesting fancies than any other country. When children hear an owl hooting from the cypress groves, they cry, "Good news for us; good messages for you." If they catch an owl they hold it up by the beak and chant, "Palm Sunday owl, how does your mother dance?" The meaning of the rite is lost, but the habit lingers.

#### Unreasonable.

"Why did she leave him?"  
"Oh, he was so unreasonable. She wanted to frame her divorce decrees and hang them in the library, but he insisted that they were not artistic and wouldn't have them there."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A simple decoction of hemp was used in China 1,700 years ago as an anesthetic in surgical operations, according to a Chinese manuscript in a Paris library.

#### Two of Them Abide in the Kongo Region and One in Peru.

There are two remarkable diseases, either or both of which may attack you if you elect to reside within the Congo basin, but you need have no dread of them if you live in any other part of the world. One is the sleeping sickness, a terrible, mysterious and invariably fatal malady. The patient is at first only drowsy, but ends by sleeping almost continually, waking only for meals or when forcibly roused. Finally the torpor becomes complete. He cannot be roused even to take food, and dies of starvation.

The other disease alluded to is even more curious, although fortunately not nearly so deadly, and is known to specialists in tropical diseases as *leishmaniasis*, from a negro word meaning a saw, a very apposite name, for the typical feature of the ailment consists in the slow amputation of one or more of the victim's toes by means of a serrated bony ligature which grows around the joint of the affected member just where it joins the foot. As soon as the ligature is completely formed it begins to contract, and off comes the toe as effectually, if not quite so quickly, as if it had been severed by the surgeon's knife.

In the province of Cerro de Pasco, in Peru, may be contracted a strange malady which consigns its victim to certain and lingering death. The ailment in question is termed *verruca* (Spanish, a wart), and it occurs only in certain deep valleys in the highlands of that province. There, however, it is endemic and frightfully fatal, especially to the unacclimated white man. The whole surface of the body in bad cases becomes entirely covered with spongy, wartlike excrescences, varying from the size of a raspberry to that of a pigeon's egg, and from every one of these the patient's life blood oozes out continually until he perishes of inanition.—Chambers' Journal.

#### A Judicial Gem.

"A husband is not guilty of desertion when his wife rents his room to a boarder and crowds him out of the house." This is no joke, but a piece of eternal judicial wisdom. It is found in 153 Penn. St. 450.

#### His Physician's Estimate.

Cholly—Doctor, I want something for my head.  
Dr. Gruffly—My dear fellow, I wouldn't take it for a gift.—Judge.

### Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out."  
Miss Minnie Hoover, Paris, Ill.

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

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

### Oh! what shall I get to eat?

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

#### FOR BREAKFAST

Cream of Wheat, Quaker Rolled Oats, Cera Nut Flax, 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 ounce guaranteed to be sweet. We can take care of your orders.

Cream of Wheat and Iron-Duke flour always on hand

GAGE & CO.

Phone 32 (2 rings.)

\$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.

## ROY'S Restaurant and Bakery.

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

### A Fresh Line of Canned Meats, Fruits and Vegetables

Goods delivered in any part of the city.  
One door North of Lakeside Hotel. Phone No. 74.

### Who Makes Your Clothes?

We have interesting news for you on this very important question.

We are sole agents for

Monarch Tailoring Co.  
Chicago's Foremost Tailors

And their complete line is on display in our store—beautiful patterns in all the latest weaves for Fall and Winter wear, and their guarantee to fit with every order.

Call and look over the  
LARGE ASSORTMENT.

The Low Prices will  
Surprise You

Boosinger Bros.

THE HERALD \$1.00 PER YEAR



LOVEDAYS  
HARDWARE

LOVEDAYS  
HARDWARE

Something will happen at  
**The Loveday Hardware**  
Next Month.

**BREVITIES**

The Senior Class netted \$25.00 for their treasury in their oyster supper last Friday evening.

The deer hunters returned from Eckermann Friday evening. Owing to the heavy rains this has been a very disappointing season.

Atty. E. N. Clink went to Detroit Monday on business connected with his patent wagon tongue which he is arranging to put on the market.

C. H. Whittington has been very ill the past week but at present we are glad to state that he is feeling better and was able to be down in the store a short time to-day.

E. F. Meech has fitted up a bar in the northwest corner of the Commercial House which escaped damage from fire, and has named his place the "What's Left" saloon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Allen, accompanied by their granddaughter, Miss Madge Nicholas, departed Tuesday morning for Chattanooga, Tenn. where they will spend the winter.

**WHY PAY HOUSE RENT?**

House and lot for sale extremely cheap for cash. Good water. Located on Bowen's Addition. Call evenings. JAMES J. PLUMB.

It is said that every bride has many friends, but in a few years they dwindle down to one. That's Rocky Mountain Tea. Makes and keeps her well. 35 cents.

Warne's Pharmacy.

Mr. Martin Burns, of this place, and Miss Tracy Steiner, of Big Rapids, were married at the Catholic church Monday morning, Rev. Fr. Alexander officiating. Miss Eva Zeitler, of Charlevoix, was bridesmaid and Mr. Moritz Steiner, brother of the bride, acted as groomsmen.

Poor, poor man! Did you ever notice how some will walk along with head downcast. Woman is the cause of that yes sire you can gamble that this poor fellow some day or another was walking behind some woman when it was muddy. But, look up old boy there are other things in this world than a woman's foot. Smoke the Pride of Charlevoix and you can look anyone in the face.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. J. C. Barnes was married to Miss Blanche May Harry of Levering, at the residence of Mrs. A. Barnes, 906 Michigan street. Rev. Geo. A. Weaver performing the ceremony. Mr. Barnes is a steady, reliable young man, and a valued employee of the Record office, and people on this paper from editor to devil unite in wishing the young couple all sorts of success in their married life. For the present they will be at home at No. 906 Michigan street, Petoskey Record.

A big haul by highwaymen, substitutes and others who steal the good name and fame of Rocky Mountain Tea made famous by Madison Medicine Co. 35c.

Warne's Pharmacy.

It seems queer the difference strikes make in the price of different articles. Now since we had the coal strike I couldn't help but notice it. When I was walking down the street last week that nasty rainy day I could easily notice a raise in dresses and skirts even stockings were held way up high. Now it's different with the Pride cigar. Its always the same price, rain or shine.

**"Was She to Blame?"**

The Lumber Co.'s Mill A. is shut down to-day for repairs.

L. Nyquist had the chimney on his house rebuilt this week.

Rev. Wilson from the Grand Rapids Presbytery will fill the Presbyterian pulpit Sunday.

Don't miss seeing Tom Marks Co. at Loveday Opera House to-night and to-morrow night 10, 20 and 30 cents.

Foley's Honey and Tar always stops the cough and heals the lungs. Refuse substitutes.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

About forty people came up from Charlevoix Thursday evening on the steamer Gordon to see Marks Bros. opening production, "The Soldier of France."

**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.

The East Jordan Dancing Club has this week been re-organized for the coming winter season. F. E. Winters is president Miss Cora Lorraine, secretary and Louis Otto, treasurer. The Dancing Club's parties are among the most enjoyable social affairs of the winter season.

Chas. Bechtel was taken to Charlevoix Monday by Under Sheriff Harrington and, being adjudged insane, was committed to the Northern Michigan asylum at Traverse City. Bechtel was a hardworking, prosperous farmer and his unfortunate condition is the result of long continued ill health.

At the matinee to-morrow afternoon the Opera House will be darkened and the electric lights used. This will be a fine opportunity for children to see a good performance. Ladies and children are especially expected, and people who live too far away from town to attend evening shows will find this worth seeing.

**PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE IT.**

Many broad minded physicians prescribe Foley's Honey and Tar, as they have never found so safe and reliable a remedy for throat and lung troubles as this great medicine.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

The Thanksgiving Masquerade is postponed until sometime next month as some of the details in arrangements could not be satisfactorily arranged, but just through luck, this had not more than been given up when a show company offered its talent for that night. The play will be "Was She to Blame" a pastoral comedy drama which comes well recommended considering the short notice.

**Proverbs**

"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.



We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Scott's Emulsion you buy. **SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.** 50c. and \$1.00. All druggists.

**Personal Mention.**

John Nicholls was up from Charlevoix a few hours Monday.

W. C. Shoaf and wife, of Deward, were in town Monday evening.

Mrs. Jos. Zoulek departed Saturday to visit friends near Traverse City.

Landlord M. A. McHale of the Lakeside has been very ill the past week.

Howard Searles, of Boyne City, was the guest of friends in town Sunday.

Mrs. J. J. Gage and Mrs. Geo. Jepson visited friends in Charlevoix Monday.

Mrs. H. W. Dicken and son Dick returned Tuesday from their visit at Petoskey.

E. W. Coulter, of Charlevoix, was in town Saturday in the interest of the Ferry Seed Co.

Orin Bartlett started Wednesday to join the East Jordan hunting party near Ekerman.

Frank Martinek attended the big D. O. K. K. gathering at Traverse City Thursday.

Misses Idah and Ila Etcher departed to-day for Traverse City, where they will visit friends.

Ira Bartlett returned Tuesday from his hunting trip. He succeeded in bagging one deer.

Pros. Atty Nicholas and Dr. F. O. Warne were transacting business at Charlevoix Monday.

D. Crothers came down from Levering Saturday evening and spent Sunday with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Myers, of Charlevoix, were guests of friends here several days this week.

Dr. H. W. Dicken and George Glenn have returned from their hunting trip to the Upper Peninsula.

John Tooley went to Boyne City Wednesday to work on the interior finishing of one of their new buildings.

Henry Clark was up from Charlevoix Thursday evening. He is employed building a cottage for H. P. Parmelee.

H. P. Parmelee was in the city Saturday delivering a few policies in his popular insurance company, the New York Life.

Madge Nicholas, departed Tuesday for Trenton, Ga. where she will spend the winter and enter the conservatory of music at Chattanooga.

Mr. and Mrs. John Musil, returned Friday to their home in Maple City after spending several days with their daughter, Mrs. John Nachazel and family.

Mr. Peck, of Traverse City, has been the guest of Dr. Warne several days this week and they have been making hunting excursions into the woods about town.

W. R. Coats, the hydraulic engineer, returned Thursday from Petoskey having completed his investigation into the causes of the typhoid fever epidemic there.

Harry Stone returned Saturday from Manistee, where he has been employed by a firm of lumber inspectors the past season. He leaves to-day for the Upper Peninsula to commence a winter term of school.

Roy Sherman writes home from St. Louis that he is steadily improving under the treatment he is receiving at the sanitarium. He expects to be able to return home soon completely cured of his rheumatism.

Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and colds; reliable, tried and tested, safe and sure.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

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

Mrs. PHEBE 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.

**EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE**

THANKSGIVING, NOV. 27.

For above occasion Pere Marquette ticket agents will sell excursion tickets, good going November 26 and 27, and limited for return to November 28th, at a rate of One and One-Third fare for the round trip. Ask agents for full particulars.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS. Homeseekers' Excursion tickets to points in the Northwest, West, Southwest and South, at low rates. On sale on dates which will be made known on application to ticket agents.

There is no cough medicine so popular as Foley's Honey and Tar. It contains no opiates or poisons and never fails to cure.

Sold by L. C. MADISON & Co.

**Sale of Men's Winter Underwear.**

By buying your Underwear at Wiesman's you not only have the advantage of choice from the largest and most complete stock in the city but you can save money on every purchase.

Men's Tan Shirts and Drawers worth 40 cts. for 25 cts.  
Men's Blue half wool do 75 cts. for 48 cts.  
Men's all wool fleece lined do 75 cts. for 48 cts.  
Men's Grey, Blue, Tan and Scarlet wool Shirts and Drawers made of best Australian wool worth \$1.50 for \$1.00 a garment.

**J. L. WIESMAN,**

LEADER OF LOW PRICES.  
Loveday Block, East Jordan.

**JEWELRY**

THE BEST LINE IN CHARLEVOIX CO.

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

**FRANK MARTINEK.**

**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 Buggies and P. & O. Agricultural Implements. See our Beet Cultivator.



There is no shirt equal to the CLARENDON.

The Clarendon is a Shirt with Style. The Clarendon is a Shirt that Fits. The Clarendon is a Shirt that looks like a regular \$2.00 made to measure shirt. The Clarendon is the most popular shirt because it only costs \$1.00 and has all the very best features of the very best shirts. Buy the Clarendon and take no other if you want the very best shirt made.

**BOOSINGER BROS., Sole Agents.**

The Castro coat tails are still available as a checkboard.

Minister Wu and Chauncey M. Depew may now have a chance to be heard again.

France has a coal strike of her own, in flattering imitation of the elder republic.

Europe's sympathy with the Boers has failed to manifest itself when put on a cash basis.

A St. Paul paper asks: "After peace what?" The scramble for the price of a ton or two.

It will be noticed that the simpler the operation is, the more doctors it requires to perform it.

Another person has been seriously hurt by a devil wagon. Fortunately it was only the "chauffeur."

The rise in the price of papain is reported to be due to the opening of the chafing dish season.

John W. Gates is a patriot. He gave dinners in London with American green corn as the chief dish.

They draw snakes from the water faucets in Chicago now. But the water faucets are not the only ones.

Russell Sage has almost arrived at a point from which he is able to see that money isn't everything.

La Soufriere is uneasy again. The volcano is distinctly feminine. Another explosion may be expected.

Bishop Hartzell says the South African mines are very rich. We suspected that even before the Boer war.

The total amount of money in circulation in this country at this time is \$2,75,686,631; have you the odd 1?

A direct express train will leave Vienna for Peking on Jan. 1. All aboard for the land of the lady boxers.

A proposal party is a new and clever entertainment for winter, but you should be careful to whom you propose.

A man in Marion, Ind., killed his wife because she talked all the time. What on earth did he expect when he got married?

A watched pot never boils, and the chances are that those Venetian steeples whose collapse is anticipated will never tumble.

Among those who are gratified to learn that the coal strike is practically over are the muskrats who live in the peat beds.

It has taken thirty years to distribute the estate left by Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. Nothing electric about that.

A daughter of Eve caught passing worthless checks blames it on her husband. At least there is a case where the man did the tempting.

A tourist who visited La Soufriere recently boasts of having cooked eggs in a boiling spring on the side of the mountain. Omelet Soufriere?

The autobiography of the sultan of Turkey should be a valuable work for persons to read who desire to pay their debts with 100 per cent of promises.

The trolley car has met its match at last. Two infuriated bulls chased an electric in New Jersey, and it wouldn't have escaped if the track hadn't been down grade.

In a Wisconsin school a group of co-eds tied freshmen girls with ropes and exhibited them. Who will say young women are not fitted for the higher education?

Carrie Nation threatens to go abroad and break up the liquor business, to which new American invasion we respectfully call the attention of the London Times.

An English critic complains of the "levity with which matters of the gravest importance are treated by the American papers." Some American paper has evidently had a paragraph or two about him.

A Kentucky woman has had her pastor read to her the sermon he intends to deliver at her funeral. If he is a wise pastor the meal ought to be first-class when he takes dinner with that lady hereafter.

Col. Mills of West Point reports the "passing of hazing." Hazing has "passed" every other year during the academy's century of life. But somehow it doesn't stay passed. When youthful spirits pass hazing will—and not before.

When New York policemen die and leave \$100,000 savings hidden away in their desks it is time to quit laughing at the small boy who, with all the world before him, deliberately decides that when he grows up he will be a policeman.

# Bandits' Reign to Be Ended

## Small Army of Determined Men Pledged to Exterminate the Outlaw Gangs Which Have Infested Arizona

The largest posse of men that ever searched for fugitives, from justice are hunting across burning desert wastes, over lonely, sunbaked mountains, through parched gulches and sterile canyons in Southern Arizona—along the boundary between the United States and Mexico—for desperate, red-handed outlaws—half-breed Indians and Mexican desperadoes. The border between Arizona and New Mexico, of the United States and Sonora, of the republic of Mexico, has long been the rendezvous of several of the most dreaded bands of murderers, bandits and lawless, hardened characters in the West.

There is scarcely a region on this continent more favorable for unrestrained outlawry in the most desperate forms than the region of the boundary between the United States and Mexico, especially along the southern limits of Arizona. Away up among the rugged mountain peaks are caverns and fastnesses where bands of outlaws may live for months with meagrest protection against invasions of their hiding places. Apache Kid and his fifteen fiendish followers lived among these mountains for months, while the United States troops and armed posses vainly sought them in 1893, 1894 and 1895. Very few white men know the dizzy tortuous trails that lead around cliffs and over extinct volcanoes from the valleys up among the crags and peaks of the Dragon or Santa Marias. Several thousand men might have sufficient food for a whole season and nothing would give a clue to their whereabouts. There are thousands of eyrie spots on the mountain sides where a handful of armed men may, with rifles, hold off a company of soldiers.

Stretching away from the feet of the mountains and foothills on both the American and Mexican sides of the boundary are camps of gold, silver and copper mines, homes of alfalfa growers and sheep herders, stock ranges, honey bee ranches and settlers' cabins. These have long been the objects of robbery, assault and murder by the fugitives from justice who have lived in the mountain fastnesses and the hidden canyons and gulches. The frequent raids of the outlaws upon the herds, flocks and homes of the settlers down in the valleys has finally brought every one in the southern parts of the Territories and in the northern to combine in a common movement against the bandits of the mountains. The dozens of attempts by small posses to capture or punish the criminals have been absurd.

The largest and most notorious gang of outlaws in the mountains of Pima county is that led by "Doc" Hattler. In some parts of the territories that name is held in dread. "Doc" Hattler is about 60 years old, and for twenty years he has been a refugee from justice. He came from a New Jersey town at the close of the civil war and was a tough citizen in Dodge City and Newton, Kan., thirty-five years ago, when they were the most lawless communities in the West. He ran a kevo saloon at

region. He has a criminal record in El Paso, Deming, Tombstone, Silver City and Albuquerque. He was detected in a holdup of the Las Vegas, N. M., stage in 1889, when gold bullion to the amount of \$12,000 was taken from the Wells-Fargo express box. When the sheriff and several deputies came to arrest "Doc" Hattler and his associate in crime the outlaw shot one of the deputies dead, and amid a rattling fire of revolvers, he and an associate leaped down a ravine and got away. A posse from Las Vegas took the trail and followed the bandit and his associate for thirty



"Doc" Hattler.

hours, when the trail was lost in the darkness of the night among the Rocky mountains. Three months after "Doc" Hattler and three associates were recognized at Hermosillo, Mexico. Shortly after a Mexican hacienda was robbed of silver plate and fine horses and the posse that took after the robbers recognized Hattler as he fled on horse through the chaparral toward the Santa Maria mountains.

Hattler has added some fourteen American and Mexican refugees from justice to his band. The list of murders, robberies and hold-ups attributed to the gang numbers more than thirty.

The Beeson gang, composed of about seven of the most desperate criminals ever known on the frontier of civilization, is another outlaw body that makes its headquarters among the Dragon mountains and preys periodically upon people and companies on both sides of the boundary line. The Beeson gang gets its name from Bob Beeson, who escaped from the Territorial penitentiary at Santa Fe, N. M., in 1890, where he was sentenced for life after participation in highway robberies, murders and other desperate crimes. Beeson was shot and killed by a railroad brakeman on the Mexican Central railroad two years ago in a hold-up of the express car near Juarez, Mexico, one night when there was a shipment of gold bricks aboard from the Chihuahua mines for Denver. The gang still retains Beeson's name. The Wells-Fargo detectives say that the Beeson gang have several abodes in the mountains and that they shift their hiding spots every few months.

The holdup of the Southern Pacific overland train at Stein's Pass in Arizona, when the express-car was wrecked, and the safe was blown open and robbed of some \$40,000 in money was the most notable crime ever traced to the Beeson gang. But none of the robbers has ever been brought to justice and not a dollar of the booty has ever been recovered. The gang is not altogether composed of rude, hardened characters. Two of the Beeson gang are said, on the authority of former United States Marshal Foster of Beeson, Ariz., to be middle-aged men from a New England city, with airs of refinement and evidences of superior education and breeding. They were seen at Tucson last spring, where they passed themselves off as mining investors. Two years ago they spent several months at Taona, where they assumed the role of amateur geologists, while they planned the successful robbery of the Southern Pacific east-bound overland. It is believed that one of these gentlemanly men was the man who assassinated Sheriff Bowison, who led a posse against the Beesons in Pinal county in 1896.

### Power of Shells.

In 1870 an ordinary shell when it burst broke into from nineteen to thirty pieces. To-day it bursts into 240. Shrapnel fire in 1870 scattered only thirty-seven death-dealing missiles. Now it scatters 340. A bomb weighing about 70 pounds thirty years ago would have burst into forty-two fragments. To-day when it is charged with peroxide it breaks up into 1,200 pieces, each of which is hurled with much greater velocity than the larger lumps which were scattered by a gun-powder explosion.

### Inventor in Hard Luck.

John Rapleff, inventor of the dynamite gun, is now in the Home for Incurables in New York, without resources and dependent upon his friends. His wife is compelled to take in sewing, one of the boys is a ticket chopper on the elevated road, another is in charge of a moving stairway, while a daughter, who has shown remarkable artistic ability, is supported by some friends in Troy. In other words, a man who revolutionized a certain branch of gunnery is in dire straits.

## SHOW OARSMEN NEW STROKE

### Japanese Rowing Crew Astonishes Competitors in Regatta.

At the Royal regatta held yesterday at Hyde there was a race for man-of-war cutters, in which a boat's crew from the Japanese warship Takasaga was among the competitors; the novelty was provided by the style of oarsmanship adopted by them. This is the way you do it, according to close observation. Stand up at the beginning of the stroke, dig your blade as deep as you can reach, and then drop suddenly backward, with your legs in the air. Something will probably happen to the boat then; if it goes forward, well and good; if not go on dropping backward in the same way till it does. The Japs came in third, as fresh as paint, which seems to show that there is something in the Tokio style after all.—St. James Gazette.

## MUST MOVE A WHOLE TOWN.

### Old Mining Camp in the Coeur d'Alenes is to Be Destroyed.

Within a few weeks the original town of Delta, Idaho, one of the oldest mining camps in the Coeur d'Alenes, will be no more. Every building in the town has to be torn down, burned or moved away. The townsite has been purchased by the Beaver Creek Gold Mining Company, which will soon start to dredge that portion of the creek, and it has issued an order that every lot must be vacated. The work of removing the town already has begun. Some of the buildings have been burned. Nearly all the buildings were of high value at the time of the boom back in the eighties, but now most of them are worth but little. Some houses have been erected recently and these will likewise have to be moved.

## Ancient Banking House.

Dr. A. T. Clay, formerly a pupil and now assistant of Prof. Herman V. Hilprecht, the world's leading authority on Babylonian antiquities, has been at work several months deciphering and arranging the records of the banking firm of Murashu Sons, which was the leading banking house of the city of Nippur, in Babylonia, several hundred years before Christ, says the Brown Book. Mortgages, worded in a form very similar to that in use in the present day; wills, deed of sale or rent, merchants' guarantees of goods sold in the markets, and other business dealings of almost every conceivable kind are found among them.

## Mother of Her Country.

Six men held the title of "Father of His Country" before Washington. Few seem to know that there was a "Mother of Her Country." She was Maria Theresa, the great Empress of Austria. It is said she made only one mistake in the course of her reign—consenting to the partition of Poland. On the edge of the document given her to sign she wrote: "I consent because so many great and learned men will have it so, but after I am dead and gone people will see the consequence of this breaking through all that has hitherto been holy and just." Her daughter was the unhappy Marie Antoinette.

## Veteran Maine Guide.

A Chicagoan who has just returned from a hunting trip in Maine had for a guide Nathan E. Moore, who is undoubtedly the oldest guide in that state. Moore is 84 years old, erect of figure and still capable of doing full duty in his chosen profession. He began trapping when he was 8 years-old and has been at it ever since. In the intervening years he has made a record of 276 moose, 200 caribou, 100 bears and deer beyond count.

## Recreation in the Ark.

The animals in Noah's collection, wearying of the monotony of the long voyage, were having a social little dance. "It seems to me," said the gazelle, "with some irritation, "it takes a lot of gall for as clumsy a hoo as that kangaroo to force himself into the society of graceful dancers." "Oh, I don't know," said the giraffe, acting as floor manager. "It's all right, I guess, for an informal hop."

## Poetic Gem Spoiled.

An old bachelor, who had become melancholy and poetical, wrote some verses for the village paper, in which he expressed the hope that the time would soon come when he should "Rest calmly within a shroud." With a weeping widow by his side. But to his inexpressible horror, it came out in print—"When I shall rest calmly within a shawl, With a weeping widow by my side."

## His Vexing Problem.

The boy was greatly troubled. "Is it true, father," he asked, "that they have whipping posts in some states?" The father assured him that it was. "And they whip grown people?" asked the boy. "When they deserve it," said the father. "Well," asserted the boy, with conviction, "if that's the case, I don't see what's the use of growing up."

## The Duty of Marriage.

Nothing great is achieved by a life of slothful ease. It is the strenuous man who wins, and nothing is so well calculated as married life to make a man strenuous, says the Baltimore Sun. To no man comes the fruition of all the virtues equally with him who lovingly carries to and fro the wakeful and vociferous infant in the wee hours of the night. It is every where agreed that nothing so well develops one's physical and intellectual strength as trying to make a living for a growing family.

## Bangor Man's Joke

### On Western Visitor.

A man from Minneapolis who had been spending a few days at one of the Maine coast resorts came to Bangor this week and in conversation with a friend in a hotel cafe here remarked that he had enjoyed his visit to the shore, but that he had not found lobsters as plentiful there as he had expected.

"Lobsters? Why, that's queer," responded the Bangor man. "Why, the woods are full of them, so to speak. Come down to my place at Hancock Point and I'll give you your fill of them."

"Many down there?" queried the Westerner. "Many?" The Bangor man regarded his questioner with surprise, replying: "Why, man, lobsters are so thick down there that they've got to be a nuisance. Have to go out mornings and sweep them off the paths—even climb up on the porch. Beastly nuisance when you don't care for them, you know."

The man from the West looked dazed, but promised to accompany the Bangorean to Hancock Point next day, there to help repel the invasion of lobsters. The Bangor man went to the telegraph office and sent this message to his wife at Hancock Point:—"Buy all the lobsters within ten miles, and scatter them about the lawn, paths and porches." Next day, when the joker and his

guest arrived at the cottage, the whole place had been planted with green and scurrying crustaceans, and the fun began the minute they entered the walk. The Bangor man kicked something out of his path.

"What's that?" asked the guest. "Oh, that's one of those confounded lobsters," was the calm reply. A little further on more lobsters wriggled over the walk, and the cottager declared, in disgusted tones, that it was pretty tough when a man couldn't get into his own house without climbing over a lot of slimy lobsters. The Westerner's eyes started from their sockets, but when he got to the vine-covered porch entrance he nearly fainted.

Two enormous lobsters were clinging by their claws to the trellis, and, grabbing one of them, the host remarked: "They'll be in my bedroom next—here, this one will make a good broil for you!"

The big lobster was broiled, and the man from Minneapolis ate it with keen delight. Next day he ate others and when he got back to Bangor he declared solemnly:

"I never would have believed it had I not seen them with my own eyes."

—Bangor (Maine) Correspondence.

You may reform a man, but never a woman.

## His Dignity and Hat Were Both in Collapse.

A gale was howling across the square when a large, portly man came around the corner. He was erect and his round figure had a military poise, an air of dignity, which was imposing. Suddenly a wild gust seized his shining hat and whirled it off. It shot up into the air and described circles in the manner of M. Santos-Dumont's airship. Then it flew across the street and fell into a puddle of muddy water.

The dignified citizen gazed at the flight of his hat in a bewildered fashion. When it fell to the ground he canted gently after it. As he neared it he bent eagerly forward. His hand almost touched the precious tile, when swoop came another gust and snatched the unfortunate hat, which went rolling off, churning the muddy waters of the gutter like the screw of a steamer.

The owner of the hat looked wrathfully after it and then started in pursuit on a mad gallop. Swiftly along the square rolled the hat. Suddenly in the midst of his swift course the pursuer stepped on a piece of orange

peel, grasped wildly at the air and fell with a despairing splash.

Shorn of all his dignity, the unhappy man slowly rose, looked around to see if he was observed, then carefully examined his injured raiment. From collar to waist his frock coat had split. Twenty yards ahead, peacefully reposing by the curbstone, lay the innocent cause of all his misfortunes.

With an air of grim determination he strode toward it. The hat remained coyly resting on the edge of a puddle. The portly person gazed down at the water-logged, mud-covered tile, and then at his own ruined raiment.

Just then, as if inspired by a demon of mischief, the hat began to sway with a passing gust. This was too much. Gathering himself together, the fat man made a mighty leap and landed both feet squarely on the hat. He peered anxiously around to see if he was observed, and then, turning up his coat collar, strode away, leaving the fragments of what had once been a silk-hat reposing in the gutter.—The Scotsman.

## Incident Too Much For Deacon's Temper.

"I never was one to talk against my neighbors," said Miss Dossie Ann Pine, who had dropped in by the back way to borrow a cupful of brown sugar from Mrs. Judge Tubman, "but I can't help thinkin' that Deacon Gustus Stang is a little mite too hasty and sarcastic in expressin' himself for a man of his position and professions."

"Way, yesterday afternoon—I was right there, myself, passin' the time o' day with Miss Stang, and saw it all—a stand of his bees swarmed and lodged on a limb of the ex-heart cherry tree on top of the upper off-set. The Deacon went to work to live 'em, first gettin' on an up-ended barrel and reachin' up and cuttin' off the limb with the bees all bunched up on it. At that very instant, if you'll believe me, the head of the barrel caved in and over it whopped, and fell off'm the off-set with the Deacon inside, and went rollin' and bouncin' down the long stone steps, and slammed against the hitchin'-post at the foot of the stairs with a crash that busted the

barrel all to staves and wrung a great groan from the Deacon, and left him pretty near wrapped around the hitchin'-post, with the infuriated bees a-stabbin' at him like I'm-sure-I-don't-know-what. Hi Price was drivin' by with his tin-peddler's cart and blind horse, and he stopped and called out, as was natural:

"Land o' Goshen, Deacon Gustus! Are you hurt?"

"No, contrive ye!" roared the Deacon, as snappish, "I'll be bound, as an alligator. No, I ain't! This is the way I laugh! I'm tickled got-rammed rear to death over the joke I've just played on the bees!"

"Of course, he had a good deal of provocation, looking at it in some ways, but I contend that he'd better have restrained himself long enough to have counted a hundred before he spoke; though, of course, it ain't really for me to judge."—Puck.

Pedigree never filled a hungry man's stomach.

## THE ANCIENT COPTIC FAITH.

### Egypt Now the Center of This Form of Worship.

In Westminster abbey, after the coronation of King Edward, a silver votive cross was left by the Abyssinian envoy, Ras Makonnen. It represents the faith of the Coptic church, the most debased in Christendom. Egypt is the center of this faith, the patriarch of Alexandria, as he is called, living at Cairo. Not even the priests understand the language of the services, essentially the same as that used by the Pharaohs, with a mixture of the tongue of Homer. In its ritual is found an admixture of ancient Egyptian and Jewish ceremonial together with that of primitive Christianity. Mere ordination is conferred not by the laying on of hands, but by breathing and the universal kiss is interchanged among the congregation. Children may act as deacons and may receive the sacrament—bread dipped in wine. In Abyssinia the Jewish and Egyptian ritual is carried still further to excess. The ark is the center of worship, which includes dancing. The Jewish Sabbath is observed. Distinction is drawn between clean and unclean animals. Polygamy also has lingered on. So extreme is their belief in external rites to wash away sin that the greatest festival of the year amounts to an annual baptism of the whole nation. They have even canonized Pilate because he washed his hands and said: "I am innocent of the blood of this just man."

## "CAPE BOYS" AND THEIR WAYS.

### Nervous Passengers Would Not Enjoy Their Style of Driving.

In South Africa the mail carts convey passengers for long distances. The drivers of these vehicles are usually "Cape Boys," men of mixed parentage, Hottentots, Griqua, Koranna, with a dash of the white man superadded. They are first rate drivers and manage their teams of six, eight and even ten horses with extraordinary skill and dexterity. Another colored boy sits alongside the driver, wielding an enormously long whip, which instrument he manages as deftly as a first rate fly-fisher does his rod and casting line. Nevertheless, these Cape boys are reckless folk, much addicted to drink and inordinately vain of their performances as Jehus. It is the fashion with them to start away from and make the approach to the village inns or baiting places, where they make their halts, at a hard gallop. In this way, owing to the "drivers' drinking habits and the ordinary risks of bad roads, accidents often happen, the cart and its passengers are occasionally turned over, and broken bones result. The cart itself is a two-wheeled tented carriage, having two or three seats placed one behind the other, the passengers invariably looking toward the horses. Baggage and mails are strapped on behind, or, if a regular coach is used, upon the top.

If man had no curiosity private detective offices would shut up business.



## THE OLD HERB GATHERER.

Stiff-jointed, wrinkled, old and wan,  
Once fair perhaps; ah, me, who knows!  
Gilding graceful as a swan,  
Breaking hearts. Ah, me, who knows!

Her husband died long years ago;  
Does she still mourn? Ah, me, who  
knows!

Three children—headstones in a row—  
Has time stilled grief. Ah, me, who  
knows!

In summer, she roams o'er the hills,  
Light heart or heavy? Ah, who knows!  
She gathers herbs to cure all ills;  
Can aught cure heartache? Ah, who  
knows!

Do scent of flowers and song of birds  
Bring comfort to her? Ah, who knows!  
Silent and chary of her words—  
If depths are stirred. Ah, who knows!

## Mrs. Hyssop's First Boarder.

BY ALBERT J. KLINK.

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The Algonquin was not so pretentious a hostelry as its name might lead one to believe. It was a modest two-story affair, placed well back from the street, and presided over by a rather spacious example of the gentler sex, who lived simply and happily under the pungent name of Mrs. Winifred Hyssop. This estimable lady had been a widow now for two years, during which time the Algonquin had been planted, had taken root, and branched into a cosy, comfortable boarding house. From its very inception the rooms were always taken, and the table always held its limit of satisfied eaters. Mrs. Hyssop was a model landlady in more senses than one.

She was now sitting enthroned on the front veranda—enthroned, because no other word fits so aptly when she chooses to adorn the front veranda.

"I do believe he's taking up with both the girls," was her scolloquy, the "he" being the boarder who was the first one domiciled under her humble roof. "And I wonder which will get him? My, but it is exciting! Oh, here comes Fanny now."

Fanny looked worried as she came up the steps. She drew a chair up to Mrs. Hyssop and sat down.

"Are you tired, Fanny?" the latter asked. "And did you meet with much success to-day?"

Fanny's success depended upon disposing of gaudy fancywork made by her own nimble fingers, which, to judge from her work, numbered more than the allotted supply of thumbs.

Fanny sighed. Mrs. Hyssop knew well what this meant.

"It is hard, I know," she sympathized, "to get along in this world. Especially when one is alone," she ended, casting a side glance at the perturbed Fanny.

Mrs. Hyssop hoped this would tow Fanny into the matrimonial channel. And a prologue in this direction—did sprout, for the girl sighed again, and said:

"I would lose hope altogether if it wasn't for—"

Fanny's face went red. Then she said in a stage whisper:

"For Mr. Barnston."

"Ah!" breathed Mrs. Hyssop, very much as if she had had a drink of some refreshing beverage.

"You must have noticed," resumed Fanny, "that he has been attentive to me—quite attentive. As I have no mother, I thought all along that I would some day come to you, who have been so very kind to me, and confide in you and ask your advice. You know more about Mr. Barnston than I do. He told me he had been boarding here for two years."

"Yes, for two whole years," put in Mrs. Hyssop. "Ever since I opened up."

"You must have had a rare chance to study him," Fanny said. "You must know if he has any—any qualities that are not—not—good."

Mrs. Hyssop sat more erect. She turned her head to one side pensively. Fanny now came to the point with almost superhuman abruptness, asking:

"Do you think I ought to marry him, Mrs. Hyssop?"

The suddenness with which the question came made the landlady wince. Then she beamed upon her fair boarder.

"Yes," she began, "Mr. Barnston has been with me a long time. There have



Fanny looked worried as she came up the steps.

been many chances to study him, and I have taken advantage of them. You haven't known him so long as I have, and of course are not so able to judge. I appreciate very much your coming to me. And taking everything into consideration, and to make a long story short, I would advise you not to

marry him under any circumstances."

A cyclone seemed to strike Fanny and her fancywork, for both went to pieces—Fanny on her chair, and the fancywork on the floor at her feet.

"Oh, Mrs. Hyssop!" she gasped.

"I know what I am talking about, Fanny," the landlady went on. "In this case no one than myself could give such intelligent advice."

Mrs. Hyssop talked on. It was a way she had. She went into details, explained at almost marvelous length. And poor Fanny listened.

Finally the landlady halted. Fanny



"Mr. Horton, allow me to introduce you to my wife."

rose from her chair and gathered up her fancywork.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" Mrs. Hyssop asked.

"I'm going to do my best to win Mr. Barnston."

"I hope you are not angry with me?" Mrs. Hyssop asked.

"Oh, no, not in the least," was the reply. "I thank you very much for your advice."

Two days later Mrs. Hyssop was again sitting upon the front veranda. A frail creature in white, with a last year's sailor on and a music-roll in her lap, sat beside her. Both were gazing absently across the street.

"I don't see how I shall get through the summer," the frail creature said. "Almost all of my pupils have now gone to the country to stay for the summer. I must make a living somehow."

"You poor dear," solaced the feeling widow. "No one knows that better than I do. When my dear husband died he left me almost destitute. But I thought at once of starting a boarding house, and the first thing I knew Mr. Barnston—"

The frail creature suddenly raised her eyes. She was the other girl with whom Mr. Barnston was "taking up," as his landlady put it.

"Mr. Barnston came, and before long I got more boarders than I could accommodate," ended Mrs. Hyssop.

Again she had set the ball rolling Barnstonward, and again her hopes rose, for the frail creature with the music roll at once plunged headlong into the subject of Mrs. Hyssop's first boarder.

"Of course," she said, "you must have noticed that Mr. Barnston has been paying attention to me of late. He seems to be very nice. He is always so gentlemanly."

"He is indeed," put in the landlady. "There have been times," went on the girl, "when I felt as if I just must come to you for advice about Mr. Barnston. If any one could give it, I knew you could. Do you think he would make a good husband?"

Having had experience, this time Mrs. Hyssop's calm was something to wonder at.

"My dear Louise," she began, "I feel deeply the honor you put upon me. Yes, I have studied Mr. Barnston very closely for the past two years. And of late I have noticed that he thinks very well of you. But Mr. Barnston is—is—well, Louise, dear, I wouldn't marry him if I were you."

For a moment there was silence on the front veranda. Then Louise burst out:

"I believe you are in league with that cat Fanny. I know you are, just because she gave you that dolly for your parlor table. I suppose if I had things to give to you, you'd say it was all right for me to marry Mr. Barnston. I won't ask you to tell me what you have against him, because you'd make up things. But you just bet Fanny'll have a hard race to win. From now on I am going to do my utmost to cut her out."

The greatest day in the Algonquin's history dawned bright and clear.

"Just a perfect wedding day," came from all sides.

From early morning there was constant bustling. Everybody was will-

ing and did lend a helping hand. The boarders could hardly await the coming event. The wedding supper was to be a most sumptuous culmination.

By noon the lounge began to take on its decorations. The boarders who came for their midday meal were loud in their praises of the excellent taste manifested. And when evening at last came and they began to assemble in the parlor, there was a veritable buzz of talk about things in general. Finally the guests had been ushered in, all but one, and that one would not witness the ceremony. In an upper room she sat alone at an open window, with a handkerchief to her eyes, weeping. She could hear the minister's voice as he made them man and wife. Later, when she heard the hilarity below, she knew that it was all over. But she still sat at the window. She saw the carriage drive up and halt at the stepping-stone. She heard loud talking out on the sidewalk. She saw figures scurrying back and forth. Then she heard a chorus of shouts. A moment later the sound of rice thrown against the carriage, more shouting, and then the sharp bang to of the carriage door. Afterward the patter of horses' feet, and the sound of wheels on the cobblestones. Then more shouting.

Within the vehicle sat two very happy beings. The ride to the station was short, and when they entered their train Mr. Barnston was surprised to see, seated at the other end of the car, a former chum of his.

Barnston and his bride had hardly got comfortably seated when his friend left his seat to go to the smoker. As he came abreast of the newly wedded couple he recognized Barnston and halted:

"Jove, but I am glad to see you," Barnston said, raising and taking his friend by the hand, "Mr. Horton, allow me to introduce you to my wife, formerly Mrs. Winifred Hyssop, of the Algonquin."

A Mormon Family Reunion.

A Salt Lake City correspondent sends us a clipping from a Mormon newspaper describing the family reunion of Grandfather Merrill. This prolific gentleman, an apostle of the Mormon church, is the father of forty living children, and his living grandchildren number 126. Nearly all of these honored the occasion with their presence. The newspaper correspondent delicately suggests the harmonious relations which subsist among the various wives of the patriarch. "From the many expressions of love and esteem it was evident the kindest and best of feeling exist in the hearts of all members of the family. Many tears of joy were shed when the different mothers narrated the experiences of the early days." Incidentally one is reminded by this story of the strange fact, substantiated by all observers, that the Mormon women, who have suffered the most from polygamy, and gained the least advantage, are the most fanatical and incurable adherents of this abominable doctrine.—Chicago Standard.

Illustrating the Point.

"You see," said the young man who was explaining the mimic war, "the attack is carried on the same as in actual warfare, except that the missiles are only technical. Now, suppose that I am commanding a brigade and I should be charged by a regiment of the enemy—"

"Technically?" asked the young woman.

"Certainly. And suppose they fired upon us—"

"Technically?" repeated the young woman.

"Yes; yes. And I should be encouraging my men to make a last stand—"

"Technically?"

"Of course. And I should get in range of the enemy's fire, and should be shot through the brain—"

"Oh," interrupted the fair damsel, "I know that would have to be technically, too!"

Reason for Child's Answer.

Bishop Brewster of Connecticut tells this story illustrative of his wife's cleverness. One day they visited a mission school, and in kindly catechising the children he asked:

"Who is your neighbor?"

A dead silence followed the question. Finally one little girl raised her hand and made the most unexpected and amazing reply, "God."

On the way home the Bishop said to his wife:

"Now, what do you suppose that child had in mind to give such an answer?"

"I suppose," replied Mrs. Brewster, "that she was following that rule of a great many older people, 'when in doubt play trumps.'"

Was It Indeed but a Dream?

I dreamed that you kissed me, dear—  
Was it indeed but a dream?  
To my heart you lay very near—  
And can so much happiness seem?

In the rush of the night you came;  
My hair was stirred by your breath,  
And my blood would have leaped into flame  
Had my sleep been the slumber of death.

And when you had kissed me, love,  
A rose you laid on my mouth,  
Did you think I could traitorously prove  
O one sweet flower of the South!

I thought that your lips still clung  
As I drank in the rose's perfume;  
And a golden censer was swung,  
And a glory enfolding the room.

—Charles Henry Webb.

Insanity Ratio in Ohio.

In Ohio one person in each 400 has been adjudged insane.

Trade of South America.

The trade of all South America is not equal to that we have with Canada.

## POPULAR SCIENCE

### The Bottle and the Dime.

As is well known, many bottles, particularly liquor and proprietary medicine bottles, when emptied of their original contents are refilled with spurious liquids and to overcome this fraud a large number of devices add greatly to the cost of the bottle, with no means of repayment except in the



Induces Destruction by Consumer.

Increased sales of the genuine commodity.

The object of the invention here illustrated is to provide a bottle which the consumers will be induced to destroy when empty, the small extra charge to the consumer being returned upon the breakage of the receptacle. The invention consists in arranging a coin in the recess of the bottle, the value of the coin being sufficient to tempt the customer to fulfill the purpose of the manufacturer. The coin is placed in a pocket during the process of manufacture, the edges overlapping the outer face of the coin so that to remove it a large portion of the bottle must be taken away. The patent on this bottle has been granted to Reginald W. Pokrop of New Haven, Conn.

### Safety Dress for Electrical Workers.

An electrician's safety dress has been invented by Prof. Artemieff, and it was lately tested in the high-tension laboratory of Siemens & Halske. The dress is composed of fine but thickly woven wire gauze, completely inclosing the wearer, including hands, feet and head. It weighs 3.3 pounds, but its cooling surface is so great that a current of 200 amperes can pass through the dress from hand to hand for some seconds without perceptible heating effect. Standing on the ground insulated, Prof. Artemieff drew sparks from the secondary terminals of a transformer which was giving a tension of 75,000 volts, with a period of 50 cycles per second. The inventor concluded his experiments by short-circuiting a generator of 170-kilowatt capacity by clutching hold of the terminals, the potential difference between the two being 1,000 volts, and the current passed 200 amperes. Throughout the experiments Prof. Artemieff declared that he did not feel the slightest sensation of a current passing through the body.

### Unicycle Sulky.

A little, cranked-up room at the corner of Michigan and Seneca streets contains a few pounds of steel, wood and rubber which have been so cunningly devised and combined that they bid fair to revolutionize horse racing, and perhaps lower the trotting record to a point under the two-minute mark. The new sulky, which has but one wheel, will weigh from twelve to sixteen pounds less than the lightest bicycle sulky. Road friction will be reduced to one-half, and on curves centrifugal force will help to decrease rather than to increase friction.

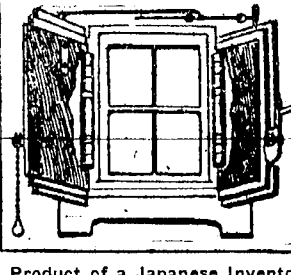
The unicycle racing machine is the invention of J. S. Scarborough, the inventor of the Jupiter steel process of the United States Steel Co.—Detroit Free Press.

### "Dark Light."

Some five years ago M. Le Bon announced that when light fell on one side of certain bodies—a thin metal plate, for instance—the other, unilluminated side of the plate gave out non-luminous radiations, which were later shown to be identical with cathode rays and which are now believed to be made up of elements of atoms carrying an electric charge. The radiations, says Popular Science News, are analogous to the X-rays and to the rays of radium, and traverse thin plate of metal freely and discharge electrified bodies in their path. Similar effluvia are produced in a great number of chemical reactions, and the phenomenon is, in fact, one of the most common in nature.

### Fire Protecting Shutters.

It is not often that a Japanese inventor enters an application for a patent in the United States patent office,



Product of a Japanese Inventor.

and the automatic fire-protecting shutter shown in the picture has considerable interest for that reason, as well as for its merit as an invention. The double shutter is intended to be mounted on spring hinges, which adapt it to self-closure the instant the restraining device is withdrawn under the heat of fire, and at the same time the shutters can be easily opened

and closed by hand. A catch is located on the wall back of each shutter to hold the latter open when thrown back, and to close the shutters by hand it is only necessary to pull the cord which hangs beneath the left shutter, when the spring hinge will perform its part. At the same time the connecting rod over the window releases the opposite catch and allows the second blind to close over the first. To accomplish this result automatically under the heat of the flames, a fusible link or ring is used in connection with the fastening of the first or left shutter, and the melting of this ring permits the spring hinges to close the blinds in turn before the heat has reached the point of danger to the contents of the building.

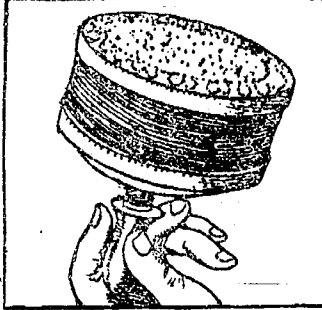
### American Railway Bridges.

The address of the chairman of the Section of Mechanical Engineering at the July meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science gives statistics of American bridge construction. From it the following particulars are taken. A dozen years ago few plate girder bridges were built whose span exceeded 100 feet. The span of the large plate girders of the viaduct on the Riverside Drive in New York city is 126 feet.

The channel span of the cantilever bridge over the Mississippi at Memphis measures 790½ feet between supports and is the longest of its class in America. The Wabash system is now building such a bridge at Pittsburg, whose span is to be 812 feet. The channel span of the cantilever bridge over the St. Lawrence at Quebec is to have the unprecedented length of 1,800 feet. This is 100 feet longer than the span of the Firth of Forth cantilever bridge and 200 feet longer than the span of the Brooklyn suspension bridge. The towers are to be 360 feet above high tide. It will accommodate a double-track railway, two electric railroad tracks and highways.

### A Woman's Invention.

The ordinary manner of applying powder to the skin is by the aid of a fluffy brush or "puff," which is inserted in a receptacle containing the powder, to take up a quantity of the latter and transfer it to the face. This, of necessity, occasions more or less sprinkling of the powder upon the dresser, while the majority of powder receptacles are not at all convenient to carry around when the owner is traveling. A substitute for the old powder puff has recently been patented by Marie L. Gumaer of New York city. This new device consists of a perforated face-plate of any soft fabric stretched on a frame and connected with the metallic disk at the rear by a band of chambrás leather, inside which is a coiled spring serving normally to hold the disks apart. The handle screws into the center of the base, and is removed to insert the



Compressed Air Drives out the Powder.

powder in the puff. In operation the perforated surface is pressed against the skin, when the compression of the air inside and consequent discharge through the perforations drive the powder out also, causing it to adhere to the surface against which the puff is placed.

### Eye Strain and Nervousness.

Simple eye strain is at the root of many of the ills of nervous patients in the opinion of Dr. George S. Hull. The brightness of California's sunshine sends many visitors to the oculists, who, in relieving the eyes, relieve also the stomach trouble, headache, insomnia, depression, spinal exhaustion, and even tuberculosis, for which long health trips are taken.

### With Foreign Scientists.

It was recently demonstrated by M. George Claude in a lecture in Paris that liquid air can be used to extract hydrogen from ordinary illuminating gas.

A French scientist has examined 3,697 Culex mosquitoes from Algiers and vicinity and finds no evidence that this genus propagates the malarial microbe.

Jean Maunus recently ligatured the end of the vermiform appendix of monkeys. Dissection after 22 days showed that nature was defending the menaced organ by circumscribing adhesions and encystment.

Herr Bachaus, of the Agricultural Institute of Koenigsburg University, after experiments in feeding cows on different foods, concludes that the flavor of milk depends more on the peculiarities of the animal than on the vegetables eaten.

M. Preves, writing in the Revue de Psychiatrie, finds that of the transverse markings on finger nails normal persons have only 10 per cent, whereas degenerates of all sorts have from four to seven times that amount.

Critics of these statistics point out that the markings vary with the physical condition of the subject.

## HYMN WAS NOT APPROPRIATE.

Worse Than Doleful Sound From Tomb Was Government Foghorn.

Even staid Congregational ministers have an occasional bump of humor. The government has recently installed at Falkner's island, on the Connecticut coast, an immense foghorn with a megaphone attachment. A few weeks ago Chas. A. Hamilton of the International Silver company and R. F. Foster, the whist expert, who are interested in the manufacture of the horn, visited the island for a final test of the horn. This was made on a Sunday, the horn being blown at intervals of twenty-seven seconds from late on the Saturday evening of their arrival until the following Monday morning.

When Mr. Hamilton started for home he first learned how the ear-piercing and nerve-shattering moans had disturbed the peace and quiet of the worshipping congregation in the little stone church at Stony Creek.

"Lord, we come to Thee, knowing that we are miserable sinners," prayed the fervent parson, to have the end of his supplication drowned by a mighty groan from the foghorn. It so discomfited the good man that the prayer was drawn to a sudden close with the usual "amen." The minister opened his eyes to find a covertly smiling congregation.

"Brethren," he said, "let us all join in singing"—another long-drawn-out moan from the foghorn—"Hymn 411—'Hark, from the tomb a doleful sound.'"

## LILY RAFTS IN FAR SIAM.

Floated in Rivers and Seas as Offerings to Water Spirits.

Thousands of real and artificial lilies bearing cargoes of sugar, sweetmeats, rice, tobacco and incense sticks are annually floated on rivers and sea by the Siamese as offerings to water spirits. The lotus is the national flower of Siam, and is interwoven in its religion and poetry. In that country both the white and pink varieties grow in the greatest profusion. On the way from Bangkok it is not unusual to sail for miles through flooded fields covered with the white flower. A new variety of lotus is said to have recently been found. It is larger than the pink flower and is pure white except for an inner row of crumpled and fluted petals, which are tinged with sea-green like the others; the heart of the new lily is golden, but it has no flavor. The lotus is interwoven with every religious rite and ceremony of the Siamese, and there are few legends which do not in some way have to do with it. At the ceremonies attending the cremation of the drowned Queen of Siam tridents with triple tips, each crowned by a lotus, were carried in the procession. Lotus-shaped cups and sprinklers are used for the royal bath, in the hair cutting and coronation ceremonies.

## An Invocation.

When that old Vender, to whose hand  
The liveliest volumes come at last,  
Shall thank you for a trace of good  
Enduring though your day be past—

Be not abashed at your small worth;  
His sense is keen; and there may cling  
About your yellowing pages still  
Some freshness of the Northern spring;

Some echo of the white throat's song  
From lonely valleys blue with rain,  
Ringing across the April dusk  
Joy and unfathomable pain;

Some glamour of the darling land  
Of purple hill and sunset tree,  
Of tidal rivers and tall ships  
And green-diked orchards by the sea;

A sweep of elm-treed interval,  
And gravelly floors where heroes wad;  
A sigh of wind through old arched barns  
With earliest music ever made.

And will no hint of this outweigh  
The faulty aim, the faultier skill,  
To save our credit when we come  
To the Green Dwelling in the Hill?

Ah, trust the Vender wise and kind!  
He knows the outside and the in,  
And loves the very least of those  
He tosses in the dusty bin.

—Bliss Carman.

## He Was Desperate.

In an especially crowded hour of a crowded shop a man had succeeded in working his way to the ribbon counter and in maintaining his place there until the saleswoman felt disposed to take note of his existence.

"I want five yards of broad white ribbon," he said.

"We do not keep white at this counter," was the disheartening response. "What do you keep?"

"Anything else."  
"Then give me five yards of anything else."

The surrounding women held their breath while the saleswoman dispassionately measured off five yards of light blue. Then as one woman they turned to watch with pitying eyes the man as, cramming the paper bag into his pocket, he left the shop—New York Sun.

## It Was Doubtful.

"Do you know whether there are any fish in the lake or not?" asked the summer guest of the landlady as he returned after five hours of fishing without a bite.

"I wouldn't like to say," was the reply.

"Did you ever catch one?"  
"No, sir."  
"Ever hear of one being caught?"  
"No. Last spring I drained the lake and refilled it and put in one fish. He may have lived or he may have died. If living, you can catch him if you fish long enough. If dead, you might as well sit on the veranda and cuss about the beds and the table. That's all; rates \$2.50 per day and scenery thrown in."

Telephone girls never invite you to call again.



# PERE MARQUETTE

In effect Sept. 28, 1902.  
Trains leave Bellair as follows:  
For Chicago and West—10:10 a. m. and 4:17 p. m.  
For Saginaw and Detroit—10:10 a. m. and 4:17 p. m.  
For Charlevoix and Petoskey—2:45 p. m., 9:10 a. m. and 7:55 p. m.  
H. F. MOELLER,  
General Passenger Agent.  
F. N. STEWART, Agent, Bellair.

# Detroit & Charlevoix R. R. Co.

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

West Bound	Mixed
Leave Frederic	4:40 p. m.
"Fayette	5:00 p. m.
Leave Detroit	5:15 p. m.
"Blue Lake Jc.	5:30 p. m.
"Mancelona Road	5:45 p. m.
"Lake Harold	6:00 p. m.
Leave Alba	6:15 p. m.
"Green River	6:30 p. m.
"Jordan River	6:45 p. m.
"Wards	7:00 p. m.
Arrive South Arm (East Jordan)	7:50 p. m.
Ar. Charlevoix (Steamer)	8:15 p. m.
East Bound	Mixed
Lv. Charlevoix (Ste.)	7:45 a. m.
Lv. South Arm (East Jordan)	8:45 a. m.
"Wards	9:00 a. m.
"Jordan River	9:15 a. m.
"Green River	9:30 a. m.
"Alba	9:45 a. m.
Lv. Detroit	11:40 a. m.
Lv. Frederic	12:15 p. m.

† Trains stop on signal to take on or to let off passengers.  
CLARK HAIRE, Gen. Manager

# East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE  
In effect June 22, 1892.

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
A. M. P. M.	Stations	P. M. A. M.	P. M. A. M.
8:30	1:20	1:50	7:30
8:42	1:32	*Mt. Bliss	4:15
8:55	1:45	Wards	4:35
9:00	1:50	*Heatonia	4:44
9:20	2:10	Hitchcock	4:50
9:30	2:20	*Wolcott	5:04
9:45	2:35	Bel Air	5:20

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

# BOAT SERVICE.

East Jordan and Charlevoix Route.  
TIME CARD.  
(Commencing Monday, July 21, 1902.)

Str. PILGRIM

Lv. Charlevoix	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Smyer's dock	8:40	1:30	5:30
Wilder's dock	8:45	1:35	5:35
Railroad dock	8:50	1:40	5:40
Ar. East Jordan	9:25	2:10	6:15
Lv. East Jordan	10:30	3:15	6:30
Railroad dock	11:30	4:30	6:55
Ar. Charlevoix			8:10

GEO. JEPSON, Master.

Charlevoix and East Jordan Line.  
Str. Jos. Gordon

Lv. Charlevoix	7:30 a. m.	1:30 p. m.
Ar. East Jordan	8:00 a. m.	2:00 p. m.
Lv. East Jordan	9:00 a. m.	3:00 p. m.
Ar. Charlevoix	11:30 a. m.	5:30 p. m.

L. G. ARD, Master.

## Moses Lemieux

Practical Horseshoeing and General Blacksmith

All kinds of wood repair work done promptly.  
Shop East end of State St.

## NEALE'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

Neale M.D.  
Ann Arbor, Mich.  
Price 50 cts. None genuine without this signature.

You can have the advice, free of cost, of the most eminent and skilled Specialists in the treatment of Catarrhal affections, by simply writing us. We are only too glad to help you. As manufacturers of the only positive and guaranteed specific for Catarrh, we are anxious to demonstrate its efficacy, therefore write us freely. Remember this: NEALE'S CATARRH TABLETS will cure any case of Catarrh. Price 50c. The druggist is authorized to return your money if you are not satisfied.

NEALE CATARRH TABLET CO.  
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

## NERVITA PILLS

Restore Vitality, Lost Vigor and Manhood

Cure Impotency, Night Emissions, Loss of Memory, Nervousness, Underdeveloped or Stunted Organs, All effects of self-abuse or excess and indigestion, A nerve tonic and blood builder. Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the life of youth. By mail \$2.50 per box. 6 boxes for \$25.00, with our bankable guarantee to cure or refund the money paid. Send for circular and copy of our bankable guarantee bond.

NERVITA TABLETS EXTRA STRENGTH Immediate Results (YELLOW LABEL)

Positively guaranteed cure for Loss of Power, Variacole, Underdeveloped or Stunted Organs, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Nervous Prostration, Hysteria, Fits, Insanity, Paralysis and the Results of Excessive Use of Tobacco, Opium or Liquor. By mail \$25.00 per box. 6 boxes for \$150.00, with our bankable guarantee bond to cure in 30 days or refund money paid. Address

NERVITA MEDICAL CO.  
Clinton & Jackson Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

# THE SPLASHING HOUSE.

A French Yarn That Was Printed to Ridicule Englishmen.

One of the most extraordinary tales ever invented about Englishmen by foreigners was the "splashing house" story, given to the world by the Paris Journal Patrie in 1868. "An ingenious writer in the paper gravely informed his readers that in the suburbs of London were houses where 'earth beaten up into mud is retailed.' To these houses men were accustomed to resort in hunting kit for the purpose of being splashed with mud.

"These curious establishments are provided with muds of different counties, but principally of those counties where the hunting is best. The sale of the mud is conducted in the most serious manner imaginable; the attendant inquires, 'From what county, sir, do you wish it to be supposed you have just returned?' 'From the county of Kent.' The pretended sportsman thereupon takes a seat on a wooden horse whose legs throw up the selected mud; after having been well splashed the customer pays his bill (3 shillings), casts an eye of approbation toward the mirror, takes a whiff in his hand and goes to exhibit his muddy clothes in Pleadcilly, Bond street or Pall Mall, in order that it may be supposed that he has just returned from a grand hunt."

In addition to the chance of marrying an heiress which this remarkable display of dirty clothes confers on their wearer, says the French newspaper man, the patron of the "splashing house" has another very immediate advantage. "The mud with which he is splashed affords, if not proof, strong presumptive evidence that he is a lauded proprietor in the county whose mud bespatters him." And lauded proprietors being held in vast esteem as solvent and desirable creditors, the men can obtain anything he likes at any shop on credit.

One wonders whether such a wonderful tale finds any believers among those who read it.—London Live Stock Journal.

# JUMPING THE DEER.

A Style of Hunting That Looks Easy Till You Try It.

"Jumping a deer" is a highly attractive phrase, quite apt to make a tingle in the back hair of the tenderfoot who hears it for the first time. It is also intensely satisfactory to the chap who always has to shave before going nature. You may, indeed, get a good shot in this way, and it is generally the only way to see the grandest of all the sights of the woods—deer running through a windfall. To see the glossy curves of fur curl over the lofty logs that lie piled on each other in boundless confusion is well worth a trip to the woods, while for him who loves the rifle as I do, more for what cannot be done with it than for what can, there is no such target elsewhere. But for the tyro who is dying to get that first deer, "jumping a deer" generally means out of sight and out of hearing both. For the deer that goes off to lie down after feeding does not go to sleep, but to ruminate and take life easy. Once in a great while one falls into a doze, but almost always the head is well erect and all senses keen for danger. And even if one is in a doze it may slip away without your suspecting its existence, for sleep densifies little of the senses of this wary animal. The man who "wouldn't shoot such an innocent creature as a deer" should by all means see one getting out of a heavy windfall, while the man who loves game that can get away can here find the attraction of the woods at its climax.—Hunting the Virginia Deer" in Outing.

The Ant's Toilet.

A naturalist has been making observations on the toilets of certain ants, and has discovered that each insect goes through most elaborate ablutions. They are not only performed by herself, but by another, who acts for the time as lady's maid. The assistant starts by washing the face of her companion, and then goes over the whole body. The attitude of the ant that is being washed is one of intense satisfaction. She lies down with all her limbs stretched loosely out; she rolls over on her side, even her back, a perfect picture of ease. The pleasure the little insect evinces in being thus combed and sponged is really enjoyable to the observer.—Philadelphia Press.

The Way of the World.

We met the people going one way with their arms loaded with beautiful flowers.

"Whither do you drift?" we asked.

"We go," they exclaimed, "to adorn the graves of our dead heroes."

Later on we met them with their arms full of bricks.

"And now where?" we asked again.

"To throw these at our living heroes," they again explained, with pitying smiles at our dumbness.

The Small Brother.

"I heard him call you 'duckie,'" announced the small brother.

"Well, what of it?" demanded his sister defiantly.

"Oh, nothin' much," answered the small brother. "I was only thinkin' maybe it's because of the way you walk, but it ain't very nice of him."—Chicago Post.

The Real Boy.

"What does Freddy like to play?" asked the caller.

"Freddy," replied papa, "likes to play whatever games his mother and I decide are too rough for him."—Detroit Free Press.

Half a ton of sawdust contains 160 pounds of charcoal, 180 pounds of acids, 248 pounds of water and 162 pounds of tar.

# A Few Opinions.

## What the Public and Press say of E. N. Clink's Patent Wagon Tongue.

E. N. Clink, Esq., East Jordan, Mich.  
My Dear Sir:—In my opinion you have something that is destined to come into general use very soon. It is the finest thing I ever saw in the shape of a wagon tongue. It certainly takes nearly all the side point of the old-fashioned tongue and instantly places most of the draft on the obstructed wheel.

Yours very truly,  
D. L. OVIATT,  
(Representative from Antrim district.)

East Jordan, Michigan, Nov. 13, 1902.

To whom it may concern:—This is to certify that I have thoroughly tested E. N. Clink's patent wagon tongue and find it gives a wagon better service on obstructed wheels. I cannot see why it will not soon come into general use and do away entirely with the present style for in my opinion it is much easier on the team and in every way superior to the kind now in use.

Respectfully yours,  
W. L. FRENCH,  
Also Liveing and Road Drm

To whom it may concern:—This is to certify that I have thoroughly tested E. N. Clink's patent wagon tongue and find it gives a wagon better service on obstructed wheels. I cannot see why it will not soon come into general use and do away entirely with the present style for in my opinion it is much easier on the team and in every way superior to the kind now in use.

Respectfully yours,  
D. S. PATTON, President of Charlevoix Co. Agricultural Society.

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Respectfully yours,  
M. M. BURNHAM

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Respectfully yours,  
J. H. ADAMS, County Clerk and Registrar of Deeds for Antrim County.

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J. H. ADAMS, County Clerk and Registrar of Deeds for Antrim County.

# Frank A. Kenyon,

Register of Deeds and Abstracter.

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



# MRS. L. S. ADAMS.

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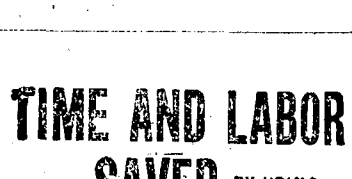
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