

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 6.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, AUG. 22 1903.

No 52

ST 1897 XI.

RACKET STORE

Full line Tablets, Pencils, Stationery in boxes.

NEWS AGENCY

A new line of Jewellery.

Next to the Postoffice
H. G. HOLMES.

EAST JORDAN SHOULD HAVE THE COUNTY TRADE.

Are we doing all we can to secure the business of the farmers and villagers residing outside the natural limits of our bustling town? There is every reason why East Jordan should have this business that now goes to other places. There are as good stores or better than there are in any other place of even larger population in Northern Michigan. There are exceptionally large stocks of Hardware Dry Goods, Furniture, Clothing and Groceries—the staple articles of trade—in East Jordan. Our highways leading to East Jordan are now in excellent condition. The prospects are that East Jordan will be an exceptionally good market for the abundance of farm products this fall on account of the strenuous efforts that have been made by the managers of our transportation companies to handle our products.

Some merchants of our town have found it profitable to advertise for this business but the business of East Jordan might be greatly increased by concerted action of all our citizens.

The Business Men's Association should take charge of this work and could render invaluable assistance by crystallizing the sentiment in this direction. Let us bring up this matter at the next meeting of the East Jordan and South Arm Board of Trade Tuesday evening, Aug. 25th.

We have the town, the goods, the market. Let us take steps to inform our neighbors of these advantages.

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.

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.

WHEN OTHER MEDICINES HAVE FAILED

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

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

Latest Fashion Notes.

CANVAS CLOTH GOWN.

Mushroom colored canvas cloth is the material of which this charming costume is constructed. An original device for self-colored taffeta strap-plugs is here shown, which are employed on both skirt and bodice to good advantage. The skirt is further adorned by an "unice" flounce, which is an advance style, and the tucks are headed by simple hand embroidered designs, worked with Corticelli E E embroidery silk. This embroidery also appears on the bodice.



The berth is just now one of the most popular and dainty of decorations for a bodice. This is sometimes made pointed or in a rounded effect and may be made either very simple or very elaborate. Good effects may be obtained when these are made either of the same material or of a different material.

YOU NEED A REST.

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

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

O. E. S. SPECIAL MEETING.

There was a special meeting of Mark Chapter O. E. S. Friday evening at which G. W. M. Mrs. Hattie C. Derthick, of Ionia, and a delegation from the Charlevoix and Boyne City Chapters were present. At the conclusion of the business session a banquet was served in the lodge parlors.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

There was an adjourned meeting of the Common Council Monday evening Aug. 17th, called to order by the President at 8:00 p. m.

President L. A. Hoyt, Trustees C. A. Sweet, R. L. Lorraine, M. A. Lemieux, Jno. A. Boosinger and R. F. Steffes and Clerk C. A. Hudson answered at roll call.

Minutes of proceeding meeting were read and approved.

The Charlevoix Roller Mills were granted permission to build and control a dock at the foot of Garfield st.

The Village Marshal petitioned the Council for an increase in his salary of \$10.00 per month. After considerable discussion it was decided to be inadvisable to grant the request at this time.

The Clerk was instructed to draw an order in favor of the Treasurer for \$12.32 for error in special assessment on Lot 1 Block 6.

The sum of \$1,000.00 was transferred from the General Fund to the Water Works Fund.

Bills were audited and allowed as follows:

A. Kenny, dray	\$1.00
Charlevoix Co. Herald, printing	3.00
Converse & Perkins, typewriting	1.00
Ordinance No. 29	64.93
Mich. Sewer Pipe Co., sewer pipe	4.50
A. J. Hammond, cleaning and repairing tank	4.50
A. J. Etcher, dray	656.67
J. B. Clow & Sons, water pipe	352.87
Street Com. report, labor & teams	65.50
Electric Light & Power Co., lighting for July	40.00
Wm. Johnson, salary	1.75
M. A. Lemieux, labor and mater'l	6.45
The Enterprise, printing	24.05
J. F. Kenny, freight and dray	27.36
E. J. & S. R. R., freight on sewer pipe	230.33
Wm. Spencer, extensions and water taps	83.81
Standard Oil Co., gasoline and engine oil	

Motion by Lorraine supported by Steffes that the President and Clerk be instructed to enter into a contract with John Tooley for the building of a hose house in accordance with the plans and specifications now on file in the offices of the Village Clerk. Motion was carried.

On motion duly supported Council adjourned.

Chas. A. Hudson.
Village Clerk.

Two packed houses were the rule yesterday afternoon and evening at Bert's theatre. "The Eleventh Hour" one of Lincoln J. Carter's productions occupying the boards the first half of the week. Like all of Carter's plays "The Eleventh Hour" abounds in thrilling situations, terrific gun plays, stabbing affairs, a big robbery, two or three weddings and other soul thrilling events. And as usual it made a hit with the patrons of this pretty little theatre. The company presenting it is a good one in every respect. John Philliber the comedian, and Florence Willis, a charming little sourette constitute the real life of the performance with their clever work, incidentally the pair introduces some good singing and dancing in the fourth act and at all times the dialogue is bright and sparkling. Herbert O'Conner, in the dual role of Joe Manley, the hero, and Doby Dick, an accomplice of the villain, proved himself to be a very capable actor and the same was said of the bad man, Benjamin Fowler, whose part is played by Thos. H. Sewell.

The other two ladies of the company Marie DeBeau and Halcyon V. Blenette, are successes in the parts assigned them and good support is given by Ed. Morris, Jno. C. Klise, and others.

The special scenery and the elaborate stage settings are also important factors in making the creation a winner. Particularly is one impressed with the interior of a millionaire's home as depicted in the beautiful scene in the fifth and last act. In this act also comes the wonderful climax when in a terrific combat between the hero and villain, costly lamps and vases are demolished, the furniture overturned and everything made to appear as though a cyclone had just passed through that section of the city. The finish is certainly great and must be seen to be appreciated.—Toledo Times.

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.

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's sent, prepaid, for two Congress pack wrappers and name 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 Boultry 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 J. B. Allen, and dated May 19th, 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, of Mortgages page 303, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the time of this notice the sum of one hundred and sixty-nine dollars and fifty-eight cents and an attorney's fee of \$15 provided for in said mortgage and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the money secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in such mortgage and the statutes in such case made, 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 required 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 Evening township, Charlevoix county, and containing forty acres of land, more or less according to the United States survey. Dated this first day of July, A. D. 1903.
J. B. ALLEN,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

CHANCERY NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.
Thirteenth Judicial Circuit in Chancery
Sitting in the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix in Chancery, at the Village of Charlevoix on the 17th day of June A. D. 1903.

Orin Brewer, Complainant,
vs.
William Brewer, Defendant.
In this cause it appearing that the Defendant, William Brewer, is a resident of this State, but his whereabouts are unknown.
THEREFORE: 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.
E. N. CLINK, Circuit Judge
Business address, East Jordan, Mich.
8-20-76

Thos. Morrison, Dray and Baggage.

Phone No. 120.
Moving Household Goods a Specialty

BOAT SERVICE.

East Jordan and Charlevoix Route.
Str. Walter Chrysler.
TIME CARD.
Leave East Jordan, 7:00 a. m. 2:30 p. m.
Arrive Charlevoix, 8:45 a. m. 4:00 p. m.
Leave Charlevoix, 8:20 a. m. 4:30 p. m.
—Railroad dock— 8:55 a. m. 4:50 p. m.
Arrive East Jordan, 11:30 a. m. 6:00 p. m.
GEO. JEPSON, Master.

Str. "Pilgrim."
Lv. Charlevoix, 8 a. m. 8 p. m.
—P. M. Railroad dock— 7:40 11:00 8:10
—Sequanota, Ironton, 8:25 11:25 8:30 8:40
Lv. East Jordan, 9:20 12:20 4:2
Lv. East Jordan, 9:30 1:20 4:45
—Ironton, 10:15 2:05 5:30
—Sequanota, 10:25 2:15 5:40
Ar. Charlevoix, 10:45 2:40 6:00
Charlevoix and East Jordan Line.

Str. Jos. Gordon.
TIME CARD.
Leave Charlevoix, 7:20 a. m. 1:15 p. m.
—The Inn dock— 7:30 a. m. 1:20 p. m.
Arrive East Jordan, 8:30 a. m. 3:00 p. m.
Leave East Jordan, 8:15 a. m. 3:15 p. m.
Arrive Charlevoix, 11:00 a. m. 4:45 p. m.
Connects at Charlevoix with 11:13 a. m. train South, and 6:55 and 11:40 a. m.; 1:30 and 5:05 p. m. trains South.
L. GUARD, Master.

68,750

Pride of Charlevoix cigars smoked in East Jordan since Jan. 1, '03.
Not so bad, eh? No deaths yet.

R. F. Steffes.

Warne Block

Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

WILL RICHARDSON'S

State Street Grocery.

BOOSINGER BROS.

New Fall Suits Are Winners

The new Fall Styles in Men's and Boy's Suits are arriving daily. We are always showing a handsome assortment in the season's most correct things. We would be pleased to have you inspect our line \$5.00 to \$18.00. Some of new points are the Graduated, Concave Shoulder in our Coats with the new Extension Sleeve, securing to you a perfect fit.

NEW FALL DRESS GOODS AND SILKS

The new fall line of black and colored dress goods and silks is now complete and we are in a position to show you the very newest creations in fall goods.

Besides the above named lines we are showing some very desirable lines in New Fall Carpets, New Fall Laces and Trimmings, New Fall Flannelettes, etc. Your inspection invited.

Quality First of All - - Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROS.

RELIGIOUS TOPICS

He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.
He sees when their footsteps falter,
When their hearts grow weak and faint;
He marks when their strength is failing,
And listens to each complaint.
He bids them rest for a season,
For the pathway has grown too steep;
And, folded in fair, green pastures,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children,
Who sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows they oft are longing
For home and its sweet repose;
So he calls them in from their labors
Ere the shadows round them creep,
And, silently watching o'er them,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future,
All fears that oppress to-day,
Like mists that clear in sunlight,
Have noiselessly passed away.
No call or clamor can rouse them
From slumber so pure and deep,
For only his voice can reach them,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their tolls are over;
Weep not that their race is run;
God grant we may rest as calmly
When our work, like theirs, is done.
Till then we would yield with gladness
Our treasures to him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

Quiet Hour

False Ideas of Salvation.
"He that findeth his life shall lose it,
and he that loseth his life for my sake
shall find it."—Matt., x, 33.

It is very tiresome to be constantly
told that the chief purpose in life is
to save your soul.

There is a kind of subtle and poi-
sonous selfishness in having refer-
ence to your own salvation in every-
thing you do.

There can be as much selfishness
in spiritual concerns as in worldly
matters, and it is equally bad in both.

The religion which teaches you to
save others is a great deal better
than the religion which prompts you
to save yourself.

If you do your duty you can trust
your salvation to God and not give
a thought to it.

A person may be just as mean
in the use he makes of religion as an-
other person is in his use of the op-
portunities of financial success, and
meanness is simply meanness, and
therefore, contemptible, in whatever
department of life it makes itself
manifest.

Here, for example, is an avaricious
creature, who is planning and plot-
ting to get all the dollars that are
within reach into his own pocket. He
is not particular about the means he
employs, if only his bank account
grows bigger and he is able to sur-
round himself with all the comforts
and luxuries which money can buy.

He contemplates the result of his
labors with serene satisfaction, and
never gives either eye or ear to the
misery which fills the world so full.
He has enough to eat, and it matters
little whether others starve or not.
He has a surplus which he does not
need, but he never dreams of parting
with it to charity or education. He
lives in the attitude of grasping, and
his sleep is not disturbed by the
moans of wretchedness, the sighs of
despair, or the sobbing of bereave-
ment. He has saved himself, so far
as this world is concerned, and as
for the rest of mankind they may
sink or swim for aught he cares.

The pulpit denounces that kind of
selfishness as beneath the dignity of
sanctity and honor, and is quite
right in its criticisms. But we are
inclined to think that religion may be
as much a perversion as avarice. If
it teaches you to pray for yourself
instead of working for others; if you
are indifferent to the wrongs from
which mankind suffer; if you have
never spent your time and energy to
reclaim someone who has strayed in
forbidden paths, you may possibly
have a religion that is better than
nothing, but you have not the kind
of religion which Christ came to re-
veal.

No soul will be saved in the future
world which has not tried to save
some other soul besides itself in this
world.

If the rich man who spends his
money on himself is deserving of cen-
sure, so also is the religious man who
hopes to get to heaven whether other
people get there or not.

Do not fret about your personal
salvation. Put the matter out of your
mind as of no particular consequence.
You will go where you belong. Noth-
ing can interfere with that law of
spiritual gravitation. It will be utter-
ly impossible for you to get into the
wrong place, for your deserts will
either lift you up by their buoyancy
or sink you down by their own
weight. If you have heavenly quali-
ties of character you will assuredly
go to heaven, and if you have not you
will never get there.

When you pray, pray for the ability
and the opportunity to be of service
to your fellow-man, for in that way
alone can you become truly great.—
George Hepworth.

Principles.
It is not strength of brain that
saves a man, or orthodoxy of creed,
or connection with a church. All
these have often proved to be but
traps of sand. They are not proof
against the tides of temptation. There
must be firm, heaven-implanted prin-
ciples—for no one is safe in business,
in politics, or in social life, or any-
where, when conscience is unloosened

from God. The parting of the cable
may be unseen for a while, it may
even be unsuspected; but it is a mere
question of time how soon the back-
slider may strike the rocks. Jesus
Christ never insured any one who
united with the church, and yet has
no "anchor sure and steadfast, which
entereth within the veil," and "binds
fast to Christ himself." And if you
ever reach heaven, my brother, you
will come in as I have often seen ves-
sels come into your harbor of New
York, with the storm-tide anchor
swinging proudly at the prow.
"There are ships," said the eloquent
Melville, "that never go down in life's
tempests. They shall be in no peril
when the last hurricane shall sweep
earth and sea and sky; and when the
fury is overpast, and the light that
knows no night breaks gloriously
forth, they shall be found on tranquil
and crystal waters, resting beauti-
fully upon their shadows." These are
the people who have been piloted by the
Holy Spirit; these are faithful ones
whose inner soul was anchored to
Jesus Christ.—Theodore L. Cuyler,
D. D.

Duty or Feeling.
Feeling is a poor guide of conduct.
A large share of our duty is the doing
of what we do not feel like doing,
and the not doing that which we feel
like doing. If a boy or man is set a
task within his ability, it is no excuse
for his failure to do it that he did
not feel like doing it. No court would
acquit a prisoner of guilt on the
ground that he felt like stealing. A
man may at times write well, or
preach well, or sing well, or perform
well on a musical instrument, or fight
well in the hour of battle while he
feels like it, but most men have to
do those things when they do not
feel like it. The world's best work is
done by those who are not at the time
under the influence of impelling and
controlling feeling in that direction.
If you feel like doing a thing, or like
not doing it, consider whether you
ought to do it or ought not to do it,
in spite of your feeling, and then be
guided by your duty rather than by
your feeling. It may be to your dis-
credit that you cannot feel like doing
what you ought to do, but it is never
an excuse for your not doing.

Witness-Bearing.
True Christians are witnesses for
God by their sufferings. All Chris-
tians suffering is a kind of witness-
bearing. It is the greatest consolati-
on of saints under heavy trials, in
long debilitating illnesses and those
retirements and straits which forbid
active service, that they are all the
while passively serving. Under the
cross they bear witness to God, attest-
ing his justice, his faithfulness, his
power, his wisdom, his covenant ten-
tiveness; they bear witness of Jesus,
that he bears the sign of the humble,
distills the dew of his grace, sustains
the fainting head with his arm, tran-
quilizes and elevates by his spirit, and
shows himself altogether lovely. Only
they can say, "We speak that which
we know, and testify that which we
have seen." They can tell of a savior
who has proved himself sufficient
in the day of trial, who has lifted them
out of the swoon of despair and
breathed rapture into them with the
kiss of peace.—James W. Alexander,
D. D.

The Meaning of "Paradise."
It may not be generally known that
the word Paradise is of Persian origin,
and was transferred to the Hebrew,
and afterwards to the Greek. Liter-
ally, it means a tract of land, enclosed
in walls, and full of beautiful fruit-
bearing trees—a royal pleasure ground
attached to the palace. The word
soon became spiritualized in Hebrew
thought. It was used for the Garden
of Eden, and also for the heavenly
abode of the righteous dead. We do
not know the exact sense in which
Christ used it in speaking to the
thief. The fact, however, that he said
"with me in Paradise," would be suf-
ficient to give the repentant man a
sense of peace and safety, but whet-
er of being actually in heaven is un-
certain.

Opinions Not Always Principles.
Men and women everywhere, says
the New York Observer, are too apt
to mistake their opinions as to meth-
ods of bringing in the millennium for
the principles upon which all millen-
niums are based. It will take many
rays in combination to constitute the
glory of the golden rule. Radicalism
must be tempered with reason, and
testimony against the evils of the
world must be mixed with love toward
those who differ from us as to the
methods of combating or exterminat-
ing those evils. The great need of the
day in the temperance line is
the uniting of all genuinely "temper-
ance people" on a practicable basis of
working against the saloon evil.

Doing Good.
Doing a little good is better than
doing no good. But doing good as we
have opportunity is even better than
doing a little good, for every one of
us has opportunity of doing good in
more than one way, and usually to
more than one person, every day of
our lives. Therefore, let us do good
as we have opportunities. Our power
to find opportunities, and to meet
them, will grow with its exercise. All
of us can do a great deal of good.—
Henry Clay Trumbull.

A STREET CAR ROMANCE.

**But the End Was Not Altogether
What It Should Be.**
"No, there isn't any romance left
in the world. Do you know Rosalie
Gimble?"
"Yes."
"Well, Rosalie was in a crowded
car and had to stand up."
"I thought Rosalie was handsome."
"She looks very well after dark,
but this was at 4 o'clock in the after-
noon, and she had been to the bar-
gain counter rush and was a little
tired. And when Rosalie is tired she
shows it so in her face. Well, there
she was, single dangling from a strap
—and you know how short she is.
Her toes didn't much more than touch
the floor, and she weighs all of 170.
And just then the car gave a lurch
and the strap broke, and Rosalie sat
right down on such a handsome
young man! Wasn't that a lovely be-
ginning for a romance? Of course
Rosalie was all blushed as she strug-
gled to her feet and apologized so
sweetly. And the young man got
right up and made room for her, and
Rosalie said, 'Oh, thank you so
much!' and the young man said, 'I
only regret that I didn't give you the
seat sooner!' And Rosalie noticed
that he said it with a kind of groan,
and that he limped badly as he walk-
ed back, and then she heard him ask
the conductor to let him off at the
first doctor's office. Wasn't that a
shame?"
"I should say it was!"
"Well, she got a little satisfaction
out of it. She asked the railroad
company for \$50 because the strap
broke, and they gave her \$6 and told
her to diet and grow taller."—New
York American.

JEALOUS OF THE BABY.

**Here is a Man Very Unlike the Ma-
jority of Fathers.**
Any museum would be glad to get
this man. He is the father of a
healthy, pretty, intelligent baby,
about a year old, and he does not
bore his friends by telling them of
the wonderful traits of his offspring.
He explained it all to an acquaintance
on an "L" train the other afternoon.
"You see, the baby is the fourth,"
he began. "I don't deny he's cute and
all that. He was welcome, too, when
he came, but I didn't understand all it
involved. The child nearest to him
in age is 12 years old. In the years
before he was born my family paid a
good deal of attention to me. Coffee
was brought to me before I got up,
and I always ate my Sunday morn-
ing breakfast in bed. I never had to
fix my shirts and cuffs, and a clean
collar was laid out on the dresser
every morning when I got up. All
these things may have spoiled me."
"Well, since that baby was born
I have been running around, forced
to shift for myself. My 12-year-old
daughter even won't wait on me. She
has to attend to the baby. It may
be selfish of me, but somehow or
other I can't bring myself to like the
little devil. He has robbed me of all
the comforts of life."—New York
Press.

Petra and Isabel.

Petra, the peon's daughter, told me this.
She had the midnight hair and tawny
skin—
The while I led her in the waltz within
The Mexic ballroom and implored a kiss,
While trying to evade her mother's
glances,
Who watched us, Argus-eyed, through-
out the dances:
"Twas Isabel," quoth Petra, "kin of
mine,
Who kissed a Gringo seven years ago.
That is her baby yonder, little Juan.
There was no milk nor a glass of wine
To give her kibbols at a marriage feast-
ing—
What's her marriage without music, wine or
priesting?"
"And Isabel sang like the lark at morn:
Her heart at least was married, but one
day
He wearied of her love and rode away—
They found him dead, his white throat
red and torn.
Some say 'twas Isabel—that night we
missed her—
I've kisses if you wish. I am her
sister."

Our Millionaires in New York.

"Papa, what is charity?"
"Charity, my son, is giving away
what you don't want."
"What is scientific charity?"
"Scientific charity is giving away
what you don't want to some one who
does not want it."
"What is organized charity?"
"Organized charity, my son, is giv-
ing away something that you don't
want to some society which will give
it away to some one who does not
want it."
"Then what is love papa?"
"Love? Oh, love is only giving some-
thing that you want to some one who
wants it—but that will paralyze the
poor."—Bolton Hall in Life.

Got \$2,000 by Torture.

While the husband of Mrs. Miles
O'Rourke, of Clearfield, Pa., was
absent from home, a stranger called
and asked Mrs. O'Rourke for some-
thing to eat. She gave him some
buns and was preparing some coffee
when he struck her on the head,
leaving her semi-conscious, bound her
in a chair and demanded where the
family kept its money. When she re-
fused he held a lamp to her feet. He
got \$2,000.

Old-Time Citizen of Iowa.

Elihu L. Bowman, of Glenwood,
Iowa, claims to have been a citizen
of that state longer than any other
living man. Born in Kentucky in
September, 1825, he went with his
parents to Iowa four years later. His
father was killed by Indians while
making a visit back to his former
home in Kentucky. Elihu served in
the Black Hawk and civil war cam-
paigns.

The Two Captains

(By W. CLARK RUSSELL.)

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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Lee bow!" came down the answer,
ragged with the wind, as the man,
panting, made for the crossstrees.
When the brig soared to the height
of the white-headed sea, the sail was
visible in the glass. Pope looked and
saw three spires rocking solemnly. A
full-rigged ship was sailing southwest
hull down, and Captain Pope called to
the wheel:
"Let her go off a couple of points.
Weather braces, Mr. Crystal! We'll
take a look at that gentleman."
Sail was trimmed; the brig rushed
with each heave, roaring white into
the green and freckled hollows. She
left a path as brilliant as sunshine
astern, and Crystal, watching the men
drag upon the braces, marveled to
himself that Pope should dream of do-
ing business in the English channel.
But the truth is, Pope had come to
sea ill equipped in his lazarette, by
which I mean he was very meanly
supplied with stores. Fresh water he
had taken in in abundance, but not
very much to eat for the cabin or the
forecastle. He had therefore resolved
that he would fill his larder as he
went along by helping himself from
the holds of vessels he passed or
overhauled. This was quite consist-
ent with the traditions of the pirates,
and in sober truth Pope could not
have determined otherwise, for after
he had paid Staunton four hundred
pounds cash and the bills, and ad-
vanced money to his sailors, purchased
powder, rum and so on, the proceeds
from the sale of the plate had dwindle
d alarmingly, and he was short of
money when he began to think of pro-
visions.
The vessel they had altered their
course for held on very stately and
tall, an English East Indiaman, and
one of the finest specimens of her
noble kind.
It had been imagined by the crew
when the brig's course was altered

"We're not bound to the Bay of
Campeachy to trade thence with the
West Indies, but to plunder ships and
enrich ourselves, so that we may dis-
perse and settle down and live like
gentlemen on our means. In a word,"
he shouted, flourishing his cigar
"we're a pirate!"
He ceased at this, running his eyes
over the people among whom there
was a considerable stir, indicative of a
variety of sensations and passions.
A seaman shouted, "So much the
better."
Another, "Ha! yer guns enough?"
And another, "What was the good
of that roasting he about Campeachy?
I'd ha' been right to hear the truth,"
at which well-turned phrase there
arose a murmur that lighted up Cap-
tain Pope's face.
"I understood you was a letter of
marque, cap'n," said the boatswain
Grindal, who stood a little forward of
the others. "Not that it matters
though."
"We're a pirate; all of you know
what that means. I am a man of few
words; this is what I stand here to
say," said Pope, planting himself firm-
ly on outstretched legs, "the terms are
half the plunder for the crew and the
brig herself when I've gone ashore
and got enough. If we take ten thou-
sand pounds out of a ship, five thou-
sand is divided among you. Is that
good enough? But who's going to
stop at ten thousand pounds provided
you're willing and prove yourselves
men."
He paused at this, and a loud hum
of assent went up. Captain Crystal,
gazing anxiously, saw very easily
that the hands were willing. No mur-
mur or curse of resentment was aud-
ible as though the fellows had been
duped. But in sober truth the major-
ity had shipped with a clear concep-
tion that something more was meant
by this cruise than Campeachy and the
West Indies.



He drank their health.

for the ship behind the sea that some-
thing in the buccaneering way was in-
tended. The most eager of all who
glanced aft, the most expectant in
expression, was the boatswain. Happ-
ening to come near Captain Pope
when sail was again being trimmed
after the brig had been brought to her
course, he said, "Had you meant to
speak her, sir? She's a fine vessel.
I'll allow"—here he swore—"that
there's specie enough in her to sink
us by a stroke."
Pope answered the boatswain Grin-
dal thus: "There may be gold in her
to sink us by a stroke as you say;
but our men are undisciplined; they
are but thirp, and you may swear
she's a full ship, and I have yet to
find out that all hands of us will be
willing to plunder her."

CHAPTER VI.

The Collision.
The Gypsy was now a pirate, recog-
nized as such by her crew, with a
black flag in her color-locker ready
for hoisting when occasion required.
And when Captain Pope ordered his
men to reassemble on the main-deck,
it was more with a view to holding a
council than to making speeches.
First he told them he had put to sea
so ill-stocked with provisions that in a
week they must be in want; their im-
mediate business therefore was to
plunder a ship for food and drink. He
stated that he had a sufficiency of
powder and shot; more was always to
be obtained by plundering small ves-
sels. Next day, he said, the arms-
chests would be brought on deck, and
the crew drilled by Mr. Crystal and
Matthew Grindal in the exercise of
the cutlass and the cannon.

"There's few of us as wants drill-
ing," broke in a harsh voice; "you lay
us alongside, we'll know what to do."
Captain Pope received this inter-
ruption very affably. He then in-
formed the men that he had obtained
private but certain instructions from
a friend of his who had been his ship-
mate in a privateer in 1814, of the dis-
patch of a rich Spanish ship from
Cadiz for the Manillas. He named
the date of her sailing, and said that
it was his intention to cruise in the
path of her course until he fell in with
her. At this piece of news the sea-
men gave another loud cheer. Thus
he detained his men while he com-
municated his intentions, and listened
to their opinions, which most fre-
quently took the form of huzzas, till
it grew as dark as night, whereupon
they lighted lanterns, that the crew
might be divided into watches; and
while this was doing Pope sung out
to his servant to fill a bucket of rum
and bring it on deck, and give it to
the men that they might make them-
selves punch in abundance.
It was now the second dog watch;
very dark but clear and finely span-
gled. The light of the lanterns sat
like a square of luminous fog in the
yawn of the main hatch, toward which
Captain Pope advanced. He looked
down, then seeing Crystal pass out
of the companion-way, he put his log over

and descended a flight of steps, from
the lowest of which he sprang out to
the deck or platform where his sailors
were assembled.
The boatswain was at the head of
the table, and he was in the middle
of a story of some friends of his, sail-
ors, who had been robbed of one hun-
dred and forty pounds by two women
and a young man desperately armed,
dressed up as a woman; when his eye
lighted on the captain, who stood un-
der the main-hatch surveying the
scene. The men, seeing their captain,
raised a great, half-drunken noise of
hurrahs, and Maddison of the squint
cried out, "Will you drink with us,
your honor?"
"I've come below to do it," says
Pope, advancing to the table, and
taking a pannikin with a little rum
in it, he addressed the men. They
were as silent as figure-heads while
his words were being delivered. Noth-
ing troubled the stillness but Pope's
voice, the creaking of the brig's tim-
bers, and once or twice the squeak of
a rat in the hold below. His speech
was very encouraging; he said he
wanted them to make a home of the
brig, and to live happily together.
They should not want for leisure; he
expected they would be always prompt
in obeying orders; their lives would
depend upon obedience and dispatch;
he would try and provide them with
plenty to eat and drink, and, as they
called under the black flag, the usual
sea discipline would be greatly re-
laxed. What they all wanted was
plenty of money, and that they would
get if they fought stoutly and feared
nothing.
All sorts of roaring cries followed
the captain's address. The men were
flattered by his presence. He drank
their health, then to the success of the
cruise, which he promised them should
be too brief to enable the British
cruisers to give them any trouble.
"Now sing songs and be happy, my
hearties," says he; and he went on
deck, the men shouting their satisfac-
tion after him and beating the table
with their pannikins.
At ten o'clock Captain Pope went
below. The cabin was warm though
the little skylight was open. In a cor-
ner was a little table upon which were
a small compass, a quadrant, and one
or two other mathematical instruments
of a primitive sort; close beside it
leaned a bag of charts, one of which
he extracted, and, carrying it to the
table in the cabin, fell to musing over
it with a pencil in his hand.
All of a sudden, while he overhung
the chart, thoughtfully considering the
winds in that part of the sea accord-
ing to his memory of them, he was
startled by a loud and fearful cry on
deck, quickly followed by a general
uproar of voices, amid which he could
hear Grindal roaring like a bull:
"Where the devil are yer coming to?
Starboard yer helm!"
Pope sprang from the table, rushed
to his cabin, seized his sword, and,
thrusting a pistol into his pocket,
bounded on deck. Scarce was his
head clear of the companion-way when
he was nearly thrown by a violent con-
cussion. The little brig heeled, trem-
bling to her keelson, with some noise
of splintering aloft and the sething
patter of fragments of timber, blocks
and the like launched from a height
into the quiet water. The night was
extremely dark; the mist had thick-
ened into something like a fog since
two bells.
Shouts were to be heard over the
side. A yelling and groaning of voices
in an unknown tongue. Close aboard
with her starboard bow caressing the
side of the Gypsy, while her bowsprit
carrying its black wing of jib shot
over the brig's rail, like a branchless
fallen tree, was a vessel somewhat
larger than the pirate, apparently a
schooner, but it was so dark that no
one could have told you the true rig of
her. A man holding up a lantern was
shouting in some unintelligible lan-
guage. Some men were hauling at the
ropes, yelping in choruses. Others
ran about the decks as though panic-
stricken; in all there might have been
some twelve or thirteen men visible
in that ship.
(To be continued.)

Lesson the Bishop Needed.
Bishop Nicholson of Milwaukee has
a story of personal experience to tell
to those who seem swamped in wor-
ries. It happened during the first
years of his ministry, when he was
rector of a Philadelphia church. The
parish matters, social and financial,
were in a bad way, and straightening
them out was slow work. He was
distinctly discouraged one day when,
having gone to New York on business,
he stopped to look at the Brooklyn
bridge, then building. A man, covered
with dirt, was working on the abut-
ments.
"That's pretty dirty work you are
engaged in," said the bishop.
"Well, yes," answered the laborer,
"but somehow we don't think of the
dirt, but of the beauty which is to
come out of our work."
"It was the lesson I needed, and I
went back to Philadelphia the better
for it," said Bishop Nicholson.—Mil-
waukee Journal.

Easily Explained.
As Dr. Reinhold John Campbell, of
the City Temple, London, faced the
densely packed throng of clergymen
of three denominations assembled
Monday noon at the Presbyterian
building to do him honor, he turned
to Dr. Bradford, who was about to
present him, and said in an under-
tone: "How in the world do you
account for such a multitude of
preachers?"
"Easy enough to explain it," was
the answer. "The Campbells are
comin'."
"Only an American would put it as
profligate as that," was the famous Brit-
isher's response.—New York Mail and
Express



Health of Women

Health and beauty are the glories of perfect womanhood. Women who suffer constantly with weakness peculiar to their sex cannot retain their beauty. Preservation of pretty features and rounded form is a duty women owe to themselves.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound removes such troubles.

Case of This Prominent Chicago Woman Should Give Everyone Confidence in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It affords me great pleasure, indeed, to add my testimonial to the great number who are today praising Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Three years ago I broke down from excessive physical and mental strain. I was unable to secure proper rest, also lost my appetite, and I became so nervous and irritable too that my friends trembled, and I was unable to attend to my work. Our physician prescribed for me, but as I did not seem to improve, I was advised to go away. I could neither spare the time nor money, and was very much worried when, fortunately, one of my club friends called. She told me how she had been cured of ovarian troubles, and how like my symptoms were to hers, seven bottles of your medicine cured her, and she insisted that I take some.

"I did so, and am glad that I followed her advice. Within six weeks I was a different woman, strong and robust in health, and have been so ever since.

"A number of my friends who have been troubled with ailments peculiar to our sex have taken your compound, and have also been greatly benefited."—Miss ELIZABETH DALEY, President of the St. Ruth's Court, Order of Foresters, Catholic.

270 Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.

What is left for the women of America, after reading such letters as we publish, but to believe. Don't some of you who are sick and miserable feel how wicked you are to remain so, making life a burden for yourself and your friends, when a cure is easily and inexpensively obtained? Don't you think it would pay to drop some of your old prejudices and "try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is better than all the doctors for cures?" Surely the experience of hundreds of thousands of women, whom the Compound has cured, should convince all women.

Follow the record of this medicine, and remember that these cures of thousands of women whose letters are constantly printed in this paper were not brought about by "something else," but by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great Woman's Remedy for Women's Ills.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Moral—stick to the medicine that you know is the Best. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letter and signature of above testimonial, which will prove its absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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The best modern educational advantages for fitting young women for lives of usefulness. The constant growth of the Academy has again necessitated the erection of additional fine buildings with latest hydraulic equipment. Moderate cost. New school year begins September 8th. Mention this paper.

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

WORLD'S GREAT FUR MARKET.

Russian Traders Gather Annually at Irbit in Siberia.

The great fur market of the world is held annually in Irbit in Siberia. It lies 1,000 miles east of Moscow and the Russian traders have to cross the Ural mountains to get to it. Every year the fur merchants have adventures enough in trying to reach Irbit in time to fill a whole library of romantic stories if they would only tell them. But it has been their business all their lives, so they think nothing of it, and they have no time to spin yarns, for as soon as they have bought their furs in Irbit they must hasten back to Russia again to prepare them for further sale and then they usually hurry to Leipzig in Germany, which, in addition to being the great book-selling center of Europe, is also the biggest fur market of the world west of Russia.

HARD TO FIND AT HOME.

Why Kansas Met None of New York's Four Hundred.

Editor C. P. Townsley, who is visiting New York, writes to his paper in Kansas as follows: "We had the pleasure of calling on Mr. Vanderbilt a few days ago, but regretted to find him out of town, so the distinguished looking gentleman at the gate informed us. I thought he was a fresh duke just arrived, but on asking him his name he said it was James Thompson, the man who was in charge of the premises during Mr. Vanderbilt's absence. I find it is almost impossible to catch any of the 400 at home at this season. They are either at some summer resort or in Europe. The next time I come to New York I shall try the winter, so as to find people at home."—Great Bend Tribune.

Autos in Sahara Desert.

Advices have been received from Egypt to the effect that tourists in the Sahara desert in a four-miles-an-hour automobile specially constructed for traveling over sandy wastes. The vehicle is said to accommodate forty passengers, and while the speed seems absurdly slow it is greater than that of camel transportation. The Egyptians in charge of the camel transportation of course are opposing the introduction of the automobile. The English government is now using motor vehicles for transporting troops in Sudan.

The World Still Young.

We may take an approximate figure for the age of man a period of 250,000 years, which is believed to have fair claims to provisional acceptance. Furthermore, calculations based on the rate of solar shrinkage and upon other data seem to suggest a period of about 3,000,000 years during which animal life will continue to be possible on the earth. Assuming these two figures fairly to indicate the facts we may take it that the human race has only completed one-thirteenth part of its history. In this sense, therefore, the world is young.—Academy.

Sport of Kings Spoiled.

In the so-called Great Western handicap yesterday the best race horse of the year was beaten by a plug. This is the rule rather than the exception in handicaps, a species of race in which man undertakes to even the inequalities of horses. The excellent advice, never best on anything on two legs, holds with reference to a handicap, a race in which the honesty and merits of horses are nullified by the would-be smartness of humans.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Melody, by the Hundredweight.

"And the night shall be filled with music." Playing the piano, in the evenings, seems to be a fad with athletic girls. To the athletic involuntary audiences up and down the street a rare blend of the soulful and physical forces its way out through the windows—usually these are raised to save the glass. Muscle finds but an imperfect outlet in music, but one form of exercise suits the athletic girl about as well as another.—St. Louis Republic.

Love at First Sight.

Friend—So yours was a case of love at first sight? Mrs. Lovejoy—Yes, indeed. I fell desperately in love with my dear husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it all distinctly, as if it were yesterday. I was walking with papa on the promenade at Brighton, when suddenly papa stopped, and pointing him out said: "There, my dear, is a man worth \$75,000."—Stray Stories.

Squirrel Disables Engine.

A half dozen men worked all one day in a Greenwood (Mo.) mill recently trying to get it started, and two of them continued the next day. In despair they took the engine to pieces. Inside the cylinder were several quarts of nuts, bits of bark and other fine stuff. A squirrel had gone in through the exhaust pipe and had discovered an excellent place for a winter storehouse.

New Use for Electricity.

A new game has been recently devised which is in reality electric battledore and shuttlecock. The two players each hold a wand which has been electrified by friction. The shuttlecock is represented by a butterfly made of collodion. The latter is thrown into the air, and as it is approached by either of the wands it is repelled by electrical action and goes skimming through the air away from the wand. In this way the butterfly is sent hither and thither without being touched.

THE LITTLE ONE'S REASONING.

Natural Deduction Made by Physician's Daughter.

Dr. W. T. Bull tells this story about a country surgeon who once had three leg amputation cases in a week. The unusual number of serious and similar operations naturally caused talk in the surgeon's household and his little daughter was greatly interested. A few days after the last operation the surgeon's wife and daughter were rummaging in the attic. In a trunk was found a daguerreotype depicting a girl of about eight years of age. The portrait, through a peculiarity of pose, showed only one leg of the subject, the other being doubled up under her in a manner truly feminine. "Whose picture is that, mamma?" asked the surgeon's daughter. "Mine. It was taken when I was a child not much older than you are now." "Did you know papa then?" "No, dear. Why do you ask?" "I thought maybe you did, 'cause you've only got one leg."—New York Times.

Postal Convenience.

One of the latest applications of the penny-in-the-slot principle is reported from Australia. In the postoffices of the commonwealth, if time or opportunity does not permit the prompt purchase of a stamp, the person in a hurry is able to drop his letter into one orifice of the machine and his penny into the other, and when this process is completed, "One penny paid," will be found impressed on the envelope as an equivalent to the orthodox stamp.

What Was It?

Friarport, Miss., Aug. 3rd.—One of the strangest cases ever reported occurred here recently. The son of Mr. G. L. Butler was very ill. The doctor said he had some disease of the spinal cord, and treated him for two months, but he grew worse all the time, and finally the doctor told Mr. Butler that he did not know what was the trouble.

The boy would wake up in the night and say that he was dying. He would be nervous and trembling and want to run out of the house, saying he saw ugly things which frightened him.

His father was very much discouraged till one day he saw a new remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised, and he at once bought some and began to give them to his boy.

He used altogether eight boxes before he was entirely cured. He has not been troubled since. Mr. Butler says:

"I feel it my duty to tell what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for my boy. All this remedy needs is a fair chance and it will speak for itself."

There are three who are especially beloved by God; he who is forbearing, he who is temperate and he who is courteous.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbling.—Steele.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It is easier to preach patience in the church than it is to practice it with our children. When you can honorably do so the best way to conquer your enemy is to concur with him.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

The prayers that, like Jacob's ladder, rise from hard pillows, may reach a blessed peace.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 32.00 list of Testimonials. Dr. R. H. Knorr, Ltd., 401 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The road to ruin is a down grade, not a leap over a precipice.—United Presbyterian.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

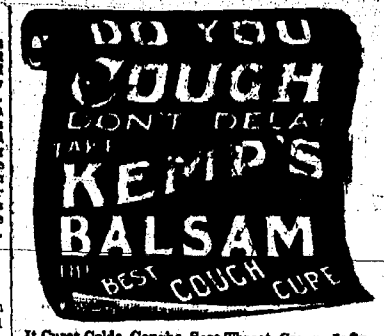
Compliments prove nothing—not even admiration.

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

The losses of childhood are the gains of manhood.

Pico's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Preaching for wages never won the world.



It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

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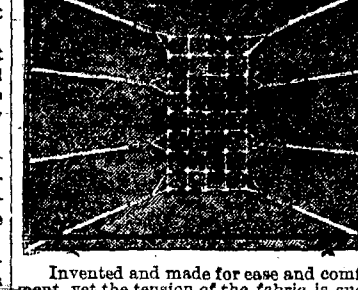
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WILL SUSTAIN A WEIGHT OF 5,000 LBS.

Perhaps you toss about restlessly all night on a hard unyielding spring bed, or lie back double in a soft one of iron 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 fill your requirements.

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 your station for \$5.00, the price your local furniture dealer would have to pay. We want you 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.



BANKING BY MAIL

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS: FRANK B. LELAND, President; GEO. H. HOPKINS, Vice-President; SILAS B. COLEMAN, Vice-President; WALDO A. AVERY; FRED M. WARNER; ALBERT F. PECK; HENRY W. STANDART; JAMES H. TRIBOU, Cashier.

Capital Stock Paid in \$100,000.00; Additional Individual Liability \$100,000.00; Surplus and Undivided Profits \$ 7,388.10

Interest at 4 per cent per annum

paid on deposits from the day of deposit to the day of withdrawal. Interest compounded semi-annually.

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 mass of 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 \$100,000.

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 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, and which it 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.

204-206 GRISWOLD STREET, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

Sick Headache



is the result of the stomach, liver or bowels, and is one of the first symptoms of constipation. Those who suffer with sick headache frequently resort to the use of headache powders, irritating cathartics, which it is true do relieve headache by dulling the sensations of the sympathetic nerves, but such medicines never remove the cause, and to be candid, are really dangerous, death having been known to occur directly from their use.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

(A Laxative)

taken as directed when there is no headache will prevent it and put the organs of digestion in such a perfect condition as to forestall the suffering which attends this common and distressing affection.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a "corrective laxative" and not a "cathartic laxative." Throw away headache powders, pills and irritating purgatives. Buy a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin today. It is pleasant to take and sure in effect.

All Druggists 50c and \$1 bottles. If it should happen your druggist does not sell it we will send an interesting book and sample FREE. PEPSIN SYRUP COMPANY, Monticello, Ill., U.S.A.

When answering Ads. please mention this paper W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 32—1903

PICO SKIN FOR CURE OF ALL ITCHING. Best Cough Syrup, 1st and 2nd. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Wanted by the Land Department of the Orient R. R. Co. We have good opportunities for live men in this department. Write for book. Send references if you want to act as our agent. LAND DEPARTMENT, KANSAS CITY, MEXICO & ORIENT RAILWAY. Room 3, Bryant Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

East Jordan Company's Store.

The People's Store

The best evidence that we are pleasing the trade in Price, Quality and Variety of merchandise, is the people's own approval.

No effort has been spared this season to meet the wants of our many patrons, in the most servicable merchandise.



To the Ladies.

We call the attention of our many lady friends to our early arrival of Suits, Skirts and Jackets. You will be pleased with them. The Variety, the Style and the Quality is all you can ask. Please call upon us and see for yourselves.

Dress Goods

are beautiful this season, and have the ring of durability about them. Prices range from 25c. up to \$2.00 the yard. Don't fail to visit our store and make your early selection.

Clothing.

Our New Fall Pants are in. We are showing an unexcelled line of Fine Pants, and our Tailored Suits are second to none in the market.

Boys' Clothing.

Our Boys' Clothing at reduced prices, for another week, is an object of no little attraction.

Have You Seen Them?

Shoes.

Never in the history of our house have we been able to meet the varied wants of our patrons in footwear as well as at present.

Shoes for all Ages—Big and Little.

Shoes at all Prices—Cheap and Better.

Shoes in all Qualities—Heavy and Light.

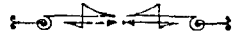
Shoes to Fit the Foot.

New Oil Cloth

And

Linoleum.

You will soon be putting up your stove and will need Oil Cloth, Zinc Boards, Etc. We are in position to supply your wants.



Paints and Oils.

Do your painting now, while oil is cheap. Don't put it off.

We Buy Duchess Apples,

Let us hear from you.

Salt, Lime, Hair,
Cement, Hay Wire,
Nails, Wire.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Charlevoix County Herald

R. L. Lorraine, Publisher.

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

Beyond the Pale of the Law...

By H. A. BRUCE

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

When the news was brought to me, Jasper Mathieson, that I had inherited a goodly sum from Miss Rebecca Ainsworth, I could not help breathing a sigh of relief. Death had at last loosed my tongue, enabling me to make public the facts concerning a mystery of years long ago.

One May morning some thirty years ago Henry Ainsworth, the wealthy antiquary, was found foully done to death in his bed. There were living in the house at the time three persons besides the victim—Rebecca Ainsworth, the antiquary's maiden sister, a spinster of fifty years; an old butler and a maid servant. As a professional detective my first care was to interrogate these carefully.

Neither of the servants had heard a sound on the night of the murder. Both had retired at 11 o'clock, about an hour after the master of the house had sought his couch, and both had slept peacefully until 6 o'clock, when they had been awakened by a shriek from Miss Ainsworth.

That lady testified that she and her brother had remained in the library until 10 o'clock. At that hour her brother bade her good night, and they went to their rooms. Miss Ainsworth further informed me that she had slept until nearly 6 o'clock, when, as was her custom, she dressed and went to knock on her brother's door, for he also was an early riser. Rapping two or three times and receiving no reply, she opened the door and was so alarmed at what she saw that she uttered the cry which startled the servants.

Mr. Ainsworth had been stabbed by a dagger, one of a set of oriental weapons he had collected while on a tour of the east. The murderer must have been in the library to have obtained it, and to the library we accordingly went. It was a high, oak paneled chamber, only called a library by courtesy.

There were a few books in evidence, but most of the space was filled with wonderful and curious objects. On a small table in an alcove were several skulls labeled and ticketed, marking every stage in evolution, from the cranium of a Patagonian to that of a famous scholar. The oaken walls were covered with weapons, primitive, mediæval and modern. Ranged under a lofty mantel stood four caskets containing mummies from Egypt. Images from Hindoo, Aztec, Burmese and Chinese temples were scattered about the room.

What especially impressed me was an image about four feet and a half high, apparently of some dull bronze marble. Its hands were folded placidly on its breast, but the features formed a terrible contrast to the repose of the figure. The eyes were wide open and bore an expression of intense hate. The upper lip was raised in a snarling fashion, disclosing fanglike teeth. The nostrils were dilated. One could not repress a shudder while gazing on this silent statue.

Miss Ainsworth informed me that it was not really a statue, as I had supposed, but a petrified man, the body of an old Hindoo fakir unearthed by her brother while engaged on some excavations in India. The antiquary had told her that he had smuggled it out of the country, as the natives venerated it as a god and had threatened his life if he disturbed it.

Wilkie Collins' story of "The Moonstone" flashed into my mind as I heard this. At once I formed the theory that possibly some superstitious Hindoo had murdered the antiquary, the object being to recover the petrified man and take him back to India.

An interesting piece of information was volunteered by Miss Ainsworth, who told me that about 8 o'clock the morning after the murder she had entered the library and had observed a smear of blood on the mouth of the image. Neither of the two windows in the library had been found open, and the door was shut as usual.

At Miss Ainsworth's solicitation I consented to sleep in the house. After dinner in the evening I made my way to the library, where I enjoyed a perfect and spent two hours examining the curios.

I was about to go to my room when I was startled by hearing a low, hissing noise, like a long drawn sigh. The sound seemed to come from the image, and I at once conceived the idea that this was hollow and that a man might be hidden in it. I tried to move the pedestal, but could not. The thought of a secret entrance into the room then occurred to me, and I tapped all over the panneling, but everything sounded true. Baffled, I stood in the center of the room and gazed slowly around.

While not superstitious, I confess I experienced an uneasy feeling as I stood in that silent chamber. I was convinced that the key to the riddle of Henry Ainsworth's death was concealed in the room, and I decided that it was my duty to spend the night there and to keep wide awake.

I lighted a fresh cigar, picked up a book (oddly enough Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature") and composed myself to read. Entrancing as the volume was I soon found my interest in it

flagging. Yet I did not fall asleep—my nerves were too keenly on edge to admit of slumber. How long I sat motionless I do not know. What I do know is that I was thinking deeply and that my head was bowed as is my custom when perplexed. It may have been a few minutes, it may have been an hour, when I was startled by a sound of some one grinding his teeth. Instantly I looked up.

Before me stood the shriveled form of the petrified Hindoo, quick with the breath of life, his eyes ablaze and a knife in his upraised hand. In that moment I held the solution of the Ainsworth mystery. Self hypnotized, the fakir had outdone the marvels of his occult brethren of the east and had been asleep for centuries only to awake to—murder.

This came to me in a flash of intuition, for ere I could rise to defend myself I felt a keen stinging in my shoulder and fell to the floor unconscious.

I came out of this swoon to find myself in bed, with the village doctor and Miss Ainsworth by my side. I then learned that I had sustained a flesh wound only. Concerning the manner of my injury I maintained a discreet silence, for I felt that my story would not be believed.

When able to dress I descended to the library, where the domestics were setting things to right under the supervision of Miss Ainsworth. Not a sign of life could I detect in the Hindoo fakir, though there was a smear of blood on his hideous mouth. I tapped him gently, and a metallic ring was the reply. Clearly he was able to maintain his petrified condition.

As soon as the servants left the room I told Miss Ainsworth my experiences during the night. As I had expected, she was at first incredulous, but I succeeded at length in convincing her of the truth of my statements. When I assured her that with the passing of the petrified man all danger would be at an end and showed her how the murderer of her brother was beyond the pale of the law she gave her consent to summary vengeance.

That night the petrified man, carefully packed in a lead weighted box, reposed at the bottom of the lake on the shores of which stood the Ainsworth home, and I must confess that not one scruple did I have in thus acting as the judge, jury and executioner of the antiquary's slayer.

His Idea of It.

Johnny's mother believed that pineapple was not wholesome for little boys, so the lad never ate any of the fruit until he visited his aunt. When it was put before him he looked at it with suspicion and then cautiously tasted it.

"Do you know what it is?" asked his aunt.

"I think," answered Johnny, evidently satisfied that he liked it, "that it is wooden lemonade."

List of Advertised Letters.

Unclaimed letters for the week ending Aug. 17:—

Cork, Mr. Charles,
Degagne, Mr. Carice,
Hodge, Mr. Joe,
Harris, Mr. John,
Loyd, John E.,
Clement Montgomery, Messrs.,
Simon, Fred E.,

WM. HARRINGTON, P. M.

The new Pere Marquette depot at Williamsburg which has been in use only a few weeks, was blown up last Saturday by the explosion of a gasoline generator used for lighting purposes. The two sides of the building were blown out and the building will have to be nearly entirely rebuilt. The operator, Henry Langworthy, was buried under the debris and rendered unconscious, but he will recover.

Highest price paid in cash for wool Boostinger Bros.

Lost Hair

"My hair came out by the handful, and the gray hairs began to creep in. I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it stopped the hair from coming out and restored the color."
Mrs. M. D. Gray, No. Salem, Mass.

There's a pleasure in offering such a preparation as Ayer's Hair Vigor. It gives to all who use it such satisfaction. The hair becomes thicker, longer, softer, and more glossy. And you feel so secure in using such an old and reliable preparation.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Groceries.

GAGE & CO.

Phone 32 (2 rings.)

Do you know that

DEVOE PAINT

Is the best? Come and see and be satisfied before you buy.

W. E. Malpass Hardware Co.

LABOR DAY

EAST JORDAN,

Under the auspices of I. L.

M. T. A. Local No. 24.

MONDAY, SEPT. 7, '03

Procession forms on Main St. at 9:30 a. m. Addresses in the grove by Hon. Robt. W. Pad-dock and Atty. J. E. Converse.

STREET SPORTS 1:00 p. m.

	1st.	2d.
Men's Running Race,	\$2.00	\$1.00
Boys' Running Race, (boys under 15 years.)	1.50	1.00
Fat Man's Race'	2.00	1.00
Potato Race,	1.00	.50
Running Broad Jump,	1.50	.75
Standing Broad Jump,	1.50	.75
Hop, Step and Jump,	2.00	1.00
Shot Put, (either cash or merchandise)	2.00	1.00
Pole Vault,	1.00	.75
Tug of War between Locals No. 24 and No. 135	\$2.50	

Foot Ball and Base Ball Games at the Ball Grounds immediately after Street Sports.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

On every box, 25c.

This signature, *E. W. Brown*

W. A. LOVEDAY & CO.

ALWAYS HAVE

**SEASONABLE
HARDWARE**

Apple Parers, Corn Knives, Potato Hooks, Shovels, Spades, &c.

Lime, Hair, Cement, Builders' Hardware.

Don't fail to see the line of COOK STOVES kept by

W. A. Loveday & Co.

Jos. G. 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. G. GLENN. W. L. FRENCH. WM. P. PORTER.
M. H. ROBERTSON. GEO. G. GLENN.

Briefs of the Week

Celebrate Labor Day at East Jordan.

Bert Sheldon, of Charlevoix, bought a fine organ of W. H. Lanway Tuesday.

Miss Verne Greason, of Kalkaska, is visiting at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Jas. Howey.

J. G. Miller went to Petoskey on Wednesday to consult with Dr. Owen, the eye specialist.

The Band Concert will be given at the East Jordan Opera House Friday evening Aug. 28th.

Chester Thompson, of Marquette, is spending several days in town, the guest of old friends.

Fred. Gilbert was home from Northport several days this week returning to that place Friday.

The blackberry fields east of Boyne City are now attracting large numbers of campers and berry pickers.

"The Eleventh Hour" played the last half of this week in Grand Rapids. Will be here next Wednesday.

The dates for the Central Lake Street Fair are Sept. 22-24. Music will be furnished by the Kalkaska band.

Excursions on the D. & C. to-morrow to Mackinac Island and to the Ward Estate's pine woods and lumber camps.

The big new Corliss engine at the Lumber Co.'s Mill A. is now in place and will be ready to commence operations again in a few days.

Sheriff Pearson is out again, looking somewhat "peaked" but very glad to get out of his wrestle with appendicitis as easily as he did.—Courier.

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

The steamer Gordon ran on the beach at Horton's Bay yesterday while bucking away from the dock after landing a picnic party. The wind was blowing fresh, and she failed to respond to her rudder quick enough when making the turn. A tug pulled her off, after she had been on several hours. No damage was done.—Charlevoix Courier.

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

Miss Cora Lorraine gave a tea party to a number of her friends Monday afternoon.

Mrs. J. C. Glenn entertained Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. H. E. Thomas, of Lansing, being the guest of honor.

The East Jordan Creamery shipped 800 lbs. of their choice butter to Petoskey and Bay View by express Friday afternoon.

A number from here went to Charlevoix Sunday to see the big ear ferry, which brought up an excursion party from Traverse City.

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.

A sterilizer has this week been added to the outfit of the East Jordan Creamery. No effort is being spared that will add to the excellence of their product.

The East Jordan base ball team won 1 and lost 1 in their series of games with Mackinaw last Saturday and Sunday, the scores being 4 to 1 and 5 to 1 respectively.

The "Bismarck Gardens" scene is a very realistic and interesting one in "The Eleventh Hour." This company carries mere scenery than any attraction ever in East Jordan so far. Don't miss the play Wednesday night.

Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin Co. gave a very mediocre performance Thursday evening before a crowd of nearly 1,200 people. The band and orchestra music was good, in fact it was the one redeeming feature of the entire performance.

Little Willie Carson fell from the rear step at their home to the ground Wednesday afternoon, a distance of nearly 12 ft., striking on the edge a barrel. He was up and around the next day, however, his escape from serious injury being truly wonderful.

The first of the series of international yacht races for the America's Cup occurred Thursday. Neither yacht finished within the time limit so the race was declared off, the defender Reliance leading the challenger Shamrock III. by over two miles at the end of the time limit.

Archie Bashaw, a workman at the East Jordan Lumber Co.'s shingle mill had the misfortune to inflict a deep gash in his leg below the knee with an ax Wednesday afternoon. Dr. C. A. Sweet dressed the wound taking six stitches to close the cut, and he is doing as well as could be expected.

One of the greatest scenes ever staged is shown in the last act of "The Eleventh Hour" when furniture, gardeners, bric-a-brac, etc. is demolished in plain view of the surprised audience. This scene is worth the price of admission, and takes a large number of admissions to pay the damage each night.

The Atlas Milling Company will be incorporated this week, with a capital of \$60,000. The new company is formed to take over the mill here owned by the Charlevoix Roller Mills, and the new mill built at East Jordan, the owners of the stock being the same parties who own the mill here.—Charlevoix Courier.

"They All Spoke Well of You," a new song by Al. Trahern, is the latest ballad craze in New York. The composer of this song has sent two copies of this song to every music store in the United States and Canada, making a total of some twenty thousand copies, so that those who wish a copy will have no trouble in securing it.

Next Thursday, Aug. 27th, is the date for the second annual meeting of the Farmers' Friendly Association at Norwood. Everyone who can get away is going and those who don't will wish they had for this will be the biggest big time in Northern Michigan this summer. Congressman Wm. Alden Smith of the 5th district, ex-Senator Earle and Representative Paddock will deliver addresses. A circus, ball games, horse races and field day sports have been provided for amusement and there will also be a live stock exhibit and a display of agricultural implements. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity for a really enjoyable outing.

SUPPORT

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

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
372-374 Third Street, New York.
Sole and Retailers in all drug stores.

Personal Mention.

Henry Clark has gone to Boyne City to work.

E. J. Crossman went to Chicago on business Monday.

Mrs. J. L. Wiseman and children are visiting friends at Farwell.

Messrs. F. E. Boosinger and H. E. Thomas were in Boyne City Monday.

Attorneys Clark and Converse had legal business in Boyne City Monday.

Harry Stone came home from Manistee Saturday evening for a few days' vacation.

Jos. McCalmon took in the Harbor Springs-Bellaire ball game at Charlevoix Thursday.

Ed. Rigg, of Petoskey, was the guest of Dr. H. W. Dicken and family over Sunday.

Mrs. J. Kitson and her mother, Mrs. Almira Bennett, of Ironton, visited friends in town Tuesday.

Alden Bartlett is suffering from lvy poisoning which he contracted several days ago at Niagara Falls.

Atty. H. J. P. George was in Bay City on business several days this week, returning Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. C. Cook and her daughter, Miss Lydia Cook left to-day to visit friends in Milwaukee, going on the excursion.

J. J. Gage was in Petoskey and Harbor Springs Monday disposing of some of the surplus product of the East Jordan Creamery.

J. H. Milford returned Saturday from Springvale where he had been employed for some time in the Cobb & Mitchell store.

John Whiteford went up to Deward and Frederic Friday with a lot of advertising matter for the Labor Day celebration here.

Mrs. Jos. Wykoff, of Traverse City, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Weikel the latter part of last week returning Saturday.

Miss Maggie Dooley departed Monday for Grand Rapids where she will visit friends before returning to the Upper Peninsula to open her school.

Mrs. F. Crothers sr. arrived Thursday evening from Barker's Station. She was accompanied by her grandchildren, Harry and Murrel Crothers.

W. K. Carson and W. A. Renard went to Boyne Falls Thursday to attend the ball game between the Boyne Falls Greys and the Grand Rapids Independents.

"The Eleventh Hour" comes next Wednesday night.

There will be services at the Episcopal church next Monday evening, Aug. 24th, Rev. C. T. Stout officiating. All are cordially invited to attend this meeting.

The LeRoy Stock Company for some reason cancelled their engagement to play "The Tide of Life," at Loveday Opera House last Monday night, to the great disappointment of our theatre goers.

Contractor John Tooley has commenced work on the new hose house which is being erected on the lot just north of C. H. Whittington's furniture store. A large part of the stone foundation wall is already laid. It will be a frame structure, brick veneered and two stories high.

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. E. 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.

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.

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

SELZ SHOES.

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

500

BOXES FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

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

FRANK MARTINEK.

School Supplies

Text Books, Tablets, Pencils, Composition Books, Slates, a complete line.

The Latest Novelties

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

Yours for Drugs,
WARNE'S PHARMACY

C. H. MADDAUGH,

MERCHANT TAILOR

SHOP ON MAIN STREET. EAST JORDAN, MICH.

Samples of the Very Latest Styles always on hand.

MONEY WE MUST HAVE IT

J. W. Coates,

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

HORSESHOEING

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

Science:

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

Our Guarantee

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

BOOSINGER

One of these days retribution will arrive and a bogus American heiress will be palmed off on a genuine European nobleman.

The queer metal, radium, has the property of blistering the flesh. However, it is extremely expensive. The mustard plaster is not yet supplanted.

The New York Tribune observes that the new animal houses in the Central Park Zoo give wild beasts a wider range of comfort than the tenement dwellers in the crowded districts on the East Side of Manhattan have known for generations.

Missouri leads the apple-growing States of the Union, having risen from third to first place in the past three years. There are 20,000,000 apple trees in the State, and it is estimated that this year's crop will be worth \$20,000,000, or \$3,000,000 more than the average annual wheat crop.

There is a good deal of dissatisfaction among the artists who decorate the productions of the Sevres manufactory of porcelain. It has long been customary for them to receive a percentage—said to be as much as twenty-five per cent.—on the sale of their reproductions. This percentage has not usually been allowed on the articles presented to sovereigns or other eminent foreigners. Of late years the numbers of presents have enormously increased. On these things the artists make no profit. They are beginning to object to their treatment.

It is reported at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in St. Petersburg that a Russian committee is being created for historical, archeological, linguistic and ethnographic research in Central and East-Asia. The regulations applying to the committee allow all men of science, without distinction of nationality, to take part in the labors of the committee. The President and delegates of the Foreign Committee of the International Association for Research in Northeast China will have the right to attend the sittings of the Russian committee at St. Petersburg.

For three years visitors to Washington have seldom failed to remark the fact that the statue of Andrew Jackson, in Lafayette square, Washington, just opposite the White House, is discolored with verdigris, which not only streaks the marble pedestal, but mottles the charger upon which "Old Hickory" sits, with his cocked hat uplifted, as if acknowledging the cheers of his soldiers. The verdigris comes from the bronze of the equestrian figure. The statue of Lafayette on the southeast corner of the square is similarly discolored, although not to the same extent.

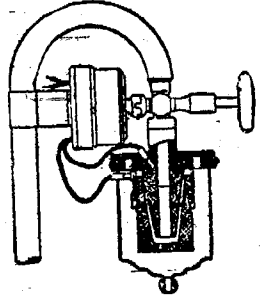
American civilization is based on education. A government by the people can not succeed unless the people are enlightened, remarks Collier's Weekly. Nothing, therefore, is more constantly discussed, and no other country compares with us in the attention given to this subject. In England, the dominant party is at heart opposed to free and unrestricted instruction. France is now struggling to adapt its schools to the purpose of education, and Italy is torn, from north to south, with a political-religious struggle of which the common schools are a leading prize. Germany, which, with the United States, leads in commercial progress, also leads in education. Some years ago many business men thought success and education were enemies. Now everybody knows they are inseparable.

Professor E. C. Pickering, of Harvard University, proposes a closer co-operation between the astronomical observatories of the country than has hitherto existed. He believes that in that manner a larger output of valuable observation could be obtained with the present instrumental equipment and equipment. In view of the happy personal relations which now exist between the directors of practically all of these institutions in America, there would seem to be less need for that step than once existed. The suggestion is in an excellent one, however; and if, as Professor Pickering believes, the plan would not stifle competition or individuality, its adoption should be welcomed by disinterested scientists, says the New York Tribune. Unnecessary duplication of work could then be suppressed, and a wholesome stimulus given to institutions which have not recently made a creditable showing. If a system proves a success in America, eventually it might be made international in scope.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Electrical and Steam Engines.
The German government is encouraging higher speed upon its railways, and, to attain it, has proposed a competition between electric and steam locomotives. Builders of both types have been asked to submit plans for motors which will attain velocities of 100 miles per hour, but under what conditions of load and permanent way has not been stated. The capacity of our largest and most powerful locomotives, with 200 pounds of steam pressure per square inch and a very moderate load behind the tender, is limited to an average speed of from sixty to sixty-five miles per hour under favorable conditions; it remains to be shown what kind of a steam driven engine can be produced which will raise the speed thirty-five to forty miles more per hour.

Electric Water Heating Faucet.
It is an easy task to heat a kettle of water over the electric stove, but the inventor is not satisfied with this, and must needs go a step further, enabling any one to open a faucet and



Warms the Water as it Flows.

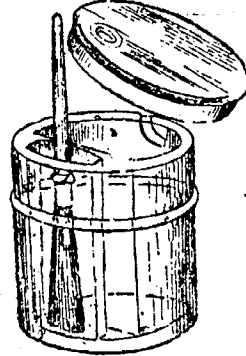
draw hot water from a pipe connected directly with the city water supply. How this is accomplished can be seen by a little study of the drawing, which shows the apparatus complete and ready for use.

The valve stem is extended at the rear and connects directly with the switch which controls the electric current, so that when the faucet is opened the switch is closed and vice versa. Beneath the faucet is attached a casing, which resembles a filter, but which is in reality a pair of electrodes, between which the water must pass before it can flow to the basin or bowl beneath. When the current is turned into these electrodes, they become so hot as to heat the water passing between them, provided the flow is not too rapid. The illustration shows a small heater for ordinary use, but there is no reason why the device cannot be enlarged to heat water for the bath or washday. Where the house is already fitted with electric lights it is a small task to fit up the faucets for the new water heater.

Harry M. Hill, of St. Louis, Mo., is the inventor.

Paste Jar With Brush Moistener.

If the bookkeeper of a half century ago could look into the modern office and have explained to him all the numerous devices which relieve the office man of to-day of a large portion of his work, the loose leaf ledger and card systems would no doubt be shown as the greatest improvement since the old timer was in his prime; but there are numerous minor inventions which also fill important places. Among these must be ranked the pastepot, which would much sooner have taken its place could the paste have been prevented from molding and the brush from drying up as soon as exposed to the atmosphere for a short time. Two or three inventors have already produced paste receptacles



Has Air Tight Cover and Water Compartment.

which answer this problem fairly well, but the idea which we show seems to have special advantages. In that a water compartment is provided for the immersion of the brush, and also an air tight cover for the jar itself. To accomplish this latter end the opening through which the handle of the brush projects is lined with rubber, having a resilient edge to fit closely over the wood. The fastener for the cover of the jar is formed of two short slots on the edge of the glass, and when the handle is slipped through the opening and the cover pressed down only a short turn is necessary to secure it tightly to the jar.

Charles B. Gordon, of Boston, Mass., is the inventor.

Cities Will Own Water Works.

Municipal ownership of waterworks in practically all the large cities of the United States bids fair to be the rule a few years hence. Memphis, Tenn., has just acquired the plant owned for some years past by the Artesian Water Company. This reduces to nine the cities of the United States of over 100,000 population whose waterworks are still under private own-

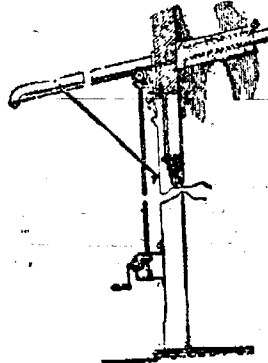
ership. The nine cities, in order of their size in 1900, are: San Francisco, New Orleans, Indianapolis, Denver, New Haven, Paterson, St. Joseph, Omaha and Scranton. Two of these, New Orleans and Omaha, are already committed to municipal ownership, and for years there has been a strong movement in that direction at San Francisco. Agitation to the same end was also very much in evidence at Indianapolis and Denver a few years ago.

A Transparent Mirror.

Mr. Richard Wilson, New York, has recently invented a mirror which reflects images or is transparent according to the amount of light in the background, that is, when the background is darkened the glass is a perfect mirror reflecting objects in front of it, but when the background is lighted one can readily see objects through the glass. The inventor proposes to use the mirror for illustrative stage effects or in show windows as an advertising medium. The darkened background of the show window will be illuminated at intervals by automatic means acting upon an electric lamp, so that shoppers who stop at the window to gaze at their reflection in the mirror will be surprised to have their images suddenly disappear, and see in their stead the latest thing in Paris fashions or the like.

Disappearing Awnings for Stores.

If there is any one feature of a store which detracts from its appearance more than another it is the decoration of the front with a dilapidated and faded awning. This may answer all purposes as far as keeping off the sun and rain, but its condition is sure to prove a detriment to the store. In some measure this has been improved upon by the permanent metal awnings; yet these must render the interior of the store dark and gloomy, and necessitate the use of artificial light on cloudy days. Now, a compromise between the two ideas has made its appearance, nothing less than a metallic awning, which can be projected over the pavement or withdrawn at will. In the illustration is presented a sectional view of a store front, with the awning partly projected over the pavement, showing



Slides into the Building When Not in Use.

the manner in which it is operated by the crank and gearing. A horizontal shaft extends across the face of the building, with gear wheels at either end, meshing with racks on the awning supports. The latter pass through openings in the front of the building between the first and second stories, with guides on the inner sides of the walls to slide the supports into the space provided for them. The guides also serve to carry the weight of the awning when it is projected, this being accomplished by simply turning the crank, as is done in manipulating the cloth awnings now in use.

Friedrich Thoms, of San Francisco, Cal., is the inventor.

Dahlia Tubers Replace Potatoes.

The dahlia is a plant prized solely for its bloom, yet were all the Irish potatoes to be destroyed it is possible that this plant would to some extent replace them. Roasted, the dahlia bulb is wholesome and toothsome and makes not a bad substitute for the potato. When first introduced into Europe it was not for its flower, but as a vegetable that it was valued.

Electric Furnace Makes Steel.

After many laboratory experiments, steel is now being produced in electrical furnaces on a commercial scale at the Froges Works (Isere), France. It has been put on the market by Messrs. Descours, Caband & Co., Lyons.

Science and Industry.

The common house spider is harmless and renders positive service to mankind by killing flies and other insects.

Prof. Mollisch of Prague has been able to photograph the colonies of a phosphorescent micrococcus by means of its own light.

The missing link from Fashoda to Ujiji in the telegraph line from Cape Town to Cairo will be supplied by Marconi wireless instruments.

For the manufacturing year 1901-'02 our factories produced about 186,000 tons of beet sugar. So recently as 1888 the year's manufacture was less than 1,000 tons.

The atom of hydrogen is the smallest of the "ultimate atoms" of the chemists, but it is 1,870 times as large as large as the corpuscles which have recently been demonstrated as the elements of the atoms.

WORK AND LIVE LONG.

John Clemens, Aged 97, Says Natural Rules Have Been His Mainstay. John Clemens, who is 97 years old, says that work is the greatest promoter of long life. He is still hale and hearty and looks back over a life well sprinkled with misfortunes, with satisfaction and contentment.

He lives in the south end of St. Louis, near where his former home was before the cyclone tore it down. He still works, and says he hopes to work for a good many years more. His rules for long life are simple, and as explained by him are as follows:

- Work is the key to a long life.
- Work is natural exercise.
- Work creates a natural appetite.
- Work brings restful sleep.
- Work fortifies against disease.
- Work brings happiness and prosperity.
- Eat with moderation.
- Eat whenever you are hungry.
- Eat wholesome food.
- Eat reasonable vegetables.
- Drink whatever you want, moderately.
- Never drink to excess.
- Avoid excitement and late hours.
- Use tobacco, but not in cigarettes.

Mr. Clemens is of Corsican parentage, although he was born on board ship on the way to France. His youth was spent on the sea, and after he came to the United States he worked in every capacity on the Mississippi steamboats. He has been shipwrecked and shot and otherwise wounded, but says his simple rule of living have kept him alive and well this long.

HELPS BY THE WAY.

Her Lover's Wandering Depressed Expectant Damsel.

All men who have passed through the ordeal will agree that proposing marriage to a young lady is not the easiest task on earth. Nor are all women so inclined to help the ardent swain as the young lady mentioned by a contemporary. The young man was embarrassed, but he began bravely:

"It cannot be a surprise to you, Miss Eupherbia," he said, "that is, you must have suspected from the length of time I have been coming here, that I say it must have been apparent to you for some time that I could have had but one object in view, although of course I can't claim that you have given me any cause to be confident. Still, you may have asked yourself what other motive, if any, I could have had, when it must have been evident—and yet—"

"Mr. Billmore," she interrupted, "please be more direct and explicit, if you can. You wobble painfully."

Pie and Puritanism.

The decadence of Puritanism is chiefly due to various preparations of saw dust being eaten for breakfast throughout New England, instead of the cold pie which was formerly the piece de resistance of the matutinal meal there.

Cold pie eaten for breakfast gets in its work while yet the nervous force, recruited by sleep, is largely unspent. The result is the fierce, aggressive, hatefulness that is the very life of Puritanism.

But cold pie for lunch or dinner merely brings on a gloomy and profitless apathy. It might as well never be eaten, from the religious point of view.

It is worth any man's while to eat cold pie for breakfast a time or two, if only in order to appreciate the fine irony of Baxter's Saints' Rest.—Life.

United.

Our single lives are circled round
By an embracing sea;
Are joined to all that has been, bound
To all that is to be;
The past and future meet and cross,
And in life's ocean there is no loss.

The music of the summer dawn,
The silence of the midnight sky,
The stars, in azure depths withdrawn,
Reveal a single mystery;
And silent with these come whisperings
Of spirit in each shy retreat,
And link the soul with viewless things,
In unio-close and sweet.

Failure itself may be but gain
In aspiration; paved with fire
May be the path that leads from pain;
And unfulfilled desire
May guide to that content, above,
Whose name on earth is—love.
—Florence Earle Coates, in the Reader for June.

Her Objection to Hansoms.

Any one could have told from the cut of her gown and the old style bonnet perched on her gray head that she was from the country. As she stood at Twenty-third street and Broadway the procession of hansoms seemed to interest her more than the Flatiron building.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed to a woman by her side. "I wouldn't ride in one of them rigs for the price of our farm."

"Why?" asked her companion.
"If the boss got to acting up I couldn't grab the lines," replied the old country woman, shaking her head gravely.—New York Press.

Terrible Risky.

George Dewey, secretary of the Niagara Fire Insurance company, tells of an old woman who called on an agent of the company down South to arrange for insurance on their house and furniture. "We haven't had no insurance for five years," she explained. "We hev jes' been dependin' on the Lord; but I says to my old man, I says, 'that's terrible risky.' I says.—New York Times.

The Beginning and the End.

"Love," remarked the chronic bachelor, "is the birth of an illusion."
"If that's the case," rejoined the man with the scanty hair, "marriage must be the death of it."

FIERCE FEUD IN MAINE.

Up in the peaceable, law-abiding State of Maine there is a family feud in progress which equals in bitterness and dire results some of the famous and bloody strifes which occur in Kentucky. In the town of Crawford, in Washington county, live the Magoon and Hanscom families. For many years bitter feeling has existed between the Magoons and the Hanscoms. The feud is of such long standing that no one seems to know how it originated, but the feelings of the opposing factions are no less bitter on that account. A number of controversies and minor fights have occurred at frequent intervals, which served to make the bitterness more intense, and but little was necessary to kindle the sparks of hatred.

The two factions came together recently at the Crawford schoolhouse, where the pupils of the school, assisted by their teacher, were to give an entertainment and an ice-cream sale. Frank Magoon was acting as doorkeeper, and before the entertainment had begun he had engaged in an altercation with Fred Hanscom, the eldest of the younger generation of Hanscoms.

The two were almost immediately locked in combat, whereupon Harry

Hanscom appeared and started to aid his brother. Roy Magoon was the next to enter the melee, and in a short time fully twenty combatants were struggling in and near the little school-room.

Knives were soon drawn, several men were badly wounded, and worse seemed bound to come, when a large number of townspeople interfered and stopped the fight. Some ugly wounds were inflicted principally upon those who were trying to stop the fight. One man had a knife driven through his arm and turned around, terribly mangling the flesh before the weapon was withdrawn. Other men received wounds equally severe, and a large number received bruises and minor cuts. One woman received a serious cut on her arm while trying to extricate her brother from the melee.

The battle raged fiercest inside the school-room, where women and children escaped injury with difficulty. When order was finally restored the interior of the building was so wrecked that no attempt was made to carry out the program. It is expected that the feud will be thoroughly aired when the matter gets into the courts.

ODD VAGARIES OF TOPERS

"It is interesting to study the contradictions involved in the drinking habit," said a downtown saloonkeeper. "For twenty years I have closely observed my patrons and even to this day I can discover new ideas and thoughts in the drinking habit. The thing that has impressed me more than any other characteristic of the drinking man is the fact that whisky is held up as a universal antidote.

"For instance, on a cold day a man will rush in with his coat collar turned up, shiver once or twice and order whisky. 'It's bitter cold today,' he will usually remark. If the weather is dry and hot and perspiration is rolling off his brow he will plant himself under a fan and order a jug. If it is a damp, dismal day, with low-hanging mists, that depress one, a fellow will glide with sluggish movement up to the bar, lean heavily against it, pay the weather a doubtful compliment and order whisky. 'This weather is enough to drive a man to drink,' he will say.

"Observe probably the same man on a bright, cheerful morning when

the atmosphere is too light and thin to support a feather. With quickened pace, almost as fantastic and dreamy as a waltz, he will prance in, smiling gleefully, pound the bar with a fist to indicate how well and glorious he feels, and inform the bartender that the man who would not celebrate such a glorious day by taking a little drink should be forced to live in a damp, dark dungeon all his life.

"And thus it goes. It is good for the chills, good for the toothache and headache, a refuge in a storm and a destroyer of oppressive calm. It will produce the blues and then cure them. It is guaranteed to get a man in debt and then make him forget it. In love it is a sledge, curing heartaches as readily as it produces them. It builds tragedies and comedies in the same day, makes the old young and the young old and—'And lets a man down when he soars and makes him soar when he's down. Give us a drink,' said one of the listeners.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ON THE OLD MISSISSIPPI

Recently Major John B. Downing, of Middleport, Ohio, was discussing army chicken stealing and the various ways the boys had of preparing them to be served. The major was a Mississippi river pilot in his young days and stood at the wheel as a cub under the watchful eye of "Sam" Clemens, the Mark Twain of the present day.

"Speaking of chicken stealing," said the major, who is now gray and reminiscent, "we had great times on the Mississippi when Mark Twain, Jake Estep, and myself were together. Jake would have made a typical soldier. He could locate a fat pullet in a whole coop of half-breeds.

"In those days we carried a great deal of poultry from points along the Mississippi river to New Orleans, particularly during the holiday season. At many places the coops were four and five deep on the levee when we landed. Estep always had an eye out for a particularly promising coop, and usually kept in mind the place where it had been stored away.

PUMPS GOLD FROM WELL

Henry Kaiser, living on an island in the Yellowstone river a few miles east of Livingston, Mont., is one of the few men in the world who can sit on the front steps of his house and pump gold from his well. This is precisely what he does every day during the summer and fall, and in the winter he spends his time washing over the sand of which his island is composed.

Mr. Kaiser purchased the island for a small sum and erected a home there for himself and family. As Mrs. Kaiser is not strong, the husband dug a well near the front of the house so she would not have far to go for water in case he should be absent. His little daughter while pumping water one day noticed that the bottom of the pail was covered with fine yellow particles that had come up from the well with the water.

Mr. Kaiser, when his attention was

called to the matter, saw at once that the particles were gold, and since then he has been steadily at work at the pump and has averaged a clean-up of about \$100 a week. This fall, when cold weather comes, he will proceed to wash the sand of the island.

It is believed that a vast amount of free gold has been washed down from the mountains by the spring freshets for many years past, and that these have caught on the island and remained there, until the island has become a rich mine.

Kaiser had intended going into the ranching business, but now he has given up that idea and will devote his time to placer mining at his front door. He has employed several men, who have fitted out a small raft, on which they will proceed slowly down the Yellowstone river, washing the various sandbars, which are known to contain more or less free gold.

NEW IDEAS IN DEMAND.

Modern Business Men Must Be Alert and Up-to-Date.

It is essential to the modern man of business, for the mere maintenance of his property, that his defense be aggressive, that he keep in motion, that he adapt himself to every economic change, that he avail himself of every improvement in machinery and method.

If he be at the head of the procession, he must remain the leader or go to the rear. Death seizes the industrial and commercial captains who

grow weary of the struggle, who stop by the way for the purpose of carrying on business in no other manner than in that which they have already learned.

The time has been when the second and third generations could prosper modestly and for a few short years, by following in the footsteps of fathers and grandfathers; but under the most favorable circumstances which can be imagined it is a hazardous undertaking to follow old fashions in business.

Uncle Sam's annual income is \$558,887,148.

A SAD SONG.

Love is the light of the world, my dear,
 Helgho, but the world is gloomy;
 The light has faded and the lamp down
 hurried,
 Leaves only darkness to me.

Love is the light of the world, my dear,
 Ah me, but the world is dreary;
 The night is down and my curtain furled,
 But I can not sleep, though weary.

Love is the light of the world, my dear,
 Alas for a hopeless hoping,
 When the flame went out in the breeze
 that swirled,
 And a soul went blindly groping.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.



“Old Jim”

There was a cry outside the door. Jim lunged it open roughly and listened, a stick concealed in the hand behind his back. No step on the rickety tenement stairs, no derisive laughter greeted his ear. What was it? He peered into the semi-twilight from under his shaggy gray eyebrows. Again a shrill cry, this time from the corner of the landing. A kitten in a bundle of rags! He stooped to pick it up, two little hands flew up, and a baby cooed in his face.

“Old Jim, derisively known as the “Old Crank,” had once been young and even good-looking; but an accident in the foundry had settled all that, and the death of his mother had left him alone to grow hard and suspicious and often irascible from an aching spine. Hence his one little room, at the top of the third long flight of stairs, became his den, from which he emerged to growl, under provocation or without, at the numerous children who swarmed the stairs. In fact, he had more than once been heard to say that if more kittens were kept and more children were drowned the world would be better off; whereby he earned the enmity of the mothers in the tenement. It was the very irony of fate that brought the helpless baby to his door.

The innocent babe, delighted to be held, smiled and cooed and waved its aimless hands. Old Jim, peering it cautiously to see if a note of explanation was attached—for he had heard of such things—was astonished to have his finger grasped firmly in the tiny wandering baby fingers. So little, so soft, and yet so strong the clasp ran up the old man's arm and settled around his heart. The baby gurgled softly. That was enough. The old man looked cautiously down the hall to be sure that no one was grinning at him, stepped back into his room and closed the door.

Mrs. Flaherty on the floor below had five small children and a large motherly heart; and it was to her that Jim went that night, after the children were all out playing on the sidewalk, to ask advice on the food for the baby, and if she would sell him some clothes.

“Sell ye some clothes? Faith, I'd give 'em to ye gladly, if it wasn't that Dick's out of work again. But you don't mean to kape the poor little thing, do ye? You bein' away so all day.”

“How can I tell about that, Mrs. Flaherty? All I want to know now is whether to give it anything but milk and how to put its clothes on.”

“Ah! Ye helpless man, I'll come up right away as soon as I do me dishes.”

And the next day she confided to her neighbor, Mrs. Schlitz: “Ye ought to see that room. Neat as wax, me dear. To be sure, there was nothing much in it. The ould crusty creature bent double over the little baby a changin' its clothes as handy as any woman, and the little white baby a-coolin' away up into his black, wrinkled face, like as if he was its guardian angel. And he, the cross, ould creature, a-smilin', yes, actually,



What was it?

a-smilin'. Why? It tuk me aback so, I offered to kape it next day with me little Dan. I'd just as soon have two babies rollin' under me feet as one.”

“You was ein good neighbor, Mrs. Flaherty,” said Mrs. Schlitz. “I think you forget he promised to preak your little Tommy's neck if he came oop those stairs again.”

“I've done the same meself many's

the time,” said Mrs. Flaherty. “Tommy's a torment and a trile even to me. Me heart's broke wid him. And the poor ould sinner is kaping the babe from goin' to a home. I'd hate to have one of me own go to a home I can tell you that, Mrs. Schlitz.”

Strange to say, the child lived and fattened under the care of the old man. Day times he rolled on the dirty floor of Mrs. Flaherty's kitchen with little Dan and a mangy dog that belonged to the children. At night he returned to the one spotless room, where he cuddled and cooed in the old man's arms and brought his in-



“Keep back, you old fool!”

fanfle graces to cheer a hitherto barren life. Flies in a bottle amused him by the hour, or he played in the last sunbeams, trying to fasten them down with his little hands. He knew no fear, and all the world was his friend. His sunshine filled the life of the old man and overflowed into all the homes in the tenement. Thus it was that his digestion was nearly ruined by surreptitious sticks of dirty candy from the corner grocery, while a lovely disposition caused him to be surfeited by caresses from all the nationalities that dwelt together with more or less harmony under the same roof. Old Jim worshiped him. His keen eyes softened when he looked at him, his gruff voice took on a new tone, and Mrs. Schlitz said: “He was quite agreeable since dot baby came.”

But one night as Jim neared home, returning from the foundry, he saw an engine at the hydrant belching smoke and steam. A vague fear filled him. He hurried on as fast as his withered old legs could carry him. Other engines puffed along the street, water ran in big streams through the gutter. A hook and ladder truck dashed round the corner clanging furiously. Jim pushed his way through the crowd. It was the tenement that was burning.

“Keep back, you old fool, you've got to get out of the fire line,” roared a fireman. Jim glared at him and ran on. The stairs were filled with firemen, pipes and running water. Smoke was driving them back. Jim pushed on. “Do you know it they got out my baby?” he croaked.

“I dunno, I guess so. Which floor do you live on?” answered the half-choked fireman. But Jim was gone. Just then there came a crash. The roof fell in. And Mrs. Flaherty wailed from the opposite pavement, “Ah! what'll I do when ould Jim comes home and I have to tell him the firemen brought out the baby smothered intirely?”

But old Jim had gone home.—New York Times.

The Rich Man's Complaint.

I don't see what good my money does me. I can't eat it. I never saw it in its entirety. I dress no better than my private secretary, and have a much smaller appetite than my coachman. I live in a big barn of a house, am pestered to death by beggars, have dyspepsia, and most of my money is in the hands of others who use it mainly for their own benefit.—New York Press.

In After Years.

Wife—“Before we were married you pretended that you liked to have me sit on your knee.”

Husband—“Well, you were a pretty good pretender yourself. You pretended that you preferred to sit on a chair.”

WHAT A KNOCK-OUT BLOW DOES

Medical Explanation of the Jolt on the Point of the Jaw.

Inasmuch as all boxing contests which terminate speedily are, as a rule, ended by this character of coup de grace, the physiology of it is of great interest. A man struck with any degree of force upon the mental area of the jaw, although he may be in perfect physical condition, instantly collapses and falls to the ground. The attitude assumed in recovery, which may be instantaneous or delayed some minutes, is most characteristic. He squirms about, raises his head and rolls his eyes in an attempt to locate himself. He tries to get on his side and elbow. He endeavors to rise upon his hands and knees. If he regains his feet, he staggers like a drunken man and should he proceed to reopen hostilities, he is usually promptly “put out” by his adversary. The blow is practically never fatal, the heart's action is never unduly accelerated, the pulse and respiration are normal; the pupils are normal; there is no headache, no sweats, no cold extremities, no pallor—none of the ordinary signs of shock or concussion.

James G. Duncanson (British Medical Journal, April 4, 1903) believes the condition to be due entirely to a shaking up of the endolymph in the semicircular canals. When the blow is administered there is a violent over-twisting of the head, which is held in its anteposterior position by muscles which, compared with those inflicting the blow, are small and puny. The result is that the head flies around with a jerk and the fluid in the canals is subjected to a greater disturbance than by any other trauma. There is little reason to doubt that this is the interesting pathology of the well-known but little understood coup de grace.—Medical News.

WHEN CARNEGIE WAS HAPPY.

Millionaire Tells of One of His Earliest Experiences.

Mr. Carnegie makes no pretensions to being a public orator, but that he has the happy faculty of saying the right thing in the right place has been made evident on numerous occasions. Such an occasion was the recent annual dinner given in Mr. Carnegie's honor by the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, where he made a brief address. Speaking at this time of some of his early experiences, Mr. Carnegie said that the greatest change that ever came to him was when he was transferred from the cellar of an engine room to a telegraph office, “where there was clean paper and pencils and windows.”

“That was the first glimpse I had,” he says, “of paradise, and when I was getting the princely salary of \$25 a month I became able, having surreptitiously practised at the key in the early morning hours, before the operator arrived) to call up New Orleans—the line through from Pittsburgh was not completed when I began work in the office, but it was when I learned to telegraph. I clicked off ‘N. O.’—New Orleans—and signed ‘D’ for Pittsburgh, and said ‘Gm’—‘Good morning.’ The answer came back, ‘Good morning.’ And then I said to myself that it was true, as Swedenborg said about heaven, that space was annihilated.”—Leslie's Weekly.

The Brookside.

I wandered by the brookside,
 I wandered by the mill;
 I could not hear the brook flow;
 The noisy wheel was still;
 There was no burr of grasshopper
 No chirp of any bird,
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree;
 I watched the long, long shade,
 And, as it grew still longer,
 I did not feel afraid;
 I did not feel afraid;
 For I listened for a footfall,
 I listened for a word,
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, no, he came not,
 The night came on alone,
 The little stars sat, one by one,
 Each on his golden throne;
 The evening wind passed by my cheek,
 The leaves above were stirred,
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
 When something stood behind;
 A hand was on my shoulder,
 I knew its touch was kind;
 It drew me nearer—nearer—
 We did not speak one word,
 For the beating of our own hearts
 Was all the sound we heard.

—Lord Houghton.

The Wrong Dead Man.

The Rev. Joseph Twitchell, Mark Twain's friend, was called upon at short notice to officiate at the funeral services of a man who lived in Glasstonbury, a suburb of Hartford. Barely reaching the church in time for the service, he could only learn that the name of the deceased was the same as that of a person with whom he had been acquainted some years ago. In his eulogy he told a surprised congregation of the virtues, the fatherly tenderness and the felicities of the married life of his lamented friend.

After the service was over, Mr. Twitchell met the sexton and asked: “Well, John, how did you like my eulogy?”

“Fine sir, in its place.”

“What do you mean, John, by ‘in its place’?”

“Why, Dr. Twitchell, this man was a bachelor.”

Visible Proof.

Blanks—“It is reported that De Blank is leading a double life.”

Timkins—“The report is correct. I was one of the witnesses to his marriage.”

At a Disadvantage.

The trouble with most actors is that they have never played a part in real life.—Life.

LAND OF SCRIPTURE.

The Valley of Elah, Where David Triumphed Over the Giant Goliath, Has Undergone Little Change Since That Fateful Day.

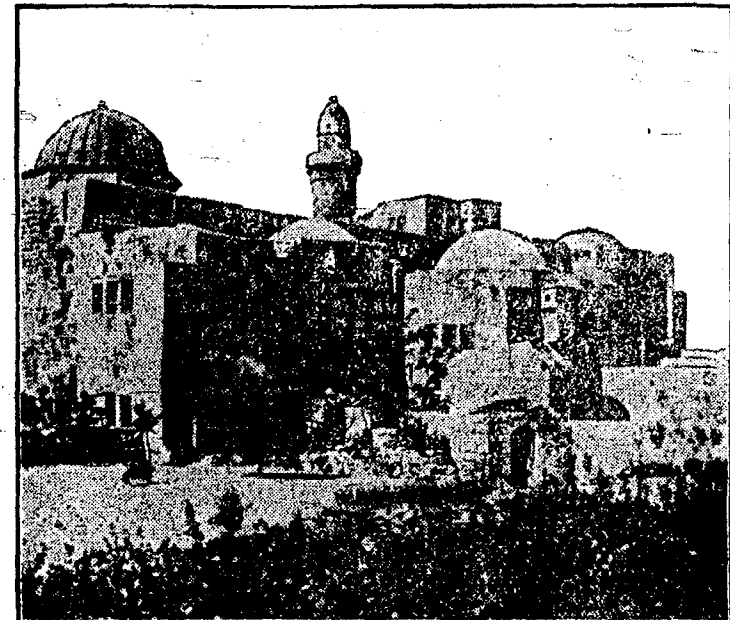
(Special Correspondence.)

We were living in Jerusalem. It was summer time and very warm indeed. For six long summer months we have no rain in Palestine, and it becomes exhausting, so we generally arrange to take a vacation and be back in time to attend to the preservation of the fall rains, which, together with the spring showers, make up our following summer's supply of water for all purposes.

This year we decided to go to

seems to be made of baked mud; women were grinding the corn to make bread for the return of their husbands from the fields, others were rocking their babies as they sang to them about Jacob; and others were merely sitting in groups on the ground outside their huts, gossiping and sewing their long, simple blue garments; and all much interested and curious about these “foreigners.”

Passing through the village, we



The Tomb of David.

Hebron, the city made so memorable by Abraham and later on by David. Here, or in the near vicinity, Abraham pitched his tent and entertained the three weary passers-by who afterward proved to be messengers from God. An immense oak tree, doubtless very ancient, is pointed out as the one under which he pitched the tent.

Hebron is a delightful place for a vacation, and has many other interesting sights; the cave of Macpelah is reverently preserved and guarded by Moslems, who reverence Abraham as much as any Jew or Christian does.

However, it is not about Hebron I wish to write, but about the Valley of Elah, a few miles from Hebron. It was in this valley that the giant Goliath defied the “armies of the living God” and fell ignominiously before the sling of little David—I Sam. 17. The Arab mud hut village near the valley is Beit Netif, and we decided to spend the day in this interesting valley. We decided to start the next morning, very early, so as to get there before the heat became oppressive.

We were off next morning, with our saddle grips on either side of us on our horses, and it proved to be a most delightful ride through deep valleys and barren hills, though everything looked very dry and barren. We arrived at Beit Netif about eleven, and were shown to the sheik's house, the only stone building in the village.

Here we opened up our lunch baskets, and were glad to add to their contents the delicious grapes, watermelons, breadmelons, pomegranates, and other nuts and sweetmeats the natives brought to us. We had a long rest and chat with the sheik, who was most cordial. Not that he was unusually so, for all sheiks, without exception, are hospitable to strangers, and Abraham's act of hospitality to the travelers whom we have already

came out onto a large threshing floor, where men were tossing up the corn with large forks, and women, in very graceful positions, holding up baskets above their heads and letting the chaff fly away, forming an exceedingly pretty picture.

Leaving the threshers, our guide brought us out to an open expanse, from which we had a grand view before us. As we stood on the top of that hill, where the Israelites had encamped so many centuries ago, it was with a strange feeling that we looked down into the Valley of Elah, which separated them from the Philistines, who were encamped opposite on Mt. Schochoh. To the right lay the road they had come by from their cities—Gaza, Ascalon, etc.

It seemed very real as we stood looking down on the valley before us, and we meditated wonderfully on the events of that great day, with its memorable victory for Israel and the speedy flight of their enemies.

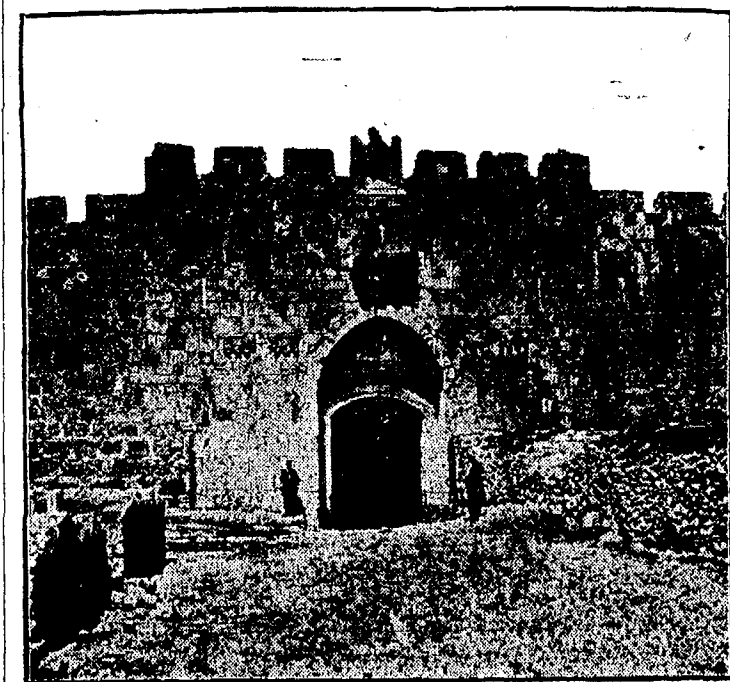
How often in later years must the great King David have visited this spot—the site of the commencement of his greatness.

Shochoh could be distinguished by a patch of trees and a slightly different shade of earth.

On the left hand side lay a hollow patch—in winter it becomes a little stream. It may have been here that David picked up the stones for his sling. Though there is another stream near Bethlehem to which the guides point as David's stream.

Ephes-Damim, I Sam. xvii, 1, mentioned in describing the locality of this battle, means “field of blood,” and to this day they tell us that, when the spot is plowed, the earth of Shochoh has a reddish tint.

The Valley of Elah means the Valley of the Fereblath, and the present name is Wady-es-Sumt, the Valley of the Acala, probably changed when



St. Stephen's Gate. (Jerusalem.)

mentioned was in accordance with custom.

Then we took a round in the village to see the sights. The sheik led us through the quaint little village, with its huge ovens all around, and its strange houses, which every passer-by can see into, for the open door is their only possibility of light and ventilation.

As we looked inside, we could see life in a primitive form, almost but not quite savage. All they possess

the principal trees in the valley became changed.

From Beit Netif we rode across the Valley to Shochoh, and from thence we looked back on the site of the Israelite encampment at Beit Netif in the distance. At Shochoh there were a few insignificant ruins, but nothing in those barren hills could tell us a word about the wonderful things that once had occurred in that valley. If only those hills could have spoken to us!

AFLOAT FOR 350 YEARS.

Ship Anita Retired After Long Record of Slowness.

What ship in the world can boast such a record as the Anita, which has just been sold to be broken up? She was registered at the port of Genoa, and has been afloat almost since the days of Columbus.

She was built in Genoa in 1548, and her last voyage has not long been over. It was from Naples to Teneriffe. It is true she was 205 days on one voyage from Baltimore to Rio de Janeiro, but what is that to a ship which has weathered such countless storms and tornadoes in all parts of the world?

The sturdy old vessel has been engaged in the carrying trade between Spain and the United States. Of course she has been repaired frequently during the many long years of her life, but still her original style has been preserved, and she still exhibits her high bow and stern and lavish carvings of oak.

The schooner Raven of Beaumaris is a famous old vessel. She has been engaged in the coasting trade during the reigns of five British monarchs. In fact, her age is 114 years; but the old ship has been taken to Carnarvon harbor to be broken up.

A fine old warship is the old 70-gun frigate Anne. She was crippled and run ashore of Dungeness in Admira Torrington's battle with the French fleet in 1690. For a full 200 years she has been embedded in the sands there.

She has become visible once more for the bulk now shows plainly at low tides close in to the shore. Expeditions are being organized to raise some of her old brass guns.

A still older warship is a Spaniard which has been discovered lately under 200 feet of water off Messina. From this vessel six guns have been recovered, including two guns seven feet long.

These bear the date 1662 under the royal escutcheon of Spain—which makes it pretty certain that she was sunk in some naval engagement in the seventeenth century.—Stray Stories.

MADE A DANCING JOURNEY.

Remarkable Feat Performed by Old-Time English Actor.

William Kemp, an English comic actor who flourished during the last years of Queen Elizabeth, and who belonged to the same company as Shakespeare, and “created” Dogberry, danced from London to Norwich, a distance of 114 miles. He was accompanied by a servant, an umpire and a man with a tabor and pipe. Crowds hindered his start on Feb. 11, 1600, and many met him at every place. Several tried to dance with him, but none could rival his pace; the most successful were women. Although delayed by a snowstorm, he did it in nine days, and on the way accepted a challenge or two, each time coming off best, except when a Chelmsford maiden of 14 danced till he was “ready to lie down.” On his return he wrote an account of it, which ends with a warning to those with whom he had made wagers that if they did not pay up he would publish their names. The “Nine Dales Wonder,” as the title runs, is a merry, readable pamphlet. Among other curious information in it is the statement that the customary way to deal with pickpockets at the theater in those days was to tie them to a post.

Lament of the Lay Brother.

Iona, O Iona!
 My days go sad and slow,
 For 'mid your island meadows
 I hear no cattle low.
 I miss the fields of Kerry,
 The green fields and the kine,
 And in my brother's chanting
 I hear no voice of mine;

Iona, O Iona!
 My mates are glad of cheer,
 But I, the Kerry peasant,
 Dwell and lonely here.
 I send an exile's sighing
 Across the sundering sea;
 O could I were in Kerry,
 O'er the kine were here with me!

Iona, O Iona!
 The Saint sleeps well, I trow,
 Nor dreams that one poor brother's
 Heartbroke for Ireland now.
 Heartbroke to be a herdboy
 And watch the cattle feed,
 And call the cattle homeward
 Across the darkening mead.

Iona, O Iona!
 All summer swallows stay
 About your towers, the seagulls
 To Ireland take their way,
 And would, I cry with weeping,
 The seagulls' road were mine,
 To hear and see the lowing,
 The kind eyes of the kine!

Iona, O Iona! —Unidentified

Cunning Rats.

The achievements of the rat were incredible if they were not established on authority beyond dispute. A rat has been seen, for example, mount a table and upset a box of tinned food for the benefit of two waiting rats; and the stopper in a flask of oil has been removed by which then dipped their long tails into the bottle until it was dry. Such has been found in deep drawers ten feet from the place where they had found it, and they have been known to carry eggs from the bottom of a house to the top without bringing them, the egg resting upon the hind legs of one rat and the forelegs of another as they climb the stair. A man-of-war was once so overtaken with rats that they destroyed a dred-weight of biscuits every day, and it was necessary at last to smoke the ship between decks.

As Corrected.

The Parson—You wouldn't be poor, 'nomas, were it not for the fact that you are intoxicated half the time.”

Thomas—Thash (hic) not it, m' shon. I'm (hic) 'tox'cated half the time, cause I'm (hic) so poor. Sh P

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DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO THE USER
FACTORY PRICES

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

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

Detroit & Charlevoix R. R. Co.
Time Schedule,
Takes effect Sunday, June 28, 1903.

WEEK ROUND:	Mail	Mixed
Leave Frederic	2:30 p. m.	7:00 a. m.
"Fayette	2:45 p. m.	7:15 a. m.
Leave Detroit	3:00 p. m.	7:30 a. m.
"Blue Lake Jc.	3:15 p. m.	6:45 a. m.
"Manitoulin Road	3:30 p. m.	6:50 a. m.
"H. A. Harold	3:45 p. m.	10:05 a. m.
Leave Alma	3:45 p. m.	10:15 a. m.
"Green River	3:55 p. m.	11:20 a. m.
"Jordan River	4:10 p. m.	11:00 a. m.
"Wards	4:15 p. m.	11:45 a. m.
Arrive South Arm (East Jordan)	4:30 p. m.	12:10 p. m.
Ar. Charlevoix (Steamer)	7:40 p. m.	6:00 p. m.
East Jordan:		
Ly Charlevoix (M.R.)	2:30 a. m.	12:00 a. m.
(East Jordan)	Mail	Mixed
Ly South Arm	9:55 a. m.	2:30 p. m.
"Wards	10:10 a. m.	2:40 p. m.
"Jordan River	10:25 a. m.	2:55 p. m.
"Green River	10:32 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Alma	10:55 a. m.	3:32 p. m.
Ly Detroit	11:25 a. m.	4:50 p. m.
Ar. Frederic	12:10 p. m.	6:00 p. m.

Trains stop on signal to take on or to let off passengers.
CLARK HAIRE, Gen. Manager.

East Jordan & Southern R. R.
TIME TABLE
In effect June 21, 1903.

SOUTH		NORTH	
No. 1	No. 2	No. 1	No. 2
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8:30	1:15	5:00	11:45
8:43	1:28	*Mt. Bliss	4:47
8:51	1:36	Wards	4:39
8:54	1:39	Chestonia	4:35
9:06	1:51	*Hitchcock	4:23
9:18	2:03	*Wolcott	4:12
9:30	2:15	Bellaire	4:00

All trains daily except Sunday. Trains run by central standard time. *Flag stations; trains stop on signal to take on or let off passengers.
W. P. PORTER, E. J. CROSSMAN, Gen. Manager, Traffic Manager.

PERE MARQUETTE
In effect June 21, 1903.
Trains leave Bellaire as follows:
For Traverse City, 10:30 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, 2:20 p. m., 5:58 a. m. and 7:20 p. m.
H. F. MOELLER, General Passenger Agent.
F. N. STEWART, Agent, Bellaire.

\$300 SAVED
TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST
VIA THE **D & B LINE.**

Just Two Boats
DETROIT & BUFFALO
Daily Service

DETROIT & BUFFALO STEAMBOAT CO.

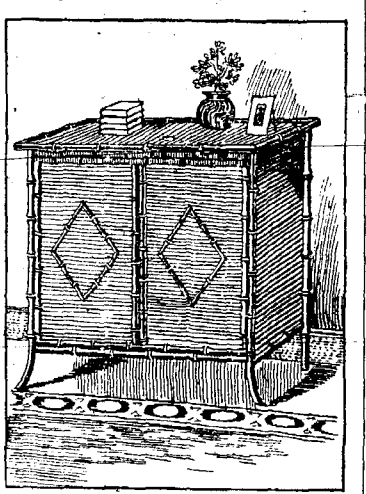
COMMENCING MAY 11TH
Improved Daily Express Service (16 hours) between
DETROIT AND BUFFALO
via DETROIT Daily . . . 4.00 P. M.
via BUFFALO . . . 8.00 A. M.
via BUFFALO Daily . . . 5.30 P. M.
via DETROIT . . . 7.00 A. M.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Table Decorations.
A form of table center that is fashionable is composed entirely of real flowers.
Rhododendron blossom is particularly suitable for this. In a bright cerise shade it looks most effective arranged on the white cloth in the form of a star. Cut the star out in paper first and place it in the center of the table as a guide where to put the blossoms. A star with four points is the easiest to form. At each point stand a column candlestick and suspend garlands of narrow cerise and white ribbons from one to another, attaching them to each candlestick, had at any large florist's for a few cents, and decorate with a spray of the cerise blossoms. Use white candles with cerise shades, and tie the cheese straws with ribbons to match.

Other flowers that look well in bowls are the purple iris, or flags, as they are more generally called. To arrange these effectively some lead supports will be required. If they are placed in these with plenty of their swordlike leaves they have the appearance of growing. For luncheon parties these are most useful, mauve being essentially a daylight color.
Take a pretty shallow bowl, place two or three lead supports in it, fill with water and then arrange the flowers. Stand this in the center of the table and have trails of pale mauve clematis from the bowl to each corner of the table, where it may be attached to a smaller bowl filled to correspond with the center one.
The lead supports are really invaluable for almost any kind of table decoration. They may be purchased at any large florist's for a few cents each, or narrow strips of lead can be procured at an ironmonger's and are easily bent to the shape required.

A New Cabinet.
As an accompaniment to the furniture in bamboo, reed and willow and the floor covering of matting to be found in the majority of summer cottages an enterprising manufacturer in England has brought out a cabinet of matting framed and trimmed in bam-



MADE OF MATTING, BAMBOO TRIMMED.
It is equally adapted to the living room, library or veranda and admirably serves as a receptacle for music, periodicals or newspapers. As shown in the illustration, the cabinet is of the finest quality of Chinese matting, the only attempt at decoration being the diamond shaped strips of bamboo that adorn the front.

Embellishing the Hammock.
Hammocks are greatly improved by a little decoration. The easiest way of making a hammock look gay and pretty is to make a short bounce of flowered chintz and sew it on each side, then put in wooden extension sticks and make four cushions of the same chintz, two at each end. Embroidered sailcloth makes pretty hammocks. The sailcloth is cut the length required, and a pattern in outline stitch is worked on it with a large darning needle and double zephyr wool. At each end a hem is made, large enough to slip a brass or wooden rod through. A small curtain rod can be procured for this purpose, cut the length desired, with ball ornaments at either end, to screw on. A brass chain can be bought by the yard and cut in three lengths about three-quarters of a yard long, the center one a little shorter, so that when fastened to the rod and brought to a point on a ring the hammock will hang comfortably. To the ring which holds the chains ordinary hammock rope can be spliced and hung in the usual way. A small silk ruffle on either side of the embroidered sailcloth serves as a finish.

Tomato and Onion Pickles.
To make sweet green tomato and onion pickles take one peck of green tomatoes of a uniform size sliced one-quarter of an inch thick and eight medium sized onions sliced the same. Sprinkle with one-half pint of salt and let stand overnight. In the morning drain. Add to the pickles two quarts of hot water and one quart of vinegar, put in porcelain preserving kettle, place on range and boil twenty minutes. Drain again in colander and throw away liquor. Add to pickles two pounds of sugar, two quarts of cider vinegar, two tablespoonfuls each of ground cinnamon, allspice, ginger, one and a half of cloves, one teaspoonful cayenne, one-quarter pound whole white mustard seed—Cook all together gently twenty minutes, place in stone jars, cover securely and put in cool, dry closet.

The Sewing Machine.
When the sewing machine runs hard and seems to be gummed and dusty fill a spare oil can with gasoline, apply it freely to all the oiling places, then run the machine rapidly for a few minutes. After this oil as usual, and the machine will run with agreeable lightness.

THE THURSTONS AS MATCHMAKERS

By L. E. CHITTENDEN
Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

In the hay loft six Thurstons sprawled at ease and wished something would happen.
"Say," said Don excitedly, sitting up, "I know something. You know Mrs. Wilson's nephew, Jim Wilson, who coaches us at football?"
"Yes."
"Well, I heard daddy tell mother that he's fallen in love with Amy Smithers. Did you ever hear of such a silly—a great big fellow like him in love? But he is," continued Don, looking around, with a disgusted air.
"Amy Smithers," said Ted, with the air of a connoisseur, "is the prettiest girl in the town. She's a brick, too, and the best Sunday school teacher I ever had. I intended to marry her myself."
"Well, you can't," continued Don, "nor Mr. Wilson either, for daddy says Mrs. Wilson is awful mad about it on account of Mrs. Smithers being a farmer and talking bass and having whiskers, and Amy's her niece, you see."
"Well, the idea!" said Polly indignantly. "Why, Mrs. Smithers is an awful good woman, and you don't think a bit about her whiskers when you know her."
"Mrs. Smithers is mad, too, and says Mrs. Wilson is a stuck up thing and Amy's not allowed to have anything to do with that nice Mr. Jim Wilson. Daddy's about crazy with hearing both sides and not being able to do a thing about it, and he says he's glad he and mother are going to the synod next week, and he hopes something will happen while he's gone to fix things up. So let's us."

Five Thurstons with renewed interest in life sat up.
"How?" they queried simultaneously. Then Molly, struck with an idea, said, "Don Thurston, how'd you ever hear all this?"
"Had the toothache the other night and couldn't sleep; so I hid down on the floor beside that drum thing that comes up from the sitting room, and daddy was talking so I couldn't help but hear," said Don.
"You ought to have coughed or something," said Molly severely.
"Never mind," said Polly; "I'm glad he didn't; it's so interesting. Let's think what to do."
"Let's have a dinner party," said Molly, "and ask the bishop to come and Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Smithers and Miss Amy and Mr. Jim, and ask 'em all separate and tell them not to tell any one, but to come and meet the bishop. Then when they're all here we'll have it all dark and Miss Amy and Mr. Jim in the library concealed, and we'll spring the lights on, and nobody'll dare get mad with the bishop there, and they'll all say, 'Heaven bless you, my children.'"
"How can we with mother gone?" asked Polly.
"We'll get Mrs. Flannegan to help, and we'll have it the evening father and mother come home."
"Where'll we get the money?" asked Ted, suddenly developing a practical side.
"We've got a dollar apiece saved for missions; we can use that and save some more for missions," suggested Don.
"This is a kind of mission, I think," said Polly, trying not to wonder what her father would think about it.
With the Thurstons to plan was to act; so Polly and Molly flew to the house for paper to write out their menu. Dummy Dee was to get on his wheel and go over to the bishop's.
The bright spots in the busy, overworked bishop's life were usually supplied by the Thurstons.
So as he was coming out of his door with a pile of letters in his hand his heart cheered within him at the sight of the somewhat ball-like figure of Dummy Dee dismounting in haste from his wheel.
"Oh, bishop, I'm so glad you aren't gone away," began Dummy Dee after they had shaken hands, "because we want to fix something with you. Can you come to a kind of a supper or dinner party at our house next week Thursday?"
"That's the evening I get home from the synod," said the bishop. "I think I can, thank you."
"Father and mother are going too. It will be a surprise. Be sure not to tell them about it at the synod, won't you, bishop?"
And the bishop, scenting mysterious delights from afar, promised faithfully not to divulge the secret nor to forget his own engagement.
So Dummy Dee rode happily away to where the five were struggling with the menu, which seemed never to progress beyond ice cream and fried chicken, with candy interludes.
Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Smithers accepted with the same delight the bishop had shown. They were entirely sure that whatever the Thurstons figured in could be counted on to be wildly exciting as well as original.
Then Mr. Wilson and Miss Amy Smithers were sworn to secrecy and invited.
Mrs. Flannegan was engaged to help about the dinner. She made up in good nature what she lacked in skill, which was considerable.
The day of the feast was a busy one and providentially they concluded a half holiday from school. Mrs. Wilson sent flowers and after a consultation with the open minded Dummy Dee arranged some matters with her own cook to supply some of Mrs. Flannegan's deficiencies.
The guests, assembling on the evening, were met by Dummy Dee, who led

them into the darkened parlor. "There's a chair," he would say, leading them one by one to a haven of safety. "The lights will come on by and by."
And presently, when they all were in the parlor, the Thurstons switched on the lights and waited in various attitudes and places for things to happen. After the guests' eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the change from darkness to dazzling radiance Mrs. Smithers and Mrs. Wilson regarded each other and the exceedingly good looking young couple, to say nothing of the bishop and the bewildered Rev. Mr. Thurston and his wife.

The temperature was growing more and more frigid every moment when in rushed the conspirators' chorus, who had matly been concealed behind the library doors. "Oh, why don't you say 'Heaven bless you?'" besought Molly in anguished tones. "Dinner's all waiting and getting cold, and if you only knew what a lot of trouble it's been to keep the hot things from getting cold and the cold things from getting hot!"
"What under the sun?" began the Rev. Mr. Thurston. And then, headed by the bishop, they all broke into wild peals of laughter, and you know no one can keep a resentment long alive to the tune of laughter. So by and by, to the delight of the six conspirators, Mrs. Wilson was kissing pretty Amy Smithers and Mrs. Smithers was shaking Jim Wilson's hand.

Then they trooped out to the gayly decorated dining room. The dinner, from soup, oysters, fried chicken, vegetables, to cake, ice cream and coffee, was so much better than poor little Polly and Molly and the boys had expected that they, knowing nothing of the appearance of Mrs. Wilson's cook on the scene armed to the teeth with hampers, just supposed it was the work of fairies that preside over such scenes and ate with rare enjoyment of every course, with a candy and salted almond interlude between each.
The bishop was in his happiest mood and drew out each guest to the best advantage. Mrs. Wilson began to realize the worth of Mrs. Smithers and Mrs. Smithers grew very friendly toward the pretty, soft voiced little lady, while Mr. Jim and Miss Amy spoiled and petted the six children to their hearts' content.
"This is better," said Molly afterward, "than diamonds and shiny clothes in a show."

A Business Woman in Franklin's Day.
An interesting instance of a woman's business ability is given in Franklin's autobiography. In 1773 he founded a printing office in Charleston, S. C., under charge of one of his journeymen, and was to receive one-third of the profits. Franklin says: "He was a man of learning, but ignorant in matters of account, and though he sometimes made me remittances I could get no account from him nor any satisfactory state of our partnership while he lived."
"On his decease the business was continued by his widow, who, being born and bred in Holland, where, as I have been informed, the knowledge of accounts makes a part of female education, she not only sent me as clear a statement as she could find of the transactions past, but continued to account with the greatest regularity and exactness every quarter afterward and managed the business with such success that she not only reputably brought up a family of children, but at the expiration of the term was able to purchase of me the printing house and establish her son in it. I mention this affair chiefly for the sake of recommending that branch of education for our young women as likely to be of more use to them and their children, in case of widowhood, than either music or dancing."

Grain in Wood.
Three kinds of structures are evident in the twig of a year or two's growth. An irregular mass of pith is in the center, which in time grows less and ultimately disappears. Outside this are a sheath and a layer of hard cellular tissue, which from the very first presents a radiating structure, the beginning of the medullary rays, called by carpenters the silver grain. Outside this again is a layer of cambium, the growth for new wood.
A clearly traced dark line intersects all these radii at right angles and marks off the growth of each year, large or small, according to the season. This is the ring whereby in cross section the age of the tree, when felled, is reckoned. Different kinds of timber show the grain in differing degrees. In oak the grain is very conspicuous; in the beech, plane and maple it is very marked, but of smaller size; in others it is scarcely seen by the eye, but always under the microscope. In all tropical woods, such as mahogany, this structure is very obscure.

Town and Country.
The distinction between town and country, between natural and artificial life, is of course, as we all know, a very arbitrary one. The highly complicated and seemingly artificial life which we now lead is an absolutely natural condition of existence, as natural as the life of a colony of beavers in one of their dams on a Canadian river or of a nation of ants at work in the garden. Evolution directs the forces of nature in the building of the beavers' houses, in the construction of birds' nests and in the building of the king's palaces. There is no natural difference between a leaf carried by a murmuring stream over transparent depths full of sunshine, under dark tunnels of overhanging foliage, and a human wail whirling in a human stream over muddy pavements. As the great ocean itself is but a single drop in the immensity of creation, so London, overgrown as it is, is but an ant's nest in the surrounding country.
—Marcus Reed in Macmillan's.

HINTS FOR FARMERS

Protection in Rural Districts.
Rural police protection is becoming a serious question in many country districts rendered accessible to the hoodlum element of the cities by trolley lines or steam railways. Nothing portable is safe from those marauders, who are disorderly as well as thievish. One New Jersey community suffering the depredations of lawless foreigners is reported to have secured peace and quiet through the engagement of a cowboy special constable. His duty is to patrol the country roads on horseback, keeping a supervision over suspicious characters, and as his capability inspires respect he has an excellent influence. We have often thought that a body of men like the Canadian mounted police would be of great value in our isolated rural communities. The character of our population is changing, and we are so often confronted not merely by petty thieving but by horrifying crimes in country districts that it is evident such protection is needed more year by year.—Rural New Yorker.

A Barrel Scarecrow.
The only sure method we find here to scare crows from cornfields is cheap and easily made, and no crows will light in the field where it is used, provided they have not begun to pull the corn. Take a common flour barrel, remove both heads, nail all the hoops with wire single nails to hold the barrel together, bore a half inch hole in the middle of the barrel in a wide stave, taken half inch rope (not a chain) four feet long, tie a knot in one end and pass it up through the hole. Then tie the other end to a strong pole set in the ground at an angle so the barrel will swing and not hit the pole. The barrel will always be in motion, as the rope will twist each way, and no crows will dare come near it. Two barrels will be enough for an acre or more. I have saved my field of corn many times with one barrel when all other methods failed.—New England Homestead.

A Remarkable Barn.
Tan Crawley, a farmer of the Coral Hill country, had a novel experience. A few years ago he built a small barn and in its construction used green willow posts at the corners and along the sides. For some time nothing unusual was noticed, but after a year it was observed that where he had laid the floor near the ground it was three feet above the soil. He then discovered that the willow posts instead of being dead were alive and had taken root and were growing and that in their untoward movement they had raised the barn, says the Glasgow Republican. Last spring the barn was on stilts nine feet high, and he put in a new floor, and surrounded the posts with siding, thereby making a two story affair. There is now a space of twelve inches between the new floor and the ground. Crawley expects to have a three story barn in course of time.

Cooking Food For Pigs.
Many farmers believe in cooking food for pigs, some even going so far as to cook all their food. The results of numerous experiments show that as a rule steaming or cooking food, especially coarse food, for cattle adds nothing to its value. Potatoes, however, cannot be fed to swine in any quantity without cooking, and often grains which are injured or damaged in some way should first be cooked before feeding. Warm feed must not be confused with cooking it. An occasional feed of cooked food will be relished by way of variety. Warming or soaking the food may make it more comfortable or agreeable to the palate and perhaps make it more easily digestible. In this way warming the feed may be advantageous, for increased comfort will aid in economizing the food or increasing the gains.

Canadian Farmers Prosperous.
The Canadian government has issued a census bulletin which gives statistics as to agriculture in Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, which, united, compose the Northwest Territories. The total area of these territories is 190,063,117 acres, and only 6,530,004 are occupied as farms. Of this area 75.90 per cent is unimproved. Field crops, exclusive of hay, occupy 53 per cent of the improved land, but only a fair beginning has been made with fruit trees and vegetables. The area of land in wheat, oats, barley, rye, corn, peas, potatoes and other field roots in 1891 was 104,773 acres. The increase at the end of the last decade was 604,073 acres, or 583 per cent. The production of home-made butter is nearly twice as much as ten years ago, and in the interval ten factories have been put into operation.

Cotton an Uncertain Crop.
Cotton is becoming our most uncertain crop, having more fungous diseases and insect enemies than any other staple. If it reaches the condition that expensive methods of protection are necessary to the production of cotton the fact will be another argument in favor of smaller areas of cotton, better cultivated and heavier yields per acre. Why should 100 acres be struggled with to make less than forty bales when the same amount can be made on twenty-five acres? Some of our best farmers make two bales per acre, and sometimes more. Then why not study their methods and adopt them? When it is necessary to spray 100 acres of cotton to prevent its destruction by webworms or boll weevils it is easy enough to see where the profits go.—Dallas Farm and Ranch.

Russian Sunflower Crop.
The sunflower crop is one of the best paying in Russia. A good crop is worth in the field \$30 an acre. The seeds bring the farmer about \$1 a pound; then merchants retail at a good profit.

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