

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 6.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, AUG. 15 1903.

No 6

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.

68,750

Pride of Charlevoix cigars smoked in East Jordan since Jan. 1, '03.

Not so bad, eh? No deaths yet.

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.

### A Shocking Accident.

#### Bessie Nixon Run Over And Killed.

Her Death Almost Instantaneous. A Striking Temperance Lesson.

A shocking accident which seems very close to criminal negligence occurred Thursday afternoon. Wm. Nixon, a farmer living two miles east of town, who has been working on the Deer Creek dam, had brought his scraper to town that morning for repairs and while waiting proceeded to fill himself up with booze so that when he started home shortly after one o'clock he was badly intoxicated so much so that as he neared his home he did not see his little daughter Bessie who toddled out to meet him. The little girl slipped under the rear wheel of the wagon which passed over her body crushing out her little life and the father was only aroused from his drunken stupor by the little one's death cry.

Coroner Foster went out and viewed the body, finding that the ribs had been crushed in over her heart, and that death had been almost instantaneous.

The little one was only two years old and a bright little girl whose sudden death is a shock to the community and should serve as an impressive temperance lesson.

The funeral occurred Friday afternoon from the house and her body was laid at rest in the East Jordan cemetery.

#### SPECIAL MEETING OF O. E. S.

There will be a special meeting of the O. E. S. Friday evening, August 21st. Visitors are expected from Boyne City and Charlevoix and G. W. M. Hattie C. Derthick will be present also. Every member should make a special effort to be present at this meeting.

#### COMING TO EAST JORDAN.

On Thursday, August 27th, J. Leahy the expert optician will again be here and will remain two days. Office at Lake View hotel.

#### IMPORTANT MEETING.

The Board of Trade will meet in the East Jordan Lumber Co.'s Hall next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock to complete organization and act on some important business that will be brought up. Every man who is interested in the growth of the town and the development of the surrounding country is urged to be present. This organization is an important one and this meeting will be the most interesting one on record. Come out and get in line to help better your own conditions. W. A. LOVEDAY, President.

#### SPECIAL SHORT NOTICE ENGAGEMENT.

The great scenic melodrama, "The Tide of Life," Monday night at Loveday Opera House presented by the Le-Roy Stock Company, a large company, special scenery, fine specialties. "The Tide of Life" has enjoyed prosperity for a number of years but is still new to an East Jordan audience.

The play is fine, the company strong and will play at regular prices. Don't miss it.

The reunion of the Soldiers and Sailors' Association of Michigan takes place at Big Rapids, Sept. 7-12, a whole week. The territory embraced is from all points in the lower peninsula of Michigan on and west of a line from Mackinaw City, Bay City, Saginaw, Howell, Jackson and Sturgis, for which a one fare rate for the round trip has been granted. All tickets to be sold Sept. 7th to 11th inclusive, limited to return to and including

It is intended to make it the grandest gathering in the history of the association.

#### WHEN OTHER MEDICINES HAVE FAILED

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

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

#### List of Advertised Letters.

Unclaimed letters for the week ending Aug. 10:

- Berger, Mrs. Mary Jane,
  - Eckstrom, Mr. J. G.,
  - Eaton, Irving,
  - Ganeau, Mrs. Thomas,
  - Hawkins, Mr. Geo.,
  - Staley, Mr. Martin,
  - Sands, Mr. Lou.
- POSTAL CARDS.
- Hunt & Hunt,
  - Townsend, Mr. Geo.,
  - WM. HARRINGTON, P. M.

#### ORGANIZATION PERFECTED.

At a meeting of the stock holders of the East Jordan Creamery held last Saturday evening, a permanent organization was effected with the following officers in charge:

President—E. M. Severance.  
Vice Pres.—A. M. Murphy.  
Secretary—F. E. Boosinger.  
Treasurer—C. H. Whittington.

The position of manager is still open it not having been decided yet who shall fill it.

#### Latest Fashion Notes.

#### PRETTY EMBROIDERED WAIST.

The prophecy that separate waists would be relegated to the past has not as yet been fulfilled, for they still continue to play an important part in a woman's wardrobe. This waist is embroidered with a simple yet dainty little design. The prevalent idea on waist embroidery seems to be for using pure white Corticelli mountmelie embroidery silk.



Shirt waists are still as popular as ever, especially embroidered white ones. Grapes, in a conventionalized form, are much used with very good effect on mercerized chevots, madras, and linens. An embroidered effect is a safe investment whether it be of silk, cotton or woolen.

#### 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.

Of course you can send away for a picture of Pope Leo XIII. It will only cost you 15 cts. more. But if you don't want to send away Steffes has a few left—all prices.

#### 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 c.l.w.c.s. Send 2c. for folder and map.

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

#### A Young Financier.

Aunt—A penny for your thoughts. Little Nephew—I was thinking that if I kept quiet and pretended to be thinking you'd wonder what I was thinking about and say jus' what you did. Gimme the penny.

#### Stumpy.

Poor Stumpy was a faithful dog. Of pedigree unknown. He came to live with us because of kindness we had shown.

He loved to play around with us At hide and seek or ball. But there was just one little maid He loved the best of all.

And when at night we left him out And he would sit and wail. "Poor Stumpy," said that little maid, "Is crying for a tail."

—Anna Temple.

## Congress Playing Cards.

Cards of quality. For up-to-date card parties. Smooth, thin and springy. Dainty pictorial designs. Rich colors. Gold edges. No others are so good.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

128-page Hoyle sent, prepaid, for two Congress pack wrappers and names of dealer from whom packs were bought. Address, U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, O.

#### 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. B. Brown (unmarried) to B. Allen and dated May 15th, A. D. 1888, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan on the 30th day of May, A. D. 1888, in Liber 11, Mortgage page 56, 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 \$10 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 that behalf made and provided, notice is hereby given that on the 28th day of September, A. D. 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the East front door of the court-house in the village of Charlevoix, in the County of Charlevoix (that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix, is held) the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage with interest 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, to-wit: The South-East quarter of the South-West quarter of Section twenty-four, Town thirty-three North, Range seven West, in Eveline township, Charlevoix county, and containing four acres of land, more or less according to the United States survey.

Dated this first day of July, A. D. 1903.

A. B. NICHOLAS, J. B. ALLEN, Mortgagee.

#### CHANCERY NOTICE.

THIRTEENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT IN CHANCERY SALES 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.

Orie 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 twenty 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. MAYNE, Circuit Judge.  
E. N. CLARK, Solicitor for Complainant.  
Business address, East Jordan, Mich. 6-30-71.

## Thos. Morrison,

Dray and Baggage.

'Phone No. 120.

Moving Household Goods a Specialty

#### BOAT SERVICE.

East Jordan and Charlevoix Route.

## Str. Walter Chrysler.

TIME CARD.

Leave East Jordan	7:00 a. m.	2:30 p. m.
Arrive Charlevoix	8:45 a. m.	4:30 p. m.
Leave Charlevoix	9:20 a. m.	4:30 p. m.
—Railroad dock	9:55 a. m.	4:40 p. m.
Arrive East Jordan	11:30 a. m.	6:00 p. m.

GRD. JEPSON, Master.

## Str. "Pilgrim."

	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Lv. Charlevoix	7:40	11:00	3:00
—F. M. Railroad dock			3:10
—Saganota, Ironton	8:25	11:25	3:30
	8:35	11:35	3:40
Ar. East Jordan	9:20	12:20	4:2
Lv. East Jordan	9:30	1:20	4:45
—Ironton	10:15	2:05	5:30
—Saganota	10:25	2:15	5:40
Ar. Charlevoix	10:35	2:40	6:00

#### Charlevoix and East Jordan Line.

## Str. Jos. Gordon.

—TIME CARD.—

Leave Charlevoix	7:30 a. m.	1:15 p. m.
—The Inn dock	7:50 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.	4:45 p. m.

Connects at Charlevoix with 11:38 a. m. train South, and 8:35 and 11:40 a. m. 1:30 and 5:35 p. m. trains South.

L. GUARD, Master.

# BOOSINGER BROS.

## Merchants are Fortunate

Who were able to secure their regular lines of goods for the coming season on account of the scarcity and high prices of the raw material and the unfortunate labor troubles. But our firm has been more than fortunate, we are really lucky having already received a large assortment of our new fall suitings. It will pay you to see our new dress goods at 50c. to \$1.00 in the new weaves of black and new fall shades. In the heavier goods—Sackings, Zibelines and Broadcloths—you cannot help but be pleased with them, \$1.00 to \$1.75 per yard.

Special opening of our Blankets. In spite of the highest cotton market for 20 years. We will give you our regular light grade Tennis and Fleece Blankets at prices in some instances below the wholesale market price. All bright new goods. 65 cts. for a fine soft large pair of Blankets. All others in the same proportion.

Quality, First of All -- Our Motto.

# BOOSINGER BROS.

Watermelon seeds cause appendicitis. Boll your watermelon.

Persons who belong to the upper crust must have plenty of dough.

Thirty-two lawyers in Chicago died last year. Where are those lawyers now?

That long-advertised cloudburst in the Balkans is momentarily expected once more.

Men who do not secretly take pride in well dressed wives have no business to have any.

Falling from an airship is quite as exciting and far less dangerous than riding in a devil wagon.

When a man is too busy to go fishing, he may not know it, but he is in a condition of slavery.

The news that King Alfonso is betrothed to his cousin must be welcome to the republicans of Spain.

A writer inquires: "Are the magazines declining?" We understand that they are, especially poetry.

Every man who carries a watch is naturally behind time. That is, unless he carries it in his hip pocket.

It is easier to save a soul than to keep it saved, says Rev. Mr. Crandall, and most of us will agree with him.

King Peter is getting so used to it that they don't have to revive him with cold water any more when a door slams.

The future queen of Denmark is over six feet tall, and will, therefore, properly be addressed as "your royal highness."

The sufferer from dyspepsia should cheer up when he considers how much more he would suffer if his wife had dyspepsia.

Probably the trouble heretofore has been that everybody has been giving the mosquito the low end instead of the high one.

Mrs. James Lovely, of Knoxville, Tenn., who is accused of poisoning her husband, scarcely deserves the prefix "perfectly."

People who are ashamed of their ancestors cannot be convinced that their ancestors would blush for them if they were alive.

In quitting America to become an Englishman, Bourke Cockran knows very well that he intends to remain every inch an Irishman.

Slowly but surely the yellow brother is embracing civilization. The Chinese laundrymen organized and struck, and now there is a chop suey trust.

At a recent wedding in London King Edward appeared wearing a red cravat with a frock coat, thus pulverizing the old tradition that the king can do no wrong.

There is no use trying to draw morals from Fourth of July accidents. Those who were hurt need no mentor, and those who escaped have no desire for one.

Lou Dillon is within two seconds of the trotting record, now held by Cerescus, the great Toledo stallion. Who says that the ladies are not asserting their rights?

An expert has discovered that the extraction of teeth causes blindness. The experience of humanity has seemed to be the other way, if seeing stars counts for anything.

A Boston laborer has fallen heir to \$2,000,000. Before envying him think of the trouble he will have in getting away from the people who want to show him how to invest it.

A Philadelphia millionaire in his will left \$50 to each of his three children. It must be a sad thing to work hard all his life for a fortune and have only \$150 worth of children to leave it to.

Life insurance companies have warned policy holders in Milwaukee's county jail that the building is unsafe and that they must leave or have their policies canceled. And yet some of them may not leave.

A Waterbury (Conn.) man named Harris fell asleep during the performance at Barnum & Bailey's circus, and was robbed of his gold watch. When he takes a nap in public hereafter he will do it at church.

A Kansas farmer who called one of his neighbors "a Kansas jackass" and was sued for \$2,500 damages has been ordered by the jury to pay the plaintiff \$400. But what is \$400 to a Kansas farmer whose feelings have been hurt.

It is pleasing to know that the Vienna ladies turned up their noses at the male beauty show and protested that they did not like handsome men. This is a reassuring indication that the ladies admire men only because they are so good.

CAMPFIRE TALES

Trust. I know not if or dark or bright Shall be my lot. If that wherein my hopes delight Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years Toll's heavy chain, Or day and night my meed be tearful On bed of pain.

Kind faces may surround my hearth With smiles and eyes, Or I may dwell alone, and mirth Be strange to me.

My bark is warded to the strand By breath Divine, And on the helm there rests a hand Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail, I have on board; Above the raging of the gate I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite, I shall not fall; If sharp 'tis short; if long, 'tis light— He tempests all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land, The end is this; And then go with him hand in hand Far into bliss.

Gen. Frank Wheaton's Record. Maj. Gen. Frank Wheaton, U. S. A., who died in Washington a few days ago, served in the army for forty-two years.

Deceased was born in Providence, R. I., in 1833 and was in his 71st year. He became civil engineer, took part in the Mexican boundary surveys and, in 1855, was made lieutenant in the Third U. S. cavalry.

The general's fighting record was one greatly to his credit. He took to the field against the Cheyenne Indians in 1857 and his opening fight was near Fort Kearny, Neb., where he acquitted himself most gallantly.

He took part in the Utah expedition and, on the breaking out of the rebellion, proceeded to his native state and was made lieutenant colonel of the 2d Rhode Island volunteers; a month later he was made colonel, and had

his troops in Virginia early in May, so that they took part in the opening engagement of the war at Bull Run. Thereafter the command was with the Army of the Potomac in all its desperate engagements.

In 1862 the commander was made brigadier general and directed a division of the Sixth corps at Gettysburg and in the campaign in the Shenandoah valley in 1864, and was actively engaged in the maneuvers preceding the surrender of Lee in 1865 at Appomattox.

For gallantry at the battles of Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Middletown, Va., he was made major general and further honors came to him for bravery in the battles of the Wilderness, Cedar-Creek and Petersburg.

For his chivalric conduct in these engagements the state of Rhode Island presented him with a sword in 1866. The civil war over, he was made lieutenant colonel of the 39th U. S. infantry and made colonel of the Second U. S. infantry in 1874.

Later he was made brigadier and major general, held commands in Dakota, Montana and Nebraska, and took part in many severe encounters with the Indians on the plains. Since 1897 he had been on the retired list and had made his home in Washington.

An Old Soldier's Story. "It is not often that a man commits suicide on the field of battle," said Col. Prentiss Ingraham, author, traveler, dramatist, and soldier in seven wars, "either voluntarily or involuntarily, but it happens sometimes, and that it did happen once when I was a party to it saved my life. My first experience as a Confederate soldier was under Van Dorn, in Missouri, and some of the small battles we had in the Southwest were about as nasty fighting as a soldier ever has to do. I belonged to a company of scouts, and early one morning we were surprised by a squadron of Federal cavalry that we thought was on the other side of a stream we were supposed to be guarding. I think we had about seventy-five men in our company, and there were just about that many Yankees. They came down on us with a rush, and while most of our men got to horse and went to them hot and heavy, a dozen or so of us missed our mounts, and we formed into a little platoon, and faced the foe. We had muskets, the old-fashioned sort, with hammers, and when the fight got real warm we had to scatter somewhat. Pretty soon I found myself hand to hand, or rather musket to sabre, with a Yankee on a horse that looked to me as big as a haystack.

"He came at me cutting and slashing to kill and murder, and I tried to shoot him, for I had my old muzzle-loader ready for business, but he was so close on me that I had to use my gun as a guard and could not get it into firing position. I tried hard enough to get it where I could shoot, but he was doing all he could to prevent such a result, and the best I

could do was to punch viciously at him with my bayonet when I wasn't holding the gun up to ward off his sabre. He had the advantage and saw that he had, and he came at me with a wild rush. This time I would have gone down beneath his blows certain, for they fairly rained down on my gun barrel, but in some providential way—for me, at least—for it must have been Providence, he struck the hammer of my musket with his sword blade, and the gun went off with an explosion that threw it out of my hands and sent the entire charge square into the cavalryman's face. We went down together, both covered with blood—his blood. But only one of us got up again."

The Flag Over Richmond. The Poughkeepsie Eagle prints the following communication: The question, "Who first raised the United States flag over Richmond in April, 1865?" is not a very important one, in view of the peaceful occupation of that city, but its continued agitation suggests that it ought to be answered. The facts are undoubtedly correctly stated by Col. Kreutzer, commanding the Ninety-eighth New York volunteers, in his interesting history of that regiment.

Col. Kreutzer says that his regiment belonged to Devens' division, and was the first regiment which entered the City of Richmond after its evacuation by the Confederate troops on the 3d of April, 1865. To quote his own language: "Arrived opposite the front entrance of the city hall, we halted. Across the street the Capitol grounds were filled with goods taken from the burned district, and the portico and steps of the edifice were densely packed with the homeless tenants, extremely old, extremely young, sick and infirm.

"Adj. Oakley, followed by a color sergeant, pressed his way through the crowd and, ascending the building, first waved our regimental flag from the roof of the Capitol of the Southern Confederacy. Leaving the sergeant with the flag, Oakley descended. An hour after Sergt. Hardy was relieved by Lieut. J. L. de Peyster of Weitzel's staff; and De Peyster, assisted by Capt. Langdon, Weitzel's chief of artillery, hoisted over the building a storm flag which had waved over the St. Charles hotel in New Orleans during Gen. Butler's administration.

De Peyster was honored by Gov. Fenton with a brevet lieutenant colonelcy, but no member of the Ninety-eighth ever received from anyone a thank or the merest recognition for the service. When De Peyster raised his garrison flag over the Capitol of Virginia he displaced the silken colors of the Ninety-eighth. He may parade his honors and vaunt over his services among his princely friends and relatives, but in this particular an unpretending adjutant and plain sergeant in the Ninety-eighth were an hour ahead of him on the calendar of time, if not on that of history.—EDWARD ELLSWORTH.

The Fateful Order to Halt. In less than one-half hour my troops would have swept up and over those hills, the possession of which was of such momentous consequence. It is not surprising, with a full realization of the consequences of a halt, that I should have refused at first to obey the order. Not until the third or fourth order of the most peremptory character reached me did I obey. I think I should have risked the consequences of disobedience even then but for the fact that the order to halt was accompanied with the explanation that Gen. Lee, who was several miles away, did not wish to give battle at Gettysburg. It is stated on good authority that Gen. Lee said, some time before his death, that if Jackson had been there he would have won in this battle a great and possibly decisive victory. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, as I did not hear it, but no soldier in a great crisis ever wished more ardently for a deliverer's hand than I wished for one hour of Jackson when I was ordered to halt.—Gen. John B. Gordon, in Scribner's.

General Grant's Supreme Courage. Gen. Grant's courage was supreme. No man could face danger with greater composure. He did not seem to know the meaning of peril when duty called him to risk his life. At one time I saw the general escape death by a very slight margin. We were breaking camp at Spottsylvania Court-house, and under the fire of a Confederate battery. All of the headquarters equipment had been removed except a camp stool, and on this the general was sitting, while the shells of the enemy's guns shrieked over our heads. A shell passed just over the general, not missing him, apparently, more than a few inches, and struck the ground about thirty feet away. Without showing the slightest nervousness, he called to me to "Get the shell," saying: "Let's see what kind of ammunition that battery is using." I went and picked up the shell, which was a six-pound, spherical case, and the general examined it as coolly as if there was not an enemy's gun within a hundred miles of him.—National Magazine.

Growth of Automobile Industry. Automobile building gives employment to 20,000 persons in France.

Insanity Among Women. A German professor has been investigating the causes of insanity among women, and has come to the conclusion that if women are admitted into competition with men the inevitable result will be a tremendous increase of insanity among the women. He finds that the percentage of women teachers who become insane is almost double that of the men teachers.

Trains at Auction. As the result of the electrification of the Mersey Tunnel railway the old carriages and engines will come under the hammer at Birkenhead, England. The auction will take place on the Great Central Railway company's sidings, where eighteen locomotives and ninety-six coaches will be paraded for the benefit of the bidders, after the fashion adopted at horse sales.

Where Violets Are Raised. Recent years have brought an enormous growth in the use of violets, and this has been to the great advantage of parts of Dutchess county, New York, where the soil is proving especially adapted to the growing of violets. In the vicinity of Red Hook and Rhinebeck more than 125 violet houses are operated, and dozens more are being built.

Great Monoliths. Eight great monoliths are ready for erection in building the cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York city. The eight columns cost \$250,000. The rough shafts measure 64x8 1/2x7 feet, and weigh 310 tons each. Only one other structure, St. Isaac's cathedral, at St. Petersburg, has columns approaching these in size.

Rapid Shoemaking. A pair of women's shoes made in Lynn, Mass., to establish a record for rapid shoemaking required fifty-seven operations and the use of forty-two machines and 100 pieces. All these parts were assembled and made into a graceful pair of shoes, ready to wear, in thirteen minutes.

Mosquitoes and Malaria. Capt. S. P. Jones, who was associated with the Royal Society's commission on malaria during the investigation in India, says that in India, anyway, the kind of mosquito that carries malaria rarely, if ever, flies more than half a mile from its breeding place.

Immigrants. In the last fifteen years the United States has received about eight million emigrants from every European nation, including Russians, Austrians, Hungarians, Italians, Irish, Scandinavians and a comparatively small number of English and Scotch.

O'Rell's Advice. "What's your recipe for making a homebody of one's husband?" asked a newspaper woman of Max O'Rell. "Become a gadabout yourself," was the caustic reply. He was acquainted with both people.—New York Times.

Comic Papers Soon Die. Several new comic papers make their appearance in Paris every year. Rire, which was founded ten years ago, had so much success that it has since had about twenty imitators, most of which were short-lived.

City of Rich Beggars. A crusade is being made in New York against the professional beggars and street freaks. It is suggested that many of them will draw on their bank accounts and spend the summer in the country.

From Hungry Boy to Premier. It is told of the Marquis Ito, the premier of Japan, that when a youth he wandered about the streets of London penniless, ragged and hungry, a starving alien in a strange land.

Resemblance in Ruins. Striking resemblance has been pointed out between the remarkable ancient ruins at Zimbabwe, in Rhodesia, and antiquities in Cornwall, England.

Gold in Other Worlds. An Australian scientist has analyzed a meteor which contained traces of gold, showing that that element is not monopolized by the earth.

Unmannerly. If men did not like to go through a great deal to learn a little they would not get married and stay so for a great length of time.

Sailed First Dory Over Ocean. Capt. Alfred Johnson, who was the first man to cross the ocean in a small boat in 1876, is still living at Gloucester, Mass.

Cure for Cancer. The latest cure for internal cancer reported in England is a tablespoonful of molasses four or five times a day.

Ecuador Marriage Law. In Ecuador a marriage must be made by the civil authorities before it is made by a clergyman.

Films of Astonishing Thinness. Films of a soap bubble have been measured of a thinness of the four millionth part of an inch.

Thames Canals. There are six canals connected with the Thames, which extend altogether 324 miles.

GEN. MILES' GREAT RIDE

Well-Known Army Officer Declares It Was a Wonderful Achievement

"It was a wonderful personal, physical achievement; it was an object lesson to our younger officers, but as demonstrating anything of practical value beyond these points it is valueless." Gen. Theophilus T. Rodenbough, the speaker, had been asked by the New York World for an opinion upon the ninety-mile ride of Gen. Miles from Fort Sill to Fort Reno. Gen. Rodenbough, late commanding the Second United States Cavalry, has seen the hardest kind of service. He left his



Major-General Nelson A. Miles, right arm upon the battle-field of Winchester, Va. He was retired from active service in 1878 and is now Secretary of the Military Service Institution and is also the editor of its bi-monthly publication, Gen. Miles was at one time President of this institution.

The World representative asked Gen. Rodenbough to express his personal opinion of Gen. Miles' performance, both as a veteran and from the standpoint of a man sixty-five years of age; what value the ride would have for the cavalry service, if any, and some statistics of other long-distance rides in the service.

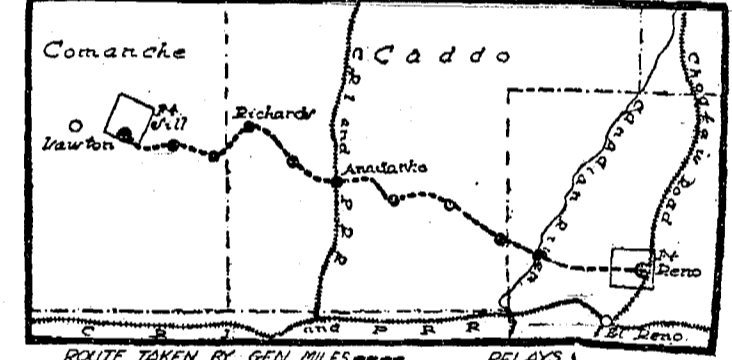
"Gen. Miles' ride from Fort Sill to Fort Reno is a marvelous feat for a man of his age," said Gen. Rodenbough. "It is a wonderful tribute to his physical condition, and I do not recall that any man at his time of life has ever undertaken or accomplished a similar feat. "While there was apparently no ef-

fort to make a record still the time was excellent, and it must stand as an object lesson to our younger cavalry officers. It shows conclusively the result that a careful, even life may produce, even with age as a handicap, and it illustrates the physical advantages a man gains from a life spent in the saddle.

"Gen. Miles has virtually spent his life in the saddle, and without the handicap of years his ride would not be remarkable. He has long been an advocate of long-distance or endurance rides. I remember at one time I had occasion to collect some statistics on such operations, and I found that in 1877 Gen. Miles organized in Arizona practice for acoustoming men and horses to severe work. This was by severe rides across the plains by a party of 'raiders' followed by another party of 'pursuers.' The parties were usually about twenty strong, and I believe Gen. Miles took an active part in a number of these rides."

Criminal Had Good Time. James M. Beasley, the Alaska contractor who decamped two years ago after securing \$3,800 by means of a draft forged on the United States treasury and who was recently captured in South Africa by officers after a chase of over 17,000 miles, was not known to fellow-passengers on the trans-Atlantic liner as a criminal. During the voyage from England he mixed with the other saloon travelers and, being a man of fine appearance and address, he had as good a time as anybody. Only when the vessel reached her dock did the truth become known, the officers who accompanied Beasley showing him every consideration.

The Need of Character. Senator Hoar of Massachusetts uttered the following admonition at the Worcester summer school: "Constitutions and states, congresses and laws, police and elections, all break down and come to grief unless behind them and underneath them there be human character. You may have all these things, but there will come a time when you must depend upon some individual to do right."



GEN. CASSIUS M. CLAY DEAD

Famous Kentuckian Passes Away in His Ninety-Fourth Year.

In his fortress-like home at Whitehall, surrounded by his children, some of whom had been exiles from their father's house for years, Gen. Cassius M. Clay died July 22. The man, noted once as a leading abolitionist, diplomat and author, and, in later years, for his choice of a child-wife, his feuds, and his duels, had for some months been losing his former rugged health and lately had been restrained on the ground of insanity. He was 93 years of age.

His children were all at his bedside. Some of them had not been in their father's house or seen him in years, because of his peculiar hallucination that they were in a vendetta sworn to kill him.

Death was due to general decline from old age. He was found a few days ago desperately ill and since then has had every care. His children, long estranged because of his eccentricities, were again able to be with him.

The surviving children are: Brutus J. Clay, prominent in national politics, of Richmond; Miss Laura Clay, noted as an exponent of woman's suffrage, Lexington; Mrs. Dabney Crenshaw, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Mary Barr Clay and Mrs. James Bennett, of Richmond, Ky.

Cassius M. Clay was a cousin of Henry Clay. He was born Oct. 29, 1810, in Madison county, the son of Green Clay. In 1832 he was graduated from Yale college. He took an early stand against slavery, after hearing a speech by William Lloyd Garrison, and he freed his own servants.

After service in the Kentucky Legislature in 1833 and 1839, his anti-slavery views caused his defeat, and he started a weekly paper, the True American, at Lexington, advocating the abolition of slavery.

His place was often besieged by mobs, and finally was ransacked and the whole outfit shipped out of the state. Clay resumed the publication at Cincinnati. His name became known throughout the country and hated in the South.

When Lincoln became president, Clay was appointed minister to Russia, and he did much to hold Russia friendly to the United States.

For a short time he served as major general in the Union army, then returned to his post in Russia. He had also served in the Mexican war.

Clay took considerable part in national politics. He supported Greeley

in 1872 and Tilden in 1876, then switched to Blaine in 1884 and taking his last stand as a gold Democrat in 1896.

Clay was married in 1835 to Miss Mary Jane Warfield of Lexington, Ky. She died many years ago. They had a family of ten children.

In 1894, when he was in his eighty-fourth year, Clay entered on the final chapter in his stirring life. The country had almost forgotten him when he called attention to himself by marrying Dora Richardson, the 15-year-old daughter of a poor family of his vicinity. This was the signal for hostilities in the Clay family. The general's sons undertook to use force to prevent the marriage. But the old fighter rallied his servants, armed them, mounted a cannon in his doorway, and proclaimed martial law generally around his old homestead, Whitehall.

The general won his battle with his sons, but he could not keep his wife. The child soon became discontented in the gloomy, barricaded old house,

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## NOW REST, MY HEART

Now rest, my heart!  
Canst thou by fretting keep the day  
From sleeping in the arms of night,  
Or make one sunbeam longer stay,  
Or bring one clouded star in sight?  
Thou canst not keep life's pain away  
From that soul dearer than thine own.  
But thou canst trust each sorrow may  
Bring blossoms where thorns might have  
grown.

Now rest, my heart!  
Two angels wait to give thee peace;  
Remembrance with past blessings brings  
Assurance that good will not cease;  
Forgetfulness hath healing wings.  
These will thy true companions be.  
And hearts with burdens more than thine  
May feel the love that fosters thee.  
And seek the rest that is divine;  
Then rest, my heart!

—Myra Goodwin Plantz.

## THE NIGHT RUN OF THE OVERLAND

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT FAKE.  
IN THREE PARTS. PART 3.

"I am going to let her have her head!" she cried out, in her distress. The fireman did not answer—perhaps he did not hear—and, setting her teeth, Sylvia assumed the grim burden alone. The ponderous locomotive fell over the brow of the hill, with her throttle agape, and the fire seething in her vitals with volcanic fury.

It seemed to Sylvia as though they dropped down the grade as an aerolite drops from heaven—silent, irresistible, swift, touched only by the circumambient air.

All Sylvia's familiar methods of gauging speed were now at fault, but she believed that for the moment they were running two miles to every minute. Under the strange lassitude born of her deadly peril, she relaxed her tense muscles and drowsily closed her eyes.

She was rudely shaken out of her lethargy as the train struck a slight curve half way down the grade. The locomotive shied like a frightened steed, and shook in every muscle. The flanges shrieked against the rails, the cab swayed and cracked. For a moment the startled girl was sure they were upon the ties. But it was only the terrible momentum lifting them momentarily from the track and in a few seconds, the fire-eating behemoth righted itself. Yet its beautiful equilibrium was gone; and the engine rolled and pitched, and rose and fell, like a water-logged vessel in a storm. The bell, catching the motion began to toll.

The young fireman suddenly sprang to the floor of the cab with a face torn by superstitious fear.

"What if she leaves the rails!" he cried.

But instantly recovering himself he sprang back to his seat, with the blood of shame upon his cheeks.

"Am I running too fast?" shouted Sylvia.

"Not when we're behind time!" he doggedly shouted back.

As the track became smoother the engine grew calmer, but its barred tongue licked up the flying space for many a mile before the momentum of that perilous descent was lost. As the roar of their passage over the long bridge spanning the Mattunk, twenty miles from Stockton, died away, the fireman called out, cheerily:

"On time, madam!"

Meanwhile in the superintendent's private car, at the extreme rear of the train, a party of men still sat up, smoking their Havanas and sipping their wine. One member of this party was the "big gun," the president of the Mississippi Valley, Omaha and Western Railway. He was a large man, with luxuriant, snow white hair, and though his face was benevolent, even paternal, every line of it betrayed the inflexible will which had lifted its owner from the roof of a freight car to the presidential chair of a great road.

Mr. Howard, the general superintendent, was regaling the party with an account of his experience in securing a substitute engineer at Valley Junction. For reasons afterward

divulged he suppressed though, the most startling feature of his story; namely, the sex of the engine runner he had secured. But he compensated his hearers for this omission with a most dramatic account of the heroism of the sick man, whom he unobtrusively represented as having

risen from his bed and taken charge of the engine.

Mr. Stanford, the distinguished guest, listened quietly until Howard was done. "Charlie, you are a heartless wretch," he observed, smiling.

The party dropped off to bed, one by one. The general superintendent himself finally rose and looked at his watch. Three cars ahead he met the conductor, who also seemed a little nervous, and they talked together for some moments. The train, at the time, was snapping around the choppy curves in the Tallahassee Hills, and

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with melted snow, and her pale face streaked with soot, the generous crowd burst into yells of applause. The husky old veteran runner who was to take the girl's place stepped forward and lifted Sylvia down. For a moment she reeled. Then she saw pushing ungenerously through the throng the general superintendent—she started and looked again—her father!

When President Stanford, struggling to control his emotion, clasped his daughter to his bosom, her overstrained nerves gave way and, laying her head wearily upon his shoulder and with her hands upon his neck, she began to cry in a choked, pitiful little way. "Oh, papa, call me your dear little red-head once more!" she sobbed.

### WHY HER DANCING DRAGGED.

Young Lady Had Forgotten to Remove Her Rubbers.

A young man who was born on a ranch, and who, while getting his education in the East, has turned westward again every summer, and has thus maintained a fine, strong physique, recently danced with a young woman of some two hundred pounds in a village not far west of Rahway. He noticed that the dancing was uphill work, and, when it was over, sank into a chair in the incipient stages of exhaustion. The young woman looked thoughtfully across the shining surface of the floor and threw a glance of investigation at the corner where the punchbowl stood.

"Doesn't it strike you that the floor is very sticky to-night?" she inquired. The young man gallantly denied thinking so.

"It seems so to me," the young woman observed. Then she looked down at her foot, protruding from a silken sounce, and exclaimed:

"Why! I've got my rubbers on!"—New York Evening Post.

### ALL DOUBTS CLEARED UP.

Applicant's Command of Epithets Praised Him a Sailor.

As is generally known, "seamen's return" tickets are issued by most railways at seaport towns to sailors at reduced rates; but, when, the other day, a somewhat stylishly-dressed young man demanded one to Birmingham, the booking-clerk at the Southern seaport town demurred.

"Seamen's returns are only issued to sailors," he snapped.

"Well, I'm a sailor," was the reply. "I have only your word for that," said the clerk. "How am I to know it is correct?"

"How are you to know it?" came the answer. "Why, you leather-necked, swivel-eyed son of a sea-cook, if you feel my starboard boom running foul of your headlights, you'll know I've been doing more than sit on a stool and bleating all my life, and you'll haul in on your jaw-tackle a bit."

The stationmaster had been standing near by.

"Give him a ticket," he said; "he's a sailor."—London Answers.

### Swinburne and the Baby.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, according to the statement of one of his American friends, made a systematic study of babies before he wrote his admirable romances upon babyhood.

Mr. Swinburne, who is a bachelor, one day went on tiptoe into the nursery of a friend's house and bent in reverie over the infant that slept there. As he regarded it the slumbering infant smiled, and in contemplation of this scrupulous smile the poet's heart was filled with joy and awe. But a voice—the voice of the nurse—interrupted his ecstasy.

"It's the wind, bless its heart," the nurse whispered. "Whenever they smile in their sleep, sir, you may always know they're troubled with the wind."

Mr. Swinburne scowled and withdrew. On account of the nurse's remark he never wrote a poem on the subject of a baby's dreams.—Kansas City Journal.

### Cured Without the Bear.

Old Henry was a stickler for antiquated customs and luck-lore. He was Mrs. Newrich's gardener, and she bade him transplant some parsley. It was not parsley planting season, however, so there was war between her will and his superstition. His superstition prevailed and with a little careless laugh, lifting her pretty silk skirts high, she tripped back to the cottage.

Later in the afternoon she explained to some callers old Henry's eccentricities. "And just think," she continued, "he said to me once, with a note of interrogation in his voice, that he had 'heard say' the whooping cough was never taken by a child who had ridden upon a bear!"

"Of course," she added, "Mr. Newrich wanted to move heaven and earth to get the bear, but I wouldn't hear of it, and baby got well of the whooping cough without it."

### The Dangerous Drama.

Charles Frohman is laughing over the naivete of a woman friend whose young daughter wanted to see "a beautiful play, with lots of ginger in it."

"I'd rather you didn't attend the theater just yet, dear," said the mother. "I'm afraid the influence of some of the present plays is demoralizing. What is this particular one?"

"It's very exciting, the boy next door told me; it's a sort of Buffalo Bill play, full of fights, and gambling and murders, and things."

"Oh, that's all right, then," was the reply, in a measured tone, "I'll send one of the maids with you. I feared it might be a society drama!"—New York Times.

## FAMOUS ENGLISH TOWN

Shrewsbury Worthy of More Than Passing Interest—Five Hundredth Anniversary of Fierce Battle Fought There Recently Commemorated—Home of Great Men.

(Special Correspondence.)

Recently there was held in the historic English town of Shrewsbury a commemoration ceremony that was one of the most interesting ever held in that country. The object was to celebrate the 500th anniversary of the battle of Shrewsbury, famous as one of the fiercest and most decisive battles ever fought on British soil, as well as by reason of the prominence Shakespeare gives it in his plays. The historic struggle took place July 21, 1403, between the forces of Henry IV and those of "Hotspur," as Henry Percy, the warlike son of the earl of Northumberland, was known, and its effect was to make the former's position on the English throne, which he had usurped, stronger than it had been up to that time.

Even to-day, 500 years after its occurrence, the story of the battle of Shrewsbury, in which 10,000 men fell, is one that cannot be read without a thrill. Henry of Lancaster was the son of John of Gaunt and was a thorn in the flesh of Richard II. He had no valid title to the English crown, or the pretense of it, except that he was the son of the fourth son of Edward III. He was born at Bolingbroke, in Lincolnshire, in 1366, and was surnamed Bolingbroke. When he first became troublesome Richard II banished him to France, but he availed himself of the king's absence in Ireland, returned and seized the crown in 1399—the same year in which he became duke of Lancaster. In his designs upon the crown he was aided and abetted by the earl of Northumberland and the latter's eldest son, Hotspur, who had joined him on the understanding that Henry would do nothing more than reclaim his confiscated estates and make no attempt to assume the crown. The head of the Lancasters, however, was hardly successful and King Richard, who had hurried back to England, scarcely captured and clapped into prison, than Henry broke his word to

his allies and declared himself King Henry IV. To be king he had no real claim, even had Richard II been dead, the rightful heir to the throne being Edmund, son of the earl of March.

Almost immediately, Northumberland and Hotspur declared war against Henry, and soon induced the Welsh under Owen Glendower to join them. The allies determined to make Shrewsbury, then a heavily fortified town, their stronghold, and Hotspur marched toward the place with an army of 14,000 men, sending word to Glendower that he should meet him there. Henry IV, however, was too quick for both of them. He reached Shrewsbury first, occupied it, and thus prevented a junction between his opponents' armies. Hotspur arrived, took up a strong position outside of Shrewsbury, and, without waiting for Glendower to make his appearance, challenged Henry to come out and fight.

The king was nothing loth, but first made an attempt to conciliate Hotspur. The fiery young man refused to listen. "Then," said Henry, "I pray God that you may answer for the blood that shall be spilt to-day and act me!" and so he gave orders for the royal army to move on to the enemy. Perhaps what followed is best told in the words of a chronicler of those days.

"The battle," this old-world writer says, "began with a dreadful discharge of arrows from both the front lines. The Scotch, who were too impatient to fight at a distance, rushed with great fury upon the front lines of the royal army, and put them into confusion, so that they would have been totally routed had not the impetuosity of Hotspur defeated his own intentions; he fought with such unadmitted courage that a way was opened into the royal army, but his men were unable to follow.

"In the heat of the battle, Hotspur himself and the earl of Douglas, with incredible valor, bent all their aim at the person of the king; this being dis-

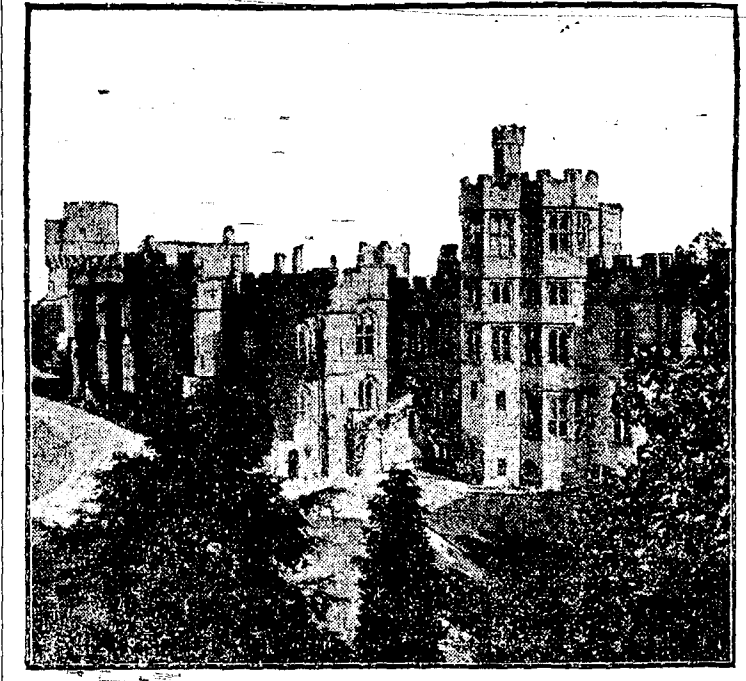
cerned, the king withdrew from his station, and by so doing saved his life, for they slew Sir Walter Blount, his standard bearer, but, missing the king, charged into the middle of their enemies. Heaps of dead bodies lay on every side, and victory was beginning to declare for the rebels, when the king brought up his reserve, which soon turned the scale. At last, the rout became general; the rebels fled in great confusion, and Hotspur, being resolved to sell his life as dear as possible, rushed into the hottest part of the battle and was killed."

Many deeds of prowess were accomplished in this engagement. Henry, it is recorded, had a horse killed under him and slew thirty-six persons with his own hand.

This battle, of course, gives Shrewsbury its chief claim to renown, but there are other circumstances which lend interest to it. There is a statue of Lord Clive, who was born so close in the neighborhood that he is accounted a native son of Shrewsbury. The "savior of India" was the most famous of Shrewsbury's sons of his day. The town is given additional interest by the fact that here stands the birthplace of Charles Darwin, the scientist. The ancient Battlefield church stands on the spot where the arms of Henry triumphed. It was erected by the monarch and is an interesting memorial. There, too, is the old market hall, bearing to this day the arms of Queen Elizabeth. Not far away is the town of Ludlow, with the famous old castle of Prince Arthur.

**POTTERY SECRETS GIVEN OUT**  
How Treacherous Employe Divulged Closely Guarded Process.

In the royal manufactory of pottery at Meissen, Saxony, the work was formerly carried on with the utmost secrecy to prevent the processes from becoming known elsewhere. The es-



Shrewsbury Castle.

tablishment was a complete fortress, the portcullis of which was not raised day or night, no stranger being permitted to enter for any purpose whatever. Every workman, even the chief inspector, was sworn to silence. This injunction was formally repeated every month to the superior officers employed, while the workmen had constantly before their eyes in large letters the warning motto: "Be secret unto death." It was well known that any person divulging the process would be imprisoned for life in the castle of Koenigstein. Even the king himself when he took strangers to visit the works was enjoined to secrecy. One of the foremen, however, escaped, and assisted in establishing a manufactory in Vienna, from which the secrets spread all over Germany.

**Not Looking for Oysters.**  
Andrew Carnegie tells a story of an American in Scotland that illustrates well the imperturbability of the Scottish temperament.

The American, a bicyclist, came to the shore of a lonely lake and saw in a boat a man examining the depths of the water with a water telescope. The man conducted this examination languidly. He would pause every little while to light his pipe and to converse on the weather or some such indifferent subject with a friend who sat upon the bank, now reading a newspaper and now tossing pebbles idly into the stream.

The American got off his bicycle to rest, and in an interval of silence he said to the man seated on the bank: "What is your friend looking for? Oysters?"

"No. My brother-in-law," was the reply.

**Patriot in Misfortune.**  
Henry Roso, the wealthy Cuban planter, who, it is said, gave the greater part of his fortune in aid of the Cuban revolutionists, is confined in a New York asylum for the insane. Mr. Roso's estate, which at one time was in the millions, has dwindled, it is said, to \$50,000.

**Millionaires Pass Away.**  
During the last three years twenty-two millionaires have died in England. Their average was seventy-five years.

**Fremasons of the World.**  
There are at least 1,750,000 Freemasons in the world, of whom 150,000 belong to 3,430 British lodges.

**Keats Manuscripts.**  
In London twenty-nine autograph letters and manuscripts of John Keats, were sold for 1,070 pounds.

**How to Attain Age.**  
It is asserted that the longest-lived people are those who make breakfast their chief meal.

**Not as Crazy as He Seemed.**  
A Toledo real-estate man paid \$500 for an old dock at Manhattan, Ohio, a year ago and his friends said he was crazy. He has been selling the oak and walnut logs of which the dock was constructed and has thus far cleared \$20,000, with prospects of making as much more. The dock was sixty years old and the water curing has made the logs more valuable than they were when newly cut.

**Ministers Barred.**  
The constitution of Tennessee provides that whereas ministers of the gospel are by their profession dedicated to God and the care of souls, and ought not to be diverted from the great duties of their functions, therefore no minister of the gospel or priest of any denomination whatever, shall be eligible to a seat in either houses of the legislature.

**Doll Exhibition.**  
The international exhibition of dolls, just opened at Liege, is by far the most complete show of the kind ever held in Europe. Among the quaintest specimens of the doll family on exhibition are those from ancient Babylon and Nineveh. Some of these are beautifully carved in ivory, and are works of art in themselves.

**Labor in the Rand.**  
It is a well-known fact that the labor question is one of the gravest problems of the Rand. The British government has already considered the advisability of importing Chinese coolies in large numbers, and an English contemporary now suggests the importation of Tartars from the Kazan government in Russia.

**Obeys Spirit Mandate.**  
A Bohemian widow living at Haida made up her mind to marry again, if she could get her departed husband's consent with the aid of a spiritual medium. The "husband" advised her not to marry but to come to him, whereupon she went home, put arsenic in her coffee, and died.

**Mosquitoes Attack Paris.**  
Following a long period of unusually wet and sultry weather, a plague of mosquitoes is reported in Paris. It is said that the ornamental, but stagnant or sluggish, ponds have something to do with the situation which is rendering mosquito nets necessary in many houses.

**New Arms for Soldiers.**  
Within three years the United States army and militia will be armed with the new Springfield magazine rifle. The hundreds of thousands of krag-jorgensen guns on hand will eventually have to be broken up as valueless.

**Mirrors in Cars.**  
An endeavor is being made to have the street cars of New York and Brooklyn adorned with a mirror, placed directly in front of the motorman, so that the man behind the lever can see whether passengers are clear of the car.

**French Champagne.**  
According to statistics just issued by the Rheims chamber of commerce, 22,523,740 bottles of French champagne have been exported during the last twelve months, while only 14,011,856 bottles were sold in France.

**Case of Construction.**  
Helen—I have just refused to marry Mr. Gingerly. Edith—Oh! Did he propose? Helen—Well, I can't say positively, but that is how I construed his incoherent remarks.—Town and Country.

**California's First Prune Tree.**  
The first prune tree was planted in California in 1870 by a Frenchman, who brought the tree to this country from France. The first orchard—of ten acres—began to yield in 1875.

**Not Original.**  
Stella—Cholly hasn't any originality. Bell—Not the slightest. Why, I submitted his love letters to three publishers, and they all refused them.—Puck.

**Germany Gets Jute Traffic.**  
Germany has now secured a large portion of the important jute traffic to Boulogne which for many years has been carried in British ships.

**Can't Get Loose.**  
"What prevents the ocean from overflowing the land?" asked the teacher. "It's tide," came a shrill voice from the tail of the class.

**Make It Silver.**  
At Blairsville, Ill., lightning struck a church while the collection was being taken up. Copper will attract electricity.

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**How to Attain Age.**  
It is asserted that the longest-lived people are those who make breakfast their chief meal.

East Jordan Company's Store.

**STOP!**

**READ!**

**REMEMBER!**

Our First Showing of new Dress Goods and new Ready-to-wear Skirts will occur

**Tuesday,  
Aug. 18.**

Visit our Store and see the new fabrics.

Beautiful new all wool goods from 25c. to \$2.00 the yard.

Special attention given to exclusive patterns in Dress Fabrics and Waistings.

Look Out for our new Fall Coats  
**LADIES', MISSES',  
CHILDREN'S.**

**Grocery  
Department**

We have arranged with Mr. M. M. Burnham to handle his entire crop of the celebrated Murdy Plums. Please leave your orders with us now.

We are showing the most complete line of Staple Groceries at Popular Prices

**PAINTS AND OILS**

Protect your buildings and buy our Paint and Oil while the price rules low.

Wire Fencing ready to put up is a popular thing with the farmers. Ask us for prices.

**EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.**

**Groceries.**

**GAGE & CO.**

Phone 32 (2 rings.)

**Charlevoix County Herald**  
R. L. Lorrainé, Publisher.

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

**A FLIRTATION**

Fanchette sank into my wicker chair and sighed, while I busied myself with the teapot. Fanchette usually comes to tell other people's joys or sorrows, and if she has ever had any of her own no one ever knew it, so I glanced across the vase of nodding roses interrogatively.

She tapped the floor with her absurdly pointed toe and failed to answer my very direct question. The water bubbled in the brass kettle and the teacups executed a jingling dance as Fanchette's nervous foot struck against the light table. I poured out the fragrant golden liquid, and Fanchette sighed again.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "I am not going to ask you any questions." I announced proudly as I dropped a lump of sugar in my cup.

"No?" said Fanchette, and we relapsed into silence.

"I suppose," she said after a pause, "you would not disdain to listen to a story, would you?"

"I should be delighted to hear it."

"Of course it is not about myself," she faltered.

The girl had a fatal art of being sympathetic, of drawing people's confidences from them, of saying sweet, comforting things, when they had laid their troubles before her.

"A very dangerous gift," "Yes; a two edged sword," replied Fanchette savagely.

"Well, a man came to see her one day. He was engaged to a friend of hers, and they had quarreled. It was a simple lovers' quarrel and would have mended itself, healed by kisses and caresses, but when the man told my friend about it she happened to be in a sympathetic mood and opened her eyes very wide, shook her head sadly and assured him of the pain which it gave her to know that her friend could be so cruel.

"So the man felt very righteous and much abused and decided that his fiancée needed to be punished. He did not go near her for three weeks, and she told my friend that life was not worth living. So this professional sympathizer told her to stand on her dignity and not to write to him; that she would bring things around all in good time.

"All this time the disconsolate lover paid regular visits to my sympathetic friend. Sometimes she scolded him, and sometimes she was kind. But to her amazement she made no progress toward a reconciliation. He was a big blond, stubborn as a Greek, but just the kind of man a woman can twine around her finger. She tried smiles and dignified lectures, she was coquettishly sweet, but nothing moved him. He said he was quite contented as he was and would not forgive Mildred. Then she told him he was inhuman, a cruel brute, a monster.

"And he only laughed! "You see, the trouble was she had been used to coquetting with young fellows. He was older, shrewder and even more of a flirt than she, and he understood her.

"One day his fiancée came and accused her of flirting with him. She called her an unscrupulous coquette and raged and wept, and they both went into hysterics, but each declared the man was not worth crying about, but that it was each other's reprehensible conduct which made them sorrowful. Of course the end of it was that my friend had to tell him to stop coming to see her, and then—oh, and then!"

"Well, and then?" Fanchette leaned a hot check on a slim hand. "Oh, it's a silly story—he said he loved her and not Mildred!"

"Outrageous!" "Of course it was. He said it was her fault that she had brought out all the arts and graces and smiles of coquetry to plead for Mildred, but had done the very worst thing in the world to bring

about a reconciliation. And he said he would never cease his attentions until she said she loved him. Well, what could she do?"

"Do, Fanchette! Send him away with a very sound scolding ringing in his ears. What a question!"

"Well, she didn't. She was a foolish girl and listened to him. And, well, of course, she was fond of him, but she said she was not and laughed at him, laughed at his anger and his shame and sent him away vowing revenge.

"Was that right? It made her unhappy; it made him miserable; it lowered his opinion of women. But she gratified her scruples. That's all of the story. Give me another cake."

She leaned back in the wicker chair, the tendrils of golden hair clustered on her white forehead. The firelight shone on her upturned round chin and white throat.

"And the sequel?"

"What do you think it is?"

"Well, he came back thirty times and at last won her, as persistent men do, especially when they know a girl likes them, as this man certainly did."

"Really, do you think so?"

"Of course. He saw through the little farce. You look flushed, Fanchette! She sank back out of the fire glow."

"Where are they?"

"The sequel is not as you think," she broke in. "He went back—to the other girl."

**A Rough Night on the Lake.**

It happened on a lake boat.

"Aren't you going to have any supper?" asked one passenger.

"No," returned the other. "My economical spirit revolts from the thought of paying 75 cents for something to feed the fish, which is about all that I did with my supper on the last Chicago Post."

**Not Basting Threads.**

An industrious little junior who is in the habit of going into the sewing room and asking to help mamma is generally set to work pulling out basting threads. She is a wee mite, only six years old, and the other day enjoyed a visit from her aunt. She was being entertained by the latter in the hammock, when all at once she cried out:

"Oh, Aunt J., put your head down on my lap, so I can pull the basting threads out of your hair. Your head is full of them."

The child was really hurt when her aunt laughed at her, and not until she had been convinced that the supposed basting threads were gray hairs was her wound healed.

Highest price paid in cash for wool Hoosinger Bros.

**My Hair**

"I had a very severe sickness that took off all my hair. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor and it brought all my hair back again."

W. D. Quinn, Marselles, Ill.

One thing is certain,—Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. This is because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair and the hair grows, that's all there is to it. It stops falling of the hair, too, and always restores color to gray hair.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

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



Just Received a fine new line of

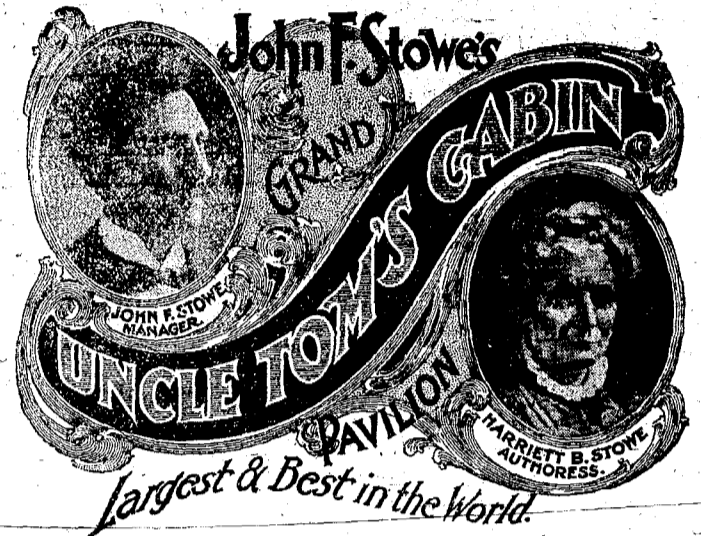
**"Claus" Scissors, Shears and Razors.**

which are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

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



**W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.**  
Main Street, East Jordan, Mich.



A Special Feature Required for its Transportation.

UNDER A PORTABLE WATERPROOF TENT.

Seating Room for 2500 People.

SEE THE GRAND DAY PARADE.

500-RESERVED SEAT CHAIRS-500

An Improved Stage - Elegant Scenery.

GRAND PICTORIAL SCENE

PLEASING - UP TO DATE - SPECIALTIES

THE OPTICAL VISION PERFORMANCE

THE BUILDERS BAND AND ORCHESTRA

THE GRAND BAND AND ORCHESTRA



**Admission - 15 and 25c**

DOORS OPEN at 7:30. - - CURTAIN RISES 8:15

**One Grand Night Performance at  
East Jordan,  
THURSDAY, AUG. 20**

**To Cure a Cold in One Day**

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.

Cures Crip in Two Days.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

This signature, *E. H. Snow*

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**

Celebrate Labor Day at East Jordan.

E. F. Meech, of Charlevoix, was in town Friday.

Boosinger Bros. have received Born & Co.'s new fall samples.

The specialties are said to be fine between the acts of "The Tide of Life."

Mrs. Wm. Vaughan and son Harry, of Mancelona, are visiting friends in town.

Don't wait too long if you want a picture of the Pope at the Steffes News Stand.

Fred Fisk, the genial landlord of the Tavern at Central Lake was in town Friday afternoon.

Don't forget the Board of Trade meeting at the Lumber Co.'s Hall Tuesday evening.

Grant Snellen carries his arm in a sling as a result of an injury received while at work at Mill B. the first of the week.

E. R. Wilber, wife and son, who have been visiting M. F. Fay and family for several days, departed Friday for their home in Durand.

The Cemetery Improvement Association will hold their next regular business meeting Thursday afternoon, Aug. 20th at the home of Mrs. L. A. Kenyon. Secretary.

Henry Wert, the little boy whose skull was crushed in the accident at the grist mill several weeks ago is almost entirely recovered from his terrible injuries. The wound is healed and the boy seems to be in possession of all his faculties.

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.

Work on the new bridge across the Jordan river on the new line of the East Jordan & Southern R. R. was commenced this week and it is expected it will be finished in ten days. The new line, when completed, will shorten the distance to Bellaire by over a thousand feet and do away with six sharp curves.

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.

Season sale just one day—that's Monday. Show same evening—"The Tide of Life."

"The Tide of Life" Monday night.

Miss Grace Jack departed to-day for Manistee where she will spend her vacation.

Just a few left—beautiful pictures of the Pope, from 10c. to 20c.  
STEFFES NEWS STAND.

The annual re-union of the Bartholomew family occurred Tuesday afternoon at the home of Frank Bartholomew.

LeRoy Stock Co. just one night in the great scenic melodrama "The Tide of Life." Don't miss seeing it Monday night.

If you have headache or if you need glasses don't fail to see Leahy, the optician when he comes August 27th, as his work is fully guaranteed.

East Jordan & Southern coach No. 1 is in the shop for repairs. We understand that a new combination baggage and smoking car has been ordered.

"The Eleventh Hour" is full of thrilling scenes, has plenty of comedy, good dramatic work, great scenic effects and thoroughly pleases the audience.

Frank Martinek was out at the Bohemian Settlement the first of the week and while there some one proposed organizing a band. The idea met with general approval and a band of thirteen pieces was organized. The instruments have been ordered and should be here to-day. Mr. Martinek's services have been secured as instructor for the new band have been secured.

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

WANTED—Someone to sell our beautiful booklet of "Old Favorite Songs" at State 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.

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

**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.

"The Eleventh Hour" will soon be here.

A. M. Haight, of Farwell, was in town on business Tuesday.

Decorate your home with a beautiful picture of Pope Leo XIII.

The East Jordan base ball team go to Mackinaw City to-day to play two games.

The masons are laying the foundation wall for an addition on the north side of the grist mill.

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

G. K. Weller, of Detroit, has opened a photograph gallery in the Stewart building on Esterley street.

Antrim County Soldiers' and Sailors' Association will meet at Bellaire Tuesday and Wednesday, August 25-26 1905.

Elias Hammond had his foot badly jammed by a plank falling on it when he was loading a boat Friday afternoon.

Miss Maggie Dooley was given a pleasant surprise party at the home of her aunt, Mrs. P. Walsh Thursday evening.

There was no quorum present at the regular monthly Council meeting on Monday evening so the meeting was adjourned for one week.

Supt. Plank has a gang of men putting in the poles to support the wires for the new electric power plant from the Deer Creek dam to town.

Leahy, the optician makes a specialty of fitting children's eyes. He will be here Aug. 27-28, and comes prepared to fit any eyes that can be fitted.

The East Jordan & Southern will sell excursion tickets to Milwaukee, Aug. 22d, \$5.55 for the round trip. Good to return to and including September 1st.

Hospital day for the benefit of Lockwood hospital at Petoskey, which has been observed all over this part of the state, was a success, netting over \$1,500 for the hospital fund. The neighboring villages and resorts all contributed nobly.

Miss Cassie Winters entertained Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Maggie Dooley. Progressive party was the feature of the evening. Miss Frances Follmer and Mr. J. Ernest Converse were awarded the head prizes and Miss Florence Barrett and Joseph McCalmon received the consolations.

Lincoln J. Carter's "Eleventh Hour" is the attraction we have been waiting for—other excellent ones will follow.

"The Eleventh Hour" was here two years ago and opened the eyes of the audience as to what was possible to accomplish on the stage of our popular Opera House.

The Jno. F. Stowe's Monster Pavilion Utole Tom's Cabin Co., the largest and best show in the world of its kind will give one grand night performance next Thursday, Aug. 20th, under their mammoth water proof tents. The admission is reduced to only 15 and 25 cents. On date of exhibition Prof. Bullinger's superb military band of twenty pieces will give a grand free noonday concert on the principal street. Don't fail to hear them. Read their double column advertisement on the 4th page.

Besides a speech from Congressman William Alden Smith there are several other attractive numbers on the program that is being arranged for the second annual meeting of the Farmers' Friendly Association of Antrim, Charlevoix, and Emmet counties to be held at Norwood Thursday, Aug. 27th. Ex-State Senator H. S. Earle will be there to talk on roads and a representative of the Port Huron Engine and Thresher Co. will explain the working of their road building machinery. Representative Paddock is down for a speech also. Base ball and other games, a horse race and Bert Silver's circus will furnish the amusements. Excursions by boat will be run from all the surrounding towns and the meeting is bound to be a hummer.

We like best to call  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.

Send for free sample.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,  
409-415 West Street, New York.  
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

**Personal Mention.**

F. L. Bryant is in Chicago on business.

A. B. Brown and family were in Alden Friday.

A. F. Bridge was up from Charlevoix Tuesday.

C. L. Lorraine was in Charlevoix Monday afternoon.

Alden Bartlett returned Sunday from Niagara Falls.

W. A. Loveday was in Petoskey on business Thursday.

F. E. Boosinger had business in Charlevoix Thursday.

Henry Clark and J. D. Allea were in Boyne City Wednesday.

Lee Gilbert went to Traverse City Monday to visit friends.

Judge of Probate J. M. Harris was in town Monday evening.

Sheriff Pearson has been very ill the past week with appendicitis.

W. E. Malpass departed Wednesday on a business trip to Joliet, Ill.

Mrs. J. M. Hurst returned to her home in Grand Rapids Tuesday.

Jus. Gidley took in the excursion to Niagara Falls last week, returning Sunday.

Chas. Habberfield departed Wednesday for his old home in Steuben Co., New York.

Misses Hattie Hoyt and Myrtle Howard returned Monday from a week at Bay View.

Miss Edna Gage is entertaining her cousin Miss Jennie Monteith, of Mancelona this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Bush have gone to San Francisco to attend the G. A. R. encampment.

S. A. Bush and A. B. Nicholas went to Buffalo on the Niagara Falls excursion Wednesday.

Mrs. C. W. Germond, of Traverse City, spent Sunday at the home of her son Wm. Germond.

Miss Maggie Dooley, of Engadine, is spending a week at the home of her aunt, Mrs. P. Walsh.

W. L. French and family went to Kenosha, Wis., Tuesday to attend the funeral of his mother.

Thos. Morrison has gone to Boyne City to take charge of Chas. Brabant's branch store at that place.

C. E. Otto was in Advance several days this week making repairs on the Schmidt grist mill at that place.

L. C. Madison started the first of the week for San Francisco to attend the National Encampment of the G. A. R.

Miss Frances Follmer, of Schoepcraft arrived Monday evening for a week's visit with her sister, Mrs. R. L. Lorraine.

Miss Idah Etcher returned Monday from Valparaiso, Ind., where she has been attending school for several months past.

Dr. Swinton, of Charlevoix, who is a member of the Milling Co. at that place, was in town Monday on business connected with their new mill here.

Jos. Anderson, who now holds a lucrative position with the International Correspondence Schools, of Scranton, Pa., has been in town several days this week.

**TREAT YOUR KIDNEYS FOR RHEUMATISM.**

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

Sold by L. C. MADISON & Co.

G. R. & I.  
**SPECIAL EXCURSIONS.**  
August 5th, 12th, 18th.

NIAGARA FALLS and return,	\$7.00
TORONTO	\$8.00
ALEXANDRIA BAY	\$13.50
MONTREAL	\$17.65

Tickets on sale for trains leaving Petoskey 11:20 p. m. Aug. 4, 11 and 17, and 6:30 a. m. Aug. 5, 12 and 18. Return limit 12 days.

M. F. QUAINANCE,  
Pass. Agt., Petoskey.

Foley's Kidney Cure purifies the blood by straining out impurities and tones up the whole system. Cures kidney and bladder troubles.

Sold by L. C. MADISON & Co.

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

Restaurant and Lunch Counter and good accommodations for Boarders on State St.  
NES, PHOENIX DUPOND.

**SEL SHO**

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

**500**

**BOXES FOR TWENTY-FIVE**

In response to the popular demand I have boxes containing Jewelry, Silverware. These sell at 25 cents each. Call—going fast and the supply is

**FRANK MART**

**Box Paper**

The largest and finest line  
East Jordan

**The Latest No**

in Stationery. Examine or  
trouble to show you

Yours for D

**WARNE'S PR**

**C. H. MADDAUGE**

SHOP ON MAIN STREET.

**MERCHANT TA**

Samples of the Very Latest Style

**MONEY**

**WE MUST H**

**J. W. Coat**

will sell the balance of his large stock of Portland Sloughs at a big reduction.

**HORSESHOER**

by a Practical Workman. Wood repair

**50**

We would ourselves most when we see the best

Better Suspender Values come to and

"is know exact ing" the p may en all mo

"All bro

# The Two Captains

(By W. CLARK RUSSELL.)

Copyright, 1917, by P. F. Collier.

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## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Northen."  
"Sloop in sight?"  
"Right ahead, sir, almost within hail."  
"Is Captain Crystal showing himself?"  
"I see him in the bows of the sloop waiting for us."  
Pope lifted his head, and a minute later the little fabric was alongside, the hull of the sloop putting her out of sight of land. The bundles were hoisted up; the men sprang aboard after them.

"Lively my hearts!" shouted Pope, and make sail."  
He sprang to the tiller, and Crystal put his weight with the others, upon the peak and other halyards. The great sloping sail fluttered languidly, then rounded silent as the big jib bore the little vessel's head off. They were under way and the ripple from the stem glanced like a needle into the wake.

The Downs now lay plain, but very distant. But one large blue shadow loomed formidably—the Hamillies—and as Pope looked a puff of white smoke, tiny in the far-off sheen, broke from her starboard broadside; which set Crystal swearing horribly.

"It is her signal," he shouted. "The news has reached her; we are suspected and shall be chased."  
"The breeze means to freshen," exclaimed Pope coolly; "see the dark blue of it yonder; let me get behind the Sands and I shall be happy. I never designed to go Margate way."

"We'll hug the South Sand Head clear of the Hamillies, and go straight for the French coast, and then for a shift of helm for Hamburg."

"The Captain's right," said Bobbin. The whole line of coast was now visible from Sandwich to the South Foreland. The ripples flashed, white water fled in feathers from the weather-bow and Pope looked astern at the land well pleased.

"I'll tell you the whole story in a minute, Crystal," said he, and he was proceeding when Crystal interrupted him.

"By heavens! Steve's right," cried Pope, flushing up with sudden excitement and wresting the glass out of Crystal's hand. "What does the idiot mean by holding on?"

He applied the glass to his eye. The Dutch frigate, under a full press was sweeping through it grandly. Could it be imagined that the pursuing boat would attempt to pass under those thunderous bows! The naval officer steering the boat might have been insane with resolution not to deviate from the path of pursuit. The rowers had their backs upon the danger; the others were not there to deliver commands; so that all in a second it was too late. The six oars sparkled as they rose in tragic arrest under the bows of the sweeping ship. On board the Oak they saw a number of men running on the frigate's forecastle. Through the glass Pope spied her people struggling for life in the frigate's wake.

"That," he cried, pointing with the telescope to the white water astern of the frigate, "was her reason for bringing up in Margate Roads last night."

"Ay," said Crystal, "hang me if there isn't even a Providence for pirates," and he and Pope laughed with all their might.

The Dutchman measured a score of her own lengths before she backed her topsail and lowered boats. Five men only were picked up, and they were too exhausted to explain the errand they had been upon. In fact, it was doubtful if the Dutchman would have understood them. The frigate remained ho-to, while one of the boats put the English seamen ashore at Broadstairs; by which time the Oak, unnoticed by the seventy-four, had fetched the southern limb of the Goodwin Sands, when, easing off her sheets, she went away for the French coast.

## CHAPTER V.

The Crew of the Gypsy.

At Hamburg the three hired men were discharged with their handkerchiefs liberally tasseled; and they left

Crystal's watch, and the two men stumped the planks together. Pope came to a stand at the little skylight to survey the scene of his ship, and Crystal, on wide legs, rocked beside him.

"She lifts with splendid buoyancy," said the commander. "I never could have believed that she possessed these heels. Look how she throws the seas away to leeward! That fine Dutch frigate which saved our lives would not leap in loftier graces."

Certainly the little craft just then was a heroic picture for a commander who was also her owner, to contemplate. Her four black dogs of war at a side pounced in the scuppers; and her tarpaunched forecastle gun looked like a dead giant stretched up awaiting burial. The twelve-pounder aft was brass; a sullen glint broke in it when the sun shone. It made a formidable show on that little quarter-deck clear of the wheel, then grasped by two seamen, one a colored man, the other as black as a gypsy with hair like snakes crawling out of his hat down his back. They looked a pair of beauties, but were indeed in perfect keeping with the rest of the crew now visible.

It was they who gave the little flying ship her wild and savage aspect. The most formidable of them for ugliness and bulk was Matthew Grindall the boatswain, who had likewise agreed to ~~work~~ as second mate. Though an Englishman, he had been a pirate aboard a Frenchman, had also served as able seaman in a scoundrel Spanish picaroon, and scarce a memory of this man's for year after year but was red and dreadful.

He was overseeing some work a cluster of seamen were upon in the waist, and Captain Pope watched him. Assuredly the Camperdown had been shelled to some purpose. Those of the crew who were at odd jobs about the deck, or who were gathered into groups about the galley and longboat, were as completely piratic in face and garb, in the sound of their desperate laughs, in their ceaseless oaths, in their postures, and motions charged with the brutest spirit of defiance and recklessness, as the heart of man or boy could yearn to read about, and thirst to attend to the gallows.

"Crossman has done our purpose justice," said Pope with a smile, with his eyes fixed on Grindall. "I expect that most of these men have seen their turn as pirates."

"They're here as privateersmen," exclaimed Crystal.

"They shall be undeceived," said Pope, turning suddenly and beginning to walk the short deck, Crystal beside him. "And what's the difference?"

"The hangman knows," answered Crystal.

"Was never a privateersman hanged?" cried Pope.

"A letter of marque is as good as a pennon," said Crystal. Then seeing irritation in the commander's face, he said, "Has Mr. Staunton any suspicion, d'ye think, of the nature of this voyage?"

"None. Four hundred pounds in cash, and the remainder in bills; that sufficiently appeased the curiosity of a man who had a ship which was rotting her bottom out in the Thames. Crossman acted well; he held as mute as a skull!"

"Crossman is a man you may depend on," exclaimed Crystal. "When do you reckon upon taking the crew into your confidence?"

"This afternoon, Jonathan," said Pope sternly.

Crystal looked away to sea.

There was now too much wind for the royals; they were clewed up to the shrill measures of the boat's pipe; the flying jib was hauled down, and the taut weather shrouds shook as some seamen ran aloft.

"Sail ho!" shouted one of them out of the fore-top.

"Where away?" roared Pope.

(To be continued.)

## HERBERT SPENCER IN YOUTH.

Stern of Character, Yet Human Enough to Enjoy a Joke.

The eighty-third birthday of Mr. Herbert Spencer has brought out, among other things, extracts from the anonymous diary of a friend of his early days, when he was on the engineering staff of the London & Birmingham railway. Spencer, apparently, was neither companionable nor particularly popular.

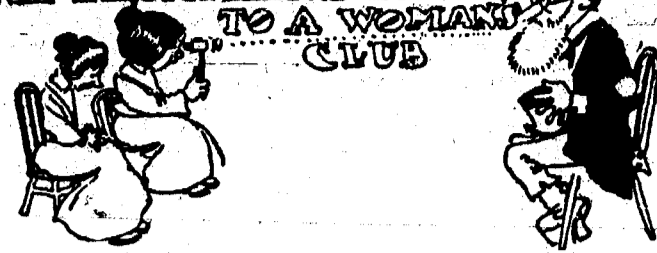
His stern and somewhat harsh character stood forth in all its nakedness, as at his then early age he had neither tact nor knowledge of men sufficient wherewith to clothe his imperious temperament. He lived in an atmosphere of antagonism—a Radical among aristocrats, an advanced free thinker among sturdy supporters of the mother church. But young, thoughtless and careless as we were, we soon realized that a young fellow of keen, penetrating intellect had come among us, before whom we could not hold our own in argument either in metaphysics or in engineering, when we presumed to differ.

Still he was human enough to enjoy, and even to perpetrate, a practical joke upon a comrade, Hensman by name.

He inserted a piece of tracing paper daily inside the leather lining of Hensman's hat. In a few days the hat was a tight fit; remarks were made to the victim on the palpable enlargement of his cranium, which he verified by stating that his hat gave evidence of the truth of the observation by the gradual tightening of the fit. Great sympathy was expressed on the alarming symptom, and great fun was caused by Hensman's consternation.

The idea of Herbert Spencer playing practical jokes will probably be new and startling to most people.

## FOR THE THOMPKINS BREAKERS TO A WOMAN'S CLUB



"Well, dear, I must hurry," said Mrs. Thompkins after dinner. "I am going to the club. This is Shakespeare night."

"What do you women know about Shakespeare?" snorted Mr. Thompkins. "A woman's club is all right when it confines itself to the burning issue of 'How Shall We Keep Our Husband's Home Evenings,' or 'How to Fry a Poached Egg,' but a way off when it tries to wrestle with Shakespeare."

"We don't talk about how to keep husbands home evenings," said Mrs. Thompkins indignantly. "Who in the world wants to keep them home evenings? It's a relief when they stay downtown."

"Anyhow," resumed Mr. Thompkins untroubled, "women's club meetings must be the funniest things in the world. What do women know about anything, anyhow? And to think of them talking about Shakespeare and the classics generally. It would be diverting if it wasn't so confoundingly heart breakingly sad."

Mrs. Thompkins merely looked at her liege with a commiserating expression on her face and offered no reply.

"Look here," said Mr. Thompkins suddenly, "I'm sorry for you women. I believe that after all you are trying to know something. The trouble is that the men generally laugh and don't go in and help you out. Now, I'll just go to the club with you tonight and give the members a little talk that will do them some good."

Mrs. Thompkins demurred, but Mr. Thompkins would have his way, and so the two went to the club. Mr. Thompkins had to cool his heels in the hall outside until Mrs. Thompkins secured him the privilege of coming in and addressing the assemblage.

Mr. Thompkins walked boldly in and was introduced by the president. He felt a little confused at first when he saw a hall full of women, all deadly silent and wearing the cold, serious, funereal expression always worn by the members of women's clubs at their meetings. As Mr. Thompkins stepped forward he was aware that one-fourth of the assemblage had raised lorgnettes to their eyes and were gazing steadily at him.

"Ahem, ah, ladies," began Mr. Thompkins. "My wife fools away a good deal of her time in this club, and other husbands are in the same boat with me, and I thought I would come over and give you a nice little talk. I think you women would be wiser if you gave up this literary and historical part of your work and stick to pink teas. Gossiping and tittle-tattle is more in women's line than profound literary discussions. You see, ladies, the trouble is that you cannot make a 'purse out of a sow's ear,' as Shakespeare says, and it is impossible for a feminine mind to grasp these great grave subjects with which men concern themselves. I don't—"

"Mme. President," said a cold-faced woman in the back of the hall, as she glared at Mr. Thompkins through

her lorgnettes. "I understood that this gentleman was to talk to us about Shakespeare and not to scold us for our lack of mentality."

"Well," said Mr. Thompkins, "I am willing to talk to you about anything. There is hardly any subject that could be mentioned on a which a man is not fifteen or twenty times better informed than a woman. You see, ladies, a woman's all right, but she—"

"Will the speaker kindly confine himself to the subject on which he was expected to address the club," said the president, severely.

"Of course, of course," Mr. Thompkins. "Well, Shakespeare was a great man. He had a great head and a great mind. He wrote a lot of great plays, he did. The truth is, ladies, while I could talk all night on this subject, perhaps we would save time if you were to ask question. In my general talk I might hit on just the topics on which you desire enlightenment and again I might not. Now if you will ask questions I will answer them for you."

"Do you think the Baconian theory held by Ignatius Donnelly tenable?" inquired the cold-faced lady from the back part of the room.

"I don't think you make your question clear," said Mr. Thompkins.

"Do you think Bacon writes Shakespeare's plays?" asked the woman.

"Of course not," replied Mr. Thompkins. "If he had they would have been Bacon's plays, wouldn't they? Anybody ought to know that."

"But many people insist that Bacon wrote them," said the stern lady.

"Don't you ever believe it," replied Mr. Thompkins. "That's the trouble with you women, you believe everything. Some one's been stringing you."

"Would you name the six plays of Shakespeare which you consider best?" asked another questioner.

"Sure," said Thompkins, "Hamlet, and 'Two Orphans' and 'The Waifs of New York,' and 'Richelleu,' and the 'School for Scandal.'"

"Was Hamlet insane?" asked another woman.

"O yes," said Mr. Thompkins; "Shakespeare doesn't mention it, but they had Hamlet in a big house in Paris for two years before the time of the play."

"I thought Hamlet was a Dane," spoke up another woman.

"Not on your life," said Mr. Thompkins. "He was an Italian organ-grinder who had to go to Paris because the sheriff was after him for murdering Ophelia."

"I think we have had enough of this farce," said the president in chilling tones as she rapped on the table. "We are not here to listen to such frivolity. If the gentleman thinks he can amuse us by such banalities he is misinformed. Will the gentleman kindly withdraw."

Thompkins went down the aisle amidst an oppressive silence that could be distinctly felt. He was so crushed and frozen that he hid under the stairs until the meeting finally adjourned and his wife came and dragged him out and took him home.

## A Vicarious Victim

I sprinted down the road a scant four or five feet in front of the largest and most determinedly ferocious dog it was ever my ill-luck to set eyes on. Just as I was on the point of collapsing, a compassionate farmer came out of his barn, and comprehending the situation with a few well-chosen words and emphatic kicks drove the ravening beast away.

"Say," he asked curiously, "what yer been a-doin' up ter ol' Sils Harrower's ter make him set his purp on ye like thel?"

"Nothing," I replied, from where I had dropped in the dust gasping for breath. "Not a single thing. I only stopped there and asked him to sell me a glass of milk, and he willfully sicked that—that man-eater on me without a word of warning. I'll get a gun, and—"

"Ho, ho, ha, ha, ha!" chuckled my rescuer, bending double in his mirth. "Ye did? An' say, I'll bet ye asked him perlit, too. Now, didn't ye?"

"Of course," I replied, with ungrateful testiness. "You don't suppose I told the old scoundrel what I think of him now, do you? And the unconscionable villain sicked that—"

"In course, in course," interrupted the farmer, nodding his head affirmatively. "Ol' Sils is sour, sour'n all the milk that ever turned, on city fellers buyin' milk off'n him."

"But why?" I demanded. "There's no such awful insult in asking for a glass of milk, is there? And I'll shoot that dog if I have to go to jail for it."

"Why, ye see, Sils has some excuse fer it," explained my rescuer, leaning comfortably back against the barn door. "Leastwise, thet's the way he looks at it. 'Cause it ain't more'n six

month now since a feller, sick an' perlit an' cityfied, came along ter his farm one day, an' bought a glass of milk from ol' Sils. An' all ther time he was sippin' at it, he done nothin' but praise it up fer the best milk he ever tasted of, hadn't never drunk such milk nowhere, which nat'rally tickled ther ol' man considerable, he havin' ther scrawniest, meanest, most no-count herd of cows in these here parts. Ther milk bein' so superfine, accordin' ter him, ther young feller was det sot on buyin' ther hull herd immedjit fer a dairy farm he told Sils he was startin' an' arter considerable dickerin' over ther price, ol' Sils give in an' reluctantly consented ter sell him his dunghill cattle fer Alderney prices. An' ther feller was so confoundedly 'traid ol' Sils would repent an' go back on the deal, leastwise so he said, thet he made the ol' man sign his name ter what he called a option, agreelin' on no 'count not ter—"

"Well, what has the old unhung ruffian's rascality got to do with his inhuman treatment of me?" I asked, as my friend in need stopped to chuckle and wink humorously at me.

"Wall," he went on, a broad grin on his face, "ther young feller ain't been seen 'round here none since, but ther ol' man ain't forgot him none, all on 'count of thirty days arter thet ther option bein' duly signed by him havin' ter make good a note of his'n fer \$300 what'd been discounted over at the bank at ther county seat. Since which sad happenin' it ain't nowise been salubrious fer no one ter offer ter buy no glass of milk off'n ol' Sils Harrower."—Alex Ricketts, in New York Times.

## JUST A MATTER OF NUMBERING.

The Great Detective Explains the Delay in a Murder Case.

"No, we haven't made any arrests yet," the great detective told the reporter. "You can say this much, however: We know who the murderer is. He is one of four men whom we have been watching from the start. The fact that only one man committed the crime has been sworn to by witnesses."

"Neither the first nor the second of these four men was present when the shot was fired. The third man was also away at the time."

"The fourth man is the one we want, and we can lay our hands on him whenever we're good and ready."

"Then what are you waiting for?" asked the reporter. "Why don't you arrest him now?"

"Well," said the great detective, "you see we're not yet sure as to the proper numbering of these men. We know that the fourth man is the one we want, but which of these four is the fourth man? That's what we're working on now."—New York Sun.

## Brewers War on Saloons.

Indianapolis dispatch: The disorderly saloon must face a new enemy, as the Indiana Brewers' association has decided on a campaign that is to be more effective than the Anti-Saloon league.

## Found a Friend.

Valley City, N. Dak., July 27th.—Mrs. Matilda M. Boucher of this place tells how she found a friend in the following words:

"For years I suffered with a dizziness in my head and could get nothing to cure me till about two years ago, when I was advised to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. These pills cured me before I had used the whole of the first box, and I haven't been troubled since."

"In January of this year I had an attack of Sciatica that made me almost helpless, and remembering how much Dodd's Kidney Pills had done for me before, I sent and got some and began to take them at once."

"In three weeks I was well, and not a trace of the Sciatica left, and I have been well ever since."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have certainly been of great benefit to me. I have found them a friend in time of sickness, and I will always recommend them to every one suffering with the troubles that bothered me."

## Russia Tells Intentions.

Birmingham, England, cablegram: The Post announces that the government has received a dispatch from the Russian government containing a declaration of Russian intentions in the far East. No details are obtainable.

The Diamond Spring Bed, advertised in another column by the American Wire & Steel Bed Co. for \$5.00 is a first-class offer and should be taken advantage of by those who can afford to spend \$5.00 for their night's comfort.

Ella—"My face is my fortune."  
Stella—"Well, we can't all have money."—New York Herald.

## ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

Notre Dame, Ind.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of St. Mary's Academy, which appears in another column of this paper. We do not need to expatiate upon the scholastic advantages of St. Mary's for the catalogue of the school shows the scope of work included in its curriculum, which is of the highest standard, and is carried out faithfully in the class rooms. We simply emphasize the spirit of earnest devotion which makes every teacher at St. Mary's loyally strive to develop each young girl attendant there into the truest, noblest, and most intelligent womanhood. Every advantage of equipment in the class rooms, laboratories and study rooms, every care in the matter of food and clothing, and exceptional excellence of classic conditions—all these features are found at St. Mary's, in the perfection of development only to be obtained by the consecration of devoted lives to educational and Christian work, in a spot favored by the Lord.

When a man fails it is owing to circumstances past all human control, but when he succeeds it is due to his personal ability—so he says.—Chicago News.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

You can always find some one to agree with you, even if your conclusions are not complimentary to yourself.

MANY CHILDREN ARE SICKLY. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Summer Complaint, Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. All Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Japanese national flags are alleged to be practically unobtainable just now in London.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tab. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Every man's house is his castle until he makes an assignment—then it's his wife's.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW? If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

A hen is in hard luck; she is seldom able to find anything where she laid it.

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

About 5,000 workmen are employed in the meterechum mines in Turkey.



"Look!" said he, in his hoarse notes

"Look!" said he, in his hoarse note, pointing.

"The Dutch frigate of last night," exclaimed Pope, after turning his head.

She was coming down Channel on that low-line, and made a fine figure as she drew clear of the Foreland.

"What's that?" suddenly exclaimed Crystal, and Maddison, who had come on deck, cried out, "They're a-chasing of us!"

Both he and Crystal looked toward broadstairs, and thither Pope directed his eyes, where, without aid of a glass he might see what should prove a six-oared galley sweeping from the little pier-end. Her oars sparkled brightly.

"The glass!" he roared.

Maddison grasped the tiller while the Captain looked. There were others on that boat than those who pulled her. She seemed full of men. Pope caught sight of the glint of bayonets. She was coming along as steadily swift as the rapid determined pulse of the long and bending lines of flashing ash could drive her. The brine-foam like frost at her bows, and the foam rushed at as though she had been driven by a propeller.

"A revenue boat," says Pope, with one of his oaths, handing the glass to Crystal, "and she's after us."

Clouds, white and swift with the light of the sun and the life of the wind, were overspreading the western seaboard, and they mingled with many sailing shafts of canvass heading out of the Downs. There was a spirit in the freshening of the wind, and the oak snored as she drove through it along the horizon to port were the leadwin Sands. They were brilliant low with creaming lines of yeast, and the yellow shoal showed a firm surface upon which you could have played football.

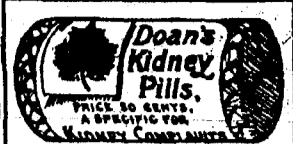
"They're bound to give up; that we'll break their hearts," exclaimed Crystal, after a few minutes of silence during which he had been watching her chasing boat astern.

"If they don't mind," said Steve, "they'll be foul of that there Dutchman."



### KIDNEY

Summer is a good time to treat Chronic Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary troubles with Doan's Kidney Pills; they conquer the most stubborn cases.



aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy, signs vanish.

The correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting, Doan's Kidney Pills remove calcium and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness.

Mrs. James Beck of 314 West Whitestown Street, Rome, N. Y., says: "I was troubled with my kidneys for eight or nine years; had

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
P. O. \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_

For free trial box, mail this coupon to Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. If above given is insufficient, write address on separate slip.

### COMFORT.

much pain in my back; at times went on I could hardly endure it; I could not stand except for a few moments at a time; I was very nervous; I was exhausted; I could not even do light housework; I could not sleep or read; my head ached severely; I was in pain from my head down to my heels; centering in the kidneys it was a heavy, steady sickening ache; I could not rest nights, and got up mornings weak and tired. I thought I was about done for, when I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised. Within a week after commencing their use I began to improve, and from that time on rapidly grew better. I used five boxes in all and was cured."

### MYSTERY OF WILD ANIMALS.

#### What Becomes of Those That Die Natural Deaths in the Woods?

"The forest has many mysteries," said an old Pennsylvania woodsman, "but none deeper than that of wild animals that die natural deaths."

"The four-footed dwellers of the woods certainly do not live forever. Age and disease must carry them off regularly, as human beings are carried off, but what becomes of their bodies?"


"I never heard of any one's coming across a wild dead bear or deer or wildcat or fox that had died from natural causes. I found the carcasses of a big five-pronged buck in the woods once, but a rattlesnake, also dead, had its fangs buried in one of the deer's nostrils. There had evidently been a fight to the death between the reptile and the beast."

"Another time I followed the trail of a bear from a clearing where it had stolen a half-grown lamb. I came upon the headless body of the lamb a mile or so out on the trail, and a half mile further on, near the edge of a swamp, I was surprised to find the body of the bear."

"Its jaws were open, and its glassy eyes were pushed far out of its head. I held a post-mortem examination of the dead bear and found the lamb's head lodged in its throat. How or why the bear ever permitted it to get there I am unable to explain."

"I have many times found other dead animals in the woods, but never one that did not show unquestionable evidence of having died from violence of some kind. Every woodsman will tell you the same. What becomes of the dead wild animals that die natural deaths."

### FOR TWENTY YEARS MAJOR MARS SUFFERED FROM CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS



Major T. H. Mars, of the First Wisconsin Cavalry regiment, writes from 1425 Dunning street, Chicago, Ill., the following letter:

"For years I suffered with catarrh of the kidneys contracted in the army. Medicine did not help me any until a comrade who had been helped by Peruna advised me to try it. I bought some at once, and soon found blessed relief. I kept taking it four months, and am now well and strong and feel better than I have done for the past twenty years, thanks to Peruna."

T. H. Mars.

At the appearance of the first symptom of kidney trouble, Peruna should be taken. This remedy strikes at once the very root of the disease. It at once relieves the catarrhal kidneys of the stagnant blood, preventing the escape of serum from the blood. Peruna stimulates the kidneys to excrete from the blood the accumulating poisons, and thus prevents the convulsions

which are sure to follow if the poisons are allowed to remain. It gives great vigor to the heart's action and digestive system, both of which are apt to fail rapidly in this disease.

Peruna cures catarrh of the kidneys simply because it cures catarrh wherever located. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Harman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

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

### THIS OFFER FOR ONE MONTH ONLY A TREAT FOR YOUR FAMILY.



OUR DIAMOND SPRING BED Will sustain a weight of 5,000 lbs.

Perhaps you toss about restlessly all night on a hard matting spring bed, or lie bent double in a soft one of poor wire! When you get up from the former your bones ache as if you had been beaten; the latter sags until your back is nearly broken.

Would you like to know what a night of perfect rest is? Is any member of your family sick and unable to sleep on an old-fashioned spring bed? If so our Diamond Spring Bed will exactly and completely suit your want.

Invented and made for ease and comfort, the lightest persons find it in real enjoyment, yet the tension of the fabric is such that no weight can make it sag. It has a National Coppered link chain support beneath a tinned, well woven fabric. The frame is of solid steel of such fine quality that it is lighter than a wooden frame.

We guarantee the Diamond Spring Bed neither to sag nor break for 20 years.

For one month only, as an advertisement, we will deliver this Spring Bed at our station for \$5.00, the price your local furniture dealer would have to pay. We want him to know about our Diamond Spring. The Diamond Spring Bed is our own invention. The idea is only one year old, yet wherever introduced, people will have none but the Diamond Spring Bed. For instance, from Washington, D. C., where more than 10,000 Diamond Spring Beds are in use, orders for more are still coming in by the hundreds.

ORDER ONE NOW

Send in \$5.00 by check, money order, or cash in registered letter and we will ship you one Diamond Spring Bed immediately, freight prepaid.

State size of bed, and whether bedstead is of iron or wood.

Address all letters

AMERICAN WIRE & STEEL BED CO., 324 W. 26th St., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

### HAD NO THOUGHT OF SUICIDE.

#### Clerk at Gun Counter Had Sized His Customer Up.

A seedy looking customer, with an Arkansas mustache, a Wild West beard of three days' growth and an Indian Territory look in his eye was buying a six-shooter, in an uptown firearm store, says the New York Press.

"This one is \$4.75," said the clerk, "and it's a good gun for the money."

"Can't you come down a little on that?" queried the buyer, looking up under his shaggy eyebrows and rusty sombrero. Being answered in the negative, he paid the price, thrust the gun loosely into trousers pocket, got a supply of cartridges and went out.

"I don't care what he does with that gun," carelessly remarked the clerk, "but I know very well he has no intention of suicide. He wouldn't have cared anything about the price, if he had. He says he boards on the Bowery; place is tough looking, but the best he can afford, and he wants the gun to protect himself. I'm quite sure anyway, there's no idea of suicide running through his head. Folk of that sort are easy to pick out. They have an eager, excited manner that gives them away, and they are mostly women, too. I refused to sell a gun to one only the other day. Oh, there's not so very many of them, but it's dead easy to know them when one has a little experience."

### UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, Notre Dame, Indiana.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Notre Dame University, one of the great educational institutions of the West, which appears in another column of this paper. Those of our readers who may have occasion to look up a college for their sons during the coming year would do well to correspond with the President, who will send them a catalogue free of charge, as well as all particulars regarding terms, courses of studies, etc.

Private rooms are given free to students of the Sophomore, Junior or Senior years of any of the Collegiate Courses.

There is a thorough preparatory school in connection with the University, in which students of all grades will have every opportunity of preparing themselves for higher studies. The Commercial Course intended for young men preparing for business, may be finished in one or two years according to the ability of the student. St. Edward's Hall, for boys under thirteen, is a unique department of the institution. The higher courses are thorough in every respect, and students will find every opportunity of perfecting themselves in any line of work they may choose to select. Thoroughness in class-work, exactness in the care of students, and devotion to the best interests of all, are the distinguishing characteristics of the University of Notre Dame.

Sixty years of active work in the cause of education have made this institution famous all over the country.

Meddle not in what you don't understand.—Portuguese proverb.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes. It rests the feet. Cures Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes few or tight shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It is better to be fast asleep than slow when awake.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBERTS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1902.

Ignorance is not orthodoxy.

Clear white clothes are a sign that the housekeeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

He chooses night who refuses light.

### DANGEROUS KIDNEY DISEASES CURED

Pe-ru-na Creating a National Sensation in the Cure of Chronic Ailments of the Kidneys.

Major T. H. Mars, of the First Wisconsin Cavalry regiment, writes from 1425 Dunning street, Chicago, Ill., the following letter:

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State size of bed, and whether bedstead is of iron or wood.

Address all letters

AMERICAN WIRE & STEEL BED CO., 324 W. 26th St., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

### VALUE OF NEW YORK REALTY.

#### Immense Sums Paid for Tracts in Desirable Localities.

Leaving aside the vast valuations added to it by consolidation, the accumulations of property on Manhattan Island alone have been astounding. Once sold in bulk for \$24, the island now has a tax valuation, real and personal, of \$2,908,755,146. Its real estate values have risen prodigiously from the initial market quotation. Immense sums have now to be paid for tracts in desirable localities, as high as \$400 per square foot having been asked for sites in business sections, making a price of \$1,000,000 for a lot 25 by 100. Enormous fortunes have been built up by the increment of real estate values, the most striking example of these being the Astor estate founded on extensive purchases of land when the latter could be had for trifling sums. Like attracts like, and so Manhattan is attracting to it makers of fortunes from all parts of the country. No other city possesses so many millionaires as does New York, and their presence here is no slight factor in the running up of property rights.—Leslie's Weekly.

### TEMPERATURE OF HEATED BODIES.

Some years ago Wier worked out a rule for calculating the absolute temperature of a heated body from the wave length of its most energetic radiations. From this rule, which gives very probable results, the sun's temperature is found to range from 4850 degrees to 5450 degrees F.; that of Sirius, from 5700 degrees to 6400 degrees; Vega, 5700 degrees to 6400 degrees; Arcturus, 2450 degrees to 2700 degrees; Aldebaran, 2550 degrees to 2850 degrees, and the electric light, 3150 degrees to 3500 degrees. White and blue stars are much hotter than red and yellow.

### Who's Afraid

The childish confidence which this illustration portrays shows exactly the confidence of everyone who has ever used

### Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

(A Laxative)

Perhaps no medicine ever put on the market has met with such phenomenal cures and the output of our laboratory has increased steadily 500 per cent every year. This speaks volumes for Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin which is positively guaranteed to cure dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, malaria and all troubles arising from the stomach (excepting cancer) and if you will purchase a 50 cent or \$1.00 bottle from your druggist it will be a complete revelation to you. Heads of biliousness, induces sound and refreshing sleep, cures nervousness, and is praised by women in all parts of the country.

We will be glad to send you a sample bottle and a little booklet on stomach troubles if you will send us a postal.

PEPSIN SYRUP COMPANY, Monticello, Ill.

### Thompson's Eye Water

It cures eye troubles.

### His Explanation.

"I find you are an attractive fellow, Dickie, you know," she had just remarked, brushing his hair with the lace of her sunshade, "but, really, such a splendidly built young man ought to be ashamed to lie abed till all hours instead of being out taking exercise."

"Oh, I say," he answered, "don't be hard on a chap. Fact is, it's the governor who's responsible for my laziness."

"How's that?" queried she.

"Why, you see, it's this way. The old boy got an idea into my noddle some time ago that I was drinking too much, and wanted me to swear off. Couldn't do that, you know, so we compromised on the basis of my not drinking till dinner time."

"Really, Dickie," she laughed, "I don't see what that has to do with it."

"You don't?" he asked, sitting bolt upright. "If a man can't drink until dinner, what's the use of getting up until dinner time?"

### Repertee in Church.

The friendly and familiar atmosphere of the average small rural Western church some times gives rise to embarrassments. Dr. David is a prominent man in a little far Western church, and he generally takes a quiet little doze during the sermon. Sister Sarah is an elderly, long-winded woman, who likes to "exhort" after the preacher has concluded his remarks. Not long ago, at a night service, Sister Sarah arose and discoursed at great length. The listeners became visibly restive. Dr. David also arose and said, bluntly:

"Sister Sarah, it would be an imposition to detain this congregation any longer."

With flashing eyes Sister Sarah retorted:

"Taint no imposition on you, doctor; you've tuck your nap."

Then the clergyman, with uplifted hands, said benignly: "Let us be dismissed."—Indianapolis Journal.

### Bromo-Seltzer

Promptly cures all Headaches

### FREE TO WOMEN!

### PAXTINE TOILET

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 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 K. PAXTINE CO., Boston, Mass., 214 Columbus Ave.

### Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, says:

There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know of. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any other I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.—\$600.00 for 100 boxes of this medicinal product. Freshness cannot be produced.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause, and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition.

### A Song of the Weeds.

Here's a cheer to the weeds up-springing, And a song for deeds they do; With their flags to the world out-tinging, They stand ready to fight it through; And their dare is as pert and stinging, As their courage is proven true.

They are builded for war and trouble, And will neither lead nor drive; Mow them down to a field or stubble, And if they rise they'll choose to thrive; Cut in twain, and their numbers double And double, and double, and thrive.

They laugh at plowshare gleaming, And they tauntingly smile at the hoe; They lie down, it seems, past redeeming, But in truth so both ends may grow; It takes doing of deeds, not dreaming, On a thousand battle farms.

—John P. Sjolander in Galveston News.

### EDUCATIONAL.

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FULL COURSES IN Classics, Letters, Economics and History, Journalism, Art, Science, Pharmacy, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture, Through Preparatory and Commercial Courses.

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The best modern and advanced advantages for fitting young women for lives of usefulness. The constant growth of the Academy has again necessitated the erection of additional buildings with latest Hygienic appointments. Separate one- and two-school year begins September 8th. Mention this paper.

For catalogue and information apply to The Directors of ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Notre Dame, Indiana.


### AGENTS

CATHOLIC AGENTS' PRESENTATION: "LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII." only authorized edition; written by the pope's order by Mgr. O'Reilly; endorsed by entire Catholic hierarchy; price \$2.50; large colored portrait worth \$1 free to subscribers; agents wanted; highest terms; immediate demand; outfit free.

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Best Cure for Catarrh of the Bladder. Use of this medicine is guaranteed to cure. Write for free trial box.



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The Detroit United Bank Limited commenced business September 3, 1902, in the handsome new Banking building at 204-206 Griswold Street, which was erected for it. For convenience, light, solidity, security and artistic design, this building will compare favorably it is believed with any banking structure in this country.

The Detroit United Bank Limited is strictly a savings bank. No loans are made on commercial paper, nor under its charter can it take any commercial risks whatever. Its funds are invested only in first mortgages upon centrally located improved real estate not exceeding 50 per cent of present cash value of security in any case.

The favor with which the public regard this bank and the conservative system for which it stands is evidenced by the many hundreds of depositors it already has both from Detroit and from outside towns.

It has been open but three-quarters of a year and at this time has upwards of a quarter of a million dollars of deposits. It has depositors in seventy-six cities and towns outside of Detroit, the aggregate of such deposits exceeding \$400,000.

It already has in its vaults over a third of a million dollars of first mortgages on real estate, worth at least double the amount of mortgage in each case.

It is seeking to interest savings depositors whether residing in Detroit or elsewhere. You are invited to open an account, and at all times are assured of courteous treatment and every facility which a first-class modern savings bank can provide.

Send for booklet on BANKING BY MAIL, fully illustrating the system introduced by this bank, which is as easy for persons residing at a distance to carry their savings accounts with a strong metropolitan bank as for those residing in Detroit.

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Send for our Special  
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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 product 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, 1932.

SOUTH		NORTH	
No.	Stations	No.	Stations
8:30	1:15	5:00	11:45
8:45	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, Traffic Manager.  
E. J. CROSSMAN, Station Manager.

**Detroit & Charlevoix R. R. Co.**  
Time Schedule.  
Takes effect Sunday, June 28, 1932.

WEST BOUND		MIXED	
Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
Frederic	2:30 p. m.	7:00 a. m.	7:00 a. m.
Payette	3:15 p. m.	7:25 a. m.	7:25 a. m.
Deward	3:45 p. m.	8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.
Blue Lake Jr.	4:15 p. m.	8:30 a. m.	8:30 a. m.
Manitoulin Road	4:45 p. m.	9:00 a. m.	9:00 a. m.
Harold	5:15 p. m.	9:30 a. m.	9:30 a. m.
Alba	5:45 p. m.	10:00 a. m.	10:00 a. m.
Green River	6:15 p. m.	10:30 a. m.	10:30 a. m.
Jordan River	6:45 p. m.	11:00 a. m.	11:00 a. m.
Wards	7:15 p. m.	11:30 a. m.	11:30 a. m.
Jordan River	7:45 p. m.	12:00 p. m.	12:00 p. m.
Wards	8:15 p. m.	12:30 p. m.	12:30 p. m.
South Arm	8:45 p. m.	1:00 p. m.	1:00 p. m.
East Jordan	9:15 p. m.	1:30 p. m.	1:30 p. m.
Charlevoix (Steamer)	9:45 p. m.	6:00 p. m.	6:00 p. m.
EAST BOUND			
Charlevoix (Str.)	7:40 a. m.	12:00 a. m.	12:00 a. m.
South Arm	8:10 a. m.	2:30 p. m.	2:30 p. m.
Wards	8:40 a. m.	3:00 p. m.	3:00 p. m.
Jordan River	9:10 a. m.	3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.
Green River	9:40 a. m.	4:00 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
Alba	10:10 a. m.	4:30 p. m.	4:30 p. m.
Frederic	10:40 a. m.	5:00 p. m.	5:00 p. m.
Payette	11:10 a. m.	5:30 p. m.	5:30 p. m.
Frederic	11:40 a. m.	6:00 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, 1932.  
Trains leave Bellaire as follows:  
For Traverse City, 1:30 a. m., 3:50 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, 2:25 p. m., 5:58 a. m., and 7:21 p. m.  
H. F. MOELLER, General Passenger Agent.  
P. N. STEWART, Agent, Bellaire.

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Practical Horseshoeing and General Blacksmith  
All kinds of wood repair work done promptly.  
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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 (14 hours) between DETROIT AND BUFFALO  
Leave DETROIT Daily . . . 4.00 P. M.  
Arrive at BUFFALO . . . 8.00 A. M.  
Leave BUFFALO Daily . . . 5.30 P. M.  
Arrive at DETROIT . . . 7.00 A. M.  
Connecting with Eastern trains for all points in NEW YORK, BALTIMORE and NEW ENGLAND. Round-trip tickets through Detroit to all points. Good for 15 days. Traded pamphlets and rates.  
Rate between Detroit and Buffalo \$8.50 one way, \$15.00 round trip. Bertha \$5.00, Elmer \$5.00, Elmer \$5.00 each direction. Weekend Excursions Buffalo and Saginaw \$1.00.  
If your railway agent will not sell you a through ticket, please buy a local ticket to Buffalo or Detroit, and pay your transfer charges from depot to wharf. By doing this we will save you \$3.00 to any point East or West.  
A. A. SCHWARTZ, G. P. T. M., Detroit, Mich.

**PEOPLE OF THE DAY**

**Rothschild's Flea.**  
Hon. Charles Rothschild of London is rich enough to indulge any whim, but still people will think it queer that any man should adopt as his special fad the collecting of fleas. The honorable Charles goes in for fine horses and elegant automobiles, but they are only to fill in the odd moments when there is nothing of especial importance in the world of fleas to occupy his time.



**HON. CHARLES ROTHSCHILD.**  
He has thousands of fleas in his collection at the famous zoological museum at Tring park, but he needs an arctic fox flea to round out the collection. The expedition of the arctic whaler "Porgetment," which was sent by Mr. Rothschild in search of the polar flea, failed, and now the multimillionaire collector has offered a reward of \$5,000 for the coveted insect. As fleas go—and they usually go when you search for them—this is a pretty good price, but arctic fleas can't be picked from any old yellow dog.

**The President Caught Him.**  
It is said on excellent authority that every morning President Roosevelt after glancing through several New York papers looks over the headlines of a large stack of western publications, says the New York Tribune. The surprising part of this feat is that the president never appears to miss anything of importance and never forgets what he reads nor where he saw it. When he was in the far west he was looking over an eastern newspaper of rather ancient vintage when he was heard to utter a somewhat explosive ejaculation. Turning to one of the newspaper men present, he said, "Do you know Blank?" On receiving an affirmative reply he said: "Well, Blank is a fool. I had a little confidential talk with him about six weeks ago. He knew I didn't want him to publish what I said, but now because I am a couple of thousand miles west and he imagines I do not see his paper he has put it all in print. The next time Blank gets any tips from the White House he'll be a much older man than he is today." When the president got back Blank called at the White House, as usual, but he didn't get an audience.

**The Princess a Cook.**  
Kaiser Wilhelm is having a kitchen fitted out in the new palace at Potsdam for his daughter, Princess Victoria Louise. There the princess will learn to cook. When giving the necessary orders for the kitchen the kaiser said: "My daughter must be a model German housewife and be able to fry sausage, roast a joint or bake a cake as though she had to earn her living as a cook. She must be a womanly woman of the good old-fashioned sort."

**Evangelist Dowie's Latest.**  
John Alexander Dowie isn't going to be lost in the shuffle. There's something doing in his bailiwick just about often enough to keep Dr. Dowie and Zion before the public. A short time ago the doctor announced that he would soon begin at Zion the erection of the largest tabernacle in the country. The



**JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE.**  
structure is to cost half a million dollars. It will occupy ground space 330 by 340 feet and will seat 10,000 persons. Dr. Dowie's latest act to attract public attention is an order to the peace officers of Zion. In Chicago, of which Zion is a near neighbor, the police carry batons in the daytime and the famous "night sticks," as well as big revolvers, at night. The policemen of Zion, in accordance with Dr. Dowie's latest pronouncement for the guidance of local officials, will carry *bibles* instead of clubs. Disorderly citizens of Zion will hereafter be "persuaded" by the good book to behave themselves on their way to the lockup.

**HER GUARDIAN FROM AVENUE A**  
By BENNET MUSSON

Copyright, 1932, by T. O. McClure

A cab stood waiting in a cross street near Fifth avenue. It was an ordinary cab, with its driver arrayed in a livery which could by no stretch of the imagination be taken for that of a private family, but to the mind of Billie McAdam it was associated with Hilomen.

It is a far cry from Avenue A to Fifth avenue, but Billie had made the transition, with the assistance of Frances Hartley. On one of her slumming tours she had found him, ragged, cold and hungry, the center of a group of hostile urchins who were about to engage him in combat. She had rescued the boy from his perilous position and had interviewed his intoxicated and acquiescent father.

The result of the negotiation had been Billie's installation as hall boy in the Hartley mansion, where the complacency with which he regarded the grandeur of his surroundings and the elegance of his green, brass buttoned uniform was almost balanced by his deep rooted feeling of gratitude for Miss Frances.

If the facile and independent mind of Billie McAdam had one responsibility it was the conviction that he must at all times act as the protector and guardian of Frances Hartley. There was her father, of course, a dignified, aristocratic and prejudiced gentleman of the old school. He counted, in a way, but Billie felt vaguely that Wilfred Hartley could not hark back from his thirty years' experience in society and clubdom and sympathize thoroughly with a motherless girl of twenty-two, who was impressionable, light hearted and rather thoughtless.

Then there was Henry Beach. If being young, rich, handsome and ingenuous were all the requisites of life Henry was a person to whom Billie's responsibilities of guardianship could be transferred. But there were other things that Billie did not understand, but which Mr. Hartley set such store by that they must be of prime importance.

They were negative, most of these things, not having one's father in the retail trade, not being in the shallows of society instead of firmly anchored in its depths.

With the prejudice of youth Billie allowed the feelings of Wilfred Hartley to influence him. He liked Henry Beach, but on the occasions when he admitted him to the house, frequently occasions on which Mr. Hartley was absent, he did not exhibit much cordiality.

Such a time had come this morning. Billy had noted the hired carriage in which Beach arrived. He had observed an unusual flutter of expectancy in Frances' greeting of the young man. Going to the corner to mail a letter, he had seen the cab waiting in a side street. Returning to his station on a hall bench, he noticed that the voices which came in subdued tones from the drawing room had in them a note of suppressed excitement.

Billie sat on his bench and fidgeted. Then he deserted his post, stole into the library and, noiselessly pushing back a folding door, installed himself behind some curtains in the drawing room.

Frances Hartley stood near a window, and beside her was Henry Beach, who looked imploringly at her tear stained face.

"I cannot bear to deceive my father, Henry," she said as Billie guiltily secured his place of vantage.

"It is for only once, dear," Beach replied low and earnestly. "We can go in the cab I have waiting and be back here safely married by the time your father returns from the club. Then there will be a scene, and the worst that can happen will be his withholding his forgiveness for a week or two." And so the man talked as many men have talked before.

Frances demurred, but in the end her head sank to Henry's shoulder, and Billie knew she was the woman who hesitates, and he stole softly away.

His idea of the duties of a guardian was elemental; it was to strike straight from the shoulder. His first thought was to get rid of the cab, his next to notify Mr. Hartley.

Seating himself at the library table, he hastily printed the following note: "Run Home to Ouse! I have took the Kerridge."  
BILLIE.

Addressing this to Mr. Hartley, he hurried to the hall, grasped his cap and ran to the waiting cab.

"Gent wants to see ye at de house, I'll hold yer horses," he announced to the cabman, relapsing in his excitement to his familiar Avenue A dialect.

Billie waited until the man had turned the corner. Then he climbed to the driver's seat of the cab, grasped the reins and started the horses. Presently the doorman of a Fifth avenue club was surprised to see a small boy in a green uniform imperiously beckon him from the seat of a carriage. When the man wonderingly approached a crumpled note was thrust into his hand, with the injunction that it be delivered to Mr. Hartley at once.

Billie's dominant idea was to keep the cab away from the house until all danger of an elopement should be over. The thought that other cabs might be obtained did not occur to him. He drove slowly until he saw Mr. Hartley hurry from the club. Then he turned the horses down Fifth avenue and reconnoitered from a safe distance.

evidently describing his loss, for he was violently gesticulating. Presently Mr. Hartley ascended the steps, and the attitude of two of the group changed entirely.

It was now evident to Billie McAdam that the offices of his guardianship had been satisfactorily attended to. He brought the whip down with a snap on the backs of the horses, resolved to restore those steeds to their master.

The animals resented this treatment to the extent of starting forward viciously. At that moment a trolley dashed by, its guard merrily tooting his horn, and this distraction completed the demoralization of the hitherto docile beasts, for when Billie reached the Hartley house the horses were beyond his control.

A lumbering electric bus swerved toward the curb at that juncture, and the frightened animals, trying to avoid this threatening monster, took to the sidewalk. There was a crash as the cab collided with an iron railing, and Billie, pale and unconscious, was thrown into an area.

That night as Billie lay in his bed in his little room in the servants' quarters with a separate ache in each joint of his small body the door was opened, and Mr. Hartley, Frances and Henry Beach entered.

"How are you feeling now, William?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Pretty well, sir," said Billie, manfully subduing the aches.

There seemed to be some sort of an understanding between the young couple and Mr. Hartley, for he first regarded them with a look of recently acquired complacency. Then he again turned to Billie.

"William," he said, "I have learned today that extreme ideas of caste are unsatisfactory things to hold in a republic, as they often lead to drastic measures on the part of sentimental persons. Your own mental and physical methods I can commend as being violent and dangerous, but effectual. Frances, Mr. Beach and I are paying you this final visit before retiring for the purpose of thanking you."

Billie blinked uncomprehendingly at the old gentleman, but the situation, not the words, impressed itself on his understanding. The aches and pains and the Avenue A dialect were again asserting themselves. He turned wearily on his pillow.

"If dere's t' be any runaways in dis family I'll take care of 'em," he said sleepily.

**A Shattering Bath.**  
In the "New Letters and Memories of Jane Welsh Carlyle" is a letter from that witty lady written from a health resort, in which she gives an amusing description of her experience under medical treatment:

"A bath woman in a thick white flannel gown, like a white Russian bath, came to my bedside at 6 in the morning and swathed me tightly, like a mummy, first in dry blankets, then heaped the feather bed and bedclothes atop of me, leaving only my face uncovered, then went away for an hour, committing me to what Paulet calls my 'distract ideas' and the sense of suffocation, all the blood in my body seeming to get pressed up into my head.

"Only one thought remained to me—could I roll myself over, feather bed and all, on to the floor and then roll on toward the bell, if there were one, and ring it with my teeth? I tried with superhuman effort, but in vain. I was a mummy and no mistake. So nothing remained to me but to put off going ragging mad till the last possible moment.

"When the bath woman came back at 7 she was rather shocked at my state; put me in a shallow bath and poured several pitchers of water over me to compose my mind. It shattered me all to tatters."

**Not Business.**  
A man with an armful of bills went into Mr. Schoppenheim's restaurant and asked permission to tack a hundred or so to the wall.

"Vot vos dose?" asked Schoppenheim.

"Circulars advertising a cheap railway excursion."

"You goes away off for a week or den days, and you goes cheaper as to stay at home?" asked Schoppenheim.

"That's it."

"Unt you vants to hang dose circulars mein restaurant?"

"You've got it."

"Got vot?"

"The idea."

"Den mein gustomers would read dose circulars?"

"That's the idea."

"Unt go away den days or two weeks?"

"Yes."

**The SPORTING WORLD**

**New Millionaire Turfman.**  
A new set of colors will soon be seen on the thoroughbred courses. They will represent the Oakland stable, the "nom de course" of Alfred G. Vanderbilt of New York. The millionaire has grown interested in the racing game.



ALFRED G. VANDERBILT.

and intends to fight for some of the race track glory with a good class of thoroughbreds.

Early in the year Mr. Vanderbilt purchased a large number of horses for racing purposes, and, although none of them is well known on the turf, it is understood several are very fast, and with proper handling Mr. Vanderbilt expects Oakland stable will be heard from.

**Chicago's Trotting Revival.**  
Chicago, after a rest of four years, has at last had a meeting at which the trotters and pacers were the attraction, and the promoters are now more confident than ever that there are enough people in the great western city to support a big meeting over a mile track. It would seem as though there were enough members of the Gentlemen's Driving club to guarantee a meeting at Washington park at which the stars of the harness world would appear. A meeting of sufficient caliber to attract the greatest horses on the turf and conducted on the "Memphis plan" should attract large crowds every day.

**Kenney and Anzella, 2:06 3-4.**  
If Ben Kenney is correct in his opinions, another trotting star of the first magnitude may be seen this season. He has formed a very favorable opinion of Anzella, 2:06 3-4, and thinks she can materially reduce her record.

Kenney is a clever man with a horse, and the opinion of the man who brought out Nancy Hanks, 2:04, is entitled to respectful consideration. While Kenney had the ex-queen of the turf in his care she lost but one heat. Anzella up to last May was the stable mate of Lou Dillon.

**"No Baseball War."**  
According to Ban Johnson, the National league has not got any money to carry on a war with his organization. He stamps the stories of a renewed fight as absurd and says that even though the old league had the money it would hardly care for a fight with his league.

Johnson instructed President Hickey of the American association to prevent Hoffman, who jumped from the Athletics, from playing with Toledo.

**Choyanski Changed His Mind.**  
Old Joe Choyanski, who, when knocked out by Nick Burley at Dawson City recently, declared he was through with boxing for all time, has changed his mind and will soon fight Burley again. The Dawson gold evidently tempted Joe.

**Chadwick, Yale Football Coach.**  
Manager Miller of the Yale Football association, who has been perfecting preliminary plans for the opening of the football season at Yale, says that George Chadwick, captain of last year's eleven, will probably be the head coach next fall.

**Geers is Confident.**  
Ed Geers is quoted as saying that he thinks that Prince of Orange, 2:07 1/2, will be able to beat both Lord Derby, 2:05 3/4, and Major Delmar, 2:05 3/4, before the season is half over.

**Daphne Dallas, 2:05 1-4.**  
Daphne Dallas, 2:05 1/4, that made such a good showing down the grand circuit last year for Ben Kenney, is now setting a hot pace for the horses on the Brooklyn speedway.

**Refused Selee's Offer.**  
Frank Selee is reported to have offered \$4,000 to Pitcher Lynch of Brown university to finish the season with the Chicago Nationals. The offer was turned down.

**Lajole in His Old Time Form.**  
Napoleon Lajole has not only recovered from his long siege of illness, but the Cleveland fans claim that he is playing better ball than ever before in his career.

**Roaring Bill.**  
Bill Kenney is not only pitching well for Pittsburgh this season, but is batting twice as hard as he ever did in his life before.

**Poxy Jake Beckley.**  
Every time Cincinnati decides to "tin can" Jake Beckley, the old war horse, he starts to knocking the cover off the ball.

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