

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 6.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JULY 11 1903.

No 46

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.

MID-SUMMER SOCIETY EVENT.

The great French play "La DuBarry" by David Belasco, which made such a sensation in New York City a year ago last winter when presented by Mrs. Leslie Carter, and has been written up in all the leading magazines of the country, is to be a special mid-summer offering at Loveday Opera House this month, soon.

Miss Anra Sutherland whose picture is familiar to magazine readers and who is classed among the leading actresses of the country, has been continuing the success of this great play in the larger cities the past season and is now on a summer tour through the Northern Peninsula and through a special arrangement has been secured by the Steilburg Grand Opera House at Traverse City for one night during the big Masonic celebration there. In breaking the jump from the north to Traverse City it was necessary to fill a few dates and East Jordan through its good reputation as a show and business town, and through the personal recommendation of Mgr. Harwood of Petoskey, was selected as one of the stops.

What would we say of the manufacturer who built a fire under his boiler, then went off and allowed the fire to die out, expecting his mill to run all day on that one fire? And yet there are advertisers who make "one time" splurges or take "trial advertisements" and then because business does not keep them up nights, say "advertising doesn't pay." How about the farmer who plants corn and then sits down to wait for the crop? He would be expected to say that "farming doesn't pay." And yet there are advertisers who plant the seed of an advertisement and think their work is done. For such people advertising does not pay and never will, and money spent in such advertising would better be deposited in the poor box at church. Advertising is the fire under the business boiler, which must be tended and kept hot to produce the results sought. It is the seed planted which, properly nurtured and tended, will spring up and bear fruit "some 20, some 60 and some 100-fold."

YOU NEED A REST.

If you are not feeling well, don't call a doctor but take a lake trip! You return home feeling new life and your brain blown free from cobwebs. Send 2c. for folder and map.

Address,
A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. T. Mgr.,
Detroit, Mich.

STATE FAIR PREMIUM LIST.

We have received a copy of the premium list of the Michigan State Fair, to be held at Pontiac, September 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11 next. It is printed on fine book paper, profusely illustrated with choice engraving of live stock and Fair scenes, and is altogether the most elegant Fair Premium List ever published in Michigan. Copies can be had by writing, I. H. Butterfield, Secy. Pontiac, Michigan.

The Delineator for August is an excellent midsummer number. It presents a charming array of fashions, as well as numerous other features of deep interest to women, and stories and articles of a high literary standard. In fiction there are four stories that will furnish good reading for lazy summer afternoons, also the fourth installment of Mrs. Catherwood's story, The Bois-Brules, in which the action becomes very thrilling. Lillie Hamilton French writes entertainingly about some of her city neighbors, including the very poor and the very rich. Our Summer in a Barn, by Frederick J. Burnett, is the narrative of a novel manner of spending the warm season in the country. Suggestions for an entertainment with silhouettes are given by Janet Brewster, in a paper illustrated with silhouette portraits of ladies prominent in Chicago society. A House on a Hillside is shown, with illustrations of exterior and interior, and a page of exclusive photographs of Margaret Anglin is also a feature. Miss Laughlin discourses in characteristic vein on The Quest of Happiness, and Mrs. Birney has an interesting chapter on Childhood. The preparation of sea food is the subject of the "Carlotta and I" paper, and the general food problem is given consideration by Dr. Grace Peckham Murray. For the children there are the engaging pastimes, the Firelight story and other features. The various Departments are up to the usual standard.

Lightning struck the cupola of the Traverse City Canning factory last Wednesday afternoon, knocked a hole in it, shattered the flagpole, knocked fragments of the pole and roof over an acre of ground, and gave the 150 women and girls employed in the factory such a fright that they had almost to be restrained by force from going out of the windows. Nobody was hurt. The damage will amount to about \$50.

WHEN OTHER MEDICINES HAVE FAILED
Take Foley's Kidney Cure. It has cured when everything else has disappointed.
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

THIEF AT WORK.

Sometime Friday night a thief entered the house of W. H. White and ransacked every room, securing a large amount of valuables.

The culprit evidently chloroformed the inmates, as none of them heard a stir during the night and suffered the usual results of the drug the following day.

Among the missing articles is Mrs. White's wedding ring and her engagement ring, a handsome watch belonging to Miss Pearl, a present from her father on the day of her graduation, and a watch presented Lyle by an aunt now deceased, all of which are more valuable for the associations connected with them than pecuniarily, despite their intrinsic worth, representing as they do four or five hundred dollars.

Lyle's pants were taken from his room, the pockets rifled of some small change and left on the stairs. After ransacking the sleeping rooms, all on the second floor, the thief repaired to the pantry, helped himself to a bottle of milk and other refreshments, and left, leaving two outside doors open. No clue has yet been found of the miscreant.

Mr. White was in Grand Rapids at the time. Mrs. White who was far from strong, was nearly prostrated by the shock, and is under the care of her physician.

The servant's room was thoroughly ransacked but a pocketbook containing a considerable sum of money was overlooked, also the house pocketbook which was kept downstairs.—Boyer Citizen.

BRONCHITIS FOR TWENTY YEARS.

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

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

List of Advertised Letters.

Unclaimed letters for the week ending July 6—

Dick, Walter.
Jknotman, Mr. Fred.,
Smith, Dally,
Wm. HARRINGTON, P. M.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING DISTRICT No. 5.

Notice is hereby given of the Annual School Meeting of District No. 5, of the Township of South Arm, Charlevoix County, Michigan, to be held at the School Building of said District, on the 13th day of July, A. D. 1903, at 8 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of the transaction of such business as may be considered.

A. B. NICHOLAS, Director.
Dated this 7th day of July, A. D. 1903.

This year's huckleberry crop is the poorest in a number of years, and it is estimated that the crop is not over a tenth of last year's yield. The frost and fires are responsible for this condition of affairs. Where the frost did not catch them the fires did.

The burning on the plains this year has been much more than usual. Even where there is thick scrub timber the fires penetrated and ruined the bushes. The indications early this spring were that there would be one of the largest huckleberry or blueberry crops in the history of Michigan.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that the subscribers to the stock for the organization of a creamery under the public act of 1885 will be held at the Loveday Opera House, East Jordan, Mich., July 24th, at 1 p. m. standard time.

A. M. MURPHY,
C. H. WHITTINGTON,
W. A. LOVEDAY.

NO FALSE CLAIMS.

The proprietors of Foley's Honey and Tar do not advertise this as a "sure cure for consumption." They do not claim it will cure this dread complaint. In advanced cases, but do positively assert that it will cure in the earlier stages and never fails to give comfort and relief in the worst cases. Foley's Honey and Tar is without doubt the greatest throat and lung remedy. Refuse substitutes.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

New Hats at BOOSINGER BROS.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids will be received at the office of the Village Clerk, up to 12:00 o'clock noon of Monday, July 27, 1903, for furnishing all material and building complete a hose house and tower, for the Village of East Jordan, Mich. Plan and specifications can be seen at the office of the Village Clerk. It is the intention to enter into contract for such building with the lowest responsible bidder, but the Council specifically reserves the right to reject any or all bids.
Dated July 2, 1903.
BY ORDER OF VILLAGE COUNCIL

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

All persons liable for taxes in the Village of East Jordan, are hereby notified that the tax roll of said village for the year 1903, is in my hands for collection, and that the time for payment of the same at one per cent. collection fee, has been limited to July 10th, 1903, after which date additional penalty will attach. The roll can be seen and payment made at my store on Main street.
Dated June 11, 1903.
C. H. WHITTINGTON,
Village Treasurer.

Highest price paid in cash for wool
Boosinger Bros.

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 SCHEFFERS, South Arm.

First publication July 4th, A. D. 1903.
Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a mortgage made by S. B. Brewer (husband) to J. B. Allen, and dated May 19th, A. D. 1886, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan on the 20th day of May, A. D. 1886, in Liber 11 of Mortgages, page 303, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the time of this notice, the sum of one hundred and sixty-nine dollars and fifty-eight cents and an attorney's fee of \$15 provided for in said mortgage and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in such mortgage and the statutes in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on the 28th day of September, A. D. 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the east front door of the court-house in the village of Charlevoix, in the County of Charlevoix (that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix is held) the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage, with interest thereon, and all legal costs, with an attorney's fee of \$15.00 as covenanted therein.

The said premises being described in said mortgage as follows, to-wit: The South-East quarter of the South-West quarter of Section twenty-four, Town thirty-three North, Range seven West, County of Charlevoix, Charlevoix county, and containing forty acres of land, more or less according to the United States survey.

Dated this first day of July, A. D. 1903.
J. B. ALLEN,
A. B. NICHOLAS, Mortgagee,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

CHANCERY NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.
This court do hereby give notice in Chancery suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix in Chancery, at the Village of Charlevoix on the 17th day of June A. D. 1903.

Orle Brewer, Complainant,
vs.
William Brewer, Defendant.

In this case it appearing that the Defendant, William Brewer, is a resident of this State, but his whereabouts are unknown.

THEREFORE, on motion of E. N. Clark, Solicitor for Complainant, it is ordered that the Defendant enter his appearance in said cause, on or before three months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the Complainant cause this order to be published in the CHARLEVOIX COURSEY HERALD, a newspaper published in said County, said publication to be continued once each week for six weeks in succession.

FREDERICK W. MAYNE,
E. N. CLARK, Circuit Judge,
Solicitor for Complainant,
Business address, East Jordan, Mich.
6-20-71

Thos. Morrison, Dray and Baggage.

Phone No. 120.
Moving Household Goods a Specialty.

BOAT SERVICE.

East Jordan and Charlevoix Route.

Str. Walter Chrysler.

TIME CARD.
Leave East Jordan, 7:00 a. m. 2:30 p. m.
Arrive Charlevoix, 8:45 a. m. 4:00 p. m.
Leave Charlevoix, 9:30 a. m. 4:30 p. m.
— Railroad dock, 9:55 a. m. 4:50 p. m.
Arrive East Jordan, 11:30 a. m. 6:00 p. m.
GEO. JEPSON, Master.

Str. "Pilgrim."

Lv. Charlevoix, a. m. a. m. p. m.
— P. M. Railroad dock, 8:25 11:25 3:10
— Sequanota, 8:35 11:35 3:40
Ironton, p. m.
Ar. East Jordan, 9:20 12:20 4:20

Lv. East Jordan, 9:30 1:20 4:45
Ironton, 10:15 2:35 5:30
— Sequanota, 10:25 2:15 5:30
Ar. Charlevoix, 10:45 2:40 6:00

Charlevoix and East Jordan Line.

Str. Jos. Gordon.

TIME CARD.
Leave Charlevoix, 7:20 a. m. 1:15 p. m.
— The Inn dock, 7:30 a. m. 1:30 p. m.
Arrive East Jordan, 9:10 a. m. 3:00 p. m.
Leave East Jordan, 9:15 a. m. 3:15 p. m.
Arrive Charlevoix, 11:00 a. m. 4:45 p. m.

Connects at Charlevoix with 11:13 a. m. train South, and 6:55 and 11:30 a. m.; 1:30 and 5:05 p. m. trains South.

L. GUARD, Master.

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

R. F. Steffes.

Warne Block

Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

WILL RICHARDSON'S

State Street Grocery.

BOOSINGER BROS.

Important to Every Well Dressed Gentleman!

What Kind of A Hat Are You Wearing?

The celebrated ROYAL Hats in all the new Swell Shapes, Broad Brims in the Broadway, Majestic and London Derby Shapes.

These Hats have just come off the forms by express and we absolutely guarantee the thorough and perfect workmanship and style of these splendid Hats, \$2.00 to \$3.50 for exactly the same kind of hats that are sold in the city stores for 25 to 50 percent. more.

Look in our South Window, then come in the store and tell us what you think of our ROYAL line of Hats.

Quality First of All - Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROS.



The Autumn Wind.

The voice of the autumn wind,
As sad as the mourning sea,
And it sets as the chorus
Of the harp of memory!

Phantom's Warning

About the broad hearth in its customary manner the family had assembled after the evening meal, and Henry Carroll, the city cousin, came to the country to restore failing health, found his first visit into a Kentucky home not so dull as he had anticipated.

Mars Rob Gregory, what had a heap o' fine horses. He kep' comin' an' comin' heah ter see Miss Martha twell everybody said dey sho' would marry. Den dey had a fallin' out an' he didn't ome no moah. Miss Martha didn't let on, but she sartainly did love Mars Rob, an' kep' pinin' an' pinin' away twell she wuz nigh ded. One Sunday dey 'all went to church at de Cross Roads, 'cep'n her. When dey come back her maw, Miss Ellen, found her on de floah in de parlor—ded. She had shot herself in de corner by de



He clasped her in his arms and whispered: "I won't go home to-morrow."

"I wonder who that can be, riding so wildly at this time of night?" he asked.

"Some drunken fellow going home, I suppose," said Mr. Rankin, indifferently, but with a significant look at his wife.

"He rides like a wild man!" exclaimed Carroll. "Come here! Look at him! One would think both man and beast were hunted—were fleeing from the devil himself!"

Martha ran to the window and gazed for a moment at the fast-disappearing horseman. "Papa, maybe it's our ghost—'Rob the rider'—and Aunt Dinah once met."

The mournful bay of foxhounds disturbed by the hoof beats and the suggestion of a chase gave her remark a tinge of color. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rankin had kept their seats while the rider passed, and now tried in vain to lift the gloom his appearance had left in passing. Carroll noticed this and half laughingly inquired if Martha's ghost was a reality.

"Not at all, simply a stupid old story of the negroes," said Mr. Rankin. He spoke in an unconvincing manner, however, and the friends group relapsed into a moody silence.



The dim figure of a horseman dashing along.

ghost remained in Carroll's head, however, and having nothing to do, he strolled out to the cabin to hear her story. It was Aunt Dinah's favorite yarn, and she unbent with right good will, proud of having the stranger cousin for a listener.

"Wall, don't jes' reckleck, but folks do say Mars Rob died jes' after. Anyway, he took her death mighty hard, 'cause it wuz his fault, an' he ought to have made up with her. He uster ride 'bout de country on his big gollin' jes' like mad. One night I seed him go by heah like all de devils wuz followin'. De nex maw'nin' dey found him by de creek, his big gollin' standin' over him. He had shot hisself in de heart."

"I gunno, chile, but ever since den dey say Mars Rob ride by heah when sweethearts ob de county fall out. I seed him once when Mars Walker an' Miss Mary Rogers had dere trouble—but dat's another tale, honey. Anyway, folks don't come dis away nights no moah."

And so Aunt Dinah rambled on, eager to tell other stories of the past. Carroll kept the incident in his mind for a while, and then let it drop as a dark superstition. He devoted himself to the task of building up his health, going hunting, riding to neighborhood fox meets, driving Martha to dances and parties, and in other ways fitting out the routine of life in the country. In following this social round he found that the chase after health can sometimes be made a cheerful occupation, especially with a girl like Martha to help one.

One afternoon, as Carroll and Martha were returning from town they let their horses take their own pace and settled themselves comfortably back on the buggy seat and listened to the hum of the wheels and drank in the charm of the country. Looking dreamily into Martha's eyes as the carriage rolled homeward, the question, which he had as yet put to himself only vaguely, came to him. "Does she like me?" He dared not trust himself to ask as to love. While he was turning about this, to him, startling suggestion, a young farmer of the neighborhood whom Carroll had often imagined to be covertly fond of Martha cantered down the road toward them. He pulled up sharply, bowed to Carroll, and directed to Martha a few commonplace inquiries about her family, the crops and the next party to be given. Carroll thought he saw a blush steal over her cheek as the young man talked, and after he had ridden on, half in jest, but a bit in earnest, he asked if that were her sweetheart. The blush mounted higher as she denied it. Carroll unreasonably and jealously insisted that he was, and finally Martha poutingly suggested that in any event it was a matter that did not concern him. The clouds had fallen. Carroll had had his question answered.

At supper he announced to his host that his health was now fully regained and that an urgent letter from home would take him away the following morning. Mr. and Mrs. Rankin expressed regret. Martha coldly said she was sorry, and continued the meal in silence.

That night Carroll retired early to his room, but not to sleep. His pride was deeply hurt, and he was indignant. He called himself "Idiot!" and other pleasant things. "She didn't have the heart to say she was sorry! Love! Bosh!"

Finally, putting on a light overcoat, he started for a walk upon the pike. It was near midnight when he turned again into the little valley. The full light of the moon was obscured by a mist which rose from the river and spread over the valley. The brooding silence of the night was broken now and then by the distant cry of a fox hound, the low neigh of a horse, or the tinkle of a sheep bell.

"Clackety-clack! clackety-clack! There was borne in on Carroll's ears the distant sound of a galloping horse upon the turnpike. Could it be the phantom of Aunt Dinah's story? "Clackety-clack!" The horse was coming nearer. The forgotten tale sprang vividly into Carroll's mind, and he felt the chill of the unearthly creep over him. Sweethearts had quarreled! The phantom rider was due! Bang! Crash! Crash! and Carroll saw a wildly speeding horseman flash across the bridge and come up the road toward him with uncontrolled gait.

Carroll, forgetting all of the improbability of the tale, ran to the roadside and tried to scale the stone fence. But it was too high for him to scale in his nervous condition, and he crouched against it, his eyes glued upon the ever-advancing figure. It thundered along. Now it was almost upon him—A vision of a horse of thoroughbred build, with foam flying from its mouth, with flanks heaving, and of a darkly clad rider with gaze fixed ahead, a cloud of dust, a sound of distant hoofbeats, and Carroll, completely cowed, fled toward the house. On the veranda he met Martha, strangely pale.

He clasped her in his arms and whispered: "I won't go home to-morrow."—Walter S. Hiatt in New York Times.

ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS

Beauty of Face and Form Are Rarely Found Together.

Artists say it is curious but nevertheless true that beauty of face and form are not often found in one and the same person. The woman who has an ideal face frequently fails from the standpoint of figure, so that painters are obliged to make their ideal figure from half a dozen models. From one will come a beautiful throat or arm or shoulder; from another a perfect back, and so on. Even after that the painter has to idealize his figure—to throw into it whatever form of feeling expression he desires.

Once in a while his model gives him unconscious help. The model who posed for Church's "Fairy Tale" used to tell of having once stood before the picture at an exhibition, listening to the comments of enthusiastic visitors. They commended the fanciful painting, but marveled most of all at the wonderful look which the artist had managed to get into the woman's face. The model herself was able to enlighten them.

"He didn't have to idealize for that wonderful look," she said. "I remember the day it was painted. I was wondering whether he was going to pay me by the day or the week."

A photographic artist tells this little story of a model. She was a simple, rather shallow, straightforward girl when not at work. When she posed her beautiful, mobile face expressed the most varying emotions. The artist used to wonder if she felt one-quarter of what her expression indicated. His doubts were set at rest one day. After the girl had posed with an exalted aspect that enraptured the artist he waited to hear her deliver some sublime inspired thought. But she merely looked up wistfully into his face and said: "Oh, how hungry I am."

The Ringing Roll of "Dixie."

The old brigades march slower now—the boys who wore the gray. But there's life an' battle spirit in a host o' them to-day! They hear their comrades callin' from the white tents far away. An' answer with the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"

They feel the old-time thrill of it—the battle plains they see—Again they charge with Jackson, an' face the fight with Lee; An' the shoutin' hills are answered by the thunders of the sea. When they rally to the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"

The battle-fields are voiceless—once wet with crimson rain; O'er unknown graves of heroes wave golden fields of grain; But phantom forms they leap to life, and cheer the ranks again, Far—answering to the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"

Beat, drums! the old-time chorus; an' bugles, blow your best; And wave, oh, flags they loved so well, above each war-scarred breast! Till they vanish down the valley to their last, eternal rest. Still answering to the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"

Believes in Woman Suffrage.

Gov. Garvin of Rhode Island has put himself on record as a believer in woman suffrage. In a recent address before the Rhode Island Woman Suffrage association he said: "I think woman suffrage will be adopted in Rhode Island and in other New England states. It has been tried in other states and has worked well, and sooner or later it will prevail throughout the Union."

STRIFE AT THE CAPITAL FOR UNCLE SAM'S FAVOR

Oriental Countries Send Representatives to Washington, Choosing Them From Among Their Best and Brainiest Diplomats—The Siamese Minister.

Besides the seven ambassadors, twenty-nine envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary represent as many nations at the United States capital. They rank according to their length of service and are placed after the cabinet in the official code of etiquette followed by the state department.

Of the European nations, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland and Turkey are represented by envoys of the second grade. So are five of the Oriental countries. Of the seventeen American republics only one, Mexico, maintains an ambassador in the United States, the others sending ministers.

Turkey's representative, Chekib Bey, who was appointed to succeed Ali Ferugh Bey nearly two years ago, has not yet presented his credentials. The reason he has not been formally received by the President is a technical one, and he enjoys all the prerogatives of his position. In the past winter, for instance, he attended the state receptions at the White House, was a guest at dinner there, and took the same part in society as though he had been officially accepted here. He will not, however, be permitted to present his papers to the president until Turkey has fulfilled the many promises she has made to this government.

Chekib Bey was transferred from

taste. Prince Min and his staff live there in bachelor fashion, no women being at present inmates of the legation, and they do not entertain, though they are frequently met in society.

An attractive diplomatist is the present representative of Siam, Phya Akharaj Varadhara. Diplomatic relations between the land of the White



Phya Akharaj Varadhara. Photo by Clindest, Washington. Elephant and this country were established in President Buchanan's administration, but no permanent legation was maintained here until the present minister presented his credentials. Occasional embassies were sent on special missions, and the minister resident at London acted in the same capacity for the United States.

Phya—which corresponds to the title of baron—Akharaj is a native of Bangkok, a man of some 47 years, and holds a degree from Oxford, where he finished his education. His father was a Siamese nobleman of high rank, who had great political influence and was one of the statesmen responsible for the development and progress of Siam. The Siamese legation is at present situated at the Arlington, but the minister purposes to buy or lease a permanent legation, when he will doubtless be joined by his family, who are at present in Siam.

The latest arrival in the diplomatic corps is Sir Cheng-tung Liang Cheng, who returns as Chinese minister to a post where he formerly acted as attaché, having been a member of the suite of the famous Minister Hoon, in many ways one of the most noteworthy Orientals ever sent here. The appointment of Sir Liang is an evidence of the progressive policy which has been adopted by the Empress Dowager, as he belongs to the advanced party in China and has been educated abroad chiefly. His preparation was made at Amherst College.

Like his predecessor, Mr. Wu, he speaks English fluently and knows quite as much of the American character and institutions. When he was



Sir Cheng-tung Liang Cheng. formerly stationed in Washington Sir Liang was a devotee of society and in constant evidence at all social functions. He belonged to several dancing-clubs, and despite the fact that he then wore, as he does now, the Oriental garb, was an enthusiastic waltzer. Sir Liang brings with him a daughter and a son, and it is said that he will shortly install a bride at the legation, his engagement to the daughter of the present Chinese minister to Paris having been announced some time ago.

The Chinese government has built a new legation on Washington Heights, a handsome, substantial structure, which will be a fit setting for the many household gods the several ministers have added to the legation treasures. Sir Liang will take immediate possession of the new building.—New York Sun.

Appendicitis on the Nile.

Two medical men were standing in Madison avenue before a shop window containing surgical instruments of all kinds, says the New York Press. One of them pointed out the latest instrument for operating on a subject suffering from appendicitis.

"When I was in Paris last month," he remarked, "I was startled to learn that indisputable evidences of appendicitis have been discovered in a number of Egyptian mummies. I heard an eminent surgeon describing the results of his investigation in this direction before the French Academy of Medicine. He said he was not in a position just then to formulate any conclusions as to the frequency of the disease among the ancient Egyptians, but incidentally he said the disease has become much commoner of late owing to the more general consumption of meat."

NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

Why Conductor Thought Women Should Not Have Ballot.

How many-sided and how funny is the life lead in a city street car. Not long ago a woman gave the conductor of one dollar bill. On receiving the change she counted and recounted it. "This is not right," she called after him. "Ain't, eh; there's five cents. Don't suppose yer waster 'de cent." She made another mental calculation and blushingly subsided. As the man reached the rear platform—he was reached to grumble: "And them's the things as wants to vote."

New Way to Do Time.

Dr. Lillinksjeld, of Butte, Mont., is credited with having adapted hypnotism to a novel purpose. The doctor, having been placed under arrest, tried, fined and sentenced to jail for twenty days for some small infraction of the law, deliberately hypnotized himself, saying he would awaken from his trance at the expiration of twenty days. All efforts to awaken him were unsuccessful till the end of that period. As a mean of "doing" time, or of whiling away long intervals, Dr. Lillinksjeld's plan is probably unique.

A Cure for Dropsy.

Sedgwick, Ark., June 22d.—Mr. W. S. Taylor of this place says: "My little boy had Dropsy. Two doctors—the best in this part of the country—told me he would never get better, and to have seen him anyone else would have said they were right. His feet and limbs were swollen so that he could not walk nor put on his shoes.

"When the doctors told me he would surely die, I stopped giving him their medicine and began giving him Dodd's Kidney Pills. I gave him three pills a day and at the end of eight days the swelling was all gone, but as I wanted to be sure, I kept on with the pills for some time, gradually reducing the quantity, till finally I stopped altogether."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved my child's life. Before using them he was a helpless invalid in his mother's arms from morning till night. Now he is a healthy, happy child, running and dancing and singing. I can never express our gratitude.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills entirely cured our boy after everybody, doctors and all, had given him up to die."

The gardener who grows cabbage ought to get ahead in the world. The milder virtues may be as masterful as the wilder vices.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball-Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

When people make fools of themselves, their second mistake is the belief that no one is noticing it.

An Ideal Woman's Medicine.



So says Mrs. Josie Irwin, of 325 So. College St., Nashville, Tenn., of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases equalled that attained by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never during the lifetime of this wonderful medicine has the demand for it been so great as it is to-day. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and throughout the length and breadth of this great continent come the glad tidings of woman's sufferings relieved by it, and thousands upon thousands of letters are pouring in from grateful women saying that it will and positively does cure the worst forms of female complaints.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women who are puzzled about their health to write her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Such correspondence is seen by women only, and no charge is made.



AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERR 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 "Linn's Tea" or "LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE". All druggists or by mail 25c. and 50c. Buy it to-day. Linn's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day in a healthy way. It is necessary. Address, O. F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL ELLY PAINTS. Best Colored Surface. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION.

IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE.

People in every walk of life have had backs. Kidneys go wrong and the back begins to ache. Cure sick kidneys and backache quickly disappears.



Read this testimony and learn how it can be done. A. A. Boyce, a farmer living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says: "A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed so quickly that I was obliged to lay off work on account of the aching in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every makeshift I tried and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I was unfit for anything. Mrs. Boyce noticed Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a sure cure for just such conditions, and one day when in Trenton she brought a box home from Chas. A. Foster's drug store. I followed the directions carefully when taking them and I must say I was more than surprised and much more gratified to notice the backache disappearing gradually, until it finally stopped."

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

THE GOAT AND THE PLUG.

Did Darkey Was Satisfied the Animal - Could Read.

Three colored men were discussing the intelligence of different animals. One claimed that the dog knew more than all other animals put together. The horse was favored by a second man, but old Peter Jackson said that, "in my opinion de goat am de 'telligest critter livin'." I kin prove dat de goat kin read. I saw him do it, an' I know it am true. Several days ago, I wuz walkin' down street, dressed in mah best suit ob clothes, an' wearin' mah new plug hat. When I got down on de main street I seed a billbo'd on which it said, "Chew Jackson's plug." A goat wuz standin' there when I passed, an' when I wuz about ten feet away he must hab recognized me, for de next thing I knew I went sailin' out in de mud. When I looked 'roun', dat goat wuz chewin' mah plug hat for all he wuz worth. Gemmen, dat is no question in mah mind about de 'telligence ob de goat. He am a wonder."

Had to Pay to Find Out.

At one of the New York theaters they are playing a piece called "A Fool and His Money." A preacher from Wisconsin was visiting Gotham last week and in passing the theater one evening was curious to know if the play conveyed the proverbial lesson suggested by its title. Stepping up to the box office, he inquired regarding the matter. "I think," said the suave party behind the grating, "that the moral of the piece is that the fool and his money gather no moss. It will cost you \$2 to find out exactly." The preacher murmured "Thank you" and withdrew. He tells the story himself.

Inspecting American Railroads.

J. T. Tatlow, John Wharton, George Banks, F. T. Dale and H. O'Brien, officials of the Lancashire and Yorkshire railway of England, are in this country and will make extended inspection of American railroads. They have been viewing things in several eastern cities and will shortly visit Chicago. They represent the mechanical, freight and passenger departments of the Lancashire and Yorkshire road.

LADIES—TO INTRODUCE OUR FINE TOILET ARTICLES WE PUT UP A COMBINATION BOX CONTAINING ONE BAR SOAP, ONE BOX FINE FACE POWDER AND ONE CAKE TOILET SOAP. SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS UPON RECEIPT OF ONE DOLLAR. ADDRESS: BEAUTY TOILET CO., BOX 22, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

The Coming Man.

"Mrs. Frisbie is suing her husband for divorce." "Indeed? What is the trouble?" "Well, she says she tried not to mind when Mr. Frisbie used her curling irons, wore her shirt-waists and borrowed her collar buttons. But when he began to go through her pockets and extract her small change after she was asleep she felt that patience had ceased to be a virtue."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

It may be hard for some people to be poor, but for others it is the easiest thing in the world.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Sent for FREE. 25c. 50c. 1.00. 2.00. 3.00. 4.00. 5.00. 6.00. 7.00. 8.00. 9.00. 10.00. 11.00. 12.00. 13.00. 14.00. 15.00. 16.00. 17.00. 18.00. 19.00. 20.00. 21.00. 22.00. 23.00. 24.00. 25.00. 26.00. 27.00. 28.00. 29.00. 30.00. 31.00. 32.00. 33.00. 34.00. 35.00. 36.00. 37.00. 38.00. 39.00. 40.00. 41.00. 42.00. 43.00. 44.00. 45.00. 46.00. 47.00. 48.00. 49.00. 50.00. 51.00. 52.00. 53.00. 54.00. 55.00. 56.00. 57.00. 58.00. 59.00. 60.00. 61.00. 62.00. 63.00. 64.00. 65.00. 66.00. 67.00. 68.00. 69.00. 70.00. 71.00. 72.00. 73.00. 74.00. 75.00. 76.00. 77.00. 78.00. 79.00. 80.00. 81.00. 82.00. 83.00. 84.00. 85.00. 86.00. 87.00. 88.00. 89.00. 90.00. 91.00. 92.00. 93.00. 94.00. 95.00. 96.00. 97.00. 98.00. 99.00. 100.00.

Industry without knowledge is better than knowledge without industry.

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

When a man gets full it is a good time to take his bust measure.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED? Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

No woman should laugh at a "joke" on her husband.

I am sure Pilo's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago. Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1905.

The Shield of Faith. The shield of faith will not let the back—Ham's Horn.

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

(Copyright, 1906, by Amelia E. Barr)

CHAPTER XV.

"Hush! Love is Here!"

On the morning that Hyde sailed for America, Cornelia received the letter he had written her on the discovery of Rem's dishonorable conduct. So much love, so much joy, sent to her in the secret foldings of a sheet of paper! In a hurry of delight and expectation she opened it, and her beaming eyes ran all over the joyful words it brought her—sweet fluttering pages, that his breath had moved, and his face been aware of. How he would have rejoiced to see her pressing them to her bosom, at some word of fonder memory or desire.

In the afternoon, when the shopping for the day had been accomplished, Cornelia went to Capt. Jacobus, to play with him the game of backgammon which had become an almost daily duty, and to which the captain attached a great importance. "I owe your daughter as much as I owe you, sir," he would say to Doctor Moran, "and I owe both of you a bigger debt than I can clear myself of."

This afternoon he looked at his victor with a wondering speculation. There was something in her face and manner and voice he had never before seen or heard, and madame—who watched every expression of her husband—was easily led to the same observation. She observed Cornelia closely, and her gay laugh especially revealed some change. It was like the burst of bird song in early spring and she followed the happy girl to the front door and called her back when she had gone down the steps, and said, as she looked earnestly in her face:

"You have heard from Joris Hyde? I know you have!" and Cornelia nodded her head, and blushed and smiled, and ran away from further question.

When she reached home she found Madame Van Heemskirk sitting with her mother, and the sweet old lady rose to meet her, and said before Cornelia could utter a word:

"Come to me, Cornelia. This morning a letter we have had from my Joris, and sorry am I that I did thee so much wrong."

"Madame, I have long forgotten it, and there was a mistake all round," answered Cornelia cheerfully.

"That is so—and thy mistake first of all. Hurry is misfortune; even to be happy, it is not wise to hurry. Listen now! Joris has written to his grandfather, and also to me, and very busy will he keep us both. His grandfather is to look after the stables, and to buy more horses, and to hire serving men of all kinds. And a long letter also I have from my daughter Katherine, and she tells me to make her duty to thee my duty. That is my pleasure also, and I have been talking with thy mother about the house. Now I shall go there, and a very pleasant home I shall make it."

Then Cornelia kissed madame, and afterwards removed her bonnet, and madame looked at her smiling.

For nearly a week Cornelia was too busy to take Arenta into her consideration. She did not care to tell her about Rem's cruel and dishonorable



She seized and read it.

able conduct, and she was afraid the shrewd little Marquise would divine some change, and get the secret out of her.

After a week had elapsed Cornelia went over one morning to see her friend. But by this time Arenta knew everything. Her brother Rem had been with her and confessed all to his sister. She heard the story with indignation, but contrived to feel that somehow that Rem was not so much to blame as Cornelia, and other people.

"You art right served," she said to her brother, "for meddling with foreigners, and especially for meddling your love affairs up with an English girl. Proud, haughty creatures all of them! And you are a very fool to tell any woman such a—crime. Yes, it is a crime. I won't say less. That girl over the way nearly died, and you would have let her die. It was a shame. I don't love Cornelia—but it was a shame."

"The letter was addressed to me, Arenta?"

"Fiddlesticks! You knew it was not yours. You knew it was Hyde's. Where is it now?"

She asked the question in her usual dominant way, and Rem did not feel able to resist it. He opened his pocket-book and from a receptacle in it, took

the fateful letter. She seized and read it, and then without a word, or a moment's hesitation threw it into the fire.

Rem blustered and fumed, and she stood smiling defiantly at him. "You are like all criminals," she said, "you must keep something to accuse yourself with. I love you too well to permit you to carry that bit of paper about you. It has worked you harm enough. What are you going to do? Is Miss Damer's refusal quite final?"

"Quite. It was even scornful."

"Plenty of nice girls in Boston."

"I cannot go back to Boston."

"Why then?"

"Because Mary's cousin has told the whole affair."

"Nonsense!"

"She has. I know it. Men, whom I had been friendly with, got out of my way; women excused themselves at their homes, and did not see me on the streets. I have no doubt all Boston is talking of the affair."

"Go away as soon as you can. I don't want to know where you go just yet. New York is impossible, and Boston is impossible. Father says go to the frontier, I say go South. And I would let women alone—they are beyond you—go in for politics."

That day Rem lingered with his sister, seeing no one else, and in the evening shadows he slipped quietly away. He felt that his business efforts for two years were forfeited, and that he had the world to begin over again. Without a friend to wish him a Godspeed the wretched man went on board the Southern packet, and in her dim lonely cabin sat silent and despondent, while she fought her way through swaying curtains of rain to the open sea.

This sudden destruction of all her hopes for her brother "distressed" Arenta. Her own marriage had been a most unfortunate one, but its misfortunes had the importance of national tragedy. Rem's matrimonial failure had not one redeeming quality; it was altogether a shameful and well-deserved retribution.

But the heart of her anger was Cornelia—but for that girl, Rem would have married Mary Damer, and his home in Boston might have been full of opportunities for her, as well as a desirable change when she wearied of New York.

When Cornelia entered the Van Arents parlor Arenta was already there. She looked offended, and hardly spoke to her old friend, but Cornelia was prepared for some exhibition of anger. She had not been to see Arenta for a whole week, and she did not doubt she had been well aware of something unusual in progress. But that Rem had accused himself did not occur to her; therefore she was hardly prepared for the passionate accusations with which Arenta assailed her.

"I think," she said, "you have behaved disgracefully to poor Rem! You would not have him yourself, and yet you prevent another girl—whom he loves far better than he ever loved you—from marrying him. He has gone away 'out of the world,' he says, and indeed I should not wonder if he kills himself. It is most certain you have done all you can to drive him to it."

"Arenta! I have no idea what you mean. I have not seen Rem, nor written to him, for more than two years."

"Very likely, but you have written about him. You wrote to Miss Damer and told her Rem purposely kept a letter, which you had sent to Lord Hyde."

"I did not write to Miss Damer. I do not know the lady. But Rem did keep a letter that belonged to Lord Hyde."

Then anger gave falsehood the bit and she answered, "Rem did not keep any letter that belonged to Lord Hyde. Prove that he did so, before you accuse him. You cannot."

"I unfortunately directed Lord Hyde's letter to Rem, and Rem's letter to Lord Hyde. Rem knew that he had Lord Hyde's letter, and he should have taken it at once to him."

"Lord Hyde had Rem's letter; he ought to have taken it at once to Rem."

"There was not a word in Rem's letter to identify it as belonging to him."

"Then you ought to be ashamed to write love letters that would do for any man that received them. A poor hand you must be to blunder over two love letters. I have had eight and ten at once to answer, and I never failed to distinguish each, and while rivers run into the sea I never shall misdirect my love letters. Very clever is Lord Hyde to excuse himself by throwing the blame on poor Rem. Very mean indeed to accuse him to the girl he was going to marry."

"Arenta, I have the most firm conviction of Rem's guilt, and the greatest concern for his disappointment. I assure you I have."

"Kindly reserve your concern, Miss Moran, till Rem Van Arents asks for it. As for his guilt, there is no guilt in question. Even supposing that Rem did keep Lord Hyde's letter, what then? All things are fair in love and war. Willie Nicholas told me last night that he would keep a hundred letters, if he thought he could win me by doing so. Any man of sense would."

"All I blame Rem for is—"

"All I blame Rem for is, that he asked you to marry him. So much for

that! I hope if he meddles with work again, he will seek an all-round common-sense Dutch girl, who will know how to direct her letters—or else be content with one lover."

"Arenta, I shall go now. I have given you an opportunity to be rude and unkind. You cannot expect me to do that again."

Arenta watched Cornelia across the street, and then turned to the mirror and wound her ringlets over her fingers. "I don't care," she muttered. "It was her fault to begin with. She tempted Rem, and he fell. Men always fall when women tempt them; it is their nature to. I am going to stand by Rem, right or wrong."

To such thoughts she was raving when Peter Van Arents came home to dinner, and she could not restrain them. He listened for a minute or two, and then struck the table no gentle blow.

"In my house, Arenta," he said, "I will have no such words. What you think, you think; but such thoughts must be shut close in your mind. In keeping that letter, I say Rem behaved like a scoundrel; he was cruel, and he was a coward. Because he is my son I will not excuse him. No indeed! For that very reason, the more angry am I at such a deed. Now

then, he shall acknowledge to George Hyde and Cornelia Moran the wrong he did them, ere in my home and my heart he rights himself."

"Is Cornelia going to be married?"

"That is what I hear."

"To Lord Hyde?"

"That also, is what I hear."

"Well, as I am in mourning I cannot go to the wedding, so then I am delighted to have told her a little of my mind."

"It is a great marriage for the Doctor's daughter; a countess she will be."

"And a marquise I am. And will you please say, if either countess or marquise is better than mistress or madam? Thank all the powers that be! I have learned the value of a title, and I shall change marquise for mistress, as soon as I can do so."

"If always you had thought thus, a great deal of sorrow we had both been spared."

"Well, then, a girl cannot get her share of wisdom till she comes to it. After all, I am now sorry I have quarreled with Cornelia. In New York and Philadelphia she will be a great woman."

"To take offense is a great folly, and to give offense is a great folly—I know not which is the greater, Arenta."

"Oh, indeed, father," she answered, "if I am hurt and angry, I shall take the liberty to say so. Anger that is hidden cannot be gratified, and if people use me badly, it is my way to tell them I am aware of it. One may be obliged to eat brown bread, but I, for one, will say it is brown bread, and not white."

(To be continued.)

BARRYMORE NOT ON SHOW.

Famous Actor's Cutting Rebuke to Group of Club Men.

The real bohemian does not wish to be put on show for the delectation of persons who do not understand him. There is a story told of Maurice Barrymore which illustrates this point. Entering the famous bohemian club in New York one night, he found a lot of commercial men in full possession. They greeted "Barry" effusively. He had hardly got himself "fairly sat" when one of them slapped him on the back and said: "Barry, speak us a piece." Then a chorus said: "Yes, get funny, old man; cut up. We've all heard that you were a great entertainer." Barry glared around for a moment and then said, quietly: "I'll do a handspring for you, gentlemen, but I can't speak a piece." Then he reached through the silence and picked his hat off the hook. That was the last time he entered the club.

Southern Strawberry Picking.

Norfolk, Va., Mar. shipped north in one day recently 12,200 crates of strawberries, or about 732,000 quarts. The season was at its height last week, and some of the growers in the vicinity had between 300 and 400 negro pickers at work. They begin at day-break and earn from \$1 to \$1.25 a day in wages. The average yield this season is about 2,500 quarts to the acre. The crop in that section is about 20 per cent short, but the berries are better than usual. The negroes do not pick the berries one at a time, but grab handfuls. A plantation owner said that his workers from a distance looked like a gigantic flock of blackbirds.

Same Reply in All Ages.

"What," asked the youth, "is the first step toward knowledge?"

"The discovery that you are a blank fool!" answered the sage.

NERVOUS WOMEN

Nine out of ten women are nervous—suffering in silence. Sick headache is one of the first symptoms—things go on from bad to worse until utter collapse.

Don't delay—if you have frequent headaches that is a sure indication your stomach is wrong. Indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney troubles soon follow.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin
(A Laxative)

will quickly seek out and correct stomach complications—headaches disappear, your appetite is good, refreshing sleep is induced.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is very pleasant to take, and is sold by all druggists—50c and \$1 bottles.

SENT FREE. Trial bottle and valuable book on stomach troubles.

PEPSIN SYRUP COMPANY,
Monticello, Ills.

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 Farm All Your Own!

There are at present exceptional opportunities for home-sellers in the Great Southwest and California.

Low-rate round-trip homeseekers' and one-way settlers' tickets, first and third Tuesdays each month, over the Santa Fe to Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma and Texas.

Very low round-trip excursion rates to California in July and August.

Write and tell us where you think of going. We will send you land literature and information about good farm lands at low prices. Values in certain portions of the Southwest sure to advance. We will tell you about it.

Santa Fe General Passenger Office, Chicago.

FREE SAMPLE of Beno Barbiture Out and Gall Cure. Cure the bluish left. Send for it. JONES BRO. BENO MED. CO., Des Moines, Ia.

CHAMPION TRUSS EASY TO FIT, EASY TO WEAR. Ask Your Physician's Advice. BOOKLET FREE. Philadelphia Truss Co., 610 Locust St., Phila., Pa.

THE BEST opportunity in existence for the investment of small and large sums of idle money where it will produce a large and steady monthly revenue without risk of loss and principal back on demand. For full particulars address W. H. Latimer, 413 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE TO WOMEN!

To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic 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 whitening the teeth. Send today; a postal card will do.

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

EUCALYPTUS CURES CATARRH

MARTZ BROS., Long Beach, Calif.

ARREST IT—\$50 REWARD

A bottle of EC-ZINE will be sent free to every reader of this paper who is suffering with any kind of Skin Disease or Eruptions, Eczema, Itch or Bleeding Piles, Blood Poison, Old Ulcers or any other Germ disease or sores of any name or nature. \$50 reward will be paid for any case of Eczema which EC-ZINE will not cure. Thousands cured daily. Tell your friends. Send for free sample. THE EC-ZINE CO., 426 Ashland Bldg., Chicago.

Cooling as a shower on a hot day

Hires Rootbeer

Sold everywhere or by mail for 25 cents. A package makes five gallons.

CHARLES E. HIRTS, EASTON, Pa.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

There is no Beauty that can stand the disfigurement of bad teeth. Take care of your teeth. Only one way—

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Write for free "Cured to Stay Cured" DR. CLARK ANDERSON 501-2-3 Tabor Opera Block, Denver, Colo.

HAY FEVER

WESTERN CANADA

is attracting more attention than any other district in the world.

"The Grocery of the World." "The Land of Bunchberries." The Natural Feeding Grounds for Stock. Area under crop in 1902 . . . 1,287,320 acres. Yield 1902 . . . 117,922,734 bushels.

Abundance of Water; Fine Pasture; Building Material; Cheap Good Grass for pasture 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 charge for which is \$10 for making entry. Close to Churches, Schools, etc. Railway tap all settled districts. Send for Atlas and other literature to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to M. V. McPherson, No. 3 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Mich., or J. Grievie, 2410 Rue Marie, Mich., the authorized Canadian Government Agents, who will supply you with certificate giving you reduced railway rates, etc.

BLOOD HUMOURS

Skin Humours, Scalp Humours, Hair Humours,

Whether Simple Scrofulous or Hereditary

Speedily Cured by Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills.

Complete External and Internal Treatment, One Dollar.

In the treatment of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy and scrofulous humours of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills have been wonderfully successful. Even the most obstinate of constitutional humours, such as bad blood, scrofula, inherited and contagious humours, with loss of hair, granular swellings, ulcerous patches in the throat and mouth, sore eyes, copper-coloured blotches, as well as boils, carbuncles, scurvy, sties, ulcers and sores arising from an impure or impoverished condition of the blood, yield to the Cuticura Treatment, when all other remedies fail.

And greater still, if possible, is the wonderful record of cures of torturing, disfiguring humours among infants and children. The suffering which Cuticura Remedies have alleviated among the young, and the comfort they have afforded worn-out and worried parents, have led to their adoption in countless homes as priceless curatives for the skin and blood. Infantile and birth humours, milk crust, scalded head, eczema, rashes and every form of itching, scaly, pimply skin and scalp-humours, with loss of hair, of infancy and childhood, are speedily, permanently and economically cured when all other remedies have failed.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Remedies, etc. (in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, etc. per box of 10), Ointment, 50c., Soap, 25c. Depot: London, 27, Chatterboxes, St. Paul, & Rue de la Harpe, Paris; for Columbus Ave., Boston; for Chicago, 241, La Salle St.; for New York, 107, Broadway; for Philadelphia, 12, Chestnut St.; for St. Louis, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Cincinnati, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Detroit, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Montreal, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Toronto, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Vancouver, 107, N. 3rd St.; for San Francisco, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Honolulu, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Manila, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Cebu, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Singapore, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Batavia, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Calcutta, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Bombay, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Madras, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Rangoon, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Hong Kong, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Shanghai, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Yokohama, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Kobe, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Osaka, 107, N. 3rd St.; for London, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Paris, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Berlin, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Vienna, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Rome, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Madrid, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Barcelona, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Lisbon, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Porto, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Oporto, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Coimbra, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Braga, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Aveiro, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Faro, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Beja, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Evora, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Huesca, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Teruel, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Saragossa, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Valencia, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Castellon, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Tarragona, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Gerona, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Lleida, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Tortosa, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Reus, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Figueras, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Girona, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Barcelona, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Madrid, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Valencia, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Castellon, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Tarragona, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Gerona, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Lleida, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Tortosa, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Reus, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Figueras, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Girona, 107, N. 3rd St.; for Barcelona, 107, N. 3rd St.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 26—1903

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Lawns worth 8c. now 5c.
Cotton worth 7c. now 5½c.
Fine Dress Fabric worth 20c. now 15c.
Other " " " 15 & 18c. now 15c.
Summer Vests, 5, 10, 12½, 20c. each.
Shirt Waists (all light colors) ½ off.
200 Dress Remnants, ½ price.

LADIES and CHILDREN'S Straw Hats and Caps at reduced Prices

Our entire summer stock is being offered at cut prices to close out and every purchaser will do well to consider us before buying.

- 1 Lot Men's Straw Caps 50c value, 35c each.
- 5 Doz. Linen Collars 15c value, 5c each.
- 4 Pair Men's Sox for 25c.
- 1 Good pair Boy's Pants 25c.
- 1 Lot Boy's Clothing, 1-4 off regular price, making Boy's Suits to cost \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.50.

SHOES

Our Men's and Women's Shoe at \$1.50 are the talk of the town. Better ones in proportion. Remember we are recognized as the Footwear Dealers in the town. Try our glove-fitting Shoes for Ladies.

CALICO WRAPPERS

We have 25 Ladies' Wrappers, light color, worth one dollar, now 75c.

"THISTLEINE" for Canada Thistles.

It is a big seller. Try it for your own weeds. We are sole agents.

Feeds, Oats and Hay. Lime, Salt Cement and Hair. Fruit Cans and Jelly Cups.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Charlevoix County Herald

R. L. Lorraine, Publisher.

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

Latest Fashion Notes.

PROMENADE GOWN IN RUSSIAN BLOUSE EFFECT.

Hopsack is one of the most fashionable of dress goods, and a beautiful promenade costume is made of this material in a champagne color. The Russian blouse effect is well portrayed.



The mutton-leg sleeves are inset with a handsome applique work of broadcloth, as is also the skirt. Cord ornaments also help to add style and appear on both skirt and jacket. All of the stitching is done with Corticelli stitching silk, which lends itself so well to this class of work. Notice the several rows at the bottom of the skirt, and the fancy stitching on sleeves and blouse.

Additional Local.

The steamer Pilgrim did not make her regular trip Friday afternoon being held at Charlevoix for official inspection.

The contract has been let for the paving of Bridge street in Charlevoix at a cost of something over thirteen thousand dollars.

The D. & C. takes an excursion party from Ironton and Sequanota to Deward and the Ward Estate's lumber camps to-day.

Every taxpayer in the district and everyone interested in the welfare of the schools should attend the annual school meeting Monday evening.

The Cemetery Improvement Association will meet with Mrs. Jos. Zoulek Thursday afternoon, July 16th. All members are requested to be present.

The water works piping for the extension of the water main to the Flooring Co.'s plant arrived Thursday and the work of laying it will be begun as soon as possible.

Drs. Novinger & Harlan, Osteopathic physicians, office rooms at I. W. Bartlett's residence Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Chronic diseases a specialty. Consultation and examination free.

S. Stephens sold his restaurant and bakery business Friday to Edward Shelders, of West Branch. Mr. Shelders is a baker of years of experience and well qualified to continue the successful business which Mr. Stephens has built up.

It is reported that the chap who sold groceries last winter to be delivered from Chicago is around the state again. The prices he gets are higher than those charged by local dealers, and the goods delivered on his former trip would hardly pass muster if examined by the state food commissioner.

A new bunco game is being worked on unwary merchants throughout the country. A man enters the store displays what purports to be a government badge and credentials showing himself to be one of the secret service men in search of counterfeit money. He looks over the cash drawer and invariably finds five or six "counterfeit" pieces, which he "confiscates."

Messrs. W. A. Loveday and E. C. Plank met with the Village Council at Charlevoix on Thursday evening of last week and made them a proposition to furnish the current for electric lighting from the new Deer Creek water power which they are developing. The plan they offer is to furnish the current at the power house, Charlevoix to furnish the conveying lines. An enlargement in the Charlevoix plant is an absolute necessity and this would seem to be a very cheap and satisfactory way out of their difficulty.

Charles T. Taylor, mayor elect of Mankota, Minn., is the heaviest chief executive of any city in the United States. He weighs 403 pounds, but is as nimble as a kitten and one of the fastest pedestrians in the city.

The present mayor of St. Paul, Robert A. Smith, is just at the end of a 50 years' residence in that city. He went there in 1853, as the private secretary of the territorial governor appointed by President Franklin Pierce, and has seen the place grow from a hamlet of a few hundred persons to a city of nearly 200,000.

Mayor Fleischmann, just elected in Cincinnati, is the proprietor of a big bakery, one branch of which is in New York city. It has been his practice for many years to give away 500 loaves of bread daily to the poor. These benefactions, amounting to 180,000 loaves annually, have made his name widely known among the more unfortunate, and probably contributed materially to swell his vote.

It is an open secret that if Sir Thomas Lipton succeeds in taking the America's cup back to England he will be made a peer. Of late it has been the fashion in England to give a newly made peer a title taken from the scene of the exploit by which he reached the peerage—like Kitchener of Khartoum and Roberts of Kandahar. So if Lipton takes back the cup he may perhaps come to be known as Lord Lipton of Sandy Hook.

Heretofore it has not been the custom of members of the diplomatic corps to go to the railroad station when the president has been leaving Washington, but the German ambassador, Baron von Sternberg, was so cordially greeted by Mr. Roosevelt when he came to bid the president good-by a few days ago that his example may be followed by others in the future. It is believed that several foreign ministers regret that they did not embrace the opportunity to demonstrate friendship for the chief magistrate and the United States.

IT OFTEN HAPPENS THAT—

Men are generous to a fault when they are in love.

The man of vivid imagination looks upon facts as a bore.

No girl wants to be spoken of as one who never had a beau.

A man with a mission resents the idea that he is working a fad.

Women figure to advantage when administering to a man who is ill.

Women like to be considered the most serious part of man's thoughts.

The bachelor glories in his freedom when he goes home after seasonable hours.

When a woman undertakes to do nothing she appears decidedly uncomfortable.

The up-to-date girl turns her attention to sporting events by force of association.

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."

She Knew Women.

Flossie, who is doing her first year in school, albeit she is a very bright child, came in the other evening and began catechising her mother.

"Mamma," she inquired, "is there anybody in history named Timon Tyde?"

"I've heard of such a name as Timon," ventured the mother doubtfully.

"Was Timon a man or a woman?"

"A man, if I remember correctly."

"I guess that must be the same one, then."

By this time the mother was quite curious.

"Why do you think so when you know so little about it?" she queried.

"Well," responded Flossie, with confidence, "the teacher said today that Timon Tyde waits for no man, and I didn't think it could be a woman."

Your Hair

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

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

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

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

Jim Dumps on Independence Day, Said: "Force freed us from England's sway. Now independence let's declare From indigestion's tyrant square. Good friends, shake off this despot grim. 'Twas 'Force' that freed your 'Sunny Jim.'"

"Force"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

always on duty.

A Food for Fighters.

"It may interest you to learn that 'Force' is being served at breakfast several times each week to the members of the Second Regiment, N. G. F., now on duty at this place."
"HARRY W. BROWN."

Novelties for the 4th.

- Baby Fire Crackers
- Cannon Fire Crackers
- Roman Candles
- Torpedoes, Punk
- Pistols, Flags, etc.

GAGE & CO.

Phone 32 (2 rings.)

Our Sale of Fishing Jackle

Continues for only One Week longer. Anybody wishing to take advantage of this must do so in the coming week.

Remember

Our stock of Oils, Brushes, Varnishes and the Best Guaranteed Devoe Paint.

W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

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 \$10 to \$18
Guaranteed

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

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.

DO NOT BUY a wheel until you have written for our FACTORY PRICES and FREE TRIAL OFFER. This liberal offer has never been equalled 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.

BRING

Us your Job Printing We will do it right

THE HERALD

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

The Best Cream Separator

The Greatest Assortment of
Ice Cream Freezers.

The Finest Line of
Paints and Varnishes

Always reasonable goods

AT

W. A. Loveday & Co's.

LOVEDAYS
HARDWARE

Dr. J. O. LaCore and family, of Elk Rapids, are visiting friends in town.

Boyer City's new \$20,000 school house is to be ready for occupancy by January 1st, next.

An excavation is being made at the rear of the Gage building to admit of its being extended to accommodate the bowling alley.

Wm. Gilbert and family have removed from the apartments in the Gage building to their cottage at the foot of William St.

The D. & C. train was several hours late in leaving here Tuesday morning the delay being occasioned by a breakdown on the locomotive.

Sound kidneys are safeguards of life. Make the kidneys healthy with Foley's Kidney Cure.
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

The Singer Sewing Machine is light-running, speedy and durable. Sold on easy terms at J. E. Strong's store.
E. A. LEWIS.

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.

E. A. Lewis was up from Ironton Friday and made us a pleasant call. He says the warm weather is fast filling the cottages at that popular summer resort.

The East Jordan Military Band is receiving many words of commendation on the music they furnished at Charlevoix the 4th. They go to-day to help the Orangemen celebrate at Central Lake.

The ball game at Kalkaska Saturday was a "comedy of errors," being won by Kalkaska by the heart-breaking score of 20-6. The return game here in the near future promises to be something entirely different.

The latest addition to the East Jordan Military Band is a beautiful silver saxophone, which will be played by Ernest Lanway. It is a very fine instrument, costing \$200.00, being the most expensive of any of the pieces in the band.

Mr. William Gotham and Miss Olive Lanway were married at Charlevoix on Saturday last, July 4th, Rev. W. H. McCartney performing the ceremony. Both the young people have a wide circle of friends who join in wishing them much happiness.

TWO BOTTLES CURED HIM.
"I was troubled with kidney complaint for about two years," writes A. H. Davis, of Mt. Sterling, Ia., "but two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure effected a permanent cure."
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

A Ludington dentist was recently asked by a good woman from the country to make over a set of false teeth. She explained that it wasn't so much her desire to save the money, but they had belonged to her sister, now dead, and she wanted to wear them in her memory.

A meeting has been called at the Hotel Elston in Charlevoix on Monday next for the purpose of organizing a County Press Association. Topics of vital interest to the craft will be discussed and we hope that this will be the dawning of an era of closer relations between the various papers of the county.

Thos. W. Orbison, of the firm of Orbison & O'Keefe, of Arlington, Wis., recognized as one of the foremost hydraulic engineers in the country, was in town Thursday and Friday in consultation with Messrs. Loveday & Plank in regard to the work of damming Deer Creek and approved some changes which they desired to make in the original plans.

A jolly picnic party with well-filled lunch baskets went down to Monroe creek on Price's launch Tuesday evening and enjoyed a sumptuous spread on the beach followed by a ride on the lake. Those who composed the party were Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Price, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Er A. Ashley, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Burkett, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Lorraine, Mrs. J. N. Roy and the Misses Grace Keel and Blanche Robertson.

SUPPORT

SCOTT'S EMULSION serves as a bridge to carry the weakened and starved system along until it can find firm support in ordinary food.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
407-415 Pearl Street,
New York.
50c and \$1.00 all druggists.

Personal Mention.

J. J. Votraba is greeting friends in town.

J. N. Roy returned to Northport Monday.

Ila Brown is reported very ill with malarial fever.

Lee Gilbert is night operator at the telephone office.

G. P. Joseph, of Elk Rapids, is in town on business.

Fred. Gilbert went to Northport to work Wednesday.

Arthur Warne was home from Petoskey over Sunday.

N. C. Johnson came down from DeWard Thursday evening.

Atty. A. B. Nicholas was in Boyne City on business Monday.

Mrs. M. Bauenstein, of Charlevoix, was in town Wednesday.

Wm. Boswell returned from Traverse City Monday evening.

C. N. Coulter, of Central Lake, was in town Thursday evening.

Benj. Reed came up from Alden to spend Sunday with friends here.

Frank Greenwood came up from Elk Rapids Friday evening to spend the Fourth.

W. K. Carson is able to be out again after a ten days' illness with the measles.

Mrs. W. B. Holden, of Grand Rapids, visited friends in town the first of the week.

John Nelson has been unable to work for several days past on account of illness.

Mrs. A. B. Brown is entertaining her sister, Miss Cora Giobenski, of Minneapolis.

Jos. Anderson has accepted a position at Traverse City, leaving for that place Wednesday.

Jas. Slocum, of Petoskey, was in town over Sunday, the guest of his friend, John Porter.

C. F. Stewart, one of the leading business men of Grayling, was in town Monday and Tuesday.

Harry Crothers and his sister Merle accompanied their father on his return to Levering Monday.

Miss Pearl Crowell went to South Haven Monday where she will spend the summer with relatives.

Miss Mabel Munroe is home from Muskegon where she has been attending school at the Ursuline convent.

H. J. Carpenter is representing I. L. A. Local No. 124 in the Longshoremen's convention held in Bay City this week.

Mrs. H. R. Hitchcock and son Oscar departed Monday for the Soo to join Mr. Hitchcock who has a good position there.

Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Glenn, for several days, returned Tuesday to their home in Pennsylvania.

Capt. Fountain of the Charlevoix Life Saving Station, with his family were the guests of their old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Daugherty Sunday.

Achie Crago was in town a few hours Monday evening on his way to Dot, where we understand he has been offered the management of Cobb & Mitchell's store.

TREAT YOUR KIDNEYS FOR RHEUMATISM.
When you are suffering from rheumatism, the kidneys must be attended to at once so that they will eliminate the uric acid from the blood. Foley's Kidney Cure is the most effective remedy for this purpose. R. T. Hopkins, of Polar, Wis., says, "After unsuccessfully doctoring three years for rheumatism with the best doctors, I tried Foley's Kidney Cure and it cured me. I cannot speak too highly of this great medicine."
Sold by L. C. MADISON & Co.

Walter Kilrain will lecture on Ober-Ammergau and the Passion Play at St. Joseph's Church Monday evening illustrating his talk with beautifully colored moving pictures reproduced from life. This will be a rare opportunity for our people to obtain some adequate idea of that wonderful production, "The Passion Play," which for hundreds of years has been given every decade by the Swiss peasants of Ober-Ammergau. Admission, 25 cts.; children, 15 cts.

Foley's Kidney Cure purifies the blood by straining out impurities and tones up the whole system. Cures kidney and bladder troubles.
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

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. PHOEBE 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 Jewellery, Silverware, Novelties, etc., etc. These sell at 25 cents each. Call early as they are going fast and the supply is limited.

FRANK MARTINEK.

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,
SHOP ON MAIN STREET. **MERCHANT TAILOR** 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 Cutlers, Light and Heavy Sleighs at a big reduction.

HORSESHOEING

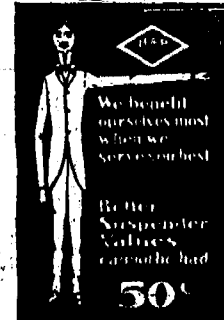
by a Practical Workman. Wood repair work promptly done.
J. W. COATES.

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 all men and conditions.

Our Guarantee
"All breaks made good," or we even pair and every whim.

BOOSINGER BROS.



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

State Bank of East Jordan.

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 SURPLUS \$1,150.00.

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

Gus. Muma is assisting at J. L. Wiesman's store.

M. M. Burnham continues to improve in health.

"The Passion Play" at St. Joseph's church Monday evening.

Regular meeting of the Common Council Monday evening.

Miss Mina Hite returned last week from her visit at Detroit and Lapeer.

Perry Gotham returned to East Jordan Thursday after an absence of several months.

F. E. Boosinger is now a full fledged Justice of the Peace, having taken his oath of office the first of the week.

Miss Harriet Hoyt returned last week from Chicago where she has been attending school for several months past.

Street Commissioner Crowell has finished the job of filling in on State St. and has commenced covering it with gravel.

Miss Edythe Fortune completed her term of school in the Afton district last week and departed Thursday for her home in Scottville.

One Illinois farmer has solved the problem of how to acquire a lot of valuable farm land. He has been married four times, and each one of his wives brought him a good farm.

Henry Shoes, brakeman on the E. J. & S. passenger train, had the misfortune to get two of his fingers pinched while making a coupling Tuesday and has since been laid up in consequence.

The creamery was tested Thursday afternoon and all the machinery working satisfactorily, it was accepted by the stockholders' committee. It is hoped that the new industry will commence active operations in a few days.

A. R. Bass, of Morgantown, Ind., had to get up ten or twelve times in the night and had severe backache and pains in the kidneys. Was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure.
Sold by L. C. MADISON & Co.

The consumer of the farmer's products is the best friend he has, and the nearer the consumer is located to the farmer the better it is for both of them. For this reason every farmer should take a live interest in any movement having for its object the location of any sort of manufacturing plant in his home town.

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.

FOR SALE—Corner lot on Main st. Best location in East Jordan. Address MYER COHEN, Charlevoix, Mich.

In the country, now, the season when all boys go barefooted is on.

To provide for future contingencies the railways must take higher ground.

The class poem is seldom a classic, although it sometimes makes the class sick.

Common sense would prevent many divorces. It would also prevent many marriages.

Being such an inventive genius Marconi might invent a better word than "marconigraph."

"Herbly mandamus Gen. Green" is the way a New York paper puts it. This caplases the cake.

The best critic is the one who shows a man where and how he fell short of doing what he meant to do.

A bankrupt Texas oil company's assets are 18 mules. So the creditors still have a few kicks coming.

"The Hopeless Turk," which is the latest appellation, fits him quite as well as the "Unspeaking Turk."

What a difference it makes in a man's chest expansion whether you tell him he has a level head or a flat one.

Russia wants access to warm water and is prepared to keep the rest of Europe in hot water until it gets what it wants.

A person who cannot argue is like a person who cannot chew; he swallows the facts of life unprepared for digestion.

Mr. Carnegie has already given away \$100,000,000, and he hasn't got around to us yet. We think he is playing favorites.

The seven masted schooner Thomas W. Lawson has proved to be a failure. It was an overproduction to the extent of about four masts.

When a woman goes into a room and doesn't walk up to the looking glass to gaze at herself it is a sign that there isn't one there.

The verdict regarding Eleanor Roosevelt, the newest Juliet, is that she at no point rose to ideal heights, though she insisted on wearing high-heeled shoes.

The hour is ripe for the brainy engineer who can figure out how to store up flood waters and set them to work irrigating the country's arid places.

The man who sings loudest about heaven being his home shows no signs of homesickness when he crawls between two feather beds during a thunder storm.

The St. Gaudens statue of Gen. Sherman was unveiled in New York Memorial day, but the grim old fighter's most famous saying is not inscribed upon its base.

"And her golden hair was hanging down her back" is threatened with a revival by the latest fad at Newport. The hair is all right, but can't we be spared the song?

Among other hardships, the explorers just starting for the north pole will have to endure waiting at least a year to learn which clubs won the baseball pennants.

Senator Clark of Montana says it is difficult to find a safe investment for surplus money. Has he ever considered that the safest investment for it is to spend it doing good?

A police court judge has rendered an opinion to the effect that one evening a week is enough for a married man to spend in a bowling alley, but it may be reversed by the Supreme Court.

Mayor Mulvihill of Bridgeport, Conn., attempted to stop a fracas between strikers and nonunion men, and was promptly knocked down with a brick. "Blessed are the peace-makers."

One of the lady doctors says men are more emotional than women. But perhaps she has merely drawn her conclusions from the actions of mothers and fathers over the arrival of twins and triplets.

Two Berlin doctors, as a cablegram tells, believe they have an infallible remedy for insomnia. If their claims are justified their names are to stand high on the lists of those who have produced a universal good.

Leander has been outdone by that 89-year-old bridegroom who swam across the Platte river because he was lonesome without his bride. What a story to tell when this man grows old and gathers his grandchildren about his knee!

An observer says it "is interesting to him down at the edge of a pond and watch the evolution of a mosquito from the larva stage to that of a full-fledged insect, ready to fly." It may be, but it is criminal to let the mosquito get away.

RACEHORSES IN OLD AGE; MANY ARE DRAWING CABS

The question of the ultimate disposition of the pins and needles has been debated most exhaustively, and possibly the subject has been satisfactorily settled. The problem as to what becomes of all the racehorses is rather more intricate and requires diligent inquiry.

"What becomes of all the racehorses?" was asked of Frank Farrell, owner of Blues and the Greater New York baseball club, which are said to be coupled in the netting.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Farrell with deliberation, "but I have strong convictions as to what should become of some of them."

It was evident Mr. Farrell's usually sunny disposition had been temporarily clouded by a loss of confidence in some members of the equine family, and the writer did not press the query.

When John E. Madden was asked the question he said cheerily:

"Why, that's easy. They keep traveling about like the birds. Go South and West in the winter and North in the summer. Yes, sir, this promises to be the greatest racing season in the history of the sport." As the replies of Messrs. Farrell and Madden seemed to be lacking in detail the writer asked the same question of W. C. Fessenden, trainer, owner and former baseball expert.

"What becomes of the racehorses, eh?" he echoed. "Well, my boy, nine out of ten break down. As soon as that happens they are sold for what they will bring. There is many a horse that once raced home winner in a classic event to the shouts of thousands who now pulls a hack or a peddler's cart."

"Joe Cotton, once a grand handi-

cap horse, is drawing a hack in Boston, while the mighty Banquet now earns his oats hauling a London cab. Salvator, Hanover, Hamburg and others are more fortunate, as they are in the stud.

"But the number of stallions is being steadily restricted, with the result of a very large increase in the percentage of geldings on the track. The object is to do away with the large number of cheap and useless stallions. The result will be the narrowing of sires to the most select strains and consequent improvement in the breed."

"Why does so large a proportion of thoroughbreds break down?"

"That is due to the early age at which they are raced. Financial rewards seem to be for the owners of two-year-olds, and, of course, they do not miss their opportunities. A special effort is made in the development and racing of horses of that age, and as a majority often are not strong enough to stand the work they break down. Fully 60 per cent of two-year-olds fail to pass successfully through the ordeal of racing, and of the horses that begin as two-year-olds not one in a hundred is fit for racing at five years old. A large proportion is incapacitated for work on the track at four years."

"As to the mares, very few of them are of any value as racers after their fifth year. They have a better future than the geldings and stallions, for there is always a lively demand for good breed mares."

"However, as improvement in breeding goes on, we may develop a two-year-old that will better stand the vicissitudes of campaigning."—New York Press.

HOW UNPOPULAR LAW GOT ON THE STATUTE BOOKS

"Poor weather for skunking," remarked one of the regular patrons of the stove corner of the store as he took his seat and shook the accumulation of snow from his shaggy whiskers.

"Against the law to catch 'em, anyway," commented the village wise man.

"Did you ever hear how that law came to be passed?" queried the orator, as he bit off a fresh chew of navy plug.

No one had heard of it, but the wit of the beer barrel ventured a remark that "the offense was rank," and smelled to the Canada border.

The orator continued. "It was Rev. Denison of Jamestown. It's a good thing for the skunks, but it's a joke on the reverend. You see, Mr. Denison was formerly pastor of the Baptist church at Cherry creek, and while there he joined the grange and became an active member. A while ago he moved up to Jamestown and assumed the pastorate of the Calvary Baptist church of that city. He retained his membership in the grange. In fact he was a member of Union grange, which meets in Jamestown, and which is the largest and liveliest grange in the whole country. He was a conspicuous member of the grange, too, being in fact the chaplain.

"What's that got to do with skunks?" queried one of the group.

"I'm coming to that if you won't hurry me," continued the orator. "Do any of you people know Rev. Denison? Well, I'll describe him for you. He's one of those big, open-hearted, whole-souled, jolly, liberal fellows that can be found adorning the ministry in every community, and he has a dry fund of humor that among his friends is simply irresistible. Well, one day the grange had been discussing the protection of almost every kind of bird and beast that is found on the farms, and Mr. Denison, more as a joke than anything else, suggested that this protection should be extended to skunks. The skunk, said he, with apparent earnestness, "is a very useful animal. Moreover, he is valuable, and at the present rate of skunk hunting he will soon be exterminated. Why not protect him as well as the fowls of the air and the fish of the deep?"

"The grangers took this talk very seriously, and before the Rev. Denison realized what had happened they were agitating skunk protection laws. It's protecting them all right. On the farm they are thicker than Dan's hills in January, and even in the city of Jamestown the policemen are talking about a special skunk drill to enable them to chase the animals down. There's no mistake about it. You can just wager, though, that the Rev. Denison isn't saying much."—New York Evening Post.

HOW STUART ROBSON GOT HIS PARTNER IN TROUBLE

"A very pompous old fellow attracted my attention one evening in a restaurant," the late Stuart Robson, on his last visit to Washington, said to a newspaper man. "This old chap had the stiff dignity of an emperor, and it suddenly occurred to me that it would be amusing to give him some sort of a shock. On the spur of the moment I walked up behind him, snatched him on the back and exclaimed:

"Hello, George, my dear fellow, how are you?"

"He turned so suddenly that he upset his plate. He was wild with rage."

"Why, I don't know you, sir. How dare you take such liberties with me?" he stuttered.

"I apologized, saying that I had mistaken him for some one else, but he could not be mollified. As I withdrew he glared scornfully after me, all red and tremulous with anger.

"Crane and I were playing together at the time, and in a little while

Crane, with whom I had an appointment to dine, arrived. I pointed out the pompous old chap to him.

"Wouldn't it be funny," I said, "to shatter that old fellow's dignity by slapping him on the back and saying, 'Hello, George. Why, it must be years since I've seen you!'"

"Crane looked at him, and gave a loud laugh. 'By jove, I'll do it,' he said.

"Oh, no, don't," said I. 'He might make a scene.'

"But when Crane gets an idea in his head nothing can drive it out. He now walked up behind the old man, slapped him heartily between the shoulders and cried:

"Hello, George, my dear fellow. What a long time it has been since I've seen you."

"I saw the old man, purple with rage, jump up from his seat hastily, and I withdrew. For I perceived that a scene or something worse was imminent, and I have always been an enemy to scenes."

Breaks the Bottle.

Rear Admiral Francis R. Bowles, chief constructor of the navy and somewhat of an authority on launching, is the inventor of an apparatus whereby the fair christener has only to let go of the bottle as the ship moves and watch it swing unerringly to the bow.

Passing of Cattle Kings.

The cattle king of the Western plains is passing away forever. A few years ago there were nearly 100 millionaires, exclusive cattlemen in the southwest, now there are but thirty.

THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

Quest for "Amusement Now Carried to Unreasonable Length.

A keen-eyed onlooker of "the times and the manners" remarks that "the insatiable love of pleasure is the most salient feature of these early twentieth century days. This craving for amusement pervades all classes and all ages. In fact, the mothers and grandmothers manifest this trait in an even more marked degree than the younger women and the girls do; while the country is becoming depopulated because farmers' sons and daughters refuse to remain where plays, concerts and dances are not of frequent occurrence. In colleges and girls' schools the games are of far greater consequence than the studies in the eyes of many of the students. It is questionable," continues this woman, "whether these hard toilers after enjoyment really attain their end in most cases. There is a good deal of truth in the cynic's aphorism. 'Life would be very pleasant if it were not for its pleasures.'"—Philadelphia Times.

SONG BROUGHT THE CASH.

Constant Reminder Too Much for Impetuous Young Man.

The clever feminine manager of a laundry on Greenwich avenue is telling with great glee of the methods she pursued in order to induce an impetuous customer to "pay up" a long-standing account. She trained her employees to chant in unison, every time the young man hove in sight, a little ditty, commencing "We are washing and waiting for thee!" The third time they raised their voices in the song he plunked down \$3 and said, feverishly, "For heaven's sake, tell 'em to shut up!"—New York Times.

The Hotel Surgeon.

The hotel surgeon is a necessity to the house and a luxury to the guests. Each house of any importance keeps one of these medical gentlemen. All they pay him is the free use of an office and a sleeping room. To pay for this he must look after the health of the help, which is no small job, as there are from 500 to 800 men and women on the pay roll. His free patients will average twenty per day. The guest of the house is the one who pays the freight. A man or woman who is taken ill doesn't stop to ask what the cost will be. The house surgeon is sent for immediately, he is there instantly and he calls as often as possible. When the patient is ready to move, he finds the surgeon's bill a part of that of the hotel.—New York Letter.

French Plan Costly Tunnel.

A work to cost some \$6,000,000 will probably in the near future be begun on the Seine. It is to be a tunnel under the river, either at Tancarville or Quillebeuf. Between Rouen and the sea there is no crossing of the seine except by boat, a condition that for many years has caused great inconvenience and retarded commercial growth. Moreover, Havre is connected with the rest of France by only one railroad line. The projected tunnel will connect it with Pont-Audemer and hence with the rest of France, giving two diverging lines from Havre—one to the right and one to the left of the Seine.—Consular report.

Fur Garments to Be Higher.

The fur auctions held in London every spring determine the price of fur garments for the following winter season. A report of the sales published in a trade journal indicates that sealskin furs will be more expensive than last winter, but ermine and silver fox will be 50 per cent higher, and mink, otter, beaver and bear will also increase in price. Alaska sable has gone up. It will be news to most people to learn that the "harmless, necessary cat" also lends his skin to keep the cold out. At all events "domestic cat" is quoted as being 25 per cent higher in price than at the last spring auction.

Wooden Shoes in Chicago.

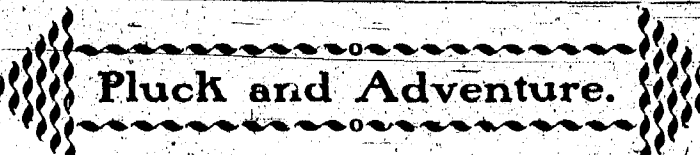
A Chicago drummer recently undertook to "josh" a man who was wearing a pair of wooden shoes about the streets of that city. The Hollander offered to bet the Chicagoan that he could "shimmy" up a tree faster than the commercial man, two men to go at it with shoes on, and the Hollander won the bet. One firm in Holland sells no less than 2,000 pairs of wooden shoes a year there. Some are sold as souvenirs, but the bulk to the people who learned to wear them in Holland and have taught their children born in this country to wear them.

Students Spend Little for Food.

Frederick Munge runs the dining-hall (commons) at the University of Pennsylvania. He was told that he'd have between 200 and 300 regular patrons. The first day he sold just nineteen meals. "The students have no money," he is quoted as saying. "Only a few of them eat breakfast or dinner. The majority of them eat but a 20-cent meal in the evening, and the rest of the time they live on milk, crackers and apples."

A Wonderful Racehorse.

Manifesto, that gallant old stepph-chase hero, was third this year over the jumps in the grand national contest at the Liverpool course in England, the most famous cross-country stake in the world. This wonderful horse is now 15 years of age. His brilliant career of triumphs includes two superb victories in the Grand National, and twice before this year he ran third for the blue ribbon of the leaping over obstacles. It is doubtful if any better thoroughbred at that sort of sport was ever foaled.



A MINIATURE CHIEFTAIN.

Once upon a time, away out in Mexico, in one of the old pueblos on the Rio Grande, there was a young warrior born among tillers of the soil. His father had been left at the pueblo by a wandering band of Utes because he was too sick to travel. Upon his recovery, he liked the life, and determined to cast his lot with the Pueblo tribe. A council of the governor and his twelve sub-chiefs was held, he was received into the tribe, and a small piece of land apportioned out to him. The Ute married a Pueblo maiden, and their first son was named Agoya (Star)—the little warrior mentioned at the beginning of this story.

Agoya's first exploits had been with a couple of bear cubs that he used as playfellows, and frequent were the rough and tumble fights he had had with them.

When I went out to live with his people, the young brave had passed his eighth winter, and was a straight, manly little fellow. I noticed him at once among the band of small Pueblo boys, as he was quite different from them in build and looks. He had all the characteristics of the nomad or roving Indian, while his Pueblo playmates were like their own peace-loving tribe. He was reserved and dignified, with a quick temper, which he controlled in a way quite beyond his years, although sometimes it would flare up, as it did one day when he heard the click of my camera as I took a snap-shot at a group of boys among whom he was standing. He had a dread of the camera, and it made him very angry. We were too good friends to quarrel, but he felt he must punish some one, so, like a flash, he jumped on the nearest boy, whom he sent rolling on the ground in no time. But, with all his pride and temper, he was a generous boy.

My interest in him was no greater than his in me, and we soon became very good friends. He would follow me on long tramps when I was out with my gun, and he took great delight in picking up the game, always stealing up and planting one of his tiny arrows in the bird or beast, and then rushing in and seizing it, in true warrior style.

Our hunts were silent, as neither understood the other's language; but he comprehended every motion I made, and there was a bond of sympathy between us—the love of nature—that made our trips very pleasant. This small brave had a knowledge of nature that would put to shame most civilized boys of twice his years. Many times he took the lead, and seldom failed to find what he was after.

Sometimes we would take our ponies across the river, and ride up into the canyons, spending the day wandering about the little parks, or climbing to the almost inaccessible prehistoric stone villages on top of the mesas, there to hunt for stone arrow-points, axes and other remains of the old Pueblos. His eyes were very keen, and many were the additions he made to my collection. All the time the spirit of the hunter was uppermost in him; no animal was too small to attract his attention, and then the craft of his hunting ancestors would come forth. He would glide upon the game with the stealth of a cat, and more than once he came strutting back with a bird or little cottontail tied to his belt.

The little Ute was a leading spirit among the more docile Pueblo boys, whom he ruled like a little chief, and many were the forays he led against stray dogs from another village. Even in the adult dances his small figure, dressed in regular dance costume, would be seen bobbing up and down in perfect time to the beat of a drum.

During the hot, dry summer weather the people slept on their roofs, and with the first streak of light in the east the Pueblo was astir. Down in the plaza, the children would be playing at their various games, many of them with little brothers or sisters strapped to their backs. Among them, leading in some heroic sport, I would always see my miniature chieftain.

One evening, as the shadows lengthened and the wind subsided, I went around behind a sandstone butte that stood up from the plain like an old castle, and climbed on top, where I could, unobserved, watch the maneuvers of these miniature warriors. Upon reaching the summit I saw the band sneaking along through the sage-brush, crouching, and keeping a sharp lookout for an imaginary enemy. In the lead was Agoya. He made a motion with his hand, and the boys disappeared like a flock of young quail. Presently I saw the little Ute crawl cautiously through the sage, stop, gaze intently at some object lying in a bunch of grass, and crawl back to his comrades. Soon the little dark figures surrounded the enemy, bows drawn, miniature spears and tomahawks in readiness. Suddenly there were shrill war-whoops and yells. A big dog, rushing out, made for his own village yelping at every jump. He had come to forage upon the enemy's camp, but Agoya and his band soon drove him off. It was a glorious victory for the warriors, and all without the loss of a man.

Such a victory had to be celebrated, and soon they were in the midst of a scalp-dance, in exact imitation of their elders, with bunches of long grass to imitate scalps, tied to sticks and carried by several of their number, while the others danced about them. In a short time they were off again, and the last I saw of the valiant leader and his band, they were laying a great

buffalo hunt, as they had surrounded an old bleached buffalo skull, which was attacked with great vigor, and I have no doubt, furnished a good supply of imaginary buffalo-meat for the little savage band.—St. Nicholas.

AT GRIPS WITH A TARPON.

William King, of Southern Texas, formerly a District Judge, knows the tarpon pretty well as a tremendous fighter at the end of a line, a voracious feeder upon smaller fishes and an uncertain adversary until it has been gaffed deeply. He also knows as much about the tarpon as a catch-as-catch-can wrestler and clever two-handed pugilist as any man alive.

King, who is small and under weight, but pugnacious, gained his knowledge in Aransas Bay. He and a party of friends went after tarpon in a small yachtlike craft that was fast and crank.

The boat was decked over except in the middle, where there was an opening four feet square above the cockpit, in which the party slept and did their eating and drinking. This cockpit has a room nearly as wide as the boat and some ten feet long. Its flooring was six feet below the opening.

Fishing was good, which is to say that every man in the party inside of an hour hung a tarpon or two and let it get away, which is the usual course of events. Finally, a member of the party got a strike, reeled the barb into his forearm as deeply as a strong arm and wrist could send it, and the fun began. All the others reeled in to get their tackle out of the way and watch the fight.

This tarpon was possessed of a devil. It took out 200 feet of silk in its initial rush, and the moment it felt the drag went a yard into the air. They saw that it was more than five feet long and the man who was playing it—or being played with—said that it weighed a ton.

The war, with ups and down, lasted for more than an hour. Thrice the fish was reeled within five feet of the boat and each time broke away. King, who is excitable, had most of the hour danced from stem to stern, shouting advice, expostulation, encouragement and anathema.

When the tarpon was brought in for the fourth time it seemed utterly exhausted. If came heavily within a yard of the taffrail and its head was raised six inches from the water.

The lord high executioner of the band lifted his gaff to deal the fatal blow. With a mighty bound the fish rose from the water and crashed upon the deck. It was near the cockpit and not a foot from King.

With a lightning sweep of the tail it struck him across the knees, knocked him backward into the cockpit and fell after him, landing across his legs. Then in the semi-darkness of the little cabin ensued a combat that would have used up fifty pages of Victor Hugo's best work. It was Titanic.

The men above could see little, but they could hear the thud of blows, which fell like hail, the mighty thumps of falls, the tapping of heavy bodies on the planking, snorts, grunts, gasps and ejaculations.

The Judge and the tarpon had fought the length of the cabin twice and all around the walls once, when a sailor jumped down with a hatchet and ended the match. There was a good deal of blood and scales everywhere, some of them in King's hair. The fish weighed nearly 120 pounds.

SAVED DOG AT COST OF LIFE.

With grief according to its kind, a faithful dog mourned when its master, Waverly Moore, was buried recently at Richmond, Va. Moore sacrificed his life for the dog. Until the casket was removed the dog kept vigil and then ran to the spot where Moore was killed by a train.

Moore was a machinist and lived with his wife and mother at No. 1225 West Marshall street. When he left his work in the Seaboard Air Line shops his little dog was there as usual to accompany him home. Moore was wearing after his day's work and was walking along the main tracks over which the fast trains pass, when the Southern express approached from behind.

Neither Moore nor his dumb companion heard the express until it was upon them. A shrill whistle was the first warning, and it came too late. Moore glanced around and saw that the engine was almost upon him. He was apparently unafraid of himself in the presence of the sudden danger.

The dog was trembling from terror a few paces in front of him. Moore made a mighty effort, and bending forward grasped the dog and threw it clear of the track. The next instant the express train struck him and hurled his lifeless body high in the air. But the dog was saved.

Two tramps witnessed the tragedy. They say that Moore could probably have saved himself had he not overlooked his own danger and turned to the dog.

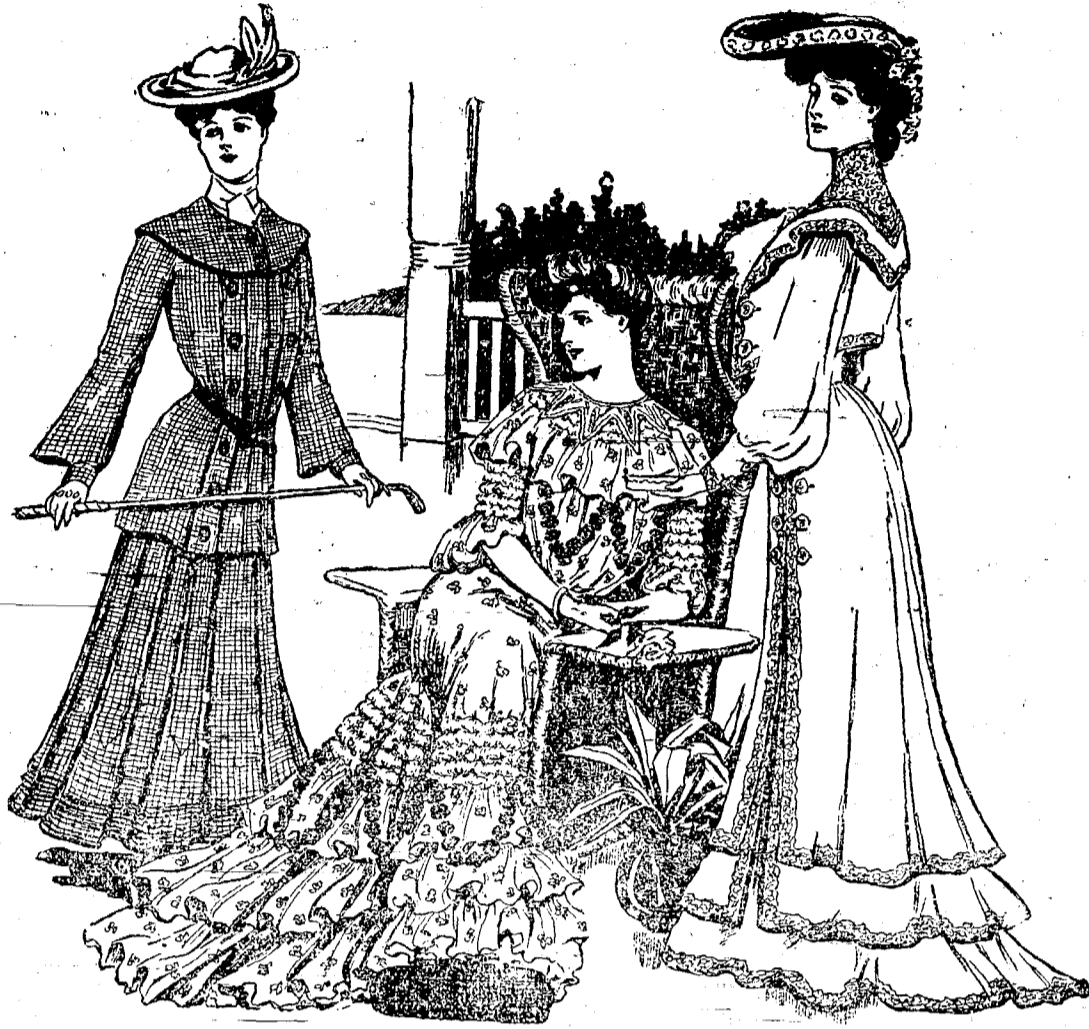
From the time his master was killed the dog remained beside the body. He followed the undertaker's wagon, and was allowed to take his place beside the casket, where he watched until the time of the funeral, when he was taken away from the sad scene.

An Explanation.

The trolley car is not drawn or pushed by the electric current at all, but is lifted again and again by the attraction of magnets for the armature coils of the motor.

IN WOMAN'S INTEREST

THREE "FETCHING" COSTUMES.



The golfing costume shown is of scarlet and white shepherd's plaid stitched in scarlet and having a scarlet patent leather belt. The felt hat is also scarlet and the scarf is white. The white gulls have red stems.

The afternoon gown is pale green and has darker green leaves and pink buds, and lace dyed to match the buds is used for the festoons.

The carriage costume is white voile, trimmed with pale silk embroidery

showing threads of silver, the buttons being also of silver. The hat is a dark gray chip trimmed with heavy lace about the brim, and having a cascade effect in white roses at the back.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Girl's Jacket.

Short, loose jackets are exceedingly becoming to young girls, are in the height of style, and are so easily slipped on and off as to make them commendable from the standpoint of use as well as fashion. The very smart model illustrated is adapted to all the season's materials.

The jacket is made with fronts and back and is shaped by means of shoulder



der and under-arm seams. The back is laid in an inverted plait at the center and the fronts in plaits which extend from the shoulders, all of which are stitched to yoke depth.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (8 years) is four yards 21 inches wide, two yards 44 inches wide, or 1 1/2 yards 52 inches wide.

Fancy Shirt Waist.

The yoke of this waist is made with bands, or tucks, which encircle the neck, then turn downwards on each side of the front. This is bordered with a band of the material, trimmed with soutache, which also trims the collar and the front of the yoke.



On each side of these is a box plait ornamented at the top with a little pocket flap trimmed with the soutache. The sleeves are plaited on the outside, trimmed at the bottom with the soutache, where they are drawn in to form cuffs.

Latest Parisian Sleeve.

In the best French models the sleeve de rigueur is tight fitting above the elbow, with a puff or frill below. The upper part is usually ornamented with motifs in passementerie or lace, and the cuff may be turned back with a garret of lace, though this is less chic than the simple pointed sleeve coming well over the hand.

THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

Mauve is one of the leading colors this season.

Soft crush felts of lamb skin, with one or two straps, are much favored. Filled petticoats of taffeta are now made for children, modeled the same as for their elders.

The newest sailor hat is made with a slightly rolled brim and immensely large-but low crowns.

Shirt waists of natural pounce are relieved by piping of some material in scarlet, blue and black.

Linen coats with triple shoulder capes, double-breasted front and wide, loose sleeves are much in demand.

Adjustable buttons, with ring or bar fastenings, are favorites for shirt waist decoration, four being the regulation for the front.

Turbans or large hats of hyacinth blue and the lighter shades of porcelain blue are worn with costumes of blue voile and etamine.

Light Spring Tints.

Many colors have been prepared. Out of these only a few have been called to take a prominent position. The light, delicate spring tints are splashed with white, and the canvases, aeolennes, and kindred fabrics are so loosely woven that they show the silk linings through. Linens and cloths are all decoupe, and many are embroidered a jour with open-hole Madelra patterns, a treatment which holds good with plain glaces, poultres de soie and light chine silk when the embroidery is black. Laces of the same color as the material, coarsely made, are very well worn.

Starch mixed with soap-suds will never stick. Machine oil will remove slight scratches on the piano. Oilcloth will last much longer if newspapers are placed underneath. Turpentine placed in the scrub water will give the house a fresh odor. Kerosene rubbed on the rollers of the wringer will remove dirt and stains. A teaspoonful of turpentine placed in the boiler will make washing white as snow.

It is healthier to have light weight comforts, as heavy ones make the limbs ache.

Turpentine mixed with stove polish prevents rust, and gives brighter gloss than water.

Cresote and alcohol, one part cresote and two parts alcohol, will drive away bedbugs.

Dip the broom in boiling soap-suds once a week, and it will sweep better and last much longer.

A cloth wet with alcohol rubbed on the window pane prevents it from frosting in the cold weather.

High-Buttoned Boots from Paris. From Paris comes the cry that high-buttoned boots of black kid, with narrow Louis XV. heels, are preferred to all others. If gray or tan-colored boots or shoes are used, stockings, of course, must match. But black is really the best style.

Window Curtains of Crash. Brown linen is among the recent innovations for dressing a window. It is particularly effective where the room is treated in ecru or in different tones of yellow.

White Cloth Waist. Blouse of white cloth with bolero fronts.—The latter group of plaits on each side stitched down part way, then opening out.

On either side of these are two wide plaits stitched on the edges and disappearing under the girdle.

Over this is a pretty shoulder collar, trimmed with embroidered motifs, as are also the girdle and cuffs. The blouse is ornamented at the top with little gold buttons.

made and trimmed to correspond.—La Mode Artistique.

Varnish Kitchen Walls. A sanitary, convenient and also cheap treatment of the ordinary wallpaper is to give it a wash of thin varnish. This improves and preserves the colors, and makes any number of washings possible. Kitchen walls should always be done in this manner.

The False Instep. The artificial instep is the latest innovation in footwear. It is not very well known as yet, but it is expected that there will be plenty of people sufficiently misguided to wear it when they become aware of its existence. The device fits into the shoe between the heel and the ball of the foot, and ought to conduce greatly to the comfort of the wearer. It is three or four inches in length and two in diameter, and in shape resembles a small half circle.

Belasco Hard to Please. David Belasco, the dramatist, rarely goes to see one of his own plays after it has been accepted by the public. This is because he is never satisfied with his work. Not long ago he violated his rule and sat through two acts of one of his plays in Boston. That same night he began tearing it to pieces, rewriting whole scenes and so changing it that but for the vigorous protest of the star and company in general he would have turned it into a new play almost entirely.

ETIQUETTE OF THE HAT.

Business Men Have No Hard and Fast Rule for Guidance.

Tipping the hat is a rare thing among men when there are no women around. A few fine old fellows cherish the habit of tipping to each other and to strangers when introduced, but ordinarily the hand never touches the brim. In business offices there is no sort of etiquette. Men in the sweep and rush of business have no time to give thought to hats. But certain decencies should prevail. On entering a private office look at the head of the occupant. If he has his hat on, keep yours on; if his hat is off, remove yours. The removal of your hat is a compliment and a courtesy, and does not indicate that you are inferior or subservient. Henry H. Rogers, one of the most active of men, being a Standard Oilier, always takes off his hat when he enters a business office.

ROUGH JOKE ON A JOKER.

Decoy Letter Caused Him to Take Long Trip for Nothing.

A Scranton Assemblyman has returned home from Cripple Creek, Col., whither he was inveigled by some practical jokers who wrote a letter inviting him to make a speech before the Colorado Horse Racing association. "I like a joke, but this is no joke," said he. "I know the parties who perpetrated it, and I propose to make them pay me for my time and expenses. If they don't, I'll have the United States postal authorities deal with them for illegal use of the mails." It is said that two Scranton men were in Cripple Creek when the decoy letter was sent. They are both practical jokers and not infrequently have been made the butt of jokes perpetrated by the Assemblyman.—Philadelphia Press.

Modern Conveniences in the Alps.

The monks of St. Bernard have taken advantage of modern inventions in their work of saving lives. Ten days ago two Swiss alpinists started out to go to the hospice. Half way up they were overtaken by a snowstorm and lost their way. After wandering around the summit for several hours they came across one of the new shelters built by the monks. In it they found bread, cheese, wine, a spirit lamp and a telephone. With the latter they called up the hospice and asked for help. By the time they had finished a good meal a monk and a dog arrived to show them the way. The telephone at these shelters has saved many lives during the past winter.

Cure for Headache.

A "never-failing remedy" for nervous headache is described by a scientific authority thus: It consists simply of the act of walking backward, but the method of walking is an important factor in the cure. The pace should be very slow, letting the ball of the foot touch the floor first, then the heel. A hall or narrow room serves the purpose best. The theory underlying the cure is that the reflex action of the body brings about a reflex action of the brain; thus the pain induced by nervousness, which is said to be the result of too much going forward, is driven away by a simple process of reversal.

What We Are Coming To.

Drink water and get typhoid. Drink milk and get tuberculosis. Drink whisky and get the jimjams. Eat soup and get Bright's disease. Eat meat and encourage apoplexy. Eat oysters and acquire toxemia. Eat vegetables and weaken the system. Eat dessert and take to paresis. Smoke cigars and get catarrh. Drink coffee and obtain nervous prostration. Drink wine and get the gout. In order to be entirely healthy one must eat nothing, and even before breathing one should see that the air is properly sterilized.—Southwestern World.

A Town Doubly Incorporated.

A peculiar complication has arisen in Oregon over the question whether a town incorporated two times over is legally incorporated at all. A senate bill and a house bill incorporating the town of Adams in Umatilla county were passed by both houses and reached the governor, who signed them both. They were supposed to be exactly alike, but on examination it was found that the boundaries are slightly differently defined. In the bill which last became law and thus superseded the first bill the boundary lines do not go completely around the town.

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HORTICULTURE



Orchard Treatment.

From 'the Farmers' Review': Old orchards, four times out of five, means nothing more nor less than neglected orchards, for trees of the fruit-bearing class grow old rapidly when ill-treated. The first point to consider is the common custom of treating fruit-bearing trees as if they were ordinary forest trees, without any needs in the line of soil cultivation. There are many reasons why orchards should be cultivated quite the same as annual crops. The soil needs opening up, that air and sunshine may penetrate to some depth, also weeds and grass use water needed by the trees, to say nothing of the fertilizer they consume. Perhaps the most important point in this connection is the very matter of water consumption. A soil thoroughly broken up by tillage holds water like a sponge, and will draw it from great depths; now, if kept free of weeds, and the top two or three inches is kept thoroughly pulverized by means of a fine-toothed harrow, an earth mulch is obtained which is every bit as good as a mulch of chopped straw or grass clippings. It prevents the soil water from loss from surface evaporation, and as the trees are continually using the water within reach of its roots from every direction about the tree there is a flow through the soil towards these roots, but for the earth mulch, this flow would be towards the surface, where the winds would carry it off. It is not alone the loss of water, to be guarded against. This soil water carries in solution more or less plant food, and when it is drawn to the tree by means of what might be called root suction, the fertilizer goes with it. If the water is lost by surface evaporation, this plant food does not reach the tree. It is important to note, however, that a bare soil must be kept pulverized on the surface. If it is allowed to bake and form a crust, surface loss of water commences at once. In short, the orchard, if it is expected to do good work, must be cultivated quite as thoroughly as a field of corn.

The question of plant foods for orchards has been neglected fully as much as tillage, though for less cause, as we all know now that plants must be fed regularly to make useful growth. Annual crops remove plant food ingredients from the soil we all admit, but many of us do not regard fruit trees in the same light. Trees make more or less annual growth, both above and below the ground, also the leaves and blossoms form a very respectable weight of material, all of which is comparatively very rich in potash and phosphates. To these must be added the fruit crop, which also needs a very considerable amount of plant food. The fruit is what we want, and it is the fruit which takes its supply of plant food last. Between the new wood and root growth, blossoms and leaves, and the crop of fruit, the yearly needs of an orchard in plant food is every bit as large, if not larger, than grain crops of the more exhausting kind. Therefore, if an annual grain crop needs plant food, it is just as certain that orchards on the same soil also need manuring. There is, however, a difference in the plant food needs of a grain crop and a fruit crop. To grow fruit also a crop of leaves and wood in the shape of branches, roots, etc. Now, leaves are rich in potash and phosphates; the wood, etc., is higher in potash than in phosphates, and the fruit shows many pounds of potash to every pound of phosphoric acid. The natural conclusion is, therefore, that fruit manuring is largely a matter of mineral manures,—potash and phosphates.

We have now shown that plant food should be used, the next point is how much and what kind. Manures rich in ammonia (nitrogen) may be all right for grain, but they will not do for fruit,—make too much leaf and green wood growth. The plant itself suggests potash and phosphates. Phosphates may be obtained as ordinary acid phosphate, bone meal or bone tankeage; potash as German potash salts, such as kainit or muriate. Do not trust too much to fertilizer of high sounding name only. With its bone and tankeage products are cheap, and a mixed fertilizer is apt to contain ammonia and phosphorus, but very little potash. There is not any potash to speak of in bone or tankeage. Look at the analysis, and see that the potash (actual potash), is at least as high as the phosphoric acid. If it is not possible to get a fertilizer satisfactory, use per acre three parts of bone meal to one part of muriate of potash, and use it every year.—R. Garwood.

Netting for Squashes.

A recent government report says that in the Alleghany mountain districts the young squash vines are protected by the use of mosquito netting. It is usually used in pieces 18 inches square and is placed over the hills when the plants are getting started. A little stake, six inches in height, is placed in the middle of the hill, the netting thrown over it to form a tent, and the sides fastened down with dirt. The use of netting may yet solve the question of the squash bug, which of late years has been very destructive and has greatly advanced the cost of squashes to the consumer.

In Zea tunicata, the pod seeds, each kernel is enclosed in a husk.

GREAT POWER OF MAGNETISM.

Force is Applied to Many Useful Purposes in Three Days.

One of the practical uses of a magnet, but to those immediately concerned a highly important use, is that in which it is sometimes employed to withdraw small pieces of iron from such out of the way places as the human eye. Another use of the tractive force of magnetism on a much larger scale was that to which it was put by Edison in his magnetic ore separator, in which the ore, previously crushed to a fine powder, is dropped down a chute past the poles of powerful electro-magnets, in passing which the iron particles of the ore are deflected to one side, while the nonmagnetic stone dust continues undeflected down the chute. Still another instance of the employment of magnetism in a small way is that in which a magnetized tack hammer is used in the manufacture of strawberry baskets on a large scale in conjunction with a mechanical device which presents the tacks, one at a time and head up, to the operative, thereby greatly facilitating his work. It is a far cry from lifting a tack by means of magnetism to the lifting of massive iron and steel plates weighing four, six and twelve tons by this same force, which is now being done every workday in a number of large steel works. Electro-magnetism, of course, is utilized, the form of the magnet being usually rectangular for this work and presenting a flat surface to the plates lifted. The magnets are suspended by chains from cranes and pick up the plates by simple contact and without the loss of time consequent to the adjustment of chains and hooks in the older method. It is also found that the metal plates can be lifted by the magnets while still so hot that it would be impossible for the men to handle them.—Cassier's Magazine.

STOLE LIGHT FROM WIRES.

Hotelkeeper Thought It Cheaper Than Feeling Electrical Company.

A hotelkeeper in the City of Mexico, whose place was always brilliantly lighted by electric lamps, apparently without regard to cost, has recently been convicted by a local judge for stealing from the electric light company the current with which his hostelry was lighted. He was condemned to a year's imprisonment and a fine of \$33.70, and, as an additional penalty, was "disqualified for all kinds of public honors and employments."

The landlord who attempted to evade the electric company's charges wired his house and made a connection with the company's cables, with the intention, as he pleaded, of calling at the office of the company and explaining the matter at a later day. He also declared that he had used the current for "only a month." The company had its suspicions aroused and applied to the court for authority to make an examination of the hotel lighting system, which was granted, with the result of revealing the fraud. The legal point of interest involved in the case hinged upon the definition of the word "robbery," which the district code thus elucidates: "He commits robbery who possesses himself of a movable thing belonging to another, without right and without the consent of the person entitled by law to dispose of it."

Timid.

The man who is never seriously sick was finally persuaded by anxious friends to apply to the physician for a prescription. He looked at the abbreviated Latin and the signs which indicate quantity and said: "I suppose you got this out of a book?"

"Yes, originally."

"A man had to trust to his memory or copy it out of another book."

"Certainly."

"And a compositor set it up."

"Yes."

"And a proofreader took a turn at it."

"Naturally."

"And now you're depending on your recollection to get it correct."

"But, my dear sir—"

"I know—you're not a man to take needless chances. But I'm too timid to trust my physical safety to anything that seems so much like hearsay evidence."—Washington Star.

The Proper Thing.

"My name is plain John Smith," he said, "to the gracious tombstone man. I want to fix things when I'm dead as only a live man can. So listen, friend, and take these down; I'd have them looted in state from my modest slab, be it gray or brown, or of marble or common slate. Just say, in all my married life I never once got tight. Nor did I grieve my loving wife by staying out at night. And add these lines (they're strictly true, as I expect to die): 'Unto said wife his whole life through He never told a lie.'"

The tombstone man drew forth his book and wrote the lines therein. And said: "I must not overlook the words that shall begin."

From what you've said, 'tis my surmise (Since like you an altar) You wish me to begin: Here lies John Smith: A Bachelor. —Tom Masson.

Accounted For.

"Of late years," said the pessimist, "I have spent nearly all my time in solitary meditation."

"That," rejoined the optimist, "may account for the poor opinion you have of mankind."

Works Both Ways.

She—It isn't for the old bachelors there would be no flirt. He—If it wasn't for the flirts there would be no old bachelors.

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East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 21, 1903.

SOUTH		NORTH	
No. 1	No. 2	No. 4	No. 3
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8:30	1:15	5:00	11:45
8:43	1:28	5:13	11:58
8:51	1:36	5:21	12:06
8:54	1:39	5:24	12:09
9:05	1:51	5:35	12:21
9:18	2:03	5:48	12:34
9:30	2:15	6:00	12:46

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

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

Detroit & Charlevoix R. R. Co.

Time Schedule,
Takes effect Sunday, June 28, 1903.

WEST BOUND:		MIXED	
Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
8:30 a. m.	1:15 p. m.	7:30 a. m.	12:15 p. m.
8:43 a. m.	1:28 p. m.	7:45 a. m.	12:30 p. m.
8:51 a. m.	1:36 p. m.	8:00 a. m.	12:45 p. m.
8:54 a. m.	1:39 p. m.	8:15 a. m.	1:00 p. m.
9:05 a. m.	1:51 p. m.	8:30 a. m.	1:15 p. m.
9:18 a. m.	2:03 p. m.	8:45 a. m.	1:30 p. m.
9:30 a. m.	2:15 p. m.	9:00 a. m.	1:45 p. m.

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

CLARK HAIRE, Gen. Manager.

PERE MARQUETTE

In effect June 21, 1903.

Trains leave Bellaire as follows:
For Traverse City, 10:39 a. m., 3:59 p. m., 8:57 p. m.
For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West, 10:39 a. m., 3:57 p. m., 8:59 p. m.
For Saginaw and Detroit, 10:39 a. m. and 4:17 p. m.
For Charlevoix and Petoskey, 2:29 p. m., 5:58 a. m. and 7:24 p. m.

H. F. MOELLER,
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DETROIT AND BUFFALO

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Arrive at BUFFALO . . . 8.00 A. M.
Leave BUFFALO Daily . . . 5.30 P. M.
Arrive at DETROIT . . . 7.00 A. M.

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Rate between Detroit and Buffalo \$2.00 one way, \$3.00 round trip. Tickets \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00, \$10.50, \$11.00, \$11.50, \$12.00, \$12.50, \$13.00, \$13.50, \$14.00, \$14.50, \$15.00, \$15.50, \$16.00, \$16.50, \$17.00, \$17.50, \$18.00, \$18.50, \$19.00, \$19.50, \$20.00, \$20.50, \$21.00, \$21.50, \$22.00, \$22.50, \$23.00, \$23.50, \$24.00, \$24.50, \$25.00, \$25.50, \$26.00, \$26.50, \$27.00, \$27.50, \$28.00, \$28.50, \$29.00, \$29.50, \$30.00, \$30.50, \$31.00, \$31.50, \$32.00, \$32.50, \$33.00, \$33.50, \$34.00, \$34.50, \$35.00, \$35.50, \$36.00, \$36.50, \$37.00, \$37.50, \$38.00, \$38.50, \$39.00, \$39.50, \$40.00, \$40.50, \$41.00, \$41.50, \$42.00, \$42.50, \$43.00, \$43.50, \$44.00, \$44.50, \$45.00, \$45.50, \$46.00, \$46.50, \$47.00, \$47.50, \$48.00, \$48.50, \$49.00, \$49.50, \$50.00, \$50.50, \$51.00, \$51.50, \$52.00, \$52.50, \$53.00, \$53.50, \$54.00, \$54.50, \$55.00, \$55.50, \$56.00, \$56.50, \$57.00, \$57.50, \$58.00, \$58.50, \$59.00, \$59.50, \$60.00, \$60.50, \$61.00, \$61.50, \$62.00, \$62.50, \$63.00, \$63.50, \$64.00, \$64.50, \$65.00, \$65.50, \$66.00, \$66.50, \$67.00, \$67.50, \$68.00, \$68.50, \$69.00, \$69.50, \$70.00, \$70.50, \$71.00, \$71.50, \$72.00, \$72.50, \$73.00, \$73.50, \$74.00, \$74.50, \$75.00, \$75.50, \$76.00, \$76.50, \$77.00, \$77.50, \$78.00, \$78.50, \$79.00, \$79.50, \$80.00, \$80.50, \$81.00, \$81.50, \$82.00, \$82.50, \$83.00, \$83.50, \$84.00, \$84.50, \$85.00, \$85.50, \$86.00, \$86.50, \$87.00, \$87.50, \$88.00, \$88.50, \$89.00, \$89.50, \$90.00, \$90.50, \$91.00, \$91.50, \$92.00, \$92.50, \$93.00, \$93.50, \$94.00, \$94.50, \$95.00, \$95.50, \$96.00, \$96.50, \$97.00, \$97.50, \$98.00, \$98.50, \$99.00, \$99.50, \$100.00.

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. SCHWARTZ, G. P. T. M., Detroit, Mich.

Crocodiles in Water.
The crocodiles are thoroughly aquatic in their habits, and their peculiar conformation enables them to attack and seize their prey unawares. Their nostrils, which lead by a long canal to the back part of their throats, their eyes and their ears are placed on the upper part of the head, so that when in the water they can breathe, see and hear, while they are themselves practically invisible. When they dive, their nostrils and ears are closed by lids or valves, and their eyes are covered by a transparent nictitating membrane. They are further furnished with an arrangement which prevents the water from getting down their own throats when they are holding large animals under the water to drown them.

The dentition of these reptiles is peculiar. The teeth are sharp and conical and are hollow at the base, and each tooth serves as the sheath of another, which will in time replace it. The tongue—for notwithstanding the ancient belief the crocodile does possess a tongue—is fleshy and is attached to the bottom of the mouth. And finally the lower jaw is hinged at the very back of the skull, thus giving the animal its extraordinary gape and also the peculiar appearance which caused the notion that it moved its upper jaw.

Curious Fire Alarms.
In St. Petersburg the arrangement of fire alarms is rather peculiar and decidedly unique, and the fire alarm telegraph is an unknown thing. Instead a fireman is at all times in the tower of the city hall, and he watches the surrounding city to catch the first glimpse of a fire. When a fire is discovered during the day, he runs up black balls on the top of the tower as signals; at night red lanterns are used. The number of the balls or lanterns shows the district or ward in which the fire is located, says a writer on "Foreign Fire Fighters" in Cosmopolitan. As soon as the signal is seen by the man on duty at the engine house he rings a bell outside, which calls together the members of the company, who may be scattered over a couple of blocks. This method is not conducive to quick time in reaching the scene, and from twenty minutes to half an hour is good work unless the fire happens to be near an engine house.

Changed His Mind.
Jinks, like other men, has a horror of infant prodigies as exploited by their proud papas. Recently Blinks met him with:
"Hello, Jinks! What do you think my girl said this morning? She's the brightest four-year-old in town. She said—
"Excuse me, old man!" he exclaimed. "I'm on my way to keep an engagement. Some other time!"
"She said, 'Papa, that Mr. Jinks is the handsomest man I know.' Haw, haw, haw! How's that for precocity, eh?"
And Jinks replied: "Blinks, I'm a little early for my engagement. That youngster certainly is a bright one. Come into this toy store and help me select a few things that will please a girl of her taste, and I'll send them to her, if you don't mind."—New York Times.

Good Paste.
Not every man can make a good flour paste that can be preserved without decay or mold. When such a paste is needed, try the following: Mix good, clean flour with cold water into a thick paste and continue mixing until the flour and water are well blended. Now add boiling water and stir until it is thin enough to spread with a brush. Add to this a spoonful or two of brown sugar, a little corrosive sublimate and a few drops of oil of lavender and you will have a paste that will hold with wonderful tenacity.

In Holland.
Many of the country dames and dandies in Holland look as if they had been brought up on soap and water. Their faces gladden so preternaturally, their pots and pans, the red tiles of their floors, their tables and benches all bear witness so unmistakably to their cleansing ardor. I suppose a fly in the butter they were churning or a mired foot on the boards they have but just scrubbed would be as nearly likely to give them a fit as anything could be.—Chambers' Journal.

A Giant Emperor.
Maximilian, the giant Roman emperor, could twist coils into corkscrews, powder hard rocks between his fingers and do other seemingly impossible things. When angered, he often broke the jaw of a horse or the skull of an ox with his fist. His wife's bracelet served him for a ring, and every day he ate sixty pounds of meat and drank an amphora of wine.

Retrospection.
A Scotchman had two sons, one of whom was a doctor and the other a clergyman, of whom he was very proud. "If I had kept," said he, "that one of my sons was to be a medical man and the other a minister, I would never have had auld Jenny McCosh for my nither."

Doctors Make No Mistakes.
Patient—But, doctor, only last week you said I would surely die, and today you see I am as well as I ever was.
Doctor—Sir, I never make a mistake in a diagnosis. Your ultimate demise is only a matter of time.—Chicago News.

A Strong Hint.
Harduppe—an boy, old man, I believe I owe you an apology.
Freeman—Well, I've heard it called a V, a fiver, a snuff plunks and five boules, but never an apology before!
Pretty nearly every ninety pound woman has an ambition to be managing editor of a 240 pound man.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A BOTTLE MORGUE.
Odd Department That is Maintained in Some Drugstores.
The woman left the prescription and said she would call for the medicine in half an hour.
"I'll bet \$5 she won't," said the clerk. "She just looks like the kind that gets medicine put up for the fun of the thing."
"I didn't know there was anybody foolish enough to take his fun that way," remarked the next customer.
"Oh, yes, there are such people—lots of them," said the clerk. "Seldom a week passes that we do not put up a prescription that is never called for. Why in the world the people who thus neglect their remedies after ordering them compounded will go to the trouble and expense of consulting a doctor is more than I can figure out. If they don't want to take the stuff prescribed, they certainly don't have to, but they might at least have the grace to come and take it home after we have gone to the trouble to prepare it and not throw it back a dead loss on our hands. Why, I've got a regular morgue back there for the repose of uncalled-for bottles of medicine. I keep the stuff indefinitely, hoping that in case the customer has not been carried off by sudden death she will show up again some time and ask for the bottle. If I happen to know the delinquent's address, I send it around C. O. D., but people who make a practice of ordering medicine that they never intend to take are not apt to leave their card with the druggist."
"Most of these nuisances in the drug business are women, and many of their prescriptions have been written by out of town doctors several months or, in some cases, years ago. In such cases the customer probably has no intention of coming back for the medicine, but merely wishes it compounded through some freakish fancy. In order to guard against loss through such crazy whims we ought by right to demand a deposit on all prescriptions to be called for later on, but such an innovation would undoubtedly bring out a mighty howl, and we have never had the courage to suggest it."—New York Press.

A PECULIAR HOTEL.
Its Rooms Named For States Instead of Being Numbered.
"In a little town in the backwoods of Mississippi," remarked a traveling man, "there is a peculiar hotel. It is just like any other hotel except in the way the rooms are named. They are not numbered, as is generally done, but each room is named for a state of the United States.
"When I stopped at the place, I was assigned to a room called 'Delaware.' It was correctly named; too, for it was one of the smallest rooms in the house. A man who was occupying 'New Hampshire' made complaint to the landlord that the man in 'Maine' was drunk and boisterous and was thus keeping him awake. This seemed strange, when we recall that Maine is a prohibition state. Two men up in 'Montana' were keeping up the reputation of the wild west by engaging in a noisy poker game. A big, fat capitalist had 'New York,' which was the best room in the house. The room named for Alabama is too ordinary for anything, and a farmer was occupying it the night I was there.
"It was funny to stand in the office and hear a bellboy tell the clerk that towels were wanted in 'Iowa' and that the fellow in 'North Dakota' was kicking like a steer because he had no fire! 'Send two Manhattan cocktails up to Mississippi' was one of the orders that the clerk gave. 'Be sure to call the man in Florida at 5 o'clock in the morning,' said one of the employees. And thus it went. This hotel is a curiosity to the traveling public. It is conducted by an eccentric old fellow, but where he conceived the idea of naming rooms after states I do not know."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Shellac in Chinese Works of Art.
By softening shellac with heat it may be drawn out and twisted into almost white sticks and of a fine silky luster. Extreme beauty is given to Chinese works of art by the use of shellac. Some of them are very ancient and of great value. They are chiefly chowchow boxes, tea basins or other small objects made of wood or metal. They are covered with a coat of shellac, colored with vermilion, and while the layer of shellac is soft and pliable it is molded and shaped into beautiful patterns. Some of these works thus ornamented are so rare and beautiful that even in China they cost fabulous sums.

He Forgave the Bishop.
A certain bishop, an ardent advocate of teetotalism, found one of his flock, to whom he had preached for years, leaning in helpless drunkenness against a wall.
"Wilkins!" cried the bishop, indignantly. "Oh, Wilkins! You in this state! I am sorry; I am sorry; I am sorry!"
As the bishop was passing by on the other side Wilkins pulled himself together and hiccupped after him:
"Bishop, bishop!"
The bishop hastened back in the hope of hearing a resolution of repentance.
"Bishop, if you are really sorry I forgive you!"

A Bird Much Like a Fish.
The "birds of a feather" that "flock together" do not belong to the penguin family, as they are entirely destitute of feathers, having for a covering a kind of stiff down. Another penguin peculiarity is that it sways not on, but under, water, never keeping more than its head out and when fishing coming to the surface at such brief and rare intervals that an ordinary observer would almost certainly mistake it for a fish.

Discouraging.
"My dear sir," wrote the editor to the persistent young author, "in order to simplify matters somewhat we are inclosing a bunch of our 'declined with thanks' notices. If you will put one of these in an envelope with your manuscript and mail it to yourself, it will make it easier for all of us, and you will be saving something in postage as well."—Chicago Post.

Goldfish.
There are some goldfish in Washington which belonged to the same family for the last fifty years, and they seem no bigger and no less vivacious today than they did when they first came to the owner's possession. A few of the fish in the Royal aquarium in St. Petersburg are known to be 150 years old.

Depressing.
"Were there laughter and cheers during your speech?"
"Well," answered the youthful statesman, "there weren't many cheers, but now and then people in the audience looked at one another and laughed."—Washington Star.

A Case of Necessity.
Mrs. Smith—We missed you so much at our party!
Mrs. Jones—And I was so vexed when I couldn't come! You see, our cook had company unexpectedly, and she needed us to fill out the card tables.—Detroit Journal.
The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us.—Franklin.

Eyeless Fish in Boiling Water.
One of the most remarkable discoveries in the shape of a peculiar species of fish ever made on this continent was that made at Carson City, Nev., in 1870. At that time both the Hale and Norcross and the Savage mines were down to what is known as the "2,200 foot level." When at that depth, a subterranean lake of boiling water was tapped. This accident flooded both mines to a depth of 400 feet. After this water had all been pumped out except that which had gathered in basins and in the inaccessible portions of the works, and when the water still had a temperature of 123 degrees—nearly scalding hot—many queer looking little blood red fish were taken out. In appearance they somewhat resembled the goldfish.

They seemed lively and sportive enough when they were in their native element—boiling water—notwithstanding the fact that they did not even have rudimentary eyes. When the fish were taken out of the hot water and put into buckets of cold water for the purpose of being transported to the surface, they died as quickly as a perch or a bass would if plunged into a kettle of water that was scalding hot; not only this, but the skin peeled off exactly as if it had been boiled.

Passing a Plate in a Church.
There was a very large congregation, and the rector seeing that there was only one aim dish made signs to a rustic from the chancel entrance to come to him and bade him go into the rectory garden through a glass door into the dining room, where there had been a slight refection before the service, bring a dish from the table, take it down one side of the north aisle and up the other, and then bring it to the clergyman at the place from which he started. The rustic disappeared, reappeared with the dish, took it as he was ordered and presented it to the people on either side of the aisle, and then approaching the rector whispered in his ear: "I've done as you told me, sir. I've taken it down your side of the aisle and up 't'other—they'll none of 'em 'ave any." No order had been given to empty the dish, and it was full of biscuits!—Dean Hole's "Memories."

POLITENESS IN JAPAN.
Even "Giving Notice" is Made an Occasion of Compliments.
Politeness distinguishes the relations between mistresses and maids in Japan. It is so inexorable in Japan that even the ceremony of "giving notice" is turned into an occasion of compliments. There are no vulgar threats or sulking or recriminations or scoldings or "answering back." A servant will never tell her mistress that she is dissatisfied or has had some better place offered her. That would be unpardonably rude. Instead she asks for a few days' leave of absence. This is willingly granted, for Japanese servants have no settled time for taking holidays.

At the end of the given time the mistress will begin to wonder what has become of the girl. She is not left to wonder long. A letter arrives couched in the most polite and humble terms and giving any excuse but the real one. Sometimes it will be that she has found herself too weak for service or that illness at home detains her. Whatever it may be, the plea is never contested, but accepted as final and a new servant engaged. Then, after some weeks have passed, very likely after taking a fresh plea, the old servant will turn up one day, express her thanks for past kindnesses and regrets at not returning in time, will take her arrears of wages and her bundles and disappear forever. So the matter ends with the kindest semblance of feeling on both sides.

If the mistress on her part does not wish to have the girl back, she will not tell her so to her face, but will send word. Even when servants come on trial for a few days they often leave nominally to fetch their belongings or make arrangements for their return, never because they have any "complaints" to make. Any discomfort is to be endured rather than the suspicion of bad manners or of anything leading up to a "scene."

Breaking It Gently.
Young Wife—Why, dear, you were the stroke-out at college, weren't you?
Young Husband—Yes, love.
"And a very prominent member of the gymnastic club."
"I was the captain."
"And quite a hand at all athletic exercises."
"Quite a hand? Why, I was the champion walker, the best runner, the head man at lifting heavy weights, and as for carrying, why, I assure you, I could shoulder with ease a barrel of—"
"Well, love, just please hold the baby for a couple of hours. The nurse has gone out, and I'm tired!"

No Idlers Wanted.
He—They say the eyes are the windows of the heart. Now, when I look at your eyes—
She—I hope you notice the signs in the windows.
He—Signs! What signs?
She—"No Admittance Except on Business."—Philadelphia Press.

A Tragic Lament.
"Did you say that you were wedded to your art?"
"Yes," answered Stormington Barnes, "I'm tied to it for life, all right. But I don't hesitate to confess that the honeymoon was over some years ago."
—Washington Star.

A Judicial Gem.
"A husband is not guilty of desertion when his wife rents his room to a boarder and crowds him out of the house." This is no joke, but a piece of solemn judicial wisdom. It is found in 103 Penn. St., 450.

GREELEY'S REVENGE.
Outcome of the Editor's Tilt With Elizabeth Cady Stanton.
The late Elizabeth Cady Stanton was particularly apt at retort, and one of her swift parries of a thrust delivered by Horace Greeley against her favorite doctrine of woman suffrage is historic.
"Madam," said Horace one day during the civil war, "the ballot and the bullet go together. If you want to vote, are you ready to fight?"
"Certainly, sir," she responded. "I am ready to fight, just as you are fighting, through a substitute."
Notwithstanding their differences of opinion, Mrs. Stanton and Greeley were personally friendly until the New York constitutional convention of 1868. A woman suffrage clause was strenuously pressed upon that body and as vigorously opposed by Mr. Greeley. One day, after the Tribune editor had made some particularly rasping remarks upon the subject, George William Curtis rose and said:
"I have the honor, Mr. Chairman, to present a petition in favor of the woman suffrage amendment signed by Mrs. Horace Greeley and 300 other ladies."
Greeley was furious and rightly ascribed the appearance of the memorial at that moment to Mrs. Stanton.
"Why did you not put my wife's maiden name on that petition and call her Mary Cheney Greeley?" he demanded the next time they met.
"Because," said Mrs. Stanton, "I wanted all the world to know that Horace Greeley's wife protested against her husband's report on the suffrage amendment."
"All right," retorted the editor. "Hereafter you shall always be spoken of in the Tribune as Mrs. Henry R. Stanton." And so it was to the time of her death, although the name of Elizabeth Cady Stanton was known to hundreds of thousands who could not identify the woman by the appellation under which the Tribune, for revenge, tried to obscure her fame.—Pilgrim.

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Frank A. Kenyon,
Register of Deeds
and Abstracter.
These abstracts are the only record of Title up to the time of the fire which destroyed the Court House.

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439-1-2 Congress St.
Portland, Maine, Oct. 17, 1902.
I consider Wine of Gardui superior to any doctor's medicine I ever used and I know whose of I speak. I suffered for nine months with suppressed menstruation which completely prostrated me. Pains would shoot through my back and sides and I would have blinding headaches. My limbs would swell up and I would feel so weak I could not stand up. I naturally felt discouraged for I seemed to be beyond the help of physicians, but Wine of Gardui came as a God-send to me. I felt a change for the better within a week. After nineteen days treatment I menstruated without suffering the agonies I usually did and soon became regular and without pain. Wine of Gardui is simply wonderful and I wish that all suffering women knew of its good qualities.

Wilhelmina Sawyer
Treasurer, Portland Economic League

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