

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 7.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, OCT. 17 1903.

No 8

ST 1897 XI.

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

NEWS AGENCY
A new line of Jewelry.

Next to the Postoffice
H. O. HOLMES.

This Space Belongs to

R. F. Steffes.

Warne Block

Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

WILL RICHARDSON'S
State Street Grocery.

BOOSINGER BROS.

NEW FALL AND WINTER SHOES.

The Pingree Shoe has come to East Jordan to stay. Every reader probably knows the difference between a Welted Shoe and a Turned Shoe but we might say right here that Pingree Welted Shoes have an inner sole and outer sole, joined by a hand-sewed welt and different from all other shoes by having a damp-proof elastic filling which acts as a cushion and makes walking easy.

Our Turned Shoes are made without any welt or inner sole. They are made inside out and then turned—hence the name. \$3.00 to \$4.00 is the popular price for these popular Shoes. This is acknowledged to be very reasonable for the very best Shoes that money can produce.

Besides the Pingree Shoes for Women we carry a complete line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Shoes of the very best quality that money can buy or experts can make. Men's Shoes \$1.50 to \$5.00; Boys' Shoes, \$1.25 to \$2.50; Children's Shoes—all prices.

Quality First o All - - Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROS.

Hose Company Is Organized.

C. L. Otto is Selected as Chief.

There Are Eighteen Members in the Company.

One of the subjects brought up for discussion at the last meeting of the Board of Trade was the matter of organizing a hose company. For several months we have had no organized Hose Co. and the need of one was very apparent to all. In fact the Insurance Commissioner had intimated that unless a hose Co. was organized, and that speedily our insurance rates would be materially raised. Accordingly a meeting was appointed for Wednesday evening at the City Hall to make a start towards an organization. This meeting was largely attended by the young men who have become enthusiastic over the project.

The organization will be known as Hose Co. No. 1 and will comprise sixteen or eighteen members as follows: C. L. Otto, W. A. Loveday, J. E. Converse, J. H. Millford, L. M. Gage, Ira D. Bartlett, H. W. Dicken, Wm. Gothau, A. G. Muma, Wm. Spencer, Harry McHale, Frank Martinek, Wm. Rowley, C. H. Whittington, Ed. Price and Bert Reed.

Officers were elected as follows:—
Chief—C. Louis Otto,
Foreman—W. Asa Loveday,
President—J. Ernest Converse,
Vice Pres.—J. Harvey Millford,
Sec'y—LeRoy M. Gage,
Treas.—Ira D. Bartlett.

The meeting adjourned until Monday evening when the men will be assigned to their places and times set for practice that they may become efficient in their duties.

Here is something that will make us all weep: "Tenderly she laid the silent white form beside those that had gone before. She made no outcry, she did not weep. Such a moment was too precious to be spent in idle tears. But soon there came a time when it seemed as if nature must give way. She lifted up her voice and cried loud and long. Her cry was taken up by others who were near and echoed and re-echoed over the ground. Then suddenly all was still. What was the use of it all? She would lay another egg to-morrow.

Latest Fashion Notes.

A PRETTY TAFFETA WAIST.

Separate waists are always in demand and this pretty bodice is handsomely trimmed with point de Venise lace and black velvet ribbon. The yoke is of lace, and extending down the entire front is a broad lace band, which runs around the waist just under the arms, and also just above the waist line. These bands of lace are very effectively finished with narrow black velvet ribbon, three rows of which also appear on the cuffs. The sleeves may be made elbow length with the deep cuff used, same as the cut. Corticelli sewing silk is generally used on a waist of this kind, which is made over an unboned lining of thin idea silk, and is hooked under the arm.



Black is always a safe color for an elderly woman to select. Also some shades in gun-metal and deep purple are very becoming to women with grey hair. The same may be trimmed with white facings, the jackets often showing a jabot in front, which gives a soft fall effect. Crepe de Chine is also much used and is deservedly popular. A grey crepe de Chine trimmed with black, or white trimmings, is most charming for an elderly woman; the white softening the severity of the dead black.

Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus Jonquils, Chinese Sacred Lily and Bermuda Lily are among the finest winter bloomers and Ralph's bulbs are all selected and very cheap too. Come in and see them anyway.

October Council Meeting.

The Hose House Is Accepted.

The Flaggpole at Foot of Main St. Will Be Taken Down

The regular meeting of the Common Council was held Monday evening, Oct. 12th. Called to order by President L. A. Hoyt at 8:00 o'clock. All members responded to their names at roll call except Trustees Sweet and Steffes.

Minutes of previous meetings were read and approved.

The following bills were audited and allowed:

- Wm. Spencer, water taps and repairing leak, \$12.20.
- Electric Light & Power Co., street lighting for Sept. and poles for alarm \$135.50.
- A. J. Hammond, cleaning tank, \$3.00
- W. A. Loveday & Co., cement, \$2.10.
- F. A. Kenyon, recording deed of hose house lot, 90 cts.
- Converse & Perkins, drawing contract for hose house, \$3.00.
- C. L. Lorraine, printing, \$4.00.
- Wm. Johnson, marshal salary to Oct. 15, \$40.00.
- John Tooley, extras on hose house, \$12.50.

Street Commissioner's report of labor and team hire, Aug. 27th to Oct. 12th, \$131.73.

D. F. Clement, rope, hooks, etc., used to recover bodies from Pine Lake, \$15.00.

On motion of Plank, seconded by Lemieux R. L. Lorraine was instructed to see Chas. Howland and engage him to put in a cement walk in front of hose house.

On motion by Lemieux seconded by Lorraine the hose house was accepted.

Moved by Boosinger and seconded by Lemieux that Mr. Plank be given the job of removing the republican pole at the foot of Main Street for the sum of \$1.50 for the reason that the Republican Committee informed the Council that they had no funds to do the same and the Council feel that the pole is not safe, therefore order the pole removed. Carried.

Adjourned.

Chas. A. Hudson.
Village Clerk.

BURIED WITH MASONIC HONORS.

The body of David R. Lane, whose death we noted last week, arrived on Tuesday evening from Pino Grande, Cal. Many were in attendance at the funeral services in the M. E. church Wednesday afternoon which were held under the auspices of Mystic Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M. Members of the Charlevoix and Boyne City lodges were also present and participated in the impressive Masonic burial service. As stated last week Mr. Lane's death was very sudden and unexpected, he being found dead in bed and coroners jury brought in a verdict of death from heart disease.

How to Warm Gold Plates.

Various departments of "household hints" have unaccountably neglected to tell how solid gold plates may be warmed for the meat courses at dinner.

This may be done in the right or the wrong way. The right way is exemplified at Castle Kilkenny. This is one of the oldest inhabited dwellings in the world, some of the rooms being 800 years old. Among its ancient treasures is a service of gold plate.

Besides the ordinary plate service, Castle Kilkenny has the whole series of gold cups used at coronation banquets down to the time of George IV. The gold of the service plates is almost without alloy, consequently very soft and easily marred. Hence the plates are warmed and presumably also washed after use by being dipped into hot water held by a pair of tongs whose tips have been muffled in chamois leather.

The legal duration of a patent in Germany is fifteen years from the date of application, and additional patents expire at the same time as the main patent. Inventions which appertain to articles of food or medicine cannot be patented in Germany.

School Notes.

East Jordan 17; Petoskey 0.
Anna Jamison has returned to school.

Third grade will study Hiawatha this week.
Merle Crowell has returned to school after his illness.

Agnes Tremaln was a visitor in Second Primary this week.

Monday afternoon the First grade enjoyed a trip to the woods.

A number of the Third grade pupils have gone on the excursion.

The Second Primary have memorized "The Children's Hour" this week.

Leigh Gilbert and Nellie McKenzie are new pupils in the Fifth and Sixth grade Department.

Owing to a misunderstanding it was found necessary to postpone the pumpkin pie and doughnut social until Friday evening, Oct. 18.

The following pupils have been out of school this week on account of sickness:—Olivette Bartlett, Josie Thompson, Jessie Reid, Grace Howard, and Howard Richie.

On Wednesday evening, October 28, Gertrude Goodwin Miller, dramatic reader, will give an entertainment at Loveday Opera House.—Tickets, 15, 25 and 35 cents. Proceeds to be for the benefit of the East Jordan High School.

The first regular meeting of the High School Literary Society was held last Wednesday evening. The meetings will be held every alternate Wednesday evening, membership being limited to High School students and teachers of the various departments.

The following pupils were neither absent nor tardy during the month ending Oct. 2, 1903:—

- Mary Berg.
- Florence Cottrell.
- Belle Gottman.
- Chas. Johnson.
- Lawrence Lemieux.
- Harry Walstad.
- Lucile Boosinger.
- Florence Bartlett.
- Stewart Carr.
- Joe St. John.
- Willie Taylor.
- Frank Whittington.

Stage and Platform

FANCHON THE CRICKET.

Gertrude Goodwin Miller, the dramatic reader, appeared before our citizens in the Ruttle & Vivian hall Wednesday evening. In "Fanchon the Cricket, the young lady executed a piece of work to excellent advantage. Her character impersonations were as perfect as one would expect and her expressions lifelike. Miss Miller is meeting with a great deal of success on the stage, and is deserving of large audiences at her entertainments.—Carsonville Search Light.

At Loveday Opera House, Oct. 28th, auspices of the High School.

Coming—Thos. B. Alexander in "Near the Throne" at Loveday Opera House Monday evening, November 2d.

Mary Jennings, N. Yamhill, Oregon—Could not get along without Rocky Mountain Tea. Makes women strong and beautiful. Keeps them well. 35 cents.

Warne's Pharmacy.

EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

GRAND LODGE I. O. O. F. SAGINAW.

One fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale Oct. 19 and 20; good to return to Oct. 24th.

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

ALDERMAN SMITH WELL AGAIN.
Alderman J. F. Smith of Indianapolis, Ind., contracted a severe cold which grew rapidly worse until his physician said he had all the symptoms of consumption. The physician's prescription and several proprietary preparations failed to help him. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and, and in a few days he began to improve and the second bottle cured him completely. He says it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and lung trouble he has ever known. Accept no substitute.
Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.



For the Individual

1796 1872 1952



WHERE OTHERS GIVE UP IS JUST WHERE WE GET OUR SECOND BREATH.

THIS ACCURACY REVIEW DEPARTMENT

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Acquirement of Better Results

A man inquired: "How can I accomplish most for the energy, time, force and efforts expended? I feel that I must accomplish more, yet my strength will scarcely admit of greater expenditure. How can I do it? is the question."

When a store must have more space for new goods and is unable to borrow, rent or build, and all the space it has is chock full, there is one thing to do, and that is to throw out the most important line of goods. But sometimes when it is thought all the space is entirely occupied, careful investigation and some mental calculations will produce more space. There are counters (trays) which use room, formerly unoccupied, for holding stock, and they give almost half as much room as the shelves back of them.

Body doctors have to study promptly, business and effectiveness. Some doctors will make twice as many calls during the day as some others do, using the same time, the same energy, and having left fully as much strength at the end of the day. So do an extra amount of work requires an original study of self and environments, coupled with systematic effort to gain, at every point.

Our opportunities for doing more work and better work with the same time and strength embrace a study of improved methods, better habits, more nutritious food, economy of time, casting off unnecessary, less attention to the least important, hunting for waste places, training others to do what they should for us, and trying to find something every day new and useful to us in our work.

Scattered attention is surely a cause of errors. Some think about their rest during work hours, and during rest hours they worry about their work, and as a result they neither rest nor work. It is no business to think of things at the wrong time. Nor is it a business to think too far ahead or too far behind. The former is for prophets and the latter for historians. Those who make big money study history and read the future, but the average man must look steadily at today and keep his head and hands busy.

The Criminality of Carelessness

What is the cause of criminal carelessness? Two years ago a man asked me the above question. He had been having trouble and I have been thinking about the subject ever since. It may be due to ignorance. Some claim that people are not as good as they appear to be—if we knew more we would be better. But we will know more if we are any good and have our goal in the right place. The idea that experience is a teacher, but fools will learn in no other, might be revised to read: "It is a wise man who learns by experience; fools never learn." Though a man is not to be blamed for being ignorant, he can be blamed for remaining ignorant, and continued or repeated carelessness may be called criminal.

When the weak acquire strength, they become leaders of the naturally strong, because they know how, when the strong are blind.

LIVE STOCK



Mixed Rations for Farm Horses.

Many horse feeders regard oats as almost necessary, and it is doubtless true that in large regions of the United States the most common ration for horses consists of oats and hay, with an occasional bran mash. In the South and West corn seems to be the most common feed, especially in rural districts. Many experiments have been reported which support the theory that horses may be satisfactorily fed and reasonable combination of wholesome materials which supplies the required nutrients in due proportion. In other words, protein and energy are required by the animal body rather than any special feed. Believing that more horses should be raised and that an economic system of feeding would be an incentive to horse breeders, C. W. Burkett of the New Hampshire Station, recently studied the comparative value of a number of mixed rations with the station farm horses during a period of two years. The rations were so planned that an abundance of nutritive material was supplied by grain mixtures which were cheaper than oats. Throughout the greater part of the experimental period hay was fed with the grain. During a part of the time corn fodder was used. The comparative merits of the following five rations were studied in the first test: Hay 10 pounds, bran 2 pounds, corn 6 pounds, and gluten feed 6 pounds; hay 10, bran 2, corn 6, oats 8; hay 10, corn 8, and bran 7; hay 10, corn 8, linseed oil meal 4; and hay 10, cottonseed meal 1, bran 2 and corn 8. Each of the five horses included in the investigation received one of the rations for one month, the rations being rotated, so that during the five months of the test each horse was fed all the rations. The following were some of the conclusions arrived at:

Any food stuff or combination of food stuffs furnishing the desirable nutrient at least cost should be considered in preparing rations for horses. A mixture of bran and corn, half and half, is a good substitute for corn and oats for feeding work horses. Corn stover is a good substitute for timothy hay for winter feeding of horses because of its feeding value, the yield per acre and commercial value. A change from a grain mixture, consisting partially of linseed oil meal, slowly or abruptly, does not cause a decrease of weight in horses if a proper substitute ration is fed. The average total cost per year for actual food supply per horse was \$74.32. The average cost for food per horse's work done during two years was 3.4 cents.

Care of Sheep.

A Canadian shepherd says: The lamb crop, like any other, to be successful, must be prepared for beforehand; therefore, as the breeding season approaches the ewes ought to be getting in good condition, and it cannot be done easier than by giving them the run of the stubble-fields after the grain is stacked. Before the breeding season is over the winter will have set in, and the flock will be in their winter quarters. No elaborate building is necessary. A hay rack running round the inside, with a small door in the center, just large enough for one sheep to go in and out when the big door is shut. It must be dry and entirely free from drafts for the sheep to do well; 30x60 feet will be ample accommodation for a hundred good-sized ewes, until lambing time. The winter feed should be wild hay, oat straw or oat sheaves. They may be allowed to run at the oat stack, if care is taken to remove the overhanging portions as they eat it away from under, to prevent the chaff from getting into their wool. The hay is fed in the rack inside, and only what they will eat up clean. Always clean out the racks before the next feeding. I have often heard it said that sheep won't drink water, but that is a mistake; they will drink large quantities of water at the right time and place. They won't drink out of a water hole on a cold day, but watered in their pens and in troughs, a hundred head will drink almost two barrels a day. I think good water is most important. Keep salt where they can get it at all times, summer and winter.

Raise More Pigs.

When pigs are handled in a proper way they prove profitable to the farmer. There are ways of handling and feeding that will make them unprofitable and there are ways of handling that will make them profitable. The variety to be kept will often determine the results. When there is little pasture for them the number kept should be small, as pigs fed a ration of grain only cannot generally yield a profit. It is possible to have so many pigs that they will be unprofitable; but the trouble is generally the other way. Not enough pigs are being raised on American farms. The farmers are all too generally depending on one crop of pigs a year to give them a profit. The high cost of winter feed has stimulated this movement, but the process should be reversed. We must have more fall pigs and use our wits in getting cheap feed for them.

The permanence of effect is one of the most valuable characteristics of farmyard manure, as, if once applied in a rotation, it benefits all the crops in the rotation.

No man can hope to be happily married unless he is a good flatterer.

RAMMED BY A SWORD FISH.

Monster of the Sea Nearly Sinks Fishing Craft.

The fishing schooner Actor sailed into Boston last week badly leaking, as the result of an encounter with a mammoth swordfish off the Georges banks. The big fish struck the schooner with terrific force in a head-on collision. The force of the impact shook the large schooner from stem to stern, and at first the crew thought the vessel had struck some half-sunken wreck.

Shortly afterward the vessel began to leak rapidly. An examination was made, and under the starboard bow, about two feet below the water line, there protruded the sword of a gigantic swordfish. Further examination showed that the big sword had penetrated the hull of the vessel, extending several inches within the hole. The vessel was headed for Boston, and during the voyage it was necessary to keep the pumps working a large part of the time.

THE SWEET LAVENDER WOMAN.

Quaint Ditty the Most Musical Heard in London Streets.

One of the most picturesque of London "types" is the Sweet Lavender woman, and by far the most musical of the London street cries is the quaint ditty with which she describes her wares. Lavender is, of course, the uncommonly fragrant plant which grows so abundantly in England, and it is used mostly by those who buy it to put in clothes presses and drawers where linen is kept, to perfume them. The lavender, which costs a penny for four branches, is generally sold by women, and all of them utter the same cry, which has been in use for centuries. There is a complete song of it which begins as follows:



FOUR GOOD BRANCHES FOR A PENNY

Then the singer goes on to say that she "picked it fresh this very morning" and something about its being "what you want to scent your pocket ankerchief," which you always try to catch but can't exactly. But the plaintive cry, sung as the lavender woman makes her way through a London back street, is one of the most genuinely striking sounds to be heard in the metropolis.

Underground Marvels.

Particulars have just been published of a wonderful series of underground caves in the Stalden district of Canton Schwytz. The existence of these places had before been vaguely known, but they have now for the first time been fully explored by a party which went down provided with 5,000 yards of rope ladders, acetylene lamps, rugs and provisions for eight days. They were underground for two full days, penetrating for a distance of 2,500 yards through vast halls brilliant with stalactite and other crystals, and with other great recesses branching from them. There were also found swift subterranean torrents, powerful enough to work great industrial undertakings.

Strange Motive for Travel.

Surely no stranger motive for travel was ever known than that which urges Count Rocca Dianovitch to make the circle of the globe. For nearly forty years this nobleman has wandered up and down the earth on foot. His object is said to be a desire to enter himself on the prison records of the world, and in order to speak from practical experience he insists from time to time upon being locked up like any vulgar malefactor. In carrying out this plan he has already, it is reported, made the acquaintance of the prisons of Spain and Italy, of England and America, and experienced the hospitality of the penal settlement of Guyana.

Automobile Trap.



A Gorman inventor has devised this automobile trap which works much as do the bars let down at railroad crossings. When the motorist is speeding too rapidly the bars are lowered and he is literally caught in the net of the law.

Tablecloth Three Centuries Old. E. Phillips, of Rich Mill, Mo., owns a tablecloth that was made by his great-great-grandmother, in 1600. It is in a good state of preservation and speaks well for the old methods of weaving.



Louise.
Louise is pretty.
Louise is fair.
Louise is witty.
And has sun-kissed hair
Louise is sunny.
A gay coquette;
Louise is bossy.
But I'll win her yet.
Louise is wary.
Her heart's a dress;
Louise, the fairy,
She will not confess!
Louise, I'm gazing,
Deep in your eyes—
See hope amazing
And a paradise.
Louise, you're blushing!
Louise, your cheek
With love is flushing
What your heart would
speak!
Louise, caressing.



LOUISE.
I hold you tight;
Louise, I'm pressing
For your "Yes" to-night!
Louise, you're clinging
Upon my breast;
My heart is singing
And at love's behest!

A Boquet.

ON THE SUBURBAN TRAIN
Fair were the phlox and lilies,
And pale "sweet-william" bloom
Wrought in the Master's image
Upon Dame Nature's loom.
Rich in their royal essence,
All wet with morning dew
Bade they in flower language,
"God morning!" on the "Q."
Brought by a bashful native
From fragrant dell and far,
Spoke they to hearts awestruck
Upon the crowded car.
Glowing in scented beauty,
They sang to daisies there,
Sons of the land out yonder,
Where their own people are.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the eye. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or pressure in the ears, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. This disease cannot be cured by surgery, unless it is caught early. It is cured by the new method of Dr. J. C. GARDNER, 1000, Toledo, O. Send for free literature.

Yellow Clothes are Unsightly.

Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

JUNE TINT BUTTER COLOR makes top of the market butter.

Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.



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

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

TRIED BY TIME.

Eugene E. Larlo, of 751 Twentieth Avenue, ticket seller in the Union Station, Denver, Col., says: "You are at liberty to repeat what I first stated through our Denver papers about Doan's Kidney Pills in the summer of 1899, for I have had no reason in the interim to change my opinion of the remedy. I said when first interviewed that if I had a friend and acquaintance suffering from backache or kidney trouble I would unhesitatingly advise them to take Doan's Kidney Pills. I was subject to severe attacks of backache, always aggravated if I sat long at a desk. It struck me that if Doan's Kidney Pills performed half what they promised they might at least help. This induced me to try the remedy. It absolutely stopped the backache. I have never had a pain or a twinge since."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Larlo will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

THE TABLE IN SUMMER.

Hostesses at Newport discard the Accepted Covring.
"We don't use any tablecloths in summer," said a clever housekeeper the other day, "and you can't think what a saving of work it is. The laundress has so many tub frocks and shirt waists to do up each week she is quite overwhelmed as it is. Rather than tumbled cloths I prefer a bare table. Beside, even for dinner at night, the polished table, with its handsome centerpiece, its flowers and its silver and pretty china, is attractive. It seems to me quite as elegant as a table with a white cloth over it, and it is infinitely more summery. Through the summer we try to live in a summer-like way, leaving for cold weather the amusements and customs of winter and civilized life. We find it tedious variety and zest to existence not to eat and do and wear the same things all the year round. Don't you think there's something in it?"—Newport News.

Only His Watch So Far.

There is an old negro living in Carrollton who was taken ill several days ago and called in a physician of his race to prescribe for him. But the old man did not seem to be getting any better and finally a white physician was called. Soon after arriving Dr. S. felt the darky's pulse for a moment and then examining his tongue, "Did your other doctor take your temperature?" he asked. "I don't know, sah," he answered feebly. "I hain't missed anything, but my watch as yit boss."

Many Miners Are Idle.

Shamokin, Pa., special: The Cameron and Luke-Fidler collieries, owned by the Mineral Railroad and Mining Company, employing 2,500 men and boys, have been closed indefinitely because of the dull coal trade.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the eye. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or pressure in the ears, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. This disease cannot be cured by surgery, unless it is caught early. It is cured by the new method of Dr. J. C. GARDNER, 1000, Toledo, O. Send for free literature.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

The Two Captains

By W. CLARK RUSSELL

Copyright, 1907, by P. F. Collier.

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CHAPTER XV.—Continued.
Crystal only answered: "What do you mean to do with this ship, Pope?"

"Sink her."

"Crystal stopped in a sort of start. 'It will be inhuman,' says he.

Pope, staring him in the face by the starlight, raised his hand, and let it fall heavily upon his companion's shoulder.

"If they won't give us command of them," says he, "of what use are they?"

"What's to become of the people?"

"She carries a fine long-boat and she carries quarter-boats," answered Pope.

"And my cousin?" exclaimed Crystal.

"Isn't she safe?" cried Pope, with a cordial laugh. "Oh, Johnny, this is a rich ship!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Pope Falls in Love.

Daybreak found Captain Pope and Crystal walking the poop of the West Indian.

"Crystal," says Pope, "set up the gold out of the mailroom and transfer it to my cabin aboard the brig as quickly as may be done. I shall help myself plentifully to provisions and drink, but shall not meddle with the cargo. It must go to the bottom."

"You mean to send the people adrift?" Crystal said.

"Yes, these are sunny seas, Jonathan; they shall leave us well stocked, and aren't there boats enough?"

"How about 'Laura, my cousin'?" exclaimed Crystal in a low, thin voice, looking askant at his companion.

"We'll keep her with us. She has a relative in our ship," answered Pope, smiling; "a man that somewhat resembles her father."

"By the Holy Anchor, then, he will be no beauty!" says Crystal, trying to look as if he were tickled; "but I tell you what, Pope, I don't half like the notion," and now his face took on a

dren away in the boats under this sun, though I don't doubt they'll be rescued. But—" and he swore so violently that Laura winced and recoiled, opening her eyes in horror at him.

"What does he intend by keeping you, a beautiful young girl, the only female aboard a footy old brig flushed to her coamings with the sons of hell?"

"You'll protect me," she moaned, catching hold of his arm again and looking wildly into his face with a sudden desperate expression of distress and terror.

It was now about nine o'clock in the morning, and probably by noon the men of the Gypsy would have shifted all they required into the brig's hold.

Pope went up to Miss Crystal as she stood on deck looking about her.

"I hope your mind is easy," says he in a soft voice. "I vow to God you are in no danger."

"But what do you mean to do with me?" she cried.

"Oh, madam, do not ask. Grant me some time. Be sure you are safe by my own and your cousin's hands."

"But I shall be alone among a lot of frightful pirates," she said, looking most entreatingly at him, but not with the least fear. How could any woman be afraid of a man who gazed at her with the expression, the tone, Pope's face and voice took now? He was head over ears in love, and the girl knew it.

"They are frightful—and they are pirates," he exclaimed, smiling. "But no man will hurt you. I am captain of these frightful pirates."

"But what dreadful waste of property, to sink so fine a ship as this," said Laura.

"Don't plead, I beg. My mind is resolved," answered Pope.

"And what is to become of the people?"

"They shall be well used," he answered, exhibiting no temper at this question.

"My father," said she, "will be shocked when he hears that Cousin

Crystal began to hustle. A cutlass was at his side, and a brace of pistols were in his breast. By this time, the refreshed pirates were all dressed and armed. The chief mate called to some of them, and they went to the fore-castle. The door ran thundering back in its grooves to their thrust, and they entered. On the floor, starting to the greasy flicker of a lamp, lay some wounded men on mattresses taken from the hammocks; and standing here and seated there were the rest of the prisoners, some twelve or fifteen men.

"Four of you guard this entrance," says he to his men; "you can leave the door open," and then to the prisoners, "Up all of you on to your pins and file out."

Any dreams of conflict and recapture which might have inspired the prisoners must have been extinguished by the first glance they obtained of the main deck, where stood, ranked abreast of the gangway, naked cutlass in hand, with Pope beside them, ten pirates, armed with loaded pistols.

Pope's cruelty in sending the wounded adrift was atrocious. It cannot be excused. One man was clearly in a hopeless way; any one could have seen that in the color of his face, and in the expression of his eyes. As quickly as it was to be managed, the prisoners, wounded and well, were got into boats; the wounded in one quarter-boat with two or three of the well men, and the others were divided between the long-boat and the second quarter-boat.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER XVII.

The Passengers Are Sent Adrift.

It was a little later than Crystal came up the poop and spied Pope talking to two of the men beside the fore-hatch. Crystal came aft to Pope's call with some little show of alacrity. The gaze that Pope fastened upon him as he approached had something singular in it. Jonathan, however, who was an ill reader of the varying expressions of the human countenance, saw nothing unusual in his shipmate's face.

"The sooner we make an end of this the better," says Pope, without any mood or humor of a marked sort in his voice. "But we will behave like gentlemen to the last; and I am always on the side of humanity."

"What's the next job?"

"A blow-out for the passengers; which I will see to," responded Captain Pope. "When the men have had their dinner, get the long boat and the two quarter-boats equipped and plentifully provisioned. They shall have room and food enough. Not that the grub will be wasted. They will be picked up before noon to-morrow."

This said he ascended the poop-ladder and joined the passengers, nearly all of whom were now up on deck.

Miss Crystal immediately went to him with a slight bloom on her cheeks.

He looked at her for a few moments with impassioned attention, with eyes whose adoration no woman could mistake for any other emotion, and while the poor passengers stood on the other side of the deck watching him and frightening one another in

whispers, he in a low note told her the story of Captain Jackman and of that handsome lunatic's love for the beautiful daughter of a fiery-hearted commander in the Royal Navy. He said that this brig had belonged to Captain Jackman and that that man's scheme of piracy had determined him to imitate it. He told her he was a gentleman, the son of a clergyman, a man who had held commands in the Merchant Service of considerable figure. Why should he starve? Why should her cousin Crystal starve?

She followed him with rapt attention. Her beautiful eyes rested upon his face. There was the pleading melody of his country's accent in his tones, and it dwelt upon her ear as though all his talk meant that he was asking her pardon and pity for being what he was.

A hand bell was rung in the cuddy. "Our last meal aboard the poor old 'Theftis,'" said Pope, and Crystal echoed the exclamation with a secret curse and a muttered "Why."

After the meal, as soon as Pope made his appearance the men turned to and a brisk and savage company of them went to work to provision the long boat and two quarter-boats. Then it was that one of the passengers standing in the cuddy doorway guessed the intentions of Captain Pope. He muttered in a sick voice, "Good heavens, open boats!" and plucking up some heart stepped up to Crystal, who still sat slowly chewing at the table.

"We are to be sent adrift, aren't we?"

"You are," answered the square man, without looking up.

"The women and children, too?"

"Yes," growled Crystal.

"Adrift," murmured the passenger's one to another, "are we to be sent adrift?"

"It will kill my baby," shrieked the mother of the child, rushing at the negro and tearing the infant out of her arms.

The boats were in readiness. The long-boat lay rolling under the gangway; her mast was stepped, as were the masts of the other boats. Their spars were ready for hoisting and the provision had been stowed in bow and stern as to merely trim the little craft.

"Mr. Crystal," sung out Pope, putting on the commander, "let the gangway ladder be got over the side. And the prisoners and wounded must be got into the boats before the passengers enter them."

Crystal began to hustle. A cutlass was at his side, and a brace of pistols were in his breast. By this time, the refreshed pirates were all dressed and armed. The chief mate called to some of them, and they went to the fore-castle. The door ran thundering back in its grooves to their thrust, and they entered. On the floor, starting to the greasy flicker of a lamp, lay some wounded men on mattresses taken from the hammocks; and standing here and seated there were the rest of the prisoners, some twelve or fifteen men.

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(To be continued.)

BULL WRECKED THE AUTO.

Occupants of Horseless Vehicle Laughed too Soon.

With a country road on a hilltop for a ring, an automobile and a big bull engaged in battle near West Kortright recently. The brute walked off with the honors and a section of steering gear instead of a laurel wreath.

Melvin Thomas, of New York, and two friends were riding in an automobile when sighted by the bull, which was being led from a summit pasture by Frank Webley, a farmer. The machine is painted red, and when the bull espied the vehicle he lifted his head and bellowed with rage. The automobilists laughed and replied with a 'toot.' The farmer gripped the halter, dug his heels into the dirt and prepared for trouble. His efforts to hold the bull, which was pawing the earth, lashing his tail and shaking his horns in a frenzy of rage, were soon over.

The chauffeur, to facilitate the sport, turned on full power. Up the hill tore the auto, and in its wake was the mad bull. The meeting took place at the crest of the hill, when the angry animal struck the automobile headforemost and tossed it into the ditch, completely wrecking it and badly bruising and terrifying its occupants. Mr. Thomas and his friend walked to the nearest village to secure the services of a physician.—New York Times.

Woman Lawyer and Doctor.
Dr. Mary Chandler of Lowell, Mass., is said to be the only woman in America who is entitled to practice law and medicine.

BREAKING IT TO HIM SOFTLY.

Stammering Clerk's Explanation Was a Good One.

In a certain law office in this city there is a clerk who is afflicted with occasional fits of stammering. Recently he was sent to serve some papers on another lawyer. Upon presenting himself before the man he had to see he drew out the papers and tried to make a few explanatory remarks, but for all his gaggling and coughing not a word could he utter. The lawyer who was to be served was of an irascible temperament, and he stood the clerk's sputtering as long as he could. "Come, come!" he finally exclaimed, "are you a process server, or what?" "N-n-n-o," gasped the wretched clerk, "I'm-haw-haw—I'm-an-elo-clocutionist."—New York Press.

Warning Against Northcay.

At Cherry Point, Northumberland county, Virginia, is the grave of Izatis Anderson, who died Aug. 11, 1923, age 44 years 6 months and 12 days. His epitaph states that: "He was a worthy and estimable man, a kind neighbor, a faithful friend and a good citizen. In other relations of life he might have been equally praiseworthy, but he died a bachelor, having never experienced the comfort of being a husband and father. This situation he found so comfortless that in his last will he directed this stone to be placed over his remains, with an inscription warning all young men from imitating an example of celibacy which yielded no other eventful fruits but disappointment and remorse. Inscribed at his request by his friends."

Heligoland in Winter.

During the winter there are no visitors at Heligoland, and life is very dull on the island. Nearly all the shops are shut and, if you want to buy anything, you have to ring or knock before you can attract attention. The lodging houses are also closed, and the fishing boats are drawn up on the beach above high water mark. At night the Heligolanders gather in the public halls, the men to drink beer, smoke and play cards, and the women to dance. There are no formalities, as all the islanders have known each other from infancy.—Foreign letter in Four-Track News.

He Knew Chamberlain.

Gen. De Wet was recently asked by an interviewer what he thought of Mr. Chamberlain. "He ought to grow a beard," said the famous Boer leader. "Why a beard?" was asked. "He shaves too close," replied De Wet with a grunt, and then went on to talk about the impossibility of driving a good political bargain with the colonial secretary.—New York Times.

"I Found It So."

McCormick, Ill., Sept. 28.—Miss Ethel Bradshaw of this place has written a letter, which is remarkable for the character of the statements it contains. As her letter will be read with interest, and probably with profit by many women, it has been thought advisable to publish it in part. Among other things Miss Bradshaw says: "I had Kidney Trouble with the various unpleasant symptoms which always come with that disease, and I have found a cure. I would strongly advise all who may be suffering with any form of Kidney Complaint to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy which I have found to be entirely satisfactory."

"This remedy is within the reach of all, and it is all that is recommended to be. I found it so, and therefore feel it my duty to tell others about it."

Dr. Dunaway of Benton, Ill., uses Dodd's Kidney Pills in his regular practice, and says they are the best medicine for Kidney Troubles. He claims they will cure Diabetes in the last stages.

Considerate Father.

In New South Wales dwells a witty farmer who inherited from his father the patronymic of "Stealing." The surname carries a nasty, light-handed suggestion, and so our farmer has determined to soften it for his progeny. His daughter has just been christened, and he got around the surname by giving her the Christian name of Worth. Worth Stealing, but surely that is clearly an encouragement of kidnapping.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

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One is now loaded into lake schooners at the rate of 7,000 tons an hour.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. U. S. S. KIDNEY, Ltd., 601 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

There is a difference between drawing the people and reaching them.

WORN OUT, DRAGGED OUT.

Are Most Women in Summer.—Peruna is a Tonic of Efficiency.



Mrs. Tressie Nelson.

JOSEPHINE MORRIS, 236 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Peruna is a fine medicine to take any time of the year, but I have found it especially helpful to withstand the wear and tear of the hot weather. I have taken it now for two summers and feel that it has kept my system free from malaria, and also kept me from having that worn-out, dragged out look which so many women have."

"I therefore have no hesitancy in saying that I think it is the finest tonic in the world."—Josephine Morris.

Peruna is frequently used as a mitigation of the effects of hot weather. What a bath is to the skin, Peruna is to the mucous membranes. Bathing keeps the skin healthy. Peruna makes the mucous membranes clean and healthy. With the skin and mucous membranes in good working order hot weather can be withstood with very little suffering.

Frequent bathing with an occasional use of Peruna is sure to mitigate the horrors of hot weather. Many ladies have discovered that the depression of hot weather and rigors they have been in the habit of attributing to malaria, quickly disappear when they use Peruna. This is why Peruna is so popular with them. Peruna provides clean mucous membranes, and thus clean mucous membranes do the rest.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Tressie Nelson, 422 Broad St., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "As Peruna has done me a world of good, I feel in duty bound to tell of it, in hopes that it may meet the eye of some woman who has suffered as I have."

"For five years I really did not know what a perfectly well day was, and if I did not have headaches, I had backache or a pain somewhere and really life was not worth the effort I made to keep going."

"A good friend advised me to use Peruna and I was glad to try anything, and I am very pleased to say that six bottles made a new woman of me and I have no more pains and life looks bright again."—Mrs. Tressie Nelson.



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- Ladies' and Children's Underwear at all prices.

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Charlevoix County Herald

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IN PENITENTIAL MOOD

By LESTER GRAY

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The last echoes from the organ died in the ghostly outer darkness of the church. For the first time Paul Scharf's glance lifted from the keyboard. He started, for the chancel lights made an aureole around Betty Carew's blond head. But her gay voice—petulant, charming, wholly human—dispelled the odor of sanctity.

"I have come to join the choir as a Lenten sacrifice," she said demurely. Her laughing eyes were veiled by modest lashes, but her red mouth still pouted irresistibly, and the saucy dimple lurking near it betrayed the fact that much of earth and its allurement yet clung to the fair penitent.

Despite himself Paul Scharf's glance lingered on the lovely face. The girl's lip curled in a half smile of conscious power. At that a sudden bitter thought sent an angry flush to his cheek. She had come to flaunt him with her beauty.

"Your voice will be very acceptable—Miss Carew," he said, low and steady.



AND IT WAS THUS THAT PAUL SCHARF FOUND THEM.

But she had caught the break before her name. Ah, he remembered when it had been not Miss Carew, but Betty. Three weeks was short for forgetting. She flashed her glorious smile full upon him. "Perhaps Lent's penitences will blot out the sins of other days," she ventured boldly.

He looked down at her searchingly. Was there not a note of earnestness underlying her flippancy? But, as he hesitated, Betty, plucked by his unresponsive mood, turned her back upon him. Her slight figure was drawn up to its fullest height as she walked into the choir room. Passion had swept away penitence.

The others had already gathered. Their reception was in flattering contrast to the one just accorded her. Jack Dudley was assuring her of his delight when the young organist took his seat at the piano.

"To your places, please," he said courteously. But Betty chose to consider it in the light of a reprimand, and her blue eyes flashed defiance.

During the intermission, when the others walked and talked up and down the long aisles of the church, Betty and Jack Dudley preferred to sit in a shadowy corner. The girl flirted, flirted deliberately. But deep down in her heart there was an ache. Lenten sacrifices were hard in the making.

The rehearsals came and went. Betty Carew's sweet, high soprano led all the rest. And in its varying cadences the quick ear of the choir master could read the mood of the girl, whether it be frivolous or penitent. But there were other signs. When she was penitent she would have naught of badinage. Paul Scharf would play then as if in answer to her need. And she sat in the remotest corner of the chancel and listened with rapt face. But when she was frivolous she flirted, flirted outrageously, to the scandal of the choir and the undoing of its masculine members.

It was on one of these nights that Scharf decided on a chancel rehearsal. But when, after the intermission, he called "Places," Betty was loath to leave her shadowy corner. "Let's not go," she said beguilingly, and Jack Dudley was only too willing to agree.

"But we must sit on the floor," she decided. "Mr. Scharf might see."

"Oh, hang Scharf," began Dudley, but a warm hand seized his persuasive, and again he yielded.

"It's fun to be naughty sometimes," said Betty. She was kneeling in the rear aisle, and as the choir began to wrestle with an anthem she raised the tip of her inquisitive nose above the high carved back of the last pew. But she ducked with a sharp exclamation.

when she seized his hand in that frightened way. He almost wished she would get a thorough scare—who knows what she might do?

"They're singing without an accompaniment," said Betty in an intense whisper, "and Mr. Scharf is walking back to get the effect. He's coming right this way. Oh, what shall we do?"

"If he should find us," said the gullible Jack.

"Oh, if he should," Betty breathed. She sank down in a frightened little heap while Jack Dudley took her hand protectively.

And it was thus that Paul Scharf found them. If he had expected it, his face only showed an incredulous amazement.

"Miss Carew!" he exclaimed. At the sound of his voice the girl's spirit reassured itself. "Here," she answered defiantly.

"Yes; I see you are there," the choir master said grimly. "But if you think it is a proper position I fail to agree with you." Here Betty turned a vivid scarlet and snatched her hand away from Jack. "I must request that you both take your places in the chancel." And he turned on his heel.

Something of the cool contempt in his tone seemed to rob the two of Brava, for they followed him meekly up the aisle.

To Betty the rest of the rehearsal seemed interminable. She refused to accept the messages of comfort which Jack's eyes telegraphed her. She hated him. He had made her ridiculous, contemptible, in Paul Scharf's eyes. This was the end of her Lenten penitence. Of course she must leave the choir tonight.

And so the astonished Jack went home alone, while Betty waited to brave her fate.

Paul Scharf closed the keyboard, with a sigh. "Betty!"

Quick as the thought her face smiled up at him. Beneath her aureole of hair her eyes met his challengingly. He could almost feel her warm breath on his cheek. "Was I so very naughty, Paul?" she breathed.

"Ah, if he might lean over and kiss those tempting lips! But he drew himself stiffly erect and answered gravely. "You get a very bad example to the rest of the choir, Miss Carew."

She flushed an angry red. "I will remove the example by resigning," she said proudly.

"That must be as you and Mr. Dudley decide." There was a sting in the words.

And then Betty put her head down on the keyboard and cried. Oh, clever Betty! She had played coquetry and defiance in vain. But this trump card, helplessness—she played it and won.

Was this the relentless judge, the implacable choir master, who called her Betty and besought her not to cry?

"I was a brute to speak to you so, Betty," he declared remorsefully. "I've been a fool all along. But you'll forgive me, dearest?" He tried to catch a glimpse of her face.

Then Betty smiled up at him through her tears, the old charming Betty, but with a new intimacy in her eyes. "I will," she said softly, "just for a Lenten penitence."

But when she felt his arms around her and kisses on her lips Lent was forgotten and love reigned supreme.

The Barber's Story.

The barber drew the razor over his customer's face and began:

"A friend of mine told me the best fish story I ever heard in my life while he was getting shaved the other day. Want to hear it? All right. You see, it concerns a physician who had a friend who was daffy over fish, and he used to try all kinds of queer experiments with them. One time the friend told the physician that if you took a fish and kept it out of water every day, increasing the time each day, you'd soon have the fish so that it wouldn't have to be in the water at all. Well, the idea sounded reasonable to the physician, so he went and bought a large shad. He put it in an aquarium, and every day he took it out of the water and put it on the floor. The first

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"I had a very bad cough for three years. Then I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. My sore lungs were soon healed and my cough dropped away."

Mrs. PEARL HYDE, Guthrie Centre, Ia.
25c. 50c. \$1.00.
All druggists.

for **Old Coughs**
One Ayer's Pill at bedtime insures a natural action next morning.

Heaters and Cook stoves.

It is not our custom to put large profits on our Stoves in order to advertise off sales, but we guarantee the best value in Stoves in East Jordan for the money.

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

PERE MARQUETTE

In effect Sept. 27, 1903.
Trains leave BELLAIR as follows:
For Traverse City, 10:19 a. m. and 3:57 p. m.
For Grand Rapids, Chicago, and West 49:19 a. m. and 3:57 p. m.
For Saginaw and Detroit:—
10:19 a. m. 3:57 p. m.
For Charlevoix and Petoskey:—
2:29 p. m. and 7:39 p. m.
F. N. STEWART, Agent,
Bellair, Mich.
F. H. MOELLER,
Gen. Passenger Agt., Detroit

East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE.
In effect June 21, 1903.

SOUTH		Stations	NORTH	
No. 4	No. 7		No. 4	No. 7
8:30	1:15	East Jordan	5:40	11:45
8:43	1:28	*Mt. Bliss	4:47	11:32
8:51	1:36	*Wards	4:39	11:24
8:54	1:39	Chestonia	4:35	11:20
9:05	1:51	*Hitchcock	4:23	11:08
9:18	2:03	*Volcott	4:12	10:57
9:30	2:15	Bellaire	4:00	10:45

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

BOAT SERVICE.

East Jordan and Charlevoix Route.
Str. "Pilgrim."
TIME CARD.
Leave East Jordan, 7:00 a. m. 2:30 p. m.
Arrive Charlevoix, 8:15 a. m. 4:00 p. m.
Leave Charlevoix, 9:15 a. m. 4:30 p. m.
Arrive East Jordan, 11:30 a. m. 6:00 p. m.
GEO. JEPSON, Master.

Charlevoix and East Jordan Line.

Str. Jos. Gordon.
TIME CARD.
Leave Charlevoix, 7:30 a. m. 1:15 p. m.
Leave East Jordan, 7:30 a. m. 1:30 p. m.
Arrive East Jordan, 8:30 a. m. 3:00 p. m.
Leave East Jordan, 9:15 a. m. 4:15 p. m.
Arrive Charlevoix, 11:30 a. m. 4:45 p. m.
Connects at Charlevoix with 11:30 a. m. train South, and 6:55 and 11:40 a. m., 1:30 and 5:45 p. m. trains South.
L. GUARD, Master

FORCE

Satisfies taste and appetite

Congress Playing Cards.

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

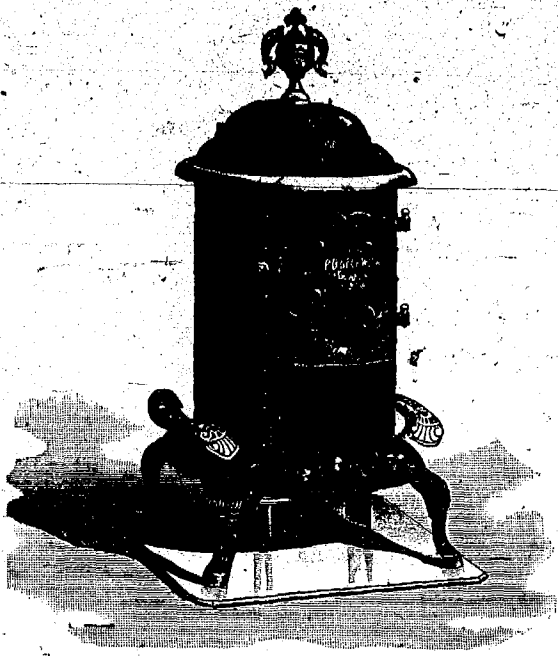
FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.
128-page Hoyle sent, prepaid, for two Congress pack wrappers and name of dealer from whom packs were bought. Address, U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, O.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. **E. W. Grove** on every box. 25c.

Commencing Monday, October 19

25 percent. off on all Wood Heaters



One Week Only. Don't Miss It.

25 percent. discount for Cash on all Wood Heating Stoves Next Week.

Enough said. Yours for Hardware, Etc. W. A. Loveday & Co.

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.

Briefs of the Week

The excursionists have nearly all returned. D. C. Loveday is erecting a new barn on his premises. Harry Curkendall has his new residence up and enclosed. Thos. Morrison has purchased the Chas. Brabant stock of groceries at Boyne City.

1000 ex. choice flowering bulbs just received at Ralph's Ice Cream parlors. The boilers for the East Jordan Co-op-erage Co.'s new factory are being placed in position. You can't save money faster than to purchase your Heating Stove at Loveday Hardware next week.

Personal Mention. Postmaster R. E. Newville, of Boyne City, was in town Wednesday. A. M. Haight was called to Parwell on business Tuesday. Miss Jennie Faught is visiting friends in Kingsley this week.

SELZ SHOES. J. L. WESMAN, 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, MERCHANT TAILOR. SHOP ON MAIN STREET. EAST JORDAN, MICH. Samples of the Very Latest Styles always on hand.

MONEY WE MUST HAVE IT. J. W. Coates, will sell the balance of his large stock of Portland Cutters, Light and Heavy Slights 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

MORE THAN ONE THIRD DIE. The principal reason why more than one third of the people die from kidney disease in some form is because it is so insidious that the kidneys may be badly affected before the victim realizes his danger.

EAST JORDAN DEFEATS PETOSKEY. On Saturday afternoon of last week our High School football team defeated the Petoskey eleven by a score of 11 to 0, which, regarding the fact that the game was played in 15 minute halves is quite remarkable, showing that this season our boys are playing fairly fast football.

BONE FOOD. Soft and crooked bones mean bad feeding. Call the disease rickets if you want to. The growing child must eat the right food for growth. Bones must have bone food, blood must have blood food and so on through the list.

Warne's Pharmacy. Restaurant and Lunch Counter and good accommodations for Boarders on State St. MRS. PHOEBE DUFORD. CANNON SALVE. Best Salve in the World Cures all skin diseases. Ask your druggist for it.

FOR SALE—Corner lot on Main st. Best location in East Jordan, Address MYER COHEN, Charlevoix, Mich. List of Advertisers' Letters. Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending October 12, 1903:

Adams, Mr. Frank H., Godfrey, Mrs. Anna, Hyatt, Mrs. Armlinda, Sabus, John, Walker, Mr. John, Wise, Mr. Chas. H., Wm. Harrington, D. M. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 109-415 Pearl Street, New York. 5c. and 25c. all druggists.

Ah, well! Peary won't be happy until he gets it.

It is a wonder the professional thieves don't organize a steal trust.

Mr. Harry Lehr has been quite commonplace for more than a fortnight now.

The advertising that some men get doesn't cost them anything but reputation.

Britannia may rule the waves, but the Yankee yacht can beat her skimming through them.

At one of the equine watering places it is common gossip that Major Delmar is running after Lou Dillon.

What a clash there will be if the unspeakable Turk declares war against the unpronounceable Bulgarian!

Perhaps the Colorado earthquake was for the purpose of leveling the snowdrifts that the wind had piled up.

A woman can get as much fun out of a letter of condolence as a man can out of an old pipe with a cracked stem.

The man who is always trying to get something for nothing generally ends by getting nothing for something from a swindler.

A branch of Yale university in China would at least determine to what extent the pigskin can be taught to handle the pigskin.

The king of Portugal has just been made an admiral in the British navy, but he will not be called upon to fight if England goes to war.

Another squaw doctor has been killed because she failed to effect a cure. Doctors in civilization have much to be thankful for.

Even vest wealth has its disadvantages. John D. Rockefeller receives more laudatory letters than any other man in the whole country.

Even if you are now in doubt how to pronounce Miss May Guehn's last name, if you will wait two months you may pronounce it Rocksbury.

Another attack of the women's clubs in the name of the "cause." Of course men, being at home all day, are at liberty to go to their clubs in the evenings.

The use of automobiles in war will prove a great success if the enemy can be persuaded to sit on the fence while they go around the track sniffing the bullets.

A New York office boy, has broken down from overwork. Another argument against this epidemic of double-headers at the close of the baseball season.

John Atkinson of Boston said it was a "terrible" mistake when he was arrested and fined for spanking women on the street. What the women said is not reported.

A society of the girls who have been engaged to Hobson would be too unwieldy. Better organize a society of the girls who have not been engaged to Hobson.

Dr. Arnold Tompkins, addressing 409 teachers in a normal school in Chicago the other day, said grammar is no longer essential to success. Certainly not—in Chicago.

As long as the industry of assassinating Christians is not interrupted the sultan probably feels that he need not particularly mind the spectacular demonstrations of the powers.

It is reported that the dwellers in the island of Papua are gradually losing the use of their legs. Perhaps this is a rest cure retreat for the American telegraph messenger boy.

The endorsement by the navy of "The Star Spangled Banner" may serve to dispel the notion in our insular possessions that "A Hot Time in the Old Town" is our national anthem.

No wonder school teachers are scarce in Pennsylvania. Some of the unromantic school boards there require each teacher to give a bond that she will not marry until after the term is ended.

Those Paris aeronauts who are preparing to cross the ocean in a balloon argue with much force that their method of travel imparts immunity from seasickness, card sharps and collisions with icebergs.

The news that convicts in the Philadelphia state prison have been busily engaged in counterfeiting will be discouraging to all the hopeful people who believe that prisons are instruments of moral improvement and reform.

Editor Stead is greatly concerned about the problem, What shall the world do with its multimillionaires? There is only one more important question, and that is, What more will the multimillionaires be likely to do for the rest of us?

OVER THE TEACUPS

Who among the purchasers of the beautiful embroidered-irish linens and lawns shown in such variety this year pauses to think of the peasant girls in the remote districts of the Emerald Isle, whose handiwork they are? These linens, which are even more the vogue in England than here, come in all pleasing shades—pinks, greens, blues and twine color. The designs wrought on them include sprays of shamrock and floral patterns. Miniature trefoil, worked in the natural green on white, gives an extremely dainty and cool effect. Queen Alexandra and the princess of Wales are much interested in Ireland's linen industry and the countess of Dudley has also done much to increase it by popularizing the product. It was a point of honor with many society women to don gowns of embroidered linen on the occasion of the royal visit to Ireland.

Ladies' Shirt Waist Suit. There are so many different styles of shirt waists that it is difficult to make a choice, but in the smart design shown here we have a charming exponent of the double-breasted mode, which is not only new and popular, but exceedingly becoming to almost every one. Rather deep-plaits or ornament the shoulder and fancy buttons give an effective touch to the front. The waist is bloused prettily in the front, with very slight fullness at the back. This model is so constructed as to bring the straight of the material under the arm, an advantage not to be overlooked, for it insures perfect smoothness and no creeping up over the belt line, which one finds in so many shirt waist lines. The model is very simple to make and will be most satisfactory when made of any of the usual shirt waist materials. One of the very smart skirt models with a shaped flounce upon the bottom is a good one to wear with the shirt waist. The flounce may be trimmed with folds of same width and laid on in pairs, graduating the space between and making the top row at the upper edge of the flounce. The pattern allows for instep or ground length. Cheviot, serge, cloth or mohair develops well in this style.

White Pongee Waist. Blouse of white pongee or crepe de chine. The slightly low neck is bordered with valenciennes lace insertion, which forms the heading to a deep ruffle of the material, trimmed with applications of heavy lace. The bottom of the blouse is shirred and puffed in points. The elbow sleeves are made with groups of shirring, and finished with ruffles trimmed with the valenciennes insertion.—Chic Parisien.

To Clean Lace. Here is the recipe of a lacemaker for cleaning these delicate fabrics, now so fashionable: Spread the lace out on paper, cover with calcined magnesia, place another paper over it, and put it away between the leaves of a book for two or three days. Then all

it needs is a skillful little shake to scatter the powder, and its delicate threads are as fresh and clean as when first woven.

Frock for the Youngest. In the pleasing little frock shown here we have a style that is becoming to the juvenile wearer. The shoulders are broadened by the employment of tucks in the front and back of waist. The opening may be in the back if one prefers, or on the shoulder and under the front plait. The skirt is the box-plaited style so becoming to small boys or girls. The frock would develop well in pique, galatea, cheviot, gingham, serge or cassimere; and the style is equally becoming to boys and girls.

Accessories. Feather boas will be much worn again for fall, and the round ostrich feather ones which have no rival for beauty will again be the ambition of the well-dressed. Ombre effects in these are beautiful, especially in gray, shading from light to dark at the ends. They come in natural, black, white and pale shades for evening. The favored boas are very full and handsome and measure from a yard and a quarter to two yards and a half. As to neck-wear models, there is little change. The tab remains. Fine drawwork sets will continue their vogue for morning wear and the silk and lace models for dress occasions, while spangles and beads will ornament them to a great extent.

CLEANINGS. Ferns, the more delicate the better, are lovelier than high-colored blossoms. Dainty green ribbons tie the bread sticks and cakes where ferns are used. A dainty green foliage decoration in china is safest—after plain gold, that is. Some mixtures of fruit served in an orange basket or a banana skin are prettier in a setting of smilax or fern. Clams make an attractive dish served on shells molded from ice. The handsome chop dish the better the chops taste. Crystal and fine glass generally makes the most pleasing dishes for the summer table, having the look of ice. Old-fashioned goblets look well in an old-fashioned dining-room, cut-glass tumblers being much more generally used. Yard-square table napkins of handsome linen are the correct sort. Rabbit plates are still thought desirable by those who are addicted to Welsh rarebits.

The Day of the Flower Hat. The flower hats, so popular a few years ago, are now returning into favor. The prettiest design yet seen in these flower hats, so well suited to late summer wear, is a large flat or rose Neapolitan, pink roses banked about the brim in sweet though becoming order. A large chiffon veil in rose pink sheltered the frail blossoms from the breeze and made pretty frames.

STUNNING PARISIAN COSTUMES.



Fig. 1. Cloth costumes with embroidered velvet bands. Red blouse waist, with embroidered velvet cuffs.

Fig. 2. White veiling gown, with deep lace, white velvet belt with gold buckle.

Fig. 3. Gray veiling gown with bands of gray net and silver buttons. Fig. 4. Light tan coat with deep cape, splashed at the back.

OFF ON HIS DIAGNOSIS.

The Physician's Mistake in Sizing Up His Patient. Into the office of a doctor came a tired man who wished treatment. The physician put on his eyeglasses, looked at the man's tongue, felt his pulse, sounded his chest, and said: "Same old story, my friend. Man cannot live without fresh air; no use trying. I could make myself a corpse, as you are doing by degrees, if I sat down in my office and didn't stir. You must take long walks, and brace up by staying out of doors. Now, I could make a drug store out of you, and you would think I was a smart man, but my advice to you is to walk, walk, walk." "But, doctor—" interrupted the man.

That's right; argue the question that's your reward. Of course, you know all about my business. Now, will you take my advice? Take long walks every day—several times a day, and get your blood into circulation." "But my business—" said the patient.

"Of course your business prevents it; everybody says that. Just change your business so you will have to walk more. By the way, what is your business?" "I'm a letter carrier," meekly replied the patient.

At a Table d'Hotel. If you should chance to stroll one night into a table d'hotel. These persons, or their prototypes, you'll very likely note: There's the gentleman who, bermitlike, dines nightly by himself. The lady of uncertain years, who's laid upon the shelf. They sit at separate tables, although approximate. And there really seems no reason why they shouldn't join their fate! The Beau Brummel, who's elderly, with spots just half his age! Who wishes very fervently to quit the guided cage! Some artists, who will talk and talk an interesting "shop." And who will have to be content to-morrow with a chop! Some chorists, who sing with dresses that you might well infer. Could not possibly be bought on fifteen dollars per. Then you're sure to see some brokers in spotted evening dress. Who, if the food is "scally" or "beary," don't care to give a guinea! The girl who doesn't eat a bit, but just picks at her food. The paragon, who loves to see his social brethren hood! And then you're bound to come across the gourmand and gourmet. The host, whose aim is to make a joke on "Paris-veus Francus!" The insensible old gentleman, who takes just this end that. And says that "he will have them" and so-well, vorbun sat. The invalid, who's suffering from dyspepsia at the table. He abuses all the waiters and never gives a tip! The man who gets his coffee down and eats peas with his knife. The young and gay Lothario, who thinks he's "swung life." And a hundred other specimens, whose appetites denote. That they never are so happy as at a table d'hotel. —Touche Hancock.

South African Governments. A recent number of the Boer newspaper, Ons Land, contains an article describing the experiences of a Boer who went to German Southwest Africa in 1901 to settle there. The moral condition of the country, he writes, is serious. Most of the Germans have negro wives. To find a German in the country districts, he says, with a white wife is a rarity. At a baptism of the child of a German father and negro mother, which he attended at Rehoboth, two German officers were present with their negro wives. Compulsory service is equally applicable to whites and blacks, and both serve in the ranks together. He concludes: "For my part, eighteen months' experience has brought me to the conclusion that it is better to be a slave under the English government than a free man in German Southwest Africa."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ant-Resisting Trees. Trees have no foes like the white ant of Australia. The pests encamp in myriads of brown mounds around the boles of forest monarchs, and set down to the siege of a tree. They enter into possession of it, eat its heart out, till nothing of its sap and wood is left save what has been turned into a brown dust and a shell—and at the end of their work die amid its ruins.

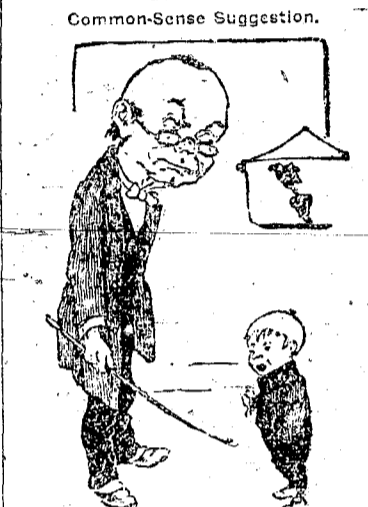
Only one handsome myrtaceous shade tree, growing on the coast of New South Wales, offers them a gallant and prolonged resistance. This is the turpentine tree; some virtue which it possesses renders it distasteful to the white ant. Turpentine plies, dressed only in their own natural clothing of bark, have been known to preserve their soundness in even teredo-infested waters for a period extending over thirty years.

Costliest Knife in the World. The most valuable knife in the world is to be seen in the collection of a famous firm of cutlers in Sheffield. It is large enough to fit the pocket of none but a giant, and contains seventy-five blades, which close up like those of an ordinary knife. Each of the larger blades is elaborately engraved, and among the subjects of these strange pictures are views of Sheffield College, the city of York, Windsor Castle, Arundel Castle and a score of other famous scenes. The gifts are of mother-of-pearl, carved with great skill. On one side the artist has depicted a stag-hunt and on the other a boar-hunt. When asked as to the value of this knife a member of the firm replied: "Well, we calculated it up to £250, but that was before it was finished, and then we ceased to figure on the cost."

HUMOR OF THE DAY

His Romance. As the husband leaves the courtroom with his attorneys, having bade farewell to his ex-wife and offered to share the expenses of having her divorce decree framed, he says: "There's material for a good story in my matrimonial career." "No doubt," responds the attorney. "Your ex-wife is a Mexican, is she not?" "Yes; I met her in the Alamo." "Good! Write the story—and give it the title of 'From Alamo to Allmony!'"—Judge.

His Main Woo. "Cheer up!" said the optimistic friend. "Yes," said the pessimist, as he wiped away a tear, "it's easy to say 'Cheer up!' But wait till you are asked to address a meeting of pessimists and then can't think of a blamed thing to be said about!" And he went weeping along his way leaving his optimistic friend to confess to himself that it is a sad old world, after all.



Teacher—Now this will hurt me more than it will you. Willie—Den let me do the wallopin'.

Implacable. "I understand that you spoke in derogatory terms of me," said the man who is always looking for trouble. Mr. Sirius Barker looked at him reprovingly and said: "Is it your habit to hunt people up and interrupt their work simply because you happen to understand something?"

Not Quite Perfect. "No, thank you, I don't care for any," said little Marie, as her papa passed the cake. "Why, dear," said he, "I thought you were fond of fruit cake?" "So I am," replied Marie, "but I heard mamma say it wasn't quite perfect, and when she says that it must be something awful."

Rank. Towne—Generous and charitable? I don't see why you say that of Stin-jay. Browne—Well, for instance, I've noticed that he's always generous with his cigars, and— Towne—And if you ever smoked one of them you'd know he wasn't charitable.

Judged Accordingly. Hotel Guest—What do you mean by charging me \$20 a day? Proprietor—Why, I overheard your conversation with those people you just got acquainted with and thought you must be worth at least a million. Detroit Free Press.



My wife says she can make two shirts out of a yard. Do you believe it? "Yes, I do. I got four shirts out of a yard myself last night."

An Insect Tragedy. "What has become of our old friend?" said one mosquito. "His was a terrible fate," answered the other. "These human beings poured kerosene all over the place?" "But he liked kerosene." "That was the trouble. He gorged himself with it and then collided with a lightning bug."—Washington Star.

Filling the Head. Judge—When you send a young man to college you naturally expect him to fill his head with something. Fudge—My son at college seems to be filling his head with hair. He also seems to be acquiring a perpetual big head from the bar bills he sends me to pay.

Appropriate. Mrs. Henpeck—I wonder why they always put a woman's head on coins? Mr. Henpeck—Oh, well, money talks, you know.

GLIMPSSES.

Some hearts there are which know not
 full fruition
 Of any hope, but oftentimes along
 The dark there falls a beam, on loving
 mission:
 Across the silence breaks a bar of
 song!

A golden day, perhaps, with one whose
 coming
 To spend all days would swiftly dry all
 tears!
 A silver night, when earth's discordant
 strumming
 Is lost in music heard of spirit ears!

Glimpses—short-lived—but sureties of
 brightness
 To follow fast this life of transient
 breath;
 Some natures could not bear all sweet
 and lightness
 So God withholds this joy till after
 death.

—Ethel Allerton, in New York News.



THE WIPER'S STORY.

How McGrath Got an Engine.

PART
2

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.
 Copyrighted by F. H. Spearman.
 In Three Parts.

PART
2

(Continued.)

But the memorable morning for Aloysius came shortly thereafter. It was one of those keen October mornings that bite so in the hills. The construction train, Extra 240 West, had started at about 5 o'clock from the head of the pass with a load of steel for the track layers, and stopped for a bite of breakfast at Wind River. Above the round house there is a switchback. When the train pulled in the crew got off for some hot coffee. Johnnie Horigan was around playing the good fellow, and he climbed into the cab to run the train through the switchback while the crews were at the eating house. It was irregular to leave the engine, but they did, and as for Johnnie Horigan, he was regularly irregular. There were sixteen cars of steel in the string, besides a cabooseful of laborers. The backing up the leg of the nipper was easy. After the switch was newly set Johnnie pulled down the lower leg, and that, considering the whisksers, was top easy.

When he pulled past the eating house on the down grade he was going so lively with his flats that he was away before the crew could get out of the lunchroom. In just one minute everybody in Wind River was in trouble; the crew because their train was disappearing down the canyon; the eating house man because nobody paid him for his coffee, and Johnnie Horigan because he found it impossible to stop. He had dumped the sand, he had applied the air, he had reversed the engine. By all the rules laid down in the instruction car she ought to stop. But she didn't stop, and this was the embarrassing feature—she was headed down a hill twenty miles long, with curves to weary a hoar constructor. John hung his head wildly over the drivers, looking back at the yelling crew, contemplated the load that was pushing him down the grade, and his head began to swim. There appeared but one thing to do; that was to make a noise, and as he neared the roundhouse he whistled like the wind. Aloysius O'Cooney McGrath, at the alarm, darted out of the house like a fox. As he reached the door he saw the construction train coming and Johnnie Horigan in the gateway looking for a soft place to light.

The wiper charred the situation in a mental second. The train was running away and Horigan was leaving it to its fate. From any point of view it was a tough proposition, but tough propositions come rarely to ambitious railroad men, and Aloysius was starving for any sort of a propo-



Threw himself across the gap.

sition that would help him out of the waste. The laborers in the caboose, already bewildered were craning anxiously from the windows. Horigan, opposite the roundhouse, jumped in a sprawl; the engine shot past Aloysius; boarding was out of the question.

But on the siding stood a couple of flats, empty, and with his hair straight on centres the little wiper ran for them and mounted the nearest. The steel train was jumping. Aloysius bunched his muscles, ran the length of the two flats for a head, and from the far corner threw himself across the gap, like a bat, on a

load of the runaway steel. Scrambling to his feet, he motioned and yelled to the hoboes, who were pouring frantic out on the hind flat of the string, to set brakes; then he made ahead for the engine.

It was a race with the odds all wrong, for with every yard Aloysius gained the trap gained a dozen. By the time he reached the tender, breathless, and slid down the coal into the deserted cab, the train was heading into Little Horn gap, and every Italian aboard yelling for life. Aloysius pumped into the levers, poked his head through the window, and



"What can I do?"

looked at the drivers. They were in the back motion, and in front of them the sand was streaming wide open. The first thing he did was to shut half of it off—the light could not be won by wasting ammunition. Over and over again he jerked at the air. It was refusing its work. Where so many a hunted runner has turned for salvation there was none for Aloysius. He opened and closed, threw on and threw off; it was all one, and all useless. The situation was as simple as it was frightful. Even if they didn't leave the track, they were certain to smash into Number Sixteen, the up-passenger, which must meet them somewhere on the hill.

Aloysius' fingers closed slowly on the sand lever. There was nothing on earth for it but sand, merely sand; and even the wiper's was oozing with the steam that poured from the tank on the whisksers rails. He shut off a bit more, thinking of the terrific curves below, and mentally calculated—or tried to—how long his steam would last to reverse the drivers—how he could shovel coal and sand the curves at the same time—and how much slewing the Italians at the tail of the kite could stand without landing on the rocks.

The pace was giddy and worse. When his brain was whirling fastest a man put a hand on his shoulder. Aloysius started as if Davy Jones had tapped him, and between bounces looked, scared, around. He looked into a face he didn't know from Adam's, but there was sand in the eyes that met his.

"What can I do?"

Aloysius saw the man's lips move, and, without taking his hand, from the levers, bent his head to catch the words.

"What can I do?" shouted the man at his elbow.

"Give me steam—steam," cried the wiper, looking straight ahead. It was the foreman of the steel gang from the caboose. Aloysius, through the backs of his eyes, saw him grab the shovel and make a pass at the tender. Doing so, he nearly took a header through the gateway, but he hung to the shovel and braced himself better.

madly around the Cinnamon bend the dial began to climb in spite of obstacles and the wiper, considering there were two and the steam and the sand to fight the thing out, opened his valve and dusted the whisksers on the curve with something more than a gleam of hope.

If there was confusion on the runaway train, there was terror and more below it. As the spectre flitted past Pringle station, five miles down the valley, the agent caught a glimpse of the sallow face of the wiper at the cab window and saw the drivers whirling backward. He rushed to his key and called the Medicine Bend dispatcher. With a tattoo like a drum-roll the dispatcher, in turn, called Soda Springs, ten miles below Pringle, where No. 16, the up passenger, was then due. He rattled on with his heart in his fingers, and the answer came on the instant. Then an order flashed into Soda Springs:

"To No. 16.
 "Take Soda Springs siding quick. Extra 240 West lost control of the train."
 DR."

There never was such a bubbling at Soda Springs as that bubbling. The operator tore up the platform like a hawk in a chicken yard. Men never scattered so quick as when No. 16 began screaming and wheezing and backing for the clear. Above the town, Aloysius, eyes white to the sockets, shooting the curves like a meteor, watched his lessening stream of sand pour into the frost on the track. As they whipped over bridges and hills the caboose reeled like a dying top—fear froze every soul on board. To leave the track now meant a scatter that would break West End records.

(To be continued.)

RODE ON THE ENGINE.

Khedive of Egypt Astonishes His Attendants.

The khedive of Egypt visited Paris recently. The way of his return was unconventional and interesting. At Calais he expressed a wish to ride to Amiens on the engine. There was a moment's consternation, but every objection was soon overruled, and presently, swathed in a long gray overcoat, he climbed up into the engine's cab. The young ruler of Egypt insisted on "working his passage," and he was asked to shovel coal, which he did with a will, the engineer chaffing the "monsieur," of whose identity he had not the remotest notion. Into Amiens the great train rushed after a trip of 105 miles without a single stoppage, and in those 105 miles had been made up a good eight minutes of the delay in starting. Often the train ran at sixty miles an hour and over, or twice the speed of Egypt's fastest train. At the station a little group of officials in full evening dress had gathered opposite the door of the special state saloon provided for the khedive, and there was surprise when he could not be found there. Then down the platform a very dirty man in a long overcoat came hurrying. He wore no cap and his straight black hair was all—disheveled, while the white teeth and the white-rimmed eyes, a little blood-shot, laughed out of the dirtiest face the khedive had ever worn. He shook hands with the gentlemen in evening dress and clambered into the state carriage, while the crowd, which had realized what the khedive had done, cheered lustily.

A Bottled Brother.

Dr. Gillespie, the present moderator of the Church of Scotland, tells how he was nuptial the other day by a ragged uncle with whom he got into conversation. He said:
 "My boy, who looks after you?"
 "Nephew," was the quick reply.
 "Where is your father?"
 "He's dead."
 "Have you a mother?"
 "She's dead, too."
 "Have you not a sister, then?"
 "I never had yin."
 "But surely you have a brother?"
 "Yes, but he's at Glasgow College."
 "Well, cannot he spare some time from his studies to look after you a bit?"
 "Na, sir; for he was born w' two noes, and they keep him in a bottle."
 —London News.

Sharpening Her Teeth.

Mrs. Samuel Sloane Chauncey, whose engagement to Lord Rosebery is rumored, was Miss Alice Carr of Louisville in her youth. Her sister, who was Miss Grace Carr, is married to Lord Newborough.

Lady Newborough sometimes tells a story about a Louisville maid servant employed by her family in her childhood. The maid, fresh from the old country, was very green. One day a guest of the family, a young woman, was late for dinner, yet she was in her room.

"Go to her room," someone said to the maid, "knock at her door, and find out why she doesn't come downstairs."

The maid departed, and in a little while returned. "The lady'll be down in a moment, ma'm. She's just sharp enin' her teeth," she said.

A Strange Voice Calling.

"Th' blackbird charmed me from my quiet chamber.
 As in a dream I heard his sweet voice calling;
 The garden plots were paved with pearls
 And all about the walks white petals falling."

Close hid within the misty green-veiled thicket
 That strange voice drew my heart beyond believing;
 And I leaped across the orchard wicket
 I knew not was it glad or was it grieving.

But this I know—'twas to no earthly meadows
 He called me hence from out his dim wood's hollow;
 He bade me to the place of dreams and shadows,
 And one day he will call and I shall follow.
 —New York Tribune.

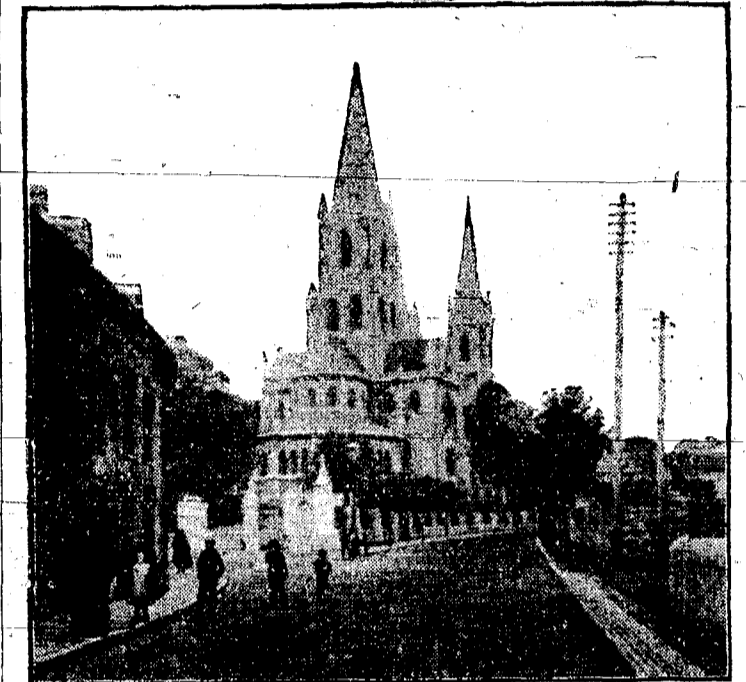
FAMOUS IRISH CITY

Correspondent Writes of Cork

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

Approaching Ireland from the south one is guided into the harbor of Queenstown, so named in honor of Queen Victoria's visit in 1848, previously called The Cove. The ship rounds Roche's point. This is the point at which the steamship Chicago of the Inman line was wrecked in 1892. The promontory which attracts at entrance to the harbor is known as Kinsall Head. It was upon this cape that the renowned Irish general Hugh O'Neill met his defeat by England under the governor general Carew, in the seventeenth century, and following the successes of a hundred battles. Let it be recalled that this defeat

ed up. It has appropriated Massachusetts shoe factory patents and shoe factories spell their signs in gold to the eye of the visitor. It was just below Cork where William Penn was born at Bloman Castle—1482—ten years before Columbus discovered America, and two years before Luther. On the suburbs of Cork is Blarney, where is Blarney Castle—the key-stone of whose crest arch is the world-renowned Blarney stone, long since consecrated as the inspirer of love's phrases and flatterers' arts. The castle is square in dimensions, of Spanish architecture—though constructed by Danish workmen for Lord



St. Flouin Barr's Cathedral.

herein recounted followed as a result of Spanish treachery. The alliance previously entered into by O'Neill and O'Donnell with Spain was betrayed by Spanish officials, and the English forces were upon O'Neill before he could summon his forces to victory. This conquest by England was the real beginning of "England-in-Ireland." So potent had O'Neill become that Essex had advised Queen Elizabeth to come to terms with him. The queen died in 1603. King James followed. He was odious, refused all concession. Thus a hapless Ireland, full of trouble.

On the headlands jutting over the channel entering Queenstown the forts of Camden and Carlisle mottled with cannon confronts each other in grim moroseness. Around the former the Spanish armada slipped and became lost in its own convulsions; the night was dark and wrapped in mist. Drake with the English squadron followed and by freak of sudden changed winds was blown around the other headland as a train turned by a tongue switch to a diverging track. Both fleets concluded the other had escaped—and each went its way; both to meet six months following in a victory for Drake which six months before at Queenstown would have been reversed, had the fleets known each was in an arm's throw of each other, and the map of Europe changed for all mankind. "Drake's Pool" is the christening given the place to commemorate Drake's visit and confusion while

Macarthy, who built it. The Blarney Stone is hooked to the top edge of the castle roof by bands of iron whose arms lug the stone—of shape of a carriage curbstone—with curved arms to prevent the rock from falling. The castle is fast succumbing to the inroads of time. The stone bears the legend that "he who kisses never misses being eloquent." The wiper declined to visit his kisses on so stony hearted a mistress. One must be let down head downward—held by the feet, and when the head is far enough down to reach the stone the suspended enthusiast must turn his head up as does a chicken held by the feet, and swinging forward kiss the under portion of the rock, now worn smooth by the million "lippings" that are forever lost to envious love.

Returning to Cork one is reminded as he approaches the miraculous spot of Sunday's Well; that it was here that Thackeray says, as an evidence of the education of Cork boys in the past, that he overheard two newsboys in a wrangle as to who was the greater man, Themistocles or Pericles. Speaking of Thackeray—he it was who said that beholding a Cork young man playing the violin he approached and said: "Young man, do you play by note?" "No, sir," said he. "Well, do you play by ear?" "No, sir," he again responded. "Well," said Thackeray, "how do you play?" "By main force, sir," he answered. The King of England closed his visit to Ireland at Cork. He was it:



Covered Jaunting Car.

the world's fate was entangled in the net of Irish mists.

From Queenstown—the seaport of County Cork—one is rushed into Cork City. The city is near 100,000 people, grown 20,000 in twenty years. It is Ireland's Venice—built on spits of land and silts of water. The river Lee winds through the town and against its banks there hover vessels whose noses have sniffed the seas of every port and cargo is unladen from every sea of earth. Cork has waken-

the "enemy's country" yet he was given a cordial and sincere welcome. The Irish greeted him as their guest. Ireland can be disloyal to rulers, but inhospitable to guests—never! She can oppose a king because a king opposes her, but when he is in her house he is as the guest in the Arab's tent partaking of salt. She gives him a welcome to his coming and a speeding to his parting—because King Edward came as a visitor—and Irishmen know how to receive.

HER TURN CAME LATER.

Pretty Girl's Sweet Revenge for Merited Punishment.

It is strange how teachers forget the punishment they have inflicted. Yet it may not be strange, after all, for among a large number of instances it is probably difficult to single out any one in particular. A friend of mine who had taught school once upon a time met a pretty young woman recently and became much attached to her. She was apparently very fond of him, but there was always a roguish twinkle in her eye. Finally when he popped the question she looked at him archly and said: "Well, when you hauled me out of line and sent me up to your room to stay a half hour after school, just for laughing out loud, I didn't think I'd ever get square with you. Now, you've given me the opportunity," and she whispered "Yes." Her fiancé called for explanations, and when these were in order he learned that she had been a pupil in one of the higher grades of the school in which he began his career as a teacher.—Worcester Spy.

THE CURE OF STINGS.

Many Remedies That Can Be Applied to Relieve Suffering.

All sorts of stings—whether from wasps, bees, hornets or bumblebees—should be sucked to remove as much poison as possible; then have a slice of acid fruit, apple, tomato or peach, or a crushed berry or grape, either ripe or green, bound lightly to the wound. If the pain is very severe after a minute take off the fruit, wash the sting in warm water and bathe it well in alcohol. Then wet a folded linen rag in either alcohol or vinegar and bind on the sting. If neither alcohol, vinegar or fruit of any sort is at hand, try a bruised plantain leaf. Change the application, whatever it is, every ten minutes until the pain subsides.—Good Housekeeping.

The Other Girl.

How fair you looked that night in May,
 When you and music held full sway!
 With eager haste I clasped your waist,
 To claim you for a whirl!

And when, the dancing done, I told
 To willing ears the story old,
 Your soft reply was "yes," and I
 Forgot the other girl.

In lustrous silk and dimy veil
 You stood before the altar rail,
 A bride as sweet as one could meet,
 Of womanhood the pearl!

Dear Rose, you are a charming wife!
 For ten glad years you've made my life
 A happy lot, and I would not
 Change places with an owl!

Yet sometimes, when you pout and frown,
 Or wear an unbecoming gown,
 My thoughts fly back along Time's track
 To greet the other girl.

—Brooklyn Life.

Some Pointers on Trousers.

A man's trousers, when a tailor presses them in the summer, are nearly always pressed with the ends turned up, but in the winter they are pressed turned down. A tailor says: "Trousers are pressed turned up in the summer because it is presumed that every man wears them turned up in this season. He wears them so because in the summer he wears low shoes, and trousers that are not turned up catch at the back in such shoes. But turned up, they don't touch the shoes; they don't catch in them; they set right. That is the main reason why we turn up trousers in the summer."

Directing the Rainfall.

The Mandans, a tribe of American Indians, have a curious custom as regards producing and stopping rain. This business is mainly in the hands of the young men, who volunteer to stand in turn upon the roof of a hut from sunrise to sundown vociferously commanding the rain to fall or cease. They are assisted by the medicine men, who meanwhile perform their mysteries inside the hut. The young men who fail retire in disgrace, but the winner ranks as a medicine man, an honor always won, for the ceremony is kept going daily until success is attained.

Cocoanuts.

A cocoanut grove begins to bear fruit after six years, the crop being gathered about two years later. Almost every part of the tree can be utilized. The coarse fiber of the bark is woven into the familiar coccoanut matting, and used for all sorts of rough purposes. The leaves will serve as a thatch, and the strong midribs make excellent brooms or twine. The big central half bud is cooked and eaten, tasting much like cabbage.

The Impatient Father.

"Mr. Phamley, begar the young man, with Emma's consent I have come to say that I would like to take your daughter away from you next June, and—"

"What?" shouted her father, starting up. "Why—er—I trust you can't have no objection. Surely you can't expect her to stay with you all the time—" "I didn't expect her to stay with me all the time till June. What's the matter with this October?"—Philadelphia Press.

Prince Henry's Ruse.

While attending the recent regatta at Traveranda, Prince Henry of Prussia walked a few miles to the railway station at Entin. He was recognized by some boys, and presently had such a crowd about him as to impede his progress. To get rid of the boys he resorted to stratagem, telling them he would give a mark to the one who would first reach a place known as the Waldhale. They all started on a run, and the prince duly rewarded the winner on reaching the place.

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

WEST BOUND:	Mixed
Leave Detroit	4:00 p. m.
Leave Frederic	4:20 p. m.
Leave Bayonet	4:35 p. m.
Leave Blue Lake	4:50 p. m.
Leave Manelona Road	5:05 p. m.
Leave Lake Harold	5:20 p. m.
Leave Alva	5:35 p. m.
Leave Green River	5:50 p. m.
Leave Jordan River	6:05 p. m.
Leave Alva	6:20 p. m.
Leave Bayonet	6:35 p. m.
Leave Frederic	6:50 p. m.
Arrive South Arm (East Jordan)	7:15 p. m.
Arrive Charlevoix (Steamer)	8:45 a. m.
EAST BOUND:	Mixed
Leave Charlevoix (str.)	7:40 a. m.
Leave East Jordan	8:00 a. m.
Leave South Arm	8:20 a. m.
Leave Alva	8:40 a. m.
Leave Jordan River	9:00 a. m.
Leave Green River	9:20 a. m.
Leave Alva	9:40 a. m.
Leave Bayonet	10:00 a. m.
Leave Frederic	10:20 a. m.
Arrive Detroit	12:15 p. m.

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The Robber Crab.

In Central America there lives the
robber crab, of almost incredible size
and somewhat resembling a huge spider.
The distance between its extended
claws is sometimes as great as
twelve feet. It spends the greater part
of its life on land and climbs the coco-
nut trees, on the fruit of which it lives
almost entirely. It digs in the ground
deep tunnels and lies there with co-
conut fiber.

When engaged the robber crab can
break a man's limb with its powerful
claws. Animals approaching it too
closely often receive an ugly pinch
which they do not soon forget, and it
is on record that one of these crabs has
captured and tried to drag off a goat.

To open a coconut the robber crab
removes the bark from the end con-
taining the three eyes, one only of
which is easily penetrated, and having
found this, it revolves the nut against
the point of one of its spindle legs un-
til the opening is large enough for it
to insert its great claw. With this it
breaks the shell, grinds the contents
into small pieces and carries them to
its mouth.

Mortality Versus Intellectuality.

As a man grows older he perceives
that the moral qualities are worth a
good deal more in friendship than the
intellectual qualities and that no brilli-
ancy of mind, no charm of conversa-
tion, can make up for lack of loyalty,
charity and generosity in social inter-
course. Young men of brains are dis-
posed to value mainly mental power
in other people, and it is a human
quality to forgive much in men and
women of genius. This is a false ap-
preciation of the respective values of
mentality and the moral qualities. The
time comes when a man learns that
unselfishness and affection are better
in wife or friend than intellectual pow-
er accompanied by intense self-love.
Fortunate the man who does not come
to this knowledge too late.—San Fran-
cisco Bulletin.

The Foam on Soda Water.

Foam is a natural product, being
caused by the escape of air or gas from
a viscid liquid. In the case of soda
water it is the escape of the carbonic
acid gas from the sweetened beverage
that causes the attractive sparkling
appearance, but the sweetened water
alone would give rise to but a small
quantity of foam, as the gas would
too easily escape. In order to prevent
this some mucilaginous substance is
usually added to the sirup, which ren-
ders the mass more viscous, so prevent-
ing the gas from escaping and produc-
ing the attractive head of foam so
familiar to all.

The Nose.

Use the nose to breathe through and
not the mouth. In winter and spring
particularly must this care be taken.
If the mouth is kept open large drafts
of cold air rush directly in upon the
lungs, chilling the body almost in-
stantly. If the mouth is kept shut the
air can reach the lungs only by the
circuit of the nose and head, and it be-
comes warmed before reaching the
lungs. It is asserted that the reason
the American nose is becoming more
and more narrow is owing to the repre-
hensive habit of breathing through the
mouth rather than following the inten-
tion of nature.

Russians as Linguists.

Every educated Russian knows three
languages besides his own and many
of them four. Knowledge of the Eng-
lish, French and German languages is
considered necessary to culture. A fam-
ily having small children employs two
to four governesses, from whom the
children learn foreign tongues before
they are taught the more difficult Rus-
sian. This command of language makes
possible the fact that Russians have a
better knowledge of the world's affairs
than any other people.

The Serpent's Venom.

A physician while talking with a
group of friends remarked: "It is com-
mon to hear people speak about poison-
ous serpents. Serpents are never poison-
ous; they are venomous. A poison can-
not be taken internally without bad
effects; a venom can. Venoms to be
effective have to be injected directly
into the circulation, and this is the
manner in which the snakes kill.
Their venom taken internally is innoc-
uous."

Diet and Alcohol.

Careful observations have shown
again and again that there is an in-
timate relation between diet and alco-
holism, especially that tea, coffee and
condiments lead to the use of alcohol.
It has also been demonstrated that
flesh eating creates a thirst for alco-
holic beverages and an appetite for to-
bacco, the use of which almost invari-
ably leads, sooner or later, to the use
of alcohol in one form or another.

Introspection.

One can accomplish but little when
all is said, for, make no mistake about
it, however much we pose and strut in
the world, in the solitude of our own
studies there are few of us but know
how the faults and blemishes of our
craft stand out and stare us in the
face to remind us that we are small
enough and halting enough to be al-
ways learning, never quite gloriously
achieving.

Anchored.

A little chap four years of age met
with the misfortune to have his hat
blown into the river. When he reached
home his father said to him:
"It's a wonder you didn't blow over-
board too."
"I couldn't," was the quick response.
"I was fastened to my feet!"—Presby-
terian.

New Guinea Justice.

A comical vindication of the rights of
property among the savages of New
Guinea was witnessed by a missionary,
the Rev. James Chalmers. Service was
just beginning in the little church when
a native boy came in dressed with
what he considered great magnificence,
in a shirt. As the savages were accus-
tomed to go nearly naked, this garment
made the boy very conspicuous.

The shirt had once belonged to some
white man, and the importance it gave
the present wearer was tremendous.
But when his glory was at its height a
bigger boy appeared, hot with rage and
carrying a jacket. He fell upon the
first lad and began stripping off the
shirt. The rest of the congregation, un-
derstanding at once that the rightful
owner had arrived, gave him not only
sympathy, but practical aid. They rose
to their feet, and those who were near
by took part in the stripping process.
Presently the true owner was invested
in shirt and jacket, the congregation
cooled, and the service went on.

Her Last Breath.

I heard a story the other day which
is probably as old as the hills, though
I never had the luck to hear it before.
It was of a somewhat lengthy railway
journey in very warm weather. An
elderly lady, seated in one corner of
the carriage, was provided with an in-
dia rubber cushion for her greater com-
fort, but unfortunately, owing to the
heat and continued pressure, the cush-
ion suddenly exploded. The old lady
was in despair, even to tears, over the
misfortune to the wind bag, and again
and again reverted to her misfortune.

"Tut, woman," said a commercial
traveler in another corner of the car-
riage, "it's not worth making a fuss
about. You will get it repaired in town
for about 18 pence." "It's no' that I'm
 vexed about—it's no' the price. That's
easy sorted. But the last time that bag
was blown up it wis by Auntie Jean,
almast wi' her very last breath; an'
tha' canna be restored!"—Glasgow
Times.

Animals and Rain.

It seems strange that no animal, un-
less it be the squirrel, seems to build
itself a shelter with the express object
of keeping off the rain, which they all
so much dislike. Monkeys are miser-
able in wet and could easily build shel-
ters if they had the sense to do so.
"As the creatures hop disconsolately
along in the rain," writes Mr. Kipling
in his "Beast and Man in India," "or
crouch on branches, with dripping
backs set against the tree trunk as
shelter from the driving storm, they
have the air of being very sorry for
themselves." But even the orang out-
ang, which builds a small platform in
the trees on which to sleep at night,
never seems to think of a roof, though
the Dyaks say that when it is very
wet it covers itself with the leaves of
the pandanus, a large fern.

Crushing.

He was an awful swell, and if there
was one thing more than another that
prided himself on it was the fit of
his clothes.

"I can never get a dress coat really
to fit," he said to his partner as he
glanced down at a perfectly made gar-
ment, with a hope, of course, that she
would at once disclaim the insinuation.
"Look at this thing!"

"Well, it is atrocious," she said cool-
ly. "But why not save your money
and buy one? It is so much cheaper in
the long run than hiring."

His Other Name.

The candidate for the place of coach-
man had been weighed and was not
wanting, according to his new mis-
tress' lights. Then the question of his
name, which was Patrick, came up.
The mistress objected to it in her
heart, so she explained that it was her
custom always to call her coachman
by his family name. Had he any ob-
jections?

"Not the slightest, ma'am."
"What is your last name, Patrick?"
"Fitzpatrick, ma'am."

Economical.

Friend (to amateur artist)—I suppose
you'll give up painting when you marry?

Amateur—Oh, no! It'll be so conven-
ient and economical when we have to
make wedding presents.

Antimony.

That terrible poison, antimony, known
most familiarly in the compound called
tartar emetic, has a very interesting
history. It was introduced into medi-
cine some centuries ago by Paracel-
sus. Its name signifies that it is
"against monks," as some on whom it
was tried displayed the now familiar
symptoms. Its use in modern medicine
has been reduced to the vanishing point
with other depressing measures, such
as bleeding. In the table which ar-
ranges the elements in series and
shows their connections—so that all are
probably modifications of one universal
substance—there is a sequence, nitro-
gen, phosphorus, arsenic, antimony, bis-
muth. Sir Lauder Brunton has shown
that these possess many common prop-
erties in their action upon man and
that these properties vary in relation
to the place of each in the scale. In
the days before chloroform antimony
and tobacco were used to produce the
partial unconsciousness which attends
their action.

Needs Prodding.

"It is a great mistake, Mabel, to trifle
with the affections of a man who loves
you by encouraging some one else."
"Well, he's a little slow, auntie. I
think he needs a pacemaker."

Mohammedan Superstitions.

Mohammedans of India are very su-
perstitious. No Mohammedan will take
a bath on Sunday or Tuesday. But if
one bathes on Wednesday all misfor-
tunes and misery that are in store for
him till the next Wednesday will be
averted. As a rule, all Mohammedans
bathe on Fridays before going to per-
form the Jumma prayers. For don-
ning new clothes Saturday, Sunday
and Tuesday are regarded as bad days.
If any one dons a new dress or puts on
a new cloth or allows his tailor to cut
a piece of new cloth on those days he
will live a miserable life till that dress
or cloth gets torn or is thrown away.
If a shirt is torn and if the wearer
wants to stitch it it must be taken off,
for if it is stitched while on the body
the person will soon die. A Moham-
medan will never allow a barber to
come near him on Tuesdays, for Tues-
days and also Saturdays and Sundays
are bad days for shaving purposes. If
absolutely necessary he will get him-
self shaved on Saturday or Sunday,
but never on Tuesday, as his star is
supposed to fall in blood if he does so.
If one receives money or some valu-
able thing it is taken with the right
hand, for if it is taken with the left
the person receiving it is said to forget
all about it very soon or to mislay it.
A devout Mohammedan will not start
on a journey on Wednesday, for it is
believed he will never return home
safely if he does so. And it is said
that even a snake never ventures out
of its hole on this day.

Mathematics and Launching.

The launching of a vessel is primar-
ily a matter of mathematics. In a
ship of immense size it calls for a vast
amount of calculation before the first
step is taken in the actual work. In
the first place the specific gravity of
the vessel must be figured out so as to
allow for the various strains to which
the hull is subjected on its slanting
journey into the water, with its sud-
den plunge as the bow drops from the
ways. An enormous amount of data
must be collected to fix this center of
gravity. The weight of all the mate-
rial that has gone into the vessel up
to the time of the launching, the dis-
tribution of this weight, the weight of
chains and anchors and other material
placed on board preparatory to the
launch, must all be considered. When
the center of gravity is fixed the suc-
cessful shipbuilder knows just how to
build his launching ways and just
when to strengthen them. He knows
then by a little calculation how long
each part of the vessel will be sub-
jected to certain strains and how best
to prepare for them. He can figure
almost to the second how long the
ship will be in sliding into the water.
—Franklin Matthews in Oving.

Not an Authority.

There are some persons who can't
take a joke, but Fogg is not one of
them. One of the boys, acquainted with
Fogg's frequent changes of abode, asked
him which he thought was the
cheaper, to move or to pay rent.

"I can't tell you, my dear boy," re-
plied Fogg. "I have always moved."

Probate Order.

SEATE OF MICHIGAN
The Probate Court
for the County of Charlevoix.

AN ORDER of the Probate Court for said
County, to wit: the Probate Office in the village
of Charlevoix, on the twelfth day of October in
the year one thousand nine hundred and three,
Present, JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate,
in the Matter of the Estate of William
Renard.

On reading and filing the petition duly ver-
ified and returned, praying among other
things that an administrator be appointed of the
estate of said William Renard deceased, and
that a copy be fixed or hearing this petition.

Therefore it is ordered, that Monday, the
second day of November next, at 10 o'clock
in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said
petition, and that the heirs-at-law of said
deceased, and all other persons interested in
said estate, are required to appear at a ses-
sion of said Court, then to be holden in the Prob-
ate Office in the Village of Charlevoix and
show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of
the petitioner should not be granted. And it is
further ordered, that said petition do lie open
to the persons interested in said estate, of the
petition of said petition, and the hearing there-
of, by causing copies of this order to be pub-
lished in the CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD,
a newspaper printed and circulated in said
county three successive weeks previous to said
day of hearing.

JOHN M. HARRIS,
Judge of Probate.

CHANCERY NOTICE.

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

Otto Brewer, Complainant,
vs.
William Brewer, Defendant.

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

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

E. N. CLARK, Circuit Judge
Solicitor for Complainant
Business address, East Jordan, Mich. 6-30-76

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stops the cough and heals lungs

Thos. Morrison,
Dray and
Baggage.

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Moving Household Goods a Specialty.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Strokes Kidneys and Bladder Right

DON'T BE FOOLED!
Take the genuine, original
ROCKY MOUNTAIN
Made only by Madison Street
Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. It
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South Carolina Sunshine
Antics of the Ants
Story of the Flowers
Love of Liberty March
Idle Fancies (Intermezzo)
Dream of the Ballet
Return of Love Waltzes
Jules Levy's Stella Waltz
The Eagle's March

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and Abstracter.

These abstracts are the only Record of Title
up to the time of the fire which de-
stroyed the Court House.

**FEMALE
WEAKNESS**

642 1-2 Congress St.,
Portland, Maine, Oct. 17, 1902.

I consider Wine of Cardui superior
to any doctor's medicine I ever used
and I know whereof I speak. I suf-
fered for nine months with suppressed
menstruation which completely pro-
strated me. Pains would shoot through
my back and sides and I would have
blinding headaches. My limbs would
swell up and I would feel so weak I
could not stand up. I naturally felt
discouraged for I seemed to be beyond
the help of physicians, but Wine of
Cardui came as a God-send to me. I
felt a change for the better within a
week. After nineteen days treatment
I menstruated without suffering the
agonies I usually did and soon became
regular and without pain. Wine of
Cardui is simply wonderful and I wish
that all suffering women knew of its
good qualities.

Wilhelmina Snow
Treasurer, Portland Economic League

Periodical headaches tell of fe-
male weakness. Wine of Cardui
cures permanently nineteen out of
every twenty cases of irregular
menstruation, bearing down pains or
any female weakness. If you are
discouraged and doctors have
failed, that is the best reason in
the world you should try Wine of
Cardui now. Remember that
headaches mean female weakness.
Secure a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of
Cardui today.

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cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

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Stove work and lumber delivered.
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ECZEMA
and all Skin Diseases cured by
BANNER SALVE

The most healing salve in the world.

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

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for children; safe, sure. No opiate

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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.