

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 7.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JAN. 23 1904.

No 22

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
play a game.

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

Bush's Bowling Alleys.

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

Old papers for sale at this office.

PYTHIANS ARE SURPRISED.

South Lake Lodge No. 180 held their
annual installation of officers Wednes-
day evening, the following officers tak-
ing their positions for the ensuing
year:

P. C.—R. L. Lorraine,
C. C.—Chas. A. Hudson,
V. C.—C. H. Whittington,
P.—Harry Curkendall,
K. of R. & S.—R. F. Steffes,
M. of F.—W. A. Rowley,
M. of E.—Geo. G. Glenn,
M. A.—M. F. Fay,
M. W.—L. M. Gage,
I. G.—C. L. Otto,
O. G.—Arthur Farmer.

The installation ceremonies were
hardly completed when the outer de-
fenses of the Castle Hall were stormed
by the ladies of the Rathbone Sisters
who overpowered the guards and the
Knights also surrendered promptly
when the ladies began to lay the table
for a feast.

After supper all joined in playing
pitt, finch and other card games,
spending a pleasant social hour.

The Knights thoroughly enjoy the
visit and hope that their fair guests
may repeat the experiment many times
in the future.

G. A. R. AND W. R. C. INSTALLATION.

The G. A. R. Post and the W. R. C.
had a joint installation of officers fol-
lowed by an oyster supper. There was
a large attendance and all had a fine
time.

G. A. R. officers installed as follows:
J. W. Rogers, Commander; Peter K.
Winters, Sr. Vice Commander; Jas.
M. Davis, Jr. Vice Commander; Wm.
Jaquars, Surgeon; Elias Hammond,
Officer of the Day; Aldrich Townsend,
Quartermaster; Ira Miles, Officer of
Guard; James Cox, Sentinel; David
Tower, Chaplain; Geo. J. Bowen, Adju-
tant; J. H. Kocher, Sergeant Major;
J. H. Lanway, Quartermaster Sergeant
Wm. Herrington, delegate to state en-
campment, David Tower, alternate.

W. R. C. officers:
Pres. Rosella Hammond; S. V. Mary
Townsend; J. V. Mary Lanway; Eun-
ice Bowen; Secy. Margaret Ruddock;
Treas. Leora Madison; Con. Sarah Rog-
ers; Guard Ellen Winters; Ass't Con.
Laura Hayner; Ass't Guard Lasira Ken-
yon; C. B. No. 1 Myra Bashaw; C. B.
No. 2 Marion Pinney; C. B. No. 3 Ma-
tilda Herrington; C. B. No. 4 Ellen
Miles; Musician Myra Bashaw; Pres.
C. R. Lasira Kenyon; Patriotic In-
structor Ellen Sutton; Delegate to
state encampment Matilda Herring-
ton, alternate Margaret Ruddock.

REPORT OF VILLAGE FIRE COM- MITTEE.

The committee to whom the matter
of the safety of the public buildings
in East Jordan in case of fire was di-
rected by the Village Council, report
as follows:

That we have made an inspection of
Churches, School building, Town Hall
and Opera House.

We recommend that a sign be
placed over the door at the stage in the
Opera House, indicating the stairway
to the rear exit in case of fire. Aside
from this we find the Loveday Opera
House well arranged for the public
safety and to prevent fires, the furnace
being, especially safeguarded, also hose
and other appliances to extinguish
quickly any chance blaze and having
wide exits easily reached.

That the doors at the bottom of
main stairway in the Town Hall be
made to open outward.

All other public buildings were
found to be in safe condition.

E. PLANK.

J. A. BOOSINGER.

R. F. STEFFES.

Dated Jan. 21, 1904.

REBEKAH RESOLUTIONS.

Jessamine Lodge No. 386 adopted
the following resolutions at their
meeting Wednesday evening:

WHEREAS—It has pleased God in
his infinite wisdom to call to his eter-
nal rest our beloved brother John Nel-
son, filling our hearts with a deep sor-
row and heartfelt sympathy for those
whose loving home ties have been thus
rude severed. Deeply we feel their
loss and ours yet we humbly bow be-
fore the wisdom of the all wise Creator
and bid the bereaved ones to bear their
sorrows bravely, trusting fully in Him
who doeth all things well, therefore be
it:

RESOLVED—That a copy of these
resolutions be spread upon the minutes
and a copy be sent to the family of our
dear departed brother, in whose memory
our Charter is to be draped for thirty
days.

R. L. LORRAINE,

HENRY C. HOLMES,

Committee.

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 com-
panies is the Hortense Nelson Co.
playing "Peg Woffington" which is
now arranging an engagement at
Loveday Opera House for the near fu-
ture.

School Notes.

Geneva Kyle re-entered the Fourth
Grade on Monday.

Examinations on the work of the first
semester will be given Thursday and
Friday.

Wither Matthews returned to school
Thursday of last week.

Orvie and Phyllis Hurlburt and Nel-
ie Rowley are absent from school this
week, on account of sickness.

School was closed in the High School
department a part of Tuesday forenoon
as the heating of the room was insuffi-
cient.

The IX. Grade class in English gave
excellent reproductions of Dr. Van
Dyke's "The Other Wise Man," which
Mr. Tice has been reading to the school.

Misses McLeese, Daugherty, Stewart
and Barrett were visitors in the Second
Primary Department, this week.

The Fifth Grade are studying "Sieg-
fried" for language this month.

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 Stat
Agricultural College can take the en-
trance examination at the same place,
on

MARCH 10, 1904.

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

BAD WRECK ON THE E. J. & S

Traffic was held up all day Thursday
on the East Jordan & Southern R. R.
by a wreck at the switch between
Ward's crossing and Chestonia. Lo-
comotive No. 4, engineer Wilcox and
fireman Farmer, was going out back-
wards early that morning, pulling a
way car and 17 empty logging cars
and going about 15 miles an hour, run
into an open switch. The locomotive
went over onto its side into the ditch
and the cars piled up in a heap, many
of them being badly broken up. It
was not until three o'clock the next
morning that the track was finally
cleared. No one was seriously in-
jured.

The Michigan Farmer, Detroit,
Michigan is the only weekly agricul-
tural, horticultural or live-stock paper
published in the State. It is pub-
lished solely in the interests of the
farmers of Michigan and appeals to
Michigan people as no other farm pub-
lication can. It is practical and up-
to-date and employs the most emi-
nent writers on the science and practice
of agriculture, horticulture, dairying,
poultry, etc. It has a standard veteri-
nary department for free treatment of
all diseases of farm animals. It con-
tains 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
The Michigan Farmer postage paid for
only 60c for 1 year or \$1.00 for 2 years.
Here 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, De-
troit, Michigan, for a free sample copy
and see if it is not just what you want.

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 R. 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. Hausen, locomotive engineer,
Lima, O., writes, "Constant vibration
of the engine caused me a great deal
of trouble with my kidneys, and I got
no relief until I used Foley's Kidney
Cure."

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.

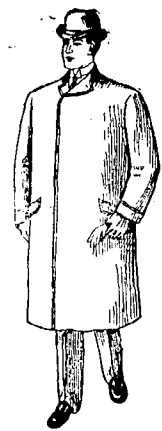
Best made, best quality Suits, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00. Worth ful-
ly forty per cent. more.

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 of All -- Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROS.



SCHLOSS BROS.
FINE CLOTHING
DETROIT, MICH.



President William R. Harper, of the University of Chicago, before the deans and principals of 200 high schools and academies co-operating with the University, predicted that ten years from now the high schools all over the country will have added fifth and sixth years and will be doing the college work which now falls to the first two years of the college courses.

Official figures seem to indicate that Brother Jonathan has been competing vigorously with his revered uncle, John Bull, for profitable trade in South America. American exports to that quarter of the globe are by no means insignificant. May modest, coy and blushing Yankees be permitted to express the timid hope that the better man of the two may carry off the prizes?

The Government is reaping a big pecuniary benefit from the investigation of the Postoffice Department. The expenses of one division alone for a period of four years have been cut down \$105,000. Already enough money has been saved to pay the salary of the Postmaster-General and his four assistants for their terms of office, and many officials believe that the Department will soon be self-supporting.

Observes the St. Louis Republic: "Broadly speaking, the inequalities and injustices may be laid to the political influence exercised by the class in question—the politico-commercial magnates and monopolists. Toward the people their attitude is one of oppression and toward the Government it amounts practically to defiance. This great class influence does not stop with mere interference with the operation of existing laws, but extends to the making of laws strengthening old privileges and creating new ones."

At last an answer has been found for that ancient conundrum, "Why is a hen?" Mrs. Roger, household philosopher and demonstrator of culinary science, has found it. Mrs. Roger has discovered that eaters of eggs are lazy; that women who over-indulge in eggs lose their vivacity and charm, neglect their household work and give their husbands cause for general dissatisfaction and for quarrels. Therefore, argues Mrs. Roger, egg eating accounts for the alarming frequency of divorce. Now we know the why of the hen. The feminine fowl exists or is in order to keep the lawyers busy and promote the gayety of South Dakota.

A simple and valuable remedy for restoring worn-out horses is reported by German naturalist, Herr Martin. He says he bought a horse which was then almost a skeleton, and so weak it could hardly walk, and began giving it coffee, sometimes in the form of infusions of the roasted beans, and at other times ground and mixed with honey. Soon the horse began to improve, and after a few months Herr Martin had the opportunity to sell it for \$250. The German says he has brought round by the same treatment many horses which had been over-worked or were run down, with loss of strength and appetite.

Says the Lewiston Journal: "The chief Executive of Maine is a great believer in the young man of business, and chatting with a friend recently, he said: 'The talk of overcrowded trades and professions is just as untrue as it ever was and will be. There is more room, more opportunity and more reward for the young man to-day than there has ever been. It depends on the young man himself. In the language of the day, one might say that it is "up to him." The world has a greater and a growing need for young men with executive ability. A young man who gives to a trade or profession the time that is required to master it, and then applies judgment and horse sense, is going to succeed. The latter qualities are the two that will place him ahead of the rest who have perhaps been doing the same work that he has. Given them and the disposition to work and the young man may soon become the man of affairs. It is this combination that makes the manager who succeeds. Many men can work under a competent leader, but the man who is to be that leader must have more than the individual capacity for work. The business world needs good managers who systematize their work. Any one can build an electric railroad if he has the money, but it takes a close manager to make it pay when it is completed. The business man to-day is looking for a young man who can do it.'"

RELIGIOUS COMMENT

A Song of Hope.

Robin in the leafy wood
Sings loud and soft,
Robin in the meadow brook,
In the apple-croft,
Trilling low and sweet;
Till us why such songs you sing—
Are you calling back the Spring?
Dreary Winter first must come
When the birds are dumb.
Slow between its grassy banks
Runs the silver stream,
And a few late autumn flowers
Droop their heads and seem
In a golden dream;
Swallows flit from cottage eaves,
Sadly fall the dying leaves,
Only you are gay and strong,
Singing all day long!
Piped the Robin lustily,
"All things show God's praise
When the Earth is young and glad
In a thousand ways;
But in darker days,
Lest of music there should lack,
Robins never turn their back,
Each puts on his scarlet vest,
Singing his best."
"When the softening snowflakes fall,
When the flowers are dead,
Ere the gallant Crocus dares
Lift his royal head,
I shall come instead!
Singing softly in your ear,
Songs of precious things and dear—
Purer life and fairer scope,
And the golden days of Hope!"
—Christian Burke in The Leisure Hour.

Quiet Hour

After he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray; and when even was come he was there alone.—St. Matt. xiv. 23.

In every man there is lodged a threefold life—the physical, the spiritual, the mental—the life of the body, of the soul, of the mind. This law of activity and then repose applies equally in all three domains. A man may respect the law so far as it applies to his body alone. Then in his unfolding he is merely an animal. He is soulless and he is mindless. It is a vital part of our God-given intelligence that we recognize this law on all three sides of our life; that we get hold of and keep the proportion of life; that we do not cultivate one side of life at the expense or to the neglect of another.

The Master understood the law and he respected the same. For example, he ever preserved a sound body. It is nowhere recorded that he was ever sick. He must have been physically robust, or he could not have left behind him such a splendidly full life. Then, he was ever a deep student. From his youth he increased in wisdom. He was learned in the literature and law of his church and nation, and he was profoundly learned as a student of human nature. His teaching reflects his mind. Where in there another mind which could have given the world the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount? There is not a student of the highest rank who does not bow before the mind of Jesus Christ. Of the spiritual side of his life who shall presume to speak and do it justice? He lived ever with God and in God. God was his life and light. His was a perfectly proportioned, well rounded life. It has become the universal pattern which finds its grateful imitators in every age and every clime. But that life recognized and followed a great, a profound principle or law. The Master had just ended, finished an intensely interesting day. He had been surrounded by a great throng and he had healed their sick; then, lest the people should faint on their homeward way he first fed them—a company of about 5,000 men, besides women and children. It is easy to understand what the exhaustion of such a day must mean for any man, especially when it is known that he puts his whole heart and soul into his work.

The Master has dismissed the multitude and taken leave of his disciples. He had gone, alone, into a mountain solitude, there to commune with God, to place his wearied head on the bosom of God and to put his heart close by the heart of his Father. The evening had come and he was alone. Jesus Christ must have understood that his life and ministry were, to last only a few years, and he did realize how much was to be crowded into that brief space of time. Yet he made and he took time to go apart, to be alone, to drink in the solitude of nature. In solitude, in mental repose, he found the restoration of all his powers. He understood and grasped the fact that unless a man lives in closest touch with God he is not, he cannot be a divine man, he cannot attain the purpose of his life.

What a strange message to this our busy, bustling age! We are apt to think that our rank or place in life is settled by the intensity and ceaselessness of our physical life. We stunt our minds and our spiritual being lacks richness of blood. It is impossible for us to attain the full measure of the life for which we were intended, and we fail to grasp "the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Would you attain a well rounded, useful, happy life? Then note well the lesson of the Master. Daily send your multitudes away, if only for a few minutes, then go apart for silent communion with God. When even comes, before you sleep, let it always find you alone with God, your Father, who watches over you through the hours of the night.—Rev. Henry Motet.

Lesson for the Christian.
A Newfoundland dog was in the habit of fighting with a mastiff when-

ever they met. One day, as they were having a fierce battle on the pier, both rolled over into the sea. The cold plunge cooled their fury, and each dog began to make for land as best he could. The Newfoundland, being a splendid swimmer, was soon safely ashore at a part of the pier approached by steps. Here he stood attentively watching his enemy, the mastiff, who, being no swimmer, was struggling in the water ready to sink. As soon as the Newfoundland understood the danger, in he dashed, took the other gently by the collar and brought him safely to shore. After this they never fought again, but became fast friends. They were always together, and when the Newfoundland was accidentally killed on the railway the other dog mourned his loss, and for a long time refused to be comforted. Do not these noble dogs set us an example, and does not the story teach us a fine lesson? In our brother's time of trouble we should forget everything but his suffering. In our enemy's distress we should remember nothing but his need. In this way we may change him into a friend.

On Regretting Our Mistakes.

Probably the one thing that does the most to make men and women grow old and to wear out the springs of energy, is the habit of turning over in mind what might have been. We brood over past mistakes and see how at some turning point we made a wrong choice, and then harass ourselves unceasingly by imagining what we would have gained if we had taken the other path. Somehow we cannot get the bright alternative out of mind, and its very brightness makes the conditions in which we live abnormally dark. Sometimes we doubt whether forebodings as to what may come, or regrets for what might have been, do the more to cloud and depress sensitive spirits. But this is a case in which philosophy and faith should be permitted to have their say. Suppose you had made a better choice at that crisis, there is no certainty that you would have continued to make wise choices to the end of the chapter and subsequent mistakes might have been as ruinous as the one you now deplore. Furthermore, no amount of regret is going to bring back the lost opportunity. You have to take things as they are, and the very weakening of your powers through vain regrets will certainly prevent your making the best uses of your present opportunities. Above all, it is not in man that walketh to direct steps. If there is a God, we certainly are in his hands, and the final issues of life are certainly with him. Very often, even in this life, we come to see that what we deemed to be errors were working out higher purposes of good. The faith that all things, even our blunders and mistakes, work together for good to those who love God, is not to be reserved for hours of devotion, but to be taken into the interpretation of daily life.

The Offending Member.

A young man who lives on a farm in Kentucky, was out setting traps one evening for coons, when, by accident, he got his finger caught in the trap. It was an ingenious trap, made by a hole bored into a large log, and nails driven in so that if the animal put his paw in for the bait, he would catch on them, and the more he tried to get away the worse he would be off. The boy caught his own finger, and found it impossible to get it out. He stayed all night on the log, and to his horror found the next morning that the water was rising in the river, and that he would soon be swept out on that log, and that would mean drowning sure, so he took his knife in the other hand and cut off his finger to save his life. This is a grim story, but no more deadly serious than those words of Jesus which tell us that it is better for a man to cut off his right hand, or pluck out his right eye, than to lose his soul. Better to give up any habit, however dear it may be, than to lose eternal life.—Intelligencer.

God's Guiding Providence.

What the story of Joseph was in the Old Testament, that of Paul's experiences from his last visit to Jerusalem to the end of the Acts in the New Testament—a striking illustration of God's guiding providence over His children, and of their faith and courage and true living amid great trials and temptations. It sometimes seems that we look upon life as one might look upon a chess-board in which the pieces played the games themselves. Now it is a knight, now it is a castle, now it is a king that moves; and why they move back and forth, and what the end of it all will be, we are puzzled to determine. But these great historians of the past saw God's hand on the chessmen, saw Him moving them, and knew that at the end white would checkmate-black and sweep the black off from the conquered board.

The Christian Calling.

The true calling of a Christian is not to do extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things in an extraordinary way. The most trivial tasks can be accomplished in a noble, gentle, regal spirit, which overrides and puts aside all petty, paltry feelings and which elevates all things.—Dean Stanley.

WEAR TINTED DRESS SUITS.

Brave Young Men of London in Coats of Blue, Green and Crimson.
Several courageous society men in London are endeavoring to introduce the fashion of wearing colored evening dress suits in order to relieve the somber appearance of ballrooms, where men wear the conventional black.
A number of men have recently appeared at dances wearing plum-colored coats, while others wore bright blue, green and crimson coats.
There is little likelihood that the fashion will be adopted, the modesty of the average man forbidding his wearing rainbow-hued clothing.
While fashionable men, however, taboo colored dress coats, they are now wearing gorgeous waistcoats, glaring reds and blues and greens relieving the somber coats and trousers.—New York Journal.

Marvels of Memory.

The newspapers are telling of the remarkable feat of a postal clerk who in a civil service examination did not make a single error in properly sorting 42,000 test postal cards, each representing a postoffice in a certain territory assigned. This was done at the rate of thirty-three and one-half cards a minute. Far more noteworthy is the memory of an expert piano player, who will play an entire season's concert without a note of printed music before him. His memory is so perfect that hundreds of thousands of notes must be at the orderly and instant disposal of the will. And this is combined with a multiplicity of synchronous recollections of timbre, tempo, expression, etc. The mystery is at present past the hinting of any explanation, and this fact is as beautiful as it is appalling. It shows us how far we are from any real science of psychology.—American Medicine.

Ariel Toucan.



There are lots of birds with Roman profiles, but in a beauty contest of "crooked beaks" the ariel toucan of Mexico would carry off the worm. They are beautifully colored in red, yellow, black and white in contrasting colors.

"Eve's Apple Tree."

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit" or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful, and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mahometans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, and to warn men against its noxious properties.

A Contemptible Marquis.

The marquis of Bute, one of the few unmarried Englishmen with splendid titles, is reported to be planning a trip to this country. His lordship is only 22 years old, and he has never publicly declared that he has no intention of marrying. But unfortunately the marquis has no castles that need roofing or in which the plumbing requires repairs.

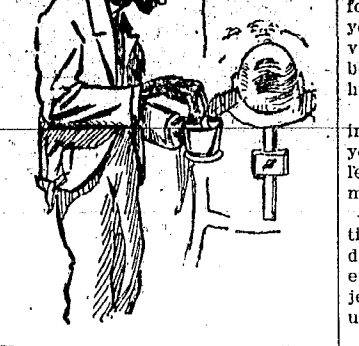


His vast estates are free from mortgages and he doesn't find it necessary to hide from his tailors. In fact he owns great estates in England, Scotland and Wales, is estimated to be worth \$75,000,000, and is coming over here, not in search of a beautiful heiress, but for the purpose of shooting big game in the Rocky mountains. Of what use is such a miserable marquis in this world, anyway?—Chicago Record-Herald.

Deepest Bore Hole.

The deepest bore hole in the world is one of 6,571 feet below the surface of the soil made at Parushowitz, near Rybrik, Upper Silesia. The previous record for depth was a 5,738 foot hole drilled some years ago at Schladebach, near Leipzig in Saxony. The latter bore hole was made in search for coal measures, and eighty-three separate seams, some of considerable thickness, were penetrated.

THE LUCK of RASTUS



"Yes, Suh, I suttlenly does b'lieve in luck, Suh," said Rastus, wiping the lather out of his victim's eye and spreading a fresh layer on his bristly chin. "Some folks says dey ain't no sech 'ting as luck. Huh! Dem's de very folks dat ain't nevah had no luck. Dat's why dey don't believe in it. Dat's right, Suh. Ain't I got a neat l'il business heah? Don't I make moah in a week den most cullud folks makes in a month? Well, Suh, it all come from a stroke uv luck—jest pure, plain, eve'yday luck. Like to heah all about it, you say, Suh? Suttlenly I'll tell you."

"When I fust struck N'York I warn't worth a dollar. All I could get was a ole close job—goin' round buyin' up ole close, you know, Suh, an' hollerin' 'Cash paid.'
"De man I worked for larnt me how to clean and press close, which I done rainy days. Dat where luck struck me one day when I was brushin' up a mighty nice black coat dat warn't hardly worn none, but had got too l'il for de gone dat owned it. I turned de pockets inside out an' had started to press it when I felt sumpin' rattle twist de linin' an' de tail of de coat. It was a letter, done sealed an' stamped an' addressed to a lady over in Eighty-first street.

"You know, Suh, de funder keeps. I didn't let my boss see dat letter, but made out to spell through it myself. It was a sure enough love letter tellin' de lady dat Mr. Jack Winters had done make up his mind to go to Brazil de very next day an' he just couldn't go widout tellin' her how much he love her. It sure was a purty letter. Peared like dey had a sort of fuss an' Mr. Jack Winters was 'mild' an' anxious to make up, but was feared de lady warn't uv dat opinion. He didn't ax her it write back. Stead of dat he tell her to be down at de ward de next afternoon to bid him good-bye so's he know by dat whether she give him any hope for de future. De date was elsh months old, so it look like a losin' job to waste any time deliverin' dat letter, but I jest thought I'd try an' see what come uv it, so I went ovah to dat address dat ve'y evenin'.

"Well, Suh, I found de young lady sure enough—a powerful purty girl she was, too, but she didn't look to say real happy, spite uv her good looks. She hadn't no moah den glanced at it

fore she jumped up an' said: 'Maw, you gottor help me cancel all dem invites, right quick, 'cause dey won't be no reception heah to-night. Do hurry!'
"De ole lady looked like she'd drop in a faint. 'What on earth done all you, Grace?' she ax. 'What's in dat letter?' Lemme read it dis very mint.'
"De young lady didn't pay no 'tention a tall. She set down fore her desk an' writ fast den I evah see anybody chase a pen, an' in jest about five minits she had a pile uv notes ready for me to 'tribute.
"I'll give you a dollar apiece to deliver dem letters,' she says. 'Don't fergit a single one, 'cause de matiah is ve'y impohtant.'
"Well, Suh, mebbe I didn't hustle. Dey was eighteen notes to deliver, an' I done it all inside uv two hours. When de folks axed questions I say, like de lady told me, 'Miss Grace ain't well.' Dat's all she say foh me to tell 'em. At 9 o'clock I was back an' she gimme eighteen dollars sure enough in spite of her maw's objections, which was ve'y strong, for de ole lady was still mad as a hornet. 'Now,' says de young lady, 'I got one moah letter for you to take care uv, an' when I gits de answer you're goin' to heah from me right off, so leave me your address so's I can write to you.'
"Well, Suh, dat last letter was addressed to Mr. Jack Winters in Brazil—de answer to de one I found in de coat. Long about five weeks later, when I'd begun to tink Mr. Jack Winters never got his letter after all, here come a note from de young lady sayin' she wanted me to call at a certain office down town, where I'd find sumpin' to interest me. What you s'pose I found? Five nice new five dollar bills, sure as you're bawn, Suh. De gent dat handed 'em to me said Mr. Jack Winters ordered de money to be delivered to me. He said he was Mr. Jack's brother, an' de ve'y man what fergot to mail dat letter, not dat he acedually plum fergot, but when he looked in his pocket an' found it gone he jest natchally 'lowed he'd done dropped it wid oder letters in de box, an' never give it nooder thought.
"De said Miss Grace come mighty near sein' persuaded into havin' a fadder man dat she as well as promised her maw to take dat ve'y night I brung her de letter what brung uv de jobby. He mentioned dat Miss Grace an' Mr. Jack aimed to get married soon as he could git back from Brazil.
"Well, Suh, dem forty-three dollars bought out de painter uv de man what uster run dis barber shop when it warn't what it am now. I tested strictly to business for six months, when I bought out de ole painter an' set up for myself. Dat warn't no moah'n two years ago. You see for youself, Suh, how well I done. It all come from fadin' dat letter. I dat warn't luck what was it, Suh?'—New York Times.

He Kept His Promise

"Seeking of human interest stories," said a reporter the other day to a group of newspaper men—"four years ago I was shorthand reporter in the district attorney's office of Alameda county and had a desk in the same room with the genial Harry Melvin, at present the well-known Superior judge of Alameda county. Late one afternoon a wealthy female client, whose acts of generosity were about as frequent as hens' teeth, called and said that a family occupying a Fruitvale house of hers was behind in the rent and she wished them ejected. She said the head of the family was an upholsterer and although claiming to be ill was, in fact, too lazy to work, and for us not to be imposed upon by him, as he was shamming. Judge Melvin made out the usual legal notice, giving the tenant three days to leave or suffer ejection, and asked me if I would serve the paper. I consented, and upon reaching the house in question I was ushered into the main room of the dwelling by a poorly dressed Spanish woman. It took but a glance to see that poverty and illness were in full control. None of the signs were missing. An old German, the master of the house, lay upon a ragged lounge in a corner of the otherwise bare room and the look on his

face was that of resigned despair that follows illness, but with the recognition that illness had won in the end. He turned an inquiring look in my direction and feebly asked my business. I stammered something about the paper I had to serve, but quickly added that I was sure there was some mistake and that the conditions were not known to the house owner, although I knew that I was lying and that they were well known, or she would not have given such explicit directions. In answer the invalid simply said: "Tell her I shall go as she orders within the next three days." I hurried back to the office and informed Melvin that the man was almost beyond the reach even of charity. He was shocked and said that in the morning something must be done at once to relieve the unfortunate. But before anything could be done in the morning word was received that the man was dead. He had gone before his three days were up. The next day the landlady called at the office and inquired: "Well, did you give him my notice to quit?" I said I did. She said: "And has he done so?" I said "Yes." "Ah," she said, "that's good. Where did he go to?" I answered: "I don't know, madam, but you and he will never meet in this life or the next."—San Francisco Call.

Quaint French Town

It seems hardly credible that not more than thirty minutes from the noise and bustle of Paris there lies a village that is so quiet, so peaceful, and so old-fashioned that one would imagine one's self at least a hundred miles away from the gay capital. Here at this village, La Frette by name, and about fifteen minutes' walk from Cormeilles, preparations for midday and evening repasts have to be made very early in the morning, for no such thing as a cafe is near, and the walk to Cormeilles is one which one considers twice before taking, for it is up steep and rough roads. So daily, butcher, baker and green grocer pass this quaint place, and the villagers gather about the tradesmen and make their purchases.
They also buy clothes in this manner, and may often be seen trying on bonnets, dresses and boots in the middle of the street. From a scenic point

of view, all artists have agreed that there is no place to equal La Frette. To the left of the village is the park of Maisons Lafitte, and facing the park is Cartrouville, which opposite lies the forest of St. Germain, in all its splendor. To the right is Herblay, quite an important place, whose church is visible for miles along the Seine. La Frette itself has the quaintest villagers possible. Many of them speak worse French than those of the Midi, and it is an event when one makes a journey to the capital. They are thriftest of the thrifty. Only a short time ago one of the peasants gave his daughter 250,000 francs on her wedding day, and another is to receive the same amount on her approaching marriage. And yet this man, who must be worth 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 francs, lives in a patched-up house and digs in the fields from early morning till late at night.

LOVE'S SONG OF LIFE.

Love is no bird of paradise,
No eagle that outstares the sun,
No peacock that displays its vice
Of vanity to everyone;
Love is no wren that flits and flits—
From lawn to hedge, from bush to tree;
Love is no painted bird that sits
Caged in a home of luxury.

Love is the common, homely thrush
That knows no artificial note,
Whose golden-hearted lyrics gush
And flood the air wherever they float
With music that is musical.
With music that no gold can buy;
What means his song extemporal,
Who knows so well as you and I?

He sings that it is good to live,
That love of life makes melody;
That earth has nothing more to give
Than what has come to you and me;
The glad thrush in his quiet bower
Flutes forth his message rhythmical,
Through rain and shine and sun and
shower,
That love, dear heart, is best of all.
—Pall Mall Gazette.



TRINKET'S COLT

By E. O. SUMMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS
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IN THREE PARTS PART ONE

It was petty sessions day in Skebawn, a cold, gray day of February. A case of trespass had dragged its burden of cross summouses and cross swearing far into the afternoon, and when I left the bench my head was singing from the howling of the attorneys, and the smell of their clients was heavy upon my palate.

The streets testified to the fact that it was market day, and I evaded with difficulty the sinuous course of carts full of sodden people, and steered an equally devious one for myself among the groups anchored round the doors of public houses. Skebawn possesses, among its legion of public houses, one establishment which timorously, and almost imperceptibly, proffers tea to the thirsty. I turned in there, as was my custom on court days, and found the little dingy den, known as the Ladies' Coffee-Shop, in the occupancy of my friend Florence McCarthy-Knox, who was drinking strong tea and eating buns with serious simplicity.

"You're the very man I wanted to see," I said as I sat down beside him at the oilcloth covered table. "A man I know in England, who is not much of a judge of character, has asked me to buy him a four-year-old down here, and as I should rather be sure of a friend than a dealer, I wish you'd take over the job."

Flurry poured himself out another cup of tea, and dropped three lumps of sugar into it in silence.

Finally he said, "There isn't a four-year-old in this country that I'd be seen dead with at a pig fair."

The room in which we were seated was closely screened from the shop by a door with a muslin-curtained window in it. Several of the panes were broken, and at this juncture two voices that had for some time carried on a discussion forced themselves upon our attention.

"Begging your pardon for contradicting you, ma'am," said the voice of Mrs. McDonald, proprietress of the teashop, and a leading light in Skebawn Dissenting circles, shrilly tremulous with indignation; "if the servants I recommend you won't stop with you it's no fault of mine. If respectable young girls are set picking grass out of your gravel in place of their proper work, certainly they will give warning."

The voice that replied struck me as being a notable one, well bred and imperious.

"When I take a barefooted slut out of a cabin I don't expect her to dictate to me what her duties are."

Flurry jerked up his chin in a noiseless laugh. "It's my grandmother," he whispered. "I bet you Mrs. MacDonalld don't get much change out of her."

"If I set her to clean the pigsty I expect her to obey me," continued the



"There isn't a four-year-old in this country that I'd be seen dead with at a pig fair."

voice in accents that would have made me clean forty pigstys had she desired me to do so.

"Very well, ma'am," retorted Mrs. McDonald; "if that's the way you treat your servants you needn't come here again looking for them. I consider your conduct is neither that of a lady nor a Christian."

"Don't you, indeed?" replied Flurry's grandmother. "Well, your opinion doesn't greatly distress me, for, to tell you the truth, I don't think you're much of a judge."

"Didn't I tell you she'd score?" murmured Flurry, who was by this time applying his eye to a hole in the muslin curtain. "She's off," he went on, returning to his tea. "She's a great character! She's 82 if she's a day, and she's as sound on her legs as a three-year-old! Did you see that old syandryden of hers in the street a while ago, and a fellow on the box with a red beard on him like Robinson Crusoe? That old mare that was on the near side—Trinket her name is—is mighty near clean bred. I can tell



A short, upright, old woman was approaching, preceded by a white, woolly dog with sore eyes and a bark like a trumpet.

"I had heard of old Mrs. Knox of Aussolas; indeed, I had seldom dined out in the neighborhood without hearing some new story of her and her remarkable menage, but it had not yet been my privilege to meet her."

"Well, now," went on Flurry in his slow voice, "I'll tell you a thing that's just come into my head. My grandmother promised me a foal of Trinket's the day I was one and twenty, and that's five years ago, and deuce a one I've got from her yet. You never were at Aussolas? No; you were not. Well, I tell you the place there is like a circus with horses. She has a couple of score of them running wild in the woods, like deer."

"Oh, come," I said, "I'm a bit of a liar myself—"

"Well, she has a dozen of them, anyhow, rattling good colts, too, some of them, but they might as well be donkeys, for all the good they are to me or any one. It's not once in three years she sells one, and there she has them walking after her for bits of sugar, like a lot of dirty lapdogs," ended Flurry with disgust.

"Well, what's your plan? Do you want me to make her a bid for one of the lapdogs?"

"I was thinking," replied Flurry, with great deliberation, "that my birthday's next week, and maybe I could work a four-year-old colt of Trinket's she has out of her in honor of the occasion."

"And sell your grandmother's birthday present to me?"

"Just that, I suppose," answered Flurry with a slow wink.

A few days afterward a letter from Mr. Knox informed me that he had "squared the old lady, and it would be all right about the colt." He further told me that Mrs. Knox had been good enough to offer me, with him, a day's snipe shooting on the celebrated Aussolas bogs, and he proposed to drive me there the following Monday, if convenient. Most people found it convenient to shoot the Aussolas snipe bog when they got the chance. Eight o'clock on the following Monday morning saw Flurry, myself and a groom packed into a dogcart, with portmanteaus, gun cases and two rampant red setters. It was a long drive, twelve miles at least, and a very cold one.

The tall gates of Aussolas shrieked on their hinges as they admitted us, and shut with a clang behind us in the faces of an old mare and a couple of young horses, who, felled in their break for the excitements of the outer world, turned and galloped defiantly on either side of us. Flurry's admirable cob hammered on, regardless of all things save his duty.

"He is the only one I have that I'd

tor, picking him approvingly with the whip; "there are plenty of people afraid to come here at all, and when my grandmother goes out drying she has a boy on the box with a basketfull of stones to peg at them. Talk of the Dickens, here she is herself!"

A short upright old woman was approaching preceded by a white, woolly dog with sore eyes and a bark like a tin trumpet; we both got out of the trap and advanced to meet the lady of the manor.

"I am very glad to meet you, Major Yeates," she said, with an old-fashioned precision of utterance. "Your grandfather was a dancing partner of mine in old days at the castle when he was a handsome young aid-de-camp there, and I was—you may judge for yourself what I was."

She ended with a startling little hoot of laughter, and I was aware that she quite realized the world's opinion of her, and was indifferent to it.

Our way to the bogs took up across Mrs. Knox's home farm, and through a large field in which several young horses were grazing.

"There, now, that's my fellow," said Flurry, pointing to a fine-looking colt; "the chestnut with the white diamond on his forehead. He'll run into three figures before he's done; but we'll not tell that to the old lady."

The sunset had waned and a big white moon was making the eastern tower of Aussolas look like a thing in a fairy tale or a play when we arrived at the hall door. An individual, whom I recognized as the Robinson Crusoe coachman, admitted us to a hall the like of which one does not often see. The walls were paneled with dark oak up to the gallery that ran around three sides of it, the balusters on the wide staircase were heavily carved, and blackened portrait of Flurry's ancestors on the spindle side stared sourly down on their descendant as he tramped upstairs with the bog mold on his hobnailed boots.

(To be continued.)

A JEWEL OF A SERVANT.

Boy's Tact and Discretion Endeared Him to Club Members.

"Speaking of the importance of having servants of trained discretion," said the out-of-town member, "reminds me of a hallboy, once in the employ of a famous New Orleans club to which I had the honor to belong. Well, gentlemen, that boy was tact and discretion itself. Wherefore, you may be sure, he did not long remain in that humble status. An instance which I have in mind—and this is but one of many—will suffice to give you an idea of what a jewel of a servant that boy was."

"One evening while passing down the hall I overheard the boy answering a phone call. Of course, I could not know precisely what questions prompted the lady's responses, but I caught enough of his conversation to enable me to reach the decision that for real discretion that boy was unapproached in his line."

"No, madam, no, madam," was the reply that his questioner elicited from him several times. Then, after a bit, with not the least trace of impatience or of impertinence, he had quietly informed the lady at the other end of the wire:

"Yes, madam, I caught the name; but really even if I had not done so it would not make any difference, for, ma'am, no one's husband is over at this club!"

Home for Aged Master Masons.

The Masons of Pennsylvania will erect and maintain a home for Master Masons, their widows, and children. It will be placed near the central part of the state—perhaps at Cresson, the once famous mountain resort. To the support of this home will come the full aid of the Grand Lodge of the state. This support was pledged at the quarterly communication of the Grand Lodge in the Masonic Temple. The plan to have a central Masonic Home originated with the present Grand Master, Edgar A. Tennis. It is believed that the managers of the Masonic Home of Pennsylvania, who now control the home on North Broad street, and who have charge of what is known as the "William L. Elkins bequest for orphan girls" of Masons, will fall into line and support the proposition to have a central home.—Philadelphia Public Ledger

The Lost Sheep.

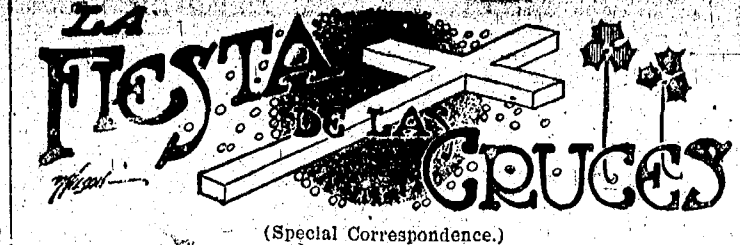
De massa ob de sheepfol bin.
Dat guard de sheepfol bin.
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hircin' shep d.
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
Oh, den says the hircin' shep d.
"Dey's some, dey's big, an' thin,
And some, dey's po' ob wedda's,
But de res' dey's all bring in—
But de res' dey's all bring in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol bin.
Dat guard de sheepfol bin.
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol,
"Callin' sof, 'Come in, come in!'
"Callin' sof, 'Come in, come in!'"

Den up tro' de gloomerin' meadows,
Tro' de col' night rain and win,
And up tro' de gloomerin' rain-paf,
Whar de sleet fa' pic'in, thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol
Dey all comes gadderin' in,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol
Dey all comes gadderin' in.
—Sally Pratt M'Lean

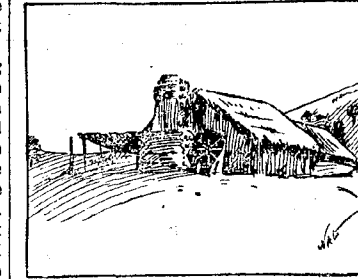
He Was Feeding the Fish.

Joseph Jefferson, the famous comedian, has stocked the lake on his Louisiana farm with bass and other game fish. "Not long ago," says the comedian, "I came upon a stranger fishing in my lake. I did not learn until afterwards that the trespasser had been there all the afternoon without a bite. Stepping to his side, I politely invited his attention to the fact that he was fishing in a private preserve, in violation of the law. The stranger smiled sadly. 'You are mistaken, sir,' he replied. 'I'm not catching your fish; I'm feeding them!'"



(Special Correspondence.)

On Nov. 14 the scattered Indians of the fast dwindling Santa Ysabel tribe in California, together with a number of their friends, from Mesa Grande, Anahuac and Capitan Grande, celebrated one of their characteristic fiestas. This kind of fiesta is a combination of the old-fashioned harvest home, Fourth of July and Thanksgiving. It celebrated the successful ending of the harvest season, and corresponds to the corn feasts of the Yumas, with the church ritual added. Santa Ysabel at one time contained the largest village of Indians probably in San Diego county, and according to ancient white-haired Indians, they were as countless as the ants. To think of that peaceful dairy



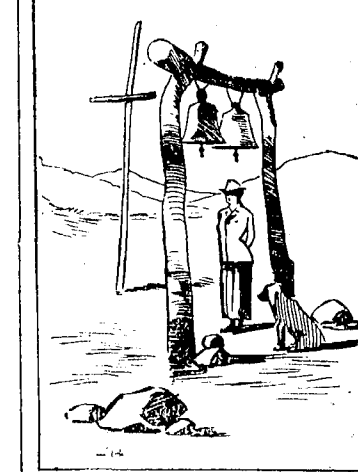
A Santa Ysabel Home.

ranch, with its hundreds of cattle, large modern creameries, barns and outbuildings, overrun by hordes of long-haired, naked savages, is a far stretch of the imagination, but the greater number of mortar holes and the tales of early pioneers leave no room for doubt.—Of this once thriving village, only two houses remain inhabited to-day, the rest having fallen in ruins, marked only by a mound of earth, and most times not even that. Of the old church only a fragment of wall remains, and this is annually covered by a ramada, or brush shelter, in which services are held occasionally. But the real glory and pride of the Santa Ysabels, their old mission bells, remain to-day, as sweet-toned as when they were cast, nearly 140 years ago, in old Spain. Each of these bells weighs about 400 pounds, and when it is remembered that they were brought up from San Diego nearly a century ago, on the backs of Indians, over fifty miles, without stop, one can imagine the power the old padres exercised over the simple, superstitious savages.

For a week previous to the fiesta the hat is passed around, and collections secured, to the amount of sometimes fifty or more dollars, coffee, beans, etc., with which to feed all the invited guests during the continuance of the good time.

From early dawn till dewy eve on the 14th the Indians kept arriving from different parts of the country, in all kinds of rigs, and on all sorts of mounts, although it is to be remarked that most of the horses seemed well fed and in excellent condition. Some of the late comers had gazed too fully on the wine when it was red, and were inclined to be hilarious.

As relay after relay arrived they were fed and turned loose to make room for more. At sundown the people all gathered near the remnant of a once vigorous old sycamore on the banks of the beautiful Santa Ysabel creek, and there three crosses were brought to them by Salvador Duro, the master of ceremonies. These crosses were made of the heads of wheat in the form of a Greek cross, and fastened to long sticks, and were borne at the head of a procession, which immediately formed, and walked bareheaded toward the church, chanting and going through a responsive service. During this time the bell ringer kept up an incessant jangle of sweet sounds, while many of the young men shot off pistols and guns in a somewhat reckless manner, and one industrious Indian kept setting off sticks of giant pow-



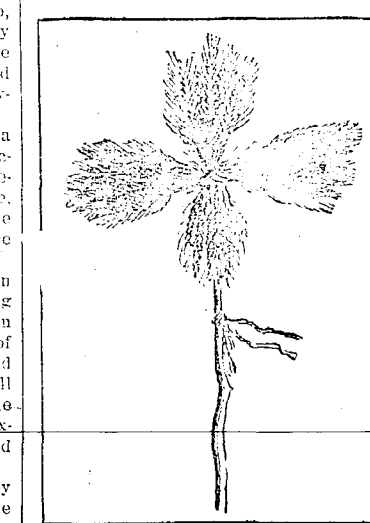
The Mission Bells.

Just in advance of the procession. Here was a religious ceremonial partaking of the characteristics of a Fourth of July celebration. The crosses were deposited in the church, and more formulae were gone through with. When this was concluded, the Indians began to celebrate in good earnest, and red poison circulated freely the whole night long.

One of their old games of pool was played, but drunks became so numerous and unruly that the policeman and his deputy had their hands full. An old adobe hut with grass roof was improvised as a calaboose, and the

policeman felled his prisoners as fast as they needed his services. But at the very outset a difficult problem had to be met and overcome before the jail could be made servicable. The door was a light, flimsy affair, with no very good fastenings, and either this had to be strengthened or the jail idea abandoned. But for an ingenious idea, which would have reflected credit on a Connecticut Yankee, the latter calamity would have befallen. By removing all the boots and shoes before incarceration all danger of an outbreak was avoided. This was forthwith put into execution, and the bootless and sockless contingent of the fiesta were ruthlessly thrust into the jail to sleep off their drunken debauch, while a marvelous array of footgear grew into a fearful and wonderful pyramid outside, an exhibition that would make some of our esthetic shoe merchants green with envy. Ten or more were corded up inside, and the old jail could hold no more, and many applicants had to go jailless, a very deplorable state of affairs.

Events proceeded at this rapid pace all night, and probably three fourths of the males were more or less intoxicated, some lying around sleeping off their booze, and others making a noble but fruitless effort to stand erect. As soon as the eastern sky began to lighten, the pots and ollas were over the campfires, cooking the balance of the rations, and soon the savory odors of coffee, beans, beotes and biscuits began to permeate the redolent atmosphere. It seemed to penetrate the jail and revive the dormant faculties of the prisoners, whose greatest fear seemed to be that they might miss some of the good things whose odor was as the battle smoke to the war horse. As their battering rams were useless, they had to think of some more feasible plan than to smash the door down with their bare feet. They soon began to tear down the tile roof, and soon a wild, frowsy head came through, followed by a body, and this by another, until the door had to be unfastened to protect the entire roof from being torn down. The prisoners poured out pretty mad,



Cross Carried in the Procession.

but nearly if not quite sober. The footgear was finally distributed and adjusted, and all went "merry as a marriage bell."

At noon most of the people had dispersed, and by night the place was entirely deserted, save by the silver-tongued mission bells from far-off Spain.

Historic Church Restored.

A religious ceremony has just been performed in a remarkable church in the heart of Milton Abbey Woods, Dorset, England. The little church was erected there in the year 938 by King Athelstan and dedicated to St. Catherine, and until the reformation was regularly used by the monks of Milton. Thereafter it fell into disuse, and in process of time into desecration. In turn it was utilized as a pigeon-house, as a laborer's cottage, as a carpenter's shop and as a lumber store, and was rapidly falling into decay when Everard Hambro, the lord of the manor, resolved to restore it. The restoration was completed about a week ago, but has been so reverently done that most of the old Saxon, Norman and perpendicular work it contained remains intact, and an incised "Indulgence" inscription on its south door has been perfectly preserved.

Good Use for Automobiles.

Russia, first of European countries, intends to put automobiles to a practical use by organizing a service of them on the coast road that leads from Novorossisk to Soukhoum-Kale, in Transcaucasia. This is a road, none too wide, that dips into deep ravines and runs for the most part between tree-clad mountain slopes and the Black sea, whose waves whiten at the foot of an embankment many feet below. There is little protection on the sea side, at any rate—though there is sometimes a barbed wire fence—and the road, of course, is not lit at night. But it is a fine and useful piece of work, facilitating communication in a difficult country, which even in summer is visited only twice a week by steamers coming from Odessa. Automobiles are comparatively rare in Russia, though there are at least three factories where they are made.

Londoners Propose to Educate Bivalves to Breathe Pure Air.

"A school for oysters," said a dealer in fish in London's great market for the finny and crustacean tribes, "is an institution that you would be positive could not exist, for oysters are notorious for their stupidity. It is, however, a fact that there are many oyster schools. Years ago certain wise fish-dealers discovered that if you take an oyster sudder from his subaqueous bed it opens its shell, whereupon the life-giving water inside it all escapes and the oyster dies."

"But if you expose an oyster to the air gradually, lifting it out of the water for a few minutes and then returning it again, it gradually learns that to keep its shell closed when out of the water is the best thing for its health. These investigators found that they could take two oysters, one trained and one untrained, and the trained oyster, keeping its shell closed while out of the water, would live a long time, while the untrained one, opening its shell, would die in a few hours. Therefore, training schools are in appearance nothing more than reservoirs full of water. Oysters are put in them and the water is drained off and then returned again. It is kept off for a few minutes, then for half an hour, and so on. Oysters in these schools learn that they will live longest and keep healthiest out of water if they keep the shells tight shut. As soon as they learn this their education is finished."

NONE BUT THE RICH THERE.

London's Garrick Club is Composed of Men High in the Social World.

Sir Henry Irving is one of the four London actors who belong to the Garrick club. The others are Toole the comedian, Sir Charles Wyndham and Squire Bancroft. The Garrick club is more the home of literary men and financiers and noblemen. The king is its president and the duke of Fife one of its members. It is famous among other things for its remarkable wines. All of these were purchased in the cask forty years ago, and they are sold to-day in the club at the same tariff as if they were of this year's vintage, instead of some of them, such as the clarets, sherries, madeiras and ports, being almost priceless.

The club has been the home for many years of a set of old London bachelors and widowers without collateral relatives, who enjoy its cuisine and its wines. They are very much on the pattern of Maj. Pendennis, and are well known in London society. Several of these dying, have left their fortunes to the club. The result is that the organization is very wealthy, and if tomorrow it should be dissolved each member would receive quite a handsome legacy as his share of the club assets. Nearly all the London clubs are organized on this plan, and there are in the older and more celebrated ones few instances of extra assessments—a common proceeding in New York organizations, with the exception of a very few.—New York Times.

For a Mother's Birthday.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast known
A mother's love and tender care;
And Thou wilt hear, while for my own
Mother's most dear I make this birthday prayer.

Protect her life, I pray,
Who gave the gift of life to me;
And may she know, from day to day,
The deepening glow of life that comes from Thee.

As once upon her breast
Fearless and content I lay,
So let her heart, on Thee at rest,
Peel fears depart and troubles fade away.

Her every wish fulfill;
And even if Thou must refuse
In anything let Thy wise will
A comfort bring such as kind mothers use.

Ah, hold her by the hand,
As once her hand held mine;
And though she may not understand
Life's winding way, lead her in peace divine.

I cannot pay my debt
For all the love that she has given;
But Thou, O love, Lord, wilt not forget
Her due reward—bless her in earth and Heaven.
—Henry Van Dyke in The Outlook.

—Didn't Have to Stick to Text.

Thomas Nelson Page brought a good example of the negro's peculiar and particular theological bent to town with him and retailed it the other night at the Southern society dinner. There was an old darky preacher who would never become ordained, he said, but was content to remain just an exhorter. This seemed rather strange to some of his congregation, and one day they asked him about it. "Well, it's dis way," said he. "When you's a preacher, you's gotter have a tex' an' stick right close to it, but if you's only a exhorter, you kin branch."

Full Dress Was Foreign.

When one of Mark Twain's daughters was a wee miss she gave evidence of unconscious humor that delighted her father. As a reward for being good she was once allowed her first peep at an evening party. Apparently of the many unfamiliar sights the "decollate gowns of the women impressed her the most. She gazed at the wearers long and wonderingly, and then, pulling her mother aside, asked in an awe-stricken whisper: "Mother, what country did they come from?"

American Electric Lines.

A recent report of the Census Bureau shows that at the present time there are 22,577 miles of electric railway in the United States, operated by 987 companies, with a par value of capital stock and outstanding funded debt of \$2,300,000,000. They use 1,298,000 horsepower, haul 5,900,000,000 passengers, and have 119,641 employes.

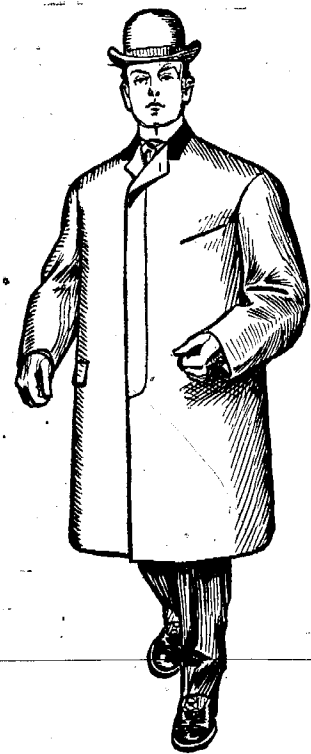
East Jordan Company's Store.

MIDWINTER SALE

Of Seasonable Merchandise.

- 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 1/3 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 corduroy 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

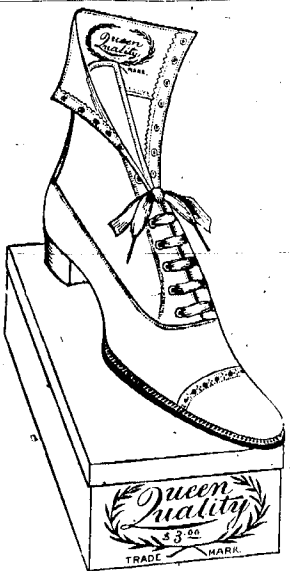
Shoes for Ladies

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

Shoes for Children.

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

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



Grocery Dept.

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

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

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Charlevoix County Herald

R. L. Lorraine, Publisher.

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

IN QUEST OF KATE

By MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McTure

He stooped and picked it up—a lace edged cubweb handkerchief, daintily fragrant and marked with a daintily embroidered "Kate."

Harper watched the couples gliding by him. "Jane—Gladys—Anne," he murmured. "Dorothy—Isabel—Ruth. Now, which of the hundred I don't know is Kate? Kate!" he repeated musingly.

The music stopped with a crash, and the young lawyer mingled with the promenading throng, a frowning, preoccupied expression in his eyes.

"Look at that coat of Ted Harper's, Miss Cavanaugh," drawled a gilded youth to his companion. "He cares as little for clothes that fit as I!"

"For anything else, Reggie," she completed. "He's too good looking to need to care. He's like the lilies. Not that he doesn't toil and spin," she added quickly. "He's worth a dozen of you lazy society boys—is Theodore Harper?"

Her voice was low, but the passing owner of the name turned suddenly and came back with outstretched hand.

"Rena! I was afraid you hadn't come. Can't I have this dance?" "I saved it for you, Ted. And we'll talk—I know you'd rather."

"Good girl!" he replied gratefully as he escorted her to the moonlit piazza. There, with the music softened by distance, he was content. He even forgot the mystery of Kate while he and Rena laughed and chatted.

"Now that you are getting rich and famous, Teddy, you ought to marry. You're plenty old enough—I know your age to a minute."

"And I yours, my dear! I haven't forgotten being dragged to see you when you were three weeks old nor how I cried when our mothers made me kiss you!"

"Poor boy! It has been a long friendship, Ted. It would have broken my heart if you had taken whittled fingers and love affairs to any other girl."

"Oh, by love, that reminds me! I'm in love again, Rena!" Rena's silvery laugh was anything but credulous.

"I am, honestly. Aren't you interested this time?" "Profoundly! Who is the happy lady?"

"Her name is Kate." "Kate—what?" "I don't know."

"Well, really, Teddy, what do you know about her?" "This," said Harper, laying something in her soft hand. Rena held the handkerchief up to the moonlight.

"You always were susceptible, Ted, but—to fall in love with a bit of linen and lace?"

"I haven't. It's the suggestion, the atmosphere, the—the—" "The Violette de Parme?" suggested Rena helpfully. "We all use it, you know."

"Rena, you're heartless! Pff counted on your help."

"Teddy, what is it you want me to do?" "To tell me all the Kates who may possibly have been in this jam tonight. Then I'll devote myself between briefs to narrowing the inquiry."

"Kate Simpson, Kate Ray, Kate"—"Hold on, Rena! One at a time, please."

"Very well, Katie Simpson you ought to know. You went to dancing school with her. She has dimples."

"She's not the Kate I'm after. I remember her now. Dimples in a baby are all right, but—how about Kate Ray?"

"Engaged to Reggie Van Dyke. You know that, of course."

"Of course I didn't. Who next?" "Kate Delemater, a new girl in town; handsome, tall, black eyes, awfully clever. Shall I take you in and introduce you?"

"Thanks, I can wait. I'll have some one of the fellows get permission to take me around for a call. If she doesn't prove to be the real Kate I'll come to you, say Friday, for more clues."

"You might come in any case. I shall be wild to know. Yes, really," in reply to his protest as she arose. "I must go in now."

Harper offered a reluctant arm, and they passed from the freshness of the June night to the glare and gaiety within.

The October evening was cool, and Harper found Rena by a fire of snapping hickory.

"I'm too delightfully weary to rise," she said. "I've been in the country all day. Look!" with a comprehensive wave of her hand. The library was aglow with lavish trusses of color—the orange and scarlet of maple, the crimson of sumac, the purple and russet of oak and beech. "This is my October carnival. I always celebrate when the autumn gets into my blood. (sh. the glory of the woods today, Teddy!" She leaned forward to lay a finger on the coals. The seasoned wood burst into a whirl of blue and yellow flame. Harper watched her face curiously as she talked. "All summer these leaves have been quiet, contented little dreamers. Today they are new creatures, glorious. It's the transfiguration of their lives."

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"The autumn has gone into your blood, Rena. I hardly know you to night."

Her thoughtfulness vanished. "What of Kate?" she laughed. "Oh—Kate! I'm tired of this fold-out about Kate."

"Ungrateful! When I've spent my whole summer finding you Kates."

"You have been very good. The fault is in the Kates." He took a notebook from his pocket and laid it open in her lap, leaning against the back of her chair to look over her shoulder as she ran her finger down the neat list.

"Katie Simpson—dimples; Kate Ray—engaged to Reggie Van Dyke; Kate Delemater—I hardly dare mention her, Teddy!"

"You have reason to blush. You know how I abominate the bohemian girl who smokes cigarettes and is always stopping on the verge."

"Didn't you find her clever and handsome?" "Oh, very! Who next?"

"Kate Randall. Mother suggested her. You did like her a bit, I remember."

"I liked her a great deal. She's a sensible, modest, well behaved young woman. But she's not Kate."

Rena sighed patiently. "What was the matter with Kittle Pomeroy? There isn't a dearer, sweeter, prettier little girl in—"

"I'm not looking for a dear, sweet, pretty little girl."

"What sort of a girl are you looking for, Ted?"

Harper mused in smiling silence, his eyes idly watching a trembling silver butterfly in her hair.

"I think she's tall and has dark eyes. She's well bred, but not conventional. She's honest and kind. She has brains and a sense of humor. She"—He broke off suddenly. "I have it, Rena! Find me a Kate just like you, and I surrender the handkerchief."

"And your heart?" "The light words had an unfamiliar tremor in them, like that of the butterfly's flitree wings. Something sweet and sudden and unforeseen swept over Harper's heart. He was looking down at the leaves in her lap, and fragments of what she had said of them came back to him. "All summer contented dreamers—today new creatures—the transfiguration of their lives—what they have been waiting for all these tranquil weeks."

"Rena!" he whispered, bending lower over the silver butterfly. And then, as she looked up into his face with startled eyes, "I believe it is you I love!" he added simply.

"And Kate?" Her eyes smiled, though her lashes were still wet.

"Kate was an airy nothing." "Dear, stupid boy!" Rising, she crossed the room and brought back a great Bible which she laid on his knee. Perching on the arm of his chair, she opened the volume at the pages of family record and laid a finger on one of the names.

"Katherine, daughter of James and Katherine Cavanaugh, born June—"

"Rena, is it you?" "Who else? But Rena I've been from my cradle, save to one person."

"And he?" "Jealously." "And she?"—reassuringly—"is a college friend who dislikes my poor nickname. I can show you dozens of letters from her addressed to Miss Kate Cavanaugh. The only other proof I could have offered—her gift to me last Christmas—I unfortunately lost."

"At a ball?" "At a charity ball—last June." "I don't believe you're my Kate, after all! I told you my Kate was honest and kind."

"And had a sense of humor. Teddy, do you regret the prosaic end of your romance?"

"Prosaic?" "Do you?" she insisted. "I should be an ungrateful fool if I did!"

"Then forgive your Cinderella and give back her glass slipper, dear prince!"

From the pocket nearest his heart Theodore drew a crumpled bit of linen and lace, still faintly fragrant. He laid it in her hand, and his own fingers closed over it.

"Glazed Eyes. Snakes may almost be said to have glass eyes, inasmuch as their eyes never close. They are without lids, and each is covered with a transparent scale much resembling glass. When the reptile casts its outer skin the eye scales come off with the rest of the transparent envelope out of which the snake slips."

This glassy eye scale is so tough that it effectually protects the true eye from the twigs, sharp grass and other obstructions which the snake encounters in its travels, yet it is transparent enough to allow the most perfect vision. Thus if the snake has not a glass eye, at any rate, he said to wear eyeglasses.

A similarly protected or cased eye which very nearly approaches a glass eye, or, at any rate, an eye in glass, is to be found in fish. From the character of the element in which they live and the subdued light that reaches them fish have no need of eyelids either to wash the eye or protect it from glare, and therefore eyelids are absent, but some of them need the protection of the transparent, horny, convex cases, which defend their eyes without obstructing the sight.

"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."—Chesterfield Photo Engraver.

RECENT COURT DECISIONS.

The publication of an article advocating the murder of rulers and the destruction of organized society is held, in *People vs. Most* (N. Y.), 58 L. R. A. 509, not to be protected by a constitutional provision that every citizen may freely publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right. A certificate of stock of a corporation, expressed on its face to be transferable only on the books of the company at its office, personally or by attorney, or surrender of the certificate, and transferred in blank upon its back, is held, in *Farmers' bank vs. Diebold Safe and Lock company* (Ohio), 58 L. R. A. 620, not to be a negotiable instrument.

One who stores water along a stream which is a natural highway for running logs and discharges it for the purposes of aiding a drive, so as to increase the natural volume of the stream and overflow and wash away the banks, is held, in *Brewster vs. J. & J. Rogers Co.* (N. Y.), 58 L. R. A. 495, to be liable for the injury thereby caused to riparian owners.

If one in charge of an electric car, seeing that a horse is frightened by the approach of the car, and that its driver is in danger, continues to sound the gong or ring the bell, and further frightens the horse and causes it to run away, the car company is held, in *Oates vs. Metropolitan Street Railway company* (Mo.), 58 L. R. A. 447, to be liable for the injuries thereby caused to the driver.

There is said to be only one musk-ox in captivity. This is in the zoo at Hamburg.

Cats hate water because their fur has nothing oily about it, and consequently takes a long time to dry.

Wax is not gathered from flowers nor from any other source, but is a natural secretion of the bees and is only produced by them during heavy honey flows.

That mosquitoes are responsible for malaria was apparently known long ago to a certain African hill tribe which gave the same name, "Mbu," to mosquitoes and to malaria.

Wolves can, and often do, run 50 to 60 miles in a night. Foxes travel great distances in search of food. Nansen saw an arctic fox out on the ice 450 miles from the Asiatic coast.

When feeding, the stride of an ostrich is from 20 to 22 inches; when walking, but not feeding, 26 inches, and when terrified 11 and a half to 14 feet, or at the rate of about 25 miles an hour.

New kinds of living butterflies can be produced from existing forms by greatly increasing or decreasing the temperature of the place where the butterflies are kept. A difference in coloring and even in form has thus been obtained by Prof. Fischer in recent experiments.

PERE MARQUETTE

In effect Sept. 27, 1903.

Trains leave BELLAIR as follows: For Traverse City, 10:19 a. m. and 3:57 p. m.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago, and West 10:19 a. m. and 3:57 p. m.

For Saginaw and Detroit:— 10:19 a. m. 3:57 p. m. For Charlevoix and Petoskey:— 2:29 p. m. and 7:59 p. m.

J. STEWART, Agent, Bellair, Mich. F. 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. 4	No. 3
M. P. M.	Stations	P. M. A. M.	Stations
8:30	1:15	5:00	11:45
8:43	1:28	4:47	11:32
8:51	1:36	4:39	11:24
8:54	1:39	4:35	11:20
9:00	1:51	4:23	11:08
9:18	2:03	4:12	10:57
9:30	2:15	4:00	10:45

All trains daily except Sunday. Trains run by central standard time. Flag stations; trains stop on signal or 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.	Leave Frederic	4:00 p. m.
" Fayette	4:20 p. m.	" Fayette	4:20 p. m.
Leave downward	4:35 p. m.	" Blue Lake Jc.	4:50 p. m.
" Blue Lake Jc.	4:50 p. m.	" Nanticoke road	4:55 p. m.
" Nanticoke road	4:55 p. m.	" Lake Harold	5:07 p. m.
Leave Albion	5:20 p. m.	" Green River	5:35 p. m.
" Green River	5:35 p. m.	" Graves Camp	5:45 p. m.
" Lake Harold	5:47 p. m.	" Jordan River	5:50 p. m.
Leave Albion	5:50 p. m.	" Wards	5:55 p. m.
" Jordan River	5:55 p. m.	Arrive South Arm	6:15 p. m.
" Wards	5:55 p. m.		
Arrive South Arm	6:15 p. m.		

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

CLARK HAIRE, Gen. Manager.

DON'T BE FOOLED!

Take the genuine, original ROCKY MOUNTAIN Made only by Madison Me. Co., Madison, Wis. Keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitute.



Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN. The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate office in the village of Charlevoix, on the seventeenth day of December in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

Present, John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Dow E. Brogden, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition duly verified of Aurora H. Hawes praying among other things that an order be made and entered in said cause in said Court determining who were the lawful heirs of deceased and entitled to his said estate and entitled to his said land at his death.

Thereupon 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 session of said Court, then to be held in the Probate Office in the Village of Charlevoix and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate.

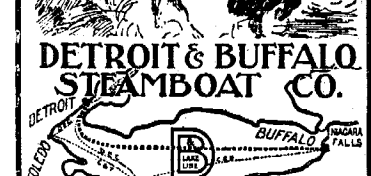
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DETROIT & BUFFALO STEAMBOAT CO.

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Leave DETROIT Daily . . . 4:00 P. M.
Arrive at BUFFALO . . . 8:00 A. M.
Leave BUFFALO Daily . . . 5:30 P. M.
Arrive at DETROIT . . . 7:00 A. M.

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Rates between Detroit and Buffalo \$2.50 one way, \$3.50 round trip. Berths \$1.00, \$1.50; Staterooms \$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. SCHWARTZ, G. P. T. M., Detroit, Mich.

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- Mississippi Rose March
- Waving Plumes March
- Nourhalma Waltzes
- Give the Countersign March
- Euphonia (Intermezzo)
- Entre 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 for the book. It's free. All above compositions are entirely new. On sale at your local dealer.

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SENTING AMERICAN LABOR

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A Michigan product makes "wash day" easier.

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

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

Briefs of the Week

A fine time is reported at the Rebekah's box social Wednesday evening.

Several members of M. Huriburt's family are very ill as the result of vaccination.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid will serve a supper in the Lumber Co.'s hall next Friday evening at 6:00 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Baker, of Charlevoix, are in town looking up the prospects for the erection of a hotel here.

Prospects look bright for the erection of a new hotel here built of brick and equipped with all the modern improvements.

A system of fire signals is needed whereby the firemen will know in what section of town their services are required.

Mrs. Eber Burdick entered a card at her home north of town Friday afternoon in honor of her friend, Mrs. H. Mitchell, of Big Rapids.

Owing to the track being blocked by the wreck near Chestonia the mail was brought down from Bellaire on a hand car Thursday evening.

Band instructor O. H. Moyer was joined by his family last week and they are now at home in the Hawkes residence on Stone's Addition.

Manager Loveday tells us that the drop curtain at the Opera House is to be taken down next week and the advertisements thereon brought up to date.

The Firemen's annual ball Friday evening at Loveday Opera House Friday evening was the event of the season and netted the fire laddies a comfortable sum for their treasury.

Examinations for the position of mail carrier for R. F. D. routes No. 3 and 4 will be held here next Wednesday. Petitions for the establishment of the routes were sent in some time ago.

An exchange calls attention to a family that caught scarlet fever through the borrowing of a newspaper which ought to be a solemn warning to all borrowers of newspapers, as it is thought by the most scientific newspaper men that in no way can contagious diseases be more surely spread than by the promiscuous borrowing of newspapers.

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

BORN - To Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Nachazel Wednesday, January 20th, a 10-pound girl.

Prosecuting attorney Nicholas has received a new Smith Premier type writing machine for his office.

Drayman Erwin Hall is driving but one horse now, the other being laid up with injuries received the first of the week.

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

Mrs. Ernest Crippen came down from Deward the first of the week to see what steps could be taken to secure the release of her husband whose arrest on a serious charge we noted last week.

The Christian Endeavor social in the Lumber Co.'s hall last Friday evening was an enjoyable affair although the visitors who were expected from Ironton and Boyne City were unable to get here owing to the bad condition of the roads.

George Davis, formerly of Jordan township, and who was sentenced to Ionia three years ago from this county for brutally whipping a boy that was staying with him, has been adjudged insane by the physician there. The term for which he was sentenced was fully served, and, in fact, expired some time since but owing to his mental condition he has been detained at the asylum for treatment. - Bellaire Independent.

Representative Lacey of Iowa received a letter in Washington the other day which he thinks was from a wag. "The seeds you set me," wrote this man, who signed himself "John Allen," were no good. Nothing but weeds grew where I planted them." By the next mail Mr. Lacey sent a reply. "I take pleasure in forwarding you under another cover," wrote the Iowan. "A copy of a bulletin from the department of agriculture. It is entitled 'Weeds, and How to Kill Them.'"

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

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

NOTICE. Joe Routhler has changed his place o Louis Peppins' Saloon for Lunches.

Lalonde Bros. have installed a steam heating plant in their building. Jos. Zoulek did the work.

The monthly bulletin of vital statistics shows 2,942 deaths in Michigan during the month of December. Of this number Charlevoix county contributed eleven.

The Central Lake Canning Co. during the past year have packed 480,000 cans and disbursed \$21,000 for labor and produce. They plan to greatly increase the amount of their product the coming year.

Mr. Lyman Miles and Mrs. Annie Repard were married at Charlevoix Wednesday. They returned Thursday afternoon and gave a reception at their home on Esterley St. the same evening. Congratulations are in order.

Messrs. Doerr & Munroe have organized a stock company with \$25,000 capital to place their spraying device on the market. Mr. Doerr returned Tuesday from a business trip to Toledo where the machines are to be manufactured.

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.**

When you get a catalogue from a big mail order house just look it over and see what their terms of credit are in case you do not have ready cash. How much will they give to keeping up the sidewalks; just write and ask how much they will give toward the erection of a church; how much will they give to assist the poor. After you have done this and received a reply, see if your home merchant don't treat you better in every way, besides being an important factor in the growth and prosperity of the entire community.

Fraternal Orders are, as a whole, national blessings. They engender a spirit of thriftiness and promote economy and sobriety, and they do this without freezing the soul into selfishness as is apt to be the case in the almost universal race for wealth and social position. These Orders bring mankind into closer relations and help cherish those feelings that grow and put forth fragrant blossoms of interest in each other's welfare. They are instrumental in making mankind thoughtful and helpful to one another; expanding the sentiment of virtue, charity and brotherly love. They teach us a religion that enables us to break the bread to the hungry and fatherless and hand a cup of water to the thirsty, watch by the bedside of the sick, visit those in illness or trouble, look after the fatherless and widowed - duties that many of our churches neglect. - The Knight.

Wiesman advertises a big inventory sale for January.

WANTS

Looking sick, what do you need? If you are thin and weak, not sick enough to get well, if you have "croup cases" that's what the doctors call them, if you have common English colds, if you have the continued cough, if you need relief from weakness they need Scott's Emulsion.

It makes new flesh and gives new life to the weak system. Scott's Emulsion gets thin and weak persons out of the rut. It makes new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves and gives appetite for ordinary food. Scott's Emulsion can be taken as long as sickness lasts and do good all the time.

There's new strength and flesh in every dose. We will be glad to send you a few doses free. Be sure that this picture in the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. **SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y. 20c. and \$1. all druggists.**



Ayer's

Falling hair means weak hair. Then strengthen your hair; feed it with the only hair food, Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, makes the hair grow, completely cures dandruff. And it always restores color to gray hair, all the rich, dark color of early life.

"My hair was falling out badly and I was afraid I would lose it all. Then I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. It quickly stopped the falling and made my hair all I could wish it to be."
REBECCA E. ALLEN, Elizabeth, N. J.

50c a bottle. All druggists. **Ayer's** for **Falling Hair**

Personal Mention.

F. J. Porter was in Petoskey Wednesday.

Sheriff Pearson was in town on official business Friday.

Miss Jennie Glenn visited friends in Charlevoix the first of the week.

Miss Jessie Davis, of Boyne City, is the guest of her friend, Miss Lydia Cook.

Miss Pearl Crowell returned last week from an extended visit at South Haven.

J. J. Gage came up from Jennings Saturday evening to spend a few days with his family.

Wm. Taylor has so far recovered from his recent illness as to be able to be about town again.

W. S. Shoaff, manager for the Ward Estate at Deward, has been in town several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Myers came up from Charlevoix Thursday evening to visit friends for a few days.

Mrs. H. Mitchell, of Big Rapids, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. Crothers and other East Jordan friends.

John Carboe, of Boyne Falls, has been in town several days this week greeting friends and writing insurance.

W. P. Porter has been suffering from rheumatism for some time and during the past week has been confined to his room.

J. M. Kelly, of Petoskey, is in town putting in several new phones and doing repair work on the telephone exchange.

Richard Freeman has so far recovered from his recent injuries as to be able to be about town with the aid of crutches.

Chas. Habberfield departed last week for New York where he has been offered a position in the New York Central R. R. shops.

A. D. Otis Jr. is greeting old friends in town to-day. He is travelling for a Grand Rapids firm and has recently been transferred to this territory.

W. J. Palmer goes Monday to Lansing to attend the sessions of the Masonic Grand Lodge which meets in that city Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

The Detroit & Charlevoix train was not able to get any further than Alta Tuesday owing to the track being blocked with snow.

List of Advertisers' Letters.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending January 18, 1904:-

- Hood, Mr. Wm.
- Hood, Mrs. Chas.
- Kimball, Mr. Sim.
- Martin, Mrs. Kat.
- POSTAL CARDS.
- Gibbs, H. E.
- WM. HARRINGTON, P. M.

A NIGHT ALARM.

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

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

MRS. PHIBBS 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.

THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc.
Copyright, 1921, by Cassell Publishing Company.
Copyright, 1908, by Street & Smith.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"May, my dear," she said, "I dreamt your father had come home. I made sure I heard his footstep coming up the stairs. But it was only a dream," she sighed.

On being told of her son's return, she at first decided that she would get up; but the thought of the exertion proved too much for her.

"I've brought him home, mother," was the first thing he said, after he had been kissed and cried over.

"Yes, my dear," she answered; "you said you would and I never doubted it. But it's a sad, sad home-coming! And here the poor lady gave way and wept abundantly.

Her son consoled her to the best of his ability, wondering all the time how she would take it when she came to know the truth—the truth, which must come out sooner or later.

The presence of the dead is always a subject more or less of superstitious fear to the less educated classes; consequently Ted was hardly surprised when he observed a decided disposition on the part of the domestic staff to avoid, as much as possible, the upper portion of the house. But he was surprised to find himself giving way to a feeling of nervousness—of anticipation, when he was alone in his room (which was situated next to the one in which his father lay in his coffin) that night.

He had a good mind not to go to bed at all, but to sit up and read—read something humorous. He sneered at his own cowardice. What on earth made him feel like this? He had not been afraid of his father living, why should he fear him dead?—dead and lying in his coffin, with the lid screwed down and the door locked?

He turned up the gas and chose a volume, "The Innocents Abroad," after a short time he was surprised to find himself actually growing

CHAPTER XIV.

An Eye for An Eye.

The room to which he referred was the one which had been his father's private sanctum. Consequently, it was full of memories to the two who now found themselves alone in it, and wherever they turned their eyes they lighted upon some token of his presence, or some silent witness of those habits which were inseparably connected with his name.

A sheet of writing paper with something written on it lay upon the blotting pad, and the pen which he had last used lay beside it with the ink dried upon it. Everything spoke of the dead. His spirit seemed to pervade the room, which he might only that moment have quitted.

Ted's eye was caught by the sheet of paper lying upon the writing table, with something written upon it. There was the date—April 23—the day before he left home, and beneath it:

"My dear ———" Not half a dozen words in all, and nothing to show to whom it was addressed or why it was left scarcely begun.

If the blank paper could only speak! If the pen which lay beside it could be made to carry out what the hand had failed to complete!

He turned to his sister, who had sunk upon a sofa by the half-darkened window and was watching his movements and the play of his countenance with a gradually increasing sensation of heaviness about the region of the heart.

"May," said her brother, "it's no use putting things off, it only makes matters worse; so listen attentively to what I am going to tell you, and behave like the good little girl you can be."

It was ten minutes later and the room looked just the same, and yet

acquainted that assembled round the grave, the son of the dead man wondered, for an instant, whether it were possible for that one false friend to be among them?

But the idea was rejected as soon as formed. He looked in vain for one who corresponded with the description of the tall, thin, elderly man, with a dried-up look and grey moustache, and who walked with a limp when last seen by the guard.

It was exactly nine o'clock on the night of the funeral when Ted Burritt put the key in the door and admitted himself into the room which had been his father's study.

He carried a lamp in his hand, which he placed upon the writing table. Everything remained as it had been on that former visit; the only difference lay in the fact that the film of dust was a little thicker upon the various contents of the room.

He was about to seat himself in the old leather chair in which his father had always sat, when, apparently changing his mind, he pushed it back against the wall and looked round for another, which he dragged forward.

He took the sealed packet from his breast pocket and placed it on the table before him. It was sealed up in a sheet of blue paper and indorsed—

"Papers found by me, after the accident, on the person of the late Silas Burritt, Esq., and preserved intact. Jeremiah Cartwright, M.D., etc."

It was of considerable bulk, but Ted knew that his father was in the habit of carrying about him a miscellaneous assortment of documents of no particular importance. For some time he hesitated to break the seal. There might be, after all, something there that the dead man would wish no other eyes but his own to look upon; something, not exactly discreditable, he would not acknowledge that even to himself, but something which he might have wished kept private, and which no one else should seek to pry into. If that were the case—

He cast his scruples on one side, broke the seal and tore open the wrapper. At the first sight of the contents thus revealed to view, the young man uttered an exclamation of dismay, for the first document which met his eye was burnt and brown, and reduced almost to tinder.

Were they all alike? If so, the doctor would hardly have taken the pains to preserve them so carefully.

With delicate manipulation he removed the topmost paper and placed it on one side. But, with all his care, the edge crumbled and broke away in his hands.

Death this one was another equally injured; but, below this again, was a paper only partially singed, so that an idea of its contents might be arrived at after careful inspection. From a few words that met his eye, he made it out to be a bill of lading, and put it aside with the others. The rest he spread out before him on the table.

(To be continued.)

A Second Noah's Ark.

An old lady recently bargained with a London cabman standing outside a railway station to take her into town. The sum being agreed upon, the dame returned into the station and soon reappeared with two parrots in cages, which she handed up to the cabman. Again she journeyed to the platform and brought out two cats. A third trip she made, bringing back a daintily dressed fox terrier, and a fourth expedition was interrupted by cabbie exclaiming: "Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, but you ain't expecting a flood, I 'ope?"

"Dear me, no," was the reply; "whatever made you ask that question, cabbie?"

"O, it's all right, ma'am," said Jehu, "I thought I'd ask 'cos I ain't certain as 'ow my horse can swim, and I fancied by the look of your luggage that you were a-takin' my keb for a Noah's ark!"—Ram's Horn.

Virtues Many Has Olive Oil.

It is invaluable as a medicine in many cases, and especially so for children.

For a weakly child, or one who is just recovering from typhoid or some debilitating fever, salad oil will sometimes work wonders. The plan is to rub the oil over the child's body, especially about the upper portion, taking a few drops in the palm of the hand and rubbing it well into the tissues.

The nourishment the skin thus receives is almost beyond belief, and is of the greatest possible service in building up the child's strength.

When suffering from a severe cold, it is a good thing to omit the child's daily bath and to rub its back and chest with oil. To insure no further cold being caught by the little one, wrap the child in a blanket and carefully screen it from drafts while the rubbing operation is in progress.

Why Little Folks Are Big Eaters.

It has been laid down as a physiological rule that the requirements of adult diet depend not on the weight of the eater, but on the extent of his bodily surface. In the case of children this rule is further modified. An infant may weigh one-eightieth as much as a grown man, but its surface is more than one-seventh as great. As the first requirement of the infant's food is to replace the heat that is continually being lost by radiation from all parts of the body, the latter fraction determines the needed proportion of nourishment rather than the former. But in the case of a growing child food is also needed to supply the increase of bodily weight. In all, an infant's ration may be five times as much as would be estimated from its actual weight alone.—Success.

Life is worth living when we know how to live and live as well as we know how.

From the letters and lectures on accuracy and forethought, by Earl M. Pratt, Oak Park, Illinois.

For a rest time review of the daily sources of better methods.

The accuracy library is for co-operation in information on the enemies of easy errors and the friends of forethought, to reduce mutually expensive mistakes of mechanical, commercial and professional people.

SENSITIVE ABOUT CRIPPLED MENTALITY.

Recognizing the defects that are in the mental equipment of men and women as one of the bars to their progress, it is a striking fact that the physical defect is less a disability. A friend of mine who has a printing office was walking through an alley several years ago and found a man who had lost both legs playing marbles with some newsboys. He asked why the man was not at work and was told there was no work for him. My friend looked the man over and told him if he wanted work to do to wash up and come clean to the office on the next Monday morning. The fellow came and there found a bench built for him at the side of a job press, and there he was placed to feed paper into the machine. To-day he is regarded as the best operator of a press in the whole establishment. He could not have been a bank messenger, but he is an excellent press feeder, while with as big a defect in the mental and moral nature as is this legless state he would have been unfitted for anything.

Nature seems to be especially disposed toward the extinction of the mentally deficient. If a man has only one leg there is not the least difficulty in getting him to see the necessity of a wooden one, but if he is lacking in two or three of the most important personal attributes, mental and moral, he shows resistance just to the extent that he is lacking. If he is lame physically he will take a crutch that is handed to him, but if he is lame intellectually he will resent the suggestion that he should take mental treatment for the defect.

Employer Needs Accuracy Himself.

Trying as I do to get between the forces of the employers and the employed in order to demonstrate to both the imperative necessity of accuracy in thought and action, I feel that the information I have gained along these lines has been worth the thirty years of thought and the money expended in evolving it.

The work of the Accuracy Researches is to discover the daily sources of desirable personal qualities in employes, and through this to determine how necessary is accuracy at the bottom of it all.

The employer no less than the employed should feel the need of accuracy. "For instance, accuracy is a term so broad that few may escape its scope. I know an employer of men in this city who has the most inaccurate bearing of any man I ever saw. I know him to be a man well meaning and honest and just in every walk of life, and yet to most of his employes he is a developer of a friction and irritability that costs him mistakes on the part of his men aggregating thousands of dollars in a year. He is unconscious of all this, for he has an inaccurate manner that he does not feel or see, and no one has risen to the point of telling him that he has it. So he goes on year after year spending hours to correct the mistakes that minutes would have prevented."

Letters vs. Lectures.

There is a township high school building in an American state, in which I hope to speak some day, because when eight years of age I was one of a few scholars in a little brick school house near where the big brick structure now stands. But a recent event there has made me think more of these Accuracy Review letters and paragraphs than of my talks and lectures. In that high school town there is an epidemic of a contagious disease, which has caused them to postpone the first entertainment in their winter's course. But their newspapers come out just the same and can be read by all. I can reach thousands with my pencil easier than hundreds with my voice.

Hard Starts.

Generally, the better the business the more difficult it is to get it on a good foundation. It takes time to grow things which last and it takes hard work also.

Many people who are now on Easy Street, could tell of sweating times when they were forcing plans to move in the right direction.

These stories of early efforts are not necessary though very interesting. It is the determination within which helps one to fight on and conquer all things.

That within energy may be due to faith, hope or charity, but that it is which keeps up the steady and victorious march to the goal.

CAPABLE PEOPLE ALWAYS NEEDED.

Touching the world of the employed and the employer alike, I can say that the world is lacking woefully in competent help, whether from the point of technical or personal equipment, or the combination of both. There are not enough capable people to do the world's work. The cry of the employer is that his men lack interest in the work; that they are indolent and devoid of concentration. This is not a new complaint and long ago it was decided that the time clock would remedy the evil. It has done it, however, it has unmanned men and has machine made the idler; it has brought workers to the shops on time, but has left them there, good and bad, on the same general plane of service—the idler anxious to beat the machine if he can; the competent, industrious one indifferent if he shall do so.

There must be a better method than this evolved in the business world. Already in some houses there is a disposition to discredit the clock and the idea of the cashier's punching a hole each day in the pay envelope of the employe has been introduced as a substitute. The clock, of course, is a confession on the part of the employer that he cannot get the class of employes that he would like to have, and the worst feature of it is that when he gets a good man and subjects him to the system, that good man is less good because of it.

Again, as to the personality of the man employed, he will make fewer mistakes out of his personal equipment of judgment, memory, concentration, and self-control than will be saved him by proficiency in technical knowledge. A character may have all the technical knowledge in the world and if it has not these four personal attributes its training will have gone for nothing.

Forgetting Transfer.

A passenger took certain street cars to reach a point because on those cars he could get transfers and save a little, but he forgot to ask for a transfer and expected to have to pay that way as much as any way.

It happened that the cars were so crowded that the conductor did not reach him to collect the fare so he didn't need a transfer.

This passenger was one who pays the conductor whether he has to or not, but on this occasion he felt that he did not owe anything, or it may be that he semi-felt so because he debated a little in his mind over what to do.

There is a case recorded where a passenger got a convert to his religion because he voluntarily paid the conductor after being overlooked. The conductor asked him where he lived and got acquainted with him in order to learn what it was, in his blood or brain, that made him do such a thing, and then adopted his belief.

There is another case recorded where a passenger gave a useful exhibit to a standing audience on the rear of the car, by handing the conductor his fare after he had stepped off the car. Another passenger said to the conductor "You don't see such people very often, do you?" and the conductor replied: "There are a few of them left."

The Whistling Passenger.

A tall, slim young man, with a stub moustache, gave his car seat to a lady passenger when the coach got crowded. He stood reading his paper and every few minutes would whistle parts of a tune in a clear tone.

Passengers would look around trying to discover the source of the entertainment.

No one seemed to resent the unusual part he took in the morning trip. Some cowardice or conscious error but this whistle had a resemblance to an overflow of normal mental activity.

While he was waiting by the door for the train to stop and while going through and out of the station, he whistled as if he had been waiting for a chance to start in earnest and kept it up. There is too little music—real music—in this world.

There is too much morbid music, or a self-selected soul opiate kind of a melancholy vibration that weakens for future fights with irritating conditions. Praise and push those who turn out glad and wholesome tunes and words.

Blundering on Big Numbers.

One person was tearing another about a big school house just completed, and that it was to accommodate forty-five thousand students. This listener's exclamation caused the speaker to hesitate, think and correct himself by making it forty-five hundred. Some lean toward the extravagant and some others toward the penurious. By getting acquainted with self the former might curb their nature and the latter punch tools up a little to the benefit of the world. We seem to get acquainted with every person, place and thing before we know ourselves very well, but from now on we are going to improve over the part and revise number one.

Mrs. F. Brunel, wife of P. Brunel, stock dealer, residence 3111 Grand ave., Everett, Wash., says: "For fifteen years I suffered with terrible pain in my back. I did not know what it was to enjoy a night's rest, and arose in the morning feeling tired and unrefreshed. My suffering sometimes was simply indescribable. When I finished the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills I felt like a different woman. I continued until I had taken five boxes. Doan's Kidney Pills act very effectively, very promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 60 cents per box.

Catbirds Defeat Snake. A writer in the Scientific American says: "I witnessed a pair of catbirds making a bold defense against a blacksnake bent on devouring the contents of their nest. At first the snake was inclined to disregard the distressed birds as they fought to drive it away, but the blows of their wings and bills became so annoying that the thief had to seek refuge in flight. Reaching the roots of a tree from which the river had washed the dirt, the snake started to climb, only to be driven beneath them and then out to an old stump, under which the baffled and beaten reptile took refuge."

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages. That is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

PLEASANT MEMORY FOR KING. Bismarck's Advice to the Ruler of Little Roumania.

King Charles of Roumania, addressed to his premier, M. Sturdza, an effusive telegram in acknowledgment of his people's congratulations on the anniversary of "the memorable day upon which, a quarter of a century ago (during the Russo-Turkish war), I and my beloved brother set foot on the territory of the Debusha, which, by the blood of our heroes, has been joined forever with the kingdom of Roumania." That is a "memory" which must have made King Charles think of the advice that was given him by Bismarck when, in the spring of 1866, the young scion of the Catholic Hohenzollerns, then serving as an officer at Potsdam, went to him for advice as to whether he should accept the crown of Roumania, which had been privately offered to him. "Do so, by all means," said Bismarck, "for even if you don't stay it will always remain a pleasant memory for you."

What Might Have Been. An undertaker and a certain girl were engaged to be married. For some unknown reason, like many cases of first love, they drifted apart, and both married in different directions. Years rolled on. One night the undertaker was officially sent for, and found himself in the home of his former sweetheart, who was weeping over the remains of her husband, who had just died after a long illness. He stepped softly to her side, and with hand on her shoulder offered his sympathy in the most serious loss that could befall woman. She ceased crying for a moment, dried her eyes, looked up in his face, and said: "Just think, Charlie, this might have been you."—Cleveland Leader.

KNOWS NOW. Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case for a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts.

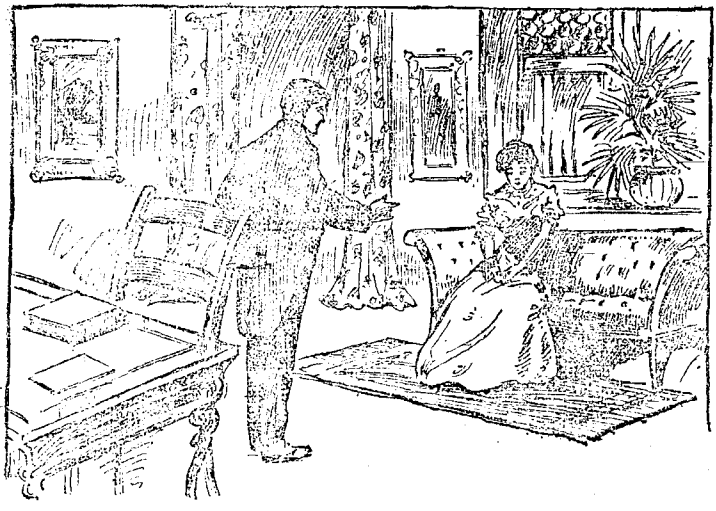
A physician speaks of his own experience: "I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me although I had palpitation of the heart every day. Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead, and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone.

"When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color.

"I have advised a great many of my friends and patients to leave off coffee and drink Postum; in fact, I daily give this advice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many thousands of physicians use Postum in place of tea and coffee in their own homes and prescribe it to patients. "There's a reason."

A remarkable little book "The Road to Wellville" can be found in each package.



"It's no use putting things off."

sleepy. He would shut up the book and go to bed. A prodigious yawn followed, and he nearly dropped his book.

The next moment a sound of something heavy falling brought him broad awake with the sensation of a cold wind passing through his hair.

What was it? Was it in this room or the next?

The next moment he gave a short, harsh laugh, as he saw that the bullet from the revolver, which he had placed upon the bureau, had fallen from thence to the ground, where it had rolled some way.

He picked it up and deposited it in a drawer, which he locked for greater security.

"I don't want to be disturbed that way again," he said to himself. "My nerves must be awfully shaken to let such a trifle as that knock me over in the way it did. I wonder whether it will be any good going to bed after this? It is no use trying to read any more."

After turning about uneasily for some time, he fell into a troubled sleep. There was not a sound or movement of any sort in the house, and he had slept on for about two hours when, all at once, without any warning, he awoke. What had roused him? The same voice which he had heard once before in the very early morning.

"Ted!" It seemed to come to him through the dividing wall. And this time, as before, he answered back without thinking—his senses still half under the influence of slumber—

"Yes, father; what is it?"

And the same voice, whether it was only his own brain, or came from some unknown source, answered him back again—

"Press the spring at the back of the recess!"

"Ted," said his sister, compassionately, at breakfast the next morning, "how bad you look. Poor boy! Tell me—with a shudder—"how did father look? Do you really think he did not suffer much? Oh! I wish I could have seen him once more, just for one last look! Dear old dad!"

"Don't you go on like that, May; I can't stand it. What's more, I've got to have a very serious talk with you presently."

"What about?"—with some curiosity.

"It's something you ought to know—something you must know. But it'll give you a shock. Let us go into the study. I can tell you best there."

there was a difference. The empty chair, the "Bradshaw" lying open upon the table, and even the waste-paper basket, had become objects to be regarded with hated breath and a sense of shuddering awe.

"Murdered! That dreadful word, which suggested such hideous possibilities to the mind of the hearer!"

She had listened in silence and horror as he repeated the suspicions, which were now certainties, as far as he was concerned. "And now, you see, May," he concluded, "what we have to do is to find the murderer; track him step by step, and then—"

He paused significantly.

"And then?" in an awe-struck voice from his solitary listener.

"Then!—that depends," was the grim reply. "You know what the Bible says in 'the case of the slayer?'"

She shook her head.

"Thine eye shall not pity; but life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot!"

"It's dreadful to hear you talk! It frightens me!" she murmured.

"Frightens you, does it?" was the angry reply. "Perhaps you would like to sit quietly down and do nothing?"

"No, no," she hastened to answer. "But I thought the police—"

"Just listen to her!" was the scornful interruption. "The police! Leave it to them, indeed! What do they care? No, I don't know what I shall do. I have thought of a plan, and I believe I know the man to go to—some one I've heard of, and who will help to put me on the right track."

They turned to leave the room together. He gave another last look round before closing the door. Then, turning to his sister, as he put the key in his pocket, "You will have to break this to mother."

"Oh, must I! How dreadful!—couldn't you?"

"Of course not," hastily. "It's your place to do so, and I couldn't think of taking it upon myself."

"Very well," she answered, meekly. "If I must, I must." How she did it she never knew; but, somehow, the words were spoken and the dreadful truth revealed.

Mrs. Burritt, partly to her daughter's relief, seemed hardly capable of realizing it. "He's dead!—dead!" she cried, hysterically. "It doesn't make any difference to me how he died. What does it matter so long as he is dead—dead—dead?"

The next was the day of the funeral.

It was numerously attended, either out of respect or curiosity, and, as he

GOVERNOR OF OREGON Uses Pe-ru-na For Colds in His Family and Grip.



CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, OREGON.

A Letter From The Governor of Oregon.

Peruna is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters of congratulation and commendation testifying to the merits of Peruna as a catarrh remedy are pouring in from every State in the Union. Dr. Hartman is receiving hundreds of such letters daily. All classes write these letters, from the highest to the lowest.

The outdoor laborer, the indoor artisan, the clerk, the editor, the statesman, the teacher—all agree that Peruna is the catarrh remedy of the age. The stage and rostrum, recognizing catarrh as their greatest enemy, are especially enthusiastic in their praise and testimony.

Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well nigh universal; almost omnipresent. Peruna is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catarrh out of its victims. Peruna not only cures catarrh, but prevents it. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for coughs, colds and so forth.

The Governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Peruna. He keeps it continu-

ally in the house. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman, he says:

STATE OF OREGON,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:
Dear Sirs—I have had occasion to use your Peruna medicine in my family for colds, and it proved to be an excellent remedy. I have not had occasion to use it for other ailments.
Yours very truly, W. M. Lord.

It will be noticed that the Governor says he has not had occasion to use Peruna for other ailments. The reason for this is, most other ailments begin with a cold. Using Peruna to promptly cure colds, he protects his family against other ailments. This is exactly what every family in the United States should do. Keep Peruna in the house. Use it for coughs, colds, grippe, and other climatic affections of winter, and there will be no other ailments in the house. Such families should provide themselves with a copy of Dr. Hartman's free book, entitled "Winter Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus Ohio.

Ask Your Druggist for a free Peruna Almanac for 1904.

Order Miners to Leave.
Telluride, Colo., special: The striking union miners arrested some time ago charged with vagrancy are said to have all been released and ordered to go to work or leave town. They have not as yet complied with the order.

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

Tube Factory Burns.
Owen Sound, Ont., dispatch: The National Tube company's factory was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$60,000. Fifty hands are thrown out of employment.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE
Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Paper Plant is Burned.
Newark, N. J., dispatch: The plant of the Specialty Paper Box company was destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$30,000.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. See a bottle.

Boat containing a man was seen passing down the Niagara river and over the Horseshoe Falls. The identity of the ill-fated boatman was not known.

FITS permanent cure. Dr. J. C. Ricketts' Kidney Pills. Sent for 10c. 25c. 50c. 1.00. 2.00. 3.00. 4.00. 5.00. 6.00. 7.00. 8.00. 9.00. 10.00. 11.00. 12.00. 13.00. 14.00. 15.00. 16.00. 17.00. 18.00. 19.00. 20.00. 21.00. 22.00. 23.00. 24.00. 25.00. 26.00. 27.00. 28.00. 29.00. 30.00. 31.00. 32.00. 33.00. 34.00. 35.00. 36.00. 37.00. 38.00. 39.00. 40.00. 41.00. 42.00. 43.00. 44.00. 45.00. 46.00. 47.00. 48.00. 49.00. 50.00. 51.00. 52.00. 53.00. 54.00. 55.00. 56.00. 57.00. 58.00. 59.00. 60.00. 61.00. 62.00. 63.00. 64.00. 65.00. 66.00. 67.00. 68.00. 69.00. 70.00. 71.00. 72.00. 73.00. 74.00. 75.00. 76.00. 77.00. 78.00. 79.00. 80.00. 81.00. 82.00. 83.00. 84.00. 85.00. 86.00. 87.00. 88.00. 89.00. 90.00. 91.00. 92.00. 93.00. 94.00. 95.00. 96.00. 97.00. 98.00. 99.00. 100.00.

Mrs. C. E. Hunt, of Maple City, while carrying a tub of scalding water, kicked a cat out of the way. She fell and was terribly scalded.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS
Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

Prof. J. G. Estill, recently professor of chemistry in Yale college, has gone insane at Greensboro, N. C., as the result of a nervous breakdown.

No muss or failures made with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Over 7,000 sheep were burned to death in the destruction of the East Buffalo stock yards sheds. The loss is \$75,000.

Do not believe this a Cure for Consumption has any equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1904.

A quarrel over transfers on an "owl" car at Chicago resulted in the fatal shooting of Conductor Joseph Dries, aged 50. The murderer escaped.



At The Post

Up and doing, to live and help to live, the old reliable

St. Jacobs Oil

is an universal benefactor in the cure of

Hurts, Sprains and Bruises

Price, 25c. and 50c.

THE APPETITES OF BIRDS.

Feathered Songsters That Work Hard for Their Living.

If a man could eat as much in proportion to his size as a sparrow is able to consume he would need a whole sheep for dinner, a couple of dozen fowls for breakfast, and six turkeys for his evening meal. A tree sparrow has been known to eat 700 grass seeds in a day. Birds can and do work far harder than human beings. A pair of house-martins when nesting will feed their young on an average once in twenty seconds—that is, each bird, male and female, makes ninety journeys to and fro in an hour, or perhaps 1,000 a day. It must be remembered that on each journey the bird has the added work of catching an insect. Even so tiny a bird as the wren has been counted to make 110 trips to and from its nest within 450 minutes, and the prey it carried home consisted of insects much larger and heavier than were caught by swallows.

Mrs. Astor's Private Detective.

A good story on one of the White House dinners is told by Crump, who was steward during the Hayes regime. In January, 1880, Mr. and Mrs. William Waldorf Astor were guests at the president's board. During the dinner Crump happened to discover a strange man wandering about the apartments. When accosted, this man explained that he was a private detective hired to watch Mrs. Astor's diamonds. When ordered out, he explained that it was the first time he had lost sight of Mrs. Astor, while on duty, in nine years.

Good News From Minnesota.

Lakefield, Minn., Jan. 4.—Mr. William B. Gentry of this place is one of the best-known and most highly respected men in Jackson County. For 45 years he has suffered with Kidney Trouble and now at 77 years of age he has found a complete cure and is well. His cure is remarkable because of the length of time he had been suffering. Cases of 40 years' standing might be considered incurable, but the remedy that cured Mr. Gentry seems to know no limit to its curative power. Mr. Gentry says:

"I have suffered with misery in my back for about 45 years and had all the troublesome symptoms of Kidney and Urinary disease. I tried various kinds of remedies, but all to no effect, until I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Now I have no pain in my back, and feel quite well in every way. I am 77 years of age and I feel better than I have for the last 40 years. I attribute it all to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Burn Body to Hide Crime.

Monmouth, Ill., dispatch: The charred fragments of the body of an unidentified man were found in the woods near Silent Home cemetery, in this county. Indications thus far point to murder and an attempt to conceal the crime by burning the body.

10,000 Plants for 16c.

This is a remarkable offer the John A. Sulzer Seed Co., La. Cross, Wis., makes. They will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow:
1,000 fine, solid Cabbages.
2,000 delicious Carrots.
2,000 branching, nutty Celery.
2,000 rich, buttery Lettuces.
1,000 splendid Onions.
1,000 rare, luscious Radishes.
1,000 gloriously brilliant Flowers.
This great offer is made in order to induce you to try their warranted seeds—for when you once plant them you will grow no others, and
ALL FOR BUT 16c POSTAGE, providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 26c in postage, they will add to the above a package of the famous Berliner Cauliflower. (W. N. U.)

The Dentist's Side of It

"Now, then, growl!"
I didn't know he thought it. Certainly there was no murmur from his lips as the dentist turned away from my chair. But, however that may be, the complaint was stayed on mine, and I looked curiously at the man as he stood there where the sunlight shone full upon him, gently brushing a slender, delicate film of steel with a piece of soft chamols skin.

Then he paused and turned toward me. In my eyes he surprised a emotion. There was something of embarrassment in his, like a man accustomed to certain amenities which he had overstepped for the moment. I put it into the word:

"Well?"
"Yes, I almost said it aloud."
The dentist laughed. I joined him. There was no denying it—he had thought it.
"Try to look at it from my standpoint," he said. "I know it is painful to you, but think of the sacrifices I make."

I said I would try—go ahead. The tooth had ceased asking for further recognition.
"I can't make friends," the dentist resumed, "like the lawyer or the doctor who relieves pain instead of creating it, nor like the merchant who sells you goods you really don't want, or the—but why enumerate? The dentist stands alone."

"But," I interjected, "you charge so—"
"Tut, tut," he said. "The price is reasonable compared with other skilled effort. But I want to tell you my side of it. You look like a good fellow. Sit there and listen."

Flattered—and as the tooth had ceased hurting—I was quite willing. The dentist resumed:
"All day I labor for the good of humanity, without thanks. Do you ever—any of you—think of the sacrifices I am required to make? If I want a cocktail I must refrain; if I

like onions with my steak I only dare to look at them; if I enjoy a cigar I cannot take a whiff of it, nor a cigarette—until the day is done."

He began rolling a cigarette with manifest pleasure.
"All day I must attend to the woes of others—eye teeth, wisdom teeth, molars—pains, aches, tears, howls and unkind feelings when it is all past."

He blew thick clouds of smoke from his nose with great satisfaction.
"But it is pretty hard to feel friendly toward you when you cause us pain every time we come to see you," I suggested.

"That's it. You only take a cursory view of the case. Don't I relieve the pain finally? The dentist is looked upon by his patrons as a skilled instrument of torture—a sort of refined affliction come to curse humanity. You look at it yourself, as it appears to me every day, and think how you would like it. I don't have the satisfaction of the barber, who may gag his customer and tell him the neighborhood news, or give him the freedom of speech to which every citizen is entitled and engage him in a political discussion while he operates on him."

"But that wouldn't be fair when you charge by the hour," I could not help interposing.
"Oh, pshaw! That isn't it. The patient's nerves are in no condition to enjoy interesting conversation—and there is another sacrifice we are required to make. No odorous foods, no drinks, no tobacco, and stand on your feet all day for the benefit of humanity, and then humanity gets grievously sore after it is all done. We are only permitted to express our feelings silently, and sometimes we are caught in the act at that."

The dentist drew another dense volume of smoke in for a delicious visit with the air cells, and accepted the sympathy of the thirteenth and last patient of the day.

Man and His Ideal

Does a man ever marry his ideal girl? I can't quite remember the date when my ideal girl first began to stand out distinctly in my mind, but I think it was when I was 25. She was a heroine of a book I had read, or rather, a girl made up of the virtues and graces of a dozen heroines. She was the most adorable creature that ever was pictured. Her hair was a golden bronze, fine, silky, glossy and long. No hair but this kind ever appealed to me. At first her eyes were gray, but I changed them to a sky-blue because I discovered that that sort is the most innocent and girlish. She was very tiny, just a little artificial that I could pick up. Her hands were small, slender and very pink, and her feet were just big enough for baby shoes.

In other ways she was a very wonderful creature. She could be child-like and pleading, tender and womanly, cheerful and industrious, self-reliant and strong, a Joan of Arc, and a baby Ty tyra. I imagined her in times of plenty sitting at my feet like a child wife, in times of hunger turning out a huge beefsteak pudding; in the springtime, scouring the house from top to bottom; a ministering angel in sickness, the fairest of the fair at a dance; timid when I felt strong, brawny when my confidence was low.

That's the sweetheart I chose, and having thus set her up—a creature of beauty, wit and work—the next thing was to find her and marry her.

I met a girl with golden-bronze hair, but she was tall; so, without considering her further, I tried again. Soon I was introduced to one with just the slight figure and appealing blue eyes of my ideal. Unfortunately her hair was a rusty red, and when I imagined her at my hearth I closed the acquaintance.

Strangely enough, within a week I met a girl who might have been the twin sister of the last, with this difference—she had the exact golden-bronze hair of my ideal. I was overjoyed. I loved her as soon as I set eyes on her hair and face, but I hesitated when I saw her hands and feet. They were large—huge! How could I kiss and fondle hands like those? We parted.

Since that I have met many girls who were nearly like my ideal, but not satisfactory. Those who were tender and childish could not cook or mend; those who could cook and mend were big and practical. One of them I really became engaged to. She was pretty, slight, all I wished but for one thing, or rather two—her eyes were a pale red. Many times I looked into them, trying to make up my mind if I could accept them in place of blue. If I never looked into them excepting at twilight I might be happy. I thought; but supposing some time in the morning sunshine I took that small face between my hands and looked for two blue eyes, to be met by pale red ones! My love would surely die. I dared not risk it.

Does a man ever find his ideal? And, if he does, is she the sort that would make him happy? I have my doubts. At 29 my bronze-haired, blue-eyed ideal is but a memory; and I'm afraid if I met her now, radiantly perfect, I should not suffer a heart throb.

Another has taken her place. One day a medium-sized girl came along—a girl with brown hair, brown eyes, a cheery, good-fellow laugh, and a heart bursting with affection. She had laughed me into liking her very much. What the next step will be I cannot tell, but I doubt if a man ever marries, or wants to marry his ideal girl.—New York American.

Christ and His Work

That Jesus of Nazareth was a carpenter by trade before He began His ministry is generally assumed. Painters and poets have represented Him as working beside Joseph at the carpenter's bench. The assumption rests, however, upon a single sentence in St. Mark's Gospel. In the parallel passage in St. Matthew He is spoken of, not as a carpenter, but as "the carpenter's son." There is no other mention in the Gospels elsewhere in the New Testament.

That Jesus was a woodworker of some kind was a tradition early current, and yet evidently received with some doubt. Justin Martyr, one of the earliest Christians after the apostles whose writings have come down to us, says that Jesus "was deemed a carpenter, for He was in the habit of making plows and yokes." As will be shown later, this probably means only that Jesus had enough knowledge of woodworking to make certain agricultural implements. In fact, the recorded sayings of Jesus according to the careful analysis of them in the current Craftsman tend to show that His regular earthly vocation was quite other than the carpenter's.

Jesus in His sayings shows familiarity with domestic, commercial, professional and agricultural life. The grind-

ing of grain, the making of bread, the mending of clothes, the washing of dishes, are used by Him as illustrations. He knows the ways of the banker and the money lender, of judges, lawyers, policemen, criminals and physicians. He quotes the current prices of articles of trade. He has observed children at play and the professedly devout at prayer. He knows the details of feasts and weddings even to the order of the guests at table and the proper kind of garments. But the references to these things are rather those of an observer from the outside than of an expert from the inside.

Even if He did make plows and yokes, as Justin Martyr says, it would seem to have been as a part of farm work rather than as a carpenter. That a preacher and teacher should have neglected to draw illustrations from his own trade which He had seen His father practice when He was a boy, is incredible. The only conclusion seems to be that the passage in St. Mark's Gospel is based on a misunderstanding of the fact stated in St. Matthew's that Joseph had ceased to ply his trade before Jesus was old enough to be interested in it, and that Jesus himself was not a carpenter, but a shepherd and farmer.—Chicago Inter Ocean



Mrs. Fairbanks tells how neglect of warning symptoms will soon prostrate a woman. She thinks woman's safeguard is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Ignorance and neglect are the cause of untold female suffering, not only with the laws of health but with the chance of a cure. I did not heed the warnings of headaches, organic pains, and general weariness, until I was well nigh prostrated. I knew I had to do something. Happily I did the right thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound faithfully, according to directions, and was rewarded in a few weeks to find that my aches and pains disappeared, and I again felt the glow of health through my body. Since I have been well I have been more careful, I have also advised a number of my sick friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and they have never had reason to be sorry. Yours very truly, Mrs. MAX FAIRBANKS, 216 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn." (Mrs. Fairbanks is one of the most successful and highest salaried traveling saleswomen in the West.)

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that be ring-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For over two years I suffered more than tongue can express with kidney and bladder trouble. My physician pronounced my trouble catarrh of the bladder, caused by displacement of the womb. I had a frequent desire to urinate, and it was very painful, and lumps of blood would pass with the urine. Also had backache very often. After writing to you, and receiving your reply to my letter, I followed your advice, and feel that you and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have cured me. The medicine drew my womb into its proper place, and then I was well. I never feel any pain now, and I can do my housework with ease."—Mrs. ALICE LAMON, Kincaid, Miss.

No other medicine for female ills in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement.

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

\$5000 REFUND if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

The most recent excavations show that Vesuvius began its work as a conservator of antiquity earlier than the memorable year A. D. 79. During the excavations in the valley of the Sarno, near San Marzano, some most interesting antiquities have come to light. These had been covered up by a volcanic deposit about six feet thick, which points to an eruption of Vesuvius which must have taken place in the seventh century before Christ. The relics include a Greek burying place, archaic Italian tombs and various bronzes and terra cottas.

Marquette, Wis., special: Isaac Stephenson, the wealthy lumberman, gave \$44,000 in Christmas gifts. He made presents of \$5,000 to each of eight children, and \$1,000 to each of four grandchildren.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
KEMP'S
BALSAM
BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

Ripans Tablets are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Constipation, heartburn, sick headache, dizziness, bad breath, sore throat, and every illness arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by Ripans Tablets. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five-cent package is enough for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them.

QAY LIFE FREE
10 Vials of Atlantic City at its best mailed to anyone sending us name and address of two or more friends who are suffering from Catarrhs
J. C. RICEY & CO.
514 WALNUT ST., PHILA.

PSO'S CURE FOR
CROUP, BRONCHITIS, ALLERGI
Best Cough Syrup, Cures Good. Use
in time, sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

When the little folks take colds and coughs, don't neglect them and let them strain the tender membranes of their lungs, Give them
Shiloh's Consumption Cure
The Lung Tonic
It will cure them quickly and strengthen their lungs. It is pleasant to take.
Price, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.

CAPSICUM VASELINE
(PURE IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES)
A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-relieving and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and neuralgia. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "it is the best of all your preparations." Price 18 cents, at all druggists or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail. No article should be accepted by the public unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.
CHESBROUGH MFG. CO.,
17 State Street, NEW YORK CITY.

50,000 AMERICANS WERE WELCOMED TO
Western Canada
DURING LAST YEAR.

They are settled and settling on the Grain and Grazing Lands, and are prosperous and satisfied. Sir Wilfred Laurier recently said: "A new star has risen on the horizon, and it is toward it that every immigrant who leaves the land of his ancestors to come and seek a home for himself turns his gaze"—Canada. There is.

Room for Millions.
FREE Homesteads given away. Schools, Churches, Railways, Markets, Clinics, everything to be desired.

For a descriptive Atlas and other information, apply to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or authorized Canadian Government Agents: M. V. McInnes, No. 6 Avenue Theater Block, Detroit, Mich., and C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 2—1904.
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