

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 7.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JAN. 9 1904.

No 20

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

500 Feet of New Hose Received.

Hose Company is Prac-
ticing Faithfully.

They Are in Need of a New Hook and
Ladder Truck.

The firemen, or more properly speak-
ing, Hose Co. No. 1, are not making
any great amount of noise but are do-
ing a lot of hard work. They hold
weekly meetings for practice, each
member learning his particular place
and duty in case of a necessity arising
for their services and perfecting an
organization which we trust will be
able to successfully combat any fire
that may occur.

The Council appreciate the work
that the fire laddies are doing and
aid them in every way possible. They
have recently purchased five hundred
feet of new fire hose, making eleven
hundred feet of hose now on hand in
good serviceable condition. A new
cut-off nozzle, clamps, hose grips,
smoke protectors, etc., have also been
added to the equipment.

Each member of the Company is
also provided with a helmet and a
storm coat and most of them with rub-
ber boots, although Chief Otto in-
forms us that eight more pairs of
boots are needed.

The hose cart has a carrying capacity
of four hundred feet of hose and an-
other cart would be a very acceptable
addition to the equipment.

At present there is no means provid-
ed for taking the ladders to a fire and
a hook and ladder truck is probably
needed more than any other appar-
atus.

Very fortunately we have had no de-
mand for the firemen's services so far
this winter but all the time and money
expended in perfecting the fire fight-
ing equipment will be found to be a
profitable investment.

WHAT THEY READ.

Very old persons nearly always turn
to the column of "Deaths." This is
because, in the first place, they are
more likely to find news of their friends
there than in the column of "Mar-
riages," or any other part of the pa-
per, and because, in the second place,
they are interested in death—they
have it much in their minds.

Young girls turn first to the society
news and weddings, and after that to

the fashions. Young men of the
healthy, open-air sort turn first to the
sporting news, while boys universally
turn to this page first. The actor, of
course, reads the dramatic columns,
and the writer the book reviews, but
neither of these departments, I fancy,
does any part of the disinterested pub-
lic consult first of all.

The elderly gentleman of pompous
appearance reads the editorials first,
while his corpulent, cheerful wife reads
the receipts on the "household" page.
Some clergymen read the wills of the
dead to see what charities have been
remembered with bequests. There are
many people who read the crimes, the
scandals and the shocking accidents
first. Poets, as a rule, will not read
the newspapers at all.—Philadelphia
Record.

A brother publisher acknowledges
receipt of the following letter, in
which the writer gives his reasons for
refusing his paper:

"Dear Sir—I hereby offer mi resign-
ashun as a subscribur tew your pa-
per, it being a pamphlet of such conse-
quence as not two Benefit mi famby
by taking it. What yew knead in your
sheet is branes & sum 1 to russel up
kuews and write eddytoryels on live
topicks. No menshun has bin maid in
yure shete about me butcherin a polen
china Pig wayin 360 pounds or ov the
Gaps in the Chickuns out this way.
Yew ignore the fact that I bought a
Bran knew bobsled and traded my
blind mule, and say nuthin about
High simkins jersy caff brakin his 2
frunt laigs falling down a well, 2 im-
portant shiveres hav bin uterly ig-
nored bi yure shete, & a 2 kolum obich-
uary notis writ bi me on the deth of
granpa Hedbery was lift out ov yure
shete, to say nuthin of a Alfabettycal
pome beginnin 'A is for Andy and also
for Ark,' writ bi mi darter. This is
the reason yoor paper is so unpopillar
hear, if yu don't want eddytorials frum
this place & ain't goin tew put enny
knews in your shete, We don't want
sed shete.

P. S.—If yew print the obichuary in
yure paper next, I may sine again fur
yoor shete.

The religious editor of the Chick-
sha (Oklahoma) Express took a vaca-
tion, and as he had no one to take
his place he asked the sporting editor
—the one who reported the races a few
weeks ago—to attend church and re-
port the sermon. Here is what he
wrote, unblemished by the editorial
blue pencil: "The weather was per-
fect and the grand stand and bleachers
were packed. The Rev. Dr. —
was in the box for the Christians, and
he certainly had everything in the
book. When he tackled the New Je-
rusalem he used the slow ball artistic-
ally, but when he warmed up on hades
he had speed to burn and whipped
them over like a shot. He had swell
control and never lost sight of the
plate for a minute, especially after it
had been passed around. The choir
did a good deal of rooting from the
player's bench, and occasionally a voice
from the bleachers yelled 'Amen!' Al-
though it was an extra-inning game he
never let up for a minute and had the
visitors properly hooked up through-
out, putting some of them to sleep. If
he can only keep the pace, the big
league for him next season."

JOHN NELSON SUCCEUMBS TO CONSUMPTION.

"Paddy Nelson is dead." This
message received by the HERALD from
Whitehall Wednesday afternoon told
of the end of the battle of a most esti-
mable young man against the dread
destroyer, consumption, and brought
a deep sorrow to the hearts of all who
have watched his struggle against over-
whelming odds and have yet been
powerless to extend a helping hand.
He had been a sufferer from the dread
malady for several months and last
fall went to Colorado hoping that the
change of climate would be beneficial
but the disease had obtained too firm
a grip and he was unable to sustain
the changed conditions and several
weeks ago returned to the home of his
father at Whitehall, where the end
came shortly after noon Wednesday.
Besides his immediate family, Mr. and
Mrs. Chris. Taylor, of this place, were
at his bedside when he passed away.
Deceased leaves a wife and child, be-
sides a large circle of friends to mourn
his loss.

He was an honored member of the
Odd Fellows fraternity, being a Past
Grand of Jordan River Lodge No. 360
of this place.

TEN YEARS IN BED.

R. A. Gray, J. P., Oakville, Ind.,
writes: "For ten years I was confined
to my bed with disease of my kidneys.
It was so severe that I could not move
part of the time. I consulted the very
best medical skill available, but could
get no relief until Foley's Kidney Cure
was recommended to me. It has been
a Godsend to me."

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

The Rev. Irl K. Hicks Almanac for
1904 is now ready. It will be mailed
to any address for 30 cents. It is sur-
prising how such an elegant, costly
book can be sent prepaid so cheaply.
No family or person is prepared to
study the heavens, or the storms and
weather in 1904, without this wonder-
ful Hicks Almanac and Prof. Hicks
splendid paper, WORD AND WORKS.
Both are sent for only ONE DOLLAR A
YEAR. WORD AND WORKS is among
the best American Magazines. Like
the Hicks Almanac, it is too well
to need further commendation. Men
have labored more faithfully for
the public good or found a warmer
place in the hearts of the people. Send
orders to WORD AND WORKS PUB-
LISHING CO., 2201 Locust St., St. Louis
Mo.

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."

School Notes.

School opened Monday after a two
weeks Holiday vacation.

Frank Bennett is a new pupil in the
seventh grade.

Anna Johnston entered the eighth
grade Monday.

Lloyd Bennett and Honer Maddock
who have been absent for some time
past re-entered school this week.

John Porter of Oberlin College and
Elis Malpass of the Ferris Institute
were visitors in the High School room
Monday afternoon.

Elizabeth Warne who has been at-
tending school in Muskegon the past
four months, was enrolled in the eleventh
grade Tuesday.

Owing to illness, Miss Petterson was
unable to take charge of her classes
Monday. An opportunity was thus
afforded for Supt. Tice and the sixth
and seventh grade pupils to become
better acquainted.

The first interval of classes has been
dropped this week, the time being de-
voted to the study of penmanship.
Next week the second interval will be
used in the same way, and so on
throughout the day.

At present the boys and girls are
much interested in preparing for a con-
test to prove which can present the bet-
ter program at Literary Society. The
first program to be given by the boys
next Wednesday evening.

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.
Saves wood and lumber delivered.
EAST JORDAN. MICH.

Sometimes 5 and 7 make 11.

That's when your brain is
tired. 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.

Happy New Year
to All
R. J. Steffes.

Warne Block

BOOSINGER BROS.

Resolves for 1904

That we will follow our own best judgment.

That we will buy where quality counts first, last
and all the time.

Where we get the very best styles in the highest
grades of merchandise.

If you keep these good resolutions in mind every
day in the year, you will trade at our store and you will
put in a very prosperous happy year.

With Compliments of the Season.

Quality First o All - - Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROS.

Teachers Examination.

The regular teachers' examination for
Charlevoix County will be held at the
Central School Building in Charlevoix
on

MARCH 10, 1904.

Examinations will commence at 8:30
a. m. standard time, and will embrace
all grades of certificates.

The basis for reading will be Scott's
"Lady of the Lake," Canto V.

Students desiring to enter the State
Agricultural College can take the en-
trance examination at the same place, on

MARCH 10, 1904.

Examination paper furnished free.
A. W. CHEW,
School Commissioner.

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, Har-
rison St. and Fifth Ave., Chicago.

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

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. 25c.
Liam Sts., with but little damage done.

The sapient Prof. Puppe of Berlin has discovered a new sea, perhaps.

Carnegie says the offspring of the rich lack a great deal. So do the offspring of the poor.

A New Jersey factory has gone into the business of making steel dolls. That's a mean trick.

What a saving of human life it would result in if football games could be played by telegraph.

If the sultan of Turkey had anything to fear it was from an enemy within. He has cancer of the stomach.

Refreshing to read that a European princess is to be married according to social rules and regulations.

A national anti-mosquito association is the latest. "Bizz-z" is the password and "swat" the countersign.

The lawyers entrusted with the settlement of the Fair estate find that where there's a will there's a way.

Anger is useful sometimes in that it gives a man something to be sorry for and thus reduces danger of swelled head.

If one must die of overdrinking how pleasant it must be to have the coroner's physician call it "refined alcoholism."

A woman always has great confidence in the doctor who says he relies on her intelligent care more than on medicines.

Some of the critics insist that Patti can't sing as she used to, but none of them has at yet accused her of having a double chin.

There is no doubt that the woman who loves you forgives you too much, while the woman whom you love forgives you too little.

Tennessee negroes have organized a political party against the use of cocaine. It is to be hoped nobody will stuff the ballot box.

Will that scientific organization which is going to fight New Jersey mosquitoes use magazine rifles or just ordinary shotguns?

A Clyde Fitch play is to be abandoned on account of poor business. This leaves only eighty-seven Clyde Fitch plays on the boards.

Senator Clark has had an operation performed on his ear. If it does not prove satisfactory the senator is amply able to buy a new one.

Reading that thirteen brides of army officers have sailed for Manila on the transport Logan, who can believe that thirteen is an unlucky number?

It is generally admitted among the humorists that President Wos Y Gil of San Domingo was a gilly to resign, and thus to take his unique name out of print.

In the beauty contest at New York women are to judge of the physical charms of the male contestants. Let us hope that hissing of the judges may be barred.

There is many a man who never heard of the late Herbert Spencer, whose whole life is the fruit of the philosophy with which Spencer seeded down the world.

Gold is said to have been discovered in Greenland. It is rather a pity that these discoveries cannot be made in some place which is comfortable for residence purposes.

The stenographer watches the expert typewriter repairer with unspoken wonder at the deftness with which he puts the machine in order without using a hairpin once.

When Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, heard that his daughter had eloped with a coachman, he sent out letters announcing her death. This shows that the Don can pretend in various ways.

The Duke of Roxburgh declares that he will never come back to New York. The clown in the old-time circus used to invariably announce, "We've got your money, and that's what we came here for."

As soon as Uncle Bob Fitzsimmons has had time to mend his broken knuckles he will be ready to give short boxing lessons to any other ambitious youngster for the usual percentage of the gate receipts.

It may comfort the consumers of meat and butter and eggs and coal to learn that a German scientist claims to have discovered a process by which the price of radium may be reduced several thousand dollars an ounce.

A cable says the English Winston Churchill will come to this country frankly seeking a rich American wife. He can offer no coronet—only a name which he has made by actual accomplishment. It will be interesting to watch the progress of a hunter so handicapped.

NORTH CAROLINA COLONY

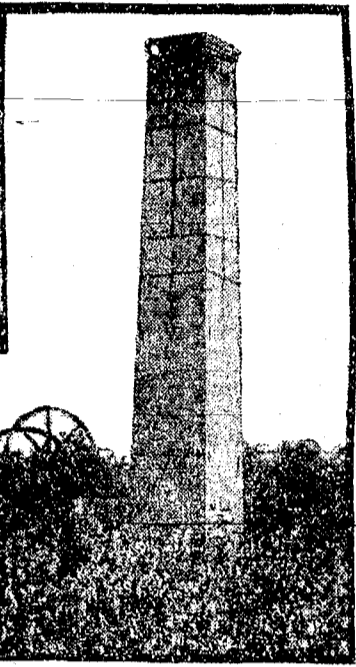
(Special Correspondence.)

There are in the United States today three interesting settlements of Waldenses, the Protestants of the Italian mountain regions, followers of Peter Waldo, of Lyons. There are settlements in Missouri and in Utah, but the largest and most promising centers about the town of Valdese, in Burke county, N. C.

The sufferings which the forefathers of these peculiar immigrants endured in Europe for centuries proved them to be almost saints. In 1655 there was a massacre by order of the Duke of Savoy, which was more terrible than the recent one at Kishineff. The Waldenses then lived in the valley of Lucerne, and were a prosperous and happy people. The massacre was by Piedmontese soldiers, led by a Marquis di Pianezza, and lasted for eight days, resulting in three hundred individual murders and wholesale slaughter besides. Women were carried about impaled on spikes. Men, women and children were hung from precipices, hacked, tortured and roasted alive. The heads of some of the dead were boiled and the brains eaten it is related. The fugitives were huddled in crowds, high among the mountains, moaning and starving, and not a

activating. Their vineyards have made many other acres green, fragrant and profitable.

The North Carolina Waldenses are holding firmly to the customs of the old country. Many of their houses are of the quaint type found in the Italian Alps—stone, built in two stories, with a balcony-porch running about the second. The women still wear the quaint headdress of their former mountain home. When they first came one bake oven served the entire colony, enough bread being baked at a batch to last a week. Now



A Cotton Mill.

few, women and infants especially, perished amid the snows.

Among the rulers aroused to protest was Cromwell of England. Milton was drawn to write his immortal poem which begins, "Avenge, O Lord! Thy slaughtered saints." France took a hand and threatened. The result was the treaty of Pignerol, which restored the Waldenses to their former privileges. For many years they have been living as peacefully as any other Italians. The valleys of the Alps have become crowded, however, and the tariff put on beef by the French government cut off their stock raising profits, so it was decided to establish colonies abroad.

One of the missionaries sent out in 1893 to find new homes for the overplus was the Rev. Tiofilli Gai, who finally wandered into the Blue Ridge mountains in the neighborhood of Morgantown. He carried back a favorable report and was followed by a committee of three farmers, who arranged to buy three thousand acres of cheap mountain land, to be paid for on yearly payments extending over twenty years. The time is only half up, yet most of the little farms have been paid for and the last debt will be removed, it is said, by the end of the coming year.

Even the traveler, passing through on the Southern railroad, notices the difference when the train stops at Valdese. The people are too small and swarthy for mountaineers of the "tar heel" type. The language is a terrible mixture as yet. The children and more apt of the elders speak Burke county English, which would be a source of eternal joy to an artist in dialect. The others speak French and Italian, and a mixture of both.

They are strange people, and their rough Carolinian neighbors have more than one cause of wonderment. No Valdese man has ever been in court. None has ever been known to be intoxicated, even by accident, yet they make, drink and sell wine. The men really like to work, which is all but

each family has its own oven.

Naturally they are a religious people, and though still holding to the old faith, their church is under the care of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina. The Rev. Henri Garrou, a fine looking man, educated in several countries, is not only the pastor of the colony, but its financial agent and general adviser. When they first came they made his home the chief storehouse, kept their cows in his lot, their horses in his stables, and their food supplies in his granary. This has ceased, now that private buildings have gone up. The barns are almost as fine as the dwellings, and both good, for the Waldensian is most kind to his stock.

Many stories are told of the honesty of the people, and a typical one is of a wine dealer who returned a cent to a mountaineer who had purchased a gallon of wine because the jug held a little short of full measure. The Waldensian vineyards produce about five thousand gallons of wine annually. At this particular time the church people of the state, especially Scotch Presbyterians, are warring war on liquor, and the Waldensian practices are going to be looked into.

Valdese has one manufacturing enterprise, the Waldensian hosiery mill, owned by two brothers of the minister. Many of the men and women learned the mill business in France and Switzerland and have a special aptitude for textile work. The mill has been running a year, and is said to be making money.

Wasn't Sure About It.

Mr. Dennis was endeavoring to the best of his ability to give the doctor a faithful account of his wife's symptoms, but he found it up-hill work.

"You say she has a cough," said the doctor. "Is it a hollow cough?"

Mr. Dennis cast his eyes to the ceiling and then down to the ground, but found no help anywhere.

"It may be a hollow cough," he said humbly, "but there's a great soob



Waldensian Cottage.

incomprehensible to the true "tar heel," and the women are as strong as the men. Most wonderful of all, however, is the way they have made crops grow on Burke county hillsides. They get from fifteen to twenty bushels of wheat out of acres that never before yielded enough to pay for cul-

tivation. The sound of it, anyway," Montreal Herald.

Unique Guessing Contest. Editor Vaughn of the Millersville Ga. News, offers a prize for the nearest guess to the number of feathers on a rooster displayed in a coop.

COLORADO AGRICULTURE.

Enormous Profits Made by Farming Under Irrigation.

Denver, Colo., Dec. 15, 1903.—When the officials of the Denver & Rio Grande railway held their annual meeting a few weeks ago, and looked over the earnings of the year, they were surprised to find how great a proportion of the profits arose from an agricultural rather than a mining source. The showing was the more remarkable as this railroad does not penetrate the old farming regions along the South Platte and Arkansas rivers. It is a mountain road, reaching nearly all the best mining camps of the state, and traversing only the valleys and parks of the western portion. The showing thus emphasizes the tremendous advance which has been made in irrigation farming within the last few years.

The older farming sections of the state, especially the country around Fort Collins and Greeley, in the north, and adjacent to Rocky Ford in the south, probably contains the most prosperous and contented agricultural population in the United States. The crops reported this year from these sections almost stagger belief, yet are vouched for by unimpeachable witnesses. For instance, Mr. H. Livingston, whose farm is located about nine miles from Greeley (postoffice, Eaton), makes the following statement: "I had this year eighty acres in potatoes, sixty-five acres in wheat, twenty-five acres in oats, and ten acres in onions. The sixty-five acres in wheat brought \$2,500; the twenty-five acres in oats, \$1,200; the eighty acres in potatoes, producing 11,000 sacks, at least \$10,000; and the ten acres in onions, yielding 400 sacks per acre, an aggregate of from \$10,000 to \$12,000; giving a total gross return for the 160 acres in cultivation of at least \$26,000 or a minimum of \$145 per acre. My total farm expenses for the year will not exceed \$5,000 and therefore my 160 acres of Colorado and Weld county land will net me this year at least \$21,000, or about \$117 per acre. This land's selling price, in general Weld county open market would not exceed \$110 per acre, with inclusive water rights and, therefore, the cash return of this season's harvest is more than equal to the full market value of the entire farm itself."

The potato crop of the Greeley district will be between 8,000 and 10,000 car loads. J. A. Hicks had the largest yield per acre; fifteen acres growing 300 sacks per acre. Many farmers have raised from 230 to 250 sacks per acre and the average crop per acre easily reaches 100 sacks. The potato harvest in this district will bring to the farmers \$2,000,000. Fifteen hundred to 2,000 car loads have already been shipped to Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Texas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and scattering markets.

In this same section there are now six enormous beet sugar factories, costing from \$500,000 to \$1,500,000 each, three of them having been built this year. Farmers are finding sugar beet planting as profitable as raising potatoes. The increase in price of land and the growth of the towns in this region has been remarkable in the past few years. What has already been done in northern and eastern Colorado is now being done in the valleys and parks of the western half of the state. In some lines of agriculture—fruit growing, for instance—the western slope already beats all other portions of the state. It is safe to say that the three western slope counties of Mesa, Delta and Montrose will market this season an aggregate of \$2,000,000 worth of fruit, net money, and that next year this amount will reach \$3,000,000.

These sales can be bulkily summarized as follows: Mesa county, through the Grand Junction Fruit Growers' Association, 600 car loads of summer fruits, including peaches, pears, plums and prunes, net cash value, \$390,000; other summer sales of lesser fruit bearing, including apricots, nectarines, strawberries, raspberries, currants, etc., sixty car loads net return, \$40,000; grape growing aggregating \$100,000 and a conservatively estimated final apple shipment of 700 cars at \$450 per car, or \$315,000 of cash apple, adding, thus giving Mesa county through the Grand Junction Fruit Growers' Association alone a net fruit sale of \$845,000, to which is to be added the shipments of the Whitewater Fruit Growers' Association and a long list of individual and independent orchard marketing, with a grand total of Mesa county fruit money for 1903 reaching beyond \$1,000,000.

Delta county fruit shipments this year include the peeling orchards of the famous North Fork valley of the Gunnison and large marketing from Delta, the county seat—peaches, pears, prunes, plums, apples and berries being all represented with a total net fruit return this year for the county approximating \$500,000. Especially prosperous are the new towns of Hotchkiss and Paonia, and it is claimed there never has been a failure of crops there since the country was first settled.

From the town of Montrose \$75,000 worth of summer fruits have been shipped with about the same figures in final apple sale. While lands are held at a very high figure in northern and eastern Colorado, they can still be bought at a low price and on very easy terms in the western portion. It is in the San Luis valley, and along the San Juan, Grand and Uncompahgre rivers where the greatest developments are now under way. Hundreds of families have gone into those districts this year and it is safe to say that thousands more will follow them in 1904. Full particulars of different localities, together with maps and other valuable information can be had by addressing S. K. Hooper, general passenger agent, D. & R. G., at Denver, Colo.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are cured by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness cured by Catarrh. It can be cured by Mail's Catarrh Cure. Read for circulars, free. Sold by Druggists. F. J. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, O. It's a Family Pills are the best.

Hopes buds eternally, but it seldom comes to full bloom. The greatest things in life are the things that all can do.



"My dear, marriage has its humorous side," writes a cheerful young matron who is visiting in New England. "Not only that, but it is also useful as a means of discipline."

"I think you never knew—in fact, for some years I took particular pains that nobody should know—about what happened the first time George and I came east together. It was practically our wedding trip, because we hadn't gone away anywhere just at first and I really hadn't had time yet to get accustomed to George's little ways. Oh, it was nothing; only on the first night we spent at the hotel in New York he dreamed that the horses were running away and that he'd got to save my life, and so what did the dear boy do but seize me bodily and throw me out of bed!—You know how strong he is."

"Well, that's in the past. I can speak of it with perfect calm, but this thing I'm going to tell you now happened only six weeks ago. I wonder if it's funny? See what you think."

"You remember, we came up here to Portland from New York by water. We thought it was going to be such a nice little sea voyage, but it turned out cold as Greenland, and then, just as we got off Point Judith, there was a fog that made it dangerous to move in any direction; so there we lay for eleven hours waiting for it to clear. Waiting! That's a passive, restful word. What we did was to stay there and be churned."

"Talk about seas! Did you ever know a sea that came from all directions at once and bumped up in the middle at the same time? Words couldn't tell you! The boat was full of people who had crowded on for a short trip, without dreaming that they would be out long enough to need

staterooms, and they were simply strawn all over the cabin floor.

"Well, we just went straight to bed. Of course we had no notion of sleeping, but we thought discretion was the better part of valor. George managed to get into the upper berth and I tumbled into the lower. You see, I didn't dare take my hands off a little box of hand-painted teacups that I was carrying to Aunt Maria, and every time I was tossed back and forth in my berth I tried to keep that from striking anything, which made it a busy season.

"Oh, how sick I was! And cold—and such a headache—and frightened to death every minute for fear something would crash into us—and not a second of rest—just one everlasting motion from all ways at once! Well, in the midst of it all George went to sleep! How he could do it is beyond me. Maybe, being so heavy, he wasn't thrown around quite so much. Anyway, I heard him snore.

"The next minute the end of everything seemed to come. Our suit cases, that we had been foolish enough to leave unattached on the bench at the side of the room, gave a mighty jump and the water pitcher rose up out of its rack and I was lifted up off the bed at the same instant. I remember first being pounded against the wall at the back of the berth, and then bouncing forward away over the edge, and down—down on the floor in the midst of hard things with sharp corners—brushes, combs, bottles, a broken pitcher, ice water and goodness knows what!

"And George! Please try to imagine my feelings, when, instead of leaping to my rescue on the instant, George poked his sleepy head over the edge of the berth and growled out: "Mary, what on earth are you getting up for?"

A Jamaican Wake

The peasants of Ireland are not the only people who "wake" a corpse. The practice is as common among the negroes of Jamaica, in the West Indies, but they are more generous than the Irish; they give the deceased two wakes instead of one.

The first wake is held on the first night after death, the second on the ninth night, when the ghost is supposed to hover around the house and require propitiation.

The wake starts with a procession of the mourners to the grave, where a white cock is sacrificed to make the perturbed spirit rest. Then they return to the house, light a number of candles and fortify themselves with immense quantities of rum and food.

One after another the mourners yell at the top of their voices to the ghost they imagine to be present, telling him how much they loved him and what an excellent man he was. Hymns are sung, and then the spirit is supposed to be placated and the mourners are free to have a good time.

A feast, or "eating match," follows, and most of the guests get drunk on strong "estate rum," which is practically proof spirit. Boisterous games are played, and favorite native songs, such as the following, are sung:

The Antediluvian Man

He lived, when he could, on the land, His grub, roots and berries and such; Hence, as men of all "times" understand, He was always immune from the fleh. (This proves that he knew which was which.)

From the date when to think he began; And he lived—whether poor as Job's turkey, or rich— As an antediluvian man.

He was fattered we know not by whom; (Mayhap a jawjular toad); And hadn't no mother, I dare to presume.

But, like Topsy, he jest only growed. Yet I hint, in the teeth of the code, As only a truth-teller can.

That none more high-toned, high-minded'er knowed Than the antediluvian man.

He was honest, though keen as a knife; Never burgled a national bank; Never ran off with his neighbor's best wife.

Never swore with a cuss that 'was blank. Most blots would call him a crank— (That's the style from Beersheva to Dan)— To which he'd remark, "Though I'm bold to be frank, I'm an antediluvian man."

When he couldn't draw rations on shore, Sweet thrills of ecstasy, When love seems filling all the soul With calm serenity.

And life seems strewn with flowers sweet To brighten every day, Then how much happier the soul Will find along life's way.

Sweet roses bloom and all around The merry birds will sing As if they'd in the hearts of all Life's joyousness would bring.

All nature opens her full heart For glory of mankind, And teaches him in every way To all her beauties find.

Such beauty everywhere revealed Is manifest to him Who travels with soul opened eyes, Which ne'er seem growing dim, But see the beautiful without, Within and everywhere, And do not look for darker sides, Of life, which holds despair.

Chorus— Me len' him me canon, Him tief me paddo, John Joe, widdle waddle, Me len' him me fish pot, Him tief me paddo, John Joe, widdle waddle, Me len' him me harpoon, Him tief me line, John Joe, widdle waddle, John Joe no hab, None hat' pon him head, John Joe, widdle waddle, John Joe no hab, None shirt' pon him back, John Joe, widdle waddle, If I catch John Joe, I will break him back, John Joe, widdle waddle.

The corpse is not usually present at a Jamaican wake, as it is at an Irish one, because in a tropical country burial almost immediately follows death. At the "nine night," as the negroes call the second wake, four men take up the sheet on which the dead man expired. Holding it by the corners, they shake it violently, calling out:

"Brodder Dead Man! Brodder Dead Man! Am you dere? Here's you ob friend's den, come fe talk wid you. If you love we, don' come out!"

There follows a few minutes of terrified silence. Will the ghost appear and cause trouble? If he does not, the mourners leave a sigh of relief, and conclude that their efforts have quieted the restless spirit forever. Then they start in to enjoy themselves again.

Requisition he'd make on the sea, And of shell fish unaskingly scoop in a store; For breakfast and dinner and tea, He gorged when he hungered, but he never guzzled from schommer or can, Like modern Berlin night and day on a spree, This antediluvian man.

He turned in out under the sky, In a shakedown of leaves from above, And heard the stars hymning their sweet lullaby.

The music of spheres when in love, He wore neither collar nor glove, Carried neither umbrella nor fan; And in uniform dress he dressed, so's to move, Like an antediluvian man.

No matter if aged or young, When he spoke he meant just what he said, And said what he meant in his own mother tongue.

(A language we schedule as dead, Though a bed of its word-roots is spread, From Panama chair out to Japan, Philologists cannot quote a word writ-ten or read, By the antediluvian man.)

R. W. McAlpine, Soldiers' Home, Danville, Va.

Along Life's Way

Along life's way our hearts will feel Sweet thrills of ecstasy, When love seems filling all the soul With calm serenity.

And life seems strewn with flowers sweet To brighten every day, Then how much happier the soul Will find along life's way.

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THE SINFUL RACE-HORSE.

Oh, Mistah Racehoss, I wish you'd keep away,
I needs a suit o' heavy clothes, I's got de
rent to pay,
I makes my resolutions, but my foot is
bound to slip,
An' I goss a-sidin' backwards ev'ry time
I gets a tip.

Oh, Mistah Racehoss, your dolly is a sin,
You's sure to finish second when I picks
you out to win,
An' when I picks you second you comes
loatin' in the stretch,
While de yachts is a-runalin' like dey
got a train to catch,
I's tryin' to be savin' like dem ants an'
honey bees,
I's made myself a promise, but I's trem-
blin' in de knees,
I's done reformed 'um polly, an' craps I
never play,
But, oh, Mistah Racehoss, I wish you'd
keep away!

Washington Star.

THE ALIEN BABY

By LAWRENCE FORCHER HEXT
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The railway waiting-room was all but deserted when I reached it, my business there being to meet a train which would bring back home my intended bride, returning from a visit to friends in a distant city. The hour was early and the atmosphere raw and chilly. A train had just arrived, but not the one I was expecting, and the passengers it had deposited crowded past me as I entered the depot. A glance at the bulletins informed me that the train which I was expecting was fifty minutes late. I, therefore, took a seat in the waiting-room.

Only two other persons were present. One was a trim little woman, a decided brunette, attractive and of refined appearance. She was a foreigner—I judged a native of France—and the other was her baby. The mother, seated in a rocking chair, gazed fondly upon the features of her dainty little offspring, slumbering peacefully in her arms, and once or twice tenderly smoothed aside its silken curls. I watched them a moment intently. They made a pretty picture and one that any man, with a love of home and domesticity, could not have resisted admiring. But presently a shadow crossed the woman's face—a shade of uneasiness. She searched for her pocket; found it—for a wonder—thrust her hand therein and uttered a cry of dismay.

"Heaven, it's gone; what shall I do?" she exclaimed in broken English, glancing at me appealingly.

I wanted to be chivalrous, of course. The woman was in trouble; had evidently lost something, and I sallied to her aid.

"Pardon me," I said, bowing low, "but you have lost something. Can I assist you?"

"My purse; it is gone, with all my money and my railroad tickets. My husband is to meet me in New York, and I am to change trains here. What shall I do?"

She was a brave little woman. She didn't break down and cry, but she looked at me, oh, so helplessly. Perhaps she remembered, as many of her sisters have done before her, that in times of trouble the presence of a man is very comforting and encouraging.

I suggested lots of things—many of them impossible. Perhaps her purse was in one of her valises or in her hand-bag? No, she was positive it was in none of those receptacles. A light of intelligence finally flashed across her face. Ah, she remembered.

"I left it in the train; on the seat; is it gone?"

I presumed she had reference to the train, so I rushed to the door and scanned the train-sled. Returning, I told her, no; the train was still standing there, but at that moment we heard the two minutes gong sounding for its departure.

With these announcements, her embarrassment increased, but she talked

fast, and acted faster, and, before I could realize what she was saying or doing, I found myself in the possession of an alien infant, slumbering peacefully in my arms, and alone in the waiting-room. The French woman was racing wildly toward the train.

I know I must have had a sheepish expression on my face, as I gazed down upon my newly acquired possession, for the stewardess, entering from the street where she had been assisting some female passengers to cabs during the time so many things had transpired in her domain, looked at me quizzically.

The baby reposed as peacefully in my arms as it had in the arms of its mother; not even the loud clang of the gong, announcing the departure of the train, disturbed its slumbers. But it gave a little nervous start, nestled closer to me, and a chubby baby hand closed upon my coat lapel. The little pink fingers looked like the petals of a rosebud.

I sat there contemplating the little stranger and a whole five minutes elapsed before I realized that the mother had not returned. I wondered what detained her. The stewardess, busy dusting, paused long enough to

"You naughty boy," she said. Alice, when I had reached her side, "why weren't you here to meet me?"

I made some kind of excuse, and shot a glance at the wise, though bewildered and surprised, stewardess, which warned her to keep silent.

She did.

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It wouldn't. I began to pray that it wouldn't. The stewardess looked amused—it was so funny—and I cursed her under my breath. We heard the whistle of an approaching engine, then the clang of its bell as its train rolled slowly under the shed.

"There's the train that you said your sweetheart was coming on," laughed the stewardess, "and, if she comes, I'll escort her in here." And she tripped gaily out, and left me and the baby alone.

I wondered where I could conceal myself, and glanced frenziedly about the room, but no hiding-place was visible. The baby opened its eyes and began to cary for "mamma." I hugged it closer to my breast and started wildly at the door.

The passengers were passing out. I clenched my teeth and waited for the worst. I heard the rustle of a woman's garments, outside the door. It must be she, Alice, my sweetheart.

I closed my eyes and heard the woman enter the room and approach. My breath came in short gasps. Cautiously, I opened my eyes and beheld the French woman.

She was profuse in her thanks and apologies, but I was too happy to hear much of what she had to say. I managed to glean from her jumble of broken English that she had been carried away by the train on which she had left her purse, and that, almost frantically, she had explained her dilemma to the conductor who had kindly returned her back on the very train which I had come there to meet. I took her word for all she had to say, and, without much ceremony, delivered her baby to her, and made a rush for the carshed.

There, at the farther end, I beheld Alice and the stewardess. They were laden with bundles and hand-boxes but were slowly making their way toward me.

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NIGHT OF A GRASSHOPPER.

Its Buzz Led a Dinosaur to Create Mississippi Valley.

The vast low Jurassic island had been raised above the level of the sea, where now the great continent stands. A marauding dinosaur was leading her ponderous troop in single file across the upheaved marshy plain.

A dry season had blighted the low pastures and forced them to travel, and as she was about to turn northward a Jurassic grasshopper said buzz under her nose. The insect is quite harmless, but it protects itself by imitating the fearful buzz of the ancestral rattlesnake.

The old dinosaur wheeled to one side and raised her head. Her little twinkling eyes fell on a rank green marsh, and she now turned and led her troop to that. Each day they came to the feeding ground along their first discovered trail, until it was worn deeply.

Time went by. A wet season made the upland marsh a brimming lake. It would have overflowed to the westward, for this was its lower side, but the deep-worn trail of the Dinosaur offered an outlet that enlarged with the yearly rains faster than the slowly rising lands could tilt the other way, and so it became a stream.

Age went by. The great upheaval went on. The Rocky mountains arose. The former trail was now a crooked river, flowing eastward, growing larger, carrying into the shallow sea millions of tons of clay, till that shallow sea became the Missouri and Mississippi valley, which might never have existed had the Dinosaur been allowed to follow her original course—a course that would have left these vast, turbid, land-creative waters free to seek the Western sea, and the buzz of the harmless grasshopper did it all.—Century.

That Woman is Pretty to Look At. On Monday, before Mr. Abdur Rahim, magistrate, the case in which one Samput charged Jagroo, Sythi, Boodhun, Juggernath and Kaloo with unlawful assembly, causing hurt and theft of a box containing 28 rupees, came on for hearing. Babu Jotindra Mohun Ghose, vakil, appeared for the prosecution, and Babu Tarak Nath Sahu for the defense. The vakil for the prosecution opened the case, saying that for a single woman several men were sent to jail, and still there were two cases of the like kind pending before this court.

About four years ago one Sithia Akhri brought down a woman named Goneshi from Benares. His chela Kaloo enticed her away. After some time Sithia recovered her, and again she was taken away by Kaloo. This gave rise to two factions in Jorabagan, and there for four years the fighting was going on between the parties over that woman, who is pretty to look at.—Amrwa Bayar Patrika.

Fairy Dancing. A German Christmas legend gives us a dancing Rip Van Winkle. One of the guests at a Christmas feast was induced to leave the festivities within doors by the attraction of strange music from the outside. On wandering to the spot whence the alluring sounds came he was met by two beautiful girls who invited him to join their Christmas celebration near by. These fairies introduced him to myriads of others like themselves. He drank a cup of wine with them and forgot everything but the fairy dancing and feasting. On being reminded of his own home he hastened back to the village, only to find it in ruins and decay and all his friends and relatives long dead. The effects of his fairy wine had lasted a century. German children are warned by this story how dangerous it is to wander about at night, especially at Christmas time.

She Tried to Spare Him. The little man who was the meek escort of the big woman in her rambles through the big shopping establishment had faltered.

"Is he subject to this sort of thing?" asked the shopwalker, as he applied a piece of ice to the unfortunate man's head and motioned the crowd to stand back.

"Not exactly," replied the prostrate man's better three-quarters. "He's a little nervous sometimes. I tried to buy it without letting him see me, but he heard me give the order."

"Buy what?" said the shopwalker, somewhat suspiciously.

"A rolling-pin," said the aggressive angel. And then they understood.

With a Christmas Gift. At Christmas-time long years ago "Good will to men" the angels sang, "And peace on earth" their message rang.

At Christmas-time that comes to-day, "This message of good will I send—The loving wishes of a friend That happiness may hold full sway That comes to-day."

At Christmas-time in future years—And all the other days beside—May life for you always provide To laughter all unmix'd with tears At Christmas-time.

An Accommodating Conductor. "I was travelling up in Canada, just over the border of New York state, this last summer," said the talkative drummer, "when, just as the train was about ready to pull out of the station, a negro ran up excitedly.

"Hoy, there!" he shouted to the conductor, who was singing out "All aboard." "Mr. Martin says would you hold the train till he can change his clothes, and he'll be along in a few minutes?"

"For sure," said the conductor, in a matter-of-fact way. And we waited for five minutes before Mr. Martin turned up in his wedding raiment."



"I'm the gont wat was the 'miner from the North Pacific Coast'—Yas—that's me! An' it's true I had the million, putty near, that is—

—most—
an' they said the 'game was easy'—so I confidently came, an' o' course, I didn't understand that I would be the 'game'!

"They ketch'd No long o' Copper, an' they ketch'd No long o' Steel; Some sez the fault is Morgan's—some talks a lot o' Well— They teched me up for margins, an' they swiped me hard-earned-cash— An' I drifted from th' Waldorf t' the place the gals yells 'Hash!'

"I was long o' Steel at 40; 'averaged' it at 35; Put some margins up at 30; buyed again at 25; At 15 they teched me gently—I was nearly busted then— But they still kep' talkin' 'margins'—so they sol' me out at 10!

"I hev borrowed \$20—an' I'm goin' back out West, Where a feller buys his counters and then fares just like the best; I'm goin' t' found a Stock Exchange, or p'raps a gamblin' dive, Er some other decent callin', with a chanst t' keep alive!"

—C. M. Keyes, in New York Times.

Dwell as Brothers

Poetry of Motion

Horse vs. the Auto

A Mountain Bread Baker.

Mrs. Gamble Achieves Fame by Her Good Cooking.

Indian Schools.

Emperor's Dogs.

England's Gold Supply.

Mrs. Gamble Achieves Fame by Her Good Cooking.

Indian Schools.

Emperor's Dogs.

England's Gold Supply.

Mrs. Gamble Achieves Fame by Her Good Cooking.

Indian Schools.

East Jordan Company's Store

Mid-Winter Sale

of Seasonable Merchandise.

Sweeping Reductions

In Prices.

1 lot of Children's Jackets,
Your choice at \$1.38

1 lot of Ladies' Jackets
At 1/2 Price

1 lot Cloaks and Capes,
At 1/2 off price

Our entire stock of Ladies' and
Misses' Coats, at 1/2 off price

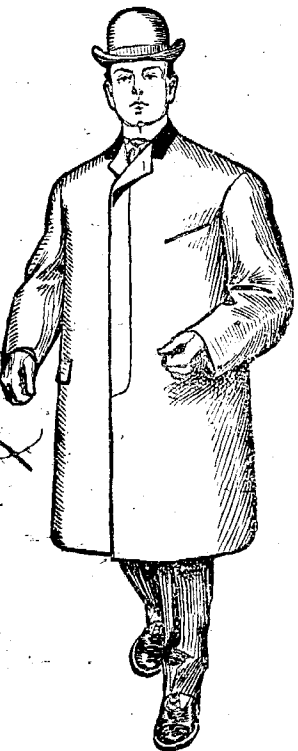
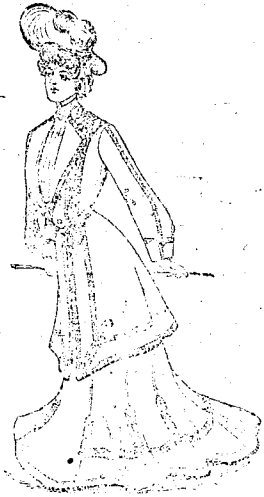
50 Ladies' Skirts, at 1/2 off price

25 handsomely tailored Ladies'
Suits, at 1/3 off price

Many offerings in Dry Goods,
200 Remnants, (all kinds)
at 1/2 of their value.

Outing Flannel, 50, 60, 70 and 80

All of our Boas and Muffs at 1/3
off from regular price.



Our Men's
Wister Overcoats
at 1/2 off regular price

\$15.00 Ulsters for \$11.25
12.00 " " 9.00
10.00 " " 7.50
8.50 " " 6.25
5.00 " " 3.75

Don't miss getting one of these
before all are gone.

We have five dozen Men's Blue
Flannel shirts, with a
Curov collar, and
Regular price, \$1.00
Cut price, \$1.25

24 pairs Men's Jersey Pants,
Regular price, \$2.00
Cut price, \$1.64

50 pairs Boys' German Socks,
small sizes, regular price
50c. Cut price, 25c

FRIEND BROTHERS CLOTHING CO.
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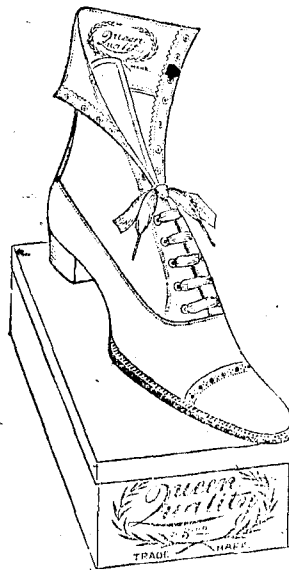
Shoes for Ladies.

A new invoice of the celebrated "Queen Quality Shoes," Spring styles. No introduction to the general public is needed for these shoes.

Shoes for Children.

Keep in mind that we also have the exclusive sale of the "Pierce" Shoe for the Misses and Children.

Both of these lines will be in stock in a very few days.



Grocery Dept.

20 pounds of Granulated Sugar for \$1.00.
Lily White Flour, "what the best cooks use" 60c
per sack, constantly on hand. Also, Buckwheat
Flour, Corn Meal, Graham Flour, Etc.
Fresh Roll Butter

Stock Feed, Oats, Balec Hay, Etc., Etc. We
are amply supplied with these now.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Harlevoix County Herald

R. L. Lorraine, Publisher

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

THE BOY DISPOSES

By SARA LINDSAY
COLEMAN

Copyright, 1900, by T. C. McClure

Polly dug the heel of her smart little slipper into the earth and sent the hammock forward vigorously. There were only forty minutes of freedom left.

At 6, when the train came in, she meant to rise from the hammock, deliciously cool in her swirl of white organdie, and give Mr. Howard the softest and prettiest of "yesses."

Visions of Piquin and Duquet creations swam before her mistily. It would be a pleasant life. She would ride, drive, golf, yacht, be an arbiter of fashions, an organizer of charities, a patroness of balls. In the spring there would be little jaunts to London and Paris. Polly puffed her head on her arms and watched herself, all billowy satin and diamond stambrets, float up the aisle to the beating of drums, the flutter of flags, the envy of bridesmaids.

"Dear!" said a voice, breaking into her reverie. "I think you mean to say yes when Mr. Howard comes up this afternoon, and I want to tell you that I am pleased. He will be very kind; you will have everything and no errand anywhere. I loved your father, but the world didn't call it a good match. You know what my struggles have been to keep up appearances, and you have made a sensible decision." Polly's mother slipped away.

The dear 500 friends believed Polly to be a girl unmoved by the winter gales. Polly knew that she was smiling at the mountain hotel because it was convenient for Mr. Howard to run to and stay over Sundays.

"The day has come," said Polly, quaking like Waters, "and some of us are out of breath." She almost decided to tell Mr. Howard at the foot of the hill. His responsibilities would be purely physical, but for her sake, he had climbed the hill on a good many "yesses" after her. Polly took it at the station and left her bed. There were things to be done now. She told herself that she was well content and then slipped under the covers. It was the old-fashioned Walden and Catherine story; it was the mystery of the fate of



HIS DIRTY HANDS CLUTCHED A BOX THAT POLLY KNEW.

the poor little oysters, the poor little oysters who thought they were in for such a treat.

"I say, Sis," yelled Tommy from the hotel steps (Tommy was the despair of his family), "when you marry old Howard you'll set me up to peach cream every day, won't you?"

Polly sat up, very angry. "Come to me this moment, Tommy Baker," she called.

It pleased Tommy to obey. He stood before her with the wickedest of grins upon his freckled face. His dirty hands clutched a box that Polly knew—how well she knew it!

"I thought you wouldn't need campaign trophies now," he said. "I'm going to give 'em to the fellows that's got girls. I ain't got no girl."

Polly bent forward with a smile that even Tommy could not resist. He opened the little old treasure box, emptied its contents into her lap and bent a retreat.

Polly looked at the little heap. They were far from campaign trophies. Her lips twitched at sight of a rude little heart carved from a peach stone. Such a tiny thing to sweep the past wide open! Below the heart was a cheap, worn copy of "Lucile." There had been other and costlier "Luciles," but never another like that.

At the faint whistle of an approaching engine Polly shivered again. Her mother said Mr. Howard would be very kind, but she wasn't aching for kindness.

"Polly," said a voice at her elbow, "aren't you going to run down the hill to meet him?"

Polly flung a part of her voluminous frock over her lap. She laughed, with a little catch in her voice, and said, "No; I'm kissing myself goodby."

The man looked down at the girl admiringly. "You're a thoroughbred," he said.

"Where's your mistress?" asked Polly. "Why are you not with her?" "She isn't mine, Polly. The evil hour has been put off. The mistress has hurt her foot and is too nervous to be proposed to. You've got five minutes left to you. Life hasn't been nice to us, Polly, but we are not vanquished. You'll look like a beautiful birthday cake—all white and glittery. I'll do a clog dance up the aisle."

Polly got her lips into a smile. The train came on. It puffed and snorted as it climbed, and the little hills rumbled and grumbled in answer. The man looked down at the quiet figure and stooped and touched the girl's fingers with his lips.

"We were once a precious pair of fools, little Polly. We've learned to laugh and be wise now, but somehow I'd like to be a fool once more."

Not a line of the girl's figure stirred. With a long drawn out shriek the train swept around a near curve. The man turned away.

Polly dug her heel into the ground and sent the hammock out. With a bound the little peach stone heart leaped to the man's feet. It was going to find out if fate was such a scummy goddess. It was going to see if she wouldn't turn kind.

Polly and the man were facing each other when the train pounded in. She had picked up the "Lucile." He held the heart of a peach stone.

"I told you I was telling myself a goodby," said Polly defiantly.

"Am I part of yourself, dear?" Polly was silent. Her eyes were on a stout man who had stepped from the Pullman and was making his eager, panting way toward her hammock.

"Polly," some one very much nearer was panting now, "I couldn't let you beat your life out in Poverty street; I couldn't let its bare walls crush your spirit; I couldn't ask you to give up all the gay, smart, empty things you love for—"

"Tiresome things!"

"Polly"—the cry went straight to the girl's heart—"you couldn't!" "I could," said Polly.

"Then you wouldn't?" The man slanted into the depths of Polly's shining, misty eyes. She tried to speak, but could not.

Howard, not twenty feet away, stopped short and wiped his wet brow. "I'm frightened!" Polly's voice quivered childishly. "We used to—"

"We did," with conviction. "It got us out of every scrape."

Howard wiped his perplexed, middle aged brow; then he wiped his perplexed, spraggy eyes. He was very conventional, and the gossamer web of convention was torn in shreds.

They were headed for a little summer house a hundred yards away, running lightly and easily, hand in hand, handing two tiny children overtaken in an act of unusual and delicious audacity.

Lead Pencil Wood.

The cedar used in the manufacture of pencils in this country is that which grows in Florida, the common red cedar with shagbark and aromatic heartwood. The wood is shipped from Florida in small slabs, a little longer than a pencil, a little wider than four or six pencils placed side by side and of proper thickness.

The cedar case of a pencil is made in halves, each half being equally channeled, so that the place where they join comes against the center of the lead.

First we have the slab of wood as it is shipped from Florida. This slab is passed under a rotary cutter, which planes the surface perfectly flat and smooth and at the same time grooves it to receive six leads. These leads are now laid in the grooves of one of these slabs, and another slab, similarly planed and grooved, is spread with glue and laid upon it. The two thus put together are placed in a press and when perfectly dry are taken out and passed twice under a grooved rotary cutter, first on one side, rounding one half of the pencil, and then on the other, finishing the rounding of the whole pencil and separating one from the other at the same time.

The six single pencils are then passed through other machines which polish, varnish, stamp and put them in cases, ready for delivery to the trade.

The School of Experience.

"Daughter, you ought not to wear these high heeled shoes. They will make corns on your feet."

"How do you know, mamma?"

"By experience. I used to wear them when I was a girl."

"Did grandma tell you they would make corns on your feet if you wore them?"

"Yes."

"How did she know?"

"She found out by experience, just as I did."

"Hain't she any mamma to warn her against wearing them?"

"Oh, yes."

"But she wore them just the same?"

"To be sure."

"And you did too?"

"Yes. That is what I was telling you."

"Well, if I ever have any daughters I ought to be able to give them a warning against high heeled shoes from my own experience, oughtn't I?"—Chicago Tribune.

Such Fun.
"So you are really engaged, dear?" said Elsie gushingly to her particular friend Madge.

"Yes, dear," was the blushing reply. "I am really engaged at last."

"And to that stern, stolid looking fellow, Alec Wilson?"

"Oh, yes, dear," replied her friend quickly. "He often says that after we are married he means to manage the house, look after my personal expenditure as well as his own (and, in fact, have his own private expenditure."

"Good gracious! And you seriously tell me you mean to marry a man like that?" cried Elsie in astonishment.

"Oh, yes, dear. I wouldn't give up the idea on any account. You see, it will be such fun to show him how absurd such ideas are, won't it?" And the speaker, smiling a wicked smile, which the happy Alec ought to have seen, but luckily didn't.

The Sworn—"Fighting Mac."

General Hector Macdonald began life as a draper's assistant, but finding it too humdrum he went for a soldier. This was to his liking. He saw plenty of service, and because he was fond of a scrimmage they gave him his well known nickname. So good a soldier was he that he was promoted from the ranks—a rarer honor 20 years ago than it is now—and as lieutenant he went through the first Boer war. In the disastrous battle of Majuba he lost the daymore that had been presented to him by his brother officers. After the fight, according to Cassell's Little Folks, Captain (afterward Colonel) P. F. Robertson of the Ninety-second Gordon highlanders had a talk at Newcastle, in the Transvaal, with Joubert, the famous Boer general who died in the second Boer war. Robertson told Joubert about Hector Macdonald and his last sword.

"Ah," said Joubert, "that brave man must have his sword again! I will search the Transvaal for it and offer \$5 reward for it." Joubert did search and found the sword in the possession of a farmer who, on learning the story, parted with the daymore without reward. "Fighting Mac" had the pleasure of receiving his good daymore from the hands of General Joubert himself in the Dutch town of Newcastle.

Thought His Prayers Were Long.

Twenty-five years ago Joseph E. Whiting, who played last week at the opera house, played in Cleveland at the old Academy of Music. He played in "Henry V" and portrayed the same character then as in Mansfield's production last week. Mr. Whiting tells a story of an occurrence a quarter of a century ago at the Wedding House as follows:

"I was looking a new part. The lines were long, and after the performance one evening I went up to my room to learn them. I rocked back and forth in a chair, mulling the words. There were many such expressions as 'Oh, Lord, I pray to you,' etc. In the part. Next morning the clerk sent for me. 'Mr. Whiting, the man in the next room asked who you were. When I told him he said that you delivered the longest prayers before going to bed that he ever before heard.'"—Cleveland Leader.

He Didn't Understand.

Spartacus—Have you been watching the curio sales?

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

DEPPE MAGNETTE

In effect 8:40 P. M.

Leave BELLAIR as follows:
For Inverness, 8:40 P. M.
For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 9:00 P. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 9:15 P. M.
For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 9:30 P. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 9:45 P. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 10:00 P. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 10:15 P. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 10:30 P. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 10:45 P. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 11:00 P. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 11:15 P. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 11:30 P. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 11:45 P. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 12:00 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 12:15 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 12:30 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 12:45 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 1:00 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 1:15 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 1:30 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 1:45 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 2:00 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 2:15 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 2:30 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 2:45 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 3:00 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 3:15 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 3:30 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 3:45 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 4:00 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 4:15 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 4:30 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 4:45 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 5:00 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 5:15 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 5:30 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 5:45 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 6:00 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 6:15 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 6:30 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 6:45 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 7:00 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 7:15 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 7:30 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 7:45 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 8:00 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 8:15 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 8:30 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 8:45 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 9:00 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 9:15 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 9:30 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 9:45 A. M.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West Detroit, 10:00 A. M.
For Saginaw and Port Huron, 10:15 A. M.

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office in the village of Charlevoix, on the 10th day of December, 1900, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

Present, John M. Harris, Judge of Probate. In the Matter of the Estate of J. W. F. Brock, deceased.

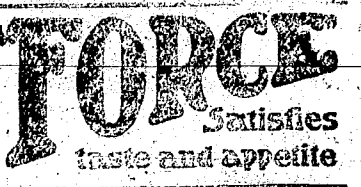
On reading and filing the petition duly verified of Abner C. Harris, praying among other things that an order be made and entered in said cause in said Court determining who were the lawful heirs of deceased and entitled to the same.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday the eleventh day of January next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be designated for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be held in the Probate Office in the Village of Charlevoix, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petition and the petitioners interest in said estate, or the beneficiary of said petition, and the hearing there of, be causing a copy of this order to be published in the Charlevoix County Daily Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

JOHN McHARRIS,
Judge of Probate.

Foley's Honey and Tar

cures colds, prevents pneumonia.



300 SAVED
TO ALL PORTS EAST AND WEST
BY THE D & B LINE.

Just Two Boats

DETROIT & BUFFALO
Daily Service



DETROIT & BUFFALO
STEAMBOAT CO.

CONCEIVING MAY 11TH
Improved Daily Express Service (14 hours) between
DETROIT AND BUFFALO

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.

Connecting with Eastern Lines for all points in NEW YORK, BOSTON and NEW ENGLAND STATES. Through tickets issued to all points. Send for illustrated pamphlet and rates.

Rate between Detroit and Buffalo \$3.50 one way, \$6.50 round trip. Bertha \$1.00. \$2.00. \$3.00. \$5.00 each direction. Week Excursions to Erie and Niagara Falls.

If your railway agent will not sell you a through ticket, Buffalo and Detroit, 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.

FREE To Lovers of GOOD MUSIC

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
Nourhama Waltzes

Give the Countersign March
Euphonia (Intermezzo)
Entrée de Cortège

Imozetta (Mexican Dance)
South Carolina Sunshine
Antics of the Ants

Story of the Flowers
Leve of Liberty March
Idle Fancies (Intermezzo)

Dream of the Ballet
Return of Love Waltzes
Jules Levy's Stella Waltz

The Eagle's March

Every pianist will find something in the above list of great interest. Send for a copy of the book. It's free. All above compositions are entirely new. On sale at your local dealer.

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LYON & HEALY
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Congress Playing Cards.

Cards of quality.

For up-to-date card parties.

Smooth, thin and springy.

Dainty pictorial designs.

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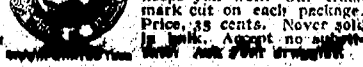
No others are so good.

FOR SALE BY
DEALERS
EVERYWHERE

128-page Hoyle's card, spread, for two Congress pack wrapped in name of dealer from whom packs were bought. Address: U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, O.

DON'T BE FOOLED!

Take the genuine, original ROCKY MOUNTAIN TOBACCO made only by Medford Manufacturing Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trademark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk.



CLARK HARRIS, Gen. Manager.

Children's Sleds and Coasters

12 Styles and Sizes. 100 of them at prices from 35c to \$1.25 now on sale at

Lovebay Hardware.

LAQUERET

is the finest thing out to make old Furniture look like new. It gives a piano finish and stains to any kind of wood. Try it.

W. A. Loveday & Co.

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

State Bank of East Jordan.

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 SURPLUS \$50,000.00

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 several good companies.
 Private Deposit Boxes to Rent at \$2.00 per year.

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

Briefs of the Week

Manistee is to have a new daily paper.

The Firemen will entertain Friday evening Jan. 23d.

BORN: -To Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Kirchner Monday Jan. 4th, a girl.

Reg. Holben has purchased Mrs. Martin's residence property on Main St.

Miss Agnes Porter entertained at her home on Fourth St. - Saturday evening.

Fred. Whittington went to Ann Arbor to resume his studies the fore part of the week.

Jas. Quinlan now occupies the Hayden residence on Third St. recently vacated by M. F. Fay.

Thirty-one Michigan people met their deaths in the Iroquois theatre fire at Chicago last week.

Misses Catherine and Emma Winters returned Saturday last to their work in the Upper Peninsula.

Prosecuting Attorney A. B. Nicholas was in Charlevoix Monday and Tuesday looking after the interest of the people.

Invitations are out for a Firemen's Dance to be given Friday evening, January 15th at the Loveday Opera House.

Contractor H. S. Price has a force of carpenters at work putting up a new boarding house for the Ward Estate at Deward.

A log breaking loose from its fastenings came near being the cause of a disastrous wreck on the D. & C. train Monday evening.

Sol, Wiesman had the misfortune to get his foot caught and badly crushed between two logs while working in the Cooperage Co.'s yards Monday.

Many country merchants sell goods cheaper than the big mail order house - but they forget to tell the general public that fact through the columns of their local newspaper.

Jerome Smith was unanimously awarded the first prize in the hat trimming contest at the Lady Macca-bees social Monday. He contemplates putting in a line of millinery in the spring.

Jennie Stitzer, Omaha - I have gained thirty-five pounds in two months. Nothing did me any good until I used Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. A blessing to sickly woman.

Warne's Pharmacy.

School commenced Monday after the holiday vacation.

W. H. Lawway, the music dealer, has placed an organ in the Odd Fellows hall.

Jordan River Lodge No. 369 F. O. O. F. installed their newly elected officers Friday evening. It was an open installation and the families of the members were present and after the installation ceremonies, sat down to a banquet which was served in the hall. Taken altogether it was a very enjoyable affair.

The new power plant on Deer Creek furnished the current for the electric lights for the first time Friday afternoon.

M. F. Fay has purchased the Diehl residence, corner William and Tenth Sts. and moved his family there the first of the week.

FARM FOR RENT: -75 acres under cultivation, 3 1/2 miles southwest of East Jordan. For further information enquire at this office.

The Catholic young folks of St. Joseph's Church will give a box social in the C. M. B. A. hall on Tuesday evening Jan. 12th. A cordial invitation is extended to the public.

The state game department collected \$1,507 in fines for violations of the game and fish laws during the month of December - the largest sum for any month in the history of the department.

East Jordan & Southern locomotive No. 2 is in the shop for repairs, her crank pins breaking while at work in the yards on Saturday last. This throws a lot of extra work on the other locomotives which are kept running night and day.

Burton Nicholas and Henry Coors returned Monday to Ann Arbor to resume their studies in the law department of the University. Mr. Coors, whose home is in New Mexico, enjoyed the hospitality of the Nicholas home during the holiday season.

Have you indigestion, constipation, headache, backache, kidney trouble? Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well. If it fails get your money back. That's fair. Tea or tablet form. 35 cents.

Warne's Pharmacy.

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

NOTICE.
 Joe Routhier has changed his place o Louis Peppins' Saloon for Luncheon.

Jessamine Rebekah Lodge installed their new officers Wednesday evening.

Mrs. J. Kitson, of Ironton, is visiting friends in town this week. She expects to go to join her husband in Idaho soon.

Mrs. Jno. Jamison received a telegram Friday afternoon conveying the sad news of the death of a sister in Pennsylvania.

It is authoritatively stated that Jos. Maddock will not return to the University of Michigan again next year. We understand that he has been offered a good position as coach of the football team of the University in a neighboring state.

The job department of the HERALD office printed this week for Prosecuting Attorney A. B. Nicholas the law brief for the defense in the case of Brown & Selber vs. William Knop and Lewis Martin, and allowing the editor to be a judge it will be a sure winner.

Deputy Game Warden A. L. Coulter was at Boyne Falls Monday and arrested Robert Hurlow, George Huston, John Huston, John Huston and John Summerville on a charge of using dogs in hunting deer. They were taken to Gaylord as the offense is alleged to have been committed in Otsego county.

Supposing you're busted - haven't a dime, getting poor isn't a serious crime; put on a bold front, work with all your might, you're sure to win by taking Rocky Mountain Tea at night. Warne's Pharmacy.

List of Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending January 4, 1904: -
 Carson, Mrs. May;
 Johnston, Miss May,
 Wm. Harrington, P. M.

"You'll find we are to have an unusually snug winter this time and that before it has passed there will be some rip sporting 'con days.' They'll come in the latter part of January or early in February, and when they come you'll find that a large part of the Koniok has been handed out to you. As you can laugh, but I do not freeze now. I have only tattered hog, my own That was enough." So spoke Ed Larrabee, of Marion, Conn. Mr. Larrabee is known throughout as a wiggler when it comes to prognosticating a winter. He does it by a part of a hog's anatomy called the mel. He says he doesn't know what part the mel plays in a hog's life, but it's a corking good guide to a man who can read it and wants to know what the winter has in store for him and his woodpile."

Wiesman advertises a big inventory sale for January.

Proverbs

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Be sure that this picture in the label is on the bottle of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Ayer's

Don't try cheap cough medicines. Get the best, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. What a record it has, sixty years of

Cherry Pectoral

cures! Ask your doctor if he doesn't use it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

"I have found that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best medicine I can prescribe for bronchitis, influenza, coughs, and hard colds."
 M. LODGMAN, M.D., Ithaca, N. Y.

Bronchitis

Correct any tendency to constipation with small doses of Ayer's Pills.

Personal Mention.

Council Meeting next Monday evening.

Chris Taylor went to Whitehall Saturday.

Mrs. C. G. Bush spent Sunday in Bethaire.

Ellis Malpass returned to Big Rapids this week.

A. F. Bridge, of Charlevoix, was in town Tuesday.

Register of Deeds Kenyon was in town Wednesday.

Arthur Warne returned Monday from Grand Rapids.

J. J. Votruba spent Sunday with friends in Traverse City.

Frank Martinek went to Traverse City on business Tuesday.

Mrs. Frank Porter went to Sutton's Bay Friday to visit friends.

Miss Barnett treated her scholars to a steakride Friday afternoon.

George Otis, of Grand Rapids, was visiting old friends here Friday.

Sheffield Pearson was transacting official business in town Wednesday.

Afternoons, Government Park was returned from Lansing Monday evening.

A. G. Munn went to Big Rapids Monday to receive the P. T. school.

Wm. Kenyon returned Thursday evening from his trip to Chicago.

Miss Mary Metta has resigned her position as teacher in the Charlevoix schools.

John Porter and sister Mary returned to their studies at Oberlin Tuesday.

W. J. Weikel, of Charlevoix, transacted business in town Monday and Tuesday.

Mark Westgate came up from Chicago Wednesday and is greeting old friends in town.

L. M. Gage returned Saturday evening from Sheboygan, Wis., where he had been spending the holidays.

D. J. Loveday and daughter Louisa who have been spending the holidays in Chicago, returned home Thursday.

Prof. J. M. Tice returned on Thursday of last week from Sanilac county where he had been called by the death of his father.

Fred. Simmons is shaking hands with friends in town, having recently returned from Portland, Ore., where he was two years ago.

A schoolman not over a thousand miles away found a lad in the geography class who was deeply interested in carrying the points of the compass. The teacher said: "You have in front of you, the north on your right, the east and on your left, the west. What have you behind you?" After a few moments' reflection the lad exclaimed "A patch on my pants," and to make the information more emphatic, continued in a shame-faced manner: "I knew you'd see it. I tell you you would."

A NIGHT ALARM.
 Worse than an alarm of fire at night is the brassy cough of croup, which sounds like the children's death knell, and it means death unless something is done quickly. Foley's Honey and Tar never fails to give instant relief and cures the worst forms of croup. Mrs. P. L. Cordier, of Mannington, Ky., writes: "My three year old girl had a severe case of croup; the doctor said she could not live. I got a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar, the first dose gave quick relief and it saved her life."
 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.

Inventory Sale

Continuing during the entire month of January

J. L. WIESMAN,

LEADER OF LOW PRICES.
 Loveday Block, East Jordan.

500

BOXES FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

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

FRANK MARTINEK.

For The Holiday Trade

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

WARNE'S PHARMACY

Imported Granite Ware

We have just received from Germany a large invoice of

Stramsky and Imperial Granite Ware

The highest grade Quadruple Coated Ware on the market which we have now on exhibition in our window. Take a look at it and get prices.

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.



Mrs. Weisslitz, president of the German Womans' Club of Buffalo, N. Y., after doctoring for two years, was finally cured of her kidney trouble by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Of all the diseases known with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless prompt and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives.

Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave careful study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made sure that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was certain to control that dreaded disease, woman's kidney troubles. The Vegetable Compound acts in harmony with the laws that govern the entire female system, and while there are many so-called remedies for kidney troubles, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only one especially prepared for women.

Read What Mrs. Weisslitz Says.
 "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years my life was simply a burden, I suffered so with female troubles, and pains across my back and loins. The doctor told me that I had kidney troubles and prescribed for me. For three months I took his medicines, but grew steadily worse. My husband then advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and brought home a bottle. It is the greatest blessing ever brought to our home. Within three months I was a changed woman. My pain had disappeared, my complexion became clear, my eyes bright, and my entire system in good shape."—Mrs. PAULA WEISSLITZ, 176 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Proof that Kidney Trouble can be Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
 "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel very thankful to you for the good your medicine has done me. I had doctored for years and was steadily growing worse. I had trouble with my kidneys, and two doctors told me I had Bright's disease; also had falling of the womb, and could not walk a block at a time. My back and head ached all the time, and I was so nervous I could not sleep; had hysteria and fainting spells, was tired all the time, had such a pain in my left side that I could hardly stand at times without putting my foot on something."

"I doctored with several good doctors, but they did not help me any. I took, in all, twelve bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, five boxes of Liver Pills, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and feel like a new woman, can eat and sleep well, do all my own work, and can walk two miles without feeling over tired. The doctors tell me that my kidneys are all right now. I am so happy to be well, and I feel that I owe it all to your medicine."—Mrs. OPAL STRONG, Dalton, Mass.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address Lynn, Mass.

\$5000 FORFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

THE CINDERELLA OF KOREA.

Eastern Legend More Ancient Than That of the West.

In Korea the people tell a Cinderella story that is much more ancient than that familiar to western people. The key to the latter story is the slipper, but not so theirs. Peach Blossom, the Korean Cinderella's name, was the family drudge. One day as the mother was starting off with the favorite daughter to a picnic she said to Peach Blossom: "You must not leave until you have hulled a bagful of rice and filled the broken crock with water." While sitting there bemoaning her hard lot she heard a wittering and a fluttering of wings. Looking up, she saw a flock of sparrows pecking the hulls off the rice. Before recovering from her surprise a little imp jumped out of the fireplace and so skillfully repaired the crock that but a few minutes of work was required to fill it with water. Then she went to the picnic and had a royal time.

On another occasion the mother said: "You must stay until you have pulled up all the weeds in the field." This time a cow came out of the forest and ate up the weeds in ten minutes. Peach Blossom followed the cow into the woods and was led to where there was an abundance of ripe, luscious fruit. Gathering a large quantity, she went to the fete and was the most welcome guest. Her sister asked about it and on being told determined she would get some of this fruit for herself.

When the next gala day came the sister stayed at home and let Peach Blossom go. The cow came out of the woods as before and the sister followed it through tangled briar and thorn bushes, with the result that her face was much scratched and her skin-deep beauty all gone.

GREATEST USERS OF TOBACCO.

Figures Show That Americans Have That Distinction.

An expert has figured up the amount of tobacco annually consumed in the United States. The total is so large as to be slightly beyond the reach of the ordinary mind. According to this statistician, the quantities used in this country every year read something like this:—280,000,000 pounds of manufactured tobacco, 10,000,000,000 cigarettes and 7,000,000,000 cigars. The value of the tobacco chewed and smoked annually in the United States, exclusive of cigars and cigarettes, is more than \$500,000,000. Since Japan yearly smokes 3,000,000,000 cigarettes and China only half that number, the United States is the banner consumer of the little paper rolls.

The Christmas Spirit.

"The Christmas child am I. May I come
 The busy man of care looked up and frowned.
 "Begone, Begone, I say! In this hard world
 Where rich men's hearts in poor men's tears
 And e'en upon the heels of want tread
 Men have for such as you no thought,
 Or time."

The host of angels sang at Jesus' birth,
 "Good will to men, good will, and peace
 On earth."
 "The Christmas child am I. May I come
 In?"
 The widow touched her robes with
 a meek hand.
 "The veil that shuts me in shuts sun-
 shine out,
 My only joy is in the other land,
 For me there is no Christmastide of
 cheer.
 The torch extinguished left the bitter
 tear."

The host of angels sang at Jesus' birth,
 "Good will to men, good will, and peace
 On earth."
 "The Christmas child am I. May I come
 In?"
 Gaiety's leader stood in haughty
 pride.
 "Another beggar? Lo! They're every-
 where.
 False poverty is ripe at Christmastide."
 She spoke with scornful air and
 averted
 cold.
 And tossed from jeweled hand a purse of
 gold.

The host of angels sang at Jesus' birth,
 "Good will to men, good will, and peace
 On earth."
 "The Christmas child am I. May I come
 In?"
 The invalid, on weary bed of pain,
 With outstretched hands gave swift
 a
 welcome glad,
 And strove the child's sweet confidence
 to gain.
 The little one, with sigh content and deep,
 Crept close within her arms and fell
 asleep.

A Western Woolgrower.
 Newcastle, Wyo., Dec. 21.—There is a man in this place who claims that no one need suffer with backache, as he has proven in his own case that it can be completely and permanently cured.

His name is S. C. Holst, and he is a stock raiser and woolgrower.

"I was shearing sheep at the time the first pain came on," says Mr. Holst. "I was so bad for two years afterwards that I could hardly sit down, and when once down it was almost impossible for me to get up again."

"I tried all the medicine I could hear of and several doctors without help, not even for a moment. I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and they made a new man out of me. I felt as if there was new blood in my veins. I am as stout in the back as a mule and can lift and work as hard as I please without an ache or pain in any part of my body."

"It is now, over a year since they cured me and I can say there is not a healthier man in Wyoming than I am, and before using Dodd's Kidney Pills there was not a more complete physical wreck in the whole country than I was."

"No, thank you," replied Georgie, philosophically. "If I don't have the sweetstuff to keep looking at I don't think I'll have the strength of mind to finish the cake!"

"Well, why not let me put the sugarstick in my pocket? Then you won't be tempted to break your word."

"No, thank you," replied Georgie, philosophically. "If I don't have the sweetstuff to keep looking at I don't think I'll have the strength of mind to finish the cake!"

Luxury is apt to transform pleasures into burdens.

PE-RU-NA PROTECTS THE LITTLE ONES

Against Winter Catarrh in Its Many Phases.

Neglected Colds in Children Often Bring Disastrous Results.

Peruna should be kept in the house all the time.
 Peruna should be kept in every house where there are children.
 Don't wait until the child is sick then send to a drug store. Have Peruna on hand—accept no substitute.

Pe-ru-na Protects the Entire Household Against Catarrhal Diseases.

As soon as the value of Peruna is fully appreciated by every household, both as a preventive and cure of catarrhal affections, tens of thousands of lives will be saved, and hundreds of thousands of chronic, lingering cases of disease prevented. Peruna is a household safeguard.



ALICE SCHAFER.



ANNA R. BROWN

Mrs. J. M. Brown, Dunno-gan Springs, Mo., writes:
 "My little daughter three years old was troubled with a very bad cough which remained after an attack of catarrhal fever. She has taken one bottle of Peruna through which she has obtained a complete cure. She is now as well and happy as a little girl can be. When our friends say how well she looks I tell them Peruna did it."
 In a later letter she says: "Our little daughter continues to have good health."



Pe-ru-na Kept in the House for Five Years.

Mr. Albert Liezeman, 1596 Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes:
 "I am only too glad to inform you that I am feeling splendid and have never felt better in my life. Through the advice of a friend I tried Peruna, and am glad to say it cured me to perfection. I began to tell a friend about Peruna the other day and I had no sooner commenced than he told me his folks have kept Peruna in the house for the last five years. I am sure I wouldn't be without it. Mother also uses it to keep herself in good health."

Mrs. Schaffer, 436 Dope Ave., St. Louis, Mo., writes:
 "In the early part of last year I wrote to you for advice for my daughter—five, four years of age. She has been a puny, sickly, ailing child since her birth. She had convulsions and catarrhal fever. I was always doctoring until we commenced to use Peruna. She grew strong and well. Peruna is a wonderful tonic; the best medicine I have ever used."
 "I was in a very wretched condition when I commenced to take Peruna. I had catarrh all through my whole body, but thank God, your medicine set me all right. I would not have any other medicine."
 "Peruna cured my baby boy of a very bad spell of cold and fever. He is a big healthy boy fifteen months old. I have given him Peruna off and on since he was born. I think that is why he is so well. I cannot praise Peruna enough. We have not had a doctor since we began to use Peruna—all praise to it."—Mrs. Schaffer.

Be Sure to Have Pe-ru-na on Hand During the Inclement Months of Fall and Winter.

Croup, capillary bronchitis, and articular rheumatism are the special banes of childhood. These all alike result from catching cold.
 One child catches cold and scares its mother into hysterics by having croup in the dead of night.
 Another child catches cold, develops a stubborn cough that will not yield to ordinary remedies. The parents are filled with forebodings.
 Still another child catches cold and develops that most fatal malady of childhood, capillary bronchitis. The doctor is called, pronounces the case pneumonia, and if the child is lucky enough to live it has developed weak lungs from which it may never recover.

And yet another child catches cold and articular rheumatism is the result. Ankles, knees, wrists and elbows become suddenly swollen and painful. A long disastrous illness follows. The child may live and become convalescent, a miserable invalid of valvular disease of the heart. All these mishaps are the direct result of neglected cold. Peruna is the safeguard of the family. If a child catches cold, Peruna should be used immediately.
 A few doses of Peruna and a child's cold is gone. The apprehension of the parents flies away. The household is free from fear once more.
 If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.
 Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Ask Your Druggist for free Pe-ru-na Almanac for 1904.

OLD CUSTOMS THAT SURVIVE.

Preparing Bulgarian Bridegroom for Wedding Ceremony.

The shaving of the bridegroom on his wedding day is a Bulgarian custom which, handed down from pre-Christian days, is still observed with due formality, especially in country districts. While the barber is at his task a dancing crowd of young folks surrounds him and the bridegroom. As the latter's hair is cut the snippings are carefully collected by some of the girls for preservation in one of the bride's chests. The barber, when his work is done, receives a small white linen cloth as a present, and also a trifling sum of money from each person there. Then the bridegroom kisses the hands of all the girls, washes his face and dons his wedding dress, which must first be carefully weighed three times by one of the boys.

Good Track, Good Trains, Good Time.

In each of these the New York Central is not surpassed, as thousands will attest. Travelers between the West and the East will find it to their advantage to use the New York Central which, in point of time, equipment, roadbed, dining car service and scenic attractions is first among the railroads of the world.
 Send a 2-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York for a copy of the Illustrated Catalogue of the New York Central's "Four-Track Series."

Dealing in Pawn Tickets.

An enterprising tradesman in the east end of London makes a special feature of dealing in pawn tickets. He always has a large variety of these in stock, and at his establishment you can pick up a pawn ticket for anything from a diamond ring to a pair of socks. Those who find themselves unable to redeem an article in pledge have no difficulty in disposing of the tickets to this enterprising dealer.

Duke is Injured in Fall.

New York dispatch: The Duke of Westminster met with an accident while hunting with the North Cheshire hounds, says a dispatch from London. His collar bone was fractured.

Rheumatism Killing Pain.

Left in quick order after taking 10 doses of Dr. Sherrin's Rheumatic Cure, in 15 minutes, 25 doses, 2nd postpaid, DR. SHERRIN CO., LA CROSSE, WIS. (W. N. U.)

There are some positions that seem to require men who don't know yet.

Dyeing is as easy as washing when PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are used.

It is not considered a man's credit a merit success if he doesn't strain it.

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

The man who knows nothing often takes a very long time to tell it.

FITS permanently cured. 100% of cases cured after first use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Send for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and treatise. DR. H. B. WELLS, 211 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Silence is often more eloquent than a superabundance of words.

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

The only way to arbitrate with the devil is with a shotgun.

Clear white clothes are a sign that the housekeeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Every vice thickens the veil between ourselves and the world.

Plan's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs. Wm. G. ESTES, Philadelphia, Ind. Price 1.00.

DO YOU COUGH
 DON'T DELAY
 TAKE
KEMPS BALSAM
 THE BEST COUGH CURE

Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure. Use continuously in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and 60 cents.

CAPSICUM VASELINE
 (PUT UP IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES)
 A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-killing and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and neuralgia. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations." Price 15 cents, at all druggists or by direct mail, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail. No article should be accepted by the public unless it bears the same carries our label, otherwise it is not genuine. CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., 17 State Street, New York City.

The FREE Homestead
 LANDS OF
Western Canada

Are the STAR ATTRACTIONS for 1904.
 Millions of acres of magnificent Grain and Grazing lands to be had as a free gift, or by purchase from the Government. Write to nearest authorized Canadian Government Agent for Canadian Atlas and other information (for address) Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada—M. V. McNeil, No. 6 Avenue Theater Block, Detroit, Mich., and C. A. Lester, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

DENSION JOHN W. HARRIS, Washington, D. C.
 Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
 THE GREAT ATTRACTIONS
 Write to civil war, Dedicating claims, city stock.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 52—1903
 When answering ads please mention this page.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?
 If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

Worry won't cure a cough. When you find a cough holding on—when everything else has failed—try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure
 The Lung Tonic
 It is guaranteed to cure. If it doesn't, we'll refund your money.
 Prices: S. C. WELLS & Co., 425c. 50c. \$1. Le Roy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

Stomach Trouble
 is no respecter of persons. It comes to rich and poor, old or young, weak or strong. There is a cure for it.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin
 (LAXATIVE)
 Read the Booklet; send for sample; try it.
 PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

GAY LIFE FREE
 16 Views of Atlantic City at its best mailed to anyone sending us name and address of five or more friends who are suffering from Catarrh.
 J. C. RICKEY & CO., 814 WALNUT ST., PHILA.

PISO'S CURE FOR
 CURED WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
 Best Cough Syrup, Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Catarrh of the Throat, and all other ailments of the Throat and Lungs.
 CONSUMPTION

INDIGESTION

"I was troubled with stomach trouble. The doctor's Black-Draught did me more good in one week than all the doctor's medicine I took in a year."—MRS. SARAH E. SMITHFIELD, Ellettsville, Ind.

Theford's Black-Draught quickly invigorates the action of the stomach and cures even chronic cases of indigestion. If you will take a small dose of Theford's Black-Draught occasionally you will keep your stomach and liver in perfect condition.

THEFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

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

All druggists sell 25-cent packages.

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

CONSTIPATION

Good Pills

Ayer's Pills are good liver pills. You know that. The best family laxative you can buy. They keep the bowels regular, cure constipation.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**.

Moses Lemieux

Practical Horseshoeing and General Blacksmith.

All kinds of wood repair work done promptly.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Stops the cough and heals lungs

ECZEMA

and all Skin Diseases cured by

BANNER SALVE

The most healing salve in the world.

The Doctor Said "Stick To It."

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

GUARANTEED. Price 25 Cents

Wm. Germond,

Tenorist Artist.

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

LaLonde Building. East Jordan

REVIVO

RESTORES VITALITY

Made a Well Man of Me.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY produces the above results in 30 days. It cures powerfully and quickly when all other fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which undo one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in your pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a postal order written guarantee to cure or refund the money. ROYAL MEDICINE CO., Trayer Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

Sold by Warner's Pharmacy.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Stops Cough, Heals Bronchitis

HIS WINNING COLORS

By...
ELWIN J. WEBSTER

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It was the evening before the big boat race on the Hudson. The town was full of jubilant yet anxious collegians and alumni. Incidentally, it was thronged with pretty girls, who were scarcely less ardent in their partisanship of their favorite crews and universities than the college men themselves. Everybody looked cheerful and happy, though there was a perceptible current of nervousness as each thought of the great race the next day on which so many high hopes were centered.

Big Bob Jennings, the stalwart stroke of the crew from the northwestern state, was an exception to the general rule. His face wore a look of deepest gloom. From appearances Bob had no reason to complain of fate, for it would have been hard to find a prettier girl than the one he was walking with.



AND ON HER BREAST WAS THE BIG BOW OF GOLD AND SCARLET.

But pretty girls can sometimes be cruel to their most devoted admirers. It is even said that they often take pleasure in teasing them. And Laura Hilton had received so much attention since her arrival in Poughkeepsie that it was no wonder she felt her favors should not be concentrated on any one man. It was her duty to snub Bob occasionally for his own good. It is only fair to state that she assumed this duty with the utmost cheerfulness.

Bob Jennings cursed in his hand a big ribbon of his college colors, which he was vainly trying to persuade Laura to wear. In her heart she was nearly as anxious as Bob himself that the plucky western crew which had journeyed so far to take part in the race should win. But it would be good discipline for him to believe that she did not care whether or not his crew won. Laura was a strict disciplinarian where so devoted an admirer was concerned.

"If I was sure your crew would win," she replied, with assumed carelessness, "I would wear your colors. But, of course, I want to wear the winning colors."

Bob looked so genuinely hurt at this that for a moment Laura repented. But it was only for a moment. After all, it was all for his own good.

"Now, don't look so gloomy," she added. "Just to encourage you in the race I will give you all the dances you want tonight."

This was downright cruelty. Bob, as the stroke of the crew, was in training and could not attend the dance, as Laura well knew. Bob was aware she knew it, and this last thrust was too much for his patience. A woman will turn if trod upon, and why should the big stroke of a crew have more patience than a woman, even if the treading is done by an extremely pretty girl? Bob turned in disgust and left her standing alone. But in her hand she still held the big bow of gold and scarlet.

The race the following day was one of the most famous and also one of the most heartbreaking ever held on the Hudson. From the first it was plain that the issue lay between the northwestern crew and that from central New York. The New York crew had been trained by one of the best oarsmen in the world. Behind them was the prestige of victory. They came to the race exactly in perfect trim, while the western crew was handicapped by the effects of its long railroad journey. But in the face of all these obstacles western brawn and muscle and pluck more than held their own.

The New York crew made the better start. For the first mile they gained a little. Then, bit by bit, the westerners began to creep up on them. As they neared the bridge the two crews were even. But just as they passed under it the northwestern crew made an additional spurt. Daylight showed between the two boats. Bob Jennings could hear his heart beating as if it would burst. But he quickened the stroke, determined to do all in his power to win the race for his alma mater though he died in the attempt. The same desperate energy animated every other one of the sturdy westerners. Against their indomitable grit and pluck even the skill and training of the famous New York crew could not avail. Little by little the western boat began to draw ahead. At the end of the first two miles the race had seemed in doubt. At the end of the third it looked certain the west would win.

Then came the accident, the more

provoking from its pettiness, which lost them the race. The river was crowded with pleasure craft containing enthusiastic spectators. They had been lined up in two rows near the middle of the river, leaving a narrow channel up which the flying racers were speeding. And down this channel directly across the track of the western eight, drifted an old hencoop. It was an old, battered, dilapidated affair, but it lost the race as effectively as if it had been an up-to-date battleship.

There was no room in the narrow channel to go to one side of the obstacle. The coxswain, crouching in the back of the shell, saw the danger. He took the only means possible to avoid it. Pulling sharply on the ropes, he swerved his boat to one side. The western shell turned out of the channel and continued its rush up the river, but this time behind instead of between the lines of the pleasure boats.

Strive as the western crew would, the loss of space and speed incident to this maneuver proved fatal. It placed the New York shell well in the lead. Even with the terrible handicap the western crew proved its mettle. Little by little it cut down the gap between the two shells. At the finish there was less than a boat's length between them, but this was all that was needed. The race was lost.

Bob Jennings climbed wearily out of the shell at the end of the race. All the long months of training, all the desperate energy he had thrown into the race, seemed to have gone for naught. The thoughtless words of Laura on the evening before recurred to him and lent an additional pang to his troubles. She had said she would wear the winning colors. Well, they would be the colors of the rival university, not of his own alma mater.

He dressed in the depths of gloom and wandered despondently out of the boathouse. But on the walk leading from the boathouse he met a girl, and on her breast was the big bow of gold and scarlet, the colors he had given her the evening before. Bob gave a little gasp.

"Why, I thought you meant to wear only the winning colors," he stammered.

But Laura glanced at him almost shyly and without making any direct reply. As he caught the look in her eyes he knew that for him at least they were the winning colors.

Joy of Birds.

A writer in an English publication declares that birds wag their tails when they are happy. "The gander," he says, "when he has to his satisfaction driven off a dog from the presence of his spouse returns to her, craning his neck toward her, and wags his tail with pleasure. Our jackdaw, or rather jildaw, as it is a female, on our return a few days since after two months' absence, cried out lustily to us from the bush where she was perched, and on our going to greet her she received us with profuse tail wagging to show her pleasure at our return. She always greets her particular friends in the household by wagging her tail, crouching on her perch and cawing in an undertone."

Another observer finds that some birds blush. He writes: "We have a very fine specimen of the blue and yellow macaw which displays this trait, not often, for he is remarkably good tempered and the blush is an invariable sign of anger, so much so that we warn all friends that while his cheeks remain white all attacks are feigned, yet if the 'danger signal,' red, shows to look out and keep out of reach." The owner of a blue and orange macaw says that its white, parchment-like face becomes bright pink, especially above the beak, whenever it is angry or excited.

The Painter and the Dealer.

Mr. Spielmann, the art critic, told the following story of Morland, the painter, who was popular enough to have his work forged in his lifetime: "A dealer, unknown to him, employed Morland to paint so many pictures, provided him with a studio free in an upper floor of his (the dealer's) house and begged that he would not trouble to paint for longer than the morning. The terms were good, and the artist, who was more than ever in want of

money, readily agreed. But what Morland did not know was that as soon as he had left, on and from the very first day, the dealer introduced some six black copyists into the room with similar canvases to reproduce exactly what the painter had done in the morning, and in the evening all traces of the incursion were removed. Each day until the completion of the picture the process was continued, and thus at the end of the engagement the dealer not only possessed the original pictures, but six copies of each, produced stage by stage in the same way as Morland's own. This, perhaps, accounts for some of the best copies extant."

A Rustic Moralist.

An old farmer, an elder of the kirk and a strict Sabbatarian, was especially severe upon Jock for his shortcomings, and that worthy, who had his doubts as to the elder's rotteness, determined to get even with him upon the first opportunity. Jock was as skillful an angler as he was a poacher, and upon one occasion, having captured an extra large basket of trout, he resolved to present a portion of the catch to the elder. The gift having been duly accepted, the wily Jock remarked casually:

"But, elder, I clean forgot to tell ye the fish were caught yesterday" (Sunday).

"Weel, John," returned the elder, gazing steadily at the contents of the basket. "I dinna see that that was the fault of the trout."

Jock took his departure, sadder and wiser.—London Tit-Bits.

A New Kind of Tax.

The taxing of fat is a fiscal expedient which is new. A town in Sweden, it is announced, has introduced a municipal tax on stoutness, which appears to be graduated according to the most approved modern principles of public finance. Any one weighing less than 135 pounds goes free, an exemption which would scarcely apply to any able-bodied man. The great bulk of active taxpayers would be included in the second division, which consists of persons weighing between 135 and 200 pounds; they pay \$3.12 yearly. As for the 200 pounders, their bulk is rated at \$6 up to 275 pounds. Above that point every additional twenty pounds costs the proprietor of flesh another \$1.

Our Responsibilities.

R. R. Gannett, Secretary of the Vermont state grange, says: "The object of our association primarily is greater development socially and educationally, but it follows as naturally as the seasons that with increased knowledge there is an increased responsibility along all lines related to human welfare."

Why It Happened.

"Your voice," said the commanding officer, "is decidedly rasping!"

"Yes, sir," replied the subordinate, saluting. "I have been out rousting it with a file of soldiers all the morning."

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may obtain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communication strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Adams & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

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WALKER'S CORE

Relieves Rheumatism and Bladder Pains

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. *E. H. Brown* on every box 25c.

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

SORE LUNGS

When your lungs are sore and inflamed from coughing, is the time when the germs of PNEUMONIA, PLEURISY and CONSUMPTION find lodgment and multiply.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

stops the cough, heals and strengthens the lungs. It contains no harsh expectorants that strain and irritate the lungs, or opiates that cause constipation, a condition that retards recovery from a cold. FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR is a safe and never failing remedy for all throat and lung troubles.

The Doctors Said He Had Consumption—A Marvelous Cure. L. M. Ruggles, Reasner, Iowa, writes: "The doctors said I had consumption and I got no better until I used FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR. It helped me right from the start and stopped the spitting of blood and the pain in my lungs and today I am sound and well."

THREE SIZES 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 REFUSE SUBSTITUTES



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