

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 7.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 26 1903.

No

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. J. Steffes.

Warne Block

Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

WILL RICHARDSON'S

State Street Grocery.

The Fair Drew Large Crowds.

RECEPTION GOWN OF PRIMROSE GAUZE

A beautiful reception gown is of primrose gauze, cut decollete. A novel bodice, trimming consists of graduated bands of black velvet ribbon, which also appear on the elbow sleeves.



Shirring, done to deep hip-yoke depth which is now so popular, being especially effective on thin goods, adds much to the beauty of this gown which beauty is further augmented by the use of Corticelli sewing silk in the same shade as the goods. The graduated bands of velvet on the skirt, corresponding with those on the waist complete a most charming creation.

Reciprocity and Tariff is the title of a new document of thirty-two pages just issued by the American Protective Tariff League, and includes all the reciprocity treaties now under consideration by Congress, the editorial opinions of the late Speaker Reed on the Cuban treaty, and an exhaustive treatise on the Constitutionality of treaties by former Representative Sheldon of California. Sent to any address for four cents. Ask for Document No. 43. Address W. F. WACEMAN, General Secretary, 339 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

A Fine Card of Races. Track was in Excellent Condition.

Fruit and Vegetable Exhibits were the Best Ever.

The 19th Annual Fair of the Charlevoix County Agricultural Society just ended was one of the most successful in its history both in the superb quality of the exhibits and the number who were in attendance.

On Tuesday, the first day of the Fair the weather conditions were perfect but Wednesday, was wet and cold and Thursday was but little better, greatly marring the enjoyment of the occasion.

The fruit and vegetable exhibits were the finest ever shown in Northern Michigan and spoke volumes for the possibilities of this region in these lines.

Boosinger Bros. have so regularly year by year brought out in their displays the prominent things in their business—the new ideas in things to wear—that we come to expect that they will give us the style pace for the forthcoming season and they did not disappoint us this year as their fine showing of drygoods and suits were evidence. We cannot help but notice the great strides or advances that have been made in men's and ladies' garments. It has become a real "alive" subject as is plainly demonstrated in the swell style appearance of the goods that were shown by this enterprising firm. Their "long suit" is the Parmer cloaks and garments, the well known M. Born & Co. clothing and the Pingree shoes. We could not help having a longing for these beautiful things. Surely a thing of beauty is a joy forever and good clothes and shoes are no exception.

The W. E. Malpass Hardware Co. had a tastily arranged exhibit of Belmont steel ranges and heating stoves. The cold wave of Wednesday and Thursday emphasized the timeliness of this display.

A. Churchill had a fine showing of fine toned organs and pianos as did also M. B. Harner, the Petoskey music dealer.

The East Jordan Lumber Co.'s big store was represented with a fine display

of dry goods, dress fabrics and clothing.

The race program was not as long as had been expected, several of the events not being filled.

In the 3:00 class there were six entries.

Tommy M.	1st
Mary Wood	2d
Geo. Johnson	3d
Billy Marshall	4th
2:25 Class.	
Lady Case	1st
Sir Henry	2d
Tommy M.	3d
Toby	4th
Free For All.	
Walter B.	1st
Chas. Wilton	2d
Dr. Redmond	3d
Chas. F.	4th
Farmers Race.	
Horace Hipp	1st
Robt. Ferguson	2d
McClanahan	3d
Geo. Zimmerman	4th

Wednesday Deward and Boyne City base ball teams played a 12 inning game, Deward winning 14 to 11.

The football game between the High School and City elevens Thursday afternoon was a star attraction. The High School boys put up a stiff game but were unable to cope successfully with the heavier weight of the City team, who won by a score of 12 to 0.

Music was furnished each afternoon by the East Jordan Military Band.

D. S. Payton was re-elected President and Roy Sherman was elected Secy. to succeed C. A. Hudson.

The project for a Citizens Lecture Course for this winter has been abandoned and we understand that the High School have decided to take the matter up. Few things contribute more to the social and moral uplift of a town than a good course of lectures and musical entertainments and we sincerely trust that the High School Lecture Course will receive most liberal support and patronage.

The total number of deaths in Michigan during August was 2,800, an increase of 147 over the preceding month. The death rate was 13.3 per 1,000 population.

By ages there were 688 deaths of infants under 1 year, 211 deaths of children aged 1 to 4 years and 687 deaths of persons over 65 years.

Important causes of death were as follows: Tuberculosis of lungs, 157; other forms of tuberculosis, 30; typhoid fever, 44; diphtheria and croup, 37; scarlet fever, 16; measles, 2; whooping cough, 37; pneumonia, 100; diarrhea and enteritis, under 2 years, 386; cancer, 157; accidents and violence, 240, including 32 deaths from drowning and 7 deaths from lightning. There were two deaths from smallpox, one in Detroit and one in Wells township, Marquette county.

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.

A feature of The Delineator for September is an exhibit of samplers, which are contained in a number of famous art collections in America. Although faded and dust stained, these bits of needlework are none the less prized, and the beauty of design and coloring is yet discernible. The range of this collection is wide, embracing quaint specimens from Colonial mansions and bits of gorgeous coloring from the land of the Czar. The farm houses of New England are also represented, and these samplers are perhaps the most interesting, on account of the quaint sentiments inscribed on them by the demure little workers. The Ephrata Sampler, the oldest in America, is shown, and is a unique specimen of needlework. Another remarkable example is a reproduction of Landseer's famous painting representing Cromwell's soldiers ransacking the house of the Marquis of Winchester.

Stage and Platform

SI PLUNKARD.

The original Yankee comedy, in which Mr. J. C. Lewis appears, as Si Plunkard will be at the Loveday Opera House for one night, Tuesday Sept. 29th. This is the twelfth annual tour of this famous play and this season the comedy has been put forward with all new features, introducing a full working threshing machine, the country fair scene, as seen at a county fair, and many other catchy novelties. Si Plunkard has been entirely re-written and re-constructed for the present season by the well known author, Robt. G. Morris, presenting all new features and up-to-date novelties, and will be produced by a strong and efficient cast of comedy artists in an entirely new and novel line of specialties. During the action of the comedy the superb orchestra carried by the company will render the latest overtures between each act.

"A Royal Slave" played to "standing room" at Loveday Opera House Wednesday evening. It was one of the best scenic productions ever given in this popular play house.

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.

School Notes.

Miss Tessie Clawson has departed for Manton.

John Porter '03, departed for Oberlin Monday.

Ruby Birret, of Bellaire, has entered the 4th grade.

Mr. Tice has added a new second pendulum to the laboratory.

Royden Birret entered the third Primary department this week.

The school grounds present a much neater appearance since the fall term.

The H. S. basket ball team has begun to practice and will be ready for match games in the near future.

The latest addition to the high school is a skeleton whose presence will be greatly enjoyed by the Physiology class.

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.

EXCURSIONS

VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

\$6.00	CHICAGO	\$6.00
\$5.00	DETROIT	\$5.00
\$5.00	TOLEDO	\$5.00
\$5.00	LACROSSE IND.	\$5.00
\$4.00	GRAND RAPIDS	\$4.00

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6TH, 1903.

On date mentioned agents of the Pere Marquette will sell round trip excursion tickets to points mentioned in heading, at rate quoted. Good to return on trains not later than October 16th. Ask agents for particulars as to time of trains, etc. Tickets will be good to stop at intermediate points south of Saginaw or Holland and east of Hastings or Grand Ledge.

CHICAGO CENTENNIAL, SEPT. 26 to OCT. 1.

For the Centennial Anniversary of the founding of the City of Chicago, on above dates, the Pere Marquette will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip, on the following dates:

From stations distant not more than 100 miles from Chicago, sell on Sept. 26 to Oct. 1, inclusive.

From stations distant more than 100 miles, sell on Sept. 26 and 28 only.

Good to return not later than Oct. 2. Ask Agents for rates, trains on which tickets will be good, etc.

H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A.

BOOSINGER BROS.

What you Auto Have.

What you ought to have is one thing.

What you can afford to get is quite another.

With all frankness and safety we can lay claim to the fact that the return we give for the price you pay us cannot be matched in any store we know of that you can point out.

We make your money more valuable because we increase its purchasing power.

For instance your suit that you will quickly want, or may want now—our prices are \$10, \$15, \$17.50 and \$20.

A jaunty Covert Topcoat, as famous for style as it is for service and comfort, \$15, \$17.50 and \$20.

Autumn and fall weight suitings. You won't do yourself justice if you buy without first inspecting our stock.

If you can afford to own all, or if you want any of the above, you ought to make up your mind now. Assortment is biggest and attention to your order is more pleasantly easy than later when everybody comes.

Quality First o All -- Our Motto

BOOSINGER BROS.



FAMOUS YACHT AMERICA DID UNION CAUSE GOOD SERVICE

Travelers on cars crossing the bridge between Charlestown and Chelsea, Mass., are often astonished to see some passenger fix an earnest gaze on an old schooner yacht that lies with a cover of boards over her deck, alongside the north pier at the bridge draw. The gaze of the interested passenger is so intent, and his back droops on the old vessel so long that the other passengers wonder what there is about the craft to cause such an eager regard.

Sometimes they learn, and all then gaze, if in time, for the vessel is the most famous yacht afloat, being none other than the America.

For a number of years the America's winter berth has been at Chelsea bridge, and this year, not having been placed in commission by her owner, Butler Ames of Lowell, she has spent the summer there also.

After racing for the cup that bears her name, in August, 1851, the America was sold by her American owner to an English yachtsman, Lord John de Biscan, who used her a couple of years and sold her to Lord Templeman of the Royal yacht squadron. In 1859 she was bought by a builder, who rebuilt her, and in the winter of 1870 sold her to a certain Capt. H. E.

the writer, at Dunn's Creek, 140 miles above Palatka.

Lieut. Stevens took a steamer and two launches from the Wabash (DuPont's flagship, now a receiving ship at the Charlestown navy yard), and proceeded to the point described in the letter.

Here the America was found sunk in three fathoms of water, her port all being out. Auger holes had been bored in her planking to cause her to sink.

After a week's work, Lieut. Stevens succeeded in raising the vessel. She was towed by the Ottawa to Port Royal, S. C., the base of the blockading squadron, and there was fitted with new sails and armed with three guns.

On the 19th of June, 1862, the America went into commission as a United States vessel, attached to the South Atlantic blockading squadron. During this period of duty the America was commanded by Acting Master Jonathan Baker, a fearless man, who had entered the navy from civil life and without previous training had made an admirable officer.

One of the most valuable prizes of the war was the steamer Princess Royal, which was forced ashore in

training to have the use of so famous a craft.

The secretary of the navy therefore ordered her to be appraised and sold. This was done in New York in May, 1863, and the vessel was formerly bid in by the navy department for \$700, a merely nominal price. The officers interested waived their rights to the prize money on condition that the vessel be given the naval academy, and this was done.

The America was put into active service as soon as she was turned over to the academy, by being assigned on June 15, to join in the chase of the confederate privateer bark Tacony, then cruising off the New England coast.

The Tacony, owned in Philadelphia, was seized off Cape Henry, June 12, 1863, by the confederate brig Clarence, Lieut. Charles W. Reade of the confederate navy, commanding. Reade had been a cadet at Annapolis. He had left the confederate steam privateer Clarence, prize, on a dare-devil raid along the coast, carrying only twenty men and one small gun. On taking the Tacony he had transferred her crew to the other captured vessel, which he liberated on board, had burned the Cla-



THE AMERICA IN THE ST. JOHNS RIVER.

Decie, who in the winter of 1860-61, visited her in the West Indies.

The result, and possibly the motive, of this cruise may be judged from the fact that in April, 1861, the America arrived at Savannah. She lay for some time in the Savannah river, while Capt. Decie was entertained by prominent confederates. Then she disappeared and her captain with her.

Capt. Decie had sold the vessel to the confederate government, and her first service was to carry Edward Anderson, a former United States navy officer, to Europe, as an agent of the confederacy, authorized to order gunboats and arms and fit out blockade running steamers.

Anderson's mission was entirely successful, and it was not until October, 1861, that the government was apprised of the service to which the America had been put by the confederates.

At that time plans were being prepared for tightening the blockade of

side the America's station on January 29, 1862.

The America was one of the first vessels to detect her attempting to sneak down the shore on a very dark night. Shots and rockets apprised the heavier vessels of the blockading fleet of the passage of a prize, and the Housatonic joined the America, that, with the schooner Blunt, was sending shot after shot after the blockade runner.

The prize offered no resistance, but was run ashore on Long Island beach, her crew escaping to the land in their boats.

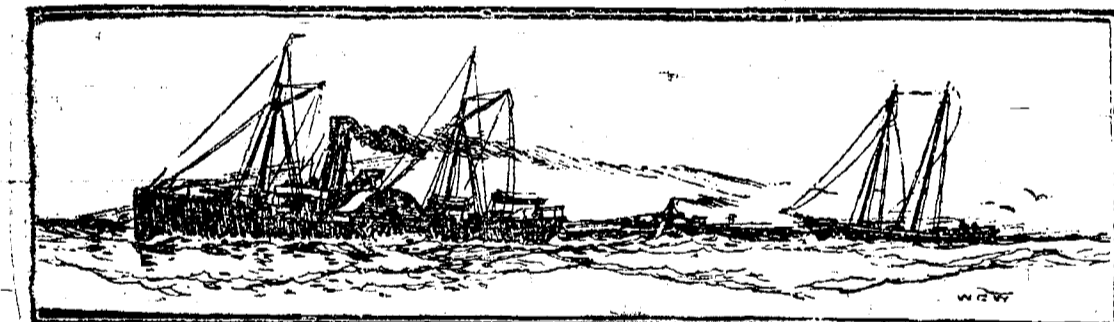
The vessel was saved, with her cargo, which consisted of heavy guns, rifles, gunpowder, army stores and engines for confederate ironclads then building. The vessel also carried English workmen brought over to instruct the confederates in the manufacture of steel-pointed projectiles.

When sold by a prize court of Phila-

delphia the Princess Royal, with her cargo, brought the government \$360,382.61. The prize was converted into a union gunboat.

During the remainder of her stay on the blockade the America was concerned in a number of minor captures. Her post was one of the most dangerous on the blockade, as she was stationed in shoal water, and in the easterly gales that sometimes came up she had hard work to draw off the lee shore to a safe anchorage in deep water.

The famous vessel's service on the blockade ended May 5, 1863, when she started for Newport, R. I., by orders of the secretary of war. She had been pressed into service at Charlestown without having been condemned by a prize court. The officers who had raised her from the St. Johns river wished her to be turned over to the naval academy, as they regarded her with a great deal of sentiment, and wanted the youth in the institution where they had obtained their



THE AMERICA BEING TOWED TO PORT ROYAL S. C.

the southern coast, and Admiral Samuel F. DuPont, in command of the North Atlantic blockading squadron, was apprised of the possibility of the America appearing on the coast as a blockade runner or dispatch boat.

In March, 1862, DuPont organized an expedition to seize the ports of southern Florida. Lieut. Thomas H. Stevens (afterward a rear admiral, and now dead), was assigned to take his ship, the Ottawa, and some other light draft vessels, across the bar of the St. Johns river, to move against Jacksonville. That city surrendered March 12, without opposition, and Lieut. Stevens, hearing that there was some valuable shipping sunk up the river, pushed on with smaller vessels to find it.

His quest was highly successful. According to his official report, a boat was sighted near Palatka from which two men fled to the bank. In this boat was found a letter signed by a person named Hemming, giving a report of the sinking of the America, by

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But that is another story.

The America remained in the service of the naval academy until 1873 when she was sold by order of the secretary of the navy to Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. Naval men claimed that the sale was illegal, on the ground that the vessel was not condemned by a board of survey, according to law, and there was but one bidder at the sale. The matter was made the subject of inquiry at a congressional investigation in 1876. The America has remained in undisputed possession of Gen. Butler and his family since 1873.—Winfield M. Thompson in Boston Globe.

Product of Potatoes.
In bulk the world's product of potatoes equals that of wheat and corn combined.

London's Dead.
Twenty-three acres of ground are needed to bury London's dead of one year.



THE AMERICA OFF THE CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD, 1863

A BOARD BILL SQUARED.

How an Unworthy New Yorker Avoided Embarrassment.

Magistrate Scott went down to the shore one day this week, and on his return he had a story, as follows:

There was a tin-horn gambler from New York stopping at one of the second-rate hotels with his wife and little girl. Business had been dull with him and he was 'way behind in his board bill. The landlady was getting nervous for business was dull with her, too, and the house was not half full. One day just before the dinner hour one of those shik-looking articles in a white high hat and long duster, who poses as a doctor, but whose real game is poker, came into the caravanary and went up to the rooms of the gambler.

"In ten minutes he came down again with a face as long as an Irish hotel bill. He sought out the landlady and in a solemn voice told her it was his painful duty to inform her that the little girl in No. 47 was going to have a bad case of smallpox.

"The landlady was business to the backbone. She took out a ten-dollar bill, pressed it in the 'doctor's' hand and said: 'Doctor, you can get those people out of my house—you know it would ruin me if it were known.'

"Well," said the 'doctor,' slowly, 'they'd have to go to-morrow, anyhow. I'll get them out, but you must lock that room just as soon as they are gone, and allow no one to enter it.'

"The scheme worked to a charm, and the gambler and his side partner, the 'doctor,' occupied the same seat in the smoker that evening when the train pulled out for New York.—Philadelphia Daily Telegraph.



DAIRY

Points on Pasteurization.

By pasteurization we understand the application of heat to such a degree that most of the bacteria are destroyed; the temperature generally made use of ranges between 140 to 185 degrees F., said M. Mortenson at a dairy convention. This should not be confused with sterilization, by which we understand complete destruction of bacteria; this may be accomplished either by application of heat or by the use of chemicals.

Every buttermaker at present has become so familiar with pasteurization that he can without difficulty pasteurize milk for starters, but pasteurization of milk and cream for city supply and especially cream for butter making, requires more experience and very careful work. The cooked flavor which milk acquires after it has been heated to a temperature of 150 degrees F. must be prevented when milk is to be sold for direct consumption. The consumer generally objects to the cooked flavor; only a few understand that that flavor serves as a guarantee that this milk is a pure, healthy food. The Wisconsin Experiment station recommends that the milk be heated to 140 degrees F. for thirty minutes; that does not produce the cooked flavor and it does not affect the rising of the cream as do higher temperatures. Pasteurization of milk and cream for direct consumption is continually growing in favor. As to the digestibility of pasteurized milk compared with raw milk opinions are divided. Experiments along that line of work have been conducted at the Maryland Experiment station, where they arrived at the conclusion that raw milk is more easily digested when fed to calves than either pasteurized or cooked milk; they also corresponded with physicians in charge of children's hospitals and the majority of them favor the use of raw milk for infants, when the milk was known to be in perfect condition, but favored pasteurized milk under ordinary conditions. Dr. Fleischmann together with Dr. August Moegen and other European scientists conducted experiments which lead to the conclusion that the nitrogenous matter in milk which has been submitted to a high temperature is somewhat more digestible than in fresh milk.

New York's Milk.

The milk trade in the vicinity of New York is rapidly taking on a system of its own that seems to be unique in this country. The milk dealers are largely organized under the title of the "People's Pure Milk Company." The producers of milk have a gigantic organization, which they call the "Five States Milk Producers' Association." Not long ago they completed a five years' agreement dating from October, 1903, the producers of milk to deliver to the dealers about 20,000 cans of milk per day, agreeing to sell to them all the milk they produce, except such as is used in their homes. The agreement is on the quart basis, the monthly prices to be as follows: January, 3-4 cents; February, 3-3 cents; March, 3-1-3 cents; April, 3 cents; May, 2-5-8 cents; June, 2-1-8 cents; July, 2-3-8 cents; August, 2-6-8 cents; September, 3 cents; October, 3-1-8 cents; November, 3-3-8 cents; December, 3-5-8 cents. However these prices are subsequently changed they must never fall below a yearly average of 2 1/2 cents per quart in cash. After two years, the annual average is to be increased to 2 3/4 cents per quart. The milk selling company sells a part of its stock to the producers, thus making them partakers in the profits of the milk delivery. The milk delivering company furnishes all cans and keeps them clean without expense to the milk producers. One hundred pounds of milk is agreed upon as the equivalent of 48 quarts. The milk producers living near the city are to receive in addition to the above mentioned prices the difference in freight rates over the long hauls for which the prices are made. The milk producers that do not keep their stables in a sanitary condition are to be excluded from the benefits of this agreement, and their milk will be refused.

DINNERS COOKED WITHOUT FIRE

Norwegian Idea That Has Many Very Good Points.

Fireless dinners are made in vessels named Norwegian kitchens, which are an idea imported from the peasants of Norway. The kitchen is a box with an interior packing of felt or other non-conducting material, into which a heated saucepan with side handles is set, after being put upon the fire thoroughly to boil. The lid of the pan or pans, for two or three may be set one upon another, must be fitted firmly so that no steam can escape when the transfer of the saucepan is made from the fire to the cooking box; an inner padded cover to the Norwegian kitchen prevents any waste of heat, just as the inner icebox cover prevents the escape of cold air. The peasants in Norway and Sweden start their food cooking at their earliest rising, wind many bands of hay around, and pile hay on top until it is fairly buried. When noon time comes dinner is ready and is eaten in the fields with their buckwheat breads and home-made liquors.

Melbourne's Industrial Exchange.

Melbourne has an industrial exchange which is conducted for the benefit of the unemployed. For example, the needy shoemaker takes a pair of shoes to the exchange and receives a certificate equivalent to their estimated value. This he can offer at any time in return for its value in such other goods as may be deposited at the exchange by other members. These members are said to include accountants, architects, bakers, dentists, engineers, printers, authors, artists, journalists, geologists and piano tuners. It is a curious reversion to the primitive system of barter.

An Old Soldier's Experience.

Dennard, Ark., Sept. 7th. Mr. E. J. Hicks, merchant of this place, has written for publication, an account of a personal experience, which is very interesting.

"I am an old Federal soldier," writes Mr. Hicks, "and shortly after the close of the war I was taken sick. I had aches and pains all over me, fluttering of the heart and stomach trouble. I just simply was never a moment without pain. I could not sleep at night, and I was always tired and fearfully weak.

"I took medicine all the time, but for a long time I was more dead than alive. Altogether I suffered for over twenty years, and I believe I would have been suffering yet, or in my grave, if I had not read of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I got an almanac which told me of this remedy, and I bought some of it. I started with three pills a day, but increased the dose to six pills a day. I had not used many till my pains began to disappear. I kept on and now I can sleep and eat as well as ever I could, and I feel like a new man, with no pains or aches left.

"I will always recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they are a wonderful remedy.

Whistler's Eccentricities.

Here is a story illustrating the peculiarities of Whistler: A gentleman went to Whistler with a letter of introduction and sent up his card with the letter. The servant presently brought down the card with a note in pencil on it, "Who is the greatest painter?" The visitor promptly wrote "Whistler" and was immediately shown upstairs. An amusing scene followed, arising out of the fact that the visitor was wearing a red necktie. Whistler declared that it interfered with the color scheme of his room and "put him off" a picture he was painting in quite a different key. Finally he obliged the visitor to take off the offending cravat before he would condescend to exchange another word with him.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CLENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CLENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CLENEY, sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1904.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for booklet, free.

F. J. CLENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Child's Family Pills are the best.

Oh! liberty I took that which ungently came, and without scorn forgave; do thou the same.—Coleridge.

On an average, there are more daughters born to royalty than sons.

MANY CHILDREN ARE SICKLY.

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

If liberty with law is fire on the hearth, liberty without law is fire on the floor.—Hillard.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

The church without a responsibility for lost society has no relation to the Savior.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE.

Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 3 oz. package only 5 cents.

Half a million miles is the latest estimate of the length of the world's railways.

PITNAM FADELESS DYES color Silk, Wool and Cotton in one boiling.

Some people complain because it costs an egg to get a chick.

SENT THE WRONG SAINT.

Austrian Empress Blundered in Her Choice of Gift.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra during their recent visit to Ireland, were shown at Maynooth college a silver statuette of St. George and the dragon and rich church vestments presented to the college by the late empress of Austria. There is a curious story regarding the presentation in question. Caught in heavy rain one day while hunting in Kildare, the empress sought refuge at Maynooth, and grateful for her kindly reception there, the president having wrapped her in his own zimarra while her drenched garments were drying, began to think how to requite the hospitality she had received. Her gratitude took the form of a silver statuette, which duly reached the college authorities. Great, however, was their consternation when it turned out to be a statue of the patron saint of England. What was St. George to Maynooth, or Maynooth to St. George? The poor saint was promptly bundled into a cupboard, whence he was extracted the other day for the inspection of England's king. The empress, apprised of the mistake she had made, considered how to make amends, and the vestments, embroidered with golden shamrocks, were afterward sent from Vienna as a peace offering.

Bookworm Verses.

I had a batch of novels on my table yesterday.

Most of them bound in yellow—just the sort to throw away.

I showed them to my bookworm and I said, "Pray have some lunch."

"I don't care if I do," said he; "I feel just like a munch."

"What is there on the bill of fare?" he asked as he sat down.

"The books most widely read to-day," said I, "in all the town."

"So sit ye down, good bookworm, eat away and merrily be."

And if I don't return by six pray wait not up for me."

And then I left my bookworm to enjoy the fresh-cooked food.

With which the writing caterers regale the multitude.

I stayed away till seven, and returning then to him.

I found that he had gone to bed, but in the twilight dim.

I caught a glimpse of writing there upon my blotting pad.

The writing of my bookworm, and for him it wasn't bad.

He said: "Beloved master, I do hope you won't be vexed;

I've eaten all the margins, but I cannot go the text."

Wanted to Obey Literally.

While Dr. Theobald Smith was a lecturer on bacteriology in the Medical Department of the Columbian university a boy came to him with a message from a relative, who was visiting in Washington. When the boy saw the doctor he put the note back in his pocket, saying: "It's another Dr. Smith the note is for."

"Let me see the name on the envelope," said the doctor curiously.

"That is my name. The note is for me."

"But I was told," replied the boy, "to give it to the bald Dr. Smith."

"Oh, you got turned around a little on the name, that's all," replied the doctor, reaching for the note.

But it took considerable argument to convince the boy that the was the right man.—New York Times.

Chinese Trade.

The most important trade with the Chinese is that of the Yangtze river, which drains the largest and most productive area of China. The position of the United States in this trade is shown by a consular report, which gives the percentage of business of the various nations: British, 51.2; German, 17.6; Japanese, 10; American, 1.6.

Returning Youthfulness.

The hair and beard of Walter Craig of Cadiz, O., who is 35 years of age, and which has been snowy white several years, is rapidly turning black again.

Renovated Butter Product.

There are in the United States in the neighborhood of 70 factories for the renovating of butter, and their product last year is reported to have been over 59,000,000 pounds. The new revenue law relating to renovated butter went into effect last year and for the first time we have statistics that are something more than guesses. The tax of one-fourth cent a pound does not seem to find many objectors among the renovated butter interests, and the supervision given the factories is something of a guarantee to the people of the production of a wholesome product.

Siberian Butter.

The dairy interests of Siberia have been enormously advanced by the completion of the western part of the trans-Siberian railway. The number of creameries and their production of export butter are reported to be as follows: 1898, 140 creameries; butter produced, 5,416,300 pounds. 1899, 200 creameries; 10,833,600 pounds. 1900, 1,107 creameries; 39,723,200 pounds. 1901, 1,300 creameries; 67,163,320 pounds. 1902, 2,500 creameries; 90,280,000 pounds. Much of this butter is shipped to England.

East Jordan Company's Store.

The People's Store

Announce
Their "FALL OPENING"
of
Ladies'
Ready-to-Wear Garments.

Suits,
Jackets,
Skirts.

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For Men, Women and Children,
A very complete line.

Clothing,
Hats AND Caps,
Shoes,

Staple Dry Goods
of Every Variety.

1,500 special values in Outing Flannel, at
8c., 9c., 10c. and 12½c. the yard.
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PECIAL OFFERINGS

In Ladies' Skirts, \$2.00 and up.
Black Sateen Petticoats, 1.00 and up.
Girls' and Boys' Caps,
in all varieties, 25c. to 50c.

Groceries,
Crockery,
Hardware

All these departments are complete and
offer you special values.

Farmers, Attention!

We are in the market for your

Hay, Oats and Beans,
Potatoes, Apples,
Onions, Etc.

Come Our Way
And We Will Do You Good.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Charlevoix County Herald
R. L. Lorraine, Publisher.

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

ENDING THE
FEUD

By RICHARD
BARKER SHELTON

Copyright, 1908, by T. G. McCune.

Late autumn had made the hill a riot of crimson and gold. At its base the alders and scrub oaks swayed, flaming branches to the November breeze, while higher up the sugar maples flared masses of yellow in sharp contrast to the background of clear, blue sky. Busy woodpeckers flitted noisily among the branches, and high above them an occasional flock of geese went honking southward. At high noon the sun seemed poised directly above the summit of the hill and the shadows of the trees were scarcely more than black dots. A mellow warmth struck down to the very underbrush, and here and there in the open clusters of hardy gentians lifted their cups to catch the blue of the sky.

A winding path zigzagged up the eastern slope of the hill and another path performed similar feats of contortion along the western slope. Along the first path strode an old man, short, stout and carrying over his shoulder an ancient fowling piece. Along the second path shuffled an old man, tall, gaunt and similarly accoutered. At the open on the summit they met, glared at each other for a space, then leaned wearily on their fowling pieces, while each mopped his perspiring brow.

"Well, Joel," said the short one who had arrived by the eastern path, "I reckon we'll settle it up today!"
"I reckon we will, Obed," said he of the western path.
"The courts hain't done nothin' 'cept take our money," said Obediah, "an' we might go on this way till tarnation broke, an' I'm gittin' sort of sick of havin' my heifers shot every time they stray across old Pine Hill."

"An' I ain't hankerin' to have my dogs plizened nor my sugar maples killed," put in Joel. "I guess I'm full as sick of it as you be."
"When my gran'paw set that stone down yonder," said Obediah, "he knew what he was doin' of, an' I guess he didn't callate to have any of his descendants take back water about it."

"Yes, he knew well enough what he was a-doin' of," drawled Joel. "He knew he was settin' of it fifty foot on to my gran'paw's land, an' I don't intend to make my gran'paw an' my daddy turn in their graves by givin' in to your gran'paw's swindlin'."

Obediah's face grew black. With an effort he controlled a retort which had risen to his lips, and for awhile there was silence. When presently he spoke it was in softened tones.

"Our gran'paws fit about it, Joel, an' our daddies fit about it, an' one time or 'nother they's been considerable many words an' blows about that stone. They's only me an' you left now, two lone old beanches, an' I guess the only way we'll ever settle it is the one we've agreed on."

Joel said nothing, but caressed the long fowling piece. He fingered nervously the lock, the breech, the trigger. He even scraped a tiny flake of rust



HE FELT SOMETHING SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE A SHIVER IN JOEL'S BACK.

from the end of the barrel. Finally he raised his eyes.
"Back to back, thirty paces, then wheel an' fire, ain't it?" he said in a strange, hard voice.

"Jest so," said Obediah, his voice equally flinty.

Silence fell between them again, broken this time by Obediah.

"Guess I'll load up," he said simply. Sutting the words, he unsling his powderhorn and began ramming home a generous charge. Opposite him Joel followed suit. There was no sound save the rustle of the yellow leaves above their heads and the rhythmic chug-chug of the ramrods against the gun barrels. When Obediah had finished he marched stiffly into the open and drew himself up, with the gun resting in the crook of his arm.

"I'm all ready, Joel," he said quietly. At once he felt Joel's back against his own.

"So be it," the latter said.

"All right, Joel. You count."

"No, you count, Obed," said Joel.

Falling to come to an agreement on this point, they spun a coil for it, and the lot fell to Obediah. Again they

took their places back to back in the open, and after many preliminary coughs Obediah began.

"All ready, Joel? All right, then. One." He caught his breath.

"Two." He felt something suspiciously like a shiver in Joel's back.

"Three." They started off, but before they had taken a dozen steps a mighty whirr-r-r-r came from the bushes beside them, and at the same instant Obediah heard the deafening crash of Joel's fowling piece. He turned about

to the Tombs. "There's fourteen of us to swear you clear, and of course you'll have friends on the jury. There will be flags flying and drums beating within two weeks!"
But more accidents were in store for the man with a pull. The public was clamorous, the assistant district prosecuting attorney aggressive and the jurors men who looked at a spade as a spade. "To the unutterable consternation of cousins, brothers-in-law, uncles and of Terry himself, he was found guilty of manslaughter, and the judge gave him a fifteen year sentence. The fourteen witnesses had not perjured themselves for nothing. There was the court of appeals left, but it was tried in vain, and one day Terrence O'Geehan found himself one of the quarry men of a state prison gang.

There was hope left, however. Money and lawyers and stays and appeals had failed to stay his sure progress, but plenty of men have escaped from state prison and been heard of no more. Terry's friends had got him detailed to the quarries, and Terry's last dollar had bribed a guard to shoot high when he bolted.

Then came the last accident of all. The bribed guard was taken ill and another substituted, and, occupied with his plans, Terry had not noticed the change. At a given signal he threw down his tools and bolted for the arms of his waiting friends. He heard the click of the rifle and the shouts of the guard, but they were all on the bill. As he ran and as he smiled to think what an easy game it was he suddenly pitched forward and turned over and over, and the excited guards found a dead man when they came up and bent over him. It was no use to sack the guard who had fired or try some other game. When a man is dead his pull is ended.

The Man of All Others.
Three girls are exchanging confidences and telling each other what sort of men they like best.

First Girl—I like a man with a past. A man with a past is always interesting.

Second Girl—That's true, but I don't think he is nearly so interesting as a man with a future.

Third Girl—The man who interests me is the man with a present.

Teachers' Examination

The regular Teachers' Examination for Charlevoix County will be held at the Central School, or McKinley school building, in Charlevoix, on October 15, and 16, 1908. Examinations will commence at 8:30 a. m., standard time, and embrace Second and Third grade certificates. Basis for Reading—"A Rill from the Town Pump," from "Twice Told Tales,"—Hawthorne.

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

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.

Ayer's

Impure blood always shows somewhere. If the skin, then boils, pimples, rashes. If the nerves, then neuralgia, nervousness, depression. If the

Sarsaparilla

stomach, then dyspepsia, biliousness, loss of appetite. Your doctor knows the remedy, used for 60 years.

Returning from the Cuban war, I was a perfect wreck. My blood was bad, and my health was gone. But a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely cured me.
H. C. DOWNER, Scranton, Pa.

Impure Blood

Aid the Sarsaparilla by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.

Womanly Sympathy, Not Intellectual, Counts at Last.

"I got another glimpse of the 'eternal feminine' recently," says a Washington physician, "and I shall never again express surprise that men of admitted intellect should marry women who are not their mental equals. Among my patients for the last few weeks—in fact, until he died—was a man of remarkable ability and character. The case had been in the hands of another doctor, and when I took charge I saw that there was little hope of recovery. The illness was complicated, and I will not say difficult of diagnosis, and it was not until shortly before the fatal termination that all the symptoms developed.

"The patient's wife was a little woman whom one could best describe by the term 'sweet.' I never saw greater devotion displayed in the sick room. Her anxiety was pathetic, her watchful care unceasing, and I grew to look up to her. But I never could explain to her just what was the matter with her husband, although after I really found out I made the most perspiring efforts to do so.

"How is he today, doctor?" she would say in the most pathetic fashion. The first time she put the query I went into details by way of explanation. "The danger from pneumonia has diminished to a certain extent," I said, "but from the heart action I notice certain symptoms of carditis which give very little grounds for hope." Then I would continue to explain the trend of the disease so simply, I thought, that a child could understand it. When I concluded she nodded intelligently and said in a manner so pathetically sweet that my heart went out to her:

"I understand. But, doctor, how do you think he is?"
"I groaned inwardly and made some reply, holding out little hope, and never again attempted to go into detail. But as I watched her during the trying days until the end came I forgot all about her failure to comprehend my explanation. I forgot everything, in fact, except that I was a witness of that wonderful depth of affection of which the feminine nature alone is capable, and it would have made no difference to me if she had not been able to say her alphabet. I honored her as my equal if not my superior."—Washington Post.

How About Home Displays?

He—It seems to me that the practice of sending clothing to the heathen is in direct opposition to Scriptural teaching.
She—Why, how can that be?
He—It teaches them to take thought what they shall wear.—Town and Country.

It is only by labor that thought can be healthy and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—Ruskin.

FORCE
Satisfies
taste and appetite

FOLEY'S HONEY AND STAR
Cures Colds, Prevents Pneumonia

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Playing
Cards.

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

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

G. R. & I.
Annual Excursion

—TO—
DETROIT, \$5.00
TOLEDO, 5.00
CHICAGO, 6.00
GRAND RAPIDS, 4.00
TUESDAY, OCT. 6.

—and—
Richmond, Ind., \$5.00,
Tuesday, Oct. 13.

Tickets good for 10 days.
See any G. R. & I. agent for
full information, or address
C. L. LOCKWOOD,
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Grand Rapids, Mich.

Groceries.

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Phone 32 (2 rings.)

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Heating stoves.

W. E. Malpass Hardware Co.
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To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. *C. H. Brown*
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, *C. H. Brown*

Cures Grip
in Two Days.
on every
box, 25c.

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ALWAYS HAVE

**SEASONABLE
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Apple Parers, Corn Knives, Potato
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Don't fail to see the line of COOK STOVES kept by

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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.
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M. H. ROBERTSON. GEO. G. GLENN.

Briefs of the Week

"SI Plunkard" next Tuesday.

The steamer Gordon lost her wheel on her way down the lake Wednesday evening.

J. L. Wiesman's store will be closed on Thursday Oct. 1st on account of its being a Jewish holiday.

The Catholic Ladies Sewing Circle will meet with Mrs. Felix Green next Thursday afternoon, Oct. 1.

M. B. Harner, of Petoskey, has had a line of Kimball organs and pianos in the Heston building during the past week.

There will be services at the Episcopal church next Monday evening Sept. 28th, Rev. C. T. Stout officiating. All are cordially invited to attend.

H. S. Price took the engine out of the wrecked launch Lady Margaret the first of the week and patched up the hull so that it could be floated to town for repairs.

Geo Galbraith, an aged inmate of the county house died Wednesday from gangrene. His body was claimed by a brother and taken to Detroit for burial Thursday.

Jerome Smith has been greeting old friends in town this week. He is now located at Fife Lake but contemplates returning to Ellsworth and opening up a barber shop there again.

The winter time schedule on the Pere Marquette goes into effect tomorrow. We understand that the service will be somewhat of an improvement over that which was given last winter.

At the annual convention of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Oddfellows at Baltimore this week, the order was shown to be in a flourishing condition. The total membership of the order which includes the subordinate lodge membership, is 1,329,936. The relief expended in 1902 was \$3,569,794.36; by encampments, \$265,217.32; by Rebekah Lodges, \$67,808.35. The total relief from 1830 to 1902 inclusive was \$96,468,525.

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.

A number from here will attend the Otsego County Fair at Gaylord next week.

Rev. Yost of the M. E. church is in Battle Creek this week attending the annual conference.

Helen Miles, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Miles died Saturday after a brief illness. The funeral was held Sunday.

The East Jordan Cooperage Co. have their office building up and enclosed and the wagon road and sidetrack to their factory site graded.

The Council had a special meeting Wednesday evening at which the liquor bond of Mrs. Renard with Horace Hipp and Albert Miles as sureties was accepted.

\$5.00 to Detroit and Toledo, \$6.00 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.

The Charlevoix County Publishers Association had a profitable meeting her Thursday morning, followed by a bountiful dinner at the home of Editor Lorraine of the Enterprise.

Don't fail to see the Country Band parade made by the J. C. Lewis SI Plunkard Co.'s Band on Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 standard time. Watch for it, it's funnier than a circus.

M. M. Burnham had an especially fine exhibit of apples, pears, peaches and plums in Doerr & Goodman's window this week. The fruit was perfect in form and without spot or blemish, the trees having been sprayed by the Doerr & Munroe spraying machine.

The Harbor Springs and Petoskey base ball teams played two ball games this week, one at Harbor Springs on Thursday and the other at Petoskey Friday for the benefit of Mrs. Lena Carson, whose husband was drowned in the collision on Pine Lake Saturday evening the 12th inst.

Next Tuesday night will probably be the last chance to attend a good show for several weeks as at the present time nothing is contracted for October. "SI Plunkard" makes his first appearance in the Loveday Opera House, and those who miss seeing him will be sorry.

At the meeting of the Grand Traverse Soldiers' and Sailors' Association held at Fife Lake last week East Jordan was chosen as the place of meeting for 1904 and J. W. Rogers was elected commander and Wm. Harrington, adjutant. In spite of the rainy weather the "old boys" report a fine time at Fife Lake.

Oliver Hart died Saturday afternoon Sept. 19th after a two weeks' illness from typhoid fever. The funeral was held from St. Joseph's church Monday morning. Deceased was 31 years of age and deservedly popular among a large circle of friends and associates. His death was the fifth to occur in his family within the past two years.

Personal Mention.

J. E. Converse was in Charlevoix Monday.

Mrs. Chas. Crowell returned from Southern Michigan Friday.

John Porter and his sister Mary departed for Oberlin, O., Tuesday.

Orrin Bartlett returned Wednesday from a trip to Grand Rapids, Saginaw and Detroit.

Chas. Lewandowsky will remove from his farm to his home in the Village in the near future.

Miss Marguerite Fortune commenced a term of school in the Bills district, Wilson township Monday.

Geo. Etcher was badly shaken up in a fall Friday afternoon but the doctors could find no broken bones.

Paul Barnard, of Charlevoix, was in town Sunday to attend the funeral of his little niece, Helen Miles.

J. L. Wiesman and family went to Petoskey Monday to observe the ushering in of the Jewish new year.

D. Crothers came down from Levering Wednesday for a few days' visit with his family and to take in the County Fair.

Ira D. Bartlett returned on Saturday last from Grand Rapids where he had been attending the West Michigan State Fair.

Todd Wilkes was spending a few days in town the first of the week. He has been working in a saw mill in Kentucky for several months.

Mrs. E. J. Ashley has been very ill at the home of her son E. A. Ashley during the past week but is now reported as somewhat improved.

Stephen Kester having disposed of his household effects, leaves with his family Monday for Edgcombe, Wash. where they will make their future home.

Lawrence Doerr returned Monday from Pontiac and Grand Rapids where he has been exhibiting the Doerr & Munroe spraying machines at the State Fairs.

Mrs. Lena Carson and children returned Friday evening from Austerlitz where they accompanied the body of their husband and father, the late W. K. Carson last week.

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.

Men of Oak

Timbers of oak keep the old homestead standing through the years. It pays to use the right stuff.

"Men of oak" are men in rugged health, men whose bodies are made of the soundest materials.

Childhood is the time to lay the foundation for a sturdy constitution that will last for years.

Scott's Emulsion is the right stuff.

Scott's Emulsion stimulates the growing powers of children, helps them build a firm foundation for a sturdy constitution.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

A BIG SHOW COMING.

The next attraction, a rural comedy, entitled SI Plunkard is billed for one night's engagement at Loveday Opera House on Tuesday night. This is one of the most laughable plays ever put upon the stage but at the same time it has an interesting plot. It is presented by an excellent company with the famous Yankee comedian, J. C. Lewis in the title role and a company of twenty talented artists. The piece is the production of a clever comedian who knows the public wants and has set himself at work to meet the demand. The result is a rural comedy full of queer situations and quaint sayings, and enlivened by that indefinable snap and go, which is the life and soul of a farce comedy. The company carries a fine orchestra and its program introduces many musical novelties.

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. PHOEBE DUFORD.

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.

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.

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Us your Job Printing We will do it right

THE HERALD

SELZ SHOES.

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

500

BOXES FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

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

FRANK MARTINEK.

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

The profits on tea must be immense.

It would be more fitting to name that baby Oliver H. Iselin.

To guard his laurels Dan Patch will have to sleep in his racing harness.

Lillian Russell is a mother-in-law Good-by, Lillian, take care of yourself.

At last reports there was nothing the matter with a single one of Baer's four paws.

That Texas man who has had two appendices removed must feel like a new edition.

Bulgarians threaten to do Prince Ferdinand a favor by taking his throne away from him.

The big fight at San Francisco is a thing of the past, but the football season will open pretty soon.

When a woman begins to pay full fare for her children she realizes that she is getting along in years.

Colombia is ostensibly looking out for her sovereignty, but she isn't going to miss the sovereigns.

No man really feels his importance until after his wife called his attention to the fact that he is somebody.

The Kansas definition of a gold mine is "a hole in the ground owned by a man who is a liar."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mr. Jim Scanlon has issued a challenge to Mr. Jim Jeffries. Mr. Scanlon is evidently looking for a large bunch of trouble.

The rise in the price of cod liver oil from \$22 to \$160 a barrel isn't due to the increased demand for it as a popular beverage.

A Kalamazoo woman jabbed her baton into the wrong man, with fatal results. She probably acknowledged that the joke is on her.

Following the fashion of dedicating books to one whom the author admires, the author of a book just out dedicates it to himself.

King Peter K. G. Vitch of Serbia already is talking of abdicating. Whatever else his predecessor may have been, he wasn't a quitter.

The price of radium has been marked down from \$5,000,000 to \$2,721,555 a pound—but the manufacturer does not give trading stamps.

Illustrated invitations were issued to a hanging in Montana. Here is a suggestion to Newport society, which is looking for something novel.

The emperor of Austria has just snubbed the king of Belgium. Old Franz Josef acts like a person who never had a scandal in his house.

"You can't save your fellow-men unless you are willing to touch them," says Bishop Potter. And the contribution is always taken up in church.

Has Mr. Morgan run his course as a popular sensational idol? Just now it looks as if there wasn't a snaphotter so poor as to do him reverence.

The news of the discovery by Dr. Dunbar of Hamburg of an antitoxin to cure hay fever will make sundry summer resort landlords and landladies feel sad.

The time for a trip around the world has been reduced to 54 days, 8 hours, 39 minutes—which is evidence that Jules Verne was not an impracticable dreamer, after all.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Jeffries has not received as yet any offers from the editors of leading magazines for an article entitled "How I Liked Mr. Corbett."

A German actor has been sent to jail for getting off stage jokes about the emperor. If they were anything like the American stage jokes we can't blame the emperor for shutting him up.

Before Sir Thomas takes the Shamrock home it would be interesting to see what Capt. Barr and a Yankee crew could do with her, against the Reliance sailed by Capt. Wringe and his British crew.

The Japanese, who are talking of entering a yacht in next year's race, have a choice of several routes for getting it into American waters, but their quickest plan would be to have it built in this country.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat is authority for the statement that thirty-six robberies at the point of revolvers have occurred in St. Louis since July 4. This is encouraging for those who are thinking of attending the exposition there next year.

"Any number of well shaped, well made stocks may be bought at almost any of the shops at 25 cents each," says the New York Times, and still everywhere around us the girls are making stocks at the expense of hours and hours and hours of valuable time.

A Cautious Creed



"My boy," said Uncle Hiram, "you should learn while yet you're young a chap can dodge much trouble by a good grip on his tongue. I've noticed that the fellows who with joy keep most in touch with those who over gossip never quarrel very much. Of course, one don't grow chummy with a man of quiet type, Unbosom secrets to him o'er a bottle or a pipe. Yet, my boy, you're bound to notice as your years of youth slip by That the man who keeps his tongue shut never gets a blackened eye.

It may at first be hard, my boy, the stream of talk 't' shun. Perhaps by being quiet you will miss a lot of fun; But there's this sweet compensation which the wise men won't deny: He who's learned to keep his mouth shut never gets a blackened eye.

"There must be some connection 'tween a man who's quick to speak His thoughts on all occasions and a bruised spot on the cheek. For it's chaps who're allers talkin' when horse-sense would quite forbid Whose skin goes into mournin' on their optics' under lid.

"An' so, your Uncle Hiram, with an eye to your success, Would rain this little lesson on your youthful mind impress: Think twice ere you opinions start on things men talk about, An' then—for pity's sake, my boy, Agin't ever speak them out! It may look idiotic in a man to smile an' blink, An' never say a word out loud of what he's come to think; But the god of facial beauty's apt to nudge him on the sly. Since the man who keeps his mouth shut never gets a blackened eye!" —ROY FARRELL GREENE in New York Times.

Wore Her Widow's Weeds

"My first church," says a certain eloquent and greatly beloved Washington clergyman, "was in a small country town, and before I learned the hearts of my parishioners, their ways used to upset my gravity at the most inopportune time. I shall never forget the first funeral at which I officiated. It was that of a man who had been stricken down in the prime of life, leaving a widow, who had been an almost bed-ridden invalid for years. The services were conducted at the home of the deceased, and when I appeared I was told that the widow was too ill to leave her bed, so, in order that she might hear my discourse, I was asked to stand near a half-open door which led into her bedroom. I had admired the dead man for his sturdy Christian qualities, and every word of the eulogy I delivered came straight from my heart. As I went on with my talk I suddenly remembered the widow, and turned toward her door in order that she might hear better. I had not seen her, but as I looked toward her room my eyes fell on her, and for full half a minute I was obliged to bury my face in my handkerchief. She was lying in bed,

her arms in their white cambric sleeves stretched out on the counterpane, and on her head was a new mourning bonnet, with a long crepe veil. She was not able to be dressed, but wear a widow's bonnet she could, and did. "My first wedding, too, was an event long to be remembered," went on the same clergyman. "It was performed at my house, and the bride and bridegroom were perfect strangers to me. She was fully six feet tall, and broad in proportion, while his head reached scarcely to her shoulders as they entered the room. I learned afterward that she was extremely sensitive about the disparity in their sizes, and I had good reason to believe it, for, as they came forward to take their places, and the witnesses began to come in, the bridegroom paused and moved a chair forward. The bride looked at me in great embarrassment. Then she seated herself resolutely. "I'm feeling faint," said she. "If you don't mind, I think I'll take it sitting." "And with as much gravity as I could muster, I married her sitting." —Washington Post.

Site of Ancient Babylon

Dr. Friedrich Delitsch, who has achieved world-wide renown by his oriental researches, recently delivered a lecture at Berlin, at which the German emperor and empress were present, on his personal observations during his recent six months' journey in Babylon and a comparison of conditions to-day with those of Biblical times. Ancient Babylon, he said, was the alluvial land of the Euphrates and the Tigris region, about equal in size to the Italy of to-day, and was the granary of the ancient world, with a phenomenal wealth of vegetation and palm forests and olive orchards and vineyards. Canals dug in various directions served to store the waters and to irrigate the land and at the same time were the avenues of commerce and trade. Indeed, the Babylon of the Biblical period was the Holland of antiquity. Every king found his glory in the extension of his waterway system, and from the days of Hammurabi through many centuries the work of the ruler in this regard proved to be the greatest blessing to the country. The whole country was

practically one vast garden, northward from Babylon, between Hillel and Bagdad, according to the wonderful reports of Xenophon, Ammianus, Marcellinus and Zosimus, the last mentioned dating as late as the fifth Christian century vast vineyards and olive groves throughout the land. In the times of the early Arabians calls no fewer than 350 cities and villages are mentioned by name along these canals, and the booty in gold taken here was many hundred weight. Pliny declares this to have been "the most fruitful land in the East." Now, on the other hand, it is a dreary desert, the playground of the storms and winds. In the southern portions there are still some remnants of the canals left, but the two famous rivers, Euphrates and Tigris, are no longer connected, and between Bagdad and Bassora a few English steamboats can scarcely force their way. The country is depopulated, poverty and sickness prevail among the Kurds and the Arabs and no physician is to be found for many miles. The localities in southern Babylonia that were once the centers of the great caravan trade are now entirely deserted.

Know Value of Sleep

"There is one thing about life in the Philippines that a lazy man finds agreeable if he is not in the army," said a retired soldier, "and that is the way in which he is allowed to sleep at all times and in all places undisturbed. The tired Tims of the great race of tramps would find the islands a paradise in this respect. "One of the rudest acts in the estimation of the native is to step over a sleeping person, or in any way interfere with his repose. Sleeping, with them, is a very important matter, and is invested with solemnity, almost. They are strongly averse to waking a sleeper, as they hold the idea that during sleep the soul is absent from the body, and if they suddenly call you from sleep the soul may not have time to return to its tenement, the body. There are blood-curdling legends of men who have revenged themselves upon their enemies by thus

exiling their souls in this manner. "If you would call upon a native and you are told that he is asleep, you may as well go about your other business, for you will not get to him until, at his own good time, he awakens. "When you go to sleep, in order to get a servant to advise you at a given time you must give him the strictest orders to that effect before you turn in. Then, if he steeps you at all, he will stand by your side and whisper, 'Senor! Senor!' repeating the word a little louder each time until you are half awake, when he will go back to the low note, and again gradually raise his voice until you are fully conscious. It is an ideal way in which to be called from sleep, if you are in no hurry, and a man should never be in a hurry in the Philippines, the climate is not adapted to activity. But it surely is a great place to sleep."

WAS NOT A CANNIBAL

But for a While the Fat Man's Neighbor at Table Feared the Worst. A fat man walked into a restaurant and, after knocking down a few hats while hanging up his own, sat as much as himself down as the only vacant seat in the room would hold. He grabbed a piece of bread that had come with his right hand neighbor's order and began to munch on it. Then he looked for the bill of fare. The ministerial looking man on his left was reading it. The fat man

leaned over on him and began reading it too. "How's them pork chops and apple sauce?" he mumbled between mouthfuls of bread. Just then the waiter appeared with a bowl of bean soup for a patron on the other side of the table. "Hey, waiter," bawled the fat man, "bring me one o' them soups, and hurry up about it, will yer?" The ministerial looking man heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness, sir," he said, turning to the fat man. "I was so afraid you were going to order pork. I detest a cannibal."

LIVE FALSE-FACE AS A GIFT.

The Iroquois Indians of New York state have sent to Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, 459 West Twentieth street, New York, a "live" or real false-face as a mark of their appreciation of her devotion to them for many years.

The false-faces figure prominently in all Iroquois mystics and medicine mysteries. They are usually made of basswood, which is seasoned for a long time before being carved into the various fantastic, yet symbolical, faces in common use among the Iroquois. But in the case of the mask sent to Mrs. Converse, the wood was taken from a living tree, thereby retaining a portion of the "live" heart and spirit of the tree which was left towering in the forest. In making their medicine masks, the Iroquois select the porous basswood not only for its absorbent qualities, which are supposed to draw out



disease, but for its various remedial values. A tea made of the bark will cure a cold and relieve spasmodic affections, and the astringent sap is a relief when applied to wounds and bruises. This false face is painted red—the life color—and crowned with long white hair. It is kept in a pine box with a glass cover. By its side hangs a gourd medicine rattle on which are inscribed the names of various medicine men, and a small horn rattle such as the female members of the medicine society use in their secret dances, and, as token of their medicine song, an ancient flute. A package of sacred tobacco is placed in the box to keep this false-face "healthy." Once each year the false-face must be returned to the reservation, when the leader of the society will wear it at the New Year's feast that it may "dance with its brothers." It must not be touched by any person other than Mrs. Converse or this leader, as it is liable to poison whoever else may handle it.

Tribute to Woman's Vanity.

Traveling beauties never take passage on an ocean steamer without a spirit lamp to heat their curling tongs. This practice imperils the ship through danger of fire. One of the big steamship lines has fitted every stateroom on its vessels with an electrical apparatus for heating the curling tongs.

Made Him Croak.



Duck—Did that frog patient of yours ever recover, Doc? Doc, Crane—Nearly, but when he saw my bill he croaked."

Cook Stayed Her Month.

Mrs. Charles Johnson of New Haven, Conn., engaged a comely cook in New York, and she proved a jewel in her line. On the fourth day in her new home she paralyzed her mistress by falling in a fit. On recovering, the cook stated that she was subject to them. Mrs. Johnson said the girl must leave the house. The latter declared that as she had been engaged for a month, she was determined to stay. All persuasion having been useless to dislodge her, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson sought a temporary home at a hotel, leaving the cook in possession for a month.

Better Than a Machine.

Recently a machine for counting money was brought to the treasury department in Washington, but a test being made as between the machine and the bright girl who was used to counting money for the department, the girl won and counted 10,000 pennies in forty-eight minutes.

Those Crooked Lamps

When Mrs. Judson gave Mr. Judson his ante-prandial kiss she sniffed audibly. "Oh, dear," she said, "again? How many times?"

"Only one," said Judson, "and that was a tiny fellow. I stopped in to see a man around the corner, and took just one thimbleful for appearance's sake."

Mrs. Judson sighed. "And you promised so faithfully," she said. "It seems as if you never can keep your word."

Judson stalked toward the dining-room indignantly. "What's the sense in raising a row about a little thing like this?" he said. "That one swallow couldn't hurt a fly."

"But it has hurt you," retorted Mrs. Judson. "It has gone to your head. I don't believe you know now what you are saying."

Judson groaned. Presently, under the influence of a good dinner, he restrained his impatience and began to talk sociably. "Did you ever notice, Mary," he said, "how confoundingly-crooked the street lamps are in this town?"

Mrs. Judson gasped. "Crooked?" she said.

"Yes," said Judson, "I never noticed it till tonight. At the first corner we struck after I got in the car I saw that the lamp was doing its level best to turn itself upside down. After that I kept a close watch on all the Broadway lamps, and I found that nineteen out of the twenty-two we passed were tipped over in the craziest positions imaginable. They

looked disreputable. It would be a good thing, I think, now that the city is agitating the street lamp question, not only to get new ones, but to straighten up the ones we already have."

Mrs. Judson looked across the table in ghastly reproachfulness. "Well," she said, "if the subject you chose for a conversation isn't a dead give away! You are even worse than I thought you were if you see the street lamps stand on their heads."

Again Judson groaned. Mrs. Judson worried over the unconventional attitude of the city's lamps all the evening. The next morning after Judson had gone down town, still in a spirit of depression, she began to feel that she might possibly have been too hard on him.

"The lamps may be crooked on their posts after all," she said. "The city, and not that one glass, may be to blame for Harry's topsy-turvy vision."

Having once argued herself in that charitable mood Mrs. Judson set out to try to vindicate her husband. She went clear down town for that purpose. She traveled over the same route that Judson had traveled over the night before and studied the street lamps as he had studied them. Judson was right. Nineteen out of twenty-two lamps were crooked. Mrs. Judson's conjugal soul was moved to tearful repentance.

"I was unjust," she said. "The city is to blame. I will never find fault with Mr. Judson again if he says that every lamp in town is turning somersaults."

Many Uses for Potato

To-day Germany fairly rivals Ireland with its potato crop and outdoes most other countries. Fully an eighth of the arable land of the empire is planted to this nutritious vegetable. Half the large yield is used directly as human food; a considerable other portion is given over to fattening stock. There still remains an enormous surplus after that, however, and it is the success with which the Germans have met in turning this surplus into manufactured products that is most remarkable.

is hurred like gas in a hooded flame, covered by a Weisbach mantle. So used, potato alcohol is described as burning with an incandescent flame, equal to the electric light in brilliancy. Indeed, we are officially told now by our consul general at Berlin that potato alcohol is competing with gas and electricity with increasing success every year.

Among these manufactured products are starch, glucose, potato flour, dextrin and starch sugar, each of which appears prominently on the list of German exports, all together contributing large sums every year to the profits of German manufacturers and exporters. But the alcohol which the Germans make from the potato is the most valuable and wonderful product of all. This as a light producer fairly rivals the electric current, it is said.

In the problems of heat and power production, too, the lowly potato has been brought into use, and the alcohol from it has been applied to warming and cooking stoves, to steam locomotives, to thrashing, grinding, fuel cutting and other agricultural and mechanical appliances. The advantage said to be found in its use are immediate readiness for operation; dispensing with coal, water and firemen; freedom from odors and danger of fire; and greater economy of maintenance. Possibly there is some exaggeration in these claims. But figures given plainly show that the potato as cultivated in Germany has produced a real competitor for at least benzine and petroleum for motor purposes.

The apparatus for its practical use includes lamps, chandeliers, street and corner lights, in which alcoholic vapor

Brigham Young in 1830

About the year 1830, Brigham Young and family settled in Port Byron, says the Rochester Post-Express. It was then known as Bucksville and boasted of 100 inhabitants. There was no canal or railroad in those days, and the settlers had to hew down trees in order to make a clearing in which to build a house. During the first few years of Young's stay he made his home with Squire Pine, who lived in the corner of Pine and South streets. The Pine house is now about 100 years old. It is now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. James D. Dixon.

put through, and was located near the heel path side of the canal. The Young house has long since been moved. A part of the original structure now stands back of the New-kirk livery stables, and is unoccupied.

Brigham Young was a carpenter, and old residents of Port Byron say that he was an expert at his trade, but work was scarce and he was always hard up. It was a long time before he saved money enough to buy lumber to build his own house. It was his intention to build himself a fine house, but it turned out to be a very ordinary frame structure. It was built soon after the Erie canal was

Brigham Young's family comprised his wife and one son, Brigham, Jr., who died recently at Salt Lake City. Young at that time was a firm believer in Mormonism. He left Port Byron, or Bucksville, in 1850, and went to Seneca Falls. From there he went to Utah and subsequently became famous as the leader of the Mormons. In after years, when he was famous, one of his old acquaintances wrote to him and asked him if he was the Brigham Young of Port Byron, and if he were could he pay Squire Pine for a large board bill. Squire Pine was then an old man and in poor circumstances. In a short time Squire Pine received a letter from Young, and inclosed was the money in full for his board, with interest. Young was then a rich man and said he was very glad to pay up his old debts.

ONE WOMAN'S CLEVER IDEA.

Put the Burden of Fibbing on Inquisitive Friends.

"I think it is a foolish fashion that so many women indulge, that of telling their age wrongly," said a woman with prematurely gray hair. "I can honestly say that I never practice it myself."

joke on his brother, Henry, the famous author and professor of English at Princeton:

"It was when we were boys," said Mr. Paul Van Dyke, "we had a ou out hunting all day and had not a shot at anything. Finally along toward evening we spied a covey of partridges in the long grass at the end of a frozen pond. We were both excited and Henry began to run around the edge of the ice toward the partridges.

"Well," said the first speaker, with a smile—she was a woman with a sense of humor; "the fact is, I don't have to. I have a way of making myself out younger than I am, if I wish to, without telling a fib at all."

"Don't shoot 'em on the run!" I called out; "don't shoot 'em on the run!"

"Really?" inquired the other, curiously; "in what way?"

"I w-w-won't" stammered Henry in his excitement. I'll w-w-wait till they stop!" —Philadelphia Ledger.

"I put the burden of the fib all upon the questioner. You see, when one of my dear women friends—it is always women who are curious on this point—asks me how old I am, I say, 'Oh, I'm a year or two older than you, you know, my dear—at least a year older. I let me see, now, how old you are?' And then she always cracks more off my age than I should ever have the nerve to do myself."

Not an Unknown Quantity.

The editor of the Mobile Register announces that he "has discovered" a mint bed growing spontaneously in his front yard. There is something in the tone of the item that conveys the assurance that he knows exactly what to do with that mint bed.

Willing to Wait.

On a recent occasion at Princeton, Paul Van Dyke told this story as a

Buckles for Men's Shoes.

The very latest thing in man's foot-gear shown by a fashionable uptown dealer in New York is a narrow tan leather strap and small nickel buckle as a fastener for tan shoes.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

Strange, is it not? She was making her garden.
Planting the old-fashioned flowers that
Bleeding-hearts tender and bachelor's
buttons—
Spreading the seeds in the old-fashioned
way.
Just in the old-fashioned way, too, our
quarrel.
Grow, until angrily she set me free—
Planting, indeed, bleeding-hearts for the
two of us—
Ordaining bachelor's buttons for me.
Strange, was it not? But seeds planted in
anger.
Sour in the earth and ere long, a decay
Withered the bleeding-hearts, blighted
the buttons,
And we were wed—in the old-fashioned
way.
—Ellis P. Butler in Frank Leslie's.



THE MADNESS OF PHILIP

PART
2

By JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM
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In Three Parts

PART
2

(Continued.)

The arm-chairs, shortly to contain so much acute anticipation, were ranged neatly on both sides of the long room. Some malefic influence caused the officiating teacher to appoint Philip to lead one-half of the circle to the chairs and Marantha the other. More than one visitor had been wont to remark the unanimity with which this exercise was performed. Each child grasped his little chair by the arm and, holding it before him, carried it to its appointed place in the circle. So well had they learned the maneuver that the piano chords were sufficient monitors, and the three teachers, having seen the line safely started, gathered around their visitor to hear more of the theory.

Under what impression Philip labored, with what malignant power he had made pact, is unknown. He had no appearance of planning darkly; his actions seemed the result of instantaneous inspiration. Standing before his chair, as if about to take his seat, he subsided partially, then, grasping the arms, bent half over, he waddled toward the circle. This natural method of transportation commended itself in a twinkling to his line, and, without the slightest disturbance or hesitation, they imitated him exactly. Experience should have taught Marantha the futility of following his example, but she was of an age when experience appeals but slightly; and determined to excel him, at the risk of falling at every step on her already injured nose, she bent over so far that the legs of her chair pointed almost directly upward. Her line followed her, and, waddling, shuffling, gnome-like, they made for the circle. It had all the effect of a carefully inculcated drill, and to Mrs. R. B. M. Smith the effect was inexpressibly indiscreet.

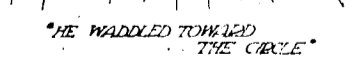
"Is it possible that you—," she inquired, pointing to the advancing children, many of whom promptly fell over backward under the sudden onslaught of the horrified teachers.

Miss Hunt colored angrily. "Something is the matter with the school today," she said sharply. "I never knew them to behave so in my life! I can't see what's come over them! They always carry their chairs in front of them."

"I should hope so," responded the visitor placidly; "nothing could be worse for them than that angle."

"At last they're safe now," the youngest assistant whispered to her fellow teacher, as the children sat decorously attentive in their chairs, their faces turned curiously toward the strange lady with the fascinating plumes in her bonnet.

"Nothing like animals to bring out the protective instinct—feebler dependent on the stronger," she concluded.



ed rapidly, and then addressed the objects of these theories.

"Now, children, I'm going to tell you a nice story—you all like stories, I'm sure."

At just that moment little Richard Willette sneezed loudly and unexpectedly to all, himself included, with the result that his ever-ready suspicion fixed upon his neighbor, Andrew Halloran, as the direct cause of the convulsion. Andrew's well-meant efforts to detach from Richard's vest the pocket handkerchief securely fastened thereto by a large black safety pin, strengthened the latter's conviction of intended assault and battery, and

he squirmed out of the circle and made a dash for the hall—the first stage in an evident homeward expedition.

This broke in upon the story, and even when it got under way again there was an atmosphere of excitement quite unexplained by the tale itself.

"Yesterday, children, as I came out of my yard, what do you think I saw?"

The elaborately concealed surprise



in store was so obvious that Marantha rose to the occasion and suggested:

"An elephant!"

"Why, no? Why should I see an elephant in my yard? It wasn't nearly so big as that—it was a little thing!"

"A fish!" ventured Eddy Brown, whose eye fell upon the aquarium in the corner. The raconteuse smiled patently.

"Why, no! How could a fish, a live fish, get in my front yard?"

"A dead fish!" persisted Eddy, who was never known to relinquish voluntarily an idea.

"It was a little kitten," said the story-teller decidedly. "A little white kitten. She was standing right near a great big puddle of water. And what else do you think I saw?"

"Another kitten?" suggested Marantha conservatively.

"No, a big Newfoundland dog. He saw the little kitten near the water. Now, cats don't like the water, do they? They don't like a wet place? What do they like?"

"Milk!" said Joseph Zukofsky abruptly.

"Well, yes, they do; but there were no mice in my yard. I'm sure you know what I mean. If they don't like the water, what do they like?"

"Milk!" cried Sarah Fuller, confidently.

"They like a dry place," said Mrs. R. B. M. Smith. "Now, what do you suppose the dog did?"

It may be that successive failures had disheartened the listeners; it may be that the very range presented alike to the dog and them for choice dazzled their imaginations. At any rate they made no answer.

"Nobody knows what the dog did?" repeated the story-teller encouragingly. "What would you do if you saw a little white kitten like that?"

Again a silence. Then Philip remarked gloomily: "I'd pull its tail."

Even this might have been passed over had not the youngest assistant, who had not yet lost her sense of humor, giggled convulsively. This, though unnoticed by the visitor, was plainly observed by fully half the children, with the result that when Mrs. R. B. M. Smith inquired pathetically:

"And what do the rest of you think? I hope you are not so cruel as that little boy!" A jealous desire to share Philip's success prompted the quick response:

"I'd pull it, too!"

Miss Hunt was oblivious to the story, which finished somehow, the dog having done little, and the kitten, if anything, less. She was lost in a miserable wonder what was the matter with them? Alas! she could not know that the root of all evil was planted in the breast of Philip, the demon-ridden. His slightest effort was blessed with a success beyond his hopes. He had but to raise his finger, and his mates rallied all unconsciously to his support. Nor did he require

thought; on the instant diabolical inspiration seized him, and his conception materialized almost before he had grasped it himself. The very children of light were made to minister unto him, as in the case of his next achievement.

With a feeling of absolute safety the teacher called upon Eddy Brown to lead the waiting circle in a game. Eddy was one of the standbys of the kindergarten. He was a little old for it, but being incapable of promotion, owing to his inability to grasp the rudiments of primary work, he continued to adorn his present sphere. It would almost seem that Froebel had Eddy Brown in mind in elaborating his educational schemes, for his development, according to kindergarten standards, was so absolutely normal as to verge on the extraordinary. He was never envious, never cross, never disobedient. He never anticipated; he never saw what you meant before you said it; he never upset the system by inventing anything whatsoever—the vice of the too active-minded. He was perennially surprised at the climaxes of the stories, passionately interested in the games; and clay balls and dried straw represented his wildest dissipations. He sat in his chair till he was told to rise, and remained standing till he was urged to take his seat. (To be continued.)

DOUBLED STAKES AND WON.

Nerve of a Railroad Superintendent Fighting a Flood.

Did you ever see a man in a poker game bet every cent he had on three aces? Well, that is what W. S. Carson, superintendent of the Missouri Pacific terminals at Kansas City, did. But the stakes were bigger, probably, than were ever played in a poker game. He bet seven locomotives and his job that the Missouri Pacific bridge wouldn't go out—this in the face of the fact that seventeen bridges across the Kaw had already gone. And he won. Now the Missouri Pacific has the only bridge across the Kaw at that place. When Mr. Carson saw that his company's bridge was likely to go the way the other went he took a desperate chance. He decided to weight the bridge down with Mogul locomotives. Seven of them, representing a value of \$125,000, were run out on the trembling structure. He knew, as did everybody else, that if the bridge went the engines would go with it, but he took the chance and took it alone, for the city was cut off from communication with the other heads of departments, and there was no one to consult with. Had the bridge and engines gone, his job would have gone, and with it a large share of his reputation as a man of sound judgment. But the plan was a winner, and now his stock is away above par.—Louisville Herald.

Where is Fairyland?

I wonder where is Fairyland?
Somehow I've lost the way.
Although I knew it well enough
In quite another day.
I know just where the elfins played
Or drank the dewdrop wine,
And I know the garden where
Was then a friend of mine.

The Brownies played their tricks for me.
There in that mystic land,
And Trixies laughed in hidden dells
Or took me by the hand.
And there were giants, very tall,
More tall than I can tell,
And Jack the Killer, he was there;
I knew him very well.

And Cinderella—you may deem
She's but a faded lass,
But, faith! I've met her oftentimes,
More tall than I can tell.
I wonder where is Fairyland?
I left it once behind,
And, though I seek it far and near,
No more its values find.

There was a little maid I knew
Who wandered there with me,
But, though I often call her name,
No more her form I see.
Mayhap—mayhap—I do not know—
Beside some sparkling rill,
Deep hid and lost in Fairyland,
She's waiting for me still.

I wonder where is Fairyland,
Or near or far away,
For, oh, 'tis hard to know it well
And then from it to stray.
The little maid, the Brownies all,
The elfins still at play,
Will someone tell me where they are?
For, oh, I've lost the way.
—New York Times.

A Sight to Inspire Patriotism.

A Carmel, Me., correspondent reports a most unusual feature in the town's observance of Memorial day, a father and son among the veterans, John Hurd, 88 years of age, a veteran of Company F, 1st Maine heavy artillery, and his son Cyrus, 58 years of age, a member of the same company and regiment, marching together as they did forty years and more ago.

Aggregated Many Years.

A somewhat noteworthy gathering took place recently at the home of Mrs. Helen L. Russell in Wilton, N. H. Including the three inmates of the home the party numbered twelve. With no design at all as to ages a birthday book was calculated. The dates surprised us into a little calculation which revealed the fact that the aggregate age was 898 years.

Another Myth Exploded.

Excavations in Rome proved the city to have existed long before the time of Romulus—so the story of his founding of the Eternal city is as mythical as that of his being suckled by a wolf.

Caterpillar Causes Blindness.

E. A. Wood of Bristol, Vt., crushed a caterpillar on his arm about a year ago, causing a sore that has affected his eyes and it is now feared that he will lose his sight.

Widows of Old Soldiers.

There are now on the pension rolls three widows and three daughters of revolutionary soldiers, one survivor of the war of 1812 and 1,817 widows.

FINE CITY OF TURIN

Summer Home of Italian Royalty

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

When King Victor Emanuel III has returned from his visit to the president of the French republic he, with his family, will go to pass part of the summer at the Castle of Racconigi, about fourteen miles to the south of Turin. The place is intimately associated with events connected with the Italian "Risorgimento," which ended in the king of Sardinia becoming the ruler of all Italy. Here the young Victor Emanuel II lived with his mother, Queen Maria Teresa, who was the daughter of Ferdinand III, grand duke of Florence. It was here, also, in the August of 1840, that he saw for the

lessons in art as might be learned in a whole gallery of sculpture. Here, in Calandra's Prince Amadeo of Aosta the simplest spectator may see a sculpture gallery.

The person commemorated in the monument was a "sympathetic" prince. He was very reluctant to ascend the Spanish throne when, in 1870, he was invited by the Cortes to that dignity. About two years later several attacks having been made upon his life, he returned to Italy after the sad experience of a thorny throne, and after the death of his wife, caused by her precipitate flight



Church of San Carlo from Piazza San Carlo

first time his cousin, Maria Adelaide, whom he afterward married. She was the daughter of the Austrian archduke, Ranieri, viceroy of Lombardia Venezia, who was married to the aunt of Victor Emanuel. Thus, when the latter went forward to the making of Italy, he was put down from their thrones several of his own relatives.

The monuments of Turin constitute a special feature in its objects of interest. It has been said that Turin is the city in Italy which has the greatest number of monuments. Nearly every one of its fine squares and its pleasant gardens is adorned with statues, either in marble or in bronze.

One of the most modern of the monuments of Turin is that which rises in the vicinity of the Castle Valentino, within a spacious inclosure surrounded by a railing. It represents Prince Amadeo, duke of Aosta, brother of the late King Humbert, and is the work of David Calandra, a sculptor of a daring genius and abundant artistic resources.

Here, again, the prince, who was king of Spain, is about to sheathe the sword in the flower of his youth and in the most brilliant episode of his life. Here one may read an allegorical evocation of the most illustrious figures among the princes of Savoy, who express in their lives the valor and the greatness of this race. The motto on the base of the statue reads: "With the ideal and with the example of his ancestors!" These ancestors are seen here doing battle for their lands and homes; they are of varied

from Spain while she was ill, he lived a comparatively quiet life.

In a city where so many princes dwell at present, as they have dwelt in the past, it is natural to expect palaces. With these Turin is well supplied. The royal palace, in which King Victor Emanuel II held his court prior to his acquisition of the numerous palaces in the other states of Italy, and which made him master of more royal residences than probably any other sovereign known to ancient or modern history, is a large but comparatively plain-looking building. It occupies the site of a palace which long ago was inhabited by the bishop of Turin, which in its day, was the largest and most magnificent palace in the city. Like most of the palaces in Italy, it has a spacious court yard surrounded by porticoes. There is a statue representing in bronze the Duke Vittorio Amadeo I seated on a marble horse, with two slaves at his feet also in marble. This was the only equestrian statue in Turin which until late years, gave an idea of sculpture to the Turin people, and it was popularly known as the "marble horse," and was a source of wonder to the mountaineers who came to the city from time to time.

The grand ballroom is a spacious hall, supported by fluted columns, with Corinthian capitals, and magnificent chandeliers.

The throne room is very rich. On a slightly raised dais, surrounded by a splendid balustrade, the throne is beneath a canopy of velvet and gold of



Garibaldi Monument

periods and in costumes of the times through which they lived. There is movement and life in the groups, and the whole series of figures appear to constitute a great gallery of sculpture. It has been said that, to the artist, the statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, in the Church of St. Pietro in Vincoli, at Rome, suggested as many

great magnificence. The reception hall of the queen is brighter in its adornments, but the abundance of Oriental vases is somewhat overwhelming. Palaces nowadays, except in rare instances, are furnished in a manner that indicates unlimited wealth, rather than severe and chaste artistic taste in the decorator.

NO USE FOR RAT TRAPS.

Why Thrifty Individual Wanted His Money Back?

A wealthy resident of Philadelphia who has recently built an expensive log cabin on an island in Penobscot bay tells of his experience with the fishing and farming population of the island when he was building his rustic residence. As many workmen were employed for all summer, the owner of the new home opened a small store to supply his help with tobacco and other needful articles; including groceries for those who lived in camps with their families. One day an old laborer named Grant came to the store and told the clerk that his home was overrun with rats, which destroyed every bit of food as fast as he took it from the store. The clerk showed him a wire rat trap and told him he would sell it at cost, and that if it did not satisfy him he could bring it back after giving it a fair trial. Grant took the trap home, but brought it back a week later, saying that he did not wish to purchase.

"Didn't it catch any rats for you?" asked the clerk.

"Every blamed one of them," was the reply. "There isn't a rat on the premises now, and that's why I brought the trap back, as I do not wish to pay out money for things that I cannot use."—Philadelphia Ledger.

KEPT HIS DESK CLEAR.

Here is the Secret of One Man's Success in Life.

Railroad circles, as well as a large portion of the general public, were greatly interested in the resignation of W. A. Garrett from the general superintendency of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad a few months ago, to assume a more important position with the Queen & Crescent road. Mr. Garrett's rise in the railroad world has been phenomenal, but one little story which he himself told to a neighbor hints at a secret of it all.

"When I first went into the railroad business as a young man," said Mr. Garrett, "I was called aside by one of the clerks, who said to me: 'Now, Garrett, let me give you a tip. You want always to keep your desk littered with papers, so that when the old man comes around he will think you're terribly busy. Then he won't pile any more work on you.' Well," continued Mr. Garrett, "I made up my mind, that contrary to this man's advice, I would always keep my desk cleared. And I have done so."

To-day Mr. Garrett is getting a salary of \$12,000 a year, while his clerical counselor is still drawing \$60 a month and wondering why luck is against him.—Philadelphia Press.

Hindo Boy's Strenuous Life.

When he is four years old the Hindoo boy's time of idleness and happy freedom is over. His father then consults an astrologer as to which would be the luckiest day to send the son to school. When the date has been fixed he is given a bath, his very best clothes are put on and he is taken to pay a visit to the temple and to offer up sacrifice to the god of learning, praying that in his school life he may become learned and industrious. Then he is taken to school and a period of rigid discipline begins. If he is the first boy to arrive in the morning he is given one stroke of the cane across his back and each boy as he comes get an added stroke, the last boy receiving an abundance. How fatigued that schoolmaster must be! If a child is very late indeed he is made to stand on one leg for an hour or hold his arms straight out before him or hold a brick high in the air. For every new lesson he learns he must give the master a present.

The Woman in the Case.

Since the day when sinful Adam turned Eve's eye to the forbidden fruit, and a fiery web of guilt around his wifely tried to weave
Down through all the countless ages time has left along her trail
Has the female had to suffer for the doings of the male.

"'Twas the woman! 'Twas the woman!" rang the cry through Eden's bowers,
"'Twas the woman!" yet we hear it in these modern days of ours,
As the false bewitched sinners desperately try to place
All the blame upon the shoulders of the woman in the case.

So 'twill be till time has ended, till the sun is stripped of light,
And the earth is in the blackness of the never-ending night,
Till the sounding of the trumpet calls the dead from earthly sleep
And the heavenly inspectors separate the goats and sheep.

Even at the bar of judgment when we're called upon to show
The extending features of our shining here below,
There may be full many cowards who will stand with brazen faces
And attribute their transgressions to the woman in the case.
—James Burton in News in Denver Post.

Train Three Years Late.

When the Gulf & Interstate train arrived at Beaumont, Tex., Sunday it was almost three years late. The train left Galveston Sept. 8, 1900, on a straight track. A hurricane wrecked the roadbed and left the train standing in the prairie with only enough rails to support it. The owners of the road have been rebuilding at the rate of a mile a month and reached the train Sunday evening. The engine was fired Sunday and brought in.—E change.

Taking Out the Romance.

That back East poet who wishes he were the belt that clasps my lady's waist" might feel somewhat embarrassed to learn that she got it at a bargain sale for 19 cents.—Denver Post.

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

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Manufacturers,
Box A, Kalamazoo, Mich.
AN Kalamazoo Cook Stove and Range are equipped with our Patent Oven Thermometer.

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.
Arrive Charlevoix	8:45 a. m.	Arrive Charlevoix	8:45 a. m.
EAST BOUND:		MIXED:	
Leave Charlevoix	7:40 a. m.	Leave Charlevoix	7:40 a. m.
Arrive Detroit	11:30 a. m.	Arrive Detroit	11:30 a. m.

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

CLARK HAHR, Gen. Manager.

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

SOUTH		NORTH	
No. 1	No. 2	No. 4	No. 3
8:30	1:15	12:30	11:35
8:43	1:28	*Mt. Bliss	4:47
8:51	1:36	Wards	4:30
8:54	1:39	Chestonia	4:35
9:06	1:51	*Hitchcock	4:23
9:18	2:03	*Wolcott	4:12
9:30	2:15	Bellaire	4:00

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

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

PERE MARQUETTE
In effect June 21, 1903.
Trains leave Bellaire as follows:
For Traverse City, 10:39 a. m. 3:59 p. m.
For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West 10:39 a. m. 3:57 p. m. 8:59 p. m.
For Saginaw and Detroit: 10:39 a. m. and 4:17 p. m.
For Charlevoix and Petoskey: 2:29 p. m., 5:58 a. m. and 7:24 p. m.

H. F. MOELLER,
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Practical Horseshoer and General Blacksmith
All kinds of wood repair work done promptly.
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TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST
VIA THE **D & B LINE.**

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COMMENCING MAY 11TH
Improved Daily Express Service (14 hours) between
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Leave DETROIT Daily . . . 4:00 P. M.
Arrive at BUFFALO . . . 8:00 A. M.
Leave BUFFALO Daily . . . 5:30 P. M.
Arrive at DETROIT . . . 7:00 A. M.

Connecting with Erieport trains for all points in NEW YORK, BOSTON and NEW ENGLAND STATES. Through tickets to all points. Send for illustrated pamphlet and rates.

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IF your railway agent will not sell you a through ticket, please buy a local ticket to Buffalo or Detroit, and pay your transfer charges from depot to wharf. By doing this we will save you \$5.00 on any point East or West.

A. A. BOWMAN, P. T. M., Detroit, Mich.

THE END OF HIS PULL

By C. B. Letour
Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McCutcheon

When Terrence O'Geegan opened the Old Home saloon on the corner, with a free lunch lasting all day and a band playing at intervals, it was whispered about that he was a man with a pull. The aldermen of this ward were there, the district leader was there, the captain of that police precinct and his ward men were there.

"What had only been whispered on Saturday was talked of openly on Sunday. The Old Home was wide open all day long. One of the aldermen dropped in during the afternoon to get a drink and give his moral support to the defiance of the law, and the patrolman on that beat stood up to the bar with two ward men and drank good luck to Terry, as he beamed on them in a patronizing way. After that it was agreed that O'Geegan was "solid" all around. If a doubting Thomas drop-



HE STRUCK THE MAN A BLOW THAT STRETCHED HIM DEAD.

ped in as the days went by the proprietor of the Old Home, if not too busy, would put all his doubts to flight by saying:

"I'm brother-in-law to Alderman Blank. See? I'm cousin to Jimmy O'Toole, who runs this district. Smoke that. The police captain is my wife's own uncle. Chaw that awhile. As to the ward men and patrolmen, I'm tipping them their drinks to see nothing. It's a combination you can't beat. When anybody starts out to make trouble for Terry O'Geegan he'll buck up against a stone wall."

The Old Home prospered. It couldn't help but prosper. A saloon with a pull naturally becomes the headquarters of men with a pull and of men who yearn for a pull. It is also a handy place for thirsty pedestrians to drop into at any hour in the twenty-four.

Of course there were, other saloon keepers who were jealous. They were making up stake purses for the district leader, paying blackmail to the police captain and flipping extra dollars to the ward men, and they felt sore because they had to obey the law in a measure. They growled and grumbled and threatened, but when they became annoying the police captain took a little promenade and said to them in turn:

"No more of this or you'll get the grand sky high!"

They shut up. No saloon keeper with an ounce of brains in his head will defy a police captain. One tries it now and then, and between the captain and the brewer he is put out of business within a fortnight.

The Old Home had been running two months when a row occurred there one night, and a man had his neck broken. It could easily have been shown at the coroner's inquest that he broke his own neck, but it was not necessary. A ward man and a patrolman fixed all that. They had just dropped in by accident at the moment, and they testified that the deceased pulled a gun and lost his life in the struggle to make use of it.

In a few days a hayseed tried to make the police believe he had been robbed of \$300 while admiring the costly mirrors in the Old Home, but they gave him three days in a dark cell and shipped him home a sadder and a wiser man.

Within a year the newspapers briefly chronicled many happenings at O'Geegan's. One or two of them brought O'Geegan before the coroner and the courts. That put him to some little trouble, but his prestige remained unimpaired.

It was almost three years from the sunburst opening of his saloon before Terrence O'Geegan found himself in a hole. With the aid of his pull he had successfully defied law and order in every direction. Now and then a friend confidentially advised him to check a bit, but Terry had patted him on the shoulder and told him it was breath thrown away. He was carrying the police and the courts in his vest pocket, and what could happen to him? Something did happen, however, but to this day it is spoken of as an accident or a series of accidents. A stranger entered the place one night and gave Terry some "lip." Terry was "off" that night, and he struck the man a blow that stretched him dead. It so happened that a green patrolman was on the beat that night, and he was as idiotic enough to arrest Terry. It also happened that there were four or five men in the place who didn't regard murder as humorously as a game of hopscotch, and they were ready to testify.

"It won't amount to anything, of course," said Terry's friends as he went

to see a partridge fall limp and ruffled at the other side of the open.

"I couldn't help it," Joel was explaining apologetically. "He riz almost at my feet, an' I jest natcherly had to shoot."

"You done well to fetch him," said Obediah. "Pretty heavy charge for short range," he added.

"Like to blow him to ribbons," said Joel, bending critically over the fallen bird. "I cal'late you'll have to wait till I load up again, Obedi," he said sheepishly.

Obediah was looking through the sunlit woods, and his imagination followed his eyes.

"I should like to fetch one more of them fellers myself," he said. "Reckon the woods is full of 'em. 'Pears like I can hear 'em now drummin' all round old Ting bog."

Joel was reloading the gun. At the other's words he paused and for several seconds looked thoughtfully at the sky.

"Obedi," he said at length, "let's make an afternoon of it. Let's go pa'tridgin' jest as if that was what we come for. Let's jest forget everything but pa'tridges till 5 o'clock. Then we'll come back here."

"Done," said Obediah.

All that afternoon two old men, one short and stout, the other tall and gaunt, stalked through the underbrush of the Pine Hill woods. All that afternoon the woods resounded to the boom of heavy fowling pieces and much cackling laughter, and many an unwary partridge fell victim to two old men who joked and capered like boys.

The shadows were lengthening when Joel pulled out an old silver watch and announced it was time for them to be getting back to the summit. They made the journey thither in silence. Arrived at the open, Obediah sank on a log and burst into deep guffaws of laughter.

"Tarnation!" he said, holding the inverted powderhorn over his hand. "I hain't got nary a charge left."

"An' I got jest half a one," chuckled Joel, turning the black grains from his own horn into his hands. "Obedi," he went on gently, "I don't believe our gran'paps ever thought we'd carry it so far."

Obediah rose and placed a hand on Joel's shoulder.

"The trouble with our gran'paps," he announced slowly, "was that they never went pa'tridgin' together."

A Full Diagnosis.
A lady patient entered the consulting room of a physician. The doctor felt her pulse, looked at her tongue and said, "Madam, you should eat less and take more out of door exercise."

The advice seemed to be too common for the lady, and she resolved to consult a notorious quack.

"The only true and legitimate manner of accounting for your rare disease," said the quack, "is in the physiological defects of the membranous system. The obtuseness of the spinal abductor causes the cartilaginous compressor to coagulate into the diaphragm and thus depresses the duodenum under the flandango. Now, if the disease was caused by the vocation of the electricity from the appendages the tympanum would dissolve the spiritual stinctum and the ossificator would ferment in the olfactory, thus becoming identical with the pigmentum. Now, as this is not the case, in order to produce your disease the spinal rotundum must diverge to a point on the elliptical spero. But, as I said before, in order to produce this disease, the ligamentum ters must subvert over the gigitorium to a degree sufficient to dislodge the stercocoleum."

The lady replied: "Yes, doctor, you describe my case exactly. I'd like you to treat me."

King James on Sunday Games.
What will the modern objectors to reasonable recreation on Sundays find more stirring than King James' "Book of Sports," published in 1618, wherein he laments the attempts of churchly fanatics to repress amusements on the first day of the week and says, "Our pleasure likewise is that after the end of divine service our good people be not disturbed, letted or discouraged from any lawful recreation, such as dancing (either men or women), archery for men, leaping, vaulting or any other such harmless recreations, nor from having of May games, Whitsun

ales and Morris dances, and the setting up to Maypoles and other sports therewith used, so as the same be had in due and convenient time without impediment or neglect of divine service." And this, be it remembered, is from the man whom the translators of the authorized version of our Bible described as the "sun in his strength," as one who was "enriched with so many singular and extraordinary graces as to be the wonder of the world in this latter age for happiness and true felicity."

—London Telegraph.

Products Which Time Matures.
Wines and spirits can only mature by considerable lapse of time in the process of manufacture. The period varies with different brands and qualities. Some red wines, for instance, cannot be said to be ripe for use until they have been kept for fully ten years, while the minimum age at which whisky is ready for the open market is five years. For somewhat similar reasons and because it requires elaborate drying tobacco takes a very long time in arriving at good condition.

Leather is another article which must undergo a long course of preparation for the market, though modern improvements have shortened the period. For some descriptions of skins so much as six months is still needed to complete the process. Olive oil also needs long and careful preparation to bring it to perfection. At Gallipoli it is often kept for seven years in underground cisterns.

It Was a Success.
A young lady who engages largely in church and mission work was recently the moving spirit in some amateur theatricals which were got up in the interest of a deserving local charity. The entertainment was billed, and the performance was duly given. But somehow or other no notice was taken of it in the local newspapers. A few days later a friend met the young lady in question, when the conversation turned to the theatricals.

"Was the entertainment a success?" "I should think it was," replied the lady, with a smile. "Why, we got over \$100."

"Is that so?" said the friend. "Then you must have had a large audience."

"Well, no," she replied. "We only took \$1.50 at the door, but father gave us a check for \$100 if we would promise never to do it again."—St. Joseph Press.

To Find Out Your Future Husband.
At bedtime, having fasted since noon, two girls who wish to obtain a sight of their future husbands boil an egg, which must be the first egg ever laid by the hen, in a pan in which no egg has ever been boiled before. Having boiled it until it is hard, they cut it in two with something that has never been used as a knife before. Each girl eats her half and the shell to the last fragment, speaking no word the while. Then, still in silence, they walk backward to bed "to sleep, perchance to dream."—English Folk Rhymes.

Preaching and Practice.
Spellblinder—Yes, my friends, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Be on your guard. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Voice (from the audience)—Then you must take us for gold darn folks. You have been talking for an hour and a half.—Kansas City Journal.

Imitation.
The hairdresser had done rather a hasty job on the raven locks of the young woman.

"Well," she said, surveying the result in the mirror, "this is a shampoo, all right, if there is any such thing as real 'poo.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Bilious?
Dizzy? Headache? Pain
back of your eyes? It's your
liver! Use Ayer's Pills.
Gently laxative; all vegetable.
Sold for 60 years.

**WANT your moustache or beard
a beautiful brown or rich black? Use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE.**

Wanted your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE.

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. 1886, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan on the 20th day of May, A. D. 1886, in Liber 11, of Mortgages, page 365, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the time of this notice, the sum of one hundred and sixty-nine dollars and fifty-eight cents and an attorney's fee of \$15 provided for in said mortgage and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in such mortgage and the statutes in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on the 28th day of September, A. D. 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the east front door of the court-house in the village of Charlevoix, in the County of Charlevoix (that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix, in Michigan, is held) the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage with interest at 7 per cent, and all legal costs, with an attorney's fee of \$15.00 as covenanted therein.

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

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

CHANCERY NOTICE.
STATE OF MICHIGAN.
Thirtieth Judicial Circuit in Chancery
Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix in Chancery, at the Village of Charlevoix on the 17th day of June A. D. 1903.
Orlo Brewer, Complainant,
vs.
William Brewer, Defendant.

In this case it appearing that the Defendant, William Brewer, is a resident of this State, but his whereabouts are unknown, this notice on motion of E. N. Clark, Solicitor for Complainant, it is ordered that the Defendant appear in said case, on or before three months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the Complainant cause this order to be published in the CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD, a newspaper published in said County, said publication to be continued once each week for six weeks in succession.

FREDERICK W. CLARK, Judge
Solicitor for Complainant.
Business address, East Jordan, Mich.
6-20-76

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stops the cough and heals lungs

Thos. Morrison,
Dray and
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Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

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Mississippi Rose March
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Story of the Flowers
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Dream of the Ballet
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Register of Deeds
and Abstractor.

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Stock and poultry have few troubles which are not bowel and liver irregularities. Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine is a bowel and liver remedy for stock. It puts the organs of digestion in a perfect condition. Prominent American breeders and farmers keep their herds and flocks healthy by giving them an occasional dose of Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine in their food. Any stock raiser may buy a 25-cent half-pound air-tight can of this medicine from his dealer and keep his stock in vigorous health for weeks. Dealers generally keep Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine. If yours does not, send 25 cents for a sample can to the manufacturers, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

ROCHESTER, GA., Jan. 30, 1902.
Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine is the best I ever tried. Our stock was looking bad when you sent me the medicine and now they are getting so fine. They are looking 20 per cent better.

S. P. BROOKINGTON.

JOHN KENNY
GENERAL-DRAYMAN
Moves household goods, baggage and Mer-
candise of all descriptions.
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.'"

GUARANTEED. Price 25 Cents

Wm. Germond,
Tonsorial Artist.
When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.
LaLonde Building, East Jordan

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
for children; safe, sure. No opiates

YOUR KIDNEYS ARE THEY WELL?
Unless they are, good health is impossible.

Every drop of blood in the body passes through and is filtered by healthy kidneys every three minutes. Sound kidneys strain out the impurities from the blood, diseased kidneys do not, hence you are sick. FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE makes the kidneys well so they will eliminate the poisons from the blood. It removes the cause of the many diseases resulting from disordered kidneys which have allowed your whole system to become poisoned.

Rheumatism, Bad Blood, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, Inflammation of the Bladder, Diabetes and Bright's Disease, and many others, are all due to disordered Kidneys. A simple test for Kidney disease is to set aside your urine in a bottle or glass for twenty-four hours. If there is a sediment or a cloudy appearance, it indicates that your kidneys are diseased, and unless something is done they become more and more affected until Bright's Disease or Diabetes develops.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is the only preparation which will positively cure all forms of Kidney and Bladder troubles, and cure you permanently. It is a safe remedy and certain in results.

If You are a sufferer, take FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE at once. It will make you well.

—Some Pronounced Incurable—
Mr. G. A. Stillson, a merchant of Tampico, Ill., writes: "FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is meeting with wonderful success. It has cured some cases here that physicians pronounced incurable. I myself am able to testify to its merits. My face today is a living picture of health and FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE has made it such."

—Had Lumbago and Kidney Trouble—
Edward Huss, a well known business man of Salisbury, Mo., writes: "I wish to say for the benefit of others, that I was a sufferer from lumbago and kidney trouble, and all the remedies I took gave me no relief. I began to take FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE, and after the use of three bottles I am cured."

Two Sizes, 50 Cents and \$1.00.