

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 7.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, OCT. 24 1903.

No.

ST 1897 XI.

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

NEWS AGENCY
A new line of Jewellery.

Next to the Postoffice
L. M. PORTER & SON

This Space Belongs to

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Warne Block

Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND
CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

WILL RICHARDSON'S
State Street Grocery.

The County Buys A "Dean."

Supervisor Price Discovers Him.

Secures an option for \$75; The Board Completes the Purchase.

There was "do-in's" down at Charlevoix last week Thursday. That august body, the Board of Supervisors, interrupted their games of "set back" and "Beaver Island Jack," the latter for the new members, long enough for some of the wild eyed grangers to howl a denunciation of "trusts" and reject the proposition of the County Publishers' Association in regard to the county printing.

The above mentioned offer was a very fair one, being to the effect that they would publish the proceedings of the Board and the annual financial statement in all the papers in the county for 70 cents per folio, the rate which the law allows for the publication in one paper. At this rate the publication for this year would have cost perhaps \$100. But 70 cts. per folio was too deep a proposition for the Board and the estimates made were as many and varied as the answers to the question "How old is Aun?"

A majority of the Board then returned to their "seven up" game and forgot all about the matter. Others went hunting for traitors in the Publishers' camp. One member of the Association refused an offer of \$150.00 even though he knew this to be far in excess of the original.

J. Price, of Charlevoix township, seems to have been the shrewdest of the lot for he evidently recognized a low down sneak when he saw one even if he did claim to be the "dean" of Northern Michigan journalism.

There was another session of the Board Thursday evening and Price exhibited his "dean," the editor of the Charlevoix Sentinel, on whom he had secured an option for \$75.00.

The HERALD was informed of Smith's perfidy Thursday afternoon and after a telephonic conference with the other publishers of the county sent in an offer to publish the proceedings of the Board and the financial statement in the Courier, Citizen, Leader, Enterprise and HERALD for \$50.

The two propositions were read and the "dean?" made a few rambling remarks about breaking into houses and stealing silverware after which the Board voted to buy Mr. Price's monstrosity even if they did squander \$25 of the people's money in doing it. In justice to Supervisors Wm. Mears, Geo. S. Crakes and Wm. D. Gallagher we will say that they voted against the proposition and in this they receive the approval of every honest citizen.

And now it seems that Smith isn't a "dean" at all but just a third rate Judas and worthy of the hearty contempt of every person who values a man who is true to his manhood and to his agreements either verbal or written.

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

Value of the Kangaroo's Tail.

So important is the kangaroo's tail in his rapid progress that experienced hunters with guns are accustomed to fire at the point where this appendage joins the body, when the tail being disabled for its office of balancing, the animal is as effectually stopped as if hamstrung. Hit elsewhere, except with a rifle bullet or at point blank range, the kangaroo is pretty likely to get off.

One peculiarity of the kangaroo is that, after being started up, he very rarely swerves from his course, through which peculiarity he is easily "potted" by hunters, who conceal themselves while a man on horseback drives the herd toward them.

He Watched the Cow.

When Sir Stafford Northcote, afterward the Earl of Iddesleigh, was an officer in a yeomanry regiment in Devonshire one of the men who was leading a small force across the country was taking a rather circuitous instead of a straight course.

"Why don't you keep your eye on a given point?" asked his officer.

"I do, sir."

"Well, what point?"

"That old cow, sir," replied the man. The Earl was often known to use this anecdote when political leaders did not go straight.—Illustrated Bits.

The Devil's Knell.

Among the famous bells of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Scythill," which was presented to the church in explanation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the "devil's knell," it being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died.

Latest Fashion Notes.

GOWN OF NEW THIN CHIFFON VELVET.

A handsome gown is developed of the new thin chiffon velvet. This is elaborately trimmed with crepe de Chine hand-embroidered with Corticelli silk. Embroidery on costumes is daily growing in popularity. The crepe de Chine extends out over the shoulder, giving the broad, sloping effect. Bands of the crepe de Chine are inset on the bodice, sleeves and skirt, reaching on the latter down to the flounce, which also is embroidered to correspond with the waist. The sleeves are very full just below the elbow, with deep cuffs, also hand embroidered.



In selecting gowns for street wear it is well to have two tailor-made suits. One of these should be very plain, with sometimes two skirts, one short and one long. On a more elaborate suit may be passementeries, cordings, stitchings and facings of white or color, also gold or silver buttons. All of these various forms of trimmings seem to be growing in popularity.

Janussek Got Even.

The following incident, which occurred in Washington some years ago, illustrates Mme. Janussek's determination of character and minute sense of justice.

She was staying at a hotel whose management was noted for its smallness. She chanced to break a washbowl and when her bill came found that she was charged with an entire toilet set.

"I only broke a washbowl," she said to the manager.

"But it was a portion of the set," was the answer.

She made no further protest. Presently the occupants of rooms looking on an inner court were startled by a crash. It was followed by another. The manager rushed to Janussek's room, from whose windows china ware was being thrown.

"What's all this?" he asked.

"It is my toilet set," she answered as she poised the last piece on the window sill. "I purchased it, and I am disposing of it according to my own ideas."

How Yeast Works.

The growth of the yeast plant is so rapid that its individual cells can be seen under the microscope to spring up as buds upon the parent cell and to grow to full size. These presently give off buds themselves that expand in like manner. In the case of the yeast plant the cells remain attached to each other and thus form branches of elongated cells fixed end to end. In other cases the buds drop off, so that the plant never takes any definite shape, but remains as a mass of free cells. If a new cell be formed every minute by each of the cells present you may calculate the number that will be produced in an hour. Thus at the end of the first minute there will be two, in two minutes four, in three minutes eight, and so on. In five minutes there will be thirty-two, in ten minutes the number will have increased to 1,024, and in fifteen minutes there will be 32,768 cells.—Hospital.

Superstitious Hungarian Peasants.

A queer case of superstition which resulted in the loss of two lives is reported from Hungary. A peasant living in Nosztany died of heart disease while attending market in Kurd. His relatives started to take the body home, but were forcibly prevented from carrying the body through the village of Iharos, whose inhabitants believed that the passage of a strange corpse through their town would bring endless misfortune to it. The procession returned to Kurd, and the next day it set out again, this time with an escort of gendarmes. When it reached Iharos it was met by the whole population of the village, armed with scythes, pitchforks, axes and anything that could be used as a weapon. The gendarmes were forced to fire three volleys before they could get through the place. Two of the villagers were killed and many wounded.

Stage and Platform

"NEAR THE THRONE."

If you contemplate going to the theatre at all this season do not overlook "Near the Throne," at the opera house Monday evening, Sept. 14. The company is backed by Mr. Thomas B. Alexander of "Prisoner of Zenda" fame. His leading lady is Miss Izetta Jewe who for two seasons, has been playing special leads at the famous Castle Square theatre, Boston.

His leading man is Mr. Ben Johnson, one of America's really great actors. For five years Mr. Johnson was Richard Mansfield's leading man. He occupies the same position with the famous Italian tragedian; he occupied the same position with the son, Alexandre Salvini. Mr. Johnson was also leading man with Mr. E. H. Southern and was for a time a prominent member of the Grand Opera House Stock Company, Pittsburg, the Dearborn theatre, Chicago, and the Frawley Stock company, San Francisco. Justin Page, who plays the character old man, played similar roles with Fanny Davenport, H. A. Huse, the comedian of the organization, was for seven years the leading comedian with the lamented Frank Mayo, in "Nordeck," "Days Crockett" and "Puddenhead Wilson."

Miss Viola Armstrong, who has a strong emotional role in "Near the Throne" came to America as Wilson Barrett's leading lady. Miss Dorlozer Lettany, another member of the cast, was a famous actress in Paris when William A. Brady engaged her for the ingenue role in his New York production of "The Cat and Chubub."

There are twenty acting people in the organization in addition to the corps of dancing girls.

The company carries a carload of scenery; all of the furniture properties used in the production as well as the myriad of scenic effects. Altogether "Near the Throne" will be one of the greatest attractions seen in Wooster in years.—Wooster, Ohio, Republican, Sept. 9th.

Same play, same company comes to East Jordan, Nov. 2d.

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.

School Notes.

Annie McFale has returned to school after a weeks absence.

Mellie Maddaugh is absent from school on account of sickness.

Margaret Geck has left the third grade to enter the Petoskey school.

Mr. Tice and Miss Daugherty were at Charlevoix Thursday and Friday of last week.

Do not fail to hear Gertrude Goodwin Miller at the Loveday Opera House next Wednesday evening.

We regret very much that Rachel Geck is no longer one of our number, she having left Monday for her future home in Petoskey.

Owing to the severe storm Saturday it was necessary to postpone the football game at Petoskey. It is hoped that the return game may be played in the near future.

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.

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To fully appreciate the value in a garment you must wear it and wear it steadily for a good many months.

This done the Clothes question will be settled for you.

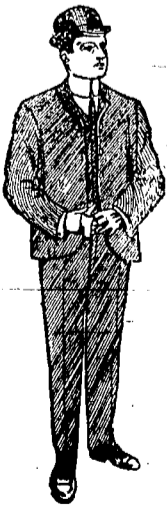
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After all, the corn crop is able to sit up and notice things.

The Turks seem determined to keep up the slaughter until they run out of Macedonians.

It would be a great joke if Boston should be obliged to send to the Philippines for codfish.

Sir Thomas lost his binnacle, but he will take his vermiform appendix back to England with him.

Secretary Chamberlain was all right until he became so well known that people called him "Joe."

Naturally the rural mail carriers object to country roads out of which the bottoms have dropped.

Connecticut will have to whittle its cigars out of something else this year. Its tobacco crop is a failure.

A woman who knows how to make good bread can lack a lot of brains and her family will never miss them.

Stuart Robson left \$31,992, mostly in cash in the bank—which is about the most satisfactory possession, after all.

Now for a rush of hunters to Alaska! Dr. Frizell, government scientist, reports seeing fresh mammoth tracks up there.

The assets of the \$12,000,000 National Salt company have been sold for \$337,000. Evidently the salt mines were salted.

After submitting to an interview the sultan of Turkey has the nasty habit of turning the interviewer over to the executioner.

Perhaps Mrs. Peary was afraid that after another dash for the pole there would be no use trying to make Robert toe the mark.

A lack of expert management in the present crisis in European affairs is painfully evident. Where is Correspondent Creelman?

We learn by telegraph that a bather at Asbury Park was arrested for wearing a high hat into the water. If that was all, no wonder.

If Harry Lehr ever comes to grief in a financial way he can soon re-establish his fallen fortunes by starting a man-milliner shop.

When the United States army goes up against the football players of this country it will meet the fate that sooner or later comes to every champion.

Having sold the first two Shamrocks, perhaps Sir Thomas Lipton has got a quarter of the money that he will need to pay his expert doctors' bills.

Capt. Wringe will make a first rate American citizen, but there are three or four available skippers between him and the job of sailing a cup defender.

Another American word, "nickel," has joined "biftek" and "rosbif" in the French vocabulary. It is used in speaking of the new French five-cent nickel coin.

A daring Frenchman is coming across the Atlantic next May in an airship. Prof. Langley will meet him on the banks of the Potomac with an automobile.

With the friendly help of Mr. Rockefeller and other well-known citizens, young Cornelius Vanderbilt has just "made" \$19,000,000 in the stock market. Who lost it?

Following his plan of commemorating the army and navy in music, Mr. Sousa's next composition should be a spirited symphonic poem entitled "Uncharted Rocks."

Recklessly discharging a revolver at a concert at Middletown, N. Y., a man sent a bullet through the bass horn of a member of that band. Perhaps you can imagine what the band was playing.

An Eastern woman on the eve of her wedding wanted the word "obey" ruled out of the marriage service. But why couldn't she accept the word in a purely Pickwickian sense as the rest of 'em do?

Uncle Sam's income is over \$2,000,000 a day, which is somewhat larger than Mr. Rockefeller's income. But Mr. Rockefeller's percentage of profits is greater than Uncle Sam's. He has less competition.

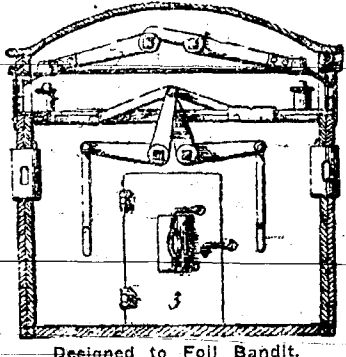
The trouble with some well-meaning people is that they think religion and loud professions of piety synonymous. Religion is good conduct. Love and justice—this is the law and the prophets. This will be great news to some editors.

If the late Mr. Newton's theory of gravitation is false we are at least relieved to know that we haven't been walking around like flies on a ceiling, after all. It always seemed an undignified proceeding and we're glad to be set right—and upright.

SCIENTIFIC

Burglar Proof Express Car.

With the large quantities of valuables which the express companies transport about the country it is not to be wondered at that they should be willing to spend considerable money to make their cars as near proof against hold-ups and robberies as possible. The proceeds of a single haul by a gang of bandits have frequently been great enough to pay for equipping a number of cars with the latest ideas to protect the messengers and contents of the car, and as there still remains a possibility of robberies of this class in the future, an Oklahoma man has designed the car whose details are presented in the drawing, hoping with this equipment to frustrate the would-be robbers. The principal feature of this apparatus is a series of movable light carriers, which normally permit the rays of the lamps to illuminate the interior of the car,



Designed to foil bandit.

together with a number of slotted cylinders. The latter are normally placed so that the slots are concealed in the walls of the car, but a movement of a lever revolves them to expose the slots, which then serve as loopholes or portholes, through which rifles and revolvers can be thrust for firing. As the majority of hold-ups occur at night, the special purpose of the movable light carriers mentioned above will at once be apparent. The same lever which operates the porthole cylinders reverses every lamp and throws its rays on the outside of the car, leaving the interior in almost total darkness. Thus the robbers are exposed, and can be disposed of by the messengers without the latter being seen themselves.

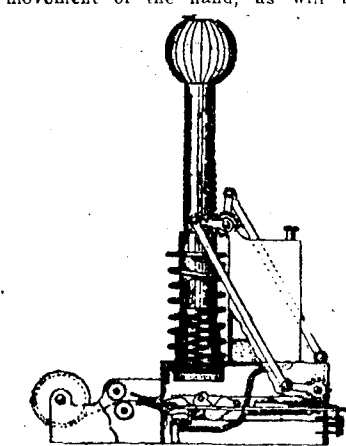
The inventor is John W. Vaughan, of Granite, Okla.

Testing New Railway Brake.

What is known as the Steiner distance brake for railway lines has created so much interest in Germany that representatives of five roads have made a test of its claims recently, with the result that an extended trial of the brake is to be given upon the regular train service. This new invention may be said to be an improvement upon the air brakes now in use. It is so connected with the air brakes of a train that when the front wheels of a locomotive pass over a danger or halt signal upon the tracks, it will automatically apply the brakes, at the same time opening the whistle valve. The apparatus worked with perfect satisfaction, even at the great speed of 83.75 miles an hour, but because of the extraordinary strain to which it was subjected an important part thereof was broken.

New Stamp Affixer.

It seems that in most of the stamp affixers now in use it requires at least two movements of the hand, in addition to supporting the envelope, to place the stamp in position. It has taken a Californian to solve the problem of doing the work with a single movement of the hand, as will be



One Movement of the Plunger Sufficient.

shown by a little study of the accompanying illustration. The first part of the operation is to tear the stamps into strips and fasten the strips together slightly by means of the gummed marginal blank, winding the long ribbon of stamps on the reel to the left of the machine. Then fill the reservoir to the right with water, and the machine is all ready for operation. It will be seen that the plunger has a rack and pinion mechanism, connected by two rods to a second rack and pinion, the latter serving to reciprocate horizontally a sliding plate in the bed of the machine. The plunger is normally elevated and the plate advanced, but as soon as pressure is applied to the former the latter recedes. In front of the plate is a little clamping jaw, which grips the edge of the stamp ribbon, pulling the first stamp across the moistening pad as the sliding plate withdraws. At that instant the stamp is pulled back over the open

space above the envelope, the padded end of the plunger strikes it and affixes it to the paper, the spring controlled plunger-resuming its normal position as soon as the hand is removed.

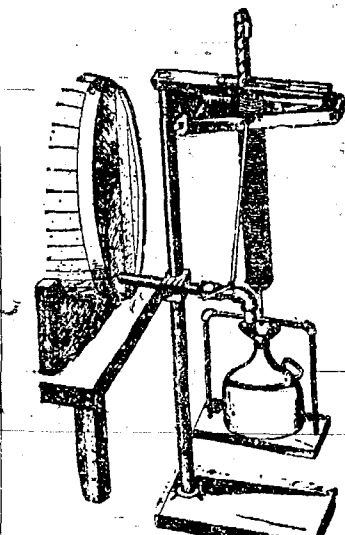
Willis E. Newton of Oakland, Cal., is the inventor.

Power Generating Street Car.

The transmission of the electric current from a power plant along wires to propel street cars has become a common affair, and the lay mind seldom bothers itself with the problems which had to be solved before this was made possible. It seems, however, that the limit has not yet been reached, for a rather peculiar idea has just been worked out at Devonport, England, by which the cars when running down grade return current to the wire, thus aiding in driving the motors on cars climbing hills or running on a level. Lest the perpetual motion enthusiast should see in this a solution of his puzzle, let us state that it is still necessary to operate the power plant, but considerable power is saved by this method which would otherwise go to waste. The apparatus is constructed so that the car descending a grade first supplies the current generated by its own motors to the operation of the brakes, and the balance of the current is returned to the wire from which the car but a short time before was receiving its power. As this idea is said to be in operation at the above named town, its success must be taken for granted, and the system which has been patented by J. S. Raworth, is said to save considerable electric energy over the ordinary system.

Liquid Measuring Device.

The absent-minded grocery clerk measuring a quart of molasses or vinegar for a customer and failing to close the faucet until another quart or so was wasted would soon make away with the profits of the business. We are not prepared to say whether it was this condition of affairs or accidentally hearing the expression "slow-



Automatically Closes the Valve.

er than molasses in January" which is responsible for the invention of this automatic valve cut-off. In the one instance it will save waste, while in the other it will save time, as the clerk can go about his business with the assurance that when the proper quantity has issued from the faucet the valve will be closed without any effort on his part. In this invention there is a suspended platform, on which the jug or other receptacle is placed beneath the faucet. The platform is supported at the lower end of a vertical rod, and the latter has a spiral spring controlling its downward movement. At the top of the rod is a notched gauge, which can be adjusted to operate at any desired point. The zig is placed on the platform and counterbalanced; then the gauge is set, the valve opened and the valve rod hooked to a hinged bar, which is depressed by the gauge. It is obvious that as the liquid flows into the jug and the weight increases the vertical rod will fall gradually until the gauge strikes the hinged bar. As the weight of liquid still further increases the bar will descend and operate the valve closing rod.

The inventor of this valve closing device is Charles Simon, of Avilla, Ind.

Science and Invention.

No species of flower shows more than two of the three colors, red, yellow and blue.

The greatest searchlight in the world is one just completed by Schickert of Nuremberg, Germany, which has 316 million candle power.

That fishes and frogs may have tuberculosis has been demonstrated in the Pasteur Institute in Paris. This is no cause for alarm, however, for they are found only in the intestinal organs, would be killed in cooking anyway, and bacilli reared in a cold blooded animal could not thrive if transferred to man.

It is a curious fact that flies will not pass through netting, even though the meshes be quite large, unless there is a source of light, as from a window, behind it. Thus, in rooms with windows only on one side a net over the window will absolutely keep the flies out, although the meshes of the net may be an inch apart.

A MATTER OF HABIT.

Accentuated by Sunday Stops at Way- side Rumoriums.

"I was visiting the famous Greenwood cemetery in Brooklyn last week," said a returned vacationist, "when I happened to witness in the cemetery an incident that was eminently New York-ese.

"There arrived at the cemetery the funeral procession of the guard of a Brooklyn elevated train, who had been killed in an accident. Six of the dead man's companions guards on the Brooklyn L. noted as pallbearers. They were all crowded into one carriage, and by the time the procession reached the cemetery two or three of them, after numerous hasty stops at rumoriums along the route, were pretty much to the bad. When the hearse came to a halt at the grave the pallbearers scrambled not very steadily out of their carriage. There was a benign and woolly grin on the features of one of them as the rear doors of the hearse were opened by the undertaker. He winked around at the other pallbearers made a funnel of his hands, and in a horse, husky voice he gave that well-known call of the L. conductor when the train has reached the end of the route: "All out—both gates!" "The incongruity of the crack, to speak in that mild way didn't strike any of the others. On the contrary they all grinned approvingly at the cut-up."—Washington Post.

HIS BOOTS CAUSED COMMENT.

Humorous Experience Told of the Late Phil May.

Phil May, the English black-and-white artist who died recently, wrote of himself: "From the very beginning I found a firm friend in Charles Alias, who kept me busy at costume designs. I remember one night, he and I and some other friends bought out a whole winkle stall in Maiden Lane and wheeled it all over the place, distributing the winkles to every one we met, until the police interfered with our generosity. Once I was very busy on some dress designs which Mr. Alias required at a very particular time. The constant and hard work made me fretful and impatient and at the most inconvenient times—for him—I often wandered out, and my return was always uncertain. By preventing these outings he hoped to keep me steadily at work, and so, as I only wore slippers in the studio, he hit on the idea of hiding my boots. When I took it into my head to go out I could not find my boots anywhere, so I drew on a pair of Turkish boots of crimson leather and went into the Strand. Alias seemed amused when he saw my feet!"

The Future.

Not where long passed ages sleep,
Seek we Eden's golden trees,
In the future, folded deep,
Are his mystic harmonies.
All before us lies the way,
Give the past unto the wind;
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.
Eden with its angels hold,
Love and flowers and the coolest sea,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.
In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.
It is coming, it shall come,
To the patient and the striving,
To the quiet heart at home,
Thinking wise and faithful living.
When all error is worked out,
From the heart and from the life,
When the Seraphim is laid low,
Through the Spirit's holy strife;
When the Soul to Sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound;
Then all earth is sanctified,
Up springs Paradise around.
Then shall come the Eden days,
Guardian watch from Seraph-eyes,
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.
From this spirit land, afar,
All disturbing force shall flee;
Sire nor toll nor hopes shall mar
Its immortal unity.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Bible Brick.

E. G. Acheson, of Niagara Falls, while he was searching for the best clay to make crucibles, read the statements in the fifth chapter of Exodus about the use of straw and stubble in the manufacture of ancient Egyptian bricks. He procured some straw, had it boiled and mixed the dark red liquid thus obtained with clay. He found that the plasticity was greatly increased. Investigation showed that tannin was the active agent, and when he treated other clay with a solution of tannin in water he obtained surprising results. The strength and plasticity of the clay are increased and the tendency to shrink and warp is greatly reduced. In this process sun drying is far superior to burning, and in ten days the clay is better tempered than in months or even years by the old process.—New York World.

Thinking About Health.

A Belgian physician declares that early baldness is frequently caused by the excessive eating of meat. He asserts that he has often checked cases of falling hair by combining with local treatment a diet of milk, eggs and fruit. There has been started in Malden, Mass., a goat farm for the production of goat's milk. The promoters expect that there will be a large demand for the milk, especially for the dietary treatment of sick babies. In 1850 the consumption of distilled spirits—brandy and whisky—in the United States averaged about two and one-quarter gallons for each person, while to-day the average is about one and one-third gallons. In 1850 the consumption of beer was a gallon and a half for each individual; now it is 17.4 gallons.

WITH THE VETERANS

Valley Forge.

Here Freedom's ragged heroes stood
And braved the tyrant's might;
Here Columbia's patriots died
For home, for truth, for right.

Here fearlessly and splendidly
As Freedom's soldiers should,
Beyond the price of purchase
The embattled farmers stood.

Here every rod is hallowed ground!
Here, through the snow and sleet,
The patriot fathers went to death
With bare, and bleeding feet.

—W. Covington Hall in New Orleans.
Playaunc.

Tribute to the G. A. R.

During the recent encampment of the G. A. R. in San Francisco a Los Angeles newspaper published the following splendid tribute to the "boys in blue":

Speaking of the fighting business, I don't presume that the nation appreciates what a magnificent reserve of seasoned troops it still has in you savage old fighters who won out in the biggest war that ever deluged the earth with the blood of the sons of men. Why, say, old fellows, I reckon that if there were to be trouble, internal or external, there is about 1,000,000 of you vets of the sixties who couldn't be kept out of the ranks with a regiment of Hotchkiss rifles.

And, say, boys, I would love to see you fight again. Not for the sake of killing, but just to note with what ease and celerity you are still fit for business. I show that there are mighty big gaps in the old lines that swung around the points at Missionary Ridge, that raised Ned at Port Hudson and that ripped the living daylight out of the esteemed enemy on many another bloody field, but for all that this bird of the broad and sweeping wing would stake his last pin feather on your prowess and audacity in the face of any old enemy that ever marched down a pike—or took a side cut through the woods.

You remember the way it was done, boys—skirmish lines out along the flanks skulking through the brush and the bullets from the guns of the Johnnies zipping around, careless and free, in the trees overhead. Pretty soon there was the boom of a six-pounder, and a shot came sailing, lazy-like over the marching column and giving a fellow goose pimples all over him. Then it was halt and lie down and hear the guns begin to thunder as if hell had broken loose and pitch enough hot to roast all creation. Next thing an orderly riding like a tornado down your way, a sudden command to get out of that and move by the left flank to position on the left of the "Steenth" Minnesota, the Eleventh Michigan, or some other old regiment. And there you are—all standing up to be shot at and nothing doing by you fellows. That was the job—that standing still—that made a fellow yearn for home and mother, as many of you old chaps who are out here in California in this good old summertime can swear to.

But no regiment was ever left under fire for more than a week without being given some sort of an order, although it may have seemed like a month of Sundays at the time, but when you did go it was with a whoop and a rush and a yell that set the wild echoes flying, if you hear me scream.

Charge! You know what that meant boys. A rush, double-quick over the fences and through the corn.

Charge! A swirl of blue and a glitter and clash of guns.

Charge! A dash down the slope, through the ravine, up the slope and over the ridge, and there they are—those Johnnies, peppering away in the face of you as if they were merely potting at rabbits.

Then here comes Bouton's, or some other old battery, making the damndest clatter that ever murdered sleep. Horses on the dead run; caissons and guns jumping ten feet high at every jump; gunners hanging on and gritting their teeth; the men on the mounts laying on the whip and shouting language at the skurrying steeds that wasn't learned from prayer books; swords flashing; musketry firing on the right and getting hotter every minute; and halt!

The guns are whirled into position on the top of the ridge, unlimbered quicker than I can tell it, and then, Lordy, how they do begin to sing! Do you remember the tunes those old guns sang, boys, when the fight was just lively enough and not too lively? Course you do—the mad music of the fight, the rip-roaring chorus of carnage, the Wagnerian orchestra of artillery—that was great and glorious music, I don't care what they may say about the deplorableness of war.

But it's all over now, old lads. The guns are cooled off and the gunners in their jackets braided with red have gone to sleep by the tens of thousands under the potheric little mounds like those out yonder in Rosedale. Some of them were laid away not far from where the guns belched fire that day. Some of them went to the hospitals and then went home and limped through fifteen or twenty years of life only to go into permanent quarters at last in the barracks that have no windows.

And there are a few of you still left, glory be. It is you that the Eagle again salutes before you go away over the far mountains that are purple in the twilight that is setting about you all. The mad old fighting days are over, but the memory of your splendid deeds

is a mighty blessed memory to this old bird, who sat above the colors when the fight was hot, which his name it is THE EAGLE.

Anecdotes of Gen. Turchin.

"Gen. Turchin," said the captain, "was one of the courtliest of the general officers of the Union army, and at the same time one of the most unconventional. I will never forget the stately military bow with which he was wont to greet his fellow officers, but I smile whenever I think of it, because it comes up in memory associated with quaint remarks of a decidedly un military character.

"Turchin" was one of the best drill masters in the service. He delighted in brigade drill and maneuver, and at such times was the very personification of dignity and precision. On one occasion when he was intent on an order to have the brigade change front, a rabbit jumped from the grass in front of the line and ran across the field in plain sight of every man. Not a man, with the eyes of the general upon him, dared look up. Imagine, then, how surprised they were to hear the precise old general stop with his order half given to ejaculate: 'Roll, dere goes a rappid!'

"On another occasion our regiment, the Eleventh Ohio, was marching in battle order, when, coming to a slough in the road, each wing marched by the flank on either side of the road. This was the second night after Missionary Ridge, and was very dark, and the left wing lost direction. When daylight came the boys saw they were not marching with the right wing of their own regiment, but with troops of another division.

"As our company commander was changing the direction of the march toward where he supposed the right wing to be, Gen. Turchin spied us, and, alert on the instant, asked, 'What troops are those?' One of the officers replied, 'Part of the Eleventh Ohio, general,' and Turchin said, explosively, 'You tam stragglers, what do you here?' You not have any fire for six weeks.' To this some one replied: 'We never straggle when there is a fight on hand, you know that, general.' Instead of resenting this Turchin told the boys how to find the other battalion, and as he rode away said: 'Dat tam Eleventh beats the devil in fighting, and jalking, too.'"

Was a Praying Soldier.

"Yes," said the sergeant. "I was a praying man in the army. At least, I prayed once under very distressing circumstances, and my prayer was answered. After the surrender of Vicksburg and after the army was ordered forward in the new campaign I was detached for hospital duty, and was put in charge of sixteen sick men of the Ninety-fourth Illinois. It was extremely difficult to obtain the rare necessities of life, and my poor sick comrades, unable to help themselves, looked to me for food and care.

"The army was intent on the new move. All the quartermasters and commissaries were looking to supplies for the troops ordered to advance. No one paid any attention to me or my pleas for sick men. Everybody from highest to lowest seemed to have forgotten us. Thoroughly discouraged, I went outside the hospital camp, crept into the bushes, knelt down, and prayed. The load was lifted from my spirits. I returned to camp to find that we had not been forgotten. Supplies soon came, and with them orders to transfer my sick men to Illinois.

"I went into the battle of Springfield, Mo., in 1862, with a prayer on my lips. I came out with seven bullet holes through my clothes and without a cap, the latter having been shot off my head. And yet there was not a scratch on my body, and I was never, in the hottest fights, disabled by a wound. Here I am long past the fifty-year milestone, hale and hearty, preserved, I verily believe, by the grace of an all-wise Providence. Yes, I was a praying man, and I believe my prayers were answered."

Election Oct. 13 and 14.

The Congressional Medal of Honor Legion of the United States will hold its annual encampment for the election of officers at Gettysburg, Pa., on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 13 and 14. The members of the legion will attend the unveiling of Gen. W. T. Sherman's monument at Washington, and also attend a dinner with the Army of the Tennessee. President Roosevelt and his cabinet have promised to be present at the meeting of the Medal of Honor Legion. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, with a large number of army officers, also will be present.

Ready for Next Encampment.

At its last regular encampment, Franklin Post No. 10, G. A. R., passed a resolution that the post would attend the next annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held at Boston, Mass., in the latter part of August, 1904, in a body. Franklin Post is the first in the entire order to take this action.

Has John Burns' Old Rifle.

John W. Bates, of Weymouth, Mass., owns the old flint lock rifle used by John L. Burns at Gettysburg, to whom a monument has recently been dedicated on the battlefield.

HOLY LAND SCENES

Plains of Philistia and Sharon

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

"El Ruks; Jerusalem!" exclaims the deep guttural voice of the Turkish guard as the train, puffing and shrieking, brings the tourist of to-day into the little modern-looking depot of the city. The pensive traveler has difficulty in realizing that he has arrived at the goal of his desire, the Holy City, for he is hastily driven over a

The view from the tower is magnificent. The whole plain of Sharon, with its fresh verdure and beautiful bright colors glowing in the sunshine, stretches out as far as eye can reach, from Mount Carmel on the north to Lydda on the south, and from the purple hills of Judea on the east to the blue Mediterranean sea on the west.



Abraham's Well.

dusty road to the hotel, which is situated in the midst of modern buildings.

What a different journey to the Holy City was experienced by the writer some twelve years ago. Starting from Jaffa, mounted on strong Arab horses, in the cool of the morning, we passed through its beautiful gardens, orange groves and corn fields, and entered the Plain of Philistia, "the land of the stranger."

Then we reached the Plain of Sharon, radiant with fields of scarlet anemones and innumerable other wild flowers. The red anemones are considered by the natives to be the lilies of the field of which Christ said that "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." At noon we dismounted and stopped at a wayside coffee-house beside a fountain. The natives came around us, asking many questions. "Are you a man or a woman?" "Are you married—is this your son?"

We reached Ramlet late in the afternoon. Surrounded by tall, slender palms and olive trees, and in the midst of a sandy, barren plain, the village of Ramlet is a picturesque oasis, with its tall tower rising above the white houses. Some people think that the village stands on the site of the old Aramatha, where Joseph

We passed Lydda, where Peter cured Aeneas. A legend tells that St. George was born in this town, and was buried in the church, which still stands. A picture represents his conflict with the dragon, and his runcle and finger bone are exhibited in a silver casket.

Soon after leaving Lydda we came to the rocky and ascending road which, winding in and out among bleak mountains, leads to the village of Beth-Horon. The stony path is surrounded by barren wastes, devoid of trees, yet bedecked with many gay flowerets, peeping from the crevices in the rocks.

Turning our eyes toward the east, we saw a landscape that was also grand, though desolate. For miles the scenery presented nothing but dark hills and valleys, till our gaze rested upon the silvery waters of the Dead sea, beautiful in the glistening light of the pale moon. This sea lay three thousand nine hundred feet below us, but in the clear, bright atmosphere of the Orient it seemed to be quite near, notwithstanding the miles of unculating country which separated us from it. We gazed on its wonderful beauty, and then again on the city before us, and we were filled with joy at the thought that in a few hours we would be within the walls of Jerusa-



Abraham's Oak.

lived. The Tower of Ramlet, called that of the Forty Martyrs, is of Saracenic architecture. The Moslems claim that the "forty" were companions of the Prophet. Beside the tower stands the ruined remains of the "White Mosque," built in the fourteenth century by the son of Kalau.

Memorial to Gen. Wauchops. In memory of General Wauchops, killed at Magerfontein, a hospital has been erected at Perth.

ADVICE, BUT NO DRINK.

Thirst of Seedy Individual Remained Unquenched.

He was a seedy looking individual, and as he stood upon the corner gazing wistfully at the disappearing form of the newsboy who had just picked up a good sized stump and was making off with the prize, there was a vague aspect of despair in his attitude which was very touching. Perhaps it was this which attracted the attention of a mild-looking party who was passing by, and perhaps it was something else, but however this may be, the mild-looking party stopped, and gazing at the solitary figure, addressed it thus:

"Old man, wouldn't you like to have a drink this morning?"

"You've read me as accurately as though my thoughts were printed on an open page," replied the Solitary, taking his quid from his mouth, and passing a dilapidated coat sleeve over his lips.

"I thought so," murmured the mild-looking party, while a tear trickled down his cheek; "but conquer the desire. Fight it as you would a legion of devils, for drink has ruined many a man who had a more expansive forehead than you've got."

And then the mild-looking party continued on his way, and the Solitary gazed dreamily into space and communed with himself.

DE WET SAW THE POINT.

Former Boer General Appreciated a Compliment—Paid His People.

General Christian De Wet, formerly the fighting commandant in the Boer army and nicknamed "the fox" because of the many cunning stratagems he employed to outwit the British, is now in this country. Before he left south Africa an American correspondent asked the general why he did not join hands with the Boers who were going to America to form a colony.

"I've heard of your country," said De Wet, grumly. "A traveler told me that what an American throws away in a year would support a dozen Chinamen families during that time." "True," said the correspondent, "and if that which would support twelve Chinese families were accepted by one Boer he would not be able at the end of a year to defend himself against one of the heathen."

De Wet appreciated the compliment. "Perhaps," he said, more pleasantly, "the traveler meant that the discarded toothpicks of the Americans would make the chop sticks of the Chinese."

"Perhaps," said the correspondent, proud of having conquered the fierce warrior.

Up to Date.

Gaze on me, all ye people,
For I'm a gorgeous sight;
My dress, a smart creation,
This hat my delight.
I lead my bridled bulldog
And just as sure as fate
I promenade each evening,
For I'm strictly up to date.

And when I go out riding
In my new two-seated trap,
My Paris gown and hat, so gay,
And such imported wrap,
Of course I have a driver,
And a footman so sedate,
I leave that to my valet,
For I'm strictly up to date.

Sometimes I take my auto
Just to cut a bigger dash;
If people will get in my path
They must expect a crash;
We really can't look out for them
As we promenade to-night,
The common people must give way
For we are up to date.

We dash out in the country
To see the people stare;
We round the corners with a whiz
Enough to raise your hair;
Our chauffeur gives a headish grin,
And twists to right and left,
Our wake is strewn with wreckage,
For I'm strictly up to date.

Youth and Vocation.

A youth, remarks Success, should not choose a vocation merely because he thinks he will attain distinction or make money in it. Above his ambition to become a great merchant, lawyer, statesman, physician, artist or musician, should be a desire to become a noble man. Other things being equal, he should choose that vocation which offers the largest opportunity for growth, and which will keep pushing his horizon a little farther and farther away from him. There are many callings that do not tend to develop a man and keep him growing after the first few years. The discipline in them is only a repetition of the exercise of certain faculties. There is no pushing out, no variety of experience.

She Knew Herself.

The story is told of an old lady who has lived all her life in Germantown, as have generations of her family. The other day she is said to have consulted a young physician fresh from his honors at the University of Pennsylvania.

"What do you think is the matter with me?" asked the lady.

"I am inclined to think your blood is not pure, madam. I'll have to give you something to purify it—"

"Sir!" said the old lady, with dignity, "you are probably not aware that I belong to one of the oldest families in Philadelphia!"

Three Kisses.

A violet kissed my love to-day,
And then turned white;
And some one passing by, called out,
"How strange! Last night
I saw this flower, and it was blue!"
Dear Heart, within the eyes of you
The blue is flashing bright.

A red rose kissed my love to-day,
And Cupid, coming afterward,
Found the big dart,
And on your cheeks I saw confessed
The crimson drops the rose had pressed
From out its bleeding heart.

I kissed my love myself, to-day,
And found a tear,
I would not kiss her lips in case
"Thirteen should appear."
But where the wind some time had played
I raised the curls, and undimmed
I hid the kiss, my dear,
—Olive Kinderley in New York Independent.



Mrs. McGinnis

on Woman's Suffrage

"'Twas meself was settin' quiet be th' shove yisterday, puttin' a patch on Patsey's overalls, whin a knock comes at th' dure. I opened ut, an' there stood a feemal wid a big roll av paaper in her fist an' a shmirkin' smile on her countin' house.

"Does this be Mrs. McGinnis?" sez she, soft as butter.

"Ut does," sez I.

"An' cut I be afther sphakin' wid yez, Mrs. McGinnis," sez she, th' crack across her face widin' so I t'ought 'twud sphilt clane thru.

"Yez may," sez I. "Providid," sez I, "yez don't ast me to bhuy no buks, nor sewin' masheens, nor fortygraft albums nor no patent ir'rin' boards, nor curlin' pins," sez I.

The female stopped inside. "'Tis nowthin' to sell I do bees havin'," sez she. "But 'tis a pettishun I'm wantin' yez to sine," sez she, "to be printed till th' Ledgislature," sez she, "askin' thot body," sez she "to grant th' Franch eyes to th' wimlin av this State," sez she.

"The Franch eyes," sez I, "an' phwat under th' hivins might thim be? I've hurrud," sez I, "av black eyes, an' blue eyes, an' grane eyes," sez I, "an' cross eyes, an' pittaty eyes, an' huks an' eyes," sez I, "but be th' good sthick," sez I, "this does be th' furrust time I bees hearin' av Franch eyes."

"I don't be onderstandin' me ri," sez I, "Mrs. McGinnis," says th' feemal.

"'Tis th' right to vote th' wimlin wants," sez I. "Th' right to vote," sez I. "Now yez are talkin'. An' does th' right to vote carry wid ut th' right to be havin' cawcusses in pow-wows down ut Kilbain's, at th' carner?" sez I, "an' does ut name," sez I, "that 'tis meself might be illeted Prsident av th' 'Steenth Ward Dimmykrate Club?" sez I, "an' that I'll be able thru me pull," sez I, "an' th' votes I can influence," sez I.

One Command He Heeded

"In my day and generation I have been accused of having broken nearly all the Ten Commandments—and with perfect truth. To begin with, I have blood gultiness on my soul. Saul has slain his thousands, but I have slain my tens of thousands. But it was in Jersey—and my windows were uncreened, so there were extenuating circumstances.

"I have bowed down to a graven image. The image was that of my sainted wife.

"Is that you, George?"

"Yes."

"What time is it?"

"Plenty minutes after eleven," I murmured.

"A church clock nearby slowly chimed three—then the bowing to the image began, as I carefully dodged the shoes.

"I have borne false witness with a childlike simplicity that would have brought tears to your eyes when my companion on life's journey has asked me in a moment of tenderness whether I ever regretted having married her.

"So much I confess to. But one thing I know—that whereas I may

to be givin' all me frinds fat jobs as scrubwimmin, an' janithresses at th' City Hall, an' all th' rist av th' moon-ispile biddin's?" sez I.

"Indade, Mrs. McGinnis," sez she, "such 'ings as yez hov minshaped," sez she, "'tis widin th' boun's av possibility," sez she, "wunst wimmin does be gittin' sufferage. 'Tis wimmin must riscos th' city govirnment from th' sink of currupshun in which ut wallers," sez she, "an' place ut on a pinacle av fame an' glory," sez she, "which will be makin' ut th' wundher an' th' admirashun av th' intire civilised wuruld," sez she.

"'Tis wimmin," sez she, "must put down th' druk traffick," sez she, "an' close the gildid hells which, flauntin' an' th' carners av th' strates," sez she, "draw min an' wimmin t' distruckshun," sez she.

"Hould on a minit," sez I. "Is ut a timprence oratshure yez be," sez I, "an' are yez seekin' th' right to vote?" sez I. "'Fr th' purpus av diprivin' th' pore man av his drap av mixt ale, an' his bit av fun?" sez I. "An' 'tis yerself had bether be lavin' the place (man-in' nawthin' onswill), sez I, "before me Patsey comes in," sez I, "fr I'll not answer fr phwat he wud be doin'." sez I. "If he bees findin' annybody in his house," sez I, "promoolgatin' thot class av doktrin," sez I.

"Thin yez don't wish to sine th' pettishun, Mrs. McGinnis?" sez she.

"No, ma'am," sez I emfatick. "'Tis meself did be belavin' in th' principal thot 'tis bether to live wid th' divil yez know than wid th' divil yez hov nivir thried. 'Tis harrud wurruk to be oold dogs new thricks," sez I, "specially if they does be feemal dogs," sez I, "an' whilst I don't be begruddin' wimmin all th' sufferages, they bees wantin'," sez I, "'tis meself isn't willin' to help 'em add any more to ther burdens. Good day, ma'am."—New York Times.

RELIC OF OLD RELIGION.

Used by the Aztecs Before the Advent of Cortez.

While excavating for the foundations of the new palace of public instruction and justice in the City of Mexico the workmen came upon a huge stone tiger, which was subsequently removed with great care. It is one of many relics of the religion and people which dominated that region before the advent of Cortez. The image just mentioned is carved out of black basalt, a kind of lava, and is seven feet six inches long and three feet high. In the hollow of the back is a depression seventeen inches long and ten inches wide. In the bottom of this cup are carved the emblems of the ancient god Tezcatlipoca, the patron of warriors. The tiger was doubtless placed in some temple erected to that deity. Archaeologists believe that it served as a vase to receive the hearts of human sacrifices.



The entire stone, which weighs four tons, was probably painted in the colors of a living tiger.

COW COMES TO COURT.

Litigants Adopt Novel Method to Determine Bossy's Ownership.

There was a large crowd on Cedar street Monday morning in front of the office of Justice J. B. Talbot. The presence of a cow, in charge of officers of the law, and a novel method which had been adopted in deciding a lawsuit were the cause of the scene.

Justice Talbot on Saturday heard a case in which H. L. Faircloth was plaintiff and Henry Tipton, colored, was the defendant. The ownership of the cow was the point in litigation. The negro claimed to have lost a cow four years ago, and six months ago Faircloth met with a similar misfortune. The litigants live on the east side of the river, and the cow in litigation was found by Faircloth on the commons several days ago, having been taken up by Tipton as the one long lost.

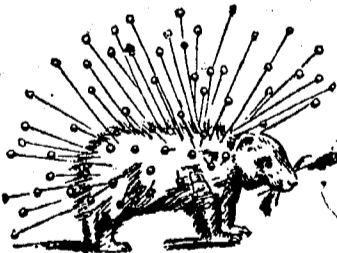
The lawsuit followed, both sides having a half dozen witnesses to positively identify the cow and to describe every mark. The colored man, however, admitted that his cow was not over seven years old, and the other said the cow owned by Faircloth was twelve or fifteen years old. Tipton stated that if the cow was as old as the other side maintained, it was not his property.

Without taking any further steps in the matter Justice Talbot ordered the cow brought before him Monday morning. Several farmers were called up to look at the bovine, and the first man stated that it was twelve or fifteen years old. The other men were of the same opinion as the first. The rings round the horns of the cow, and its appearance indicated the age. Justice Talbot directed Mr. Faircloth to take the cow away, in order that the large crowd might disperse, and the lawsuit was ended.—Nashville American.

Finds Shot Fired Century Ago.

While Frank Brown of Hampden Center, Me., was in his garden the other morning, gathering some vegetables, he picked up a solid shot about two inches in diameter. It is thought to be a shot from the British fleet of almost a century ago. The bullet was badly rust-eaten.

Pin Cushion.



An English novelty. Surely the porcupine is appropriate for the purpose.

Weather Vane 100 Years Old.

H. W. McIntyre of Randolph, Vt., has a unique relic in the shape of a weather vane that is nearly 100 years old. This weather vane was put on the Orange county grammar school nearly 100 years ago, when the school was dedicated in 1806, and is in good condition to-day. For sentimental purposes this same relic is to be placed on the new school building at Randolph Center.

Lobster Weighed Over Nine Pounds.

One of the biggest lobsters ever caught down York county way was caught by John Haley at Fortunes Rocks, Me., last week. It measured just 30 inches and was perfectly formed, the claws being as large as a man's hand. It weighed green nine pounds and two ounces and shrank nearly two pounds after being boiled.

Another "Meanest Man Living."

The meanest man living has been found in Maine. One of the mean man's friends died, and he hired a fine bouquet of artificial flowers for the day of the funeral, going to the cemetery after dark to get them and carry them back to the owner.

Longest Telephone Wire.

The longest telephone wire span in the world is 3,300 feet from pole to pole, spanning the Susquehanna river at Lancaster, Pa.

Near the Danger Line

Squire Pond ruled his village with a high hand and a peppery tongue, and his subjects seldom rebelled. There came a time, however, when he was made to feel that there was a point beyond which he could not wisely go. This was disclosed to him by John Wayne, who had fallen under the lash of the Squire's sarcasm by reason of an unsightly cupola lately added to his house. John had borne the stream of ridicule which had been poured out upon him, but when he was at last free to depart to his disfigured home he stood twisting his hat in his hands.

"Square," he said, desperately, after an impatient question as to why he waited, "Square, there's one thing I've got to say. We all know you've

got judgment and education, more than most, an' we know you're getting on in years, so we take this from ye, though sometimes it's a reg'lar stent to do it. You set here in your office an' lay down the law to us, same as if you had a right; there wouldn't anybody else dared to speak slighting of my cupola as you have. But there's one thing I will say, I heard you'd ordered those new-fangled, self-closing springs for your doors. An' what I want to say is, don't you have one put on your office door, Square, or there won't a soul come nigh ye!"

And with a violent nod and a slam of the door which showed why the self-closing spring would be a hardship to visitors John took his departure.—Youth's Companion.

East Jordan Company's Store.

The People's Store

You Need What We Have

And we are willing to share with you at prices that are satisfactory to all.

N. B.

Cast a glance at a few prices we offer you on staple goods:—

- A new line of Apron Check Gingham, real value 8c., at 7c
- Four quarter Unbleached Cotton, real value 7c., sell at 6c
- 500 yard Colored Outing Flannel, cheap at 6c., sell at 5c
- 1,000 yards Colored Outing Flannel, 8c. and 10c
- 1,500 yds. Dress Goods, real value 25c. to 35c., at 20c

CLOTHING.

For a few days we will put on sale

- 25 Boys' Knee Pants Suits, good value at \$3.00, the sale price only **\$1.75**
- A few more of our \$1.75 and \$2.00 Kersey Pants left, which we will sell at **\$1.30**

The biggest and best line of Men's Dress Overcoats that has ever been shown in East Jordan.

- Keep in mind our heavy stock of Men's and Boys' Reefers, Sheep Lined Coats, Cardigan Jackets, Boys' Overcoats, Frieze Pants, Kersey Pants, Covert Coats, Pontiacs and Mackinaws.



Friend Brothers Clothing Co. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Our stock of Men's Top Shirts is complete. Fine Flannel Shirts, with or without collars, \$2.00 to \$2.50

Don't forget our "old timer" Buff Flannel Shirt, Blue and Black check or Red and Black.

25 pairs Boys' Mastiff Shoes, odd sizes, Regular price \$2.00; Sale price **\$1.38**

We are still handling the MISHAWA RUBBERS, (Ball Band) and our full line of these will be in in a few days. We guarantee the above goods and prices to suit all.

LADIES' SUITS,

In Sibaline, Cheviots and Fancy Mixed Suiting. Coat-Waist and Eton styles; Tailoring all that you could ask.

\$10.00 to \$20.00 the Suit.

LADIES' SKIRTS.

A new arrival in Black and Colored, up-to-date Skirts, selling at **\$2.00 to \$7.50**

A WORD ABOUT CLOAKS.

We are showing a very pretty line of Ladies' Garments, in all leading styles, **\$6.50 to \$25.00**

A limited assortment of Ladies' and Children's Coats, in Black and Colored, at 1/3 off from the regular price, for Ten Days Only.

HOSIERY.

Our New Hosiery in Fleece Lined and Wool is exceedingly attractive, commencing In Children's at 10c. and up. In Ladies' at 10c. and up. In Men's at 10c. and up.

RIBBONS.

We will continue our sale of Ribbons for one week, 3c., 5c., 6c., 8c., 10c. and 12c. Buy now for future use.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Charlevoix County Herald

R. L. Lorrain, Publisher.
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BAY Township.
District No. 1:—
Director, Hiram Starmer; Petoskey
Mod'tor, Fred VanAmberg, Horton Bay
Treas. John A. Karcher, Bayshore
District No. 2:—
Director, Conrad Schneider, Horton Bay
Mod'tor, Joseph Shaw, " "
Treas. James S. Dilworth, " "
District No. 3:—
Director, C. G. Harper, Horton Bay
Mod'tor, W. A. Barkley, " "
Treas. John Willis, " "

BOYNE VALLEY Township.
District No. 1:—
Director, Oscar Wangeman, Boyne Falls
Mod'tor, George Cramer, " "
Treas. Fred, Wagoner, " "
District No. 2:—
Director, A. N. Howe, Boyne Falls
Mod'tor, W. H. Murner, " "
Treas. O. H. Marsh, " "

District No. 3:—
Director, J. H. Sudman, Boyne Falls
Mod'tor, John Hausler, " "
Treas. John F. Baker, " "
District No. 4:—
Director, E. A. Robinson, Boyne Falls
Mod'tor, J. P. Lischnowski, " "
Treas. H. Seiler, " "

District No. 5:—
Director, Joseph Harmon, Boyne Falls
Mod'tor, Marshall Magee, " "
Treas. Emmet Otto, " "
District No. 6:—
Director, J. J. Robbins, Boyne Falls
Mod'tor, J. Pike, " "
Treas. Robert Findlay, " "

CHARLEVOIX Township.
District No. 1:—
Director, George W. Crouter, Charlevoix
Mod'tor, H. L. Addings, " "
Treas. Archie Butters, " "

CHANDLER Township.
District No. 1:—
Director, A. B. Major, Springvale
Mod'tor, Fred Skelton, Boyne Falls
Treas. Alexander Gill, Clarion

District No. 2:—
Director, George E. Brown, Springvale
Mod'tor, William H. Clark, " "
Treas. F. H. Atkin, " "
District No. 3:—
Director, Albert Harrington, Springvale
Mod'tor, Gus Gilbert, " "
Treas. Geo. Fetterly, " "

District No. 4:—Fractional.
Director, George W. Ruffe, Clarion
Mod'tor, A. E. Greenhoe, " "
Treas. M. Peters, " "

District No. 5:—Fractional.
Director, Alfred G. Blaine, Clarion
Mod'tor, Melville Gokee, " "
Treas. Paul R. Schnell, " "

District No. 6:—
Director, Jason Rich, Boyne Falls
Mod'tor, H. J. Burch, " "
Treas. Daniel Hurley, " "

District No. 7:—Fractional.
Director, Isaac Kent, Springvale
Mod'tor, Clyde Kent, " "
Treas. George Annable, " "

EVANGELINE Township.
District No. 1:—Fractional.
Director, J. M. Harris, Boyne
Mod'tor, A. F. Herron, " "
Treas. P. F. McIntyre, " "

District No. 4:—
Director, William Hayward, Boyne
Mod'tor, A. E. Hosmer, " "
Treas. C. A. Rounds, " "

District No. 7:—
Director, Hugh R. Miller, Bay Springs
Mod'tor, George M. Heaton, " "
Treas. W. B. Welds, " "

EVELINE Township.
District No. 1:—Fractional.
Director, A. B. Steele, Advance
Mod'tor, Fred L. Heller, " "
Treas. J. H. Nicoly, " "

District No. 2:—
Director, Joel Johnston, Ironton
Mod'tor, David A. Gaunt, " "
Treas. David Staley, " "

District No. 3:—
Director, M. A. McDonald, Ironton
Mod'tor, George W. Jarman, " "
Treas. Hiram V. Rifenberg, " "

District No. 4:—
Director, Richard L. Allen, Ironton
Mod'tor, Ole Lyngklip, " "
Treas. John Mitchell, " "

District No. 5:—
Director, D. S. Payton, East Jordan
Mod'tor, John Nanson, R. F. D. No. 1
Treas. Peter Nanson, Ironton

District No. 6:—
Director, Ernest Loomis, Advance
Mod'tor, J. S. Bennett, " "
Treas. Griffin A. Nicoly, " "

HAYES Township.
District No. 1:—
Director, Oscar Tillotson, Bayshore
Mod'tor, Frank C. Burnett, " "
Treas. " " " "

HUDSON Township.

District No. 1:—
Director, Peter W. Martin, Thumb Lake
Mod'tor, W. Mandaville, " "
Treas. James A. Waggoner, " "

District No. 2:—
Director, George Smith, Vanderbilt
Mod'tor, William Allerdyce, " "
Treas. A. B. Woodward, " "

District No. 3:—
Director, C. F. Hoffman, Berryville
Mod'tor, William Councillor, " "
Treas. W. H. Claspill, " "

District No. 4:—
Director, Hiram Russell, Elmira
Mod'tor, Mrs. John Gregor, " "
Treas. George S. Crakes, " "

District No. 5:—
Director, A. J. Clinton, Boyne Falls
Mod'tor, Isaac Arnold, " "
Treas. G. S. McAfee, " "

MARION Township.
District No. 3:—
Director, George Ager, Charlevoix
Mod'tor, W. E. Clark, " "
Treas. John Smith, " "

District No. 4:—
Director, Charles Cork, Charlevoix
Mod'tor, Reuben Gear, " "
Treas. W. H. Nowland, " "

District No. 5:—
Director, James H. Adams, Charlevoix
Mod'tor, Charles M. Pierce, " "
Treas. Peter Peterson, " "

District No. 6:—
Director, Charles H. Stevens, Phelps
Mod'tor, H. Himebach, " "
Treas. John H. O'Neil, " "

District No. 7:—
Director, Elmer Ingalls, Charlevoix
Mod'tor, Henry Dixon, " "
Treas. F. W. Smith, " "

MELROSE Township.
Director, John Jones, Boyne
Mod'tor, H. Easton, " "
Treas. S. F. Gould, " "

District No. 8:—
Director, W. H. Ransom, Clarion
Mod'tor, C. H. Miller, " "
Treas. August Johnson, " "

District No. 9:—
Director, Henry A. Howard, Boyne Falls
Mod'tor, Columbus Falkenberg, " "
Treas. Frank M. House, " "

District No. 10:—
Director, Will W. Niles, Walloon Lake
Mod'tor, Allan Sherk, " "
Treas. Anton Helmsberg, " "

NORWOOD Township.
Director, Alden Stafford, Norwood
Mod'tor, Jacob W. Van Duzen, Norwood
Treas. A. T. Valentine, Norwood

District No. 11:—
Director, James O'Brien, Inwood
Mod'tor, George Wells, Inwood
Treas. Thomas Cummings, Inwood

District No. 12:—
Director, Ethan Jolliffe, Atwood
Mod'tor, A. B. Clark, Charlevoix
Treas. H. Potter, Charlevoix

District No. 13:—
Director, Whitfield Totten, Charlevoix
Mod'tor, William Heise, Charlevoix
Treas. Arthur Beattie, Charlevoix

Concluded next week.

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

"Do you know what it is?" asked his aunt.
"I think," answered Johnny, evidently satisfied that he liked it, "that it is wooden lemonade."

The Barber's Story.
The barber drew the keen 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

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.

day he only allowed it to stay out for thirty seconds, but every day he increased the time until finally the shad didn't need any water at all to live in.
"Well, one rainy night the physician was sitting in his study teaching the shad to smoke a cigar when the telephone bell rang, and after answering it the physician prepared to go out on a hurry call. He ordered his carriage, and when it appeared at the door he went out, the shad following him. It was raining hard, and a perfect torrent of water was flowing down the gutters. The shad attempted to get in the carriage, but slipped and fell into the gutter and was drowned. Oh, I'm sorry I cut you, sir. But you couldn't help smiling then, could you?"—Philadelphia Press.

Fatal Hours.
Is it a fact that certain hours of the twenty-four which form a day are more fatal to life than the rest? Is the popular belief that deaths occur at any particular moment more than any others founded on fact? A solution of this question has been attempted by a physician who, having set down in writing the exact time of the deaths of 2,880 persons of all ages, among a mixed population and extending over many years, easily perceived that the most fatal hour was between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning. On the other hand, the minimum was between 9 and 11 o'clock, also in the morning. The mortality at the first named hour was 40 per cent above the average; in the second 6 1/2 per cent below it. Between 10 and 2 o'clock during the day the mortality was not high. The most fatal hours were between 3 and 6 o'clock in the morning. The fact is therefore proved there are fatal hours. Why? The explanation is easy. In fact, the statistics of 5,000 to 6,000 deaths collected by Mr. Haviland and laid before the British Medical association in 1861 showed that in the great majority of cases death supervened between 1 o'clock and 8 o'clock in the morning and that the minimum number occurred between 1 o'clock in the afternoon and midnight; hence the practical deduction that death most frequently happens at a time when, generally speaking, the sick are neither fed nor looked after; hence, also, the therapeutic deduction that those who suffer should be watched unceasingly.—New York Herald.

Tickling the Debtors.
John Barrett was only twenty-seven years old when President Cleveland appointed him minister to Siam. The first important task which confronted the youthful envoy was to press a claim against the Siamese government for \$1,000,000. Experienced ambassadors warned him against using threats in obtaining the money. "Be cunning; avoid arrogance," they said.
"That is," responded Mr. Barrett, "you favor tickling with a straw to pricking with a bayonet."
The statesmen nodded assent.
When the young minister had finally succeeded in collecting the claim the ambassadors asked in astonishment, "How did you accomplish it?"
"By tickling," explained Barrett. "I had to tickle them almost to death, though, before they agreed to pay it."

East Jordan & Southern R.R.

TIME TABLE.
In effect June 21, 1903.

SOUTH			NORTH		
No. 1	No. 2	Stations	No. 4	No. 3	
A. M.	P. M.		P. M.	A. M.	
8:30	1:15	East Jordan	5:00	11:45	
8:43	1:28	*Mts. Bliss	4:47	11:32	
8:51	1:36	Wards	4:39	11:24	
8:54	1:39	Chestonia	4:35	11:20	
9:06	1:51	*Hitchcock	4:23	11:08	
9:18	2:03	*Wolcott	4:12	10:57	
9:30	2:15	Bellaire	4:00	10:45	

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

PERE MARQUETTE

In effect Sept. 27, 1903.

Trains leave BELLAIRE as follows:
For Traverse City, 10:19 a. m. and 3:57 p. m.
For Grand Rapids, Chicago, and West 10:19 a. m. and 3:57 p. m.
For Saginaw and Detroit:—
10:19 a. m., 3:57 p. m.
2:29 p. m. and 7:39 p. m.
F. N. STEWART, Agent, Bellaire, Mich.
P. H. MOELLER, Gen. Passenger Agt., Detroit

BOAT SERVICE.

East Jordan and Charlevoix Route.
Str. "Pilgrim."
TIME CARD.
Leave East Jordan, 7:00 a. m., 2:30 p. m.
Arrive Charlevoix, 8:45 a. m., 4:00 p. m.
Leave Charlevoix, 9:20 a. m., 4:30 p. m.
—Railroad dock, 9:25 a. m., 4:30 p. m.
Arrive East Jordan, 11:30 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
GEO. JERSON, Master.

Charlevoix and East Jordan Line.

Str. Jos. Gordon.
—TIME CARD—
Leave Charlevoix, 7:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m.
—The Jun dock, 7:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m.
Arrive East Jordan, 6:10 a. m., 3:00 p. m.
Leave East Jordan, 9:15 a. m., 3:15 p. m.
Arrive Charlevoix, 11:30 a. m., 4:45 p. m.
Connects at Charlevoix with 11:43 a. m. train South, and 6:55 and 11:40 a. m., 1:30 and 5:35 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.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Do you like your thin, rough, short hair? Of course you don't. Do you like thick, heavy, smooth hair? Of course you do. Then why not be pleased? Ayer's Hair Vigor makes beautiful heads of hair, that's the whole story. Sold for 60 years.

Wanted—Someone to sell our beautiful booklet of "Old Favorite Songs" at State Fair; make house-to-house canvass; quantities to merchant. Words and music for 4 voices. Send 25c for sample and terms. Exclusive privilege. Chance to make good many dollars in short time. Music Dept. State Register, Springfield, Illinois.

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

Wanted—Someone to sell our beautiful booklet of "Old Favorite Songs" at State Fair; make house-to-house canvass; quantities to merchant. Words and music for 4 voices. Send 25c for sample and terms. Exclusive privilege. Chance to make good many dollars in short time. Music Dept. State Register, Springfield, Illinois.

FOR WEAK HAIR

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Cure Grip in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove, on every box. 25c.

Hook and I

We're two old friends
Are Hook and I,
You cannot part us
If you try,
For where we're put
We always stay—
Come, get a set
Of Hooks to-day
—“OLD TIMER.”



AT

W. A. Loveday & Co.'s

Headquarters for all Builder's Hardware, Stoves,
Etc., Etc.

Jos. OGLENN, President. W. L. FRENCH, Vice President.
GEO. G. GLENN, Cashier.

State Bank of East Jordan.

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

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

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

Briefs of the Week

The partridge season opened Tuesday.

Jas. Bashaw has re-shingled his residence.

D. F. Clement moved into the Bowman residence on Stone's Addition Tuesday.

There will be a special meeting of Mystic Lodge No. 372 F. & A. M. this evening.

Messrs. Danto & Banks opened their new dry goods and clothing store to the public Wednesday.

On Tuesday A. T. Brown moved into the Spencer residence on Main St., which he purchased recently.

A party of Lady Maccabees from this place visited their sisters of the Ironton Hive Tuesday afternoon.

The Band concert on the street Friday evening was one of the finest musical treats the boys have ever given us.

Mrs. C. Cook is now at home in her recently purchased residence on upper Main St. formerly occupied by A. T. Brown.

Seats will be on sale next Thursday afternoon for "Near the Throne." Prices will range from 25 cts. to \$1.00 and they will seem cheap for the class of attraction presented.

The true Chinese Sacred Lily will be a mass of lovely flowers in six weeks from planting.—how nice for Thanksgiving. Secure the finest bulbs at Ralph's Ice Cream parlors.

Builds up muscular flesh, healthy tissue, rich, red blood; clears the stomach, kidneys and liver. That's what Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35 cts. Warne's Pharmacy.

We are requested to note a change in the date of the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid Society's experience social advertised for Wednesday, Oct. 28th, in the church parlors. Under the new arrangement it will occur one week later, Nov. 4th, at the same place.

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.

Joe Maddock sprained his ankle in the U. of M.—Indiana football game Saturday but was able to be in the mid-week game Wednesday with the Ferris Institute and aided materially in defeating them 88 to 0.

Hose Co. No. 1 met Monday evening and completed their organization.

Messrs. Föote and Tillotson have received their new wagons for use on the rural free delivery routes.

Now is the time to see that your chimneys are in good shape for the winter season which is not far off.

The E. J. & S. R. R. are putting in a set of car scales on their line a short distance this side of Bellaire—a much needed improvement.

The iron furnace at Elk Rapids was badly wrecked by an explosion of gas. None of the hundred or more employes were injured, however.

The deer hunting season opens Nov. 8th. Reports from the Upper Peninsula are that deer are more plentiful there this season than ever before.

George Ramsey fell from his wheel at the Garfield St. crossing Wednesday morning, receiving a bad cut on his knee and other injuries.

Supt. Plank of the Electric Light & Power Co. has his crew at work doing commercial wiring. There will be a large increase in the amount of current used when their new power plant on Deer Creek is completed which will be in about four weeks.

J. H. Milford, of this place was elected school examiner for the full term at the meeting of the Board of Supervisors last week. L. C. Madison was re-elected to the office of Superintendent of the Poor. Wm. Mears, of Boyne Falls, was also chosen for the same office.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Charlevoix County Farmers' Institute held in Charlevoix last week the dates were fixed for the county institute meetings to be held during the winter. It was decided to have a two day institute at Boyne City the second week in February, and one day institutes at Charlevoix and East Jordan, the first week in March, the exact dates to be fixed later. There will be many new features and well informed speakers, who will make these meetings highly interesting and instructive.

The happiest couple in the world should be a deaf husband and a blind wife, both taking Rocky Mountain Tea. Keeps peace in the family. 35 cents.

Warne's Pharmacy.

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

1000 ex. choice flowering bulbs just received at Ralph's Ice Cream parlors.

Jno. Munroe Jr. has his pit driver at work making repairs on the "upper cut" at Charlevoix.

Mrs. Henry Sheldon, who has been an invalid for many months, fell from her chair while being wheeled to visit a neighbor Wednesday evening and sustained a broken shoulder and other injuries.

One plant of the Bermuda Easter Lily will perfume the whole house. Secure your bulbs now and have them in bloom for Christmas. We will start them free at Ralph's Ice Cream parlors.

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.

The High School football team, accompanied by a goodly number of admirers of the game started for Petoskey last Saturday morning to play the return game. They had chartered the steamer Beaver for the trip but owing to the heavy sea on Lake Michigan they were obliged to turn back at Charlevoix.

Otto Moyer, formerly with the Kalkaska band, and one of the best baritone players in the State, has been employed as leader and instructor for the East Jordan Military Band commencing his duties this week. Mr. Moyer is certainly well qualified for the position and we hope he will remain with us permanently.

L. M. Porter & Son have purchased the H. C. Holmes stock of groceries, bazaar goods, etc., taking possession the first of the week. They are re-arranging and enlarging the stock and this being one of the best stands in town we see no reason why the new firm should not find a full measure of success attending their venture.

Votruba & Bowen, Ltd., is the style of the new firm who have purchased the Harner meat market on State St. The place has been thoroughly cleaned and repainted inside and out and a choice line of fresh groceries put in. Messrs. J. J. Votruba and Ashland are too well known to require any introduction to our readers and they certainly merit and hope to receive a fair share of your patronage.

Articles of incorporation for the East Jordan Board of Trade were filed with the Secretary of State Monday. At an enthusiastic meeting of the organization held in the city hall Friday evening Messrs. Tree, Lorraine, and Converse were appointed a committee to formulate suitable by-laws. The committee to solicit funds reported that they were meeting with good success and several important communications were read.

The Game, Fish and Dog Protective Association's fourth annual hunt will occur Tuesday, Nov. 3d and until noon of the following day. The game supper will be held Wednesday evening, Nov. 4th. Alderman Steffes from the 1st ward and Ye HERALD Scribe were chosen as captains of the opposing hosts and next Thursday evening they will choose their followers. In the meantime all who wish to participate in the hunt will leave their names and an enrollment fee of 50 cents with D. F. Clement. They should also attend the meeting Thursday evening at Dr. Dicken's office when final arrangements for the hunt and supper will be made.

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SHYLOCK

Shylock was the man who wanted a pound of human flesh. There are many Shylocks now, the convalescent, the consumptive, the sickly child, the pale young woman, all want human flesh and they can get it—take Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion is flesh and blood, bone and muscle. It feeds the nerves, strengthens the digestive organs and they feed the whole body.

For nearly thirty years Scott's Emulsion has been the great giver of human flesh.

We will send you a couple of ounces free.

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

Personal Mention.

J. L. Hackett went to Charlevoix on business Monday.

Miss Mildred Gilbert visited friends in Petoskey over Sunday.

J. E. Converse was transacting business in Boyne City Tuesday.

Atty. A. B. Nicholas is attending Court at Charlevoix this week.

Mrs. H. A. Kimball is visiting relatives in Central Lake this week.

R. L. Lorraine returned Tuesday evening from his trip to Southern Michigan.

Miss Isabiah Priest, of Bellaire, has been visiting friends in town this week.

A. E. Bartlett has accepted a position as meat cutter in Sherman & Son's market.

Ellis Malpass went to Big Rapids Wednesday where he will enter the Ferris school.

Frank Shter and his son Richard returned to the Upper Peninsula the first of the week.

R. Gidley and S. Stephens departed Tuesday on a hunting fishing trip up the Manistee river.

Miss Mary McTae, of Charlevoix, was the guest of her friend, Mrs. Geo. G. Glenn over Sunday.

W. H. Lanway went to Saginaw Monday to attend the sessions of the I. O. O. F. Grand Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Etcher returned Saturday from their visit in Indiana.

A. H. Perkins returned from Lapeer Saturday.

A. M. Haight returned Tuesday evening from a business trip to Toledo.

M. A. McHale and daughter Anna returned Saturday evening from their visit at Ft. Wayne, Ind.

G. R. Catton, district manager for the New Era life insurance company, is in town for a few days.

Dr. H. W. Dicken attended a meeting of the county Physicians Association at Boyne City Tuesday.

Willbur Knight and family departed Saturday for Kalkaska where they will make their future home.

Dr. F. C. Warne goes to Belding Monday to enjoy a week's quail shooting with his friend H. L. Page.

Miss Rachel Trimble, who has been at St. Ignace for several months, returned home the first of the week.

Alfred G. Rogers returned Saturday evening from Huntsing, where he has been employed for several months past.

Messrs. Anthony and John Nachazel were called to Old Mission on Saturday last by the serious illness of their aged father.

Dr. M. C. Orser, the new dentist, arrived with his family the first of the week from St. Ignace and for the present is occupying apartments in the Lalonde building.

Archie Meisner left this week to take charge of a store at Cecil Bay. Jos. Cummings takes the place thus left vacant in the grocery department at the Lumber Co.'s store.

John Nelson started Friday for Colorado, his family going to Whitehall, where they will remain with relatives temporarily at least. We hope that John will recover his health in that western country.

A. M. Ashley, State manager for the Union Mutual Life Insurance Co., came up from Grand Rapids Wednesday to present Mrs. Lena M. Carson with a draft for \$1,000.00 in settlement of the policy held in his company by her husband, the late Wm. K. Carson.

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. If you have any indication of kidney trouble take Foley's Kidney Cure at once as it corrects irregularities and makes the kidneys and bladder right. Remember the name, Foley's Kidney Cure.

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

List of Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending October 17, 1903:—

Blake, A. W.,
Cain, Wesley,
Rahno, Wm.,
Walters, Dick,
Warrent, W. B.,
WM. HARRINGTON, P. M.

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

Mrs. FROBE DUFORD.

CANNON SALVE.

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

SELZ SHOES.

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

500

BOXES FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

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

FRANK MARTINEK.

For Coughs and Colds in Adults use

Warne's Pharmacy
White Pine and Red Spruce
Cough Syrup.

For Infants and Small Children

Our Baby Cough Syrup.

Yours for Drugs,
WARNE'S PHARMACY

C. H. MADDAUGH,
SHOP ON MAIN STREET. EAST JORDAN, MICH.
MERCHANT TAILOR

Samples of the Very Latest Styles always on hand.

MONEY WE MUST HAVE IT

J. W. Coates,

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

HORSESHOEING

by a Practical Workman. Wood repair work promptly done.

J. W. COATES

BRING

Us your Job Printing We will do it right

THE HERALD

NOW HE IS A WISER DOG.

There was a dog, I knew him well,
A lively dog was he;
His tail was brown, his body black,
As black as black could be.

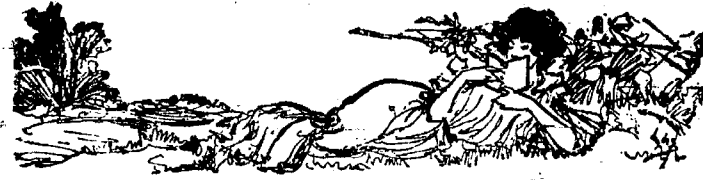
He saw a cat, a pink-eyed cat,
A cat with sharp toenails,
And grayish back and spotted legs,
And whitest of white tails.

He gave a bark, a nimble jump,
And, like a streak of blue,
Shot through the air, as at that cat
The wretched doggie flew.

The cat it spat, its back went up,
Shrill rang its piercing wails;
The fur it flew, the dog he howled,
And deep the sharp toenails.

Ploughed through the hide and tore the
nose,
And scratched that canine's eye,
Till with a howl the dog turned round,
And back again did fly.

And now he is a wiser dog,
And cats he does eschew;
He'll never try again, I think,
A pussy cat to chew.



THE WIPER'S STORY.

How McGrath Got an Engine.

PART
3

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.
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In Three Parts

PART
3

(Continued.)
When Soda Springs sighted Extra 240 West pitching down the mountain, the steel dancing behind and Aloysius jumping before, there was a painful sensation—the sensation of good men who see a disaster they are powerless to avert. Nor did Soda Springs know how desperate the wiper's extremity had become. Not even the struggling steel foreman knew that with Soda Springs passing like films of a cinematograph, and two more miles of down grade ahead, the last canful of sand was trickling from the wiper's tank. Aloysius at that moment wouldn't have given the odd change on a pay check for all the chances Extra 240 and he himself had left. He stuck to his lever merely because there was no particular reason for letting go. It was only a question of how a man wanted to take the rocks. Yet, with all his figuring, Aloysius had lost sight of his only salvation, maybe because it was quite out of his power to effect it himself. But in making the run up to Soda Springs No. 16 had already sanded the rails below.

He could feel the help the minute the tires ground into the grit. They began to smoke, and Aloysius perceived that grade was easing some what. Even the dazed foreman looking back, saw an improvement in the turches of the caboose. There was one more hair-raise ahead—the appalling curve at the forks of the Goose. But, instead of being hurled over the elevation, they found themselves around it and on the bridge with only a vicious slew. Aloysius' hair began to lie down and his heart to rise up. He had her checked—even the hoboos knew it—and a mile further, with the danger past, they took new ones by dropping off the hind end.

At the second bend below the Goose Aloysius made a stop and began to breathe. A box was blazing on the tender truck, and, with his handy fireman, he got down at once to doctor it. The whole thing shifted so marvellously quick from danger to safety that the two men never stopped to inventory their fears; they seemed to have vanished with the frost that lured them to destruction. They jumped together into the cab, and, whistling at the laborers, struck back along the right of way, Extra 240 West began backing pickily up hill to Soda Springs. The first man who approached the cab as they slowed down for the platform—in fact, people rather stood back for him—was Bucks, superintendent of the division; his car had come in, attached to No. 16.

"How did your train get away from you?" he asked Aloysius; there was neither speculation nor sympathy in



"How did your train get away from you?" he asked.

This manner and his words were bitten with frost.

"It didn't get away from me," reported Aloysius, who had never before in his life seen the man, and was not aware that he owed him any money. But the operator at the Springs, who knew Aloysius and the superintendent both, was standing behind the latter doing a pantomime that would shame a medicine man.

"Quick talking will do more for you than smart talking," replied the superintendent, crisply. "You'll never

get a better chance while you're working for this company to explain yourself."

Aloysius himself began to think so, for the nods and winks of the operator were bewildering. He tried to speak up, but the foreman of the steel gang put in: "See here, sport," he snapped, irreverently, at the angry official. "Why don't you cool your hat before you jump a fellow like that?"

"What business is it of yours how I jump a fellow?" returned the superintendent; "who are you?"

"I'm only foreman of this steel



"What for? Jimmy Christmas! What for?"

gans, my friend; and I don't take any back talk from anybody."

"In that case," responded Bucks, with velvet sarcasm, "perhaps you will explain things. I'm only superintendent of this division; but it's customary to inquire into a matter of this kind."

Aloysius at the words nearly sank to the platform; but the master of the hoboos, who had all the facts, went at the big man as if he had been one of the gang, and did not falter till he had covered the perspiring wiper with glory.

"What's the reason the air wouldn't work?" asked the superintendent, turning without comment, when the track layer had finished, to Aloysius.

"I haven't had time to find out, sir."

"Find out and report to me. What's your name?"

"McGrath, eh? Well, McGrath, look close into the air. There may be something in it for you. You did the firing," he added, turning short again on the unabashed steel foreman.

"What there was done."

"I'll do a little now, myself. I'll fire you right here and now for impertinence."

"I suppose you're the boss," responded the man of ties, imperturbably. "When I made the crack, I'd made it harder if I had known you were."

"You know now, don't you?"

"I guess so."

"Very good," said Bucks in his mildest tones. "If you will report to me at Medicine Bend this afternoon I'll see whether we can't find something better for your manners than cursing hoboos. You can ride down in my car, sport. What do you say? That will save you transportation."

It brought a yell from the railroad men crowding around, for that was Bucks' way of doing things; and the men liked Bucks and his way. The ex-captain of the dagos tried to look cool, but in point of fact went very sheepish at his honors.

Followed by a mob eager to see the finish, Superintendent Bucks made his way up the track along the construction train to where Aloysius and the engineer of No. 16 were examining the air. They found it frozen between the first and second car. Bucks heard it all—heard the whole story. Then he turned to his clerk.

"Discharge both crews of Extra 240. Fire Johnnie Horgan."

"Yes, sir."

"McGrath, run your train back to Wind River behind us. We'll scare up a conductor here somewhere; if we can't I'll be your conductor. Make your report to Medicine Bend," Bucks

added, speaking to the operator, and without further talk walked back to his car.

As he turned away the engineer of No. 16 slapped Aloysius on the back.

"Kid, why the blazes didn't you thank him?"

"Who?"

"Bucks."

"What for?"

"What for? Jimmy Christmas! What for? Didn't he just make you an engineer? Didn't he just say, 'Run your train back behind us to Wind River?'"

"My train?"

"Sure, your train. Do you think Bucks ever says a thing like that without meaning it? You bet not."

Bucks' clerk, too, was a little uncertain about the promotion. "I suppose he's competent to run the train back, isn't he?" he asked of Bucks, suggestively.

Bucks was scrawling a message.

"A man that could hold a train from Wind River here on whisksers, with nothing but a tankful of sand and a hobo fireman, wouldn't be likely to fall off the right of way running back," he returned dryly. "He's been firing for years, hasn't he? We haven't got half enough men like McGraw. Tell Neighbor to give him an engine."

WAR PREVENTED BY DELAY.

How Seward and Lord Lyons Settled a Mason and Slidell Case.

An example that can never be overlooked when the right of an ambassador to exercise his own discretion is in question is that which occurred in the career of Lord Lyons, when he was our ambassador to the United States. He was persona grata there. "All I can say, Lord Lyons, is 'Go thou and do likewise,'" was Abraham Lincoln's genial method of receiving the British ambassador's announcement of King Edward's marriage. Lord Lyons did not take the advice, but he remained a very effective ambassador in spite of his back-sword. When the grave difficulty over the Mason and Slidell case arose Lord Lyons was instructed from home to present an ultimatum, afford twelve hours for its acceptance and the latter not being forthcoming, he was to break off diplomatic relations and leave the country. The twelfth hour expired; Slidell and Mason were not surrendered, and there remained apparently only the dire prospect of war. "Give me another twelve hours," said Secretary Seward, the secretary of state. It was entire contradiction of official orders, but, nevertheless, "I will," said Lyons. From 6 o'clock that night until 6 next morning Seward battled with the recalitrants. Then Lyons received an intimation that the Confederate envoys would be given up. So by the insubordination of an ambassador war was saved.—St. James Gazette.

PERSONS WHO LIVED LONG

Men and Women Who Reached Years of Remarkable Length.

The late Pope Leo had a long life, but compared with the ages of others who had gone before him—he was comparatively youthful at his death. Thomas Parr and Henry Jenkins are, respectively, credited with the ages of 132 and 169. Jeanne Serimphan was married when she was 127 and died when she was 128. Dr. Dufourpel married at 116 and became the father of two children and died at 120. Marie Priou reached the age of 158. A woman of Metz, the mother of twenty-four children, died at the age of 100. Surgeon Politman celebrated his one hundred and fortieth birthday. Patrick O'Neill buried seven wives and died at 120, and a Norwegian peasant is recorded as dying at 160 and leaving two sons, one aged 108 and the other only nine summers. Robert Taylor lived to be 134 and died of excitement on receiving the picture of Queen Victoria signed by herself. An Irishman named Brown, who was a habitual drunkard, lived to be 128; he had a daily jag for ninety years. Durand d'Estival of Cahors lived to be 128. A woman of 124 drank strong coffee in great quantities all her days, while a man of 114 lived on fruit, chiefly melons, and chewed lemon peel.

Love's Blossoming.

Beloved, in the garden of my heart
There fell one night a solitary seed;
I knew not whence it came nor what its part,
Nor of what nourishment it might have need.
Wearied with wandering through the ether wide,
It slept, and when its weariness was gone,
Said, "In this pleasure spot I will abide,
And with the fairest claim comparison."
Startled, I watched with keen and constant eyes
The growth to bud and blossom of my guest,
Like one to whom 'tis very Paradise
To see her infant drain her ample breast;
And lo! I found one happy evening hour,
My heart was harboring Love's immortal flower.
—James Whitehead in Blackwood's Magazine.

Was Feeling Too Good.

Senator Hanna has a book of cartoons of himself, which he enjoys looking over.

Upon returning from a rest trip East, he was asked how he felt.

"Fine! Splendid!" he exclaimed joyfully, "so well, in fact, that I'm afraid I'm beginning to look like my caricatures!"—New York Times.

Not Worried About Wall Street.

With sixty-five bushels of oats and fifty-five bushels of barley to the acre, wheat as high as a man's head and corn silking out the last of July, no one need have any kick coming on South Dakota.—Huron (S. D.) Journal-World.



For the Individual

1796 3 1872 3 1952



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

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Money-Making Independence

A few years ago I met a farmer who told me that from his earliest recollection he had never worried about how he was to get a living or make money. He always felt competent to handle those subjects without any special mental effort.

There were other subjects over which he worried, and no doubt many who worry a great deal about how to get a living free from trouble when it comes to subjects that worried the farmer.

If a person can be born so that making money or getting a living does not cause any trouble, there must be a mechanical path to follow in reaching these desirable conditions.

One rule for earning money is to find out what you can best do, and then seek the right market for your work, and study supply and demand and competition.

Naturalists tell us that in a school of fish those in the fore part are fat, while the fish that bring up the rear are always lean. This was true in a certain locality on the subject of small fruit. Those who began raising berries made nice sums of money from their investments, but in a few years, when everybody was raising them, there was no money in it.

Commercial sense enables one to anticipate conditions and wants, and be among the first to supply those wants.

I noticed a few months ago a shoe-maker selecting a very desirable location, one that would grow better with each succeeding year, and he illustrated his foresight in looking over the field and securing the place which he did for his shop. Selecting a location is one of the main sources of success.

Just after the war, a friend told me that he went West looking for a location. He studied two cities, and at that time he was unable to see any difference between them, but since then one has grown but very little, while the other has doubled several times in population.

From the way in which some men select wisely nine times out of ten, there must be signs or principles to go by in this important part of prosperity.

It is Right to Know Why.
A director in a school said he knew X, Y, Z, etc., were vowels, but what he wanted to know was why they were. We are all ditto on some subjects.

Useless and Useful Books

Strong men of slow nature need books of inspiration; but men of active minds and weak bodies need books on physical culture and better methods. A physical giant told me about the great benefit he secured from reading a book of encouraging chapters. A thinker claimed that a book benefited him very much by teaching him to eat better lunches and respect his stomach's needs. Books are as helpful and as dangerous as men and women, or food and drink. Books are good companions and helpful guides when properly selected; but to read anything may be worse than reading nothing. Have you a plan for distinguishing between the useful and the useless?

Information for the Business Man

From now on to what extent must the business man make use of printed information? The knowledge and experience of many men on various subjects is being gathered. Is it necessary for the business man to know about this and to possess it?

Many men are devoting their whole time to original researches on single subjects and their reports are prepared in the form of books, booklets and editorials for periodicals. Must good business men sift these and make use of the best parts of them in order to continue as good business men?

A short time ago an official of an insurance company stopped me as I was passing him on the street. He held up a small cloth-bound volume of deep and dry reading. Why did he spend his money for it in order to spend his time on it? His actions are worthy of consideration because he, together with his partner, has done with very little money what many men with much money have tried with all their might to do and failed. Why did he buy the book?

He knows how to use men, their time, their strength, their ideas and observations. Why can he not use recorded ideas, experiences and observations? He does not use all men, only a few dozen are in his employ at present; but he has talked with hundreds, and it may be thousands, to get that few dozen. Is not this necessary?

After he had shown me his book and I had glanced at some of the mysterious equations in it, I began asking him questions and was surprised to hear him say that he had not read a certain work. Has he neglected it because it has not been properly presented to him? He is not a bookish man, and would not neglect his business for the pleasure of reading, rather would he squeeze books for information to help him work better. Is not this what books are for?

Some day I expect to make a special call on him to find out why he does not own that book which I think he should read, and if he is able to upset my reasoning it will not be the first time it has been discomfited. Can you confess the same?

The danger point to the pencil point is where you record things which you should remember without recording, is not the blunder with books centered in ignoring them or looking up to them in place of getting acquainted with and walking on them? Ignoring or adoring books weakens the worker; but tapping books for daily useful hints and facts strengthens the worker. Do you think otherwise?

To know what you do think and what part books have taken in helping you would be useful to me. Will you drop me a letter or a postal card on the subject?

A man put thirty thousand dollars into advertising and waited for returns. While he was toting between holding on and falling the returns began to come in. If they had been a few weeks slower he would have been a failure. How much right have some successes to glory over some failures?

There are retail stores in which the trade is watched as the fireman eyes the steam gauge. The cashier's desk is visited often and if sales drop plans are laid to push harder.

Fine trades have been industriously built up while using poor stationery and no grammar.

It is better to advertise your business than yourself.

Value of Ideas.

In a field I found a team, a harness, a chain, an unpulled stump, a boy and failure. By adding a thought to the boy, which caused the boy to chain a small log to the stump, I left a field in which there was a team, a harness, a chain, a log, a pulled stump, a boy and success.

While talking with a salesman he told me about a framed poem in a business office. One day when near there I copied it and, though it may be old to you, it is given here for those who may not have read it, as all of us need occasional encouragement: "Pluck wins! It always wins. Though weeks be slow and nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go, still pluck wins—its average is sure. He gains the prize who can the most endure, who faces issues, he who never shirks, who waits and watches and who always works."

The Telephone Voice.
For a couple of years I have had a desk in a room with a telephone exchange board. The voice and face of one of the exchange board operators act as a looking glass to those at the other end of the wire and give me a view of the manners of many people.

All Say So.
We learn more from the blunders of others than from those made by ourselves.

TOLD TO THE BARDER.

More Than Ordinary Good Story Comes from Philadelphia.

After mixing up a light, frothy lather and distributing it around a customer's face the barber began, "Speaking about names," he said, "reminds me of a little incident which occurred to a friend of mine and which he told me yesterday. My friend is a drummer for a big concern and visits all the larger firms with a view of selling his line of goods. One day he drifted into an office and the man he wanted to see was busy. So he sat down and while he was waiting he struck up a conversation with the typewriter.

"The girl wasn't very much disposed to talk and my friend remarked that she looked very tired. I ought to be tired," she said. "I've been sitting here for three hours copying off two hundred foreign names and they almost drive me crazy." My friend was just about to say that it must be a horrible thing to have a peculiar name, when the office boy popped his head out of the door and said: "Say, Miss Guldebrandersensky, der boss'd like to see you."

"Want a close shave?"—Philadelphia Press.

Allen's Foot-Ease, Wonderful Remedy. "Have tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and find it to be a certain cure, and gives comfort to one suffering with sore, tender and swollen feet. I will recommend ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE to my friends, as it is certainly a wonderful remedy."—Mrs. N. H. Guilford, New Orleans, La.

That Settled Her.

A bachelor maid has lost at least two friends by her honesty. She was invited to visit a mother and father who were rejoicing over the advent of a new baby and she accepted the invitation, all unconscious of what was expected of her. She did not know that families which exhibit their offsprings do so to win for it some extravagant expression of admiration.

The bachelor maid had nothing to say except, "I can't see any difference between babies, except that some are clean and some are dirty, and I must say this is a very clean baby." She has not been asked to call again.—Worcester Spy.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES produce the brightest and fastest colors.

STOLE MONEY TO BUY A BIBLE.

London Girl Found End Does Not Always Justify Means.

Decidedly queer objects have led London "hired girls" to rob their mistresses of late, the quaintest being that of a damsel of 18, who stole \$2.50 in order to get a Bible. The girl had "gone in" for the Bible, which was an especially luxurious one, issued by a London publisher on the installment plan. She was to pay \$2.50 a month, and had done so twice. When the time came to pay the third installment, however, the slavey found herself short, so, rather than lose the Book of Holy Writ, she stole half a sovereign out of her mistress's desk and was arrested in consequence. A police magistrate let the girl off after impressing her with the fact that the end does always not justify the means.

Temperance Postal Cards.

There are temperance fanatics in France as well as in other parts of the world, a fact which is shown by M. Cap Martin, of Paris, who has had half a million picture postal cards printed, illustrating the evils of drunkenness. They have such titles as "The Drunkard's Doom," "Death in the Bottle" and "The Drink Fiend," and the author suggested they might be posted to confirmed drunkards. Two or three slander actions have already been started by people who have received the cards, and the recipient is being proceeded against for violently assaulting a sender.

Originality largely consists in seeing things as they are and telling the truth about them.

IT'S A MISTAKE.

To Attribute Coffee Ills to Poor Grades of Coffee.

Many people lay all the blame for the diseases caused by coffee upon the poorer grades of coffee but this is an error as the following proves: "I have used every kind of the best grade of tea and coffee that can be got from a first class grocer but never found one that would not upset my nervous system and it was not until I began to drink Postum Food Coffee in place of coffee and tea that I had relief from the terrific attacks of nervous sick headache from which I had suffered for 30 years.

"I had tried all kinds of medicines but none helped me.

"Soon after I stopped drinking coffee and began to drink Postum the headaches grew less and it was not long until I was entirely cured and I have never had a return of this distressing trouble for nowadays I never drink coffee but stick to Postum.

"As soon as my wife saw what Postum had done for me she gave up coffee, which she had drunk all her life. This was six weeks ago and she is a changed woman, for her nervousness has all disappeared and her face has become smooth and her cheeks have a good rosy red color. She sleeps well, too, something she could never do while she drank coffee. We consider Postum a household necessity in my house and have induced many friends to try this wonderful food drink in place of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

The Two Captains

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Copyright, 1897, by P. F. Collier.

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

The passengers were assembled in the forward part of the cuddy, and their pale faces could be seen from the quarter-deck viewing the proceedings through the window glass. This was a sorrowful sight. Its pathos was heightened by the children, and the baby in the black nurse's arms, and as the passengers descended into the boats, the procession was rendered extremely depressing by the low persistent wailing of the baby.

"Now, then, shove off, my lads," shouted Pope.

The third mate, who was in charge of the long-boat, in which a boat's compass and a quadrant had been placed, ordered the big lug-sail to be hoisted, and in a few minutes the three boats, two of them under shoulder-of-mutton canvas, were sliding off into the mighty solitude.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Pirates' Demand.

"Grindal," said Pope, standing with him in the gangway, "I am going to take that lady, who is to be my wife, you know"—he looked at him in his subduing way—"aboard the brig. You will scuttle this ship, and that it may be a swift job, scuttle her forward, aft and amidships. We'll wait for you."

"I hope you will," grumbled Grindal. Capt. Pope ascended the poop-ladder, and approached Miss Laura with his hat in his hand.

"I'm going to ask you," he said, "to come on board my brig with me."

She turned a little pale, looked a little frightened, and answered: "Where is your brig going to, capt. Pope?"

"We shall cruise for some more money," he answered, "and then I shall place a chart of the world before you, and you shall put your finger on the spot to which you would have me sail."

She did not reply, but moved as

ing the bridle of his temper marvelously well.

"It is not right, sir, that she should be here," said Crystal.

"Madam, in the presence of your cousin, an old shipmate, one whose confidence I might have hoped I possessed," exclaimed Pope, in his most melodious accents—plaintive, sweet, thrilling almost the girl found that voice—"I appeal to you. Since the moment when my eyes first-lighted on your beauty, have I failed in my bearing as a gentleman and a man of honor? That I am in love with you Crystal knows; that I shall passionately desire to make you my wife he also knows.—Does a gentleman, does a man of honor insult, wound, excite uneasiness in the lady of his love, in the woman whom it is his impetuous dream to make his wife?"

Laura was coloring superbly. Twice she lifted her eyes from the deck while he spoke, once to flash them upon him, and once to gaze a little lingeringly.

"Pope," said Crystal, "let me see to her cabin accommodation. This is a ship of pirates, and if you're in love you'll agree that she's to be protected as much for your sake as for her own."

"John, you know she's absolutely safe; but you are her cousin. I love you for that, and you shall have your way," and, bowing to Miss Crystal with a sweet smile, this extraordinary man went on deck.

Grindal, in the heart of a little mob, talked loud and gesticulated freely, smiting his palm with his clenched fist. Pope took no notice, and after walking the deck for some time, he went below into his cabin for a cigar and his fine telescope, with which to follow the departure of the Thetis. He heard Crystal talking to the girl in the next cabin, and strained his ear, even laying it against the bulkhead to catch what they said. Unhappily for the listener the brig was slightly pitching, and the groans of the fabric,

its occasional squeals, the jar of the rudder, and the noise of the wheel-ropes, troubled and deafened him. So he abandoned a hopeless effort, to light his cigar and pick up his telescope.

When Pope quitted his cabin, Crystal and Laura were still talking. He regained the deck—and immediately leveled his glass at the Thetis and saw that she was sinking fast. Presently Capt. Crystal came on deck. Pope called to his cabin-man to light the lamp, and put a meal with tea and wine upon the table.

"Has she gone?" said Crystal, looking in the direction of the ship, but missing her in the elusive light.

"No," answered Pope, curtly.

"Look at those fellows forward," Pope, exclaimed Crystal, folding his arms and speaking in a voice that seemed to suggest an apologetic posture of mind. "I'd be glad to have her with us but for them. Since she's come into my hands I must hold myself answerable to my cousin for her safety and well-being."

"We'll both see to that," responded Pope.

At this moment there was a movement among the men about the galley, and a number of them, preceded by Grindal, came aft. Pope came to a stand, and lightly puffed at his cigar with an unmoved face. Crystal swayed on wide legs behind him.

"Captain," said Grindal, "I'm speaking for the men, likewise for myself. That there Thetis has been a tough job. Some of us being killed and others wounded."

"Come to the point," interrupted Pope coldly.

"All hands," said Grindal, "would like to see what they've got."

"Look here," said Pope, if it's fine to-morrow morning after breakfast, every article of plunder that now lies safe and stocked in my cabin, shall be brought up on to this quarter-deck, and all hands shall weigh and admire, and appraise; and we'll come to some understanding of the value of the whole so that every man shall know what he's worth already."

"That's it," exclaimed a man.

"Who'll do the valuing part?"

"Draw lots for it, if you like, my hearts," says Pope a little contemptuously.

"Leave it to the capt'n," says Bob-bin.

The instant pause that followed seemed, to use the language of the poet Pope, "To hesitate dislike." Then Grindal said roughly:

"Very well. We're all agreed. We leave it to the capt'n. All that we want for to find is this—how much is every man worth so far?"

"We don't want no burying and a-seeking of it afterward to find it gone," explained a very hairy pirate who, had daylight been 'abroad, would have discovered himself in Jack boots and a rather bloody shirt.

"The men have been asking for me to find out," said Grindal, "if so be as how you looks upon the young lady—as a part of your share?"

"Yes," answered Pope at once, unable to catch a slight of the expression of Crystal's face.

"What price do you value her at," continued, "if so be as how you've gone into it?"

Pope could not help laughing. He laughed loud and continuously, and some of his men, tickled by his merriment, fell a-laughing too.

"Why," said he, presently recovering his gravity, "if you should turn to and read the Bible, which most of you have never heard of, and which most of you couldn't read if you had; you'd discover that the lady is, put down as one of those females whose value is far above rubies."

"What's she worth, captain?" said Grindal.

"Give her value a name and deduct it from my share, and no reward me for the money I'm putting into your pockets," cried Pope, with an excellently-handled note of scorn in his delivery.

"Let the captain have the lady," exclaimed one of the newly-entered men, "she ain't no blistered furriner; she's a relative of the mate's, and a countrywoman of ourn, and cuss me if it's proper that an English woman's to be talked of as if she were a negress."

Pope, looking round, could dimly see Miss Crystal standing in the companion-way listening.

"You'll drop this matter, Grindal," said he, approaching the ruffian by a couple of paces, and putting on his overwhelming manner of command, perceptible enough to the fellow who stood close. "To-morrow we'll bring the plunder on deck and attempt such a valuation as shall enable every man to understand what his earnings already are. Now go forward. Draw yourselves some cans of the Prussian's gin, and drink for such another piece of good luck as the Thetis."

He then turned and walked straight along the deck to Miss Laura.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Booty.

Next morning was as shining as the splendid day that had vanished. At half-past eight the cabin breakfast was ready. Capt. Pope and Capt. Crystal awaited Miss Laura's emergence from her cabin. The square man was seated; Pope stood, and continued to stand until she came, when he saluted her with a low bow, and a look of helpless adoration. After some commonplace about the passage of the night, the comfort of her cabin and the like, the conversation shaped itself thus:

"When do you mean to give the men a sight of the stuff they're craving to see, Pope?" asked Crystal, trying to speak in a friendly way.

"After breakfast," answered the captain.

"I wonder how much they mean to value me at?" exclaimed Laura, coloring a little but laughing also.

"And I wonder," said Pope, with a courtly bow, "what they would think if they knew the price I put upon you?"

THE BIRD OF THE FAMILY.

Some Facts About the Stork and Its Nest.

In Holland the nests of storks are generally on the summit of a tall post, put up on purpose for them, on which is fixed an old cart wheel. Says an English writer: "A Dutch gentleman of my acquaintance has one such post in his grounds within sight of his library window, but he improves on the cart wheel by having an iron framework for the reception of the nest. The first year it was put up, toward the end of June, a solitary young stork used to come daily and carefully inspect this framework. I saw him there myself one day, standing in the empty receptacle exactly like a would-be benedict inspecting an empty house, contemplating the view and wondering if the drains are all right. The verdict was apparently favorable, for next season saw the nest occupied by the newly wedded pair. Their power of wing is very fine, and on hot days I have watched them ascending in spiral circles, hardly moving their broad, black wings, till they have looked no bigger than flies. After the young are hatched they appear to be suspicious of one another and unwilling to leave the nest unguarded."

At American Universities.

Among American colleges, Harvard has 5,468 students; Columbia, 5,352; Chicago, 4,296. The State University of Michigan comes next, with 3,764, followed by California, 3,693; Minnesota, 3,505, and Illinois, 3,288. The privately endowed University of Cornell has 3,281; after which comes the State University of Wisconsin, with 2,884. The Northwestern University, on private foundations, shows a total of 2,875.

When a man makes a choice of a profession he should not forget the small parts in it.

HOW FILIPINO WOMEN WASH.

Gathering at the Riversides Work and Gossip.

In the Philippines the natives do their own washing in a way peculiar to the country. Once a week the women gather at the riversides with the week's wash, and while they pound the clothes with a flat wooden club on a stone, they discuss every question of the day, from politics to village gossip.

This is one of the events of the week that lightens the labors of the Filipino housewife, wherein she combines profitable work with pleasure, the one subject they do not discuss is dress.

W. E. Henley's Small Estate.

The estate left by W. E. Henley, one of the most successful of modern writers of story books for boys, amounts to but \$5,000, although his books have had an enormous circulation. Lack of an international copyright is blamed for his want of success in accumulating property. His books were more lately read in the United States than in England, but he derived no profit from their sale here.

Easy to Get.

Pierpont, O., Oct. 5th.—Remarkable indeed is the experience of Mr. A. S. Turner, a man now over seventy-one years of age, and whose home is here.

For many years this old gentleman had suffered with a very unpleasant form of Kidney Trouble, a kind that very often bothers aged people. He would have to get up four or five times every night, and this very tiresome disease was fast-wearing him out.

At last, after having almost made up his mind that he would never be able to get relief, he stumbled over a medicine which relieved him almost immediately, and has cured him permanently. It is so very easy to get and so simple that Mr. Turner thinks everyone should know of it. Every dealer in the country has it, and all you have to do is to ask for Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Turner says:—

"I can heartily and honestly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills for they cured me. Several others in the family have used them too, and always with the best results. I think they have no equal."

Got His Letters' Back.

A circumstantial fish story is told by the London Daily News. The captain of the steamer Benaider, of Leith, on a voyage to China, threw a bundle of old letters overboard in the Mediterranean. Some Spanish fishermen of Aguilas, near Cartagena, later caught a large fish, and on opening it found a bundle of letters inside. They took this to the mayor, who managed to decipher in one the name and address of the superintendent of the steamship line in London, and thus to restore the letters to their owner.

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

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Matter of Business.

Howard Bell, the publisher, was being shaved the other day. "Do you like James Lane Allen's new book?" asked the barber, striving for an appropriate subject for conversation.

"Why, yes," said the publisher, "but just now I am interested in a book by William Dean Howells. Do you read him?"

"No," replied the barber; "never heard of him." "What, never heard of Mr. Howells! Why, he surely is better known than Mr. Allen."

"That may be, sir; but you see, I shave Mr. Allen."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

Itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles positively cured or money refunded. ALLEN'S DISCOVERY FOR PILES, a new discovery that absolutely cures all kinds of Piles. Prepared for Piles only. All Drug Stores, 50c. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address Lock Box 552, Le Roy, N. Y.

Uniformity is not unity.

AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT MERE DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Lane's Tea."

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE

All druggists or by mail 25 cts. and 50 cts. Buy it today. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bow in each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address, O. F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y.

It requires a good-sized sinking fund to keep some corporations afloat.

DON'T SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES.

Use Red Cross Ball and keep them white as snow. All grocers. 50c. a package.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but he doesn't laugh at wedlock.

STRAIGHT TO THE SPOT

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs, rheumatism, and drooping signs vanish.

They correct urine with brick-dust sediment, high colored, excessive, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency. Doan's Kidney Pills dissolve and remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness.

TELL CITY, IND.—I received the free trial of Doan's Kidney Pills. They are splendid. I had an awful pain in my back; on taking the pills the pain left me right away and I feel like a new man.—Stephen Schaefer.

Mrs. ADDIE ANDREWS, R. F. D. No. 1, BRODHEAD, Wis., writes: I received the free trial of Doan's Kidney Pills with much benefit. My little nephew was suffering terribly with kidney trouble from scarlet fever. Two doctors failed to help him and he finally went into spasms. His father gave him Doan's Kidney Pills and from the second dose

Countess Not a Favorite.

"They say" in New York that the countess of Shaftesbury was a great disappointment to a number of those who made her temporary acquaintance during the yacht races. Apparently her ladyship took delight in forgetting from day to day the persons who had been presented to her. She remembered a few of the military set but 's a rule her memory was distressingly—perhaps intentionally—bad. Altogether the countess is set down as about the laughtiest proposition that New York has had for years.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. The

Wood and Steel.

The old wooden frigate Saratoga, which was launched nearly sixty years ago, and is still pursuing a career of usefulness as a schoolship, is an object lesson in the durability of wood as a material for shipbuilders. Paint and oil preserve it from decay. What will do as much for iron and steel, the materials of which modern warships are built? Will the battleships and cruisers of today be as staunch after fifty years of salt water service as the Saratoga?

GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS

Use the best. That's why they buy Red Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers, 5c. each.

If a man has a kick coming, and does not get it inside of a week, he says nothing.

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

Every cruel blow sears the striker's heart.

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

Faith is a great lady and good works are her attendants.—James Howell.

WEATHERWISE IS THE MAN WHO WEARS TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKERS

A reputation extending over sixty-six years and our guarantee are back of every garment bearing the SIGN OF THE FISH. There are many imitations. Be sure of the name—TOWER on the buttons.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. J. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. U. S. A. TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

It is mixed with pure water, use 10c. a dose.

Thompson's Eye Water

the pain was less. He began to grin and is to-day a well boy, his life saved by Doan's Kidney Pills.

HUNDLES OF PILLS. They did me great good. I had bladder trouble, compelling me to get up often during night. Now I sleep well; no pain in neck of bladder; pain in back is gone, also headache.—Jno. L. Hill.

Doan's Kidney Pills. 50 CENTS. A SPECIFIC FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.

NAME _____ P. O. _____ STATE _____

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

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

Polite Barter.

Col. Sir Francis Aylmer Graves—Saw, who died the other day, enjoyed a baronetcy of curious origin. His grandfather owned a picture which King William IV. desired to purchase. His majesty was politely informed that the picture was not for sale, but if the owner were thought worthy of the dignity of a baronet he would respectfully ask his majesty to accept the picture as a gift. The baronetcy was duly conferred and the picture changed hands.

Will the woman who suffers with sick headache please try Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

YOUR DRUGGIST SELLS IT. PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

PERSONAL

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 & \$3 SHOES MADE

You can save from \$3 to \$5 yearly by wearing W. L. Douglas \$3.50 or \$3 shoes.

They equal those that have been costing you from \$4.00 to \$5.00. The immense sale of W. L. Douglas shoes proves their superiority over all other makes.

Sold by retail shoe dealers everywhere. Look for name and price on bottom.

That Douglas uses Corona Colt proves there is value in Douglas shoes. Corona is the highest grade Pat. Leather made.

Fast Color Eyelets used. \$2.50. Sold at any price. Get \$4 Bill Edge Line. Not equalled at any price. Shoes by mail, 25 cents extra. Illustrated Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

FREE TO WOMEN!

To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value.

Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of female ills, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send today; a postal card.

Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents, large box. Satisfaction guaranteed. THE R. PAXTIN CO., Boston, Mass., 114 Columbus Ave.

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Author of "GRASPARE," "CASTLE CRANEY CROWN," etc. In an entirely different vein from his former works.

The scene is in Clay County, Indiana. The tale begins with the idyllic love of a young farmer and a girl teacher, which culminates in a marriage that brings perfect bliss in spite of poverty and hard work. The development of an intricate plot, worked out in a masterly manner, keeps the interest of the reader at the highest tension, as one follows the awakening of ambition in the young man, his life in Chicago, where he rises rapidly in his profession, his first downward step, the frightful entanglement into which his weakness leads him, up to the tragic end which brings into high relief the characters of two noble women.

"A first-rate American Story, full of Action and Interest." "Like others of the successful books which have had enormous sales, it has that indelible something about it which few stories possess, and which far exceeds a book into universal popularity."

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10c SOLD EVERYWHERE

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

are as far ahead of the old fashioned Dyes as electricity is of a Rush light candle. Putnam Fadeless Dyes are clean, as they neither stain the hands nor spot the kettle. One 10c package colors either silk, wool or cotton equally well, and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Putnam Fadeless Dyes are for sale by all good druggists everywhere, or mailed direct at 10c a package. MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Me.

It requires a good-sized sinking fund to keep some corporations afloat.

DON'T SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES.

Use Red Cross Ball and keep them white as snow. All grocers. 50c. a package.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but he doesn't laugh at wedlock.

Ripans Tablets are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Constipation, heartburn, sick headache, distension, bad breath, sore throat, and other ills arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by Ripans Tablets. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five-cent package is enough for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them.

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