

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 7.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, NOV. 21 1903.

No 13

Masquerade Suits To Rent.

FRESH BUTTER, 25 cts. per lb.

New Stock of Notion Goods will arrive the first of the week.

Next to the Postoffice
L. M. PORTER & SON

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. F. Steffes.

Warne Block

Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND
CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

WILL RICHARDSON'S

State Street Grocery.

Schooner Duvall Ashore

ON MACKINAC ISLAND.

Loaded with Pine Lumber for the Charlevoix Lumber Co.

The schooner Duvall is ashore on Mackinac Island loaded with 144,000 feet of pine lumber, consigned to the Charlevoix Lumber Co.

The Duvall was loaded at Thessalon ten days ago, and had been delayed by bad weather. She finally got away, and got as far as the straits, when she was driven ashore.

The vessel had a narrow escape while taking on her load, a fish tug coming along just in time to tow her to harbor as a gale broke on the exposed shore, and she reached safety only after a fierce tussle with the waves. Andrew Ross was aboard at the time, having gone to Thessalon to look after the loading for the Lumber Company.

The cargo is insured for nearly full value, in the McCune agency, and so the loss, even if the cargo and boat should be given up, will not fall entirely on the Lumber Co. But the lumber was badly needed, and it is to be hoped that even if the vessel can not be released, that it will be possible to save the cargo and reship it to Charlevoix.

The Duvall has had some exciting experiences before, capsizing once in the lake; she is owned by Captain Frank, well known here.—Charlevoix Courier.

METHODIST DISTRICT ASSOCIATION MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Grand Traverse District Ministerial association of the Methodist Episcopal church, which is to take place in the First church in Traverse City, November 30 and December 1 and 2, is to be by far the finest District meeting in the history of this part of the state, and one of the greatest treats that Methodists of this district have ever had, not even excepting the annual conference of last year.

The best speakers in the district will be used as usual in the gatherings of this kind. But this year those in charge of the program have gone outside the district and secured Rev. Geo. Elliot, D. D., pastor of a large church

in Detroit, one of the largest Methodist churches in the world, in fact, and one of the greatest orators that Methodism has produced. Dr. Elliot will preach a sermon at the meeting Tuesday evening, and Wednesday morning will give his great address, "Immortality."

PRIMARY SCHOOL FUND.

County Treasurer Cooper has received the list of primary school moneys to be apportioned among the various townships and the fund which amounts to \$12,067.50 is divided as follows:

Bay	\$ 515.50
Boyer Valley	770.00
Chandler	287.50
Charlevoix	2,037.40
Evangeline	1,617.50
Eveline	807.50
Hayes	635.00
Madson	150.00
Marion	615.00
Melrose	410.00
Norwood	552.00
Peaine	422.50
St. James	380.00
South Arm	2,167.50
Wilson	730.00

The amount apportioned to South Arm township by districts is as follows:

District No. 1	\$6172.50
" 2	122.50
" 3	150.00
" 4	475.00
" 5	957.50
" 6	142.50
" 7	147.50
Total	\$2,167.50

List of Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of the letters remaining unclaimed for the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending November 14, 1903:

Ayer, Mr. Henry	
Blank, Mr. John	
Clark, J. T.	
Criff, S. A.	
Doer, Mr. L.	
Edman, E. L.	
Parhose, Harry	
Love, John	
Pratt, E. J.	
Reed, Ray	
Sabus, John	
WM. HARRINGTON, P. M.	

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.

The steamer Pilgrim will make but one trip to Charlevoix daily from now on until the close of navigation.

Many Things Are Needed

TO FIGHT FIRES.

Council Votes to Buy Supplies Recommended by the Hose Co.

The Council met in adjourned session at the City Hall Monday evening, November 16th. Called to order by the President at 8:00 o'clock. President L. A. Hoyt, Trustees C. A. Sweet, M. A. Lemieux, R. L. Lorraine, and R. F. Steffes and Clerk C. A. Hudson, answered at roll call.

The following bills were allowed as audited by the Finance committee:

Electric Light & Power Co., street lighting for October, \$65.50.
Electric Light & Power Co., wiring City Hall, \$13.97.

Deuell Lalonde, rebate on cement walk, \$10.80.

W. J. Pearson, cash paid for recovering bodies, \$16.74.

F. C. Warne, material for alarm at water tower, \$17.00.

Michigan Telephone Co., telephone service, \$4.20.

Bert. Fuller, painting City Hall \$12.40.

John Tooley, benches for City Hall, \$4.50.

Derr & Goodman, hardware, \$8.64.

Chas. Howland, cement walk for City Hall, \$39.40.

Boosinger Bros., blankets and wood, \$7.25.

East Jordan Lumber Co., lumber and merchandise, \$13.02.

Wm. Johnson, salary, \$40.00.

Wm. Spencer, water taps, \$6.45.

Geo. Tooley, labor and lumber, \$10.41

W. A. Loveday & Co., hardware, \$49.77.

Street Commissioner's report of labor and teaming to date, \$79.11.

Moved by Lorraine, seconded by Lemieux that portion of liquor license, \$14.38 be refunded to Mrs. Annie Renard. Carried.

The following resolution was presented by Trustee Lorraine, who moved its adoption:

WHEREAS—The Street Commissioner has reported to this Council that there has been cement sidewalk built in front of and abutting upon the E. J. of lots 11 and 12, block C, Stone's Addition to the Village of South Lake and the expense of said walk is \$93.70 and not being paid for, therefore be it

RESOLVED—That the Village Assessor be and is hereby instructed to assess on the tax roll of 1904 the amount reported together with 10 per cent, according to the provisions of Ordinance No. 28.

Yeas—Lorraine, Lemieux, Steffes, Sweet. Nays—None. Resolution carried.

Moved by Lorraine, seconded by Steffes that Clerk procure \$1,000 insurance on City Hall at lowest responsible rate.

The Fire committee was instructed to see Mr. Loveday in regard to rubber boots.

The Hose Co.'s committee presented the following report and recommendations:

To the honorable, the Common Council of the village of East Jordan, Gentlemen:—

We, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by the members of the East Jordan Hose Company, No. 1, to take inventory of fire material now on hand, and also to recommend the purchase of needed supplies, beg leave to present to this body the following report.

We find that there is now on hand at the Hose House, the following:—eighteen storm coats, twenty helmets, ten pair rubber boots, four protectors, six spanners, two spanner belts, two hose clamps, two fire axes, four lanterns, three nozzles, six hundred feet serviceable hose, one hose cart, two trumpets, two hose hangers, two hose grips and three extension ladders.

We recommend the purchase of the following:—Five hundred feet or more of hose, one hose cart, one hook and ladder truck, eight pairs rubber boots, four protectors, six spanner belts, two hose clamps, one shut-off nozzle and one hose grip.

As to the amount to be paid to the members of the hose company in case of alarms, we submit the following:—That for all false alarms occurring between the hours of seven A. M. and eight P. M. there is to be no charge; for all false alarms occurring between eight P. M. and seven A. M. each fireman on duty is to be paid fifty cents;

where it becomes necessary to extinguish fire, each fireman on duty is to be paid one dollar for the first two hours' service and twenty-five cents per hour or fraction thereof in excess of said two hours, except during the months of December, January, February and March, each fireman on duty is to receive fifty cents per hour or fraction thereof in excess of said two hours.

Signed—

J. E. CONVERSE,
C. L. OTTO,
J. H. MIDFORD.

Moved by Steffes, seconded by Lorraine that the supplies asked for by Hose Co. be purchased with exception of hose cart. Carried.
Meeting adjourned.

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 malady 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.

Stage and Platform

SLAVES OF THE MINE.

A play revealing a set of some very quaint, and other heroic characters derived from actual life in the mines adjacent to Wilkesbarre, couched in language easy and often brilliant, and witty, thrilling in strong dramatic climaxes and scenic sensations as intense as any ever seen, even in this age of mechanical marvels, such is "Slaves of the Mine." It is the joint production of Daniel L. Hart, of Wilkesbarre, author of Daniel Sully's success, "The Parish Priest" and C. E. Callahan, writer of the well known "Foggy Ferry" and "Coon Hollow." "Slaves of the Mine" is bright and crisp in dialogue, and abounds in humorous and heroic characters, has some hair-raising climaxes and startling scenic sensations. One of these depicts the destruction of a coal mine by an explosion. Coal cars, a real elevator, miners at work with regulation lights on caps, and the introduction of specialties by the Eagle Quartette are features of this scene. "Slaves of the Mine" will be seen at Loveday Opera House Friday night, Dec. 4th.

L. E. Siussar, for many years the publisher of the Mancelona Herald, is about to sell his paper to a man from Iowa, J. W. Roland, of the Sioux Valley News. We understand Bro. Siussar is going to engage in the handling manufacturing business, with the fortune he has saved up during his newspaper career.—Charlevoix Courier

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. F. 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.

BOOSINGER BROS.

Cold Weather Bargains

500 yds. dark pattern good heavy Tennis Flannel, 28 inches wide, 70c. the yard.

500 yds. dark and light patterns good width Tennis Flannel, 5 1/2c. and 6c. the yard, just the thing for comfortable or quilt linings and coverings.

150 dark blue, tan and white Blankets, good size and weight, 60c., 65c., 75c., to \$1.50 per pair.

Excellent values in Wool Sox, Hose and Underwear, Sole agents the well known Peninsular Wool Mackinaw Shirts, Pants and Underwear.

Lambertville Spag-proof Rubbers—best in the work.

An enormous stock of Overcoats, Reefers, Mittens, Caps and Footwear.

Quality First o All - - Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROS.



The Two Captains

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

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Copyright, 1897, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Oh, my heart's delight, you will be my wife!" said Pope, taking her hand, and as she did not withdraw it, together they walked the dark deck with locked fingers.

On a sudden it began to rain in very fine drops. The deep shadow of the wet sank into the night, and the sea grew so vague and phantasmal you would not have known whether the brig floated in air or upon water but for the fire that curled in the ripple at the bow, and the soft sob and harsh gurgle under the counter. Captain Pope, calling to Grindal to keep a bright lookout, conducted Miss Crystal below.

Shortly after they had bade each other good night, Pope went on deck to take a last look round, and smoke a pipe of cigar, before turning in for a few hours. A fine rain continued to fall. He called Grindal to him, and they stood together under the lee of a quarter-boat, which in some measure sheltered them.

"I don't think," said the boatswain, after a few sentences had passed between the two men, "that I shall find it as hard a job as I reckoned it was going to prove. I mean the carrying out of your scheme. I was a-sounding some of the men this evening."

"Well," continued the boatswain, "I see it to me they're galus afraid of their necks, one and all, and I'm not willing to disperse in furrin parts, every man with his share. A slavin' voyage, with plenty of money for wages, was to their liking."



Drove his cutlass through his shipmate's heart.

Pope listened breathlessly. Finding that Grindal paused, he said, "Well, axin, and Grindal replied: 'Well, I could see by the men growin' thoughtful that it was an idea to 'em; and then, to make 'em look a little more deep into my meaning, I tarred to and spun 'em a yarn of a ship's company aboard a pirate. There was a big treasure in the vessel, says I, the plunder of some eight or ten rich craft, and every man's share was 'andsome.' What did they do? I says, 'There were forty to that crew, and twenty of 'em loaded by the boatswain,' says I, 'up one black night, secures 'em under hatches, secures the ship by blowing out the brains of the captain and his mate, and then, next day, they turns the men adrift in a couple of boats, and makes off each man by so doing a risin' of his share two or three times more than it was afore.'"

"Good!" says Pope. "Of course it was a first lie from be-dinnin' to end," says Grindal, "invented out of your scheme. But there's nothing like larnin' an idea into a story to make yourself understood by men with intellects like thebra's."

The fine rain continued to fall, the weather promised a long black, wet night. Nearly all hands were in the 'ween-decks, under shelter. After holding Grindal in conversation—being posted abreast of the mainmast, so that the man at the helm could not possibly hear what was said—Pope went below. It was about eleven o'clock. The cabin lamp was dimly burning. He leaned upon the table for a minute or so, lost in reflection. A feeling of uneasiness possessed him. 'Tud he been wise to taking Grindal into his confidence? But the thing had to be done, and there was but one road to it; and after drinking a tumbler of brandy and water, he went to bed.

At midnight Grindal went below at I called Crystal, who immediately turned out. It was still black as thunder, and raining.

The change of watches had created the usual confusion in the 'ween-decks. Half turned out, and half turned in, and the baby cried dimly, awakened by the noise, but was presently silenced by no unfriendly hand. Crystal halted the tops, and found the men unattended. The men at eight bells had come down, and the mate did not order others to replace them.

At a quarter before one, it still continuing to rain had, dying the night to the complexion of ink, three men came from the neighborhood of the fore-cabin, and passing Crystal, descended with naked foot into the cabin. Crystal walked lightly aft to the

wheel, so stepping that the creak of his boot should not penetrate the plank. He exchanged a sentence with the helmsman, who proved to be one of the men of the Thetis.

In a few minutes two of the seamen rose through the companion-way, silent as ghosts, bearing the arms-chest between them. They were followed by a third man, who at once closed and secured the companion-door. By the faint sheen in the skylight, Crystal and the three men armed themselves with cutlasses and pistols. These latter weapons were kept loaded, and needed but the priming. Crystal put a second pistol into his breast.

"Send the others aft," says he, in a hoarse, tremulous voice.

The three men went forward, and, like shadows shaping themselves out of the wet-obscure, five more seamen gathered about the arms-chest and swiftly armed themselves. While they were doing this, Crystal softly closed the skylight.

"Now," says he, speaking in a violent whisper, in the manner of one whose hurry means life or death to him, "Two of you spring forward to close the fore-cabin. On with the main-hatch-covers!"

They rushed forward; the commands were easy of execution. Two covers sufficed to close down the hold of that little brig. One, to shelter the 'ween-decks from the rain, was already on; the other lay atop of it. In an instant this was fitted in the coamings, the strong iron bar was rapped through the staples, and the men be-

low were imprisoned as securely as though they had been locked up in Newgate. The fore-cabin was even an easier job; the two men had nothing to do but pull the cover over and close and bolt the doors.

"See if there is any but ourselves on deck," shouted Crystal, and three or four of them started on a hunt through the deep shadow.

Just then they heard a loud knocking on the companion door; they could also hear some men dimly shouting under the main-hatch, followed by several blows, deaf, maybe, with a handspike.

"Guard this hatch!" shouted Crystal, reckless of his voice now that the brig was his. And followed by two men, he rushed aft.

The knocking was furious. Drawing his cutlass, Crystal opened one of the doors and Pope's figure showed, firmly outlined against the faint illumination shed by the cabin-lamp.

"What in hell's this?" Pope roared. He held a pistol and took two steps, thrusting with his shoulder in his fury to break through. With beast-like inhumanity Crystal struck Pope's hand a terrible blow with the flat of his cutlass; the pistol that was cocked, exploded as it leaped down the companion-steps.

"Oh, God!" cried Pope. "The brig's ours!" Surrender, Pope, or you are a dead man!" thundered Crystal.

In silence Pope turned and sprang into the cabin, and rushed into his berth, followed by Crystal and two men. Swift as Crystal was, Pope was nimble still; his agility was that of the hare; before Crystal had reached the other's cabin, the gallant Irish villain had seized his sword hanging beside his bunk, had rounded, and was fighting—a figure terrible with rage, pain, hate.

"Is this how you reward me, you bloody villain!" was all he said, and the blades clashed in horrid music to the shrieks of Laura, who was now standing in her cabin door.

"The people are under hatches—the brig's mine!—surrender!—it must come to it, for we are ten resolved men!" Crystal panted, as Pope, with desperate lunge and lightning-like flourish, drove the buccannering fiend into the cabin. Here they had space; and now, being able to see each other's face, each fought to kill.

"Back, you coward!" screamed Laura, rushing at one of the men who was in the act of springing upon Pope.

Too late! The fellow clipped the Irishman by the shirt under his long hair. Pope reeled, his sword passed through the air in a wild, idle sweep of glittering blade, and in the next

moment Crystal drove his cutlass through his shipmate's heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Last.

Captain Pope lay dead on his back. The shirt upon his heart gaped, and was dark with blood, and blood lay upon the cabin-carpet close beside him. With her left arm thrown over his neck, and her black hair mingling with the dead man's, lay Laura Crystal in a swoon. Crystal had turned of a greenish waxen complexion, and his face was terrifying with the grimaces which worked in it.

"I had rather anything than this. He forced it upon me. He should have surrendered," he said, trembling and shuddering, and looking at the body and then at the blade of his cutlass, slightly streaked with the heart-blood of his ship-mate.

"Pick the lady up, and put her into her cabin," says he, and then: "Pull that body into its cabin out of my sight."

This was done, and the rugged man, always grasping his cutlass, ran on deck, and the others followed him, after stopping, each man, a minute, to drink from the rum bottle on the swing-tray.

Crystal went to the main-hatch; here two armed men were on guard.

"Is all quiet below?" said he.

"There's been some hammering. They're quiet now."

"Keep a sharp eye for your lives' sake, and cut down any man who attempts to break out," called Crystal.

Crystal's voice expressed him as filled with horror and deeply agitated. In truth he had never reckoned upon killing Pope. The scheme for his friend was his friend's scheme for him. Pope was to have been sent adrift empty handed with a number of the pirates whose services Crystal did not require. But the scar-blackened buccannier, unsuspecting of Pope's treachery, had been a little too soon for him with his own desperate design, and Pope lay murdered on his cabin-floor, regardless now of booty and of love; and sixteen or seventeen men lay roasting like batten-down slaves in the brig's heart.

Crystal walked right aft to the wheel, and looked into the compass bowl. The quaint old illuminated disk showed a true course for Kingston, Jamaica; this course was not to be changed. He spoke to the man at the helm, and told him that Captain Pope was dead, killed by his hand, by the hand of his friend, and he bemoaned it, and his voice was broken by one or two dry sobs.

"He would have killed you sir," said the helmsman.

When dawn broke it had ceased to rain for nearly an hour. The wind was gone, but when the melancholy gray rolled smoke-like out of the east over the sea, it disclosed a number of broken clouds in the northwest, with the orange brightness of the young morn reflected betwixt the edges of the vapor, and from that quarter they might expect the wind.

Crystal was now in command, and on him the airs of the commandant sat in formidable and savage aspect. He ordered two of the cannonades to be loaded with grape and canister; these pieces of artillery were then run to the main-hatch. The half-cover of the hatch was lifted, and instantly when this was done the muzzles of the guns were depressed.

No sooner had the light of day fallen through the opening of the hatch, than half a dozen men came and stood under, looking up. One of the men was Grindal. He caught sight of Crystal, and sung up: "What have you shut us men down here for?"

His face ran with sweat, and his repulsive countenance was unusually hideous and swollen with the helpless wrath and passions of his wicked soul.

"Your captain's dead and the ship's mine," answered Crystal. "Be you as lambs, or we'll save ourselves some trouble of mercy by firing into you."

Crystal now marched on to the fore-cabin with two of his men, leaving the main-hatch well guarded and everything ready for a deadly belch of cannon, should the men below prove troublesome. He opened the scuttle and called up Pope's servant, who immediately appeared blinking at the strong light.

"Thomas," exclaimed Crystal, "I am the commander of this brig, and the bulk of the crew are under hatches. Turn to now and light the galley fire, and get breakfast for me and the lady and my men. And when you've dressed a meal and served it, turn to and stich Captain Pope's body up in a hammock, and mind ye put two round shot in the clews at the feet. But before you stich him up—I want no sight of him—overhaul his pockets. Now do you understand me?"

The man answered "Yes." He was a sober-headed fellow, and perceived that he was in luck as compared to most of the rest, and went away to the galley on swift legs, to make the best of his good fortune.

"You can come up," shouted Crystal into the scuttle.

Three figures arrived emerging as though they were blind; one was the gunner, the second the carpenter, the third the cook. They began to ask questions; they cursed and they swore and for answer they were thrust forward with a flourish of cutlass and a more evil menace of pistol, and driven by Crystal, his two men, and the man who had guarded the fore-cabin, down into the 'ween-decks.

He ordered the main-hatch to be batten-down while his people went to breakfast, one entry then summing: (To Be Continued.)

BEAUTIES OF SIAM

Quiet Life Behind Harem Walls

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

Bounded by the walls of the palace garden, in which they can dance, sing, or feed the strutting peacocks and birds in the aviaries, or the fish lazily swimming in huge glass and gilded fountains, the betel-chewing beauties of the harem of the King of Siam are still leading the quiet and untroubled lives that their predecessors lived five hundred years before them. And this despite the fact that the spirit of modernity is making itself strongly evident throughout the length and breadth

of the Kingdom of Chulalongkorn. They are the "forbidden ladies," or Nang-hams, destined, many of them from youth, to be the royal concubines, and trained and educated for that purpose. Such petty duties as watching those under them or acting as servants to those above them in favor are often assigned them in order to keep them from absolute idleness.

The Nang-hams are inferior to the queens, four of whom are allowed the King by law, and their children cannot claim any share of the government of the country. The King is allowed an unlimited number of these lozenge-shaped faced, black-lipped women, but despite the extravagance permitted him in his marital relations, he cannot do his own wooing, for all that he is a King.

When he sees or hears of a beautiful girl who arouses his interest, he sends a messenger to beg to be allowed to conduct her to the royal palace that she may be schooled and trained and then installed as a Nang-ham. Often parents thinking it would be a social advancement as well as a powerful alliance to have the King for a son-in-law, themselves offer their handsomest daughter for this purpose.

The Queen must be selected from the highest rank that can be found in Siam. She is not certain of her promotion as queen until she has lived with the King and gained his favor. If she is so fortunate as to arouse his passing fancy, he appoints a day for her exaltation. This ceremony generally lasts three days. The first two days are of indifferent interest, being spent with feasting and fireworks, the theatricals and other kinds of amusements.

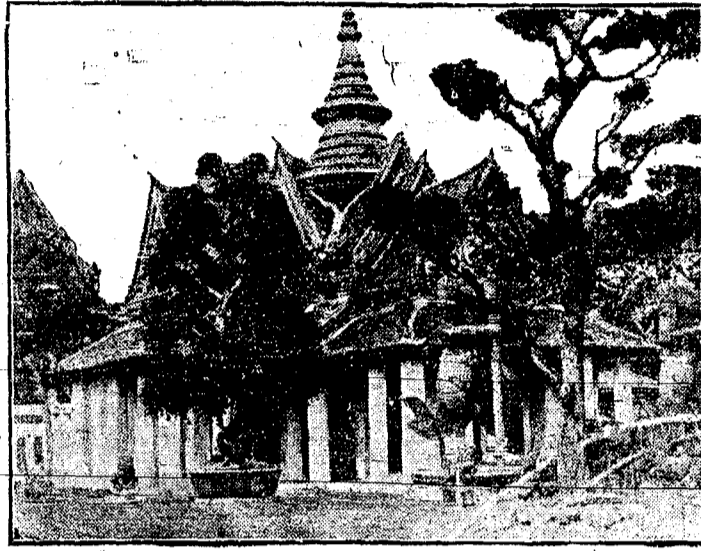
The morning of the third day is consumed in bestowing the priests' gifts of yellow robes, fans, umbrellas and other "necessities" of the priesthood.

The European present, with the crowds of natives, heard the outcries crying, "Make way for the King!" A European carriage drawn by four horses, with caparisons of scarlet and gold, drew up, guarded by attendants. The King and Queen, both in native costume, were surrounded by their nobles and taken to the booth which was to be honored by their presence. The Queen, with the short-cropped hair that all of the women wear, and her face wreathed in smiles, was clad in scarlet. This color, with yellow, occupies a prominent part in decorations for royalty and the priesthood.

She is charmingly devoid of any of that arrogance and hostility to New World ideas that is usually found in one of her rank in isolated countries. There have been English governesses in the palace to instruct both the children and the wives. The King is remarkably affable and not reluctant to adopt European customs, but he is held back by his prime minister.

The tonsorial celebration is a feature of every male's life. The hair is shaven at infancy and a tuft allowed to grow on top of the head until the boy reaches the age of 12 or 13 years, when the tuft is cut off. This constitutes the tonsorial ceremony. The head is considered very sacred, and no one must touch it, nor must it be raised above that of a superior when in a boat or in a carriage. The tonsorial ceremony is attended with elaborate feasting, and the central figure is made the recipient of gorgeous gifts, including fans, jewels and other tokens of esteem.

Taking their cue from the progressiveness of Chulalongkorn, their King, the rich and blooded Siamese are trying hard to combine Occidental and Oriental ideas. Their dress is made



Temple at Bangkok.

of the flowery Kingdom of Chulalongkorn.

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HER FACE IN THE WAY.

What Caused Little One's Dissatisfaction with the Mirror.

"I have no great fear that Gertrude will grow up to be vain; that is, if her present attitude toward her big blue eyes and pretty curls continues," said a fond mamma. "This morning she stepped on a stool in front of a big mirror and stood there for several minutes regarding herself with a queer little frown, and all the while dodging from side to side as though playing hop-scotch. 'What's the matter, dear?' I asked, and the answer I received was so different from anything I could have expected that it quite staggered me. 'Oh, mamma,' she said with a pout, 'it does bover me awfy. Every time I look in the glass my face gets in the way!'"

An Oddity in Cushions.

A new sofa pillow for a den is made of cream colored pongee, in the shape of a meal sack. The sack is tied with crimson satin ribbon, just as a meal sack would be, and the top is faced with red, so that it shows a pretty contrast with the cream colored pongee, as it spreads open. Cunningly, peeping from the folds of this top is a brown velvet mouse so realistic in appearance as to be a source of much amusement. A design of wheat ears is embroidered upon the front of the pillow.

The Teacher Won.

Hinton, Ky., Nov. 2.—For over two years two of the best physicians in this part of the State have been treating Mr. E. J. Thompson, a popular local school teacher, for Diabetes. They told him that but little could be done to help him. He made up his mind to try a new remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills, and says:

"They saved me when the doctors held out no hope. I took in all about ten boxes. I will always praise Dodd's Kidney Pills for the great good they have done for me."

Many people, and some physicians, still persist in the belief that Diabetes is an incurable disease. Our teacher, Mr. Thompson, says it is curable, for Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him after two good physicians had treated him for two years without success.

A remedy that will cure Diabetes will surely cure any case of Kidney Trouble.

It Was All Arranged.

A London barrister used to tell of an instance that occurred in his own experience of trial by jury in Wales. A well-known local solicitor named Garnons was concerned in a case. While counsel was addressing the jury its members quietly turned from him, put their heads together and then the foreman addressed the judge: "It's no use, my lord, for the gentleman in the wig to talk any more, as we agreed in the Blue Lion last night to vote for Mr. Garnons of Rhwigoch."

Do not let your children suffer from the children's ailments. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all Druggists. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

It is proper to forgive your enemies. If you have no enemies, forgive a few of your friends.

Somehow or other a girl with her first diamond ring loses all interest in gloves.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic, etc. A bottle.

We shouldn't mind women having the last word if she'd only get to it sooner.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

If we forget our offenses God is not likely to forgive them.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs, colds, etc. F. P. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

A short absence quickens love, a long absence kills it.

"Michigan's Greatest Store."

The American Boy SUIT, \$5.00

We have these suits made to our special order, and offer them to readers of this paper as the best value ever known to the clothing trade. Specially all wool Scotch, chevrons and cassimeres in handsome patterns and colorings—best trimmings and reliable workmanship—guaranteed to be the most durable suit in the market and superior in style, fit and make to any \$5 outfit shown elsewhere. Sizes 8 to 16 years, in both Norfolk and double-breasted styles. Samples and our catalogue of everything that boys wear mailed free on request.

The "American Boy" Magazine (regular price \$1.00) given free for one year with every purchase of \$5.00 or more made in our Boys' Clothing Department.

Partridge & Blackwell

MAJESTIC BLDG., 17 1/2 St. Mich.

SAVE 1/2 YOUR FUEL

It is now wasted up to \$100.00 per year. Our Stove-pipe Radiator heats your home at 1/2 price for 20 years. ROOSTER RADIATOR CO., 20 Furness St., Fully Guaranteed. Write for heating catalogue.

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THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUNT OUT

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc.
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Copyright, 1908, by Street & Smith.

CHAPTER I.

"We Shall Find It Out Some Day."

About the beginning of the month of April, 1884, the family of Mr. Silas Burritt observed a certain alteration in that gentleman's habits and demeanor.

It appeared to those who studied him that he became imbued with an air of anticipation—that he started when a knock was heard at the door, and that the advent of the postman was awaited by him, if not with anxiety, at any rate with an amount of eager expectancy which was, in a general way, quite foreign to him.

It was also observed that the nearer they drew to the end of the month, the more these symptoms became exaggerated; and, as day after day went by unaccompanied by an unusual occurrence, he was observed to shake his head with a half-smile and a half-sigh, and mutter, as he thought to himself, "Dead or forgotten?" After while, he remained plunged in reflection for a considerable time.

It was his son Edward—more generally known as "Ted"—who happened to overhear these words, and they caused him to smile at the amount of bewilderment.

He stood with his sister May in the hall of Mr. Burritt's large, old-fashioned house at Dulwich. It was about seven o'clock in the evening that, as the brother and sister were talking in low voices, the former was interrupted by the sound of an abrupt, loud, double knock.

"There's the seven o'clock post," said the girl. "I wonder if there's anything for father this time? If there is, I'll—"

But as she turned towards the direction of the letter box, the study door was thrown hurriedly open and an elderly gentleman rushed across the hall, and extracted from its receptacle one letter in a thin, brown looking envelope, the direction of which was written in a large, scrawling hand,

The last words came after a barely perceptible pause.

"Oh, then, it is business, after all!" broke in his daughter May, with an air of hardly repressed triumph. "I knew it was. I said so directly I saw the letter—didn't I Ted?"

Her father turned round upon her, rather sharply. "What letter?"

"The—the letter that came last night," she stammered, disconcerted by the unusual tone. They, reassuredly herself, "I was in the hall, you know, when it came, and I thought it looked like business."

Her father's frown relaxed as he patted her on the shoulder.

"Inquisitive little girl," he said; "what does it matter to you what my letters are about?"

"But it was business, wasn't it?" she persisted, secure in her position of spoilt child.

"Well—yes—that is, partly so," he answered. "At least, it was from an old—"

He seemed to remember something and stopped short. "At any rate," he continued, "I have to go to Dover."

"Dover!" re-echoed the family.

"Yes," he said, ruffling his hair, and apparently taking some care in the choice of his words. "I find I shall have to go there. It is rather inconvenient just now, but it can't be helped; though it will not be more than a couple of days at the outside. By-the-by," turning towards his helpmate, "it is not unlikely that I may bring a friend back with me. No; it's no one you know," responding to the question he saw trembling on more than one pair of lips. "At any rate you had better have a room prepared in case of that event."

Half an hour later Mr. Burritt took a hasty but affectionate farewell of his family, who as they watched his departure and waved their hands to him, said to themselves that he would soon be back again among them. In spite of this belief, however, they craved

their necks to see the last of him.

A little later, when his son, who had a certain amount of business to attend to, was sitting at his desk, the young man put his head in the door of the study in which his father was sitting, and the following brief conversation ensued:

"I say, May, do you know, I had just expected to see the evening paper, but I don't see it anywhere."

"The boy of C. L. Burritt came to an early conclusion. 'To be sure he has,' said the other, 'arrange that we should have daughters as hearty as the same age!'

"I am a widower," was the reply. "My wife died twelve years ago, leaving me with one child—a daughter."

"Tell me all about your daughter," said Mr. Burritt, "and how you came to make up your mind to part with her for so long? I have a daughter of my own—as well as the son who was born before you left England—and though I have been threatening to pack her off to boarding school for the last four or five years, I never could reconcile myself to the idea of the separation. And now she's too old—nineteen last birthday," and her father shook his head over his own weakness and said, "an indulgent, parental smile."

"That's the age of my Anne with a year," said the other, "arrange that we should have daughters as hearty as the same age!"

He looked at his companion squarely.

"I am in your hands, Silas," he said; "you can ruin me in my child's eyes, as well as in the eyes of the world whenever you please."

(To be continued.)

The Real Thing in Toothache. "Go-whittaker!" Hissing, hissing! But it was the worst case of toothache I ever bumped against," he said. "It was easy in the early part of the evening, but when midnight arrived it got busy for fair. Liment, hot and cold water and all the rest of the standard remedies were applied without avail. Seven thousand devils, with seven thousand red-hot sledges, hammered, hammered and hammered away at the throbbing nerve. That tooth stood upon its head, rolled over the carpet and hung out of the window. It growled, grumbled, moaned and muttered, laughed, cried, ran, walked, trotted, galloped, sailed, flew, dug and excavated, and did everything under the heavens but quit and go to sleep like a decent tooth and stop monkeying

"But why didn't you have it extracted?"

"Just as soon as Brown could get to the dentist's he—"

"Great Scott, man! Wasn't it your tooth?"

"No; it was Brown's."

Floored the Englishman. At a dinner party in London Miss Beatrice Herford was taken down by an Englishman whom she discovered to be a fellow of the Royal Geographic society and who professed to know by name all the places on the map of England. Miss Herford had long struggled with such names as Cholmondeley, Chumpley, Crichton, (Cryton), and the rest, and this struck her as an opportunity.

"As a geographer, and especially as a Royal Geographer," she said, "you will be able to tell me where Winkles is."

The Royal Geographer was puzzled, and asked if she was sure she had pronounced it properly, and how it was spelled.

"I pronounced it in the most English way I could," said Miss Herford. "It is spelled W-l-n-d-s-o-r-C-a-s-l-a-c."—New York Times.

cried. "At last!"—and the men grasped hands.

Then followed a brief and impressive silence, during which each eagerly scanned the features of the other, and which Mr. Burritt was the first to break.

"James," he said, and there were traces of considerable emotion in his voice, "you are much changed. I should hardly have known you."

"Changed," exclaimed the other, somewhat bitterly; "and in twenty years! Is it to be wondered at?" Then, with an alteration of tone, "But I should have known you anywhere, Silas."

"Twenty years!" repeated his friend. "Ah, well, so it is! How quickly the years have flown. It seems nothing like that to me."

"It is that, all the same," said the other. "It is twenty years to the very day. This is the 24th of April, 1884. It was the 24th of April, 1864, when you said 'good-by' to me on board the vessel in which I was to sail to a new country."

"It is a long time to remain an exile—a voluntary exile," said Mr. Burritt; "you might have returned years ago, had you chosen."

The other man shook his head gloomily. "I have kept my word," he said. "You remember my last speech to you? I said, 'I am going to begin a new life—to make my fortune. In twenty years, if I have one so, I shall return. By that time I may hope that my crime will have been forgotten. It may be that in twenty years some of those who know my wretched story will be dead—I may even be dead myself, but if not, I shall return to the country I am now about to leave behind; for surely in twenty years the disgrace which now tarnishes my name will be blotted out and forgotten. Until then, farewell! And now," he continued, "the term of my self-imposed banishment is at an end. I have kept my word and I have returned."

Mr. Burritt laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder.

"You judge yourself too harshly," he said; "the word crime is too severe a one to apply to that youthful indiscretion—sin, if you will—repented of as soon as committed."

"Repentance!" cried the other, impatiently; "what is the good of repentance? Will it recover a lost reputation and wipe out a stain upon the past? The fortune I went to seek is mine; but I would give it all for an unblemished record, so that I might not be ashamed to look any man in the face. Ah, Silas! it is a terrible thing to think that a child of mine should ever blush for her father!"

"You are married, then?" inquired Mr. Burritt, gladly seizing the opportunity thus offered of changing the dismal subject. "Is your wife with you?"

"I am a widower," was the reply. "My wife died twelve years ago, leaving me with one child—a daughter."

"Tell me all about your daughter," said Mr. Burritt, "and how you came to make up your mind to part with her for so long? I have a daughter of my own—as well as the son who was born before you left England—and though I have been threatening to pack her off to boarding school for the last four or five years, I never could reconcile myself to the idea of the separation. And now she's too old—nineteen last birthday," and her father shook his head over his own weakness and said, "an indulgent, parental smile."

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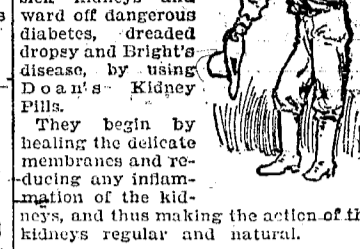


How a Farmer was freed from Misery

WORTHY of a higher recommendation than I can find words to express. This is what Mr. J. H. Plangman (of Sherman, Tex.) says of Doan's Kidney Pills. He tells his experience in the following words: He says, "Sometime in September I was taken with a dull aching pain across the small of my back, directly over the kidneys. I paid small attention to this at first, thinking it would pass off. But instead of getting better it became worse and in a short time the pain centered through my left hip and down my left leg as far as the knee. This is precisely what kidney trouble will do with the body. It does not always show itself at first, but appears just in this way, when some unusual movement or action brings sharp pains and aches, telling of sick kidneys. So, Mr. Plangman's experience bore this out. Continuing, he says: 'I did not know the cause of the trouble, but I am led to believe now that it was first brought about by jumping in and out of the wagon and in some way I may have strained my back. I was constantly growing worse,' he continues, 'and I became very much alarmed about my condition. I knew that something had to be done or serious results were sure to follow. I went to a specialist here in Sherman, and underwent a rigid examination. Then he relates how the doctor told him that it was a serious case, but that he could cure him for fifty dollars. However, necessity knows no law and Mr. Plangman paid half down and took the treatment and followed it faithfully for four weeks. Naturally, he thought that he would soon be rid of the trouble, but in spite of the doctoring he goes on to add, 'I was in such misery that it was almost impossible for me to do my work.' 'It was at this juncture that Doan's Kidney Pills came to my notice and I procured some from the drug store of C. E. Craycroft. I used these pills according to directions and to my surprise I was considerably relieved on the second day and in a short time completely cured.' This is the universal experience of those who have been sufferers from Kidney trouble and who have been fortunate enough to test the merits of Doan's Kidney Pills.

There is nothing wonderful or magical about this remedy, it simply does the work by direct action on the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys only and this accounts for their speedy and certain action. Early indications of kidney trouble come from two sources, the back and the bladder. The back becomes weak and lame because the kidneys are sick, and relief from backache can only be complete when the kidneys are set right.

Irritation of the bladder shows that the kidneys are out of order. Delay in prompt attention often causes serious complication. Relieve and cure sick kidneys and ward off dangerous diabetes, dreading dropsy and Bright's disease, by using Doan's Kidney Pills. They begin by healing the delicate membranes and reducing any inflammation of the kidneys, and thus making the action of the kidneys regular and natural. Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs, rheumatism and dropsy signs vanish. They correct urine with brick-dust sediment, high-colored, excessive, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency. Doan's Kidney Pills dissolve and remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness.



Pain in left knee

Pain across the small of the back

Pain through left hip

my back strained

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Doan's Kidney Pills
A SPECIFIC FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

NAME _____
P. O. _____
STATE _____

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

NEW FAST TRAIN TO TEXAS
Via Iron Mountain Route.

Leaving St. Louis 8:30 a. m. for points in Texas and the Southwest. Direct connection with trains from North and East. In addition to this the Iron Mountain Route have three other trains to Texas, leaving St. Louis 2:30 p. m., 8:40 p. m. and 2:05 a. m. Through Pullman sleepers, dining cars and elegant chair cars. Twelve hours saved to California. Fastest schedules to Texas. Tourist tickets on sale the year round. Write any agent of Iron Mountain Route, or H. C. Townsend, general passenger and ticket agent, St. Louis.

Headache. The ordinary feminine headache will be greatly relieved and in many cases entirely cured, by removing the bodice, knotting the hair high up on the head out of the way and, while sponge soaked in water as hot as can be borne, on the back of the neck. Repeat this many times, also applying the sponge behind the ears, and the strained muscles and nerves that have caused so much misery will be felt to relax and smooth themselves out peacefully, and very frequently the pain promptly vanishes in consequence.

Restrict Shipment of Bodies. Washington dispatch: Representatives of railroad companies and the National Association of Undertakers have decided to refuse to ship bodies of persons dying of infectious diseases.

AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

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

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

All druggists or by mail \$1.00 and 50c. Buy it today. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address, O. F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y.

TOWNE'S Waterproof OILED FISH BRAND CLOTHING

THE CREWS OF "EMERALD" AND "RELIANCE" WEAR TOWNE'S WATERPROOF OILED FISH BRAND CLOTHING

SOLD EVERYWHERE

A. J. TOWNE CO., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.
TOWNE CLOTHING CO., LONDON, ENGLAND

"Whoever shall exert himself shall be blessed"—the choice Christ offers us is between humility and humiliation.—I. O. R.

Round numbers, the frozen rabbits heaped last year from Australia and New Zealand totaled 11,500,000.

It seems queer that so many crooked people should find themselves in straightened circumstances.

POISONED

The human body is constantly producing poisons, which are carried off through the kidneys and bowels. When these organs become clogged, then look out! Constipation, Sick Headache, Stomach Trouble, Fevers and Biliousness result.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

(LAXATIVE)

acts gently on the liver, kidneys and bowels. Cures Indigestion and Constipation permanently.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Montreal, Ill.

\$811,000,000.00

Is Colorado's Mineral Production to date.

WE ARE ON THE GROUND and will advise you as to the BEST MINING ENTERPRISES.

Send for our weekly Market Letter which tells you about them. IT'S FREE.

THE J. R. YOUNG COMPANY,
Mining Investments, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Members Colorado Springs Mining Exchange.

Sick, Nervous AND Neuralgic Headaches

QUICKLY CURED BY **BROMO Seltzer**

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER 10 CENTS. CURES ALL HEADACHES.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 10c

When answering Ads. please mention this paper

radiated with **Thompson's Eye Water**

2,000 MEN LABOR HEADQUARTERS, 318 Adams St., Toledo, O., construction work, \$1.75 to \$1.10, Illinois, Iowa, California. Transportation \$10-\$11.

BEWARE GINSENG

By Rocket tells why. Send 25 cents to PROF. BUIZ, 28 So. Penn. St., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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

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

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

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

That Douglas uses for outlast proof there is value in Douglas shoes. Genuine is the highest grade. Leather makes. **W. L. DOUGLAS** has 54 and 55. This cannot be equalled at any price. Shoes by mail, 25 cents extra. Illustrated Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

FREE TO WOMEN!

To prove the healing and clearing power of **LANE'S** Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with a full set of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are testifying to the fact that it has done in local treatment of female ailments, curing all the most stubborn and painful discharges, wonderful as a cleanser, and a mouth wash, for sore throat, a daily use as a mouth wash, and to remove tartar and whitening the teeth. Send today; a postal card will do.

Sold by druggists or sent post paid by us, 50 cents, large box. Satisfaction guaranteed. **THE K. H. W. CO., Boston, Mass., 214 Columbia Ave.**

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 45—1903

When answering ads please mention this paper.



He reentered the hall.

which he had written for the stamp.

There was a knock upon his door, and he opened it, and saw the girl standing in the doorway. "What is it, May?" he asked.

"The seven o'clock post," she said. "I wonder if there's anything for father this time? If there is, I'll—"

But as she turned towards the direction of the letter box, the study door was thrown hurriedly open and an elderly gentleman rushed across the hall, and extracted from its receptacle one letter in a thin, brown looking envelope, the direction of which was written in a large, scrawling hand,

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But as she turned towards the direction of the letter box, the study door was thrown hurriedly open and an elderly gentleman rushed across the hall, and extracted from its receptacle one letter in a thin, brown looking envelope, the direction of which was written in a large, scrawling hand,

which he had written for the stamp.

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East Jordan Company's Store.

The People's Store

Are offering Special Values in

Ladies' Misses' and Children's Coats and Jackets.

Handsomely Tailored, Ladies' Suits from \$12 to \$20 each, 10 per cent off on Saturday.

Outing Flannel in large variety of Styles 5c. the yd. and up.

Lumbermen's Supplies.

Coats, Pants, Rubbers, Shoes, Gloves and Mittens. Biggest line in Charlevoix County.

Thanksgiving

- Be thankful you are alive.
- Be thankful you live in a country like ours.
- Be thankful for home and friends.
- Be thankful you are white and not black.
- Be thankful you live in Charlevoix County.
- Be thankful for the privileges our Store affords you.
- Be thankful that you can buy your Thanksgiving dinner of us.

Turkey, Chicken, Oysters, Cranberries, Olives, Celery Oranges Apples Grapes Squash, etc.

Come our way in time.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

JOS. O. GLENN, President. W. L. FRENCH, Vice President.
GEO. G. GLENN, Cashier.
State Bank of East Jordan.
CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 SURP US \$1 50.00.

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. O. 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.

Teachers' and Patron's Rally

East Jordan, Michigan, Wednesday, Nov. 25th,

At the High School beginning at 7:30 p. m.

PROGRAM.
Instrumental Music.
Devotional—Rev. R. E. Yost.
Recitation—Fay Nicholas.
Do Athletics Benefit the High School?—J. E. Converse.
Our Schools as They Are or Should be—
1. From the Standpoint of the Board—M. H. Robertson.
2. From the Standpoint of the Church—Rev. J. A. McKee.
3. From the Standpoint of the Teacher—J. M. Tice.
Singing—America.

Local News Notes.

Mrs. Barkley was called to Vermontville Tuesday by the serious illness of her father.

Prosecuting Atty. Nicholas and County Agent Madison had business in Boyne City Thursday.

Ladies may bowl free of charge at Bush's Bowling Alleys Tuesday, Nov. 24th between the hours of 1.00 and 5:00 p. m.

F. H. Yost, the famous football coach, has decided to remain with the University of Michigan for another year.

The football game with Grayling to have been played here yesterday was declared off on account of the deep snow and cold weather.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Smith on Wednesday evening, the high contracting parties being Mr. Joseph Dufore of Ellsworth and Miss Anna Liscum. They were attended by George E. and Laura Mayville of East Jordan. Rev. Aylesworth officiated.—Boyer Citizen.

One of our subscribers, a practical farmer, offers a remedy which may be worth hundreds of dollars to the farmers who are at present losing potatoes by rotting. The method given is to dig the potatoes and spread them on the barn floor. Unslacked lime is then spread on them. Left in this way for a short time the rot is entirely checked and the lime can be removed without injuring the tubers.—Holly Advertiser.

School Notes.

Arehle Burdick entered school Monday Nov. 16.

Miss Myrtle Howard visited school last Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Landrum was a visitor in the High School Monday morning.

Effie Landrum, formerly of Kalkaska, entered the High School Monday. Glenn Dunham and Nellie Bayliss are out of school on account of sickness.

Teachers and pupils are both proud and thankful for the library. We now number 575 books well selected.

Hereafter patrons of this school district may draw books from the school library on Tuesdays and Thursdays in the afternoon.

Mr. Tice has organized an extemporaneous class consisting of fifteen members, for the purpose of exercising the oratorical powers of the students.

Application has been made for a hundred volume travelling library from the state. This will give us the use of about 675 fine books. Come and get a book and incidentally visit the school.

The pupils of Miss Campbell's room are studying about the Indians. To

aid in this the pupils have made a collection of Indian pipes and baskets. This work will be followed by a study of the Puritans and the study of the Courtship of Miles Standish.

Arrangements have been made for a teachers' and patrons' rally at the High School on the evening of Wednesday Nov. 25. All are invited. Come up and get acquainted. Speeches will be made by Mr. Converse, Mr. Robertson, Mr. McKee and Supt. Tice. Question for discussion will be passed around through the audience. The meeting will commence at 7:30 standard time and close when the program is completed.

"Spellbinders" Ways.

"Spellbinding" is the happy name given to the platform speaking which plays such an important part in every campaign. The national chairman determines who shall be the stars in this department. An ex-president is most in demand, a speaker or an ex-speaker comes next as a rule, and senators and representatives are invited to speak in the order of their usefulness. Due speech by an ex-president is worth half a dozen efforts by other men, though they may be more logical and eloquent. The candidate himself, when an orator, will draw greater crowds than anybody else, but if he is wise he will let the national committee arrange his itinerary and schedule. Headquarters are always overrun with volunteers for the stump; the star, or man with a reputation, waits to be invited or urged. Most of the lesser men are laborers for hire, but others are ambitious to make a reputation as a stepping stone to political office, and some are intensely in earnest and eager to be useful to their party.

The national committee settles for the expenses of spellbinders, unless they insist on paying their own way, which is unusual. Some of the great orators receive handsome sums for their services and travel in state.—Home Magazine.

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 the 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!
It's cigars made of tobacco that sell.

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 "Pride 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.

A GOOD THING

For the Business Man
In fact it is a Good Thing for anyone—we refer to Bowling. Our alleys are in perfect condition and they are now making interesting scores.

THE LADIES

Can bowl any afternoon from Tuesday to Friday inclusive, also Wednesday evenings.

Bush's Bowling Alleys.

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.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

New, Bright and Clean—right from the factory for Holiday trade which will be sold at unheard of low prices for cash or on easy time payments.

I have no Old Second Hand or Worn Out Instruments to offer.

Everything bright and new. I have been in the Music business in this vicinity for seven years and never have made East Jordan a dumping ground for worn out and second hand goods. I have a very complete stock of up-to-date goods which will be sold at right prices. I refer you to parties who have bought instruments of me in the past.

MY MOTTO--Good Goods at Lowest Living Prices.

Goods on exhibition at the Fred Bennett store building, South Arm. Give me a call.

W. H. LANWAY, Prop.

FORCE
Satisfies taste and appetite

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

Congress Playing Cards.

Cards of quality.

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

FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

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

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

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.

It will be a common saying after Dec. 4th that "Slaves of a Mine" was "the best yet." Don't wait to have your neighbor tell you, but figure on being your own judge.

O. W. Anderson departed Thursday for Sutherland, Tenn., to accept a position as filer in a sawmill. He has been employed in that capacity at the East Jordan Lumber Co.'s Mill B for several years and has made many friends here. His family will remain here for the present at least.

Mrs. S. Stephens has been confined to her room all this week from injuries received on Thursday last. She was returning from a visit with friends at Harbor Springs, and in attempting to go aboard the steamer Pilgrim at the railroad dock at Charlevoix, she made a misstep and fell between the boat's rail and the dock. She was promptly rescued from her uncomfortable and dangerous predicament but in falling she was badly bruised about the limbs and has since been under the doctor's care.

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.

Ayer's

You can depend on Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore color to your gray hair, every time. Follow directions and it never fails to do this work. It stops

Hair Vigor

falling of the hair, also. There's great satisfaction in knowing you are not going to be disappointed. Isn't that so?

"My hair faded until it was about white. It took just one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore it to its former dark rich color. Ayer's Hair Vigor certainly does what you claim for it."—A. M. BOGGS, Rockingham, N. C.

50¢ a bottle. All drug stores. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Fading Hair

Personal Mention.

E. N. Clink went to Detroit Monday.

Atty. J. Converse had business in Boyne City Saturday.

Register of Deeds, F. A. Kenyon was in town Monday.

H. I. McMillan, of Charlevoix, has been in town several days.

A. Churchill went to Copemich on business the first of the week.

C. L. Lorraine was transacting business in Traverse City Monday.

W. G. Phelps of Bellaire, registered at the Hotel Lakeside Tuesday.

Walter Tillotson and family are removing to Petoskey this week.

Misses Laura Jepson and Leda Barry visited friends in Bellaire Saturday.

S. Stephens and R. Gidley returned last week from their hunting trip up the river.

Miss Mae Weatherup has returned from an extended visit with friends at Big Rapids.

Miss Mary McRae, of Charlevoix, was the guest of Mrs. A. B. Nicholas over Sunday.

Wm. Kenny was the guest of his sister Mrs. Jno. Kelly in Petoskey over Sunday.

I. W. Bartlett went to join the East Jordan party of deer hunters at Ozark the first of the week.

Miss Cora Globensky, of Elkhart, Ind., arrived Monday to visit her sister Mrs. A. T. Brown.

Wm. Taylor came over from Ellsworth Tuesday to assist his father, A. J. Taylor, during the latter's illness.

Miss Anna Myslil who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. John Nichazel, departed last Saturday for her home at Maple City.

Oscar Walstad arrived Wednesday evening from Colorado. He came home to accept a position in the State Bank of East Jordan.

Mrs. A. J. Suffer and daughter Fay departed for Charlevoix Thursday afternoon, Mr. Suffer having preceded them last week.

Supt. E. C. Plank was able to be out for a short time Tuesday, but the exposure to the storm was too much for him and he was again confined to his room.

Sharon, a village of 25 people on the Stratford branch of the Pere Marquette railroad, 12 miles southeast of Kalkaska, was the scene at 12:30 o'clock Thursday morning of a dynamite explosion that caused the instant death of Roy Dines, August Wanglan and William Sharp and so badly injured George McClelland that he died soon afterward.

The three men who were killed were terribly mangled, their bodies being terribly crushed, and pieces of flesh and bones being thrown several rods away.

German Button, of Finkton, suffered a stroke of paralysis Tuesday, which it is feared will prove fatal. His many friends here will be pained to hear of his affliction.

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. PHOENIX DUFORD.

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

Briefs of the Week

"Slaves of the Mine"—soon.

Ralph's 25 ct. Fine Cut is all right, better try it.

The basket ball girls held a candy sale in the Glenn building Saturday.

Wm. Taylor is contemplating going to Texas to escape the rigors of the Northern winter.

The next meeting of Charlevoix Co. Panona Grange will be held with South Arm Grange in March.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Chew were called to Ironton Monday by the death of Mrs. Chew's sister Mrs. Almond Bird.

John Mollard and Fred Palmeter, who are hunting in Alger county have each secured their full quota of three deer.

The East Jordan Coöperage Co. received their first load of logs Thursday afternoon. They were brought in by Joe. Sutton, of Wilson township.

W. H. Lanway, the music dealer, has an advertisement in another column calling attention of holiday buyers to his fine line of pianos, organs and other musical goods.

John Nelson, writing to friends from Colorado, says he is now comfortably located at Colorado Springs, is feeling well and thinks that the change of climate will be greatly beneficial to his health.

The Thanksgiving Masquerade at Loveday Opera House will be for the benefit of the Dast Jordan Military Band. Come and have a good-time and incidentally help the boys to procure their new uniforms.

Mr. and Mrs. Almond Bird, of Ironton, visited J. E. Chew and family Sunday and while returning home Mrs. Bird expired, her death being caused by the breaking of an abscess. Mr. Bird was a sister of Mrs. Chew.

At the Band meeting Thursday evening it was voted to enter into a contract with Mr. Otto Moyer as instructor for the ensuing year. The Band has been making good progress under the leadership of Mr. Moyer and his work is giving the best of satisfaction.

The North Michigan Teachers' Association will meet at the High school room in Traverse City Friday and Saturday, November 27 and 28. The County Normal training school subject and many other matters of interest to teachers will be presented in papers and discussed.

Persons cannot be too careful in the use of firearms if they would avoid serious accidents. A case in point occurred last Sunday evening. Grant Snellen was driving his cow home and heard the report of a gun and almost instantly a bullet struck his left hand a glancing blow inflicting a slight wound. It was a narrow escape as a deviation of a few inches in the course of the missile might have resulted fatally.

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.

Have a smile, also a fat pocket book if you use Ralph's 25 ct. Fine Cut.

Chas. Henderson is one of the first of the hunters to report the successful bagging of a deer. He got a fine one up on Cedar river.

About time those Flower bulbs were started. We have a few choice ones left and shall be pleased to show them at Ralph's Ice Cream parlors.

The East Jordan Lumber Co.'s single mill shut down Tuesday evening for repairs. It is expected that the mill will be idle about two weeks.

"Slaves of the Mine" is one of the big productions booked direct from New York City by Loveday Opera House on representation that while small we turn out as large audiences to good attractions as do much larger cities—if we continue as we have, "to make good," we can get more of them.

An exchange, whose editor has ample time to study the styles in female hostery says: "The story of Lot's wife turning to a pillar of salt can no longer be doubted. A young lady the other day put her foot upon a dry goods box to tie her shoe and two young men who were passing turned to rubber."

Laverne Tillotson, mail carrier on R. F. D. route No. 2 was taken very ill while on duty Tuesday morning and being near D. Gregory's place he stopped there until the next morning, when, feeling much better, he completed the trip. Considerable anxiety was felt when he did not get in Tuesday afternoon.

Bro. W. E. Hampton of the Charlevoix Courier, made us a fraternal call Wednesday evening. He is Grand Vice Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias this year and came up to pay South Lake Lodge No. 180 an official visit. He left on the D. & C. train Thursday morning to visit lodges in the eastern part of the State.

Our Oysters and lunch counters are proving satisfactory. Drop in and see us at Ralph's Ice Cream parlors.

There was a bad accident at the Charlevoix sugar factory Wednesday morning. A heavy piece of machinery, one of the last to be placed in position, was being hoisted to the top floor, and in its ascent, caught on a piece of plank protruding from the second story landing. Two workmen, W. W. Driggett and Matt. Simonson were standing on this plank and were precipitated to the floor below. Driggett was the more seriously injured of the two, striking on his head and it is feared that his injuries are fatal. He is a married man with four small children. Simonson managed to break his fall somewhat and was not so badly injured. He is an old salt water sailor and his home is near Ironton.

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 Math st. Best location in East Jordan. Address MYER COHEN, Charlevoix, Mich.

One of the brightest plays, in dialogue and characters true to nature, on the stage to-day is Daniel L. Hart's "Parish Priest", in which Dan Sully has made the success of his life. Mr. Hart is a native of Pennsylvania, a young journalist of Wilkesbarre. In conjunction with C. E. Callahan, who is the author of "Foggy Perry", and "A Romance of Coon Hollow", Mr. Hart has just completed a dramatic story of his native state, called "Slaves of the Mine", the plot of which turns upon a law peculiar to this and other mining sections under which a conveyance of land passes only title to the surface, and not to underlying ores, unless the latter be specifically mentioned. The characters in "Slaves of the Mine" are borrowed from real life in the locality where the tale is laid, near Wilkesbarre, and together with the dialogue which gives them being, like those in the "Parish Priest" brilliant and natural. The new play is full of stirring incidents, and contains one very sensational mechanical scene, depicting the destruction of a coal mine by fire damp. "Slaves of the Mine" will be given at Loveday Opera House, on Friday night Dec. 4 with an entire equipment of special new scenery.

The following conversation occurred in a barber shop in town the other day:—

Barber (to bald headed man in the chair)—"There don't seem to have been much hair where you came from."

Bald-headed man—"Oh, yes, there was plenty of hair but it was all red and I wouldn't have it."

Proverbs

"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.

We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free.

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 \$1.00; all druggists.

That the liability to accident or sickness is constant, that you cannot get away from it, whether you are asleep or awake? That it costs you something to carry this risk (liability) and that you must pay for it?

That it costs you much less to pay a good insurance company to carry it than to carry it yourself? You may not have thought much about these propositions, but they are solid facts verified every day by the experience of men who get injured or are taken sick.

Our proposition is a simple one. You pay us \$1.00 per month, and we pay you, for the time you lose in case of accident or sickness from \$20.00 to \$50.00 per month, according to the liability to injury in your occupation. For further information call on

HACKETT & ISAMAN, Agents.

SELZ SHOES.

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

500

BOXES FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

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

FRANK MARTINEK.

For Coughs and Colds in Adults use

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

For Infants and Small Children

Our Baby Cough Syrup.

Yours for Drugs,

WARNE'S PHARMACY

C. H. MADDAUGH,

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

Samples of the Very Latest Styles always on hand.

Watch this Space after Snow Flies.

J. W. COATES

DO YOU KNOW

That it costs you much less to pay a good insurance company to carry it than to carry it yourself? You may not have thought much about these propositions, but they are solid facts verified every day by the experience of men who get injured or are taken sick.

Our proposition is a simple one. You pay us \$1.00 per month, and we pay you, for the time you lose in case of accident or sickness from \$20.00 to \$50.00 per month, according to the liability to injury in your occupation. For further information call on

HACKETT & ISAMAN, Agents.

Bulgaria needs a little cracked ice.

Alas for Canada, no Alaska for Canada.

Some married couples live happy ever after they are divorced.

Men who sue for divorce and wives who invite it should never write letters.

Japan is apparently tired of speaking softly and is nervously fumbling the big stick.

Life's fitful fever over, the Georgia negro woman who twisted the mule's tail sleeps well.

The sultan is all ready to reform, but he doesn't seem to be able to find any good place to begin.

Extravagant New Jersey has been jiffing railroad washouts with pea soup. How different from 1902!

The successful poet is the one who curbs his fine frenzy and curbs a good salary keeping books in a bank.

Unfortunately for individual humanity, no one knows his best days until they have been added to the past.

A nursery thermometer costs 20 cents," says the New York Times. But, alas, that is not the sole expense!

One of the universities has established a chair of dressmaking. Excellent! Now for a chair of dishwashing.

And when the 8th of October was duly past the Bear rolled over for another hibernation—with one eye open.

Dr. Robert Collyer says a man's best friends are his ten fingers. We always thought two of them were simply his thumbs.

A woman never goes traveling without dressing in such a way that in case of an accident her clothes would be a credit to her.

Japan insists that Russia shall leave Manchuria. When Russia does Manchuria will know how it feels to be a squeezed lemon.

The Sultan of Turkey has levied a heavy war tax. Thought the old bird didn't even a pluckable pin feather; but Abdul knows how to use tweezers.

When magistrates got to quarreling over their stack the public is permitted to find out how it is called upon to transfer its cash for their green paper.

An alldino deer and a five-legged deer have been shot in Maine this fall, but prizes of this kind cannot be promised to every buyer of a \$15 license.

If the Yankee lake fishermen are wise they will give the Canadian shore a wide berth until the men across the border have had a chance to cool off.

If the improvement of great guns and submarines powder remains the navy that wins the next great battle on the sea will be the one that doesn't sink itself.

The manufacturer that the back-board of the Metropolitan road roller is made of would be all right if the road roller didn't get along just as well without a back-board.

With southern California turning out more than a million gallons of wine in a single season, there should be no continued scarcity of "rare vine-ages from France."

The Boston Globe has decided that an angora goat is worth more than an angora cat. Well, while admitting that there is a strong argument in favor of the goat, most women prefer to carry the cat.

The Toledo lover who cried fire and secured a promise of marriage in the midst of the excitement might have known that the girl would suffer a revulsion of feeling after the all-out signal was sounded.

The Minnesota dog who has been appraised at five dollars by the board of equalization must feel quite superior when he meets up with a horde of men who are not down on the tax rolls for even a dollar.

After eating four beefsteaks at a meal, a man in Ansonia, Conn., became despondent and cut his throat. He probably concluded that it was hopeless for one man to try to knock out the beef trust all alone.

The Ancient and Honorable artillery company of Boston has given the Honorable artillery company of London a banquet that cost the snug sum of \$60,000. We didn't suppose that there were that many beans in the world.

A man in the Adirondacks, mistaken for a deer and shot in the thigh, made bandages and stopped the flow of blood. Then he started to crawl out of the woods, and had gone two miles when he faintly, where he was found. Now he has some idea how a wounded deer must feel.

OVER THE TEACHERS



Girls' Frock. Simple designs are generally more becoming to young girls than the more elaborate ones and a pretty frock which combines both simplicity and good taste is shown here, made up in red cashmere and cream colored lace.



The Fashionable Hat. Silk beaver-hats will be extremely fashionable this season. The newest have the surface exactly like that of men's silk hats.

Don't fail to add a drop or two of vanilla flavoring to a pot of chocolate. It is a great improvement.

Don't close the oven door with a bang when cake is baking; the jar has spoiled many a fine loaf.

Don't wonder that corned beef is tough if put into hot water first, for that it is too salt if the water is not changed at least three times while boiling.

Neuralgia may very often be speedily relieved by applying a cloth saturated with essence of peppermint to the seat of pain.

A too rapid boiling ruins the flavor of any sauce. It must boil up once, but should never do more than simmer afterward.

Put one ounce of flowers of sulphur into one quart of water, agitate often for several hours, then pour off the clear liquid, and saturate the head with it every morning.

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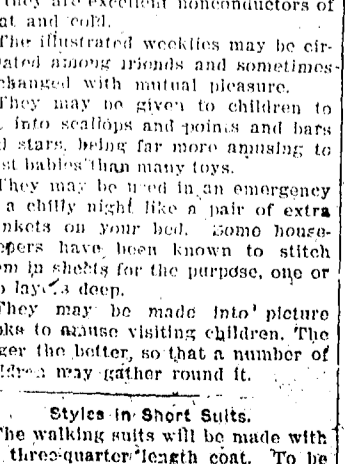
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LONG EVENING COAT OF PASTEL BLUE CLOTH WITH TRIMMING OF SAFFRAN STANDING COLLAR OF BLACK VELVET THE COAT OPENS AT LEFT SIDE INSTANTLY



With the Housewife. Can be used on pantry shelves. They may be laid over ice to retard the melting.

When starching toilet covers (or anything that has the new-fashioned fringe trimming) double the cover in four and gather the fringe tightly into the hand; hold it firmly while you dip the middle of the cover into the starch.

When dry, shake the fringe well, comb carefully with a large toilet comb and you will find it falls as softly and prettily as when new.

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The skirt is composed of three overlapping, shaped flounces, each bordered and finished at one side with a band of white kid, embroidered with nailheads of steel and jet.

The bolero and bell-shaped sleeves are trimmed to correspond, and the corset is of the cloth, trimmed at the bottom with an embroidered kid band, forming a giraffe.

Mixtures of white, brown and orange or golden brown and green will be popular.

Oriental lilies and Indian motifs have been a pronounced feature of fashion.

All manner of flat shoes, perfect are fashionable, but to say in responsible, just now.

The sleeve of the bolero, the more elaborate the better, becomes an important item.

Sable and black-belt are to reign this coming winter like the twinkling comets in the opera.

Take this to your comfort—where you wait three summer hats you can do with one winter one.

Sweaters are in favor. Sweaters will be worn this winter for all occasions, except when pillary wishes to be very dressy. There is no

more desirable article of dress for all manner of outdoor sports in cold weather. They are also useful to wear under jackets and ulsters during the zero weather that swoops down upon us from Medicine Hat once in a while during the winter.

The name, hitherto, has been against them. The very word sweater called up visions of a clumsy, ill-fitting garment, ungraceful and unbecoming, which made the finest figure look like the worst and the worst look worse than ever.

Of late, however, these plous sweaters and vests have been so improved in appearance that they now are really pretty, and as useful as they are becoming.

Blouse of white mousseline de sole. The yoke is tucked in fine tucks, and to the lower part is shirred and puffed. Below this it is made with groups of tucks, then shirred, and puffed again at the bottom.

The yoke is bordered with bands of white satin figured together and forming points. These pass over the shirring and the points are finished with motifs and pendants of lace.

The sleeves are made and trimmed to correspond.—La Mode Elegante.

It is needless to state that a house gown may be made as elaborate an affair as one's individual inclination may dictate. Materials and trimmings which would be most unpleasantly conspicuous if worn outside the home circle may be employed in fashioning the house gown.

One of the shops is showing a richly embroidered silk garment, a sort of tunic, with a collarless neck and half-long sleeves. The color is dull red, time-faded and a little stained. The embroidery which trims this garment is a gorgeous mingling of colors, with little bits of mirrors introduced in the design at frequent intervals.

This would make a charming gown if combined, say, with a sun-bleached cotton skirt of a nearly matching shade of red.—Chicago News.

An empire scarf is quite one of the best approved shoulder adornments of the immediate moment. Some there are in chiffon, and crepe de chine, and mousseline de sole (that are quite delightful. There is a particular art in the disposal of these negligee wraps that many aim at, but alas! how few attain. They should be worn in degage fashion, slipping off the shoulders at the back, and held by the arms in correct position in front.

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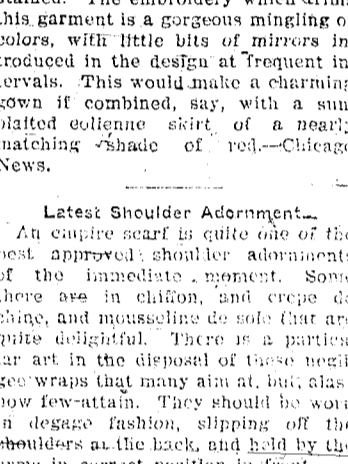
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Empire evening gowns will be revived with added glory. Even the fairly short skirt, to be successful, must be full.

A favorite Paris style is mushroom, which will cope with the autumn browns.

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It was ten minutes past 2 o'clock in the morning and Wiggins was in the midst of a dream wherein he had just cashed a \$10 ticket on a 15-to-1 shot and was very busy counting the money when his wife brought him back to earth by shaking his shoulder violently.

"Jim, Jim!" she cried, hoarsely in his ear. "Wake up! The house is on fire!"

In a moment he was on the chilly floor, wide awake and as calm as a drowning man who sees the ship from which he fell fading in the distance.

Seizing a center table in a death clutch, he started for the door and fell over a rocking chair.

"Jim, put some clothes on if you're going out," commanded Mrs. Wiggins sternly, as she saw the head of the house get a fresh grip on the center table and start for the side door.

"Haven't time!" shouted her spouse. "Grab something and come on."

"This way?" cried Mrs. Wiggins, glancing at her robe de nuit.

"Are you going to stop and put on your traveling dress?" demanded her husband, tugging at the latch door, "when the house may be a roaring furnace any minute?"

Saying which he jerked the door open, dashed out into the yard and deposited the center table on the lawn.

"I wonder if the Jenkinses upstairs are awake?" cried Mrs. Wiggins as her husband dashed back after a rug.

"He's out of there folks that can't never see a joke," told the youth with the red necktie. "I saw him an' an' express package of a brick done up in sawdust once an' he had sixty cents charges to pay on it."

He opened it at the boarding house where we was both staying an' everybody gave him the laugh. I guess he thought it was me by the way he looked, but he didn't say nothin' then."

"About a week after, he went away an' left his room door unlocked an' I got in an' I mixed up his things for him—turned all the furniture upside down, put the buttons off his clothes an' hepped 'em up neatly on his dresser. Then I plugged up his pipe stem with matches and mixed a little red pepper in his tobacco jar—just to give it a little flavor, you know. I heard him say he liked his tobacco strong and I thought I'd please him."

Well, sir, he just raised Ned about it, went to the laundry and complained. Then he asked me if I'd done it, an' if it was likely I'd tell him. "Well, he said, 'I just want to say that if you had an' I'd caught you at it I'd have a couple your neck. It's a great big honor an' I didn't give him much back for it, but I made up my mind I'd do it."

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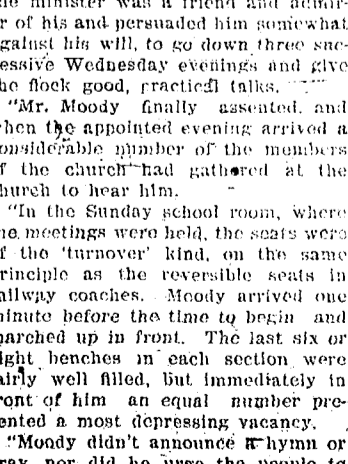
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"I heard a story recently about Mr. Moody," said a Chicagoan. "One of Mr. Moody's most conspicuous characteristics, as you know, was his resourcefulness in the face of all sorts of problems and under all sorts of circumstances."

"There was a church on the south side in Chicago which the pastor thought needed 'warming up.' Although Moody was not famous then, the minister was a friend and admirer of his and persuaded him somewhat against his will, to go down three successive Wednesday evenings and give the flock good, practical talks."

"By George, that's so," shouted the volunteer salvage corps. "I'll run up and see."

On the landing he found Jenkins with Mrs. Jenkins' hat on his head and a cat in his arms, struggling valiantly to keep Mrs. Jenkins from dashing back into the flat.

There was not even a cloud of smoke in the rooms. "We haven't got car fare," wailed Jenkins, as the cat finally managed to escape from his arm.

"Save yourselves!" yelled Wiggins. "There isn't a moment to lose."

Just then the glare that had lighted up the neighborhood suddenly died out. The firemen had directed a stream of water where it would do the most good on the house next door and it was all off.

The crowd of spectators scurried away in the darkness and the hose companies began reeling up. Wiggins looked at Jenkins rather doubtfully.

"I don't believe we're on fire after all," he said. It looks as if the danger were about over."

"What do you think we'd better do?" asked Jenkins, peering out through the window to where the fire department was leaving for home.

"Well, for one thing," Mrs. Jenkins suggested tartly, "you might take off my hat."

And then Wiggins crept downstairs and brought in the center table and other things from the lawn and told his wife there was no sense in getting excited over a little smoke.

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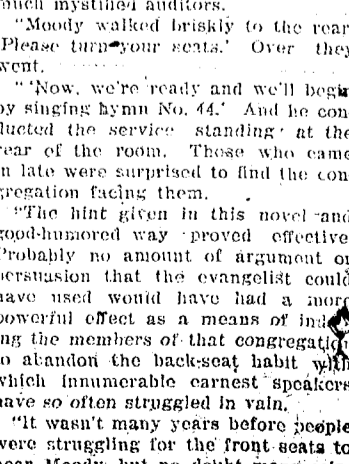
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"Some of the members were plainly puzzled at this novel method of opening the meeting, but there was nothing to do but comply with the request."

"Now, everybody face the other way, please." There was a moment's surprised hesitation, then all faced the door.

GOLDENROD.

Like tattered tents the cornstalks idly
 flap
 As on the hills the golden larkons blaze
 In the soft radiance of the autumn days;
 A glowing tuft doth each stalk enwrap
 As if with Fortinarius' magic cap.
 The lights were crowded the wand'rer
 to amaze;
 The bright battalions shine in sunset's
 rays,
 The white one lists the coy woodpecker's
 tap.
 O Goldenrod! with garden flowers you
 vie,
 Although with rose nor lily you com-
 pare;
 Your blossoms through the wildwood
 thickly lie
 As you give forth your golden beauty
 where
 No gaudy sisterhood of flowers is nigh—
 You did waste places and adorn the pas-
 tures bare!
 —Dexter Smith, in Boston Transcript.



THE LOST OPPORTUNITY

PART I

By EDWIN LEFEVRE
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 In Three Parts

PART I

For many years Daniel Dittenhoeffer had desired the ruin of John P. Greener. Dutch Dan, as the Street called Dittenhoeffer, was a burly man with blond hair, a red nose and a loud voice. Greener was a tall, swarthy bit of a man, with black hair and a squeaky voice. He had furtive brown eyes and a high forehead; while Dittenhoeffer had frank blue eyes and the pugnacious chin and thick neck of a prize fighter. Both were members of the New York Stock Exchange, but Greener never was seen on the "floor" after one of his victims lifted him bodily by the collar and dropped him fifteen feet into the coal cellar on Exchange place. He would plan the wrecks of railroad systems as a measure preliminary to their absorption, just as a boa constrictor crushes its victim into pulp the more easily to swallow it. But the practice, unchecked for years, had made him nervous and soul-fidgety.

Dan spent his days from 10 to 3 on the Stock Exchange, and his nights from 10 to 3 at the roulette tables or before a faro layout. Restless as the quivering sea and suffering from chronic insomnia, he had perforce to satisfy his constitutional craving for powerful stimulants; but as he hated bellrium tremens he gave himself ceaselessly big doses of the wine of gambling—it does as much for the nerves as the best whisky. He would buy or sell 50,000 shares of a stock and he would bet \$50,000 on the turn of a card. On one occasion he offered to wager a fortune that he could guess which of two flies that lit on a table would be the first to fly away.

Greener found in the Stock Exchange the means to a desired end. Despite unnumberable bits of stock jobbing, he had no excited opinion, in his heart of hearts, of stock operations. But Dittenhoeffer thought the stock market was the court of last resort, whither financiers should go when they were in the right, to get their deserts, and when they were in the wrong to overcome their deserts by the brute force of dollars. It was natural that in their operations in the market the two men should be as dissimilar as they were in their physical and temperamental characteristics—Machiavelli and Richard Coeur de Lion.

Nobody knew exactly how the enmity between Greener and Dittenhoeffer began. The "Little Napoleon of Railroad" had felt toward Dutch Dan a certain passive hostility for interference with sundry stock market deals. But Dan hated Greener madly, probably for the same reason that a hawk hates a snake—the instinctive antipathy of the utterly dissimilar.



Dutch Dan.

Scores of men had tried to "bust" Greener, but Greener had grown richer by their efforts, the growth of his fortune being proportionate to the contraction of theirs. Sam Sharpe had come from Arizona with \$12,000,000 avowedly to show the effects East how to crush "financial skunks of the Greener class." And the financial skunk learned no new lesson, though the privilege of imagining he was giving one coat Sharpe a half million a month for nearly one year. Then, after Sharpe had learned more of the game and of Greener—no joined hands with Dittenhoeffer and together they attacked Greener.

They were skillful stock operators, rich and utterly without financial fear. And they loathed Greener. In a more gorgeous age they would have cut the Little Napoleon to pieces and passed his roasted heart on a platter around the festive board. In the colorless nineteenth century they were fain to content themselves with endeavoring to despoil him of his tar-stained millions; to do which they united their smile-wreathed millions—some seven or eight of them—and opened fire.



John Greener.

Their combined fortune was divided into ten projectiles, and one after another hurled at the little man with the squeaky voice and the high forehead. The little man dodged the first and the second and the third, but the fourth broke his leg and the fifth knocked the wind out of him. The Street cheered and showed its confidence in the artilleryists by going short of the Greener stocks.

But just before the sixth shot Greener called to his assistance old Wilbur Wise, the man with the skinflint heart and thirty millions in cash. A projecting rampart, man-high, of government bonds was raised about the prostrate Napoleon, and the financial cannoners ceased firing precious projectiles. The new fortifications were impregnable and they knew it; so they contented themselves with gathering up their own shot and a small railroad or two dropped by Greener in his haste to seek shelter. Then Sharpe went to England to win the Derby and Dittenhoeffer went to Long Branch to amuse himself playing a no-halt faro game that cost him an average \$10,000 a night for a month.

(To be continued.)

FATE OF THE HUMBERTS.

Law Journal Shows Their Punishment Is Severe.

The Law Times makes the following comment on the sentences passed on the Humberts, the notorious French swindlers: "Some of the comments in the press on the sentence passed on Mme. Humbert and her husband (the other pair of culprits came off more lightly) betray a very imperfect appreciation of its nature. 'Five years' reclusion, or solitary confinement as it is understood in France, is not only a rigorous but a terrible penalty. Our own code offers no parallel to it, and it is probable that a life sentence would be far more easily endured. The solitude of the prisoner in reclusion is all but absolute. The strictest silence is enforced. Presumably the consolations of religion—whatever that may amount to in so dreadful a situation—are not entirely withheld; otherwise the prisoner is forbidden to speak, even to his guardian. Books are denied and (which must be almost the worst infliction of all) the most complete idleness is enforced; no employment of any description may mitigate the appalling vacancy of days, weeks and years. Half an hour's exercise is allowed daily in a hood which covers everything except the eyes. This horrible life in death may end in the tomb, but it is more likely to end in the padded cell of the maniac."

Her Retort.

"Fish," he said, "is brain food."
 "Better have some more," she urged solicitously.

HE BOUGHT THE DOG.

Possibly He Was Pleased With the Animal's Sagacity.

A certain office holder decided to buy a dog. In reply to his "ad" a man called at his office with an intelligent-looking animal, that he immediately took a fancy to, though he deemed it advisable to first inquire into something of its characteristics.

"What can he do?" he asked.

"Oh, sir, he can do anything. If you've lost anything, sir, he'll go direct to the place where you lost it. He'll—"

"By the way, I just missed my glove. Do you s'pose he could find it?"

"Certainly, sir. Just let him sniff at your hand."

The office holder held his hand to the dog's nose, and the animal trotted serenely off. Presently he returned, and with a joyous wagging of the tail deposited his offering at the office holder's feet.

At the same moment the click of the typewriter in the next room ceased. A girlish form appeared in the doorway.

"My sash ribbon," cried a high sweet voice—"my sash ribbon! The dog has my sash ribbon!"

The office holder's face turned a dull red. He cast a furtive glance at the man, dived into his pocket, and hauled out a bill.

"I guess the dog'll do," he said quietly.

WHERE THE JOKE CAME IN

Ice-man's Mistake Excited the Negro's Risibilities.

While Frank Daniels, the comedian, was taking a stroll about Rochester he came across an old negro who, as he watched an ice-man slide ice through an opening in the asphalt, laughed uproariously.

"Observe how easily amused he is; and yet there is nothing to laugh at," commented Mr. Daniels to his friends. "Still, they tell us the colored folks have a keen sense of the ridiculous. You'll notice that most of the successes in the minstrel business are white men, however." Then, "Hey, uncle!" he shouted. "Do you think it's funny to watch a man slide ice down into the cellar of a saloon?"

The old man straightened up, scratched his nose thoughtfully for a moment, and then replied:

"Why, boss, I low dat performance do tickle dis ol' man's risibilities. It suddenly does, boss. You see, Sah, he's a pow ice-man, an' stead o' slidin' ice down in de basement, he's jest slidin' it into de sewer. Yah, hi hi!"

IGNORANCE WAS NOT BLISS.

In This Case It Cost Its Possessor Some Money.

There are men who are never satisfied unless they are gambling. One of them met another man of the same disposition a few days ago. There didn't happen to be any cards or dice about, or any of the other apparatus made for the accommodation of sporting blood, and so the gentlemen concluded to match pennies. This grew tiresome after a while, and one of the men produced a roll of bills and offered to bet his companion that he couldn't guess whether the last figure on the number of each bill was odd or even for a dollar a flip.

"I'll do it if you'll tell me the series of each bill," was the reply.

This was agreed to, and in a very short time the man who made the proposition had lost all his money. A private investigation made by him shortly after revealed the fact that his acquaintance had outwitted him, for he discovered that the last figure of the number of series A and C was odd and that of B and D was even.

Tailoring by Weight.

Many men of modest dimensions have thought it hard that they should be charged by their tailor on the same scale as the men whom twice as much cloth is needed to clothe. The Garment Makers' convention at Chicago has decided that in future the clothing of corpulent men will be paid for according to bulk. The weight of men or normal size is arbitrarily fixed at 150 pounds, and for each 100 pounds over that weight the fat man will be taxed \$5 additional for his clothes. "Anti-Fat" and similar remedies will be more in demand in the states than ever.

Saul's Address.

Warriors and chiefs should the shaft of the sword
 Pierce me when leading the hosts of the Lord.
 Bleed not the cause, though a king's, in your path,
 Carry your steel in the bosom of death!
 Then who art bearing my buckler and bow,
 Should the goldfishers of Saul look away from the foe?
 Stretch me that moment in blood at thy Altar,
 Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet!

Farewell to others, but never to part,
 Their to my royalty, son of my heart!
 Bright is the gladiol, boundless the sway,
 Or kindly the death, that awaits us to-day!

—Lord Byron.

All That Was Needed.

"It wouldn't take much to make me tell him what I think of him," said the angry man.

"How much?"

Thereupon the angry man got his second wind and with it came a second thought.

"A little more muscle and a few boxing lessons," he said.

All He Wanted.

"Did your college confer any degree on you?"

"No; but they gave me the third degree in my secret society, and you bet that's all I want. I'm asking from it yet."

THE CITY OF GOLD

A Rambles Through Johannesburg

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

Take my arm and come with me. Swiftly through the streets of Johannesburg, past the shops ablaze with light, past the loitering crowd that saunters idly, past the thronged theaters where bursts of melody and spasmodic cadences of applause reach the car through open doors.

Keep out of the light—the cold, white steadfast lights that line the mile-long streets; let us creep away into the sidways where are the tumble-down tin shanties of Ransammy and the dirt-begrimed windows of Petrifski—Isaac, the son of Joseph—behind which this very man is threading a needle by the light of a flickering candle.

You will see him still at work when you return, this same Petrifski; well into the night he will work, plying his

needle and dreaming alone—who knows what? Then he will draw a filthy blanket over his greasy form and sleep till the morning sun awakens him, and then again the needle and the day-long dream and the candle's successor.

But our business is not with him; only we must pass the road in which he dwells before we get to the east. He sits in his filth and his toil, and the memory of Poland is a boundary post between east and west, between Orient and Occident.

Beyond, the houses grow bewilderingly various. Shops, leisurely started with some dim idea of being beautiful, have finished by becoming patchily tin. The builder has never finished. Unsentimentally grasped him by the throat, thrusting him aside to make room for a hundred allens.

We are out of the range of the white merrillies are light—that disciple of truth that emphasizes our wrinkles and traces the patches on our threadbare coats. Here the light is more mellow, more pleasing. It is a yellow light, and none too bright, and here the houses are tin. They are bright enough. There is music here. Vice, added thinly, has its votaries. Its high priest and its temples—little tin temples, scented with Florida water.

The tin town continues beyond this, but the lower end is silent. So silent that you might think you had by accident happened upon a colony living up to the standard set by the moral Mr. Franklin. Early to bed they apparently are. No sound breaks the silence of the quiet night, no light gleams in any window, no smoke rises from the crazy courtyards. Early to rise you know they are, for daylight sees this little colony alive, with bamboo rod and laden baskets, chattering, running, loading and trading. For this is the Chinese quarter.

Knock softly on one of the iron gates. There is no answer. Here is a door. "The Hoki Laundry." Knock here, and if anybody comes invent some laundry urgently required by a fictitious client. But nobody will come.

But I have not brought you here for the pleasure of knocking at an unresponsive door. I knew all along that it would not be opened to you. But in a few minutes, the gates of Chinatown will be opened to us, and Chinatown, obsequious and smiling, will greet us with injured surprise and lamblike innocence.

For the police are close at hand; all the while we have been walking this way they have been shadowing us on either hand. You may not have seen them, but they have been close enough. And now—watch. They appear like magic from side streets and unsuspected alleys. In ones, in twos, in threes. And they are coming to

low the police captain to the joss house. The priest opens the door of a tin shanty, in no wise differing from the dozen about, except that the interior resembles for all the world a large-sized tea-chest turned inside out. Here, gold on black, certain moral precepts of Confucius crawl up the walls like so many auriferous spiders. On the altar is a small image of a black-bearded god. Before the altar, joss sticks, wooden swords, spears, and unseled baubles. Not so very inspiring and certainly nothing to justify the unpleasant scowl of the priestly custodian.

Now back again to the opium room. There is a group of policemen round the bed of the dreamer.

"Can't you rouse him?" I ask.

"Then I look and see how unnecessary was my question. The Chinese have a pretty little cemetery of their own near Braamfontein.

They That Help Themselves.

Senator Dubois of Idaho, during the days when he was practicing law in Boise City, was on a certain occasion steeply reprimanded by the judge of a court in that city because of alleged contempt of court, and in addition was fined in the sum of \$50.

The next day, according to a custom followed in the Idaho courts, the judge called upon Mr. Dubois to occupy the bench for him during the transaction of some comparatively unimportant business. After the judge's departure from the courtroom Mr. Dubois exhibited an instance of that remarkable presence of mind for which he has ever been noted. The future senator said to the clerk of the court:

"Turning to the record of this court for yesterday, Mr. Clerk, you will observe recorded a fine of \$50 against one Frederick T. Dubois. You will kindly make a note to the effect that such fine has been remitted by order of the court."—Saturday Evening Post.

In the Bottle.

Senator Spooner relates a conversation he heard last summer in a street car in Milwaukee.

"Do you have pale beer at home?" asked a young lady of her companion.

"Oh, no," replied the other; "papa always gets his bottled."—Milwaukee Sentinel.



GREENMARKET SQUARE

around which are the sordid tea shanties of John. But it strikes you immediately that nobody is asleep. In fact, everybody is wide awake. A dozen Chinamen of all sizes and ages are sitting around a red-hot brazier, on which some moss is stewing, and all the little houses that have not lights have smoldering wicks—which is significant.

Sombody flashes an electric torch over the deserted hotel. The hastily extinguished candle still glows, and its smelt filled all space. There is a closed door in one corner of the apartment. The sergeant puts his shoulder to it, and the sergeant, being a man of many pounds, it gives. There is a passage, and there are some steps leading downward, and there is another door outlined in light. This yields to a push.

We—that is, you, the police, and I—do not apologize, even though we have obviously broken up what promised to be a successful evening. The curiously-colored board supported on a trestle table, and the weird, pawnlike pieces scattered at our unceremonious intrusion, are implements employed in the game of fan-tan. It is an institution that Ho Ki, the Chow, carries away from his fatherland; it is the outward and visible demonstration of his patriotism.

John Ho Ki, Wunhi, Ho Ku and Chow Ke, in no wise perturbed, sit around the wall of the dug-out in which this classical game is played. There are four vacant places at the board, and there is a trap near the roof to which a ladder ascends. The banker has departed. Gambling is a crime, even in Johannesburg, and the players fall in, outside, from whence they will march to the police station with great docility.

There is another door leading from the gambling den. It is locked, evidently from the other side, but the sergeant's shoulder is better than a skeleton key. Crash! The room is bare except for a frame bed and a table. On this is a candle spluttering in its socket. On the bed lies a man who does not move, his eyes are half closed, his hand grasps a pipe, and the sickening stretch of opium fills the room.

"Wake up, Johnny, where's your pass, eh?"

Leave them to arouse him, and fol-

low the police captain to the joss house. The priest opens the door of a tin shanty, in no wise differing from the dozen about, except that the interior resembles for all the world a large-sized tea-chest turned inside out. Here, gold on black, certain moral precepts of Confucius crawl up the walls like so many auriferous spiders. On the altar is a small image of a black-bearded god. Before the altar, joss sticks, wooden swords, spears, and unseled baubles. Not so very inspiring and certainly nothing to justify the unpleasant scowl of the priestly custodian.

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STATE OF OHIO, CIV. OF TOLDO, LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senator of the State of Ohio, and that he is a resident of the City of Toledo, Lucas County and State of Ohio, and that he will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 24th day of December, A. D. 1906.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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

FRANK J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A man usually blows in a lot of money on a blowout.

Tom—There are microbes on money.

Dick—Well, my wife can beat the world as a microbe-killer.

Coal is abundant this year, but very high in price. The public will be given the opportunity to pay the expenses of the big fight of last year. There is only one way to evade it and get coal at half price. That is to use the Rochester Radiator advertised in our columns. They absolutely save one-half the fuel or your money refunded.

Jim—Miss de Styles has all the airs of a heroine in a modern play.

Ask Your 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.

A writer without ambition is almost as bad as a poet with an idea.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Exactive Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

Jim Nonsense; she's perfectly respectable.—Baltimore Herald.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED? Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

The better a man gets on in the world the better off he is.

All creameries use butter color. Why not do as they do—use JT-NB TINT BUTTER COLOR.

Double Daily Through Service To California—via Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route. Choice of central route through Colorado or via the True Southern Route through Texas, Arizona, etc. Through sleeper to Los Angeles. Only line operating through sleeping cars, St. Louis to San Francisco. Tourist car service to California four days in the week. For rates and full information address any agent of Missouri Pacific Railway, or Iron Mountain Route, or H. C. Townsend, general passenger and ticket agent, St. Louis.

THE MAGIC OF THE VIOLIN.

Its Wonderful Charm in the Hands of a Master Described.

Arthur Symons thus describes the great violinist Ysaye as he appeared while playing his instrument: "Then the 'Kreutzer Sonata' began and I looked at Ysaye as he stood, an almost shapeless mass of flesh, holding the violin between his fat fingers and looking vaguely into the air. He put the violin to his shoulder. The face had been like a mass of clay waiting the sculptor's thumb. As the music came an invisible touch seemed to pass over it; the heavy mouth and chin remained firm, pressed down on the violin, but the eyelids and the eyebrows began to move, as if the eyes saw the sound and were drawing it in luxuriously with a kind of sleeping ecstasy, as one draws in perfume out of a flower. Then, in that instant, a beauty which had never been in the world came into the world; a new thing was created, lived, died, having revealed itself to all those who were capable of receiving it."

The Minister's Threat.

There was a minister deprived of his pulpit who said to some of his friends that the action should cost a hundred men's lives. They understood it as if, being a turbulent fellow, he would have moved sedition; so they complained of him. Then he explained that his meaning was that if he lost his benefice he would practice physic and then he thought he should kill a hundred men in time.

LIKED HIS "NIP."

Not a Whisky, but a Coffee Topper.

Give coffee half a chance and with some people it sets its grip hard and fast. "Up to a couple of years ago," says a business man of Brooklyn, N. Y., "I was as constant a coffee drinker as it was possible to be. Indeed, my craving for coffee was equal to that of a drunkard for his regular 'nip' and the effect of the coffee drug upon my system was indeed deplorable.

"My skin lacked its natural color, my features were pinched and my nerves were shattered to such an extent as to render me very irritable. I also suffered from palpitation of the heart.

"It was while in this condition I read an article about Postum Food Coffee and concluded to try it. It was not long before Postum had entirely destroyed my raging passion for coffee and in a short time I had entirely given up coffee for delicious Postum.

"The change that followed was so extraordinary I am unable to describe it. Suffice it to say, however, that all my troubles have disappeared. I am my original happy self again and on the whole the soothing and pleasant effects produced by my cup of Postum make me feel as though I have been 'landed at another station.'"

"Not long ago I converted one of my friends to Postum and he is now as loud in its praise as I am." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

