

Charlevoix County Herald

Vol. 6.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JULY 25 1903.

No 48

ST 1897 XI.

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

NEWS AGENCY
A new line of Jewellery.

Next to the Postoffice.
H. C. HOLMES.

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

R. J. Steffes.

Warne Block

Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

WILL RICHARDSON'S

State Street Grocery.

INDIANA IN ROMANCE AND FICTION.

The Hoosier State has furnished the locale for more literary efforts than any other of the Central States. Most of Riley's poems, Tarkington's novels Joseph Arthur and Lawrence Russell's plays have Indiana for their scene of action. The latest of these is a play by the latter author called "The Punkin Husker" an odd title truly but decidedly striking. It originated with the boys in the country towns who when going out into the country districts were wont to say, "I'm going out to husk pumpkins". Eventually the phrase became popular, and from that they came to dub the country people, "Punkin Huskers".

The action of "The Punkin Husker" takes place in Washington County, Indiana, and depicts rural life far more minutely than any of its predecessors, the dedication of a new barn, is a scene that will go straight to the heart of every beholder who has ever spent any portion of his career in the country. The play also pictures a Congressional Campaign, which eventually becomes so bitter that one of the contestants is mobbed by Whitecaps.

"The Punkin Husker" has gained a deserved success, for it is a beautiful creation of a clever dramatist, a homely life story, permeated with the scent of morning glories and hollyhocks, the emblems of sweetness and simplicity.

An exchange informs us that the best barometer in the world is an old scratched up, lop eared, battle-scarred cat. If he eats grass it is a sign of rain. If he stands with his back to the stove it means cold weather. When he washes his face wash yours, for you are going to have company. If he is nervous at the time he is usually sleeping examine your lightning rods for a big electric storm is coming. Everything he does is a sign of something. "If you haven't a measly old cat you had better get one at once."

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.

Highest price paid in cash for wool
Boosinger Bros.

METROPOLITAN PLEASURE FOR EVERYBODY.

Nearly every one living in this community will doubtless want to visit Petoskey on Thursday, August 6th when the Adam Forepaugh and Sells Brothers' Great Consolidated Shows, comprising double circus, double menageries, double museums, double hippodromes, will appear here. The menageries contain the greatest number of rare wild beasts ever seen in one collection. In the circus there are 300 star performers, and in addition to all the standard circus acts there are a score or more of sensational features. There is not space to enumerate them here, but prominent among them may be mentioned the world-famous Diavolo, who performs the exceptionally wonderful feat of looping the loop on a bicycle, an act which has astonished the world; then there is Minting, the unicycle marvel; the famous Aurora Zouaves, wonderfully drilled soldiers; La Belle Leona, the renowned equestrienne; twenty-three champion bare back riders; Starr, the shooting star, and the seven Ryan-Zorrellas world's greatest aerialists, and numerous other great features. All lines of travel will offer especially low rates of fare and provide all the necessary accommodations for the throngs who wish to go to see them. The agent of these lines of travel will furnish all necessary information as to time of trains and rates of fare. There is one thing certain, and that is that these excursion arrangements will enable people who live here to see identically the same show as seen by those who live in the metropolitan cities.

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.

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.

WHEN OTHER MEDICINES HAVE FAILED

Take Foley's Kidney Cure. It has cured when everything else has disappointed.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

A FINE GAME OF BASE BALL.

Over one hundred tickets were sold from this place to Deward and Frederic Sunday. Some went to fish, some to pick berries but the greatest attraction was the ball game between East Jordan and Deward.

The game which was called at 3:00 o'clock, was well worth seeing, only one score being made in the entire game, being made by Bellenger in the 5th inning on a two base hit followed by a single by Carson which brought in the winning run.

Carson was worse than a Chinese puzzle for the Deward players, striking out 19 of them besides making several assists and only allowed two.

Shoeneman, for Deward, pitched a good game with 12 strikeouts and kept the hits so well scattered that the game was full of interest from start to finish.

About sixty baseball enthusiasts from Frederic came down to witness the game.

The time before and after the game was spent in inspecting the Ward Estate's big pine mill and the extensive lumber yards which alone was well worth the time and money expended on the trip.

The people of Deward extended every courtesy to their visitors and did everything in their power to make their day's interesting and agreeable.

An exchange knew what it was writing about when it published the following:

The territory of a town is not all dependent upon the distance to neighboring trading points. Territory depends upon the enterprise of the merchants and the residents of the town. If the town does not reach out after the trade it will only come as far as it is forced to. But if the merchants go after the business in the surrounding country, advertising in every possible way, and making good every word of their advertising, the trade will come from ever increasing radius and the town will gain a reputation for being wide awake and it will force to the front. It is the men in the town and not altogether the number living within a certain number of miles from it that make a town good or good for nothing.

List of Advertised Letters.

Unclaimed letters for the week ending July 25—

Buell, Mrs. L.,
Putnam, Mr. Chas.,
Partin, R.,
Brunson, Miss Edg.,
WM. HARRINGTON, P. M.

EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

NIAGARA FALLS
ALEXANDRIA BAY
TORONTO, ONT.
MONTREAL, QUE.

On August 5, 1903, tickets will be sold to above points at special low excursion rates, via Pere Marquette with choice of routes to Niagara Falls via either Michigan Central R. R., or Detroit & Buffalo Line Steamers. To Toronto and Montreal via Canadian Pacific Ry. Ask Pere Marquette agent for particulars as to rates at which tickets will be sold, etc., or write H. F. Moeller, G. P. A., Detroit.

THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW BARN.

This is one of the prominent scenes in Lawrence Russell's new play, "The Punkin Husker" and it is one of the most accurate life pictures that has ever graced a theatrical performance. The old fashioned quadrilles, the efforts of the rustics to master the more modern waltzes and two-steps, the games of "Pawm" and "Postoffice" are deft touches of naturalness that seem to the auditor to be incidents taken from his own life and reproduced for his special benefit. The pulse that will not quicken, the heart that will not throb faster at these scenes is indeed dead.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION.

The regular Teachers' Examination for Charlevoix County will be held at the McKinley School building in Charlevoix, on August 13, 14 and 15, 1903. The law has changed the August date to the second Thursday of the month. Examinations will commence at 8:30 a. m., standard time, and embrace all grades of certificates.

Students desiring to enter the State Agricultural College can take the entrance examination at the same place on August 13th, 1903.

Examination paper furnished free.
A. W. CHEW,
School Commissioner.

Special Excursion!

Niagara Falls
VIA
Detroit & Charlevoix R. R.
AND
Michigan Central R. R.
Wednesday Aug 5

For rates and other information inquire of
E. A. ASHLEY, Agent.

NOTICE.

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

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

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a mortgage made by S. H. Brown (husband) and J. B. Allen (wife) 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 203, 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 money 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 25th day of September, A. D. 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, I will 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 holden the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage with interest at 7 per cent, 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: The South-East quarter of the South-West quarter of Section twenty-four, Town thirty-three, North Range seven West, in Exhove township, 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,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

CHANCERY NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.
Thirteenth Judicial Circuit 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.

Orin Brewer, Complainant,
vs.
William Brewer, Defendant.

In this cause 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 fifteen days the Complainant cause this order to be published in the CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD, a newspaper published in said County, said publication to be continued once each week for six weeks in succession.

FREDERICK W. MAYNOR,
Circuit Judge
Solicitor for Complainant.
Business address, East Jordan, Mich.
6-20-74

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.	4:30 p. m.
Leave Charlevoix,	9:30 a. m.	4:30 p. m.
—Ballroad dock,	9:55 a. m.	4:50 p. m.
Arrive East Jordan,	11:20 a. m.	6:30 p. m.

GEO. JEPSON, Master.

Str. "Pilgrim."

Lv. Charlevoix,	4. m.	4. m.	4. m.
—P. M. Railroad dock,	7:10	11:00	3:00
—Sequoia,	8:25	—	3:10
Ironton,	8:55	11:35	3:10

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,	8:10 a. m.	3:00 p. m.
Leave East Jordan,	9:15 a. m.	3:15 p. m.
Arrive Charlevoix,	11:00 a. m.	4:15 p. m.

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

L. GUARD, Master.

BOOSINGER BROS.

NEW FALL SAMPLES

If you're looking for just a little better Suit or one that has more snap or style than is usually found in some tailor-made garments, you'll find it here.

There's no question about the assortment, it speaks for itself. The point we wish to impress upon your mind is the really excellent workmanship, the DASH and STYLE to the cut and the general all around "up-to-dateness" of the Suit that we build for you. We know how to fit you and we have just this much confidence in our ability to please that we "back up" every order with our guarantee to fit. You get every essential in a good suit—Style, Fit, Durability, and best of all

Every Garment Union Made

Our prices are positively the very lowest. If you are not already a customer a trial order will make you one. Suits from new Fall goods, \$13.00 to \$39.00. Trousers \$3.75 to \$1.00. Positively the finest line you ever saw.

Quality First of All - - Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROS.

The Two Captains

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Copyright, 1897, by P. F. Collier.

Copyright, 1897, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

CHAPTER I.

Pope and Crystal.

It was one Tuesday in the city of London, in the early part of the last century, and the large dining-room of the Mitre tavern was full of hungry men sitting in boxes and giving hoarse notes to their wants. The best-pot foamed at their elbows as they ate with a will. They bore the true aspect of the children of the deep; you would have known them when they have in sight a mile off by their clothes and cut.

Jenkinson went about nodding to this man and to that, calling deep pitched answers in response to friendly greetings. He stopped at a box at whose table sat one figure only. This was a captain in the merchant service named Pope, a fine, tall man of very noble build. He had a merry eye with something careless and cruel in its glance and light; an Irish eye blue and arch. But to-day the face that overhung his plate, chowing steadily, with Jenkinson staring at him, was a long one.

"Well, Captain," said Jenkinson, "have you got a ship yet?"

"Don't talk of it," cried Captain Pope with passion. "The pavements are full of helpless idlers. They wander starving and forlorn."

Jenkinson smiled sarcastically. "Don't tell me," he said. "There are always plenty of ships, and where there are ships there is demand and room for good men."

The other shrugged his shoulders and bit his food with anger. Just then a middle-sized man came to the entrance of the box, and Jenkinson stood up.

"How d'ye do, Captain Crystal? What are your commands?" Crystal named his joint, and seated himself opposite Captain Pope, and Jenkinson went away.

This Crystal was a very rugged-

crust, and he and his father-in-law and Mrs. Jackman went ashore. When Jackman returned to his ship, the men seized him, swearing they were not going to be hanged for pirates, and they locked this Jackman up in his cabin, and carried the brig to the Thames and handed her over. Jackman sprang through the cabin window and was drowned. He did well. He was a ruined man and a felon.

"The biggest fool," said Captain Crystal, "that ever took charge of men. Only think of shipping a crew on representations of honesty, to tell them, before they were out of sight of Execution Dock, that the brig's colors were the black flag."

"I have a mind to view this brig," said Pope. "We require a permit from the owner, and that is one reason why I am calling on him. Come with me and view the brig, Crystal."

"Right," said the square-shaped seaman; "and if you have the cash for the purchase of her stowed away in some old stocking in an inshore chimney, I'm your man as first mate."

They entered the shop of a nautical instrument maker. Mr. Staunton, the owner of the brig, dwelt over this shop.

"This is your notice, I suppose?" said Captain Pope, pulling out the paper, and putting his hand upon the advertisement. "What's your price?"

"Not a penny less than six hundred pounds," replied the money-lender. "Have you seen her?"

"No," answered Pope, with a gloomy grin, "we're here to ask for leave to look at her."

Mr. Staunton quickly and eagerly began to write, talking meanwhile. His writing was soon ended. "Show this, gentlemen," said he, "to my ship-keeper, and I hope you'll lose no time in taking the vessel off my hands."

"We'll view her," said Pope, pocketing the permit. The two sailors went toward London

Crystal, scowling up and down the street. "Why didn't you keep near the docks. Five shillings hires me a room and a clean turn-up bedstead just out of the Commercial Road."

Captain Pope pulled the bell of the house. The door was opened after a considerable passage of waiting—during which Pope continued to curse the sea as the most poverty-stricken of callings—by a dirty little servant who seemed a compound of fume and black-lead. The Captain pushed in.

They refreshed themselves in a dingy little bedroom, adjoining the parlor. There was a handsome sea-chest here, and a sparkling long telescope.

"That's what it's come to," said Pope, pointing to these things. "I, Captain Pope, and as good and careful a mariner as any as sails out of the ports of this kingdom, cannot get a ship."

"There are scores of us," said Crystal, drying his face. "My money sinks and the ships depart, and I return to my dirty little lodging sick with cursing the times I have fallen on."

"And disappointment and poverty don't raise hell and the pirate in your heart, hey?" cried Pope, staring with a wild stormy look into the other's dark face.

"How do you know that it don't?" answered Crystal, picking up a hair brush.

"I'd rob a church. I have no honesty left. I mean to set up as a villain, and you shall help me make a fortune for us both, Crystal."

"You're not thinking of the highway are ye, Pope?"

"Ay, the highway that reflects the canvas of rich keels. But step into the next room." He pulled out a gold watch. "I'll tell you what's in my mind, and we can debate it over a pipe after we've supped."

CHAPTER II.

The Camperdown Public House.

"Well, now, what's your scheme?" said Crystal, when they had entered. "I'll be beforehand with thee thus far; thy piracy or you shall choke me."

Captain Pope's eyes gleamed. "Piracy it is; the most gallant of trades. If I had my way I would not choose a brig. She should be the swiftest schooner that ever sailed out of an American port, copped to the bonds, with buttons of trucks melting to the stars."

He laughed, rubbing his hands in a glowing way.

Crystal said, "High enough. But you are a broken man. How, unless you run away with her, are you to come at a brig or a schooner, swift or slow?"

"If you want to go upstairs," exclaimed Pope, "you take one step at a time. Some take two, and those are the fools. How much money have you got, Crystal?"

"So help me as I sit," cried the square, rugged seaman, half starting out of his chair, with his eyes all in a heat at once, "I cannot muster four guineas in this accursed world of toil and want."

He tore a few coins out of his pocket and dashed them in a small handcup upon the table. Pope, folding his arms, leaned back on the sofa and eyed the money with mingled sorrow and disdain; then after a pause he exclaimed:

"Put that coin up, Crystal, and cease to fret. I can muster eighty pounds and a gold watch, and trifles"—here he heaved a deep sigh—"which might be worth thirty pounds more to me. With this capital I mean to go to work."

(To be continued.)

THE FEAR OF LAUGHTER.

In Our Day the Joke Is Fast Becoming Mightier Than the Pen.

Men who fear nothing else shrink from a joke upon themselves. Soldiers who do not flinch before opposing guns dread to be made ridiculous.

"* * * Woe to the national hero who makes one trifling mistake which may subject him to clever caricature! His meritorious career is henceforth shadowed by one colored illustration. A comic paper will tip the scales of justice, snatch the victor's prize from his extended palm and rob the orator of his choicest laurels. A brilliant satire will mar the fortunes of the greatest statesman; a laugh will turn the tide of a political convention. Indeed, the joke is fast becoming mightier than the pen. The orator has learned its value, and even the clergyman resorts to it when he desires to stir the flagging interest in his flock. It furnishes sufficient excuse for the impertinence of children, and in its name the daily papers deride the highest national dignitaries. What is the meaning of its steady growth in power and what results may we predict from its humorous tyranny? Is there a chance that our keen relish for fun may finally produce a kind of humorous dyspepsia resulting from over-indulgence, unless with epicurean discrimination we demand quality, not quantity, and stubbornly refuse to swallow other than that which should appear a wholesome, nay, cultivated appetite in jokes?—Atlantic.

Reed as a Joker.

When William A. Peffer was senator from Kansas he met "Czar" Reed one day and in the course of conversation complained of having a headache. "I don't understand it," said the senator. "I guess I will have to see a doctor."

"A doctor for trouble with your head?" returned Mr. Reed. "No, no! You'd better see a wheelwright."—Doston Post.

In the Circus.

"What an absurd retort Miss Hippo gave Mr. Monkey."

Camel—"What was it?"

Jumbo—"After he had talked awhile she said he had too much mouth."

HAD EARNED UMPIRE'S SCORN.

Official Not Afraid of Being Hit by Such a Batter.

Melancholy had been doing her best to mark the umpire for her own but up to the eighth inning she had not been able to leave a dent. He was not of the few whom nature seems to have especially fitted for the responsible duties thrust upon them in this life. Quick of speech, haughty and overbearing and wholly indifferent to the right of others, he delivered his decision in a way which almost invariably commanded respect even though it failed to carry conviction. But the penalty which he paid for success in his career, was a heavy one. His disposition was irretrievably ruined. He had become habitually sarcastic. A player on whom three strikes had just been called was speaking up with all the enthusiasm of a man who realized that this is a free country and the voice of the people is to be heard from the bleaching board on his side.

"Tree strikes nottin!" was the loud laconic comment which caused the umpire to look upon him with a majestic glare and exclaim:

"What's dat?"

"I said 'tree strikes nottin', an' dat's whut."

The altercation proceeded until, in a paroxysm of indignation the player lifted his bat as a weapon.

"Look out!" shouted one of the players. "He's goin' to hit ye."

But the umpire never flinched. "Don't ye have no fear," he said as he stood in statuesque defiance "After whut he's 'been doin' at the bat I don't feel that I'm runnin' no risks whatever. He may strike at me, but there ain't any mortal chance of his touchin' anything."—New York Times.

NOT MANY IN HEAVEN.

Why Little Girl Thought Few Would Be Eligible.

A small girl who lives in an elegant home on Central Park West has troubled her mother very much by her very careless regard for the truth. One day her mother had a very serious talk with the little daughter, and ended up by telling her that liars could not go to Heaven. The small daughter reflected for a time and then said:

"Mamma, do you ever tell lies?"

"Certainly not," replied her mother. Sudden recollections sweeping across her mind, she hesitated and added:

"Sometimes, of course, when it is impossible for me to see people, I send down word that I am not at home. But that is merely to keep from hurting their feelings. It is not lying."

That night when her father came home she said bluntly:

"Papa, do you ever tell lies?"

"Certainly not," replied her father with astonishment and some indignation. Then he began to fidget a little, and after awhile added: "Of course when I'm selling goods I can't always tell all I know about them. It's the other fellow's business to know what kind of goods they are. That isn't lying though; that's just business."

The small girl reflected again, and after mature consideration, spoke:

"I don't think that I want to go to Heaven," said she; "there won't be any one there but God and George Washington."—New York Times.

What Constitutes a Family.

The question as to what constitutes a "family" is often up before the railroad officials. Some railroads are quite liberal in their definitions. The Pennsylvania Railroad company's definition in regard to a pass bearing a man's name and family is that it is only good for himself and members of his family who rely upon him for support.

Some of the European roads are more liberal. J. B. Hutchinson of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, who has just returned from a trip abroad, said: "I was struck with the liberal definition of what a pass bearing one's name and family is good for on the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean railroad." He had copied the instructions bearing on this subject. They were as follows: "A pass for one and family is good for father, mother, children, grandfather, grandmother, mother-in-law, father-in-law, brother, sister, brother-in-law, sister-in-law, uncle, aunt, nephew, niece and servants attached to the family."

The Woman's Joy.

I fondly held upon my knee My new-born baby, frail and weak; With joy all mothers understand I kissed her feet, each little hand.

The little eyes that yet I knew Not whether would be brown or blue, Each tiny, dainty, chiseled ear, The pretty face, so dear, so dear.

I sang an old, old melody, That oft my mother sang to me, And to my happy, throbbing breast My darling girlie closer pressed.

Ah, mothers, if ours be the pain, Ours too, the bliss, the sacred gain; A grander, sweeter gift God could— Not give to us than motherhood. —Kathleen Kavanagh in New Orleans Picayune.

Practical Philanthropy.

"Very often, I suppose," said the inquisitive person, "you are deceived by apparently deserving objects of charity whom you quietly help?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the wealthy philanthropist; "it's just like throwing money away. Sometimes the very people you think will advertise you most never say a word about it."

Bobby's Idea.

"Did you ever hear of the 'Hanging Gardens of Babylon'?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Yes, ma'am," responded little Bobby.

"And what were they used for?"

"To hang people in, ma'am."

POULTRY



Raising Bronze Turkeys.

From Farmers' Review: Among the many things learned in my experience with the bronze turkeys, I will name briefly a few. In the successful breeding of a stock of turkeys the most essential point is vigor, then size and then fine markings of plumage. The fancier must consider size, because nine out of every ten want size. I have had the best success with pullets of from 16 to 20 pounds, and old hens, 18 to 23 pounds. They lay eggs of more fertility than larger hens. They are more active and healthy and make better mothers. The extremely large and over-fat hens generally lay odd-shaped eggs and but few of them and often break them. The tom has more influence on shape and color of offspring than does the female. He should be as near perfection in typical carriage and color of plumage as is possible to get, and of medium size and plenty of vigor. I like a tom of the pit game nature, as they are sure to get good healthy pullets. A good vigorous tom will mate with 18 or 20 hens. Turkey hens should be very carefully fed, if fed at all during laying season. Turkeys that have free range do not need much feed, as they can pick up nearly all they need, unless it is a large flock. It is a good plan to feed meat once a week, as it has a tendency to make the eggs more fertile. In the rearing of young turkeys, never let the young ones get wet. The slightest dampness is fatal. Nine-tenths of young turkeys die from lice. Dust them with insect powder three times a week. Also the mother. Feed on rolled oats, corn, millet seed and curds. Ground bone and fine gravel should be provided. I have had best results by fencing off large parks with poultry netting and keeping my flocks of turkeys in them during the breeding season. This saves the watching and long walks for the eggs. It confined, the turkeys must be fed a balanced ration. Successful turkey raising, like all other occupations, comes from putting good common sense into practice and watching the details.—Elmer Gilman, Christian County, Illinois.

Land for Poultry Culture.

Poultry culture has the advantage over most other kinds of farming operations in that little land is required for extensive operations and that land unusable for anything else may be made serviceable for poultry raising. For the production of food for poultry of course good land is required, but for their runs any kind of land will do. It is possible to take a sandy waste and use it to advantage in providing runs for poultry. When it comes to the question of allotting land for the support of a large flock of poultry it is rather difficult to get down to a business basis. This is largely because the food of the poultry comes largely from waste products. For instance there is the supply of bone and meat scraps from the butchers, which will make a considerable part of the feed. The use of this reduces the land requirements for sustaining the flock. Other waste products can be utilized which all works in the same direction. On the farm the land requirement for poultry culture is comparatively small even when flocks of considerable size are kept. This is especially true of water fowls, where there is a stream or lake accessible. Leaving out the question of producing food for the poultry, one acre will be found sufficient for 200 hens, if they be kept in small flocks. This land may be made to grow a good deal of green stuff, if each yard be divided into two and the fowls permitted for forage on the green stuff in one part of the yard while a new supply is growing in the other.

Overfat Hens.

From Farmers' Review: In speaking of our experience with overfat hens, would say that it is rather disastrous to ourselves as well as the hens. We find that when hens begin to lay on fat they get lazy and want to sit around. They either stop laying altogether or else lay small infertile eggs with germs so weak that the chicks die in the shell. If they stop laying, the little eggs inside get hard and are overgrown with fat which finally forms a sort of a tumor. They get short of breath and the least excitement makes something give way and they die. If they escape this growth they get congestion of the liver, which very soon kills them. We think the best thing to do with an overfat hen is to cook her, unless she is a hen of extra value. In this case it is best to take her in hand at once, giving her a few doses of epsom salts, feeding her plenty of grit and only enough other food to keep her from starving for a few days. Make her work for what little she gets but of course she must not be made to suffer. One must use judgment about this as well as other matters. We find that fat hens do not eat as much as others.—Jos. Heasley & Son, Peoria County, Illinois.

HUGE NEST OF FISHHAWK.

It is Four Feet Across and Weighs 400 Pounds.

The giant nest of the American osprey, or fishhawk, which has been placed in the crocheted top of a pine tree growing on a point of land jutting into the lake near the main entrance to the Bronx zoological park, is attracting a great deal of attention from the increasing crowds of these balmy days, says the New York Times. The nest, which was secured at Gardiner's Island, off the eastern coast of Long Island, has the shape of a huge bowl, probably four feet across and a yard high, and weighs 400 pounds. It is composed chiefly of good-sized sticks and among the other materials are pieces of broken oars and wrecked boats, fishnets, skeletons of quail, fashbones and a long strand of barbed wire. The huge nest also has a number of sub-tenants, for about its sides are built the nests of three pair of purple grackles or blackbirds. The osprey is not a bird-killing hawk, although it is well able to take care of itself in encounters with other hawks and will not allow them to approach its nest. It is presumed that the wise grackles made their home in the osprey's nest for protection from other hawks.

For Aged People.

Bellflower, Mo., July 6th.—Mr. G. V. Bohrer of this place has written an open letter to the old men and women of the country, advising them to use Dodd's Kidney Pills as a remedy for those forms of Kidney Trouble so common among the aged. Mr. Bohrer says:

"I suffered myself for years with my Kidneys and urinary organs. I was obliged to get up as many as seven or eight times during the night."

"I tried many things with no success, till I saw one of Dodd's Almanacs, and read of what Dodd's Kidney Pills were doing for old people. I bought two boxes from our druggist and began to use them at once. In a very short time I was well. This is over a year ago, and my trouble has not returned, so that I know my cure was a good, genuine, permanent one."

"I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills are a splendid medicine for old people or anyone suffering with Kidney and urinary troubles, for although I am 84 years of age, they have made me well."

Silence may be golden, yet the product of the still makes men noisy. —P. B. Power.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c. Many trust God for a crown and go right on worrying over crumbs.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW? If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 5 oz. package 5 cents.

There is only one standard of right and truth.—Rev. Dr. Vance.

A prominent Southern lady, Mrs. Blanchard, of Nashville, Tenn., tells how she was cured of backache, dizziness, painful and irregular periods by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Gratitude compels me to acknowledge the great merit of your Vegetable Compound. I have suffered for four years with irregular and painful menstruation, also dizziness, pains in the back and lower limbs, and fitful sleep. I dreaded the time to come which would only mean suffering to me. Six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me health and happiness in a few short months, and was worth more than months under the doctor's care, which really did not benefit me at all. I feel like another person now. My aches and pains have left me. I am satisfied there is no medicine so good for sick women as your Vegetable Compound, and I advocate it to my lady friends in need of medical help."—Mrs. B. A. BLANCHARD, 422 Broad St., Nashville, Tenn.—\$5.00 per bottle if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

When women are troubled with menstrual irregularities, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

WESTERN CANADA GRAIN CROWING, MIXED FARMING.

The Reason Why more wheat is grown in Western Canada is a few short months than elsewhere, is because vegetation grows in proportion to the sunlight. The more northern latitude in which grain will come to perfection, the better it is. Therefore 22 lbs. per bushel is as fair a standard as 60 lbs. in the East. Area under crop in Western Canada, 1,987,390 Acres. Yield, 1908, 117,522,764 Bush.

HOMESTEAD LANDS OF 160 ACRES FREE, the only charge for which is \$10 for making entry. Abundance of water and fuel, including mineral, cheap, good grass for pasture and hay, a fertile soil, a sufficient rainfall, and a climate giving an assured and adequate season of growth.

Send to the following for an Atlas and other literature, and also for certificate giving you reduced freight and passenger rates, etc., etc. Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to M. J. McNamee, No. 3 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Mich., or J. J. Grier, Suite 101, 101 Michigan, the authorized Canadian Government Agents.



"I heard it. Piracy!"

looking man of about forty-five years of age. He showed a cutlass scar over his nose, and it fixed the expression of a surly frown upon his face. He was very broad, as powerfully built as Pope, dressed in sailor's worn clothes; but as in Pope, so in this man, there was wickedness in his looks.

Captain Pope closed his knife and fork and watched the other for some minutes in silence. Then he got up and looked over into the box on either hand, then sat a little closer opposite Crystal, and said, "This is the advertisement I was telling you about." He read in a low voice as follows:

"Brig Gypsy—This beautiful and admirable clipper ship having been condemned by the Admiralty, has been purchased by a private gentleman, who has laid out a considerable sum of money in completing her equipment. She is now for sale, and may be had at a very great bargain. Parties disposed to purchase her will apply to Mr. Staunton in the Minories."

"It's the strangest matter that ever I heard of," said Captain Pope, speaking with a cautious face. "A man had a father who left him a brig and a trifle in cash. Jackman was his name. He got command, but it was plain the sea didn't satisfy him. He came ashore with a bag of fifteen hundred pounds, and pretended to have been knocked down and robbed. There is no doubt he stole the money. The owners did not seem able to prove anything, and the next traverse this man Jackman set out to work was the painting and equipping of his brig, and the preparing her for sea as a—what d'yer say?"

"I heard it. Piracy!" said Captain Crystal.

"He got men under the pretense that he was bound out on some liberal undertaking—it was a story of treasure, I fancy—and went away down Channel. His game was suspected and he was followed out of one of the beaches by a government cutter. They exchanged shots, and the pirate brought the cutter's mast down. Jackman in the Channel brings his men aft and tells them the truth. He is going for a pirate, he says. The men heard him. In time they came abreast of some caves which Jackman had burrowed down on the extreme west

Bridge. A boy was proceeding from London Bridge down the river, and the two captains boarded her for Deptford. There they landed, and took oars, as the expression then was, for a brig with the topgallant mast housed, lying in the stream within a convenient pull.

"She appears in very good condition," said Pope, directing searching looks about him, and letting his eyes rest aloft. "I'll give her royal stunsails and by the saints, there shall be nothing about she shan't be able to overhaul."

"Oh, ho!" muttered Crystal. "So that's the lay."

He looked at Pope and burst into a horse laugh.

"'Tis a pity, though," says he, "that there should be a difficulty of six hundred pounds in the way."

"How am I to get this ship?" said Captain Pope, standing on stretched legs. He spoke in soliloquy. His companion seemed not to heed, merely eyed him askant, and then after whistling softly for a bit while he reflected, he said: "I never heard of a ship stolen out of the river Thames in my life."

"There was the Dorothy," said Pope swiftly; "and there was the Arethusa, a small West Indiaman; in each case a company of men entered, gagged and pinioned the ship-keeper, softly let go the fasts and slipped away on the stream without a hail from shore or water. Both those vessels were lost to their owners; what became of them I don't know."

"It was a midnight job," said Crystal, and then both men went on deck and entered the fore-castle, examined the cabin, lifted the main hatch and looked at the guns in the hold; next, heaving their boat, the two captains went ashore.

Pope had asked Crystal to sup with him, and the rugged seaman had consented. It was a dismal street. The Captain seemed struck. He paused grasping Crystal's arm.

"What sort of life can that be?" said he; "that lands a man in this sort of thing? Yet, so help me God," he cried with Irish emphasis, "after using the sea since I was a lad of fifteen, I can do no better than this first floor at seven shillings a week."

"It's a dirty part of London," said

BATTLE FIELDS ON WHICH HISTORY HAS BEEN MADE

Col. Yanke, a retired German officer, has just read a lecture before the members of the Berlin Geographical society on the results of a journey last year through Asia Minor, undertaken for the purposes of historical and geographical investigation. The starting point of the journey was Alexandretta, and the route followed was first to Smyrna, then by ship to Rhodes, Messina, and Adana, on the Cilician coast. An excursion to Pompeopolis was made, as well as one from Alexandretta to Ballan and the Ballan pass. The latter, lying 680 metres above the level of the sea, afforded a beautiful view of the Plain of Antioch and the Kara-su Valley. On returning to the battlefield of Issus, where Alexander the Great defeated Darius, surveys were made, which excited much curiosity among the population.

Two other passes, mentioned by Strabo and Xenophon, were also visited, one forming a defile along the coast. The battlefield of Issus is crossed by two rivers, and the common opinion was that the river which proved disastrous to Darius was the most northerly one. The lecturer regarded this assumption as erroneous, as the river in question had high steep banks. The southern river must, therefore, have been the one which Darius had in his rear. Mistaken by his scouts as to the movements of the Macedonian army, he committed the same mistake which was so fatal to him at Granicus, drawing up his troops on too limited a ground in front of the

river. The lecturer considered that the estimate of 600,000 men as the strength of the Persian army was excessive, since so large a body of troops could never have had room on the battlefield. The number was probably only 60,000. Alexander, who had recovered from his illness caused by bathing in the Cydnus, more rapidly than his opponent had expected, surprised the Persians in their unfavorable position and defeated them.

From Issus the lecturer continued his journey over the Cilician Gate and the Taurus range to the salt steppes in the interior of the country. The opportunity was taken to survey the course and the valley of the Kokun-su. The valley leads up to the Taurus and forms at the top a level 250 metres in width, encompassed by high rocks, which must have been passed over by armies in ancient times on their marches from the coast to the north-west.

Trips were made from Smyrna to Pergamon, Ephesus, and Troy. At Troy a party of thirty ladies and gentlemen archaeologists, who were visiting the hills of Hissarlic under the guidance of Prof. Dorpfeld, was met. From this point the neighboring battlefield on the Granicus (Karaboga) was visited. At the spot where Darius suffered his first defeat at the hands of Alexander, the Granicus is only a shallow expanse of water which can be waded without difficulty and which has, doubtless, been often crossed by armies.—Correspondence of London Standard.

MEEK AND LOWLY MULE GIVEN MEED OF PRAISE

In many respects the mule is the noblest beast that has been placed under man's dominion, but unjustly for some unaccountable reason marked the long-suffering brute for its own and by obscuring his many virtues and playing upon his few defects and idiosyncrasies has compelled him since the day he was discovered by Argh in the wilderness to live under the torture of a false and slanderous report. At last, however, he is being restored to his proper position in the social and economic world.

In truth the mule, if he happens to be a Missouri product, is a valuable, beautiful and lovely beast. For general all-around purposes, in comparison with the horse, mules are superior. They are easy and cheap to raise, easy to sell and hard to blight. They go to the market early and bring bigger profits for the time, work and money expended in growing than any other stock. Time and hard work have less effect upon them than upon any other kind of flesh. Disease rarely

touches them. Adversity and hard knocks make them stronger and tougher.

A mule does not wither or weaken with age. The process of years simply turns his coltish friskiness to contemplative sedateness, his silvery voice to a raucous roar and his obstreperous heels to the paths of peace. His habits, as they are better understood, are less fractious and more appreciated. He is tractable, gentle, sympathetic and very intelligent. When well treated he loves his master, as Sencho, the companion of Don Quixote, and many old negroes in the south have proved.

He eats little and requires no shelter, and toils to the bitter end without complaint or fatigue. He quickly understands the whims of his driver and will go and can be guided without whip or rein. He is a dynamo in hide, an engine on hoof—a perfect machine in flesh and blood, which rarely gets out of order or temper.—Kansas City Journal.

HOME TRIFLES OF TO-DAY AND THIRTY YEARS AGO

Within the last thirty years—a generation—a hundred and one little household necessities that man used to make for now on the counters of the department stores for sale at prices that stagger humanity.

When the dear old lady of 1873 wanted a wash rag she would make it by hemming a square foot of the old man's discarded undershirt. She can buy a wash rag now for three cents.

When she wanted a floor rag she would rip open a flour bag or a bur-lap sack. She can buy a floor rag now for seven cents.

When she wanted something to shine the silver with she would take an old stocking, an old sock or the sleeve of a worn-out woollen garment, or possibly the leg end of the old man's drawers. To-day she can buy a polishing cloth of some patented material as good as chamomile skin for five cents.

Mama used to make iron holders out of quilting—any old piece left over or worn out. Now she can buy all

she wants made of asbestos for five cents each.

Dust rags or cloths? Why, bless you, what did she do with the old night shirts, petticoats and chemises? They are for sale now at ten cents.

She used to cover the ironing board with a ripped bed sheet, but to-day she buys a cover in the store for a quarter.

Dish rags were made of anything lying around—an old towel, a shirt, coat lining, pillow case or sleeve. In the department store to-day, five cents.

Pot rag? A piece of tattered table cloth was none too good. To-day in the stores, five cents.

For polishing the stove she used a rag dipped in the blacking; now she buys a sheepskin glove, with the wool outside, for twenty cents.

She would make window shades out of bolts of linen and take them down once every six months to wash them. Now she buys shades ready made that never can be washed and never will be.

SOCIETY WOMEN IN SCRAP OVER GAME OF "BRIDGE"

That women of society should engage in a vulgar brawl over cards seems almost beyond belief, yet there occurred the other day in the house of a well-known leader of society a land of a noble family that would have done credit to a group of school-boys according to Modern Society. The hostess, who is celebrated for her strictness, came gallantly to the rescue, and was thrown on the floor and heavily trampled upon. The lady's house is the headquarters for a bevy of women who delight in the intricacies of bridge. The hostess is considered an expert player. She is a perfect encyclopedia on rules, and her decisions on mooted questions are usually accepted. On this particular occasion everything had been running smoothly until it was almost time for adjournment. The hostess left the room to investigate a delay on the part of the servants, and in her ab-

sence a dispute arose between two of the most respected of her guests.

An often happens in the case of the vulgar gambler, one word led on to another in this case, until an intimation of foul play—the slip of an angry remark precipitated the climax. To the horror of the rest of the guests, these respected card players made a pass or two and seized each other by the hair. Then the strenuous lady suddenly appeared on the scene. Quick to think and act, she stepped between the combatants, and with her muscular arms, forced them apart. But, alas! three pairs of feet became entangled, the peacemaker went sprawling to the floor, and her arm was hurt by contact with a French heel. The ludicrous situation caused the quick-tempered participants to realize that it was rather disreputable as well, and tears of repentance fell thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa.

GARMENTS OF BOSTON WOMEN

Chicago Humorist Thinks We May Look for Startling Changes.

Simcon Ford, who is rated as a humorist of standing, relates that as he was riding in a Boston trolley car, the only male passenger in a crowd of women, his eye was attracted by a sign which read: "Half the people on this car are wearing Bunker Hill pants." To this assertion Mr. Ford takes modest exception, but we are inclined to believe he is wrong. No body will pretend to affirm that Mr. Ford's companions wore trousers, which, in so elegant a community as Boston, are the recognized nether garment for gentlemen, but neither Mr. Ford nor any other man is prepared to assert with confidence that they did not wear pants, either of the Plymouth Rock, the Bunker Hill or the Washington Elm variety. The women of Boston are distinguished for their progressiveness and their independence, and it is wholly conceivable that they have been quietly experimenting, unknown to the general public, but detected by the advertiser, who could not repress his eagerness to spread the glad tidings. Perhaps at a given signal, not long distant, the outer habiliments of the masquerade will be thrown off, and true Boston womanhood will stand revealed in her emancipated gladness. A "well-fitting pant," as our clothing store friends term it, is much more symmetrical than the short skirt, and far more symbolic of the strides which woman confidently expects to make in the coming years.—Roswell Field in Chicago Evening Post.

"Mexican" and "Gold."

The American who has lived long in Mexico and come to New York is queer on money. "How much did you say you made last year?" you ask, and his reply will be "A hundred thousand Mexican, or \$45,000 gold." "What is your regular salary as president?" "Twenty-five thousand gold." He buys a hat. "The price?" "Five dollars." "Mexican or gold?" "Gold, treasury certificates or silver dollars." "Here's an old hat that cost me \$43 in the City of Mexico." "That's a fine Panama. We will sell you one like it for \$25." "Mexican or gold?" "United States currency." "Mine cost \$43 Mexican, so I beat you \$5.65 bold." It takes the clerk all the rest of the day to figure it out.

Kindergarten Labor.

Speaking of how seriously education is taken in these days, a certain school had to be closed because of an epidemic of some children's disease and one of the parents met the kindergarten teacher on the street.

"You must be glad of this unexpected rest," she said.

"Well, I should be but that there will be so much back work to be made up when we return." "Mamma mused, as she went on her way, where the arduousness of the labor came in in making the little three and four year olds recall that they had once learned that classic "Good morning, merry sunshine," and other jingles of that ilk.

Japan Is Ready to Fight.

Tokio cable: The excitement in Japan over the Manchurian problem is increasing. The nation has resolved to support the government in any measure it considers essential to assert the country's rights and safeguard interests.

How to Keep Young.

Speaking from a text of interest to all women—"How to Keep Young"—a lady writer on matters of feminine interest said: "Given a woman of ordinary healthy habits who is not overworked, the first thing to be considered is her sleep. She should take at least eight hours' rest. Women may accustom themselves to less, but it means a loss of vital force in the long run. Many women take an early morning cup of tea—a pernicious habit. In fact, the less tea or coffee a woman takes the better for her health and good looks. Comfort in dress is another important point. Tight clothing—whether in gloves, boots or corsets—should be avoided. Any annoyance or discomfort in a woman's clothing soon makes its impress on the countenance, and means a tax on the nerves as well. As to her daily fare, it need not be luxurious, but it can be wholesome and sufficient. But ample rest is the chief thing, for it is that which conserves the vital forces."

A Song of Duty.

Sorrow comes and sorrow goes,
Life is streaked with shine and shower,
Now the tear of grieving flows,
Now we smile in happy hour;
Death awaits us, every one—
Toller, dreamer, preacher, writer—
Let us, then, ere life be done,
Make the world a little brighter!

Burdens that our neighbors bear,
Easier let us try to make them;
Chains, perhaps, our neighbors wear,
Let us do our best to break them.
From the straitened brain and mind
Let us loose the binding fetter,
Let us, as the Lord designed,
Make the world a little better!

Selfish brooding sears the soul,
Makes the heart a nest of sorrows,
Darkening the shining goal
Of the sun-illumined morrows;
Wherefore should our lives be spent
Daily growing blind and blinder?
Let us as the Master meant
Make the world a little kinder!

—Denis A. McCarthy, in Good Counsel Magazine.

Will Study Salt Lake.

Salt Lake City, Utah, dispatch: Section Director Hlatt, a government geological expert, has been ordered to begin a thorough investigation of Great Salt Lake and ascertain, if possible, why the lake is falling.

Morality is religion in relation to man, religion is morality in relation to God.

No miracle ever saved a soul.

Let this Coupon be your Messenger of Deliverance from Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary Troubles.

It's the people who doubt and become cured while they doubt who praise Doan's Pills the highest.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish. They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness. Erythema, skin eruptions, tried everything for weak back and got no relief until I used Doan's Pills.

J. N. Lewis.



The reason you can get this relief is because they cure Kidney Tills and will prove it to you.

WEST BRANCH, MICH.—Doan's Kidney Pills hit the case, which was an unusual desire to urinate—had to get up five or six times a night. I think diabetes was well under way, the feet and ankles swelled. There was an intense pain in the back, the best of which would feel like putting one's hand up to a lamp chimney. I have used the free trial and two full boxes of Doan's Pills with the satisfaction of feeling that I am cured. They are the remedy par excellence.

B. F. BALLARD.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

Wanted by the Land Department of the Orient R. R. Co. We have good opportunities for live men in this department. Write for booklet. Send references if you want to act as our agent.

LAND DEPARTMENT, KANSAS CITY, MEXICO & ORIENT RAILWAY.

Room 3, Bryant Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.



WOMEN

Every physician of large practice has had the experience of being called on to attend women who imagined that they were in the last stages of some dire female malady, when upon examination the fact was revealed that obstructed physiology of the stomach or bowels was the whole cause of the trouble.

The physician, however, who has not had experience may fall into the error of diagnosing grave diseases of the female system when they do not exist, because disorders of the bowels may be neglected until they give many of the appearances of female disease. The bowels have been known to become so clogged with hardened contents as to produce a condition closely resembling uterine displacement, uterine prolapse (falling of the womb) and the sick headache which is often attributed to female diseases is most often actually due to some trouble in the digestive machinery involving the liver, stomach, bowels or the great "Solar Plexus," which is the central telegraph station from which nervous messages are transmitted to and from all the organs in the abdominal cavity.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin (A Laxative)

quickly corrects the congested conditions referred to above, headache, constipation, sallow complexions disappear and the glow of health is upon you.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has done more to relieve suffering women than any preparation ever sold in the same length of time it has been sold—about ten years. Thousands of letters from all parts of the country testify to this.

Your druggist sells it in 50 cent and \$1 bottles (it is economy to buy the \$1 size) or if not a postal will bring FREE from us a very interesting book and a sample bottle.

PEPSIN SYRUP COMPANY, Monticello, Ills.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURED THOSE ON THE PALE
Best Cough Syrup, Asthma Good, The
in a time. Sold by Druggists.
CONSUMPTION

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. Lutzner, 418 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
When answering Ads. please mention this paper

The "Disap" Puzzle Puzzles the best puzzle ever invented. Mailed for one-cent to agents in quantities. C. H. Van Dusen, 10 1/2 St. Houston, N.Y.

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

DENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 years in civil war, 10 adjudicating claims, 15 years in office.
W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 28—1903
When answering ads kindly mention this paper

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER
The best that Money and Experience can produce. 25¢
At all stores, or by mail for the price.
HALL & RUCKEL, NEW YORK.

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 ills, curing all inflammation and discharge, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send today; a postal card will do.
Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents, large box. Satisfaction guaranteed.
THE H. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.
114 Columbus Ave.

CUTICURA OINTMENT
Purest of Emollients and Greatest of Skin Cures.
The Most Wonderful Curative of All Time
For Torturing, Disfiguring Skin Humours
And Purest and Sweetest of Toilet Emollients.

Cuticura Ointment is beyond question the most successful curative for torturing, disfiguring humours of the skin and scalp, including loss of hair, even compounded, in proof of which a single anointing preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap, and followed in the severer cases, by a dose of Cuticura Resolvent, is often sufficient to afford immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning and scaly humours, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure when all other remedies fail. It is especially so in the treatment of infants and children, cleansing, soothing and healing the most distressing of infantile humours, and promoting, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp and hair.

Cuticura Ointment possesses, at the same time, the charm of satisfying the simple wants of the toilet, in caring for the skin, scalp, hair, hands and feet, from infancy to age, far more effectively, agreeably and economically than the most expensive of toilet emollients. Its "Instant relief for skin-tortured babies," or "Sanative, antiseptic cleansing," or "One-night treatment of the hands or feet," or "Single treatment of the hair," or "Use after athletics," cycling, golf, tennis, riding, sparring, or any sport, each in connection with the use of Cuticura Soap, is sufficient evidence of this.

Ask throughout the world. Cuticura Resolvent 50¢ (in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25¢ per box of 60). Ointment, 50¢, Soap, 25¢. Depot: London, 17 Chatterhouse St., Paris, 1, Rue de la Paix, Boston, 17 Columbus Ave. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Proprietors. 3 yrs in civil war, 10 adjudicating claims, 15 yrs in office.

East Jordan Company's Store.

Grocery Department.

Stop Waste

One great source of waste is purchasing poor flour. You work hard to make cake or bread and then have to throw it all away. It is time, labor and material wasted. Get

Lily White

"The Flour the Best Cooks Use"

And though it may sometimes cost a little more at first, it is cheaper in the end because none is wasted. Where economy is an object, Lily White easily proves her right to first place.

FOR SALE BY

We are prepared to supply your needs in everything in the line of Groceries at the lowest figure

- 20 lbs. good brown sugar \$1.00
- 1 gal. canned apples, 23c.
- 4 lbs. No. 1 Rice, 25c.
- 12 bars Soap, 25c.
- 3 doz. Clothes Pins, 5c.
- 3 lbs. Crackers, 20c.
- 1 can Salmon (worth 15) 12c.
- 1 lb. Baking Powder, 15c.
- 4 lbs. Tapioca,

Best dried Peaches, Apples, Prunes, Apricots, etc. in town.

Fruit Cans

- Pint Cans, 43 cents per dozen.
- Quart Cans, 50 cents per dozen.
- 2 Quart Cans, 65 cents per dozen.

NOTICE—Our 3c. and 5c. counter is replete with bargains.

Dry Goods

Closing out all our summer odds and ends regardless of cost. Prints, 4½c.; Challie, 5c.; Gingham, 7c., worth 10c.; Chambray, 8c., worth 15c. Call upon us before these bargains are closed.

SHIRT WAISTS

All our light Shirt Waists ¼ off.

BARGAINS IN SHOES

Ladies' Shoes, Misses Slippers, Children's Red Rovers, Men's Elk Skin Shoes.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Charlevoix County Herald

R. L. Lorrance, Publisher.

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

Latest Fashion Notes.

HANDSOME RECEPTION GOWN OF PONGEE.

Pongee gowns are not only practical, but comfortable and stylish. The one here shown is in pale blue, combined with embroidered pongee, this work being done with Corticelli filo silk. A unique idea is shown in threading the collar of embroidery with a black Liberty silk scarf, which



fancies the front, and extends in long ends completed with ornaments. Hip shirrings are introduced, and shirring is on the upper portions of the sleeves.

Many of the pastel shaded serges are made with long, flat plaits in the center of the back, and some of the newest have the fullness at the front, extending by means of killings let in from the hem, and diminishing toward the waist.

LEO XIII PASSES.

On Monday after a long and valiant fight for life Pope Leo passed away while the penitentiaries who were gathered about the bed offered the prayer intervening for the passing soul. The body of the dead pope will be buried next Wednesday. Immediately after the funeral of Pope Leo the conclave for the election of the new pope will begin. The body of the dead pope lies in state, surrounded by kneeling Franciscans chanting penitential psalms.

Gloracchino Pecci was born on March 2d, 1810, at Carpineto, Italy. He rose rapidly in church preferment because of his great ability and the exceptional purity and devotion of his private life, being a Nuncio at the court of Brussels at the age of 36, at which age he was made Archbishop of Perugia. In 1853 he was made Cardinal, and in 1878 was elected to the chair of St. Peter. In the history of Rome men of infamous character and scandalous life have filled that exalted place, but no man of greater piety, gentler spirit, or purer life and character has ever ruled the Roman church than Leo XIII. He was both good and great, and because of his goodness the protestant world hears of his passing with a regret only less than that felt by the communion of Rome. He was in his 94th year; he had been an archbishop for 57 years; a cardinal for 50 years, and a pope for 25 years. As a churchman he was the antipodes of his predecessor. Aius IX was only a great politician. Leo XIII was the greatest statesman the Roman church has developed in modern times. At no time in history have the problems connected with the readjustment of church policy to meet the rapidly changing conditions of government and the increasing power of democracy the world over been as pressing as at the present, and the election of his successor is therefore fraught with graver consequences to the church in its relations to several governments than for several centuries. Statesmen and governments are therefore very much interested in the action of the conclave, and are hoping that the choice may fall upon a man of the broad mind and generous sympathies which were distinguished characteristics of the late Pontiff.

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 Horse 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 28th, 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.

AN UNKNOWN LAND.

Parts of the Old Roman Empire Unseen by Modern Eyes.

Few people appreciate the fact that today, at the dawn of the twentieth century, there are still parts of the old Roman empire where no traveler of modern times has been; that there are ancient towns which no tourist has seen, temples and towers that no lover of classic literature has delighted in, inscriptions in ancient Greek that no savant has as yet deciphered—whole regions, in fact, full of antiquities for which no Baedeker has been written and which are not shown upon the latest maps. There are regions within our temperate zone where no modern European foot has trod, so far as we are able to tell—regions where the civilization of Greece and Rome once flourished and where fine monuments of classic art and of an unfamiliar art that supplanted the classic waste their beauties upon the ignorant sight of half civilized nomads.

To realize the truth of this one needs only to cross the ranges of mountains that run parallel to the eastern coast of the Mediterranean and, avoiding all caravan routes, journey independently about the barren country that lies between these mountains and the Euphrates. Here is a territory which, though not wholly unexplored, is full of most wonderful surprises. Here are cities and towns long deserted, not so great or so imposing perhaps as Myra, but far better preserved than the city of Zenobia and giving a much truer picture of the life of the ancient inhabitants than one can draw from these famous ruins.

These towns are not buried, like the great cities of the Mesopotamian plains, nor have their sites been built upon in modern times, as those of the classic cities of Greece have been. They stand out against the sky upon high ridges or in sheltered valleys, presenting to the view of the traveler as he approaches them very much the same aspect as they did in the fourth century of our era when inhabited by prosperous, cultivated and happy people or when deserted by those inhabitants some 1,300 years ago.—Howard Crosby Butler in Century.

A Navy Funeral.

The funeral of a sailor at sea is a most impressive ceremony. Nine men of the Massachusetts died as the result of a thirteen inch gun's explosion. They were buried at San Juan, Porto Rico, but before the bodies were taken ashore the funeral was held, as is the custom, on the quarter deck of the ship. Excepting on special occasions like this officers alone are permitted on this deck. In the presence of the admiral and other officers, standing with bared heads, and marines and blue jackets, a detail from each ship of the squadron, drawn up in line, the caskets containing the men who died were borne by men who had been their comrades on to the quarter deck. A band played a dirge, a quartet of sailors sang and the chaplain prayed and spoke with solemn voice of the bravery of those who had suffered a death so cruel. The brawny men of the ships of war were standing silent, listening, their heads bowed, their sun-burned faces motionless. But never a tear was shed, for tears and women have no place aboard a man-of-war. The bodies were taken ashore in the captain's gig after the service and reverently buried.—Leslie's Weekly.

New Hats at BOOSINGRE BROS.

Hair Falls

"I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop my hair from falling. One-half a bottle cured me."

J. C. Baxter, Braidwood, Ill.

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

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

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.

Force
The Ready-to-Serve Cereal
the strength of meat without the heat.

Novelties for the 4th.

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

GAGE & CO.

Phone 32 (2 rings.)

Just Received a fine new line of

"Clauss" Scissors, Shears and Razors.

which are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

We also have some excellent Tinners' Snips for sale. Call in and see them before you buy.

W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

The State Teachers' Institute For Charlevoix County

Will be held in the McKinley building at Charlevoix, commencing on Monday morning August 3d 1903 and continue through a session of eight days.

H. C. Lott of Elk Rapids will conduct the institute, assisted by Mrs. Plum of Alma, who will give the teachers some special drill along the lines of teaching in the primary grades.

The real purpose of the institute is to assist teachers in presenting objects of knowledge to their pupils. In other words the teachers' institute should be a short normal training school.

An opportunity must be given for proper instruction of the young teachers who are constantly entering the ranks without any previous special preparation for teaching.

We hope to see our usual good attendance. A credit of one per cent. per day will be allowed those teachers who enroll the first week. Make arrangements to attend

A. W. CHEW, School Commissioner.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.
This signature, E. W. Brown
Cures Grip in Two Days. on every box, 25c.

The Best
Cream Separator
The Greatest Assortment of
Ice Cream Freezers.
The Finest Line of
Paints and Varnishes
Always seasonable goods
AT
W. A. Loveday & Co's.

LOVEDAYS HARDWARE

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

State Bank of East Jordan.

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 SURP US \$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

Boosinger Bros. semi-annual sale is now in progress.

Base ball Thursday, July 30th. East Jordan vs. Mt. Pleasant.

The Presbyterian Sunday School picnicked at Munroe Creek Friday.

Mesdames Young and Kenyon, of Charlevoix, were in town Thursday.

Niagara Falls special excursion via D. & C. and Michigan Central Aug. 5.

Boyne City had a \$7,000 fire Sunday evening. It broke out in Lyke's saloon and spread from there to Howe's furniture store and Grosbeck's bowling alley.

Fred Goodman died Monday at the home of his son Daniel on the West Side. Deceased was eighty-four years old and the immediate cause of his death was a stroke of apoplexy. The funeral, which was largely attended, was held from the house Wednesday afternoon.

An unmarried preacher in a neighboring town, young and new in the harness, was leading the services at a young folks' meeting. "Oh, Lord," he prayed with fervent eloquence, "give us clean hearts, humble hearts, pure hearts, sweet hearts." A titter went around the congregation, but all the girls responded "Amen!"

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.

WANTED—Someone to sell our beautiful booklet of "Old Favorite Songs" at Siftie Fair; make house-to-house canvass; quantities to merchant. Words and music for 4 voices. Send 25c for sample and terms. Exclusive privilege. Chance to make good many dollars in short time. Music Dept. State Register, Springfield, Illinois.

Probate Judge Harris has received notice of the passage of law by the last legislature, which went into effect June 19, making all indigent insane patients a state charge from the first. Heretofore the county has had to foot the bills for the first year at the asylum. This will prove of some advantage to counties having a large number of insane in proportion to their taxable property.—Courier.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The short line to Niagara Falls, D. & C. R. R. and Michigan Central. Excursion Aug. 5th.

W. E. Malpass was in Traverse City over Sunday.

Go to Niagara Falls August 5th, via D. & C. and Michigan Central railways.

Rev. Torrey, of Cheboygan, arrived in town Monday to the charge of the pastorate of the Saint's chbrch for a few weeks.

A special meeting of the Council has been called for Monday evening to pass on the bids for the erection of a hose house.

W. H. Lanway has purchased a steam threshing rig and will operate the same in this vicinity during the coming season.

The funeral of Jackson W. Crowell was held from the Saint's church Monday afternoon, Rev. Torrey, of Cheboygan, conducting the services.

The Lumber Co.'s Mill A. will be shut down for a few weeks while the new Corliss engine is being installed and other necessary repairs made.

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.

The steamer Pilgrim broke her propeller when about two miles out on the way back to Charlevoix Friday afternoon. This was the second wheel she had broken within the week.

Capt. Guard, of the steamer Gordon, has inaugurated a cafe service on his steamer, conducted by W. L. Sweetland, formerly assistant steward of the Manitou. The innovation should be popular with tourists, and the service is first-class in every respect.—Courier.

In spite of the threatening weather Miss Sutherland's production of "Du Barry" at Loveday Opera House Tuesday evening drew a fair sized audience. It was in all respects one of the best performances ever given in the house and a dramatic treat that was highly appreciated.

W. A. Renard, D. F. Clement, Jas. Gidley, A. H. Perkins, Frank Martinek and Louis Otto are over on the Pigeon River this week camping out and trout fishing. The last five named drove overland Sunday with their outfit, Homer Maddock going as teamster and Renard joined the party Tuesday, going by rail to Vanderbilt. We expect they will bring home some big fish and some bigger stories.

CANNON SALVE.
Best Salve in the World. Cures all skin diseases. Ask your druggist for it.

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

Supervisor J. E. Graff is erecting a new residence on his farm north of town.

The extension of the water main on Stone's Addition has been put in this week.

H. L. Page came up from Belding Thursday for a few days' trout fishing in the Jordan.

The Dancing Club gave a very enjoyable dancing party at the Opera House Friday evening.

The E. J. & S. round house is being enlarged by putting in an additional stall so that it can accommodate all four of their locomotives.

The Bellaire Stars defeated Marlon in a fifteen inning game Thursday afternoon. Score 14 to 12. Several East Jordan people went over to witness the game.

The D. & C. will run an excursion to Frederic Sunday to connect with the Michigan Central excursion train for Mackinac Island. Leave West Side depot at 5:30 a. m.

Bufford Marshall, a colored man who has been cooking for the Charlevoix Lumber Co. during the past season, while in an intoxicated condition fell from a scow and was drowned in Round Lake Sunday.

There were 2,319 deaths reported in Michigan during the month of June, corresponding to a death rate of 11.4 per 1,000 population. The number of deaths was 44 less than the number returned for the month of May.

Wm. Kirby, settler in the Cameron saw mill at Torch Lake, was struck on the head by a slab that was caught and hurled over the saw Tuesday afternoon. He never regained consciousness and died a few hours later.

W. P. Porter went to Joliet, Illinois, Wednesday to see if something could not be done to secure the big Corliss engine for the Flooring Co.'s plant, the completion of which has been delayed several months by a strike in the shops.

Divine services will be held in the Episcopal church Sunday morning and evening, the 26th inst. at the usual hours by Rev. C. T. Stout. The Holy Communion will follow the morning service. A cordial invitation is extended to the public.

The management of the base ball team has succeeded in securing the fast Mt. Pleasant team for a game here on Thursday afternoon next. Mt. Pleasant has one of the strongest independent teams in the State and a spirited contest is assured.

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.

Willie Henderson died while being brought home from Potoskey Friday evening. A postmortem examination this morning determined the cause of his death to be gangrene of the intestines which had in turn been started by a piece of chewing gum lodged in the vermiform appendix. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community.

Jordan River Lodge No. 360 I. O. O. F. installed the following officers for the ensuing semi-annual term at their meeting Friday evening:
N. G.—H. J. P. George.
V. G.—Edwin Gill.
Rec. Sec'y—J. L. Bowen.
Fin. Sec'y—W. H. Lanway.
Treas.—R. L. Lorraine.
John Nelson will be their representative at the next meeting of the Grand Lodge.

About twenty of the stockholders of the East Jordan Creamery were in attendance at the meeting at Loveday Opera House Friday afternoon. Preliminary steps toward a permanent organization were taken but owing to a majority of the stock not being present an adjournment was taken to Saturday, Aug. 1st, when the work begun Friday will be completed. In the meantime, the milk cans having arrived, the creamery will commence making butter the first of the week.

Disease takes no summer vacation. If you need flesh and strength use Scott's Emulsion summer as in winter.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
See and get all druggists.

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. PRIGBE DUFORD.

Personal Mention.

Dr. H. W. Dicken was in Potoskey Friday.

Miss Alice Blake is very ill with lung trouble.

Dr. F. C. Warne was in Bellaire Thursday afternoon.

Fred Whittington and Floyd Corn were in Potoskey Monday.

W. L. French went to Grand Rapids on business Wednesday.

Miss Blanche Hobler, of Potoskey, is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. R. L. Lorraine and Miss Cora Lorraine were in Potoskey Monday.

J. J. Gage and wife were calling on friends in Central Lake Wednesday.

Mrs. Balgooyen, of Holland, is the guest of Jno. R. VanKeppel and family.

W. K. Cañon went to Harbor Springs Friday to pitch in the ball game with Marlon.

Att'y J. E. Converse transacted business in Central Lake and Bellaire Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Morrison went to Traverse City Thursday for a few days' outing.

C. H. Whittington is receiving a visit from his nephew Floyd Coffin of Franklin, Pa.

Mrs. Clement Reading went to Deward Thursday to spend a few days with her parents.

Mrs. F. A. Foster went Monday to Bay View where she is taking lessons in china painting.

Jos. Maddock returned Monday from a week spent with friends at Haakwood and Gaylord.

H. J. P. George returned Friday from Pennsylvania where he was called by the death of a brother.

Jos. McCalmon went to Boyne City Wednesday to work at the tannery and help the Maroons play ball.

Mrs. Mary Plumb and little son, of Conway, were the guests of John Tooly and family the first of the week.

W. H. Lanway and family spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. L.'s brother, Walter Chamberlain, in Atwood.

W. A. Loveday and family, accompanied by Julia and Clara Hurd and Miss Wilson, were in Charlevoix Monday.

Merle Faught went to Traverse City Friday, where he will spend the balance of the summer with his grandparents.

M. C. Harvey sprained his ankle in the ball game at Deward Sunday and returned to his home in Torch Lake Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cook, of Boyne City, were in town Wednesday to attend the funeral of their uncle Fred Goodman.

H. Howe and wife returned home Wednesday evening from a two months visit with their son who resides in Montana.

Chas. Renard, whose home is in Georgia, arrived in town Tuesday and is spending a few days with his parents and other relatives.

Willie Henderson was taken to the hospital at Potoskey Friday where he will be operated on in the hope of saving his life. He is very low with an intestinal trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gleun and Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Supernaw returned Thursday evening from the Pigeon river where they had been camping out and fishing for the past ten days.

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

Don't fail to take advantage of Boosinger Bros.' off Sale. It is now on.

SELZ SHOES.

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

500

BOXES FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

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

FRANK MARTINEK.

Box Papers

The largest and finest line ever pened in East Jordan.

The Latest Novelties

in Stationery. Examine our Stock. No trouble to show goods,
Yours for Drugs,
WARNE'S PHARMACY

C. H. MADDAUGH,

MERCHANT TAILOR

SHOP ON MAIN STREET. EAST JORDAN, MICH.

Samples of the Very Latest Styles always on hand.

MONEY WE MUST HAVE IT

J. W. Coates,

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

HORSESHOEING

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

Science:

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

Our Guarantee

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

BOOSINGER BROS.

Of two evils, don't choose both.

It's all off. Lipton has a rabbit's foot this time.

A city that is set upon a hill cannot be drowned out by a flood.

The colleges are making our prominent citizens happy by degrees.

A genuine sympathetic strike—when the clock strikes the hour to quit.

The man who knows nothing is usually the one who insists on telling it.

Never kiss a girl by mistake. At least don't let her know that it was a mistake.

A Beta Theta Pi convention is coming. This must be the father of all the breakfast foods.

Don't envy John D. Rockefeller. He has a stomach that refuses to digest anything he likes to eat.

The publisher of "Who's Who in Serbia" is working day and night to get his new edition ready.

The Countess of Yarmouth appears to be giving her earl enough money to keep him quiet anyway.

The man who thinks stocks can't go any lower is generally able to demolish his theory by buying some.

The Sultan of Sokoto is making it necessary for British officers to regret to report. Why won't these sultans be good?

The distinction between the upper classes and the common herd now is that the upper classes wear panamas and pajamas.

If a burglar could realize on the value of stolen property as given out by his victim, he would never have to burgle again.

The names of the new Serbian ministry bear a striking resemblance to the list of hospital victims after a Paterson riot.

As long as your sweetheart finds fault with you, you are safe. But when she finds fault in you, be sure to look for another girl.

King Peter at Geneva was "happy to meet the brave representatives of the Serbian army." King Alexander at Belgrade wasn't.

Boston has "a society young man" who has not worn a hat for three years. He probably doesn't wish to hide his magnificent brain.

The estimates of the population of Pekin vary from 500,000 to 1,600,000. A slight discrepancy of 1,100,000 doesn't bother the Celestials a little bit.

"Doctor of sacred theology" is the new title bestowed by Columbia university on Dr. Gordon of Boston. But isn't all theology sacred to somebody?

Woman is the genius of compromise; she begins by wanting her son to be President; she ends by being satisfied to have him pass the plate in church.

A million gallons of whisky were destroyed by fire in Glasgow. Fortunately the destruction of all this whisky was accomplished with the loss of only seven lives.

Death on a white horse seems to have changed his seat to a racing automobile. At least that's what the returns from that big French race seem to indicate.

The German scientists who have been studying American agriculture as it is to be seen in Chicago will have an extensive knowledge of the tare and wild oats crops.

The experienced bachelor of the New York Press remarks that it's queer how all rosy lips look so much alike and yet taste so different. Hasn't he learned yet that he should never tell?

Rev. Matt S. Hughes says the man who is part of an epic is greater than the man who writes an epic. It is to be hoped that the people who are writing epics will now turn to nobler and better things.

Pope Leo is getting a good deal of comfort just now out of the Italian proverb: "The announcement of one's death always adds years to one's life." If this be so, the aged pontiff is good for a least a round century.

Mayor Jones of Toledo, has a bed rigged up with mosquito netting and sleeps on the roof of his house. The Toledo office seeker must be an especially determined specimen of the type if such expedients are necessary to escape him.

A Brooklyn man objects to a memorial park in Plymouth square in honor of Henry Ward Beecher for the reason that he was not a man of national reputation. A lot of old subscribers would like to know who it was that made Brooklyn famous.

RELIGIOUS TOPICS

Faith's Victory. How few the ill we're called to meet! How light the burden we sustain! Grace makes the bitterest trial sweet...

Quiet Hour

Good Will Toward Men. "Good will toward men!" It is to think the best of others. Unconsciously or consciously our thought of life, our measurement of ideas, our judgment of persons are governed by our point of view.

Doing What We Can. Doing what we have the power to do is our highest privilege and duty. We often feel that, if we had more money, or more influence, or more power, we would do something worth doing, but, as it is, our possibilities are sadly limited.

Two of Life's Teachers. Life has two teachers—example and experience. Experience is a most excellent instructor, but, as has been said, his school fees are very high. Example gives his lessons in less notable and perhaps less effective ways.

Knowledge and Power. It is one of the wonders of my life that Christian people know so little of the Word of God. If knowledge is power in natural things, how vastly more true it is in relation to divine things!

People We Love. The capacity of winning and holding the kindly regard of others is one of the best gifts of God and the means of the largest influence for good. In the Old Testament Joseph had this choice endowment. No matter with whom he came in contact, he elicited confidence and affection.

Your Highest Moments. It seems to me there is no maxim for a noble life like this: Count always your highest moments your truest moments. Believe that in the time when you were the greatest and most spiritual man or woman, then you were your truest self.

An Unfailing Spring of Joy. The right kind of work done in the right kind of a way is an unfailing spring of joy. Sleep, work and recreation are a beneficial trio, each of which contributes to our health and happiness. Look on your daily task as one of the good things God has given you, not as something to be endured with such patience as you can muster till working hours are over.

clothed with power, fitted and qualified perfectly for the work the man has to do. It is exactly the boast of St. Paul, "I can do all things in Christ which strengtheneth me." It means literally that I can prevail—I can succeed—in all things through Christ, which inspirith strength into me—a perfect adaptation of the man to all that the Lord wanted of him.

There is nothing necessary for a man which he can only get or keep by tampering with conscience. There are two things needful for us—God and righteousness; and there is no third. With these we have what we need; without them we have not. And nothing is worth the buying for which we have to part with absolute adherence to the law of right.

Doing What We Can. Doing what we have the power to do is our highest privilege and duty. We often feel that, if we had more money, or more influence, or more power, we would do something worth doing, but, as it is, our possibilities are sadly limited.

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"Coming men" have to keep moving most of the time in order to arrive.

FORCE OF GRAVITY, TOO.

Old Hunter Describes How Everything Was Petrified.

A party of tourists from the East, including Prof. Marcia C. S. Noble, of the North Carolina University, was making an exploration through a portion of Colorado, renowned for its evidences of petrification, says the New York Mail.

This guide, whose reputation for word painting, was as yet unknown to the tourists, took every opportunity to boast about the wonderful climatic conditions, asserting that nothing was safe from the ravages of the petrifying atmosphere more than a few hours. They arrived at a little mountain. The guide pointed to a projecting bowlder.

"How was that?" inquired Prof. Noble. "The force of gravity should have brought the bird to the ground." "The force of gravity," repeated the guide contemptuously. "Be golly, it wuz petrified along with the rest of 'em."

Broad Hint Made Hearers Appreciate Lecturer's Efforts. When Henry Watterson lectured in Baltimore the other day he spoke to a friend of George Bromley of California as having recently passed his 85th birthday. George Bromley was the elder brother of Isaac H. Bromley, that witty and able editor of the New York Tribune, who died a few years since.

George Bromley was for many years a railroad conductor in California, and while engaged in that business decided at one time to try his hand at lecturing. The terminus of his railroad was about fifty miles from San Francisco and he was to lecture there one night after he had finished his run with his train. The house was crowded and Bromley had spoken about fifteen minutes when he paused, looked up from his manuscript, and said:

"Gentlemen, I have been speaking for fifteen minutes and have received no applause. There are 200 men here who came down deadhead on my train to hear this lecture. If this state of affairs continues every one of them will pay his fare both ways when he returns."

Be Patient With the Living. Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone Beyond earth's weary labor When small shall be our need of grace From comrades or from neighbors; Passed all the strife, the toil, the care, And done with all the sighing— What tender truth shall we have gained, Alas! by simply dying!

Cigars at \$4 Each. According to the customs authorities the largest and most expensive cigars ever brought into this country passed through the custom house yesterday. The cigars were sixteen inches in length and weighed sixty pounds a thousand. The weight of the average cigar used in this city is ten pounds a thousand.

See Jones. "Here'd wasn't such a bad sort of an old chap." "You horrify me! How can you justify such a slaughter of infants?" "We—, perhaps, I can't justify it, but there may have been extenuating circumstances." "Huh! I'd like to know what they would be like."

CAMPFIRE TALES

To Blossoms. Faire pledges of a fruitful Tree, Why do you fall so fast? Your date is not so past. But you may stay yet here a while, To blush and gently smile, And go at last.

What were you borne to be An hour or half's delight, And so to bid good night? 'Twas this Nature brought you forth Merely to show your worth, And lose you quite.

Soldier Taken for a Girl. George W. Logan of Salem, Va., who came to the U. C. V. reunion as delegate from Hop Doyle Camp, tells an interesting story illustrative of the belief of Union soldiers that many women disguised themselves as men and fought in the Confederate army.

One day the officer asked to be told the truth regarding the belief among Federal soldiers that many women were serving in the Confederate army, some of them being types of the best of southern womanhood. Mr. Logan said it was not true, but he had heard, in common with others, that a few women had so served.

Hooker at Lookout. Gen. Hooker, "Fighting Joe," as he was proudly called by his devoted followers, and whom it was my pleasure to meet and to know well after the war, was one of the brilliant soldiers of the Union army, says Gen. John B. Gordon in Scribner's. He had already been hailed as the hero of the "battle of the clouds" at Lookout mountain, and whatever may be said of the small force which he met in the fight upon that mountain's side and top, the conception was a bold one.

When Gen. Osterhaus Swore. "During the month of October, 1864," says John N. Morton of Hamilton, Mo., "Flood's raid cut off all supplies of forage for Atlanta. The mules of the pontoon train, Army of the Tennessee, at the Chattahoochee river east of Atlanta, subsisted for weeks on weeds, brush and the bark gnawed from trees. When Sherman marched from November 15, from Atlanta, the pontoon train was drawn by skeleton mules. After crossing the first stream and the wet pontoons were loaded, it was impossible for the emaciated mules to draw them. A great uproar followed when the next stream was reached, and the pontoon bridge mules in the rear. An order was issued by Gen. Howard that Gen. Osterhaus de-

tach teams from a division of ordnance train to bring up the bridge. A friend of mine who was dispatched with the order says as Gen. Osterhaus read the order he braced himself up majestically to his full height and exclaimed, "Well, I pe tam. Do Cheneral Howard dink I poot my hand in my bocket and pull out mules?" but the sturdy mules of the ordnance train had the bridge on hand in good time. The boys of the pontoon train were not many days in rearing some of the best mules in Georgia, and the boys went singing to the sea."—National Tribune.

Horse Loved His Master. "One of the strangest incidents of animal devotion of which I ever heard was that of the favorite horse of my brother, Maj. Frederick W. Matteson," said Mrs. Clara M. Doolittle, a tenement inspector, the other day. "During the civil war, after my brother reached Corinth, Miss., as a major in the Illinois Yates sharpshooters, he was stricken with fever and soon died.

"During my brother's illness his favorite horse, Sahib, was tethered a mile away from the wilderness of tents in a small cleared inclosure. One morning the groom, who visited the horse daily, was unable to find it, and after searching for hours came to report the loss to my brother. Imagine his surprise to find the animal contentedly standing in the tent with his head touching my sick brother's breast.

Honor Confederate Dead. For the first time a memorial service was held Memorial day in Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, in honor of the memory of the Confederate soldiers who are buried there. The services were conducted by Associations of Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans and auxiliary societies.

A Scriptural Injunction. "At the second battle of Bull Run," remarked a member of one of the New York posts, "the famous Thirty-fifth regiment from Jefferson county, New York, suffered terribly, and efforts were immediately made by the friends at home to fill its thinned ranks. Among the first to spring to its rescue was one Augustus Bael, who was famous as a hunter in John Brown's tract, and distinguished for being a capital fellow and an excellent marksman. His uncle, Deacon Wetherby, met Gus a day or two after he had enlisted and said:

"Well, Augustus, I understand you have enlisted in the Thirty-fifth?" "Yes, uncle, I have," was the reply, "and I am to start for the regiment to-morrow morning."

Confederate Flag for \$25. One of the most interesting articles, considered historically, that were put up at yesterday's sale of the Crim collection at the Fourth Regiment Armory, according to the Baltimore American, was an old Confederate flag of the "Montgomery" design, showing the seven stars of the original Confederate states. As the old banner, torn by bullets, faded and bedimmed by age, was brought to the auctioneer's stand and unfurled a wave of enthusiasm spread through the hall. In putting it up Auctioneer O. A. Kirkland said that the flag was captured by Capt. Farber of the United States Navy prior to 1864, while in the blockade service. The first big \$25, which was offered, was not contested, and the flag was knocked down to the Smithsonian Institute for that sum.

All in All.

I am a pilgrim of the withered staff
My gaze illumine, and fruit and chaff
Aro night. But pour me tears of rain
to quaff,
And I will care not if I weep or laugh,
Wandering the world, and thou my god-
like love;
Thou art the dizzy universe above
Send sunny winds to please, make
oceans move
For my great wonder, O my poet love,
To thy sweet moods I would be like a
flower
Soft in the flowing wind, or like a pool
Beneath the purple rain; from hour to
hour
Thou awakest; I am thine, priestess of
fool.
I care not if my life be song or sob,
So in the night I hear thy strong heart
throb.
—Florence Brooks in Century.

"You mean the windmill man."
"I do not—I mean—I mean—well,
you ought to have asked me to go to
spelling school with you."
"But you had better company."
"So did you."
"Miss Taylor!"
"Mr. Dixon!"

It was just growing dusk when Tom
and Bessie reached Taylor's. Tom
had a handful of leeks and Bessie
had a big maple chip, with a big lump
of sugar wax on it.
"Why, Tom, is this you?" exclaimed
Mrs. Taylor, as the pair walked in.
"Yes, aunt Sal," he replied, "and
here's the leeks and maple sugar and
Bessie, and—"
"Well, I never, never did see," she
remarked, as she turned from her
work of peeling potatoes to give Tom
a hug and Bessie a kiss.—Cyrus Der-
rickson in Boston Globe.

The Gaffer's Paradise.
I ask but little when I'm dead
As recompense for earthly woes,
No golden crown upon my head,
No harp to weary hands and toes;
No halo would I wear, indeed,
No purple robe beyond my means—
I only ask a well rolled mead,
With eighteen holes and putting greens
A caddy with a lynx-like eye,
And wings upon his shoulder tips,
Small watch me whack the balls, then fly
To follow on their airy trips;
And when I come on gentle wing
He'll hand me then, the watchful soul,
A putter fit for prince or king.
That's guaranteed to make the goal.

The tees shall be the sort from which
One drives two hundred yards at least,
While over hurdle, bunker, ditch
The balls shall rise as though of yeast;
The niblick, mallet and the cleek
Shall never miss or make a slip,
While only those who Scottish speak
Shall have a card of membership.

Here on this field of perfect strokes
I'll play a winning game with all
Who beat me when on earth, the folks
Who say I cannot hit the ball;
And best of all, the games between,
When o'er my nectar I am heard,
My triumphs to recount, I swear,
There'll not be one to doubt my word.
—William Wallace Whitlock in Life.

Eccentricities of Genius.
"One of the first things she did as
soon as the success of her book be-
came the talk of Paris was to fly from
the city into a hidden retreat, and
no communication from the outside
world was tolerated by her—not even
her letters were forwarded." The
lady with this remarkable genius for
shyness is Mme. Marcelle Tinayre,
author of "La Maison de Peche." She
gave some interesting advice at a
later time to another lady who be-
came the talk of Paris. This was
Mlle. Thourat, who tried to shoot
M. Marcel Prevost. M. Prevost had
made free use of Mlle. Thourat's pri-
vate letters in one of his romances.
"Why shoot at him, my dear?" wrote
Mme. Tinayre. "You did not hit him
and Paris now laughs at you. Now
if you had printed his letters Paris
would have laughed at him."

Pat's Capability.
"What if you charge for taking away
these ashes, Pat?" I asked, pointing
to the Winter's accumulation.
"Sivin dollars an' a half, Sor,"
promptly replied the owner of the
village garbage cart.

"What?" I exclaimed. "Why, I
thought you charged 75 cents a load?"
"That's right, Sor," agreed Pat.
"Sevinty-five cints a load ut do be."
"Well," I estimated, eying the pile
of ashes speculatively, "there isn't
any ten loads here. There's not more
than five, or maybe six at the out-
side."

"Don't be after frettin' yerself over
that now, Sor," said Pat, cheerfully.
"Shure, just lave ut to me entirely,
Sor, an' O'll make tin loads out av ut
without anny botheration at all, at
all, Sor."

A Wide Difference.
Kate—Is there much difference in
their social position?
Neil—Oh, yes. Her father gets a
salary and his father gets wages.

The Up-to-Date Author.
"Yes, sir," said the up-to-date au-
thor. "I may say that I've been quite
successful in a literary way. What
do you think my capital was, in start-
ing out?"
"Don't know."
"A bottle of ink, a couple of pens,
a ream of paper and a dozen
stamps!"
"And now?"
"I employ a secretary, two servants,
and keep ten typewriters busy eight
hours a day! Talk about 'Genius'—
but I haven't time to talk now—I
must get off a couple of new novels
on the fast mail."

Couldn't Fool Her.
"My dear Miss Myluns," said the im-
pecunious young man. "I love you
more than I can find words to tell."
"But I presume you could tell me in
figures," rejoined the beautiful hei-
ress in tones that suggested the ice
man.

Luxury.
Mrs. A—"Would you like to be very
wealthy, dear?"
Mrs. Z—"Yes, indeed. I'd like to be
so wealthy that I could hire a girl
to do nothing but set the rubber plant
out in the morning and bring it in at
dusk."

Land of Feuds.
"So Kentucky is a bad state?" in-
terrogated the friend.
"I should say so," responded the
drummer. "I thought I was counting
the milestones and they turned out to
be tombstones."

Solar Plexus Blows.
The pugilist speaks of knockout
blows over the solar plexus, but it is
the stomach that receives the shock,
and from it the nervous disturbance
originates.

One trouble with the average "sure
thing" is that it's so mighty uncertain.

BOSTON MAN LIVED TO SEE HIS SECOND CENTURY

Thomas Grimes, one of South
Boston's oldest residents, died Sunday
morning. He was 101 years old and
had been sick only ten days, says the
Boston Globe.

Mr. Grimes was born in Dublin, Ire-
land, March 4, 1802. The date of
birth is verified by the records of his
native place, which show that his
house was destroyed the latter part
of that year. In his native town he
attended the public schools for a few
years, and at an early age served his
apprenticeship, learning the trade of
ship sawyer, what is now known as
a ship carpenter. From his early boy-
hood he was remarkable for his great
physical strength and wonderful vi-
tality, and figured in many leading
athletic events.

In a reminiscence mood Mr. Grimes
frequently recalled his early days, and
remembered distinctly the arrival in
Liverpool of the first steamship that
crossed the Atlantic. She was the
Savannah, was built in the city of that
name and created considerable interest
on both sides of the water. On her
arrival in Liverpool thousands of peo-
ple witnessed the important event. Mr.

Grimes was of the number, and he
was afterward one of many who paid
half a crown to board the steamship
and view her machinery and every
part.

Mr. Grimes ever remembered the
scenes and excitement attending the
news of the battle of Waterloo and
Napoleon's exile to St. Helena that
followed. For many years he was em-
ployed in shipbuilding, learning every
branch of it.

In 1834 he came to America, and
has been a resident of South Boston
ever since. He landed in New York
and came to Boston immediately.

During his declining years Mr.
Grimes delighted to recall the early
days of the city, and especially South
Boston. He remembered distinctly a
meeting of Irishmen held in Faneuil
Hall when he had the distinguished
honor of carrying the Irish banner into
that historic building for the first time
in its history. He recalled the elo-
quent oration of Dr. O'Flaherty.

When he first lived in South Boston
it was the garden spot of the entire
city, and so sparsely settled that peo-
ple used to pick fruit and berries on
Broadway.

GHOST LEFT HIS MARK

Gave Lasting Proof of His Visit to His
Cousin.

The story goes that Lady Tyrconnel
—or her granddaughter—was asleep
in her bed, and awoke to find her
cousin, Lord Tyrone, standing by her
pillow. He told her that he was dead.
She jeered at the statement. He re-
peated the assertion, and added a for-
cible description of the world his spirit
had entered. She still doubted.

Whereupon he twisted the curtains
of her bed through a ring in the cell-
ing, placed his hand on her carved sat-
inwood bureau, where the ominous
mark of his five fingers remained, and
finally touched her wrist, which
shrank and withered beneath his
pressure.

Then he foretold many family events
(which, of course, all came true), and
vanished. From that hour until the
day of her death the lady's wrist was
never beheld by mortal eye. When
she died the grim mark was seen,
eaten deep into the delicate flesh.

Lady Betty was a famous com-
pounder of "simples"—which, indeed,
were very far from being simple!—
and a chilblain-plaster made from her
recipe is still sold in the west of Eng-
land.

She used to tell with glee how she
once met a man who saluted her ef-
fusively, whereupon she asked his
name. "Ah, then, my lady, you don't
remember me? I'm the husband of
the woman your ladyship brewed the
medicine for; she took it, but she died
the next day. Long life to your lady-
ship!"

DOING BUSINESS IN RUSSIA.

Free-and-Easy Methods of the Subjects
of the Czar.

We have learned in the past few
years to regard Minister de Witte of
Russia as one of the greatest financial
administrators in the world. Yet every
book on Russia gives fresh evidence of
mismanagement on the part of the
government in the details of business.
Wirt Gerrard's "Greater Russia, the
Continental Empire of the World,"
illustrates the Russian way of doing
things by this account of the postoffice
service:

At the chief postoffices in St. Pe-
tersburg and in Moscow there is only
one clerk selling stamps. He closes
his office at 2 o'clock. He cannot
recon change without a counting
board.

There are about half a dozen branch
offices in these capitals, but stamps
are as rare as a postal order in a
country store in an American village.

At one branch postoffice in Moscow
the letter box was full to overflowing
when Mr. Gerrard called. He took his
letters inside, but the clerk in charge
declined to accept them.

"But the letter box is full."
"Find a letter box which is not full,"
replied the clerk.
"That will be difficult."
"Then wait until one is emptied to-
morrow."—Youth's Companion.

Trust God.
How little is knowledge, how limited
thought!
How helpless and puny are we!
We think what we hear and believe as
we're taught,
But learning and science seem little or
naught
In the solving of life's mystery.

Confronted by marvels on sea and on
plain,
And in words that above us revolve,
Our much-vaunted reason may try to
explain,
But only to find all our efforts in vain
Creation's great problems to solve.

We study the planets and think we are
wise,
We measure the orbits they trace,
We weigh the bright stars and can
recon their size,
But none can determine the height of the
skies
Or measure the infinite space.

All things that are born in their grave
are soon laid;
Time seems to the living a foe;
We wonder why anything ever was made
If only to bud, and to blossom, and fade
Or vanish like fast-melting snow.

There are those who live long with honor
as fame;
And some in their infancy die,
And some have to struggle with sorrow
and shame—
We wonder why all of us are not the
same;
The wisest can never tell why.

We turn to our reason to settle a doubt,
Yet know not what reason may be;
Its substance and form we know nothing
about,
The cause of its being we cannot find
out,
So dull and so foolish are we.

There seems no foundation where reason
may stand
In realms where no mortal has trod;
Infinity mocks us on every hand,
Our learning and logic are ropes made of
sand;
There's nothing to rest in but God.
—Frank Beard in Ram's Horn.

Two Lawyers' Tales.
Justice Gaynor of the Supreme court
of New York has a reputation for dry
sayings not altogether devoid of hu-
mor, and two which are going the
rounds among lawyers are these:
A petition for an injunction, based
upon somewhat doubtful assertions of
fact, recently came before the justice.
After considering the affidavit of the
petitioner, he remarked:
"In this case an injunction will not
lie, even if the relator does."
Under circumstances somewhat sim-
ilar, an attorney sought to discredit
statements contained in an affidavit.
"But counsel should remember," ob-
served Justice Gaynor, "that the truth
sometimes will out, even in an af-
davit."—New York Times.

Stronuous Treatment.
Larry—"Did yer liver troy massage
treatment, me bye?"
Denny—"Ol hod face steaming
once."
Larry—"Who gave ut to yez?"
Denny—"Me old woman wid a kit-
tle av hot wather."

In the Sugar Bush

It had been understood by the Dixon
and the Taylor families, and by most
of the people for five miles around,
for that matter, that Tom Dixon and
Bessie Taylor became engaged as they
were riding home together from the
county fair in October. The exact
date and exact circumstances of such
things are always of vital interest to
an agricultural community.

It was a match that pleased both
families, as Tom was a fine young far-
mer, and Bessie a smart girl of nine-
teen, who could have had the pick of
half a dozen.

The marriage was not to take place
for a year, and the course of true love
ran smooth until December. Then
Bessie Taylor suddenly exercised the
prerogative of her sex.

Tom was too sure of her, and he
must be made to understand that his
bird was not yet caged.

There was to be a spelling bee at
the red school house. He and Bessie
would go, of course. As both of them
were accounted among the best spell-
ers in the community, it was probable
that they might be asked to choose
sides.

It was unfortunate for Tom that he
forgot to say that he would drive up
to Taylor's at a certain hour for Bes-
sie. He meant to, and he had no
doubt that she would be ready, but
the matter slipped his mind, and when
the evening finally arrived, he got out
of his cutter at the door, only to be
told that Bessie had been gone half
an hour.

More than that, she had gone with
a windmill man who was canvassing
the neighborhood and stopping at her
father's house.

Tom Dixon was stunned. Here was
coquetry, treachery, deceit. It didn't
occur to him that Bessie felt picked
over his neglect and wanted to "get
even" in the only way open to her.
Neither could he know that she had
told the windmill man that her old
beau would probably escort her home.

He gasped—he muttered—he swore.
Then he got into his cutter and put
the whip to his horse and sent the animal
over two miles of smooth road on
a dead run.

His first idea was to kill that wind-
mill man on sight, his second was to
kill the pair of deceivers, his third
was to blow his own brains out and
die the death of a martyr. Then he
happened to get a fourth idea, and he
adopted it and stuck to it.

He entered the schoolhouse with his
jaw set and a firm resolve to make a
certain person repent in sackcloth and
ashes. Bessie Taylor was there, but
he saw her not. The windmill man
was there, but he was too insignificant
for a second glance.

The homeliest girl for six miles
around was there, having hired her
brother to bring her, and Tom walked
straight up to her, and began to laugh
and giggle and flatter.

Worse was soon to come. It hap-
pened that he was chosen to lead one

that Tom Dixon and Bessie Taylor
were "out" and, though several parties
volunteered their services as peace-
makers, the gulf could not be bridged.

The couple were brought together
at a candy-pull and apple-bee and a
second spelling school, but they held
aloof from each other and resorted
to sarcasm. The old folks on both
sides tried their hands, but the result



"Oh, Tom!" she exclaimed,
was the same, and it finally came to
be understood that the match was off
for good.

Time wore on and the month of
March came in. Mr. Dixon had 200
sugar maples in his woods, and there
was sugar making every spring.

On the night of the fifth he gave a
"sugar-off" party to half a dozen
young fellows and their girls, and, of
course, Bessie heard of it.

Tom heard that she heard of it,
and also that she said she never could
see any romance in trailing about the wet
woods and eating maple wax off a
chip, and so he repeated the perform-
ance a week later. This time she had
no remarks to make, and he felicitated
himself that he had made her feel
real bad.

Three or four days after his second
party Mrs. Taylor said to her daugh-
ter:

"Bessie, I've got a great yearning
for a taste of new maple sugar, and
if it wasn't for my sore heel, I'd go
over to Dixon's bush and ask Tom
for some."

"And what a goose you'd make of
yourself," snapped Bessie.

"Well, I dunno. There's worse fel-
lers than Tom Dixon. I've never been
mad at him."

"But you ought to be. You should
not stand up for any one who has
acted as mean as he has."

"No, mebbe not, but perhaps you
were a little bit to blame. I'd like
some new maple sugar, as I was say-
ing, and next to that I'd like two or
three leeks to eat with bread and but-
ter. The leeks must be coming up in
the woods now, and I can fairly taste
'em. If father wasn't so busy to-day,
I'd have him go down in the woods
and look for some."

Bessie made no reply, but an hour
later, when the mother happened to
look out of the kitchen window and
saw her climbing the pasture fence
and making for the woods, she said to
herself:

"Our woods and the Dixon's woods
join and if leeks and maple sugar
don't get together, it won't be my
fault."

Bessie reached the home woods and
began to look for leeks. Here and
there one was beginning to sprout, but
she passed them by and went further.

By and by she came to the line fence
dividing the farms. The leeks on the
other side looked bigger, and, after a
long look between the rails, she
climbed over. Yes, the leeks were
bigger.

She had pulled three or four and
was still wandering along, when she
passed a brush heap and a rabbit ran
out with a great rustle. Naturally,
she screamed.

The rustle of the rabbit was follow-
ed by the hoot of an owl, and natu-
rally the girl screamed again. She
heard the sound of footsteps near at
hand, and was about to scream for
the third time, when she heard the
words:

"Miss Taylor, do not be afraid."

It was Tom Dixon, with two pails
of sap suspended from the neck-yoke
on his shoulders. In her hunt for leeks
she had wandered into the Dixon
sugar bush.

"Oh, Tom!" she exclaimed, as she
turned to face him.



Tommy walked straight up to the
homeliest girl.

side, while Bessie was not. Everyone
looked to see him call her name as
first on his side, but he overlooked
her entirely. It was the homeliest girl
who was called, although it was known
that she would go down and out on
the first three-syllabled word.

When only he and Bessie remained
on their feet the climax of his mean-
ness came. When they got among the
hard words he stood and glared across
at her as if he had never seen her
before, and, in her confusion, she blun-
dered and left him victor.

Next day it was known far and wide

GLARE OF BICYCLE LAMP SCARED KING OF BEASTS

On a mellow moonlight evening a
cyclist was riding along a lonely road
in the northern part of Mashonaland.
As he rode, enjoying the sombre
beauty of the African evening, he
suddenly became conscious of a soft,
stealthy, heavy tread on the road be-
hind him. It seemed like the jog-trot
of some heavy, cushioned-footed ani-
mal following him. Turning round,
he was scared very badly to find him-
self looking into the glaring eyes of
a large lion. The puzzled animal
acted very strangely, now raising his
head, now lowering it, and all the
time sniffing the air in a most per-
plexed manner.

Here was a surprise for the lion.
He could not make out what kind of
animal it was that could roll, walk
and sit still all at the same time; an
animal with a red eye on each side,
and a brighter one in front. He hesi-
tated to pronounce upon such an out-
landish being, a being whose blood
smelled so oily.

No cyclist, since the Romans in-
vented wheels ever "scorched" with
more honesty and single-mindedness
of purpose. But although he pedaled

and pedaled, although he perspired
and panted, his effort to get away did
not seem to place any more territory
between him and the lion; for that
animal, like Mark Twain's coyote,
kept up his annoyingly calm jog-trot,
and never seemed to tire.

The poor rider was finally so ex-
hausted from terror and exertion that
he decided to have the matter over
with right away. Suddenly slowing
down, he jumped from his wheel, and
facing abruptly about, thrust the
brilliant headlight full into the face
of the lion.

This was too much for the beast. It
was this fright that broke the lion's
nerve, for at this fresh evidence of
mystery on the part of the strange
rider-animal who broke himself into
halves and then cast his big eye in
any direction he pleased, the monarch
of the forest turned tail, and with a
wild rush retreated in a very heny-
like manner into the jungle, evidently
thanking his stars for his miraculous
escape from that awful being. There-
upon the bicyclist, with new strength
returning and devoutly blessing his
cyclyeno lamp pedaled his way to
civilization.

PLAN A NATIONAL MUSEUM THAT WILL COST MILLIONS

Plans have been completed for the
new \$3,500,000 structure that is to be
erected for the National museum in
Washington and bids for its construc-
tion will soon be called for. The re-
gents of the Smithsonian institution
are superintending this work, and it
is their idea when the new building
is completed to have a complete re-
arrangement of the exhibits now in
the National museum and the Smith-
sonian institution buildings.

The new structure is to be devoted
to the scientific collections of the gov-
ernment, the present National muse-
um building to the industrial arts and
the old Smithsonian building to the
Smithsonian and National museum
library and art collections. The re-
gents propose that the scientific col-
lection in the new building shall be
the finest in the world, and an officer
of the institution makes the state-
ment that already many of the
branches to be covered have reached
a perfection that is not equaled in any
other museum in the world, even the
great British museum. The chief sub-
jects to be covered are biology, an-

thropology, geology, zoology, botany
and American history. The present
National museum building will be
given up to a great exposition of in-
dustrial art, including the already im-
mense and unique collection of the
museum, and many additions that
the regents are planning to secure
as rapidly as possible. The museum
will be modeled in its scope and gen-
eral plan after the Victoria and
Albert museum of Great Britain.
Among the chief departments will be
those of land transportation, boat
models, implements of war and elec-
trical apparatus, of which the mu-
seum already has rich collections.

The plans for the Smithsonian
building contemplate the creation in
time of a magnificent library and art
gallery. The scientific library of the
institution is already one of the finest
in the world. Its scope will be broad-
ened and it will become a much more
important unit in the general scheme
of the institution. The plans for the
art gallery are as yet tentative. The
new structure will be 486 feet long
and 345 feet broad, with a height of
four stories.

COLORS THAT WILL DRIVE THE BRAIN TO MADNESS

If purple walls and red-tinted win-
dow surrounded you for a month, with
no color but purple around you, by
the end of that time you would be a mad-
man. No matter how strong your
brain might be it would not stand the
strain, and it is doubtful if you would
ever recover your reason. For purple
is the most dangerous color there is—
in its effects on the brain, which is
reached by way of the nerves of the
eye.

A splash or two of any other color
in the room would save your reason
for some time longer; but dead purple
will kill you eventually; as surely as
would foul air. Scarlet is as bad,
but scarlet has a different effect. It
produces what is called homicidal
mania—a madness that drives its
victim to kill his fellows, especially
his nearest relatives. Even on ani-
mals scarlet has this effect. It will
drive a bull or a Uger to charge a
naked spear. But purple, on the con-
trary, brings on melancholy or suicidal
mania.

Blue, as long as there is no trace

of red in it, stimulates the brain, and
helps it; but its effect on your nerves,
if you are saturated with it and cannot
get away with it, is terrible. Scientists
class blue as a kind of drug in its
effects on the brain. It excites the
imagination and gives a craving for
music and stagecraft, but it has a
reaction that wrecks the nerves. If
you doubt it, stare hard for a few
minutes at a piece of bright blue paper
or cloth—not flowers, for there is a
good deal of green in their blue—and
you will find that it will make your
eyes ache and give you a restless,
uneasy feeling.

Green, on the other hand, is the king
of colors, and no amount of it can do
any harm. If you were shut up in an
artificial green light for a month it
would develop your eyesight immen-
sely; but it would be fatal, because when
you returned to the world you would
be utterly unable to stand ordinary
lights and colors, and you would
certainly contract ophthalmia, or pos-
sibly destroy the optic nerve to-
gether, unless you were very mind-
ful to take great care.

Two Lawyers' Tales.
Justice Gaynor of the Supreme court
of New York has a reputation for dry
sayings not altogether devoid of hu-
mor, and two which are going the
rounds among lawyers are these:
A petition for an injunction, based
upon somewhat doubtful assertions of
fact, recently came before the justice.
After considering the affidavit of the
petitioner, he remarked:
"In this case an injunction will not
lie, even if the relator does."
Under circumstances somewhat sim-
ilar, an attorney sought to discredit
statements contained in an affidavit.
"But counsel should remember," ob-
served Justice Gaynor, "that the truth
sometimes will out, even in an af-
davit."—New York Times.

Stronuous Treatment.
Larry—"Did yer liver troy massage
treatment, me bye?"
Denny—"Ol hod face steaming
once."
Larry—"Who gave ut to yez?"
Denny—"Me old woman wid a kit-
tle av hot wather."

KALAMAZOO
OVES RANGES
FROM FACTORY TO THE USER
FACTORY PRICES

Send for our Special
360 DAY APPROVAL
TEST OFFER

on the best line of stoves, ranges and heaters in the world, made in the only stove factory in the United States selling its entire production direct to the user. We give a legal guarantee with every stove and range, backed by a \$20,000 bank bond. Don't buy until you have investigated our special proposition.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Manufacturers,
Box A, Kalamazoo, Mich.

All Kalamazoo Cook Stoves and Ranges are equipped with our Patent Oven Thermometer.

East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE.
In effect June 21, 1903.

SOUTH		NORTH	
No. 1	No. 2	No. 1	No. 2
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8:30	1:15	5:00	11:45
8:43	1:28	4:47	11:32
8:51	1:36	4:39	11:24
8:54	1:39	4:35	11:20
9:06	1:51	4:23	11:08
9:18	2:03	4:12	10:57
9:30	2:15	4:00	10:45

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, Gen. Manager.
E. J. CROSSMAN, Traffic Manager.

Detroit & Charlevoix R. R. Co.

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

WEST BOUND:		MIXED	
Leave Frederic	2:30 p. m.	7:30 a. m.	
"Payette	2:48 p. m.	7:23 a. m.	
Leave DeWard	3:00 p. m.	7:30 a. m.	
"Blue Lake Jc.	3:15 p. m.	7:45 a. m.	
"Huron Head	3:38 p. m.	8:00 a. m.	
"Lake Harold	3:52 p. m.	8:05 a. m.	
Leave Alton	4:02 p. m.	8:15 a. m.	
"Green River	4:15 p. m.	8:29 a. m.	
"Jordan River	4:30 p. m.	8:42 a. m.	
"Wards	4:43 p. m.	8:45 a. m.	
Arrive South Arm	4:50 p. m.	12:10 p. m.	
(East Jordan)	4:50 p. m.		
Ar. Charlevoix (steamer)	2:40 p. m.	6:00 p. m.	

Ar. Charlevoix (str.) 7:40 a. m. 12:10 a. m.
(East Jordan)

WEST BOUND: Leave South Arm 7:55 a. m. 2:30 p. m.
"Wards 10:12 a. m. 2:45 p. m.
"Jordan River 10:16 a. m. 2:45 p. m.
"Green River 10:32 a. m. 3:05 p. m.
"Alton 10:57 a. m. 3:42 p. m.
"DeWard 11:38 a. m. 4:50 p. m.
Ar. Frederic 12:10 p. m. 6:00 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, 10:30 a. m. 3:55 p. m. 8:57 p. m.
For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West 10:30 a. m. 3:57 p. m. 8:59 p. m.
For Saginaw and Detroit—10:30 a. m. and 4:17 p. m.
For Charlevoix and Petoskey—2:20 p. m., 5:58 a. m. and 7:24 p. m.
H. F. MOELLER, General Passenger Agent.
P. N. STEWART, Agent, Bellaire.

Moses Lemieux

Practical Horseshoeing and General Blacksmith
All kinds of wood repair work done promptly.
111 West of State St.

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

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DETROIT & BUFFALO
Daily Service

DETROIT & BUFFALO STEAMBOAT CO.

COMMENCING MAY 11th
Improved Daily Express Service (10 hours) between
DETROIT AND BUFFALO
Leave DETROIT Daily . . . 4:00 P. M.
Arrive at BUFFALO . . . 8:00 A. M.
Leave BUFFALO Daily . . . 5:30 P. M.
Arrive at DETROIT . . . 7:00 A. M.

Connecting with express trains for all points in NEW YORK, BALTIMORE and NEW ORLEANS. Through ticket issued to all points. Send for illustrated pamphlet and rates.

Rate between Detroit and Buffalo \$2.00 one way. \$3.00 round trip. Detroit \$1.00, Buffalo \$1.00. Stations \$2.00 each direction. Week end Excursions Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

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

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

HER STORY

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH
Copyright, 1903, by J. H. Walworth

THE advertisement read: "Have you a story in your own life? And do you need money? Then write your story succinctly, clearly and effectively. Send it to the People's Pride and receive liberal compensation for it. We want stories of life."

Perhaps thousands scanned that advertisement with idle curiosity, hundreds with a passing wish that they might dare, units with the determination to dare.

One woman lingered over it, read it a second time, a third, folded the paper containing it into a neat square and laid it on the table by which she was working.

Had she a story? Yes. Did she need money? A bitter substitute for a laugh escaped her lips. She folded her delicate fingers hands over the coarse garment she was sewing on and sent her sad eyes on a deliberate survey of the room, which gave evidence of having gradually been denuded of every superfluity.

The woman and the room had nothing in common between them. One was pathetic in her suggestions of elegant requirements; the other was bare to the point of ugliness. Suddenly she leaned across the table and drew writing material within reach.

What if the story she was half minding to write—her story, hers and his—should fall under his eyes? What a triumph for him! What added abatement for her! Could she voluntarily add this final drop of bitterness to her already full cup?

The last she had heard of him he was operating a big cattle ranch in Colorado. It was not likely that a ranchman would find much time for fiction reading. To every eye but his it would be pure fiction and nothing else. A look of resolute determination hardened her worn face. She would do it! Not a pleasant task, but if the bitter memories that strange advertisement had stirred into venomous activity were marketable she was going to market them. After the first plunge the story seemed to write itself.

Her pen moved rapidly. "Of course it must be in the first person," she said boldly, writing the caption "My Story." Then: "I was only seventeen, not yet come into that paucity of caution and suspicion which is necessary to woman-kind when entering the arena of fashionable life, as necessary as was the old time warrior's coat of mail. As I have said, I was only seventeen when my aunt, a rich society woman of New York, offered to take me off my father's hands and introduce me into society. My father was a planter, a bookworm and a widower—not the best guide for a restless girl of seventeen. He had, I suppose, written to this estranged sister about his growing perplexities, and I was handed over at her demand.

"I cannot say that I was anxious to go. I was happy enough as I was. The birds of the air were no freer than I. I had all the comforts I cared for; I had my flowers and my ponies and my numerous pets, in addition to all of which I had my lover. I was engaged to be married to Horace White. I could



HER PEN MOVED RAPIDLY.

not recollect when I had not been engaged to him, but it had never occurred to us to name a day.

"Perhaps this idyllic state of affairs was what had aroused my dreaming father to a sense of parental obligation. At any rate I was sent on to my New York aunt.

"I was engaged to Horace White when I left home; I was engaged to Malcolm Ross when I went back. It was without any sense of triviality or wickedness that I transferred my allegiance, not even recognizing the inconvenience of being on with the new lover before being off with the old.

"I think it all came of my being so suddenly transplanted from the dull monotony of my life with father on the old plantation to the bewildering gay-

ety of my fashionable aunt's home. It was at her house at a crush reception that I first met Malcolm Ross. He was very handsome and past master in the arts of beguiling women. He devoted himself so completely to me that at the close of that first evening my poor, silly little head was in a whirl.

"I was accoutred, very pretty by my aunt's fashionable friends, and I was pretty. I can speak so now with impersonal frankness, for all my prettiness and sweetness belong to the dead dead past when I was a guileless girl on the old plantation home.

"Then Malcolm Ross came into my life, and the humid waters ran turbidly. So long as he was by my side I was under a spell that I could not break. I think my aunt must have been but a careless chaperon. Childless herself, she had made no study of girl nature. She made remorseful acknowledgment later.

"Ah, well! What good did her remorse do then or does my bitter retrospection now? Remember, I am doing this for money.

"Horace White came to the station to meet me when I returned home. I started guiltily when the train slowed up, and I saw his dear eyes roving anxiously over each window as if passed in review. How they lighted up with gladness when he finally located me!

"I was come back to him. That was what his luminous smile said to me before he could reach me with his voice. Yes, I had come back to him, but how? I felt like a creature who had been supping on champagne and suddenly found herself confronted by the cooling heaven sent waters of a pure fountain.

"I met him with a fair semblance of the old cordiality. Did he miss anything in my greeting? If he did he was too much of a man to whimper about it. He did not tarry with me long that first evening. He said it belonged of right to the home people. He would come again in the morning. Already my wicked heart was swinging back to its first love. How could I ever have put any man in his place, my Horace of the clear eye, of the true heart, of the clean soul?

"That night when I went to my room I removed the betrothal ring Malcolm Ross had put on my finger. It was like loosening myself from fetters. Had I really been hypnotized? Perhaps. But I knew my feckle heart at last. With every fiber of my being I loved Horace. I had never really loved any one else. I would write Malcolm as much, and he would write me a word of liberation and pardon, and then I would make full confession to Horace.

"My letter to Malcolm Ross was the truest letter I ever wrote. He answered it in person.

"He held me in a hot, unyielding embrace when we met. He laughed mockingly down into my frightened face as he asked me what child's nonsense I had been giving him.

"I flushed angrily under his malicious levity and told him more than my letter had. He released me almost as roughly as he had seized me. His handsome face turned livid with rage.

"So then it is a question of another man? Horace White, did I understand you to say? So fair a lady as Miss Helen Mauvelille may well have lovers to choose from. We will talk of this later on."

"He turned and walked out of the house. I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving for my freedom. I cried myself to sleep that night for very joy at my escape. You see, I was still an ignorant young fool.

"Two days later Malcolm Ross came back to me. There was an evil look on his handsome face and a strange glitter in his eyes, also a new gentleness in his voice. Later on I came to associate all these signs with his blackest moods.

"He seated himself by me on the sofa and addressed me as if no word of disagreement had ever passed between us. He took a paper from his pocket and laid it down on my lap. I was not to read it immediately, for he placed his hand over it. Then he put me through a severe catechism about Horace White. God knows what my silly tongue could have said to injure my beloved, but when Malcolm apparently had no more questions to ask he removed his hand and said:

"You have satisfied me that he is the man. Read that slip. I telegraphed home for my clerk to procure it. You can marry your fugitive from justice as soon as you please, but when he turns from the altar he will find handcuffs waiting for him. Not a pleasant postnuptial possibility, is it? I believe you spoke of this Mr. Horace White as the only man you ever had truly loved or ever could?

"I hung my frightened head in abasement, but I managed to say audibly, 'I said it, and I meant it.'

"Yes? Well, then, I suppose that will have to stand as a pleasant little stumbling block to trip our marital steps, for you do not imagine for a moment I propose to be set aside like a tiresome boy. You will make your choice here and now, my love. You will either name an early date upon which you will marry Mrs. Malcolm Ross or you will marry Horace White and take his conviction upon your own fair shoulders."

"I named my wedding day—an early one. It was the price of safety to Horace. I was too bewildered to understand all the iniquity that paper charged him with, but my own lips had sealed his fate by admitting that he had been in New York City on the date charging him with absconding with money secured on a forged note.

"I was as powerless as a bird in the snare of the fowler. Six weeks after my return home I left it again as the wife of Malcolm Ross. I never saw Horace after the morning visit he paid me when I told him I was going to marry another man. I looked into his face for some sign of the guilt with

which he was charged. To have told him of my sacrifice would have been to nullify it. I gloried in my silly girl's heart to think I was enduring martyrdom for his sake.

"I tried to be a good wife to Malcolm, but he made it very hard. He had thought I was to be my aunt's heiress, she being childless. When at her death all the property reverted to her husband's side of the house he threw off his last semblance of love or respect. Perhaps I was not entitled to either.

"We were miserably poor, and I had been reared in ignorance of every useful acquirement. He settled down to a gambler's profession and I to the lot of neglected wife. He is dead now, and I thank God there are no children to inherit his vices or my weakness. Do I thank God? My life is utterly desolate, utterly without ties. At one time I thought of taking up the old home ties. But father is dead, and the old place has been cut up and sold for the benefit of the children who were minors when I was married. I would not disturb them in their occupancy. They do not even remember me. I should only be a dark blot on any one's hearthstone.

"I have told my story. I shall coin it for bread—bread which I shall season with the bitterest tears I have shed for many a weary year."

Yes, she had told her story "succinctly, clearly and effectively." She took it down to the office of the People's Pride herself. She gave it into the



"I LOVE YOU," HE SAID.

hands of the business manager, who told her, with an impersonal glance at her pale face, that it would be taken up in due course of business and their readers would pass upon it without any unnecessary delay.

"Their readers" were to pass upon her broken life! Ah, well, that was what she had put it into black and white for. If only they would pass favorably! That was her one concern now.

It seemed an eternity before an envelope stamped with the office address of the People's Pride came to her hands. She tore open the envelope in fluttering haste. No check dropped out. Instead a typewritten note, curt and businesslike:

Madam—Your story, entitled "My Story," has sufficient dramatic interest to make it acceptable with a few emendations. Will you kindly call on the editor in chief of the People's Pride to receive some suggestions along that line?

Of course she would call. A gleam of hope warmed her chilled heart.

She was promptly passed from hand to hand until she stood in the awesome presence of the chief. The great man was sitting at a big cylinder desk busily poring over papers. She recognized her own story even as she reached his chair and before he had risen slowly to greet her gravely.

It was a crucial moment to her: her first experience of the majesty of the sanctum. Her eyes rested on the litter of papers; his rested on her. With no change of attitude he took up her manuscript and held it toward her with an unsteady hand.

"Helen, is this the way it all happened?"

Time had wrought some subtle changes in his appearance. His voice was as forgotten music to her ears. With a low cry of wonder and of longing, she made a step forward, then recoiled dizzily.

Her first coherent words were, "I thought you were thousands of miles away on a ranch."

"For a little while, yes. I stayed out there long enough to conclude that a man who allows a woman's fickleness to slay all purposes in his life does not deserve to be called a man. But it was not fickleness if this is true."

She stretched pleading hands toward him. "No, oh, no! I was so young, so frightened, so silly! I did not know what to do, what to believe."

"You should never have believed that of me. Unfortunately the name I bear has been duplicated many times even within my own knowledge. I read about that case of forgery with some interest because a Horace White had done it, but I never credited that story with the wreck of all my hopes."

"And now?"

She stood up before him, trembling. He put out his hand to detain her.

"You are free," he said, "and I love you." He smiled on her with solemn tenderness. "You will have to add a sequel to your story, dearest, and call it 'Our Story.'"

"No," she said. And into her smile crept the old time archness. "My literary life is at an end. It is not fame that feeds a woman's hungry heart, my own; it is love. Oh, Horace, I hugged and I throbbed for yours!"

FOREIGN FACTS.

Egypt, with nearly 10,000,000 people, has only one lunatic asylum.

Lately the Paris chamber of commerce celebrated its first centenary with a gala banquet.

School examinations in the Swedish language at Helsingfors, Finland, have been prohibited by order of the Russian government.

In Edinburgh the number of unlet shops and houses is larger than for some years, owing, it is said, to the "rush to Canada."

The cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, in which Milton lived is to be restored at a cost of \$1,500. The building is used as a public museum and contains a first edition of "Paradise Regained."

The lock to be placed in the Danube-Oder canal will be 131 feet high and the highest in the world. The Austrian minister of commerce has offered prizes of 100,000, 75,000 and 50,000 crowns for the best plans for it.

Formerly a Chinaman who gazed upon the emperor and empress while they were being carried along the street lost his head. Since the emperor's return from Singanfu this rule has been revoked, but the populace has not yet mustered its courage, and not long ago when the imperial party were in Shanghai the streets were deserted.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Guy F. Stealy and Frederic Chapin, the authors of "The Storks," have finished another operatic comedy.

The stork has visited Charles Richmond's cottage at North Ashbury, N. J., and left a baby girl for the actor.

"The Runaways" is still notable for its collection of show girls, probably the prettiest collection of the season.

William G. Beckwith, the leading man with the Aubrey stock company, will be starred next season at the head of the company.

Georgia Caine, the prima donna of "Peggy From Paris," plays golf on the Allston (Mass.) links every morning, regardless of weather.

Harry Conor in the support of Miss Ring in "The Blood in Black," at the Knickerbocker, has a part that fits him well. As a man milliner he is a success.

Guclma Baker, who plays Little Plummer in "Peggy From Paris," has chartered a sloop for the summer. Miss Baker learned to sail a boat during her long residence on the Pacific coast.

Raymond Hitchcock, who made a hit in the title role of "King Dodo," will create the title role in "The Yankee Consul," the new comic opera that Henry W. Savage will produce next season.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

Gulpure lace retains its popularity, and ochre is the favorite tint.

Sleeves are now growing more and more baggy, the whole of the bagginess coming at the wrist.

Incrustations of lace medallions or of printed silk flowers are among the most popular decorations on summer dresses.

On street shoes and Oxfords the heel one and a half inch in height is most in demand. For dressy shoes the Louis XV. heel of medium height has the preference.

Peau de laine is a rival to peau de sole, the wool having been woven into the same leatherlike surface as the silk, and both show off colors to great perfection.

It is predicted that the Russian blouse skirted coat with its slight pouch in front and in a length that reaches almost to the knee will make its appearance in the early fall.

Grass lawn makes an admirable petticoat of the washable type. Finished with frills embroidered in black or colored thread, a chain stitch of the same heading the hem, such a skirt is both useful and pretty. — Brooklyn Eagle.

CYNICISMS.

They say that every man is cracked on some subject. Look yourself over. What is your specialty?

When a father asks a girl child how much money she needs her mother soon teaches her to "make it enough."

Hidden away in every breast is the instinct of a slave; the instinct to cringe before power and bend the knee to it.

We don't know of any one who has a harder time with his conscience than an unselfish man who carves the meat for his family.

When you find a man is not as mean as you had always heard said, what is the feeling you have? Now, confess, is it disappointment?

The only difference between a graduating dress and a wedding dress, so far as we can see, is that the latter is worn with more confidence.

Some men are so confidential that if they were going to file a saw they would take every man in town off to one side and tell him about it.—Athenaeum Globe.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

World's fair clubs are organizing in various parts of the country to prepare for next year's trip to St. Louis.

A rose garden covering six acres of ground will be one of the attractive landscape features of the world's fair.

Among the interesting things exhibited by Greece at the fair will be reproductions of old Greek statuary.

St. Louis is to have a miniature reproduction of the city as a world's fair attraction, with all streets and prominent buildings marked.

Frank A. Kenyon,

Register of Deeds and Abstractor.

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



MRS. CECELIA STOWE, Orator, Entre Nous Club.

176 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 22, 1902.

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

WINE OF CARDUI

Mrs. Stowe's letter shows every woman how a home is saddened by female weakness and how completely Wine of Cardui cures that sickness and brings health and happiness again. Do not go on suffering. Go to your druggist today and secure a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui.

Foley's Honey and Tar

cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

JOHN KENNY,

—GENERAL—
—DRAYMAN—

Moves household goods, baggage and Mer-
candise of all descriptions.
Stove wood and lumber delivered.
EAST JORDAN. MICH.

DON'T BE FOOLED!

Take the genuine, original
ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA
Made only by Madison Medi-
cine Co., Madison, Wis. It
keeps you well, our trade
mark cut on each package.
Price, 35 cents. Never sold
in bulk. Accept no substi-
tute. Ask your druggist.

KIDNEY DISEASES

are the most fatal of all diseases.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a

Guaranteed Remedy

or money refunded. Contains

remedies recognized by eminent

physicians as the best for

Kidney and Bladder troubles.

PRICE 50c. and \$1.00.

Wm. Germond,

Tonsorial Artist.

When in need of anything in my line
call in and see me.

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GOOD MUSIC

A book called "An Introduction to the
Reduced Piano Music." It contains, in
the latest size, the first page of each of the
following wonderful and successful pieces:

Mississippi Rose March
Waving Plumes March
Nourmahne Waltzes
Give the Countersign March
Euphonia (Intermezzo)
Entre de Cortège

Imozetta (Mexican Dance)
South Carolina Sunshine
Antics of the Ants
Story of the Flowers
Love of Liberty March
Idle Fancies (Intermezzo)
Dream of the Ballet
Return of Love Waltzes
Jules Levy's Stella Waltz
The Eagle's March

Every pianist will find something in the
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