

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 7.

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

No 18

Christmas Goods,

IN GREAT VARIETY, ALSO
Choice Confectionery, Groceries,
Tobaccos, Cigars and Christmas Candies.
Bazaar and Indian Novelties.
Fresh Butter, 25c. lb.
General News Agency
for Newspapers, Books and Periodicals.
Magazines, Telineator, Designers.
MRS. PORTER & SON.
One door North of Postoffice. East Jordan, Mich.

Subscriptions

taken at less than publishers' prices on all periodicals
at the Cigar Store.

R. J. Steffes.

Warne Block

Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND
CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

WILL RICHARDSON'S

State Street Grocery.

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

Frank A. Kenyon,

Register of Deeds

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

JOHN KENNY.

—GENERAL—
—DRAYMAN—
Moves household goods, baggage and Mer-
chandise of all descriptions.
Stove wood and lumber delivered.
EAST JORDAN, MICH.

Sometimes 5 and
7 make 11.

That's when your brain is
fried. Well it's time to
bowl a game.

We have just added to our equip-
ment two new sets of the regula-
tion ten pins.

Bush's Bowling Alleys.

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

Old papers for sale at this office.

A Miner's Deference

(Original.)

There were three women in the
couch, and when night came on one of
the passengers, a rough miner, insisted
on every man getting outside that each
woman might have a seat to herself on
which to sleep. When we were seated
on the coach top, I offered the polite
miner a cigar and remarked:
"You treat women with great respect
out here."
"That's 'cause there's so few on 'em.
They'd oughter pass a law ag'in their
comin'."

"I suppose it was your admiration
for the sex that leads you to treat them
so unselfishly."
"Not a bit. It's my advice, stranger,
for any man to let 'em alone. I never
had but one experience with any on
'em, and that was enough for me. It
was when we was workin' in Zigzag
gulch. There was a lot of us there
washin' out considerable ore and all do-
in' well. One day a grizzly headed ole
feller come along totin' a gal. She was
the fust specimen we'd any on us laid
eyes on for months. Stranger, dy' re-
member when y' was a boy and went
into a store to buy a pocketknife? Among
hundreds on 'em the knife y' bought
didn't look especial fine, but when y'
got it home away from the rest on 'em,
great Scott, how it did shine! Well,
that's the way it was with the gal. There
wasn't no more on 'em to compare her
with, and we was only used to each other's
hairy faces."

"The ole man said he'd come out to
dig for gold, and his daughter was go-
in' to do his cookin' for him. It wasn't
long before I seen that the gal was giv-
in' me a preference to all the other
men in camp, and I felt just as if I
was bein' filled with laughin' gas. I
was as proud and happy as if I'd struck
a vein of pure gold. Pauline—that was
her name, Pauline Maryweather—she
was as dead stuck on me as I was on
her. Only one thing troubled me. She
wouldn't take no notice on me except
when we was alone and no one to see
us. She said her father never would
consent to her marryin' no miner and
was hopin' to make a strike and marry
her to some big gun in the east. How-
ever, at last she consented to let me
try what I could do with him, and I
did."

"Mr. Maryweather, I said, 'I am in
love with yer daughter and want her
for my wife. I got \$2,000 worth of dust
in my shanty, and when I git double
the amount I'll go east, set up a store
somewhere and live respectable.'
"You jist let my daughter alone," he
said, 'or I'll put mere lead into yer
vitals than y' got gold in yer cabin.'
"When I tole Pauline about it, she
looked sad but didn't say nothin', and

I begun tryin' to persuade her to run
away with me. She was dead set ag'in
it at fust, but at last she come round
and laid out the hull business herself.
I was to go down to the fork of the
creek and wait there for her. One
thing she insisted on. She said if she
once made the move her father'd never
forgive her. She trusted me, but there
might be some slip, so she would
not stir unless I'd let her carry my
dust. This looked reasonable, and the
night before we was to dig out I met
her in a lonely place up the creek and
turned the dust over. She seemed
mighty disconcerted and elung to me
as if somepin awful was goin' to hap-
pen. At last she kissed me goodby,
makin' me promise once more that I
wouldn't fail her, and then we separ-
ated.

"Waal, we was to meet at 4 o'clock
the next afternoon. I was at the fork
by 3, and 'bout a quarter to 4, my
heart begun to beat like a drumstick,
beatin' faster and faster till my watch
stood 4 p. m. Then it beat at the
same gait till a quarter past 4, and
seen' Pauline didn't show up, it begun
to slow down. I waited till 5, and then,
concludin' that the ole man had got
on to the deal, I went back to the gulch.
"Things was a-workin' as usual ex-
cept I missed seven of the most suc-
cessful miners there was among us. I
set down on a stump to rest, and while
I was a-settin' there Dick Tutt, one
of the missin' men, walked in lookin'
'bout himself kind of suspicious. Then
from another direction come Phil
Thriggs. He 'peared mad at somepin
and makes straight for his cabin.
While he was there along comes Tom
Bannard. Triggs comes out of his cabin
and yells, 'What's become of that ole
galute, Maryweather?'"

"He was tole by the miners that
Maryweather and his daughter had
left the place a leetle before 4 o'clock
with a big sack that if tuk the two on
'em to carry."

"Waal, the game was out. The gal
had made love to the seven of Zigzag
gulch's wealthiest citizens and got ev-
ery one on 'em to turn over his dust
except Triggs, who suspected somepin
and insisted on takin' his'n to the meet-
in' place hisself, instead of which he
buried it and left a bag of sand in its
place, so that in his case the thieves
didn't get nothin'."

"A couple of year after that I went
to Kansas City. I did nothin' for the
fust day but stare at the women; they
looked so purty. Then I got used to
'em. One day on the street I met a
redheaded, frowzy, freckled gal with
a pug nose. And who do you suppose
she was? Pauline Maryweather. I tell
you, stranger, what you want to do
with women is to treat 'em as you
would a leopard—stroke 'em mighty
soft, and don't get in the way of their
claws. And if you think one on 'em
purty jist set her up along side some
more on 'em."

GARDINER FORBES.

Mrs. Johanna Jensen was seriously
and perhaps fatally injured in a colli-
sion between two teams south of town
Monday afternoon. Mrs. Jensen, who
lives three miles south of here, had
been in the village shopping, and had
started toward home in a cutter.
Snow was falling heavily. When out
some distance a young man named
John Sweeney came along, driving a
lumber sleigh. The storm was in his
face and he did not see the light cut-
ter, his team running into the horse
driven by Mrs. Jensen and tipping the
animal over backward on her. The
cutter was broken in two and Mrs.
Jensen was seriously bruised and in-
jured internally. The horse was
dragged fifty feet by the heavy team.

A CHRISTMAS WEDDING.

Mr. Alfred C. Rogers and Miss Pr-
dine Crawford were married Christ-
mas morning at the home of the bride's
uncle Mr. Frank Barkley, Rev. R. A.
Yost, of the M. E. church officiating.
Congratulations and best wishes from
a host of friends go with this popular
young couple as they launch their
barque upon the matrimonial sea.

A very peculiar drowning incident
occurred at Boyne City Thursday eve-
ning. A number of boys were skat-
ing on the head of the lake, which had
frozen over for a short distance when
one of their number got too close to
the open water, and breaking through
the thin ice disappeared beneath the
icy waters of the Lake. His cap was
picked up by one of the boys who
hastened back to town with the news
that some one had been drowned.

A large rescue party was at once
formed but no trace could be found of
the unfortunate lad nor his body re-
covered. No one seemed to know who
he was and up to Friday afternoon no
one had been reported missing, which
seems strange, indeed. In fact, but
for the evidence of the cap it would
seem that the boys who saw him dis-
appear must have been mistaken.

A FARCE COMEDY WITH FIRE- WORKS SETTING.

Scene—Hines' drug store. Enter the
"dean" of northern Michigan journal-
ists, Editor W. A. S., who opens up on
Senator Hoar, for opposing President
Roosevelt in the Panama matter:

Editor S.: "Old Hoar is an old dem-
agogue! He is a pettifogger, a d...d
old traitor! He is a meddling old fool
who ought to be hung for treason
against the government!" (More of
the same argument.)

(A Hebrew-traveling man who is
waiting for a prescription, takes up
the defense of Senator Hoar.)

"No sir, you are wrong, sir. Senator
Hoar is a noble old patriot, who is
standing up for what he believes to be
right." (More of the same argument.)
Editor S. turning fiercely on the He-
brew:

"Who in h...l are you sir? Who told
you to stick your nose in here, sir? If
you don't mind your own business, sir,
I'll smash your infernal meddling nose
sir! You d...d Jews are always stick-
ing your nose into other people's affairs
sir! I know a lot of Jews who ought
to be hung, sir, and one of them is not
far off right now, sir! Blankety blank
your infernal presumption, I have a
mind to spoil that big nose of yours
right now, sir!"

The Hebrew: "Maybe you can't do
it!"

The editor, brandishing his arms:
"Can't eh? I can sir, and I'll do it
sir, right now!"

(Hebrew retires from stage, and the
wrathful editor later makes his exit,
from center of stage through front
door. Hebrew in apologetic tone, ap-
proaches the proprietor and says:)

"I owe you an apology. I did not
think of causing such a disturbance in
your store, but I did not notice at first
the condition of the man. It has
learned me a lesson—never to enter in-
to an argument with an intoxicated
man."

(Explosion among the listeners. Un-
controllable demonstration from the
gallery, who forthwith depart to tell
the joke on the "dean" of Northern
journalists, Curtain rung down on act
1. For final scene, wait for second
meeting of the wrathful editor and the
Hebrew traveler, when the tragedy
features can be expected with all the
usual red fire and tremulo from the
head violins.—Charlevoix Courier.

A Leelanau paper records the sui-
cide of a farmer "by firing two shots
from a rifle into his anatomy." Hu-
man life is often ended in queer ways.
A man in a saloon row in Grand Rap-
was fatally shot in a fracas. Another
who went out to help serenade a new
married couple near Marshall was shot
in the charivari. At a Wyandotte
convention about a year ago a dele-
gate received a knockout blow in the
scrimmage, and others were hit in the
melee, which is also bad. A recent
dispatch contained the intelligence
that Hoke Smith, secretary of the in-
terior during the Cleveland adminis-
tration, lately fought with another
lawyer in a court room and wounded
him in the encounter. So it goes.
One never know who he is about to re-
ceive a fatal dispensation in the mid-
dle of his career. A sorry world it is
to be sure, to be sure!—Detroit Tri-
bune.

WHY TRAVELING IS DANGEROUS.

Constant motion jars the kidneys
which are kept in place in the body by
delicate attachments. This is the
reason that travelers, train-men, street
car men, teamsters, and all who drive
very much, suffer from kidney disease
of some form. Foley's Kidney Cure
strengthens the kidneys and cures all
forms of kidney and bladder disease.
Geo. H. Hausen, locomotive engineer,
Lima, O., writes, "Constant vibration
of the engine caused me a great deal
of trouble with my kidneys, and I got
no relief until I used Foley's Kidney
Cure."

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co

HOLIDAY RATES.

VIA G. R. & I.

For the Holidays the G. R. & I. will
sell excursion tickets at rate of one
and one-third fare for round trip
for the 11:30 P. M. train of Dec. 23d
and 30th, and for all trains Dec. 24th,
25th, 31st and Jan'y 1st. Return limit
Jan'y 4th, 1904.

M. F. Quaintance,
Pass. Agent, Petoskey.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tab-
lets. All druggists refund the money
if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's sig-
nature is on each box. 7c.

BOOSINGER BROS.

New Years Greeting

To all our Neighbors, both near and remote we extend
the heartiest good wishes for your

Health,

Happiness,

and

Prosperity

We furnish the lines that bind the trading public to us.

Quality First o All -- Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROS.

MY LADY.

Upon her face
A thousand smiles smile for me,
Of love the work, above the grace,
Beside the rest you cannot see
Upon her face.

Her pretty lips
Are full of laughter and of mirth,
And all her words are wit and joy;
Love makes his place upon earth
Her pretty lips.

Her rounded throat
Of me ble seems that, above beneath;
No rowl yet has dared to note
Save with the eyes of love and faith
Her rounded throat.

Her tender voice
So sweetly strikes on lover's ear;
And when she sings the notes rejoice
Once more the harmony to hear
Of her sweet voice.
—Regnard in New York Tribune.



THE HAND OF A LITTLE CHILD

By ROBERT B. BLOOM

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Above, a stretch of sapphire blue
flecked with little fringes of fleecy
white; here and there tinted with
delicate purple and gold, into which
the grey heads of the hoary mountains,
standing firm and rugged against the
shaded background, peered inquisi-
tively as though seeking to penetrate
the vast unknown of the illimitable
space; below, the peaceful vales, turf-
grown and heavily wooded, the spark-
ling ripple of the little brook, bub-
bling in its twisted journey through
the dale—the little flashes of gray
color, as the golden arrows of the
sun struck the shy wild-flowers.

Altogether it was a spot for an ideal
home.

So thought Ernest Hardy, as he
dallied at the gate of his cabin, bid-
ding farewell for the day to wife and
child. The light played about his
powerful face; it flashed back, reflect-
ed the deep, dark eyes—and it glided
lightly over the brawny form, pictur-
esque in the blue-fannel shirt and vel-
veteen riding breeches. He wore a
black sombrero, tilted back across the
dark, brown curly hair. He looked
what he was—a son of the plains—the
simple, credulous, earnest off-
spring of Nature.

The girl, for she was but a mere
girl, seemed strangely out of place
amid the craggy surroundings. Slight
of form, with a dainty, little head,
poised bird-like; a dreamy, pensive,
almost babyish face, crowned by a
great mass of golden-brown hair, and
most wonderful blue eyes, innocent
and confiding, with the surprised
gaze of a little child in them, eyes
that thrilled the man to the very soul,
as he drank in her beauty and loving
looks. She wore a plunk gown; her
white hands were devoid of rings,
save the plain gold band.

The baby, a little bundle of white,
nestling in her mother's arms, did not
prattle and chatter as usual, but look-
ed out at the vast world, with sad,
helpless eyes—the eyes of the girl
who held her.

The man first broke the silence, say-
ing: "Sure you're not afraid, Puss?
You know I can't be home till supper-
time, and that means nine hours
alone."

"Why, Ern," answered the girl, "no
one has ever bothered me these three
years, and I don't see why to-day
should prove an exception; but I am
worried about baby. She does not
seem to feel well, and isn't as bright
as usual."

But Ern, after the fashion of his
sex, was not disturbed so easily, and
tossing up the dear little child in his
arms, he said: "Papa's baby's all
right, isn't she? Why, pshaw, Puss,
her eyes are bright and her cheeks are
full of color. I guess there's no dan-
ger. Blackly is in prison, and Gentle-
man Fred hasn't been 'round this sec-
tion lately."

"And besides, Ern, I have giant
Lars, whom nothing is able to over-
come," said the girl.

"Except the whisky bottle," an-
swered her husband, as throwing



A son of the plains.
kisses in farewell, he rode down the
slope, into the valley, only pausing to
shout back: "I'll send the doctor up
to look at Amy, Puss!"

Baby Amy soon entered the land of
Nod, and Dorothy Hardy went about
her household tasks, thinking how
much she had to be thankful for.
Husband, child, and the dear home,
to say nothing of the rich silver vein
discovered on the ranch. Never had
the garden appeared so glorious. The
golden piffers hummed drowsily
among the fragrant heliotropes; the
heavy-headed roses nodded in their
sleep, and the fuchsia bells seemed

to tinkle hazily in the dense morning
maze.

"Come, sweetheart," she cried to
the little one, who was slumbering
with the kitten by her side; "come,
we will call Lars and have din-
ner." But baby said fretfully: "I
don't want no dinner; baby sick."

Dorothy was thoroughly terrified
now. She ran to the stable, to call
Lars and send for the doctor. Alas!
During the few hours of her husband's
absence, Lars, the sturdy Scotch-
man servant, a match for any five
ordinary men, had succumbed to his
only enemy, and there he lay on the
stable floor, an empty jug a short
distance from his hand.

Much troubled, Dorothy was en-
deavoring to find out what she could
do when she heard the sound of



Worked faithfully over the child.

course! Moans coming up the road.
"The doctor," she cried out, joyfully,
and running out of the yard she
called, "O, hurry, doctor; the baby
breathes so strangely!"

A blond, boyish-looking man alight-
ed before the house, and tied his
restless horse to one of the fence-
pallings. His face was humorous in
its expression; his eyes were mild
blue, his nose long and thin, and his
sandy hair inclined to waviness. He
was smooth-shaven, and carried an
eyeglass tied to a black silk cord.
He was attired in a navy blue riding
suit; a soft hat, pulled down low
over his forehead, shadowed an in-
telligent countenance.

He took from the saddle a small
emergency case, and followed the
anxious mother into the inner room,
where the baby was tossing feverishly
upon the bed.

"Did Mr. Hardy tell you what was
the matter?" asked Dorothy.

"No," answered the man; then in
one glance he saw that the dreaded
croup was making fast headway.

"Bring me some hot water and sugar,
quick," he cried, drawing a bottle
from his case. The mother swiftly
and quietly did his bidding. Hour
after hour he worked faithfully over
the child; the perspiration began to
come, the breathing grew more regu-
lar, the blue eyes opened, and with a
contented smile, and her fingers
clapped tightly about the stranger's
hand, little Amy fell into a calm sleep.

"How can I ever repay you, doc-
tor?" began the girl.

Far away upon the road the man
heard the thud of hurrying horses'
hoofs. He smiled and glanced up in
a quizzical manner. "Do you know
who I am?" he asked.

"Why," replied the girl in astonish-
ment, "you're the doctor I told Ern
to send up from town this morning,
aren't you?"

"Unfortunately," he answered, half
practically, "I am not the doctor, but
an outlaw, a road agent—the desper-
ado, whom the marshal and his posse
are even now hunting—and his rope
is at its end," he added, as the horses
galloped around the bend. "Call them
in quietly, but don't wake the child;
this sleep is worth tons of medicine.
I won't make a disturbance, but will
surrender without a row. Good-by,
baby!" and with this he bent over
and kissed the golden head.

But the girl confronted him with
fishing eyes as he was about to step
forth into the clutches of the men,
who were rapidly drawing near. "Sit
down by the bed," she commanded;
then she quickly darkened the win-
dows, closed the door, and ran out to

"What, in this to meet her
ground and the men.
"I can't make any noise, Ern," she
called out, "baby has been very sick,
and the doctor has just got her to
sleep. Where are those gentlemen
going?"

"Oh, we thought we were on the trail
of a road agent," answered the mar-
shal; "of course you haven't seen any
such person pass to-day, have you?"

"I have seen and heard nothing but
baby," answered the girl. "It was a
good thing that the doctor was so
prompt, Ern!"

The men after wishing the baby
continued good health, rode away to
the west.

"But I didn't see the doctor at all,"
said the puzzled husband; "he was
over in Pine Center and would not be
back until evening."

"Ern, the doctor is the man they
are hunting—the road agent. Lars
was drunk; the baby almost dying, I
mistook him for the doctor, and called
him in; but for his prompt measures,
our little Amy would now be far be-
yond the reach of medical aid. Shall
we give him up to justice?"

Husband and wife entered the
house to find the stranger still hold-
ing the little figure of the smiling,
sleeping child. Ernest Hardy was a
brave man, but his heart stood still
as he gazed, as though fascinated,
upon the youthful countenance of the
most notorious outlaw in the west.

"Gentleman Fred!" he gasped.
"Do not be alarmed for your little
one," said the outlaw, slowly; "once
upon a time the fellow knew me as Dr.
St. Edmund, although that period is
long gone by."

Holding out his hand, Hardy said,
humbly: "God bless you." And the
girl added, with tears in her eyes:
"Good-by, Dr. St. Edmund; ride quick-
ly to the east."

And Gentleman Fred went forth to
a new life, saved both in body and
soul, by the hand of a little child.

TOO MANY LITTLE BROTHERS.

Why Sister Regretted Her Part in the
Transaction.

Archbishop Ireland, who is never
without a good story, tells one that he
holds to be one of the best illustra-
tions of faith as well as of confidence
in individual supplication at the
throne of grace. The little six-year-old
daughter of one of his parishioners is
an exceedingly bright child, a little
too bright, as the bishop explained,
and she has been praying to have a
little brother sent to her. When her
prayer was answered she was delight-
ed and her faith greatly augmented
thereby. But when one day, less than
two years later, the gift was repeated,
she looked gravely apprehensive.

"I don't want two brothers," she ex-
plained, "and I am sure I prayed too
much. I hope God won't answer every
prayer I make for a little brother by
sending one for each."

But the best evidence of the rea-
sonability she felt in the matter was
disclosed on a subsequent occasion,
when she heard her father and mother
discussing to a dinner table full of
guests upon the merits and attractions
of these two little sons.

"Yes," taunted this superior elder
sister of six years, "and you wouldn't
have had either of them if it hadn't
been for me."—New York Times.

MADE WHISTLER HIS FRIEND.

Mark Twain's Experience with the
Irascible Painter.

Mark Twain described recently his
first meeting with James McNeill
Whistler.

"I was introduced to Mr. Whistler,"
he said, "in his studio in London. I
had heard that the painter was an
infectious joker, and I was deter-
mined to get the better of him, if pos-
sible. So at once I put on my most
hopelessly stupid air, and I drew near
the canvas that Mr. Whistler was com-
pleting.

"That ain't bad," I said. "It ain't
bad, only here in this corner"—and I
made as if to rub out a cloud effect
with my finger. "I'd do away with
that cloud if I was you."

"Whistler cried nervously:
"Gad, sir, be careful there. Don't
you see the paint is not dry?"
"Oh, that don't matter," said I.
"I've got my gloves on."
"We got on well together after
that."

The Indian Widow.
With fear-spined feet I've come alone,
As twilight follows day,
Against this mound to lay
My face, tear-wet, and sob and moan;
Nogon, Nogon, my brave!

The larch trees shivered o'er my head,
Their shadows made me quail,
The fitful moon shone pale
To light the way my dark path led;
Nogon, Nogon, my brave!

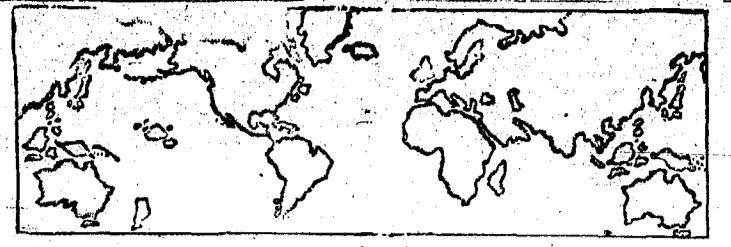
My wigwam lone I fain would leave
To follow thee, my love,
As mourns the maimed dove
In dark wood's solitude I grieve;
Nogon, Nogon, my brave!

The prowling wolves' unslenced howl,
The antlered moose and deer
No more thy arrows fear,
In rice-sown lakes swim water fowl;
Nogon, Nogon, my brave!

With thee in happy hunting-ground,
Victorious in the chase,
Ione would seek her place,
The game to bear, thy praise to sound;
Nogon, Nogon, my brave!

Wanted His Share.
Jonah and the whale were parting
company, when the latter remarked:
"I suppose you intend to write an ac-
count of your experience with me."
"I certainly do," replied Jonah.
"Have you any objections?"

"None at all," said the whale, "but
I want you to remember that I shall
expect my share of the proceeds. I
have given you lodgings for some
three days free of charge, and I have
been a sort of collaborator in furnish-
ing material for the story. I shall,
therefore, expect you to send me a
check upon the publication of your ar-
ticle."



Some places in the path to success are
slack ropes with no balance po es.

1796
1872
1932
SEARCH YOUR MIND!

HIS EXPERIENCE.

He is a big man and a young bachel-
or, and as we talked on the train he
told me this: "I love to have children
in the house—that is one of the many
reasons why I think of getting mar-
ried. The study of the little children
is one of the most interesting things
to me, and it seems to me a mother
should be an entertainer for the chil-
dren as well as a parent to them. It
seems to me I should want a boy first.
First a daughter, then a son then
another daughter." But for the
laughter's sake I think it is nice for
her to have an older brother. It may
be better for the mother to have the
laughter first. I am inclined to think
the kinder ten is for children with-
out a healthy home; that nothing
should come between the intelligent
mother and her child. The mothers
of Washington and Garfield did well
with their children, showing it is the
ideal home that gives the best school-
ing. Kindergartens workers are of
great service to mothers in furnishing
them with valuable information. I
have noticed now children love to see
things made for them. A little one
that was visiting us wanted a pistol
to hold a firecracker, so we went down
into the workshop, and, finding a
board, we marked it out, sawed it and
holed a hole. The little one was more
interested in the making of it than the
using of it afterward. Children never
worry me. I love to have them climb
over me."

POSTGRADUATE TUITION.

When we let the electric light burn
all night in the basement it is an
error, an unnecessary expense and
comes under postgraduate tuition.

After we had done so several times
I began studying for preventive mea-
sures and found that if I turned the
light on before coming through the
basement doorway I would not leave
the light on. The wall button for the
basement light is in the kitchen by
the door which opens on the base-
ment stairs. My discovery was an
axiom, but it helped me start a habit
of not passing through the door until
I reached through and around, turned
the button and saw the light go off.
But my wife had to have another kind
of a remedy. Milk costs money
and she likes milk for pantry and
table. Her farm home in early life
educated her that way. To her nothing
else seems so important for the
price as a bottle of milk. I reared
this out and then told her that when
she ferreted the basement light for a
night it meant a bottle of milk. This
made her stop and think and remem-
ber. With an occasional error we are
having success in keeping the base-
ment dark when not in use.

Skeptical Friends.

There is a friend of mine in New
York city to whom I have talked my
plans for a dozen years, and he is
unable to see what I am trying to do,
or how I can do what I tell him I want
to do. I may meet a stranger this
afternoon who will see through my
system of research, and in five min-
utes become an enthusiastic supporter
of it. When our friends are blind to
our plans and predict failure there is
an irritation about it that is difficult
to endure, but the hardest thing to
endure is to have a friend disappoint-
ed over your success, because the
friend has predicted failure. Some-
times this happens.

Why and When.

A request comes for information on
halloween. No doubt but many won-
der what and why and when started
about this event the next day after it
occurs. In the cyclopedia we read
that it is a name popularly given to
the eve or vigil of All Hallows, or
festival of All Saints. It started
centuries ago as a pleasant and harmless
evening of recreation, but to-day it
has been perverted so that property is
destroyed and people injured in the
name of fun and it now needs reform-
ing.

Good Done in Anger.

Much evil is done in anger and
some good. People accomplish desir-
able pieces of work while angry—work
they failed to do in their calmness.
Yet it is not safe to get angry. We
might pray that if we ever do get
again the results may be desirable.
Though better than that is to pray
for strength and self-control.

Yes, Yes, Yes.

Men, women and children agree
with me about there being many little
pieces of information not generally
known which should be known and
the average person in daily contact
with them never gives a thought to
them. Some are taking a minute a
day for union study of common
sense.

Easy Give It Up.

They are quick to start and quick
to stop, though some who are slow
to start are quick to stop. It may be
due to too many feathers in the blood
or too much lead there. The people
who have done something in the way
of hard work have a stability that
is noticeable and desirable.

NEW IDEA IN SUBMARINE BOAT.

Calcium Carbide Supplies Gas to
Raise It From the Bottom.
A new use for calcium carbide is
for raising and sinking a submarine
boat in Germany.

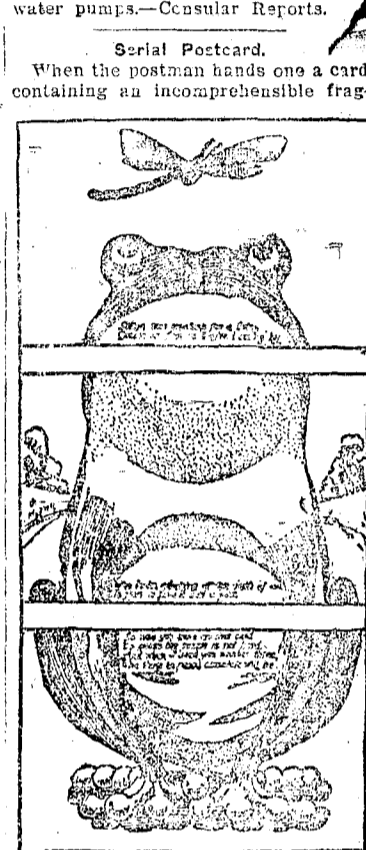
The boat is supplied with an ordi-
nary gas generator and a water tank,
the upper part of which is connect-
ed with the gas reservoir of the gener-
ator. The tank and the generator have
pipes at the bottom opening into the
sea water. The upper parts have ver-
tical pipes for the escape of the gas.
If the reservoirs (the tank and the
reservoir of the generator) are filled
with water the boat sinks. After the
introduction of a carbide cartridge
into the gas generator an immense
quantity of gas is formed at once,
which forces the water through the
lower pipe into the sea. After open-
ing the cock in the connecting pipe
the gas enters the tank and fills it
by forcing out the water.

The boat now rises to the surface,
remaining there until the gas is al-
lowed to escape from both reservoirs,
which causes them to be again filled
by sea water.

If the boat has sunk deeper than
desired the introduction of a carbide
cartridge into the generator will make
the boat rise to the proper level. The
apparatus is quite simple and works
reliably, doing away with air and
water pumps.—Consular Reports.

Serial Postcard.

When the postman hands one a card
containing an incomprehensible frag-



ment of a drawing the recipient is
naturally mystified. This feeling is
only intensified on receipt of the sec-
ond of the series, and not until the
third, fourth or fifth card completes
the picture is the veil lifted.

Potatoes Grow Above Ground.

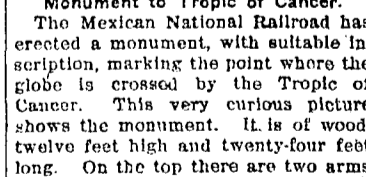
It is stated that scientists have
produced tomatoes and potatoes on
the same stalk—potatoes in the
ground and the tomatoes on the vine
on top. In the garden of Mrs. F. J.
Ault, above Nisbet, Penn., where she
had planted some "stray seedlings," one
of the vines, without any manipulation
from the hands of scientists, was
found hanging full of potatoes from
the ground to the top, there being
about a dozen of them, and they were
as red as a tomato could be. The
same stalk had also its full quota of
potatoes in the ground.—New York
Journal.

Carving 1,000 Years Old Found.

A remarkable piece of antique In-
dian carving, which must be nearly a
thousand years old, was dug up in
making an excavation in the center of
Vancouver, B. C. The carving is of
brown sandstone, and the work must
have been done with a sharp piece of
flint or slate. It is in two sections,
one being a bowl and the other a
bear's head. It was found under the
decayed stump of an immense cedar
tree, and may have been placed there
before the tree began to grow and long
before Columbus had any thought of
discovering America.

Monument to Tropic of Cancer.

The Mexican National Railroad has
erected a monument, with suitable in-
scription, marking the point where the
globe is crossed by the Tropic of
Cancer. This very curious picture
shows the monument. It is of wood,
twelve feet high and twenty-four feet
long. On the top there are two arms



pointing out the two zones. It is
situated on a desert ground a few miles
south of Catorce.—New York Herald.

Cape Cod Oysters Popular.

Cape Cod oysters are gradually find-
ing their way into the Connecticut
market, where, for years, the home
product has had little or no competi-
tion. A New London firm has planted
1,000 acres of oyster ground on Cape
Cod.

East Jordan Company's Store.

1903-1904

We wish you the compliments of the season.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Too busy for utterance this week.

A word prior Inventory.

Get Our Prices

- on Clothing
 - " Ladies' Suits
 - " Ladies' and Misses' Jackets
 - " Ladies' Suits
 - " Many other things
- To close out before Inventory.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

We thank you for your Christmas patronage.

East Jordan Lumber Co. Store.

N. B.—The voting contest will be continued until Jan. 15th, by reason of Xmas season.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Charlevoix County Herald

R. L. Lorraine, Publisher.

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

What the World Said

By ALLAN P. AMES

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"In this matter," said Easton, "there are three opinions to consider."
"One is enough for me," said the girl.
"Your own, I suppose."
"Of course. I presume one of the others is yours. Whose is the third?"
Easton gave a long, sweeping stroke that sent the canoe darting far through the waters and laid the dripping paddle across the gunwale. "The third," he replied, "is what the world says."
"And who cares for that?" spoke the girl lazily from her cushions near the bow.

"Public opinion is something none of us can afford to ignore," said the youth gravely.

"But this is not a public matter. The extent of my liking for you is something just between ourselves."

"Our world tonight, Anne, is not the world of last winter. It's smaller—just the little colony at this end of the lake, in fact. That's the way we men feel, at any rate. We come here to get away from the world of work, and we want to keep wholly within this little pleasant sphere of our own. Now, you can't say that nobody about here has noticed my devotion. If you should inquire, I'll bet you'd find that most of your friends can enumerate the times that I've proposed in the past month. Oh, they know all about us, and they're intensely concerned. You can't have forgotten what an active interest you and I took in your sister's affair."

"We were only rude children then."
"Summer days like these make children of us all. I've been growing younger ever since I knew you. Now, I have a childlike faith in the world's good judgment. Can't you let it settle this question for us?"

"Do you value its opinion above mine?" asked the girl, with a smile he might have seen had the moon been larger.

"Oh, no, only, you see, your opinion in a measure is neutralized by mine. Here's a disinterested third party. Why not submit the question to him? I am convinced that you should marry me. You say you shouldn't. The rest of mankind are comparatively unimportant, but let's leave it to them. Isn't that fair?"

"Would you have them vote it at next election?"

"No, no. I am in earnest, Anne. If all our friends thought as I do, wouldn't it make any difference to you?"

"But I don't know what they think. I've never asked them. Have you?"

"Certainly not," answered Easton indignantly. "But I know a way of learning—to a certain extent."

"What's that?"

"Listening."

"At keyholes and open windows, I suppose."

"No, I don't feel quite young enough for that. Besides, it isn't necessary. See here."

Easton left his perch on the stern, worked his way to the center of the canoe and picked up a small megaphone. "Put the little end to your ear," he said, handing it to his companion. "Here's another just like it for me."

"Why, Joseph Easton! I'm ashamed of you! Do you often do things like this?"

"Never did it before. This is a very exceptional case."

"You're sure to hear something about yourself you won't like?"

"No danger," he replied cheerfully as he raised the funnel to his ear. "Don't they say all the world loves a fellow in my condition?"

Then, while the girl sat watching him, with her own megaphone untouched in her lap, he listened first in one quarter, then in another. Sound travels surprisingly far at night on a calm body of water. To the unaided ear nothing was audible but the chirping of insects upon the shore and the lapping of ripples along the keel. Nevertheless at the fourth trial Easton's attitude betokened that his megaphone had intercepted some sounds more intelligible.

"Pity you're missing this," he chuckled presently. "Better follow me."

"Can you really hear somebody talking about us?" asked Anne, interested in spite of herself.

"Seems to be a couple of girls discussing you," said Easton. "And very nicely too. Excellent sense those people have. Hush—"

"Now they've switched off on me," he added, after a pause.

Anne could restrain herself no longer. "It isn't so wrong for me to listen when they are speaking of you," she said finally. The next moment two megaphones were leveled into the darkness.

"This is what came through them: 'Roving fancy, did you say? Indeed he had. I never saw a man change as he has since last summer. He showed a preference for Anne then, but he was willing to glance at the rest of us occasionally. But now—well, it's a case, all right.'"

Easton turned triumphantly to see what effect this had upon his companion. To all appearances she was listening intently, intent to catch every

word. When he returned to his megaphone another feminine voice was speaking:

"Least doubt about it. But I shall always have one exquisite joke on Anne and Joe if they marry, as everybody thinks they will. As long as he remains truthful the poor fellow never can tell her that she's the first girl he ever kissed."

"Bella! I'm shocked! What right have you to say that?"

"The best right in the world. The first girl he ever kissed is me!"

"Splash! went Anne's megaphone into the water. The youth whirled about to find himself confronted by a pair of quivering shoulders and the back of a head that was a whole encyclopedia of outraged feeling. The megaphone bobbed against the side unnoticed.

"Anne, dear," he cried, "don't mind those busybodies. It's only Bella Mainard. You can't care what she says."

"Oh, I don't; I don't!" came back in smothered tones. Then—"Spitful thing! She wanted you herself. I always knew she did!"

"Wanted me?" echoed the youth. "Wanted"—slowly realizing the import of the past tense. At the imminent risk of capsizing the frail craft, he crawled forward, placed a hand on each shoulder and gently turned her face toward him.

"Anne," he said, "you do care!"

For answer the face was hidden against the front of his coat.

"If you had only listened longer," observed Easton, when conversation again became an adequate mode of expression, "you might have heard the Mainard girl tell when it was I kissed her."

"I don't want to know," said Anne. "Your past is your own. Your present is mine."

"And my future," he added fervently. "But I don't mind in the least telling you how this happened. It was at a children's party. I was six and she was nine, I think."

The Original of Major Pendennis.

Miss Florence Smith once told me a story. It was long and complicated, but she assured me she had told it to my father, the late W. M. Thackeray, just before he wrote "Pendennis," and that it had partly suggested the opening chapters. It concerned a family living in Brighton, somewhere near Kemp Town. There was a somewhat autocratic father and a romantic young son who had lost his heart to the housemaid and determined to marry her. The father made the young man give his word of honor that he would not marry clandestinely and then, having dismissed him, rang for the butler. To the butler this Major Pendennis said, "Morgan," or whatever his name was, "I wish you to resign from my service, but I will give you £200 in bank notes if you will marry the housemaid before 12 o'clock tomorrow." The butler said, "Certainly, sir," and the young man next morning was told of the event which had occurred. As far as I remember, a melancholy and sensational event immediately followed, for the poor young fellow was so overwhelmed that he rushed out and distractedly blew his brains out on the dawns behind the house, and the butler meanwhile, having changed his £200, sent a message to say that he had omitted to mention that he had a wife already and that this would doubtless invalidate the ceremony he had just gone through with the housemaid.—Mrs. Richmond Ritchie in Cornhill Magazine.

How About Home Displays?

He—It seems to me that the practice of sending clothing to the heathen is in direct opposition to Scriptural teaching. She—Why, how can that be?

He—It teaches them to take thought what they shall wear.—Towns and Country.

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

Value of the Kangaroo's Tail.

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

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

He Watched the Cow.

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

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

"I do, sir."

"Well, what point?"

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

The Devil's Knell.

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

When a woman loves a man to the point of distraction, other women abuse her for not having "more pride."—Ladies' Globe.

Smell and Taste.

The sense of smell is most nearly allied to that of taste. Hearing and seeing depend upon nerve responses to vibrations in the air and in the ether. In order to taste a substance it has to be wholly or partially dissolved; in order to smell a substance it must encounter the olfactory organs as a vapor, an emanation, a cloud of particles arising from odoriferous matter.

Burial.

"How much better I like the word 'burial' than 'funeral.' The burial is just the fulfillment of our latest prayers. 'None of self and all of thee.' The poor pettiness of that which is not living and loving and so glorified in him, all buried away, and nothing precious in his sight, and so in ours, can be buried there!"—Letters of Ethelie Russell Gurney.

Sporting Blood.

Blizzer—I heard that Bilgewater jumped out of his yacht and was drowned.

Buzzer—Shocking! Did he do it with suicidal intent?

Blizzer—Oh, no! He was racing and did it to lighten his boat and thereby win the race.

A Mean Trick.

"That's the meanest man I ever ran across," said the book agent.

"What has he done?"

"Kept me calling day after day, and finally said he didn't care anything about reading, but he enjoyed hearing me talk."

Needs Prodding.

"It is a great mistake, Mabel, to trifle with the affections of a man who loves you by encouraging some one else."

"Well, he's a little slow, auntie. I think he needs a pacemaker."

THE REV. IRL R. HICKS 1904 ALMANAC.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1904 is now ready. It will be mailed any address for 30 cents. It is suitable how such an elegant, costly book can be sent prepaid so cheaply.

A family or person is prepared to fly the heavens, or the stars another in 1904, without this wonderful Hicks Almanac and Prof. Hicks' useful paper, WORD AND WORK.

These are sent for only ONE DOLLAR. WORD AND WORKS is among the best American Magazines. Like Hicks Almanac, it is too well used further commendation. Few have labored more faithfully to put the word or found a warmer in the hearts of the people. Send to WORD AND WORKS PUBLISHING CO., 2201 Leavitt St., St. Louis, Mo.

DEER MARQUETTE

In Effect Sept. 27, 1903.

THIS LINE BELLAIRE IS FOLLOWED:

For Travers City, 10:30 a. m. and 8:30 p. m.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago, and West Haven, 11:30 a. m. and 9:30 p. m.

For Saginaw and Detroit, 11:30 a. m. and 9:30 p. m.

For Charlevoix and Ishpeming, 11:30 a. m. and 9:30 p. m.

F. N. STEWART, Agent, Pellene, Mich.

F. H. HOLLER, Gen. Passenger Agent Detroit

DEER MARQUETTE

Time Schedule.

Takes effect Sunday, Dec. 29, 1903.

WEST BOUND		MIXED	
Leave Escanaba	4:30 p. m.	4:30 p. m.	
Leave DeWitt	4:45 p. m.	4:45 p. m.	
Leave Blue Lake	5:00 p. m.	5:00 p. m.	
Leave Manistowick	5:15 p. m.	5:15 p. m.	
Leave Alpena	5:30 p. m.	5:30 p. m.	
Leave Cheboygan	5:45 p. m.	5:45 p. m.	
Leave Cheboygan	6:00 p. m.	6:00 p. m.	
Leave Cheboygan	6:15 p. m.	6:15 p. m.	
Leave Cheboygan	6:30 p. m.	6:30 p. m.	
Leave Cheboygan	6:45 p. m.	6:45 p. m.	
Leave Cheboygan	7:00 p. m.	7:00 p. m.	

EAST BOUND		MIXED	
Leave Cheboygan	9:00 a. m.	9:00 a. m.	
Leave Cheboygan	9:15 a. m.	9:15 a. m.	
Leave Cheboygan	9:30 a. m.	9:30 a. m.	
Leave Cheboygan	9:45 a. m.	9:45 a. m.	
Leave Cheboygan	10:00 a. m.	10:00 a. m.	
Leave Cheboygan	10:15 a. m.	10:15 a. m.	
Leave Cheboygan	10:30 a. m.	10:30 a. m.	
Leave Cheboygan	10:45 a. m.	10:45 a. m.	
Leave Cheboygan	11:00 a. m.	11:00 a. m.	

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

CLARK HAIRE, Gen. Manager.

East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE

In effect June 21, 1903.

SOUTH		NORTH	
No. 11 No. 2	Stations	No. 11 No. 2	Stations
A. M. P. M.		P. M. A. M.	
8:30	1:15	5:00	11:30
8:43	1:28	5:13	11:43
8:51	1:36	5:21	11:51
8:54	1:39	5:24	11:54
9:06	1:51	5:36	12:06
9:18	2:03	5:48	12:18
9:30	2:15	6:00	12:30

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

W. P. PORTER, E. J. CROSSMAN, Gen. Managers. L. B. Manager.

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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.

Probate Order.

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

A session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office in the village of Charlevoix, on the seventeenth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

Present, John M. Harris, Judge of Probate, in the Matter of the Estate of Dora A. Drighlough, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition duly filed of Amos C. Harris praying among other things that an order be made and entry be made in said Court determining who were the lawful heirs of deceased and entitled to inherit his lands at his death.

Thereupon it is ordered, that, Monday, the eleventh day of January next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden in the Probate Office in the Village of Charlevoix, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the time of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate.

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

FORCE Satisfies taste and appetite

\$3.00 SAVED TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST VIA THE D & B LINE.

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Leave DETROIT Daily . . . 4.00 P. M.

Arrive at BUFFALO . . . 8.00 A. M.

Leave BUFFALO Daily . . . 5.30 P. M.

Arrive at DETROIT . . . 7.00 A. M.

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Rate between Detroit and Buffalo \$2.50 one way, \$4.50 round trip. Berths \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00.

If your railway agent will not sell you a through ticket, please buy a local ticket to Buffalo or Detroit, and pay your transfer charges from depot to wharf. By doing this we will save you \$3.00 to any point East or West.

A. A. SCHWARTZ, G. P. T. M., Detroit, Mich.

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A book called "An Introduction to the Latest Piano Music." It contains, in reduced size, the first page of each of the following wonderfully successful pieces:

Mississippi Rose March

Waving Plumes March

Nouralma Waltzes

Give the Countersign March

Euphonia (Intermezzo)

Entrée de Cortège

Imozetta (Mexican Dance)

South Carolina Sunshine

Antics of the Ants

Story of the Flowers

Love of Liberty March

Idle Fancies (Intermezzo)

Dream of the Ballet

Return of Love Waltzes

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The Eagle's March

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State Bank of East Jordan.

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 SURP. US \$ 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.
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Briefs of the Week

Home cured Hams and Bacon 12 1/2 cts. at Bennett's.

Jos. Caulder spent Christmas with friends in town.

R. E. Pearsall was in Boyne City Thursday evening.

Arthur Warne spent Christmas with friends in Grand Rapids.

A. Westgate came down from Mackinaw Tuesday to spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Noyes, of Mason, are visiting Mrs. N.'s sister, Mrs. Alex. Bush.

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous new year.

Mrs. Ramsey, of Central Lake, spent Christmas with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Howard Weikel.

Mrs. Hugh Whiteford returned from the Canadian Northwest for a visit with relatives and friends here.

Over 600,000 bushels of potatoes have been marketed at Traverse City this fall. The average price paid has been 45 cts. per bushel.

Marshall Johnson's face was badly disfigured in an encounter with an irate female while he was taking a "jag" to jail Thursday evening.

South Lake Lodge No. 180 K. of P. will hold their annual election of officers Wednesday evening, Dec. 30th. All members are requested to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Fortune arrived this week from Ludington. Their household goods came some time ago and they are now at home in the Clark residence on William street.

Mark Chapter O. E. S. No. 275 are arranging for a big time at their meeting Friday evening, Jan. 1st. A musical program and refreshments are promised. Every member is requested to be present.

Mr. Chas. Cox, of this place, and Miss Annis Hoffman, of Atwood, were married Christmas day. The East Jordan Military Band, of which Mr. Cox is a member, drove out to the home of the groom's father, Jas. Cox, of Beho, that evening to serenade the young people.

It warms the heart like sunshine, cheers the soul like ancient wine, gives hope for the future, blots out the past. That's what Rocky Mountain Tea does. 35 cents.
Warne's Pharmacy.

20lb Granulated Sugar for \$1.00 at Bennett's.

Jos. Maddock returned to Ann Arbor to-day.

Miss Marion Malpass returned home from Traverse City Saturday.

The West Side schools closed Friday for a week's vacation.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gurrard Wednesday, the 23d inst. a boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Tyndale welcomed a baby daughter to their home circle Wednesday.

Sherman's new electric sign illuminates that end of Main street better than the arc lamp.

J. P. Roy is home from Norwood, his school being closed for a week's vacation during the holidays.

Fire Warden C. L. Otto has been getting after the property owners who have defective chimneys this week.

A wreck on the Pere Marquette near Thompsonville made the mail train several hours late Thursday evening.

Miss Goldie Fairchilds came home Tuesday evening from Jennings where she has been conducting a photograph gallery.

Both the Presbyterian and M. E. Sunday Schools had Christmas trees and appropriate exercises for the little folks Thursday evening.

Wm. Spencer is purchasing stone for the foundation of a business block to be erected on his lot just north of the HEALD office in the spring.

The East Jordan & Southern R. R. offer holiday rates of one and one-third fare for the round trip. Tickets sold Dec. 24, 25 and 31, and Jan. 1. Good to return until Jan. 4th.

Gov. Bliss has pardoned Frank C. Andrews, the Detroit bank wrecker, sentenced to 15 years in the State prison. The reason given for this action is that through his testimony the depositors may get their money back.

Makes assimilation perfect, healthy blood, firm muscles, strong nerves. Quickens the brain, makes and keeps you well. Great medicine, Rocky Mountain Tea.
Warne's Pharmacy.

Fountain pens filled with Thomas' Ink at the Cigar Store.

NOTICE.
Joe Routhier has changed his place to Louis Peppins' Saloon for lunches.

Beef and Pork Steak 10 cts. at Bennett's.

Our merchants all report a very good holiday trade.

Dr. Sweet now has a suite of three rooms in the Lumber Co.'s block.

Leigh Gilbert is confined to the house with a severe case of sciatic rheumatism.

Chas. Myers, of Marion, has been the guest of friends in town several days this week.

Dr. M. C. Orser has removed his household effects into apartments in the Loveday building.

A train of logs off the track at Camp 1 delayed the East Jordan & Southern passenger train a couple of hours Monday evening.

Arthur Warne had an exciting run-away Sunday, the horse he was driving being frightened by a dog. The cutter was demolished.

Henry Clark has the contract for erecting seven houses for the Cooperage Co. near the East Jordan Lumber Co.'s camp on section one.

The Charlevoix Sugar Co. have been hiring every available conveyance this week to bring in the balance of their beets in this vicinity for shipment.

Messrs. Converse & Perkins have moved their law office across the street to the rooms in the Lumber Co.'s blk. occupied by L. A. Hoyt as a lumber inspector's office.

Chas. Gotham and family will have charge of the new Cooperage Inn, a the boarding house at the Cooperage factory will be called, moving out there Wednesday.

One hundred and twenty-seven Michigan high schools are entitled to have their graduates admitted to the University without entrance examinations. Ten years ago only 75 schools of the state could be regarded as good enough to prepare students for University work.

A faded out, care worn woman of 40 with a spruce up-to-date husband, should take Rocky Mountain Tea. Brings back that youthful, girlish beauty. Keeps the old man from going to the lodge. 35 cents.
Warne's Pharmacy.

The Scientific American says: "When a child has diphtheria, pound raw onions into a pulp and bind them in a thin bag about the throat, clean up to the ears; and the effect is magical. The pain leaves and a drowsy comfort ensues."



Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back.

For nearly thirty years he has been traveling around the world, and is still traveling, bringing health and comfort wherever he goes.

To the consumptive he brings the strength and flesh he so much needs.

To all weak and sickly children he gives rich and strengthening food.

To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood.

Children who first saw the old man with the fish are now grown up and have children of their own.

He stands for Scott's Emulsion of pure cod liver oil—a delightful food and a natural tonic for children, for old folks and for all who need flesh and strength.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 108-115 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Ayer's

You can hardly find a home without its Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Parents know what it does for children: breaks

Cherry Pectoral

up a cold in a single night, wards off bronchitis, prevents pneumonia. Physicians advise parents to keep it on hand.

"The best cough medicine money can buy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For the coughs of children nothing could possibly be better."
JACOB SWALL, Saratoga, Ind.

25c., 50c., \$1.00. All druggists.
J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Throat, Lungs

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. W. H. Marshall returned Saturday from her visit at Levering.

Miss Corah Lorraine left this noon to spend Sunday with friends in Charlevoix.

John Porter and his sister Mary came home from Oberlin Wednesday to spend the holidays.

Mrs. G. L. Sherman spent Sunday with friends in Elk Rapids.

Earle Crossman came home from Ann Arbor for the holidays.

Miss Bessie Warne came home from Muskegon Thursday evening.

Noble Johnson, of Travers City was the guest of Editor Lorraine of the HERALD for Christmas.

Dr. H. W. Dicken and family spent Christmas with Col. Dickinson at Petoskey.

Misses Cassie and Emma Winters arrived from the Upper Peninsula Thursday evening to spend the holidays with their parents.

Joseph Maddock, Fred Whittington and Burton Nicholas are home from the University for the holidays.

Henry Coors, of New Mexico, accompanied his friend Burton Nicholas home from Ann Arbor for the holidays.

L. Northwick, of Billaire was in town Tuesday.

L. M. Gatz went to Chicago, Wis. Wednesday to spend the holidays with friends.

L. A. Hoyt has been in Muskegon and Chicago on business this week.

Attorneys Converse and Perkins went to Lapeer Thursday to spend the holidays.

Miss Minnie Weippert is spending her holiday vacation in Petoskey.

Miss Stella Smatz, night operator at the telephone exchange, is enjoying a two-week's vacation, which she is spending with her mother at East Jordan.—Charlevoix Courier.

Beef and Pork Roasts 8 cts. at Bennett's.

EXCURSIONS

VIA THE

PERE MARQUETTE

MID-WINTER HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

The Pere Marquette will sell tickets from all stations on its lines, at a rate of ONE and ONE-THIRD fare for the round trip. Selling dates, December 24, 25 and 31, 1903, and January 1, 1904. Tickets good returning until Monday, January 4th, 1904.

Ask agents for particulars.

PERE MARQUETTE IN CHICAGO.

On and after December 15, Pere Marquette System passenger trains will arrive at and depart from the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison St. and Fifth Ave., Chicago.

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

FATALITY OF PNEUMONIA.

Pneumonia is the most fatal of all acute affections, being second only to consumption in mortality lists, all classes, rich and poor, young and old, succumb to its ravages. Foley's Honey and Tar cures colds and prevents pneumonia and has cured many severe cases of this disease. "My wife had a severe attack of pneumonia which followed a severe attack of the grippe and I believe that Foley's Honey and Tar saved her life," writes James Coffee, of Raymond, Miss.

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.

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 Jewellery, 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 The Holiday Trade

A Choice Line of Books, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, &c just received at

WARNE'S PHARMACY

Winslow Racing Skates

Xmas Toys, Mouth Organs and Harmonophones can be found at

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

DO YOU KNOW

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.

THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUNTAIN

By A. L. Harris Author of "Gine Own Familiar Friend," etc.
Copyright, 1901, by Cassell Publishing Company.
Copyright, 1902, by Street & Smith.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

For some reason Ted Burritt remained behind. "I'll let them go first," he said to himself.

In the meantime, those who had been to view the body in the vestry returned. It was evident from their manner, and the short time they had been absent, that no identification had taken place.

Ted Burritt, with his heart beating wildly now, turned in the same direction. On the extemporized bier a body lay, the lower limbs of which were covered with a cloth, leaving the face and the upper part of the body exposed to view. Ted Burritt saw that it was the face of a man of about fifty years of age, with features that must have been handsome in their day. The face in death wore an expression of agonized expectancy—the expression of one who recognized the full horror of the fate that awaited him. It was the face of his own father!

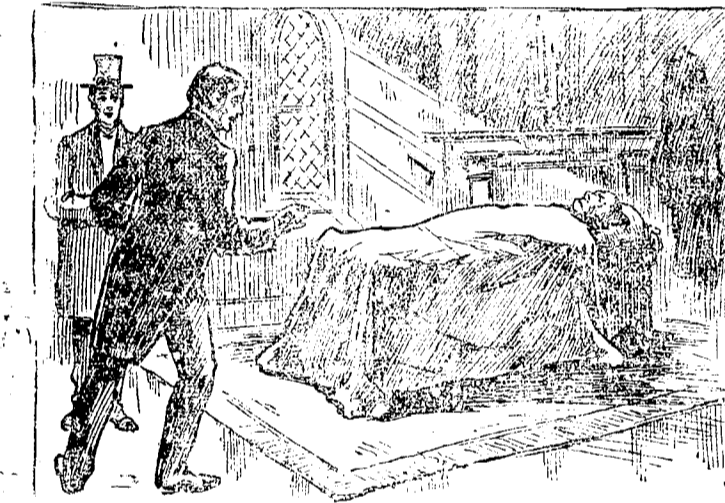
CHAPTER VIII.

Dr. Jeremiah Cartwright.

A few moments elapsed, at the end of which time the door of the vestry opened again. This time to admit a stout, middle-aged gentleman, whose somewhat imposing Roman nose was accentuated by a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, and whose civil garb had a most military cut and preciseness about it.

He cleared his throat and gave a sharp little cough like a double knock. "I beg your pardon, my dear sir, I hope I'm not disturbing you but—"

Ted Burritt rose to his feet and stepped, all at once, to wake from the slumber of grief which had overtaken him when he realized that his father's fears had been surpassed, and that his beloved parent had met with a horrible death, such as the most abandoned criminal might have shuddered at. His eyes were bloodshot,



It was the face of his own father!

his hair tossed and tumbled, as though it had been clutched at and disheveled by muscular fingers. His dress was dusty and disordered, and he bore a haggard unwashed appearance.

But, in spite of these drawbacks, the other ejaculated under his breath: "Humph! A fine fellow. Seems uncommonly cut up, too—rather unusual thing in these days. Seems to be something like genuine feeling here. And I like to see it! I like to see it!"

Having arrived at the conclusion of these remarks, some of which might have been distinctly audible, had the listener chosen to lend an ear in their direction, he continued out loud:

"By-the-by, let me introduce myself. My name's Cartwright—Jeremiah Cartwright, surgeon, etc., late of the 47th."

Ted Burritt turned toward him with something like an appearance of interest, and the doctor, seeing this, went on:

"Yes, I've been on the spot ever since the accident took place. You've heard how it was, of course? It was an awful sight, and what made it more so was the fact that little or nothing could be done to help. The groans and shrieks were something awful, and what was more, the front of the train was completely enveloped in a black pitch-like smoke from the burning oil—which, as you know, had exploded from the concussion—through which the flames leaped and hissed. It was quite an hour before they had burnt themselves out, and even then, the heat was so intense that there was no opportunity of approaching the carriages for some hours after that. And when we did—"

They paused impressively and drew out their hands—"when we did, there was nothing left but smoking skeletons of men, women and children—yes, sir, children—and in some instances, as you may have seen for yourself, not even that!"

Ted Burritt uttered a groan, as the doctor wound up in a breathless condition.

"Terrible, wasn't it?" said the latter, recovering himself in no time. "But you"—laying his hand on the young man's shoulder—"you mustn't give way, you know. Just consider these other poor folks—the church is full of them. They, many of them, have nothing left of their dead, but a few ashes—a handful of black dust. What is more, in most cases they do not even know which particular handful

of dust, or how many of the ashes they may claim as their own. Compare your case with these, and I think you will agree with me, that you have a great deal to be thankful for. You can have your dead decently interred, with his name upon his headstone."

Ted Burritt raised his head, which was shaken between his shoulders. "You are right," he said firmly. "I have a great deal to be thankful for, even yet."

"That's right," said the doctor, resuming his brisk, every-day tone, "that's the way to look at the matter. By-the-by"—lowering his voice again—"I may as well tell you that I was one of the party who helped to find the poor gentleman," and he motioned with his hand toward the corpse. "Yes"—as the other made a sudden step toward him—"he was in the fourth carriage from the engine, a first class carriage it was, and he was the only occupant. This carriage was thought to be empty, as no cries were heard, and it was generally believed that whatever passengers it might have contained had made their escape before the flames reached it. Of course, the supposition is that he was disabled, perhaps killed outright, by the effects of the collision; for the carriage was much damaged, and we had some considerable difficulty in extricating him."

The young man nodded his head and an expression of relief spread itself over his countenance.

"I should like to think that," he said. "It would be a great alleviation if I could believe he perished like that, instead of enduring the agony of that other hideous death," and, as he spoke, he shuddered and set his teeth together.

"Depend upon it, that was the truth of the matter," rejoined the little doctor. "The night have been struck senseless by a blow upon the head. At any rate I shall find out that when I

make my examination of the remains. I don't know whether you care to stop while I—? No?" in answer to a violent shake of the head. "Well, perhaps it's better not."

"And you think," Ted Burritt inquired, "that the examination will show you how my father died?"

The doctor nodded his head. "You remain for the inquest, I suppose?"

"When—?" began the young man.

But the garrulous little gentleman did not allow him to finish. "Monday morning—twelve o'clock," he jerked out. "You'll find the place very full, but very likely you'll be able to get a bed somewhere. If not—come to me and I'll put you up."

Ted Burritt, moved by this generous offer on the part of a stranger, thanked him in a few broken, but heartfelt words.

He made his way back to the station, and found that another train had just arrived bearing a still further load of anxious, grief-stricken inquirers.

He wrote out a telegraphic message and consigned it to one of the clerks; not one of whom had his hand off the instrument all night.

On the line groups of men, under proper superintendence, were still busily engaged in searching among the heaps of debris.

As Ted Burritt stood and watched them at their work, suddenly the thought flashed across his mind again—his father's friend! What had become of him?

CHAPTER IX.

A Startling Discovery.

The telegram which Ted Burritt sent to his sister was as follows:

"Have found my father. Am remaining until after the inquest. Break the news gently."

Having disposed of this duty, it occurred to him that he would be the better for a wash and a meal. There was an unassuming little inn not far from where he stood. It looked clean and inviting to the weary young fellow, and thither he bent his steps—only to find that the modest little

hostelry was already besieged by those whose errand had been the same as his own. He was told by the landlord himself, almost before he had time to frame the inquiry, that they were full up to the rafters; but it was just possible that he might find someone in the village who might be able to take him in. His host strongly recommended the gentleman to go

and secure of Mother Jimman's room. A small urchin who was hanging about the door, was induced, by the prospect of twopence, to show the way to the old dame's cottage.

Having seen the room, a funny little place up under the roof, in which he could barely stand upright, but which spotlessly clean as it was, seemed a very haven of rest to the worn out young man, and having expressed himself as satisfied, and paid five shillings in advance, as a token of good faith, the old dame departed in search of new laid eggs, from her own hens, to serve up for her new lodger's breakfast.

In the meantime the young man threw himself into a chair with a heavy sigh, which the good old soul heard as she shut the door upon him. She returned to the room, in about half an hour's time with a tray, which contained the homely but excellent country fare she had prepared, and, making no notice taken of the knock, with which she announced the arrival of breakfast, pushed open the door and entered.

She found the new lodger fast asleep on his chair, with his head resting on the table, and, depositing her tray thereon also, stood regarding him with motherly solicitude.

"Poor, dear, young gentleman," she murmured to herself, "if 'e don't look dead beat! I'll jest put the breakfast by 'im, so as 'e can see it when 'e wakes."

She left the room, closing the door behind her, and still the young man slept on, in spite of his constrained attitude and the hardness of his pillow.

Another half hour passed, at the end of which time another step was heard ascending the crazy little wooden staircase—a firmer step, but at the same time lighter than the other; and another voice—this time a masculine one—might have been heard to say,

"All right, Mrs. Jimman—don't you trouble—will announce myself."

Which the speaker proceeded to do—first of all by the application of his knuckles, which, proving ineffectual, was followed by the lifting of the latch, and the appearance of the figure of Dr. Jeremiah Cartwright upon the threshold.

He, too, contemplated the sleeping figure doubtfully. "Humph!" he remarked, half aloud. "Asleep, eh? Good thing, too; gone through a lot; worn himself out. Hallo! What's this? Breakfast, eh? All got cold, too! Better wake him up after all!"

"This he did very gently; and Ted Burritt started up, rubbing his eyes. Then, recognizing the situation as well as the personality of the individual who confronted him.

"Oh, Lord!" he cried, with a groan. "I'd forgotten all about it. But tell me what the exam—"

The doctor interrupted him with a gesture. "What's that I see?" looking at the viands through his gold-rimmed spectacles. "Tea? eggs? butter? cream? brown bread? My news will keep; your breakfast won't, or rather has been kept too long already. Sit down at once and dispose of the contents of that tray, or you don't get another word out of me."

Ted was astonished to find how hungry he was, and had soon cleared the board; though, at the same time, he found it rather embarrassing to feel that he was an object of interest to an individual in gold-rimmed spectacles, who stared at him persistently through them, and kept up a running commentary under his breath all the time. Some of the ejaculations, too, which caught his ear were decidedly of a nature to arouse curiosity on the part of the hearer, who now and then could not avoid overhearing such fragments as these—"Mysterious affair—should like to get at the bottom of it. Talk about sensational incidents! Wonder how he'll take it!" etc.

"And now," said the young man, turning round upon him, "tell me what is the result you have arrived at?"

(To be continued.)

HOW TO MANAGE A WIFE.

Some Suggestions Which Are Said to Be of Value.

A great many methods have been suggested as to the best way to manage a husband, but up to date no one has thought it best to guide the poor husband. The following will therefore be found the best way to manage a wife. It has never been known to fail.

Never contradict her. You are right of course nine times out of ten, and she knows it, but to tell her so makes her always unmanageable.

Never oppose her. When she suggests that in the absence of the cook you get up and light the fire do so at once, willingly and cheerfully. If she wishes you to walk the floor with the baby obey with alacrity.

Never deny her. Possibly she will exceed her allowance, but this is always your fault, because you are not man enough to support her.

Never be cross. When you come home at night, having failed once or twice during the day, or been insulted by a total stranger, or with a large, powerful pain in your stomach, laugh it off, and conceal your real feelings.

Never tell her the truth. When she asks how you like her new hat, swear that it is the greatest thing for the money you ever saw. When she shows you her new gown, be lost in admiration. When she is cross and irritable, tell her she is an angel.

Never disagree with her. When she suggests that you have a cold and need a hot mustard plaster, grin and bear it. When she tells you she needs a change, tell her you are glad she mentioned it.

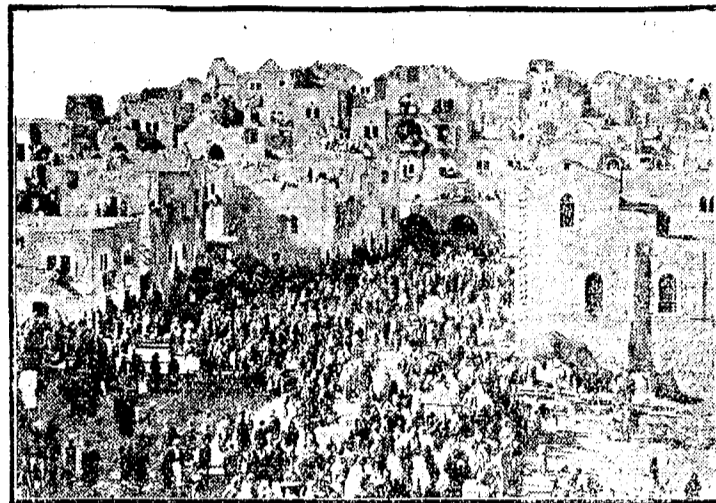
Never interrupt her. This is the only way to manage a wife.—Tom Masson in New York Herald.



(Special Correspondence.)

If there is one spot on earth on which the eyes of all Christendom have ever been centered, and to which their hearts have been drawn, it is the church built over the supposed site of the tomb of our Lord in Jerusalem. When we look back on the history of the sepulcher, we find that it

preparatory to His burial. Many lamps and candelabra belonging to the several sects have been and shed a firm light on the benedict forms of pilgrims tearfully kissing the marble slab. The ancient stone is hidden underneath the marble one, so that the devotion of the pilgrims may not wear it out. Near by are the chapels of Melchize-



Pilgrims in Bethlehem on Christmas Eve.

dec and Adam. Here legend says that Adam was buried, and that when the cross of Christ was erected, some blood trickled onto the bones of the first man, and he revived, and this suggested the name, "Place of a Skull—Golgotha." And they tell us that this is why a skull is often placed at the foot of a crucifix.

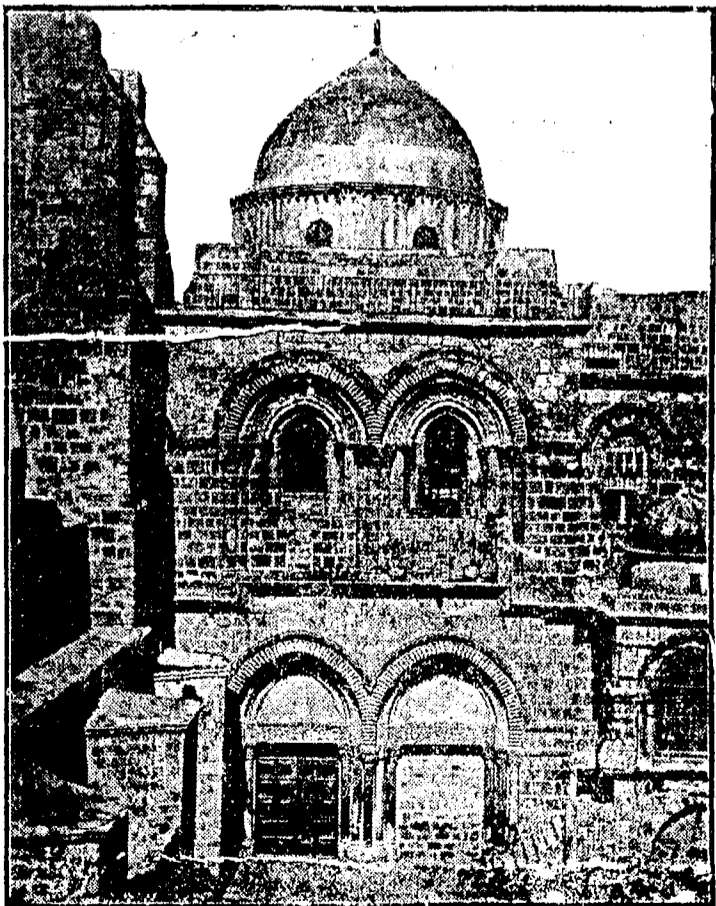
Looking through a barred window is what they call the ground of the crucifixion, and here a lamp hangs over the spot where Mary and St. John are said to have stood while the greatest tragedy of this world was being enacted by cruel and wicked hands. This spot is named Notre Dame des Douleurs. An ascent of eighteen dark steps leads up to this Mount Cavalry, which is divided into two parts, one belonging to the Latins and one to the Greeks. It is a platform fifty feet square, and has a marble pavement. Here is shown the hole where the cross stood, and even the cleft in the rock made by the earthquake. Near this chapel is that of the Nailing of the Cross, and still further is another named the Chapel of the Army, where a printing is exhibited of the Father on His mother's knee. To the Ladies alone belong the Chapel of the Apparition, where Christ appeared to Mary after the resurrection. Here the Column of the Scourging is to be seen through a hole, into which pilgrims thrust a stick, which touches it, and is then kissed by them. The tombs of Nicodemus and Arimathea are shown in the Syrian portion of the church.

The chapel of greatest interest is that in the center of the church, under the great dome. It is the Chapel of the Tomb, a house made of Santa Croce marble. Its height is twenty feet, and it is twenty-six feet long and eighteen broad, and is surmounted by a dome in the shape of a crown. It is divided into two parts. The first, called the Chapel of the Angel, shows the stone which was rolled away on

the resurrection morn. The second division is that of the Chapel of the Tomb, which is six feet by seven. More than half of it is taken up by the marble sarcophagus over the supposed grave, and it covers the rock of the sepulcher entirely. Forty-two silver and gold lamps hanging here in three chapels—the gifts of European sovereigns—are always kept alight.

casuals such as to witness the curious ceremony of the Holy Fire. The height of the dome is 100 feet.

Most of the various sites shown by the guides are owned by the different sects, though some are common to them all. This is the case in regard to the Stone of Unction, which is a marble slab denoting the place where the body of the Lord was anointed



Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

the resurrection morn. The second division is that of the Chapel of the Tomb, which is six feet by seven. More than half of it is taken up by the marble sarcophagus over the supposed grave, and it covers the rock of the sepulcher entirely. Forty-two silver and gold lamps hanging here in three chapels—the gifts of European sovereigns—are always kept alight.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Fetich Ideas of American Society Held in England.

That some English people believe Americans capable of any sort of freakish notion under the guise of entertainment is attested by a paragraph in a recent issue of an English weekly. The writer, a woman, says that an American friend tells her that the New-Yorker notion is a "crazy society," at which the idea is that everybody and everything should look and act as insanely as might be. The costumes, the women and men should be eccentrically personified, and the food served should be arranged to match. "According to this chronicler at a recent 'crazy social' the meats were served in jelly molds, jam pots or dust pans; the vegetables in cake baskets, the blancmange in a fire shovel, the ice cream in a stew pan, the wine glasses were filled with mustard, the jellies trembled in a saucepan lid, the cream was in a pickle bottle, the sugar in two salt cellars and the salt in the sugar basins. The things which ought to have been roasted were boiled, and salt flavored food which is usually sweet. Attempts were made to eat clear soup with desert forks and ice cream with table knives.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Bright's Disease Cured.

Whitehall Ill., Dec. 7.—A case has been recorded in this place recently, which upsets the theory of many physicians that Bright's Disease is incurable. It is the case of Mr. Lon Manley, whom the doctors told that he could never recover. Mr. Manley tells the story of his case and how he was cured in this way:

"I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills after the doctors had given me up. For four or five years I had Bladder, Stomach and Liver Troubles; I was a general wreck and at times I would get down with my back so bad that I could not turn myself in bed for three or four days at a time.

"I had several doctors and at last they told me I had Bright's Disease, and that I could never get well. I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I am now able to do all my work and am all right. I most heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills and am very thankful for the cure they worked in my case. They saved my life after the doctors had given me up."

Component Parts of an Atom.

The atomic theory has been abandoned by all; the atom is known positively to be decomposable. It is the number of its corpuscles, or ions, that determines the character of the atom. An atom made up of 700 corpuscles is a hydrogen atom; one of 11,200 corpuscles is oxygen, etc. But what are the corpuscles? Sir William Crookes points out that in 1875 that daring spirit, William Crookes, advancing upon some vague speculations of Faraday and Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin), wrote definitely: "There is great reason to believe that every material atom carries upon it a small electric current; it does not wholly consist of this current."

One of the Duke's.

An English duke of great wealth and large estates had occasion one day to dismiss one of his laborers. As the angry man was turning away he suddenly remembered that the duke's "lady" held a position at court with the queen. That was his chance and his cue, so he turned round on the duke. "Oh, yes, your grace," he said, "I'll go home. But though I'm a poor man, thank God I never had to send my missus out to service as you do yours."

Earthquake at Cairo.

Cairo, Ill., special: A severe earthquake was felt here early Friday. It continued for several minutes and was more pronounced than either of the shocks that were felt on the fourth of this month.

ABOUT FEAR

Often Comes From Lack of Right Food.

Napoleon said that the best fed soldiers were his best soldiers, for fear and nervousness come quickly when the stomach is not nourished. Nervous fear is a sure sign that the body is not supplied with the right food.

A Connecticut lady says: "For many years I had been a sufferer from indigestion and heart trouble and in almost constant fear of sudden death, the most acute suffering possible. Dieting brought on weakness, emaciation and nervous exhaustion and I was a complete wreck physically and almost a wreck mentally."

"I tried many foods, but could not avoid the terrible nausea followed by vomiting that came after eating until I tried Grape-Nuts. This food agreed with my palate and stomach from the start. This was about a year ago. Steadily and surely a change from sickness to health came until now I have no symptoms of dyspepsia and can walk 10 miles a day without being greatly fatigued. I have not taken a drop of medicine since I began the use of Grape-Nuts and people say I look many years younger than I really am."

"My poor old sick body has been made over and I feel as though my head had been too. Life is worth living now and I expect to enjoy it for many years to come if I can keep away from bad foods and have Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

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More sickless is caused by constipation than by any other disease. Theodor's Black-Draught not only relieves constipation but cures diarrhoea and dysentery and keeps the bowels regular.

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More sickness is caused by constipation than by any other disease. Theodor's Black-Draught not only relieves constipation but cures diarrhoea and dysentery and keeps the bowels regular.

All druggists sell 25-cent packages.

Theodor's Black-Draught is the best medicine to regulate the bowels I have ever used.—MRS. A. M. GRANT, Sneads Ferry, N. C.

CONSTIPATION

Dizzy?

Appetite poor? Bowels constipated? Tongue coated? Head ache? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, all vegetable.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

RUCKINGHAM'S DYE

Moses Lemieux

Practical Horseshoeing and General Blacksmith

All kinds of wood repair work done promptly.

OLEYSHONEY AND TAR

Keeps the cough and heals lungs

ECZEMA

and all Skin Diseases cured by

BANNER SALVE

most healing salve in the world.

Said "Stick To It." High Tower, Ga., writes: "I on my baby covering his treatment of our family orse as he could not sleep itching. We used a box of on him and by the time it ll. The doctor seeing it was ik to it for it is doing him thing I have done for him."

EEG. Price 25 Cents

Wm. Germond,

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When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.

LaSalle Building. East Jordan

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY

Made a Well Man of Me.

RENCE REMEDY

restores the above results in 30 days. It acts quickly and surely. Cures when all others fail. Restores their youthful vigor by using the above. Restores Nervous System, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all cases of excess and indiscretion. It restores the body, business or marriage. It restores the hair at the seat of disease, but it does not bleed and blood builder, bringing the hair to pale cheeks and restoring the youth. It wards off insanity. It is the best remedy for all cases of nervousness. It is the best remedy for all cases of nervousness. It is the best remedy for all cases of nervousness.

Prepared by Wm. Germond, LaSalle Building, East Jordan, Mich.

OLEYSHONEY AND TAR

Keeps the cough and heals lungs

DOWN IN THE HAYFIELD

By JAMES NORFLEET

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

The Widow Ray was tired of being a widow. For seven years she had been left to run the farm with the help of a hired man. The time had come when she longed to shift the burdens on the shoulders of a man. Not that she couldn't have married within a year or two after the lamented Ray fell off a haystack and broke his neck, but she had ideals. She had turned to poetry in the first six months of her bereavement, and she felt her soul soaring above the hickory shilts and stoga boots of the average farmer. If she married again the standard must be higher.

In the years that followed men of higher standard came into her life, but matrimony did not follow. There was a windmill man who hung about for a month and sighed and bragged by turns, but just as he was about to propose marriage the widow discovered that he had two or three wives elsewhere. There was a lightning rod man who wrote poetry and talked of the whippoorwills and nightgales, but he was arrested and carried off to jail before he could ask her to be his. A piano man with ideals as high as her own came within an ace of asking for her heart and hand, but was interrupted by a case of jumping toothache. There were two or three others who might have won her heart, but didn't. And there was Deacon White. He lived on the next farm west and was a widower five years older than herself. He had been the first in the field. Fifteen months after her bereavement he had stood on the steps beside the kitchen door and said:

"Widder Ray, I'm a plain man and don't say nothin' but what I mean. If you'll marry me, I'll do my best to make you a good husband."

The widow was not for the widower, and she didn't make any bones of telling him so. He didn't get mad or commit suicide. He simply hung on and



repeated his offer every three months. He had read that all things come to him who waits, and he waited.

He was waiting when an artist from the city put up with him for a few weeks to sketch some of the views in the neighborhood. The artist met the widow almost at once as he was sketching the ruins of an old cider mill, and fifteen minutes later she realized that her heart was beating at least one-fourth faster than usual. The artist did not even attempt a flirtation. He was pleasant and talkative and good company, but that was all. As the days passed he divided his time between the two farmhouses, and the thought that the Widow Ray might fall in love with him never crossed his mind. She did that very thing, however, and within a fortnight she was trying to make herself believe that her love was reciprocated and that every time he visited the house he had a proposal on the tip of his tongue.

The windmill and lightning rod and piano man had betrayed themselves within a fortnight. The widow gave the artist four weeks, and then she decided that something must be done. He lacked the cold nerve of the others, and opportunity must be made for him. Two girls or two married women will conspire together. A widow always conspires with herself alone, although the law says that it takes two to make a conspiracy. She rejected several plans before she struck the right one. In coming over to the house one evening to make his usual quarterly proposal of marriage Deacon White mentioned the fact that he had killed a rattlesnake in his meadow while mowing the grass in the fence corners. In a moment the widow's plan was formed and she had said no to the deacon and was perfecting it.

It was haying season. The artist wanted a sketch of a sturdy farmer swinging his old fashioned scythe in the meadow, and he set up his easel in the shade of a tree and the deacon sharpened his old scythe and bent his back. As the one mowed the other sketched, and as the mowing and

sketching went on the widow Ray had her own work cut out. She had lived among the daisies and buttercups all her life and cared no more for them than she did for dandelions, but on this summer morning she started out to cull a bouquet.

In due time she appeared in Deacon White's meadow. Both the deacon and the artist had their backs toward her as she approached them and were therefore ignorant of her presence. The widow looked to the right for daisies and to the left for buttercups and ahead and behind for rattlesnakes. All of a sudden the farmer was jumped a foot high and the artist off his camp stool by a long, shrill scream. They turned to find the woman in a heap on the grass with her hands over her face. She heard the rush of footsteps, and as some one seized her hands she gasped out:

"The snake! The snake! Oh, I have been bitten!"

"By gum, but is that so?" she heard a voice exclaim, and next moment she was picked up and thrown over a manly shoulder and was being borne toward her own house.

She didn't recognize the voice, but as the man bearing her reached the first fence and tried to climb it she identified the deacon's asthmatic wheeze. She at once wriggled out of his arms and pushed him away. Then she looked beyond him and saw the artist rolling on the ground with laughter. He hadn't rushed to the rescue. He hadn't declared his love.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed as she thought of the picture she must have presented as she lay across the deacon's shoulder like a bag of potatoes.

"Why, hain't you bin bitten by a snake?" he asked in reply.

"No, sir, of course not."

"But I thought you said you had?"

"I said I had twisted my ankle. What is that idiot laughing at over there?"

That evening the deacon showed up after his day's work to say that the artist was going away next morning. Much to his surprise, the widow turned on him with:

"Well, deacon, as you will keep on pestering me for the next five years if I don't say yes, I'm going to say it. But you just remember we ain't never to take no saphedard artist to hang around and make fools of us."

"I—I don't understand," replied the deacon, with a puzzled look.

But she did, and that was enough.

He Got the Job.

"I was much amused the other day," said an uptown hardware dealer, "at a small boy who came around looking for a job. One of the clerks had dropped a lot of sharp pointed tacks into a drawer of brass screws and had given up the idea of taking them out."

"When the youngster turned up looking for a job we thought we would try him out by letting him sort the two articles. He went at it the same way we had begun, picking out the tacks with his fingers and getting the point of every third tack in the ball of his thumb."

"He had enough in about a minute, and he straightened up. We all began to smile, expecting him to give up the job. Instead of that he went over to the show case and picked out a horseshoe magnet. Then he came back to the box. In thirty seconds he had the tacks out, and the screws were still in the compartment. He knew that the magnet would attract iron and not brass, and in a jiffy he had accomplished what we had been trying to do all the morning."

"We didn't really need a boy, but this chap's smartness appealed to us, and we find him so handy to have around that next Saturday he gets a raise."—New York Press.

A Resourceful Woman.

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

"No?" said her friend, with many meanings in the monosyllable.

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

"Really?" inquired the other curiously. "In what way?"

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

Extreme Absentmindedness.

"The queerest case of absentmindedness that I have ever known of," remarked the night clerk of a certain hotel, "was that which happened at this hotel early yesterday morning. Two fellow boarders, one Jones by name and the other whose name is Brown, occupied a room on the third floor."

"Well, Brown requested me to have him awakened at 3 o'clock so as to allow him to catch the 4 o'clock train. He was awakened at the requested time, and in his hurry to dress himself he put on Jones' clothes by mistake. He did not discover his mistake until he reached the depot, and would you believe it"—here the speaker paused—"when he found out that he was wearing some one else's clothes he immediately returned to the hotel and went right to bed."

"I don't see any absentmindedness about that," broke in one of the listeners.

"You don't? Why, he thought that I had awakened the wrong man."—Philadelphia Press.

He Didn't Understand.

Spartacus—Have you been watching the curio sale?

Smarticus—No. I didn't know there was such a vessel in the harbor.—Baltimore American.

Joe, F. Kenny's dry team enjoyed an exciting run way Tuesday morning, starting out on Stone's Addition and by being up against an electric light pole at the corner of Main and William Sts. with but little damage done.

There were 2,623 deaths reported to the Secretary of State for the month of November, or 1 death less than for the preceding month. The death rate was 12.9 per 1,000 population.

By ages there were 412 deaths of infants under 1 year, 174 deaths of children 1 to 4 years, inclusive, and 7,946 deaths of elderly persons over 65 years of age.

Important causes of death were as follows: Pulmonary tuberculosis, 153; other forms of tuberculosis, 27; typhoid fever, 20; diphtheria and group, 112; scarlet fever, 14; measles, 7; whooping cough, 2; pneumonia, 202; cancer, 14; accidents and violence, 191.

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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.

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SHOP ON MAIN STREET. EAST JORDAN, MICH.

Samples of the Very Latest Styles always on hand.

Watch this Space after Snow Flies.

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To Cure a Cold in One Day

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. E. W. Brown on every box, 25c.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown

GRADUAL DECLINE

This is the fate of sufferers from Kidney trouble, as the disease is so insidious that often people have serious Kidney trouble without knowing the real cause of their illness, as diseased kidneys allow the impurities to stay in the system and attack the other organs. This accounts for the many different symptoms of Kidney Disease.

You begin to feel better at once when taking

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

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

TWO SIZES 50c and \$1.00

Chicago Business Man Cured

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

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

One Bottle Cured Him

A. H. Davis, Mt. Sterling, Ia., writes: "I was troubled with kidney complaint for about two years, but a one-bottle course of FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE effected a permanent cure."

G. M. DIBSON & CO.