

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 6.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, MAY 30 1903.

No 40

ST 1897 XI.

RACKET STORE
Full line Tablets, Pencils, Stationery in boxes.

NEWS AGENCY
A new line of Jewellery.
Next to the Postoffice.
H. C. HOLMES.

Pride of Charlevoix Co. is the best 5c cigar on the Market.

R. J. 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.

Handle and Sell only Union Made Garments.

Are you going to help us make your own cause successful? You do this when you use the very best article that can be manufactured by Expert Union Labor—goods made by The United Clothing Makers' Association of America, The United Hat and Cap Makers of North America, The Boot and Shoe Makers' Association. Everything in these lines are made only by Union Labor. Schloss Bros. Union Made Clothing at \$10.00 to \$15.00 per suit. This clothing is made by the new inflexible front and concave shoulder process and absolutely warrants a perfect fit. The Peninsular and Carhart brands of Union Made workmen's clothing, the best in the world and sold at a moderate price. Look for the Union Label. Shirts from 50 cts. to \$1.00. Pants and Jackets, 50 cts. to \$1.50. Buy the "Rindge" and "Pingree" Union Made Shoes at from \$1.50 to \$4.00 per pair and you will get the highest grade of Union Made Shoes and you can depend upon getting reliable, honest made goods at the right prices.

Quality First of All - - Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROS.

Commencement Exercises.

Class of '03 Finish Their School Work.

Commencement Address Was Given by Hon. Perry F. Powers.

Loveday Opera House was crowded Thursday evening, the occasion being the commencement exercises for the High School class of 1903. The stage was beautifully decorated with floral offerings and the class colors, old gold and straw, while on a banner overhead was lettered the class motto—"The ropes of the present ring the bells of the future." On the left were seated the six sweet girl graduates amid billows of snowy chiffon, and John Porter, the only boy in the class, who was dressed in conventional black. The left of the stage was reserved for the teachers, members of the Board of Education and the speaker of the evening, Hon. Perry F. Powers, of Cadillac.

Following is the program as carried out in full:

- Piano Solo, Mrs. Suffern.
- Invocation, Rev. Yost.
- Vocal Solo, Mrs. S. A. Bush.
- Address—"Matters of Most Importance," Hon. P. F. Powers.
- Trombone Solo, Arthur Cole.
- Presentation of Diplomas.
- Quartette—J. H. Milford, Geo. Frost, Rev. McKee, H. W. Dicken.

The Class of '03 is one of the largest and brightest that has ever graduated from our schools.

WHAT IS FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE?

Answer: It is made from a prescription of a leading Chicago physician, and one of the most eminent in the country. The ingredients are the purest that money can buy, and are scientifically combined to get their utmost value.

Sold by L. C. MADISON & Co.

FLOWERS FOR THE GRAVES.

It is hoped that every one who can will send what flowers they can to the G. A. R. Hall before 10:30 on Saturday morning, for we need all that we can get of these.

J. W. ROGERS, Com.

Foley's Honey and Tar is peculiarly adapted for asthma, bronchitis and hoarseness.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

THE JUNE DELINEATOR.

The June Delineator is especially strong in fiction and presents the usual charming display of fashions. It contains a group of four college stories each of which is a fine specimen. They are: The Taking of Isabel, by Catherine Young Glen; Professor Ashur's Tutor, by Alice Louise Lee; By Grace of Linnaeus, by Kate Milner Rabb; and A Delayed Proposal by Kate Whiting Patch. They are illustrated by E. M. Ashe, George Gibbs, C. M. Relyea and Karl Anderson respectively. In the second installment of Mrs. Catherwood's serial story, The Bols-Brules, the plot develops along highly dramatic lines. An intimate friend of Augusta Holmes, who died recently contributes an article on the famous composer; it is strikingly illustrated. A Chafing-Dish Supper, by Miles Bradford, is of especial interest to epicures although it is also a good story. Minnie Maddern Fiske, the actress, is shown in a page of very fine photographs. An attractive dwelling, suitable for occupation the entire year and moderate in cost, is presented with excellent illustrations. Clara E. Laughlin has a serious paper on the domestic relations of woman; and Mrs. Birney contributes a helpful article on Childhood. Dr. Grace Peckham Murray discusses plumbing and the water supply, in their relation to health. For the children Grace MacGowan Cooke gives the last of the charming "What Happened Then" stories—Beauty's Little Dumb Son, and Lina Beard adds another number to the engaging Pastimes. A squirrel story by Charles McIlvaine is also a feature. Almost every phase of the home is treated in the other departments.

TRAVELING IS DANGEROUS.

Constant motion jars the kidneys which are kept in place by delicate attachments. This is the reason that travelers, train men, teamsters and who drive very much suffer from kidney disease in some form. Foley's Kidney Cure strengthens the kidneys and cures all forms of kidney and bladder disease. Geo. H. Hausan, locomotive engineer, Lima, O., writes, Constant vibration of the engine caused me a great deal of trouble with my kidneys, and I got no relief until I used Foley's Kidney Cure."

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

An adjourned meeting of the Common Council was held Monday evening, the 25th inst. Called to order by the President at 8:00 o'clock. Present L. A. Hoyt, President, Trustees Sweet Lorraine, Lemieux, Plank and Steffes, and Clerk C. A. Hudson.

Minutes of previous meetings read and approved.

Petition to extend water main from Haggerman corner east to Buzzell st. on Stone's Addition was referred to the Water Commissioners.

Petition to gravel Prospect and Mary streets on the East and North sides of block F, Stone's Addition, was referred to the Street Committee.

By resolution the sum of \$500.00 was transferred from the general fund to the highway fund.

The following bills were audited and allowed:

- J. H. Shultz, supplies, 90 cts.
- The Enterprise, printing, \$4.00
- W. A. Loveday & Co., merchandise, 35 cents.
- A. Churchill, team at E. J. & S. depot fire, \$2.00.
- East Jordan Lumber Co., lumber and merchandise, \$5.61
- F. E. Boosinger, Bd. of Review, \$4.00
- D. C. Loveday, " " " \$4.00
- Mich. Tel. Co., telephone rent, \$3.00
- Mrs. Shier, box for water works, 50c.
- A. J. Hammond, labor, 75 cts.
- F. C. Warne, salary as health officer and merchandise, \$37.00.
- Wm. Spencer, plumbing and material, \$38.74.
- Village Treasurer, for labor and team hire, \$237.71.

The Purchasing committee were instructed to purchase a lot on which to erect a hose house; also to look up the matter of buying a wagon.

By resolution it was voted to raise \$842.23 by general tax for the highway fund and \$4,943.38 for the general fund for the current year.

Adjourned.

DECORATION DAY PROGRAM.

Decoration Day Exercises, at Loveday Opera House, May 30th, 1903, at 2:00 p. m., standard time.

- Song—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" by the East Jordan School.
- Prayer, by Rev. J. A. McKee.
- Song by the South Arm School.
- Recitation, by Mr. Alison Pinney.
- Recitation—"We Keep Memorial Day," by Pearl Sheldon.
- Duet—"The Blue and Gray," by little girls of South Arm.
- Address by Prof. J. M. Tice, Charlevoix.
- "Meaning of Colors," by the South Arm School.
- Reading—"With Tenderness in Our Hearts," by Bert Sheldon.
- Song by the South Arm School.
- Recitation—"Emblems of Memorial Day," by three little girls, from Afton School.
- National Memorial Hymn, by All.
- Form in column for Cemetery.

ORDER OF MARCH TO CEMETERY.

- Escort by Officers of the Village.
- East Jordan Cornet Band.
- G. A. R. Post.
- W. R. C. in carriages.
- Schools.
- Fraternal Orders.

EXERCISES AT CEMETERY.

- Music by East Jordan Cornet Band.
- Decoration of Soldiers' graves by the W. R. C. Band playing march.
- Singing, by East Jordan School.
- Ritual Exercises.
- Firing Salute.
- Return march.

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

- Marshal of the Day, WM. HARRINGTON.
- Officer of the Day, CURTIS PINNEY.
- Com. Officer of Parade, P. K. WINTERS.
- Post Commander, J. W. ROGERS.
- Com. on Carriages, ELIAS HAMMOND.
- Ushers:—J. M. DAVIS, IMA MILES, JOHN CHADDERDON.

A REVELATION.

If you will make inquiry it will be a revelation to you how many succumb to kidney or bladder troubles in one form or another. If the patient is not beyond medical aid, Foley's Kidney Kidney Cure will cure. It never disappoints.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

This is to certify that Messrs. Hanus & Weeks have just completed the moving of the Deer Creek Roller Mill building from its location on the dam, up a grade of about twenty feet, to a point about twenty rods south of its former location. Also have moved the barn and other small buildings on the premises, and have performed the job in a workmanlike manner. We are entirely satisfied with this work and feel that we can recommend them for most any work in that line which they are willing to undertake. Very Respectfully,
D. C. & W. A. LOVEDAY.
East Jordan, May 27, 1903.

The School Commissioners' Column.

ABEL W. CHEW, Commissioner.

Boyer City and Bay Springs will build good, substantial school houses this summer. The probability is that a good school house will be built in St. James, at least we hope so.

The people at Barnard should come into line and build a good brick house in their district.

The growth to Boyne City demands the corresponding enlargement of its school facilities, and \$20,000.00 will be expended in erecting a central school building.

Bay Springs will erect a \$6,000.00 school house.

The tendency in the rural districts all over the county is in the direction of making the school house the pleasantest place in the district.

Let the good work go on. It speaks well for the enterprise of our people.

Teachers Examination

The Teachers' Examination for Charlevoix county will be held in East Jordan on Thursday and Friday, June 27th and 28th, 1903. Examinations will commence at 8:30, standard time. Candidates for second and third grade certificates can write at this time. The basis for reading will be "Sesame" of "Sesame and Lilies," by Ruskin.

A. W. CHEW,
School Commissioner

A LESSON IN HEALTH.

Healthy kidneys filter the impurities from the blood, and unless they do this good health is impossible. Foley's Kidney Cure makes sound kidneys and will positively cure all forms of kidney and bladder disease. It strengthens the whole system.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

NOTICE.

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

WILL CURE CONSUMPTION.

A. A. Herren, Finch, Ark. writes, "Foley's Honey and Tar is the best preparation for coughs, colds and lung trouble. I know that it has cured consumption in the first stages."
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

Highest price paid in cash for wool.
Boosinger Bros.

You never heard of any one using Foley's Honey and Tar and not being satisfied.
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

Thos. Morrison,
Dray and Baggage.
Phone No. 120.
Moving Household Goods a Specialty

Wm. Germond,
Tonsorial Artist.
When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.
LaLonde Building. East Jordan

BOAT SERVICE.

East Jordan and Charlevoix Route.
Str. Walter Crysler.
TIME CARD.
Leave East Jordan, 7:30 a. m. 1:00 p. m.
Arrive Charlevoix, 8:45 a. m. 2:45 p. m.
Leave Charlevoix, 9:00 a. m. 4:30 p. m.
—Railroad dock, 9:30 a. m. 4:10 p. m.
Arrive East Jordan, 11:30 a. m. 5:30 p. m.
GEO. JEPSON, Master.

Str. "Pilgrim."
TIME CARD.
Lv. Charlevoix, (Wilbur dock) 8:30 1:30
—P. M. Railroad dock, 8:10 1:30
—Sequoia, 8:30 1:50
Ironton, 8:40 2:00
Ar. East Jordan, 9:20 2:30
Lv. East Jordan, 10:15 3:45
—Ironton, 11:00 4:40
—Sequoia, 11:08 4:50
Ar. Charlevoix, 11:30 5:20

Charlevoix and East Jordan Line.
Str. Jos. Gordon.
—TIME CARD.
Leave Charlevoix, 7:30 a. m. 1:15 p. m.
—Railroad dock, 8:00 a. m. 1:30 p. m.
Arrive East Jordan, 8:30 a. m. 3:30 p. m.
Leave East Jordan, 10:00 a. m. 4:00 p. m.
Arrive Charlevoix, 11:30 a. m. 5:30 p. m.
L. GUARD, Master.

He who has known love can never know poverty.

Old wine and young women are a hard combination to beat.

The irrigation question has sent many a good man to the devil.

Swearing is seldom a convincing argument except to the man who does it.

It is the consensus of opinion at Buffalo that death killed Burdick and Pennell.

Mr. Edison has invented a process for getting gold from the deserts. Save your deserts.

"I occasionally drop into poetry," said the caller as he fell into the editorial wastebasket.

Soaking one's overcoat doesn't necessarily mean that the garment will suffer from dampness.

At any rate Sir Thomas Lipton can always build a Shamrock that will out-sail the previous Shamrocks.

Many a man has gained a reputation for wisdom by just looking wise when everyone else was acting the fool.

In the heat of Harry Merrick of the Washington Post every newspaper man in America suffers a personal loss.

The first rule to be observed by a young man who has determined to have money is to get the money to save.

Richard Harding Davis is expected to reach Macedonia in a few days, when the war in the Balkans will proceed.

Advocating cheerfulness and hilarity as a cure for dyspepsia is a good deal like recommending plenty of hair for baldness.

The new wheat crop in Kansas is good for several million bushels of flour and an equal number of new breakfast foods.

It is a pity that Miss Clara Barton's old age should be embittered by the dispute about the control of the Red Cross society.

A man says there is one thing funnier than a weeping jag, namely, an Irishman coming to an Englishman to have a joke diagrammed.

The Atlanta bank clerk who fished \$94,000 drew a salary of \$80 per month. Yet he was what may be termed a high-priced man.

By informing Hetty Green that she would have to pay a dog tax of \$2, the Hoboken authorities reduced the number of canines in their precinct by one.

Colonial Secretary Chamberlain confesses that the Boers have been misjudged by the Britons. The latter must have found this out as soon as the fighting began.

The man or woman who will listen surreptitiously to a telephone conversation would steal a pocketbook, take candy from a baby or utilize second-hand chewing gum.

When the battleship Indiana hits a mark at five miles with a 14-inch gun fourteen times out of sixteen it is better to be "the man behind the gun" than in front of them.

Years ago George Francis Train made the discovery that a man could live on 5 cents' worth of peanuts a day the year round. Ten cents a day is gross extravagance.

A Boston woman declares that "the need is not more children but better ones." She is probably going upon the old theory that her own are the only good children in the neighborhood.

The latest claim for the "meanest man comes from a Kansas town, where lives a father who encourages his daughter's love affairs because he has heard that people in love do not eat so much.

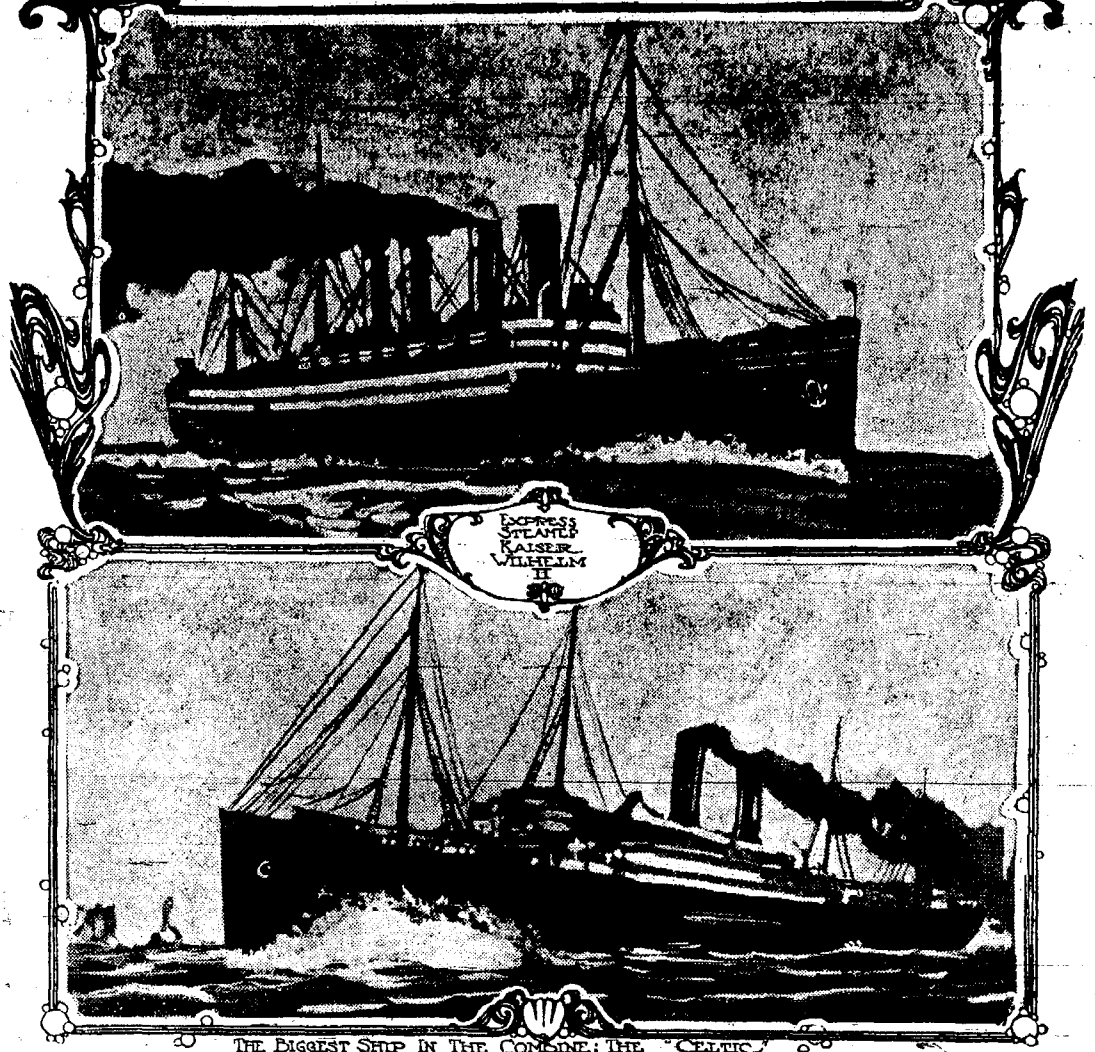
A woman in Cleveland has applied for an injunction restraining her divorced husband from attending the church where she sings. The presence of the man whom she put off puts her out, she says.

The New York Sun thoughtfully asks, "Will man become obsolete?" As a New York woman is reported to have just paid \$1,550 for a new spring bed his chances of survival would seem to be diminishing.

There is a young man in Atchison, Kan., according to the Globe, who is such a wretched dancer that the girl with whom he was entangled paused in the whirl long enough to ask, "Are we waltzing or wrestling?"

J. Pierpont Morgan is so mad at the photographers that he announces his willingness to give \$500 to any one who smashes a camera that has been pointed his way. Mr. Morgan's next appearance in public ought to be an enjoyably exciting occasion, even if it does cost him a pile of money.

FIGHT FOR THE LEAD IN MIGHTY OCEAN LINERS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND GERMANY



THE BIGGEST SHIP IN THE COMING: THE "CELTIC"

The Kaiser Wilhelm II, the big new North German Lloyd steamship, arrived at quarantine at New York, on its maiden voyage, April 21. The Kaiser left Cherbourg at half past 1 o'clock April 16, being delayed at Southampton to take on 700 tons of fresh water.

Although on its trial trip the liner attained a speed of 23.80 knots an hour, it did not maintain any such record as this, the maiden westward passage of the Atlantic; the time being five days and twenty-three hours from Cherbourg to Sandy Hook over a course of 3,100 miles, which is seven hours and fourteen minutes behind the Deutschland's maiden record. The liner Celtic was passed April 20, and also an Allan liner. It was found necessary to keep to the northerly route on account of ice. Four icebergs were passed April 19. The ship proved an excellent sea boat and exceptionally steady, with only slight vibration.

The Celtic, the last great addition to the White Star fleet, combines steadiness of keel with vastness of bulk, but she has no pretensions in the way of speed. Now comes this German craft, whose builders not only claim unprecedented speed for their creation, but who are willing to guarantee a reasonable amount of steadiness in a seaway, and to the voyager who wants but little in the way of food a fair insurance against the little's loss.

For the last dozen or so years it has been very much a game of seesaw between the various lines which have been competing for the lead. First one has had it, then the other. For a time the British White Star was in the ascendant, the Teutonic and the Majestic of that line having no rivals save the two German liners.

Of course, steamships never race, at least their captains always deny that they ever do; but whenever vessels of rival lines happen to be near each other, and moving in the same direction, it unfailingly happens that they are handled so as to create an impression among the passengers that each is striving to do a little better than her best.

Coming to a description of the Kaiser Wilhelm II, it may be said that she has accommodations for 775 saloon passengers, 343 second class and 770 steerage passengers. The crew consists of 600 all told, making a total of 2,488 for whom accommodations are provided. A unique innovation in this "express" liner is the installation of what the company describes as "imperial rooms," "luxury apartments" and "state cabins," three grades hitherto unknown to the sea voyagers.

Another unique feature is a complete telephone system, which extends throughout the ship, with a "central" and all its appurtenances. Mr. Jones, engaged in a poker game in the smoking room, may be able to call up his spouse and explain to her just why it is that he will be home late; while Mr. Smith, who is looking on at the game, can call up the wine steward, and tell him just what he thinks about him and that last decoction that he furnished. The vessel has also wireless telegraphy.

As the steamer is to carry the imperial and United States mail, a special postoffice has been fitted up according to government instructions. In this postoffice several higher and subordinate officials will be busily engaged with the sorting of the mail, so that it may be distributed immediately after the arrival at the port of destination.

And now comes from a German shipyard this third racer, a vessel for which the unequalled speed of twenty-four knots an hour is claimed. Forty thousand is the indicated horse power of the new champion. To give an idea of this steam wrought energy, it has been estimated that in order to obtain a like force by human effort 40,000 men would each have to move 165 pounds a distance of 3 feet 3/8 inches per second.

To supply this power to the engines nineteen boilers have been placed in the vessel, these having a total heating surface of 107,639 square feet, equivalent to two and a half acres. The bunker capacity is 5,700 tons, a quantity sufficient to supply 5,700 families with fuel for a fortnight, but fed into the glowing maw of this huge vessel the quantity is insufficient for even one round trip between New York and Bremen.

HEIRESSSES TO BE SERVANTS.

Curious Conditions in the Will of a Bachelor.

The curious will case about which there was much talk in Munich last week savors more of the good old fairy-tale days of "once upon a time" than of this modern and undomestic generation. Herr X. was an eccentric old bachelor who lived in a country town in Bavaria. When he died he left a will with instructions that it was not to be opened until five years after his death.

His nearest relatives—a brother and sister, with a school girl daughter apiece—waited with impatience till the time should elapse, for it was known that the old gentleman had amassed a small fortune by successful lottery speculations. At last the will was opened and the contents made known to the expectant families. A certain proportion of the money was left to various charities; the rest was to be divided equally between the two nieces on condition that each of the girls became maid servants in a respectable Munich family and remained in service for a year, at the end of which time the legacies were to be paid over, provided the would-be heiresses were able to produce an excellent character from the mistresses they had served during the year of probation.

One of the nieces has made a virtue of necessity, and is serving her kitchen apprenticeship with a good grace; the other, unable to support the ignominy of donning the cap and apron, has refused to fulfill the conditions of the will, and her father is disputing its validity on the ground of the old man's insanity.—London Tatler.

HOTEL LIFE IN EUROPE.

Some Experiences of Travelers on the Continent.

Mr. C. E. Johnstone in Travel says that experienced wanderers in out-of-the-way places are thankful for what they can get, and he instances a traveler who was proposing to pass the night at Njegos, a tiny village in Montenegro. "Have you succeeded in finding a room?" asked Mr. Johnstone. "N—not bad. There are three other people going to sleep in it."

"Oh, well, that's all right. Is the bed clean?" "N—not, I don't know that the bed is clean. But then one can get clean beds at home!" In one continental hotel a German lady summoned the waiter in the dining-room and said: "Close that window or I shall die." "Garcon!" exclaimed an English lady, sharply, "leave it open or I shall expire."

At this point a Frenchman interposed politely: "Leave it open till the German lady has died, and then close it till the English lady has expired. Then we shall be able to do as we like!" It was in Rome that an English schoolboy was asked what sight-seeing he had been doing that day. "Oh, churches."

"And what were their names?" "Well," said the boy, slowly, "I am not quite certain, but I think one was called Vietato fumare Magglore (Smoking-is-Forbidden, the Greater), and the other was called Santa Maria si prega di non sputare" (St. Mary You-Are-Requested-Not-to-Spilt). He had at least read the notices on the walls!

WENT WITH THE DOG.

Senator Depew Overlooked Part of the Bargain.

At this point we pressed Senator Depew to tell us a funny story. He was taken somewhat aback, and hesitated for a moment. "I haven't had time to think up any new ones recently," he said. "Tuesday I was in Newport, Wednesday I was in Albany, and to-day I start for Biltmore, N. C. But I will tell you an old one."

"When I was a boy in Poughkeepsie the coach dog (the white dog with black polka-dot spots) was all the rage, and all my boyish soul yearned for one. "I heard a man in town had one which he would sell for \$5. Five dollars was a lot of money in those days, but I scraped it together and bought the dog. "He was a handsome fellow, spotted as blackly and neatly as heart could wish, and I, with my purchase on a leash, started proudly home. "It was just such weather as we have had this week. I was half way home with the coach dog when we were caught in a fierce downpour of rain. The dog stopped still, and the spots commenced to run. He had been painted, and not with waterproof paint at that. "In ten minutes the dog was white all over, and so was I—he with rain and I with rage. "I hastened back to the bunko man. "Look at this dog!" I cried. "You've cheated me!" "No, I haven't, Chaucey," was the fellow's reply, "but I did forget to tell you that there is an umbrella goes with that dog."—Roy L. McCarden in New York World

Has a Sure Ague Cure.

Kansas Man Declares Sudden Immersion in Icy Water Was Too Much for the Chills in His Case—Has Hard Work Getting Others to Do Likewise.

Jonathan King, the "gobbler hunter" of the Ozarks, has a sure-pop cure for "ager." In a region of the mountains where the chills prevail lives the old man, who won his sobriquet, "gobbler hunter," because of his prowess in killing wild turkeys. He is a man that is looked up to in his neighborhood. He owns a good farm and his heart is as tender as his outside appearance is rough. The poor mountaineers round about know of this goodness of heart as do no others. His corn crib is open to them if the winter is long and cold, and his kindness to the hands on his farm is well known to all.

But the thing that most distinguishes Mr. King is his tried and true remedy for the "ager." He never tires of telling his shaking friends about it and never ceases to urge them to get up the courage to try it once, just once, and he assures them, they will never have the "shakes" again. He tells of his own experiences with the remarkable remedy in this fashion:

"It was in the year of '76. Me and my wife and ten of the children were a shakin' to beat all, the whole summer and fall. Long toward Thanksgiving the rest of 'em quit, but I kept on eatin' calomel and quinine and salinidine and a shakin' my clothes tatters every other day. I was about wore to a shadder, when one

day a feller in a b'ned shirt come along and says:

"Why don't you scare 'em off?—meanin' the chills. 'Jump in the river and drown 'em!' says he. Then he rode on, a-laughin' at his own joke. But the thought stayed with me. The very next day I had another shake."

"Sometimes they do double up on a feller and come every day, and it made me tearin' mad. I was tryin' to pull corn when it come on. I was already so weak I could hardly holler to the mules, and the chill made me feel too measly mean to live. I was ready to do anything to get rid of that pesky ager. I was just despairin'. Leavin' the team a-standin' in the field, I made a bee-line fer the river. When I got to it I didn't stop to think whether I wanted to jump in or not. I jest jumped without carin'. I was already froze, and the water was icy and powerful cold, and the shock like to a-busted me. I'll own, but I gritted my teeth so hard they couldn't chatter and soused myself clean under several times. Then I crawled out, drippin' like a drowned rat, and lit out fer the house to change my clothes, and then I found that the chill was plumb gone. Yes, sir, plumb gone. And as sure as I live I hain't had the ager since. It's the only sure cure I've ever known of fer the shakes, and, like many other great discoveries, it was found out by accident."

Each Had the Wrong Bottle.

How Thompkins' Hair Restorer Cured His Wife's Cough, While Her Remedy Started the Hair Growing on His Bald Pate—The Hired Girl's Part.

Here's a story John W. Gates tells: "Did you hear about Thompkins and his wife? No? Well, Thompkins' wife had a cough, so she told him to get her a bottle of cough medicine. When he was buying it the druggist remarked incidentally that he had some of the best hair restorer that ever gladdened the head of a baldheaded man. Thompkins is baldheaded, but he pretended he didn't hear. He bought a cigar and talked politics with two or three of the boys for a while and just before he left for home he said kind of carelessly to the druggist:

"Say, old man, got any stuff that's good for the hair—make it—er—sort of grow, you know?"

"Oh, yes," said the druggist.

"Well," said Thompkins, "guess I'll take a bottle. My brother-in-law is a regular dude and likes such things. The two bottles were about the same size, but that wasn't the druggist's fault. Thompkins opened them both when he got home. That night after he had undressed he happened to think that it might be a good thing to try a little of the hair restorer. In the dark he got hold of his wife's cough medicine and he plastered it

all over his bald head. It was good and sticky and it hung right on. Mrs. Thompkins had a violent fit of coughing during the night and in feeling around the chest for her medicine got hold of the hair restorer. She took a big dose and then hollered:

"Fire!"

Thompkins awoke with a yell. There had been a little silt in the pillow case and he had rolled around with his sticky head until he had made a great hole in the case and had all the feathers worth mentioning flaring out from his cranium so that he looked like the banshee in an Irish folklore tale. He came rushing to Mrs. Thompkins' assistance. She thought it was the evil one taking a half-holiday and again hollered, this time louder than ever:

"Fire! Police! Fire!"

The hired girl ran out into the night with nothing on but a sweater and a pair of rubber boots and turned in a general alarm. It cost Thompkins \$16.50 to make it all right with the firemen, but he says the experience was cheap at the price, as the cough mixture started his hair growing again. Incidentally his wife's cough has disappeared.

Gives a Pretty Liberal Receipt.

"Self-Made Merchant" Tells His Son a Few Things That Lead to Success—"Get Up with Determination If You Want to Go to Bed with Satisfaction."

You've got to believe that the Lord made the first hog with the Graham brand burned in the skin, and that the drove which rushed down a steep place was packed by a competitor. You've got to know your goods from A to Izzard, from snout to tail, on the hoof and in the can. You've got to know 'em like a young mother knows baby talk, and to be as proud of 'em as the young father of a twelve-pound boy, without really thinking that you're stretching it four pounds. You've got to believe in yourself and make your hogs take stock in you at par and accrued interest. You've got to have the scent of a bloodhound for an order, and the grip of a bulldog on a customer. You've got to feel the same personal solicitude over a bill

of goods that strays off to a competitor as a parson over a backslider, and hold special services to bring it back into the fold. You've got to get up every morning with determination if you're going to go to bed with satisfaction. You've got to eat hog, think hog, dream hog—in short, go the whole hog if you're going to win out in the pork-packing business.

"That's a pretty liberal receipt, I know, but it's intended for a fellow who wants to make a good-sized pile. And the only thing you ever find in pastry that you don't put in yourself is flies.—From "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. By permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

FORGOT HIS WEDDING DAY.

Busy Wall Street Man Makes a Dash for Chicago One Day Late.

"We hear a good deal about the busy men of New York," said one of them, "but I have a friend in Wall street who has broken the record. "I was in his apartment a few nights ago after the theater, and he was chatting with me about the deals of the day, and as he chatted he was running over a bundle of memoranda. At once he stopped as if he had been shot. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I'm to be married to-morrow to a woman in Chicago, and I had forgotten the date completely. Say, old man, come with me and help me to pack up. Of course, I can't make it now to save my life, even if I hired a special engine and car, for the wedding is set for to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock!"

"While he began pitching his things into his trunk I wrote out a message to his sweetheart and hurried it to the telegraph office. My friend left on the first train out and after his arrival in Chicago he wired back: "It's all right. She has the measles."—New York Sun.

TOO MUCH FOR SENATOR CLARK.

He Realized Excessive Business Cares Would Shorten Life.

The troubles of the rich received a forcible illustration in a recent conversation between Senator Clark of Montana, and one of his friends. The Senator said he had once received from an English syndicate an offer of \$80,000,000 for his mining property. "Why didn't you take it?" asked his friend.

"I want to live a little longer," was the ambiguous answer.

"What do you mean?"

"Well," said the Senator, slowly, "it may seem strange to you, but if I had sold out for \$80,000,000 I wouldn't be alive to-day. I firmly believe, just think what it means to invest \$80,000,000! All the work and worry suffered by all mankind since the death of Adam would not be equal to the work and worry involved in trying to invest that amount and invest it right. No, sir, I want to live, and I declined the job. I'm too old for work like that."—New York Times.

Why Women's Teeth Decay.

A philosopher declares that the reason why women's teeth decay sooner than men's is because of the friction of the tongue and the sweetness of the lips.

Have Time's Movements Down Fine.

Chronometers now record the millionth part of a second of time.



So It Must Be.

Yet while leading a strained life, while overfeeding
Like the rest, his wit was reading—
No small profit that man earns.
Who through all he meets can steer him,
Can direct what cannot clear him,
Cling to what can truly cheer him;
Who, each day, most surely learns
That a impulse from the distance
Of his deepest, best existence,
To the words "Hope, Light, Persistence,"
Strongly sets and truly burns.—Matthew Arnold.

Western Chivalry

It was dinner time when Jumbo Sam rode up to the Hat Six ranch. Hospitality is the first law of the cattle country, and Jumbo Sam, who had eaten breakfast seven hours before, was in no mood to transgress it. His saddle creaked as it was relieved of his 200 pounds, and the jaded cow pony shook himself with satisfaction. "Dinner is now ready in the dining room," sang out the cook. "Come and get it while it's hot."

In response to the welcome call the crowd of cow punchers filed into the dining room.

"Come on, Jumbo," said Rufe Thompson, foreman of the Hat Six. "Better hit the grub trail right now, if you don't want the cook to work overtime. Them cow hands is liable to clean off that table as quick as a heaver workin' in a patch o' fresh willows. They ain't got no more manners than one o' yer bears when it sets down to an antelope carcass."

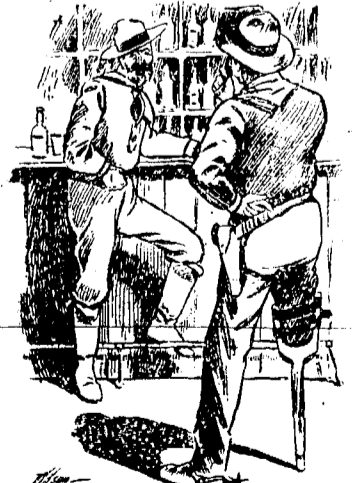
Jumbo Sam was a bear hunter by occupation, and the smile was not lost on him. He made a hasty pretense of scrubbing his bearded face in the water trough at the side of the kitchen, and followed Thompson into the dining room.

"Set yere, Jumbo, right across from Peg Simmons. You know Peg. At least if you don't you'd orter."

Other than an involuntary start, Jumbo Sam gave no sign that he recognized Simmons. He took the seat, however, and bent his head so low over his plate that Jack Fulmer, his nearest table companion, said afterward that he thought the hunter was about to ask a blessing.

This expectation was not realized, for Jumbo Sam, with head still lowered, swept the table with sidelong glances and helped himself liberally to beefsteak, biscuits and potatoes as the food was passed to him. As he had a reputation for conversation of that personal variety known as bragadocio, his silence was noticeable. His close attention to the business in hand, however, seemed to remove any mysterious cause for this lack of loquacity. Not once did he refuse to help himself to the contents of the meat platter or pan of biscuits. Had it not been for his peculiar manner during the meal his reticence might have been passed by without comment. Not once did he raise his eyes to Peg Simmons. The strange twist of his thick neck suggested rheumatism, spinal trouble, carache, almost any ail, in fact, which could be contracted by a man who sometimes tracked a grizzly in fresh snow for two or three days with stopping until he found his game.

Peg Simmons on the other hand seldom looked at his plate. His small blue eyes rested almost constantly on the bowed head across the table. He



"Heard you been shootin' off yer yawp about Nell," he says. "Was a little man—hardly five feet eight, and his slight frame contrasted sharply with Jumbo Sam's bulky figure. Moreover, he was a cripple. One day while trying to head a refractory steer in gopher ground his pony had stepped in a prairie dog hole and thrown him. Simmons' left leg was broken so badly that it had to be amputated. The surgeon did the job in such bungling fashion that the operation had to be repeated. When Simmons recovered he came to the Hat Six ranch, where he formerly had been employed. The proprietor gave him money to buy a wooden leg, and

in a few weeks Simmons had won the nickname of "Peg," and the reputation of being one of the best cow punchers in the Big Horn basin in spite of his misfortune. No man in the outfit was his superior in roping a steer, nor—according to common report—in handling a six-shooter.

Jumbo Sam was one of the first to leave the table. Disregarding Rufe Thompson's invitation to stay at the ranch a few days, he mounted his pony, and rode off toward the foothills.

Peg Simmons gave a grim chuckle as the big hunter disappeared behind a clump of quaking asp trees near



"Say somethin' derned quick, you ornery hoss thief!" hollers Sam. The creek and started off toward the corral.

"Say, Peg," cried Thompson, "what-ever made Jumbo act so queer at dinner? Kept his neck bowed like he'd swallowed a dog's hind leg."

"Not knowin' I kaint say," replied Peg, with a mysterious twinkle in his blue eyes, and he went out to the corral.

"I can tell you about it, Rufe," said Jack Fulmer. "You knowed when Peg was hurt? Yes? Well, they took him down to Rock Creek and the doc what worked on him must have been a green hand from a Tongue River sawmill, fer he had to do the job over. Peg—he wa'n't afore that—come mighty nigh goin' over the range. He would, I guess, if it hadn't been fer that gal down to the Mansion House, Cross-Eyed Nell, that waited on table."

"Nell, she heard Sim was about to croak, an' she give up her job at the hotel to nuss him. She tended him 'nigh an' day an' Sim pulls through. When she seen he was out of danger she goes back to the hotel. Jumbo comes into Rock Creek one day with a couple o' bear pelts, an' after he sells 'em goes over to the Last Chance saloon an' begins to throw in coffin paint good an' plenty. The barkeep, jest to be a-chinin', speaks about how Nell nussed Sim. Jumbo is feelin' poorly brash, and he ups an' lows that Nell ain't no better'n she'd orter be, an' reckons as how she don't deserve no heap o' credit."

"After Jumbo's gone the barkeep he ups an' tells Sim, who by this time is stumplin' around on a saw-log fastened to his knee. Sim, he didn't say nothin', but the boys was fixin' for a funeral, fer they knowed Sim wa'n't in the habit o' layin' down his hand as long as he had a white chip."

"When Jumbo comes to town Sim meets him in the Last Chance."

"Heard you been shootin' off yer yawp about Nell," he says. "Seemed to think it was a brace game she worked while she was nussin' me, did you?"

"What if I did? Says Jumbo, all bristlin' up like a turkey gobbler in a barnyard."

"Jest this," says Sim, yankin' out his six. "You're goin' to git down on yer marrer bones an' beg her pardon. I'll learn you how to savvy a real lady when you see her. March, an' don't make no false motions or I'll turn you over to the coroner."

"It was worth a month's pay to see 'em. Jumbo is as meek as a pluto pony that's been through the fall round-up, an' he tramps off toward the Mansion House. Little Sam follers on behind, stump-stump-stump with that peg leg, all the time holdin' his gun on

Jumbo. When they gits to the hotel they finds Cross-Eyed Nell.

"Git down on yer knees," says Sim. "Jumbo don't crook his legs fast enough, an' Sim give him a wallop with the butt of his gun that lays him on the floor. Then he gits on his knees fast enough."

"Now beg her pardon," says Sim.

"I don't know what to say," whines Jumbo.

"Say somethin' derned quick, you ornery hoss thief," hollers Sim. "If you don't I'll rope you an' hog tie you so tight that yer blood won't circulate fer a month."

"Then Jumbo mumbles out that he's sorry he every said anything an' won't never say anything no more. Then Sim lets him up."

"Now," says Sim, "you've settled with her, but you hain't with me. You git out o' town. If you ever speak to me, if I ever ketch yu lookin' at me out o' the corner o' yer eyes, you'll take six pills so quick you won't know you swallowed 'em."

"That's why Jumbo didn't look at Sim to-day. He knowed he hadn't better, fer Sim allers keeps his word.—C. T. Revere in New York Press.

WOMEN WHO DRINK LIQUOR.

New York Minister Says the Vice Is Becoming Universal.

The Rev. Dr. L. A. Banks, rector of Grace Methodist Episcopal church, at One Hundred and Fourth street, near Columbus avenue, told members of the New York conference in Poughkeepsie Sunday that drunkenness is alarmingly on the increase among the better class of women of our larger cities.

"Some of these days I will give more startling facts," he said yesterday. "If the habit of drinking among women of the better and middle classes continues to increase I mean to make public names. I will say that every minister in New York knows women—good women—who drink. I have heard what the society women do in Newport and Washington, but I know what they do in New York in the way of drinking."

"Drinking among women has come to be a matter of indifference nowadays. It is prevalent among our more respectable classes. It has progressed so far that we read every day of our rica women recuperating at sanitariums. Their poorer sisters must have recourse to alcoholic wards in public hospitals. These records show it. Cocktails, of whisky, are lowering the respectable level of the women of the middle class. They take the place of the champagne and hot wines among the rich."

"Twenty years ago nothing passed the lips but light wines and ales, and then seldom except at christenings or feasts. Now the women can be seen any day in the week, and Sunday, after and before church, at their hotel and restaurant meals drinking cocktails, glass for glass, with their men companions. They show indifference to opinion, lack of modesty and of conscience."

"They want to be up-to-date and think that is one way. Therefore we have none of the good old-time temperance."—New York World.

NOT DESERVING OF SYMPATHY.

Bereaved Man's Frightful Pun Alienated the Neighbors.

Now, when the daughter of the house ran away with a strolling musician, the neighbors were full of tender sympathy with the family.

They called in a body to express this fact.

All would have gone well if the old man had not cherished the idea that he was a natural born wit and that the flashes of his genius in that line could illuminate the darkest abyss of gloom that ever was heard of.

"Yes," he said, "I am deeply touched by this evidence of feeling on the part of you, my neighbors. Not that I objected to my daughter getting married. I expected her to do that some day. But I think all of you will bear witness that I have ever cautioned her not to piccolo man."

At this the neighbors retired to the roadway and stoned the house, then sent a joint message of congratulation to the runaway daughter.—Chicago Tribune.

Seedtime and Harvest.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And 'whitsoever' is willed is done!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Salicylic Acid.

The effect of salicylic acid as a food preservative has been exhaustively studied by Drs. MacAllister and Bradshaw of Liverpool. Their conclusions are positive that salicylic acid, in the ways in which it is used in the preparation of food products, is not only not harmful but is a preservation to health, inasmuch as the process of decomposition which it prevents would be far more dangerous. They show by their experiments that digestion is scarcely perceptibly hindered by saturated solutions of salicylic acid, and that the effects of small quantities on the living subjects are practically negligible.

Evils of Present-Day Printing.

George M. Gould, an eminent oculist of Philadelphia, in his Ownographical Clinics, proves, to his own satisfaction, apparently, that Dr. Quincy's optum habit, Carlyle's poignant complaint and Browning's vertigo were due to eye-strain from slight squint. The doctor advises that printing on black paper with white ink and the doing away with gilt picture frames,

LIFE IN THE TROPICAL ISLE OF SANTO DOMINGO

Political Situation Has Become Almost Unbearable—Domestic Problems a Trial to the Housewife Used to American Methods—Rapid Growth of Our Trade.

(Special Correspondence.)

The political condition in Santo Domingo is much the same as in Haiti. They each provide an example of what is known as a "one-man country." Mr. Vasquez, the vice president, got angry with Mr. Jimenez, the president. They locked horns and now Mr. Jimenez is numbered among the absent. Mr. Vasquez is filling out the unexpired term of the executive he chased

each meal, is the difficulty in keeping anything over a few hours on account of the warm weather. The greatest care must be exercised by the house wife in the purchase of her provisions.

While the soil here is very fertile and will raise almost anything, a scarcity of the kinds of vegetables grown in the United States is very



The Plaza.

away and building up his fences to have himself "regularly elected" when the proper time comes. The sober-minded, intelligent, thinking people know that there must be an end to present political practices before there is any show of the country being developed. When they refer to the subject they have to speak in a whisper, but they are hoping and praying for something to happen that will guarantee more stable conditions.

When an American woman begins housekeeping here her domestic affairs undergo a radical change. To begin with, she cannot have any carpets on the floors of her dwelling and she must live in the same house with the horses. This is not so bad as it sounds. On account of the warm climate the most of the floors are made of stone or marble, and carpets are not needed. The plan of most of the larger and finer houses provides for the stable quarters on the first floor, while the kitchen is on the roof, and this arrangement is not at all unsatisfactory when one becomes accustomed to the novelty of it.

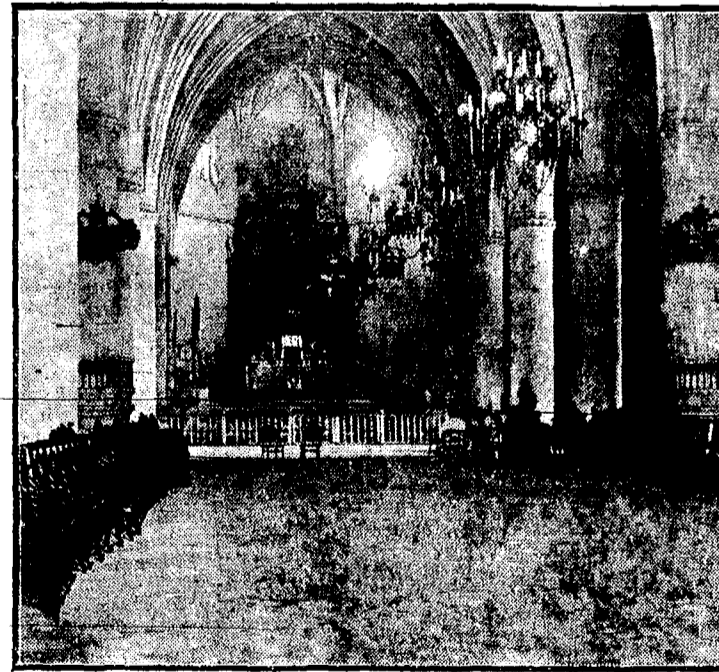
The troubles of the housewife begin in earnest when she employs her servants. "I say servants," because there must be a number of them. The maid-of-all-work and the all-round man servant do not abound in these parts. The domestics here are specialists. Each one insists on performing his or her own kind of work alone and are exceedingly careful not to encroach on the rights of others. A social distinction is drawn between those who wear shoes and those who go barefooted. Her help

noticeable. During the winter months a variety can be purchased in the market, but during the summer season the extreme heat serves to restrict their growth. The natives are very fond of lettuce and cultivate it constantly.

The significance of the growth of American trade in the West Indies, and the gradual adoption of American customs, is not fully comprehended by the native. He fears our soldiers but pays no attention to our men of affairs. One is really as formidable as the other. In Havana during the recent strike the politicians were running among the rioters and shouting to them "for God's sake, stop or you will have the Americans up on us!" The fact is the Americans are already closing in upon the West Indies. Our men and women of affairs are saving our soldier's power. The bloodless campaign they are conducting will end eventually in victory as pronounced as any ever won at the point of the bayonet. When they finally assert their authority in a commercial way there can be no revolting from their mandate. One of the greatest truths ever spoken was the statement that all fighting is not done with guns.

"Unbecoming Conduct."

An amendment to the charter of Greater New York, introduced in the legislature at Albany the other day, provides that school teachers may be removed from their positions for "unbecoming conduct." The object of the amendment, according to its sponsor, is to enable the school board to re-



Santo Domingo Cathedral.

constitutes the problem which tries the soul of the American woman and proves the quality of her religion. Economy is a stranger with whom no reckoning can be had. Sufficient unto each hour are the needs thereof is the substance of native reasoning. Nothing is saved from the preparation of a meal. A separate trip must be made to market for provisions for breakfast and for dinner. It is useless to buy more than is needed at one time, for the cook will certainly confiscate the surplus. If a protest is made against this confiscation, the cook will smile and explain that there are hungry mouths at home which must be fed. Unless the concession is granted there is an immediate vacancy in the kitchen. The exasperated American housewife accepts the only alternative left to her—she surrenders to another custom of the country and employs her Yankee wits in reducing the surplus to a minimum.

The cause which doubtless originated and warrants the continuance of the custom of buying provisions for

move a teacher if she marry, the courts having held that, under the present charter such removal would be illegal. It, therefore, appears that marriage is "unbecoming conduct" on the part of a teacher.

Masterlinck Coming to America.

It is announced that Maurice Macterlinck, the gifted Belgian author, will visit the United States during the coming summer, accompanied by his almost equally celebrated bride, Georgette Loblane, the singer and actress. Macterlinck does not confine his study to literature. He is a good deal of a philosopher, knowing Emerson about as thoroughly as any other living man, and has devoted a great deal of attention to bee life and the management of apiaries.

Icebergs in the Open Ocean.

On her way from Newport News, Va., to England, the steamship Lord Lansdowne met recently with sixty icebergs and had to steer thirty miles out of her course to clear them.

THE GUS THOMAS ANECDOTE.

Some World-Famous Retorts That Are Ever New.

Adolph Klauber told an anecdote of Augustus Thomas quite as suggestive as humorous. He is said to have replied to a fellow-dramatist, who had remarked that he had seen and heard Thomas' last comedy and "had not got a laugh out of it," that he, Thomas, had been asked for an opinion on a rejected tragedy by the other fellow and "had got a laugh out of every line." This retort discourteous is familiar in some form or another to almost every period of our literature. Instances recalled are of the author who asked the literary critic, "Have you read my last poem?" and was answered, "I hope so;" and of another who asked, "Have you seen my 'Descent Into Hell?'" and was told, "No, but I should like to." The old story gains nothing by repetition in new form.

DEATH WAS NOT SURPRISING.

Britisher Realized Fall Was Sufficient to Kill Any One.

Charles Francis Adams, who was escorting a British friend to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when Mr. Adams remarked: "This is the place, sir, where Warren fell." "Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted upon local historical matters, "did it hurt him much?"

Mr. Adams looked at his friend. "Hurt him," said he, "he was killed, sir."

"Ah! he was, eh?" said the Englishman, still eying the monument and commencing to compute its height in his own mind. "Well, I should think he would have been to fall so far."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Josh Billings' Wit.

R. R. Beatty of Washingtonville, N. Y., told this story the other day: "I was well acquainted with Josh Billings and his family when he was an auctioneer. He once sold a lot of cows for a Mr. Haight, who lived near Hackensack, generally known as Deacon Haight, because of his strong religious principle—in which not a great deal of confidence was reposed. One of the cows made a bolt and ran square over Joshua, knocking him down. He arose in his wrath and began swearing, whereupon Deacon Haight stepped up and said: 'Tut, tut, Mr. Shaw; you should not swear.' Josh scratched his head and remarked: 'Well, Deacon, you pray a little sometimes, but I think neither of us means much by it.'"

Mean to Enforce Sabbath Laws.

Sheriff Cummings of Lewiston, Me., has undertaken a partial enforcement of the old blue laws by compelling the confectionery shop owners to shut up on Sunday. These storekeepers are charging discrimination and now threaten to serve papers upon the sheriff in an action which will force him to carry his crusade even further and enforce to the very letter all the famous old purity statutes. This will mean, as is their purpose, that business and labor of all kinds must cease upon the Sabbath, and even the newsboys will be driven from the streets and the electric cars prevented from operating.

Rising American Oarsman.

A young man with the poetic name of Fernand Demoreulle, son of a former police commissioner of New Orleans, will be the representative of the Young Men's Gymnastic club of that city to compete in the trying out of the American oarsmen on Harlem river, New York, on the occasion of the Harlem regatta. If he succeeds in passing he will be one of the competitors for the diamond skulls to be awarded at the Royal Henley regatta in England. Mr. Demoreulle has made an enviable reputation at the Crescent city as an oarsman.

Specialists in Demand.

One of America's most successful oculists, Dr. Critchett, a specialist, refused \$35,000 to go to India to operate on a powerful native prince, and Dr. Gelezowski of Paris got \$25,000 for ridding the second son of the late shah of Persia of a troublesome eye. A certain duchess paid \$25,000 to a London specialist for eliminating a trouble which seriously threatened her beauty. Dr. Sheldon of New York, for curing the daughter of a Standard oil magnate, received securities worth in the open market \$87,000. Who would not like to be a specialist at these figures?

Women Want Palace Cars.

Society women in New Orleans have begun a movement to have the street railway company put on palace cars for their convenience and comfort. They say they can not ride in the present cars when they are in afternoon or evening dress, as the cars are dirty and there is no telling who their seatmate may be. They do not mind paying extra fares for the use of exclusive cars.

A Chinese Innovation.

Some foreign clothing has been taken into the palace at Peking for the emperor and empress dowager to try on, so that they may come to some decision regarding its introduction in official circles. Should the emperor and empress dowager sanction the wearing of foreign costumes by the court an unprecedented departure will have been taken. In no way is the conservatism of the Chinese shown more strongly than by their adherence to their national dress, even when living in Western countries.

East Jordan Company's Store.

PLAIN FACTS FOR SENSIBLE PEOPLE.

We tender thanks to our many friends for their hearty response to our last "ad."

Another Invitation.

Commencing Saturday, and continuing one week, we shall present attractive values.

In Dress Goods.

- 20 Styles in servicable Dress Fabrics, Your choice for 25c. the yd.
- 15 styles, a grade better, at 38c. the yd.
- 250 Remnants
- Wool Dress Goods,
- Colored Silks,
- Washable Goods,
- Ginghams, and
- Chambrays,
- comprising lengths from 1 1/2 yards to 6 yds. in each.

PLEASE DON'T MISS The Opportunity.

Hundreds are buying of the M.S. Gillett stock; Have You? This offer will not be continued long. Embrace the opportunity Now!

SHOES.

A new arrival of our Ladies' "Perfect Fit Shoes." They fit like a kid glove.

Tennis Shoes in all varieties.

HOSIERY.

We are giving some exceptional values in Ladies' and Children's Hosiery, at 10c. to 50c. the pair.

Some New things in Ladies' Fancy Colored Hose.

FURNISHINGS, ETC.

New additions to our Hat stock.

Gloves in complete variety.

Ladies' Neckwear, Handkerchiefs and Wrist Bags.

Our Gents' Furnishings are replete with all of the new ideas.

Remember the Bargains we shall offer you in our Dry Goods Department during the next week.



Saturday Specials.

20 Gallons of Mixed Paints, (In gallons, 1/2 gal. and quarts.)

Guaranteed O. K., \$1.00 per gal.

Window Screens,

Garden Hose.

Table Supplies, Etc., Etc.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Charlevoix County Herald

R. L. Lorraine, Publisher.

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

Child Study.

The study of child psychology is attracting ever increasing interest and enthusiasm. Problems in crime and insanity are becoming solvable. The right of the child to proper treatment, bodily and mental, is making a stronger appeal. It is coming to be better known just what treatment fosters a balanced development and just what physical conditions preclude the possibility of such development. Parents will know that the nervous, fractious child needs the services of a brain expert, possibly afterward of a skilled surgeon. It will be understood that stubbornness can be cured if rationally dealt with or made a nucleus of crime if murderously mismanaged. May every educated parent aid in this beneficent work by studying his own child fairly and impartially and collecting materials, from his neighborhood that will give the students a broader outlook! Fair, honest statements from varying environments are of value. Read, study along this line and see what wonderful avenues of thought open up.—Health.

Curling an Otter Skin.

A full grown sea otter is from four to five feet long and perhaps a foot or more wide. When a hunter secures one he loosens the hide from the nose and head, and, without cutting it lengthwise at all, he pulls the skin down over the body, the hide being so elastic that this is not a difficult job. It is then stretched over a smooth board six and a half feet long, nine inches wide at one end and ten at the other end. Each end of this board is tapered to a point. Another board exactly the same size is then inserted, and the skin is stretched a foot or eighteen inches longer than its original length. A third board half the length of the other is wedged in and the skin lightly tacked at the ends to hold it in place. If any flesh adheres to the skin it is then cut-off, and the hide is cured and dried in this condition. In a few days it is taken off the boards and turned fur side out, when it is ready for market.

Emerson as an American.

In Emerson as an American, as a patriot, we of the new world have an inheritance peculiarly our own which will grow richer with the spending, for the spending of such an inheritance means that we ourselves be spent for the republic. Far as we may go beyond our present failures, beyond what Morley calls this our corrupt period, far as we may go on the line of our nobler national accomplishments (and amid all our discouragements we must not forget these nobler accomplishments), far as we may travel up the pathway of our true ideals, still before us and ever higher on that pathway will be seen the beckoning figure, will be heard the urging and inspiring voice, of Emerson.—Century.

Blood Corpuscles.

The war between the white corpuscles of the blood and the microbes of disease was first described by the Russian pathologist, Metchnikoff. While devoting himself to the study of inflammations he in each case noted the presence of white cells in the blood currents in abnormal numbers. Inside these white cells he invariably found the specific microbes of the disease under consideration. It seemed that the big corpuscles were devouring the poisonous microbes. Sometimes the number taken up by a corpuscle was too great, and it died as a result. If this over-coming of the white corpuscles by the microbes was general the patient died.

A Common Color.

The elder Dumas once was wearing the ribbon of a certain order, having recently been made a commandant, and an envious friend remarked upon it. "My dear fellow," he said, "that ribbon is a wretched color! One would think it was your woolen vest that was showing!"

"Oh, no, my dear d'E.—," replied Dumas with a smile. "You're mistaken. It's not a bad color; it is exactly the shade of the sour grapes in the fable."

Wig Wearing Very Old.

The ancient Egyptians all wore wigs, and the early Christians from A. D. 427 to A. D. 917 considered a false head covering a badge of distinction. This, too, in direct opposition to Tertullian, who in vain declared them devices and inventions of the devil, and Clement of Alexandria, who warned his hearers that when the sacred hands of the clergy were laid on their heads the blessing would not penetrate through the false hair.

The Waiter's Impudence.

Mr. Wayback (at hotel)—What's that lemonade?

Waiter—That's a finger bowl, sah.

"What's it for?"

"To wash y'r fingers after eatin', you know, sah."

"Consnrn y'r impudence! I don't eat with my fingers if I do come from the country. I eat with my knife, same as other folks."

Shark Soup.

In Ceylon there is a considerable trade in the oil of the white shark. The fins of the animal are very rich in gelatin and are used largely by the Chinese for making soup, of which they declare that the turtle soup so prized by epicures in this country is but a distant and feeble imitation.

THE CHATTANOOGA ADVERTISING.

The Chattanooga Medicine Company with laboratories and general offices at Chattanooga, Tennessee, and branch houses at St. Louis, Mo., and San Francisco, Cal., has become one of the largest proprietary medicine concerns in the world. In the growth of this great business two factors have been dominant: The merit of its products—Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Draught—has been widely recognized and the original advertising methods adopted have excited great comment. The publicity of these medicines does not consist of the catch phrase and extravagant statement too often employed in advertising to-day, but instead the plain story of experience with the medicines given in the plain language of the people themselves. The following letter is a fair sample of the thousands of Wine of Cardui testimonials published during the past twenty years:

2008 Eastern Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, May 20, 1902.

I consider Wine of Cardui a most excellent woman's remedy. It is certainly a specific as a tonic and regulator. For eight years I suffered with female trouble. I had intense pain in the back and head, leaving me so weak that I was unable to stand at times. Medicine did not seem to help me, but after all medicines had failed me Wine of Cardui proved my one great, true friend. What a relief I experienced! It came only a few days after I started taking it. I used it faithfully for four months and gradually grew stronger and better. I am now regular to the day and for the past two years have enjoyed blessed good health. I certainly wish every sick and suffering woman could know of your blessed medicine. How much pain and suffering it would prevent, and what a difference it would make in thousands of homes where there is sickness and sorrow today, if they had Wine of Cardui it would bring relief and joy instead. MARGARET GREENMYRE.

HIGHWAY NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the Highway Commissioner of South Arm Township, on the 8th day of June 1903 at the farm of Stephen Shepard in said Township, at 9 o'clock a. m., will offer to the lowest responsible bidder, a contract for the following highway work: To grade and repair the quarter-line road of section 11, and the road north of the County farm; and the road North and South from Martin Ruhlberg's, and the road to Summerville's.

Right is specifically reserved to reject any or all bids.

Dated May 26, 1903.

GEO. W. HAYNER,
Highway Commissioner

Limited Opportunity.

"Did you call at Roxley's house?" inquired the young doctor's wife.

"Yes, and I wish he had sent for me sooner."

"Gracious! Is he seriously ill?"

"Quite the reverse. I'm afraid he'll be all right again before I get in a half dozen visits."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His "Better Half."

A newly married man told us a tale of woe the other day which happens to every newly married man. When he got married his wife gave him half the clothes cupboard, but in only three weeks all his clothes were hanging on nails driven into the wall.—Exchange.

What to Do in Rheumatism.

A professor at one of the allopathic colleges is reported to have said: "There are two things to be done in rheumatism—grin and bear it or bear it and not grin."—Homeopathic Envoy.

Why It Rasped.

"Your voice," said the commanding officer, "is decidedly rasping!"

"Yes, sir," replied the subordinate, saluting. "I have been out roughing it with a file of soldiers all the morning."

Bronchitis

"I have kept Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my house for a great many years. It is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds." J. C. Williams, Antica, N. Y.

All serious lung troubles begin with a tickling in the throat. You can stop this at first in a single night with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Use it also for bronchitis, consumption, hard colds, and for coughs of all kinds.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.

J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Jim Dumps had scarcely slept a wink,
All night he'd toss about and think.
But that's all past—he'll ne'er endure
Insomnia. He's found a cure!
Tis "Force." At night, when lights are dim,
It soothes the nerves of "Sunny Jim."

"Force"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

makes one chummy with good sleep.

Wouldn't Believe at First.
"I wouldn't believe it till I tried it, but 'Force' is a cure for insomnia. I used to stay awake night after night. Now I eat a big bowlful of 'Force' just before going to bed, and sleep and I have become good friends again."
—L. L. Evans.

The Famous Breakfast Food.

Cera Nut Flakes

10 cts. per package.

Ready to eat.

GAGE & CO.

Phone 32 (2 rings.)

New Hardware Firm.

W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.,
(Successor to Bridge Hardware Co.)

We sell the

RADYOLE

The best wheel made.

W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

BRING

Us your Job Printing. We will do it right.

THE HERALD

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

one in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1901 model bicycle of our manufacture. YOU CAN MAKE \$10 TO \$50 A WEEK besides having a wheel to ride for yourself.

1901 Models High Grade Guaranteed \$10 to \$18

'00 & '99 Models Best Makes \$7 to \$12

500 Second Hand Wheels \$3 to \$8

taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores, many good as new.

We ship any bicycle ON APPROVAL to anyone without a cent deposit in advance and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. You take absolutely no risk in ordering from us, as you do not need to pay a cent if the bicycle does not suit you.

Write today for free catalogue and our special offer. DO NOT BUY FACTORY PRICES and FREE TRIAL OFFER. This liberal offer has never been equaled and is a guarantee of the quality of our wheels.

WE WANT a reliable person in each town to distribute catalogues for us in exchange for a bicycle. Write today for free catalogue and our special offer.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE CO., Chicago.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. on every box. 25c.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown

LOVEDAYS HARDWARE

Majestic Ranges.

Butchers will do well to look up the Materials such as

Hardware, Paints, Oils, Lime, Cements, Pulp Plaster, Brick, Etc.

AT
W. A. Loveday & Co's.
CHOICE GRADE SEEDS.

LOVEDAYS HARDWARE

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

State Bank of East Jordan.

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 SURPLUS \$1,000.00.

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

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

Briefs of the Week

Who is Who?

W. J. Welkel, of Charlevoix, was in town Monday.

A. B. Bridge came up from Charlevoix on business Tuesday.

Miss Cora Lorraine spent Sunday with friends in Ironton.

G. G. Glenn has purchased a new driving horse of Wm. Crego, of Ellsworth.

We are in receipt of a copy of the Michigan Manual for 1903 which has just been issued.

Henry Clark went to Ironton Wednesday to do some carpenter work on Mrs. Adams' summer cottage.

J. F. Kenny and Wm. A. Renard are laying cement walks in front of their premises on Esterley street.

Atty. H. J. P. George returned Monday evening from a three weeks' visit at his old home in Pennsylvania.

The steamer City of Charlevoix, was in port Tuesday after a consignment of potatoes which R. C. Supernaw was shipping to Charlevoix.

Seats on sale next Wednesday afternoon at Boosting Bros. store for the great city success "Who is Who." Regular prices will prevail.

L. M. Gage, who has been travelling in the South for several months, arrived home Saturday evening and takes charge of Gage & Co.'s store.

Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates and can safely be given to children.
Sold by L. C. MADISON & Co.

Frank Weeks run a rusty nail into his foot while at work moving the old mill building out at Deer Creek and has since been obliged to use a cane in getting about, the wound causing him much pain.

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.

Tuesday, the Village authorities arranged for the purchase of the 30-foot lot just north of C. H. Whittington's furniture store. A modern hose house will be erected thereon and fully equipped for taking care of the Village fire fighting apparatus. Now for an efficient and well drilled hose company.

Maud—Last night Jack told me that he wouldn't marry the best girl living, unless—what—unless she took Rocky Mountain Tea. Sensible fellow. 35c. **Warne's Pharmacy.**

Miss Bessie Warne is visiting friends in Petoskey.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Steffes is very ill.

Ice cream Freezers at bargain prices at Loveday Hardware.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Germond and Jas. Quilan spent Sunday with friends at Bellaire.

Attorneys Nicholas, Converse and Perkins have been attending Court at Charlevoix this week.

Mrs. John Kelley, of Petoskey, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kenny.

G. L. Sherman & Son have installed a fine new fire proof safe purchased through the agency of W. H. Lanway.

Several from here went to Petoskey on the excursion Friday morning to attend the High School Field Day meet.

Sol. Wiesman returned to East Jordan Thursday after a year's absence which he has spent in several western cities.

Miss Stella Smatts, night operator in the telephone office at Charlevoix, is spending a week's vacation visiting friends here.

Capt. Geo. Jenson is agent for the Blair greenhouse at Charlevoix and will be pleased to take orders for cut flowers, plants, etc.

Miss Irene Germond returned this week from Boyne City where she has been employed for several months in Mrs. Kemp's millinery establishment.

Strength and vigor come of good food, duly digested. "Force," a ready-to-serve wheat and barley food, adds no burden, but sustains, nourishes, invigorates.

Kelly and Mack have been making them laugh in the eastern cities, now for East Jordan. "Who is Who" is one of those side splitters and should not be missed.

Spring laziness, legs ache, back aches feel tired, no ambition, no appetite, all run down feeling. Rocky Mountain Tea puts new life into your body; you feel good all over. 35 cents. **Warne's Pharmacy.**

FOR SALE—Or exchange for Improved Farm, City Property or Timber Lands. First class stock of General Merchandise in good running order. Low expenses. Submit what you have and give full particulars in first letter. Address Box 367, East Jordan, Mich.

The frame for the creamery is up and nearly enclosed.

J. J. Votruba, of Traverse City, was in town Wednesday.

The masons are laying the foundation walls for D. C. Loveday's new residence on Second Street.

"Who is Who" is the name of the farce comedy billed as the next attraction at Loveday Opera House, coming in one week.

Chas. Ericks, of Ironton, was in town the first of the week re-papering and repairing his building recently vacated by Geo. Hobler.

The Michigan Telephone Co. have a crew of linemen here making repairs, putting in new 'phones, farmers' party lines, etc.

Mrs. H. Mitchell accompanied by her grandson Harry Crothers arrived from Big Rapids Thursday evening to visit friends here.

Orvie Hurlburt, who had entered in several events in the athletic meet at Petoskey Friday, was unable to go, being ill with the measles.

The Pere Marquette did not make their long hoped for change of time last Sunday but promise that the event shall occur next Sunday.

Essex VanGordon and Wm. Russell, of Bellaire have purchased an engine, sawmill and edger of the Port Huron Engine & Thresher Co.'s agent, W. H. Lanway.

Bug Finish is the thing to use for killing potato bugs and other insects and can be had in any quantity at Loveday Hardware. Special price by the barrel.

The Odd Fellows and Rebekahs are arranging for an excursion to Boyne City on Tuesday evening next to pay a fraternal visit to their sister lodges at that place.

Kelly and Mack with their big company in "Who is Who" and a band and orchestra is coming soon to give East Jordan people a good dose of "Laugh Tonic." Don't miss it. Watch the bill boards.

Frank Reidel, of Boyne City, was convicted of assault and sentenced by Judge Mayne to one year at Ionia. This was the only criminal case on the calendar for the May term of Court in this county.

A statistician has figured out that it took 650 tons of steel and 15,000 barrels of cement to build the new Battle Creek sanitarium, to be dedicated Sunday. There are seven acres of floor space, five acres of marble floor and 22 acres of plaster.

The Charlevoix County Bar Association held their first annual banquet at the Hotel Bartlett on Monday evening. The members of the county bar their ladies and friends to the number of thirty-seven sat down to a sumptuous five course spread at 8:30 o'clock. Judge Mayne acted as toastmaster and for two hours the flow of wit and wisdom was only interrupted by the well rendered musical numbers. "Professional Courtesy" and "The Modern Practitioner" were the toasts responded to by Prosecutor A. B. Nicholas and Atty. J. E. Converse, of this place. Wednesday the members of the Association met and effected a permanent organization. Constitution and by-laws were adopted, a schedule of fees fixed and the temporary officers made permanent, as follows: E. H. Green, President; J. M. Eaton, Vice President; R. W. Kane, Secretary and A. B. Nicholas, Treasurer.

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SOFT CORE

Like the running brook, the red blood that flows through the veins has to come from somewhere.

The springs of red blood are found in the soft core of the bones called the marrow and some say red blood also comes from the spleen. Healthy bone marrow and healthy spleen are full of fat.

Scott's Emulsion makes new blood by feeding the bone marrow and the spleen with the richest of all fats, the pure cod liver oil.

For pale school girls and invalids and for all whose blood is thin and pale, Scott's Emulsion is a pleasant and rich blood food. It not only feeds the blood-making organs but gives them strength to do their proper work.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 108 Pearl Street, New York.

Personal Mention:

Walter Cook returned from Cheboygan Wednesday.

David Vaughan, of Boyne City, was in town Thursday.

Mrs. H. F. Roy is visiting her husband at Northport.

Mrs. F. L. Bryant returned from Chicago Wednesday.

W. H. Lanway transacted business in Petoskey Monday.

Hon. Jno. Nicholls, of Charlevoix, was in town Thursday.

M. B. Harner and wife, of Petoskey, were in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Wm. Bird, of Ironton, called on friends in town Monday.

Harry Otis and Thos. Lalonde returned to Grand Rapids Tuesday.

Mrs. Hemstock, of Rose, Alberta, is visiting C. G. Warden and family.

Mrs. Garfield Myers, of Charlevoix, was calling on friends here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ivory visited friends in Charlevoix the first of the week.

Gus. Muma returned Monday evening from the Ferris School at Big Rapids.

A baby girl took up her abode in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Damon Howard Tuesday.

Rev. E. P. Dunlap was shaking hands with old friends here Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. Dewitt Keenholts was called to Detroit Wednesday by the death of her father.

M. M. Burpbam has been confined to his bed and under the doctor's care for several days.

Mrs. Pearl Pelton, of Ellsworth, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington.

Mrs. Ramsey, of Central Lake, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Weikel Wednesday.

Jacob Lanway returned from the Northwest Tuesday after being in that region nearly a year.

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

A party of twelve of her friends gave Miss Verschel Lorraine a pleasant "surprise" Wednesday afternoon.

Wm. Taylor returned to Northport Wednesday, having been employed to build a brick summer cottage at that place.

A party of ladies went to Charlevoix Saturday and spent the day with Mrs. A. F. Bridge returning on the Crysler in the evening.

Wm. Campbell has been in the Canadian Northwest for several months and his family start on Monday next to join him there.

E. A. Ashley goes to Morristown the first of the month. He has been offered a lucrative position there which he accepts conditionally.

Toussaint Lemieux who has been the guest of his brother Moses Lemieux for several weeks, departed for Montreal Wednesday morning where he will visit friends.

Owing to Saturday being Decoration Day the HERALD is issued on Friday this week.

E. J. & S. locomotive No. 1 went into commission again on Thursday, after being in the shop to be fitted with new tires for her drivers.

Rollie Lewis, of Charlevoix, secured second place in the quarter mile run in the interscholastic meet at Ann Arbor last Saturday, being the only one of the Charlevoix boys who was able to secure a place.

E. S. Carroll, of Central Lake, was in town Monday evening on his way to Deward. Mr. Carroll has been appointed district organizer for the Plymouth Reading Clubs and went up to Deward for the purpose of establishing one of their libraries there.

Excursions

VIA THE

PERE MARQUETTE

MEMORIAL DAY, SATURDAY, MAY 30TH, 1903.

ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP To all points within 150 miles of selling stations. Tickets on sale May 29 and 30. Good to return including June 1st. Ask agents for particulars.

Give the children Rocky Mountain Tea, this month, makes them strong, makes them eat, sleep and grow. Good for the whole family. A spring tonic that makes sick people well. 35 cents.

Warne's Pharmacy.

Money

To loan on farm property.
H. J. P. GEORGE,
East Jordan, Mich.

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

SELZ SHOES.

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.

Box Papers

The largest and finest line ever opened in East Jordan.

The Latest Novelties

in Stationery. Examine our Stock. No trouble to show goods.

Yours for Drugs,
WARNE'S PHARMACY

C. H. MADDAUGH,

MERCHANT TAILOR

SHOP ON MAIN STREET. EAST JORDAN, MICH.

Samples of the Very Latest Styles always on hand.

MONEY WE MUST HAVE IT

J. W. Coates,

will sell the balance of his large stock of Portland Cutters, Light and Heavy Sleighs at a big reduction.

HORSESHOEING

by a Practical Workman. Wood repair work promptly done.
J. W. COATES.

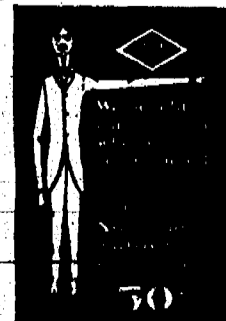
Science:

"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," or every pair and every whim.

BOOSINGER BROS



THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

(Copyright, 1900, by Amelia E. Barr)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"I am not very uneasy for her; if Arenta is in trouble she will cry it out, and call for help on every hand."

During this conversation Annie was in a reverie which it is no way touched. She was thinking all the time of her cousin George, and of the singular abruptness with which his love life had been cut short, and it was this train of thought which led her to say impulsively:

"Uncle, it is my desire to go to Philadelphia."

The earl looked at her with incredulity. "What nonsense, Annie!" he exclaimed. "For you a journey to Philadelphia would be an arduous undertaking, and one without any reasonable motive."

"Oh, indeed! Do you call George Washington an unreasonable motive? I wish to see him."

"I wish the journey were an easier one."

"To be sure, the roads and the cold will be a trial; but then my uncle, you can give them to me, as God gives trials to his beloved. He breaks them up into small portions, and puts a night's sleep between the portions. Can you not also do this?"

"You little Methodist!" answered the earl, with a tender gleam in his eyes. "I see that I shall have to give you your own way. Will you go with us, George?"

"Yes; I desire to see Washington. I wish to see the greatest of Americans."

This was the initial conversation which, after some opposition, and a little temper from madame the countess, resulted in the Hyde family visiting Philadelphia.

A handsome house, handsomely furnished, had been found; and madame had brought with her the servants necessary to care for it, and for the family's comfort.

In a week she had come to the conclusion that Joris was disappointed; which indeed was very much the case. He could hear nothing of Cornelia. He had never once got a glimpse of her lovely countenance, and no scrutiny had revealed to him the place of her abode.

A month passed in unfruitful searching misery, and Hyde was almost hopeless. The journey appeared to be altogether a failure; and he said to Annie, "I am ashamed for my selfishness in permitting you to come here. I see that you have tried yourself to death for nothing at all."

She gave her head a resolute little shake and answered, "Wait and see. Something is coming. Do you know that I am going to Mrs. Washington's reception to-morrow evening? I shall see the President. Cousin, you are to be my cavalier, if it please you, and my uncle and aunt will attend us."

"I am devotedly at your service, Annie; and I will at least point out to you some of the dazzling beauties of our court—the splendid Mrs. Bingham, the Miss Aliens and Miss Chews, and the brilliant Sally McKean."

The next evening Joris had every reason to feel proud of his cousin. The touch of phantasy and flame in her nature illumined her face, and no one could look at her without feeling that a fervent and transparent soul gazed from her eyes, so lambent with soft spiritual fire. This impression was enhanced by her childlike gown of white crepe over soft white silk; it suggested her sweet fretless life, and also something unknown and unseen in her very simplicity.

Mrs. Washington's parlors were crowded that night. The earl at once

look of tender reproach as she passed, but she made no movement of recognition. If she had said one syllable—if she had paused one moment, if she had shown in any way the least desire for a renewal of their acquaintance, Hyde was sure his heart would have instantly responded. As it was, they had met and parted in a moment, and every circumstance had been against him. For it was the most natural thing in life, that he should, after his cousin's interview with Washington, stoop to her words with delight and interest; and it was equally natural for Cornelia to put the construction on his attentions which every one else did.

Hyde wandered through the parlors speaking to one and another but ever on the watch for Cornelia. He saw her no more that night. She had withdrawn as soon as possible after meeting Hyde, and he was so miserably disappointed, so angry at the inopportunities which had dominated their casual meeting, that he hardly spoke to any one as they returned home.

The next day Annie asked: "Do you remember the Rev. Mr. Damer, rector of Downhill Market?"

"Very well. He preached very tiresome sermons."

"His daughter Mary was at the ball last night."

"What is Mary Damer doing in America?"

"She is on a visit to her cousin, who is married to the Governor of Massachusetts. He is here on some state matter, and as Miss Damer also wished to see Washington, he brought her with him."

"I was a mere lad when I saw her last. Is she passable?"

"She is extremely handsome. My aunt heard that she is to marry a Boston gentleman of good promise and estate. I dare say it is true."

It was so true that even while they were speaking of the matter Mary was writing these words to her betrothed: "Yesterday I met the Hydes. The young lord got out of my way. Did he imagine I had designs on him? I look for a better man. I may see a great deal of them in the coming summer, and then I may find out. At present I will dismiss the Hydes. I have met pleasanter company."

Annie dismissed the subject with the same sort of impatience. It seemed to no one a matter of any importance.

Hyde was shaken, confused, lifted on his feet, as it were; but after another day had passed, he had come to one steady resolution—he would speak to Cornelia when he next met her, no matter where it was, or who was with her.

For nearly a week he kept a conscientious, constant watch. Its insistent sorrowful longing was like a cry from Love's watch towers, but it did not reach the beloved one, or else she did not answer it. One bright morning he resolved to walk through the great dry goods stores, where the beauties of the "gay Quakers" bought their choicest fabrics in foreign chintzes, lawns and Indian muslins. He was getting impatient of the bustle and pushing, when he saw Anthony Clymer approaching him. The young man was driving a new and very spirited team, and as he with some difficulty held them, he called to Hyde to come and drive with him. After an hour's driving they came to a famous hostelry, and Clymer said, "Let us give ourselves lunch, and the horses bait and a rest, then we will make them show their mettle home again."

The young men had a luxurious meal and more good wine than they ought to have taken.

The champ and gallop of the horses and Clymer's vociferous enjoyment of his own wit, blended, and for a moment or two Hyde was under a physical exhilaration as intoxicating as the foam of the champagne they had been drinking. In the height of this meretricious gaiety, a carriage, driving at a rather rapid rate turned into the road; and Cornelia suddenly raised her eyes to the festive young men, and then dropped them with an abrupt, even angry expression.

Hyde became silent and speechless, and Clymer was quickly infected by the very force and potency of his companion's agitation and distressed surprise. Both were glad to escape the other's company, and Hyde fled to the privacy of his own room, that he might hide there the almost unbearable chagrin and misery this unfortunate meeting had caused him.

"Where shall I run to avoid myself?" he cried, as he paced the floor in an agony of shame. "She will never respect me again. She ought not. I am the most wretched of lovers."

For some days sorrow and confusion and distraction bound his senses; he refused all company, would neither eat, nor sleep, nor talk, and he looked as white and wan as a spectre. A stupid weight, a dismal sullen stillness succeeded the storm of shame and grief; and he felt himself to be the most forlorn of human beings. At length, however, the first misery of that wretched meeting passed away, and then he resolved to forget.

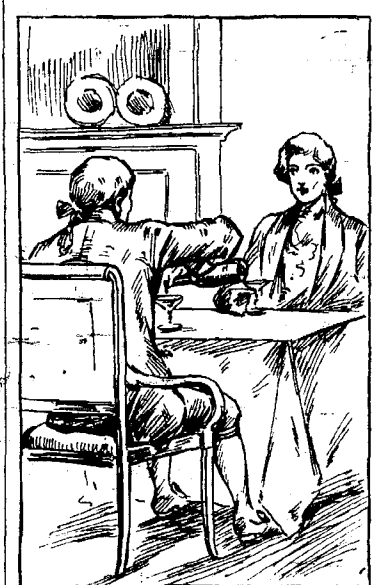
"It is all past!" he said despairingly. "She is lost to me forever! Alas, alas, Cornelia. Though you would not believe me, it was the most perfect love that I gave you!"

Cornelia's sorrow, though quite as

profound, was different in character. Her sex and various other considerations taught her more restraint; but she also felt the situation to be altogether unendurable; for despite all reason, despite even the evidence of her own eyes, Cornelia kept a reserve. And in that pitiful last meeting, there had been a flash from Hyde's eyes, that said to her—she knew not what of unconquerable love and wrong and sorrow—a flash swifter than lightning and equally potential. It had stirred into tumult and revolt all the platitudes with which she had tried to quiet her restless heart; made her doubtful, pitiful and uncertain of all things, even while her lover's reckless gaiety seemed to confirm her worst suspicions. And she felt unable to face constantly this distressing dubious questioning, so that it was with almost irritable entreasy she said, "Let us go home, mother."

"I have desired to do so for two weeks, Cornelia," answered Mrs. Moran. "I think our visit has already been too long."

"My Cousin Silas has now begun to make love to me; and his mother and sisters like it no better than I do. I hate this town with its rampant, affected fashion and frivolities! Mother, let us go home, at once. Lucinda can



Had a luxurious meal.

pack our trunks to-day, and we will leave in the morning."

"Can we go without an escort?" "Oh, yes, we can. Lucinda will wait on us—she too is longing for New York—and who can drive us more carefully than Cato? I am at the end of my patience. I am like to cry out! I am so unhappy, mother!"

"My dear, we will go home to-morrow. We can make the journey in short stages. Do not break down now, Cornelia. It is only a little longer."

"I shall not break down—if we go home." And as the struggle to resist sorrow proves the capacity to resist it, Cornelia kept her promise. As they reached New York her cheerfulness increased, and when they turned into Maiden Lane she clasped her hands for very joy.

She ran upstairs to her own dear room, laid her head on her pillow, sat down in her favorite chair, opened her desk, let in all the sunshine she could, and then fell with holy gratitude on her knees and thanked God for her sweet home, and for the full cup of mercies he had given her to drink in it.

When she went downstairs the mail had just come in, and the Doctor sat before a desk covered with newspapers and letters. "Cornelia," he cried in a voice full of interest, "here is a letter for you—a long letter. It is from Paris."

She examined the large sheets closed with a great splash of red wax, bearing the de Tounerre crest. It had indeed come from Paris, the city of dreadful slaughter, yet Cornelia opened it with a smiling excitement, as she read:

"It is from Arenta!"

(To be continued.)

NEW PHASE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Artists Now Go to Patrons Instead of Waiting a Call from Them.

It is no longer regarded as the proper thing in society to go to a photograph gallery to have one's picture taken. Leaders of the smart set at the east have decreed that the artists shall come to the houses of the sitters, although an extra charge is involved in the new arrangement. The men who do this at-home work must be artists of the first class. These pictures in the home have revolutionized one fashion. Formerly a woman would wear all her jewels and take her stand before the camera in her most pretentious frock, but now those display pictures are tabooed and the woman dresses simply. A favorite pose with one photographer has the subject in a picture hat, with bare shoulders and wearing a simple string of pearls.

More recent even than the dashing hat and glistening shoulders is the photographing of young maroons with their children. In England these pictures are in great vogue and the woman who poses wears a house gown suggestive of the calm of the nursery. The photograph of the lovely countess of Warwick with her daughter was one of the most popular in England. Lady Warwick's arms were entwined about the pretty child and the picture was sold just the same as those of Ellen Terry, Edna May and other celebrities. Another woman who is photographed always with her child is Rachel, Countess of Dudley, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The countess is one of the great English beauties.

Religious Notes

Confidence.

Before me, leading upward to the skies,
My way appears;
So steep, so rugged, that my heart is full
Of foolish fears.

Yet, when I backward look upon the way
Already trod;
Rougher I find it than the road that now
Leads up to God.

If I could follow out that wayward path,
With none to aid,
With thee for Guide and Friend I shall
Not be
Or this afraid.

The Best Epitaph.

Behold the epitaph of all those blessed saints who fell asleep before the coming of our Lord. It matters nothing how else they died, whether of old age, or by violent means; this one point, in which they all agree, is the most worthy of record, "they all died in faith." In faith they lived—it was their comfort, their guide, their motive and their support; and in the same spiritual grace they died, ending their life song in the sweet strain in which they had so long continued. They fell asleep, affirming that the Messiah would surely come, and that when He should in the last day appear upon earth, they would rise from their graves to behold Him. To them the pain of death was but the birth-pangs of a better state. Take courage, my soul, as thou rearest this epitaph. Thy course, through grace, is one of faith, and sight seldom cheers thee; this has also been the pathway of the brightest and the best. Faith was the orbit in which these stars of the first magnitude moved all the time of their shining here; and happy art thou that it is thine. Look anew Jesus, the Author and Finisher of thy faith, and thank Him for giving thee like precious faith with souls now in glory.—C. H. Spurgeon.

The Other Person's Cross.

There is something selfish in merely bearing one's own cross. The best Christian is the one, who, in addition to bearing his own burden, is struggling to assist in the bearing of some other person's burden. The Galatian Christians were bidden bear one another's burdens, and "so fulfil the law of Christ."

The strong ought to bear the burdens of the weak, and, strangely enough, there is this gain, that in giving one's strength to a weaker brother, one gains more strength.

Along a thousand roads there goes, in the person of His people, the figure of the crushed Christ, and for them, as for Him, not the "place called Calvary" where God is, but the way farther, where men are, is the place where help is most needed.

There is no more honorable place in the world than under the corner of some other man's burden; and none can come up to heaven's gate with stronger claim to a crown than he who comes up with some other person's cross.

Do the Work at Hand.

There is a legend of an artist who long sought for a piece of sandalwood out of which to carve a Madonna. At last he was about to give up in despair, leaving the vision of his life unrealized, when in a dream he was bidden to shape the figure from a block of oak wood which was destined for the fire. Obeying the command, he produced from the log of common firewood a masterpiece. In like manner many people wait for great and brilliant opportunities for doing the good things, the beautiful things, of which they dream, while through all the common days the very opportunities they require for such deeds are close to them, in the simplest and most familiar passing events. They wait for fine sandalwood out of which to carve Madonnas, while far more lovely Madonnas than they dream of are hidden in the common logs of oak which they burn in the open fireplace or spurn with their feet in the woodyard.

The Quality of Prudence.

A good story is told of two men who were mowing in company. The one in advance thought he saw a wasp's nest just ahead, and he cautiously paused. The other, who had not seen it, and mowed right on, exclaiming: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." But pretty soon he struck the nest and was fighting the wasps that assailed him, whereupon the first, who also had a knack of quoting proverbs, exclaimed: "The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished." The prudent man had the best of it. And he always has the best of it. There is no quality more sure of winning than prudence.

God's Gifts Permanent.

God never takes back his gifts. If He ever gave you a sight of His truth and love you have it still. Clouds may pass between you and the sun; but the sun is there, and will shine forth again. It may be a stormy night, and the stars are hidden; but they shine on, permanent and pure, behind the driving rain, and will again look out upon you with their calm eyes and say, from their inaccessible and infinite heights, "Be patient! be patient! and wait till all storms and all darkness shall have passed away forever."

"Thy Kingdom Come."

What have we meant, all these days and years, when we said to God, "Thy Kingdom come?" What do we wish for or pray for? Or is the wishing or praying enough? And, if we wish

and pray, is there aught besides, which we ought to do? * * * When that kingdom does come, will it come to us, or upon us? It will come to us if we have indeed prayed for it, prayed that we might have a share in it, and as we could, by prayers, by alms, by examples, by receiving the fight of God within us, promoted it. * * * May none of us slothful servants, saying listlessly, "Thy Kingdom come," yet asking as if they cared for nothing less. But may God give us grace so to use faithfully what He has for this short time entrusted to us, that we may see in that day, with joy, those whom our prayers, our alms, our words, our deeds, our lives, have helped to love our God.

The Peace of the Christian.

In the Pitti palace at Florence hangs a picture which represents a stormy sea, with wild waves and black clouds, and fierce lightnings flashing across the sky. Wrecks float on the angry waters, and here and there a human face is seen. Out of the mist of the waves a rock rises, against which the waters dash in vain. It towers high above the crest of the waves. In a cleft of the rock are some tufts of grass and green herbage, with sweet flowers blooming, and amid these a dove is seen, sitting on her nest, quiet and undisturbed by the wild fury of the storm, or the mad dashing of the waves below her. The picture fitly represents the peace of the Christian amid the sorrows and trials of the world. He is hidden in the cleft of the Rock of Ages, and nestles securely in the bosom of God's unchanging love.—J. R. Mifer.

All Lead to Higher Things.

When a man is not deeply interested in himself it is not likely he will be interested in God. Every study that is keenly pursued will be found to have a strong effect upon the study that is immediately higher than itself, as if no subject were self-terminating, but, contrarily, part of some larger question. Thus political economy writes itself over the line which is supposed to separate it from morals; and the moralist encroaches upon theology that he may illuminate and justify his highest theories. Love of home rises into love of country; patriotism into philanthropy; home missions into foreign evangelization. The local spreads itself into the universal, the thought waves rise and spread until in billow upon billow they roll their foam upon the rocks of the Infinite.—Dr. Parker.

Joy of Religion.

There must be something wrong with you, my fellow-Christian, if you are pretending to work for the Master and yet find no delight in it, once said the Rev. Theodore Cuyler. Joy is love looking at its treasures. A true Christian's joy is in possessing Christ, and in the expectation of seeing him and being with him for ever; and every service you render him in doing good to other people, and in winning souls, will help to fill up your jewel casket. If you say to me, "I have not enjoyed my religion much lately," then I would suggest to you that probably you have not had much religion to enjoy. Christ's smile on his faithful and loyal servants is a constant sunshine. Deserters, shirks, and backsliders never have this; they doom themselves to an arctic midnight.

Unsuspected Treasures.

Some rare art treasures have been unearthed in the little village of Boscoreale at the foot of Vesuvius, and between Naples and Pompeii. In a private house, which has been dug out from its long sleep of two thousand years, splendid frescoes and unique art treasures have been taken. The great museums of the world are bidding large sums for these rare treasures. Deep down in many a sinful heart there are rare treasures, rich possibilities of love and honor and heroism, that the world never dreams of until some patient, loving hand digs down and brings them to light. Who would have dreamt there was a book like "Pilgrim's Progress" in the mind and heart of John Bunyan, in those days when he was the drunken Bedford tinker?

Value of Keeping Faith.

Learn to be a man of your word. One of the most disheartening of all things is to be associated in an undertaking with a person whose promise is not to be depended upon—and there are plenty of them in this wide world, people whose promise is as slender as a spider's web. Let your given word be as a hempen cord, a chain of wrought steel, that will bear the heaviest sort of strain. It will go far to making a man out of you; and a real man is the noblest work of God; not a lump of moist putty, molded and shaped by the last influence met with that was calculated to make an impression; but a man of forceful, energized, self-reliant, and reliable character, a positive quantity that can be calculated upon.

Quiet Thoughts.

By opening the door of love you let happiness enter. The works of art are good, but the art of good works is better. Out of many a bruised reed God brings the sweetest music. You've generally got to go out of your way to get into the right road. Conscience often appears silent, not because it is dumb, but because men are deaf.

LOVES THE PRAIRIES.

Miss Anna Gray is Delighted With Her Western Canada Home.

Anna C. Gray is a young lady formerly of Michigan. She is now a resident of Western Canada, and the following, published in the Brown City (Mich.) Banner are extracts from a friendship letter written about March 15 to one of her lady friends in that vicinity. In this letter is given some idea of the climate, social, educational and religious conditions of Alberta, the beautiful land of sunshine and happy homes. Over one hundred thousand Americans have made Western Canada their home within the past five years, and in this year upwards of 50,000 will take up homes there.

Miss Gray took her leave for Didsbury, Alberta, the home of her sister and other relatives and friends on Jan. 10 last, and after a two months' sojourn in her western prairie home, she writes of it as follows: "I know I shall grow to love the prairies. We have a beautiful view of the mountains and it seems wonderful to me to see home after home for miles, and it is becoming quickly settled all around us. With the exception of the last few days which have been cold and stormy, we have had beautiful spring weather ever since I came. The days are beautiful. I call this the 'land of the sun,' as it seems to be always shining; the nights are cold and frosty. On arriving here, I was so greatly surprised in every way. Didsbury is quite a business little town. All the people I meet are so pleasant and hospitable. They have four churches in Didsbury—the Baptist, Presbyterian, Evangelical and Methodist. The Evangelicals have just completed a handsome church, very large and finely furnished, costing \$2,500. They have a nice literary society here, meets every two weeks. They have fine musical talent here. Your friend, Anna C. Gray.

Japanese Signs.

Nearly every shop in Japan for the sale of foreign goods is furnished with a sign in a foreign language. No matter whether the language is intelligible, if it is only in foreign characters that is enough. Many of these signs are a study. "The all countries Boot and Shoe Small or Fine Wares;" "Old Curious;" "Horse-shoe maker instructed by French horse leech;" "Cut Hair Shop;" "If you want sell watch, I will buy; if you want buy watch, I will sell. Yes, sir, we will, all will. Come at my shop. Watch-maker;" "Hatter Native Country;" "The House Build for the manufacture of all and best kinds of Hats."

Chinese Fish Hatcheries.

Those ever-ingenuous people, the Chinese, are great at fish farming, and one of their little dodges for hatching young fish is most ingenious. Taking a fresh egg they suck the contents through a tiny hole and refill the egg with the tiny eggs of the fish they want to hatch. The hole is then sealed up and the egg placed under a sitting hen. In a very few days the fish's ova are so far advanced that one has only to break the shell into moderately warm water and the little fish spring to life at once.

A Tight Squeeze.

Brazils, Ark., May 11th.—To be snatched from the very brink of the grave is a somewhat thrilling experience and one which Mrs. M. O. Garrett of this place has just passed through.

Mrs. Garrett suffered with a Cerebro-spinal affection, and had been treated by the best physicians, but without the slightest improvement.

For the last twelve months two doctors were in constant attendance, but she could only grow worse and worse, till she could not walk, and did not have any power to move at all.

She was so low that for the greater part of the time she was perfectly unconscious of what was going on about her, and her heart-broken husband and friends were hourly expecting her death.

The doctors had given up all hope and no one thought she could possibly live.

In this extremity Mr. Garrett sent for a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. It was a last hope, but happily it did not fail.

Mrs. Garrett used in all six boxes of the remedy, and is completely cured. She says:

"I am doing my own work now and feel as well as ever I did. Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved me from death."

Prevents Sound and Smoke.

A device for suppressing sound and smoke has been provided for the ordinary rifle by a French soldier. It consists essentially of a steel tube about thirty inches long, with several partitions having orifices slightly larger than the bore of a gun, and this tube is attached in the front of the muzzle of a bayonet clasp whenever its use is desired. On firing the gun the gases are retarded by each partition in turn, finally escaping without sound or smoke. With a knife at the end the auxiliary tube can be made to serve as a bayonet.

DON'T SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES.

Use Red Cross Ball Blue and keep them white as snow. All grocers. Oc. a package.

The first thing some people do when troubles fly into their lives is to cup their wings. Less than one per cent. of the land of Norway is used for grain fields.

If you have a bad story to tell, don't tell it.—United Presbyterian.

"The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" of stoves keep you clean and cool. Economical and always ready. Sold at good stove stores.

Men are valued by others in about the inverse ratio of their own valuation. Optimism is health.



"I see I shall have to give you your own way."

presented his niece to Mrs. Washington, and afterward to the President, who as a guest of Mrs. Washington, was walking about the rooms talking to the ladies present. For a few minutes he remained in conversation with the party, then he went forward, and Hyde turning with his beautiful charge, met Cornelia face to face.

They looked at each other as two disembodied souls might meet and look after death—reproaching, questioning, entreating, longing. Hyde flushed and paled, but could not for his very life make the slightest effort at recognition or speech. Cornelia, who had seen his entry, was more prepared. She gave him one long

TIED BACKS.
Come to all who ever tax the kidneys. Don't neglect the children. Many dangerous kidney troubles follow in its wake. Mrs. C. B. Pare of Columbia Avenue, Glasgow, Kentucky, wife of C. B. Pare, a prominent brick manufacturer of that city, says: "When Doan's Kidney Pills were first brought to my attention I was suffering from a complication of kidney troubles. Besides the bad back which usually results from kidney complaints, I had a great deal of trouble with the secretions, which were exceedingly variable, sometimes excessive and at other times scanty. The color was high, and passages were accompanied with a scalding sensation. Doan's Kidney Pills soon regulated the kidney secretions, making their color normal and banished the inflammation which caused the scalding sensation. I can rest well, my back is strong and sound and I feel much better in every way. A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Pare will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists; price 50 cents per box."



Put Life in the Capitalist.
Schemer's Guarantee That He Could Infuse Energy Into the Most Languid Certainly Borne Out by the Results of the One Experiment.
"Greatest scheme in the world!" he exclaimed when he at last got the ear of the capitalist. "All I need is sufficient money to develop it."
"Yes," returned the capitalist, disinterestedly. "I've heard something to that effect from many, many people."
"But I can prove it," urged the schemer. "I've got the real thing; all others are imitation. I can put energy into the languid man; I can wake up the fellow who has the customary listlessness of early spring, and that means everybody."
"O, there are lots of these spring medicines," asserted the capitalist.
"But they don't do the business," persisted the schemer, "and mine will. You know how it is in the spring; we all know. Are you languid? Are you listless? Are you tired? Of course you are. You can hardly get up enough energy to attend to your regular business. You long for something that will rouse you, that will make you quick, energetic and sprightly, and I have it. I don't ask you to take my word for it; I am prepared to offer proof. You are now listening to me wearily, but one of my capsules will put life into you. It will make you spring lightly from your chair; it will lead you to caper like a boy on the first day of vacation; it will dispel your lassitude and induce you to do things. Haven't you at this very minute the usual spring languor?"
"I have," admitted the capitalist.
"I am, I confess, enervated."
"Then take this," said the schemer, producing a capsule. "If it does not give you an interest in life I will retire without another word. I am a stranger to you, and I do not expect you to accept my unsupported statement; I wish you to be convinced, to know that I speak the truth and really have something that will do all I claim for it. Take it, and swallow it. Wash it down with a little water if you wish, and then note the result."
The capitalist took the capsule, and immediately thereafter he got up and jumped over his chair.
"Didn't I tell you?" cried the schemer exultantly. "No languor now, is there? You are moved to action, are you arlively?"
"Water! Water!" yelled the capitalist, as he cleared the top of his desk and made a rush for the wash room.
"Look how sprightly he is!" commented the schemer, backing toward the door. "But I don't believe I'd better wait; I don't think he's in the humor to invest just now."
"What is it?" roared the capitalist.
"Red pepper, you darned old skinflint!" answered the schemer, as he disappeared, satisfied that an old grudge had been wiped out at last.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

LIFE IN FAR-OFF OREGON.
What Old Friends Had to Relate After a Long Separation.
As a reporter was walking down Alder street yesterday a man, whom he did not at once recognize, accosted him and in a few words showed that he was an old friend who had been absent from the city for a number of years. As they walked along he asked the reporter if he remembered the time Sandy Olds shot Emil Weber. The reporter replied that he remembered the incident.
"Well," said the returned friend, "I happened along at Third and Alder just in time to see the shooting and the sight got onto my nerves and rather badly rattled me. You came along and remarked that I was looking pale and suggested that we go down to the Reception and get a drink to brace me up. We did so," he continued, "and I would like to return the compliment now."
"I had thought that incident was closed," was the reply. "Weber was killed by Olds' shot and Olds after serving a year in the penitentiary and knocking about the coast as a roustabout gambler for years finally died of consumption in Albina, something over a year ago. How long is it since that shooting occurred?"
"Oh, twelve to fifteen years."
"Well, that is a long time between drinks, but the Reception has moved and I have quit drinking, so we will excuse the return of the compliment. Your memory of the treat, however, goes to show that there is something of the old saying, 'Cast your bread upon the waters, and it will sometimes return after many days,' though generally in a very soiled condition."
Many old residents will remember the shooting of Weber by Olds, but it is doubtful if many of them have any drink coming to them in connection with the tragedy.—*Portland Oregonian.*

DOCTOR ENSOR SUPT. SOUTH CAROLINA STATE INSTITUTION
Endorses the Catarrhal Tonic, Pe-ru-na—A Congressman's Letter.
Dr. J. F. Ensor, Postmaster of Columbia, S. C., late Superintendent and Physician in charge of State Insane Asylum at Columbia, S. C., writes:
"After using your Peruna myself for a short period, and my family having used and are now using the same with good results, and upon the information of others who have been benefited by it as a cure for catarrh and an invigorating tonic, I can cheerfully recommend it to all persons requiring so effective a remedy."
—Dr. J. F. Ensor
Hon. C. W. Butts, ex-Member of Congress from North Dakota, in a letter from Washington, D. C., says:
"That Peruna is not only a vigorous, as well as an effective tonic, but also a cure of catarrh is beyond controversy. It is already established by its use by the thousands who have been benefited by it. I cannot too highly express my appreciation of its excellence."
—C. W. Butts.
Dr. R. Robbins, Muskogee, I. T., writes:
"Peruna is the best medicine I know of for coughs and to strengthen a weak stomach and to give appetite. Beside prescribing it for catarrh, I have ordered it for weak and debilitated people, and have not had a patient but said it helped him. It is an excellent medicine and it fits so many cases."
"I have a large practice and have a chance to prescribe your Peruna. I hope you may live long to do good to the sick and suffering."
Only the weak need a tonic. People are never weak except from some good cause. One of the obscure causes of weakness and the one often overlooked is catarrh. Catarrh inflames the mucous membrane and causes the blood plasma to escape through the mucous membrane in the form of mucus. This discharge of mucus is the same as the loss of blood. It produces weakness.
Peruna stops the catarrh and prevents the discharge of mucus. This is why Peruna is called a tonic. Peruna does not give strength by stimulating the nervous system a little.
It gives strength by preserving the mucous membranes against leakage.
It gives strength by converting the blood fluids and preventing their draining away in mucous discharges.
Constant spitting, and blowing the nose will finally produce extreme weakness from the loss of mucus.
If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.
Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.



PARIS DANTING IN NEW WAY.
To Eat Cold Food Only the Latest Plan of Reducing One's Weight.
The new Parisian cure for too much flesh is to take all food, or nearly all, cold. The early breakfast of toast and eggs is eaten cold, and the food is washed down with cold coffee or milk.
At luncheon there is nothing but cold meats and cold puddings, with bread, cheese and salads. At night the meal consists of only mayonnaises of fish, cold entrees and entremets; no hot vegetables, but perhaps, as a bonne bouche, a hot cutlet, jean, of course.
Many people in Paris who are inclined to be stout, especially among the women, are assiduously following the new cure, and most of those who tried it assert that they have obtained satisfactory results.
Laudering the Baby's Clothes.
Many mothers are ignorant of the serious injury that may result from washing the clothing of an infant with strong washing powders and impure soap. For this reason it should be laundered at home under the mother's directions and only Ivory soap used. To throw the little garments into the ordinary wash shows great carelessness.—*E. R. Parker.*

Tip Was a Wrong One.
Returned Spirit Made Trouble for Unfortunate Bad-Debt Collector—Ghostly Visitor Very Badly Mixed in His Dates—Find Was Not Welcome.
They had been talking about spirits. "As far as ghosts are concerned," said the bad debt collector, "I had an experience in that line once myself. I was lying in bed wide awake. I always insist that I was wide awake. I didn't dream it. I was wide awake when somebody or something tapped me on the shoulder. I was frightened, to be sure, and turned my head. Then I was scared almost to death, for there I saw the figure of a man clothed in knickerbockers—no cycling outfit, but the old-fashioned knee breeches, with the long waistcoat, the long-skirted coat and the three-cornered hat. My hair stood on end and I was speechless. He told me about a man named Moore—some one I had never heard of, who lived up in Albany. This Moore, it seems, was the ghost's great-grandson, and the shade wanted me to straighten out some legal snarl.
"The long and short of it was the great-grandson was about to lose his property, that formerly belonged to the ghost because the original will could not be found. The ghost told me just how I could find Moore's house, and said the will was in an old chest in the garret. So the next day I started for Albany. I arrived at Moore's all right, and knocking at the door, asked:
"Is this Mr. Moore?"
"Yes," said he.
"I saw your great-grandfather last night," said I.
"You're a—," began Moore.
"Now, never mind," said I, and then I told him about the ghost. And sure enough there was a lawsuit. We went up to the garret, and sure enough we found the old chest, just like they do in those yellow-covered books we used to read, and there was a false bottom all right. I was so excited I could hardly move as Moore pulled it out and displayed a paper musty and dusty with age.
"Um-um," murmured the man who traveled for a soap house.
The collector remained perfectly quiet, and finally the man who travels for a soap house said cautiously:
"The will, eh?"
"No," said the collector. "It was an old bill for a pair of knee pants, and Moore, to whom I had given my business card, kicked me clear out to the front gate, saying I couldn't come any bad debt collecting games on him."

A Toast.
A toast to those who come to grace This day, our board. And, with the cheer of smiling face, To share our board!
They are our friends, and friends are sent— O plan benign— To be the home's best ornament, Heaven spare me mine!
And may our harbor's cove contain Of meat and drink Enough to forge for friendship's chain Another link!
Youths Turning to Crime.
The startling statement is made in Minneapolis that of the forty-one prisoners in the Hennepin county jail, not one is above twenty-three years of age. The condition that brings about this state of affairs is worth inquiring into. A Hennepin county judge commenting upon the situation says that he believes the increase of crime among young men is due to their being forced out of many sources of employment by girls. The one thing certain is the fact that there are more young men occupying cells in jails and penitentiaries than there were a few years ago, and it behooves those persons who interest themselves in criminology to inquire into the conditions that have brought about this increase in the criminal tendencies of young men.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3.50 and \$3.00 Shoes Made
You can save from \$3.00 to \$5.00 yearly by wearing W. L. Douglas \$3.50 or \$3.00 shoes. They are just as good in every way as those that have been costing you from \$4.00 to \$5.00. The immense sale of W. L. Douglas shoes proves their superiority over all other makes.
Sold by retail shoe dealers everywhere. The genuine have name and price stamped on the bottom. Take no substitute. Buy only the genuine.
W. L. Douglas 441 Elm Street, Boston, Mass.
Line cannot be equaled at any price.
Established 1876.
The Douglas secret process of tanning the best cowhide produces more flexible and longer wearing leather than any other process. The soles have no rivets and hold the past four years, which prove its superiority. 1899 Sales: \$2,204,833.21 1902 Sales: \$3,074,840.00
W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's Goodyear welt (hand-sewed) shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. \$25,000 Reward can disprove this statement. Name of the best imported and American leathers.

Historic House to Be Sold.
York house, Twickenham, England, is now in the market, and will be sold at auction soon. It was named after James II, when duke of York, and in it were born two princesses, Mary and Anne, who both afterward became queens of England. The house, standing in beautiful grounds on the banks of the Thames, has many historical associations and, according to tradition, Lord Clarendon wrote some of his essays in the garden walks.

Took Him for a Woman.
Idyllic Beauty of John Randolph of Roanoke Led Guest of Prominent Southern Club Into Deplorable Error—At the Grave of the Great Southern Statesman.
"When I was in Richmond a few days since," said Mr. Ridgely Howard of Baltimore to a representative of the Washington Star at the New Willard, "I made one of those bad breaks which prove so embarrassing. I was a guest of a member of the crack Westmoreland club, and after a slight repast I was escorted through the building for the purpose of viewing the pictures, relics of the civil war, etc. During the tour mentioned my attention was particularly attracted to the portrait of what I took to be a very handsome brunette. I incidentally remarked to my host that the young lady was quite pretty, when, with a low chuckle, he replied, 'Yes, quite pretty, but as a matter of fact the picture represents John Randolph of Roanoke at 18.' You also smile, but let me explain how I was caught. The hair was parted in the middle and neatly combed back of the ears; the features were of a purely feminine mold, and the expression of the eyes and face was so shy and bashful that you will readily understand how I was deceived. One can hardly conceive, looking at the portrait of Randolph at the age represented, that he could ever grow into the cynical and disagreeable creature he is reported to have been in his later years. If he ever had love affairs which went wrong I have never heard of them. As near as I can learn he never had any real ardent affection for any woman except his mother, who, it is said, was beautiful, and whom it is also said he closely resembled in beauty as a child.
"Later in the day I paid a visit to Hollywood cemetery, a beautiful spot, and sought the grave of Randolph. I found it on a gentle slope overlooking the James. It appears that some twenty years ago, or more, the remains of Randolph were moved from the lonely spot in the forest at Roanoke to their present resting place by the state authorities. A marble slab now covers his last resting place, on which is the following inscription: 'Here lies John Randolph of Roanoke.' The only other words on the slab are those giving the date of birth and death."

The War of Corpuscles.
The war between the white corpuscles of the blood and the microbes of disease was first described by the Russian pathologist, Metchnikoff. While devoting himself to the study of inflammations he in each case noted the presence of white cells in the blood currents in abnormal numbers. Inside these white cells he invariably found the specific microbes of the disease under consideration—it seemed that the big corpuscles were devouring the poisonous microbes. Sometimes the number taken up by a corpuscle was too great and it died as a result. If this overcoming of the white corpuscles by the microbes was general the patient died.
Bishop Potter's Position.
Bishop Potter was unable to attend the Clara Morris testimonial at the Broadway theater last week and so wrote a letter saying it wasn't because of his lack of appreciation of Miss Morris or of the calling to which she had brought so much honor, but because of pressing engagements elsewhere.
"Besides," he wrote or, "I half fear that the audience might feel toward me as once did an old maid parishioner of mine whom I visited in illness. 'I like you in the pulpit,' she said, 'but out of it you are simply odious.'"—*New York Times.*
A Problem for Scientists.
Prof. Reiter recently introduced to the Society for Internal Medicine in Vienna a woman with a musical heart. For the last four years she has suffered from palpitation, and about eighteen months ago she noticed for the first time a peculiar ringing noise in her breast, which was also audible to other persons, and rose and fell in strength and pitch. The sound is said to be due to a malformation of the heart valves, which sets up vibration.
Encroachments of the Sea.
Careful calculations made a few years ago show that the thirty-six miles of Yorkshire coast between Flamborough and Spurn Head lose annually two yards and a quarter, or thirty acres a year. Over one mile in breadth has been lost since the Norman conquest and two since the occupation of York by the Romans. Other parts of the English coast also suffer greatly from the encroachments of the ocean.

MORPHINE
No relapses. All money back if we fail to cure. Communications confidential. Write for Booklet or call, THREE DAY SANITARIUM, 1147 Third Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

A Sure Sign.
She—How annoying! I've forgotten to buy something I wanted.
He—I thought as much when you said you had some money left.
Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.
It might be well hereafter to search our diplomats for concealed weapons before sending them upon their mission.
Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.
A woman put her tongue to the flat iron to see if it was hot. The household has been remarkably quiet since.
GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS
Use the best. That's why they buy Red Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers, 5c.
Neil—He said I was his pearl.
Belle—I guess he wanted to string you.—*Philadelphia Record.*

SOZODONT
BETTER THAN GOLD
for the teeth. It prevents decay. It hardens the gums and purifies the breath and mouth.
SAVES YOUR TEETH.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 32.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. King, Ltd., 51 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In the Spring
Pass the Glass of
Hires
Rootbeer
and keep passing it both things as healthful. A package makes three. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Hires for what it has done in local treatment of female ailments, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send today a post card, will do.
Hold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents, large box. Satisfaction guaranteed.
THE H. H. HIRSH CO., Boston, Mass.
214 Columbus Ave.

AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK
THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.
My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Jane's Tea" or
LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE
All druggists or by mail 25c. and 50c. Write to day. Lane's Family Medicine cures the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address, Dr. J. Woodard, Le Roy, N. Y.

GINSENG
A crop worth its weight in money. Send 10c for booklet to the Imperial Ginseng Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
DENSION JOHN W. MORRIS
Washington, D. C.
Specially Prepared for Catarrhs of the Urinary Tract. 3 yrs in civil war, 18 adjudicated claims, 45 yrs since.
FREE TO WOMEN!
To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine, we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions, absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of female ailments, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send today a post card, will do.
Hold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents, large box. Satisfaction guaranteed.
THE H. H. HIRSH CO., Boston, Mass.
214 Columbus Ave.

Mrs. Tupman, a prominent lady of Richmond, Va., a great sufferer with woman's troubles, tells how she was cured.
"For some years I suffered with backache, severe bearing-down pains, leucorrhoea, and falling of the womb. I tried many remedies, but nothing gave any positive relief.
"I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in June, 1901. When I had taken the first half bottle, I felt a vast improvement, and have now taken ten bottles with the result that I feel like a new woman. When I commenced taking the Vegetable Compound I felt all worn out and was fast approaching complete nervous collapse. I weighed only 98 pounds. Now I weigh 109½ pounds and am improving every day. I gladly testify to the benefits received."
—Mrs. R. C. TUPMAN, 423 West 30th St., Richmond, Va. —\$5000 forfeit if a sign of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.
"When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, 'I do not believe it would help me?'"
"Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick."
Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Perhaps she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.

Number Nine on Wall Street.
Seven has long been considered a talismanic number, but so far as Wall Street is concerned, it would seem as if the number 9 is of more importance.
It was on May 9, 1901, that Wall Street saw a great corner and panic, Northern Pacific stock on that day rushing up to \$1,000 a share and prices of other stocks smashing down 30 or 40 points, bringing wreck and ruin to thousands.
That was a great bear day. Sept. 9, 1902, was a great bull day, for on that date, which marked the apogee of the so-called Gates boom in stocks, the highest level of prices for railroad securities that Wall Street has ever seen was touched. So far this year the heaviest day of trading in stocks was on Jan. 9, which was also a big bull day, marking the culmination of the upturn in the market following the smash in prices brought about by stringent money conditions late last year. And on April 9 the decision adverse to the merger of the railroads in the Northern Securities company was announced.—*New York Sun.*
Town Given as a Pledge.
Wismar, a town on the Baltic, now possessed by Germany, was given as a pledge by Sweden to Mecklenburg-Schwern June 26, 1803, in exchange for the sum of 1,258,000 thaler (about \$915,000), on condition that Sweden, after the lapse of 100 years, should be entitled to take back the town on repayment of the sum advanced, together with 3 per cent interest per annum. The date for closing this bargain is approaching. The Swedish government will waive its right to redeem the town.
The man who admits his own humility soon begins to boast of it. And then where is his humility?

THERE IS NO SLICKER LIKE TOWER'S
Forty years ago and after many years of use on the eastern coast, Tower's Waterproof Oiled Coats were introduced in the West and were called Slickers by the pioneers and cowboys. This graphic name has come into such general use that it is frequently though wrongly applied to many substitutes. You want the genuine. Look for the Sign of the Fish and the name Tower on the buttons.
GOLD MEDAL AWARDED
TOWER'S WATERPROOF OILED COATS
TOWER CANNON CO. LONDON, ENGLAND
W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 20—1903

WESTERN CANADA
is attracting more attention than any other district in the world.
"The Granary of the World." The Land of Sunshine. The Natural Feeding Grounds for Stock. Area under crop in 1902—1,987,530 acres. Yield 1902—117,224 bushels.
Abundance of Water. Fuel plentiful. Building Material cheap. Good Grass for pasturing and hay. A fertile soil. A sufficient rainfall and a climate giving an assured and adequate season of growth.
HOMESTEAD LANDS OF 160 ACRES FREE, the only chance for which is \$10 for making entry. Close to Churches, Schools, etc. Halfway to all settled districts. Send for Atlas and other literature to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to M. V. McInnes, No. 2 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Mich., or J. Grove, Suite Six Marie, Mich., the authorized Canadian Government Agent, who will supply you with certificate giving you reduced railway rates, etc.

360 DAY TRIAL OFFER
 on the best line of stoves, ranges and heaters in the world, made in the only factory in the United States selling its entire product direct to the user. We give a legal guarantee with every stove and range, backed by a \$25,000 bank bond. Don't buy until you have investigated our special proposition.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Manufacturers,
 Box A, Kalamazoo, Mich.
 All Kalamazoo Cook Stoves and Ranges are equipped with our Patent Oven Thermometer.

PERE MARQUETTE
 In effect January 18, 1903.

Trains leave BELLAIRE as follows:
 For Traverse City: 10:23 a. m.
 For Grand Rapids, Chicago, and West: 2:22 p. m.
 For Saginaw and Detroit: 2:22 p. m.
 For Charlevoix and Petoskey: 3:05 p. m., 7:55 p. m.

F. N. STEWART, Agent,
 Bellaire, Mich.
 F. H. MOELLER,
 Gen. Passenger Agt., Detroit

Detroit & Charlevoix R. R. Co.

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

WEST BOUND:		Mixed	
Leave	Frederic	5:00 p. m.	
	Fayette	5:20 p. m.	
Leave	DeWard	5:35 p. m.	
	Blue Lake Jc.	5:50 p. m.	
	Charlevoix Road	6:05 p. m.	
	Lake Harold	6:20 p. m.	
Leave	Alba	6:35 p. m.	
	Green River	6:45 p. m.	
	Wards	6:55 p. m.	
Arrive	South Arm (East Jordan)	7:15 p. m.	
Ar. Charlevoix (steamer)		8:15 p. m.	
EAST BOUND:		Mixed	
Lv. Charlevoix (str.)	7:45 a. m.		
	(East Jordan)		
Lv. South Arm	9:30 a. m.		
	Wards	9:50 a. m.	
	Jordan River	9:55 a. m.	
	Green River	10:15 a. m.	
	Alba	10:35 a. m.	
Lv. DeWard	11:40 a. m.		
Ar. Frederic	12:15 p. m.		

East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE
 In effect Jan. 18, 1903.

SOUTH		NORTH	
No. 1	No. 2	No. 4	No. 3
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
8:30	1:00	4:30	11:40
8:42	1:17	*Mt. Bliss	11:25
8:58	1:35	4:57	11:17
9:10	1:50	Christonia	11:04
9:20	1:50	*Hitchcock	10:53
9:30	2:00	*Wolcott	10:41
9:45	2:15	Bellaire	10:30

All trains daily except Sunday.
 Trains run by central standard time.
 *Trains stop on signal to take on or let off passengers.

W. P. PORTER, E. J. CROSSMAN,
 Gen. Manager, Traffic Manager.

Moses Lemieux

Practical Horseshoeing and General Blacksmith
 All kinds of wood repair work done promptly.
 104½ East end of State St.

\$3.00 SAVED
 TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST VIA THE D & B LINE.

"Just Two Boats"
 DETROIT & BUFFALO STEAMBOAT CO.



COMMENCING MAY 11TH
 Improved Daily Express Service (14 hours) between DETROIT AND BUFFALO
 Leave DETROIT Daily 4:00 P. M.
 Arrive at BUFFALO 8:00 A. M.
 Leave BUFFALO Daily 5:30 P. M.
 Arrive at DETROIT 7:00 A. M.

Corresponding with Eastern and all points in NEW YORK, BOSTON and NEW ENGLAND. S. A. YERKES, Through tickets sold to all points. Send for illustrated pamphlet and rates. Week end Excursion Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Rates between Detroit and Buffalo \$8.50 one way, \$15.00 round trip. Bertha \$1.00, \$1.50. Steamers \$1.10 each direction. Week end Excursion Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

If your railway agent will not sell you a through ticket, please buy a local ticket to Buffalo or Detroit, and pay your transfer charges from depot to wharf. By doing this we will save you \$3.00 to any point East or West.

A. A. OSWERT, G. P. T. M., Detroit, Mich.

The Untamable Tiger.

Of all wild animals trained for menagerie and show purposes not one is as hard to conquer as the tiger. Compared to the training of lions and elephants the training of a tiger is as the breaking in of a vicious thoroughbred to the first lessons in etiquette of a chubby Newfoundland puppy. Even the most expert-wild animal trainers balk at an assignment to "break" a tiger. Not more than one in ten professional lion trainers has the nerve to try his hand at the great, ferocious, striped cats.

As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as a "tamed tiger." Few and far between are instances where the animals are shown as trained and broken in, but the friendship of the animal for the trainer who may have befriended it for years hangs at the end of the man's black snake whip. From the day the acquaintance is made to the day man and beast are separated there is a stealthy warfare between them, the catlike slyness of the ponderous brute directed toward the one aim of killing the man and the vigilance of the master ever alert to frustrate that plan.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Harm Slang Does.

The use of slang tends to limit the vocabulary of him who uses it. Now, a limited vocabulary is almost as inconvenient at times as a limited purse, and it is far more inelegant. If there was practically limitless wealth within the reach of him who was minded to take it, it would argue a certain stupidity in any one who declined to avail himself of the supply. The same assertion holds true with regard to him who is willing to limit his choice of words. There is even more to be said than that. There is a limitless wealth of words at our disposal, but the most of us are too stupid to make use of them.

There are about 200,000 words in the English language. The average educated person is able in reading to understand perhaps 25,000 words, but most of us who write and speak limit ourselves to about 500 or 600. Indeed, there is a vast number of fairly intelligent people, or people who pass as fairly intelligent, whose working vocabularies do not comprise more than 300 or 400 words each.—Household.

Dishonest Croupiers.

Each roulette table in Monte Carlo has a chief, an underchief and seven croupiers. The roulette croupiers are ordered to keep their hands spread out open upon the table between the turns. This is designed not only to give confidence to the players, but to protect the bank against its own employees. Once it was found that a croupier who seemed inordinately fond of snuff had a spring bottom snuffbox. Every now and then he would set it down on a gold piece, and when he took it up the gold piece was inside. Another croupier was discovered to have a sort of funnel under his collar, which ran down to a money belt. Every now and then he would scratch his neck, and every time he did so the bank lost 20 francs.—Argonaut.

The Independent Boy.

The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. How is a boy the master of society! Independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift summary ways of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests; he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him; he does not court you.—Emerson.

A Scotchman Who Smoked in Church.

Sir Walter Scott in his "Heart of Midlothian" refers to one Duncan of Knockunder, an important personage, who smoked during the whole of the sermon from an iron pipe tobacco borrowed from other worshippers. We are told that at the end of the discourse he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, replaced it in his sporran, returned the tobacco pouch to its owner and joined in the prayer with decency and attention.

Bottles and Souls.

"Blow into an empty bottle," says the oriental proverb, "and you shall get a great response swiftly. It is not so with a full bottle, which answers not, being too heavy with wine. Therein is the soul like these, and from the full soul cometh no echo to words idly chanted, but the empty soul repeateth back each noise aloud."

Geology of the Heart.

"No," said Maude pensively, "neither Henry nor Charles for me. That's clear. I will not let Henry propose because he hasn't got the 'dust,' and I can't get Charles to declare himself because he hasn't got the 'sand.' However, there's old Mr. Richfellow. I'll keep my eye on him. He's got the 'rocks.'"

The Grotesque.

Canon Anger, biographer and editor of Charles Lamb, once uttered this pithy saying: "You may preach like an angel, but if you can whistle on a stick people ignore your preaching and speak of you as 'the man who can whistle on a stick.'"

What He Married On.

"Tom Higgins married, you say, on \$10 a week? That took nerve anyhow. What was he working at?"
 "Nothing. It was the girl that was earning the \$10."
 If it troubles you to pick up anything from the floor and you are under sixty; that means you are eating too much.—A. Nelson Globe.

BETH'S CAREER
 By RUBY DOUGLAS

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Forrest Harwood walked aimlessly through the archway of trees leading to his old home. Those two weeks of his summer holiday had been happily spent—too happily—for now, on the last night, it all seemed like a dream. There had been an awakening.

Why, he asked himself, had he been so blind to the largest he was reaping for himself? All the days he had spent telling Beth Knox of his life in New York were now to Forrest Harwood's so many stones added to the obstacle impeding his life's happiness. And with what a different purpose he had related all the pleasant little happenings in the literary world—in his world. The hope that she should learn to see it through his eyes has prompted all the prettily told incidents.

Little did he know when the ambition he was creating within Beth's breast to be of that world, not merely in it. When he had asked her on that last night to come with him, to live with him in his world, to help him climb still higher on the ladder he had chosen, she told him gently, but firmly, no. She would have a career; she would write and be some one.

And so it was that Forrest Harwood returned to his desk conscious that he had, all unintentionally, made an ambitious woman of his little playmate. He felt that she had loved him, but he had spoiled all that. She would have her career, and he would take up the work where he had left it—with no Beth.

The little blue missives from the home town were filled with enthusiasm for the new work. More and more of the ambitious woman and less of the little Beth peeped out from between the lines.

But Forrest was none the less eager to search through the great piles of mail for the coveted letters. They came at regular intervals, each one laying the foundations for big castles.



THE EDITOR READ AND REREAD THE LITTLE STORY.

Several weeks had elapsed since a blue envelope had added to the number of letters on the editor's desk, when one morning he searched through the heap of manuscripts and nothing blue met his eye.

Disappointment was his first sensation; then his heart began to beat faster, for a long, white, commonplace looking envelope with a familiar handwriting across it stared him in the face. He tore it open nervously. Beth had begun her career.

Leaning back in his chair, the editor read and re-read the little story. "Yes," he thought, "it is good. It is well told. It is well worth printing."

A realization of the fact that Beth's story was good took her farther and farther from Forrest. He read it again, and as he finished the last page a light dawned on his face.

Turning to his stenographer, he dictated a businesslike and still somewhat friendly letter to Beth. He told her the story was not bad, yet it was not available for publication. He refrained from inclosing the usual printed slip, he said, fearing that it might discourage her. He would keep the manuscript, and she could, if she desired, submit others to him for his criticism.

When the letter was signed, the editor wore a more hopeful expression than had been on his face since his return. He saw a way out of his own unhappiness. He would win Beth yet.

After that his letters were always dictated to her. Less and less of the lover was suggested in them and more of the critical editor. One by one her manuscripts came to him, and one by one they were folded and placed in the drawer reserved for them. Each one brought back to Beth a letter saying there was an improvement, but that they were still "unavailable."

that discouragement was dawning in Beth's heart? It was with difficulty that the editor kept within the limits of New York when each letter now, said plainly, "I am tired of my career." But he would wait.

One day an editorial in Beth's unmistakable style arrived at the office. It was her first attempt at editorial writing, but it was a success. "Women and Careers" it was headed, and it dealt harshly with the woman who gives up the opportunities to possess a home and husband for a career, especially a literary career. "A woman," the editorial stated, "is not intended for career, but to help man in his."

If it had not been for the picture of a probably tear stained little face some miles from New York and a dejected little figure, Editor Harwood would have laughed at the strenuous manner in which the editorial was written.

As it was, he closed his desk early that evening, giving orders that he would not be at the office for a day or two. He also sent to the printer's before leaving the office the first of a series of short stories to be published in the magazine.

"Beth," he said when he had held her hand in greeting longer than was absolutely necessary for an editor to hold his contributor's hand, "the editorial on 'Women and Careers' was so good I had to come and tell you about it."

A pretty pink suffused Beth's cheek as she drew her hand away. "Did you know I wrote it, Forrest?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, possessing himself again of her hand. "But, Beth, have you not changed your views since last summer?" He looked into her eyes scrutinizingly.

"Yes, Forrest; I'm so tired and discouraged. I can't write anyway." Beth did not seem to mind when he took her other hand and gently drew her head on to his breast. But remorse mingled with his pleasure.

"Little girl," he said after awhile, "could you forgive me if I confessed something—if I said I had purposely refused to publish your manuscripts because I wanted to discourage you, if I told you they are all good and that the first of the series has already gone to the printer—could you forgive me, dear?" He looked down at her anxiously.

And Beth decided to have a husband as well as a career.

An Independent Lassie.

In front of a confectioner's shop in Paris there used to sit a woman with two wooden legs. She sold pictures and songs and played well on the violin. In 1848 she was there, very pretty and dressed with a good deal of taste, and when Louis Napoleon, then merely Prince Louis, used to go through the street nearly every day, he never passed without giving her something.

She knew him and was also aware of his pecuniary embarrassments and his political ambitions. One evening she said to him, "Monsieur, I want to say a word to you."

"Say it, madame."
 "They tell me that you are a good deal cramped just now. I have at my house a comfortable sum which is earning nothing. Let me offer it to you. You will return the favor when you are emperor."

Prince Louis did not accept the money, but he did not forget the kindness, and when he became emperor he offered her a small annuity. The woman was as independent as she was generous. "Say to the emperor," she returned, "that it is exceedingly good of him to remember me, but I cannot accept his offer. If he had accepted mine, I won't say what might have happened, but as it is, no!"

The Cost of Clothes in Russia.

Barring the inhabitants of the earth who wear practically no clothes at all, the costume of the average Russian costs the least. Ten rubles, or about \$7.50, will clothe a male citizen of the czar's realm, while the woman's costume will cost less than \$3.

The man's costume consists of coarse cotton trousers tucked into boots of half dressed leather, a cotton shirt and a sheepskin coat. A coarse Camlet caftan bound around with a sash completes the dress.

The women wear a sarafan, or long petticoat, which is held up by straps running over the shoulders, a chemise with sleeves to the elbow, a kerchief over the head and a pair of shoes. Stockings are sometimes worn, but more frequently the legs and feet are bound with strips of cotton or linen cloth. For outdoor wear a quilted jacket or long cloak is added.

The simplicity and cheapness of the dress are not due to any lack of vanity, but to the poor circumstances under which the majority of the Russians live.

To Him That Hath.

Philanthropy and "business" are rather curiously related in the minds of some people, as the Lewiston Journal suggests by an anecdote of a Maine farmer. He lived at Cape Elizabeth, and when he went to Portland he invariably favored certain friends with samples of his produce.

Perhaps it only "happened so," but anyway these friends were always well to do, and Mr. Lufkin never unhitched the old horse to drive home without finding tucked away in the wagon something in return fully as valuable as his tribute of vegetables, if not more so.

The neighbors noticed that he always left his little remembrances with people who were "well fixed." So one day, when eggs were away up in price, and he was starting to town with a lot of fresh ones for a certain friend, some one said to him curiously:

"Why don't you give those eggs to some poor family?"
 "Oho," said Mr. Lufkin easily. "Poor people can't afford to eat eggs at this time of year! Eggs is high!"

Shaving in Egypt.

The earliest reference to shaving of the beard is found in Genesis xii, 14, where we read that Joseph on being summoned before the king shaved himself. There are several references as to shaving in Leviticus, and the practice is alluded to in many other parts of the Bible. However, Egypt is the only country mentioned in the Bible where shaving was practiced. In all other countries at that time such an act would have been considered ignominious. Herodotus mentions that the Egyptians shaved their beards to grow when they were in mourning. So particular were they as to shaving at all other times that to have neglected it was to make oneself the butt of coarse and ridiculous jokes.

Even in this day and age when the Egyptian wants to convey the idea of a man of low condition and slovenly habits he always pictures to you a man with a full beard. This notion is very ancient, a fact attested by works of art found in burial monuments dating back thousands of years.

Southern Europe.

A traveler writes: "I have often been struck by the ease with which people in southern Europe are amused. In Paris 100,000 people go out to Longchamps for the Grand Prix race, and half a million people go out and line the roads on their return to see them come back. In Rome at the feast of the 'Divino Amore' 5,000 people go out on the Campagna to a spot where once stood a temple to Venus and hold a picnic, while 50,000 go out and line the Appia way to see them return. In Madrid this peculiarity is even more marked. On the Puerta del Sol about a thousand people stand around and do nothing outdoors, while crowds of people sit indoors or lean from balconies to watch them do it. And in Seville the idle rich sit in clubs and cafes on the Sierritas to watch the lower classes walk by, while the lower classes walk by to watch the idle rich sitting in the clubs and cafes on the Sierritas."

Reading the Bible.

How long will it take a person to read the Old Testament, with its 592,439 words, or the 181,253 words of the New Testament? And how long to read the 773,692 words of both?

A man can read understandingly 100 words every minute. By hurrying a man can read 100 words, or probably more. I will assume that a man can read critically—that is, carefully and understandingly—at least sixty words a minute. That is slow reading, being only 3,600 words an hour. Suppose a man should devote an hour a day to the Bible.

At this rate he would read 108,000 words in thirty days, or in a month's time. He would therefore read the Old Testament in less than six months, and he would finish the New Testament in less than two months.

Hunting on Treacherous Soil.

Snipe shooting on an Irish bog is an excellent test of a gunner's skill and enthusiasm. An experienced bog shooter if he finds himself going down throws himself flat on his side or back and at the same time throws his gun to his attendant, generally an unshed "gosssoon," who rarely fails to catch it. The sensation of being "bogged" is very unpleasant, but if a man throws himself on his side or back there is strength enough in the feat to support his body.—"Forty-five Years of Sport."

A Horse's Strength.

The average weight of a horse is 1,000 pounds; his strength is equivalent to that of five men. In a horse mill moving at three feet per second, track twenty-five feet diameter, he exerts with the machine the power of four and a half horses. The greatest amount a horse can pull in a horizontal line is 900 pounds, but he can only do this momentarily; in continued exertion probably half of this is the limit.

The Sacred Mants of the Druids.

The Druids held many plants sacred, as, for instance, vervain, selago, mistletoe, and among trees the oak and the rowan. There is, I think, no serious doubt as to the identity of any of these except the second (selago), which is generally thought to be the club moss. Oak mistletoe is certainly rare, and that may have been the reason why it had an especially sacred character, but it does exist.

A Poor Bureau.

"Yes," apologized the old citizen, "our town is pretty dirty. I know, but we have a street cleaning bureau."
 "Bureau!" exclaimed the unsophisticated stranger. "I should think that would be about the poorest implement you could use for cleaning streets."
 "Well, it is."—Chicago Tribune.

No Newfangled Notions For Him.

Adelbert—Grandpa, when a little boy is bad do you believe in the infliction of corporal correction?
 Grandpa—No, siree! None o' yer newfangled notions! Jus' lemme get him in the 'wood shed with a good old fashioned hickory switch, that's all!—Chicago News.

Sizing Him Up.

Young Wife—I want to buy a hat for my husband.
 Hatter—What size does he wear?
 Young Wife—I declare I forgot to find out! I know the size of the collars he wears, though. It's 15. He'd want about size 18 or 20 for a hat, wouldn't he?

Looking Ahead.

A little girl aged three asked her father for more candy, but was told to wait until tomorrow. Looking out of the window for a few moments, she suddenly called out, "Faps, it looks

Frank A. Kenyon,
 Register of Deeds
 and Abstractor.

These abstracts are the only Record of Title up to the time of the fire which destroyed the COURT HOUSE.



MRS. CECELIA STOWE,
 Orator, Entre Nous Club.

178 Warren Avenue,
 CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 22, 1902.
 For nearly four years I suffered from ovarian troubles. The doctor insisted on an operation as the only way to get well. I, however, strongly objected to an operation. My husband felt disheartened as well as I, for home with a sick woman is a disconsolate place at best. A friendly druggist advised him to get a bottle of Wine of Cardui for me to try, and he did so. I began to improve in a few days and my recovery was very rapid. Within eighteen weeks I was another being.

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