

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 7.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JAN. 16 1904.

No 21

Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND
CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

WILL RICHARDSON'S

State Street Grocery.

S. BURAK,

Will pay the Highest Market Price for

Hides, Pelts.

Furs.

Old Rubbers,

RAGS, and OLD METALS.

Will also take orders for enlarging
Pictures. Picture Frames—all
sizes and very cheap.

S. BURAK,

Residence Cor. Third and Garfield Sts
East Jordan, Mich. P. O. Box 74

Frank A. Kenyon,

Register of Deeds

and Abstracter

These abstracts are the only Record of Title
up to the time of the fire which destroyed the Court House

JOHN KENNY,

—GENERAL—

—DRAYMAN

Moves household goods, baggage and Mer-
chandise of all descriptions.
Stove wood and lumber delivered.

EAST JORDAN. MICH.

Sometimes 5 and

7 make 11.

That's when your brain is
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 opiate

Old papers for sale at this office.

Two Pioneers Are Called Home.

**Robert Trimble and Abel
W. Chew**

Obey the Summons which sooner or
later comes to us all.

From the Charlevoix Courier.

Two old settlers of Charlevoix coun-
ty, were called to their reward beyond
the veil, Saturday. Robert Trimble,
of Norwood township, died suddenly
Saturday forenoon, from heart failure,
and Abel Chew, county commissioner
of schools, died Saturday morning, at
the Cannon Hospital in Petoskey
where he was undergoing treatment
for dropsy.

ROBERT TRIMBLE.

was born in Fermanah, Ireland, in
June, 1837, and when 25 years of age
he came to America, and worked for a
time in New York state. He was
married in 1865 to Miss Johanna Clark,
and in 1868 came with his young wife
to Charlevoix, and settled on a piece of
timbered land in Norwood township.
Here Mr. Trimble underwent the se-
vere experience which befell all the
early settlers of this country, but he
persevered and stuck to his farm, until
he had made it one of the finest in the
north country, comprising 200 acres in
one piece, 80 in another, and with 160
acres under perfect cultivation, and
with not a stump, those relics of pion-
eer days, to be seen in all those broad
acres. Here nine children were born,
one of whom died in infancy, and a
daughter, Ella, three years ago. Seven
children are living, George, married
and living on a farm near the old
homestead, Lizzie, now Mrs. Walter
Black, also living near, Robert, who
has been in Montana for several years,
and Will, Luther, Fred and Harrison,
all at home on the old farm. But a
few years ago Mr. Trimble built a fine
new house and his farm buildings
were as good as could be seen any-
where, and were a monument to the
unflagging industry of the master of
the fertile fields which he had caused
to blossom from the wilderness.

In Mr. Trimble's own family, he has
two brothers living, Tom, of East Jor-
dan, and James, who has been here for
the past year, and one sister residing
in York State.

Mr. Trimble's death came like a bolt
from a clear sky. He was the picture
of health, and Friday afternoon was in
town and said to a friend that he nev-

er felt better in his life. He ate sup-
per Friday night and soon after com-
plained of distress in his stomach, with
which he was quite often afflicted. In
the night he grew rapidly worse, and
Dr. Thellen was hastily summoned, ar-
rived about daybreak. The doctor
gave him something to relieve him,
and he was soon easier. While the
others were at dinner, his wife sat by
his side, when suddenly, without warn-
ing, he threw up his hands and was
dead.

Fatty degeneration of the heart was
the cause.

Mr. Trimble had many times served
as treasurer of this township, was for
years Justice of the Peace, and at the
time of his death was deputy sheriff.
He was a man whose word was his
bond, and his death cast a shock over
the entire county. The funeral will
be held at 1 o'clock Thursday at the
house.

ABEL W. CHEW

who died Saturday, was likewise a
pioneer of this county. He came to
northern Michigan when a young man,
thirty years ago, and has spent his life
upon his farm in Hayes overlooking
Little Traverse Bay. He taught school
for many years, and later in life was
actively identified with school work,
and has served the people faithfully as
county commissioner of schools being
re-elected a year ago when he was too
ill to take part in the canvass, and suf-
fering with the affliction which has
prevented him from discharging his
duties for the past year, and which was
the cause of his death.

He suffered a stroke of partial par-
alysis a year ago last summer, but was
brought up by the hope that he might
eventually recover. In this he was
disappointed, and about two months
ago he went to Petoskey, and began
treatment in the Cannon sanitarium,
but there was no improvement, and
his death was not unexpected by those
who knew his real condition. The
cause of death was given in by the san-
itarium physician, as dropsy.

Mr. Chew was 60 years old, and the
father of nine children, who survive
him. The funeral was held at the
house Wednesday forenoon, and the
remains were interred in the Charle-
voix cemetery.

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. Few
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.

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.

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. Hansen, 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."

Held on a Serious Charge

**Ernest Crippen from De-
ward**

Is charge with committing a dastardly
crime while under the influ-
ence of liquor.

Languishing in the county jail await-
ing trial for an un-namable deed com-
mitted while intoxicated, Ernest Crip-
pen will have ample opportunity to re-
gret his love for the cup which made
him lower than the beasts.

He had come down from Deward
where he has been employed and pro-
ceeded to get drunk. While in this
condition he is charged with taking
indecent liberties at the Lakeview hotel
and he was arrested Saturday af-
noon on a warrant sworn out by Mrs.
Lou Cunningham.

Monday morning the accused was
brought before Justice F. E. Boosinger
and pleading "not guilty," demanded
an examination.

Prosecuting Attorney Nicholas ap-
peared for the people and produced
witnesses whose testimony so clearly
proved the guilt of the accused that
he was bound over to the Circuit Court
for trial and being unable to furnish
the \$700.00 bail he was taken to the
county jail at Charlevoix Tuesday by
constable Daniel Caton.

The examination which was held in
the Village Hall drew a large crowd of
interested spectators.

Crippen is said to have a wife and
family at Deward who have the sym-
pathy of all in their trouble. The fact
that he was drunk and did not know
what he was doing does not alter the
case in the least.

When a man deliberately shuts his
eyes, it is a difficult task to make him
see. And for this reason it may not
do any good to show how the Antrim
county supervisors treat the publish-
ers in that county, for our supervisors
deliberately shut their eyes last fall,
and "went it blind" when they voted
to turn down the publishers on a propo-
sition which was so eminently fair
that there is absolutely no excuse
whatever for its rejection.

But we hope our supervisors may
open their eyes before another year,
and the following showing in Antrim
county may help them to see the error
of their ways:

The supervisors in Antrim county
voted to have the official proceedings
published in five of the county papers,
the Maecelon Herald, the Belleaire
Independent, the Central Lake Torch,
the Elk Rapids Progress and the Alden
Wave, at one full legal rate for their
collective publications, also that
we have printed in pamphlet form 100
copies of the proceedings, at a cost of
not over \$15.

This resolution was carried at Octo-
ber session, about the time our super-
visors were sitting up nights hunting
for a traitor so they might not be
obliged to pay the same price for pub-
lishing their proceedings, in six pa-
pers.

The proceedings occupied 20 col-
umns of space, and without counting
the folios, a conservative estimate
would place the number at 275 folios,
which at one legal rate of 70 cents per
folio would foot up \$192.50. This is
much more than it would have cost in
this county, as according to the En-
terprise count of folios, it would have
cost but \$126 to print the proceedings
in the entire six papers.

In running over the accounts al-
lowed, in Antrim county, we find that
over \$1,000 was paid out last year for
printing, to the various papers in An-
trim county. We doubt if half that
sum was paid to all six of the papers
in Charlevoix county. And yet, while
so very generous with everybody else,
our supervisors are so parsimonious
with the publishers that they bent
over backwards in their efforts to
walk upright in the straight and nar-
row way of "economy."

Gentlemen, look about you and see
what your sister counties are doing.
The papers of Northern Michigan have
done much to build up this country,
and they are all ready and anxious to
do more. The publishers of Charle-
voix County do not ask for alms; but
they do ask for fair, honest, decent
treatment, as good as that accorded
the publishers of other counties of this
region.—Charlevoix Courier.

Beat all Previous Records

139,325

Cigars made during 1903. 75 per cent.
smoked in East Jordan.

R. F. Steffes.

Warne Block

BOOSINGER BROS.

There is "ART" in Clothes making. Artists and experts must
be employed in the making of extremely fine Clothing.

Beauty Lovers

—men who like perfect fitting clothing can come to us with con-
fidence.

Just Now

we are making Sweeping Reductions in just this kind of clothing.

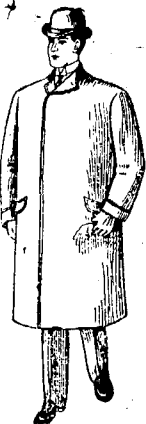
Bargain Prices in the best made, best quality overcoat \$5.00,
\$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00. Real value one-third more.

Best made, best quality Suits, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00. Worth ful-
ly forty per cent. more.

Ladies' and Misses' Cloaks, and Capes \$2.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$7.50
These prices are just one-half the regular price. If anyone offers you
just as good for less than ours cost you had better buy—but be sure
that they are just as good.

Quality First o All - - Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROS.



SCHEISS BROS.
FINE CLOTHING
DETROIT, MICH.



THE GIRL ACROSS THE WAY.

Close to my window my station I'd keep,
Watch and devotedly pray
Fate might reward me at last with a peep
At the girl across the way.

Freckled and brown, with a dimpling
smile,
Sawing I saw her one day—
Faith! where's the harm if I flirted
awhile
With the girl across the way?

Faith! 'twas no harm, 'twas a blessing
for life,
since, in the following May,
Fortunate fellow, I found me a wife
In the girl across the way.

Still to my habit I furtively keep—
Tell me the hurt, sir, I pray;
Sure, 'tis but gratitude prompts me to
peep
At the girl across the way.

—Egomet, in New York Sun.



A Head-on Collision

By HELEN FARR HUNTER
Copyrighted, 1903, by The Authors Publishing Company

Trenton was half an hour late. A woman dropped a bundle of curtain sticks on the live rail at Sullivan Square and tied-up the L for thirty minutes.

Trenton had an appointment at six with "a man from out of town," Marshal Dix, an old college crony, and now a business associate, and as he dove out of the car at Boylston street the clock in the station stood 6:30 to a fraction.

"Hang it! Just my luck! I'll miss that deal," was his mental comment, as he dashed through the turnstile, changing it around until it whirled like a top, and the next wayfarer had to forcibly stop it. He was up the stairs in one second, across Tremont street in another, and down to the corner of Boylston in another.

Now, as every one knows, who knows Boston, its erratic climate, and the strength and vigor of its proverbial east wind, there is always an infant tornado sweeping and swirling around the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets. It was a stormy night, the rain was coming down in torrents. Trenton had his umbrella up, pulled down over his head and shoulders, and as he rounded the corner he bent almost double, bracing against the gust of wind that met him.

Of course he couldn't see in front of him, and the pretty girl in a tweed walking suit, and white beaver hat and black veil, who just then turned the corner on to Tremont street, could not see him, for she had her umbrella pulled down over her face, fighting the same gust of wind, and naturally they collided.

Trenton's umbrella clashed into her small silk one, and the ferrule on the end of his poked a hole directly through it. The ribs of both umbrellas became entangled, and there was a general mix-up.

So engrossed were they in extricating the umbrellas, that neither noticed the other until Trenton spoke. "My, what a beastly shame. I am awfully sorry, don't you know."

Then the pretty girl looked up. "By Jove!" was all Trenton could say.

By this time they had gotten the umbrellas disentangled. But just then another gust of wind fiercer than the first tore across the common. This time it dislocated the pretty girl's hat, and toppled it down rakily over one ear. She put up both hands to straighten it, and dropped her umbrella and purse.

Trenton stooped to pick them up, and the wind took his hat off and swept it up against a show window. Then the pretty girl laughed.

Trenton laughed, too, and grabbed the hat back before it could fly any

farther, and pulled it down onto his head. Then he recovered the umbrella and purse and restored them to her, and in the shelter of the building out of the rain, they both leaned against the brass rod in front of the window and looked at each other.

"Of all the ridiculous things—" the pretty girl began. Then she remembered and drew herself up haughtily and turned her back and began

scrutinizing intently the lovely creations of silk and lace behind the plate glass. Trenton remembered, too, with a groan—remembered the quarrel they had had three weeks before, and their parting.

He stole a sidelong glance at her profile and took courage. The saucy little nose was tilted up just a trifle, but he fancied there was a tiny smile lurking in the corner of her mouth.

"I'll try it again," he thought. "Here goes for my second apology, perhaps



"They always carry off the wreck." "I'll have better luck this time, she doesn't look very formidable."

"Nan, now won't you be sensible? You know I don't care two straws for that girl; she's homely as a mud fence."

The pretty girl turned around suddenly. The lurking little smile had fled. "Jack Trenton, I hate you. You are a perfect hypocrite. Didn't you say you loved her?"

It was Trenton's turn to look serious now. "Nan, what do you mean?" "Mean? You know what I mean. I heard every word you said that night in the car. Margaret and I sat right behind you, and you never even saw us. We heard your conversation—that is, we heard almost all of it. We heard you say that you never loved any one as you loved—"

"Her brother, Marshal," he interrupted. "That's what I said. We were talking over old times when Marshal and I were at Yale. I met her that day by accident. Simply happened to get into the same car, and took the only empty seat beside her. You wouldn't have me ride on the cow-catcher, would you, just because there happened to be a girl I knew on the train? And naturally as Marshal and I were such old friends we talked of him. We didn't have anything else to talk about. I knew her only slightly, but we had a subject of mutual interest in Mash. Now that's all there was too it, Nan, believe it or not, as you wish. If you call it fair to throw a fellow over and break our engagement just because he happened to say half a dozen words to his chum's sister, all right, go ahead, break it. I won't trouble you any more. Well, I guess I had better be going. Good night, Nan, and—good bye."

The pretty girl had turned again to the window and was gazing at a lovely fluffy white ostrich feather boa. The lurking little smile had crept back to the corners of her mouth.

"Jack!" Trenton had gone a few steps, but he stopped and came back. She turned around from the window, and looked down demurely at her torn umbrella. Then she put up her hand to her head, gave her hat a little tug and shake, pulled her veil down closer over her chin, and said:

"Jack, do you know what they always do after a head-on collision?" "No, what?"

"They always carry off the wreck."

Biography of Arthur Sullivan. B. W. Flinton, a nephew of the composer, is writing a new biography of Sir Arthur Sullivan.



"When I was state's attorney of McDonough county," said Lawyer William Prentiss, "there was an epidemic of horse stealing there that had perplexed and maddened the farmers of the district.

Suspicion centered on a man named Jerry Willetts. When they spoke of horse stealing they spoke of Willetts in the same breath.

"Under these conditions I sent down as detective to the scene of the horse thieves' operations a little Swede named Oliver Johnston, with instructions to pose as a farm laborer in search of work and if possible to ingratiate himself with Willetts. He succeeded in gaining Willetts' confidence. Then one night came a grand horse-stealing raid, and the proof seemed so strong against Willetts that he was arrested and charged with the offense.

"Johnston played his part well. To my satisfaction he informed me that Willetts and his counsel had suggested that for a substantial bribe he should swear that he spent the night of the horse stealing in Willetts' house—although he was twenty miles away at the time—and that Willetts did not leave the house that night.

"Here was a trap ready to spring. On my advice Johnston pretended to acquiesce in the accused man's proposition. When he came to the witness chair, however, he dropped the mask.

An Old Time Favorite

An old lady sat in her old armchair. With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair. An old hunger-worn feature. For days and for weeks her only fare, As she sat there in her old armchair, Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone; of bad or good Not one was left for the old lady's food Of those potatoes.

And she sighed and said, "What shall I do? Where shall I send and to whom shall I go For more potatoes?"

And she thought of the deacon over the way, The deacon so ready to worship and pray, Whose cellar was full of potatoes.

And she said, "I will send to the deacon to come. He'll not mind much to give me some Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could, Thinking to do the old lady some good, And he asked her at once what was her chief want;

And she, simple soul, expecting a grant, Immediately answered, "Potatoes."

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way, He was more accustomed to preach and to pray Than to give of his hoarded potatoes.

So, not hearing, of course, what the old lady said, He rose to pray with uncovered head; But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience for wisdom and grace; But when he prayed, "Lord, give her peace," She audibly sighed, "Give potatoes."

And at the end of each prayer which he said, He heard, or thought that he heard, in his stead, That same request for potatoes.

The deacon was troubled; knew not what to do;

Lessons from Dogs

"We may learn a good lesson from our good friend the dog now and then," said a man who is always befriending members of the canine tribe to a New Orleans Times-Democrat writer, "and we should remember the fact at times when we are inclined to quarrel with some of the more worthless members. Already we have learned a lesson in constancy of friendship from the dog and men of letters have scarcely praised the virtues of mankind more than they have praised this virtuous attribute of the dog. The dog is a good friend to his master, a faithful companion who shares his master's fortune whatever it may be. No dog was ever known to desert his master because fortune or fate had shifted from the palace to the hovel, from affluence to grinding poverty. The dog will remain fast when other friends higher in the scale of animal development will desert and pull away to where the pastures are greener.

On Pressing Business. The Hon. "Champ" Clark recently told of a case brought up in Missouri in which one of the lawyers engaged to serve his client by throwing suspicion on a certain witness during the course of his cross-examination.

The first question put was: "You admit that they were at the prisoner's home every evening during this period?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness. "State whether you and he were interested in any special transactions, such as, for instance, business or otherwise."

"Yes, sir; we were." "Oh, ho!" exclaimed the wily attorney. "Then you will no doubt be good enough to inform us now and to what extent, also the nature of the business in which you were jointly interested."

"I haven't the least objection in the world," cheerfully answered the obliging witness. "If you want to know—"

"Where were you the night of Jan. 1, the date of the horse stealing?" asked the lawyer for the defendant, in a voice that foretold triumph.

"I spent that night at my friend Bill Pringle's, about twenty miles distant from Willetts' house," replied the detective.

"But—have you not stated that you spent that night in Willetts' house?" inquired the lawyer in sudden dismay.

"I did, but I was not on my oath then and I am now. Willetts asked me to swear that I was in his house that night and I agreed to do so at the request of the state's attorney."

"The lawyer for the defense, seeing the fatal trap, hurled an imprecation at me across the table. The defendant's wife and sisters gave evidence that he was at home all the night in question, but this did not avail him; he was convicted and sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

"Later I discovered that Willetts was perfectly innocent of the horse stealing, that his neighbors had formed a conspiracy to railroad him to the penitentiary and, becoming aware of their intentions, he had endeavored to secure what would seem disinterested evidence in his favor."

"I got him out of prison after he had served fifteen months of the sentence he received on account of trying to manufacture a superfluous alibi."—Chicago News.

"Twos very embarrassing to have her act so About those carnal potatoes; So, ending his prayer, he started for home. But as the door closed behind him he heard a deep groan, "Oh, give to the hungry potatoes."

And that groan followed him all the way home. In the midst of the night it haunted his room, "Oh, give to the hungry potatoes." He could bear it no longer; arose and dressed.

From his well-filled cellar taking in haste A bag of his best potatoes. Again he went to the widow's lone hut; his sleepless eyes he had not yet shut; But there she sat in that old armchair, With the same wan features, the same sad air;

And, entering in, he poured on the floor A bushel or more from his goodly store Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy; Her face was haggard and wan no more. "Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?" "Yes," said the widow, "now you may." And he knelt him down on the sanded floor.

Where he had poured his goodly store, And such a prayer as the deacon prayed As never before his lips essayed. No longer embarrassed, but free and full, He poured out the voice of a liberal soul; And the widow responded aloud, "Amen," But said no more of potatoes.

And would you who hear this simple tale Pray for the poor; and, praying, "pre-vail!" Then preface your prayer with alms and good deeds; Search out the poor, their wants and their needs; Pray for peace and grace and spiritual food. For wisdom and guidance, for all these are good. But don't forget the potatoes.

"I met an' auld callach I knowed right well on the brow o' Carnasshet; 'The son o' the mornin'!" I says to her, "God save ye!" she says to me; "An' och! if it's you, Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

TALLESS CATS OF MANX. UNLUCKY FUR-BEARING ANIMALS

Belief That They Originally Came from Cornwall.

It seems probable that the tallest Manx cats originally came from Cornwall. They managed to survive longer as a distinct breed in the Isle of Man than in Cornwall, the predominance of the common tailed cat being, of course, aided in the latter district by the fact that, although remote, it is part of the mainland of England, whereas new cats could be carried to the Isle of Man only by sea. The Manx cat which first attracted modern attention was a very different animal from the variously colored specimens which now take prizes at cat shows. It was always of the color of a hare and had fur like a hare. Like a hare, too, it always moved its hind legs together. Its chief food was crabs caught on the beach and when transported inland from the seacoasts it very seldom, if ever, survived long. No cat of this kind has been seen for many years in the Isle of Man, though there are plenty of tailless cats, its crossed descendants, to be purchased there. Wherever it originally came from, the Cornish or Manx cat was more nearly a separate species than any kind of show cat now existing. It was a seacoast animal, with fur, color, absence of tail and method of locomotion obviously adapted by the inheritance of ages to its habit of catching crabs and other small life behind the ebbing tide.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN BAOBAB

Tree Said to Attain Age of a Thousand Years.

Most of the timber of the South African interior consists of various kinds of thorny acacia, one of the handsomest of which is the spreading giraffe acacia, or kameel-door. Here and there is to be seen the gigantic baobab, invariably called by the colonists the "cream of tartar" tree. These enormous trees are found in the low veldt. Their timber—if timber it can be called—consists of a soft, spongy growth, quite useless to any one. The bark, however, is used by the natives for making a kind of strong cord, which is effected after submitting its fibers to due soaking and a heavy pounding. No harm is done to the tree by this stripping of the bark; indeed, the baobab seems to defy time and all other kinds of enemies. It is one of the most long-lived vegetables in the world and a well-grown specimen is estimated by scientists to attain to the age of at least 1,000 years. A fair-sized baobab will measure at a height of three feet from the ground as much as eighty-five or ninety feet in circumference. The roots sometimes extend forty or fifty yards from the trunk.

Marriage.

"I met an' auld callach I knowed right well on the brow o' Carnasshet; 'The son o' the mornin'!" I says to her, "God save ye!" she says to me; "An' och! if it's you, Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow. Tell me true, When are ye goin' to marry?"

Star Photography.

Star photography is one of the most tedious operations known. In some cases the exposure of the plate must last for several hours. During all this time both the plate and the telescope must be moved so that the image of the star will be stationary on the plate. The exposure for the star of the sixteenth magnitude is two hours, and only the image of one at a time can be secured unless those adjoining happen to be of the same size.

Mr. Grover's Case.

Frederika, Ia., Dec. 28.—Mr. A. S. Grover is now 71 years of age. For the last 30 years he has suffered a great deal of sickness and, although he is a temperate man and never used spirits of any kind, his kidneys had troubled him very much. He said: "I was told I had Diabetes and my symptoms corresponded exactly to those of a young man who died of Diabetes in this neighborhood. My feet and limbs were bloated quite a little. I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and at last determined to try them. I took in all ten boxes before I was well and now I can truthfully say that I am all right. The bloating is gone from my feet and legs. I have gained eight pounds in weight and can sleep well at night and every symptom of my trouble is gone. "It is some time now since I was cured and I have not the slightest return of any symptom of the old trouble."

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all Druggists. 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?

If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

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

Miss Alice Bailey, of Atlanta, Ga., escaped the surgeon's knife, by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my gratitude for the restored health and happiness Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought into my life. "I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it inflammation of the ovaries, and proposed an operation. "I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure that I could not survive the ordeal, and so I told him that I would not undergo it. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of your Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, so I kept taking it for ten weeks, and at the end of that time I was cured. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health, and am now. "You surely deserve great success, and you have my very best wishes."—Miss ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga. —\$5000 forfeit if not of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

All sick women would be wise if they would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and be well.

When you think you have cured a cough or cold, but find a dry, hacking cough remains, there is danger. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic at once. It will strengthen the lungs and stop the cough.

Prices: S. C. WELLS & Co. 5 25c. 50c. fl. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

My boat left at 6:10. I arrived at the landing at 6:20 and could not catch it."

Mark Twain Missed the Boat. The success achieved by Mark Twain during his boating days on the Mississippi river was due not only to the fact that he was a skillful pilot, but that he was an earnest one, as well. During a talk over old times at Mr. Clemens' summer home, Quarry Farm, Elmira, N.-Y., recently, a guest who knew Mr. Clemens in those days told the others how the genial humorist once missed his boat. Instead of inventing an excuse, as many of his companions did, he reported to his superior officer as follows:

"O, ay—that's easy—it maun be just like the Hiclan's."—New York Tribune.

In the Corn Belt. A friend of mine, a clergyman, and a very close observer, told me that upon one of his trips through the West almost every man he met and spoke with used profanity, but finally he found one man who talked to him for twenty minutes without using an oath. As they were about to separate my friend shook hands with the stranger and said:

"You don't know how glad I am to have a chance to have a talk with a man like you. You are the first man I have met for three days who could talk for five minutes without swearing."

The stranger was so surprised and shocked at this deplorable state of affairs that he instantly and innocently ejaculated:

"Well, I'll be damned!"—Prof. T. N. Casper in The World's Work.

My boat left at 6:10. I arrived at the landing at 6:20 and could not catch it."

When you think you have cured a cough or cold, but find a dry, hacking cough remains, there is danger. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic at once. It will strengthen the lungs and stop the cough.

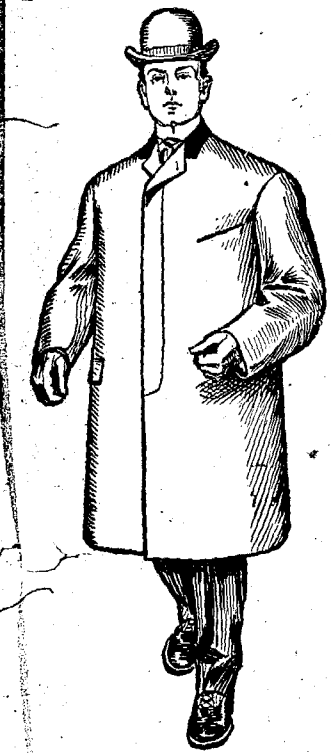
Prices: S. C. WELLS & Co. 5 25c. 50c. fl. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

OST 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 1/4 off price
Our entire stock of Ladies' and
Misses' Coats, at 1/4 off price
50 Ladies' Skirts at 1/4 off price
25 handsomely tailored Ladies'
Suits, at 1/2 off price

Many offerings in Dry Goods.
200 Remnants, (all kinds)
at 1/2 of their value.
Outing Flannel, 5c, 6c, 7c and 8c
All of our Boas and Muffs at 1/3
off from regular price.



Our Men's Ulster Overcoats at 1/4 off regular price

\$15.00 Ulsters for	\$11.25
12.00 " "	9.00
10.00 " "	7.50
8.50 " "	6.38
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 cor-
duroy Vest, all sizes
Regular price, \$2.00,
Cut price, \$1.25

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

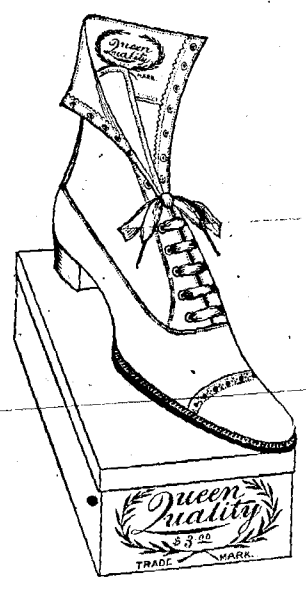
50 pairs Boys' German Socks
small sizes; regular price
50c. Cut price, 25c

FRIEND BROTHERS CLOTHING CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

EXCLUSIVE AGENCY

Shoes for Ladies.

A new invoice of the cele-
brated "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.

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

Produce 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

Chicken Feed, Oats, Baled Hay, Etc., Etc. We
are amply supplied with these now.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Miss Blanche Robertson visited the
High School Monday.
The class in English IX, have taken
up the study of Silas Marner.
Ray Clink entered school Monday
and is taking a review of studies for
the teachers' examination in the spring.
Mr. Tice is about to organize a review
class for the purpose of preparing some
of the High School students for the
teachers' examination.

We all regret very much the death of
Commissioner Olwe as he was one of
the best and ablest commissioners that
Charlevoix county has ever had.

FOURTH GRADE.

The Fourth Grade is studying Mich-
ael Angelo this month.

Florence Bartlett, who has been ab-
sent for a week entered Monday.

The following pupils of the Fourth
grade were neither absent nor tardy
during the past month and were enti-
tled to an hour holiday on Friday after-
noon:

Willie Taylor,
Jennie Waterman,
John Shier,
Jesse Weikel,
Ralph LaLonde,
John Fitzgerald,
Joe St. John,
Jennie Homes,
Ardilla Anderson,
Lydia Malpas,
Julius Nohazel,
Florence Cartel,
Ethel Burak,
Frank Whittington,
Harry Wastad,
Stewart Carr.

THIRD GRADE.

Laura Wilder is a new pupil in the
Third grade.

Miss Malpass' pupils are studying
Whittier this week.

SECOND GRADE.

Miss Barnett's pupils have memorized
the "Village Blacksmith" and are now
studying the biography of Longfellow.

The following pupils have entered
the Second Primary during the past
week: Therest Wadh, Hazel Pratt
Roy Parke, Elmer Dahn.

Miss Barnett delighted her pupil-
Friday afternoon by giving them a
sleighride.

Council Proceedings

Proceedings of the Village Council at
the regular meeting, Monday evening,
Jan. 11, 1904.

Called to order at 8:00 o' clock, by the
President; present, J. A. Hoyt, presi-
dent, C. A. Sweet, M. A. Lemieux, R. L.
Lorraine and J. A. Hoisinger, Trustees
and C. A. Hudson, Clerk.

The minutes of preceding meeting
was read and approved.

Bills were presented and allowed as
follows:

East Jordan Electric Light & Power Co.,
street lights for Dec. and lamps for Dec.
Village Hall \$74.50
E. J. Lumber Co., lumber and mds., 11.30
C. H. Whittington, furniture, 15.15
F. U. Lawway, wood, 4.00
Wm. Johnson, salary and care of Hall, 45.00
J. F. Kenny, dry and freight, 3.32
Idah Echer, typewriting, 1.50
C. L. Otto, labor, 5.83
L. M. Gage, 2.18

The Fire Committee was instructed to
co-operate with Manager Loveday, of
the Opera House, and with the Trustees
of the different Churches of the village,
and see if they will not provide better
exits for the safety of the public in case
of fire.

On motion, Council adjourned.

That was the last of Cecil Arm-
strong's understudying. He won a
start that gained him success. His
sister was at the theater and enjoyed
his triumph, brimming over with plea-
sure at every storm of applause. After
the play she went to his dressing room
to find him reading a note.

"Field has invited me," he said, "to
his rooms to celebrate my success. I
want you to go with me. We'll set
out as soon as I get into my other
clothes."

Half an hour later the brother and
sister entered the building where Field
stopped and were met at the door by
Mrs. Field. She took Miss Armstrong
into her own room to lay aside her
wraps, while Armstrong went directly
to the dining room to join the hus-
band. Then the wife ushered the girl
into the dining room.

Miss Armstrong paused on the thresh-
old in astonishment. Before her stood
the stranger she had met on the train
He advanced, smiling.

"I have kept my word," he said. "I
gave myself a dose that has laid me up
for one evening and permitted your
brother to achieve the success in store
for him. I have to thank you for call-
ing my attention to my selfishness. Ab-
sorbed in my work, it never occurred to
me that it was in my power to make
him and those dependent on him hap-
py. And now let us sit down and drink
to his splendid reception and the girl
who made it possible."

MARY C. PRITCHARD.

Charlevoix.

List of Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of the letters re-
maining unclaimed for in the East Jor-
dan postoffice for the week ending
January 4, 1904:

Carson, Mrs. May (2)
Johnston, Miss May.
WM. HARRINGTON, P. M.

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. OLWE,
School Commissioner.

A LESSON IN SELFISHNESS

(Original.)
"May I have a part of your seat?"
The words were spoken in a soft
voice and a gentleman to whom they
were addressed, looking up from his
paper, saw the oval face of a girl,
topped with shining yellow hair, look-
ing at him through a pair of blue eyes.
He moved aside, the girl sat down and
the train started on. The man re-
newed his reading, but soon yawned,
dropped the paper on his knees and
cast a side glance at his neighbor.

"Can you tell me," she asked, "how
I can get to the N— theater when we
reach the city?"
"Would you know if I should tell
you?"

"I fear not. I've never been to the
city."
"Then I shall be pleased to put you
on the right car and tell the conductor
where to transfer you."

"Thank you."
"Have you an engagement at the
N— theater?"

"Oh, no! I'm not an actress. But
my brother is an actor. He's under-
study to Remington Field, the star."

"Indeed?" The gentleman cast a
quick glance at the girl. "You refer to
Cecil Armstrong. I know him person-
ally."

"You do? How odd that I should
have met you."

"Yes, your brother has rare dramatic
talent. He'll make a success surely."
"I'm delighted to hear you say so,"
said the girl, evidently well pleased.

"The only discouraging feature is that
it all takes so much time. We're
wretchedly poor, mother and Cecil and
I. We have nothing but his salary,
and that's very small. Cecil has been
struggling for nearly ten years. When
he got his present position he thought
he'd surely get a chance to show what
he could do, but Mr. Field is distress-
ingly healthy and is always able to
take his part. Cecil has been with him
for more than a year, and he has never
been ill once."

"It's too bad, isn't it?" remarked the
gentleman sympathetically. "Some one
ought to give him a dose to keep him
in bed for at least one night and let
your brother have a chance."

"Oh, no! I wouldn't have that. It
wouldn't be right."
"Field would deserve it. A man has
no business to be so selfish. He's been
keeping the young man who has a
mother and sister dependent upon him
from his only chance of success when
he might have given it to him by sim-
ply laying off one performance."

The stranger spoke with an honest
indignation which he took no pains to
conceal.

"You wrong him. Cecil says he's
very kind and thoughtful."
"Thoughtful! Do you call it thought-
ful to be so absorbed in himself as not
to think of any one else? I tell you he
has been nothing kind nor thoughtful.
I know him, and I have a mind to
teach him a lesson. He frequently
comes to my rooms. The next time
he's there I'm going to settle him for
one night at least."

"Indeed you shall do no such thing!"
"Who's to prevent me?"
"I'll tell my brother to warn him."

The stranger laughed sardonically.
"Warn him against me? He thinks
more of me than any one living."
"Then it would be the more shame
for you to injure him."

When they reached the city the
stranger insisted on putting the now
unwilling girl on a car, and they sepa-
rated. Miss Armstrong, as soon as
she found her brother, hastened to re-
peat her conversation with the stranger.
She was met with laughter.

"He was chaffing you, sis," said her
brother. "He doesn't know either of
us and was amusing himself at the
expense of an innocent country girl.
Don't ever talk with a strange man
again."

The next afternoon Cecil Armstrong
received a note from his principal say-
ing that he had been drinking wine
with a friend and it had made him ill.
The understudy was to take his place
that night.

Armstrong was astonished. The
stranger had evidently been in earnest.
If not it was a singular coincidence.
However, there was no time for specu-
lation, and he got ready to play the
part.

That was the last of Cecil Arm-
strong's understudying. He won a
start that gained him success. His
sister was at the theater and enjoyed
his triumph, brimming over with plea-
sure at every storm of applause. After
the play she went to his dressing room
to find him reading a note.

"Field has invited me," he said, "to
his rooms to celebrate my success. I
want you to go with me. We'll set
out as soon as I get into my other
clothes."

Half an hour later the brother and
sister entered the building where Field
stopped and were met at the door by
Mrs. Field. She took Miss Armstrong
into her own room to lay aside her
wraps, while Armstrong went directly
to the dining room to join the hus-
band. Then the wife ushered the girl
into the dining room.

Miss Armstrong paused on the thresh-
old in astonishment. Before her stood
the stranger she had met on the train
He advanced, smiling.

"I have kept my word," he said. "I
gave myself a dose that has laid me up
for one evening and permitted your
brother to achieve the success in store
for him. I have to thank you for call-
ing my attention to my selfishness. Ab-
sorbed in my work, it never occurred to
me that it was in my power to make
him and those dependent on him hap-
py. And now let us sit down and drink
to his splendid reception and the girl
who made it possible."

MARY C. PRITCHARD.

My wife has a saying disposition.

"When we got our up-
right piano, she made a red plush cover
for it, so that the rosewood wouldn't
get scratched. Then she covered that
with a sort of linen duster arrange-
ment, so as to save the plush. I tell
you, women have great minds."

Real Exertion.
"And so this is your gymnasium?"
asked the guest. "But where are your
gymnastic appliances?"
"I don't need any," was the reply. "I
find that I get all the exercise I need
just getting into and out of my ath-
letic suits."—Baltimore American.

Knew His Business.
One of the best known lawyers of
Philadelphia had a case in court
against a man who kept a cigar store
opposite one of the large hotels. The
man had in some way broken the law.
"Do you mean to say," asked the
lawyer, "that you have made a living
out of that store for one year?"
"Yes," replied the man. "Gentlemen
come from the hotel early in the morn-
ing and ask for fifteen and twenty-five
cent cigars. I hand them out five cen-
ters, and they don't know the differ-
ence."

"Impossible," said the lawyer.
"Oh, no, it isn't," said the storekeep-
er calmly. "I have done it on you sev-
eral times."—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Inquisitive Jury.
"Gentlemen of the jury," said the
judge as he concluded his charge, "if
the evidence shows in your minds that
pneumonia even indirectly was the
cause of the man's death the prisoner
cannot be convicted."
An hour later a messenger came
from the jury room.

"The gentlemen of the jury, my
lord," he said, "desire information."
"On what point of evidence?"
"None, your honor; but they want to
know how to spell pneumonia."—Lon-
don Globe.

A Magnificent Work.
"A magnificent work, his latest sto-
ry, you say?"
"Magnificent! Why, it's the finest sto-
ry that has been published this cen-
tury."
"Indeed? What's the general idea?"
"Oh, half morocco, gold or uncut
edges, cloth edition, finished in four
colors, with illuminated pages to every
chapter."—Baltimore News.

Artistic Envy.
"But is there any really high art
here?" she asked as her glance took in
the display of paintings at the winter
exhibit.

The man beside her, whose picture
had been refused a place on the walls,
laughed sardonically.
"No," he replied, "the room is too
low for it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PERE MARQUETTE

In effect Sept. 27, 1903.

Trains leave BELLAIR as follows:
For Flaversham, 10:19 a. m. and
3:57 p. m.
For Grand Rapids, Chicago, and Wis-
consin, 10:19 a. m. and 3:57 p. m.
For Saginaw and Detroit, 10:19 a. m.
and 3:57 p. m.
For Charlevoix and Petoskey, 2:29 p. m.
and 7:59 p. m.

J. STEWART, Agent,
Bellair, Mich.
P. H. MOELLER,
Gen. Passenger Agt., Detroit.

East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE.
In effect June 21, 1903.

SOUTH		NORTH	
No. 1	No. 2	No. 1	No. 2
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8:30	1:15	5:00	11:45
8:43	1:28	*Mt. Bliss	4:47
8:51	1:36	Wards	4:59
8:54	1:39	*Chestonia	4:55
9:05	1:51	*Hitchcock	4:23
9:18	2:03	*Wolves	4:12
9:30	2:15	Bedford	4:00

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

W. P. PORTER, E. J. CROSSMAN,
Gen. Manager, Traffic Manager

Detroit & Charlevoix R. R. Co.

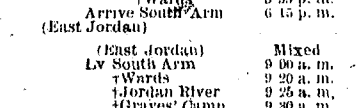
Time Schedule.
Takes effect Sunday, Dec. 20, 1903.

West Bound	Mixed
Leave Frederic	4:00 p. m.
" " " " " "	4:20 p. m.
Leave Detroit	4:30 p. m.
" " " " " "	4:50 p. m.
" " " " " "	5:10 p. m.
" " " " " "	5:30 p. m.
" " " " " "	5:50 p. m.
" " " " " "	6:10 p. m.
" " " " " "	6:30 p. m.
" " " " " "	6:50 p. m.
" " " " " "	7:10 p. m.
" " " " " "	7:30 p. m.
" " " " " "	7:50 p. m.
" " " " " "	8:10 p. m.
" " " " " "	8:30 p. m.
" " " " " "	8:50 p. m.
" " " " " "	9:10 p. m.
" " " " " "	9:30 p. m.
" " " " " "	9:50 p. m.
" " " " " "	10:10 p. m.
" " " " " "	10:30 p. m.
" " " " " "	10:50 p. m.
" " " " " "	11:10 p. m.
" " " " " "	11:30 p. m.
" " " " " "	11:50 p. m.
" " " " " "	12:10 p. m.

Trains stop on signal to take on or
let off passengers.
—CLARK HARRIS, Gen. Manager.

DON'T BE FOOLED!

Take the genuine, original
ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA.
Made only by Harrison Medi-
cine Co., Madison, Wis.,
keeps you well. Our trade
mark cut on each package.
Price, 15 Cents. Never sold
in bulk. Accept no substi-
tutes.

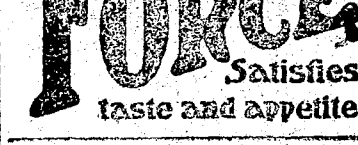


128-page Hoyle sent, prepaid, for two
Congress pack wrappers and name of dealer
from whom packs were bought. Address,
U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, O.

Probate Order

STATE OF MICHIGAN
In the Probate Court
for the County of Charlevoix.
Assessors of the Probate Court for said
County, hold at the Probate office in the village
of Charlevoix, on the nineteenth day of Decem-
ber in the year one thousand nine hundred
and three.
Present, John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.
In the Matter of the Estate of Dow F.
Brough, deceased.
Dorothy Brough and Alice, the petition duly ver-
ified of Abner C. Hawka praying among other
things that an order be made and entered in
said court in said Court docketing who were
the lawful heirs of deceased and entitled
inherit his lands at his death.
Wherefore it is ordered, that Monday the
eleventh day of January next, at 10 o'clock
the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said
petition, and that the heirs-at-law of said
deceased, and all other persons interested in
said estate, are required to appear at a ses-
sion of said Court, then to be holden in the Pro-
bate 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 give notice
to the persons interested in said estate, of the
pending of said petition, and the hearing there-
of, by causing a copy of this order to be pub-
lished in the CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD, a
newspaper printed and circulated in said
county three successive weeks previous to said
day of hearing.
JOHN M. HARRIS,
Judge of Probate.

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



Just Two Boats
DETROIT & BUFFALO
Daily Service

DETROIT & BUFFALO
STEAMBOAT CO.

COMMENCING 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 Earliest trains for all points in NEW
YORK, BOSTON and NEW ENGLAND STATES.
Through tickets sold to all points. See ad. for illu-
strated pamphlet and rates.

Rates between Detroit and Buffalo \$2.50 one way,
\$4.00 round trip. Berths \$1.00, \$1.50; State rooms
\$2.50 each direction. Week end Excursions Buffalo
and Niagara Falls.

IF your railway agent will not sell you a
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. SCHANTZ, 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)

Entree de Cortege
Imozetta (Mexican Dance)
South Carolina Sunshine
Antics of the Ants
Story of the Flowers
Love of Liberty March
Idle Fancies (Intermezzo)

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

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

Published at Popular Prices by
LYON & HEALY
Wabash Ave. & Adams St., CHICAGO

Congress Playing Cards.

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

FOR SALE BY
DEALERS
EVERYWHERE.

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

Children's Sleds and Coasters

20 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 \$50.00.

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

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

Briefs of the Week

Firemen's Dance at Loveday Opera House Friday evening, Jan. 22.

The Rebekahs have recently purchased an organ for their hall.

Remember the Firemen's Dance at Loveday Opera House Friday evening, Jan. 22.

A. L. Coulter has been re-appointed deputy State game warden for the ensuing year.

J. F. Kenny has put on a bus line in charge of his brother Wm. Kenny, which meets all trains.

Mrs. C. Cook was given a very pleasant surprise party by a number of her lady friends Tuesday afternoon.

Engineer Peter Johnson has moved his family out to the power plant at Deer Creek in order to be nearer to his work.

A jolly sleigh riding party of young people from town attended a Grange entertainment in Echo township Saturday evening.

The West Side schools were closed Wednesday as a tribute to the memory of Commissioner A. W. Chew, whose funeral occurred that day.

Ethan W. Thompson was married on Dec. 23 to Miss Josephine Mogg, of Clinton county. They will reside in Grand Rapids.—Boysie Falls Leader.

Patrons of the Electric Light & Power Co. have been getting an all night service since the current has been furnished by the Deer Creek plant.

Mrs. J. L. Wiesman entertained Wednesday evening in honor of her guests, the Misses Silverstein. Progressive hearts was the feature of the evening.

There will be an important meeting of the Board of Trade at the City Hall Monday evening next. All interested in the welfare of our town should present.

Several sleighloads of members of the Lexion and their friends were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. Ulyand at their home southwest of town Thursday evening.

E. Slusser has sold the Marcelona and to John Hamaker, of Farmington, Minn. The Herald is one of the newspaper properties in this part of the State.

Miss Stitzer, Omaha—I have gained fifty-five pounds in two months. I had not had any good until I used Dr. Williams' Rocky Mountain Tea." A testimonial from a sickly woman.

Warne's Pharmacy.

The Lanway is the latest addition to the ranks of the local draymen.

The dancing club gave a very enjoyable party at Loveday Opera House last (Friday) evening.

A chimney burning out at the residence of Clarence Ivory on Bowen's Addition was the cause of a fire alarm Friday evening. No particular damage was done.

Thos. Morrison has sold his grocery store at Boyne City and returned here the first of the week. We are glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Morrison back to East Jordan.

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.

Dr. G. W. Beaman and wife have been here for the past week visiting Mrs. Beaman's parents. The doctor has decided to locate at Munising, on Lake Superior, and left for his new home Monday.—Charlevoix Courier.

Owing to the closing of many of the city theatres temporarily, many fine attractions are compelled to seek new routes for a time. One of such companies is the Hortense Neilson Company, playing "Fog Wallowton" which is now arranging an engagement at Loveday Opera House for the near future.

The Michigan Farmer, Detroit, Michigan is the only weekly agricultural, horticultural or live stock paper published in the State. It is published solely in the interests of the farmers of Michigan and appeals to Michigan people as neither farm publication can. It is practical and up-to-date and employs the most eminent writers on the science and practice of agriculture, horticulture, dairying, poultry, etc. It has a standard veterinary department for free treatment of all diseases of farm animals. It contains complete and reliable reports from all market centers and gives the agricultural news of the country and an invaluable literary and household department every week.

The publishers are offering to send one Michigan Farmer postage paid for only 30¢ for 1 year or \$1.00 for 2 years. There is a great opportunity for our readers who care to keep in touch with the conditions, prospects of crops, etc., not only in our own State, but in other States as well. The small price asked for this large 20 page farm weekly brings it within the means of every farmer to keep in touch with what others are doing in their same line of business.

Send to The Michigan Farmer, Detroit, Michigan, for a free sample copy and see if it is not just what you want.

Wiesman advertises a big inventor sale for January.

The Knights of Pythias will install officers next Wednesday evening.

M. A. Lemieux has this week purchased an organ of W. H. Lanway, the music dealer.

Roadmaster Thos. Delaney has retired and now occupies the Martin residence on upper Main street.

The East Jordan & Southern's new locomotive ordered from the Baldwin shops some months ago is about ready for delivery.

Service will be held in the Episcopal church on Monday evening February 1 by Rev. C. T. Stout. A cordial invitation to all.

The Lumber Co.'s shingle mill started up Monday after being idle for a week on account of inability to secure a supply of logs.

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

All members of Mystic Lodge F. & A. M. No. 379 are requested to meet at their hall next Tuesday evening to discuss a building proposition.

The Rebekahs will give a shadow social at the I. O. O. F. Hall Wednesday evening, Jan. 20th. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

The Waterman & Price wood working factory which has been greatly enlarged and thoroughly rebuilt, resumed operation again Tuesday.

N. Muma has recently perfected a device for the manufacture of soft drinks and carbonated beverages, and during the coming season he will work this line in connection with his wholesale ice cream business.

On Tuesday the Tax Commission made their announcement of the assessed valuation of the railroads in Michigan. Of the local roads the Detroit & Charlevoix is valued at \$450,000, which is the same as last year; the East Jordan & Southern is raised from \$120,000 to \$100,000.

Have you indigestion, constipation, headache, backache, kidney trouble? Dr. Williams' 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.

Loss of Flesh

When you can't eat breakfast, take Scott's Emulsion.

When you can't eat bread and butter, take Scott's Emulsion.

When you have been living on a milk diet and want something a little more nourishing, take Scott's Emulsion.

To get fat you must eat fat. Scott's Emulsion is a great fattener, a great strength giver.

Those who have lost flesh want to increase all body tissues, not only fat. Scott's Emulsion increases them all, bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

For invalids, for convalescents, for consumptives, for weak children, for all who need flesh, Scott's Emulsion is a rich and comfortable food, and a natural tonic.

Scott's Emulsion for bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

We will send you a free sample.

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

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, 409 Pearl St., N. Y. 50c. and \$1. all druggists.

Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral quiets tickling throats, hacking coughs, pain in the lungs. It relieves congestion, subdues inflammation. It heals, strengthens. Your doctor will explain this to you. He knows all about this cough medicine.

"We have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in our family for 25 years for throat and lung troubles, and we think no medicine equal."—Mrs. A. FOWLER, Appleton, Wis.

50c. and \$1.00. All druggists.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Weak Throats

Ayer's Pills greatly aid recovery. Purely vegetable, gently laxative.

Personal Mention.

Earle Rühling is visiting relatives in Buffalo.

A. W. Rickard, of Traverse City, is in town today.

E. A. Ashley had business at Deward Tuesday.

Ira Bartlett returned from Springvale Wednesday.

E. J. Crossman was in Toledo on business last week.

Frank Martinek returned Monday evening from Chicago.

L. Borthwick, of DeLairre, was in town on business Wednesday.

Mrs. Chas. Daugherty is very ill at her home on Stone's Addition.

Mrs. Chris. Taylor returned from Whitehall Wednesday evening.

M. B. Harner, the Petoskey music dealer, was in town Wednesday.

Wm. Taylor is very ill with bronchitis at his home on the West Side.

Attorney J. E. Converse had business in Charlevoix Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. Anna Wierfel, of Advance, has been the guest of East Jordan friends this week.

Miss Sarah Ward is very ill with pneumonia at the home of her sister, Mrs. F. E. Bo-singer.

George Spencer returned Wednesday from Gaylord where he has been employed for the past year.

Mrs. W. H. Marshall and son Harry departed Wednesday for Lovejoy square Mr. Marshall is working.

W. P. Porter attended a meeting of the manufacturers of hemlock lumber acid in Grand Rapids last week.

The Misses Silverstein, of Boyne, are the guests of J. L. Wiesman and family during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cutter and Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hultbert, of Boyne, were guests at the Lakeside Sunday.

P. L. Lanway is assisting in D. Goodman's hardware for a few days while they are taking their annual inventory.

W. L. French, A. B. Nicholas, M. Rühling and Horace Hipp attended the funeral of Robert Trimble at Norwood Thursday.

Richard Freeman, whose leg was broken while working at Deward some time ago, is reported as well on the road to recovery.

Chris Taylor returned from Whitehall, Monday evening, the funeral of his brother-in-law John Nelson occurring at that place Sunday.

H. I. McMillan expects to put in the most of his time at East Jordan, after this week, the new mill of the Xigo Milling Co. being about ready to begin business. Mr. McMillan's family will remain here this winter. Kobl. Matill, who has been second miller here, will have charge of the Argo Mill at this place when Mr. McMillan goes to East Jordan.—Charlevoix Courier.

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 Cur 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. PHEBE 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.

Says the Washington Post: The Census Bureau announces that 570,000 persons in the United States depend upon the trolley lines for support. This is exclusive of the strap-bangers.

The will of a man in New York, which provided for a monument over his grave so expensive as to absorb the estate he left and make his widow penniless, was upheld by the courts, comments the Baltimore American. Perhaps, in Utopia, law will run along lines of common sense, and such decisions as these prove that Utopia is not yet on the map.

A Paris paper informed its readers that "M. MacClellan, the newly-elected Mayor of New York," is "a son of the famous Confederate general of that name." Such a nice derangement of history, says the Boston Transcript, suggests that the spirit of Victor Hugo is abroad in Paris editorial rooms. Victor Hugo never forgave General Grant for hanging John Brown, having mixed up Lee and Grant in his impressions of the Harper's Ferry affair.

"The Maine log cabin on the World's Fair grounds will be the most unique and picturesque of the group of State buildings," says the St. Louis Star. "The walls will be of logs from the Maine forests, while all lumber used will be drawn from the same source. If it is a possible thing the State should also give an example of sugar making. This might be accomplished through the storage of sugar water, which is taken from the trees in February and March. Very few people of the present day have ever tasted of genuine maple sugar, much less witnessed the process of its manufacture."

Viscount Hayashi, Japanese Ambassador to London, is one of the most remarkable diplomats ever credited to the Court of St. James. The British Foreign Office is much disconcerted by the frankness with which the Viscount, in talking to newspaper men, discusses the relations between his own country and Russia. He traveled extensively in this country some years ago, and on his return to Japan introduced many industrial reforms. Since then he has been in Japan in most of the European capitals. Dapper, well dressed and having perfect command of English, he is one of the most popular men in diplomatic and Government circles.

From a rustic village—not yet deserted—comes a quaint tale of an eccentric hermit who shut himself up for twenty-five years in an upper room of his house, having cunningly circulated reports in the first place that he had gone far away, and late rumors that he had drawn his last breath in a distant region. Thereafter he stealthily avoided the gaze of his fellow men. Evidently he was as averse to mingling freely with the classes or the masses as was St. Simeon Stylites himself. It may be said, however, in extenuation of the isolation of the solitary St. Simeon on his column, that he did not avoid the gaze of humanity. Any one who cared to look at him perched on the top of his pillar could do so at any moment.

Professor Sanford Berr, a fellow in Clark University, declared recently, after a scientific investigation of the love question covering a period of fifteen years and embracing 1700 cases, that the love period extends from three years to old age, and that no one is safe from the fever during that time. Men reach their maturity in affairs of the heart at twenty-four, and women at twenty-two, he says, and adds that the masculine stages of love are from three to eight years, eight to fourteen, fourteen to twenty-six (maturity), twenty-six to old age, and extending through old age. For women in love he fixes the stages at three to eight, eight to twelve, twelve to twenty-two (maturity), twenty-three to old age and through old age.

An English paper comments on the terrible sentence recently pronounced by a French judge. Five years' solitary confinement is not only a rigorous penalty, but it is usually the forerunner of insanity. The solitude of the prisoner in reclusion is all but absolute. The strictest silence is enforced. Presumably the consolations of religion—whatever they may amount to in so dreadful a situation—are not entirely withheld; otherwise the prisoner is forbidden to speak, even to his guardian. Books are denied, and (which must be almost the worst affliction of all) the most complete idleness is enforced; no employment of any description may mitigate the appalling vacancy of days, weeks and years.

Domestic Blunders of Women

BY A MERE MAN

PURCHASING HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES.

Y contentions is, that any man could manage his house better than his wife, his mother, his sister or his daughters, or a combination of any of them. Good! Now to the proof. I want to give women every chance, so I will take their own standard of men. Every woman, at some time or other, has said that the way to a man's heart is down his throat. This is a polite way of saying that men are gourmets, if not gourmands. I don't believe it, but there may be something in it. Anyway, I accept it for the moment, and it stands to reason that as most men work all their days from the time they are boys till they are old men, and seldom get any more out of it than a cart-horse, merely harness, food and a bed at night, they have a right to expect that their stable should be comfortable, their bran-mash fit to eat, and their rest undisturbed. It must be accepted that nearly all we earn is spent on our homes and the luxury of our women folk. What do we get out of it?

All that we ask are comfort and clothes and food. Not a very exacting ambition, surely. The question is, do we get it? Let us see. The proudest boast of a mother is that her daughter is a thoroughly well-brought-up girl. This may mean she is able to cut out her own clothes, trim her own hats, order a pound of candles, pay her bills with her parent's money, speak French indifferently, and, if put to it, cook a chop or bolognese. To cook a chop well is not very easy—to women—but let us suppose that a woman can cook a chop really well. That is, from the woman's point of view, the very highest point of perfection she can reach, and having cooked a chop well, she is supposed to be absolutely proficient in all branches of her business.

This chop is, like the rib from which she sprang, the root of all evil. A woman always begins a thing from the wrong end. The chop is typical. A woman never thinks that the cooking is absolutely the last stage of the chop, and that she has not the most elementary knowledge of any other stage. A woman to whom this remark was made would say that she knows how to buy the chop. That is precisely what I want to get at. Does any woman know how to buy a chop?—that is to say, has she the very remotest idea how to buy the best chop for the least amount of money?—What is the procedure? A woman wants a chop, because a chop is the first thing she thinks of. She goes round to the butcher, and in nine cases out of ten tells him to send her round some nice chops. Just imagine even a woman buying a hat on such a principle!

And here comes in one of the most extraordinary features of the so-called economical woman. She will willingly pay the butcher for tons of bone and fat in the year, but if you ask why you can't have a cauliflower to make a half dollar's worth of tough beef palatable, you will be told cauliflowers are far too dear. Imagining they are at least five dollars a piece, you ask how much they are charging for cauliflowers? You are told eighteen cents. Thunderstruck, you ask how much they usually cost, and you are told seventeen cents and that no woman who respects herself would dream of paying the extra cent. Just imagine a woman buying a hat, and saying hat-pins to keep it on her head were too dear.

The fact of the matter is, women have not the least idea of the value of anything—least of all, money. In the first years of their married life, or management of a house, they tell you (afterwards) they were robbed. Women's idea of being robbed consists in tradespeople not conspiring to look after the interest of people who do not know their business, but are prepared to accept anything rather than have the trouble of learning and looking after their own business, and getting the best value for the least amount of money.

Women, I have said, have no idea of the value of anything—least of all, money. I shall have further occasion to demonstrate this, so I may not say they have no idea of business. Let me show them how men go about the conducting of the other branch of their business, namely, "the office." I have



They have only women to deal with

said that when a woman knows how to cook a chop, she considers she is a perfectly qualified partner for a man of business. This is as false a deduction as that a man who can lay a brick is a qualified architect or builder.

Every woman, when she marries, enters upon a new business, which at once produces a regular income of some kind. It is useless to argue that it does not, because, in that case, a woman simply proves her further usefulness by embarking from purely sentimental reasons in a wild-cat speculation, no better than gambling on the turf or the Stock Exchange. Now, how has she been prepared for this venture? Has she studied her subjects thoroughly, so as to avoid being what she calls "robbed" by tradesmen, and has she studied how to cater for the public to which she appeals for support, namely her husband?

Does she go to a butcher, for example, and ask for his estimate, and when she has got it, say:

"I intend to spend so much a week; I intend to deal with you for a year or more if you give satisfaction; and I pay every week. I know that all these things are considerations to you, and that, as a business man, steady custom and ready money are an advantage to you. Under these circumstances, what will you take off your prices, or what discount will you allow me?"

Is there any man living who can tell me such a thing could not be done? Is there any woman living who can tell me she has done it?

If so, I shall be glad to hear it, and I think most women will be surprised as I shall be. Every middle-class house in a large city burns from fifteen to thirty tons of coal a year. Is there any woman with a small cellar, who has written to the secretary of a coal company and offered to send her check for twenty tons of coal, provided he will deliver it as required independent of strikes, this would save any fairly large house about fifteen dollars a year. Women suffer under the delusion that their custom is too small to make any difference to tradesmen, and they hate and fear nothing more than to change their tradespeople. To explain the folly of this, I will relate an incident in my own family life.

Some years ago we moved into a picturesque, but not very thriving, suburb. It has always been my custom to have a fresh roll for my breakfast, the rest of the house preferring toast or bread one day old. One was ordered from the best baker in the district. Morning after morning it arrived late, and on my insisting on it being delivered in time, it was fetched by one of our servants without my knowledge. One day she forgot, and I discovered the foolish method of pandering to the caprices of the baker. I insisted that a letter of complaint should be written, and the account closed. My wife begged. I was firm. She went and pleaded that the baker was the only one in the district who could make bread fit to eat. I said I didn't care; I would punish him. My family scoffed, and the baker was richer than we were, and cared nothing about our small account. I said we would see. The letter was written. The account closed. That evening the baker's man waylaid me, and begged for my custom, promising punctuality. I stood to my guns. The next morning the baker called personally, and apologized, and said, as a business man, I was right, but he hoped I would give him another trial. I said I would think about it. His wife interviewed my wife, and his daughter interviewed my daughters. I had caught them all a lesson, and so I consented to renew my custom in a month. From that day, till we left, the baker's man altered his round, and my rolls were never late. Our bread book came to about fifty cents a week, but the baker was a good business man, and good business men cannot afford, though they may be richer than their customers, to throw away any business bringing in twenty-six dollars a year. If women would only, as a body, learn this elementary lesson in domestic economy, they would very much lighten their lives, and the lives of everyone who is near and dear to them.

Copyright, 1903, by The Associated Publishers' Corporation, Chicago, Ill.

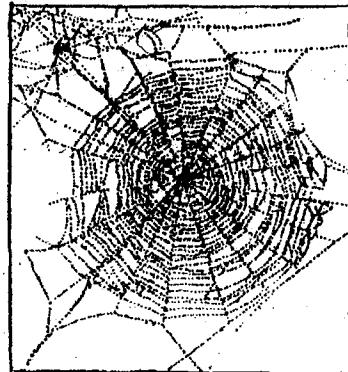
DELICATE LINES OF PRINT.

Perfect and Exact Reproduction of a Spider's Web.

Did you ever make a "spore print" of a toadstool or mushroom—reproduce on paper the delicate lines, colors and conformations of the marvelous, innumerable and frequently infinitesimal "gills" of a toadstool or mushroom?

Did you ever make a print of a spider's web?

If you have performed either of these feats you are something unusual, although doubtless you have longed to do so far back in the happy, childish days when all toadstools were "fairly umbrellas," and when the silvery cobweb invariably figured as an



enchanted castle, restraining a beautiful princess.

To the real nature lover, however scientific in trend and attitude, the childish love is carried straight up to the adult consciousness, modified rather than translated or broken. Wherefore it comes about that so many nature lovers and scientists have been much interested in the "fairly umbrellas" of the 200 supposedly edible varieties, of which it is possible to eat so few without suffering, and the gleaming, shimmering, fragile cobwebs that must surely have conveyed to the world's first lacemakers their original impulse and idea. To one such Chicago nature lover, it has been granted to accomplish both the feats just mentioned. Mrs. Bertha B. Jacques, a most devoted nature student, cannot only boast the finest collection of "spore prints" in Chicago—in all the world most likely—but also a remarkably wonderful because precisely exact and perfect reproduction of a spider's web.

Chorus Girl's Lucky "Hit." A host of \$15-a-week chorus girls have, through a single unexpected hit, been lifted from the chorus ranks to the center of the stage—from \$15 to \$150 or more a week. The latest case of a girl whose name was not even on the program whose place was not even in the first row of the chorus,



and yet who won a critical first-night's audience by storm, is that of Elise Romaine. Miss Romaine was in the second rank of the chorus in "Mr. Blue Beard" the night of its production in New York. After a single verse of "The Song Bird of Melody Lane" has been sung every eye in the house was following her performance of the "tough" girl. The hundred other girls were singing and dancing well enough, but the applause was all for her. Fully twenty times the piece was encored, simply for the sake of watching the evolutions of this newest of tough girls. The following morning every critic had unstinted praise for her performance, and there was a mild scramble to learn her name. And then came a raise in salary from \$15 a week to \$60 a week.

Healthy New Hampshire Town. The town of Greenland, N. H., with a population by the last census of 606, can boast of having ten per cent of the population past the Scriptural limit of life. Two are over 90 years, six between 85 and 90, 12 between 80 and 85, and 43 between 70 and 80. Nearly all of these are enjoying the best of health.

Immense Power of Flood. In the flood of '69 the large room of the outery at Shelburne Falls, Mass., was swept away with the machinery. Workmen engaged in building the dam at Gardner falls one day recently found a 1,000-pound anvil which had been carried down by the flood, a distance of nearly a mile.

Gold from River Sand. More than \$6,000 worth of pure gold has been taken from the sands of the Swift river in O. rd county, Me., during the last five or six years.

Who Was "Boss?"

In Buffalo recently Owen Wister swapped stories with a party of friends till early in the morning. The conversation at last shifted about and touched upon a woman's influence in domestic circles, and one of the group reminded Mr. Wister of his declaration that the East is the head of the country and the West the heart.

"And in the heart of the country how does woman rank as the head of the house?" asked one. "Does she boss her husband as she does here in the East?"

"Well," drawled Mr. Wister, "I've heard it said that wherever Americans live the woman is the boss of the ranch. As to the West, I'll tell you a little story that may illustrate her status. Up in the Wind River country there lives an old man who is considered well-to-do in worldly goods and who has an only son, Hank. Hank wanted to get married, but his father opposed him.

"My boy," said the old man, "all women are natural bosses. If you get hitched you will no longer be free. Your mother has bossed me and your wife will boss you. Keep single and enjoy life."

"But the young man pooh-pooed the idea and said that no woman would ever henpeck him, and that he knew lots of married men who led happy, untrammelled lives.

"Tell you what I'll do," at last said his father. "You take a span of my best horses, hitch them into that buckboard, take a crate of fresh eggs, and drive round and see your friends. Whenever you find a woman who runs the ranch, give her an egg. If you find a man who is boss give him a hoss and the buckboard and ride the other critter home. If you come back hossback I won't say a word about your getting hitched."

"Hank smiled, it seemed so easy. Next morning he was bright and early and commenced going the rounds.

"Who's boss?" he would ask, as he drove up to each ranch or dugout. "I be," the woman would reply. "At last Hank forgot to smile and

began to get anxious. At first it seemed play to him, but now he realized that he must earn a wife. All day long he canvassed the Wind River country, and at every stop was met with the feminine declaration, "I be." "Toward nightfall he thought of one place where he couldn't help winning. He had refrained from going there, as he thought it was hardly fair to the old man. It was Bill Williams' place, up under the mountain. Bill had a bad name and was said to be hard and overbearing in his own humble home. Other unsavory stories were told about Bill, and it was even hinted that he was a rustler. So Hank felt that his father would have barred the bad man from the contest. But Hank had determined not to ride home in the buckboard, and so he turned his horses toward Bill's home.

"He arrived at nightfall. 'Hello, Bill,' he cried. 'I want to know who's boss of this ranch?'"

"Blankety-blank-blank!" cried Bill, coming to the door, unkempt and disheveled. "Who in the blankety-blank do ye s'pose is boss. I be, of course."

"Unritch a horse," said Hank, with a sigh of relief. "Take your pick." "Bill had unhitched horses in the past with less formal invitations than this, and he at once stepped out to the wagon and said: 'I'll take the off one.'"

"No, ye won't, Bill Williams," cried a shrill voice from the door, and a little, thin, faded looking woman came into view. "No, ye won't. Ye'll take the high one."

"I'll take the off one," growled Bill, with an oath.

"Do it if ye dare!" challenged the woman.

"Bill stood silent for a moment and then said: 'Wal, blank it all, I'll take the high one, then.'"

"Here, give her an egg," said Hank sadly, and picking up his reins drove off on the jump, just as Bill procured his Winchester and took three shots at him through the dusk.

"Hank is still single."—New York Times.

'It Niver Happened'

"Patrick," the venerable messenger or office "boy" of the Washington bureau of the New York Herald, and a familiar figure to prominent men and women of the capital for more than half a century, is dead. Born in County Kerry, Ireland, seventy-one years ago, Patrick Diggins emigrated to the United States when a child, accompanying his parents to Washington. He secured a position with the Herald at the age of twelve, and retaining for fifty-nine years the humble place in which he began life, he died highly respected by his employers, lamented by quite a circle of intimates—and rich! Eighty thousand dollars, well invested in real estate, will go to his next of kin, for this thrifty old bachelor made no will.

Loyalty to his employers' interests was the ruling influence of Patrick Diggins' life. He saw Washington correspondents for the Herald come and go; he stayed on. One of these correspondents once had the temerity to dismiss Patrick. The loyal Diggins forthwith went to New York and secured from the elder James Gordon Bennett a letter saying that Patrick was to be reinstated and that he was never to be dismissed from the Herald. A conspicuous public man once went to the Washington bureau to examine the files of the newspaper. "Can I see the file for this week?" he demanded, brusquely, of Patrick. "Good mornin', sor," answered Patrick. "Certainly, sor"—bustling to lay the papers before the visitor—"Sure, it's the finest journal in the country I'm lettin' ye look at, sor." The potentate, rustling the sheets noisily, glanced impatiently down the columns, then threw aside the file and started to leave. "Did ye find the news ye wanted, sor?" inquired Diggins. The potentate shook his head. "Didn't find it!" exclaimed Patrick. "Didn't find it in the 'New York Herald'?" repeated the old man, shrilly. "Thin it niver happened, sor." And, following the visitor to the top of the stairs, he shouted after the great man's retreating form: "It niver happened!"—New York Commercial.

To Determine Death

It is not always easy to determine when the spark of life has become finally extinguished. From the fear of being buried alive, which prevails more abroad than in this country, some infallible criterion of death, capable of being applied by the unskilled, has been considered a desideratum, and valuable prizes have been offered for such a discovery. The conditions most resembling actual death are syncope, asphyxia and trance, particularly the latter. We must not rely solely on any one sign of death, but combine several.

The most reliable sign of death is cessation of the heart's action. This, however, must not be inferred from mere pulselessness, for the heart may still be beating, and resuscitation possible, when no pulse can be felt in the arteries by ordinary manipulation. The use of the stethoscope is necessary, implying, of course, technical skill. Though the heart cannot cease to beat for more than ten seconds without death, yet, in considering the very

slow and feeble action of the heart (eight to ten beats per minute) in hibernating animals, which normally have a pulse of eighty to ninety per minute, it is well to regard a similar position as possible in man and to spend in doubtful cases up to an hour in ascertainment.

An easy method to determine whether the circulation continues or not is to apply a ligature on a finger or toe. If the circulation has ceased, no change in color is produced; but, if the circulation continues, however feebly, the extremity, in course of a few minutes, will assume a livid tint from strangulation of the venous flow. The respiration may not be very obvious and yet it may be going on. Holding a cold mirror before the mouth and nostrils and looking for indications of moisture is a means of ascertaining whether air currents exist. Placing a cup of water on the chest and observing whether the reflection on its surface moves or remains still is well adapted for the purpose in view.

The Mystery We Must Solve. What enables the newly discovered radium to give out heat and light with undiminished power, even when it is surrounded by the coldest medium known to science—liquid air and liquid hydrogen? "The unraveling of this mystery," writes Prof. Simon Newcomb, the astronomer, in Harper's Magazine, "must be the great work of science of the twentieth century." For an explanation of radium would also explain the power of the sun itself, and of the vast nebulous masses, in the midst of which our whole solar system would be but a speck." Prof. Newcomb was not born in America, but came to this country from Nova Scotia at the age of 18, graduating five years later from the Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University. He is an associate of the Institute of

France—the only American since Benjamin Franklin to receive that honor.

Had Nothing to Say. Prof. Simon Newcomb, in his autobiography, tells the following story of Prof. Joseph Winlock, former director of the Harvard university observatory: "While he was attached to the naval academy he was introduced one evening at a reception to a visiting lady. He looked at the lady for a decorous length of time and she looked at him; then they parted without saying a word. His introducer watched the scene and asked him: 'Why did you not talk to that lady?' 'I had no statement to make to her,' was the reply. Dr. Gould told me this story was founded on fact, but when after Winlock's death it was put off on me with some alterations, I felt less sure."



WHEN
NEW YEAR'S
AT THE
DOOR

When you hear the New Year
Knocking at the door,
Which, of all your wishes,
Would you ask him for,
If he said he grant you
One and just no more?
When you hear the New Year
Knocking at the door.

When you hear the New Year
Knocking at the door,
Would you wish for Power,
Like monarchs held of yore?
See the Czar of Russia,
Bombarded, aft and fore,
When you hear the New Year
Knocking at the door.

When you hear the New Year
Knocking at the door,
Make the wish that's best of all,
Be what may in store—
'Tis to keep the old friends,
Beloved of your heart's core,
When you hear the New Year
Knocking at the door.
John S. McGroarty.

Romance of the Year

Time Civil, Ecclesiastical and Astronomical—
Date of New Year Variable—Equinoxes Alone
Constant—Customs of New Year's Observance
In Ancient and Modern Times.

At this time we celebrate the birth of the New Year and erect another milestone on the road of Time. How few think that 152 years ago the year at this season was old. How came the change? Not by the revolution of the earth, for that is practically unchangeable, but through the intervention of human enactment. Though time, as measured by the motions of the earth, may be taken as constant, yet its divisions into seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years, eras, their beginnings and endings, are arbitrary products of the human mind, and therefore variable.

All nations and people have a particular epoch from which they date the era in which they may have lived. The Romans dated their chronological events from the founding of the city. The expression, "The year of Rome," or the letters A. U. C. (ab urbs condita) refers to that particular epoch. The Mohammedans express their sequence of time by "the year of the prophet." The date is from the Hejira, or the flight of Mohammed from Mecca (Hejira is pronounced Hej-ira, and is an Arabic word meaning flight), which occurred A. D. 622. The Jews reckon their dispensation from the creation of the world, but in reality their chronology begins with the Exodus. Moses intentionally introduced a new calendar, and makes Abib their first month. It has been supposed that the Jewish Sabbath is the same as the seventh day on which God ended His work, but as Moses changed the first month to Abib, he changed the first day also. The first day of this new year was the first day of the first month and the first day of the first week. The Sabbath being held on the seventh day, it must of necessity have been changed also. But being changed, it could not be in correspondence with the seventh day of creation on which God "rested." Christians date their epoch from the birth of Christ, the expression for which is the Latin words Anno Domini, or A. D., the initial letters of the words. Five centuries elapsed before an attempt was made to authoritatively fix the date of the Nativity. This was then undertaken by Dionysius Exiguus (little), who fixed our present chronology. It is now generally allowed that he was four years out in his reckoning, and that B. C. 4 is the correct year. This corresponds with the statement by Irenaeus and Tertullian that Christ was born about the year of Rome 751.

Sun, Mercury, Venus, Moon, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn. We call three days of the week directly after the planets—Saturday (Saturn), Sunday (Sun), Monday (Moon), and four through the Saxon names for the others: Tuesday (Tuesco—Mars), Wednesday (Woden—Mercury), Thursday (Thor—Jupiter), and Friday (Friga—Venus).

The month, no doubt, originated from the phases of the moon. These, sharp and well defined, are four in number: the new moon, first quarter, full moon and last quarter. Each of these phases occupies about seven days, so that from new full moon to new full moon, there is something more than twenty-nine days, which is called a synodical month, or lunation. No nation up to the present time has devised a system of absolute accuracy in the measurement of the solar year. Some ancient nations, such as the Chaldeans, reckoned the year as 360 days. This is the principle of that most ancient astronomical term, the Zodiac. The Zodiac is a belt encircling the heavens on each side of the ecliptic, within which the planets known to the ancients always revolve. It extends eight degrees on each side of the ecliptic. It is divided into twelve equal parts, called signs of the Zodiac. It is a great circle, and is divided into 360 degrees, like all circles; hence 360 days in the Chaldean year.

The Egyptians counted 365 days in their year. As the year contains 365 1/4 days nearly, such systems could not fail to work great inconvenience, for the seasons would move round in a cycle from one time of the year to the other. Let me make this quite plain. Take the winter solstice, for instance, which happens on Dec. 21. At the end of four years the solstice would be not on Dec. 21, but on Dec. 22. The sun would be behind time. In order, therefore, that the seasons should occur at the same time in the civil year, it was necessary to take account of this fraction of a day.

Julius Caesar, the great Roman emperor, determined to rectify the error. He called the celebrated Egyptian astronomer, Sosigenes, to his aid. Sosigenes suggested the addition of a day every fourth year. This day was added to February, and is known to us as "Leap Year," but to the Romans as Bissextile (Bis, twice, sextus, sixth).

This corrected calendar became known as the Julian. But as it made the year consist of 365 days, 6 hours, it was in excess of the actual time by 1 minute 30.3 seconds. Small as was this fraction, it accumulated to about one day in every 134 years.

The calendar needed reform. Time, civil and ecclesiastical, required readjustment. But to urge the necessary change was dangerous, as the learned Prior Bacon found to his cost. For pointing out errors in the calendar he received as a reward for the advocacy of the truth a prison, where he remained ten years.

As often happens, ecclesiastical requirements minister to civil necessities. The immediate cause of the correction of the calendar was an error in the time of observing the Easter festival. The Council of Nice, in A. D. 325, decreed that Easter is the Sunday following the full moon, next after the Vernal equinox. Owing to disputes arising from this decree Pope Hilarius, in 462, ordered that the paschal moon should not be the actual full moon, but an ideal one, falling on the 14th day of the moon by the metonic cycle (so-called from Meton, a Greek philosopher, who discovered it. It consists of nineteen years, at the end of which the sun is in about the same position he was at the beginning).

In 1582 it was found that the real equinox fell ten days before the nominal one, and from the error in the Metonic cycle, Easter had got four days wrong. Then Pope Gregory XIII reformed the calendar, called after him the Gregorian calendar, by the aid of Clavius, a learned Jesuit. The equinox of 1582, which should

tures, it was a pillar erected near a flight of steps (translated degrees in the English Bible). Berossus was the first to construct a sundial proper, in B. C. 540—the first recorded in profane history.

But sundials are only useful when the sun shines; hence some other measures of time became a necessity. The Egyptians were successful in inventing such a contrivance. They called it the Clepsydra (cleps, to steal, and hudor, water), by which time was measured by a continuous flow of water at a uniform motion. The Clepsydra is first mentioned by Empedocles, who flourished in the fifth century before Christ. It was brought to a high degree of perfection by a philosopher of Alexandria, named Clesebius, and continued down to the invention of clocks, probably in the fourteenth century. Watches followed in due course, till they have become an almost necessary requisite of everyday use.

Most people are under the impression that the rotation of the earth has never varied from one complete turn in twenty-four hours. But this is an error. The motions of both earth and moon have not been invariable. There was a time when the lunar month was twenty-nine days instead of twenty-seven, as it now is (Sir R. Ball: Time and Tide). The synodical month, therefore, was between thirty and thirty-one days. (A synodical month is the interval from one new moon to the next.) So that primitive man, reckoning the month as a synodical period, or lunation, may not have been so inaccurate as we in our superior wisdom imagine.

Going back from this epoch to the infancy of the moon, we come to a time when the day and month were of equal duration—about four hours each! Going forward to the old age of the earth, we come to an epoch when the day and month are again equal. But this time, instead of being four hours each, they will be 1,400 hours. Just think of it! One day lasting 1,400 hours! When the day will equal fifty-eight of our present days, what will be the length of the year? But we must not stop at a 1,400-hour day. Going still forward in the far-off future, we come to a time when the face of the earth will be always turned to the sun, as the moon's face is now turned to the earth, and as she will continue to be. Then there shall be a perpetual day, for the sun shall never set, literally fulfilling the words of the prophet: "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself." (Is. lx-20.) The romance of time! How it fascinates!

The new year has been observed with festive rejoicings from remotest antiquity. Its celebration by religious, as well as secular observances, prevailed generally among the nations of antiquity. And Egyptians, Hindus, Chinese, Persians, Jews, Romans and Mohammedans, although differing widely as to the time from which they reckon the new year, all regard it with especial interest of a joyous kind.

In olden Roman times the new year, which began in March, was inaugurated by a festive procession, with the priests of Mars carrying the sacred shield before the people. The people wished each other good health and prosperity and exchanged presents.

The Chinese begin the year at the Vernal equinox, and make it one of the most splendid festivals. All classes mingle together, and unite in thanksgiving for mercies received and prayers for a genial season and good crop.

With the Hindus the first day of the new year is sacred to Ganesa, the god of wisdom, to whom kids and wild deer are sacrificed amid illuminations and rejoicings. Among the mountainous tribes a buffalo is sacrificed before vast multitudes of people.

In ancient Persia prisoners were liberated and offenders pardoned. The Persian new year much resembled the Sabbathical year of the Jews.

HE WANTED HIS BOY.

Irate Dutch Father Refused to Be Satisfied With Girl.

When a government goes to the trouble of bringing up its citizens' children in a municipal hospital it seems too bad that any one should be dissatisfied, but the benevolent practice has brought about a curious state of affairs in Amsterdam, Holland.

Several months ago a father sent his infant son to the hospital to be reared by incubator. When subsequently he visited the institution to see his boy the authorities produced a female child, assuring the citizen it was his own. The sturdy Dutchman at once invoked the aid of the law and in spite of the hospital's defense that the citizen brought them a girl the court decided that the authorities had produced the wrong one and ordered the real son surrendered.

A prolonged search failed to find the missing male infant, and within a short time the highest court of Holland will try the irate father's claim for damages sustained by the loss of his son.

Kettles Boiled in Lime.

Every day in London scores of workmen's kettles are boiled in lime that will afterward be used for its proper purpose. Just before the breakfast hour, say, one of the workmen empties a quantity of the dry lime from a sack. In the center of this lime he makes a hole, and into it water is poured. Then he puts his kettles into the water, and in a few minutes the kettles boil. In thousands of cases a fire is thus spared.

Latest for the Cotillon.



This is among this season's novelties promised by those who have the ambition to shine as leaders of the conceits of society.

Strength in Human Limbs.

Physiologists and scientists have been making some curious experiments with a view to determine the relative length and strength of right and left limbs. Fifty and nine-tenths per cent of the men examined had the right arm stronger than the left; 16.4 per cent had the two arms of equal length and strength and 32.7 per cent had the left arm stronger than the right. Of women 46.9 per cent had the right arm stronger than the left; 24.5 per cent had the left stronger than the right. In order to arrive at the average length of limbs fifty skeletons were measured—twenty-five of each sex. Of these twenty-three had the right arm and right leg longer, six the left arm and right leg, while in seven cases all the members were more or less equal in length.

Cat Likes Flowers.

Mrs. C. M. Brookskeeper of New London, Conn., has a big tiger cat, "Jack," that has a mania for eating cut flowers. "Jack" likes all varieties, and is particularly fond of palm leaf ends, but his choicest floral menu consists of violets. On Thanksgiving day he turned up his nose at turkey and devoured a large bouquet of violets that had been left in a vase on the dining table. He did not even leave the stems.

Statistics of Yale.

The salaries for tuition at Yale college amount to \$417,000 this year, against the \$405,000 of last year. Assistance paid to students grows from \$63,000 to \$66,000, denoting the generous aid that Yale gives to her needy students, but, as yet, largely confined to the academic and theological departments and the graduate school.



Hunter Bagged Tame Cat.

A gunning story from Lakeville, Mass., is to the effect that a Taunton ex-alderman went out with his gun after rabbits, and after a time found a nice, sleek bunny, which he shot. When he picked up his game he found it to be a cat, and from its appearance it was some one's pet.

CUPOLA SKETCHES
BY RYROY WILLIAMS

Willie Spriggs.

Wings—"That boy, Willie Spriggs, that used to live in the Atkins house, is in the papers agin!"

Bings—"Worst boy I ever see. Twenty years ago he used to steal the corn from my shoats and peddle it out at half price around town!"

Wings—"Yes."

Bings—"He smoked cigarettes, played the races when a mere stripling, tied cans to dogs' tails, wore a red necktie, and always said 'Hub' when asked anything."

Wings—"Well, the paper's full about him this morning."

Bings—"Come to some bad end, of course. I allus knew he would! What's he done now? Something awful, I suppose."

Wings—"Scandalous! He's just been elected president of a coal company and now he's got another corner on coal."

But even Bings was not prepared for the worst joke of the season and fell in a swoon right here at the foot of this monkey dash.

Shot Full of Holes.

Washington was home from a holiday house party and was in his dumps.

"Come, cheer up," expostulated his roommate. "What's the matter? What's the girl's name? What's she—"

"Matilda," weakly replied Washington. "She had us full of Cupid's arrows in less than four days. Made fools of us in five, and settled it all in six. Oh, it's fierce, old man, fierce!" groaned Washington, his head in his hand, in dejected attitude.

"Full of arrows in four days, fools in five and slaughtered on the sixth?" repeated the cheering brother.

"Slaughter, slaughter is the word!" "She refused you then?"

"Yes."

"And made fools of you both?"

"Yes!"

"And you tried to jump into the lake?"

"Yes."

"What did the other fellow do?"

"Oh, he's going to marry the girl."

My O! Missouri.

When the snow is on the landscape,
An' the mercury at zero
An' the frost most everywhere,
Then I like my old Missouri
Corn-cob pipe with bamboo stem—
For they ain't no cumferts goin'
That kin near compare with them!

When icicles is a hangin'
From the eaves of every roof,
I kin bundle up all comfy
Clean 'em baldy spot 'n' hoof!
Chills their marrow-bones a trifle,
But a red handkerchief
Keeps 'em care all warm an' toasty,
While my nose jest hugs that pipe!

I kin go out in the winter
When the frigid north wind blows!
Keepin' all the fellers feelin'

Statistics of Yale.

The salaries for tuition at Yale college amount to \$417,000 this year, against the \$405,000 of last year. Assistance paid to students grows from \$63,000 to \$66,000, denoting the generous aid that Yale gives to her needy students, but, as yet, largely confined to the academic and theological departments and the graduate school.



A Fishing Smack.

There was triumph in his eye,
For a time he thought he'd missed her.
We a nation, out-brown maid, proud
By
I have Jack Frost, the ice-man, kicked
her.
She thought him really quite a nice
man.
Now, how'd you like to be the leem?"

"Fine! Fine, my boy! We'd like to be the leeman just long enough to hit you with a pair of ice tongs."

Sometimes Needed.

Bings—"Do you know, Wings, I think it a woefully bad custom, 'tis throwing of rice at newly married couples?"

Wings—"Yes?"

Bings—"Yes! How much better it would be to hand it to them in a sack as a nucleus on which to begin house-keeping!"

Grammatical.

To the Editor—Which is the more correct: (a) "I have a nice watch," or (b) "I have got a nice watch?"—J. W.

The first sentence is correct, but a more popular form is: "My uncle has my nice watch!"

SCHELLANY

Cheese at Home and Abroad.

Cheese making is a branch of dairying in which it is impossible to draw any close comparisons between the methods and results in this country and those abroad, says Henry E. Alvord of the Department of Agriculture. For the production of large quantities of cheese of uniform excellence it is believed the American factory system, common to the United States and Canada, is superior to anything elsewhere, and more systematically and economically conducted. The average Cheddar cheese of the Cheddar Valley itself of Somersetshire in general, and of the best producing districts of England and Scotland, are no better than those of New York and Wisconsin and the best of Canada. In variety and fancy cheese this continent cannot yet attempt to compete with the Old World. If one would learn the bottom facts about making any of the famous specialties in cheese he must go to the locality where they originated, and where alone, often within very narrow limits, they are still made in perfection. This applies to the English Stilton, the French Roquefort and its close kinsman, the Italian Gorgonzola, the Edam and Gouda of Holland, the Gruyere and Emmenthal of France and Switzerland, the Parmesan of Italy, and the Camembert, Brie, Neufchatel, and hundred and one other small and soft and high-flavored varieties of France and other parts of Europe, including, of course, the never-to-be-forgotten Limburger.

Why Geese Need Ponds.

From Farmers' Review: It is far easier for me to raise geese than to write about them. My experience with them is that they will do better with ponds. My reasons for this statement is that if you notice a goose on a day it is thawing you will notice she will go anywhere that a little water is on the ground and act as if she was going crazy to get into a pond to swim. Then, again, take geese that are shut in yards and only get water to drink, will they not stand about the water dish trying to wash until the water is all gone? I once saw a goose that was penned and could not have any more than enough water to drink, have what I call a fit. She would go through the motions she would if she was in a pond of water, and was unable to stop. After this the goose was allowed to go to the pond and was all right, but as soon as she was kept from it any length of time she would be as bad as ever. Then again those geese that have no ponds do not lay as fertile eggs as the geese that do have ponds. If I wished to keep geese and had no ponds for them I should take large tanks and sink them in the ground where the geese could get to them and keep the tanks full of water at all times. Last winter when the ponds were frozen I would once a week put a tub of water where they could get at it and I think I enjoyed seeing them wash as much as they enjoyed it.—Mrs. L. D. Cary, Lake County, Illinois.

Dairy Success in Kansas.

Twenty years ago Kansas had but 471,548 milch cows, and scarcely a creamery worthy the name, and their product was unsought, says F. D. Coburn. Ten years ago Kansas had 667,333 milch cows; creameries of a better class were being slowly established, but their output begged a market. To-day Kansas has 802,738 milch cows, or more than at any previous time, and many high-grade creameries and cheese factories, including the largest creamery in the world, hundreds of contributory receiving and skim stations, and their product is not only favorably known in the principal markets, but sought beyond the supply. This is marked the progress of this industry in Kansas—in a decade become one of the most prominent of successful dairy states. While this is true, and within that time the aggregate annual value of our dairy products has nearly doubled, and while our foremost dairymen, by constantly striving to raise the standard of production, now have excellent high-yielding herds, it is unquestionably a fact that large numbers of our cow population are not paying for their keep. The cause for this is to be found either in the man or the cow, or both. Brains in the man and blood and feed in the cow are essential to success in Kansas, as elsewhere.

A Case of Abduction.

William Louth of Arcola, Illinois, is reputed to own an old Plymouth Rock hen that has many motherly traits and is an affectionate sort of creature. Recently after being bereft of a brood of chickens she formally adopted a couple of kittens, and has since been keeping them under the protecting care of her wing. The kittens were already blessed with a maternal ancestor that provided for them and bestowed upon them the most indulgent attention, but this fact made no difference to the hen, so she walloped the cat until she was glad to get away, and then, clutching to the kittens, she cozened them under her wings. Strange to say the kittens took kindly to her and will now follow her about any place, paying comparatively little attention to their own mother.

Potash is the dominant ingredient in peas, beans, clover, alfalfa and potatoes.

