

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 6.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JAN. 2 1903.

No 19

Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND
CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

WILL RICHARDSON'S

State Street Grocery.

Exponent, 10c.

Pride of Charlevoix, 5c.

Nickle Boom 5c.

R. F. Steffes.

Warne Block

ST 1897 XI.

BARGAINS

In Christmas Novelties of all
kinds at the
RACKET STORE
All the latest Books.

H. G. HOLMES.

New Officers for P. M. R. R.

NEW MEN HOLD CONTROLLING INTEREST. PRESIDENT HEALD RETIRES.

The shake-up in the control of the Pere Marquette, which has been foreshadowed for several months by rumors and reports that were diligently denied by those interested, has at last been announced as a positive fact.

A controlling interest has passed to the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad, and as a part of the new deal the Detroit & Lake Erie, from Windsor to St. Thomas, has been purchased, and an extension to Buffalo will give them an ability to do business in the east. The connection of the Pere Marquette with the St. Louis & San Francisco at LaCrosse will give the new consolidation easy entrance into Chicago and will greatly facilitate west bound business. The possibilities of the system are very great and the enterprising men who have obtained control by the purchase of the Thayer holdings have probably determined to ally the system with other property which the syndicate has recently acquired.

A new board of directors was elected Monday in Boston, and by the re-organization of the board Frederick H. Prince was elected president to succeed Chas. M. Heald, and M. J. Carpenter vice president and general manager to succeed S. F. Crapo.

The prevention of consumption is entirely a question of commencing the proper treatment in time. Nothing is so well adapted to ward off fatal lung troubles as Foley's Honey and Tar.
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

K. O. T. M. RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS: It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst the beloved wife of our Sir Knight and brother, A. J. Hammond, therefore be it

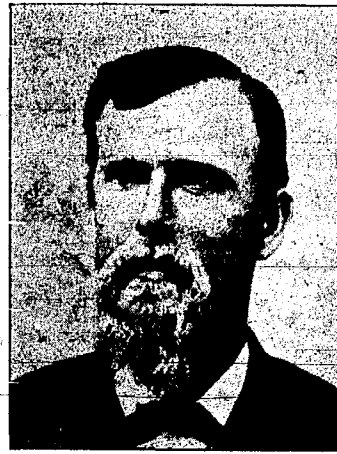
RESOLVED: That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the husband and family of the deceased. Be it further

RESOLVED: That these resolutions be published in both papers of our village, and a copy of the same be sent to the family of the deceased, and that we drape our charter for 30 days.

WM. F. BASHAW,
C. H. WHITTINGTON,
—Committee.

A Kalamazoo man who advertised for a wife received 19 replies from husbands offering him theirs.—Grand Rapids Herald.

East Jordan Has a New Post-Master.



William Harrington.

William Harrington's commission as Postmaster at this place to succeed E. N. Clink reached him as a New Year's gift Thursday and he at once took charge of his new duties. Mr. Harrington is a man of sterling integrity and it is an evidence of the esteem in which he is held by his fellow townsmen he has five times been elected Supervisor and has discharged the duties of that difficult office with great credit to himself and the town. East Jordan is to be congratulated in having secured such a worthy successor to Mr. Clink.

Lemon juice, it is positively stated, will destroy typhoid fever germs in water. This important discovery is the result of experiments now being made in bacteriological bureaus of European capitals. One experimenter recently dropped a little lemon juice in a culture tube containing typhoid germs. To his amazement he found that the acid shriveled up and killed the germs.

The Michigan Central wants \$6,000,000 damages from the state, and has commenced suit to recover that sum. It alleges that it has lost that amount by being forced to carry passengers at two cents a mile.

List of Advertised Letters.

Unclaimed letters for the week ending Dec. 29:—

Demorest, Mrs. Earl,
Hilligas, W. A.,
Murnaham, Mas.,
Shant, John,
Sutton, William,
Wells, Mary,
E. N. CLINK, P. M.

Silas Farmer, the well-known Detroit map publisher, died Sunday.

Foresters Officers.

At their meeting Saturday evening the Foresters Court elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—

Elisha Flagg, C. R.,
A. J. Sheldon, V. C. R.,
G. W. Allen, F. S.,
J. J. Gage, R. S.,
L. Nyquist, Treas.,
F. A. Foster, Court Physician.

Geo. W. Allen was elected representative to the Grand Lodge and John Roy, alternate. Officers will be installed at the January meeting held the last Saturday evening of the month.

During the year ending June 30, 1902 there were 14,983 persons appointed to positions in the United States Classified Civil Service, which was 4,692 more than were ever before appointed in a single year. If you wish information about positions of this kind you can obtain it free by writing for the Civil Service announcement of the Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C. The Civil Service Commission will hold examinations to secure young men and women for these places during March and April, at Detroit, Grand Rapids, Lansing, Marquette, Marquette and Saginaw.

From 3,046 appointments during the first year of Mr. McKinley's administration, they have increased to nearly five times that number. President Roosevelt is a firm believer in the merit system, and as long as he is president these appointments will continue to increase.

PNEUMONIA AND LA GRIPPE

Coughs cured quickly by Foley's Honey and Tar. Refuse substitutes.
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

WILL MAKE APRONS.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid Society will meet with Mrs. A. F. Bridge Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 7th. The ladies are requested to bring their thimbles and come prepared to make aprons.

STOP IT.

A neglected cough or cold may lead to serious bronchial or lung troubles. Don't take chances when Foley's Honey and Tar affords perfect security from serious effects of a cold.
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to our friends and neighbors for the sympathy and assistance extended to us in our hour of sore bereavement.
ALBERT HAMMOND AND FAMILY.

IN BED FOUR WEEKS WITH LA GRIPPE

We have received the following letter from Mr. Roy Kemp, of Angola, Ind. "I was in bed four weeks with la grippe and I tried many remedies and spent considerable for treatment with physicians, but I received no relief until I tried Foley's Honey and Tar. Two small bottles of this medicine cured me and now I use it exclusively in my family." Take no substitutes.
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

Public Installation.

MYSTIC LODGE F. & A. M. AND INVITED GUESTS ENJOY THEMSELVES.

Saturday, Dec. 27th, was St. John's day, the regular annual meeting of Mystic Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M. and this year the installation was public, inasmuch as the families of the members and a few other guests were invited. Jas. B. Palmer was the installing officer and installed the following officers for the ensuing year:

W. M.—W. J. Palmer.
S. W.—S. J. Colter.
J. W.—Chas. Burkett.
Treas.—R. L. Lorraine.
Sec'y—M. M. Burnham.
S. D.—Ed. Henry.
J. D.—A. Carson.
Marshal—H. J. Carpenter.
Tyler—Louis Grasier

At the conclusion of the installation ceremonies a short musical program was rendered, interspersed with timely remarks from several members and then a light lunch was served in the lodge parlors.

After the lunch an hour was given over to a social good time thoroughly enjoyed by all.

CHILDREN POISONED.

Many children are poisoned and made nervous and weak, if not killed outright, by mothers giving them cough syrups containing opiates. Foley's Honey and Tar is a safe and certain remedy for coughs, croup and lung trouble and is the only prominent cough medicine that contains no opiates or other poisons.
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

The School Commissioners' Column.

ABEL W. CHEW, Commissioner.

We were sorry, very sorry, that such a slim audience attended the Farmers Institute on Wednesday evening. The State sent the Hon. A. E. Palmer to talk on the "Centralization of Rural Schools" and "Transportation of Pupils," also Prof. C. T. Grawn of the Mt. Pleasant Normal School to discuss the needs of the rural schools. Both gentlemen talk from actual experience and their lectures are of vastly more importance to the people than a rehash of what has been said by some one in the past.

Mr. Palmer was selected by the Michigan State Grange to visit the centralized schools of Ohio and other States the past year, and in company with Supt. Fall spent six weeks looking over every phase of the work.

Their report embodied in the State Superintendent's report for 1901, gives a comprehensive view of the subject; as to benefits; costs of new method, satisfaction of pupils and patrons over the results. We hope the patrons who have established free district libraries will get the report and study it. We will have the report in each library by the time we close our winter visitation.

It is not expected that everybody will be favorable to the change, although a law will no doubt, be enacted at the next session of the legislature giving the people of the state of Michigan an opportunity to better their conditions in many respects.

It is not necessary that all schools in a township be consolidated, but there are a great many poor schools with small attendance and short terms that would be greatly benefitted by centralization. Study the subject; it is the main educational topic of the day.

A LIFE AT STAKE.

If you but knew the splendid merit of Foley's Honey and Tar you would never be without it. A dose or two will prevent an attack of pneumonia or la grippe. It may save your life.
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 SOBIEFFELS, South Arm.

E. H. Brown

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

BOOSINGER BROS.

Boosinger Bros.' Shoes.



The largest retail Shoe business in the county makes it possible for us to sell such excellent Shoes at such reasonable prices.

Women's Kid Shoes at \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Stock: Best chrome tanned kid skin, tough, durable and always looks well.
Uppers: Medium weight, circular foxing and circular quarter vamp. Handsomely stitched and handsomely finished.

Last: Medium—in the most sensible, stylish, well fitting forms.

Soles: Inner and outer soles of oak tanned leather. Solid but flexible.

Buy your Shoes long enough. A long Shoe gives comfort and gives style.

Men's Shoes With a Record.

Box Calf, Ideal Kid, Patent Colt—Shoes that we can recommend in Stock Workmanship and Finish and sell with the confidence of our reputation behind them. By the use of the celebrated Goodyear welt machines inferior leather cannot be used in any part of the Shoes. These machines demand good material on which to operate and they NEVER slight the work.

Soles: Solid oak tanned double soles 7-16 inch thick, lock stitched on Goodyear machine with best Irish flax thread.

Last: These lasts are on and these Shoes are worn by particular men.

Black Russia Calf, \$3.00 to \$3.50. Box Calf, \$2.50 to \$4.00.
Ideal Kid, \$3.50 to \$5.00.

Our Motto: "Quality First of All."

BOOSINGER BROS.



The SKOGFRAU'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

BY CHAS. H. ROBINSON



A HA! KARA barn, the smell of thy coffee is like the taste of wine to the thirsty after my long tramp in the crusty snow," and Karl the iron-founder threw off his huge skin coat and emptied at a gulp the brimming cup of coffee handed him by his sister Olga. Then placing a finger on his lip:

"Var stilla, my Olga, I have something to tell thee, but yonder little pitcher has long ears. So," he continued, turning to a mite of a girl sitting sedately near the blazing fireplace, intently engaged in thumbing a well-worn primer book, "thou art studious, min lilla flicka, as I told thee to be. Come hither, my little maid, and show me thy book."

He took the book quickly offered him, and deftly placing in it something he secretly drew from his pocket, thrust it out of sight behind him.

"Dost remember, sweetheart, that I told thee the rooster pictured on the front page of thy book would bring thee something if thou wert good?"

"Ja, brother Karl, and so I have been good; ask sister Olga," said the child, smiling up into his face.

"Indeed, yes," answered Olga, drawing the little sister close into her arms, and giving her a hug and a kiss. "Thilda is always sweet and good."

"Well, then, let us see what the rooster has brought thee, my Thilda." Opening the book, Karl pretended to be amazed at something he saw, and showing it to Olga, she raised her hands in well-assumed astonishment. Thilda, unable to restrain her curiosity, suddenly seized the book carelessly held in Karl's huge hand just within her reach, and opening it, uttered a shout of delight as she drew forth a beautiful white candy dog, with a pink ribbon round its neck.

"Thank you, good Karl," she said simply, putting up her lips for a kiss.

"Nay, child, 'tis not me thou hast to thank, but the rooster," he explained, adding: "Now, min lilla flicka, thou knowest that the good Johan is far away from home, wilt go into thy chamber and pray for thy sister's betrothed? I have that to say to her which thou mayst not hear. Good child," he continued, patting her head as she turned obediently to obey.

"I have some news, my sister, about thy sweetheart. It is of some importance, since it tells me that thy Johan still lives."

"May the good God so ordain," said Olga fervently, "and may He restore him to my arms."

"Amen," murmured Karl, "but to the news. 'Tis now three days since Johan went into the dark forest to cut the firs for the Jul Tieden and returned not as he should have done that same night. The next day we found his ax buried deep in a tree, as thou knowest, but all other trace of him was lost. Well, to-day we penetrated as far as the gloomy Falun mines and found his empty wallet."

"And—and—thou'ldst follow his steps in the snow?" stammered Olga.

"Tell me quickly, Karl, my brother."

"That is what we did not do, Olga, for the reason that there were no footprints in the snow. The wallet could not have been cast there by any one, for we tracked a circle of a hundred yards and found the snow unbroken. Moreover, a piece of ore was laid upon it as if to prevent its being blown away. It was placed there, but not by Johan, Olga."

"Thank God, he has found a shelter there, some miners, perhaps. He may even now be on his way to me," said Olga, jealously. "Go quickly, my brother, to meet him."

"Do not raise thy hopes too high, my sister, neither let thy heart sink. Thy Johan is alive, true, but the hand that placed his wallet where it was found was not that of a mortal. Nay—be not alarmed," he said, putting an arm around her, for the girl was seized with a fit of trembling. "Be brave, my sister, and all will be well if thou wilt be guided by me."

"In anything and everything, my brother," said Olga, clasping her hands. "My soul for Johan's if need be."

"Not that, kara soster, not that shall be required of thee, but bravery thou must show, little woman, such bravery as few men dare show. Thy Johan's return depends upon thee."

"I am ready to face death himself," said Olga, "only tell me what to do."

"Listen, then. I would do it for thee myself, but thou alone canst face the ordeal. I believe the Skogfrau—"

"Oh, my God, the Skogfrau, the terrible forest witch," cried the terror-stricken maiden, falling on her knees and holding up her hands to heaven. "Spare my Johan, oh, heaven!"

"So this is thy bravery," said Karl sternly. "Rise from thy knees and nerve thyself for an ordeal that is not difficult, but requires bravery to tell thee. Wouldst lose thy Johan forever? The Jul Tieden begins at midnight, and at that hour thou must stand alone upon the spot where Johan's wallet still lies, and demand a gift from the Skogfrau. She cannot refuse thee if thou art the first mortal to demand it at that hour. 'Tis thy only hope, for she has lured Johan

night must not pass ere thou art there."

"But Thilda? We cannot leave the dear child here alone."

"'Tis all arranged with Dame Thekla," explained Karl. "We shall take the child thither and she will sleep well. Thilda, min lilla flicka!" called Karl to the child, "come hither. Hast prayed for Olga's Johan, child?"

"Ja, my brother, and the good God tells me he shall come home again."

"Then so shall it be, my sweet child, but come, wouldst like to taste Frau Thekla's seed cakes, eh? I thought as much. Well, thou shalt as soon as I can carry thee thither. Come, sweetheart; come, Olga."

Though wrapped in the warmest of furs, Olga shivered as she stood alone

"In the name of the Christ Child, I demand a gift of thee," was all that Olga could utter in her terror. It was a terrible old hag, who stood before her and her aspect was threatening.

"Some paltry thing, I wis, a ribbon, a jewel, speak mortal, whatever it may be, 'tis thine."

Growing bolder, Olga spoke more firmly: "Thou hast promised, and in the name of the Christ Child thou must keep thy promise. 'Tis not a ribbon, or a jewel, but my Johan, my betrothed, I demand of thee as thy gift."

"Johan, thy betrothed!" shrieked the hag. "Girl, thou art mad. Get thee gone, and at midnight on the Jul Afton I will bring thee a jewel such as none can boast, but not Johan. He is mine, I tell thee, mine forever. I

Olga fell fainting in the snow, but the faithful Karl revived her and brought her safely home.

"Now, my sister, thou must prepare for the Jul Afton, the eve of the great day when the Christ Child was born. Do not fear, thy Johan will come at midnight, as the terrible old hag of the forest said. I will help thee prepare trenches of snow-white lutisk, and heaps of kott bolar. We must have a mountain of seed cakes and keep filled with smoking punch the huge bowl thy father left thee. We must not forget the coffee, kara soster, oceans of it, nor the salt pig and the baskets of spice bread. We shall have the village there, and all be ready to greet Johan with a loud 'skald,' for he will be sadly in need of it. And the pastor, Olga, he must be there and he must remain there, and thou must be ready and willing to

baking point and laden with savory toothsome viands. Presents were dragged out from their hiding places and marked with loving mottoes, and the names of the favored recipients. There was a general scrubbing, cleaning and dusting, and a refurbishing up of holiday garments and finery.

The men drowned themselves in coffee, punch and branvin and shouted themselves hoarse with oft-repeated 'skald.' The women gossiped and cooked and cooked and gossiped, while the chubby children crammed their stomachs with unwonted cakes and sweetmeats unmolested. Everything was free for the taking and the privilege of freedom was accorded everybody.

Olga threw her doors wide open to the whole village, promising a wonderful surprise. Many thought she was not very considerate on Johan's account, thinking she would better be going around with tearful eyes and loud lamentations, but they ate freely of her good things none the less. Simple souls, they were not aware that the lost Johan was to be the great surprise. Of course, everybody had given him up for lost, and they were amazed that Olga should be the merriest maiden in the village, and that her home was to be the very center of the merrymaking on the Jul Afton. The pastor had been forewarned by Karl, and the good soul came prepared to fight the wicked troll for the salvation of Johan and Olga.



"Johan, thy betrothed!" shrieked the hag. "Girl, thou art mad. Get thee gone, and at midnight on the Jul Afton I will bring thee a jewel such as none can boast, but not Johan. He is mine, I tell thee, mine forever. I will not give him up," and she raised her arm as if to strike, but now Olga feared her not.

into her power, and if thou shalt demand him in the name of the Christ Child she may not refuse thy request, since at this season she loses her power and is at the mercy of mortals, out once only."

"Thou wilt be close beside me, my brother?" asked Olga, shivering.

"Within five hundred paces is a charmed circle which none but thou may enter, but I will be just beyond it and hear thy call for aid should aught happen requiring it. Thou must stand alone upon the spot and say three times, 'Skogfrau, in the name of the Christ Child I demand a gift of thee.' Three times, remember, my sister. She may appear terrible in her wrath and threaten thee and thy Johan, but fear not, she will be powerless either to harm thee or him. Come, prepare, for the way is long and mid-

amid the silent, gloomy, wintry waste of the forest. Not long had she waited ere distinctly through the awful stillness came the clanging strokes of midnight which Karl rung upon the barrel of his gun with a hammer to warn her of the time. With a clear but quivering voice the girl called out three times: "Skogfrau, in the name of the Christ Child, I demand a gift of thee. Skogfrau, in the name of the Christ Child, I demand a gift of thee. Skogfrau, in the name of the Christ Child, I demand a gift of thee." For a moment there was intense silence, then came a rushing sound as of a tempest approaching, and a rasping voice spoke to her:

"Why troublest thou me, mortal? Dost thou not know that I can blast thee with a breath? Speak, what wilt thou?"

will not give him up," and she raised her arm as if to strike, but now Olga feared her not.

"In the name of the Christ Child I demand Johan of thee. Thou hast promised whatever I might ask, and I will have no other gift from thee."

In vain the old crone raved and cursed and begged the girl to take all she possessed, but not the youth. She tore her hair and beat her breast and threatened dire vengeance upon the girl and her betrothed, but the clanging of Karl's hammer gave Olga courage to repeat her demand: "Give me my Johan in the name of the Christ Child."

At last, the hag, worn out, said harshly: "Get thee home, and at the stroke of midnight on the Jul Afton I will bring thee thy Johan," then with a bitter scream she disappeared, and

do as I bid thee. I have my reasons, my sister; the Skogfrau has been defeated thus far, but she is revengeful, yet I have a plan to end her power over Johan forever. Wilt do as I say, little one?"

"Ja, my brother, though it be to do again as I did to-night."

"It will not be so terrible, my sister, and when thou hast done it thou wilt laugh and rejoice. Now, to bed with thee, to lay up freshness for the morrow. I will watch over the sweet Thilda and bring her to thy arms in the morning."

The Jul Tieden began with its merrymaking and feasting. In one week, on the Jul Afton, the Christmas Eve, the climax would be reached. There was a squealing in the pens, a squalling, cackling and quacking in the coops. Every oven was kept at the

The board groaned beneath the weight of good cheer, and the huge bowl was kept constantly brimming with steaming punch. There was no formal banqueting, everybody eating when the humor seized him, and drinking whether thirsty or not, because good drink was there to be had without the asking. The whole village was there waiting for the surprise and nerving themselves up to withstand it by distending their stomachs. None but Olga, Karl and the pastor knew what it was to be, and even they did not know in what shape it would come.

At last the first stroke of midnight, Olga turned pale, Karl stood at attention and the good pastor grasped his holy book firmly in his hand. The last stroke was still ringing in their ears when a violent gust of wind shook the house and the dragging of heavy chains over the roof brought terror to the inmates. The door was burst open by some invisible force and a heavy bundle was hurled in among the amazed roysterers. An old wizened hag appeared in the doorway and screamed out above the confusion: "Girl, take the gift of the Christ Child, but beware of my vengeance. Shouldst thou accept any other gift before thou hast fully accepted this, then shall it return to me and be mine forever."

Johan was quickly restored by copious libations of hot punch, and when able to stand on his feet, Karl put his hand in that of Olga and gave the pastor a signal. Forthwith, Olga took Johan for her husband, and when the final words were spoken, a tempest again shook the house, heavy chains were again dragged across the roof, and after shrieks of demoniac laughter, all was still without.

With tears and laughter, Olga grasped her brother's hand, and then threw herself into the arms of her husband, the gift of the Christ Child, forever free from the thralls of the Skogfrau.

Early Christmas Music.

Both in Germany and in England in olden times the custom prevailed among young choristers of going through the streets in bands early on Christmas morning and singing Christmas hymns and carols for alms before the houses of the rich. A familiar picture—is that of Martin Luther when a boy singing in the streets at Christmas dawn. Several of the most familiar German Christmas hymns were harmonized early in the seventeenth century by Jacob Praetorius to melodies composed about the middle of the sixteenth century by Luther. One of the greatest masters of German music, Johann Sebastian Bach, when a pupil at the choir and grammar school at St. Michael's, in Lüneburg, walked the streets early Christmas morning singing these "watts," with his fellow choristers, between whom and those of another school the musical rivalry was so intense that the authorities were obliged to map out separate routes for them in order to prevent their meeting and coming to blows.

TO WORKING GIRLS



FREE MEDICAL ADVICE

Every working girl who is not well is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice; it is freely given, and has restored thousands to health.

Miss Paine's Experience.

"I want to thank you for what you have done for me, and recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all girls who work keeps them standing on their feet in the store. The doctor said I must stop work; he did not seem to realize that a girl cannot afford to stop working. My back ached, my appetite was poor, I could not sleep, and menstruation was scanty and very painful. One day when suffering I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and found that it helped me. I continued its use, and soon found that my menstrual periods were free from pain and natural; everyone is surprised at the change in me, and I am well, and cannot be too grateful for what you have done for me."—Miss JANEY PAINE, 530 West 125th St., New York City. — \$5000 Forfeit If original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Take no substitute, for it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that cures.

WAS CURED

Middlebury, Vt., March 21, 1902.—"A bad cold developed into bronchitis, doctor and half a dozen other medicines failed to help me. Down's Elitix was recommended. I tried it and was cured."—Mrs. B. Tyrel.

Henry Johnson & Lord, Props., Burlington, Vt.

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Treat once, you will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

JANUARY BUYING

There is no time like January for satisfactory buying. The holiday rush is over and the early Spring trade has not yet begun. In January you always get the best of all the early Spring goods and there is ample time to fill and ship your orders with greater promptness.

Send 5 cents TODAY for our large General Catalogue No. 7. It gives pictures, descriptions and prices on almost everything you eat, wear or use. Save to it on everything you purchase by sending your orders to

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
CHICAGO
"The House that Tells the Truth."

STRENGTH & HEALTH

If you happen to be one of those poor unfortunates—all run down, worn out, thin and emaciated—who have doctored for everything except the right thing, then

It's Your Stomach

To regain your Strength and Health, take

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

All we ask is that you send us your name and address on a postal and we'll send you a free sample bottle and an interesting book on stomach troubles. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the guaranteed cure for all stomach, liver and kidney ailments; 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

All Druggists.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ills.

PISO'S CURE FOR
PAINFUL URINE, ALL EYE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Taste Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

BOY NAMED FOR A CAT.

And the Maiden Lady's Selection Was a Good One.

"I have christened children every conceivable name," said a clergyman the other day, "but I think the funniest was a boy named for a cat. My parsonage was a suburb of Boston, and one of my parishioners was a lady of large estate and a gentlewoman in every sense of the word, generally known to the community as Aunt Esther. She was an eccentric person, who wore silken gowns very long in the train and short in the front, and always several old-fashioned brooches at the same time. She visited Washington frequently, always with her pet cat as a traveling companion, and she was one of the few ladies accorded a seat on the floor of the House of Congress. On the grounds of her country home was a diminutive cemetery, where her feline pets slept after life's fitful fever.

"During my residence in the parish her special favorite was a large male cat, named Thomas Henry, whose death occurred just before the coming of a new baby at the lodge keeper's home on Aunt Esther's place. She was to be godmother and name the child, while I was to baptize it. Her recent bitter bereavement still weighed on her soul, and when I asked 'By what name shall the child be known?' Aunt Esther responded in trembling tones, 'There is no name so sweet to me as Thomas Henry,' and by that title the boy was thenceforth called."

A SERIAL QUICKLY ENDED.

Here is a Hint to Long-Winded Story Writers.

There were four of them, and all save the man who once had literary aspirations had told a story. "Well, it's up to me, I guess," he began, "and I'm going to tell you the story of the only time that I ever tried to write a novel. It was for a backwoods weekly and as the editor was a pretty good friend of mine he said that he would print it.

"I had the plot all worked out, but was writing it on the installment plan. I'd write a chapter or two just to keep the editor in stuff, and then rest for a while. Well, when I was about half through with the story I became ill. I was pretty sick for a while. The editor, of course, ran out of copy, and his subscribers wanted the story finished.

"He was in a quandary. I was unconscious and couldn't help him out, so he decided to have a friend of mine finish the story. The fellow was wholly unreliable, but something of a genius. He read the story and finished the novel in the next chapter. What do you suppose he did? He had all the characters go for a moonlight boat ride. The tub was leaky, the boilers no good, and there was an explosion. All were drowned, and that ended the story."

Has Woman a Sense of Justice?

Some time ago, in one of these papers, I wrote down the opinion that women have no sense of justice; and this remark called forth some letters of earnest protest. Yet what I said was absolutely true. A woman will often fling herself with passionate intensity into a crusade against some particular injustice, but this is not because she cares anything for justice as a principle, but because the special instance has in some way made an appeal to her feelings. Some other act, no less unjust, but devoid of the emotional element, will find her utterly unmoved and stolidly indifferent, says a writer in the Cosmopolitan. For instance, many women in the North were vehemently stirred by the anti-slavery movement before the civil war. This was because their feelings could be harrowed by tales of cruelty such as Mrs. Stowe wrote down with so much vivid power; but I have never heard that any of these women were at all disturbed by the gross injustice wrought by negro domination during the years of carpet baggery, which by comparison made slavery seem innocent and wholesome.

When Russell Sage "Bought."

A Chicago speculator is responsible for the statement that on one occasion Russell Sage stood treat. It was this way. The Chicago man was in New York, and feeling that a little drop of something would do him good was about to drop into a cafe when he met Mr. Sage and invited him to go along. The aged Croesus agreed, though it is not his habit to indulge except on rare occasions. They entered the cafe and the proprietor, who knew the man from Chicago and Mr. Sage, too, said to the former gravely: "Mr. Blank, what is your idea in bringing that youngster in here? I never sell liquor to minors." He and the Chicago man smiled broadly, Russell Sage snickered and "bought."

The Baths of St. Amand.

The famous mud baths at St. Amand, in France, have just received what is claimed to be the most complete analysis ever made of them. The result is as follows: Carbonate of lime, 0.194; carbonate of magnesium, 0.039; carbonate of iron, 0.025; sulphate of lime, 0.616; sulphate of magnesium, 0.431; chloride of potassium, sodium, calcium, 0.038; chloride of magnesium, 0.050; silica and alumina, 0.010; organic and waste matters, 0.021. Besides those at St. Amand and a few in this country, mud baths are very rare, other well known, however, being at Marienbad, Carlsbad and Toplitz, in Germany, Saks in Sweden, Torbrø in Italy, Dax and Niers in France.

GHOSTS HOLD CARNIVAL HERE.

House at Dunkirk, N. Y., Which is Haunted by Spirits.

Residents in the Fourth ward are greatly excited over an alleged haunted house in Lincoln avenue. The house in which the ghosts are said to hold sway is a small, gloomy, vine-covered cottage resting back from the street, almost hidden from view by deep shrubbery. It was the home of an aged woman who was found lying upon the floor one morning dead. For years she had led the life of a recluse and her every action had been shrouded in mystery. After her death considerable money was found secreted about the place. "Within the past two years over a dozen families have lived in the house. None remained longer than two weeks. A family who had moved into the house Monday last moved out to-day. They stated that continually about midnight the sound of footsteps, groans, blood-curdling chuckles of laughter, and the clanking of chains could be heard throughout the house.

The lighted lamp on a number of occasions was blown out without any apparent cause, and several times the bedclothes were forcibly pulled from the occupants of the bed. The old woman during her life never allowed a person to enter the house. The opinion is that she has come back to this world to keep people out of the house, which she guarded so jealously before her death.—Dunkirk (N. Y.) Correspondence.

All the Men Are Princes.

There are about 12,000 people scattered over the twenty-odd rocks or islets which constitute the Foroe group, between the Shetlands and Iceland. Every man in the country is in some way the descendant of a king—that is, Norse sea-kings, who fled to the islands in the ninth century and peopled them.

In spite of his home-spuns, his turf hut, and his primitive life, every good Foroese is conscious and proud of his ancestry, and he bears himself like a prince. He has no newspapers or social problems; but he knows the history of his island home, and he is a constant reader of books, mostly Danish. His literary taste is inferior only to that of the Icelanders, who for 1,000 years have raised and maintained an ideal national literature of merit.

Fifty Dollars to Sit Down.

Carmel, Ind., Dec. 15th.—Mr. Joseph L. Duffy relates an experience that has aroused considerable interest in this locality. It is best given in his own words:

"When I was working in the fields," says Mr. Duffy, "I would be ready to quit, but I could not get to the house I was so weak. It was worth fifty dollars to get to sit down.

"I had no strength and a person without strength is not much use. "But bless the Lord I took four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they gave me health, strength and appetite.

"I might say I am cured, but I will keep on taking Dodd's Kidney Pills. Yes, I'll get them if it takes the last thing on the farm." Dodd's Kidney Pills have effected quite a number of other cures here and it seems safe to say they are an effective and permanent cure for all diseases arising from the kidneys.

When a fellow starts to run through a fortune there are lots of other fellows who are willing to act as pacemakers. Small vices may be forgivable one at a time, but they soon unite into an impassable river.—Ram's Horn.

New Sleeping Car Line Between Detroit and Columbus.

An elegant Pullman is now running between Detroit and Columbus, Ohio, daily. Leave Detroit 10 p. m., Michigan Central railway, arrive Columbus 9:50 a. m., Hoicking Valley railway. This service is sure to become popular as there is a large travel between these two cities. Ask any ticket agent for reservation.

Southwest Colonist Excursions.

Low one-way and round trip rates to Kansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas, on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month. Write for particulars and literature.—James Barker, Gen'l Pass. Agent, M. K. & T. Ry., 501 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

In Winter Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder. Your feet feel uncomfortable, nervous and often cold and damp. If you are sweating, sore feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cents. Sample sent free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A man who's in debt doesn't want to worry as much as the man who wants to be and can't.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Give away twenty-five dollars, and you will be abused because you do not make it fifty.

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

Strength in prayer cannot be measured by length.

Piso's Cure was not too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 825 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Fishers for souls need big sinkers of sacrifice.

Carpets can be colored on the floor with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

God may break our hopes—but not our hearts.

Mrs. Austin's Pancake flour. A delicious breakfast. Ready in a jiffy. At grocers.

The population of Damascus, reputed

RECORD OF THE PAST.

The best guarantee of the future is the record of the past, and over fifty thousand people have publicly testified that Doan's Kidney Pills have cured them of numerous kidney ills, from common backache to dangerous diabetes, and all the attendant annoyances and sufferings from urinary disorders. They have been cured to stay cured. Here is one case:

Samuel J. Taylor, retired carpenter, residing at 312 South Third St., Goshen, Ind., says: "On the 25th day of August, 1897, I made an affidavit before Jacob C. Mann, notary public, stating my experience with Doan's Kidney Pills. I had suffered for thirty years, and was compelled at times to walk by the aid of crutches, frequently passed gravel and suffered excruciatingly. I took every medicine on the market that I heard about and some gave me temporary relief. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and the results I gave to the public in the statement above referred to. At this time, on the 19th day of July, 1902, I make this further statement that during the five years which have elapsed I have had no occasion to use either Doan's Kidney Pills or any other medicine for my kidneys. The cure effected was a permanent one."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Taylor, 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.

Boycotts Kansas City.

Kansas City, Mo., special: St. Joseph has boycotted Kansas City. One St. Joseph newspaper publishes the names of all persons who get off trains with bundles from Kansas City.

A UNITED STATES ARMY SANITARIUM.

To Be Established in the Black Hills—The Healing Waters at Hot Springs Expected to Restore Quickly the Health of Sick and Exhausted Troopers.

Congress has authorized the establishment of a Sanitarium for disabled soldiers at Hot Springs, S. D., the famed health resort of the Black Hills, and a Board of Managers has selected a site for the purpose, bordering on the main street of the town; and including two of the best known springs. Its official name will be The Battle Mountain Sanitarium.

The Board of Survey went into the question of climate, water, etc., in a most scientific and thorough manner and has declared unqualifiedly in favor of the great South Dakota resort as being wonderfully well adapted for the Government's purposes.

These springs are not a recent discovery the Indians having known their healing qualities for almost 300 years. In 1817 the Sioux about the year A. D. 1817 fought a great battle here with the tribe then in possession and drove them out, to hold possession of the healing waters from that day to the time when, in 1877, they ceded the land to the U. S. Government. It is this great fight of three centuries ago that gives the name to the mountain near the springs, and to the Government's new hospital and resting place for troops.

The material development of the Black Hills region; and the Sanitarium project is of much interest to the Chicago & North Western Railway which has a direct line Chicago to Hot Springs, Deadwood and Lead.

Only a loving mother can weep bitter tears over a lost child and then wield the slipper energetically when it returns.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, I. S. S.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County of Lucas and State of Ohio, and that he has authorized the use of his name and signature in the advertisement and circulars for the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888. (SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Fewer marriages would be failures if love were only blind in one eye.

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, move and regulate the bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25 cents. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

Don't lessen your chances of success by brooding over the past.

Mrs. Austin's Pancake flour makes lovely brown cakes, ready in a jiffy.

We ourselves possess the virtues our neighbors lack.

20 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD EVERY YEAR.

WIZARD OIL CURES ALL PAIN, SORENESS, SWELLING AND INFLAMMATION FROM ANY CAUSE. WHAT'EVER AT ALL 50 CENTS DRUGGISTS.

Happiness is the absence of pain, and millions have been made happy through the use of Wizard Oil. It cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, LAMENESS, SCALDS, BURNS, SPRAINS, BRUISES and all pains for which an external remedy can be applied. It never fails to cure. Thousands who have been declared incurable at baths and in hospitals have thrown away their crutches, being cured after using St. Jacobs Oil. Directions in eleven languages accompany every bottle.

MARK TWAIN IN THE LONG AGO.

A Thin, Scrawny Fellow When He Was a Wheelman in California.

Capt. Selwyn Ramsey of San Jose, Cal., claims the unique distinction of once having employed Mark Twain as second wheelman at a salary of \$18 a week. Capt. Ramsey is one of the old pioneers in California river navigation. He commanded the first steam packet that ever ran up the Sacramento river, and although he is over 80 years old and hasn't been on the bridge for more than 12 years, yet he still loves to talk of the good old river days.

"Yes, I used to know Sam Clemens," said Capt. Ramsey to an interviewer, "and he was one of the best wheelmen I ever had. It was along in 1868, I was on the old John Wallace at that time, on the Sacramento river.

"About the time I met Clemens I was pretty hard up for help. Wages were good and lots of men deserted for the mines. All the wheelmen had to be broken in, as there were no experienced river men in the country in those days. And I was pretty glad when I heard of a young fellow who had been in a pilot house on the Mississippi. The minute I tied up in San Francisco I went right over to the United States mint, where I got his address. As soon as I saw him at the wheel I engaged him on the spot. "Mark Twain was a thin, scrawny looking fellow then, but he was a great hand making friends, and all of us liked him. I think he was on the Wallace about five months—it's so long ago that I forget the exact time. He was a straight out and out wheelman, and he learned the river like a book. The country was pretty wild in those days and a man had to watch out for himself, but Clemens got along with the best of them."

Many of us might be happy if we did not suffer from disorders of the liver. Then we ought to use Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which cure the disorders and bring the whole system to a healthy condition.

Iniquity is the first cause of infirmity.

A lovely breakfast is quickly prepared from Mrs. Austin's Pancake flour.

BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATIONS

Of America Use Pe-ru-na For All Catarrhal Diseases.



MRS. HENRIETTA A. S. MARSH. Woman's Benevolent Association of Chicago.

Mrs. Henrietta A. S. Marsh, President Woman's Benevolent Association, of 327 Jackson Park Terrace, Woodlawn, Chicago, Ill., says:

"I suffered with the grippe for seven weeks and nothing helped me until I tried Peruna. I felt at once that I had at last secured the right medicine and kept steadily improving. Within three weeks I was fully restored."—Henrietta A. S. Marsh

Independent Order of Good Templars, of Washington.

Mrs. T. W. Collins, Treasurer I. O. G. T., of Everett, Wash., has used the great catarrhal tonic, Peruna, for an aggravated case of dyspepsia. She writes:

"After having a severe attack of the grippe, I also suffered with dyspepsia. After taking Peruna I could eat my regular meals with relish, my system was built up, my health returned, and I have remained in excellent strength and vigor now for over a year."—Mrs. T. W. Collins.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

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

QUININE FOR COLDS & BRONCHITIS
PILLS SENT POST-PAID FOR ONLY ONE DIME
Address A. W. WARD, BOX F, AVON, N. Y.

Constipation Makes Bad Blood.

MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CURES CONSTIPATION

Constipation is the rotting and decaying of undigested food in the alimentary canal. Disease germs arise from this festering mass, which find their way into the blood. The blood becomes impure and shortly the entire system gives way to the unhealthy condition.

You cannot cure a case like this by taking pills or other common cathartics. A laxative will not do. A blood medicine is ineffective. Mull's Grape Tonic is a gentle and mild laxative in addition to being a blood-making and strengthening tonic which immediately builds up the wasted body and makes rich, red blood that carries its health-giving strength to every tissue at every heart beat.

Mull's Grape Tonic is made of pure crushed fruit juices and is sold under a positive guarantee.

Doctors prescribe it. All druggists sell it at 50 cents a bottle. Send 10c to Lightning Medicine Co., Rock Island, Ill., to cover postage on large sample bottle.

GET READY FOR BAD WEATHER.

Cold weather is sure to ripen a crop of Old Aches and Pains.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

cures aches and injuries. It ought to be in easy reach in every home.

HAMLINS

WIZARD OIL CURES ALL PAIN, SORENESS, SWELLING AND INFLAMMATION FROM ANY CAUSE. WHAT'EVER AT ALL 50 CENTS DRUGGISTS.

A Gift Worth Giving and a Present Worth Having

The best holiday gifts are the useful gifts. Every home should have a good Dictionary. This year we give you one.

WEBSTER'S International Dictionary

of ENGLISH, Biography, Geography, Fiction, etc. The One Great Standard Authority. The New Edition has 25,000 new words, 2384 pages, 5000 illustrations. New plates throughout.

Let Us Send You FREE "A Test in Pronunciation" (A free pleasant and instructive entertainment.)

Also Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, 1100 pages, 1100 illustrations. Size 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches. Price 10c in advance, \$1.00 in cash.

Send your name and address to S. & C. MERRIAM CO., Pubs., Springfield, Mass.

FREE TO WOMEN

To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail large trial treatment with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince any one that it is the most successful preparation known to medicine as a cleansing vaginal douche and for the local treatment of woman's special ills, curing discharges and all inflammation, also to cleanse the teeth, mouth, and cure catarrh. Send today; a postal will do.

Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents large box. Satisfaction guaranteed. THE R. FAYTON CO., Boston, Mass. 214 Columbus Ave.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY

gives quick relief and cures water on the face. Book of testimonials and 10 DAY treatment FREE. Dr. H. C. O'Brien's Drops, Box 77, Madison, Wis.

TELEGRAPHY

Graduates placed in position. Only school in U. S. by Train Dispatchers. Train Dispatchers' School Telegraphy, Detroit, Mich. W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 51—1902

East Jordan Company's Store.

The People's Store

After Inventory, The Pick-ups.

We will make it interesting for
you all along the line from

Saturday, Jan. 3, 1903.

Odds and Ends of every descrip-
tion, 1/2 price.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

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

State Bank of East Jordan.

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 SURPLUS, \$809.94.

Money to Loan on Short Time.
Deposits of \$1.00 and upward received and interest allowed if left on deposit three months or longer.
Bank Money Orders sold at lowest Rates.
Fire Insurance Written—we have seven good companies.
Private Deposit Boxes to Rent at \$2.00 per year.

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

Charlevoix County Herald
R. L. Lorraine, Publisher.

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

Latest Fashion Notes.

BERRY-RED A FASHIONABLE COLOR.

This handsome gown of berry-red sibiline, has a bolero waist, which is shortened to disclose a tucked lower portion. The stylish collar has tab extensions, and a scarf of black taffeta is knotted over the bust. The skirt is tucked at the top to hip-yoke depth, and is outlined by strappings stitched with Corticelli spool silk: fancy ornaments are added. The sleeves follow the fashionable Du Barry shaping.



All shades of red are in vogue. From the blushing cherry tints, to the fiercer darker shades ranging from dahlia to wine, mahogany, claret, and cedar. For the house there is nothing more charming than a red gown, relieved with a touch of black and white on the waist. The skirt could be plaited with a generous sweep, and a similar embellishment displayed in the waist and voluminous sleeves. Red hats covered with shaded dahlia, or scarlet petal poses, are smart, and ball and dinner gowns of geranium colored crepe have almost deposed the pinks and blues.

Via Appia.

To my Friends and Patrons in East Jordan and vicinity:—

The Appian Way, famed in history, led from the Imperial City to the sea. On this highway rode kings and emperors, victors, senators and slaves, the proud Roman in his chariot spurning in haughty contempt the lowly serf trudging in the dust.

To-day between the milestones that mark the road are found the tombs of the dead, buried it is said where they fell.

So there is a highway of life leading through the empire of human activity to the vast sea of eternity. Her length is measured not by rods and feet, but by days and hours. The years are her miles. Another milestone has been reached and we pause to look back over the year that is past.

What joy and prosperity there has been for some of us and what sorrow and sadness for others.

Some of the world's great have fallen since we passed the last milestone and on either side are erected their tombs.

But 1903 is before us. Though we look back over the old year with perhaps a feeling of regret at leaving it, yet we look forward to the next milestone with pleasurable anticipation of the success and prosperity awaiting us.

The glad New-Year is the time for mutual good wishes and fellowship. While it is impossible to get around to all my many customers, whom I consider good friends I extend to you through the columns of this paper a hearty greeting and with the hope that in the coming year you will find your cup filled to the brim with success and prosperity.

With many thanks for your past valued patronage and wishes to continue

to receive your good will I say to you one and all

A Happy New Year.
R. F. STEFFES.

Profanity in Europe.

The most ordinary conversation in Spain is rarely carried on without oaths being interpolated, and invocations of saints and expressions which border on swearing are common even on the lips of ladies. Spanish workmen do not understand an order unless it is delivered to them with a strong garnishing of profanity; masters swear at their servants, ladies at their children, school-masters at their scholars and officers at their men. It must be remembered that all over the continent profanity is more common than in England. In Germany even it is not uncommon to hear school-masters swear at the boys, a state of things unheard of and impossible here, while both in France and Italy oaths are taken as a matter of course and applied equally to man and beast. At the same time it should be remembered that most continental "cuss words" are not taken so seriously as ours.—London Answers.

A Humorist on Marriage.

Marriage, if not carried to excess, is a wise provision and sacred obligation. Marry your opposite as far as possible, especially as regards sex. You will never regret it. If possible, marry above your station. Both of you should do this; it is sure to advance your race. Do not marry a foreigner unless highly recommended by those in whom you have perfect confidence or unless you want to very much indeed. Do not encourage long engagements. It is better to get weary of each other at your leisure after marriage than to do it beforehand. Courtship, however, is a most delightful industry and should not be rashly broken in upon by marriage. Some people seem to be admirably fitted for suitors, but fail in other occupations. This is very fortunate indeed. No suitor can be sure of a permanent situation. The supply greatly exceeds the demand.

Economy.

Judge—Yes, Spinks has a splendid system of economy.

Judge—How so?

"He goes to work and lays aside money for something he doesn't need."

"No economy in that."

"Isn't there? Well, by the time he has the money saved he always finds out he doesn't want the thing—and then the money is saved."—Baltimore Herald.

An Annoying Insinuation.

"I don't suppose he meant anything unkind," said the young woman, "but it was a very startling coincidence."

"What do you mean?"

"Just before Harold and I got married his friends persuaded him to join a 'don't worry' club."—Washington Star.

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

Geraldine's Preference.

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

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

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

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

Hair Falls

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

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly the most economical preparation of its kind on the market. A little of it goes a long way.

It doesn't take much of it to stop falling of the hair, make the hair grow, and restore color to gray hair.

\$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.

Look in GAGE & CO.'S window and see the

Beautiful Doll and Drum to be given away

To the Girl and Boy under fifteen years of age who get the largest number of votes up to and including Dec. 20th.

Every 10c. purchase entitles purchaser to 1 vote.

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

Get a Heating Stove

of
W. A. Loveday & Co.

You Won't Miss it.

Everything in Hardware.

LOVEDAYS HARDWARE

Engineer Guy King is home from Deward this week.

Game Warden A. L. Coulter was a guest at the Hotel Lakeside Saturday.

A large party of ladies gave Mrs. L. A. Kenyon a very pleasant surprise party.

We wish all HERALD readers a full measure of happiness and prosperity during 1903.

J. J. Votruba is making some changes in the steam heating plant in his building and will add considerably to the amount of radiating surface in the Masonic hall.

Little Ella French's Shetland ponies have been the center of attraction nearly every day this week when she has appeared on the street with them drawing her cutter.

It is pretty hard to define real beauty. Rare and beautiful women everywhere owe their loveliness to Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents.
Warne's Pharmacy.

Wm. Sloan had the misfortune to get his hand caught and terribly smashed under the wheel of an East Jordan & Southern logging car which he was repairing Wednesday afternoon.

Personal Mention.

Jas. Hackett is under the doctor's care.

Geo. Cooper, of Essex, was in town Thursday.

Miss Mina Hite has been very ill for several days.

C. A. Reinhart was up from Charlevoix Wednesday.

A. F. Bridge and family spent Christmas in Charlevoix.

Mrs. J. M. Kelley, of Petoskey, is visiting friends in town.

John Tooley has been visiting friends at Ithaca the past week.

J. Kitson and family have moved out on their farm near Ironton.

Ed. Price is finishing the interior of his residence on upper Main Street.

Harry McHale and Mark Chaplin go to-morrow to work at Barker's Siding.

Karl Andrews returned Saturday from a visit to his home at Ludington.

Miss Grace Jack returned Saturday evening from her visit to her home at Manistee.

Mrs. M. Muma is entertaining her niece, Miss Mayhew, of Traverse City this week.

Jos. Gaunt, of Echo township is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.

E. B. Ward, farm implement dealer of Charlevoix, was in town on business Wednesday.

J. E. Houghton, with Clark, Coggin & Johnson, spent Christmas with his family here.

Al. Hamil, of Petoskey, has been the guest of his friend Arthur Warne for several days.

John Roy, who is teaching the Knop school in Wilson township, is enjoying a week's vacation.

Very encouraging reports come from Roy Sherman at St. Louis, where he is taking treatment for rheumatism.

Miss Cora Lorraine gave a finch party in which a number of her friends participated, at her home on Stone's Addition.

L. A. Hoyt and daughter Harriet departed Monday for Chicago, where the latter will continue her musical education.

Howard Gage goes to-morrow to Harbor Springs to accept a position in the grocery department of Clark & Son's store.

Edward Gibson, of Romeo, arrived here on Wednesday last for a visit with his twin brother Edwin A. Gibson and family.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gaunt eat New Years dinner at the home of their brother Joseph Gaunt and family in Echo township.

Ed. Steffens has given up his situation with the East Jordan Lumber Co. and returns with his family to Sutton's Bay this week.

D. Crothers returned to Levering Saturday. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter, who will spend the winter with him there.

Ed. Bennett and Alfred Rogers departed Wednesday for the Upper Peninsula to work in the lumber woods during the coming winter.

Dr. J. C. Wilde, of Petoskey, joined his wife here Thursday, Mrs. W. having been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Burnham for several days.

Many of the ills from which women suffer can be completely cured with Rocky Mountain Tea. Rich, red blood good digestion and health follow its use. 35 cents.
Warne's Pharmacy.

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

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COOLD.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

The following anecdote, says the Observer, ought to please the brethren who do not tolerate instrumental music in the house of God. An old woman vainly urged for years to attend church services, at last made her appearance and took her seat in a reserved pew. Just as the sexton told her the mistake and offered to give her another place, the violin began to play. Being a little deaf she answered: "You will have to ask some one else, I don't dance."

The many friends of G. H. Hausan, Engineer L. E. & W. R. R., at present living in Lima, O., will be pleased to know of his recovery from threatened kidney disease. He writes: "I was cured by using Foley's Kidney Cure, which I recommend to all, especially trainmen who are usually similarly afflicted."
Sold by L. C. Madson & 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.

BREVITIES

School opens again Monday.

The Board of Supervisors meet at Charlevoix on Tuesday next.

Edythe Fortune returned Monday from her visit at Clarion.

Bert. Reed departed Saturday morning for his home in Big Rapids.

Gus. Muma returned Saturday to the Ferris school at Big Rapids.

A horse for sale cheap or will trade for a cow. Enquire at this office.

"Dick" Steffes was calling on the cigar trade at Boyne City Monday.

Frank Kenyon was extending New Years greetings to East Jordan friends Thursday.

Register of Deeds Kenyon and Sheriff Pearson were up from Charlevoix Saturday.

A. Westgate is back from Cross Village where he has been employed for several months.

Mrs. Bennett went to Charlevoix Monday to spend the balance of the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Noyes.

Earle Crossman went to Grand Rapids Tuesday to spend the balance of his holiday vacation with friends there.

At the close of business Wednesday evening there was a balance to the good in the Michigan State treasury of \$2,275,583.24.

Navigation is still open on Pine Lake, the steamer John Spry taking a cargo of lumber this week from Boyne City to Chicago.

Rev. G. D. Sherman, of Schoolcraft, will occupy the Presbyterian pulpit Sunday. The public is cordially invited to all services.

Next Wednesday evening, Jan. 7th, South Lake Lodge No. 180 K. of P. will install officers. All members are urged to be present.

A. E. Bartlett, who has been cutting meat in a Saginaw market for several months, is at home for the holidays and may remain a month.

E. J. & S. locomotive No. 2 has been sent to Manistee for repairs. It will probably be three weeks before she will be back pulling the passenger train again.

I love thee, O yes I love thee,
But it's all that I can ever be,
For in my visions in the night,
My dreams are Rocky Mountain Tea.
Warne's Pharmacy.

Reed City may lose the sanitarium which was burned a short time ago. Other cities are bidding for it, and the proprietor says if he is to rebuild it at Reed City a bonus will have to be forthcoming from the citizens.

Mrs. Wm. Germond arrived Saturday from Traverse City and the young couple have set up their housekeeping establishment in apartments in the Chas. Shedina residence on Third st. Will's sister, Miss Irene Germond, came up from Traverse City Saturday also and will make her home with them for the present.

The residence of Wm. Washburn at Charlevoix was destroyed by fire Wednesday. Loss \$2,000.00 which was only partially covered by insurance. Mr. and Mrs. Washburn were in Lansing at the time.

Landlord Jas. Montgomery and wife of the New Boyne accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Cutter, drove over from Boyne City Thursday and were the guests of their old friend Landlord McHale at the Lakeside at a New Years dinner.

Frank Martinek suffered a paralytic stroke Wednesday, which affected the right side of his body. Thursday he had recovered the use of his arm but his leg is still practically lifeless. A large number of his friends unite with us in hoping for his speedy recovery.

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.

L. M. Gage who has been traveling through the West and South for the Dunkley Canning and Preserving Co. of Kalamazoo and South Haven during the past six months, arrived home Tuesday morning, having spent Christmas at Sheboygan, Wis. His vacation will end Saturday when he leaves for Omaha, Neb. From there his territory will extend up into the Black Hills country of South Dakota.

Consumption

Salt pork is a famous old-fashioned remedy for consumption. "Eat plenty of pork," was the advice to the consumptive 50 and 100 years ago.

Salt pork is good if a man can stomach it. The idea behind it is that fat is the food the consumptive needs most.

Scott's Emulsion is the modern method of feeding fat to the consumptive. Pork is too rough for sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion is the most refined of fats, especially prepared for easy digestion.

Feeding him fat in this way, which is often the only way, is half the battle, but Scott's Emulsion does more than that. There is something about the combination of cod liver oil and hypophosphites in Scott's Emulsion that puts new life into the weak parts and has a special action on the diseased lungs.

A sample will be sent free upon request. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT'S BOWNE,
CHEMISTS,
409 Pearl St., N. Y.
50c. and \$1; all druggists.

500


BOXES FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

In response to the popular demand I have secured another lot of boxes containing Jewellery, Silverware, Novelties, etc., etc. These sell at 25 cents each. Call early as they are going fast and the supply is limited.

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.


Science:

"Is knowledge gained and verified by exact observation and correct thinking"—so a suspender built on scientific principles, as is the "President" may easily show its adaptability to all men and conditions.

Our Guarantee

"All breaks made good," covers every pair and every whim.

BOOSINGER BROS.



The Genuine Police & Fireman's SUSPENDER

Charles M. Schwab is simply tired; tired spending money.

It is fortunate for royalty that anarchists are so frequently bad shots.

Sig. Marconi continues to send marconigrams across the ocean through his hat.

France is making the French duel a felony. Ping-pong will surely come in as a misdemeanor.

"Pennies long saved amount to dollars at last," said Franklin, and it is just as true to-day of cents.

A big sturgeon in the New York Aquarium is reported to have committed suicide. Sounds fishy.

The man who succeeds best is generally the one who has the talent to advertise himself most judiciously.

We probably have to do the things we ought to a great deal oftener than we dare to do the things we want to.

Sometimes, says the Homely One, I thank the Lord for that I am not good looking, for then I might also be a fool.

The football fatalities, appalling as they are, might have been worse. Several games were unavoidably postponed.

Chicago's gambling king is bankrupt. He admits, however, that other professional gamblers were the ones who got it.

Another diamond mine has been discovered in South Africa. Will some one please put an extra chain on the dogs of war?

King Leopold's blast of defiance to anarchists is doubtless made by his comfortable assurance that anarchists are poor shots.

An Eastern paper wants to know "What co-education has done?" Well, from all accounts, it hasn't done a thing to Dr. Harper.

Trains that can run a hundred miles in a hundred minutes are almost as common now as men who can eat thirty ducks in thirty days.

Gen. Uribe-Uribe has been sentenced to death. The wonder is how did he manage to live so long with a name to mention which is to disturb the peace.

The Brooklyn genius, who has secured a patent for a nursing bottle holder for baby carriages, dreams of millions like Col. Sellers with his eye wash.

Millionaire Clark offered \$1,000,000 for his first grandson, and his son W. A. Clark, Jr., has won the prize. Has the czar or King Humbert tried this plan yet?

The Scottish-American declares that the length of mourning for a mother-in-law is six months' crape and six months' black. What man would grudge the time?

Washington's theater managers have decided to stop wasting money. They have voted to abolish window lithographs and to advertise hereafter only in the newspapers.

Asia will probably derive more pecuniary benefit from the visit of President Schwab of the steel trust than America got from that of the Crown Prince of Siam.

Since President Elliot has made the amende honorable it seems to be up to Mr. Gompers to explain that his allusion to Judas Iscariot was meant in a Pickwickian sense.

"The greatest blessing in life, no doubt, is to give," says Dr. Lorenz. And yet young Mr. Vanderbilt complains that his father left him so much money that there is no mission in life for him.

Dried corn as an article of diet has caused the separation of a husband and wife in Ohio. But this is a mere patch on the trouble corn has caused throughout the world after it has soaked awhile.

The way to a masculine heart from time immemorial has been via the digestive apparatus, but it has remained for a Hoboken lady to love and marry a man because of the plot he manufactured.

A French army officer claims to have invented a gun that makes neither flash nor sound nor smoke. Now let us have one that makes no wound and we may listen for the coming of the millennium.

Gabrielle d'Annunzio, among other things, had seventy-two shirts and twenty-four dozen pairs of "quiet tinted" silk underwear. And yet they tell us it does not pay to write poetry!

John L. Sullivan is without his \$1,000,000. But the rich memories of the gorgeous time he had in blowing it in remain to cheer his declining years.

Expensive lingerie works not for modesty. When a girl is wearing the finest of silk stockings, every street crossing looks muddy to her.

A WYOMING THANKSGIVING



"In satisfying the inner person I can't say that the ladies were at all backward, either, and I'm pretty sure that none of them sought the pantry afterward to 'fill up.' The Wyoming woman votes and rides horseback, and nine-tenths of them can rope a steer—why shouldn't they be allowed the privilege of eating as heartily as the men? True, those who wore tight waists were somewhat limited in the noble art of masticating, and had to quit at a certain stage. One of them, however, disappeared about midway of the meal. When she burst again upon our vision she looked considerably wider, but sincerely relieved.

"After dinner those never-tired cowmen and sheepmen and substantial western maidens repaired to the barn for a dance.

"Well, I'd eaten until my eyes stuck out, but I was game. And I had the exercise of my life up in that barn loft. None of your fancy gliding over waxed floors to the undulating waves of a heavenly orchestra! We had an

"If there's anything I hate," said the First Traveling Man, "It's bones turkey—and on Thanksgiving!"

"I was brought up on the shank myself," quoth the Second Traveling Man.

"Last Thanksgiving," reminisced the First Traveling Man, "I wasn't at home either—but I had the time of my life. I landed in a little town at the end of a railroad line in Wyoming the day before Thanksgiving—home 2,000 miles away and nothing in sight to be thankful for.

"I guess I was a pretty fine photograph of homesick Willy, and when I got done talking business to the man I had to see he sort of tumbled to the circumstances and asked me what I had on for the feast day.

"Nothing, but hotel."

"Then," says he, with a clap on the back that made me cough, "then you'll come out to the ranch with us tomorrow—just a little party of the fellows and their girls—quiet little time, you know. Want to?"

"Did I? Oh, say! I didn't jump at that invite. I simply fell on it and held it there, so it wouldn't get away.

"We got off the next morning about 10 o'clock—two big springless wagons packed full of the liveliest crowd I ever got mixed up with. We had to sit pretty close, but I can't say I minded.

"On the way out some of the boys suggested a race, but one of the wagons packed a keg of beer, and they were afraid it might be lost on the road. I can tell you that beer had more loving attention than any lady—beer's pretty expensive out Wyoming way.

"I was pretty glad when they decided against the race. The roads out there aren't any boulevards.

"The ranch was fourteen miles from town and we got there just about in time for the grandest dinner that my mouth ever watered over! We smelled that dinner two miles off, and we could actually see the fumes of it coming out of the cracks of the windows while we were unhitching. Say! I've been to twenty-course affairs, with all sorts of foreign languages on the bill of fare, and waiters who were sick at the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't act in passing the catables, but I never came across such richness as I saw piled promiscuously on those two tables in the ranch-house. There

"But where was the beer? It had been carefully stowed in the safest of all safe places, but not a trace of beer or even keg remained. Man eyed man suspiciously. There was some original and picturesque swearing—but no beer! When this fact was at last firmly established in the minds of all present there was sorrow in the camp. Somebody had taken the beer. Nobody knew who. Nobody ever found out that I know. So we went beerless, after all our painstaking care. It was a great trial to the thirsty—and we were all thirsty.

"It was the shady side of midnight when we began to think of home. Considering my aching limbs, as I piled into one of those springless wagons and thought of the road ahead, I prayed that our downward progress might be a slow and solemn one. But not so thought our driver, who no sooner struck the open road than he challenged the other wagon to a race.

"Remember, my friend, that was a springless wagon. The Sorrows of Werther were as nothing to mine. Up hill, down hill, over rocks a foot high, through creeks, across dilapidated bridges, clinging to the side of a hill on one wheel, bumpety-bump, rattle, clatter, thump—thump—thump! Fortunately I had been placed—for safety, possibly—between two fat damozels. I religiously and impartially held on to both.



"Smelled the Dinner Two Miles Off."

acordeon, a harmonica and a two-stringed fiddle manipulated by a man with three fingers. Sometimes they disagreed about the tune, and occasionally the accordeon got left on the way and then hurried to catch up, but on the whole they managed to keep things going at a lope.

"I hopped and I skipped and I jumped. I polkaed and I waltzed and I chassed. I grinned and I sweated and I ached, and when the word went around that the auspicious moment for opening the keg of beer was at hand—well, I was ready for the refreshments.

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"I didn't know which wagon was gaining, and can't say that I cared. I think I kept up a careless pleasant demeanor, and would have continued to do so but that our wagon suddenly upset, and the first thing I knew thereafter I was lying, face down, in a bunch of sage, with one of the fat damozels sitting demurely upon the back of my neck. I can't understand how it wasn't broken. I suppose it's been toughened in anticipation of the ax ever since I've been working for the trust."—Chicago Record-Herald.

HARD WORDS FOR KRUGER.

Eastern Paper Savagely Criticizes the Transvaal Ex-president. The Brooklyn Eagle makes the following savage onslaught on ex-President Kruger:

"Some men there are who will not taste the sweetness drawn from the uses of adversity. They will not bury their dead in oblivion. They will not accept for themselves what all the world has accepted for them, they will not admit the justice of an arbitration which they invited and which resulted in their discredit and disaster. Clearly such a man is Paul Kruger, late president of the Transvaal republic, whose memoirs are now to be published in London. Some extracts from this forthcoming book have been printed in advance of the volume itself. They are monumentally bitter. They are characteristically abusive. The man who encouraged a clique of corrupt allies to batten upon the treasury of his own land, who is known to have profited enormously by the sale of privileges, if not by the Sale of Law, enlarges upon the lies, treachery, intrigues and secret instigations of the government dynamite concession says that Cecil Rhodes was one of the most unscrupulous characters that ever existed, a liar and a briber. Lord Milner is a murderer at his worst and a 'tool of Chamberlain' at his best. Hard names are not arguments. According to the proverb, they break no bones. In more modern phraseology, they cut no ice. They prove nothing, they indicate nothing, save the gall and the wormwood, the bitterness of an irreparable defeat."

BUT THE HORNETS ESCAPED.

Disastrous Attempt to Smoke Them Out of a Barn.

Ames Young of Sterling, Wayne county, took a load of hay to Scranton the other day and sold it. When he went to unload it at the barn of the man who bought it he found a big hornet's nest hanging to a beam in the mow.

To render the occupants of the nest harmless some sulphur was placed in a pail, set on fire, and held under the nest so the fumes would suffocate the hornets. The pail was held too close, the nest caught fire and dropped into the pail.

The hornets began to swarm out and the hired man who held the pail chucked it, nest and all, out of the mow window. It fell on the load of hay, which caught fire. Young had time to get his horses unhooked and out of the way, but the hay and wagon and part of the barn were consumed. The hornets escaped.—New York Sun.

The Harvest Song.

It's sing a song of harvest in the sunlight and the dew. Where the world is like a picture 'neath a living sky of blue. A song that echoes sweet. Till you hear the world's heart beat in the thrilling air around you, and the grasses at your feet.

It's sing a song of harvest; the summer days were long. But they led to fair fruition where the harvest is a song: A song whose music fills All the valleys and the hills— That twinkles in the sunlight, and ripples in the rills.

It's sing a song of harvest; let the merry echoes rise— An answer to earth's sorrows, a solace for its sighs:— Earth's riches reaped and stored— Till's welcome and reward— Love and joy have made the harvest, and love of life is lord! —Atlanta Constitution.

The Company's Logic.

An amusing extract from a Belgian paper gives the following incident: A woman whose husband had lost his life in a railway accident received from the company ten thousand francs by way of compensation. Shortly after she heard that a traveler who had lost a leg had been paid twenty thousand. The widow at once put on her bonnet and shawl and went to the office of the company. "Gentlemen, how is this?" she asked. "You give twenty thousand francs for a leg, and you allowed me only ten thousand for my husband." "Madam," was the reply, "the reason is plain. Twenty thousand francs won't provide him with a leg, but for ten thousand you can get a husband."

Compulsory Attendance.

Emperor William recently ordered the army chaplains deliver periodical lectures in the evening for the benefit of private soldiers. Attendance is usually small, not being compulsory, but one reverend gentleman found that his lecture-room was filled every evening. He was much pleased and to the commanding officer expressed his pleasure at the religious awakening. "Rubbish," said the uncompromising colonel. "I have merely discovered that compulsory attendance at your sermons is excellent punishment for trivial offenses."

Courageous Woman Painter.

Miss Lucy Kemp, which, the animal painter, possesses a small menagerie of pet creatures which serve her as models. At her capacious studio she incessantly pierces her brush in the delineation of equestrian studies, in which she excels. She combines pluck with genius, for one day a spirited horse, serving as a battle model in her studio, escaped into the street, but, nothing daunted, the artist rushed after him, captured the runaway, brought him back and continued her work.

But and hold are sometimes at odds.

Dining Places of Paris.

Famous Resorts Frequented by Residents of the Gay Capital—Meals Not as Costly as Report Has Made Them.



O man can eat \$20 worth of normal food in any Paris restaurant. The returning tourist sometimes has interesting anecdotes of how he "took a lady to Paillard's" in the Champs Elysees, where "a small dinner (always vague) cost him 300 francs." Or he had stepped into Volain's or the Maison Doree, with his wife—the honest man—and gave up \$35 for "a few baked nothings."

I will tell you a great secret—these men have not been to Volain's or to Paillard's or the Maison Doree. They are bluffing—and as they have not experience of the true prices they make it strong to be on the safe side.

The \$20 trick—it is a trick or catch because one does not regularly think in detail and because wines, flowers, cigars, liquors and tips are not food—has been tried often. Regularly it takes the form of a bet, as happened in the case which brings it to my mind.

The victim was an inexperienced English colonial plunger. He soon discovered the difference between ordering \$20 worth of food and eating it.

He began his serious feeding with lobster a l'Americaine, because it was likely to cost as much as \$3.60 a portion. They let him off when he had eaten about three-quarters of it, with less than half the burning sauce.

His hors d'oeuvre and bisque (cream of crawfish) had cost him scarcely \$2; and the former, in particular, had been expensive—fancy little mysteries, cold, on diamonds of thin toast and highly spiced. A sweetbread in the Toulouse style cost him \$1.80. Then he risked a stuffed and garnished quail for \$3 more.

When he had done with it—and they did not force him to pick the bones, by any means, but only to consume each dish reasonably—that full feeling had already come upon him. But he had been tempted by the obvious expense of the gigot de sept heures (seven-hour roast mutton); and there it was before him.

It cost him \$2.40—a piece of classic cookery if there is any. This triumph of the cuisine of old France is from a leg of mutton roasted, very slowly, during seven hours; and the necessary basting involves patience that is to be found in few modern restaurants.

The man who thought he could eat \$20 worth had already worked up to \$12.80; but his appetite was gone. The maitre d'hotel, who now perceived he had been trying for expense, suggested "Le Desir du Roi," the King's Desire, at \$3 in vain. "I can eat asparagus," he mused; and the maitre d'hotel accommodated him with the luscious branches from a Brussels hothouse at \$2 the portion—they were almost worth it!

There remained almost \$6 to spend on hothouse fruits. Though swelled

"Very curiously, the French. Yes, Parisians."

You see, it all comes to this; do you want to feed your stomach or your eye—or your pride? The feeding of one's pride—and even of one's eye—in supper restaurants comes higher than plain stoking; and one hears of a great deal of petty gouging in the sylvan establishments which keep their doors open so late in autumn and early winter season.

Sometimes the victims write to the Paris papers. Such was a Belgian and his wife who recently had to pay \$1.50 for three poached eggs, the fourth being "good only in parts." Such an establishment in the Bois charged friends of mine \$3.50 for a melon at a time when melons could be had for 50 cents apiece.

At the Chateau de Madrid in the full Bois; at the Pavillon d'Armenonville, the very country club of the full set; at the Ambassadeurs, in the Champs Elysees, and at Maxim's and the Cafe de Paris, their strong hold is the spectacles of gayety. And indeed it makes a gorgeous sight to watch "those ladies" entering with their lords and masters of the day, or mayhap with a train of bacchanalian followers to take their favorite tables, kept for them by the management on the mere hope that they may turn up to grace the feast and advertise the shop.

Their skirts rustle, their gauzy chiffons sparkle with jeweled pins and buttons, they revel in fantastic collars, row on row, of pearls, while their corsage is a constellation of diamonds and colored stones and their immense hats poems of posies.

nires! They were worth 3,000 francs. The manager of a small restaurant pretends to be able to put the various races into proper categories.

"The Russians drink the best," he declared—and he has had experience of them. "One day a Russian noble drank, all by himself, a double Jeroboam, one of those immense bottles containing as much as eight ordinary quart bottles. It is not rare to see a Russian do his five quart bottle between midnight and 3 a. m."

"After the Russians, come the Americans, then the Belgians, the English, the Germans and the South Americans, especially the Chileans. The French come last.

"The German is always calm, polite, never complains, never beats



Told the Ladies to Carry Away the Great Silver Candlesticks as Souvenirs.

down prices. He makes an ideal customer—the high-class German with money to throw to the birds. The Russian is generous and bon enfant, but at times boisterous and fanciful.

"The American, I regret to say, is tyrannical and ostentatious; he pays royally, but he must have the whole establishment at his feet. Moreover, his tendency is toward cold-blooded orgie long continued but without gayety, stopping only when he is drunk."

"The Englishman is watchful, suspicious (No wonder, he has been 'done' so often!) and he tips with difficulty. The South American is very generous, a good drinker also, gay to the point of silliness, and very noisy."

"Whom do you have to help out oftenest?" was asked.



Indeed It is a Gorgeous Sight to See "Those Ladies" Entering with Their Lords and Masters.

There remained almost \$6 to spend on hothouse fruits. Though swelled

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Their skirts rustle, their gauzy chiffons sparkle with jeweled pins and buttons, they revel in fantastic collars, row on row, of pearls, while their corsage is a constellation of diamonds and colored stones and their immense hats poems of posies.

To see, one must pay a fair price, but there is one device, known and dreaded by waiters and proprietors, whereby the cost of the spectacles may be kept down to a strict minimum. A soup, a meat dish, a salad to follow, a three-franc bottle of wine and then coffee—what can the outraged waiter do to the imperturbable couple that has managed to obtain a table and given such an order?

Uncarth Skeleton of Mastodon. A perfect skeleton of the mastodon has been unearthed in a clay bed at Grove City, Ohio. The tusks are about twelve feet long, and the well-worn teeth show that the animal was an old one.

EUROPEAN NATIONS COERCE VENEZUELA

Great Britain and Germany at War With South American Republic.

WARSHIPS SEIZED AND SUNK IN LA GUAYRA HARBOR BY ALLIED EUROPEAN FLEETS

President Castro Issues Letter of Defiance and Calls All Citizens to Arms—British and German Residents Arrested and Imprisoned—Washington Authorities Are on the Alert.

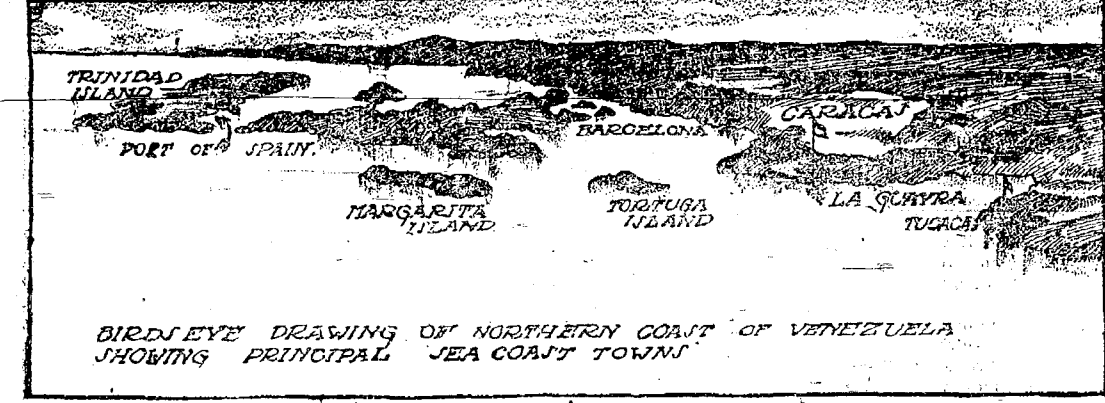
Affairs in the controversy between Great Britain, Germany and Venezuela reached a crisis Dec. 8, when Great Britain and Germany presented ultimatums to the Venezuelan government. Immediately afterward the British minister, W. H. D. Haggard, and the German charge d'affaires, Von Pilgrim-Baltazzi, closed their embassies and proceeded to La Guayra, where they went aboard the British cruiser Retribution and the German cruiser Vineta, respectively.

Two hundred and five British and German citizens have been arrested his political enemies from prison and

W. W. Russell went at once to see President Castro, and after a long conference succeeded in obtaining the release of Dr. Koehler, Mme. von Pilgrim-Baltazzi's physician, and Consul Valentine Blohm. Minister Bowen also obtained the official authorization of the Venezuelan government to represent British and German interests during the imbroglio.

WHAT THE CLAIMS ARE.

The principal British creditors



BIRD'S EYE DRAWING OF NORTHERN COAST OF VENEZUELA SHOWING PRINCIPAL SEA COAST TOWNS.

Scene of Operations on the Venezuelan Coast.

quitted Venezuela almost secretly. They did not notify the Venezuelan government of their intended departure, fearing a hostile demonstration. They did not even deliver the ultimatums according to diplomatic forms.

pite the efforts of United States Minister Bowen to secure their release. Mobs have partly wrecked the German embassy and consulate.

whose claims are to be enforced by the ultimatum against Venezuela are, according to the New York Tribune's correspondent in London, railway and labor improvement companies. Some of these companies complain of defaults of interest guaranteed by the Venezuelan government, and another corporation, which took up an issue of bonds, claims that a considerable amount of unpaid interest is due it.

The demands of the two governments were simply left at the private residence of the Venezuelan minister for foreign affairs, Lopez Barralt.

British and German railroads to La Guayra and Valencia have been seized.

The German claims are larger in amount and more varied in their nature and the responsibility of the Venezuelan government for the redemption of the obligations, is less obvious in certain sections of the account.

The British demand is for the settlement of claims and other matters arising out of the last revolutions. The German demand is for the payment of the interest on the German loan and other claims. The demands are without any specifications as to the time given for an answer, but they are in the form of an ultimatum.

President Castro has released all his political enemies from prison and restored all estates confiscated during the recent rebellion.

The precautions taken by the United States in ordering a strong fleet to the Venezuelan coast do not escape attention. It is considered a sign that the Washington authorities are on their guard against the taking of too drastic measures on the part either of Germany or England for the collection of a debt from a weak power distracted with revolution.

President Castro, in an open letter to the people of Venezuela, defends his own course, and practically defies the British and German governments. He says:

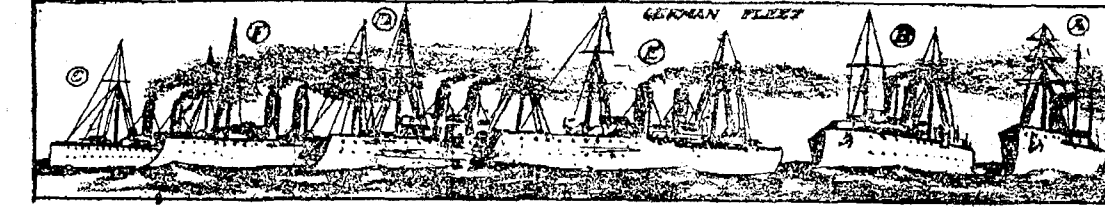
There was a great patriotic demonstration at Caracas when the news arrived that the British and German warships had seized the Venezuelan war vessels at La Guayra. Crowds quickly gathered and paraded the streets and squares of the capital, displaying banners and singing patriotic songs. Violent speeches were delivered at various points. The populace marched to the palace of President Castro, who addressed it.

As Viewed in Washington.

President Roosevelt's recent utter-

"Honorable, I cannot do more. I put honor first, and will not seek excuse to disarm foolishly enemies by accepting humiliations which would offend the dignity of the Venezuelan people, and which would not be in

The mob then moved on to the German legation, shouting "Death to the Germans!" The windows were shattered with stones, and attempts were made to force the doors, but the latter resisted these efforts, and Mme.



GERMAN FLEET—(A) Cruiser Falke, 1,731 tons, 15 guns; (B) cruiser Gazelle, 2,550 tons, 30 guns; (C) gunboat Panther, 900 tons, 22 guns; (D) cruiser Icke, 2,650 tons, 28 guns; (E) cruiser Ariadne, 2,650 tons, 28 guns; (F) cruiser Amazon, 2,650 tons, 28 guns.

accord with my public life. The cause of our national dignity is based on our rights and our possession of justice, and on our relations of friendship and mutual respect with foreign nations."

von Pilgrim-Baltazzi, the wife of the German charge d'affaires, who has been ill in bed for the last two months and therefore could not leave Caracas with her husband, was thus saved from violence.

ances on the Monroe doctrine in his message to congress were written with the Venezuelan matter in view and probably for the purpose of indicating to Germany and Great Britain how far this government was willing they should proceed in the collection of the moneys which they are claiming from Venezuela. It is presumed, therefore, that President Roosevelt is ready to meet any emergency which may arise in the future.

December 10 the combined British and German fleet seized the Venezuelan fleet, composed of four warships, in the harbor of La Guayra. The Venezuelans made no resistance, not a shot being fired.

The crowd then marched to the German consulate and then to the residence of Dr. Koehler, again stoning the windows and attempting to force an entrance. The police made no effort to disperse the demonstration.

It is regarded as significant that the great naval maneuvers under Admiral Dewey which are now going forward around the island of Porto Rico were conceived after Great Britain and Germany had formally announced their purpose to send hostile fleets to the Venezuelan coast.

On the same day all German and British subjects in Caracas were arrested. The coming of the arrests so soon after the hurried departure of the representatives of Germany and England is taken to be more than a coincidence. The belief is that both envoys had advance information regarding President Castro's intent and decided to get out of the way.

All the British residents were arrested, among them the German consul, Valentine Blohm, and Herr Knoop, the manager of the German Central railway. Herr Simmross, chancellor of the German legation, was met by the police, near Bolivar square, and also arrested.

This government is well prepared for contingencies. The Navy Department could on short notice send into those waters a fleet far stronger than the combined naval forces of Germany and Great Britain, but no warship will be sent if it can be avoided. The country's policy has been to hold distinctly aloof from both sides.

All the stores and banks at La Guayra are closed. Great excitement prevails, as the population fears that the town may be shelled or other action taken by the Anglo-German vessels.

Ninety-seven German residents were arrested, among them the German consul, Valentine Blohm, and Herr Knoop, the manager of the German Central railway. Herr Simmross, chancellor of the German legation, was met by the police, near Bolivar square, and also arrested.



BRITISH FLEET—(1) Cruiser Indefatigable, 3,600 tons, 44 guns; (2) cruiser Retribution, 3,600 tons, 22 guns; (3) cruiser Charybdis, 4,360 tons, 30 guns; (4) sloop of war Albert, 380 tons, 6 guns; (5) torpedo boat destroyer Quail, 300 tons, 6 guns; (6) cruiser Tribune, 3,400 tons, 22 guns; (7) cruiser Ariadne, 44 guns.

The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR.

Author of "Friend Olivia," "I, Thou and the Other One," Etc.
Copyright, 1896, by Dodd, Mead and Company.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.
Neil was intensely angry, and his dark eyes glowed beneath their drooping lids with a passionate hate. But he left his father with an assumed coldness and calmness.

The sarcastic advice annoyed him, and he wanted time to fully consider his ways. He was no physical coward; he was a fine swordsman, and he felt that it would be a real joy to stand with a drawn rapier between himself and his rival. But what if revenge cost him too much? What if he slew Hyde, and had to leave his love and his home, and his fine business prospects? To win Katherine, and to marry her, in the face of the man whom he felt that he detested; would not that be the best of all "satisfactions?"

He walked about the streets, discussing these points with himself, till the shops all closed, and on the stoops of the houses in Maiden Lane and Liberty street there were merry parties of gossiping belles and beaux. Then he returned to Broadway.

Still debating with himself, he came to a narrow road which ran to the river, along the southern side of Van Heemskirk's house. Coming swiftly up it, as if to detain him, was Capt. Hyde. The two men looked at each other defiantly; and Neil said with a cold, meaning emphasis:

"At your service, sir."
"Mr. Semple, at your service,"—and touching his sword,—to the very hilt, sir.

"Sir, yours to the same extremity."
"As for the cause, Mr. Semple, here it is," and he pushed aside his embroidered coat in order to exhibit to Neil the bow of orange ribbon beneath it.

"I will dye it crimson in your blood," said Neil passionately.

"In the meantime, I have the felicity of wearing it," and with an offensively deep salute, he terminated the interview.

CHAPTER VI.

At the Sword's Point.

Neil's first emotion was not so much one of anger as of exultation. "I shall have him at my sword's point," he kept saying to himself as he turned from Hyde to Van Heemskirk's house.

Katherine sat upon the steps of the stoop. Touching her, to arouse her attention; Neil said, "Come with me down the garden, my love."

She looked at him wonderingly, but rose at his request and gave him her hand.

Then the tender thoughts which had lain so deep in his heart flew to his lips, and he woo'd her with a fervor and nobility as astonishing to himself as to Katherine. He reminded her of all the sweet intercourse of their happy lives, and of the fidelity with which he had loved her. "Oh, my Katherine, my sweet Katherine! Who is there that can take you from me?"

"No one will I marry. With my father and my mother I will stay."

"Yes, till you learn to love me as I love you, with the whole soul. You are to be my wife, Katherine?"

"That I have not said."

"Katherine, is it true that Capt. Hyde is wearing a bow of your orange ribbon?"

"Yes. A bow of my St. Nicholas ribbon I gave him."

"Why?"

"Me he loves, and him I love."

"You have more St. Nicholas ribbons? Go and get me one. Get a bow, Katherine, and give it to me. I will wait here for it."

"No, that I will not do. How false, how wicked I would be, if two lovers my colors wore!"

"Well, then, I will cut my bow from Hyde's breast. I will, though I cut his heart out with it."

He turned from her as he said the words, and, without speaking to Joris, passed through the garden gate to his own home.

In the calm of his own chamber, through the silent, solemn hours, when the world was shut out of his life, Neil reviewed his position, but he could find no honorable way out of the predicament. He was quite sensible that his first words to Capt. Hyde that night had been intended to provoke a quarrel, and he knew that he would be expected to redeem them by a formal defiance. However, as the idea became familiar, it became imperative; and at length it was with a fierce satisfaction he opened his desk and without hesitation wrote the decisive words:

"To Capt. Richard Hyde of His Majesty's Service:

"Sir—A person of the character I bear cannot allow the treachery and dishonorable conduct of which you have been guilty to pass without punishment. Convince me that you are more of a gentleman than I have reason to believe, by meeting me to-night as the sun drops in the wood on the Kalkhook Hill. Our seconds can locate the spot; and that you may have no pretense to delay, I send by bearer two swords, of which I give you the privilege to make choice.

"In the interim, at your service,"

"Neil Semple."

He had already selected Adrian Beekman as his second, a young man of wealth and good family. Beekman accepted the duty with alacrity, and, indeed, so promptly carried out his principal's instructions, that he found

Capt. Hyde still sleeping when he waited upon him. Hyde laughed lightly at "Mr. Semple's impatience of offense," and directed Mr. Beekman to Capt. Earle as his second; leaving the choice of swords and of the ground entirely to his direction.

Lightly as Hyde had taken the challenge, he was really more disinclined to fight than Neil was. In his heart he knew that Semple had a just cause or anger; "but then," he argued, "I would not resign the girl for my life, for I am sensible that life, if she is another's, will be a very tedious thing to me."

All day Neil was busy in making his will and in disposing of his affairs. Hyde felt equally the necessity for some definite arrangement of his business. He owed many debts of honor, and Cohen's bill was yet unsettled. He drank a cup of coffee, wrote several important letters, and then went to France's, and had a steak and a bottle of wine. During his meal his thoughts wandered between Katherine and the Jew Cohen. After it he went straight to Cohen's store.

It happened to be Saturday, and the shutters were closed, though the door was slightly open, and Cohen was sitting with his granddaughter in the cool shadows of the crowded place. Miriam retreated within the deeper shadows of some curtains of stamped Moorish leather, for she anticipated the immediate departure of the intruder.

She was therefore astonished when her grandfather, after listening to a few sentences, sat down, and entered into a lengthy conversation. When at last they rose, Hyde extended his hand. "Cohen," he said, "few men would have been as generous and, at this hour, as considerate as you. I have judged from tradition, and misjudged you. Whether we meet again or not, we part as friends."

"You have settled all things as a gentleman, captain. May my white hairs say a word to your heart this hour?" Hyde bowed; and he continued, in a voice of serious benignity: "The words of the Holy One are to be regarded, and not the words of men. Men call that 'honor' which He will call murder. What excuse is there in your lips if you go this night into his presence?"

There was no excuse in Hyde's lips, even for his mortal interrogator. He merely bowed again, and slipped through the partially opened door into the busy street. Miriam returned to her place and asked plainly: "What murder is there to be, grandfather?"

"It is a duel between Capt. Hyde and another. It shall be called murder at the last."

"The other, who is he?"

"The young man, Semple. Oh, Miriam, what sin and sorrow thy sex ever bring to those who love it! There are two young lives to be put in death peril for the smile of a woman—a very girl she is."

"Do I know her, grandfather?"

"She passes here often. The daughter of Van Heemskirk—the little fair one, the child."

"Oh, but now I am twice sorry! She has smiled at me often. We have even spoken."

Cohen, with his hands on his staff, and his head in them, sat meditating, perhaps praying; and the hot, silent moments went slowly away. In them, Miriam was coming to a decision which at first alarmed her, but which, as it grew familiar, grew also lawful and kind. A word to Van Heemskirk or to the Elder Semple would be sufficient. Should she not say it?

Perhaps Cohen divined her purpose, and was not unfavorable to it, for he suddenly rose, and, putting on his cap, said, "I am going to see my kinsman John Cohen. At sunset, set wide the door; an hour after sunset I will return."

As soon as he had gone, Miriam wrote to Van Heemskirk these words: "Good Sir—This is a matter of life and death; so then, come at once, and I will tell you. Miriam Cohen."

It was not many minutes before Van Heemskirk's driver passed, leading his loaded wagon; and to him she gave the note.

That day Joris had gone home earlier than usual, and Bram only was in the store. He supposed the strip of paper to refer to a barrel of flour or some other household necessity.

"Its actual message" was so unusual and unlooked for, that it took him a moment or two to realize the words; then he answered the summons for his father promptly. Miriam proceeded at once to give him such information as she possessed. Bram stood gazing at the beautiful, earnest girl, and felt all the fear and force of her words; but for some moments he could not speak, nor decide on his first step.

"Why do you wait?" pleaded Miriam.

"At sunset, I tell you. It is now near it. Oh, no thanks! Do not stop for them, but hasten away at once."

He obeyed like one in a dream. Semple was just leaving business. He put his hand on him, and said, "Elder, no time have you to lose." At sunset, Neil and that d—English soldier a duel are to fight."

"Eh? Where? Who told you?"

"On the Kalkhook Hill. Stay not for talk."

At that moment Neil and Hyde were on the fatal spot.

Neil flung off his coat and waistcoat and stood with bare breast on the spot his second indicated. Hyde removed his fine scarlet coat and handed it to Capt. Earle, and would then have taken his sword; but Beekman advanced to remove also his waistcoat. The suspicion implied by this act roused the soldier's indignation, and with his own hands he tore off the richly embroidered satin garment, and by so doing exposed what perhaps some delicate feeling had made him wish to conceal—a bow of orange ribbon which he wore above his heart.

The sight of it to Neil was like oil flung upon flame. He could scarcely restrain himself until the word "go" gave him license to charge Hyde.

Hyde was an excellent swordsman and had fought several duels; but he was quite disconcerted by the deadly reality of Neil's attack. In the second thrust his foot got entangled in a tuft of grass, and, in evading a lunge aimed at his heart, he fell on his right side. Supporting himself, however, on his sword hand, he sprang backwards with great dexterity, and thus escaped the probable death-blow. But, as he was bleeding from a wound in the throat, his second interfered and proposed a reconciliation. Neil angrily refused to listen. He declared "he had not come to enact a farce;" and then, heaping to glance at the ribbon on Hyde's breast, he swore furiously "He would make his way through the body of any man who stood between him and his just anger."

Up to this point there had been in Hyde's mind a latent disinclination to slay Neil. After it, he flung away every kind of memory, and the fight was renewed with an almost brutal impetuosity, until there ensued one of those close locks which it was evident nothing but "the key of the body could open." In the rightful wrench which followed, the swords of both men sprang from their hands, flying some four or five yards upward with the force. Both recovered their weapons at the same time, and both, bleeding and exhausted, would have again renewed the fight; but at that moment Van Heemskirk and Semple, with their attendants, reached the spot.

Without hesitation, they threw themselves between the young men. But there was no need for words. Neil fell senseless upon his sword, making in his fall a last desperate effort to reach the ribbon on Hyde's breast; for Hyde had also dropped fainting to the ground, bleeding from at least half a dozen wounds. Then one of Semple's young men, who had probably divined the cause of quarrel, and who felt a sympathy for his young master, made as if he would pick up the fatal bit of orange satin, now dyed crimson in Hyde's blood.

But Joris pushed the rifling hand fiercely away. "To touch it would be the vilest theft," he said. "His own it is. With his life he has bought it."

CHAPTER VII.

At "The King's Arms."

The news of the duel spread with the proverbial rapidity of evil news. Batavius heard the story from many a lip as he went home. He was bitterly indignant at Katherine, and hot with haste and anger when he reached Van Heemskirk's house.

Madam stood with Joanna on the front stoop, looking anxiously down the road.

Just as Dinorah said, "The tea is served, madam," the large figure of Batavius loomed through the gathering grayness; and the women waited for him. He came up the steps without his usual greeting; and his face was so injured and portentous that Joanna, with a little cry, put her arms round his neck. He gently removed them.

"No time is this, Joanna, for embracing. A great disgrace has come to the family; and I, who have always stood up for morality, must bear it, too."

(To be continued.)

"BAIT" FOR WILD TURKEYS.

Hundreds of the Birds Have Fallen Before Gun of Expert.

Wild turkeys are still quite plentiful in some portions of North Carolina, as they also are in Arkansas, Texas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Southern Missouri, says the American Field, but just how long they will be plentiful in any of these states is a question, if the states possess a Gil McDuffie, as does North Carolina, who, it is said, only a short time since killed seven turkeys at one shot. It is claimed that McDuffie has killed 1,500 wild turkeys and 700 deer in his time, besides countless numbers of smaller game. The way he makes his war on turkeys is by "baiting." He finds where a flock of turkeys use and he lays a train of corn to a locality where he can arrange a good blind. The blind is made and corn is put out in good quantity for the turkeys not far away, he being careful to place the corn in such shape that when the turkeys feed upon it they will be well bunched. He then secretes himself in his blind and lies in wait for the turkeys. When they come and get bunched up over the quart or two of corn, he turns loose with a shotgun, and the slaughter is tremendous.

Fence of Elk's Horns.

A fence nearly 200 feet long at Livingston, Mont., is made entirely of horns of the elk—more properly called wapiti. These animals, like the others of the deer family, shed their horns once a year and grow new ones. The old horns are found in large numbers in the forests and are used for various commercial purposes.

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PERE MARQUETTE
 In effect Sept. 28, 1902.

Trains leave Belleaire 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, Belleaire.

East Jordan & Southern R. R.
 TIME TABLE.
 In effect June 22, 1892.

SOUTH		NORTH	
No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8:30	1:30	4:30	11:40
8:42	1:42	4:42	11:52
8:56	1:56	4:56	12:06
9:00	2:00	5:00	12:10
9:20	2:20	5:20	12:30
9:45	2:45	5:45	12:55

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.

Detroit & Charlevoix R. R. Co.
 Time Schedule.
 Takes effect Sunday, Aug. 31, 1902.

WEST BOUND		MIXED	
Leave Frederic	7:00 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	7:15 p. m.
Leave Frederic	7:20 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	7:35 p. m.
Leave Frederic	7:40 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	7:55 p. m.
Leave Frederic	8:00 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	8:15 p. m.
Leave Frederic	8:20 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	8:35 p. m.
Leave Frederic	8:40 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	8:55 p. m.
Leave Frederic	9:00 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	9:15 p. m.
Leave Frederic	9:20 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	9:35 p. m.
Leave Frederic	9:40 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	9:55 p. m.
Leave Frederic	10:00 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	10:15 p. m.
Leave Frederic	10:20 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	10:35 p. m.
Leave Frederic	10:40 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	10:55 p. m.
Leave Frederic	11:00 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	11:15 p. m.
Leave Frederic	11:20 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	11:35 p. m.
Leave Frederic	11:40 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	11:55 p. m.
Leave Frederic	12:00 a. m.	Arrive South Arm	12:15 a. m.

† Trains stop on signal to take on or let off passengers.

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Wrinkles Or No Wrinkles
 By Zoe Anderson Norris
 Copyright, 1902, by Zoe Anderson Norris

ANN SIMPSON sat in her armchair by the window, across which was drawn a snowy dotted-swiss curtain, nodding. By and by she roused with a start and, suppressing a groan, looked toward the door.

"Was it somebody knocked?" she queried. Then, "Come in," she called. "Come right on in."

The door opened, and a young woman in a slatted sunbunnet stood on the threshold.

"For the land's sake, Sally," cried Miss Simpson, "shut the door! The flies, the flies!"

Sally hastily shut the door and stood against it, sunbunnet off and in hand.

"There!" she exclaimed triumphantly and drawing a chair close to Ann's.



"TAKIN' UP THE LIGHT, SHE RAISED IT ABOVE HER HEAD."

"Now tell me all about the weddin'," she begged. "Begin at the beginning, an' tell me every little thing about it, Ann."

Ann, looking at the clock ticking loudly on the mantelpiece, drew aside the curtain and peered from it to the house across.

"They must be gone by now," she complained. "An' I slept through their goin'."

"They are gone," said Sally. "I met the carriages as I was comin' up the street. But they'll be back again, an' you can see them then. Why wa'n't you at the weddin', Ann?"

"You don't suppose, now," asked Ann, with some asperity, "it was on account of the want of an invitation, do you? There it is on the mantelpiece by the clock if you'd like to see it to convince yourself."

"No. That wa'n't why. It was this rheumatiz. When there's anything I want particularly to 'tend, it takes me down. That was why I was took down yesterday."

"But don't you think for a second that Lavinia'll forget me. She ain't that sort. There ain't a kinder hearted soul in this here town than Lavinia. She'll send me some of every little thing she's got on the table an' a piece of the weddin' cake besides to dream on tonight."

"Lavinia's already sent me some of the flowers what belongs to her weddin'." Ann continued. "There they are on the little table in the corner. Get up an' smell 'em."

"You hardly know," she went on as Sally obediently got up, buried her nose in the roses for the space of a fragrant moment and sat down again. "What to think of this here weddin' of Lavinia's. It's mighty strange the way it come about. You see, I know it all from beginnin' to end, from the very start, datin' back to that first husband of her'n, what was, without any exaggeration, the meanest white man that ever put foot on top of earth."

"Yes, it's just as I say—the meanest white man what ever put foot on top of earth. You couldn't, that is to say, lay a finger on him an' say, 'This man's a burglar or a thief or a cutthroat or an all round desperado.' No. He might 'a' been a better man if you could. An' out an' out desperado ain't often underhand, an' mean, like this husband of Lavinia's—mean clean to the bone—one of them men what's afraid to tackle a good sized man of his own sex, but what'll delight in breakin' the heart of a woman by inches in wringin' it an' wringin' it till she's nothin' but a bundle of sobs an' moans an' tears."

"Well, it was them tears he made Lavinia shed what brought the wrinkles under her eyes. He wa'n't worth no tears. No man is; not a tear nor a sigh nor a sob. But what woman will believe that? Lavinia wouldn't for one. She'd 'ler every little, mean, tridin' thing he said to her set her palpitatin' with misery, same 's if it had been said by somebody worth trouble'n' about, somebody whose opinion was worth somethin'."

"It's the way with women. Well, in the course of time he died, an' I was glad."

"Lookin' at the wrinkles under Lavinia's eyes cut by the tears he had made her shed, I wa'n't much inclined to grieve for her husband. But Lavinia! A softer hearted woman never lived in this town than Lavinia. She followed him to the grave, sobbin' fit to kill, exactly 's if he'd been the best husband in the world."

ever-made. Instead of the head accidentally spilled in the market.

"Anywa' Lavinia, as I say, folk wed him to the grave sheddin' big tears an' tramblin', all over black from the crown of her head to the soles of her little feet. I didn't go to the funeral. I didn't have it in my heart to pretend to grieve I feel. But when she come back I went over to her house an' says to her: 'Cheer up, Lavinia. Dry them tears of your'n an' don't cry no more. The cherries'll be ripe for your pickin' yet, if I know anything about it.'

"I was right. The better days did come, an' soon too. Once forgettin' the ghastliness of death, the horror of it—an' 'tain't nothin' but that makes these widders take on so for awhile—Lavinia begun to feel the happiness of bein' free. There was nobody about to say, 'Do this' or 'Do that' or 'Come here' or 'Go there,' a successin' at her when she laughed an' smile'n' at her when she cried. An' 'twan't long before, with them fetters dropped off away from her for good, she sprung up in the blessed light of freedom an' commenced to bloom like any flower. An' pretty! Lavinia got to be pretty as a picture, exceptin' for them wrinkles under her eyes.

"You'd think, wouldn't you, now, that when a woman'd once found out what a good thing freedom was she'd stick to it? But I s'pose if she did that she wouldn't be a woman. Lavinia wa'n't no exception. She hadn't more'n got good an' used to doin' without her shackles than she made up her mind to put on some more. It appeared she was sort of fated, Lavinia was. You'd be surprised to see the man she settled on. Tom Wofford! Oh, yes, of course, you know him. He don't live far from you. I'd forgotten that. Well, he was the man. Of all the ornery men that ever lived in this town, with the exception of her first husband, he is the ornament. Lavinia's meanin' 's far 's money's concerned or clothes or way of livin', but disposition.

"Heigh, ho! I'll never forget the night Lavinia come over here after he'd gone an', without sayin' a word—Lavinia an' me's such friends that words ain't allus necessary atween us—walked to the mirror over the mantelpiece there an', takin' up the light, raised it above her head, gazin' at her eyes. From where I set, which was just about where I'm settin' now, I could get a glimpse of her face, the prettiest pinky white complexion you ever see, with a bow mouth like a child's an' a dimpled chin, an' nothin' the matter with it at all but them wrinkles under the eyes. 'S far 's I was concerned them wrinkles didn't make no difference. I couldn't see 'em half the time for the shine of the eyes. But Lavinia, she puts the lump back on the table where she got it an', turnin', stares at me.

"'He says,' she commences, 'that I would be pretty, awful pretty, if it wa'n't for these here wrinkles under my eyes.'

"'Lavinia, I admonishes, 'you're pretty enough as it is. Don't you be worryin' a minut about them wrinkles under your eyes.'

"'She promised she wouldn't an' went away. But 'twan't many days before back she come again, an', takin' that little stool you've got under your feet, puts it close to me, same 's you're settin' now, an' lays her head on my knee. I rests my hand on it, silentlike, comfortin' of her. 'Twan't the first time. A woman can get along all right generally till she falls in love with a man. Soon 's that happens she begins to need comfortin'."

"'He says,' she begins by an' by, 'that there are doctors up in New York who can take the wrinkles out from under the eyes. 'Tain't no trouble,' he says. 'All they've got to do is to cut away some pieces of flesh an' sew up the places. Then when it's well the wrinkles is gone, an' they never come back no more; never no more.'

"'Lavinia,' says I, answerin', 'better let well-enough-alone. Better stay 's the Lord made you. He knows best. He knows what he's about, if it does seem sort of strangellike at times the way he manages. When he put them wrinkles in your face, he meant for them to stay there till he gets ready to smooth 'em out.'

"'Anywa', Lavinia, I goes on after a whilst of studyin', 'if this here young man of your'n don't love you enough to forget them wrinkles under your eyes he ain't much good to tie to. That's my opinion. I give it to you for what it is worth.'

"'But I want to be beautiful!' she sort of moans. 'I want to be beautiful!'

"'Well, when a woman once makes up her mind to win a man's love there ain't nothin' short of chopplin' off her head go'n' to stop her. So I wa'n't to say surprised when Lavinia come runnin' over a day or two after a tellin' me goodby an' sayin' as how she was about to take a little trip up to New York to look up them doctors 'Tom Wofford had been talkin' to her so much about."

"'When I come back,' she smiles, but with a scared look in her eyes, 'I shall be beautiful!'

"'While she was gone I got to inquire about them New York doctors what cut an' slashed into people's faces so reckless, smoothin' out wrinkles put there by the hand of God, shapin' noses over, settin' back curs an' takin' reefs out of double chins to make 'em single. Ah! what I heard about 'em, Sally, didn't tend to encourage me much about Lavinia, I can tell you that. On the other hand, it scared me about her. If you could 'a' heard some of them tales they told me, your hair would 'a' stood straight up. One feller's nose, they said, had been a good enough shape, but what with tinkerin' away on it, the same's if it had been wood, it had got so delicate he was afraid of blowin' it, afraid it would come to pieces altogether an' he wouldn't have no nose. Another had his ears set back too far. The flesh clean covered the

him deaf as a post interchangin' shouldn't it?

"You can understand, then, Sally, that it wa'n't nothin' but patcherall—hearin' all these stories an' more what I haven't got time now to tell you—I was gettin' mighty uneasy about Lavinia an' them wrinkles of her'n. In a few weeks she come back alive, though, an' of course, her an' me bein' such fast friends, the first thing she does is to come straight over here to me. There ain't a sweeter soul in this here town than Lavinia. Well, she stands still right 'ere facin' the window with the light floodin' her like an' says to me: 'If the wrinkles gone, Ann?'

"'Now, Lavinia had eyes—they had left her eyes—an', havin' eyes, she could see them wrinkles of her'n jest the same 's I could see 'em. She could see that they was just us and as they allus was, if they wa'n't to say worse. So when I didn't say nothin' at all to her, see in' I couldn't say nothin' comfortin', she walks to the window an' looks out pitiful like an' says, 'S'if she was talkin' to herself, me settin' by, mate, actin' d'anny."

"'An' the pain of it! The awful pain of it! An' all for nothin'! Fool, idiot! When I wake up in the mornin', it's the first thing I call myself an' the last thing at night—idiot, fool!'

"An' she wa'n't to say altogether wrong. If people will deliberately set in a chair an' have their faces wancked into, they'd oughter be disgriggered for life, an' that, candidly expressed, is my opinion. Of course, though, I didn't say nothin' of that sort to Lavinia. Spilled milk is spilled milk, an' there ain't no use cryin' over it, but—

"'You can call yourself names like that, Lavinia,' says I, with a grunt of a laugh, 'but if somebody else did it you'd up an' slap 'em.'

"'As I say, Lavinia an' me, we'd been such friends we didn't have to talk to understand. So when she come to me one day at twilight an' set at my feet on the little stool an' put her head in my lap, moanin' like any hurt child might 'a' moaned, I knew what was the matter. That Tom Wofford, that ornery sweetheart of her'n, had complained because the wrinkles was there same as ever an' would stay there till the good Lord got ready to smooth 'em away all in his good time, an' I never said a word. I bent down an' kissed her on the hair an' look look of her hand to let the feel of my sympathy go through it to her, an' that was all."

Suddenly Sally sprang up and drew aside the curtain.

"There they come!" she cried. "Look! The groom and Lavinia! See! She's glancin' this way. She's throwin' a kiss to you, Ann. Throw one back to her, quick. Ah-h! Don't she look pretty? An' them orange blossoms! Beautiful! But, Ann, Ann! That don't look like Tom Wofford with her. He's taller somehow. Wa'n't it Tom Wofford she married, after all?"

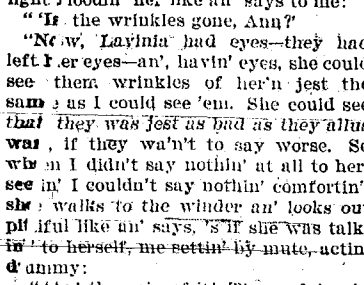
"Tom Wofford!" grunted Ann. "I reckon not. A man what would let her go an' have her face cut to pieces an' then complain!"

"Oh, tell me who she married, Ann. I've been away. I've just got back home. How can I know? Tell me."

But Ann, who was in no hurry, philosophized.

"It seems, 's far 's I can hear the straight of it, that while she was waitin' her turn in them doctors' office some other idiot—they ain't all dead yet even up there in New York—was waitin' his turn, too, to be made shorter or longer, jest as the case happened to be; I've forgotten exactly which it was, shorter or longer."

"Well, anyway, they got into a sort of sympathetic conversation, her an'



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