

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 7.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, NOV. 14 1903.

No 12

## MILLINERY, BAZAAR AND Groceries.

In all of these lines our stock will be kept Fresh, Attractive and Up-to-date, and our prices are trade winners.

### Choice, Fresh Confectionery.

A full new line of  
**Pocket Books and Alerts,**  
Tablets, Pencils, Stationery, Etc.

### General News Agency

for Newspapers, Books and Periodicals.

**L. M. PORTER & SON.**

One door North of Postoffice. East Jordan, Mich.

## Long Distance Walkers

### The High School Eleven

### Become Experts in That Line.

Stranded in Frederic They Walk 35  
Miles to Alba.

Footsore, way worn, and weary, the East Jordan High School football eleven straggled into Alba last Sunday afternoon. And thereby hangs a tale.

The boys took the D. & C. train Saturday morning for Grayling Saturday morning, being scheduled to play the city team at that place that afternoon. There were seventeen in the party, consisting of Wm. J. Bennett and son, L. M. Gage, Howard Gage, J. E. Converse, manager, and H. W. Dicken, coach, besides the eleven players.

Everything went smoothly until they reached Frederic when they were confronted with the fact that there was no train on the Michigan Central to bring them back from Grayling to Frederic after the game, but it was finally decided to make this part of the return journey by team.

They were heartily welcomed and royally entertained by the Grayling boys and the game which followed, though one of the hardest and most exciting gridiron contests seen in Northern Michigan this fall, was entirely free from dirty playing and other objectionable features. Grayling finally won the game by a score of 11 to 0 although our boys came perilously near scoring on several occasions.

After the game one of the parties who had been engaged to drive them to Frederic declined to make the trip and this caused a delay which proved disastrous for on their arrival at the latter place it was found that the D. & C. train had left some time before.

All efforts to procure either a special train or adequate hotel accommodations proved unavailing so Messrs. Gage, Bennett, Converse and Dicken went on to Gaylord, while the football boys appropriated quarters in the Hotel de Boxcar. We heard it rumored that some of the boys had seen softer beds, but they were making the best of a trying situation.

Sunday morning they started down the Ward "tote" road on their thirty-five-mile walk to Alba. They stopped at a lumber camp for dinner and got into Alba between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, somewhat wayward it is true, but still not much the worse for their long walk, which had been rendered specially difficult by the fact they were encumbered with their heavy football suits.

The party who went to Gaylord drove home from there Sunday morning and Mr. Bennett then drove to Alba and brought home the football team, getting here about midnight.

Nothing but words of praise are spoken of the Grayling team, but we are of the opinion that it will be a long time before the boys forget the trip, more especially the vicissitudes of the homeward trip.

### SUPRINTENDENT PLANK IS BADLY HURT.

Supt. E. C. Plank of the Electric Light & Power Co. was seriously injured Thursday evening. He was in the HERALD office shortly after six o'clock and on leaving, in the darkness he stepped off the walk between the walk and the building and received a bad fall. He was able to get back on the walk but was obliged to summon assistance to take him home, where it was found that his knee had been dislocated and badly strained. He will be confined to his room for several days by his injuries which are very painful but is thankful that they are no worse.

### IT WILL WEAR AWAY.

So many people delude themselves with these words when they notice signs of kidney trouble. Instead, the kidneys become more and more affected until some fatal ailment such as diabetes or bright's disease develops. If you notice any signs of kidney or bladder disease take Foley's Kidney Cure as it will cure any case of kidney or bladder disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. "I was troubled with kidney complaint for two years," writes A. H. Davis, of Mt. Sterling, Ia., "but two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure effected a permanent cure."

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co

Are you going away for Thanksgiving? The E. J. & S. R. R. will make a one and one-third fare round trip rate for the occasion.

### ONE PHONE SYSTEM ENOUGH.

For some time there has been talk of putting in an independent telephone exchange here to be connected with the Swaverly system. A similar project is on foot at Charlevoix where the Council has been asked to grant a franchise to the independent company and the Courier comments on the matter this week as follows:

"The telephone business is a natural monopoly. There should be but one exchange in any town, or for that matter in any county, or state, or the entire nation, and that system should be owned and controlled by the government. Sooner or later it will come to that.

Until the people are educated up to that point, it is the part of wisdom not to burden yourself with two exchanges. We have an excellent exchange at present, with metallic lines leading to all the towns of this region and to all outside cities. Under the proposed new exchange, we would not secure any marked reduction in prices.

It has been the experience of every town where there are two exchanges, that the business houses, if the exchanges are both of any size, are compelled to use both phones. And this is not only an added expense, with no added returns, it is an infernal nuisance.

The Courier has no interest to serve in this matter, but its own. We don't want to carry two phones and pay \$24 additional for the bother, when one phone will answer just as well, and better. The local exchange has always been conducted in a first-class manner. At times, of course, there are unavoidable breaks in the service, but on the whole, the service given been excellent, as good as can be found anywhere, under any system. If we help put in a second exchange, we are only helping to saddle ourselves with a useless expense. One good exchange is a blessing. Two exchanges is an infernal nuisance."

There is a whole lot of good hard sense in the above and we trust that our people as well as those of our neighboring town will consider it long before they grant anything so needless and so expensive as another telephone franchise.

### A MAMMOTH HOLIDAY ISSUE.

The December Delineator (Christmas Number) represents the high-water mark of beauty and utility, and possibly of circulation also, in a woman's magazine, having a first edition of over a million copies. It contains 240 pages. To produce this mammoth edition 728 tons of paper and 49 presses working 25 days were required. In addition to exquisite color work, clever fiction and strikingly illustrated articles, the number includes a display of charming winter fashions—covering forty-two pages, letters from the foreign fashion centers and illustrated articles of the fashionable fabrics and trimmings, millinery, etc. Among the notable contributors are; Richard LeGallienne, with a delicate romance, A Wedding Ring in the Garden, containing lyrics in the author's best vein; W. A. Frazer, with an Indian tale, the Net of Leo; Albert Bigelow Paine, with a delightful sketch founded on the foibles of the collector; Harriett Prescott Spofford, with a love story of unusual interest; Andrew Lang, with a clever travesty on the usual fairy tale; and Gustav Kobbe, with an interesting paper describing the life of Mme. Emma Eames, in her Italian home, with her portrait in colors. There is also the third installment of the evolution of a Club Woman, the pliant narrative of clubdom by Agnes Surbridge, and a remarkable photographic article by J. C. Hemment. There are many beautiful art features among them four pages in colors representing Babyhood, Childhood, Girlhood and Motherhood—the work of Bernard J. Rossmeyer. For the children there are entertaining games and stories, and for the housewife many practical suggestions in cookery and other departments of the home, for the Christmas season.

### HOW STORIES GROW.

We take the following from this week's Courier:—  
Editor Roy Lorraine says he was captain of the winning side in the annual hunt of the Fish, Game and Dog Protective Association, at East Jordan last week. No score is given but it is hinted "on the side," that the captain had a chipmunk and a weasel for his share of the hunt.  
This is an example of how stories will grow. We acknowledge the chipmunk but don't know where Brother Hampton got hold of the weasel.

## Re-United After Many Years.

### Touching Scene Enacted in Wilson Twp.

Adopted by Sid, Burley 11 Years Ago  
from Coldwater School, Bertie  
Tibbett Is Restored  
to His Family.

Mrs. O'Neil of Muskegon, sister of Bertie Tibbett passed through here last Tuesday enroute for East Jordan where she hired a livery rig and visited first the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Burley who nearly eleven years ago adopted Bertie Tibbett from the Coldwater school, and later drove to the farm residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shephard, both farms being within a few miles of East Jordan, and there found her brother who for eleven years she had not heard from, excepting in an indirect way from the Coldwater officials.

The meeting was a touching scene, long to be remembered by those who were present.

Bertie Tibbett at the age of seven years was taken to the school at Coldwater, it being impossible for the mother to bring up her large family of children, and as Bertie was the youngest he was elected to go, the father and provider of the family having been suddenly called by death to a better world. The officials of the Coldwater schools took the boy who was in a short time, by strange circumstances adopted into the family of Mr. and Mrs. Sid Burley, and was until recently a member of that family. The boy as he grew up was never informed who his parents were, and his mother and relatives were also kept in ignorance of the whereabouts of the boy. Upon his attaining the age of 18 years, the authorities informed the mother, brothers and sisters as to his whereabouts, which led to his sister's visit.

When Mrs. O'Neil arrived last Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Shephard, all the family, including Bertie who was working there, had retired with the exception of Mrs. Shephard. Upon Mrs. O'Neil making known her identity as the sister of the young man, it was quietly arranged under pretense of playing Elinch, to induce him to dress and come down stairs, where face to face, brother and sister failed to recognize each other. It can well be imagined the joy and happiness which filled their hearts to meet once more.

The following morning Bertie Tibbett left his former home, bid goodbye to his foster parents and friends to accompany his sister to Muskegon to once more meet his mother and the rest of the family. Upon reaching this place yesterday morning the following telegram went to Muskegon, "Kill fatted calf, Bertie and myself will be there to-day."—Antrim County Sentinel.

The East Jordan & Southern R. R. are advertising a low rate to Chicago Nov. 29 and 30, and Dec. 1, account of International Live Stock Association. One fare plus \$2.00. Good to return until Dec. 7.

### EXCURSIONS

VIA THE  
**PERE MARQUETTE**  
ONE-WAY COLONISTS RATES.  
One-way tickets will be sold by Pere Marquette Agents to points in the West, Northwest and Southwest, any day until November 30th, 1903, inclusive, at a very low rate. Inquire of Ticket Agent for full information.  
H. E. MOELLER, G. P. A.

### THANKSGIVING RATES.

Tickets will be on sale at all stations, good going November 25th and 26th, and good returning up to and including November 30th, at a rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip. Ask agents for particulars.

LIVE STOCK SHOW. CHICAGO  
NOVEMBER 28 TO DECEMBER 5  
Tickets will be sold from all stations on November 29th and 30th and December 1st, at a rate of One Fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Good to return until December 7th.  
H. F. MOELLER,  
G. P. A.

## Books! Books!

To those who desire to purchase Books for the Holidays, I wish to say, By ordering in time I will get them for you at \$1.07 plus 12c. postage.

Any \$1.50 Title.

**R. J. Steffes.**

Warne Block

## Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND  
CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

**WILL RICHARDSON'S**

State Street Grocery

# BOOSINGER BROS.

## Promises Here are Made Good.

Exaggeration is the bane of trade. It may stimulate at first, but always it is the sign of weakness. This great store promises nothing that can not be made good. That is the rule laid upon all employes and the faith of the house is pledged to make good every promise.

## HERE THEY ARE

The newest and most desirable things in Ladies' Belts, 25cts. to 50cts.

The latest and most popular things in Ladies' Waists \$1.00 to \$4.00.

The most popular—the only genuine Pingree Shoes \$2.00 to \$4.00.

The celebrated Wear Resisters.

The Peninsular Pants, Shirts, Sweaters, 50c to \$3.50.

We claim to handle the very choicest, the best style and best made goods that money can buy or workmanship produce. It will pay you to come and let us make good our claim.

Quality First o All - - Our Motto.

# BOOSINGER BROS.

P.S. —A very complete stock of "Correct" new Overcoats. All the new cloths, \$5.00 to \$22.00.



A man does not have to die to leave his will. He may get married.

The hearty feeding nations are the much achieving nations.—Mexican Herald.

Every time we hear about Kantippe we make the guess that Socrates wasn't any angel.

It is seldom that the Sick Man of Europe feels too "poorly" to sit up and smile at the powers.

Japan is sending troops to Korea, but reassures the world by explaining that it is only for exercise.

Dressmakers have decreed that the Kangaroo-walk must go. In Australia it is called the kangaroo hop.

A wallop or two from Mr. Fitzsimons may convince Mr. Gardner of the duty of respecting the aged.

Young Chamberlain's monocle evidently constitutes his chief point of resemblance to his strenuous sire.

A hard fate confronts Count Tolstol. The Russian government has decreed that he shall stay at Yasanajopoljaha.

Notwithstanding the football field is marked off like a checkerboard this season, yet the games are still different.

The arbitration tribunal has decided that Venezuela must pay Germany \$418,250, but carelessly neglects to explain how.

And now Canada may vote \$125,000 in aid of a polar expedition. Lieut. Peary will probably not be alarmed at competition.

Chicago is only a hundred years old, and it must make Editor Stead shudder to think what she will be at two hundred.

If the Eastern ladies insist on getting married they must give up the idea of holding the golf championship for that section.

The prison missionary old enough to know better, who married a nineteen-year-old prisoner, got her deserts in getting deserted.

The really honest and honorable man is always found in three places at times when he is needed there—in his home, in his business office and at the polls.

A Jersey City electrician, accused of bigamy, declares he knows nothing of his second alleged marriage. It was a sort of mechanical sparking, as it were.

At a New York wedding a few days ago a billygoat ate the bride's veil and most of the flowers. This probably happened while the presents were being examined.

That defenseless wife whose cruel husband insisted on reading Thomas Carlyle to her should have got even with the monster by quoting Marie Corelli to him.

It is now thought that Dowager Empress An of China cannot live more than a year. Alas! that year may cost the Flowery Kingdom years upon years of repentance.

The method adopted by a nurse girl in Texas to still the cries of an infant—stuffing its mouth, ears and nose full of mud—may be effective, but it is not to be commended.

If women had more sense of humor brides could get a good deal more fun out of life by promising to obey, and then watching the efforts of their husbands to collect the goods.

With English noblemen carrying off American heiresses and English titled girls preparing to come over and carry off our men of millions the English invasion of America seems to be on its earnest.

A New York chauffeur, charged with driving his machine at a high rate of speed, successfully pleaded in extenuation that he was on his way to call a doctor. Automobileists, elsewhere, will take the hint.

The absence of a minister from a service at New Haven, at which he was to be ordained, recalls the clergyman of a New Hampshire city who was once missing from a funeral and was found at the circus.

Don't get ready to enter and settle upon the Chippewa Indian lands in Minnesota, Nov. 10, unless you see money in the raising and marketing of bullfrogs. About 522,000 of the 753,367 acres are swamp land.

A Newport society leader is quoted as saying: "We should not be too democratic, as it is dangerous, and people are not equal, anyway." The declaration of independence and the constitution can now be considered obsolete.

At a convention of women over in Germany the other day it was declared that corsets and jewels are barbarous. They will never get them abolished, however, until society can be convinced that they are likely to be productive of large families.



MEAN JOKE ON MILKMAN. USE OF LIQUOR AND TOBACCO.

Was More Than an Insinuation as to His Honesty. Of the childhood of C. Oliver Iselin they tell many stories in New Rochelle, where Mr. Iselin has his country house, All View.

According to one of these stories, the boy and half a dozen other boys took a walking trip through the state of New York a number of years ago. One night, rather late, they passed a farm whose gatepost bore the sign, "Milk for Sale."

Young Iselin said: "We'll have some fun with the milkman," and he entered the yard, busied himself mysteriously for a moment, and then pounded on the door.

A figure in white appeared at an upstairs window, and a bass voice said: "What's the matter down there?" "The matter is," piped the boy, "that your best cow is choking. You had better come down to her."

The milkman dressed and hurriedly descended, but of his informant he could find no trace. Neither could he find any trace of a choking cow. There was, however, a turnip stuck in his pump spout. With an oath he drew it out and returned to bed.

SCHEME WAS A DEEP ONE. How Irishman Planned to Save Part of Reward.

Gen. A. R. Chaffee, who commanded in the war game of Maine, was talking one afternoon to some reporters in Portland. The hypothetical loss of the fleet had been discussed, and this subject reminded Gen. Chaffee of a story, he said:

"Speaking of losses, there was an Ohio Irishman once who lost a gold watch. He told one of his friends about it.

"It's a fine Swiss watch," he said, full jeweled, adjusted to three positions, and to heat and cold. It's worth \$225.

"Well," says his friend, "I hope you get it back."

"Oh, I'm likely to get it back," said the Irishman, "for I've advertised it in the 'lost and found' columns of eleven papers."

"What reward have you offered?" "Four dollars."

"Four dollars? Why, man, that's not a fair reward for a gold watch worth \$225," the friend exclaimed.

"Whisht!" said the Irishman, "that's where I'm foolin' them. I'm advertisin' it as a silver watch."

Not Contrary to Fact. George Ade attended recently a dinner of theatrical people in Boston. The stage folks sang songs and told stories, but Mr. Ade, who is very quiet and retiring, would neither sing nor speak. He was, he said, no good at anything of that kind.

Finally, though, the calls for Mr. Ade became too vehement. The young man had to yield. He rose and said: "I will tell you of an excellent trick in parlor magic. You take a tumbler and fill it two-thirds full of filtered water. Then you insert in the water a lump of sugar and a spoon, and you begin to stir. In a few minutes the sugar will become invisible."

His Title to Fame. "What have you ever done to deserve the confidence of your fellow citizens?" asked the man of severe ideals.

"Not much, I'm afraid," said Senator Sorghum, remorsefully.

"Aren't you afraid of being displaced?"

"No. They sent a map to this position some time ago which failed to give satisfaction. Then they sent another who was worse. I don't they sent me, and they say I'm still worse, but they are afraid to take any more chances."

Hickory Supply Nearly Exhausted. An increasing quantity of hickory, one of our most valuable woods, is being used every year in the manufacture of buggies and all kinds of implement handles, for which no other timber seems so well suited, and the supply is becoming rapidly exhausted.

During the last seven months the price of hickory products was advanced 100 per cent, and it is intimated that there will be a further advance. Under the circumstances it would seem a wise move for the farmers to set out groves of young hickory for future marketing.

His Absent Mindedness. "You talk about people being absent minded!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenner Lee Orledge. "I do think my husband is the limit. He went out the other day to mail a letter, and as the weather was fine he put the baby in her carriage and took her along. He didn't come back as soon as I thought he ought to, and I sent the girl out to see what was the matter. And what do you think she found him doing? As sure as I'm sitting here he had laid the letter carefully in the parambulator and was trying to stuff the baby in the letter box!"

Bribery by Proxy. "You say it is quite impossible for you to agree with Farmer Perry on these points?" said Hodges' solicitor to him.

"Ay!" answered Hodges. "Then, I'm afraid there's no help for it; the matter will have to go before the judge."

"Very well," said Hodges. And then, after a pause, he added: "Do you think it would do any good to send the judge a couple of fine fat ducks?"

"Not unless you wish to lose your case," answered the lawyer decisively.

SMILED AT FORTUNE'S BUFFETS.

Thought That Brought Comfort to Robert Louis Stevenson.

When the late William Ernest Henley was editing "London," he had no one on his staff of writers whom he valued so highly as the young Scot, then unknown and poor, who wrote for "London," the brilliant series of stories that are now called "The New Arabian Nights."

Mr. Henley used to like to talk of "London" and of his friend Robert Louis Stevenson. He used to like to quote Stevenson's whimsical sayings. He said one day:

"Lewis and I (he always called Stevenson Lewis) sat down one night to play the American game of poker. The luck from the start was with me. I won pot after pot. Lewis was lucky if in any deal he got a pair of treys."

"Disgusted, at last, with the turn the cards had taken, he threw up his arms and apostrophized fortune in this quaint way:

"Fortune, you fickle wench, it is true that you can make me lose; but you can never make me pay!"

LOVE IS THE MAINSPRING. The Patent Force That Nerves the Workers of the World.

Political economists have told us that self-interest is the mainspring of industry. It is not true. Love is the mainspring of industry. It is love for the home and the wife and the children that gives all the busy wheels of industry revolving, that calls the factory hands early to the mill, that nerves the arm of the blacksmith working at his forge, that inspires the farmer at his plow, and the merchant at his desk, that gives courage to the soldier and patience to the teacher.

Erskine was asked how he cared, as an unknown barrister, face a hostile court and insist on his right to be heard. "I felt my children," he replied, "tugging at my robe and saying, here is your chance—father, to get us bread." It is this vision of the children dependent on us that inspires us all in the battle of life.—Rev. Lyman Abbott in the September Atlantic.

Domestic Engineering. Domestic engineering is the art of household management according to scientific principles. A school of technology confers the degree of "bachelor of science in domestic engineering" after a four-years' course in sanitary science, public hygiene, heating, ventilation, cooking, dietetics, sewing, embroidery, textiles, laundering, home economics and other subjects pertaining to the modern home—the most complicated institution of today.

The question is: How many women will feel inclined to work for this degree, since no one asks them to show a diploma before taking charge of a home?

Quite So. "Was that new-fangled safety razor all right?"

"Well, it was safe enough for the razor," replied the youth with four scars on his face.

A Little Like Money

She drew her wrap more closely about her and moved a little away from him.

"How funny you are Claude!" she laughed. "I? Marry you? Ye gods! You have a few hundreds a year, I have nothing. Now do you see the joke?"

"But don't you love me a little, Winifred?"

"I might, perhaps, if—I can't help it, Claude. I must have the remainings of life." With a light laugh and a wave of her hand she left him.

The music and merriment of Mrs. Ainsworth's big garden party were growing faint and spasmodic. The lower part of the grounds was almost deserted. A hansom stopped at one of the side gateways as Winifred neared it and a man sprang out.

"Why Fred!" exclaimed the newcomer. "Just the girl I wanted to see! Claude here? I've the papers I mean for him. That miserly old man of his that none of us thought knew how to die has gone at last, and left him all he had."

"Might?" asked the girl, with an odd little clutch at her heart.

"Something like half a million. I just thought I'd stop over and have the fun of telling Claude myself."

"That's too bad," the girl said slowly, "for you can't see him now. He's out of town till to-morrow. But as if a bright thought had just struck her, 'I'll tell him in the morning.'"

"All right," returned the man, preparing to clamber back in the cab again, "then I won't wait. Can't, in fact, I'm due in town at 2. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Jack," the girl called after him. "I'll be sure to tell him the first thing."

Slowly Winifred again retraced her steps. Claude was just as she had left him, feet down on the garden seat. A cool hand reached his cheek. "Claude, dearest, do you think I meant it? I was only teasing you, sweetheart."

He sprang to his feet and kissed her in amercement.

"You do love me," he cried, "more than riches, I can hardly believe."

forgive you, Claude." She nestled in his arms and he covered her face with kisses.

"For what?" "For doubting me for a moment—for thinking I could be such a mercenary little wretch."

"And you will marry me soon?" "Whenever you want me, sweetheart."

"To-morrow, then to-morrow, I'm afraid I'll lose you again."

Happiness drove sleep from his eyes, but the longer for to-morrow came at last. On his breakfast table lay a letter. "Uncle dead!" he gasped. "And I his heir!"

His first thought was of Winifred. "I'm so glad for her sake. This is her reward, the leave little woman!"

"But, Claude, this is very a fortune. What does it mean?" she said, when he put the ring on her finger that evening. He told her in a few words.

"I'll need it if I had left you yesterday—if I had put off my explanation till today—you might have thought—"

"Never! Nothing but what of the little girl who was brave enough to come to me when I hadn't a penny in the world!"

The next few days passed quickly. They were to be married at once and Winifred gladly hastened the preparations. They were together in his study one afternoon when Jack Ainsworth opened the door.

"Congratulations, Claude," he began. "Sorry I couldn't have the fun of giving you the good news myself, but Fred said he'd tell you the minute you got back—"

"What do you mean?" Claude demanded. His clamor cheerfully explained the thwarted stopover.

Claude looked at the white-faced woman at his side.

"Why, hello, what's up?" inquired the unconscious Jack, gazing in amazement from one to the other.

"Nothing," said the old man quietly, "only the end of a little comedy."

"If you hadn't told me I might have thought it was a tragedy," returned the other imperceptibly. "Where's your second man, Winifred?"

Pets Bring High Prices

A collie dog worth about \$2,500 trotting behind one as one goes for a walk is an anxious thing to own in these days of dog stealing. This particular collie, by name Christina Emerald, was bought for \$5,000, and he holds the proud position of being the earliest dog, so far as is known, in the world. He is the first dog to reach such a price.

A \$2,500 pet that holds the record by his own sphere is the beautiful Newfoundland Beechgrove Charlie, which belongs to Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, and is her favorite pet. He is a magnificent beast, and if any dog on the face of him could look as if he were worth \$2,500, it is he.

A couple of quaint little Aberdeen terriers called Portland Wick and Portland Jet, were recently sold to Mrs. Wyke Graham for \$2,500 each, though they have never even been shown.

One of the highest priced cats of this year is champion "Lord Southampton." This cat is a white Persian, which is the rarest and most costly of all breeds. "Lord Southampton" had a son, which was bought by an American millionaire for \$2,000. The champion was bought by Lady Decies, who owns the most highly priced cat in the world, "Furber Zaida."

This is a pale champagne colored Persian, a very handsome beast indeed, and of a beautiful and rare color. His value is \$1,000—the best record, so far—and he has won nearly 200 distinctions.

Some very expensive cats belong to the Duchess of Bedford, and are kept at Woburn abbey. One of them, Coblin, is worth \$200, and is a Siamese cat that looks just like a miniature cougar.

As for birds, only the rich man or woman can afford to keep first-class canaries, and their price is mounting higher and higher. A little while ago \$100 was refused for a canary only four months old.

Piping bullfinches are among the most expensive bird pets, and \$250 was given for one only a month ago.

The highest price on record for a piping bullfinch is \$400, given by an American a couple of years ago, for a bird that could whistle over a dozen different tunes.—Home Chat.

Where Cats Are Handy.

"Got a great new game up our way," said the gentleman. "Beats golf, ping pong or automobiling all hollow. What is it? Well, for lack of a better name we call it 'cat chucking,' and as this name suggests, an important element in the game is felines."

"No spot in the wide, wide world is so replete with cats as Washington Heights. Some of these pussies are valuable and are highly prized by their owners. But the swarming and yowling majority is not, and so when it comes to playing a game of 'cat chucking' the participant usually captures stray animals, else surreptitiously borrows his neighbors'."

"About once a month a lot of us get together for a game. We meet at the upper end of Manhattan, where the woods are a trifle thick, each of us bearing a thick paper bag in which is confined a tabby or Thomas, according to taste. These bags are deposited at the foot of a tree and then all hands bolt for home."

"The bags are but insecurely fastened, and the imprisoned animals have little difficulty in breaking their bonds. Once released, where do they go? Why, each dashes off at once, as a rule, for the home of the 'cat chucker' who has brought it to the foot of the aforementioned tree. The 'cat chucker' have had time to reach their places of abode long before the felines have solved their various and intricate problems of direction, and that player whose animal is first to arrive is declared winner."

"When first we began to play a man might enter the same cat time and time again, but it was soon discovered that two or three old experienced pussies were coming in first every time (the household pets they were, with superior education and training), to the exclusion of other pussies which had been picked up at random, and installed in the homes of the players but a few days, merely for 'chucking' purposes. So now each player must enter a feline that has been in his possession no more than ten days, or two weeks at most, in order to compete.—New York Herald.

And Hodges left, apparently convinced. In due course the case was tried, and Hodges gained a verdict.

"I believe I won because I beat the ducks, after all," he said to his lawyer afterward.

"What!" said the astonished man of six-and-eightpences. "Do you mean to say you sent them?"

"Ay!" was the reply; "but thinking on what you said I sent 'em in Perry's name."

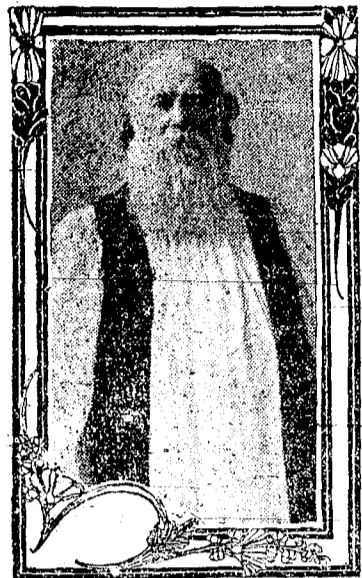
It's a wise college student who goes to bed early and avoids the rush.



# THE CITY OF ZION

In the fall of '89 a certain John Alexander Dowie had, for some time, been making more or less of a sensation in and around Chicago, as a "Divine healer." He had gathered around him a number of followers, and, in 1896, had organized the Christian Catholic church. He and his wife conducted a "Divine healing home" on Michigan avenue, and so large had his congregations grown that he had for some time been holding services in the Auditorium.

It now transpired that the general overseer of the Christian Catholic church was planning much larger things than he had hitherto attempted. He announced that it was his purpose



Dr. John Alexander Dowie, to found a city as a home for his followers—a new Zion—and that he had secured a site on the shore of Lake Michigan, about forty miles north of Chicago.

The day for such things had gone by. It was said; people no longer followed their religious leaders blindly, or allowed them to dictate in temporal matters. The newspapers treated the whole affair as a huge joke and it has always been one of Dowie's chief grievances that he is continually and persistently misrepresented by the reporters.

Nevertheless the preparations went steadily forward. Payments were made on the land, a city was mapped out, tents were put up, and building began.

Today a prosperous city with a population that is nearing the ten thousand mark testifies to the power of Dowie's name. It took Chicago forty years to acquire the population that Zion City has reached in two.

The most interesting object in Zion City, from an industrial point of view, is the lace factory. It was announced early in the history of the place that the manufacture of lace would be a leading occupation. Dowie himself

turns out delicious confections, and its fame is rapidly spreading throughout the West. A large bakery is in successful operation, and it is expected that a new health food will be put on the market in the near future.

A laundry, a lumber yard, a brick yard, a printing and publishing house, and various other departments minister to Zion's wants and give employment to her people.

The Zion general stores occupy a prominent place on the main street, and seem fitted to supply every need of the inhabitants, from cooking utensils to literature for the "faithful."

Elijah Hospice, an immense frame hotel, is advertised as "modern in every respect, and capable of accommodating a thousand guests at a meal," and the administration building, contains commodious offices, with comfortable and convenient furnishings.

A substantial brick and stone building is observed and a neatly uniform "guard" readily gives the information that it is Zion College and that it will soon be ready for occupation. The present building is only a wing, to which a large central portion and another wing are to be added in the future.

Further inquiry elicits the information that a complete school system, continuous from kindergarten to college, is being worked out by the educational department.

The general appearance of Zion is one of activity and substantial thrift. Everything is aggressively new. The peculiar character of the people is made evident in numerous ways. For instance, the visitor notices, with a little start, perhaps, the motto, "Till He Come," ever the ticket window in the station which the Northwestern Railroad has provided; signboards, conspicuous on every hand; warn all against the use of tobacco, alcohol, or profanity within the sacred precincts; the long beards which many of the men wear, in accordance with Dowie's command, give them a somewhat patriarchal look—in contrast with the many smooth-shaven faces among the unregenerate; the salutation, "Peace be to thee," sounds strange to twentieth-century ears; and walking along Emmanuel and Elm avenues, one wonders if Chicago is really only forty miles away.

On entering the Tabernacle the visitor realizes even more fully that he is in a community set apart from the world, where the working of miraculous cures is an everyday affair. On the white wall, above the pulpit, are various queer-looking objects arranged in symmetrical groups. Closer examination reveals the fact that the groups are composed of articles discarded by converts to the new faith. Crutches, canes, surgical appliances and medicine bottles abound; here is a collection of pipes that would delight the heart of a sophomore; there are brightly colored insignia of various secret societies (for Dowie is the inveterate enemy of all such);

very conservative estimate of the amount already spent in establishing Zion City. To the inhabitants this remarkable development is but a surety of greater things that are to come. A most aggressive optimism pervades the conversation of the people and the literature of Zion publishing house (optimistic, so far as Zion's future is concerned, but deeply and darkly pessimistic as to the moral and spiritual state of that large majority which they call the "world").

Not only do they confidently anticipate great growth for their own city, but they prophecy that other Zions will be founded which will "Find their crown, capital and consummation in Zion City at Jerusalem."

It is with this large view of the future that the city has been laid out. Ample parks have been provided for, residence and manufacturing districts have been assigned, and thousands of young trees have been set out along the broad streets. An underground and overhead wires, gas and water mains, sewers, etc., are to be confined to the alleys—a provision sufficient, in itself, to convert to "Dowieism" those who have suffered from the tearing up of pavements.

The community is not comparable, in any way, to Brook Farm or Amana or Oneida, or to any other of the Communistic colonies. There is scarcely a trace of Communism in the administration of Zion's affairs. The lots are not sold, we are informed, but leased for eleven hundred years, "for the land is the Lord's." (But Dowie holds the title deeds.) Failure on the part of the lessee to conform to certain provisions of the lease, in regard to the use of alcohol, tobacco, etc., forfeits the lease.

Each man builds his own house and works for himself, but each is required to give one-tenth of his income, whatever that may be, to the "store-house," for the maintenance and extension of Zion.

Individualism in industrial matters is strongly encouraged, if one may judge from Dowie's dictum in regard to trades unions, which says:

"Zion's workmen are members of no labor union, nor do they work for a uniform scale of wages, for in Zion the skill of each man's competency is encouraged by an ever-increasing wage. All men are not equal, and a level line of compensation is death to ambition."

This has no uncertain sound, and seems to settle the question once for all, so far, at least, as Zion is concerned.

It is one of Dowie's characteristics that he stands for very positive and definite ideas. Alliterative allusions to "pigs, pills and physicians," and "doctors, drugs, and devils" are conspicuous in Zion's literature. The use of pork in any form is absolutely forbidden. Oysters also come under the ban. The "Fourth" must be celebrated without the firecracker, and Christ-

But there is a class of people who seek and earnestly desire an authoritative guide outside of their own consciences, and to this class Dowie appeals.

Zion City is a theocracy and John Alexander Dowie is its prophet. His position is somewhat similar to that of Brigham Young among the Mormons, but the religion of Zion differs radically from that of the Mormons, in that it contains nothing that is at variance with the general conception of good morals. Indeed, whatever may be thought of the marvelous cures which it so plentifully records, no one can read a copy of the "Leaves of Healing" without being impressed by its high standard of morality. Dowie has become an established



Mrs. Jane Dowie.

fact in both the religious and the industrial worlds. Call him a gigantic fraud, if you will, he still remains. On more than one occasion his enemies have gleefully announced his imminent downfall, only to find that he knows how to wrest victory from defeat. His shrewdness and executive ability proclaim him a natural leader of men. He has raised himself by his own unaided efforts, from the position of a poor and obscure "Faith Healer" to that of absolute autocrat of a prosperous and growing community, with an almost unlimited income at his command. A certain dignity and state surround him wherever he goes, for he is far too clever to undervalue the importance of proper stage settings.

His violent denunciations from the pulpit, his assumption of healing power, his theatrical proclamation that he is a second Elijah, have made him the subject of criticism and ridicule without limit. Yet, after all, it must be admitted that his followers are devoted and enthusiastic, and that his influence over them appears to be for

## WHAT BESS HAD WRITTEN.

Message Not Exactly What Father Had Ordered.

"What's that?" said the old gentleman, as he entered while the eldest daughter was saying things confidentially to her mother.

"Bess was just telling me that the young man that visited the Broketons last summer has written her, and that he sent love and kisses."

"He did, did he? The impudent puppy. Write him and squelch him at once, or you're no daughter of mine. Let him know, so there is no possible chance of a misunderstanding, that you have the utmost resentment for such conduct, and if he ever comes here again I'll kick him out of the house."

"Well, did you attend to that matter, Bess?" asked the old gentleman at breakfast next morning.

"Yes."

"Good. What did you say?"

"I told him very distinctly that if he didn't know any better than to send such things in a letter, instead of bringing them in person, I would have to forego the pleasure of his acquaintance."

For the next five minutes the family were terror-stricken under a conviction that the head of the household had burst a blood-vessel.

## HE TOOK THE HINT.

Also His Hat and Coat, and Silently Departed.

"Yes," she said, in answer to something he had said, "the old songs are very beautiful."

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically: "beautiful hardly describes them. They are—they are—well, compared with them, the songs of to-day are trash, the veriest trash."

"I agree with you, yet the old songs sometimes contain 'sentiments' that one cannot wholly approve."

"I think you are mistaken."

"I will give you an illustration. There is John Howard Payne's 'Home, Sweet Home,' for instance. You surely do not agree with all the sentiments it contains?"

"Why not?" he asked warmly. "Why not?"

"Because," she said, glancing at the clock, which was marking the hour of eleven, "because there is a line in that song which says 'There's no place like home.' You do not believe that, do you?"

Then he coughed a hollow cough, and arose and went silently out into the night.

## The Kiss.

We were walking home together through the fragrant fields of June. In the sweet, enchanted weather when the earth is all in tune: Secrets in our hearts unspoken: O'er us the blue unbroken: Save where, like a lover's token, Hung the slender, crescent moon.

Love and Hope were mine to guide me In the scented atmosphere. And with Beauty close beside me Paradise itself was near: Love was in the air; I knew it: Leaves they lisp'd it; breezes blew it: Mingled in the moonlight clear.

White she was—a moonlit lily: Were not lovelier to see: In its garden boudoir stilly: Fairer than a flower was she: Music was her voice; her laughter: Sped, as 'twere a lyric, what her Lips let go, and Echo after Followed us with melody.

Echo followed—so did Cupid— Whispering along the way: I could hear them murmur: "Stupid: Why not kiss her when you may? Why not tell her in the twilight While the stars and moon on high light All the world with love's own shy light?" "Hear," my heart said, "and obey!"

So I took my heart's suggestion: And when next I heard a sigh: All of love went in a question: And returned in her reply: Then came one, brief, blissful minute With a first kiss tangled in it: Think what took it was to win it: With a horseshoe in the sky! —Felix Carmen in Life.

## Bishop Hears Reasons.

Bishop Willard Francis Mallaleu of the Methodist Episcopal church is opposed to the diminutive salaries that congregations, able to do better, sometimes pay their pastors.

"I once knew an excellent young man," said Bishop Mallaleu one day in Boston. "He was in the church, just married, small salary, but contented and happy."

"Some twelve or fifteen years went by. I had lost sight of this young minister—forgot him, as we will do sometimes—when suddenly I met him on Tremont street, dressed well, but not at all clerically."

"We shook hands. He said he was doing excellently."

"What church?" said I.

"Oh, said he, 'no church—the wholesale hat business.'"

"But why did you leave the church?" I asked.

"For seven reasons," said he.

"And what," said I, "were they?"

"A wife," he answered, "and six children."

## Asked and Answered.

Kenyon Cox, the artist, had a moment of keen and unexpected enjoyment in his classes some time ago. A new pupil had come from the west to secure the benefit of his criticism. She had gone to work the first morning with energy, and had become quite absorbed in her sketch. The artist in his rounds paused before her easel and exclaimed with a teacher's frankness:

"What the devil do you call that?"

Every student within hearing trembled with sympathy and apprehension. But the reply was reassuring.

"What the devil does it look like to you?" the pretty girl answered.

And everybody felt comfortable once more.—New York Times.

## Mint Profits.

The profit to the government on pennies pays the entire expense of the mint.



Love's Reward. On the shelving shore, where the tide comes in, I wrote her name in the sun-kissed sand; But the restless waves, in their swirling might, Washed it away with relentless hand.

On the stalwart oak, where the brown-thrush plights, I cut her name in the roughened bark; But the woodman came with his whetted ax, Razing the tree in the woodland dark.

In my hoping heart, all aglow with love, I fixed her name with affection's will;



"I WROTE HER NAME!" And I laughed in glee at the baffled host, Taunting the Fates to a test of skill.

But, alas for me; in the war of love She charged my heart in a mortal hour! And—the one whose name I had written there, Scorning my love, just rubbed it out!

9 9 9

## Boarding by the Week.

A friend of ours broke up—having kept a few weeks ago and waddled to a nice, quiet family hotel to board.

We met him on the street yesterday, and his looks so affected us, we dug him out of the crowd at the risk of being stabbed with a fat lady's umbrella, and upbraided him.

"Boozing!" he ejaculated. "Boozing! I'm not boozing! It's that blankety-blank boarding house! Say," and grabbing me by the coat-tails he pulled me into a stairway. He was evidently a desperate man, but I resolved to stand my ground.

"Say!" he reiterated, "did you ever eat at one of those nice, quiet family boarding houses?"

We denied the allegation. "Well, don't you ever do it, either, if you want to live and circulate and have your natural cupidity!"

I nodded. "It went pretty good the first day, but the second day's meals looked familiar on short acquaintance, and we shied a little. Third day same old grub. Soup tasted of pastry, and pastry tasted of soup. All down through the middle she tasted just like the soup and pastry!"

I waited. "Fifth day I began to feel heavy inside and concluded I must be purifying. Sixth day there was a hard lump in my bread-basket, and I had to have the doctor rim me out, so to speak. Seventh day we went to Aunt Maria's, but the first day of the second week was—well, it was the same old dog, yet! And it's been the same ever since. Day by day I have filled up until I can't eat any more, and my wife says they are getting rich off us. I've got indigestion and have the backache with night sweats. The doctor says my stomach is crowding the spinal column and I must take more exercise. I see my finish! Say, do you know where I can get a meat auger—I want to bore a hole—"

We could plainly see the man was mad and while he was trying to teach the family boarding house menu with his finger preparatory to boring, we eluded him and escaped in the crowd. We always were lucky that way.

9 9 9



THE FIGHTING EDITOR.

9 9 9

Alas, the wintry days draw nigh, When all is white and chill and drear: The time when conscience ruminates: Because you spent your summer wage for beer.

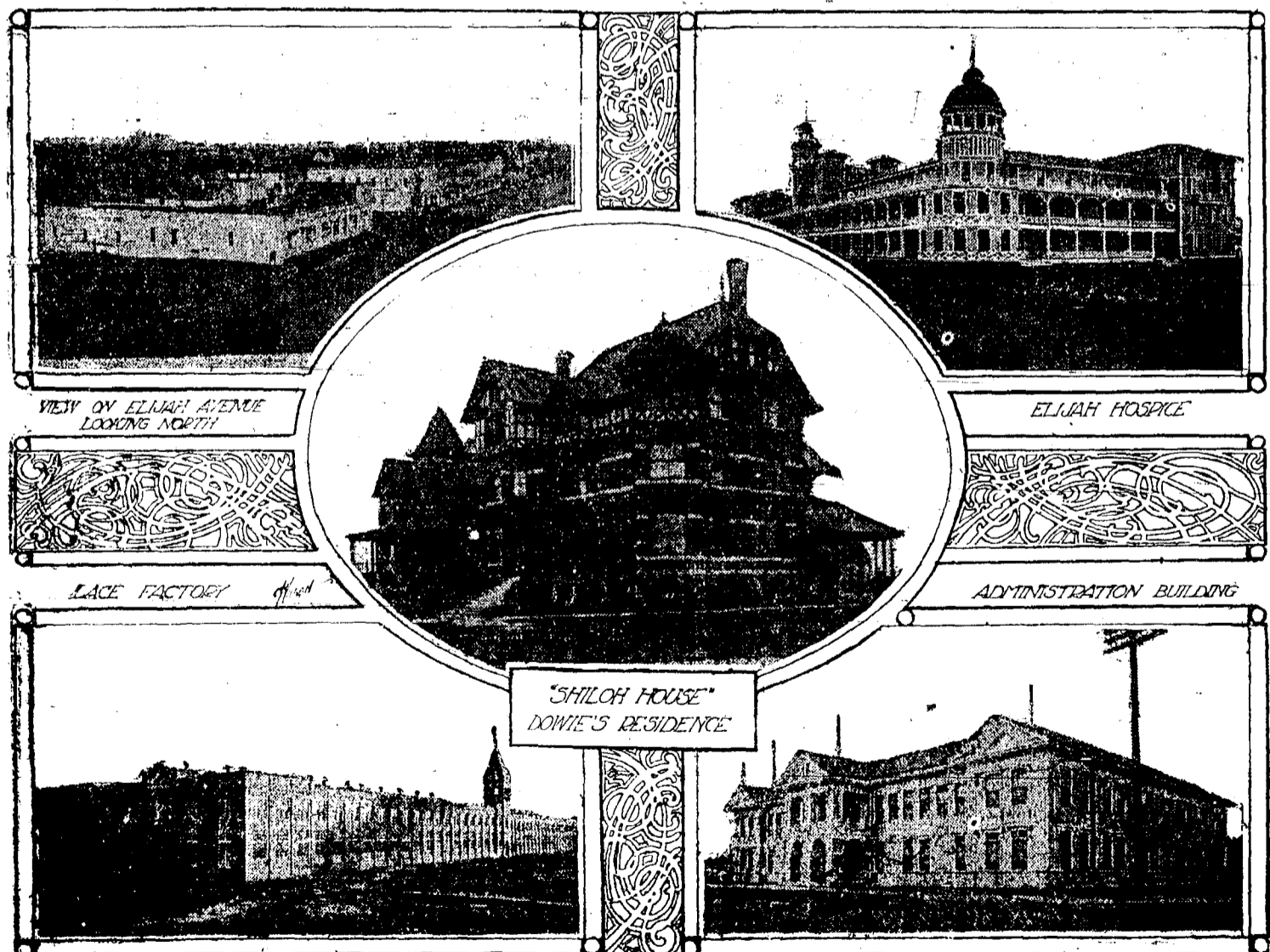
9 9 9

## He Wins the Medal.

Bings—"In your estimation, Wings, what denotes a strong character in women?"

Wings—"Passing through a fire safe without buying her husband neckties."

Bings—"Ah, so on, somebody told you!"



went to England to collect information and purchase machinery for the enterprise. When he returned he was accompanied by a number of English lace-makers. A large brick building was built and a great room is being rapidly filled with looms, while, with those already set up, many different patterns of lace curtains are being manufactured, as well as trimming laces of various kinds.

Zion City is justly proud of her lace factory, but it is not the only successful enterprise of which she can boast. There is a candy factory which

The Tabernacle is an immense, barn-like structure, capable of seating seven thousand. It is to be replaced by a more substantial building, now in the process of construction. A site has also been selected and consecrated whereon Dowie promises to erect a million-dollar temple as a center around which Zion will revolve.

Now the Restoration Host, three thousand strong, has invaded New York City, and Madison Square Garden is transformed into a "Hospice" for their accommodation. Three million dollars would be a

mas trees are denounced as foolish. The rule against alcohol and tobacco is rigidly enforced. A strict system of supervision extends from the "sanitation of individual Zion households" to the moral and spiritual state of the people.

It will thus be seen that while individualism may be encouraged in industrial lines there is little room for its growth in ethical matters.

Says Lyman Abbott, "Each man's conscience is an authoritative guide for himself, it is not an authoritative guide for his fellow."

their general good. The community is, at present, prosperous, happy and comfortable, and Zion's ambition to show the "highest birth rate and the lowest death rate of any city in the country," seems in a fair way to be realized.

As to what will happen when Dowie dies, it is hardly worth while to surmise, for he is not yet sixty and looks as though he might easily attain the allotted "three score and ten."

ANNA NICHOLS GOODNOW.  
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# East Jordan Company's Store.

## STORE NEWS.

We read the newspapers to keep posted on current events. Why not read carefully "OUR STORE NEWS" so as to insure yourself of getting The Best Values.

## Underwear.

Our line of Ladies' Fleeced Underwear at 25c. the garment, has no equal. Our line of Children's and Misses' ribbed, fleeced-lined Pants and Vests, starting at 10c. for each garment and upward, is no doubt as good value as can be secured. Union Suits for Ladies, in good variety, at \$1.50 to \$2.50 the suit.

## Hosiery.

"Iron Clad" for the Boys, 15c. and upward. Fleeced lined, in all sizes, 12 1/2c. and upward. Merino, in all grades to suit your needs.

## Special Values

### Ladies' and Children's Garments.

A new line of Black Sateen Petticoats, Prices, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and upward. Ladies' Wool Skirts, in all colors and sizes, Prices, \$2.00 and upward. Ladies' Jackets, \$3.98 and upward. Children's and Misses' Jackets, \$2.75 and upward. A Pretty Picture will be given to every purchaser of a Misses' or Ladies' Jacket, from \$8.00 and up. In Ladies' Suits, we have a very pretty line, well-tailored, selling from \$12.50 to \$25.00. (Ten per cent. off to every purchaser of a Suit, on Saturday, Nov. 14, only.)

## Clothing.

Our line of fine Clothing and Lumbermen's Supplies is equal to any in Michigan. Call upon us and get our prices before buying.

## Notions.

### Note Our Prices.

- 6 Ladies' H. S. Handkerchiefs for 25c.
- 3 Cakes "Palm Olive" Soap, for 25c.
- 1 Box of Paper and Envelopes, for 12 1/2c.
- 1 Cake of Fancy Toilet Soap, at 4c.
- 1 Lot of Fancy Dishes, each 4c.
- 1 Fancy Box of Toothpicks, for 5c.
- 6 Vest Books for 5c.
- 6 Soapstone Pencils, for 5c.
- 1 Pair of Childs' Mitts, for 10c.
- 1 Tooth Brush, 10c.
- 1 Package of Envelopes, 3c
- 1 3-cent Pencil, for 1c.
- 1 Paper of Pins, for 3c
- 1 Good Tablet, at 4c
- 1 Pencil Box at 8c

## Thanksgiving

Call on us for your Thanksgiving table goods. A Choice Line of Groceries, Oysters, Celery, Sweet Potatoes, Malaga Grapes, Oranges, Lemons and everything palatable.

East Jordan Lumber Co. Store.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

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

### State Bank of East Jordan.

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

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

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

### Charlevoix County Herald

R. L. Lorraine, Publisher.

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

### Local News Notes.

Jerome Smith moved into his residence on Bowen's Addition this week.

W. H. Lanway has been putting down a new well at his residence this week.

Mrs. John Tooley went to Bliss Thursday. She expects to be away ten days.

Att'y E. N. Chink departed this morning on a business trip to Lansing and Detroit.

The Charlevoix sugar factory will be ready to commence slicing beets December 1st.

Chas. Bush expects to have his bowling alleys in readiness to resume business to-day.

Messrs. Edward and Charles Price and Wm. Shonin went to Trout Lake Junction Thursday to hunt deer.

Clark Danforth and Jos. Moore departed Saturday on a deer hunting trip on the headwaters of the Manistee river.

There was no quorum present at the Council meeting Monday evening and the meeting was adjourned for one week.

A portion of the roofing on the new flour mill became loosened during the storm Wednesday but no serious damage was done.

Traverse City High School football team were obliged to cancel their game here to-day on account of the illness of three of their players.

Mrs. G. L. Sherman and Al. Brooks have set an admirable example by repainting their residence property. Others could follow their example with profit.

J. E. Houghton was in town Friday evening on his way home to Detroit from a trip through the copper country. "Jud" is an enthusiastic collector of mineral and rock specimens and picked up several unique and valuable specimens on this trip.

Ben Eaton, a young man who formerly resided at Boyne Falls, has been sentenced to life imprisonment in the Washington state penitentiary for a murder committed in a drunken row. Eaton was married a year ago to Miss Grace Barton, a charming young woman of Boyne Falls. He was an exceptionally bright young man and last year passed the state pharmacist examination with the highest credit received. His excessive fondness for strong drink led to his downfall.

John Wanamaker has been telling Chicago young men how to get on in the world.

"If," he says, "a young man starts out in life with a determination to be absolutely honest, to be successful he must know that the people he deals with are honest. Otherwise he will not cut much of a figure in the business world. At least he will have to devise a plan which will insure honesty on their part when he is dealing with them. In business this quality will be valuable. And the most difficult step in the progress of an honest business man is continually to let his possession of this quality be generally known. Many an honest man fails because a poor advertiser.

"By sympathetic honesty and by exercising judgment in its display, most young men will succeed. As a business quality it has to be built up, and when proficiency is demonstrated the value is credited. This is business honesty.

"Honesty—in motive, word, deed and impulse is the purest quality in the world. Business honesty is a good policy. I would advise the young man to take this route. It may be longer and more rocky, but it is commensurate with the labor.

### School Notes.

The Literary Society meets next Wednesday evening at 7:30. A "Tennyson" program has been arranged.

The basketball girls are looking forward to a game with the Peoskey team some time in the near future.

The Eighth Grade have taken up the study of elementary composition.

Nellie Rowley was absent from school Monday on account of sickness.

Tenth Algebra are taking review this week.

The girls of the basketball team expect to practice in their new suits for the first time Saturday, Nov. 14.

The football tramps felt sore over getting beaten last Saturday, but still they had nerve enough left to arrange a game with Grayling for the 20th of this month, at which time they hope to redeem themselves.

Iva L. Fought has entered the Fifth grade.

The Second Primary took a trip to the woods a short time ago.

Mesdames French and Supernaw were recent visitors in Miss Barnett's room.

Three new pictures brighten the walls of the Second Primary.

### CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to express my deepest gratitude to the friends and neighbors who so kindly ministered with us during the last illness of my beloved sister, Alice Blake.

MRS. M. TYNER.

### NOTICE.

Assemble all ye players of the flat-iron and partake of the Dutch lunch sayeth Jimmie Cornstalk.

The following is the lineup for last Saturday:

- Caboose Mike, re.
- Wearry Roadsides, rt.
- Railroad Billy, rg.
- Wearry Tie Counter, c.
- Hikeing Mike, lg.
- Dusty Roads, lt.
- Wearry Wagglies, le.
- Handcar Hubby, qb.
- Jimmie Cornstalks, rh.
- Box Car Boliver, lh.
- Way Car Willie, fb.

The Dustys and Wearrys do hereby and therefore submit to the public the announcement of a social to be given in the year 1904, Feb. 30th.

### Menu

- Noodle Soup, Switzer Cheese,
- Bologna with Fricassee Onions
- Crackers, Evaporated Apples,
- Water.

Signed and sealed,  
BOX CAR BOLIVER,  
WEARY TIE COUNTER,  
HAND CAR HUBBY.

### CIGARS GALORE.

There've been cigars made of rope, cigars made of straw.  
And cigars made of spinach and hay.  
But experience teaches that its cigars That are made of tobacco that pay.

There've been cigars made of cabbage and puff

In the newspapers chiefly, yet, well The facts of the ages will prove!

There've been cigars made of label and box. But the sale was confoundedly slow, Which points to the verdict of the time— It's cigars of tobacco that go.

Now boys, if you haven't already enough, There's a parting shot left that is meet;

By gum, if you're in for the limit, It's those "Fride of Charlevoix" cigars that repeat.

### 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.

## Heaters and Cook stoves.

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

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

### PERE MARQUETTE

In effect Sept. 27, 1903.

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

### East Jordan & Southern R.R.

TIME TABLE  
In effect June 21, 1903.

SOUTH		STATIONS		NORTH	
No. 1	No. 2			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	*Mt. Bliss		4:47	11:32
8:51	1:36	Wards		4:39	11:24
8:54	1:39	Chestonia		4:35	11:20
9:06	1:51	*Hitchcock		4:23	11:08
9:18	2:03	*Volco		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. F. PORTER, E. J. CROSSMAN, Gen. Manager, Traffic Manager.

### BOAT SERVICE.

### East Jordan and Charlevoix Route.

Str. "Pilgrim."  
TIME CARD.  
Leave East Jordan, 7:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m.  
Arrive Charlevoix, 8:45 a. m. 4:00 p. m.  
Leave Charlevoix, 9:30 a. m. 4:30 p. m.  
—Railroad dock, 9:55 a. m. 4:40 p. m.  
Arrive East Jordan, 11:30 a. m. 6:00 p. m.  
GEO. JEPHON, Master.

### Charlevoix and East Jordan Line

Str. Jos. Gordon.  
TIME CARD.  
Leave Charlevoix, 7:30 a. m.  
Arrive East Jordan, 9:00 a. m.  
Leave East Jordan, 3:00 p. m.  
Arrive at Charlevoix, 4:45 p. m.  
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.

## S. BURAK,

Will pay the Highest Market Price for Hides, Pelts, Furs, Old Rubbers, RAGS, and OLD METALS.

Will also take orders for enlarging Pictures, Picture Frames—all sizes and very cheap.  
S. BURAK, Residence, Cor. Third and Garfield Sts. East Jordan, Mich. P. O. Box 74

To Cure a Cold in One Day  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Cures Grip in Two Days. on every box. 25c.  
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove



# Hook and I

Are 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.

### Briefs of the Week

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. E. Flagg on Saturday last, a son.

Remember the Thanksgiving Masquerade at Loveday Opera House.

S. Burak, the iron dealer has an advertisement in another column of this issue.

Street Commissioner Crowell is grading Nicholls St. between First and Second Sts.

A good large second hand heating stove for sale cheap. Enquire of FRED BOOSINGER.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah St. John attended the funeral of Wm. Alexander at Lake Ann last week, returning Saturday.

It was found impossible to secure a jury in Kalkaska county so the McKnight murder trial will be held in Wexford county. Nov. 30th is the date set.

Isaac Vanderverter and Mert. Carney have been up the river fixing their hunting camp and will return in a few days to slaughter deer. The law only allows them three each.

Wm. Spencer has secured the services of Lawrence Doerr as an assistant during the rush of fall business. This week they have been installing a furnace in Jas. Suffer's residence.

Rural Mail Carrier Foote desires us to commend Mr. A. B. Clark on the good work he is doing on the roads in his district. His example could be followed with profit by other overseers.

The East Jordan & Southern R. R.'s new combination passenger and baggage coach arrived the first of the week and has been placed in commission. The new coach presents a very handsome appearance and the interior is elegantly and comfortably furnished.

E. V. Madison and J. Jespersen have made a deal to buy out the Platter confectionary store at Petoskey, and if the inventory is satisfactory, they will take possession Dec. 1st, and Mr. Jespersen will manage the Petoskey store. Mr. Madison continuing the business here. —Charlevoix Courier.

Mrs. W. J. Palmer assisted by Mrs. W. H. Marshall entertained at an "exchange" party Tuesday afternoon. Following are the names of the ladies who were present:—Mesdames J. F. Kenay, E. C. Plank, G. L. Sherman, E. J. Crossman, Wm. Stone, E. A. Ashley, L. A. Hoyt, R. L. Lorraine and F. E. Boosinger.

At Charlevoix Wednesday evening Henry Marshall was badly injured. He was passing the new bank building now in course of construction when some brick became dislodged from the third story, striking him on the neck and shoulders and knocking him insensible. His injuries though serious are not considered fatal.

It adds spice to dreary life, encourages the human heart, lifts one out of despair, breathes new life and confidence. That's what Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35 cents. Warne's Pharmacy.

Wm. Hipp, of Boyne Falls, was in town Wednesday evening.

The Christian Endeavor supper Friday evening was quite a financial success.

E. N. Clink and family now occupy their newly required residence property on Stone's Addition.

A party of her little friends helped Genevieve French celebrate her fifth birthday anniversary on Saturday last.

Supt. Tice tells us that he is negotiating for one of the State traveling libraries as an adjunct to the High School library.

The case of Margaret Hewitt, administratrix vs. The East Jordan Lumber Co. will come before the Supreme Court on the 17th inst.

Jos. Maddock sr. has a force of men at work siding and re-roofing the old Jno. St. John residence on Bowen's Addition, and expects to occupy the same during the coming winter.

Harvey Bowea has the lumber on the ground and will erect a couple of cottages on the State road out towards the coopeage factory. The demand for dwelling houses far exceeds the available supply.

"It's like a 'dip in the fountain of youth.' Touches the cheek so gently that 'youth lingers on the face of old age.' That's what Rocky Mountain Tea does. 35 cents. Warne's Pharmacy.

A new telephone cable was put in the first of the week to accommodate the increasing number of subscribers to the local exchange. The new directory which is to be issued shortly will contain over one hundred and fifty names.

We neglected to mention an important business change which occurred last week. The hardware firm of Doerr & Goodman was dissolved. Lawrence Doerr retiring. Dan'l Goodman purchased Mr. Doerr's interest and will continue the business.

We are not responsible for the truthfulness of the following described game yet it was given the writer in good faith. Grocers should beware of a well dressed stranger wearing a high hat. He is working a slick and sticky game which might be called a sweet trick. He enters a store and after opening a conversation with the grocer offers to wage that the high hat will hold five gallons of molasses. When it is filled he turns it over the merchant's head, jams it well down and departs. Incidentally he takes the contents of the cash drawer as a memento of the delightful occasion. It is not presumed that East Jordan grocers will be caught in this game, but this paper goes to others that may be warned in time.

### Consumption

Salt pork is a famous old-fashioned remedy for consumption. "Eat plenty of pork," was the advice to the consumptive 50 and 100 years ago.

Salt pork is good if a man can stomach it. The idea behind it is that fat is the food the consumptive needs most.

Scott's Emulsion is the modern method of feeding fat to the consumptive. Pork is too rough for sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion is the most refined of fats, especially prepared for easy digestion.

Feeding him fat in this way, which is often the only way, is half the battle, but Scott's Emulsion does more than that. There is something about the combination of cod liver oil and hypophosphites in Scott's Emulsion that puts new life into the weak parts and has a special action on the diseased lungs.



A sample will be sent free upon request. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. **SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, 409 Pearl St., N. Y. 50c. and \$1; all druggists.**

Mrs. C. E. Roberts, San Francisco, Cal.: Would not be without Rocky Mountain Tea in our house. It's a great family remedy. Makes and keeps us well. Warne's Pharmacy.

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

## Ayer's

Give nature three helps, and nearly every case of consumption will recover. Fresh air, most important of all.

### Cherry Pectoral

Nourishing food comes next. Then, a medicine to control the cough and heal the lungs. Ask any good doctor.

"I first used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral 15 years ago. I have seen terrible cases of lung disease cured by it. I am never without it." ALBEN G. HAMILTON, Marietta, Ohio.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

### Consumption

Health demands daily action of the bowels. Aid nature with Ayer's Pills.

### Personal Mention.

E. A. Ashley's new residence is up and enclosed.

A. F. Youngs, of Charlevoix, was in town Friday.

W. A. Loveday returned from Chicago Tuesday.

Jno. Cummings returned from Ludington Tuesday.

Wm. P. Porter went to Cadillac on business Wednesday.

Arthur Cox spent Sunday with his family at Elk Rapids.

Miss Madge Harrington returned from Boyne City Tuesday.

Mrs. C. A. Sweet has been very ill the past week with a fever.

Mrs. C. Cook and daughter Lydia were in Charlevoix Tuesday.

A. B. Steele, of Advance, transacted business in town Wednesday.

Geo. Cooper of Essex, was in town to-day after some needed saw-mill repairs.

W. S. Shoaff, of Deward, was registered at the Hotel Lakeside Thursday evening.

Dr. F. C. Warne returned Saturday evening from a two weeks outing in Southern Michigan.

Oscar Walstad, who has been working in Colorado for the past two years, is expected home next week.

J. C. Paine returned Friday evening from Marquette where he has been employed for several months.

Orrin Bartlett will leave the first of the week on a ten days' deer hunting trip. He goes to Grand Marais.

Mrs. Jno. Pelton, of Gaylord, has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington this week.

Casper Hlavka and Joseph Krantz, of Old Mission, are visiting at the home of their uncle, Anthony Nachazel.

Miss Sula Crago visited her sister, Mrs. W. J. Palmer, last week, returning Friday to her home in Hillsdale.

Mrs. Chas. Still, of Pellston, and Mrs. Geo. Wilson, of Bellaire, spent Sunday with Wm. Germond and family.

Miss Minnie Lanway entertained about forty of her little friends on Saturday last in honor of her thirteenth birthday.

Miss Anna Musil, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. John Nachazel, departed Friday morning for her home in Old Mission.

A. J. Suffer went to Charlevoix Thursday to commence his work as book keeper in the office of the Charlevoix Lumber Co.

Messrs. J. A. Boosinger, G. G. Glenn, Horace Hipp and Ira D. Bartlett departed Monday for Ozark in the Upper Peninsula to hunt deer.

Benj. Severance is assisting at the State Bank of East Jordan while cashier G. G. Glenn is enjoying a two weeks' hunting trip to the Upper Peninsula.

M. M. Burnham and wife spent Sunday at the home of their daughter Mrs. J. C. Wilde, of Petoskey. They drove through, going by way of Boyne City, Clarion and Walloon Lake.

DISTURBED THE CONGREGATION. The person who disturbed the congregation last Sunday by continually coughing is requested to call and get bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar as it cures coughs and colds quickly and prevents pneumonia and consumption. It not only stops the cough but heals and strengthens the lungs. Contains no opiates. Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

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

## MERCHANT TAILOR

SHOP ON MAIN STREET.

EAST JORDAN, MICH.

Samples of the Very Latest Styles always on hand.

Watch this Space after Snow Flies.

J. W. COATES

J. L. HACKETT

L. J. ISAMAN

## Hackett & Isaman,

Real Estate and Insurance.

Money to Loan on Improved Farm Property.

# The Two Captains

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Copyright, 1897, by P. F. Collier.

Copyright, 1897, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

## Chapter XX—Continued.

On the whole this mail booty was not disappointing. Pope kept the newspapers to read; there was no literature in the little ship, and he believed these West Indian journals would interest Miss Crystal. When the bags had been thoroughly sacked, every letter and parcel opened and flung away, Pope read out the figures he had entered and told the men how much more they were worth in solid money since eight bells had been struck.

"Are you satisfied?" he said.

Yes, they were all satisfied.

"Mark now, my hearts," he exclaimed, "that this is only the beginning; this cruise isn't up until I'm worth ten thousand pounds, and you'll all be rich men when that's been thought about. You can fill your cans and drink success; this is a good day's work."

Going aft, Capt. Pope met Laura ascending the companion way from her cabin. He stopped at once, with his usual low bow and flourish.

"Have you searched the mails?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, leaning opposite to her against a bulkhead and laughing, and adoring her.

"What did you find?"

"Certain things proper to enrich us," he replied.

"How can you have the heart to steal, Captain Pope?"

"Because, besides my hand, I must possess an estate to lay at your feet."

This was put in a rather Irish way, and unconsciously there was a touch of the brogue in his delivery. His accent amused her and she smiled, and then looked up at Crystal, a little piece of whom she could just catch a sight of as he sat on the edge of the skylight.

"If you had been the owner of the *Thetis*, I should not find you an advocate for piracy," said Miss Laura, who seemed disposed to linger, as

says Laura, fastening her eyes, full of spirit and temper, upon Crystal's rugged, storm-tormented face.

"I know my duty as your relation," he answered, "and I know what Pope's duty is as a gentleman. I'll do mine, so help me the gods; and he'll have to do his," he answered, stepping so as to oblige her to walk with him.

"But he is doing his duty as a gentleman!" exclaimed the girl, with a mounting color. "He's kind to me, and courteous. It is you who are brutal." He looked sternly at her. "If father and mother were both on board this ship, they would find nothing in the behavior of Captain Pope to object to, however much they might abominate his and your trade."

In a moment Pope returned to the deck. He was smoking a cigar. He went to the wheel and looked at the brig's course. Then with his seawardly blue eyes he narrowly circled the horizon. Crystal leaned against the bulwark rail, and Laura a little at a loss took up the papers upon the skylight, and seemed to read their addresses. Pope called down the companion hatch, and the man who was preparing the table for that last early meal, which at sea is called supper, brought up a chair which the captain placed against the skylight in the shadow of the trysail.

Miss Laura seated herself. Captain Pope pulled out a penknife, and cut open three or four newspapers, one of which he handed to the young lady; himself retaining another.

"Crystal," sings out Pope on a sudden, "what d'ye say to this?"

The square man came leisurely forward with his newspaper in one hand and his pipe in the other.

"Here surely seems something in the shape of booty," said Pope, with a little excitement. "What's the date of this sheet?" He looked at it and read it aloud. "So! By George, Jonathan, we ought to fall in with her!" and he read out of the body of the

contrived to do doing to throw the sheen of the flame over the helmsman's face.

"You're one of the *Thetis*'s men, ain't you?" said he.

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"How d'ye like this life?" said Crystal.

"Why, I ain't seen enough of it yet to make up my mind," replied the man. "There's a bit of the swag below a-coming to my share, and if the skipper was to knock off now it isn't me as would be the first to stug out."

Crystal sucked a moment or two at his pipe in silence.

"I'm beginning to think," he said, with an affected yawn, "that this life's out and away to risky for a man who values his neck and reputation. And though my friend Captain Pope makes light of the difficulty, cuss me if I can understand how we're going to dispose of the booty, and not get nabbed, every mother's son of us, and strung up."

"I suppose," said the fellow at the helm, "if any of us men want to go clear of this job the cap'n would be willin' to transship us."

"Ay, by sending ye adrift."

"That 'ud be bleedin' hard," said the helmsman. "No cap'n's got a right to force a man into being a pirate without his consent."

"Bound some of the men forward, your own shipmates particularly," says Crystal, with a note of carelessness in his voice. "You needn't mention this conversation of ours. Report to me privately. If more than half the ship's company are willing to abandon the cruise, then I may induce the captain to give it up, and make for safety while our necks are our own."

Saying this he moved away, and stood beside the skylight, and, unperceived, looked down.

He witnessed a love scene, and involuntarily clenched his hands. Pope had murdered a blockader, he had barbarously plundered an aunt. He had killed, robbed and scuttled, and Crystal quite understood that the handsome dog, unless he cheated the law by his own hand, or was collared by disease and walked off, must be hanged. He was enraged and mortified also by Laura's indifference to his views and wishes. She was allowing Pope to make love to her, and Jonathan ground his teeth.

Laura, who clearly listened with interest, often with a light of pleasure in her beautiful face, and sometimes she would dash a look at her worshiper.

Doubtless she knew that her cousin was on deck, but the infrequent glance she would shoot through the skylight sank into the dusk past the face shimmering to the skylight.

Crystal took off his hat and wiped his brow. The meteoric dust was very plentiful over the mastheads, and the horizon opened northeast against a gentle play of violet lightning. The square man was thirsty, he was also hungry, and Grindal being too drunk to relieve him his irritability increased because he observed that the couple in the cabin made no signs of coming on deck.

Quitting the skylight he walked slowly forward. The floor was deep below the rails, and all about the neighborhood of the cabin, owing to theinky dye cast into it by the shadowing of the sails, and the dusk was spangled with the glowing bowls of smokers, who, finding the temperature at the tween-decks oppressive, had cast themselves upon the deck and lay in groups.

(To Be Continued.)

Charles Dickens Settlement.

Rev. W. H. Longdon, vicar of St. Michael's church, London, is looking for a "founder" for his proposed "Charles Dickens Settlement," in that parish. The qualification is a gift of £2,000. The settlement is a gift of £2,000. The settlement is a gift of £2,000.

Esther's Experiment.

Little Esther, aged 4, noticed the other lay at dinner the rest of the family helping themselves to mustard. Nobody offering her any, she waited until she grew away the attention of the others, when she lifted the mustard spoon, liberally doused a piece of bread with the fiery condiment, and took a substantial bite.

Her hand immediately went up to her mouth; but bravely suppressing an outcry, she put the bread away from her, remarking:

"I think I'll wait till that jelly gets cold."—Chicago Little Chronicle.

What They Do.

"Do you think the so-called mazy art, as exemplified by prize fighting, is of any real benefit?"

"Certainly. Prize fights serve to stimulate."

"What?"

"Betting."

Strictly Nautical.

"What will the cup seekers be that follow Shamrock III?"

"They'll be F.V. and afters, of course."

## A SCENE OF BEAUTY

The Loveliest English County

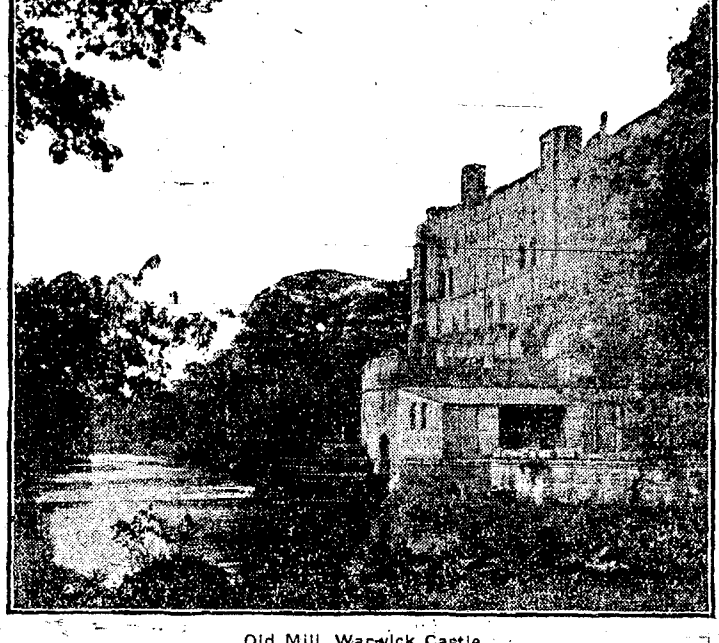
(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

No county in England is more beautiful than Warwickshire, or contains more celebrated towns and castles. It is a splendid domain, lying in the heart of the land, and everywhere filled with great historic interest and association.

One of the favorite resorts in Warwickshire is Leamington, the celebrated spa. It is much frequented by invalids on account of its healing min-

secretly instigated it, inspired by the ambition to become the husband of Elizabeth, and so King of England.

The road from Kenilworth to Warwick leads again through avenues of trees and shady lanes, and it is not long before the towers of one of England's greatest castles appear above and through the trees. The structure is built upon high rocks, and looks down on the river Avon, winding its



Old Mill, Warwick Castle.

eral springs, and is also a convenient stopping place for sightseers who wish to visit the famous castles and towns in the vicinity.

It is a beautiful drive from Leamington to Kenilworth and farther on to Warwick castle, and a day spent in visiting these historic places is full of interest. The roads, like all English highways, are in fine condition, and tall trees, full of singing birds, border them for many miles. Occasionally the note of a nightingale is heard, and the air is full of the scent of the old-fashioned flowers that bloom in the cottage gardens. The well-kept hedges and roses and poppies of a more brilliant red, are seen on every side. From different points of view the castle shows its varied aspects, each one impressive in its own special way. There are several high, irregular towers, which add much to the beauty of the castle, and of these Caesar's tower, at the south, is very interesting. Near it is a reservoir of great size, used to store a water supply for the castle.

At certain hours of the day the massive doors of the great pile are open to the public and only the living rooms of the family are closed. The broad hall, with its heavily carved chairs and masses of ancient armor on the walls, is very handsome and impressive, and its many doors lead to the great dining and drawing rooms, and other state apartments of the castle.

There are several celebrated paintings in these rooms, and the Warwick vase, of pure white marble, and large enough to hold 163 gallons, is carefully treasured within the building. The vase, which is an antique, was discovered at the bottom of a lake, near the village of Hadrian, in Tivoli, and sold to the Earl of Warwick, who had it transported to England.

The castle of Warwick and the ex-

peaceful way along through a green and fertile country. Over the river a picturesque bridge is thrown, from which a beautiful view of the imposing castle may be had.

In the time of William the Conqueror—the earldom of Warwick became one of importance, and the long line of earls began. The town was more than once visited by royalty, as King Henry III. occupied Warwick with his army before seizing Kenilworth castle. The cortege of Elizabeth, too, remained there several days before going on to visit the Earl of Leicester at his castle.

The castle of Warwick is one of the finest in all England. The entrance is through beautifully wooded grounds, where stately trees, and turf like velvet, are seen on every side. From different points of view the castle shows its varied aspects, each one impressive in its own special way. There are several high, irregular towers, which add much to the beauty of the castle, and of these Caesar's tower, at the south, is very interesting. Near it is a reservoir of great size, used to store a water supply for the castle.

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The castle of Warwick and the ex-



Mervyn's Tower, Kenilworth.

fortunate wife, the beautiful Amy Robsart, was hidden for a time from the outside world until carried away to Cunnor Place, where she came to her most untimely end. The shadow of this dreadful murder has always rested heavily upon the character of the "Lord of Kenilworth." Whether he was, as some claim, innocent of any knowledge of it, or whether he

tensive grounds give an impression of dignity and repose which is almost unequalled even in England, the land of history and calm, unbroken progress. And the whole county of Warwickshire, with its stately trees and fields of brilliant flowers, its gardens and its well kept cottages, seems but a beautiful setting for the castles and historic places it contains.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Halls Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 23 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. WALTER B. WEAVER & HAYES, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WESS & TAYLOR, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. HALL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Halls Family Pills are the best.

Guilty of Rioting.

Evansville, Ind., dispatch: "Doc" Martin, a negro, was found guilty of rioting in July last. The jury was out only ten minutes. The penalty is from two to ten years in the state prison.

Ask You Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease. "I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now.—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

He will show the grace of God who knows the God of grace.

You can do your dyeing in half an hour with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

People who talk a great deal can't always tell the truth.—Atchison Globe.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure.

If money talks, the chance that is coming to you must be back talk.

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

A gloomy religion is as misleading as a glistering sin.

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

No matter how great a general may be he is apt to learn more or less on his staff.

Pipe's Cure for the Best Medicine We ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs. Wm. C. Pipe's Cure, 100 West 14th St., New York.

REVIVAL OF THE STONE AGE.

Much of That Material Now Used in London Building.

The "stone age" is fast reviving in London, though in a more welcome form than that of old. There is a growing tendency to spend money more freely on business premises, and consequently architects, generally speaking, are enjoying more scope in designing structures with imposing elevations. To obtain the most handsome effect white stone has become the favorite and wherever monetary considerations will permit this is almost universally stipulated for in specifications.

"If this liberality continues," said a prominent contractor, "London will within a comparatively short period become the finest city in the world, architecturally speaking. At the present time two-thirds of the contracts in our hands specify for the use of stone frontages."

Wife's Ingenious Plan.

Years ago Sir Roger Hill and his son lay dying at the same time. It was of the utmost importance to the son's wife to keep her husband alive beyond his father, just sufficient time to enable him to sign a will. This she did by killing one pigeon after another, keeping his feet incased in the body of the hot steaming bird, and as soon as it became chilled changing it for another. The plan was successful and the property was left to the ingenious wife who was so soon a widow after the execution of her plan.

SPOILED CHILDREN

Usually Make Sickly Men and Women

The "spoiled child" usually makes a weak, sickly man or woman because such a youngster has its own way about diet and eats and drinks things that are unfitted for any stomach and sickness results.

"I was always a delicate, spoiled child and my parents used to let me drink coffee because I would cry for it," says a Georgia young woman. "When I entered school my nervousness increased and my parents thought it was due to my going to school, so they took me out again. But I did not get any better and my headaches got worse and weakened me so that I was unfit for any duty. Sometimes I would go a whole day without any other nourishment than a cup of coffee."

Last spring I had a bad attack of the Grippe and when I recovered I found that coffee nauseated me so I could not drink it and even a few swallows would cause a terrible burning in my stomach. It was at this time that a friend who had been much benefited by the use of Postum suggested that I try this food drink. I found it simply delicious and have used it ever since and the results speak for themselves. I have gained 12 pounds and my nerves are as steady as any one's."

"I consider myself well and strong and I make it a point now to take a cup of Postum with a cracker or two as soon as I come home from school in the afternoon. Postum with crackers or a biscuit makes my luncheon. It certainly saved my life for I know coffee would have killed me in time had I continued drinking it."

"I have a young girl friend, a stenographer, who declares her like Postum and she has a little oil stove in her office and makes a cup of Postum at noontime. I have recommended this wonderful beverage to many of my friends who know what it has done for me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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



"Certain things proper to enrich us."

though she enjoyed a conversation with the heroic Irishman, while her cousin sucked his old pipe above.

"I dare not argue with you," said Pope.

"Your eyes drive the logic out of my head," Miss Crystal—Miss Laura—Laura," he cried, with a sudden passion which anybody might say he could not control, "you will be my wife?"

The piece of Crystal that was showing in the skylight, disappeared; the newspaper fluttered and vanished like a butterfly.

"It is ridiculous!" she answered, with nothing but a faint tremor of voice to mark loss of self-control. "We are strangers—we are scarcely known to each other."

"You could not be better known to me," he exclaimed, approaching her and seizing her hand, which she allowed him to retain, "had we sailed round the world together."

Just as he said this Captain Crystal came down the companion steps.

"Are you coming on deck, La ra?" says he, pausing.

"Why do you object to this young lady being in my company?" said Pope, and he looked at Crystal with dangerous eyes.

"My wish is that my cousin should be left alone by you while she's aboard this brig," replied Crystal, in a harsh and savage voice.

Pope, without unfolding his arms, with the same dangerous expression burning in his blue eyes, eyed him critically for a moment or two, as though hesitating to decide whether he was drunk or mad. He then said, pointing with a rapid, menacing gesture to the companion hatch:

"Go on deck, sir, and look after the ship!"

"Come you with me," called out Crystal to Laura, and the girl, with a single glance of contempt and fear at Captain Pope, at once arose and went up the steps after her cousin.

Pope stood for some moments lost in thought leaning with his hand upon the table. "I who murdered," ran his thought, "I who, at the risk of my life, plundered the old woman, not less in his interests than in my own. But—" he continued to muse, then pondering deeply, he stepped into his cabin.

"I hope you have not asked me to come on deck to quarrel with me,"

paper full particulars of a large West Indian man of seven hundred tons, which was to sail from Kingston on a date that made it four or five days after that of the issue of the paper he held. She was a far richer ship than the *Thetis*. She was to carry twelve thousand pounds in specie; several valuable consignments were mentioned.

He put down his paper, went below and returned in a few minutes with a large chart of the Atlantic. He put this chart down upon the deck close beside Laura and knelt upon it, and Crystal likewise knelt.

"A week's ambling should bring us abreast," said Pope rising, and Crystal also rose, and the wily chart coiled itself up like a thing of life.

"If we can take her, she should suffice."

"There will be another fight," said Laura, folding and unfolding her paper. "How dreadful! Both of you may lose your lives, and all for a little money which will not do either of you good, because it will not be honestly come by."

"When I get my fortune ashore," says Pope, smiling at her, "I will have it blessed, and then the money will be as sweet and chaste as though earned by that sort of sweat which is as holy as prayer."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### The Slaver.

The dusk glowed out of the east and overwhelmed the west; it was loaded with stars and some clouds hovered over the edge of the sea.

"Crystal," said Pope speaking as though the unpleasant passage between them that afternoon had clean gone out of his mind, "what d'ye say to heaving the brig to every nightfall for the night? She's not to give us the go-by in the dark, John."

"I wouldn't heave to yet if I was you," answered Crystal, "we had closed her by league."

"We must fall in with her at all costs," says Pope; "for I want to see an end to this jaunt. Miss Crystal, will you permit me to conduct you to the plain supper table of a pirate?"

With some ceremony he clasped her hand. Crystal walked away to the wheel and took out the binnacle lamp and lit his pipe, and replaced it, but

"I hope you have not asked me to come on deck to quarrel with me,"







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**Time Schedule,**  
Takes effect Sunday, Sept. 6, 1920.

WEST BOUND:	Mixed
Leave Detroit	4:30 p. m.
Leave Freeland	4:35 p. m.
Leave Deward	4:45 p. m.
Blue Lake Jc.	4:50 p. m.
Mancelona Road	4:55 p. m.
Leave	5:07 p. m.
Alba	5:30 p. m.
Jordan River	5:35 p. m.
Graves Camp	5:45 p. m.
Jordan River	5:50 p. m.
Alba	5:55 p. m.
Arrive South Arm	6:10 p. m.
(East Jordan)	
Ar. Charlevoix (steamer)	8:45 a. m.
EAST BOUND:	Mixed
Lv. Charlevoix (str.)	7:40 a. m.
(East Jordan)	
Lv. South Arm	8:50 a. m.
Wards	9:00 a. m.
Jordan River	9:05 a. m.
Graves Camp	9:10 a. m.
Alba	9:15 a. m.
Lv. Deward	11:40 a. m.
Ar. Freeland	12:10 p. m.

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**Ventilation in the Hat.**  
"Some customers have nonsensical notions about the proper way to ventilate a hat," said a fashionable hatter. "In fact, they are so whimsical about it that we make the hats without a ventilator and try to suit the wishes of the customer after he has handed his money to the salesman. Many customers will not have a hat ventilated at all. Well, they miss a great deal of comfort and take long chances for baldness in old age. The English style, and the only one that some buyers will adopt, is a ring of perforated holes in the crown of the hat. In my opinion it is just as well to have no ventilator at all as to put it there. The best way is to have two holes, one on each side of the hat, just above the band. Then you get good circulation all the time. There are ways of punching the holes artistically so that they do not detract from the appearance of the hat. But you would be surprised at the number of men who will not have them, some because it is not fashionable and others because they think the hat will not wear so well."—New York Times.

**A Famous Pudding.**  
There is no other pudding on earth to which so much honor is paid as the huge beefsteak pudding served up daily at the most famous tavern in London. Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, in Fleet street.

This pudding has been served up every day without break for nearly 200 years. Garrick, Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson used to enjoy it. Every great writer in England makes a point of eating it today. It is inseparably associated with English literature.

Every evening after the pudding is cooked there is a solemn procession. The proprietor of the tavern, bearing the pudding on a big dish, goes first, followed by the cooks, the waiters and the entire staff. They bear the pudding all around the tavern, the customers doing homage to it. Then and not till then it may be cut up and eaten.

**Why Gold is Rare.**  
Why is gold so rare? Simply because it is heavy. There are only two metals that are heavier—namely, platinum and iridium. Remember that at the beginning the earth was a body of gas. By gradual condensation it became liquid, while now the whole of its mass save only an outer crust much thinner in proportion to the whole bulk than is the shell of an egg would be a fluid but for the fact that it is held together by tremendous pressure. Naturally in the course of its formation about a center of attraction the weightier particles composing the globe gathered about that center. Accordingly we find that the earth as a whole weighs five times as much as water, while the rocks forming the crust are only about two and a half times as heavy as water.

**The Four Lettered Name of God.**  
Is it not passingly singular at least that the name of God should be spelled with four letters in almost every known language? In Latin it is Deus; Greek, Zeus; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Arabian, Alla; Persian, Srya; Tartarian, Idga; Egyptian, Aum or Zent; East Indian, Esri or Zeni; Japanese, Zain; Turkish, Addi; Scandinavian, Odin; Wallachian, Zeug; Croatian, Doga; Dalmatian, Rogi; Tyrrhenian, Eher; Etrurian, Chur; Margarian, Oese; Swedish, Codd; Irish, Dieh; German, Gott; French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios; Peruvian, Lian.

**A Sealskin Church.**  
The Eskimos possessed the most remarkable place of worship in the world. It was a sealskin church. Forty sealskins were stretched over a light framework, and in this tent, 18 by 12 feet, services were held every Sunday. But the church came to an untimely end. One hard winter the Eskimos' dogs, being half famished, dined on the sealskins, and only the frame was left. The Eskimos have now erected a dog proof tabernacle.

**Public Offices For Sale.**  
In England in the time of George II, if you wanted a place under the government you could buy one. The sum of £500 would get you a comfortable berth in the victualing office, for instance, where the perquisites, pickings and bribes for contracts made the service worth having. Members of parliament, who had the privilege of franking letters, sometimes sold the right for £300 a year.

**They Moved.**  
A Boston trolley car was taking on a load of women, and the conductor practically urged his gentle passengers to "move up" but, as usual, his behests were not obeyed. "Now, move up, ladies; please do move up!" he cried. No one stirred an inch. "I say, ladies, move up! The motorman is a great deal better looking man than I am!" The ladies swept forward en masse.

**Caucasia.**  
The 10,000,000 inhabitants of Caucasia are made up of the remnants of many ancient nomadic tribes. According to Russian statistics, only 2,500,000 are Russians, 1,000,000 are Armenians, 1,500,000 Tartars and Georgians, while the rest are principally Mohammedan tribes. It is asserted that there are thirty different languages and dialects spoken in Caucasia.

**Her Brilliance.**  
Bacon—Did I understand you to say your wife said the conversation was brilliant and sparkling?  
Crimsonbeak—Those are her exact words.  
"What was she doing at the time?"  
"Oh, she was furnishing the conversation."—Yonkers Statesman.

Bores are of two kinds, gimlets and augers. The gimlet bores you by yourself; the auger bores you in a crowd.—Atlanta Journal.

**A Bird That Is Feared.**  
The elster (Pica canadensis) is a bird that is respected and feared throughout south Germany. It belongs to the raven tribe and is about the size of a dove, with black and white feathers and long, pointed tail. It builds its nest in orchards, and its life is sacred. If it is seen three times in succession on the same house top in a place remote from its home it is believed to be a sure sign of death in that house. If it flies over a house where any one is ill and gives its peculiar cry the sick person is sure to die, but if it does not scream the patient may recover. It is better for the sick person if the bird does not come near.

No one could be hired to bother these birds for fear they might seek revenge, and if by chance one of them should die it is a sign of bad luck to the owner of the property where it was found. The bird is a valuable insect destroyer and in this way probably more than compensates for the fear it occasions among the farmers.

**To Induce Humility in a Peacock.**  
If you wish to take the conceit out of a peacock put out his tail feathers, and as soon as he finds the glory of his plumage gone he becomes the burliest, most subdued and ashamed looking bird that ever walked the earth. A peacock in full feather is so vain and conceited as sometimes to be really troublesome. Not satisfied with squalling at the top of his discordant voice and with parading up and down the walks with expanded plumage, he will attack cats, dogs and even children and has been known to seriously injure small boys or girls that were incautious enough to venture within his reach.

Plucking his tail feathers, however, causes all his courage to evaporate. He will sneak around the yard like a whipped spaniel, will keep out of sight as much as possible, and you will hear nothing of him until his plumage has again grown.

**Dumas and Porthos.**  
Dumas, like Balzac, was fond of his own creations. Among them all he loved Porthos best. The great, strong, vain hero was a child after his own heart. One afternoon, it is related, his son found Dumas careworn, wretched, overwhelmed. "What has happened to you? Are you ill?" asked Dumas. "No," replied Dumas. "Well, what is it, then?" "I am miserable." "Why?" "This morning I killed Porthos—poor Porthos! Oh, what trouble I have had to make up my mind to do it! But there must be an end to all things. Yet when I saw him sinking beneath the ruins—crying, 'It is too heavy, too heavy for me!' I swear to you that I cried." And he wiped away a tear with the sleeve of his dressing gown.

**A Clever Method of Stealing.**  
An ingenious and successful trick was played at a London flat in broad daylight. A gentleman rang the bell at 3 o'clock and inquired whether Mr. Grey was at home. "No, sir," said the janitor. "He rarely if ever comes back from the temple before 5 o'clock." "That is strange," returned the other, "since I know he has an appointment here with a Mr. Johnson at 4 o'clock." Then he went his way.

At 4 o'clock to the minute Mr. Johnson called and, giving his name, was of course allowed to wait in Mr. Grey's apartments, which he denuded of everything of "portable value" in ten minutes and then walked out, observing as he passed the porter that he could wait no longer.

**Parrots Are Vegetarians.**  
Parrots are vegetarians. They live chiefly upon a light but nutritious diet of fruit and seeds or upon the abundant pectar of rich tropical flowers. And it is mainly for the sake of getting at their chosen food that they have developed the large and powerful bills which characterize the family. You may have perhaps noted the most tropical fruit eaters, like the hornbills and the toucans, are remarkable for the size and strength of their beaks.—Cornhill Magazine.

**Lonesome.**  
Gerald—Good people are scarce.  
Geraldine—That needn't make you feel lonesome.—New York Herald.

**Edam Cheeses in History.**  
"The famous Edam cheeses which grace the table of every well kept hotel and restaurant in the country," said a prominent grocery man, "are often a subject of inquiry as to what they are and whence they come. Their round shape, with that peculiar reddish purple tinge, is a marked contrast with all other cheese productions of the world. There is nothing new fashioned about them, for if colonial tradition is true Myheer Peter Heyris of Edam, Holland, who brought a lot in the hold of his Dutch ship in 1631 to the Delaware river, so tickled the fancy of the Indians with these odd looking articles that he bought a large tract of land, afterward named the Valley of the Swans, from the redskins with a barrel of his 'Edam' cheeses. After the cheese had been devoured the gentle aborigines repented themselves of their rash speculation and a month later massacred the entire Dutch colony."

**Irish Wit.**  
I must admit that Irish wit is often of the most mordant and even sardonic kind. Was there ever a more sardonic stroke of description than that O'Connell gave of Peel's bloodlessness? "His smile was like the silver plate on a coffin."

Of another and lower quality, but good of its kind, is the following fishwife's sarcasm: A friend of mine was waiting his turn to be served in a fish shop while a little weazened old gentleman priced every fish in the shop. "How much is this—and this—and this—and this?" etc., till the exasperated shopwoman exclaimed: "Ah! Go on out of that wid ye! It isn't fish ye want, but information!"—London Answers.

**Babies' Crying.**  
The instant a child is born it cries. This is a providential expansion of the lungs and not, as many suppose, an indication of suffering or pain. Well developed, well formed and healthy babies cry lustily at birth, while the weak child has a feeble little cry. For the first few months the cry is tearless, and it is not till the second year that lachrymal or tear ducts are fully developed. After that there is a copious shedding, and a very slight cause will lead to crying.

**Definition of a Baby.**  
"What is a baby?" is asked, and then the following complicated definition is given: The prince of wails, a dweller in Lapland, the morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler, only possession that never excites envy, a key that opens the hearts of all classes, the rich and the poor alike, in all countries; a stranger with unspeakable cheek that enters the house without a stitch to his back and is received with open arms by all.

**Measuring Hides.**  
The ancient tanner paid an expert high wages to guess at the contents of his hides when sold by measure. To-day an unskilled workman hands the irregular shaped pieces to a little machine that looks something like a table with a double top which, quicker than the mind of the expert can guess it, reckons with exactness the square contents in both the metric and standard systems.

**Here's the Credit.**  
"There is one thing I like about your husband—he never hurries you when getting ready to go out with him."  
"Very little credit is due to him for that, my dear. Whenever I see that 'am' not likely to be ready in time I simply hide his hat or his gloves and let him hunt for them up and down until I have finished dressing."

**No Idlers Wanted.**  
He—They say the eyes are the windows of the heart. Now, when I look at your eyes—  
She—I hope you notice the signs in the windows.  
He—Signs! What signs?  
She—"No Admittance Except on Business."—Philadelphia Press.

**A Tragic Lament.**  
"Did you say that you were wedded to your art?"  
"Yes," answered Stormington Barnes, "I'm tied to it for life, all right. But I don't hesitate to confess that the honeymoon was over some years ago."—Washington Star.

**Probate Order.**  
STATE OF MICHIGAN.  
The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.  
At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office in the village of Charlevoix, on the twelfth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen. Present, John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.  
In the Matter of the Estate of William Richard.  
On reading and filing the petition duly verified of Annie Richard, praying among other things that an administrator be appointed of the estate of said William Richard deceased, and that she be held for hearing thereon.  
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the second day of November next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be held in the Probate Office in the Village of Charlevoix and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petition be published in the CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.  
JOHN M. HARRIS,  
Judge of Probate.

**CHANCERY NOTICE.**  
STATE OF MICHIGAN.  
Thirteenth Judicial Circuit in Chancery. Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix in Chancery, at the Village of Charlevoix on the 17th day of June A. D. 1920.  
Orto Brewer, Complainant,  
vs.  
William Brewer, Defendant.  
In this cause it appearing that the Defendant William Brewer, is a resident of this State, but his whereabouts are unknown.  
Therefore, on motion of E. N. Chirk, Solicitor for Complainant, it is ordered that the Defendant enter his appearance in said cause, on or before three months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days thereafter the complainant cause this order to be published in the CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD, a newspaper published in said County, said publication to be continued once each week for six weeks in succession.  
FREDERICK W. MAYNE,  
Circuit Judge.  
E. N. CHIRK,  
Solicitor for Complainant.  
Business address, East Jordan, Mich.  
6-20-76

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**Try for Health**

222 South Peoria St.,  
CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 7, 1902.

Eight months ago I was so ill that I was compelled to lie or sit down nearly all the time. My stomach was so weak and upset that I could keep nothing on it and I vomited frequently. I could not urinate without great pain and I coughed so much that my throat and lungs were raw and sore. The doctors pronounced it Bright's disease and others said it was consumption. It mattered little to me what they called it and I had no desire to live. A sister visited me from St. Louis and asked me if I had ever tried Wine of Cardui. I told her I had not and she bought a bottle. I believe that it saved my life. I believe many women could save much suffering if they but knew of its value.

**Wine of Cardui**

Don't you want freedom from pain? Take Wine of Cardui and make one supreme effort to be well. You do not need to be a weak, helpless sufferer. You can have a woman's health and do a woman's work in life. Why not secure a bottle of Wine of Cardui from your druggist today?

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**Foley's Honey and Tar**  
cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

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—GENERAL—  
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Moves household goods, baggage and Mer-  
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Stove wood and lumber delivered.  
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**ECZEMA**  
and all Skin Diseases cured by  
**BANNER SALVE**  
The most healing salve in the world.

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

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You begin to feel better at once when taking

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as it stimulates the heart, increases the circulation and invigorates the whole system. It strengthens the urinary organs and gives you new life and vigor.

**Chicago Business Man Cured**  
Foley & Co., Chicago, Gentlemen:—About a year ago my health began to fail, I lost flesh and never felt well. The doctor thought I had stomach and liver trouble, but I became convinced that my kidneys were the cause of my ill health and commenced taking FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE. It increased my appetite and made me feel stronger, and the annoying symptoms disappeared. I am now sound and well.—J. K. Horn, 1354 Diversy Blvd., Chicago, June 11, 1902.

**Cured His Wife**  
E. C. Watkins, sexton of the Methodist Church, Springfield, Pa., writes: "My wife has been very bad with kidney trouble and tried several doctors without benefit. After taking one bottle of FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE was much better, and was completely cured after taking four bottles."

**One Bottle Cured Him**  
A. H. Davis, Mt. Sterling, Ia., writes: "I was troubled with kidney complaint for about two years, but a one-dollar bottle of FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE cured me."