

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 7.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 19 1903.

No 4

ST 1897 XI.

RACKET STORE

Full line Tablets, Pencils, Stationery in boxes.

NEWS AGENCY

A new line of Jewellery.

Next to the Postoffice

H. C. HOLMES.

This Space Belongs to

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.

FIVE FIND WATERY GRAVES.

Last Saturday evening the gasoline launch Lady Margaret with a party consisting of the East Jordan base ball team and a number of friends returning from a game at Harbor Springs, was run down and sunk by the steamer Pilgrim as the latter was returning to Charlevoix on her last trip for the day.

Of the fourteen men who composed the party in the ill-fated launch five were either instantly killed or drowned the names of the dead being as follows:

FRED. E. WINTERS,
WILLIAM A. RENARD,
WILLIAM K. CARSON,
FRANK J. ECKSTEIN,
JOSEPH MCCALMON.

Some of the other members of the party received cuts, bruises and other more or less serious injuries.

The news that an accident had happened was received here by telephone but the terrible nature of the catastrophe was not learned until the Pilgrim arrived about 2 o'clock Sunday morning with a portion of the survivors.

How it Happened.

The story of the accident as we learn it from the lips of the survivors of the terrible affair is as follows:

The base ball team accompanied by a number of friends went to Harbor Springs Saturday morning, Manager H. S. Price taking the party as far as Charlevoix on his launch. Returning after the game they reached Charlevoix on the 7:40 "dummy" and soon after boarded the launch for the fifteen mile ride up the lake. The party consisted of Messrs. H. S. Price, L. A. Hoyt, R. F. Steffes, W. K. Carson, W. A. Renard, Wm. Fought, G. V. Hurlburt, Wm. Shomin, Seth Lavallee, Frank Eckstein, Fred. Winters, Jos. McCalmon, Earl Bellenger and Oscar Swenor. Carson or "Kit" as he was known to a multitude of friends all over the State, was steering the craft and Price was running the engine. The others were seated about the sides and stern of the boat making themselves as comfortable as possible. It was a very dark night with a stiff southwest wind blowing.

When several miles out in the lake they saw lights which at first were thought to be those at Ironton. They were soon made out to be the white

stern light and the red light of some steamer but as these seemed wide apart no danger was feared. The oncoming steamer, which was the Pilgrim returning to Charlevoix on her last trip, soon rounded the point and a speed of sixteen miles an hour seemed to bear straight down upon the little craft for Price looking up suddenly discovered a red light and a green light wide apart. Realizing his danger he caught up the lantern and yelled to Carson to put the wheel hard over. The launch responded nobly but too late. With wheel hard to starboard she swung directly across the Pilgrim's bows and the latter struck her almost amidship on the cutting through planking and everything else and as the wrecked launch sank passed on right over her.

Capt. Lee of the Pilgrim did not see the launch at all until Price swung his lantern and then he signaled to stop and reverse the engine but they were not over twenty feet away and then it was too late to avoid the collision.

As the launch rolled under the Pilgrim Lavallee who was seated at the stern leaped for the Pilgrim's rail which he clutched and managed to get aboard without getting wet above his waist. Earl Bellenger was a trifle less fortunate and missed the steamer but was caught and pulled in by a passenger as he swept past.

All was confusion among the passengers of the larger boat of whom there were a number. Jos. Hyland jr. the engineer seemed to have the coolest head on board for after seeing that his own boat was not seriously damaged he launched the lifeboat and went to the rescue of the drowning men who were struggling in the water. The plug had been removed from the skiff and it took water rapidly making Hyland's work doubly difficult but with only a small paddle to work with he made his way back to the scene of the wreck guided by the shouts of the unfortunate men. He rescued six being obliged to make two trips, owing to his boat being nearly swamped and then was so exhausted that he had to be pulled aboard the steamer.

The most providential escape of all was that of R. F. Steffes. After he was thrown into the water the steamer passed directly over him and as he

came up his hand came in contact with the propeller which he grasped, asterward shifting to the rudder from which position he was rescued by one of the passengers.

The heavy engine carried the stern of the launch to the bottom, there being about thirty feet of water at that point, and the gasoline tank kept the bow out of water. To this fact Price and Hoyt undoubtedly owe their lives for although they are poor swimmers the managed to reach and cling to the wreck until taken off on the skiff.

Hurlburt, Vought, Swenor and Shomin were picked up swimming about, the latter being a very good swimmer told Hyland to pick up the others first as he was perfectly able to care for himself.

Carson, who was a strong swimmer was last heard admonishing the boys to keep their heads and everything would be all right and that he would take care of Joe and it seems certain that he gave up his life in a vain attempt to save the life of his friend.

The Pilgrim cruised around the spot for nearly an hour in hopes of finding some of the others, but finally gave up the search and proceeded to Charlevoix.

It was not until Sunday morning that the extent of the disaster became fully known here and the excitement was intense. All boats going down the lake were crowded and every available conveyance was hired to take the people to the scene. Careful search was made along the beach in the hope that some of the victims had been able to swim ashore. The bow of the launch was still about four feet above the water and that afternoon the wreck was towed ashore and drawn out on the beach when it was seen with what terrible force the Pilgrim had struck and bore her down, her port side being crushed in like an egg shell.

The Charlevoix Life Saving crew were early on the scene dragging for the bodies but although they worked all day Sunday it was without result. They authorities also sent to Elk Rapids for a man who had a patent device for raising bodies but although he worked all day Monday he was not successful.

All Monday morning was devoted to rigging up a dragging device consisting of several hundred feet of three-eighths inch rope to which three pronged fishhooks were attached at intervals with short pieces of stout trolling line with heavy sash weights for sinkers. This was drawn back and forth over the place where the accident occurred and the bodies of Winters, Carson, Renard and Eckstein were recovered Monday afternoon all of them within a short distance of where they were thrown into the water. Winters and Renard were sitting just where the Pilgrim struck the launch and were evidently killed outright or so badly stunned that they never came to the surface. Eckstein's foot was also badly jammed. McCalmon's body was not recovered until Tuesday afternoon, the waves rolling too high for effective work in the morning. Great credit is due the volunteer party from this place who worked so persistently out in open boats in spite of the storm and the heavy seas until they had rescued all of the bodies from their watery graves.

Fred. E. Winters was the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. K. Winters, a most estimable young man, thirty years of age. Having lived here since early childhood, he was probably one of the best known of the victims of the sad accident. He was one of the first graduates of our public schools and had been a very successful school teacher winning the love and respect of all with whom he came in contact. A loving son and brother and a faithful friend he is sincerely mourned by all who knew him. His funeral occurred Thursday morning from St. Joseph's church, Rev. Fr. Hally, of Detroit, officiating, and his body laid at rest in the Catholic cemetery.

William A. Renard was another old and highly respected member of the community and numbered his friends by hundreds. For several years past he has been engaged in the saloon business. Deceased was in his fifty

first year and leaves a widow and three young children, a grown up son and daughter besides brothers and sisters and aged parents to whom his tragic taking away is an irreparable blow. Many friends gathered at the home made desolate by his demise to pay a last tribute to his memory Wednesday afternoon when Rev. A. J. McKee of the Presbyterian church conducted the impressive funeral services.

William K. Carson, or "Kit" as he familiarly and almost lovingly called by friends all over the State, came to East Jordan this spring and opened a bowling alley, being also captain and pitcher for the local baseball team. He had pitched in the Western and New England leagues and was one of the best known ball players in the State. Before coming here he was employed as conductor on the Pere Marquette R. R. and was a member of the O. R. C. He leaves a widow and three small children. A powerful athlete and a strong swimmer there is little doubt that he lost his life attempting to save his friend. His remains were taken to his boyhood home near Grand Rapids Wednesday for burial.

Frank J. Eckstein was a young man twenty-three years of age and had been employed here for several years, working as meat cutter in Hayner's meat market for several months past. He was a man upright in all dealings and enjoyed the respect of the entire community. Tuesday morning his body was taken to Bower's Harbor for interment, his mother and brothers residing at that place.

Joseph McCalmon, whose body was the last to be recovered was a promising young man twenty-two years of age. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McCalmon, whose farm is a few miles north of town, and had been employed in the Village for several years. He was an athlete of considerable ability and an enthusiastic ball player. He leaves father, mother, six brothers and two sisters besides a wide circle of friends to mourn his untimely taking away. The funeral was conducted from the home of the family north of town Thursday afternoon, Rev. Yost of the M. E. church officiating.

This terrible affair has cast a deep gloom over our entire community and the loss of five of our young men will leave a bitter memory never to be forgotten.

WILL CURE CONSUMPTION.

A. A. Herren, of Finch, Ark., writes "Foley's Honey and Tar is the best preparation for coughs, colds and lung trouble. I know that it has cured consumption in the first stages." It stops the cough, soothes and heals the inflamed membranes in the throat and lungs and prevents serious lung trouble. It is guaranteed for all throat and lung diseases. Refuse substitutes.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

NOTICE.

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

EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

WEST MICHIGAN STATE FAIR,

Sept. 14 to 18.

One fare plus 50 cents (includes admission to the Fair.) Tickets on sale Sept. 14 to 17, good to return Sept. 19.

DENVER AND COLORADO POINTS Oct. 3 and 4.

One fare to Chicago, added to \$20.00 to destination. Tickets on sale October 3 and 4, good to return to and including October 30.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

It is dangerous to experiment with some unknown preparations when you have a cough or cold. Foley's Honey and Tar will cure you and prevent pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Refuse substitutes. Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

BOOSINGER BROS.

It is a Pleasure for the Retailer to Sell Shoes

5.00



"Vogue" boots for women

Stand unrivalled for artistic shapes. A clinging fit is their crowning glory

They are Pingree-Made

that he knows will give pleasure and satisfaction to his customers. Do you know the kind of Shoes we carry—Men's, Boys' Youths' Women's, Children's?

Rindge, Kalmbach—heavy Shoes for the hardest wear. Men's \$1.75 to \$3.00. Boys' \$1.50 to \$2.00.

The Pingree fine Shoes for women \$2.00 to \$5.00. Children's 1.00 to \$2.

These shoes are full of satisfaction. They are the backbone of what constitutes perfect fitting, perfect wearing, thoroughly up-to-date Shoes. The embrace every feature that goes to make up comfort and durability. Are you wearing this kind? You can if you will. Will you do so?

Quality First o All - - Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROS.

THESE SOULS OF OURS.

There is no wind but howeth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-
soulded deeds
With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bears
flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
Those promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot
die,
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestic
In life or death since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.
—James Russell Lowell.

HAD A WRONG EFFECT.

Impressive Sermon Confirmed Lis-
tenser in Evil Ways.

The little English vicar of Hexton, whose objection to high church ritualism brought him recently into conflict with Bishop Potter in New York, sat one day drinking a brandy and soda in the cafe of the Fifth Avenue hotel.

A group of reporters surrounded him. One of the reporters said:

"Why don't you try to down ritualism, Mr. Fillingham, with sermons rather than with violence?"

The vicar smiled. "Sermons," he said, "have an effect always, but too often this effect is the opposite one to what the sermonizer intended."

"How do you mean, sir?" the reporter asked.

"I'll illustrate to you what I mean," said the vicar. "I once had a parishioner who was a miser. For this man's benefit I preached one Sunday a strong sermon on the necessity of charity, of philanthropy—a sermon on the duty and the joy of giving. The miser, at whom I gazed often, seemed impressed.

"Next day I met him on the street. 'Well, John,' I said, 'what did you think of yesterday's sermon?'"

"It moved me deeply, sir," he answered. "It has brought home to me so strongly the necessity of giving alms that, honestly, sir, I've a great mind to turn beggar."—New York Tribune.

THE ORIGIN OF "SLABSIDES."

Burroughs' Home Named After Boy-
hood Companion.

During dinner the other day at the residence of Mr. Burroughs, President Roosevelt turned to his venerable host and remarked:

"Burroughs, I wish I could inspire as much interest in any man as you do in me. You know, I have read all you have written, and I love to hear you talk; but I am always asking myself some new question about you. I never knew until a few years ago why you called your first book 'Wake Robin,' and I can't see how this delightful place ever got such a name as 'Slabsides.'"

"Can't tell you, sir, exactly," Mr. Burroughs is reported to have replied. "But, when I was a youngster I knew a man whom we called 'Old Slabsides.' He was a Presbyterian minister, a tall, lank, melancholy man, and my father used to lend me out to him to cut bait when he went fishing. He had a glass eye and a chronic catarrh. One cold March day, when the fish were biting, he was greatly annoyed by having to resort almost constantly to his handkerchief. Finally he turned to me and said, 'Johnny, don't you know some nice boy I could hire on a small salary to blow my nose?'"—New York Mail and Express.

Had Company in His Misery.

Miss Cynthia Roche, one of the most beautiful girls at Newport, the other day took a long ride with friends through the country on a motor car. Its occupants becoming thirsty, the car was stopped at a little farmhouse, and there the old farmer was very gallant. He led Miss Roche on a little tour of the estate. Among other interesting things he showed the young girl a tremendous potato patch. Over this patch he shook his head gravely. He said that all the vines in it had been ruined by a parasite. Miss Roche sympathized with the old man and murmured:

"I am sorry to see this fine field of potatoes so seriously diseased."

"Yes," said the farmer; "it is a great pity. I have only one comfort."

"What is that?" Miss Roche asked.

"Why, Thomson's field, east there, and Shannon's, on the south, are as bad, if not worse, than mine."

In After Years.

Only a band organ worn and old
Played "neath my window to-day,
But the tender melody upward rolled
Sweet the past years away.

Again I saw, youthful and bold,
My love smiling love upon me,
And again that fond story he told,
While the notes chimed plaintively.

And as up floats that olden air
The passionate tears fast fall,
For hark'ning those echoes rising there,
I can still the sweet words recall.

"Only to see thee darling,
Only to hear thy voice,
Even the faintest whisper
Would bid my heart rejoice."
—Annie G. Murray in New York Herald.

Must Pay for Their Outing.

Capt. Miles O'Reilly, a New York police officer, who has distinguished himself more than once in his chosen profession, has laid down a new rule of conduct for his men. He says that they can have a big outing they have planned providing they reach into their own pockets and pay the expense. But he says they must not sell tickets to saloon keepers, merchants and others, who might expect returns that the officers could not properly give.

Japanese Exposition.

The only American exhibit at the Osaka (Japan) exposition is that of Oregon, whose legislature voted \$4,000 for the purpose. Canada voted \$70,000 and Austria \$40,000 to aid exhibitors, and Germany is very well represented in all lines. A syndicate of Japanese, incorporated with a cash capital of \$150,000, has purchased the Oregon exhibit.

Discovery.

King Edward appears to have discovered that he has missed a lot by not going to Ireland oftener. For that reason he has promised to go again. A little mendacity counts a good deal with the Irish people.—Cleveland Leader.

A SMUGGLERS' HAUNT

IS NOW SLEEPY VILLAGE

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

Little Pedlington is one of the hundreds of places in England the aspect of which provokes the stranger to ask: "How does it exist?" There is no life, much less stir, in it from year's end to year's end; one may traverse its surrounding hills and fields for hours without meeting a human being. The road through it

marsh has been reclaimed, and is now a vast grazing ground, and the three or four old towns which dot it have been awakened from their sleep of long years by weak end golfers and military experimentalists, but it is still a solitude, and to wander off its very few main roads means perdition. Not even have the people moved



Typical Cottage.

leads from nowhere to nowhere in particular; it has no staple industry; three out of four of its inhabitants would not take work if it was offered them, and the fourth would be mightily particular in his choice of what he took.

But it was not ever thus. Until well into the nineteenth century Little Pedlington was the busy center of a very large and lucrative—well, we were going to say trade, but as "trade" implies legality, we had better call it occupation, for, if Little Pedlington held one thing more than another in abomination, it was that respectability which is conferred by loyal adherence to the laws of the land. Briefly, Little Pedlington was the local metropolis of smuggling. Its position, scattered about the woodlands clothing a line of hills which at the time of Caesar's invasion were sea-washed cliffs, and overlooking an expanse of dreary, trackless marsh land, favored it. Boats landed their

tubs on the marsh edge, strings of horses carried them along the devious marsh ways to the foot of the hills, up through the woods by deep sunk tracks still known as the "kog ways," to Little Pedlington, and thence to the markets of the country as opportunity offered. Once in the Pedlington woodland and they were as safe and remote as anywhere in the world. It was a roaring business they carried on in every sense of the word—lucrative, but only to men possessing qualifications not far removed from the heroic, and withal saturated with the charm which ever appeals to certain natures with irresistible force—the charm of illegality. It was a desperate occupation, and accordingly, as its rewards were great, so were its punishments heavy. Very short shrift was meted to the smuggler, justice to him was rarely tempered with mercy, judges were largely ruled by the code of Lydford law, and the result was that the constant process of retaliation gradually transformed a community of simple evaders of the law, robbers, if you like, into a gang of desperate ruffians who stuck at no crime, and who finally brought about their own extinction by the unwarrantable violence of their behavior. Elsewhere smuggling died

sufficiently with the times to adapt their homes to modern requirements.

Along the roofs of one line of houses in Little Pedlington there still runs the secret escape passage of the smugglers, an arrangement which forbids standing upright in the living rooms below; every house has its disproportionate cellars, its hide and seek passages, its odd means of egress, its high lookout windows and various other peculiarities of a business of which the keynote was evasion. Strangers came occasionally out of their way to see our church, because it is fine in itself, and as striking an object in the landscape as the famous Pedlington poplar, which, some say, threw its straight stem 59 feet into the air when Domesday Book was compiled, but they do not know that Pedlington church was as intimately associated with the smuggling business as was the Walnut Tree Inn, at which they have lunched.

Old Slingsby, the last human link between to-day and Pedlington's great past, who died last year, aged 103, used to tell how when a new parson was appointed to Pedlington he would find on his lawn in the morning after his arrival a goodly tub of spirits or a keg of tobacco or a box of tea or of rice, with a scrawled intimation that as long as he was deaf and blind to much that went on around him generally, and in his church in particular, all would be well with him, and many generations of Pedlington parsons found it worth their while to acquiesce. It was old Slingsby who pointed out an altar tomb in the church, the emblazoned side of which, being removed, revealed a descent into the vaults below, where coffins and kegs stood side by side, and who told of the new parson who was puzzled at the constant smell of tobacco during service time, but who discovered that on Sundays there was usually a larger congregation under the church than in it.

When the proprietor of a Portsmouth, N. H., millinery store arrived at her place of business at 8 the other morning she was somewhat surprised to find an elderly man and woman sit-



Little Pedlington Inn.

ting on the door stone. They had been waiting for more than two hours to purchase a hat for their 6-year-old granddaughter in order that she might come to the city to see the circus parade.

Bananas and Potatoes.
The banana and potato are almost identical in their chemical composition.

Loving Grandparents.

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STRANGER FROM THE SOUTH.

Starts to Explore the Wonders of
Broadway and Gets in Trouble.

It was evident that a dignified stranger from the South had come to town for the first time and was exploring Broadway. He stole a glance at the flower girl on the corner and jammed his left shoulder into a Wall street banker. "Both grunted. As he turned to apologize to the banker he

blow in his side whirled him around, bringing him face to face with a young woman who seemed in a dreadful hurry. He sprang lightly aside to let her pass and came down on the toe of a portly Vesey street merchant, who scowled viciously, paid no attention to his "I beg you pardon, sir," and hastened on. A long beam on the head of an Italian swung round, taking the stranger's silk hat off. His quick stoop to rescue it suddenly checked the rapid progress of a member of congress, who swore softly.

The impact sent Sir Dingley down toward the pavement so fast that he fell on his hands through the crown of his hat. Gathering in the wreck he started to straighten up, when the back of his head caught the chin of the garter man of the Park bank, putting that worthy's jaw out of business.

A kind-hearted policeman took charge of the old gentleman and gave him some useful advice, which he thus jotted down in his memorandum book: "To see Broadway. Push right along as if you are trying to catch a train. Look neither to the right nor left. Don't see anybody. Don't try to get out of anybody's way. Never stop to apologize even though you knock a man in the gutter. Walk straight ahead and he will think it was his own fault. Don't lose your temper."—New York Press.

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A kind-hearted policeman took charge

East Jordan Company's Store.

The People's Store

Invite You
To See

Our Unexcelled Line of

Ladies' Suits,
Jackets,
Skirts,
Furs, Etc.



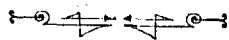
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EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Charlevoix County Herald

R. L. Lorraine, Publisher.

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

PATHS OF THE OCEAN

ORIGIN OF THE LANES TRAVERSED
BY ATLANTIC LINERS.

The Northern and Southern Routes to and From Europe, as indicated by Lieutenant Maury—Minimizing the Danger of Collisions.

In reports of the arrival of an ocean liner the statement sometimes appears that she came "by the southern route" to avoid ice or that she made her first trip of the season "by the northern lane." To the ordinary reader the idea of lanes or pathways on what we have been taught to think of as "the trackless sea" seems somewhat paradoxical, but if you consult the charts in the office of a steamship manager or in the United States hydrographic office instead of the ordinary map you will find that there are four well defined highways across the north Atlantic as clearly marked to the navigator's perception as is a time-worn turnpike on land to the eyes of the pedestrian.

It is over these great ocean thoroughfares that the Atlantic liners, with their tens of thousands of passengers and their hundreds of thousands of tons of freight, pass on their voyages between America and Europe. They are closely adhered to by all fast steam vessels and just as carefully avoided by sailing ships and by the fishermen who ply their trade off the Grand banks. The situation of a small craft on the liners' route would be comparable to that of a man driving a light runabout along a railway track cleared for the fast limited, for these main traveled lines have been set aside by custom and agreement for the Atlantic's lightning expresses. Nobody is delayed at sidings or confined to special tracks, however, for the rest of the ocean is left to the ordinary mariner.

It is only a few years since the tracks upon which the great liners shall run have been so clearly defined. Ever since the commerce of the north Atlantic assumed important proportions sailing masters have followed in a general way the great circle that curves northward from the west coast of England and Ireland until it reaches about 40 degrees north latitude in midocean, then bears southward past the coast of Newfoundland and Cape Race. Early experience proved that this was the shortest and so, of course, the quickest route between Europe and such ports as Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

While steam navigators kept fairly near this course it was natural enough that they should vary from it somewhat according to the theories of individual captains. With the multiplication of steamships and the rapid increase in speed the very fact that all the larger and swifter vessels kept to one particular part of the ocean greatly increased the danger of collision between them. When forty or fifty swift steamers were crossing the Atlantic at the same time in one direction or the other, all keeping to the same general course irrespective of the direction in which they were traveling, it was obvious that the possibility of two of them coming together in thick weather was too great to be contemplated pleasantly.

So Lieutenant Maury of the United States navy made the suggestion that all fast steamships should traverse certain fixed routes, which he indicated—paths following the great circle pretty closely, for it was natural that the steamship companies would not agree to the adoption of any route that involved a loss of time in making the ocean passage.

The most important provision suggested by Lieutenant Maury was that vessels going in opposite directions should observe the rules of the road by passing one another on the port side. To carry out this plan he proposed that west bound vessels should keep about one degree to the northward of those east bound. Thus the greatest danger from the following of indiscriminate routes—that of collision between fast ships—would be avoided. While it is desirable in point of time for ships to steer their course far to the north, the presence of ice and fog in the high latitudes makes it impracticable for them to do so during fully half the year. Accordingly, Lieutenant Maury provided for two great highways, one for summer, the other for winter, one about three degrees to the northward of the other and each with west bound and east bound tracks.

The rivalry between the different lines was so great at that time that each hesitated to give unconditional adherence to the plan, fearing that some other would gain an advantage. Two prominent steamship managers, however, quickly appreciated the advantages of Lieutenant Maury's plan and independently of their competitors gave instructions to their captains to follow the lines laid down by him. These two men were Clement A. Griscom, then the head of the American line, and Thomas H. Ismay, director of the White Star line. As these two lines then owned the fastest and most perfect ships on the Atlantic, the influence of their example was very powerful.

There is no doubt that the adoption of these lanes has been of the utmost importance in increasing the safety of ocean travel and possesses distinct advantages aside from eliminating the

possibility or head on collisions between the liners. Extra precautions are taken to keep the great highway clear of derelicts and other floating dangers or to give warning of their presence.

Since the masters of sailing vessels know the steamer routes, they consult their own safety by avoiding them and by keeping a sharp lookout whenever it is necessary to cross them in either direction.—New York Mail and Express.

THINGS NOT TO DO.

To contradict your friends when they are speaking.

To say smart things which may hurt one's feelings.

It is bad to make remarks about the food at dinner.

To talk about things which only interest yourself.

To grumble about your home and relatives to outsiders.

To speak disrespectfully to any one older than yourself.

To be rude to those who serve you either in shop or at home.

To dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see you.

To think first of your own pleasure when you are giving a party.

To refuse ungraciously when somebody wishes to do you a favor.

To behave in a street car or train as if no one else had a right to be there.—Gem.

Boston the Literary Center.

The assertion that Boston was the literary center—without quotation marks—during the period in which American literature acquired a shelf of its own in the library of the race is hardly open to dispute. The production of books possessing something like permanence is perhaps the most characteristic mark of a center to which the term "literary" in its true meaning of "related to literature" may be applied. Name the American writers whose work has stood the test of half a century, and, with a few notable exceptions, they belong to Boston and its neighborhood. All this is thrice familiar. The record of it in outline or detail is a story which has been told by many tongues and many pens.—M. A. De Wolfe Howe in Atlantic.

K. O. T. M. RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS—It has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst our Sir Knight and Brother Frank J. Eckstein, therefore be it

RESOLVED—That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family of the deceased; and be it further,

RESOLVED—That we have a copy of these resolutions published in both papers of our town and have a copy sent to the family of the deceased and a copy spread on the records of our Tent.

WM. F. BASHAW.

JOHN LIGHT SR.

A. J. KIME, Committee.

TREAT YOUR KIDNEYS FOR RHEUMATISM.

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

Sold by L. C. MADISON & CO.

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.

Mother

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. Then she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was speedily cured."

D. P. Jolly, Avoca, N. Y.

No matter how hard your cough or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you can take.

It's too risky to wait until you have consumption. If you are coughing today, get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once.

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

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

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

AN EARTHLY TRINITY.

Health and Wealth Ought to be Linked With Happiness.

We are used to feel, to put it crudely, that folks who have health and money ought to be happy. And so they should. A sufficient income promotes comfort, and that contributes to cheerfulness of spirit, and to have health of course means to feel well, and that is a long step toward feeling good. But how far do we have to look to find persons with health to squander and more money than they know how to spend making strenuous efforts to attain happiness and merely achieving impaired health? If you have health and money you can usually buy pleasure, but enjoyment is a different article, and even when you have got enjoyment happiness may still elude you. Pleasure palls and sometimes demoralizes; enjoyment easily yields to weariness, but you don't get tired of being happy, and you may be ever so tired and be happy still.

Happiness is a state of satisfaction. One reason why it is so elusive may be because we human creatures are a complication of body, mind and spirit and require for our complete satisfaction a particularly nice adjustment of blessings—and of conduct. If we indulge the body too much the other two partners become mutinous; if we over-cultivate the mind the body may break down, and if we bestow all our attention on mind and body, the spirit, ignored, takes a sure vengeance on us for our neglect. It is so difficult so to measure and direct our efforts as to appease all the demands of our triplicate natures that the simpler way is to regard happiness as a byproduct, give over all direct attempts to acquire a constant supply of it and simply accept however much of it may come while we go about our business with such intelligence as we can. We can usually keep our bodies in fair repair if we are not too lazy or too self-indulgent. If we have to earn our livings our minds and bodies, too, find occupation that is usually wholesome, and the discipline of work done, as it usually is, for others as well as for ourselves, helps to satisfy the exactions of the spirit.—Harper's Weekly.

"LOST AND FOUND" COLUMN

Pronounced the Most Interesting Part of a Newspaper.

An inveterate newspaper reader was overheard to say the other day, says the Chicago Tribune, after an hour's strict attention to the news: "The most entertaining part of a big daily is the 'Lost and Found' column. Some people look at the sporting news, others for the deaths and marriages, but lost articles and other rewards are my particular fancy. If you study these 'lost' you will have a pretty fair idea of your fellow creatures' common sense and their ability to hold on to what belongs to them. Sooner or later the horseshoe

pin runs off with the hat pin, and the cluster diamond ring disappears with the pearl crescent. A popular elopement is in the purse with jewelry, but the lightsome fashion with which pocketbooks show themselves in this sinful world shows how careless mortals be and that nobody ever learns anything by another's dear experience.

"The rewards offered for missing treasures indicate their value to the loser. Some are quite pathetically large, others recklessly so, but a saving clause is the laconic 'No questions asked,' and then I feel the case is truly desperate and the watch chain and locket must have departed under peculiar circumstances. 'The lady who was seen to pick up,' etc., is another thrilling instance of a loser's despair, for the chances are it is mere supposition, and 'no lady' picked up anything. Now and then it is a yellow headed parrot that goes astray to vary the endless variety of dogs whose owners publicly sorrow for their loss. About this live article there is always a sense of tragedy, and when I note a 'found dog' in the list I mentally congratulate whoever had the kind thought to advertise it and thus to put an end to the anxiety in its home."

Fooled the Neighbors.

Terence O'Grady had only been married a week, but his bride was already making things lively in the little house in Ballyunion. He had been working for three hours in his little garden when Bridget came to the back door and called out in strident tones:

"Terence, me boy, come in to tay, toast and foive eggs."

Terence dropped his spade in astonishment and ran into the kitchen.

"Shure, Bridget, alannah, ye're only coddin' me," he said.

"Nay, Terence," replied Bridget, "it's not ye, it's the naybors Ol'm coddin'!"—London Telegraph.

Spain Brought Us Horses.

The Spaniards were the first to bring horses to this continent, though the paleontologists tell us that the rocks abound with fossils which show that equidae were numerous all over America in the eocene period. It is a singular fact, however, that there were no horses in America when the first Europeans came hither.—John Gilmer Speed in Century.

What She Meant.

"She told me," said the young man who had consulted a fortune teller, "that I was born to command."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Henpeck. "She means then that you will never be married."—Exchange.

About the Size of It.

"Aunt Amy!"

"Yes, Ethel."

"What is a confession?"

"Geessing about yourself, my dear."—Puck.

Groceries.

GAGE & CO.

'Phone 32 (2 rings.)

BEMENT
Heating stoves.

W. E. Malpass Hardware Co.
EAST JORDAN, MICH.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

This signature, C. H. Snow

Cures Grip
in Two Days.

On every
box, 25c.

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.

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LOVEDAYS HARDWARE

School Notes.

Miss Madge Nicholas entered the High School Monday.

The Basket Ball team organized Wednesday evening with fourteen members.

The 12th grade Geometry class is reviewing Plane before taking up Solid Geometry.

The first football game of the High School schedule will take place at Cheboygan Saturday, Sept. 19.

The Seniors met Wednesday night to organize their class. It seems to be a case of "alf and alf" this year.

Three new book cases have been added to the library and the books have been re-catalogued and re-labeled. At present there are two hundred and eighty volumes and \$135.00 will be expended for new books soon.

The total number of pupils enrolled is 325.

Miss Severance,	60 pupils.
Miss Barnett,	41 "
Miss Malpass,	41 "
Miss Campbell,	40 "
Miss Welpert,	38 "
Miss Patterson,	40 "
High School,	67 "

Miss M—G— met with a bad accident on Wednesday last. She was in mortal terror of being tardy so she decided to take a short cut. This she did (by means of jumping a fence) but alas M— did not calculate correctly and as a result she was quite badly injured. She was immediately taken home and her recovery is doubtful(?)

Stage and Platform

A ROYAL SLAVE.

"A Royal Slave" is one of the most elaborate and beautiful melodramatic productions on the road. The scenery is the finest that the studios can furnish and is painted from photographs made in Mexico. The costumes and stage accessories are very rich and the powerful and thrilling dramatic situations make the play a series of beautiful stage pictures. Though it is a melodrama of the sensational sort, there is not a shot fired during the entire play, and it is possessed of real literary and dramatic merit of a high order.

The star, Mr. Louis Lytton, is well known as one of the finest character actors on the stage, and in Agulia, the last of the Montezumas, he has a part well worthy of a genius. The entire cast is exceptionally strong, each artist having been selected for his or her special fitness in the part in which they were cast.

This great production represents more than half a year's work by an able corps of scenic artists and skilled mechanics, and will give our people a chance to see, not only the most beautiful but decidedly the most original play on the stage of this country.

"It is something to be able to say that at last we can herald the coming of a new play, full of new ideas, situations and startling effects. Such is true, however, of the forthcoming production of "A Royal Slave."

The production is put on in a most artistic manner, complete in every detail.

SELZ SHOES.

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

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

State Bank of East Jordan.

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 SURP US \$1,150.00.

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

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

A Royal Slave.

Achie Clink returned from Detroit Monday.

Editor Watson, of the Bellaire Sentinel was in town Monday.

Mr. Geo. Gage, of Adrian, was the guest of his brother J. J. Gage several days this week.

"A Little Outcast" was given at Loveday Opera House Monday evening to a fair sized audience was a beautiful production well rendered by first class artists and would undoubtedly be received by a full house which it richly deserved, had it not been for the gloom cast over the entire community by the terrible accident on Pine Lake Saturday evening.

On account of the terrible calamity which recently came to our Village the East Jordan Military Band canceled their engagement with the Schubert Ladies' Quartette for Wednesday evening.

500

BOXES FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

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

FRANK MARTINEK.

Briefs of the Week

E. V. Madison was up from Charlevoix Thursday.

Miss Myrtle Walling returned from Potosky Saturday.

John N. Roy came home from Northport the first of the week.

Dan Goodman returned on Saturday last from his trip to Canada.

Deputy Sheriff Johnson was in Eills-worth on official business Saturday evening.

Miss Carrie Gelken, of Charlevoix, was the guest of East Jordan friends the first of the week.

Burton Nicholas returned to Ann Arbor Friday to resume his studies in the law department of the University.

Fred Whittington departed Friday for Ann Arbor where he expects to take up an electrical engineering course at the University of Michigan.

Mrs. Chas. F. Dixon, of Genoa Junction, Wis., is the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. John M. Kenny sr. and her brothers Jno. F. and Anthony this week.

Rev. H. C. Scofield died Thursday morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. E. Hall in South Arm. He was one of the earliest settlers in this region.

L. M. Foote has been out distributing mail boxes this week along the line of his rural free-delivery route. He has received orders to commence his duties as carrier October 1st.

Mrs. Jno. L. Miles and children arrived Friday morning from Thompson Upper Peninsula. Mr. Miles has been here for several days and they will again make their home in East Jordan.

Misses Cassie and Emma Winters and Margaret Dooley arrived Monday evening from the Upper Peninsula, called home by the sad news of the collision on Pine Lake Saturday evening in which Fred Winters lost his life.

G. R. & I. annual excursion to Detroit, Toledo, Chicago and Grand Rapids, Tuesday October 6. To Richmond October 13. See G. R. & I. agent for particulars.

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.

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

Howard Gage was taking in the Bellaire Fair Tuesday and Wednesday.

W. H. Lanway attended the West Michigan State Fair at Grand Rapids this week.

Mrs. Harriet Monteith, of Kalamazoo, arrived Wednesday evening to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Gage.

Miss Edythe Fortune commenced the fall term of school in the Afton district in Wilson township Monday.

Geo. Spencer was the guest of his parents and brother here the first of the week returning to Gaylord Wednesday.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Sweet, of Jordan township, died Thursday morning from cholera infantum.

A. A. Swinton, of the Milling Co. was in town Tuesday. He tells us that they are again delayed by the non-arrival of the machinery for their new mill.

G. R. & I. annual excursion to Detroit, Toledo, Chicago and Grand Rapids, Tuesday October 6. To Richmond Oct. 13. See G. R. & I. agent for particulars.

Mrs. I. E. McGowan, who has been visiting her mother Mrs. Robt. Webster and other friends in town for several days, returned Friday to her home in Lawrence, Mich.

Just one attraction at Loveday Opera House during Fair week and that is on Wednesday night when "A Royal Slave" is presented for the first time in our city. Prices 25c. to 75c.

NOTICE
I desire to sell all of my household goods, stoves, carpets, sewing machine bedroom furniture, etc. Very low prices made to move it at once.
STEPHEN KESTER.

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.

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

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

\$5.00 to Detroit and Toledo, \$4.00 to Chicago, \$4.00 to Grand Rapids on G. R. & I. annual excursion October 6. \$5.00 to Richmond October 13. Ask any G. R. & I. agent about it.

Sheriff W. J. Pearson and Register of Deeds F. A. Kenyon were up from Charlevoix Sunday.

Miss Mary McRae, who is teaching in the Charlevoix schools this year, is in town over Sunday.

S. Burak, the iron dealer, went to Manistee Friday where he will remain through the Jewish New Year holidays.

Spreading of the rails caused a wreck on a siding up the line of the E. J. & S. R. R. Tuesday morning. Twelve Russell cars loaded with bark and logs were piled up but no one was hurt.

OF INTEREST TO MANY.

It is not generally known that more than one-third of the deaths are from kidney diseases. Watch your kidneys as you cannot live without them and they cannot be replaced. Foley's Kidney Cure will cure any case of kidney disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. It will make you well.
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

GIRL WANTED—For general housework. Apply to Mrs. C. A. Sweet.

Don't fail to see "A Royal Slave" next Wednesday night—the big night of the Fair. It's a beautiful play and will be thoroughly appreciated as presented on the big stage at Loveday Opera House—a heart story of the sunny south, presented by talented actors and with fine costuming and gorgeous scenery.

SOFT CORE

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

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

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

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

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
37 West 23rd Street, New York.

AN ALL-WHITE TOILETTE.

All-white toilettes seem to grow more popular with every one as the season advances, and this beautiful costume is of oyster-white satin cloth. The bolero waist is elaborated with medallions, also velvet and cord ornaments which are now playing such an important part on women's gowns. The cuffs and belt are of velvet, and the medallions appear also on the sleeves. The inverted box-plaited skirt is securely stitched with Corticelli stitching silk and just below the stitching are arranged medallions in graduated sizes. The skirt which clings about the upper part of the figure flares at the bottom and has a slight sweep.



ments which are now playing such an important part on women's gowns. The cuffs and belt are of velvet, and the medallions appear also on the sleeves. The inverted box-plaited skirt is securely stitched with Corticelli stitching silk and just below the stitching are arranged medallions in graduated sizes. The skirt which clings about the upper part of the figure flares at the bottom and has a slight sweep.

List of Advertised Letters.

Unclaimed letters for the week ending Sept. 14:

Rockwood, Mrs. Ella,
POSTAL CARDS,
Lummls, Ernest,
WM. HARRINGTON, P. M.

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.

Restaurant and Lunch Counter and good accommodations for Boarders on State St.
Mrs. FRANK DUROD.

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,

SHOP ON MAIN STREET. **MERCHANT TAILOR** EAST JORDAN, MICH.

Samples of the Very Latest Styles always on hand.

**MONEY
WE MUST HAVE IT**

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

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

BRING

Us your Job Printing We will
do it right

THE HERALD

Never answer a fool according to your folly.

The world is waiting patiently to hear what H. Lehr is going to buy up to next.

Never put off till week after next what you might just as well have done last month.

Another good man gone wrong over in East Boston? No! Another bad man found out.

The princess of Tahiti, who has arrived in San Francisco, is named Ariamahinihi, Jimini!

A Nebraska family has been poisoned by sardines. Sardines are like people. There are some bad ones.

Since running into that uncharted rock the battleship Massachusetts has had to eat its meals standing.

Prof. Langley has no doubt that his air ship would fly down if he could get it up high somewhere and push it off.

If the banana crop is ruined some inventor will come to the front with a canvas banana with sawdust stuffing.

For those who don't mind how hard they work when they play there is nothing superior to a good game of chess.

Another reason why automobilists would like good country roads is that they want to get away in a hurry from irate farmers.

Conceding, as Corbett does, that he was whipped in the second round, it must be further conceded that he put up a game fight.

Mr. Carnegie's experience proves that the rich man should always make his private secretary a millionaire before letting him go.

To the man of uncertain footing the report that there is a failure of the crop of banana peels would come as a piece of welcome news.

Women can't seem to understand that the men who look so attentively at the gauzy peek-a-boo waists are not impudent—just envious.

Now, if the Turk only would be dreaming in his tent some one might slip in and chloroform him and save a whole lot of trouble.

Mosquitoes that bite people to death have appeared in Philadelphia. But why should anybody care to live in that town, anyway?

The doctor says Mr. Gates must have absolute quiet and freedom from excitement. Let the jack-pot be divided and put the chips away for the present.

Perhaps the Oregon chemist who announces that he has succeeded in making silver from gold will now devote his efforts to making water out of wine.

They had a cakewalk at Mrs. Belmont's over in Newport the other evening, there being no monkeys present to require a show of dignity by the guests.

New York is boasting of a girl violinist who taught herself to play. We know a girl who taught herself to play the violin, but we can't conscientiously boast of her.

There is reason to fear that many persons will be disappointed when the north pole finally is discovered and the photographs of the locality fail to show the pole.

Future Sons and Daughters of the Revolution in Cuba will have only to establish the existence of an ancestor named on the list of 50,000 soldiers entitled to pay that Gen. Gomez has just prepared.

England has decided to put a few more millions of her liquid capital into three new battleships. Of course the investment will be floated all right, but in the very nature of things the returns will be small.

A man in New York has been advertising for a wife with a glass eye. The inference which will strike everybody at once is that he is anxious to secure a wife who has only half a chance to see through him.

It is heard from Washington that the Agricultural department's young men are now able to break themselves of the habit of eating their breakfast with a seasoning of borax—that is, if they can get any unseasoned beef.

Lieut. Edward Arthur Fitzgerald has married the divorced wife of Henry Norman. And it is easy to imagine the sardonic expression with which Mr. Norman wishes him great joy.

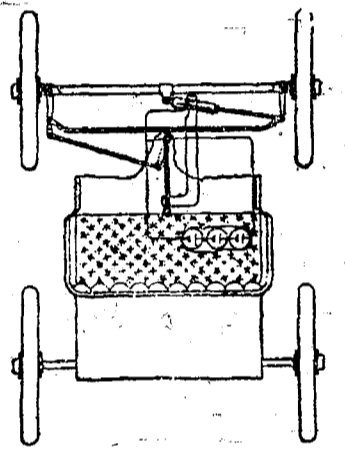
As society has demonstrated that it is not strong enough to suppress the toy pistol the only thing left to do was to discover a cure for lockjaw.

Russia may have just been waiting for something like the killing of another consul to give it an opportunity to select its helping of dark meat.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Magnetic Steering Gear. In spite of the numerous and often just complaints against the motor car because of its abuse from a speed standpoint, this vehicle is gradually gaining the ground which will make it in the near future indispensable commercially. It is reaching this plane only by the efforts of the inventor to improve on the crude ideas which originally obtained as to horseless carriages and every device which gives the driver increased control of the machine advances the automobile a long step toward its perfection.

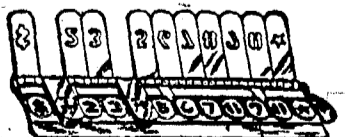
One fault with motor cars is the inefficient means of controlling the steering apparatus, the front wheels being liable to jump to one side or the other, when striking an obstruction in the road, in spite of the chauffeur's efforts to steady the steering lever. To improve on this is shown an electromagnetic steering gear, which, while still making use of the lever to guide the machine, has a piston and cylinder arrangement to steady the movement. The cylinder contains a heavy liquid and the cylinder has valves opening in opposite directions and under the control of magnets electrically connected with the steering lever. To turn the machine the lever is pushed to one side, closing the circuit to open the proper valve and allow the liquid to flow through the valve inside the piston with a steady movement, the combination of the liquid and the piston in the cylinder serving as a cushion to prevent the sudden turn of the steering gear in either direction.



Device to Steady Wheels. Herman Lemp of Lynn, Mass., is the inventor.

Making Stone from Skimmed Milk. Skimmed milk, in spite of its valuable properties, has so far been little used. It is known to contain a considerable portion of nutritious matter, and one quart is about equal to a quarter of a pound of meat. At the Hygienic Milk Supply Exhibition, which was lately held at Hamburg, there were exhibited a number of objects which seemingly had nothing whatever to do with hygienic milk supply. There were shown, nicely arranged in glass boxes, combs seemingly made of horn; cigar holders, with amber colored mouthpieces; knives and forks, with handles similar in appearance to ebony; ferrules for umbrellas and sticks, and balls, rings, chess figures, dominoes, etc.; also a small table with an inlaid marble slab, and finally a number of thick slabs and staves with every imaginable variation of marble colors, but of considerably less weight than real marble. These objects were made galalith—i. e., milk stone. The principal albuminoid substance of skimmed milk, the casein, is the raw material out of which the new product galalith, is manufactured. An advantage of this milk stone over celluloid is the fact that it does not ignite so easily and is entirely odorless. Trials have proved that even when kept for weeks in water it does not distend more than the best quality of buffalo horn; after one month it had not soaked in more than 20 per cent of water.

Vest Pocket Check Punch. Every one will willingly admit that he would like to have frequent use for the article shown in the illustration and those whom fortune has so favored that they need a check protector will doubtless find this one much to their liking. In the first place, the small business man who has been barred from using a check protector on account of its high cost can probably afford to buy this one.



Especially for the Traveling Man.

Then its small size enables it to be carried in the pocket, instead of remaining in a fixed place in the office or store. This makes it especially convenient for the traveling man, who would otherwise be often compelled to do without the protection thus afforded.

As will be seen, there is a flat plate, carrying small disks with figures raised on the surface, while at the rear are hinged perforated plates corresponding to the raised numbers. When the check protector is to be used it is only necessary to lay the slip of paper on the plate and depress one of the hinged numbers over it to cut the figure from the paper; then the check is placed over the

next figure and so on, until the amount for which the check reads has been indicated.

The inventor is A. Connor of Pittsburgh.

Prevents Soiling the Fingers.

If it were not for the delicious flavor of sweet corn it might find itself barred from the table on account of the necessity of holding it in the fingers and gnawing the kernels from the cob, but it is loved too well to count it out of the bill of fare. Nevertheless, a sigh of relief will follow the introduction of the device presented in the drawing, as few people



Forks Hold the Ear of Corn.

are so accomplished as to be able to eat corn from the cob in a dainty manner.

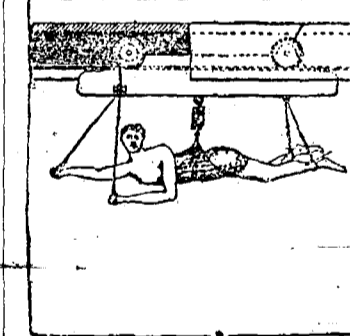
The picture shows one pair of holders in use and a second pair resting on the plate in front of the ear of corn. These forks have very short tines, arranged in a triangular manner about the center, and are provided with rests, extending at right angles from the handles. When in use one fork is fixed at each end of the cob, bringing the rests to an upright position to hold the ear on the plate. By turning either handle the ear can then be rotated for seasoning the kernels, and finally both handles are grasped to elevate the ear to the mouth for eating. If properly inserted in the cob there is little or no danger of the forks becoming detached, and the ear can really be manipulated with greater ease by their aid than without them.

F. P. Pfeiffer of New Haven, Conn., is the owner of this device.

Swimming Without Water.

The thought of a bona fide swimming match without the presence of water seems preposterous, but among the new inventions recently designed for the amusement and edification of the human race, is a device by which it will be possible to hold a swimming contest within the limits of a small hall.

The device consists of a sort of a trolley arrangement supported from an overhead track. A sling on a stout spring is arranged for the support of the person operating the machine, and the hands and legs are also supported by similar springs, but of less tension. The supports meant for the hands are further supplied with a ratchet or pawl connected with the forearm of the two pairs of wheels running along the elevated track and in this manner the "swimmer" is driven along by the motion of the arms. It is evident that the stronger and more skillful man will have the



"Swimming" Through the Air. advantage in this kind of a contest, as he would in a swimming contest.

Is All Matter Electric?

According to a theory advanced by Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English physicist, it is possible that matter may be nothing more than an aggregation of minute electric charges, although he cannot explain how isolated charges, such as he supposes, can exist. In a single atom of matter there may be, he says, hundreds of thousands of these electric points, or electrodes, but they are individually so small that their distances apart may be relatively as great as that of the planets in the solar system. The idea that an atom of matter is further divisible was suggested several years ago by Professor Thomson of Cambridge, England, in a theory that has since become famous. He believes that an atomic "chip" constitutes a charge of negative electricity. On this theory electricity is nothing but finely divided matter. Lodge has reversed the idea and makes matter the sum of myriads of tiny electric charges.—August Success.

Tesla at Work.

Even since Mr. Tesla retired from the public gaze and hid himself in Long Island, he has been credited with performing strange feats. These rumors are at last confirmed. For some time residents about the laboratory have been startled by vivid flashes of light emanating from a tall tower erected by the inventor. Just what this tall tower, and the gleams and flashes which come and go, may mean, no one knows; but it is inferred that Mr. Tesla is bent upon improving the present methods of telegraphing by Hertzian waves.

MEETING OF FAMOUS MEN.

Result of Mutual Introduction in a Smoking Car.

The unknown man walked down the aisle of the smoking car and stopped where another unknown man sat reading voraciously.

"May I sit by you?" he asked, meekly.

"Certainly," replied the occupant, without looking up. "My name as well as sociable. Rita is my name."

"And Freeman is mine. May I ask what you are reading?"

"Certainly."

"Well, what are you reading?"

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

"Pure trash. I have my wife's word for it."

"Who's your wife?" inquired the original occupant, beginning to betray signs of interest.

"My wife is Mrs. Freeman," with some signs of pique.

"Never heard of her. Literary shirk, is she? My wife's strong for Mrs. Wiggs. You see, why, she wrote it."

"My dear sir," shouted the quondam critic, "there seems to be a fatal misunderstanding somewhere. Let me introduce myself again as Mr. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman."

"And I," grinned the man with the book, "am Mr. Alice Caldwell Hegan Rice, of course. Why didn't we do this before? Happy to know you."—Princeton Tiger.

HE KNEW HIS PLACE.

Story—Containing a Moral for Many Married Men.

John R. Proctor, president of the civil service commission, was in former years state geologist of Kentucky, and he had traveled all over the mountain sections of that state. He was talking about the peculiar people of that remote country not long ago in a conversation on the recent disturbances in Breathitt county.

"I see," he said, "that Senator Blackburn says they are the most incomprehensible people in the world, and maybe they are, in general. But one day I met one who wasn't at all so. I had been riding over some mighty rough roadway, and was tired and hungry, when I came to a farmhouse of the usual mountain type. Pottering away at a woodpile near the gate was a man about forty years old, long and lanky and with the mountain sallow, but his face was bright and a quaint little smile seemed to be dodging in and out of it as he looked up on my approach.

"Good morning, I said, reining in my horse. 'I'd like to see the man of the house.'"

"Thar ain't none," he replied very gravely. "The party you want see is my wife, I reckon."—New York Times.

A Ruined Life.

(These beautiful lines were written by a man who committed suicide not many years ago within a Scottish prison. It breathes the saddest aspect of a hopelessly ruined life.)

Night, and the voyage done, no pilot writing

To the man o'er the bar:

Alone I've sailed, alone I reef the cordage,

No help from near nor far;

And tho' across the sea a wind is blowing

That naught of peace doth tell,

Yet in the silent harbor where I'm going

My soul shall sleep—sleep well.

Ye battleships that crush your wretched victims

In never-ending war,

Roll out your guns upon the great broad ocean.

Ye cannot cross the bar;

And little do I reek of those who censure,

Or pity or abhor;

'Tis all too late; 'tis all so very useless,

Not worth the waiting for.

Nor night nor day 's any pleasure bring-

ing me

To brin' cleaned and sore;

I only hear the moaning of the ocean

'Upon the rock-girt shore;

And so I wait, not for thy tardy coming

'Twilight and evening star;

With helm gone, I haste to reef the cordage

Within the harbor bar.

Fasting Schoolgirl.

Miss Reba Benjamin, a 16-year-old pupil of a high school at Colorado Springs, recently concluded a twenty-five days' fast which she undertook "for fun." She only lost ten pounds, and did her accustomed household work during the fast. She is now living on fruit juices, fruits and nuts, abstains from a set meal, and has abolished breakfast entirely.

Egg Preservative.

German papers say that it is possible to keep eggs fresh for any length of time by simply immersing them in a 10 per cent solution of silicate of soda, commonly called liquid glass. Eggs preserved in this way will hatch a year afterward.

Greenland Glaciers.

The ice in Greenland is melting more rapidly than it is formed. Comparison of the descriptions of the Jakobshaven glacier shows that its edge has receded eight miles since 1850, and it has lost twenty to thirty feet in depth.

Home Practice.

Mrs. Strongmind—"Our society has appointed me chairman of a committee whose object is to try to bring a reduction in rents."

Strongmind—"I'm glad to hear it, my dear. You can begin at once on my trousers."

On the Wrong Trail.

Tom—"My tailor called with his bill yesterday."

Jack—"You know how that is, old man. You have my sympathy."

Tom—"Oh, don't waste your sympathy on me. Sympathize with the tailor."

Popular Song Discussions

Being Some Wise Words of Advice to Those Who Would Do Their Courting Through the Medium of Sheet Music.

Now the golden sunshine lingers on the meadows as of old.

When we stood there 'mid the clover and life's sweetest tale I told.

In my heart there's one fair picture, as alone to-night I roam.

And I long to be with Nellie when the cows are coming home.

My boy, is that what you will sing her? That night when you call on her who is all the world to you?

—It is in the parlor and dark. You heard the song at a show on the lot opposite your hall room.

Its plaintive melody came to you while you twisted your fingers with the mysteries of a four-in-hand tie.

The words sank deep into your memory; you paused; you looked out upon the streets; you said to yourself: "I will sing it to her."

And so you sit at the piano and fasten your baritone into the melody and she breathes gently and thinks!

Her old man sitting in the back room hears you singing about "the cows, and it reminds him that he has not paid the milk bill since April, and he grows cross and says mean things to ma.

Your voice goes jolting along the bars like a caboose running on the ties, but "she—ah! she is leaning among the sofa cushions, drinking it in; it is so sweet and soothing.

And now you say, "life's sweetest tale I told." Boy, boy, do you know the sweetest tale you will ever tell her? Some day you will come home to her. She will be your wife then. You will take her in your arms; you will press her close to you; you will look into her eyes and say with all the passion of your soul: "Dearest, dearest, it is all ours. I have paid

the last dollar a week on the party suit to-day, and the instalment man will come no more." She will breathe a sigh of relief and on the following Thursday she will buy a pink brocade satin tete-a-tete on the same terms.

—But the song. We are getting into the second story of its metered sentiment, up near the gables of its heart-touching lines. You are seeing a picture. You are roaming about; and you long to be with Nellie, "when the cows are coming home." Doesn't it strike you as a matter of propriety, pure and simple, that just as this moment Nellie would rather not have you see her, driving the cows home, perhaps. She has on her faded gingham, mother's sunbonnet and there's a hole in her left stocking that shows over the heel of her shoe. Yet you sing and think how romantic to be with Nellie, when she is mad because she had to drive the cows home because brother is fishing and father has gone to town to attend a Grange meeting and buy a car of fertilizer. Yet you would be with Nellie.

My son, where is your gallantry? Why not let Nellie sit on the porch among the moss roses, while you, big brute that you are, go after the cows for her?

Yet you sing you long to be with her just at that particular moment when the cows are very sensibly getting into the barnyard, where there's something else to eat besides chipped grass and garlic.—Wells Hawks, in New York Times.

Take to Indian Spouses.

It is announced from Fort Leavenworth that the government is taking notice of army officers who married Filipino girls after the loose fashion of the islands and then abandoned them. The particular case is one in which a young officer became engaged to a Leavenworth girl. It was known that this officer had lived with a Filipino girl near Manila after some sort of a marriage ceremony. The Leavenworth girl is said to have no objections to the facts in the case and will marry her lover when he gets a divorce from his Filipino wife.

—However, there is nothing particularly new in the revelations with respect to "morganatic" marriages by United States army officers. Before the civil war it was almost the customary thing for officers stationed in Oregon or Washington territory to consort with Indian girls. At Tacoma or Seattle the visitor often has pointed out to him half-breeds who bear the names of some of the most distinguished civil war generals and who are known to be the sons or daughters of these officers. It is explained that when these officers were young lieutenants they were stationed in the wilds of the northwest far from the society of women of their own kind; that they needed housekeepers; that it was the custom of the region for white men to consort with Indian maidens; that, according

to Indian standards, there was nothing wrong about it and that from every standpoint it was advantageous to the girl taken for a temporary wife.

At the little town of Puyallup, ten miles from Tacoma, there are two fine-looking men who bear the name of a general who for a long time was at the head of the quartermaster's department of the United States army. These men are the sons of the general. He married their mother, a Puyallup Indian, when he was a lieutenant and stationed at the Puyallup Indian agency long before the civil war. In later years he married an American woman in the far east and reared a family. But he did not abandon his family on the Pacific coast. His sons were taken east and put through one of the leading colleges. He frequently visited them and openly acknowledged them. On one occasion, at least, he was accompanied by his American wife, who seemed to know the circumstances and to have accepted them philosophically. His Indian wife lived for some years after he had married his American spouse, though he never visited her. But old-timers about Tacoma, will tell the visitor how he made her old age comfortable while caring as a father should for the sons of their marriage.—Kansas City Journal.

All Well Looked After.

One day last week when Secretary Shaw was dictating a letter to the Charles McCaul Company of Philadelphia, which was complaining because the contract for the construction of the new Federal building in Cleveland had been awarded to a rival bidder, the door leading into his office suddenly swung open, and there stood a man with a .44 calibre Colt's revolver in his hand. The weapon was about a foot long, and was loaded with cartridges the size of a man's thumb. The man's finger was on the trigger, and he seemed ready for business. A friend of the Secretary was sitting in the office and it seemed to him that there soon would be "something going."

was a member of the Treasury watch. Accidentally the alarm connecting the captain's room and the Secretary's desk was sounded, and he had hastened upstairs to defend Mr. Shaw against a possible assailant.

There is a pearl button at the end of an electric wire at the Secretary's elbow, and if he needs assistance against assault, a slight pressure will bring the treasury guard to his aid.

This contrivance was installed three years ago after Frank H. Morris of Cleveland, the War Department Auditor, was assassinated in his office by a disgruntled clerk. Lyman J. Gage was then the head of the treasury and Frank A. Vanderlip was an assistant secretary. Threats were uttered against both of them and they immediately prepared for any contingency. Each was given a big revolver which reposed on a little shelf upon the lid of his desk, and then the desks were connected by electric wire with the office of the captain of the guard. But no one ever offered to molest either official, and their successors likewise have been free from annoyance.—Cleveland Leader.

But there was no shooting. The Secretary looked curiously at the intruder, and the next instant the latter was apologizing.

"Did you ring?" he asked.

"No," replied the Secretary.

"The signal went off downstairs, and I thought you rang. Excuse me, sir?"

"All right," said Mr. Shaw, and the man with the gun retired. He

Got Joyful Too Soon.

"What's the matter, old fellow?"

He said, as they met the morning after. "You look blue."

"I feel blue."

"But last night you were the jolliest member of the party."

"I felt jolly."

"You acted like a boy just let out of school."

"I felt like one."

"You said your wife had gone away for the first time in three years, and there wasn't any one to say a word if you went home and kicked over the mantel clock."

"I remember it."

"You said if you stayed out till 4 o'clock there was no one to look

at you reproachfully and sigh, and make you feel small."

"Yes, and I stayed out till 4 o'clock, didn't I?"

"You certainly did."

"And I gave a warwhoop on the doorstep?"

"Yes; and then you sang a verse from a comic opera song and tried to dance a jig."

"Yes; and my wife had missed the train. Now, go away and leave me. I want to kick myself a little more for not taking the precaution to get an affidavit from the station master that she went with the train."

And he gave himself several bangs on the ears, and then shook himself till his hair began to fall out.

ENTERTAINING NATURE'S CHILDREN

Pink Teas to the Bug and Bird Select



Although wealthy and really pretty Miss Genevieve Hoadey Marvin cares not for social success among her fellow human beings. It is true that she has indulged in a more or less mad scramble to get into society, but it is the society of the birds and beetles and small animals that haunt the verdant woods around the picturesque little cottage, near Whippany, N. J., where she and her mother live, to which she is "at home."

It seems impossible that your servant should bring in a card marked "A Raccoon," but that is almost what takes place in the Marvin household any summer day.

"Please ma'am says Miss Marvin's maid, "a raccoon is at the front door and would like to see you. He says he's hungry."

A scramble follows and Miss Marvin immediately descends to the lower floor, where her strange visitor is charmingly entertained with steak and potatoes.

Love for all things, great and small, is the only credential that will admit you to animal society, says Miss Marvin, and no one is better qualified to speak in this connection, for her home is a small zoo and nearly 200 creatures of the nearby fields and forest enjoy her hospitality.

So persistently has Miss Marvin demonstrated her friendliness for animals by innumerable acts of thoughtful kindness that squirrels for a mile around know her and will come from the thickets at her call, while raccoons, field mice, weazels, woodchucks and even many of the birds follow her as she takes her morning walk through the woodland.

This has not been accomplished without much labor. For many months Miss Marvin battled against the nat-

ural and inherent timidity of the "people of the wild," and day after day she threw bread crumbs to the birds and left tempting bones and bits of meat in her front yard for the larger animals; she coaxed and begged and wheedled, and made it a rule always to wear the same bright red outing jacket when she went forth to win the confidence of her tiny friends. The wearing of this particular jacket, she explains, was to impress upon the animals her distinction from the confusion of farm hands and other persons living in the neighborhood. Even to this day she wears the red jacket while out in the woods, and she confesses with evident regret that she is afraid many of her pets would not know her if she were to appear in any other color.

The proverbial "happy families" of the big zoos and circuses cannot be compared to the amazing collection of animals all under one roof in the Marvin cottage. A room jutting out into the shaded back yard, with one side well grown with plant life, is the summer recreation spot and district hospital of 150 different creatures of various kinds, ranging from the ordinary pinching bug to the bullfrog. You are dimly conscious of an incessant hopping, twittering and jumping when you step into this stationary ark. A large cage, closed in with wire, takes up the left corner of the room, and in this cheerfully abode some thirty-five specimens of the bird families of New Jersey.

It is by no means a part of Miss Marvin's scheme to imprison these songsters for a lifetime. Indeed, none of them has been kept longer than eight months in the cage. Thoroughly conversant with the many different nests and their broods, she takes the best specimens just before

they are ready to fly and gives them a home, which, if not the equal of the woods, is wonderfully adapted, nevertheless, to their wants and peculiarities. As soon as a specimen has been studied carefully both in habit and song and markings, it is permitted to go, while in Miss Marvin's books another sketch is made and another biography completed.

"You would naturally suppose," said Miss Marvin to a visitor, "that the birds once freed would never again wish to see the artificial life I have prepared for them, but this is not always the case. Not long ago, for instance, I liberated a Baltimore oriole after he had grown up and I had finished studying him. Early in the following morning my maid heard a terrific flapping of wings on the window pane in the back room, and she called to me that two birds were trying to get in. One of these visitors proved to be my old oriole and he had brought back with him a mate. Although at first obviously ill at ease, this new acquaintance to my ranks soon adjusted herself to her new surroundings. The old oriole feels his authority, being perhaps the 'oldest inhabitant,' and his impertinent conduct while on morning parade is most amusing."

The large cage is like an ever-changing kaleidoscope of color. The brown and red of the robins and the flashing bluebirds' wings mingle with the more sober hues of the teewit, the flycatcher and the meadow lark, and conspicuous through all is the restless scarlet oriole, "a living spot of fire."

"Are there ever any misunderstandings between your animals that you are called upon to settle?" Miss Marvin was asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied with a smile. "I am often compelled to don the cap and cloak and arbitrate in their quarrels. Even the smallest animals, if patiently trained, can be made to learn the lesson of obedience to mankind. For an entire year, my first in New Jersey, I fed the birds out of that east window every morning. Now I can't keep them away. Promptly at half after six—we are early risers, you see—the clatter begins beneath the window. My appearance upon the scene is the signal for a noisy morning greeting. Up they come in swarms not even waiting for me to throw the food on the ground for them. Sometimes there are as many as twenty birds, all noisy, all hungry, in a feathery ball around the bread pan."

"I have known stragglers who had not received their portion to fly against the window after it had been closed in an attempt to tell me that they had been forgotten, while in the summer, when the window is left open, they will come six and seven at a time to line themselves on the table and pick up remnants."

"It is interesting to see the signals that are exchanged between the free and the captive birds. On pleasant days I roll back the glass roof so that the animals may get the warm sun and air, and it is not uncommon for free birds that I have fed to fly down into the room and with fluttering wings cry out discordant challenges to the prisoners."

"Once every week on the same day I give a little informal 'pink tea,' as it were, on my front lawn. There is spread a suitable feast, and I have known squirrels and even the shy woodchuck to come unbidden from the stone fence and partake gingerly of my bounty, braving the danger of the open road and my pet dachshund Creole, who entertains, I imagine, feelings of great jealousy."—New York Press.

GUIDED BY THEIR SENSES.

Plants Are Endowed With a High Degree of Intelligence. Professor Shaler of Harvard university is of the opinion that plants are possessed of intelligence that serves the purpose of self-protection and self-gratification to a very considerable degree. Recently after discussing the automata observed in growing things he said:

"We may accept the statement that our higher intelligence is but the illuminated summit of man's nature as true, and extend it by the observation that intelligence is normally unconscious, and appears as conscious only after infancy, in our waking hours, and not always then." In summing up the professor uses the following sentences: "Looking toward the organic world in the manner above suggested, seeing that an unprejudiced view of life affords no warrant for the notion that automata anywhere exist, tracing as we may down to the lowest grade of the animal series what is fair evidence of actions which we have to believe to be guided by some form of intelligence, seeing that there is reason to conclude that plants are derived from the same primitive stock as animals, we are in no condition to say that intelligence cannot exist among them. In fact, all that we can discern supports the view that throughout the organic realm the intelligence that finds its fullest expression in man is everywhere at work."

WESLEY'S ADVICE WAS COOD.

"Get Close to Mother Earth," said the Great Methodist. In the Times' report of the celebration by Los Angeles Methodists of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Wesley, the following occurs in the description of Bishop Hamilton's speech: "The bishop was eloquent and witty, and told many humorous stories of Wesley and other leading early-day Methodists. He did not spare Wesley by omitting the ludicrous things in his life. He solemnly quoted from the great Methodist's medical book his cure for pulmonary trouble: 'Go dig a hole in the ground; lay down on your face and breathe the fresh earth.'"

This may have appeared very funny to the audience, but possibly the suggestion of the great founder of Methodism is not so ludicrous after all. In fact, it is good advice, supposing the soil to be free from impurities. It would do us all good if we could occasionally get a little nearer to Mother Earth, both with our feet and our faces.—Los Angeles Times.

At Ninety in the Shade.
Oh, well for the savage, unnumbered and free.
Without a complexion to spoil;
He rises from bed and puts on his head
A bit of fresh coconut oil
Or butter, which melts and runs down to his feet,
And he's ready for breakfast—his toilet's complete.

Oh, well for the native of tropical climes,
With nothing important to do,
As I have heard tell on, he takes a large melon
And cuts the great creature in two;
Sits down in one half, claps the rest on his head,
And feasts on the pulp, which is luscious and red.

But alas! for the lady of temperate zones,
Be-trooked and be-bloused and be-titled;
What would she not give like a savage to live.
Uncumbered and domiciled
In a spot of fresh coconut and vegetable there
While London at 80 is gasping for air?
—Modern Society.

Anxious to Learn.
A little boy who has recently moved from New York to this city is very much interested in his state and its history, although he is too young to take up the study at school. He was talking with his father the other evening about William Penn.

His father explained that the state had been named in honor of this early settler, and that Penn square, facing the city hall, had also been named in his honor.

A few days after the little boy and his mother were taking a trolley ride, when they passed the state penitentiary.

"Say, ma," he asked, as he looked at the massive buildings, "was the penitentiary named after William Penn, too?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Should Boys Fight?
Moralists and disciplinarians differ on the question whether boys should be encouraged to rely on fist arguments in cases of dispute. Generally speaking the boy who was never in a fight is not appreciated; for the Christian doctrine of meekness, soft answers and turning the other cheek are in practice "more honored in the breach than in the observance." In spite of this it probably calls for a higher sort of courage to refrain from fighting than it does to fight; and perhaps the most reasonable view to take is that physical fighting may be justifiable in emergencies, such as the defense of conscience or of women or children or country; but not as a studied practice, says the Pathfinder.

More Than His Share.
Terence, a lusty, good-natured Irishman, was one of a number of workmen employed in erecting a building. The owner of the building, who knew him, said to him one day:

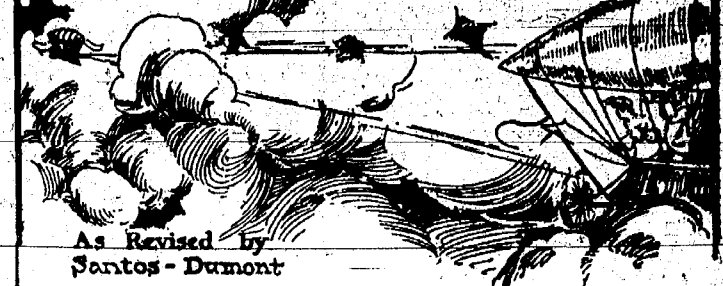
"Terry, didn't you tell me once that a brother of yours is a bishop?"

"Yes, 'sor."

"And you are a hod-carrier! The good things of this life are not equally divided, are they, Terry?"

"No, 'sor," rejoined Terence, shouldering his hod and starting up the ladder with it. "Poor Terry! He couldn't do this to save his life!"—Youth's Companion.

Lochinvar



As Revised by Santos-Dumont

"Will you fly with me, my darling, to some happier distant clime, where the only cruel parent is relentless Father Time? Seven Summers have departed since the blessed day I knew that in all the Solar System there was none like unto you. 'Tis your bluetinted pater who has ever held me back. Coldly sneering as he shovels coupons in a bulging sack. And he swears in shocking phrases that he'll not consent to me as a member of his household till I've heaped up millions three. Now, I'm shy two million dollars—and a half a million more. We must die or fly together, let the King of Finance say!"

Then she spoke: "We'll wait no longer, let us go this very night. Are you sure the airship's ready and the engine's working right? Will you meet me in the garden when the stroke of midnight rings? Now be good, and leave me, darling, I must go and pack my things."

When a winged phantom sweeping with a hissing, sighing rush, settled gently in the shadows of the sleeping garden's bush. There were whispers: "Test the current of the fans and steering wheel. Try the motors, shift some ballast forward of the sliding keel. There's a flutter and a rustle, and a stifled, sobbing cry: 'Flurry, George, all is discovered; oh, I know that I shall die.'"

As a mighty wind of Autumn sings among the tossing trees, so the airship Hurricana swept her pinions to the breeze, rising slowly till the city faded in a smudge of black. Then she whirled her hurtling passage o'er the moonlit southern track. Engines, throbbing, the ship was vibrant. Said the Captain: "That'll do. Eighty knots, sir; any harder, and she'll shake herself in two."

But behind, portentous looming the growing larger all the while. Showed a shadow that meant trouble in another flying mile. Said the Captain: "That's the flagship of the Aerial express. She can do an easy hundred, and a trifle more, I guess. In a moment o'er the quarry flashed a searchlight's blinding glare. While the maiden shrieked, half fainting, in the depths of her despair. 'Clear the rapid-firing rifle that we keep for pirate crews. Load,' said George, 'and blow him out of both his wicked shoes.'"

"'Tis my father," cried the maiden, "spare him, for he loves me so!" "All right, Gunner, only wing her—better aim a trifle low. And you'll smash a shaft or engine that will cripple the machine. And your father, darling Nora, will be in the soup to-morrow. Bang! the gunner hit the target and the ship turned on her side. As a broken-winged eagle eddies, stricken in his pride. 'They'll not perish little danger, turn our searchlight!' called the mate. 'Manning parachute preservers.' 'See 'em bustle!' 'Ain't it great?' Soon there dropped a round object, like a fat pear from a tree. Falling gently, kicking wildly, shouting language black and free. 'Good-bye, father, keep your hat on and be careful of your light!' Laughed the maiden, while the sailors yelled a jubilant 'Good night!'"

Where the palm trees droop 'neath tropic skies this modern pair were wed. And the airship's thirty sailors made the isle a vivid red. But the apocalyptic falling star came down upon a fence. And in his cushioned frame were knocked some rather painful dents. He lives alone, and mourns the day he ever did pursue That wilful daughter, her young man and Hurricana's crew. —RALPH D. PAINE in New York Times.

Had "Money to Burn."

"Money to burn" is a phrase that one is likely to regard as belonging to modern slang, and of recent origin, but it was used more than fifty years ago, with a slightly different meaning, by a farmer living in western New Hampshire.

This man—who may be called Smith, as that happened to be his name—was sued for a debt which he declared that he did not owe, and he contested the charge hotly, but nevertheless judgment was found against him. Smith said the evidence "was false, and vowed he would never pay the amount. As the law at that time allowed imprisonment for debt, he moved over the line into Vermont to escape arrest.

Now, Mr. Smith had always prided himself upon being an honest, law-abiding citizen, who paid his taxes and owed no man a penny, and the injustice of the action against him rankled in his soul. He wished to show his utter contempt for the decree and the court that had made such a travesty of justice, and to outwit its officers in their effort to take him into custody. So every Sunday old

Smith crossed over the Connecticut river from Vermont and paid a visit to his old neighbor, Abner Crain. He made no secret of his coming, secure in the knowledge that the law could not reach him on Sunday, and he took good care to get back before the hour which ushered in the legal weekdays.

After dinner Mr. Crain and he used to take a stroll about the place to look at the crops, and then settle themselves comfortably in chairs on the shady porch and take out their pipes for a quiet smoke. This was Smith's happiest moment. Reaching down into his trousers pocket, he would pull out a "big roll of banknotes and peel one off the bunch. Leisurely folding the note lengthwise into a spili, he would then reach over and light it at the pipe Mr. Crain was already puffing, and, as he applied the burning paper to his own, he would remark in complacent tones between the puffs:

"I've got money to burn, neighbor; money to burn; but I'll never pay that judgment with it, never! I'll burn it all first!"

"Cash" Clay's Black Look.

The following story is related of Gen. Clay's power as an orator: A man was once being tried for murder, and his case looked hopeless indeed. He had, without any seeming provocation, murdered one of his neighbors in cold blood. Not a lawyer in the county would touch the case. It looked bad enough to ruin the reputation of any barrister.

The man, as a last extremity, appealed to Mr. Clay to take the case for him. Every one thought that Clay would certainly refuse. But when the celebrated lawyer looked into the matter his fighting blood was roused, and, to the great surprise of all, he accepted.

Then came a trial the like of which has seldom been seen. Clay slowly carried on the case, and it looked more and more hopeless. The only ground of defense the prisoner had was that the murdered man had looked at him with such a fierce, murderous look that out of self-defense he had struck first. A ripple passed through the jury at this evidence.

The time came for Clay to make his defense. It was settled in the minds of the spectators that the man was guilty of murder in the first degree. Clay calmly proceeded, and laid all the proof before them in a masterly way. Then, just as he was about to conclude, he played his last and master card.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, assuming the fiercest, blackest look, and carrying the most undying hatred in it ever seen—"gentlemen, if a man should look at you like this, what would you do?"

That was all he said, but that was enough. The jury was startled, and some even quailed in their seats. The judge moved uneasily on his bench. After some fifteen minutes the jury filed slowly back with a "Not guilty, your Honor." The victory was complete.

When Clay was congratulated on his easy victory he said:

"It was not so easy as you think. I spent days and days in my room before the mirror practicing that look. It took more hard work to give that look than to investigate the most obtrusive case."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Told by "Mother" Jones.

"Mother" Jones, her small band of strikers about her, sat sewing in a lodging house in Jersey City. She was mending the clothes of the men and boys of her army.

"I am used to roughing it," said "Mother" Jones. "I am an American of the old style. I date back to the times when everybody dined at noon, and pie was our only dessert."

"Tell us about those times," said a reporter.

"Well," said "Mother" Jones, "I'll tell you about the Lake Superior steamers of the old days. I rode on one of those steamers in my girlhood. Everything was primitive. 'I remember how the captain of this steamer on a Sunday morning, gathered the passengers about him, held up his hand for silence, and began:

"I want to let you know that a meetin' will commence at once in the aft cabin. Good singin' and all welcome. I would also state that I have got up, in accordance with the wishes of several passengers, an Indian foot-race on shore for a barrel of flour. Select your own amusement, friends.' 'I," said "Mother" Jones, "selected the meeting, and so did all the other women passengers. It was well for us, too, that we did; for we learned afterward that, though the foot-race was a great success, one of the Indians entered it with nothing on but a calico shirt and ended mind-breech that."

Population of China.

So much has been said of the "teeming millions" of China that the official census recently published by the imperial treasury department of China is of no little interest, since it furnishes a method of determining just how many "teeming millions" there are. It appears that the celestial empire contains 426,000,000 inhabitants, and that China proper—the eighteen provinces—contains 407,000,000. The number of inhabitants per square kilometer varies from 201 in Honan to 32 in Kansu and is on the average 103 in the eighteen provinces. In Mongolia, the number is 7, in Manchuria 9, in Tibet 5, and in Turkestan 8. For comparison it may be recalled that Germany has 105 inhabitants per square kilometer, Belgium 220 and the United Kingdom 130.

The Wild Ostrich.

There are just four regions in which the wild African ostrich is now found. He lives in considerable numbers in Arabia, where he has been little hunted. In Africa his most northern habitat is the Sudan and the southern part of the Sahara, from the Red Sea almost to the Atlantic ocean. He does not live in the excessively moist regions of central Africa, but in the drier countries between the Indian ocean and the Nile he is found in considerable numbers. His fourth home in Africa is in the great dry districts of German West Africa, from the Atlantic ocean more than half way across the continent.

Human Ball Between Locomotives.

While crossing the Pennsylvania railway tracks at York, Pa., Saturday night, 12-year-old Harry Amlg was struck by the train he had not seen and tossed in front of the engine he was seeking to avoid. This one promptly pitched him back, with the regulation curves, but engine number one played hot ball in return and for the third time the boy was sent whizzing through the air. Fortunately he landed between the tracks this time, where he was quickly surrounded by a group of horrified spectators. The surprise of the crowd and the joy of the youngster when it was discovered that he had not even a scratch to show for his dangerous experience is better left to the imagination than otherwise. The experiment, however, will not bear repetition.

What Could She Do.

"I am glad," said the wealthy merchant, "that the baby is a girl." "Wouldn't you rather have a boy that you could train to succeed you in business?" "No, indeed," replied the wealthy merchant. "A boy would go to college, learn to play baseball and probably become a member of one of the professional leagues. He would be of no business advantage to me whatever. But a girl—"

"What can a girl do?" "Why, she can marry the confidential clerk who is gradually stealing everything I've got, and so keep the money in the family."

Argument Had Effect.

Rev. Sanford Olmsted, the new Episcopalian Bishop of Colorado, is noted for the skill with which he can collect money for charity. St. Asaph's church, at Bala, Pa., was Bishop Olmsted's last charge, and this church, under his pastorate, actually had more money than it could spend. Here is an instance of Bishop Olmsted's address as a collector. He called on a man one day who was well to do, but somewhat close. He asked for money for a worthy charity, and the man said: "I'd give something gladly, but the fact is I've only \$300 by me in cash—\$300 that I've put aside for my funeral." "You trust God with your soul," said Bishop Olmsted, "but you're afraid to trust Him with your funeral, eh?" This comment gained the bishop a generous contribution.

Learning Foreign Languages.

One of the most interesting features of the social life of Antwerp is the polyglot clubs for the mutual teaching of foreign languages, especially English, German and Spanish. Members meet every week, and all the proceedings—lectures, reading, and conversation—are conducted in languages other than French or Flemish. Mistakes of pronunciation are corrected by those present in the most friendly manner. These clubs have given a great stimulus to the acquirement of foreign languages.

Fast Automobile Travel. An Englishman has covered 427 miles in 21 hours and 16 minutes with his automobile.

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East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE.
In effect June 21, 1903.

SOUTH		NORTH	
No. 1	No. 2	No. 4	No. 3
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8:30	1:15	5:00	11:45
8:43	1:28	4:47	11:32
8:51	1:36	4:39	11:24
8:54	1:39	4:35	11:20
9:06	1:51	4:23	11:08
9:18	2:03	4:12	10:57
9:30	2:15	4:00	10:45

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

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

Detroit & Charlevoix R. R. Co.

Time Schedule.
Takes effect Sunday, Sept. 6, 1903.

WEST BOUND:		MIXED:	
Leave Detroit	4:30 p. m.	Leave Detroit	4:30 p. m.
Leave East Jordan	4:45 p. m.	Leave East Jordan	4:45 p. m.
Leave Charlevoix	5:00 p. m.	Leave Charlevoix	5:00 p. m.
Leave Detroit	5:15 p. m.	Leave Detroit	5:15 p. m.
Leave East Jordan	5:30 p. m.	Leave East Jordan	5:30 p. m.
Leave Charlevoix	5:45 p. m.	Leave Charlevoix	5:45 p. m.
Leave Detroit	6:00 p. m.	Leave Detroit	6:00 p. m.
Leave East Jordan	6:15 p. m.	Leave East Jordan	6:15 p. m.
Leave Charlevoix	6:30 p. m.	Leave Charlevoix	6:30 p. m.
Leave Detroit	6:45 p. m.	Leave Detroit	6:45 p. m.
Leave East Jordan	7:00 p. m.	Leave East Jordan	7:00 p. m.
Leave Charlevoix	7:15 p. m.	Leave Charlevoix	7:15 p. m.

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

CLARK HAIRE, Gen. Manager.

PERE MARQUETTE

In effect June 21, 1903.
Trains leave Bellaire as follows:
For Traverse City, 10:30 a. m. 3:59 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—2:29 p. m., 5:58 a. m. and 7:24 p. m.

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General Passenger Agent.
F. N. STEWART, Agent, Bellaire.

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THE DARING OF NELLIE

By EDWIN J. WEBSTER

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Nellie Williams was afraid of mice, spiders and caterpillars, but she was not in the least afraid of men. In fact, she was accustomed to having men, and strong, brave men at that, wait on her and be deeply concerned when she was cross and much pleased when she smiled. Perhaps the fact that Miss Nellie had laughing brown eyes and dimples and hair which seemed to have snared the sunlight had something to do with this apparently contradictory state of affairs.

The season at Colorado Springs had been dull, and the proposition to make up a camping party and explore the mountains was enthusiastically received. Nellie, of course, was one of the party. She was the life of it. Dick Folsom was another of the campers. Dick was good natured and big and strong, yet he was mortally afraid of Nellie's displeasure.

It befell one day that Dick and Nellie wandered together down to the little mountain village near the camp. Nominally they went for the mail. Personally Dick didn't care whether the mail came or not so long as he could have the privilege of going for it with Nellie. The mail came in on time, however, and the coach was about to start on its trip up the mountain side when an idea struck Nellie.

"Oh, Dick," she cried, "let's get on the coach and ride up until we meet the other coach coming down! We will be late for luncheon, but I've never ridden on a regular mountain stage-coach. It will be no end of a lark."

Dick was very favorably impressed with the idea of a ride on the coach with Nellie as his companion. But the postmaster looked worried. He was a bearded ex-miner, who had seen rough times in the early days of the west. Now he combined the duties and dignities of postmaster, landlord of the little hotel and express agent. A pretty, daintily dressed girl was a rare and welcome vision to him, and he was obviously much embarrassed at seeming to oppose her wishes. But he called Nellie and Dick to one side.

"Begging your pardon, lady," he said hesitatingly, "but you had better not go out with the coach today. You see, it's pay day up in the mines, and the coach is carrying quite a bit of gold. Holdups don't happen often nowadays, still there is always a chance of one on pay day. It would be safer if you took your ride some other day."

But Nellie Williams, like many another pretty girl, was somewhat self-willed.

"A holdup!" she exclaimed. "How romantic! Certainly I won't put off my ride. Probably there isn't any real danger of one, and, anyway, I don't believe they would really hurt me, do you?"

The grizzled postmaster shook his head deprecatingly. But the good effect of this was spoiled by the look in his eyes, which plainly said he didn't believe even a bandit hold would have the heart to hurt her. Dick tried to persuade the girl not to take the ride, but she insisted. She was going; if Dick didn't want to be could stay. After that Dick would have gone had he known to a certainty that there were a dozen holdups scheduled.

For an hour the coach swung up hill and down, through the beautiful western scenery. Nellie was in high spirits and Dick too happy to feel really worried. Then the coach turned a sharp curve and the scene changed with a suddenness that sent the hearts of the occupants of the coach to their throats. From behind a clump of bushes at one side of the road and a rock on the other two men sprang out. Each wore a rude mask and carried a rifle. The rifles were pointed at the occupants of the coach, and the stern command "Hands up!" rang out. It was a hold-up.

The driver and the guard threw up their hands without hesitation. They were brave men, but they were covered and knew the men in the road meant business. They would shoot, and shoot to kill. If Dick Folsom had been riding with only the guard and the driver he would have done the same. But when Nellie was with him it was different. His hand slipped back to his rear pocket and at the same time he tried to thrust his body in front of Nellie, so as to protect her. It was brave, but foolish. The foreman of the right hand highwayman was tightening on the trigger of his rifle. In another instant Dick would have had a bullet in him.

But with a quick movement Nellie pushed Dick aside and sprang to her feet. Miss she feared, but highwaymen! What were they but ordinary men!

"How dare you point your guns at us?" she cried. "You cowards! Put down those guns instantly!"

Had the highwaymen been criminals from some eastern cities it would have gone hard with Nellie. But deep down in the heart of almost every western desperado there is a reverence for women. The men in the roadway would have shot down the driver or guard—or Dick Folsom—without the least hesitation and never felt remorse for the murder. Either one of them would have gone to the gallows before he injured the beautiful, angry little figure who issued such peremptory commands.

"Excuse us, lady," said the one who seemed to be the leader in tones of the deepest embarrassment. "Excuse us. Truly we didn't mean to frighten you. It was just a little joke of ours, we not suspecting that you would be on the coach. Excuse us, excuse—Why don't you say something, Bill, you blanked fool?" he growled in a hoarse aside to his partner.

But Bill didn't have anything to say. He only hemmed and hawed and blushed so that it was discernible beyond the confines of his mask.

"Just a little joke—a little joke," continued the first would be thief in what he meant for soothing tones. "Drive on, Tom," he added, speaking to the driver, "but be careful not to make any false moves until you get round the next turn."

"You certainly saved the pay gold that time, lady," said the guard in tones of the utmost admiration after the coach rounded the next turn.

"And she certainly saved that young fellow, too," added the driver, indicating Dick. "You'd been plugged in less than a second for not putting up your hands if the lady hadn't spoken up so quick."

Now that the danger was over Nellie began to tremble and turn pale. But Dick turned to her, speaking in tones so low that the driver and guard on the front seat could not overhear him:

"Now that you have saved my life, dear, don't you think you can make it worth living?"

And for once the light in Nellie's eyes was not that of mischief.

The Diplomatic Newsboy.

"An American friend had told me that I could trust no one in New York," said the tourist from Sweden. "He advised me to take great care of my money unless I was willing to pay for experience. So I have been extremely careful—with one exception."

"I sat on a bench in Madison square the other day when a bright eyed, ragged little boy came running up with a bundle of newspapers. I bought one, handing him a quarter in payment."

"I ain't got no change," he said.

"Then go and get change," I told him.

"He hurried away and soon was lost in the crowd. A man sitting near me on the bench smiled and remarked, 'Well, you are easy.'"

"Interested in my paper, the minutes slipped away until I had forgotten all about the boy and the coin. As I was folding up the paper to go he came running to me again, hot and breathless."

"Here's yer quarter," he said. "Pay me tomorrow. I can't get no change."

"The incident impressed me. I turned to the man on the bench and remarked with some satisfaction: 'And yet you said I was easy! You see, the boy is honest.'"

"I did not say that the boy was dishonest," he replied, "but I did say that you were easy, and the proof of that is that you have made him a present of the quarter, which is just what he intended that you should do."

"Really, you New Yorkers are all diplomats or cynics."—New York Press.

Difficulties of Smokers.

The Turks are now a nation of smokers, but early in the seventeenth century the priests and rulers denounced smoking as criminal, and Amurath IV. ordered its punishment by death in the cruelest forms. One playful punishment consisted in thrusting the pipes of smokers through their noses.

In Russia, at the same period, the

noses of smokers were cut off. The powers ecclesiastical were strongly opposed to the new habit, and Pope Urban VIII. and Innocent X. thundered in turn against the terrible vice of smoking. The papal thunders, however, proved powerless against the charms of St. Nicotine, although there was much reason in those decrees which were directed against the custom of smoking and snuffing in church. Pope Urban excommunicated all who should be gully of so unbecoming a practice, and later Innocent X. solemnly excommunicated all who should take snuff or tobacco in St. Peter's church at Rome.—All the Year Round.

Almost Disbelieved Her Eyes.

"Among the memories of my boyhood," said a New York man, "there is one odd episode that is particularly vivid. It is a conversation that I overheard one morning as I walked toward the Boston high school between two women."

"The women were talking about babies—their size, weight, health, and so forth."

"Why, when I was a week old," said the first woman, "I was such a little baby that they put me in a quart pot and put the lid on over me."

"The other woman was amazed and horrified. 'And did you live?' she asked."

"They say I did," her friend answered.

"Well, well, well," exclaimed the second woman. And she glanced at the other almost doubtfully."

Willful Woman.

After the old gentleman had invited the young one to be seated the latter coughed once or twice to clear his throat and then bluntly suggested that he wished to marry the old gentleman's daughter.

The old gentleman didn't wish to be too ready to give his consent, but he admitted after a few minutes he thought he had no objections.

"That's just the trouble," protested the young man disconsolately. "If you'd only oppose it and order me out of the house once or twice and buy a bulldog I'd have some show of getting her."—New York Press.

What It Really Lacked.

"I put in the French phrases here and there," said the would be author. "to give the book an atmosphere of culture."

"It'm!" remarked the critic. "It would have helped a bit if you had put in a little good English in spots."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Delay Has Advantages.

First Farmer—You oughter took a trip to New York years ago.

Second Farmer—Oh, I dunno. The longer you wait the more there is to see.—Judge.

The Night Traveler's Experience.

There is no place like home, especially when you are riding in a sleeping car.—Philadelphia Record.

It's well enough to aim at stars, but there are things below the level of stars which are worth the winning.

BOAT SERVICE.

East Jordan and Charlevoix Route.

Str. Walter Chrysler.

TIME CARD.	
Leave East Jordan	7:00 a. m. 2:30 p. m.
Arrive Charlevoix	8:45 a. m. 4:00 p. m.
Leave Charlevoix	9:20 a. m. 4:50 p. m.
Arrive East Jordan	11:30 a. m. 6:00 p. m.

GEO. JEPSON, Master.

Str. "Pilgrim."

TIME CARD.	
Lv. Charlevoix	7:40 a. m. 3:00 p. m.
—P. M. Railroad dock	11:00 3:10
—Sequanota	8:25 11:25 3:30
—Ironton	8:35 11:35 3:40
Ar. East Jordan	9:20 12:20 4:2
Lv. East Jordan	9:39 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	7:30 a. m. 1:15 p. m.
—The Inn dock	7:30 a. m. 1:30 p. m.
Arrive East Jordan	8:10 a. m. 3:50 p. m.
Leave East Jordan	9:15 a. m. 3:15 p. m.
Arrive Charlevoix	11:00 a. m. 4:45 p. m.

Comments at Charlevoix with 11:15 a. m. train South, and 6:55 and 11:40 a. m. 1:30 and 5:35 p. m. trains South.

L. GUARD, Master.

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. 1884, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan on the 20th day of May, A. D. 1884, in Liber 11 of Mortgages, page 23, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the time of this notice the sum of one hundred and sixty-nine dollars and fifty-eight cents and an attorney's fee of \$15 provided for in said mortgage and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in such mortgage and the statutes in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on the 28th day of September, A. D. 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the East front door of the courthouse in the village of Charlevoix, in the County of Charlevoix, that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix, is held, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage with interest at 7 per cent, and all legal costs, with an attorney's fee of \$15, so as aforesaid 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 the County of Charlevoix, Michigan, 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, Mortgagee.

A. B. NICHOLAS, Attorney for Mortgagee.

CHANCERY NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

Thirtieth Judicial Circuit in Chancery Court pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix in Chancery, at the Village of Charlevoix on the 15th day of June, A. D. 1903.

Orle Brewer, Complainant,

vs.

William Brewer, Defendant.

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

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

FREDERICK W. WAYNE, Circuit Judge.

E. N. CLARK, Solicitor for Complainant.

Business address, East Jordan, Mich. 6-20-7t

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Antics of the Ants
Story of the Flowers
Love of Liberty March
Idle Fancies (Intermezzo)
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Return of Love Waltzes
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Frank A. Kenyon,
Register of Deeds
and Abstractor.

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"I find Theford's Black-Draught a good medicine for liver disease. I cured my own after he had spent \$100 with doctors. It is all the medicine I take."—MRS. CAROLINE MARTIN, Parkersburg, W. Va.

If your liver does not act regularly go to your druggist and secure a package of Theford's Black-Draught and take a dose tonight. This great family medicine frees the constipated bowels, stirs up the torpid liver and causes a healthy secretion of bile.

Theford's Black-Draught will cleanse the bowels of impurities and strengthen the kidneys. A torpid liver invites colds, biliousness, chills and fever and all manner of sickness and contagion. Weak kidneys result in Bright's disease which claims as many victims as consumption. A 25-cent package of Theford's Black-Draught should always be kept in the house.

"I used Theford's Black-Draught for liver and kidney complaints and found nothing to excel it."—WILLIAM COFFMAN, Marchessault, Ill.

THEFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals lungs

JOHN KENNY,
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Moves household goods, baggage and Mer-
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Stove wood and lumber delivered.
EAST JORDAN, MICH.

ECZEMA
and all Skin Diseases cured by
BANNER SALVE

The most healing salve in the world.

The Doctor Said "Stick To It."
Geo. L. Heard, of High Tower, Ga., writes:
"Eczema broke out on my baby covering his entire body. Under treatment of our family physician he got worse as he could not sleep for the burning and itching. We used a box of BANNER SALVE on him and by the time it was gone he was well. The doctor seeing it was curing him said: 'stick to it for it is doing him more good than anything I have done for him.'"

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A. H. Thurnes, Mgr. Willis Creek Coal Co., Buffalo, O., writes:
"I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years, passing gravel or stones with excruciating pains. Other medicines only gave relief. After taking FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE the result was surprising. A few doses started the brick dust, like fine stones, etc., and now I have no pain across my kidneys and I feel like a new man. FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE has done me \$1,000 worth of good."

No Other Remedy Can Compare With It

Thos. W. Carter, of Ashboro, N. C., had Kidney Trouble and one bottle of FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE effected a perfect cure, and he says there is no remedy that will compare with it.