

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 6.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JAN. 23, 1903.

No 22

ST 1897 XI.

## BARGAINS

In Christmas Novelties of all kinds at the

## RACKET STORE

All the latest Books.

H. C. HOLMES.

Exponent, 10c.  
Pride of Charlevoix, 5c.  
Nickle Boom 5c.

R. F. Steffes.

Warne Block

## Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

## WILL RICHARDSON'S

State Street Grocery.

# BOOSINGER BROS.

## A Brand Which Means Something.

We hereby guarantee each and every garment bearing our label to be in workmanship and material exactly as represented. Those who have ordered of us in the past know what this means. We have just received the elaborate styles and samples from the old standbys—Strauss Bros. and The Monarch Tailoring Company. You know that these people make good clothes all the time and satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed. Call and see the samples.

Suits \$12.50 to \$35.00, Trousers \$3.50 to \$9.00.

Quality First of All - - Our Motto.

# BOOSINGER BROS.

### BOARD OF TRADE MEETING.

There will be a meeting of the improvement association which was organized last winter under the name of Board of Trade, next Monday night at the Woodmen Hall at 8:00 o'clock for the purpose of considering some important matters to be brought before it. All members should be there and all those interested in pushing the town ahead and developing the country. By order of the President.

Michigan summer resorts are becoming more valuable according to the theory of a bill introduced by Representative Neal, of Northville. The law now permits summer resort associations to hold not more than 400 acres of ground, and the limit of value imposed is \$200,000. The Neal bill would increase the amount of land that may be held to 700 acres and would increase the value to \$2,000,000. He says that some of the associations want to increase their holdings, and that the value of the land held by a number of such organizations has grown up to the limit.

A statement prepared by the interstate commerce commission shows that during the three months ended September 30, 1902, there were 263 persons killed and 2,613 injured in train accidents. Other kinds of accidents, including those sustained by employes while at work and by passengers in getting on or off the cars, etc., bring the total number of casualties up to 12,007, the killed numbering 845 and the injured 11,162.

The consensus of opinion favors newspaper advertising above all other forms. In no other way can the merchant reach the people he wants to patronize his store so cheaply or so effectively. In the respectable newspaper there is nothing to offend good taste. The newspaper gets into the homes of the people where all members of the family read the advertisements. The paper is purchased by the head of the house and the advertisements are a part of his purchase. The newspaper advertisement has a value that no other form of advertising possesses.

The Hotel Riverside at Elk Rapids, which has stood idle for over a year, has been leased and is being furnished throughout an expense of several thousand dollars by Mr. H. E. Bower of Thompsonville, who expects to have it ready to open some time in February.

### 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.

### List of Advertisers Letters.

Unclaimed letters for the week ending Jan. 19:

Dickie, Robt.,  
Drake, Mrs. Laura,  
Gebor, Miss Cora,  
Nelson, Mr. Lewis,  
Robinson, Miss Nina,  
Swador, Mr. John,  
Whalen, Mrs. J.,  
POSTAL CARDS.  
Callif, Mr. J. W.,  
Lewis, Dr. Levi L.,  
WM. HARRINGTON, P. M.

The washing of flannels, like the making of mayonnaise or puff paste, seems a matter of extraordinary skill, and a good deal of uncertainty under any conditions. But, as a matter of fact, it is extremely simple. Flannels may be washed in very hot water or in water barely warm with equal success. The main thing to be observed is that they may not be subjected to more than one temperature during the process. Shave plenty of fine white soap into warm water which is well to soften with a little ammonia. The ammonia serves the purpose of helping the cleansing, and, therefore doing away with some of the rubbing. Soak the garments ten minutes, and begin to squeeze and press them in the water. A great deal of dirt will come out at once. Put them through at least two soapy waters and rinse in clear water, all of the same degree of heat. Never let soap touch them, or scrub on a washboard. Put in shape and dry in room. Iron on the wrong side while quite damp. It is a good idea to have forms for stockings, and no ironing is necessary when they are used. Woolens washed in this way remain soft and loose as long as a thread of them is left.—EX.

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.

### LIST OF JURORS.

Following is a list of the jurors who have been drawn for the term of the Circuit Court which sits in Charlevoix commencing March 2d:—

- M. J. Stockman, Charlevoix,
- Fred. Heller, Eveline,
- Lewis McIntire, Evangeline.
- Eugene H. Burgess, Hayes,
- James A. Waggoner, Hudson,
- Leonard Whitmoyer, Marion,
- John W. Colden, Melrose,
- John Webster, Norwood,
- Francis Roddy, Peaine,
- Henry A. Kimball, South Arm,
- John W. Green, St. James.
- Geo. E. Rogers, Wilson,
- James Fox, Bay.
- Fred Wagner, Boyne Valley,
- Wm. Hughes, Chander,
- Chas. See, Charlevoix,
- Ernest Loomis, Eveline,
- David Vaughan, Evangeline,
- Jones Lewis, Hayes.
- Frank McFarland, Hudson,
- Robt. Gregory, Marion,
- Edwin Tellapaugh, Melrose,
- Wm. J. McGeogh, Norwood,
- Phillip C. Gallagher, Peaine.

### 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.

### Latest Fashion Notes.

#### FOR CALLING OR STREET WEAR

A costume of mixed suiting is here shown with a blouse waist displaying anatty waist of white peau de sole trimmed in black braid. The strapped collar is of novelty braid over white, and piped with white. It has pockets and cuffs to match, and the strappings for the skirt are disposed between the box plaits. The waist has a postillon back.



Some of the new skirts are arranged in graduated box plaits all around, the plaits being very narrow and flat at the top, widening out as they descend, and when released giving the fashionable fullness at the feet. Soft, pliable materials are especially appropriate for this style of skirt, and many of the models are threaded horizontally with bands of inserting, the band passing beneath the plaits. Three or four rows of inserting arranged at regular intervals and sometimes forming a slight dip in front, are used. The skirts are hung over five-gored foundations and the plaits are either secured on the under side or else they are stitched with Corticelli silk down to bounce depth and then left to flare gracefully. They are usually made with inverted plaits in back.

### NOTICE.

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

### 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.

### KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS INSTALL.

Wednesday evening the East Jordan Pythians held their annual installation of officers and afterwards participated in an oyster supper at Stephens' restaurant. Following are the officers installed:—

- C. C.—H. L. Lorraine.
- V. C.—Frank Martinek,
- P.—C. H. Whittington,
- M. W.—J. A. Boosinger,
- K. of R.—R. F. Steffes,
- M. F.—W. A. Rowley,
- I. G.—L. C. Madison,
- O. G.—J. J. Gage.

### 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.

### REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

Detroit, Mich., January 1, 1903. To the Republican Electors of the State of Michigan:

The State Convention of the Republicans of Michigan is hereby called to meet at the Light Guard Armory in the city of Detroit, on

FRIDAY, MARCH 6TH, 1903, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of nominating candidates for Justice of the Supreme Court and Regents of the University and transacting such other business as may properly come before the convention.

In accordance with the resolutions of 1870 and 1890, every county will be entitled to one delegate for each five hundred of the total vote cast therein for Governor at the last election in a Presidential year (November, 1900), and one additional delegate for every fraction amounting to three hundred, each organized county being entitled to at least two delegates.

Under the resolutions of 1858, no delegate will be entitled to a seat in the Convention who does not reside in the county he proposes to represent.

The delegates from the several counties in each Congressional District are requested to meet in district caucus at ten o'clock a. m. on the day of the State Convention, and select officers as follows to be presented to the State Convention for confirmation:

- 1—One Vice President;
- 2—One Assistant Secretary;
- 3—One member of the committee on "Credentials;"
- 4—One member of the committee on "Permanent Organization and Order of Business;"
- 5—One member of the committee on "Resolutions;"

In compliance with the resolutions adopted in Detroit, June 23, 1890, the secretary of each county convention is urged to forward to the Secretary of the State Central Committee at Clare, by the earliest mail after the delegates to the State Convention are chosen, a certified list of the delegates to the State Convention from his county.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee.

GERRIT J. DIEKEMA, Chairman.  
DENNIS E. ALWARD, Secretary.

Charlevoix county is entitled to six delegates, A utrim seven, and Emmet, eight.

### PNEUMONIA AND LA GRIPPE

Coughs cured quickly by Foley's Honey and Tar. Refuse substitutes.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

### EXCURSIONS

#### VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

ONE FARE TO DETROIT.

For the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons, to be held in Detroit, Pere Marquette agents will sell round trip excursion tickets on January 25 and 26, good to return up to January 29, at a rate of one fare for the round trip.

### MARDI GRAS FESTIVALS.

For the Annual Mardi Gras Festival at New Orleans, Louisiana, Feb. 18-24. Mobile, Alabama, Feb. 18-24. Pensacola, Florida, Feb. 18-24. A rate of one fare for the round trip is offered. Tickets on sale at all points mentioned not later than February 28th. Ask agents for particulars.

How many friendships are broken by one getting rich while the other stays poor.

Spring Valley modestly calls the attention of the world to the kind of men it turns out.

Mr. Kipling takes occasion once more to show Mr. Austin who is really fitted to be post-laureate.

Pity the old man who puts on skates to show the youngsters how it was done when he was a boy.

That change in the expression of the Sphinx may be caused by its astonishment at the Assuan dam.

It doesn't follow that the man who boasts of his rural origin will enjoy being told that he looks like a farmer.

Everybody should be taught to read and write, but something should be done to prevent all of them from writing.

The lovelorn youth can always figure out that two can live as cheaply as one, but it's hard to prove it afterward.

A Mississippi boothblack who has fallen heir to a million dollars expects to do nothing but shine in society hereafter.

Surely it is within the resources of science and inventive genius to devise an asbestos uniform for the amateur Santa Claus.

The Humbert affair has stirred up all Paris, which means that some unsavory sediment has come to the surface, as usual.

A great-great-grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt declares that he was stolen, but as he has no money the story is hardly probable.

Russell Sage was well enough again to lend a few millions yesterday. And he will get it all back again, with thousands added to it.

The government has ruled that automobiles must not be run in the Yellowstone park. That's right; there are enough wild things there now.

New York women want street cars from which men shall be excluded. We should like to see a woman who would care to ride in one of these cars.

Sixteen girls fainted in a Utica knitting mill the other day when one of them pricked her finger. The "eternal feminine" hasn't been eliminated yet.

Dancing is said to be going out of fashion. This must be due to the fact that so many society people after playing bridge whist have no money to pay the fiddler.

Whatever else may be said of President Diaz, it must be admitted that he has been very successful in keeping his republic out of trouble with its neighbors.

Lord Milner has approved the formation of a Transvaal fishing society. Looks like a scheme to grab something or other while the owner is off somewhere angling.

Perhaps the benevolent stranger who sold to the people of Derby, Conn., as coal a lot of crushed stone coated with tar had bought some wooden nutmegs once.

An Ann Arbor professor has discovered seven new poisons. The old favorites, however, will still continue in demand, and answer all legitimate and illegitimate purposes of destruction.

Because one kind act brought fortune to a Milwaukee bookkeeper we see no reason why the old rule, "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth" should not remain in force.

In Minnesota the Supreme Court holds that a man may legally strike his wife, but this does not mean that he will be able to do it twice if the wife has an adequate idea of the respect due her sex.

A floating item is to the effect that Patti still has the pair of shoes she wore when she made her debut, forty years ago. Are we expected to believe that Patti has been before the public only forty years?

A joint challenge has been issued by the chess clubs of Oxford and Cambridge to the chess clubs of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia for a cable match. It looks as if we were going to have a very quiet winter.

The X-rays of Japan purposed to use the X-rays to detect swallowed coins in the internals of employees in the imperial mint. Thus does science once more become a Sherlock Holmes in the interest of sordid commercialism.

A trolley line has been opened in Porto Rico. This thoroughly disposes of any danger there may have been of Porto Rican revolutions. The people will be too busy dodging the cars hereafter to engage in political disturbances.

# JEST and JOILITY

**Only Part of the Wheels.**  
The young lady was overfond of the society of beaux and two of her friends were talking about it.  
"Oh," said one, "I never saw anybody so daffy about the men as Fannie is. I think she must have wheels in her head!"  
"Well, no," hesitated the other, half charitably, "not wheels; only the fellows."—Comfort.

**True Courage.**  
Spartacus—What is the greatest act of bravery that ever occurred within your specific knowledge?  
Spartacus—A man with only half a dollar in his pocket went into a swell cafe and ordered forty cents' worth of food right out loud, so that people at the next table heard him distinctly.

**Very Fascinating.**  
May—It's wonderful the fascination horse racing has for some people.  
Louise—Yes, indeed. There's a friend of mine who goes to the races nearly every day, and positively she's more interested in the horses than in 'be gowns.

**Easily Remedied.**  
Lady (who has just discovered that she has been sitting on a newly painted seat)—"Oh, dear, there's all the paint come off on my dress!"  
Painter—"Never mind; it don't matter, mum; I can soon paint the seat again!"

**Helps.**  
"Yes, he always announces himself as a patron of art."  
"In what way?"  
"He manufactures picture cord."

**Not Taking Exercise That Way.**  
"Do you really love me, William?"  
"Course I does. Think I've been walkin' six miles a week ter see you for the las' year 'cause I hated you?"

### WHAT COULD SHE SAY?



Artist—What would you like for a present? An automobile, a diamond ring or one of my latest paintings?

### A SHORTAGE.



Edith—A fool and his money are soon parted.  
Grace—Yes; but the trouble is that there are not enough fools to go around.

**Not in the Same Set.**  
"Are you having a pleasant time?" asked a lady of a little miss at a fashionable children's party.  
"Delightful, thanks."  
"And will your papa and mamma come later?"  
"Oh, dear, no; papa and mamma and I don't belong to the same set."

**Just the Size.**  
The silver moon peeped up behind the hills of Lake Roland.  
"What is the height of your ambition?" she asked, more to break the monotony than anything else.  
"Oh, about five feet two inches!" he replied, gazing into her dark eyes. The cards are out.

**Simple Enough.**  
Borem—I want to interest you in a financial scheme this morn—  
Merchant—Not this morning. I haven't time.  
Borem—Why, it won't take you a minute. All you have got to do is to lend me a dollar.

### SURE SIGN.

"His retirement from the board was due entirely to his poor health."  
"Sure, there wasn't a squabble of some sort?"  
"Positive. If there had been a row the papers would have been full of interviews with the other members expressing their 'cordial appreciation of his services and their regret,' etc."

**Kept Busy.**  
Friend—That is your cook, I presume?  
Mrs. Bricabrac—Cook and everything else. She does all the housework.  
"But what is the second girl for?"  
"She mends the things that the other one breaks."

**Discouraged.**  
"I'm sure," said the clumsy man at he slipped off his horse, again, "that I'll never learn to ride."  
"Oh," replied the riding master, "just keep on trying."  
"But I'm having my own troubles trying to keep on."—Catholic Standard and Times.

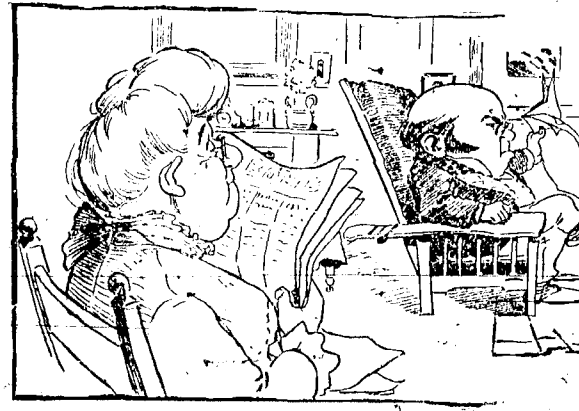
**Out of Mind.**  
Softleigh—Don't I look out of sight in my new tailor-made ulster?  
Biffins—Yes—and all the rest of the old adage.

### QUICK RELIEF.



Flowery Fields—Yes, ma'am, I have a great deal on my hands just now.  
Farmer's Wife—So I kin see. Why don't ye try a little soap and water?

### NOT SO BAD.



Mrs. Henpeck—I read this morning about a man who was arrested 20 minutes after his wedding and sent to prison for fifteen years. Isn't that awful?  
Herpeck—Oh, I don't know. The law doesn't compel a man to take his wife to prison with him.

**Enjoyed It.**  
She—They say Kate was held up by two men last night.  
Edith—Gracious! Did she scream?  
She—No, indeed! She was skating, and if they hadn't held her up she would have fallen.

**Not a Bargain Hunter.**  
"I would willingly sacrifice myself for you," said the impunctuous count.  
"It isn't necessary," replied Miss Gotox. "If I decide to take you I can afford to pay the regular price."

**A Candid Estimate.**  
"He writes for the funny papers."  
"Why, I thought his writings were all serious."  
"Yes, but you know it must be a funny paper that would print anything he wrote."

**Lucky Infirmary.**  
Dolly Swagger—You have no right to kiss me. That's holly up there, not mistletoe.  
Jack Rushit—That's all right, my dear. I'm color blind.

**A Calloused Conscience.**  
"I suppose you have heard it intimated that you made \$100,000 last year in various quiet ways?"  
"Yes," said Senator Sorghum.  
"Aren't you going to try to stop the story?"  
"No. Of course, it will cause unpleasant gossip, but it will help my financial credit."

**Why the Razor Was Dull.**  
"I wonder what makes my razor so dull," said a man, looking at the blade he had so carefully sharpened only a day or two before.  
"Why, father," spoke up little Johnnie, playing marbles on the floor, "it was just beautiful and sharp only this morning when I made my wooden boat with it."

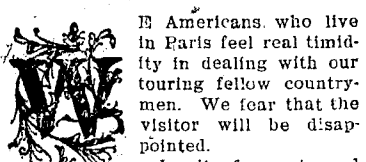
**Only a Dream.**  
Mrs. Naggsby—I dreamed last night that I was deaf and dumb.  
Naggsby—Dreams like that are always too good to be true.

**As Suggested.**  
Grouchily (looking for free advice)—"I say, doctor, if a man was all run down and could neither lie nor sit in comfort, what would you advise?"  
Doctor (gruffly)—I would advise him to try roosting.

**Trying to Scare Up Customers.**  
"Some eastern man says we are to have twenty-nine snowstorms this winter."  
"I'll bet if you examine his business card you will find snow shovels on it."

## The Drinks of Parisians.

American Beverages Now the Most Popular—Absinthe Is Declared to Be a Deceitful Poison—Strange Barrooms.



It is for art and archaeology that you have left your wife and crossed the deep? No; must Americans maintain a prudent distance from the Louvre. Do you desire to see the monuments, the sewers, Eiffel tower and Roman baths? Yes, some day, later on. The big shops? No; we have not come to buy. Will you go golfing at Versailles? No; the visitor has come to "rest."

Therefore, we take him to a Paris barroom.  
"I want to do exactly what Parisians do."  
He has said this fifteen times already. Now, there are some 15,000 different species of Parisians; but we are on the boulevard, and it is already clear that the visitor finds even boulevard cafes slow places—nothing in them but quiet games of cards and dominos, a lot of people reading papers, writing letters and absorbed in muttered conversations. And as there are Parisians, too, who find their cafes slow, we do as they do—and bask in a bar.

"This is the real thing!" he says. It impresses the visitor because it is so different. The Paris bar is our trump card.  
"It's a bar set up in a parlor!" says the tourist.  
He is right, though it be a gaudy parlor, with a soft and brilliant carpet, flowers and greenery in nooks, and on smart little tables here and there, tinkling musically a lot of egg-shell chinaware in use for 5 o'clock tea.

Who take 5 o'clock tea in Parisian barrooms? Why, the "ladies, ces dames, as they say, "those ladies." The atmosphere is that of a perfumed femininity, although the conversation may be horses. There are but two well-known bars in Paris free from them, and these two are detestable grounds for high-class bunco operators.  
The fair creatures sit perched on high bar chairs. They are the lucky ones, because the high bar chairs are



A Bar set Up in a Parlor. valued novelties, amusing, and adapted to set off a fine costume and a figure.

From these superior heights the fair ones look down on a mixed world of titled clubmen and jockeys, sporty business men and actors, racetrack fobs and lookmakers, Englishmen and Americans in Paris and "sons of family."  
Paris is full of "sons of family," let us say young men, of family, family sapsheads, spending family money. All their fathers ask of them is not to venture into business life, where they would lose more in one year than they will spend in five.

The Paris bar is snug and gay with color and electric lights. One treads on thick carpets to the rustling of silk petticoats and the chirp of admiring femininity.  
Here is one of the secrets of the bar's success. All Paris is alarmed because of the strange drug and drug-like additions of the day.  
Parisian drinks that have insinuated themselves into favor are declared



They Perch on High Bar Chairs. to be deceitful poisons. "To drink an absinthe is to strangle a parrot." Hence a stampede to the drinks of Anglo-Saxons, whisky, gin and rum, and their more palatable combinations in the mixed drinks of America.  
The natural inference of all this is to avoid liqueurs, Dutch spirits and French bitters made up from bad alcohol and essences.  
The man who has just mixed his fourth amer-citron may even have flattered himself that he was taking a

soft drink at the beginning. I remember such a case.

A young English "Honorable," the scion of a line of great earls, having neither touched nor tasted any alcoholic drink for five full months, sat on the terrace of a Paris cafe. There a French friend ordered for himself this patent bitters.

"Is it alcoholic?" asked the Honorable Bertie.  
"Fais non!—Why no, sure," was the answer of the idiot.

So Bertie took an amer-citron. The waiter brought the black stuff in a sinister black bottle, poured the goblet half full, because Bertie in his inexperience had not waded for him to stop, then dashed in some lemon (citron) syrup and departed. Bertie filled the goblet up with water and



"To Drink an Absinthe Is to Strangle a Parrot."

began to sip. The stuff did not taste alcoholic. Bertie scarcely felt the pleasing glow that stole so gently on him.

Bertie took another amer-citron. Little by little the lights of the early gloaming seemed to brighten up and down the boulevard.

From his terrace table Bertie observed with increasing interest that the scene was charming beyond all experience; the wretched cab-horses seemed to prance and step along like spirited young colts; the sad dead leaves now chased one another gleefully along the curb; the ill-dressed men who had been passing in a weary-looking throng had smartened up, and all the girls who passed wore stylish, charming and coquettish.

In his heart Bertie felt the flower of hope to blossom. He understood all things. All things are interesting and all things are gay—and good.

Somehow he paid; and somehow he walked up the dazzling boulevard, whose darkness seemed to be all spangled with delightful colors. And then he walked some more and very likely drank some more, because the next day he was in a bad state, and before the week was up had to be sent for by his disappointed people.—New York Sun.

### MISTAKEN NOTION ABOUT LEAVES.

It is true that people often say that the turning up of leaves is a sign of rain, but the sign does not seem to be a very true one, declares the Monthly Weather-Review. There are many kinds of trees like the silver-leaf poplars, in fact all the poplars, the maple and some of the oaks, which turn their leaves up whenever there is a fairly strong steady wind, but they do it as much in clear weather as in rainy. Possibly the belief may have arisen from the fact that winds capable of turning leaves over very often precede or follow rainstorms.

### NEW FIRE PUMP.

The chief of the fire department in Rouen, France, has invented a fire pump which can be operated by tapping the current of any street car or electric light system. The pump is small enough to be drawn easily by one horse in a light, two-wheeled cart, but sufficiently powerful to throw a stream of water 100 feet high. In a trial the new pump developed its full energy in three minutes, while a steam pump required fourteen minutes to get up the same pressure.

### "A Chance Acquaintance."

Justice Alfred Steekler says that a domestic employed in his family recently announced her intention of leaving. "I'm going to be married tomorrow," she said.  
"Can't you postpone it for a week so that I may have an opportunity to find a substitute?" inquired Mrs. Steekler.  
"I'd like to oblige you," said the cook, "but I don't know the man well enough to ask such a thing."—New York Times.

### HAIR SPROUTED BY ELECTRICITY.

Electricity will accomplish almost any wonder. A recent illustration of this is shown in the case of an engineer in a Cleveland tannery, who had been bald for years. Suddenly a little fluff began to sprout on his head, and a few weeks later his cranial was covered with a thick but short growth of hair. A doctor investigated the matter, and learned that he had been working under a revolving belt. His hair had been sprouted by electricity.

### IMMENSE FORESTS OF RUSSIA.

Forest covers 86 per cent of Russia's total area, or, in all, 404,500,000 acres. In other words, there are four acres of forest to every inhabitant of Russia.



# Religious Notes

**A Lesson of Mercy.**  
Beneath a palm tree by a clear, cool spring  
God's prophet, Mahomet, lay slumbering.  
Till, roused by chance, he saw before him stand  
A man, Durther, scimitar in hand.  
The scimitar bade the startled sinner  
The scimitar bade the startled sinner  
And with a flame of triumph in his eyes,  
"Who now can save thee, Mahomet?" he cried.  
"God," said the prophet, "God, my friend and guide."  
Awestruck the Arab dropped his naked sword,  
Which, grasped by Mahomet, defied its lord.  
And "Who can save thee now thy blade is won?"  
Exclaimed the prophet. Durther answered, "None!"  
Then spake the victor: "Though thy hands are red  
With guiltless blood unmercifully shed,  
I spare thy life, I give thee back thy steel;  
Henceforth, compassion for the helpless feel."  
And thus the twain, "yielding" foes of yore,  
Clasped hands in token that their feud was o'er.

**Religion and Life.**  
Men and women are growing away more and more rapidly from the conception of religion as a special department of life; from an arbitrary division between things which are called religious and things which are recognized as secular. They are coming to see that religion is a principle which must penetrate and reorganize every form of life; that it is the underlying basis on which all sound and wholesome life must rest; that it is a point of view from which all things arrange themselves in a new order; that it includes not only organized instruments and methods of religion, but all civic organizations, all political questions, the arts, sciences—in a word, the sum of man's life as expressed in thought, in emotion, in action.

Religion is not a profession; it is a life. This change is not only one of the profoundest through which society has passed, but it is one of the most beneficent. It is a modern illustration of the principle so often and so strikingly set forth in the Old Testament that "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and that holiness is to be written, not only across altars and over the entrance to churches, but everywhere in the world; that personal religion consists not only in deep inward experience and sincere outward confessions, but also in burden-bearing for others, in the sense of civic responsibility and of human brotherhood in all relations, in the recognition of God, in beauty and order and law throughout his entire universe. It is God in his world and not God in any single church or society for which modern society is searching.

**Renouncing the World.**  
Men talk of renouncing the world—that amusement or this amusement, this pursuit or this manner of living, and persons using it mean by "the world" something they do not practice and somebody else does. When a man professes to shun the world he forgets the vanities of the world in his own home and in his own heart. It is not another man's world we are to shun, but our own world, that in our circumstances, our positions, be what it may, which we are putting in the place of God. The world is the world God has made, and which we are striving to have and enjoy without God—that is, the vanity, the unreality, the dissipation, and that is what we promise to renounce as we enter into the kingdom of Christ, a kingdom filled with the realities of the spiritual world, and the true and real power and energy of enjoying, of living for God. And when we say we renounce "the pomp and vanities of the world" we mean this—everything that attracts us from God. It may be innocent and enjoyable in itself but if we make it our idol and put it in the place of him who made it, it becomes all pomp and vanity, and it is a thing we should forsake.—Bishop Magee.

**Prayer-Communion with God.**  
Prayer is not a mere begging for needed or desired blessings. Prayer is loving communion with him in whom we live, and move, and have our being. And in such prayer-communion with God two features that should ever have prominence are, an acknowledgment of blessings now enjoyed, and specific thanks for answers to requests before offered. Is this duty recognized and performed by us in our ordinary devotions? It has been said that one word of praise pleases God better than ten words of petition. Does praise for safety through the night, and for a measure of strength for the new day, have the first place in our daily morning prayer? In our daily evening prayer do we first recall and give thanks for the answers to our requests of the morning? What should be thought of a child who never stopped asking his parents for fresh gifts long enough to say a word of thanks for the gifts already received in response to his calls? Are our everyday prayers reasonably proper, worthy of us, or reverent toward God? That question may deserve our consideration.

**Helpful Lives.**  
The world is all aglow with the light of blessed, helpful lives. We see them in our homes, in our streets, in all the ways of life. All who are easing the pain of other hearts, all who are leading wandering feet back into the paths of safety, all who are trying to mend the fragments of some shattered

souled, all who are lovingly, humbly trying to bring joy and peace to men—all are standing on the Mount of Transfiguration, though they know it not, and around them shines the heavenly light, and from their faces beams the love of God. This is the highest of all. This is the climax of the process of incarnation here on the earth, the transformation of the human into the divine, the transfiguration of man with the glory of the Spirit. So it runs through all the history of humanity—first the struggle with the earth, then the struggle with the animal instincts, then the struggle to bring in the kingdom of heaven. So it runs through the life of the individual man—first the conquest of physical forces, then the conquest of the demons of self, and then the victorious life going back to win the cause of those who have fought and been defeated.

**No Excuse for Yielding.**  
A child of God may be sure that he is never tempted or tried beyond the God-given power to resist or endure. On that point the divine promise is positive. You may have yielded to temptation, but you have had no excuse for so doing. "There hath no temptation taken you but such as man can bear, but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation make also the way of escape, that ye may be able to endure it." When, therefore, you are inclined to think that the pressure on you is greater than you can stand, you ought to know you are mistaken. Your Father knows your strength better than you do, and he loves you more dearly than you can even know. He says that the strength to go forward victoriously is ever at hand for you. Therefore there is no excuse, in any instance, for yielding to temptation or trial.—Sunday School Times.

**How Do We Stand Before God?**  
Let us take God's Word and consider his ways. "The Lord knoweth the thought of man." Do we fully realize this? "The Lord searcheth all hearts and understandeth all the imaginations of the mind." Are we ever ready to reveal our thoughts? "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or evil." "The Word of God is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Are the meditations of our hearts acceptable to him? Do we guard our thoughts that are discerned by the Father with as much care as we do our speech that is heard of men? "For the Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." Is it not then our thoughts and the desires of our hearts that we should strive to direct in God's ways?

**"Walking With God."**  
In a sermon on "Enough walked with God," the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan gave the following beautiful illustration: A little child gave a most exquisite explanation of walking with God. She went home from Sunday school and the mother said: "Tell me what you learnt at school." And she said, "Don't you know, mother, we have been hearing about a man who used to go for walks with God. His name was Enoch. He used to go for walks with God. And, mother, one day they went for an extra long walk, and they walked on and on until God said to Enoch, 'You are a long way from home; you had better just come in and stay.' And he went." That was true. Enoch had become so familiar with God that he just went in and stayed.

**First Learn to Say "Yes."**  
There is an inspiration in the song: "Have courage, my boy, to say 'no.' We do well to teach the thought. It is wise, manly, Christ-like to say 'no.' He who would stand 'four square' to every wind of temptation must have courage to say 'no.'" But first one must learn and have courage to say "yes." The positive precedes the negative. There must be loyalty expressed to a principle before we can refuse to be disloyal to that principle. One must say "yes" to the right before he can say "no" to the wrong.

**True Christian Life.**  
Asked to define what constitutes a healthy, satisfying, all-round Christian life, the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, the author of "In His Steps," replied: "The most healthy, satisfying, all-round Christian life grows out of the foundation of the human life upon the two great fundamental, essential principles announced by Christ, a supreme love for God and a supreme love for man. There is no such thing as a healthy Christian life unless it is rooted and grounded in these two absolute essentials."

**Meditations.**  
Be humble or you'll stumble.—D. L. Moody.  
The warm-hearted church never has a cold hand.  
Superstition is the religion of feeble minds.—Burke.  
God honors no drafts where there are no deposits.  
The highest family connection is in being born from above.  
If the heart cannot have a truth it will take a counterfeit of truth.  
God never makes us feel our weakness except to lead us to seek strength from him.

## HOW SOME MEN ADVERTISE.

There is a Knack in Getting One's Business Before the Public.  
"I've come to the conclusion that success in advertising depends on how it is done," said a member of the vestry of a prominent Episcopal church. "Several weeks ago on a rainy Sunday morning my umbrella disappeared from the stand in church. I advertised for its return, offering a generous reward; but no one returned it. Later on talking to a friend who is in the advertising business I mentioned the matter to him. How was your 'ad' worded?" he asked. "Something like: 'Person who found stray umbrella in vestibule of St. — church, please return same to —. Reward, etc.'" I answered.  
"He smiled and scribbled on a piece of paper: 'Try this as an 'ad,'" he said. I took the paper and read: 'Person who was seen taking umbrella from vestibule of St. — church must return it at once to save himself trouble, as he is known.' Acting on my friend's advice, I inserted the notice in the papers. Did it work? I should say so! Next day I found not one, but half a dozen umbrellas awaiting me at home. They had been sent to the house during the day and attached to each was an unsigned note praying that I would overlook the matter, as the writer had taken the umbrella by mistake."—Philadelphia Record.

## ROUNDED HORN WITH HOBOS.

**Only One Man in Twenty Ever Had Been Before the Mast.**  
The ship Erskine M. Phelps arrived at Honolulu recently from Norfolk, Va., having broken all previous records for a sailing vessel from a north Atlantic port. She made the trip in ninety-seven days. She "rounded the Horn"—from 50 south in the Atlantic to 50 south in the Pacific—in eleven days, whereas the usual time is twice that.  
What added to the interest of the voyage was that when the Phelps was well to sea the captain discovered that nearly every man of his crew had shipped under false pretenses. Only one man in the twenty before the mast was a sailor. The rest were just plain "hobos" who had palmed themselves off as sailors. The result was that the captain and the mates had to take turns at the wheel and do most of the work aloft.  
In a terrible squall off Cape Horn, says the New York Mail and Express, when the safety of the ship hung in the balance and all hands were called to save ship, only six men came on deck, the others were lying below half dead with terror and seasickness. Nevertheless the Phelps broke the record.

## Oysters and Disease.

In a recent scientific work by Profs. Herdman and Boyce, entitled "Oysters and Disease," they report the result of their investigations on the cause which produces green oysters. Many epicures prefer their oysters to have the emerald hue, though there is a widespread opinion that green oysters are not edible.  
The investigators arrive at the conclusion that there are several forms of greenness. Copper is said to be present in minute quantity in all oysters. It was found that the greenest American oysters contained about four times the amount of copper which is present in the whitest American oysters. Careful chemical examination demonstrated conclusively that there is proportionately more copper in the greener parts of the oysters than in those parts which are less green. The green color of the highly prized Marannes oysters was found to be produced by the presence of a certain pigment and did not depend upon the amount of the contained copper.

## Using Law Books to Advantage.

One supposes that it is the duty of naval officers to fight, not negotiate. Nevertheless, all officers of modern navies have more to do with international law than with ball and cannon. Prof. Moore of Columbia, was lecturing a few summers ago at the Newport Naval College, and international law was one of the most important studies. The professor was setting forth all imaginable situations and allowing the students to suggest the best way out of them. One of the men could not appreciate the value of law in a sea fight. What he was yearning for was powder and shot. Asked by the professor as to what argument for international law he would use to convince the enemy of their error, he said contemptuously: "I would let them have all the volumes of international law in wad form, and add the supplement by way of emphasis."

## Do Stars Explode?

The appearance of a new star in the constellation of Perseus, and its rapid expansion into a nebula, which has been going on for some time past, have revived among astronomers the theory that some nebulae may be formed by explosion. About 1870 Prof. Bickerton of Canterbury college, New Zealand, showed that if two stars should graze one another the abraded parts, if relatively small, would have so high a temperature that they would at once become nebulous, and that the nebula so formed would under certain conditions, continue to expand until dissipated in space. The present expanding nebula has been growing at the extraordinary rate of several thousand miles a second and is, in many ways, one of the greatest celestial wonders of the time.—From Success.

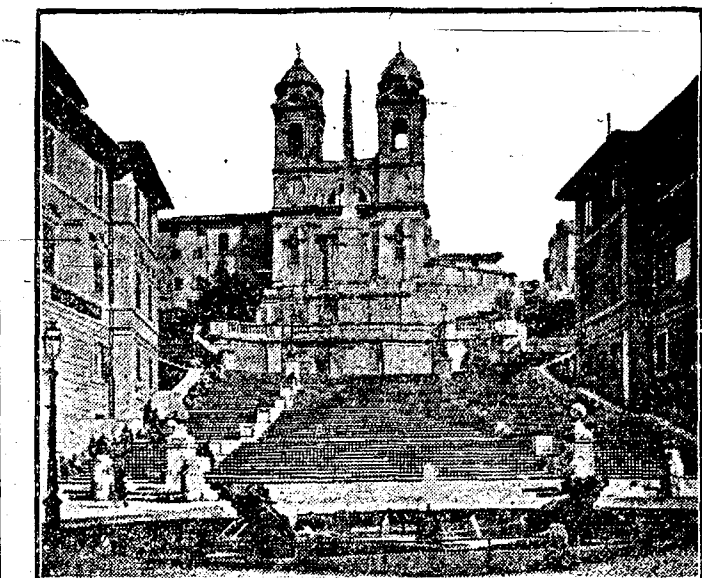
A rope often gets tight because that is the way it is taut.

# Solemn Prayers for Dead.

## Seven Days Devoted by Italians to Supplications for the Loved Ones Gone Before—Rome's Magnificent Cemetery.

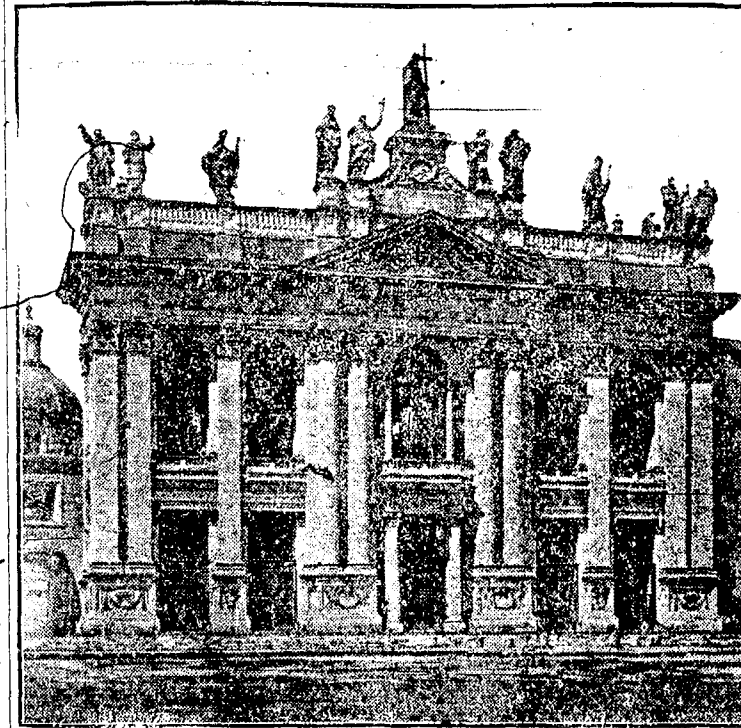
(Special Correspondence.)

EVEN days the bells of many of the churches in Rome toll in lugubrious tones and slow measure. In this, as in all Catholic countries, the week following the 2d of November—which is the day on which the dead are specially prayed for—is given up to the memory of those who have passed away.  
On the vigil of "All Souls' Day," that is, on the afternoon of the 1st of November, it might be said that the great bulk of the population of Rome



Church of Trinita di Monti. (Rome.)

which beg that the dead may rest in peace and in the enjoyment of eternal light. And, as one looks back into the cemetery through the closed gates, for the people leave as the tiny lamps are lit, it is perhaps the weirdest and the saddest illumination one can look upon in his journey through life.  
Throughout all Italy the cemetery is a notable feature of the city's places of interest. The great graveyard of Genoa at Staglieno, some miles beyond the city, has a world-wide celebrity as a gallery of sculpture, containing specimens of the best modern masters in the art.  
Situated on the side of a hill that has been arranged in terraces to suit its sad purposes, the Genoa cemetery presents externally a solemn and stately appearance, quite in keeping with the feelings that accompany a visit to such a place. Faith—a noble statue holding the cross in one hand and the gospels in the other—stands on a high pedestal before the white marble chapel with the Doric pillars that crown the elevated marble staircase opening up to the cemetery. Faith it is that renders death endurable; such is the lesson suggested here.  
And when you enter the porticoes which inclose great squares of land populous with graves, you find that this is the great modern sculpture gallery, in which all the statues have reference to death or the hope of the



Basilica of St. John Lateran. (Rome.)

Wreaths of flowers were placed by loving hands on the tombs of the dear ones, circlets of immortelles, laurel wreaths and crowns of black and white beads, with the name of the loved one written upon them, were brought here on that day.  
Sorrow has but limited modes of expression, and the fashions that grief adopts to show itself are not numerous. Here, however, one strange and unusual practice prevails. When the clouds of evening gather over the vast city of death and the sorrowing friends are departing a strange spectacle becomes visible. A tiny light is seen burning over a grave, and then another and another, until the illumination spreads all over.

As night comes on and the darkness is more defined, the cemetery looks as if it were overrun by a settlement of fire-flies—on almost every grave a resurrection, or to that desire to be remembered by those who come after us which is a feeling inherent to humanity. There, in niches set back in the wall of the pilasters dividing these niches, statue after statue is seen.  
In the little sleepy town of Pisa, the Campo Santo, or graveyard, is one of the most attractive of the spots to which the steps of the traveler tend. When Pisa was at the height of its power, its people brought earth from Calvary, in the Holy Land, in which the remains of their dead should be placed; and the porticoes with which they surrounded the sacred enclosure are among the most beautiful works of architecture in Italy.  
London Christmas Weather Mild. There has been no skating in London at Christmas since 1892.

## HE GOT THE CLOAK.

**Enterprising Thief Saw Opportunity to Make a Bargain.**  
"Billy" Witel, gambler, is well remembered by many a New Yorker who patronized 818 Broadway in the good old days, when it was the Canfield's of the city. This famous gaming resort was the third building below Twelfth street, east side of Broadway. Its owners were James B. Kelly, Lucien Appleby and Tom Grady. Witel dealt faro there. One day he stopped before a fur house window in Fourteenth street to admire some cloaks there displayed, and, seeing one much to his liking, remarked to a friend, "I'd give \$150 for that," then passed on. That night a man with a bundle rapped at the wicket gate in 818. "What is it?" asked Witel. "Here's your cloak," replied the stranger, pushing it through the opening. "I heard you say you'd give \$150 for it. Fork over the money." The fellow, a noted thief, had stolen it on hearing Witel's remark.—New York Press.

## HAD BECOME SECOND NATURE.

**Suspicious of a Schoolmaster Not Easily Allayed.**  
The old schoolmaster was deeply affected. His scholars, noticing the dilapidated appearance of his chair, had presented him with a new one for Christmas.  
"My dear boys," said the kindly old pedagogue, with tears in his eyes, "I can never hope to tell you how you have made me feel by this token of your love for me. All I can do is to thank you for the sacrifices you have made of your little purses for the sake of my comfort. If you have found me severe at times, I trust you realize that it has always been for your own good. I hope to always have your full confidence, as you have ever had mine."  
As the old schoolmaster prepared to sit down in his new chair he unconsciously ran his hand over the seat in search of bent pins.

## Possibilities in Airships.

The Smithsonian Institution has published a new edition of Dr. Langley's "Experiments in Aerodynamics," first printed eleven years ago. In summing up, Dr. Langley speaks of the prospects for the future somewhat as follows: Since that time, he says, he has demonstrated that mechanical flight is possible by actually performing it with steel flying machines nearly a thousand times heavier than air, driven by steam. These machines weighed from thirty to forty pounds and flew from a half to three-quarters of a mile at speeds varying from twenty to thirty miles an hour. It is believed by Dr. Langley that the time is now very near when human beings will be transported at high velocities, though perhaps at first under exceptional conditions, such as are demanded in the arts of war rather than of peace.

## The Craze for Antiquities.

A saltcellar of the spacious times of great Elizabeth has been sold at auction in London for the amazing sum of £3,000. Only a saltcellar! And there is no authentic proof that the lion-hearted ruler of the England of Shakespeare and of Burleigh and the other men of high renown who lived in the latter part of the marvelous sixteenth century ever took salt from this small dish. If such a bit of tableware sells for £3,000, what would be a fair price for a genuine Elizabethan platter big enough to contain a baron of true British roast beef?

## Dumas' Generosity.

In his biography of Alexander Dumas Harry A. Suurr says that the improvident French author, who hated avarice, was once waiting in line for his cloak at a soiree, when he saw a millionaire give a tip of 10 cents to the servant who handed out his paleot. Dumas, getting his cloak, threw down a \$20 note. "Pardon, sir, you have made a mistake, I think," said the man, offering to return the note. "No, friend," answered Dumas, casting a disdainful glance at the millionaire, "it is the other gentleman who has made the mistake."

## His Indignation.

"Aren't you sometimes a little conscience-stricken when you think of the advantages you take of the public?" "Not at all," answered Senator Sorghun. "Look at the men of genius the public has permitted to starve. Look at the heroes whose sacrifices are not acknowledged even by a tablet of stone. Any little thing I can do toward getting even with the public gives me sincere moral satisfaction."—Washington Star.

## The Actor's Handicap.

To a group of friends Ellen Terry once said: "Acting is not like drawing. You make a line. If it is wrong you rub it out at once and make another. With acting that is impossible; there is no altering—it must stand. I often feel as if I must cry to the audience, 'Oh, that is wrong, not as I meant it to be; let me act that part or sentence over again.'"

## Guns Cast Into the Sea.

The armament of Fort Silema, consisting of two 35-ton and two 18-ton guns, has lately been condemned as unserviceable. On consideration it was found that the freight of these guns to England would be greater than their present intrinsic value, and that they could not be offered for sale in Malta, as there are not the requisite tools for breaking them up and utilizing their iron and steel. The four guns were consequently thrown into the sea at Ghar-Iddud, near Fort Silema.



# East Jordan Company's Store.

## Unprecedented Sale of Merchandise, Commencing Wednesday, Jan. 21 A 12-Day Sale.

Cast your eyes upon our "Ad."  
Read it understandingly.

### SHOES.

A Bankrupt Sale purchase; the entire lot is offered you at 35c. on the dollar, which means

- Children's Shoes, 25c. the pair and up
  - Women's Shoes, 75c. the pair and up
  - Men's Shoes, 98c. the pair and up
- 12 Days Sale.

### Children's Coats and Jackets.

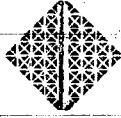
- 20 in the lot; all sizes, 1-2 price, to close.
- 6 Ladies' Plush Capes, " " " "

### Ladies' Jackets

- 15 in the lot; all sizes, 1-2 price, to close.

### Knit Goods, Hoods, Fascinators, Gloves and Mittens.

Our Entire Stock of these goods, for Ladies and Children, including Wool Petticoat patterns, Knit Underskirts, Children's Leggings, Etc., 1-3 off, to close.



### Men's and Boys' Clothing.

Fur Coats, Men's Ulsters, Top Coats, Men's and Boys' Reefers, Boys' Overcoats, Covert Coats, Mackinaws, Kersey Pants, Caps, Leather Mittens and Gloves, Heavy Top Shirts, Over-Socks, Men's and Boys' Fleece-Lined Underwear, Etc., Etc.

(12 Days Sale.) 1-4 Off Price.

- 10 doz. Men's Freize Pants, worth \$2.50, now \$1.88
- 20 dozen Men's Kersey Pants " 2.00 " 1.50
- 15 " " " " 1.75 " 1.32
- Men's Top Shirts " 50 " .38
- Men's Top Shirts " 1.25 " .94
- All of our Mackinaws " 2.00 " 1.50
- All " " " 3.00 " 2.25
- All " " " " 4.00 " 3.00
- All of our Covert Coats " 1.50 " 1.13
- All " " " " 2.50 " 1.88
- All of our \$25.00 Fur Coats, now 18.75
- All 20.00 Fur Coats, " 15.00
- All 15.00 Fur Coats, " 11.25
- All of our 13.50 Fur Coats, " 10.13
- All of our 15.00 Heavy Ulsters " 11.25
- All of our 12.00 Heavy Ulsters " 9.00
- All of our 10.00 Heavy Ulsters " 7.50
- All of our 8.50 Heavy Ulsters " 6.38
- All of our 5.00 Heavy Ulsters " 3.75
- All of our 20.00 Dress Overcoats " 15.00
- All of our 16.00 Dress Overcoats " 12.00
- All of our 15.00 Dress Overcoats " 11.25
- All of our 12.00 Dress Overcoats " 9.00
- All of our 10.00 Dress Overcoats " 7.50
- All of our 6.50 Dress Overcoats " 4.88
- 20 Boys' Suits (includes long and short Pants) at 1/4 off.

50 Remnants, and Dress Patterns in Wool Dress Goods will be sold Very Cheap.

1 doz. Men's and Boys' Caps, at 25 cents each.

### SPECIAL ITEMS:

Call your attention to a few new Monte Carlo Coats, in popular sizes and latest design.  
—A new arrival of Ladies' Wrappers.  
—Our advance sale of New Spring Gingham, 10c. the yd.

Come Early and get your choice of these goods. This is without doubt the most flattering offer ever made to our patrons in and about East Jordan. Nothing in the list is reserved.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

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

## State Bank of East Jordan.

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 RPLUS " " " "

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

DIRECTORS—JOS. O. GLENN. W. L. FRENCH. WM. P. POWELL.  
M. H. ROBERTSON. GEO. G. GLENN.

### Charlevoix County Herald

R. L. Lorrain, Publisher.

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

### SUGAR AND TOBACCO.

#### Reduced Tariff Duties and the Interests of Domestic Producers.

On the 2d of December, the same day on which congress received the president's message urging a material reduction of duties on Cuban products, the secretary of agriculture issued the following statement:

"The bureau of soils, which has been engaged for a number of years in investigations looking to the improvement of our domestic tobaccos, has recognized for some time certain desirable qualities in tobacco grown in Texas, which apparently occurred only in occasional leaves. Soil survey parties and tobacco parties have been investigating in east Texas and now are able to state confidently that they have found the soil type and the character of leaf possessing these desired qualities under conditions which indicate that it can be produced in large quantities of uniform high grade.

"Samples have been submitted to leaf dealers and brokers in New York and Philadelphia. They say it is a Cuban leaf, with the characteristic aroma of the Cuban product. The department will send two survey parties to Texas the 1st of January to press the survey of the area containing this soil and will enlarge the party of tobacco experts so that fifteen or twenty acres of tobacco shall be grown under government supervision, thus producing a sufficient quantity to be handled on a commercial scale. This will be submitted to the leaf dealers and manufacturers for opinions of the commercial value of the crop before any encouragement is given to Texas growers."

"They are trying to increase the Texas area of high grade leaf growing lands. They are trying to do the same thing in Florida, in Connecticut and other states, as we learn from the annual report of the secretary of agriculture. They are trying to raise from Sumatra seed a better leaf than that which is grown in Sumatra, and to do this they have at heavy expense erected canvas awnings over several hundred acres of tobacco lands. What is better still, they are succeeding so well that the awning plan is to be largely extended—that is, provided the growing of domestic tobacco leaf for cigar purposes continues to be profitable. The same proviso will govern future operations in Texas and Florida. The only question is, Will it pay? If that question is settled in the affirmative, American enterprise and energy will do the rest.

But will it pay to extend the area of costly awnings in the northern fields, to continue the practical experimentation now going forward on a large scale in Florida and to go on with the soil survey project in Texas when the reduction of duties on competitive leaf from Cuba, where the cost of production is very much less than in this country, the market price of this home grown tobacco shall have been forced down 20, 30 or 50 per cent? If the plan of Cuban reciprocity is going to be forced through congress, is not the secretary of agriculture throwing money away in those Texas experiments?

The growing of sugar beets and the erection of beet sugar factories have already experienced a serious setback because of Cuban reciprocity agitation. Can the domestic industries of sugar and tobacco growing be reasonably expected to enthrone over a scheme which selects them and them only to bear the entire burden of reciprocity with Cuba? We have heard a great deal about the solemn obligation of insuring a more profitable market to the growers of sugar and tobacco in Cuba. Why do we hear so much about this and so little about the solemn obligation of insuring a more profitable market to the growers of sugar and tobacco in the United States? Why should our solicitude be so active in behalf of foreigners and so dormant as regards our own agricultural workers? When these friends and neighbors, who poll more than seven-tenths of the total Republican vote, wake up to the fact that their interests have been betrayed and sold out in the name of a one-sided and an unjust "reciprocity," what will they do about it? Are we so much engrossed in contacting schemes for gobbling up the whole of Cuba's trade that we have no time to consider the question of fairness and duty toward our own people? It would seem so.

#### Would Make the Wool Fly.

Our valued yellow contemporary, the New York Journal, advises us that "if we are to wait for tariff revision until the 'friends of the tariff' do the revision we shall have to wait until the next

Samson is willing to shear his own locks." Naturally it is expected that the esteemed Journal and other Democratic organs and statesmen should be a little impatient of a revision of the tariff by the Republicans. If the enactment of the tariff was such a black crime would they be expected to view with entire complacency its revision by its framers? If they only get at it themselves, that is what they would like best in all the world, and wouldn't they make the wool fly?—also other protected products?—Daytona (Fla.) Journal.

#### Truly Reciprocity.

Mr. Foss, the defeated Republican candidate for congress in a safely Republican district of Massachusetts, was on deck at the reciprocity convention in Detroit last week. His voice was for the widest open scheme of reciprocity, for reciprocity with Canada, with Cuba, with anything or anybody, always excepting the possible producers of the commodities which Mr. Foss is himself engaged in producing. He yearns for raw material. No matter what interests may suffer in consequence so long as he can produce more cheaply and sell more in foreign countries. He is, in short, a typical reciprocity advocate.

#### Owls in Asia Minor.

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

#### Unreasonable.

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

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

#### COMING TO EAST JORDAN.

J. Leahy, the optician who has visited our town for many years, will again be at the Hotel Lakeside, Friday, Jan. 30. Will remain until Monday night. Those acquainted with his rare ability will be pleased to learn of his coming.

#### Republican County Convention.

To the Republican Electors of the County of Charlevoix:—  
Notice is hereby given that there will be a Republican County Convention held at the Court House in the village of Charlevoix, on Tuesday, the 17th day of February, A. D. 1903, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of electing six delegates to the State nominating convention, which is to be held in Detroit March 6, 1903; and also for the purpose of placing in nomination a School Commissioner to be elected for the term of four years.

The several Townships are entitled to delegate representation as follows:—  
Bay, 2 Hayne Valley, 5  
Chandler, 2 Charlevoix, 11  
Evangeline, 2 Eyedine, 4  
Hayes, 5 Hudson, 1  
Marion, 2 Melrose, 3  
Norwood, 3 Peaine, 1  
South Arm, 12 St. James, 2  
Wilson, 4

WM. J. PEARLSON, Chairman.  
FRANK A. KENYON, Sec'y.  
Charlevoix, Mich., Jan. 21, 1903.

## Hair Splits

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for thirty years. It is elegant for a hair dressing and for keeping the hair from splitting at the ends."—J. A. Gruenfelder, Grantfork, Ill.

Hair-splitting splits friendships. If the hair-splitting is done on your own head, it loses friends for you, for every hair of your head is a friend.

Ayer's Hair Vigor in advance will prevent the splitting. If the splitting has begun, it will stop it.

\$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.

## Groceries.

GAGE & CO.

Phone 32 (2 rings.)

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

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

### RANGES AND HEATING STOVES

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

THE BRIDGE HARDWARE CO  
EAST JORDAN, MICH.

## ROY'S

## Restaurant and Bakery

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

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

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

Who Makes

## Your Clothes?

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

We are sole agents for

Monarch Tailoring Co.  
Chicago's Foremost Tailors

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

Call and look over the  
LARGE ASSORTMENT.

The Low Prices will  
Surprise You

Boosinger Bros.

THE HERALD

\$1.00 PER YEAR

LOVEDAYS  
HARDWARE

LOVEDAYS  
HARDWARE

# Get a Heating Stove

## W. A. Loveday & Co.

You Won't Miss it.

Everything in Hardware.

A party of young people from town participated in a sleighride to Ironton Friday evening.

County Clerk Meech will purchase a safe for the County Surveyor having been authorized to do so by the Board of Supervisors at their recent meeting.

Jas. Fisher, foreman of the E. J. & S. yards at East Jordan, visited his family here over Sunday. He has no immediate intention of moving his family to East Jordan.—Bellaire Independent.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid Society will give a 10-cent social and entertainment at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Gregory Wednesday evening, Jan. 28th. The proceeds are to apply on the pastor's salary. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

There was an exciting time for a few minutes down at the corner of State and Main streets Thursday afternoon. A maddened animal which was being led to the slaughter house started to run amuck and there were several narrow escapes from serious injury before he could be gotten away.

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.

An election was coming on and a good and pious man was much interested. As the days wore on and the election drew near, his interest increased until one day he proposed to a fellow citizen that they spend a few hours in prayer. "That may be all right," said the fellow citizen who was considerable of a practical politician, "but my opinion is that just now you had better take it for granted that the Lord understands the local situation and spend your time hustling for votes down in the lower precinct.

### 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.

Representative R. W. Paddock secured what he desired in the way of committee assignments at the hand of Speaker Carton and should be happy in consequence.

He desired a place on the fisheries committee, and was named on this committee of which Representative Bolton is chairman. Mr. Paddock's years of experience as Asst. Supt. of the Ohio Industrial School for Boys, fitted him for a place on the committee for the Industrial School for Boys, and the speaker placed him on this committee, of which Rep. Scott is chairman. Mr. Paddock was also made a member of the committee on State Affairs, of which Representative Byrn is chairman.—Courier.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

Being sick, what do you do? If you are thin and weak, or if you are sick enough to need "cod liver oil capsules" that's what the doctors call them, the common English sickness.

It is the continued weakness they need. For the weakness they need Scott's Emulsion.

It makes new flesh and gives new life to the weak system.

Scott's Emulsion gets thin and weak persons out of the rut. It makes new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves and gives appetite for ordinary food.

Scott's Emulsion can be taken as long as sickness lasts and do good all the time.

There's new strength and flesh in every dose.

We will be glad to send you a few doses free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y. 50c. and \$1. all druggists.

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

### Personal Mention.

R. L. Lorraine was in Charlevoix Monday and Tuesday.

Geo. Priest, of Pellston, was in town a few hours Wednesday.

H. S. Price went up to Green River on business Wednesday.

Anton Walstad is working in the machine shop at Deward.

J. R. Jenkins, of Mancelona, was in town on business Tuesday.

Steve Kester came home from camp Thursday ill with lagrippe.

Supt. F. L. Bryant is in Detroit and Saginaw on business this week.

Louis Ablovits is spending a short vacation at his home in Bay City.

J. L. Wiesman and family returned from New York City on Friday evening last.

Mrs. D. C. Loveday has been very ill for the past two weeks but is now improving.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Glenn returned Saturday from a month's visit at Fredonia, Kas.

Miss Emma Gibson is home from Sturgis for a visit with her parents and other friends here.

I. D. Nichols and family removed this week to Boyne City where Mr. Nichols is employed as a millwright.

N. E. Thompson came down from Marquette Wednesday and has been spending several days in town on business.

Geo. LaValley went over to Bellaire Wednesday. His injured hand is doing nicely and he hopes to be able to save all his fingers.

Roy Sherman returned Tuesday evening from the St. Louis sanitarium. He thinks he is now fully recovered from the rheumatism.

Mrs. George Wilson returned from Pellston Friday. Monday she went to East Jordan to visit her sister, Mrs. G. W. Germond for a few days.—Bellaire Independent.

Many of the pills 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.

To peel onions without tears seems an impossibility to some cooks. They may do so either by holding the onions under water as they peel them, or else by sticking a small pared potato on the point of the knife with which the peeling is done. In the one case the water and the other the potato protects the eyes by absorbing that which so painfully affects them.

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

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 trapezoid men who are usually similarly afflicted."

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

A new time card went into effect on the Pere Marquette Sunday. One through train each way is taken off and in its place there is a local between Traverse City and Petoskey. Naturally there is considerable indignation over the matter among the traveling public.

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

Consul General Geunther sends to the State Department the results of technical experiments in the matter of egg preservation as follows:

"Four hundred fresh hen eggs were subject to the action of different substances for a period of eight months. At the expiration of that time it was found that the eggs which had been put into salt brine were all spoiled; those which had been wrapped in paper were 80 percent bad; and that a like percentage of those which had been immersed in a mixture of glycerine and salicylic acid were unfit for use. Of the eggs which had been rubbed with sulfad embedded in bran or coated with paraffin, 70 percent were spoiled; of those subjected to a coating of liquid glass, collodin, or varnish, 40 percent and of those which were in wood ashes or had been painted with a mixture of liquid glass and boric acid or a solution of permanganate of potash, only 20 per cent. were bad. Almost all the eggs that had been coated with vaseline, or had been placed in limewater, or in a solution of liquid glass, were in good condition.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

W. H. Grovi

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

Mid Winter Sale  
Through All of January  
Do make room for Spring Goods.

**J. L. WIESMAN,**  
LEADER OF LOW PRICES,  
Loveday Block, East Jordan.

**500**  
BOXES FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

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

**FRANK MARTINEK.**

**1,000**  
Clocks, Good Time Keepers,  
will be given away at

**WARNE'S PHARMACY**

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

Samples of the Very Latest Styles always on hand.

Alive and doing Business!

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

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

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


We are sole agents for the Flint 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**

### BREVITIES

H. S. Price is making extensive alterations in the interior arrangements of his residence.

Use Cream of the Valley Flour, a good towel free with each fifty-pound sack. C. L. OTRO.

A good audience greeted the Rev. Laufman's lecture and entertainment at the M. E. church Wednesday evening.

A party of young people came over from Ellsworth Wednesday evening and enjoyed the excellent skating at the ice rink.

Miss Eva Greenwood was the recipient of a very pleasant surprise party Tuesday evening. Progressive blinch was the means used to while away a pleasant hour.

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

A new time schedule for the East Jordan & Southern R. R. went into effect the first of the week, occasioned by the change of time on the Pere Marquette. The afternoon train now leaves at 1:00 o'clock.

Our representative Hon. Robt. W. Paddock, and Mr. Oviatt of the Antrim district are taking the lead in matter of securing legislation to relieve the tax payers of the burden of excessive smallpox bills.

The Lady Maccabees have been fitting up their hall and making it more homelike. They floor has been covered with a serviceable carpet of handsome pattern and the colors of the Order are hung in graceful festoons from the ceiling.

Mrs. Thomas Crothers died Wednesday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Taylor on the West Side. Her death was very sudden, the result of a paralytic stroke. Deceased was one of our pioneer residents and leaves a husband and a family of grown-up children as well as a large circle of friends to mourn her loss.

Mr. B. F. Zaruba, of Chicago, is fitting up the Crothers building to accommodate a large stock of dry goods, clothing, millinery and furnishing goods which will be here in a few days. He will call his establishment the Chicago Store. It is a little to early as yet to announce just when the place will be ready for opening to the public.

Some Grand Rapids man has been working a novel graft to get milk free. The milk inspector, as is well known, has authority to stop a milk man anywhere on the street and get from him a sample of his milk for testing in order to see if it comes up to the regulation purity. This man has been holding up milk dealers in various parts of the city and collecting from each of them a pint of their wares. The milkmen took it for granted that he was an inspector and did not even think to ask him to show his badge of authority.

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.

The best cooks are using Cream of the Valley Flour. Try it.

F. E. Winters is arranging to give a masquerade skate at the ice rink. Masks may be procured at Gage's.

A temporary fish hatchery is to be put in at Charlevoix at once and should the location be found desirable it will be made permanent.

Friday, Jan. 30, is the date when J. Leahy, the expert optician will again be here and remain for four days. Office at the Hotel Lakeside.

E. J. & S. locomotive No. 2 is expected back next week from Manistee where it was sent some time since to be fitted with a new firebox.

Wm. J. Palmer goes to Detroit next week to attend the meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge as representative from Mystic Lodge No. 379.

Mr. McKee, returned missionary from Siam, will occupy the pulpit at the Presbyterian church Sunday next and also on the Sunday following.

Fatal kidney and bladder troubles can always be prevented by the use of Foley's Kidney Cure. Sold by L. C. MADISON & Co.

The Horst Concert Co.'s entertainment at Loveday Opera House Thursday evening did not receive the patronage which the high quality of the performance merited.

### \$20,000.00

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

Don't suffer from headache or poorly fitting glasses when you can have your trouble corrected by consulting Leahy the optician when he comes Jan. 30, as he is prepared to fit any eyes that can be fitted. Fitting children's eyes a specialty.

Chas. Hipp now holds the office of Supervisor of this township, having been appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Wm. Harrington at the meeting of the township board held on Saturday last. We think that the choice of the board meets with general approbation. Mr. Hipp is certainly well qualified for the position and has the confidence of the people.

The South Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station is making experiments in drying potatoes, with a measure of success that gives promise of great results in future years.

The potatoes are boiled, peeled and evaporated and the product will remain in perfect condition for years with suitable protection from dampness and dust. Three and a half pounds of potatoes will produce a pound of the dried product.

Married, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter McCullough, at Chicora, Pa., Mr. George G. Glenn, of this place, and Miss Jessie Olivia McCullough. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn are now making an extended wedding trip but will be at home here after February 10th. The happy event occurred on Thursday of last week and was a very pleasant surprise to the East Jordan friends of the young people. Here's our warmest congratulations.



# A VOICE FROM THE VORTEX.

By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

(Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

For an hour after the dozen pupils which the thinly populated district furnished had gone to their homes, Miss Blanchard sat at the west window of the little white schoolhouse watching the evening sunlight shimmering upon the nodding prairie grass that stretched like a yellow sea for miles and miles.

It was mid-September. For a month not a drop of moisture had fallen. In the road that wound, a dull, gray streak, across the plain, the dust was ankle deep. Verdure was sere, and lifeless, and dry. The sky was cloudless; the sun's heat almost intolerable.

But Miss Blanchard's thoughts were not of the parched, glittering landscape nor yet of her school duties. They were of John Mallory.

She could not remember when she had not loved John Mallory. All their young lives they had been sweethearts. But at last they had quarreled—and parted in anger.

While she still considered that he had been unjust to her, and her eyes snapped indignantly at the recollection of his harsh words, she could not dull the keen edge of regret; the dazzling brightness of the sunshine could not dissipate the shadow—the deep, dark shadow—that seemed to wrap her in its mantle.

With a sigh she turned from the window and her glance rested upon the telephone back of her desk. Dear, thoughtful John! It was he who had ordered the telephone placed in the schoolhouse.

"There are so many tramps in the country," he had said to her. "If they bother you, little woman, or if you are ever in need of help, ring me up."

Her heart had thrilled with affection at the time, but now— She tossed her head proudly. "I do not need his assistance," she said. "I am quite capable of taking care of myself, I think."

Again she turned to gaze across the monotonous fields, and became conscious of a peculiar haze that seemed to fill the air with increasing density. With never a thought but that a much needed shower was not far distant, she watched it in idle curiosity, but presently, with sudden foreboding, she noticed that heavy clouds of vapor occasionally rolled over the building, borne westward. And then, through the open window there drifted a strong, familiar odor—the odor of smoke.

Hurrying to the door, she pushed it open and cast one apprehensive glance to the eastward, then shrunk back appalled. The prairie was afire!

Across the eastern horizon was a livid wall of flame, whose red tongues seemed reaching to the very portals of heaven. The long, parched blades of grass, dry as tinder, were food most tempting to the ravenous element. The wind had increased to a gale and already a shower of sparks was falling within a few rods of the schoolhouse.

The nearest residence, a mile away, was towards the east, from which the fire was rapidly approaching. To the westward twice that distance must be traversed before she could reach a habitation. She knew the plowed fields, surrounding the dwellings, insured safety to the buildings, but she could not hope to reach any of them in advance of this scarlet agent of destruction. Yet certain death awaited her if she remained, for the schoolhouse was without protection of any nature.

An agony of thoughts crowded her brain and in a frenzy of fear she dashed into the road. Already she could feel the heat of the fire that was racing towards her with the speed of a railway train. It seemed no more than two miles away; she could hear the ominous crackling of the dry grass as the flames leaped forth and embraced the writhing verdure in their hot embrace.

The sky was hidden by a mantle of smoke; the sun, visible only at intervals, was a great, round ball of crimson. Before the rolling vapor frightened birds flew past in flocks; along the dusty road, almost dashing against her in their mad flight, droves of rabbits fled. To her terrified eyes the whole world seemed ablaze. Vainly she scanned the prairie in all directions, hoping some one with a team would come to her assistance, but not a human being did she see.

With a cry to God for mercy, she sank upon the ground and covered her face with her hands. And the blistering demon of rampant flame roared louder and still louder in her ears, and the scarlet of its breath tinged red the

snow of her face, the ebony of her hair.

"John! John!" she cried, in the depths of her despair. Then, like an inspiration, came the recollection of the telephone.

She staggered to her feet and dashed into the schoolhouse. The interior was aglow with the reflections of the flames; the air was stifling with the smoke.

With her hand upon the receiver she hesitated irresolutely, then turned her head slightly and glanced out the window at the hurricane of death bearing down upon her.

"No, no," she said, "I will not. No power on earth can save me now. And he—it would be but agony for him to know that I am in this sea of flame



A moment later she was folded in John Mallory's strong arms, and he unable to give me aid. When it is over—is over—it will be time enough for him to know."

With her face illumined with a gleam of heroic determination, she turned away and walked slowly to the window. And there she stood pale, but gazing calmly out at the raging flood of fire. The flames were only a few feet away now and their hungry tongues almost licked the window panes. In despair she wrung her hands.

"Oh, God," she cried, "I cannot die without once more hearing the voice I love, without asking to be forgiven for the hasty, the angry words I uttered!"

Again she hastened to the telephone and rang the bell. And when at last she heard his familiar voice the fire was laying greedy hands upon the walls of the building.

"John," she said, "you are not angry with me, are you, dear? . . . You do not know how glad I am to hear you say that, dear. I was afraid you held resentment, and I— . . . Oh, no, John, dear, it was all my fault, and I am sorry—so sorry. . . . Where am I now?—Do you think I would be standing at the telephone if I were in the schoolhouse? There must be fire all around it by this time. Isn't it awful?"

She sank for an instant before the intense heat. The roar of the flames was like wail of a hurricane in a forest.

"John—John! . . . Perhaps—perhaps I will never see you again, dear. But if I never do, remember that I loved you—John—better than—"

She staggered beneath the choking cloud of smoke. Scarlet tongues of flame were lapping the floor almost at her feet.

"Yes, John I am going away—far, far away. . . . Where? . . . I cannot tell you—now. . . . To-morrow—to-night, perhaps. . . . you will know. . . . Oh, John—dear, dear John. . . . Good bye. . . . Good."

The receiver dropped from her nerveless fingers and, blinded with smoke and faint from the intense heat, she reeled forward through the blackness. Stumbling, falling, rising again, she reached the door unscathed, bearing the desperate ringing of the telephone bell and the deafening roaring of the flames.

Onward she staggered until she reached the road—that one narrow break in the wall of flame. And there she paused and turned her flushed face upward toward the sky in mute appeal to heaven. Something fell upon her forehead, something damp and cool. She reached forth her hands, palms upwards. Cooling drops of moisture kissed the quivering flesh. It was raining!

With a cry of joy upon her lips, she sank upon her knees in the dust and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving for the shower that had come in time.

In a mighty torrent fell the rain, and when at last the woman raised her eyes, she saw a wide expanse of blackened stubble, but not a spark was glowing. Then, through the mist her dazed eyes beheld a familiar, broad-shouldered figure running towards her with outstretched hands. And a moment later she was folded in John Mallory's strong arms.

"Minute! Thank God; oh, thank God!" he cried.

Strasburg to Honor Goethe.

Strasburg is about to erect a monument to Goethe. The German poet passed some of the best years of his youth in the Alsatian town and referred to it frequently with words of admiring affection in his memoirs. The design for the statue has not yet been selected, but no attempt will be spared to make it worthy of the great name which it is to commemorate.

# The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK.

By AMELIA E. BARR.

Author of "Friend O'Brien," "I, Thous and the Other One," "The Copyright, 1903, by Dodd, Meigs and Company."

## CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"Come, friends and neighbors," said Joris cheerily, "I will sing you a song; and every one knows the tune to it, and every one has heard their vaders and their moeders sing it—sometimes, perhaps, on the great dikes of Vaderland, and sometimes in their sweet homes that the great Hendrick Hudson found out for them. Now, then, all, a song for

MOEDER HOLLAND.  
We have taken our land from the sea,  
Its fields are all yellow with grain,  
Its meadows are green on the sea—  
And now shall we give it to Spain?  
No, no, no, no!

We have planted the faith that is pure,  
That to the end we will maintain;  
For the word and the truth must endure,  
Shall we slaves for the pope and to Spain?  
No, no, no, no!

Our ships are on every sea,  
Our honor has never a stain,  
Our law and our commerce are free:  
Are we slaves for the tyrant of Spain?  
No, no, no, no!

Then, sons of Batavia, the spee—  
The spade and the pike and the main,  
And the heart and the hand and the blade,  
Is there mercy for merciless Spain?  
No, no, no, no!

By this time the enthusiasm was wonderful. The short, quick denials came hotter and louder at every verse; and it was easy to understand how these large, slow men, once kindled to white heat, were both irresistible and unconquerable. Every eye was turned to Joris, who stood in his massive, manly beauty a very conspicuous figure. His face was full of feeling and purpose, his large blue eyes limpid and shining; and as the tumult of applause gradually ceased, he said:

"My friends and neighbors, no poet am I; but always wrongs burns in the heart until plain prose can not utter them. Listen to me. It we wrung the Great Charter and the right of self-taxation from Mary in A. D. 1477; if in A. D. 1572 we taught Alva, by force of arms, how dear to us was our maxim, 'No taxation without representation,'

Shall we give up our long-cherished right? Shall we give up our fathers' inheritance? Shall we hold out our hands for the chains?  
No, no, no, no!

Even the women had caught fire at this allusion to the injustice of the Stamp Act and Quartering Acts, then hanging over the liberties of the Province; and Mrs. Gordon looked curiously and not unkindly at the latent rebels. "England—will have foemen worthy of her steel, if she turns these good friends into enemies," she reflected.

The emotion was too intense to be prolonged; and Joris instantly pushed back his chair, and said, "Now, then, friends, for the dance. Myself I think not too old to take out the bride."

Neil Semple, who had looked like a man in a dream during the singing, went eagerly to Katherine as soon as Joris spoke of dancing. "He felt strong enough," he said, "to treat a measure in the bride's dance, and he hoped she would so far honor him."

"No, I will not, Neil. I will not take your hands. Often I have told you that."

"Just for to-night, forgive me, Katherine."

"I am sorry that all must end so; I cannot dance any more with you; and then she affected to hear her mother calling, and left him standing among the jocund crowd, hopeless and distraught with grief.

## CHAPTER IX.

### Katherine's Decision.

Joanna's wedding occurred at the beginning of the winter and the winter festivities. But amid all the dining and dancing and skating there was a political anxiety and excitement that leavened strongly every social and domestic event. The first Colonial Congress had passed the three resolutions which proved to be the key note of resistance and of liberty. Joris had emphatically indorsed its action. The odious Stamp Act was to be met by the refusal of American merchants either to import English goods, or to sell them upon commission, until it was repealed. Homespun became fashionable. The government kept its hand upon the sword. The people were divided into two parties, bitterly antagonistic to each other. The "Sons of Liberty" were keeping guard over the pole which symbolized their determination; The British soldiery were swaggering and boasting and openly insulting patriots on the streets, and the "New York Gazette" in flaming articles was stimulating to the utmost the spirit of resistance to tyranny.

Still in spite of this home trouble and in spite of the national anxiety, the winter months went with a delightful peace and regularity in the Van Heemskirk household. Neil Semple ceased to visit Katherine after Joanna's wedding. There was no quarrel and no interruption to the kindness that had so long existed between the families, but Neil never again offered her his hand; and such conversation as they had was constrained, and of the most conventional character.

As Hyde grew stronger he spent his hours in writing long letters to his wife. He told her every trivial event he commented on all she told him, and her letters revealed to him a soul so pure, so true, so loving, that he vowed "he fell in love with her afresh every day of his life."

One exquisite morning in May Katherine stood at an open window looking over the garden and the river, and the green hills and meadows across the stream. Her heart was full of hope. Richard's recovery was so far advanced that he had taken several rides in the middle of the day. Always he had passed the Van Heemskirk's house and always Katherine had been waiting to rain down upon his uplifted face the influence of her most bewitching beauty and her tenderest smiles.

As she happily mused, some one called her mother from the front hall. On fine mornings it was customary to leave the door standing open; and the visitor advanced to the foot of the stairs and called once more, "Lysbet Van Heemskirk! Is there nobody in to bid me welcome?" Then Katherine knew it was Madam Semple; and she ran to her mother's room and begged her to go down and receive the caller. For in these days Katherine dreaded Madam Semple a little. Very naturally, the mother blamed her for Neil's suffering and loss of time and prestige; and she found it hard to forgive also her positive rejection of his suit.

And towards Neil, Joris had a secret feeling of resentment. He had taken no pains to woo Katherine until some one else wanted her. It was universally conceded that he had been the first to draw his sword, and thus indulge his own temper at the expense of their child's good name and happiness. So, below the smiles and kind words of a long friendship, there was bitterness. If there had not been Janet Semple would hardly have paid that morning visit; for before Lysbet was half way down the stairs, Katherine heard her call out:

"Here's a bonnie come of. But it is what 'folks' expected. The Dauntless' sailed the morn, and Capt. Earl w' a contingent for the West Indies station. And who w' him, guess you, but Capt. Hyde, and no less? They say he has a furlough in his pocket for a twelve-month; more like it's a clean total dismissal. The guide ken it ought to be."

So much Katherine heard, then her mother shut the door of the sitting room. A great fear made her turn faint and sick. Were her father's words true? The suspicion once entertained, she remembered several little things which strengthened it. Her heart failed her; she uttered a low cry of pain, and tottered to a chair like one wounded.

It was then ten o'clock. She thought the noon hour would never come. Eagerly she watched for Bram and her father; for any certainty would be better than such cruel fear and suspense. And, if Richard had really gone the fact would be known to them. Bram came first. For once she felt impatient of his political enthusiasm. How could she care about liberty poles and impressed fishermen with such a real terror at her heart? Joris was tenderly explicit. He said to her at once: "The Dauntless' sailed this morning. Oh, my little one, sorry I am for thee!"

"Is he gone?" Very low and slow were the words; and Joris only answered, "Yes."

Without any further question or remark, she went away. They were amazed at her calmness. And for some minutes after she had locked the door of her room, she stood still in the middle of the floor, more like one that has forgotten something, and is trying to remember, than a woman who has received a blow upon her heart. No tears came to her eyes. She did not think of weeping or reproaching, or lamenting. The only questions she asked herself were: "How am I to get life over? Will such suffering kill me very soon?"

About two o'clock Lysbet went to Katherine. The girl opened her door at once to her. There was nothing to be said, no hope to offer. The mother did not attempt to say one word of comfort, or hope, or excuse. She only took the child in her arms, and wept for her.

"I loved him so much, moeder."

"Thou could not help it. Handsome and gallant and gay he was."

"And he did love me. A woman knows when she is loved."

"'Yes, I am sure he loved thee.'"

"He has gone? Really gone?"

"No doubt is there of it. Stay in thy room, and have thy grief out with thyself."

"No; I will come to my work. Every day will not be the same. I shall look no more for any joy; but my duty I will do."

They went downstairs together. The clean linen, the stockings that required mending, lay upon the table. Katherine sat down to the task. Resolutely, but almost unconsciously, she put her needle through and through. Her suffering was pitiful; this little one who a few months ago would have wept for a cut finger, now silently battling with the bitterest agony that can come to a loving woman—the sense of cruel, unexpected, unmerited desertion. So for an hour, an hour of speechless sorrow, they sat. The atmosphere was becoming intolerable, like that of a nightmare; and Lysbet was feeling that she must speak and move, and so disperse it, when there was a loud knock at the front door.

Katherine trembled all over. "To-

day I cannot bear it, mother. No one can I see. I will go upstairs."

The words were finished, Mrs. Gordon's voice was audible. She came into the room laughing, with the smell of fresh violets and the feeling of the brisk wind around her. "Dear madam," she cried, "I entreat you for a favor. I am going to take the air this afternoon; be so good as to let Katherine come with me. For I must tell you that the colonel has orders for Boston, and I may see my charming friend no more after to-day."

"Katherine, what say you? Will you go?"

"Please, m'fn moeder."

"Make great haste, then." For Lysbet was pleased with the offer, and fearful that Joris might arrive, and refuse to let his daughter accept it. She hoped that Katherine would receive some comforting message.

"Stay not long," she whispered, "for your father's sake. There is no good, more trouble to give him."

"Well, my dear, you look like a ghost. Have you not one suite for a woman so completely in your interest? I promised Dick this morning that I would be sure to get word to you."

"I thought Richard had gone."

"And you were breaking your heart that is easy to be seen. He has gone, but he will come back to-night at eight o'clock. No matter what happens, be at the riverside. Do not fall sick; he is taking his life in his hand to see you."

"I thought he had gone—gone, without a word."

"Faith you are not complimentary! I flatter myself that our Dick is a gentleman. I do, indeed. And, as he is yet perfectly in his senses, you might have trusted him."

"When will Richard return?"

"Indeed, I think you will have to answer for his resolves. But he will speak for himself; and, in faith, I told him that he had come to a point where I would be no longer responsible for his actions. I am thankful to own that I have some conscience left."

The ride was not a very pleasant one. Katherine could not help feeling that Mrs. Gordon was distraught and inconsistent; and, towards its close, she became very silent. Yet she kissed her kindly, and drawing her closely for a last word, said, "Do not forget to wear your wadded cloak and hood. You may have to take the water; for the councillor is very suspicious, let me tell you. Remember what I say—the wadded-cloak and hood; and good-by, my dear."

"Shall I see you soon?"

"When we may meet again, I do not pretend to say; till then, I am entirely yours; and so again good-by."

The ride had not occupied an hour; but, when Katherine got home, Lysbet was making tea. "A cup will be good for you, m'fn kind." And she smiled tenderly in the face that had been so white in its woeful anguish, but on which there was now the gleam of hope. And she perceived that Katherine had received some message; she even divined that there might be some appointment to keep; and she determined not to be too wise and prudent, but to trust Katherine for this eventing with her own destiny.

That night there was a meeting at the town hall and Joris left the house soon after his tea.

For an hour or more Katherine sat in the broad light of the window, folding and unfolding the pieces of white linen, sewing a stitch or two here, and putting on a button or tape there. Madam passed quietly to and fro about her home duties, sometimes stopping to say a few words to her daughter. When Lysbet was ready to do so, she began to lay into the deep drawers of the press the table-linen which Katherine had so neatly and carefully examined. Over a pile of fine damask napkins she stood, with a perplexed, annoyed face; and Katherine, detecting it, at once understood the cause.

(To be continued.)

## BOTH HOOKED SAME FISH.

And the Incident Caused Bad Feeling Between Anglers.

Funny things happen in bass fishing. Toward the close of the season William Hammeyer of Winneconne, Wis., was fishing from a boat with his friend, G. B. Hamilton of Peru, Ind. They were on Fox Lake and fishing was not good, which made them eager.

Hammeyer got a strike, fastened his fish and began to reel in strongly, determined to land his catch without loss of time. Hamilton got a strike and did the same thing. They had been an hour without a bite and had no leisure or inclination to watch one another. The first fish after an hour's casting is apt to get on the nerves.

When the bass was close to the boat Hammeyer discovered that he was bringing in his friend's line and said:

"We're tangled! Let out a little line till I get this fish in."

Hamilton discovered the tangle at the same time and said the same thing. They glared at each other and reeled furiously.

With a jerk that ought to have loosened all of its scales a pound bass came out of the water. Hammeyer's weedless hook was fastened in one side of its jaw. Hamilton's was fastened in the other. They lifted the bass in and looked at one another. They agreed without words to call it a partnership fish.

Both men had cast at the same instant, and their baits had struck the water close together. Reeling in the baits had come within a couple of inches of each other. The fish, either struck both baits at once or it struck one of them, felt the pain from the hook, slung its head to one side and got the other hook.

Indigestion, congested liver, impure blood, constipation, there are what afflict thousands of people who do not know what is the matter with them. They drag along a miserable existence; they apply to the local doctors occasionally, and sometimes obtain a little temporary relief, but the old, tired, worn-out, sick, distressed feeling always comes back again worse than ever; until in time they become tired of living, wonder why they were ever born, and why they are alive unless to endure constant suffering. To such sufferers there is a haven of refuge in Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which was discovered more than 60 years ago, and which is a wonderful medicine. One trial will convince the most skeptical that any or all of these difficulties may be removed, and a perfect cure effected; by taking Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops. Get a bottle at once, before it is too late.

## His Only Chance.

One day, a few years ago, Mr. O'Brien, a land agent in the west of Ireland, met a countryman, and, having heard of his marriage, saluted him with:

"Well, Pat, so you have taken to yourself a wife?"

"Yes, yer honor," said Pat, touching his hat, "I have."

Mr. O'Brien looking comically at him, said:

"Well, here I am, and I can get no one to take me, and I feel very lonely sometimes."

Pat, looking confidential, said:

"I think I can put yer honor in the way."

"How, Pat?"

"Do as I did; go where you are not known."

## His Household Goods.

When Mark Twain was a young and struggling newspaper writer in San Francisco a lady of his acquaintance saw him one day with a cigar box under his arm looking in at a shop window. "Mr. Clemens," she said, "I always see you with a cigar box under your arm. I am afraid you are smoking too much." "It isn't that," said Mark. "I'm moving again."

## Spreading the Good News.

Whatcom, Wash., January 5th.—Mrs. A. M. Ferguson who came here from Winnipeg, Manitoba, relates how that great destroyer of Kidney Complaints, Dodd's Kidney Pills first reached the extreme North West corner of the United States:

"I had used Dodd's Kidney Pills for what the Doctors pronounced Bright's disease in Winnipeg." Mrs. Ferguson says, "And the disease disappeared entirely. That was about three years ago and I enjoyed good health till about two years later when I removed to Whatcom.

"Whether it was the change of climate I can't tell but my old trouble returned in full force. My legs were swelled to nearly twice their size, I could not go up or down stairs for about two months.

"My husband hunted Whatcom for Dodd's Kidney Pills but could get none till a Druggist sent away and got them for him.

"I began to get well as soon as I began taking them." Others in Whatcom have learned to know and appreciate Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The flower of love may be fairest when the frost of hate strikes it. The craving for external glory will shut you out of the eternal glory.

## ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED?

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

A great many people never hold a candidate responsible for statements made the day before election.



Mrs. Emmons, saved from an operation for Ovaritis, tells how she was cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I am so pleased with the results I obtained from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I feel it a duty and a privilege to write you about it."

"I suffered for over five years with ovarian troubles, causing an unpleasant discharge, a great weakness, and at times a faintness would come over me which no amount of medicine, diet, or exercise seemed to correct. Your Vegetable Compound found the weak spot, however, within a few weeks—and saved me from an operation—all my troubles had disappeared, and I found myself once more healthy and well. Words fail to describe the real, true grateful feeling that is in my heart, and I want to tell every sick and suffering sister. Don't dally with medicines, you know nothing about, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and take my word for it, you will be a different woman in a short time."—MRS. LAURA EMMONS, Walkerville, Ont.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your case which you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address is Lynn, Mass.



Through the open window there drifted a strong, familiar odor. Bits fled. To her terrified eyes the whole world seemed ablaze. Vainly she scanned the prairie in all directions, hoping some one with a team would come to her assistance, but not a human being did she see.







