

## Fresh GROCERIES

FRESH COOKIES AND  
CANNED GOODS

OF ALL KINDS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING AT

**WILL RICHARDSON'S**

State Street Grocery.

## Pride of Charlevoix Cigar

will be found this year the same as last. So if you last year you needn't try them this year as there is no difference.

**R. J. Steffes.**

Warne Block

An Ad. in this space would do you good.

## 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

Sometimes 5 and 7 make 11.

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

We have just added to our equipment two new sets of the regulation ten pins.

**Bush's Bowling Alleys.**

## JOHN KENNY,

—GENERAL—

DRAYMAN

Moves household goods, baggage and Merchandise of all descriptions.  
Stove wood and lumber delivered.  
EAST JORDAN. MICH.

**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

Old papers for sale at this office.

## A WONDERFUL BUSINESS

Is the Lord & Thomas Advertising Agency, the Head of Which Retired Feb'y 1st.

Possibly there is no line of industry in the United States that has grown in such proportion in recent years as that of general advertising, which includes publicity in newspapers and magazines and outdoor display advertising, and through its tremendous force the entire basis of modern merchandising has been revolutionized.

The Chicago papers of the current week devote much space and time to the wonderful growth of the advertising business as a whole, and that of Lord & Thomas in particular, owing to the retirement of D. M. Lord, the senior member of the firm, who leaves active business life with a rich competence.

A. L. Thomas, who has had active management of the firm for some years past, succeeds to the presidency. C. R. Erwin, the new vice-president, has been connected with the company for 20 years and is therefore a veteran in the field; associated with him and Mr. Thomas is Mr. A. D. Lasker, the secretary and treasurer.

Thirty-five years of wide experience in handling the publicity of a large proportion of America's most successful advertisers have fitted Lord & Thomas to give most judicious and profitable service to enterprising business firms in every line.

The main offices of Lord & Thomas are in the Trade Building, Chicago, and its Eastern Branch is in the American Tract Society Building, New York.

## THE MOST FATAL DISEASE.

Kidney complaint kills more people than any other disease. This is due to the fact that it is so insidious it gets a good hold on the system before it is recognized. Foley's Kidney Cure will prevent fatal developments if taken in time. "I was troubled with kidney complaint for about two years," writes A. H. Davis, of Mt. Sterling, Ia., "but two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure effected a speedy cure."

Sold by L. C. Madison & Co.

Birds work for man from the first glimmer of light, Rocky Mountain Tex works for mankind both day and night. That's why it's famous the world over and older, it will not let you turn over and take another snore.

Warne's Pharmacy.

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

## Are the Fruit Buds Killed?

Does the Extreme Cold Weather Which We are Indulging In Have Any Bearing on Next Summer's Fruit Harvest?

This is a question which is worrying the farmers and horticulturists, not only in this county but throughout the whole state. During the past six weeks the mercury has reached levels which under ordinary conditions would most assuredly prove fatal to all the fruit buds, with the possible exception of the most hardy varieties. The one hopeful feature is the fact that there have been no thaws and therefore practically no sap in the trees while the roots have been amply protected with a covering of snow from two to four feet in thickness which has kept the frost out of the ground. On this account some of our fruit growers feel quite confident that the trees have not been seriously injured and that there will be at least a portion of a fruit crop next season.

## KEEP FIRE-HYDRANTS CLEAR.

The Herald is in receipt of the following timely communication from one of the village firemen:

"Fortunately for all concerned the residents of East Jordan have been very free from fires during this season of cold weather. The old rule still remains true that 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.' There is one thing that the residents of the village can do that will materially help the firemen in the preservation of property in case of fire, and that is to keep the snow shoveled from around the hydrants near the property. This is a small thing in itself and will require but little effort on the part of the citizens, but it may be of great help in case of fire. Who knows but what your home may be the first one to need our services, and a minute saved in getting water may mean the saving of valuable property. During the past week the hydrants have all been uncovered by the firemen; will the citizens kindly see to it that they remain so during the balance of the winter?"

## Common Council.

The regular meeting of the Common Council was held in the Council Chamber Monday evening. Called to order by President L. A. Hoyt at 8:00 o'clock all members present.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

The following bills were presented, audited and allowed, the Clerk being instructed to draw orders for the same:

Electric Light Co., lighting for Jan.	\$68.69.
W. E. Palmiter, services as collector of water rent and postage.	\$26.00.
East Jordan Lumber Co., wood.	\$3.00.
R. Miles, hauling wood.	25 cts.
Wm. Johnson, salary and care of Hall.	\$45.00.
A. Kenny, snow plowing streets and draying.	\$9.25.
Louis Grasier, labor.	50 cts.

The resignation of W. E. Palmiter as Clerk of the Water Commission was presented and accepted.

Clerk Hudson read his annual report showing the balance on hand in the several funds to be as follows:

General Fund,	\$551.04.
Highway Fund,	129.67.
Water Works,	164.58.
Total,	\$845.39.

The President appointed the following election Boards:

Election Inspectors—Trustees Lorraine and Plank with the President and Clerk.

Election Commissioners—Trustees S. Veet, Boosinger and Plank.

Registration—Trustees Steffes and Boosinger with the Clerk.

On motion it was decided to hold the Village Election in the Town Hall and the Registration in the Village Hall.

Adjourned.

*Chas. A. Hudson,*  
Village Clerk

## L. O. T. M. M. ITEMS.

Sororian Hive No. 452 at their last regular meeting, elected Mrs. Eva Kenny delegate to the State Convention to be held at Battle Creek next June. Mrs. L. C. Madison was elected alternate.

Next regular meeting will be held Monday night, Feb'y 22. All members are requested to be present, as there is important business to be transacted. —Mrs. J. Smith, Mrs. F. Martinek, press committee.

## An Editorial Change.

With this issue we lay down the editorial pen resigning in favor of Mr. G. Arthur Lisk, of Lapeer, who has purchased THE HERALD, taking possession this week. Mr. Lisk is a young man of energy and ability, being thoroughly conversant with all branches of the printing trade. For twelve years past he has been with the Lapeer Clarion, filling the position of forman in the job department.

We feel assured that Mr. Lisk will continue to make THE HERALD a live local paper and merit the support of both the business men and citizens of the community.

During the three years past in which THE HERALD has been under our guidance our relations with East Jordan's business men and people have been of the most pleasant and we will always cherish the brightest recollections of our editorial experience.

We take pleasure in introducing Mr. Lisk to the public and hope that he will meet with the full measure of success.  
R. L. LORRAINE.

This week's issue of THE Herald begins a new era in the life of this paper, its former editor, and your humble servant. In taking charge, we found that Mr. R. L. Lorraine had established a well-to-do country weekly. Its pages are full of local advertising, which not only speaks well of the business men, but also the ability of Mr. Lorraine to bring it up to its present good standard. In going over the subscription list, we found it most enviable. Not only are the subscribers "paid-up" but they represent the better class of citizens as well.

It is our purpose to develop the plant still further and give to the citizens of this village and county a Newspaper and Job Office of more than passing merit. We solicit the patronage of both old and new customers and feel sure that we can be of mutual benefit.—G. A. Lisk.

## Embarks in Journalism.

(From the Lapeer Co. Clarion.)

G. Arthur Lisk, of THE Clarion, has purchased the Charlevoix County Herald and leaves for East Jordan to assume editorship of the same, Monday next. R. L. Lorraine is the retiring publisher. Mr. Lisk began his work in this office, as a novice, twelve years ago. Although he has had numerous opportunities to leave THE Clarion, at apparently better financial advantage, he sized them all up judiciously and decided not to throw down a good and satisfactory thing for an uncertainty, no matter how flattering in appearance. He is one of the steadiest, most reliable, well equipped in experience and ability, and all the year round dependable men we ever had the pleasure of having on THE Clarion pay-roll. His level headedness in sticking where he found pretty fair picking, has put him in possession of such capability as he could not otherwise have acquired and such as will prove invaluable to him in undertaking business for himself. We predict for him success, and feel sure that he will give the people of East Jordan such a newspaper as they have not heretofore even pictured as possible at that point.

## O. E. S. RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS—It has pleased Almighty God, the Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst our sister and friend Miss Sarah Ward, and

WHEREAS—In our departed sister the Chapter loses one of its honored and efficient workers commanding the respect of all who knew her, therefore

Resolved that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved family and friends in this their hour of trouble recommending them to Him who doeth all things well; that the flight of the spirit is the second birth and beginning of its sublime journey in the ethereal world is a thought uplifting and grand. We think of her as not dead—only our arisen sister whom we hope to meet in the summer land;

Resolved that our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days and that her chair and pedestal be the depository of our floral offerings for the same period;

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, placed on the minutes of the Chapter and given to the Charlevoix County Herald for publication.

Mrs. E. J. Crossman, Mrs. Lasira A. Kenyon, Mrs. J. B. Palmiter, Com.

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

# BOOSINGER BROS.

Send Forth

## A WORD OF THANKS

To the Hundreds of Customers who have made our Great

1-4 Off Sale a magnificent success in spite of the most inopportune weather of the season.

This alone speaks wonders for the confidence the public has in our great sales that are growing in popularity every year. No less is the praise heard on every hand of the high quality of the merchandise we offer to the public.

Next week we will have open for inspection

The First Arrival of **NEW SPRING GOODS**

It will pay you to call and see them, even if you are ready to buy styles the latest quality the very highest, prices the lowest.

Quality First of All - - Our Motto.

**BOOSINGER BROS.**



Young Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is seriously thinking of running her husband for Congress.

The price of carpets has advanced sharply, and Mrs. Malaprop says she'll buy only rugs hereafter.

Canada still clings to opera bouffe. Fifteen guns were fired at the opening of the Toronto legislature.

The Mad Mullah gave England quite a nice chance to rest up and is probably sorry now that he did it.

If the corporation of typewriters at St. Petersburg and Tokyo hold out under the strain all may yet be well.

As England views it, this is an occasion when the white man may have to take up the yellow man's burden.

Why should the girls propose, even in leap year when they can make the men propose at any time they want them to?

Before Russia and Japan get through the Chinese papers will doubtless be able to announce some big real estate transfers.

A Chamberlain parliamentary candidate has been defeated in England. But "Pushful Joe" has several more boroughs to burrow in.

All the world's a stage. We have our exits and our entrances—but sometimes the exits are found to be locked in an emergency.

Do you suppose the girls themselves really like those dances in which they are not supported by a masculine arm or are they only bluffing?

If the revolutionary army in Santo Domingo is so anxious to get to the government army in a hurry why does it not call a cab and go there?

About 10,000 rabbits were killed in a rabbit drive in Oregon. Chicken pie will be a great dish in the hotels in that state for some time to come.

Mr. Carnegie has given \$1,250 to help pay for two church organs in Tiffin, and somebody cheerfully observes that this is real organized charity.

The Pennsylvania railroad threatens to plant boards to shut off the "unrightly" billboards bordering its right of way. Won't the billboard fellows divvy?

In spite of all our efforts to keep from getting mixed up in a war, it looks as if the United States will have to fight. The boll weevil has reached Congress.

The Rowburghs have received another grand ovation from the people who are hanging around the ancestral seat waiting for the duchess to remove the rubber band.

Few poets have been so exacting with the Creator as Laureate Austin who is blasé enough to grumble about the monotony of the "self-same stars in the self-same sky."

Those who figured that it will take thirty or forty years to build the Panama canal have evidently been watching the progress of construction work on government buildings.

The New York Sun speaks of "a close shave for a nurse" of the feminine gender, who narrowly escaped being crushed under falling ice. Charles A. Dana is dead.

A crusade has been inaugurated in Boston against school teachers who "chew gum." How futile! Boston teachers may masticate, it is impossible to think that they chew.

A man 101 years old dropped dead the other day while smoking a pipe—but, perhaps, if he hadn't calmed his nerves all his life long with tobacco he wouldn't have lived to be 101.

Brewer Pabst of Milwaukee left a fortune of \$10,000,000. This is considerably more than has ever been left by anyone who ministered to the spiritual cravings—at least, so far as we know.

It is stated that fully 8,000,000 people in Mexico, more than half the population, live without work. We had no idea that there were so many political offices under the Mexican government.

One New York young woman ventures the comment that if "Hamlet" had been the bill in place of "Bluebeard" the loss of life in the Iroquois fire would have been small. Yes, if Eddie Foy had played Hamlet.

The chief of the Cherokee nation in Indian Territory is reported to be suffering with the gout. This puts the Carlisle School away to the rear in providing evidence that the noble red man is capable of acquiring civilization.

General sympathy is expressed for the downtrodden and poorly paid department clerks in the government employ who will hereafter have to keep up the bluff that they are working for seven long hours five days in the week.



"I caught cold in my eye last week," said the cigar dealer. "The general effect was as if somebody had given me a good belt and the black and blue hadn't had time to show. It wasn't painful—merely uncomfortable—and I thought I could just as well attend to business while it wore itself out. It began to be painful after I got down to the store. "Catch—fresh—cold?" inquired the customer. "No," replied the cigar dealer sadly. "It was the inevitable funny business that hurt. People began to get interested in the eye as soon as they got inside the store. They thought it one of the finest jokes that ever happened, apparently. Say, can you tell me what there is funny about a black eye?" "It isn't any funnier than twins," said the customer. "The last addition to my family was twins. I can sympathize with you. What did you do about it?" "Stood it as long as I could," replied the cigar dealer. "After that I

went around to the printer and got these cards printed. Then when a man came in and asked me about it I handed him one of 'em." The customer took a card the cigar dealer handed him and read: "I did not run against an open door in the dark. "It was not a stick of wood that flew up and hit me. "I did not call the man a liar. "I do not want to call your attention to the condition of the other man. "I have not been interviewing Fitzsimmons. "Nobody hit me. "My wife and I have no differences of opinion. "I have no wife. "I did not threaten to report the policeman. "N. B.—I would like to smile, but I can't, even in the interest of trade. "Let me keep this for a curiosity," said the customer. "I'm sorry," said the cigar dealer, "but I had only 1,000 of them struck off and I used up all the others."

### His Trust Well Placed

Last winter when I went south for my health," said Col. L. S. Brown of the Southern Railway, "I was told they were going to try a colored man for stealing a quantity of raw cotton, and when the hour arrived I went up to the court house to hear the case. The prisoner was a man about 40 years of age, and he had elected to plead his own case. The prosecution proved that the bag of cotton was found in the colored man's cabin, and the property was fully identified as belonging to the owner of a compress. The prisoner asked no questions, but said he wanted to make a statement and rest his case 'wid de Lawd.' After a while he was given an opportunity to speak and said: "I was gwine by dat compress at 'leven o'clock last night when a voice dun called out to me. "Hold on dar Abraham Jones. Yo' was a pore man, an' yo' jest take 'long dis bag o' cotton to buy yo' some shoes fur cold weather." Den de bag fell at my feet, an' I dun took it home. "Did you recognize the voice?" said the judge. "No, sah, but I reckon it was an angel who spoke. "Then why did you hide the bag when you got home? "Well, sah, jest as I got frew de gate another voice dun told me dat I'd better hide de cotton fur a few days. "Did you recognize that voice?"

"No, sah, but I dun reckon it was a voice from heben." "And that's your defense, is it?" "Yes, sah. I ze willin' to rest dis case in de Lawd's hands. De Lawd he dun knows I nubber stole dat cotton. "Hadn't you better have a lawyer?" suggested the judge, with something like a smile on his face. "I reckon not, sah. I ze been gwine to church fur de las' forty years, an' I ze reslin' dis case right in de hands ob de Lawd. "Then I shall have to give you four months in jail, Abraham." "Huh, what fur?" "For stealing that cotton." "The prisoner received his sentence without a word, seeming to have expected it, and was presently led away. Two weeks later I met him on the streets of a town fifty miles away and said to him: "Abraham, I thought you were in jail at Selma?" "Yes, sah, I was," he replied. "And I remember you put your case in the hands of the Lord?" "Deer, but I did, sah, an' I cum out all right. "But you got four months." "So I did, sah—so I did—but arter serving five days ob de time de Lawd showed me how to dig out dat jail, an' yer I am an' dey won't nubber git me arin'."—Washington Star.

### Battle with a Wolf

The skin of the only gray wolf killed in Vermont in the last fifty years was brought into the village of Staarksboro the other day by David Dike, a farmer, who killed the animal in a patch of woods near his barn after a severe fight, in which Mr. Dike and a dog were badly used up. Mr. Dike had just gone into the house from the barn, where he had been milking, when his attention was attracted by his shepherd dog, which was loudly barking in front of the henhouse. Taking a lantern, he went out to investigate and saw the dog had cornered a gray animal about his own size. Both were bristling with fear and rage, but neither dared to attack the other. The farmer had no gun, but he ran into the woodshed and procured a broom with which he struck at the marauder. Thereupon the wolf, for such it turned out to be, dashed for the woods, with the dog after it, and came to a stand near the foot of a maple tree. By this time the wolf was frothing at the mouth and snarling and snapping at the shepherd every time he

came within range. Once or twice he slipped the dog and drew blood. Mr. Dike encouraged the dog and then boldly worked around to the rear of the maple. This was too much for the wolf, and in sheer desperation he sprang at the farmer, who dealt him a telling blow with the broom. At the same time the dog tackled the animal in the rear and got a hold on his neck. The next instant a three-cornered fight was on. The wolf tackled the farmer and dog by turns, snapping and scratching at first one and then the other. In the meantime the dog and the broom got in some lively work and at the end of ten minutes honors were about even. The wolf could easily have escaped, but he evidently preferred to fight it out, and it was nearly twenty minutes before he was vanquished. When the wolf was dead Mr. Dike found he was scratched in several places and the dog was wounded in spots from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. The skin is much the worse for wear, but will be mounted.

### A Genius in Rags

"I don't pretend to account for the inequalities in this world, but I do know that there are a good many numskulls who are rich and a good many very shrewd men who are poor," said a merchant who was taking lunch with a party of friends down town yesterday. "Here is a little incident that will give you some idea of what I mean. I'm something of a crank in the matter of shoes, and always have from five to a dozen pairs that are partly worn but still available for service. One morning last week a 'hobo' called at the basement door of my house and succeeded in getting my wife there to hear his story. But the fact that his feet were on the ground pleaded more eloquently than any words, and my big collection of shoes was brought out for him to choose from. He took a couple, returned profuse thanks, and left. "Toward evening my wife was out and I at home. Along came a 'hobo' with hair through his hat and feet

through his shoes. He humbly asked me if I couldn't help him in the matter of footwear and I was in the midst of a refusal when he said my wife had told him in the morning that I had a pair of shoes that were not mated and I would probably be willing he should have them. More with the idea of convicting the fellow of lying than anything else I brought out the shoes. Sure enough, there were two of them for the left foot, without any corresponding shoe for the right. I didn't see how he could utilize them, but he said they would serve his purpose, and he departed with them. In the morning that fellow had been sharp enough to pick out the two shoes for the right foot and then waited around till he could work me for the other two. I suppose one pair went to a pal. "Now, there is a fellow trampin' it that would simply reeked if he had a chance at wrecking railroads or conning wheat. There's not a man in a thousand would have thought of turning the trick he did."

Reporter Glad to "Divvy" to Save His Reputation. Before coming to Philadelphia a certain newspaper man was employed on a Baltimore paper whose city editor was a stickler for facts and brevity. He also believed in encouraging his men, and each week a ten-dollar gold piece was given the man who wrote the best story that week. On one occasion this reporter got in a police station a report of an accident to a young woman, who had been injured in a storm by a falling tree. The report was most comprehensive. The next day the account, just as it was written, was posted on the bulletin board in the reporters' room. Accompanying it was a note from the city editor, saying it was a masterpiece of accuracy and brevity, and that the writer would draw down the weekly prize. The reporter's joy was short lived, however. A rat-eyed little office boy called him aside, and in a stage whisper demanded: "Where did you get dat pipe dream?" Somewhat surprised the prize-winner told him, to which he replied: "Well, she lives next door to me, see? Youse is got her sister's name instead of hers in your story; the address is wrong, and in the second place the doctor is me brother, and his name and address is also wrong, and then again, she didn't break her arm, but a leg. Now, you give me half of dat prize money or I'll pipe the chief off." He got the five. Philadelphia Ledger.

### SCARED BY ENGINE'S WHISTLE.

Cowpuncher Couldn't Wait for Train to Turn Around. At the Hoffman House recently, Col. Cody told this story. He said: "In my town out West we've recently put in a new railroad, which attracts a good deal of attention. One day a young cowpuncher from one of the ramote ranches came into town and there saw a train for the first time in his life. One of the boys, knowing his ignorance, planned it so that the cowpuncher found himself near the track just as the far-off whistle of an approaching locomotive was heard. "The cowpuncher soon began to show signs of distress. His restiveness increased rapidly as the train approached, until, when the roar and the blanket of dust from the sliding wheels enveloped him, he rose in his stirrups, scared half to death. "The engineer, taking in the situation, leaned back out of his cab window just as the train stopped, and shouted at the top of his lungs: "Git out of the way, you ornery cowpuncher! I'm goin' to turn around!" "That was hint enough for the cowpuncher. Slapping his spurs into the flanks of his bronco, he was over the hills in a twinkling. The last I saw of him was a little red ball of the furthest horizon."—New York Tribune.

### The Goose Got Away.

To the Hon. Joseph Sibley of Pennsylvania the yarn-loving members of the House are giving credit for this story: "There was a rich old farmer who lived in one of the interior districts near Philadelphia, and who got tangled up in a money transaction with one of his neighbors, Mr. Alston, for that was his name, sought an attorney, who gave him a letter of introduction to a brother lawyer in Philadelphia, at which place it was necessary to enter the suit. The letter was delivered to the lawyer, and while he was reading it he was called out of the room, leaving the letter on his desk. Mr. Alston let curiosity get the better of him and read the letter, which closed with a postscript stating that "Mr. Alston is a fat goose; pluck him heavy." "That was enough for the old farmer, and seizing a pen he wrote: "P. S. No. 2—The goose has flown, feathers and all." He took him about three seconds to amble down the stairs and into the streets, and he has not had anything to do with lawyers from that day to this, preferring to pluck his own goose."—Washington Times.

### Plants with Savings Banks.

All leaf-buds, whether underground or on the bare branches of winter, are plant savings put aside from the superfluity of summer against the proverbial rainy day. The starch of which such organisms consist is to the plant what his savings are to the prudent man; and the common potato is one of the greatest misers of the vegetable world in this respect, for almost the whole of the tuber is made up of starch food, left as a legacy to the young plants represented by the "eyes." This is true in all plants that grow from bulbs. "Some go further for they run a savings bank in the shape of a taproot, which, if left undisturbed, grows larger year by year, to be drawn upon in seasons of drought, when other means of subsistence are exhausted. Among these are primroses, carrots, beetroots, and turnips; and with these three last this faculty of saving has been developed by man to make the plants a source of profit.

### The Red Ball.

Dame Nature now plays hostess, inviting one and all, and she has put our skates on and lets us to the ball. Her music is the laughter that's borne upon the breeze, while for the bass, the North Wind goes booming through the trees. Her figures are the old ones believed by us of yore. The elights and double twisters. Upon her crystal floor. Her favors are the red cheeks, the sparkling eyes withal, while often to the maiden's heart will fall some fellow's word will fall. —McLanburgh Wilson.

# A Dissatisfied Cricket



BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

Once upon a time a cricket was sitting on a hearth chirping away at a great rate, when it happened for the first time to hear the ticking of a clock that had been put on the mantel over-head a day or two before. Then, brimming with curiosity, the cricket managed after great difficulty to reach the mantelpiece, where it leaned against the timepiece and listened very attentively. "Whatever kind of an insect it may be," observed the cricket, "it ticks much louder and faster than I, and still it never seems to pause for breath." While the cricket gazed vacantly into space with a mystified air, the clock struck ten. "Gracious me!" said the startled cricket in astonishment that savored of envy of the greenest kind. "What a beautiful bang it has, to be sure. If I had so resonant a bang as that I should be the proudest and happiest creature in the meadow, and also at the bedside. Perhaps if I go inside, the banging proprietor will be good enough to teach me the method of his beautiful bang." So the cricket, full of the joys of anticipation, skipped blithely around to the front of the clock, and, seeing the keyholes and the hands, concluded that they were the banging occupant's eyes and two of his legs, which he fancied were many. The cricket noticed also that the glass door of the

clock was tightly closed, so it walked underneath the clock and squeaked up the crevice in which the pendulum was tirelessly swinging. "May I come in?" asked the anxious minstrel of the meadow and angle nook. There being no reply, the cricket became satisfied that the huge marble insect to which it addressed itself was too busy in ticking and locking to hear anything. Suddenly the clock stopped and the cricket crawled up the pendulum and began looking around and up and down among the silent, motionless wheels both dazed and amazed. "I believe I am on the inside of the insect," said the cricket, "and that the whole thing," meaning the clock, "is the creature with the coveted bang. As the outside of it gives no clue as regards the method, perhaps I can learn something from these intestinal discs." Just then the owner of the clock began to wind it and the startled cricket, sitting akimbo on one of the wheels, lost his balance and tumbled into the whirling machinery and was soon crushed into a pulp. The moral of this little fable teaches us that we should be content to blow and make ourselves heard on the horn with which the wise, beneficent mother Nature supplied us, and not seek to strike when we are only equipped to tick, lest we suddenly come to grief, as did the poor weak, dissatisfied cricket. —New York Times.

### Man's Need of Rest

In commenting on the well-authenticated statement that Theodore Mommensen, the famous German historian, slept only about three hours a day during the last twenty years of his life and yet attained to the ripe old age of 86, a specialist in nervous diseases said that this remarkable record could only be accounted for by an extraordinary intellectual development and intense absorption in his work. "Contrary to the popular notion," the physician continued, "the more highly developed is a man's intellect, the less sleep he will require. The reason is that when all of life's forces are centered in the intellect there is much less wear and tear on the body than is the case when a more animal life is led. When the body is used merely as a means to a higher end, it will respond in an astonishing manner to the tasks that are placed upon it.

"I am not what you would call a religious man, but I can testify that it is impossible for me that behind the body is a something—call it intellect, spirit, or soul, just as you please— that has a power over the body that is practically unlimited; at least I should hesitate to place any limitation upon it. And when a man lives in his intellect, soul or spirit, his body is not only subjected to a minimum need of repair, but it can be used up to the maximum of its capacity. "Mommensen lived entirely for his work, and his intellect was so highly trained that it probably worked almost automatically. All his physical forces were enlisted in the service of his intellect, and as he followed the same daily routine for years its power was enhanced by the wonderful force of habit. It is a little wonder then that he survived on only three hours' sleep a day."

### Word for the Nightcap

It is laid down by a recognized authority on dyspepsia and its treatment that supper or dinner should not be taken later than 7 or 8 in the evening, when it advises a comparatively simple meal. He is emphatic on the importance of eating slowly and allowing time between each course, to the extent indeed of insisting that the servant shall entirely clear and remove each from the dining room before the next one is brought from the kitchen. Digestion, as he points out, will occur at least four hours, and while it is not desirable to go to bed on an empty stomach, the process is retarded during sleep. To quote from a recent manual on the subject: "Time should be allowed between the meal and retiring to bed for digestion to be well on its way to being completed. But remember that to pass a comfortable night without rest

lessness and without sleeplessness the body must go to rest fully nourished, and a good meal—some three or four hours before retiring is a great help to assure good sleep at night." It is interesting to note that the writer does not condemn the old-fashioned "nightcap" of whisky or brandy and water, and states that two table-spoonfuls of either in two-thirds of a tumbler of soda or plain water are a great help toward a restful night, especially as age advances. People should not, he considers, ignore the importance of rest before their meals, and if one is feeling over-tired before lunch or dinner it is most desirable to sit down quietly for ten or fifteen minutes while a small glass of half milk and half water with a spoonful of brandy in it will stimulate the system and prepare the digestive organs for the task they will be called upon to fulfill. —London Telegraph.

### What Broke the Spell

Around the setting sun the sea rolled like a molten furnace, deepening away from fire to crimson to purple, from purple to gray, and so on to the shimmering black mirror that answered to the flickering lights of the incoming procession of stars. Far out from land a belated fishing boat stole slowly harborward; its red and its green light mere specks of color on the vast surface of the rocking water. A cool wind blew in shore and brought with it the sound of whistles from the out-bound steamers in the dim distance. In one direction the lights of the great city could be seen as a blur of brightness, indistinct and spectral like upon the darkness of the summer sky. To the man on the beach the scene seemed too glorious for words, and his soul was caught up by its beauty and lifted far above the dross and commonness of this wicked world. In that

moment he realized as never before the vast difference, the unspeakable gulf between the things of heaven and the things of earth, and his heart swelled with love for his fellow-men. Beside him sat his bride of a month. The moon has rarely seen a woman more beautiful. The light in her eyes seemed born of the beauty of the night, and he wondered, Was she, too, drinking in its splendor, feasting upon its loveliness, something into her whole being? Her gaze was riveted upon the distant horizon, where sky and sea were one. She sighed—oh, how sweetly she sighed!—and turned her beautiful face toward him. "John, dear," she murmured, "and her voice was like the whispering of angels to his soul. "I just can't decide whether to have it make with a circular founce or with a plain-deep ruff."

### Encouragement for Beginners.

Andrew Carnegie, in addressing lately an audience in Scotland struggling to advance a good cause, said: "Let me comment a great truth to you, which has been one of my supports in life: 'The gods send thread for a web begun.' Thread will be sent for that you are about to weave, I am well assured."

### Historic Panama Flag.

Secretary Hay has in his possession the Panama flag in which was wrapped Panama's treaty with the United States on its trip from Washington to the isthmus and back again. The flag was presented to him by Minister Binua-Varilla, who himself kept the American flag, which was also wrapped about the treaty.



### SUMMER SUNSETS.

Spaces there are of silver, spaces of  
hazy green,  
Fading blue and deepening rose the lin-  
dea boughs between.  
Jubilant thrushes calling white twit-  
tles are falling,  
Across the western rures their fervent  
fires to scorch.

A whitethroat sings his wispers, while  
far-off pigeons draw,  
Moths quit the shadowy shelter of ivy  
on a wall;  
The spider spins her spinning, for her  
leisure time's besting,  
And flimsy across with dewdrops are the  
hangings of her hall.

Gray clouds invade the silver, the green  
they overrun;  
There is no stain of scarlet where lately  
died the sun,  
Time's finger that was lifted falls; and a  
point has shifted  
Upon the dial of the earth. Another day  
is done.  
—Westminster Gazette.



## THE LAST HOPE

BY LURA VINE SMITH.

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"Ruthie, do you think James will come tomorrow? Will I see him once more before I die? He will come, if he knows, won't he?"

"Oh, grandma!" answered the girl, "don't talk that way! Maybe we will keep you with us a long time yet. Yes, I think James will come, and really, I believe you look better today. Now try and sleep a bit, and when you wake up I will make you some nice soft toast and we will have tea together."

Tenderly drawing the bed cover up over the shoulders of the old lady and smoothing her pillow, Ruth stepped softly to the kitchen and sinking into a low chair buried her face in her apron and sobbed bitterly. She knew her grandmother could live, but a few days at the most. The dear, helpless, old lady had passed her ninetieth birthday, and now it was only a step to the beyond where all sorrow and care would cease.

But this was not all the cloud that darkened Ruth's sky. Poor child! so young and frail to bear such a heavy burden! Drawing it from her pocket, she read for the hundredth time, perhaps, that crumpled letter:

"Dear Ruth: I am more than ashamed to beg you to help me out of another scrape, but I swear if you can fix me out this time, it shall be the last. Here I am, three hundred miles from home, grandma dying—asking for me, and I am in trouble again. It's a fine of ten dollars or jail. The professor says he will see me there this time, before he'll help me out, and I don't know as I can blame him. Sis, I haven't one cent! I've got that pass for home, but I can't leave here until I have paid the fine! Ruthie, I am a scoundrel, as I know better than anybody else, and I hate myself; but if you can get me out this once, so I can go home, I'll promise to come back and finish this year and be the steadiest fellow you ever saw. I mean it this time, sure, for I'm tired of the whole business, and I'll pay you back, for you shall have a good deal more than half of what grandma has to leave us. You will want you, Ruthie? Don't let her die till I get there! Your loving brother, JIM."

Ruth wasn't really his sister, though she loved him with all her big heart—perhaps more than she would if she had been. Grandma Hall, who had raised James, taking him when he was a little fellow in dresses, had adopted Ruth, and brought the two up as her own children.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" cried the girl. "She must not, must not guess the truth—it would break her heart, for she thinks him perfect, and she is dying! How can

ing woman's face lit up with a bright glow.

"It was years ago—on a cold night in fall, your grandpa and I lived right here, just as you and I do, and the wind howled just as it does to-night—perhaps that is what made me remember that and—There came a sound of music out under that old ironwood tree; it came nearer, and O, it was so sweet! It was 'The Last Hope,' the boy said, for father opened the door, and there stood the poor thing, cold and shivering, and sick. We took him in and put him to bed; I guess you would call him a 'Dago,' now, but he had a sweet soul."



For there was money!

The next morning his dark, curly head lay against the pillow—so quiet, but his eyes roamed over the room and he whispered, "The Last Hope! Wind it up. Your grandpa would it, faintly, 'Again!' I was busy in the kitchen and thought it must be nearly run down; I came in just as the last sweet strain was dying and with it went the spirit of the little Italian boy. We never knew who he was, but we buried him and took the music box for our own—not for general use, but when dark places came we would wind it up and listen, and it always seemed to comfort us with the assurance that there was still one more hope. I need it now, so get it, dearie, and we will listen to it together, it will be the 'Hope' that, Jamie will come before I go."

Ruth made her way to the attic and found the unknown, hidden treasure, though her eyes were blinded with tears, so that she could hardly see, and she shivered and kept repeating, "O what shall I—what can I do?"

With difficulty she brought the box down the narrow stairs, for it was large and heavy, but it was finally placed on the round, old-fashioned table and wound up. Slowly softly the tune that had slept for years awakened and filled the room with its rich, sweet melody; once, twice it played the tune and they listened in silence, then the music stopped.

Ruth wound it tighter—still no sound; she tried to turn the sheet, but it refused to move. She tried the sprocket, pressed the pin wheel, but all to no purpose.

"I will take it to the kitchen and unscrew the cover and then I can surely find out what is the matter. You shall have some more music, grandma, indeed you shall," said Ruth, as she once more lifted the big box and bore it away.

The old screws were loosened with but little trouble, the cover raised, and there—Ruth almost screamed for delight and amazement—for there was money! nickels—nickels—nickels without end! No wonder the thing was so heavy! She counted; forty-two nickels; and there in one corner was a little leather bag with just one hundred more! One hundred and forty-two nickels—seven dollars and ten cents!

"And I have four dollars and eight-

She didn't know any more what to do than the big cat who watched her, but she touched something, she couldn't tell what, and lo! the wheel turned and once again came the sweet tune. Carefully she laid the money in the table drawer, but the cover in place, closed the box and carried it back to the bedroom, saying cheerily:

"Well, grandma, the last hope is surely not dead. A card from James says he will be here to-morrow morning—and God and the angels forgive her for the lie."

The sweet, wrinkled, old face wore a happy smile, but the soul was gone. Softly the music-box played "The Last Hope." The door was closed; the dead woman was alone with the music she loved.

In the next room a boy and a girl—nay—a man and a woman stood side by side. Gently his arm stole around her waist.

"Ruthie, but for you her last hope—yes, and my own; had died. Had I not got here before she went I should never have forgiven myself."

He raised her sweet face to his and there were tears in her eyes.

"Why, my darling, is it so? Is there one last hope for me still?" and the girl replied:

"How I have loved you, James!"—and sweetly, softly, "The Last Hope" played—for the dead and for the living."

### IT WAS UP TO BROKER TAYLOR.

Whether Beggar Should Take Lord's Name in Vain or Not.

Talbot J. Taylor, son-in-law of James R. Keene, is noted for his kindness of heart. Few are the beggars who, appealing to Mr. Taylor, are dismissed empty-handed.

One bright morning not long ago a grey-beard with one leg hobbled humbly up to Mr. Taylor on Broadway.

"For God's sake, sir," he began, but the broker interrupted him with some severity.

"Don't take the Lord's name in vain, my friend," he said.

"The beggar's rather intelligent face was illuminated with a faint smile.

"It will be your fault, sir," he said, "if I do take it in vain."

Thereupon the broker also smiled, and his hand went quickly to his pocket.

His Opinion of Wagner.

Augustus Thomas has a friend—a real Kentucky Colonel of the type one reads about in novels—who is very fond of the lighter music, but who has always entertained the opinion that the music of Wagner, Bach and other of the so-called classical composers, is "a sound and fury signifying nothing."

When he was expressing his views on the subject of Wagnerian music it developed that he had never heard a Wagner opera. Thomas pleaded with him that it was hardly fair to condemn a thing without a hearing, and persuaded him to listen to a Wagner opera at the Metropolitan.

The Colonel went, and the next day when Thomas met him, he asked:

"Well, Colonel, what is your opinion of Wagner now?"

"What do I think of him? Why, I think he was nothing short of a 'scoundrel, Suh!' He could write a tune, but he wouldn't."—New York Times.

Queer Case of Forgetfulness.

What is pronounced by physicians to be a case of double consciousness was brought to public notice by a suit filed by David Charters against the city of Denver, for \$15,000 damages for injuries to his head, sustained by falling on a defective sidewalk, says a dispatch to the Philadelphia American. After the accident, which occurred Dec. 30, 1901, Charters proclaimed himself "Daniel the Prophet," and wrote a book, entitled "Daniel's Vision and Mission; Is Heaven Real? Is Hell Real?"

He preached on the streets, and established a prosperous mission. He also traveled about the country as an evangelist. Charters, a few weeks ago, recovered from his injury, and the attendant aberration, and declared that the interval following the accident was a blank to him. He had no knowledge of having written a book. After reading the book he pronounced its contents idiotic.

A Budding Romance.

They stroll away from all the rest. To talk of Gipsy, Gipsy and Gipsy. Till by some strange caprice at last. The conversation turns on—kissing.

He claims, with that convincing air of one whose knowledge is complete, that kisses won beneath the rose. Are far the tenderest and sweetest.

A pause ensues. He begs her thought. Her glance no gleam of guile disclosure. "It was just wondering," she observes. "If this year would be good for roses?" —Beatrice Hanscom in Anslee's.

Now is the Time.

To-day is the time for laughter; To-morrow the time for tears, Whatever may come hereafter, Whatever of woe with years; To-day is the time to borrow The best that the gods can give. We can sorrow if need be to-morrow, But to-day is the time to live! —Boston Traveler.

Americans in Australia.

In all the large cities of Australia and New Zealand you will find some Americans. Melbourne especially has many, whose fathers voyaged from San Francisco when gold was first discovered.

Mounts in Cranberry.

Mountain cranberry is one of the best remedies for kidney troubles. It grows wild on poor soil, but is not as plentiful as many of the herbs.

Giant Spiders.

In the East Indies there are spiders so large that they feed on small birds.

## KANSAS CITY GIRL WHO HAS WON HIGH FAVOR IN ENGLAND



MISS ELIZABETH PARKINSON

London correspondents point out an unusual honor for an American singer in the three-year contract made by the Covent Garden opera in London with Miss Elizabeth Parkinson. Miss Parkinson is the daughter of Judge John L.

Parkinson of Kansas City. She made her musical debut in Paris a little over a year ago, and a few months later appeared with success as Lakme in a grand production at the Opera Comique.

### WON CAMPAIGN WITH BULL.

How New York Assemblyman Secured His Seat.

Much surprise was evinced when the young millionaire Robert W. Landon defeated Major Francis G. Landon in the race for the New York assembly. The explanation may be found in a story which seems to indicate that Mr. Chanler either has a good idea of practical politics or is being guided by a veteran at the game. Everything was going well with Major Landon's campaign, despite his unpopular move in declaring against the acceptance of Pullman passes, when Mr. Chanler invested \$5,000 in a prize bull, which he invited all of the farmers of the district to call at his place and view. The ruralists went into raptures over the bull, and when they expressed a wish that they might own such an animal Mr. Chanler promptly presented each with a card giving him an interest. These cards were distributed without discrimination to all raisers of cattle, and the prize bull became the common property of the county. Against this sort of competition Major Landon's fight was hopeless.

### SPLIT IN NOTED SOCIETY.

Women Leave Organization, on Question of Divorce.

An organization of Catholic women was formed in New York city recently which had for its object, among other things, suppression of the divorce evil. Miss Annie Leary, a leading member of the 409, a personal friend of Mrs. Astor and a papal countess, was one of the principal movers in the new enterprise, but it is understood she and Mrs. Frederick Neilson, also one of the leading women of the Catholic laity of the United States, have withdrawn from the society, the reason being that a rule was recently adopted that all members pledge themselves to abjure the society of divorced persons. Miss Leary numbers among her friends Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont and other notable divorcees. Mrs. Neilson, the mother of Mrs. Hollis Hunnewell, who recently divorced Arthur I. Kemp and was remarried soon afterward, followed suit.

### WORSTED IN WITTY CONTEST.

Young Society Woman Got the Best of Chauncey Depew.

Chauncey Depew was badly worsted the other afternoon in a contest of wit with a young society woman of Washington. The two had been waging a fairly even battle until the Senator ventured to praise a certain young woman who for some time has been endeavoring to work her way into exclusive society. The youthful matron with whom Chauncey was conversing does not view this aspiration with favor, and he was aware of the fact. "You must admit," said he, "that Mrs. Blanks' crudeness is disappearing. I should certainly say that she is rising in the social scale." "Oh, dear me, yes," was the reply, "she is snubbed by a better class of people every time she appears. To that extent at least the poor thing is making progress."

### CHARITIES TO BE KEPT UP.

Forecast of John D. Rockefeller's Last Testament.

It leaked out the other day through the statement of a prominent business man of New York city, whose acquaintance with John D. Rockefeller is a close one, that the terms of the Rockefeller will are so drawn that the numerous charities to which he now contributes regularly will receive the same benefits yearly as they do now. It isn't known whether this will include the University of Chicago or not, but it does include scores and scores of institutions and private charities which are kept alive largely by the generosity of Mr. Rockefeller, and of which the world at large knows but little.

### Left Lands of Unknown Value.

The personal property of the late George M. Wakefield, mining operator and speculator of Milwaukee, is worth \$123,699.40, according to the report of the appraisers made to the county court. How much the real estate is worth is not known, as the appraisers were unable to determine the values, there being 4,186 acres of mining land in Michigan and thirty acres in Marquette county.

### Would Change Term of Office.

Assemblyman Newcomb has introduced in the New York legislature a bill providing that after the close of McClellan's term the mayor of New York shall remain in office four years instead of two. Mr. Newcomb at present contents himself with saying that if municipal and national politics are to be divorced in New York it is evident that mayoralty elections the year before the presidential contest must be abandoned.

### WON CAMPAIGN WITH BULL.

How New York Assemblyman Secured His Seat.

### SPLIT IN NOTED SOCIETY.

### WORSTED IN WITTY CONTEST.

### CHARITIES TO BE KEPT UP.

### Left Lands of Unknown Value.

### Would Change Term of Office.

### A DIPLOMAT AND NOVELIST.

South American Who Has Won Fame in Both Spheres.

### Lady Minto's Long Journey.

Lady Minto, who recently returned to Ottawa after an enjoyable visit to Japan, has covered a good many thousands of miles since she took up her abode at government house. It was only quite recently that she and her husband made the journey from Ottawa to Montreal, a distance of 120 miles, in Canadian canoes. The party, which comprised eight persons, paddled by day and camped in the woods at night, the arrangements generally being of the simplest and least luxurious description.

### Claus Spreckels' Vow.

When Claus Spreckels left the Sandwich Islands some ten years ago he swore he should not return until Queen Liliuokalani had won her throne back, or, failing that, until grass should be growing in the streets of Honolulu. As there is no prospect of either of these events happening, it is probable that the splendid Spreckels mansion in Honolulu will remain vacant until the owner dies. Half a dozen servants have been in charge of the place for ten years.

## How He Collected Fines From Obstreperous Ball Players.

Representative Cooper of Texas was telling of the vicissitudes of the Texas Baseball league in the days when he was interested in the national game.

"We had a league one summer," said Cooper, "composed of Texas towns, but the people were too busy to go to ball games, or the ball playing wasn't good enough, or something else. At any rate, along in June the clubs got into very hard straits. The players had not been paid for weeks and none of them had a cent. They kept on playing because the managers kept them supplied with meal tickets and there was nothing else for them to do if they wanted to eat."

"A new umpire came down to Dallas one time and the players had fun with him. He grew very indignant and began plastering on fines. The players merely laughed at him. Before the game was over he had fined everybody about \$100 apiece and nobody cared, for there wasn't \$100 in the combined treasury of the league."

"That night the umpire saw the meal ticket used. Next day he provided himself with a conductor's punch and went into the game. A player was impatient."

"Here, you," said the umpire, "come here."

"The player walked over, grinning. 'Let me see your fine ticket,' said the umpire. The player handed it out. Then the umpire produced his punch and punched out a lot of holes."

"I'll fine you six meals," said he. "Now get back into the game and be have yourself or you won't eat again this week."

"After that there was no more trouble."—Washington Post.

### Night with Jack Frost.

Jack Frost ran down the meadows, through the woods and over the hills. As he came to a chilly "Good evening" old friend.

As he kissed the cold riggers and hills he colored the oaks and the maples. With a pencil most rare and divine, the hues of his palette he gave them to wear.

And etchings too quaint to define. He checked with bluish expression, striding swift o'er the flower-fringed path.

He brushed all the blossoms with merciless hand, and scolding insatiable wrath.

He cast o'er the green sunchamp bushes a sense of unexpressed dread. But when they awoke to the bright morning sun, their leaves were a beautiful red.

He sang to the boys and the sedges, in a fresh and guttural tone; He woke to the pool with his frigid white lugs.

And a heart as cold as a stone. He marled through his long hoary whiskers.

A discordant and rasping refrain; He shook out his locks to the fierce northern blast.

As he whitened the mist and the rain. He skipped o'er the panes of the window.

Leaving pictures behind in his trail; He breathed on the lake till its surface grew hard.

Then rattled his showers of hail. He leaped to the eaves and the trickles transformed into pattering showers; Then sent the soft snowflakes to blanket the earth.

While Arctic thrummed on his lyres. He came to the cheeks of the lassie. And streaked them a glorious blue; He told her of sledges and tinkle of bells.

With a sly and significant wink. He returned to his home in the morning. Where he stroked his great whiskers with glee.

For the marvels he'd wrought in Luna's pale light. Were wonderful truly to see. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Wealth in Steel Trust.

One-twelfth of the estimated wealth of the United States is represented at a meeting of the twenty-four directors of the United States Steel corporation, says World's Work. They represent as influential directors more than two hundred other companies. These companies operate nearly one-half of the railroad mileage of the United States. They are the great miners and carriers of coal. This group includes also directors of five insurance companies, two of which have assets of \$700,000,000. In the steel board are men who speak for five banks and ten trust companies in New York city, including the First National, the National City and the Bank of Commerce, the three greatest banks in the country, and the head of important chains of financial institutions; for two banks and three trust companies in Philadelphia; for two banks and two trust companies in Chicago; for one bank and two trust companies in Boston; and for one bank and one trust company in Pittsburg, besides banking institutions in smaller cities.

### Bird's Remarkable Power.

Mr. J. Lancaster, an American naturalist, who spent five years on the west coast of Florida studying birds there, came to the conclusion that, of all the feathered tenants of the air the frigate-bird can fly the longest without resting. He has seen one flying for a whole week night and day without repose. The frigate-bird can feed, collect materials for its nest, and even sleep on the wing. The spread of the frigate-bird's wings is very great, and it can fly at a speed of ninety-six miles an hour without seeming to flap its wings very much.

### Belated Story of Tom Reed.

The readiness of repartee of the late Thomas B. Reed was never better illustrated than on one occasion when he went to visit a friend who lived at the top of a long and narrow flight of stairs. Half way up Reed missed his footing and fell to the bottom. His friend, hearing the racket, rushed to the door and shouted down the semi-darkness of the hall: "Who is that?"

"'Tis Eisler rolling rapidly," drawled the man from Maine as he picked himself up.—New York Times.



Smoothing her pillow.

I get the money without letting her know? O Jamie, Jamie! Why will you? I love him, anyway, and if it's in my power I'll get him home!"

She sat and pondered—it seemed for hours, but the problem remained unsolved.

"Ruthie! Ruthie!"

"Yes, grandma, I'm coming; do you want your tea?"

"No, not now, dearie. Child, I want you to go up into the attic—here, take this key, unlock the big chest and bring down the music box you will find there—if you can carry it. Wait! for we tell you about it,"—and the dy-







# W. A. Loveday & Co.

Offer the following

## Advantages in Buying

### Nails and Wire Now.

Prices are as low as they will be.—Probably lower.

Easier to handle on sleighs than on wagon.

You will have your materials ready at hand so will not have to waste your time going to town when weather is suitable for work.

## Advanced Sales now are for Cash Only.

Don't fail to inspect the Electrically Welded Woven Wire Fence at

### Loveday Hardware

JOE G. GLENN, President. W. L. FRENCH, Vice President.  
GEO. G. GLENN, Cashier.

## State Bank of East Jordan.

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 SURPLUS \$1,250.00.

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

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

## Briefs of the Week

Lent.

Dollar Wheat.

Valentine's galore.

"War is Hell," therefore "Let Us Have Peace."

East Jordan first—the world next.

Union Defender's Day, yesterday.

Wanted—Girl to learn typesetting. Inquire at this office.

State Convention of Y. M. C. A. at Saginaw, Feb'y 13-16.

Tomorrow is Valentine's Day. Remember girls its up to you this year.

Bring in the news items—we want them. If you can't come, telephone.

Word was received from Petoskey Wednesday that a bright little baby girl had arrived to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tilotson in that city.

The Northern Michigan Beekeepers' Association will hold their annual meeting in Traverse City March 30 and 31. The meeting will be held in the Montague hall.

Prof. J. M. Tice, County Com'r of Schools and Sup't of our own schools, was a Herald caller last evening. In regard to the statements made that Mr. Tice intends to secure assistance to carry on the duties of Com'r of Schools, we wish to state that such is not the case. Mr. Tice is one of those energetic business men who find a time for everything.

Geo. Otis, of Grand Rapids, will open a harness store in the Votruba building about March 1st. Mr. Otis informs us that he will carry a full line of harness and harness hardware and will employ a competent workman to manufacture harness and do repair work. Jno. B. VanKeppel who now occupies the building with a grocery stock, contemplates removing to Grawn in Grand Traverse county.

The following deaths occurred the past week:

Robert Erickson, infant child of Carl B., died Sunday, and was buried the following Tuesday.

Edward Vandenberg, a child aged eight months of Banks township Antrim county, died Monday and was buried on Wednesday.

Peter Muma, aged 75 years, died Tuesday of paralysis. Mr. Muma was a well-known resident of South Arm and has been ill for a number of years. The funeral took place Thursday.

Undertaker C. H. Whittington had charge of these funerals.

Chris. Taylor has been moving into the Lakewood hotel this week.

A. T. Bridge of Charlevoix was in town Wednesday looking after business interests.

The locomotive on the track in the yards delayed the morning passenger train on the East Jordan & Southern R. R. Wednesday.

Regular meeting of South Lake Lodge Knights of Pythias Wednesday evening next. All members are requested to be present.

The East Jordan bowling team goes to Bellaire on Thursday next to bowl a match game of ten pins with the Bellaire team on Averill's alleys.

Those who expect to use Fencing and Nails in the spring will not miss it by following W. A. Loveday & Co.'s ad in another column.

Wm. Germond, the popular tonorial artist, wore a broader smile than usual Wednesday morning, all on account of a ten-pound baby boy at his house.

A few Bargains in Cook Stoves and Heaters are offered at the Loveday Hardware for a few days, to make room for a full line of the famous "Jewel Stoves and Ranges."

The Odd Fellows enjoyed another pleasant social session at the close of their regular lodge meeting Friday evening. These social meetings have become a very enjoyable feature.

It isn't how much cold cream a woman puts on her face but how much Rocky Mountain Tea she takes inside that brings out real beauty. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea complexion stay. 35 cents. Tea or tablets. Warne's Pharmacy.

A practical woman remarked the other day, says an exchange, that the most interesting thing in a newspaper to her are the advertising columns. "Long ago," she said, "I quit buying of those who did not advertise. It always seems to me that the merchant who advertises invites me to trade with him; while the one who does not advertise impresses me with the idea that he doesn't care enough for my trade to ask for it. Then, too, I have found that the merchant who advertises has fresher goods, for the reason, I suppose, that he sells more."

NOTICE—Mr. G. Arthur Lisk purchased and took possession of The HERALD Feb. 10. All subscription accounts should be paid to him. All advertising accounts to that date should be settled with the undersigned.

B. L. LORRAINE.

## IMPORTANT MEET OF BOARD OF TRADE.

All Citizens and Residents of the Village of East Jordan and South Arm Take Notice.

The East Jordan and South Arm Board of Trade will have a meeting on Monday evening, next, Feb'y 15th, at at the new Hose House of East Jordan. There are several important matters to be considered. We are in communication with a promoter and will have something to offer in the way of two different enterprises that if secured will add considerable to the growth of the village. In order to make the getting of enterprises a success, every one should be out and give what help they can. There is also a movement towards getting better freight rates to be considered. We hope to be able to make this one of the most successful meetings of the year, and we need your help. Come out and come prepared to give us your active support by giving the benefit of your membership.

Signed,  
W. A. LOVEDAY, Pres't  
J. E. CONVERSE, Sec'y.

Pretty Miss Nellie Hascomb, Omaha: "I owe my good looks and health to Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Have fully regained my health." Tea or tablets. 35 cents. Warne's Pharmacy.

Mrs. J. E. Chew is again in charge of the State Street restaurant where for many years she fed the hungry public and built up an enviable reputation as a caterer.

A rug carelessly placed too close to a stovepipe started a small blaze in Wm. Johnson's residence Tuesday. Timely discovery of the trouble and a few pails of water prevented any serious results.

Geo. Fleagle returned on Saturday last to his home in Kalamazoo. He had been employed here for several months assisting in the work of setting the machinery in the Argo Milling Co.'s mill.

The Grand Rapids Press says that three Boyne Falls young men claim to have seen an enormous elk in the woods near town the other day and suggests that three Boyne Falls young men should take the pledge.

The case of James Evans vs. The East Jordan Lumber Co. trover, was called before Justice Fred E. Brodinger Wednesday morning. On motion of defendant, the case was adjourned to Mar. 3, owing to the illness of W. P. Porter. E. N. Clark appeared for plaintiff and Converse & Perkins represented the Lumber Co.

We are in receipt of a big shipment of Barbed and Twisted Wire and Wire Nails. See ad elsewhere. Malpass Hardware Co.

## PROFIT

The matter of feed is of tremendous importance to the farmer. Wrong feeding is loss. Right feeding is profit.

The up-to-date farmer knows what to feed his cows to get the most milk, his pigs to get the most pork, his hens to get the most eggs. Science.

But how about the children? Are they fed according to science, a bone food if bones are soft and undeveloped, a flesh and muscle food if they are thin and weak and a blood food if there is anemia?

Scott's Emulsion is a mixed food; the Cod Liver Oil in it makes flesh, blood and muscle, the Lime and Soda make bone and brain. It is the standard scientific food for delicate children.

Send for free sample.

Be sure that the picture in the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

**Scott & Bowne**  
CHEMISTS,  
409 Pearl St., N. Y.  
50c. and \$1. all druggists.

# Ayer's

Take cold easily? Throat tender? Lungs weak? Any relatives have consumption? Then a cough means a great

## Cherry Pectoral

deal to you. Follow your doctor's advice and take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It heals, strengthens, prevents.

\*For 40 years I have depended on Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. I know it really cures the worst lung troubles.

MRS. F. A. ROBINSON, Salsine, Mich.  
25c. 50c. \$1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

## Weak Lungs

Ayer's Pills increase the activity of the liver, and thus aid recovery.

## Personal Mention.

Geo. G. Glenn is reported ill with a severe cold.

W. H. Lanway was in Bellaire, on business Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. C. Glenn are both reported seriously ill.

Grant Snellen was calling on friends in Edsworth Wednesday.

Clement Reading is confined to the house with an attack of la grippe.

Prosecuting Atty. Nicholas had business in Boyne City and Boyne Falls the first of the week.

Warren Myers, brakeman on the D. & C. R. R. is reported much better after an illness of several weeks.

Harry McHale reports fine skating at Reed's Lake and his young friends know what that means to Harry.

E. A. Lewis of Ironton, the hustling "Singer" man, with his daughter, Jessie, were at the Lakeside, Thursday.

H. M. Enos, and Dr. A. E. Swinton of Charlevoix were in town, Friday, on business connected with the Argo Milling Co.'s mill.

Mrs. J. Kilson expects to start next week for Idaho to join her husband, who went west several months ago and is now employed in a mill in Idaho.

Mrs. Lou Sheldon went to Butterworth hospital Grand Rapids Wednesday for treatment. Mr. Sheldon accompanied her, expecting to return the last of the week.

Asmus Peterson of the Petoskey Grocery Co. was on his regular trip, Wednesday, being absent several weeks on account of illness of their management.

O. W. Anderson came up from Sutherland, Penn., to attend the funeral of his little nephew. He says the temperature here is several degrees colder than he has been accustomed to for several months past.

The W. E. Malpass Hardware Co. are offering a new and fine line of Barbed and Twisted Wire and Nails. If you are in need of anything of this line, it will pay you to see them before purchasing.

Leap Year Party at Boyne City last Monday. Moyer's Orchestra of this place, furnished the music.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hipp were greeting friends in town Wednesday. Will has arranged to go into the barber business in Boyne Falls again in the near future.

A water pipe burst in the kitchen of the Lakeside Hotel, first of the week, and a miniature flood ensued. The pipe was immediately repaired and things again moved along with their usual smoothness at that popular hotel.

Central Lake had a disastrous fire Tuesday evening in which one of their finest business blocks was entirely destroyed. The fire started about nine o'clock from an overheated chimney, and in spite of the heroic efforts of the fire department, the building was soon enveloped in flames. The first floor was occupied by Mr. McFarland with a general store. The Knights of Pythias lodge rooms were on the second floor, the lodge being in session when the fire broke out. The loss is estimated at \$10,000, being partially covered by insurance.

WANTED  
Special Representative in this county and adjoining territories, to represent and advertise an old established business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$21 weekly, with expenses, paid each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Expenses advanced and horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address, The Columbia, 630 Monon Bld'g., Chicago, Ill. 25-6

# 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 Jewellery, Silverware, Novelties, etc., etc. These sell at 25 cents each. Call early as they are going fast and the supply is limited.

## FRANK MARTINEK.

# For The Holiday Trade

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

## WARNE'S PHARMACY

# JUST RECEIVED

## 50,000 Pounds of Barbed and Twisted Wire

## 500 Kegs of Wire Nails

Bought below present market price and will give our customers the benefit.

Besides we carry the best assorted stock of

## HARDWARE

That can be found in this town.

Yours for Good Goods and Courteous Treatment.

# The W. E. Malpass Hardware Co.

## 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, 1901, by Cassell Publishing Company  
Copyright, 1902, by Street & Smith

## CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"I've been dreaming," he said to himself. "I thought everything had been made quite clear to me about—"

Was he dreaming still, or was there some one in the room beside himself? Some one sitting before the writing table and bending forward as though

The figure had a pen in its hand, but it made no sound as it traveled over the paper! The next moment it had raised its head so that he saw the face. "It is the continuation of my dream," he said, and rubbed his eyes. He looked again. There was nothing there.

"How does that chair come to be there, in its old place? I thought I had pushed it back against the wall, and I have no recollection of moving it again. It is very strange!"

He rested his hand upon the back of the chair. Oh, it was real enough. There was no mistake about it. But he could have sworn he had never moved it. Ah, what in heaven's name was that? A simple enough thing, surely, to cause so much amazement and—what? surely not fear—in the beholder. Only a pen lying upon the blotting pad, beside a sheet of paper. But the pen was wet, and there were fresh words added to those he had himself written before he fell asleep.

The sheet of paper was the one upon which he had written those vague and disconnected phrases which had caused him so much perplexity and unprofitable speculation. They had been written irregularly, first in the same order that they had occupied on the blotting pad, with blank spaces between each broken sentence. Now each blank space had been filled in, and it was with perfectly indistinguishable characters that he read the copy as it now stood.

"If you have not forgotten the friend of twenty years ago, you will, on receiving this letter, start at once for Dover, which place I expect to reach to-morrow morning. There is

mixed of only a few lines, but those few lines seemed to afford him considerable satisfaction, judging by the play of his features. Indeed, to the two who were watching him, it seemed as though the expression which overspread his face were almost one of triumph.

"Doctor," he said, "will you excuse me a moment? I have to send an answer to this by the bearer."

He spoke rapidly, and still that spirit of elation was perceptible in his words and actions. He seemed quite to have cast off that air of abstraction which had characterized his demeanor previously. He quitted the room leaving his sister and friend tete-a-tete.

"Now," said the latter to himself, "Go it, Jeremiah! Now's your chance. Make yourself agreeable for once in your life! But don't forget that you were forty-four last birthday, and you look it, every bit. Ahem! I suppose you are very much attached to your brother, Miss Burritt?"

"Attached to him?" was the exclamation. "Of course I am!"

"Exactly so—and I'm sure it's very much to your credit. Your brother seems hardly to be himself. I don't remember that he was as nervous and shaky as he appears to be now, when I first met him—though he had a lot to try him, and—"

She put her finger upon her lips and gave a nervous glance at the door before she answered, sinking her voice to a whisper.

"He has been like that ever since the funeral. He goes and shuts himself up for hours, and I know that he is always thinking of that man who killed my father and planning how he can humiliate him down and bring him to the gallows. I don't tell you, because I know I can trust you, but—leaving across the table toward him—"I can't help feeling sorry sometimes for that other man!"

"My dear young lady! I agree with

Dr. Cartwright did not return home by the first train next day. The mere mention on his part of such a purpose being scouted as preposterous by his entertainers.

"I thought you spoke of three days at the least as the length of your visit," said his host, "and I want to have a long talk with you to-day if you don't mind."

"Mind!" said the doctor, "it's just what I should like."

They were at breakfast when this occurred, and the morning paper had just been brought in. Ted Burritt had been glancing over its columns in a careless way, with the air of one who feels certain that they are not likely to contain anything to interest him, when, turning the sheet, his attention was accidentally caught and held by something which appeared among the advertisements. There he sat, his mouth slightly open, and a vivid spot, caused by excitement or some other feeling, on each cheek.

"Anything very remarkable in the paper this morning?" asked the doctor, with an affection of indifference; but noticing every change in the countenance before him from behind his spectacles. This remark recalled the other to himself. He seemed annoyed that he had betrayed his feelings so openly, and crumpling up the paper, threw it on one side before answering: "Nothing whatever. There is absolutely no news worthy of the name!"

"Now," thought the doctor, "is he deliberately telling an untruth, or what? Oh, certainly! I must get to the bottom of this. About his merely observed, 'There never does seem to be much in the papers nowadays. Now, when I was in the 4th, etc.' Notwithstanding this last remark, he did not forget to take an early opportunity of examining the paper."

"I wish I had noticed which page it was," he said to himself, as he ran his finger down each column in succession. But I don't see anything likely to account for this boy's peculiar behavior. Oh, here you are," as the door opened. "Think of the devil, you know, and—Hullo! you look very much excited about something! What is it?"

"I am excited," was the answer. "And you'll be excited, too, when you have heard all I have to say."

Dr. Jeremiah stared at the young man in astonishment. Then, "All right," he said, "fire away and astonish me as much as you like."

"Not here," he answered, "I want you to come with me to the room that was my father's study, and where we shall be sure of not being disturbed, as I keep the key myself, and never allow any one to enter it."

They crossed the hall. Ted unlocked the door, they entered, and he looked at again behind them.

Dr. Cartwright looked round him with considerable interest. He noticed the dust, now lying thicker than ever upon every object, small and great. He dusted a chair with his pocket handkerchief before venturing to sit down. Then he took off his spectacles and polished them carefully. "Now," he said, as he settled himself, "I'm quite ready to be astonished."

"You asked me a moment or two back whether I had found the other man," said Ted, "meaning, of course, the murderer. I have."

"Quite sure?" said the doctor, still preserving his equanimity.

"I will give you the whole story from the day we parted. You know all that went before."

He began with the account of the burnt letter; and the little doctor listened with an interest he found impossible to disguise. "It's a sad pity it should have been so nearly destroyed," was the first remark he made, "because, of course, it is impossible to tell now what the rest of the contents might have been."

(To be continued.)

**MISTAKEN IN THE DIAGNOSIS.**  
Doctor's Error Affected the Size of His Pocketbook.  
Albert Levering, the black and white artist responsible for so many "comics," used to live in Chicago, but recently transferred his allegiance to New York. He took his hypochondriacal tendencies with him and they are still in good working order. His favorite pastime is to read of some deadly disease, preferably a new one, so to bed, imagining he has it, lie awake all night, seek his doctor in the morning and get assurance that he is in perfect health, and then go back cheerfully to work.

One morning not long ago he turned up at the doctor's, just as the man or medicine was getting into his carriage.

"I'm in a hurry," called the doctor, "and can't stop to see you, but it's all right—you haven't got it."  
"Haven't got what?" demanded the astonished artist.  
"Whatever it is you think you've got. Not a symptom of it. Good bye, and he drove away."  
"Well, now," said Levering, turning to a lamp-post as the only witness of the scene, "that's the time he's mistaken. I know I have got it—ten dollars in my pocket to pay his last bill, but if he's sure I haven't got it, I'll get in line with his diagnosis," and he went around to the nearest junk shop and invested the money in a pair of brass candlesticks and a copper kettle, Philadelphia Post.

**Russian Doctors.**  
Russia is very short of doctors, having only eight for every 100,000 inhabitants. Great Britain has 180 for the same number.

## LIVE STOCK



The Flock That Doesn't Pay.  
Mr. A. W. Smith, a Canadian shepherd, draws the following picture of the flock of the man who says "there is no money in sheep!":

I shall now draw a picture of how he probably has been treating his flock. In the beginning of winter, and after a good while after winter had begun, the sheep were to be seen in the fields, either scraping the snow away from the ground, looking for a bite of grass or a weed, or else huddled in a corner of the field anxiously looking for relief from the owner.

This relief came after a long while, and the sheep were driven to the barnyard, when they were turned in among a lot of cattle and pigs and colts, perhaps, to be hooked or kicked or chased, and kept in constant terror—the sheep is a timid animal naturally—and all the time taking their chance of getting a bite to eat from among all the rest. While for shelter they perhaps had opening to the yard a small pen, with cracks and openings all the way up and down and around the walls, built, one could imagine, to let in the greatest number of drafts possible. The door just wide enough for two ewes heavy with lamb to wedge themselves solidly between the jambs, and inside, the ceiling so low that when you went into the pen you were doubled up as you looked enough into a human being to scare the sheep into a stampede for the door, which is always conducive to some dead lambs. After a while the lambs begin to come, a lot of weak ones among them, consequently a lot of dead ones, and for some reason the ewes did not seem to have much milk, and the wool on the older ones seemed to get kind of lousy and a lot of it got rubbed off by the sheep trying to relieve themselves from the annoyance of the innumerable ticks and lice with which they were infested.

In fact, he had not very good luck so far with either the ewes or lambs. Then he thought if the grass would only come, that might "freshen them up a bit," and as soon as the snow was gone they went to the fields where the grass was hoped to be picked some stubs of last season's grass and a few early weeds, and refused the poor quality of straw at the stack or pen. Some more lambs died, and a few of the weakest of the old ewes dropped off. Then the farmer was quite sure sheep did not pay and turned them on the road.

**In Beef Making.**  
Writing of beef making, Prof. D. W. May of the Kentucky station says: "The results of practical experiments have been variable, and owing to the methods of conducting them, and especially to the factor of the individuality of the animal as shown by the differences in results with the same feeds, it has been difficult to draw very definite conclusions. In feeding cattle the usual practice is to take the animal from grass at about eighteen months of age and to feed heavily on concentrated rations during several months. During this period the framework of the animal is rounded out and fat deposited among the organs and tissues of the body. The tendency for several years has been toward the fattening of younger animals. The four-year-old steer is a thing of the past, while the three-year-old steer is rare. In some sections, especially where the feeding period is long by reason of the hard winters, some cattle are marketed as long yearlings, having been fed continuously and sold as 'baby beef.' The source of feeding cattle is with the general farmer and western ranchman. The western cattle that were formerly marketed from grass are being shipped more and more into the corn belt for a finishing period. The ranchmen have by the use of good bulls made a wonderful change in the character of western cattle. It is now possible to buy at the principal cattle markets range cattle almost pure bred and of great uniformity of type. The farmers of the corn-growing sections must meet the competition of the ranches by growing a better class of steers, and to do this they must breed with a definite object in view."

**Feeding Methods.**  
In the past the price of corn has been so low that American stockmen have been wasteful in their feeding methods. One cause of the low price of corn was the low price of land, which meant a low cost of crops grown upon it. The steady rise in the price of land has made the cost of corn production much greater than before, and it is not at all likely that we will ever see corn very low priced again. Therefore the methods of feeding stock must be changed. The common feeds must be more fully utilized and every new feed that promises anything must be investigated. Soiling will doubtless have to be more largely practiced. Principally we must cut down the amount of corn fed daily to each animal to the point where a certain amount of grain will give the greatest possible result. Experiments have shown that this point is far below the consuming capacity of the animal. In days of very cheap corn it was the practice to shovel out to each animal all the ear corn that could be eaten. It was assumed that the greater amount of corn eaten the greater would be the profit from its consumption; that no matter how much corn was given, the last pound was as fully utilized as the first. This we now know to be an error.

## WELLS



LASTING RELIEF.  
J. W. Wells, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Ky., says:

"My nightly rest was broken, owing to irregularities of the kidneys. I suffered intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the passages of abnormal secretions. Doctors failed to relieve me. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

**Big Fire in Brewery.**  
Paterson, N. J., dispatch: Fire partially destroyed the plant of the Hitchcock Brewery. Total damage is \$300,000. A beer famine in Paterson is threatened.

**The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.**  
Gives to Salzer's Oats its heartiest endorsement. Salzer's New National Oats yielded in 1903 from 150 to 300 bu. per acre in 30 different States, and you, Mr. Farmer, can beat this in 1904, if you will. Salzer's seeds are pedigree seeds, bred up through careful selection to big yields.

**Per Acre.**  
Salzer's Beardless Barley yielded 121 bu.  
Salzer's Home Builder Corn 300 bu.  
Salzer's and Macaroni Wheat 50 bu.  
Salzer's Victoria Rape 50,000 lbs.  
Salzer's Teosinte, the quick-growing fodder wonder, 160,000 lbs.  
Salzer's Billion Dollar Grass, 50,000 lbs.  
Salzer's Pedigree Potatoes, 1,000 bu.  
Now such yields pay and you can have them. Mr. Farmer, in 1904.

**SEND 10c IN STAMPS.**  
Send this notice to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., 124 Cross St., and you will get their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples free. (W. N. U.)

There is love and there is justice. Justice is for one's self, love is for others.—R. L. Stevenson.  
"The most provoking enemy is that which is unprovoked."

**Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.**  
Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000,000 bottles sold. At all Druggists, etc. Sample FREE. Address: A. S. Olmsted & Leiby, N. Y.

**WHERE BIRDS ARE TAME.**  
Inhabitants of Pacific Islands Unused to Humans.  
Naturalists commissioned by the United States government have discovered on the distant island of Laysan in the Pacific some new birds and many novel facts in regard to known species. The visiting scientists were perhaps the first human beings whom the myriads of birds that crowd this tiny speck of land had ever seen. In consequence, birds representing species which in other lands wing hurriedly away at the sight of man came up to the naturalists, looked curiously into their faces, perched on their writing tables, wonderingly inspected the tripods and other accessories of the cameras, and permitted themselves to be stroked. The fact that these birds are ordinarily regarded as the wildest species made a profound impression on the visiting scientists.

**Not Used to It.**  
Over in Camden there is a 5-year-old youth with the unhappy faculty of letting the cat out of the bag at inopportune moments, says the Philadelphia Press. The youngster's parents were entertaining a few friends at dinner the other day, and as an especial indulgence he was allowed to be one of the party. He inspected the bountifully spread board with a critical eye, and then unable to contain himself, piped out:

"My! This is a feast."  
**DR. FED HIMSELF.**  
Found the Food that Saved His Life.

A good old family physician with a lifetime experience in saving people finally found himself sick unto death. Medicine failed and—but let him tell his own story. "For the first time in my life of sixty-one years I am impelled to publicly testify to the value of a largely advertised article and I certainly would not pen these lines except that, what seems to me a direct act of Providence, saved my life and I am impressed that it is a bounden duty to make it known."

"For 3 years I kept falling with stomach and liver disorders until I was reduced 70 lbs. from my normal weight. When I got too low to treat myself, 8 of my associate physicians advised me to 'put my house in order' for I would be quickly going the way of all mankind. Just about that time I was put on a diet of Grape-Nuts predigested food. Curiously enough it quickly began to build me up, appetite returned and in 15 days I gained 6 lbs. That started my return to health and really saved my life."

"A physician is naturally prejudiced against writing such a letter, but in this case I am willing to declare it from the house-tops that the multiplied thousands who are now suffering as I did can find relief and health as easily and promptly by Grape-Nuts. If they only knew what to do. Sincerely and fraternally yours, Name of the prominent physician furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich."

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

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

To support a conclusion is to court defeat.

One cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 32 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1904.

All our glory is in His grace.

## A CALENDAR WATCH.

The first one cost \$2,600—Made for Napoleon Bonaparte.

A watch that tells the second, minute, hour, day of the week, day of the month, and changes of moon is a timepiece that until recently could be owned only by the nobility because of the high cost. The first one cost \$2,600 and was made entirely by hand and consumed over two years' time in construction. About fifty years later a Swiss concern placed some on the market which could be sold in this country for about \$200 each.

This watch that has hitherto been sold at a price which only the well-to-do could afford, has just been put on the market at a low price and it is a watch which fills a long-felt want. If a watch tells you the hour and the minute of the day, why should not the same machine tell you the day of the week, day of the month, and month of the year? A prominent manufacturer has realized the usefulness, if not the actual necessity of such a timepiece, and by simplifying the mechanism and arranging to turn them out in large quantities, has, after several years of work and the expenditure of a large amount of money, succeeded in producing a watch thoroughly reliable in every way. This watch is a perpetual calendar as well as a timepiece, and what is of more interest to the public, is sold at a price but a fraction above that of an ordinary watch of like grade.

Contrary to the supposition of the uninitiated, it is not an intricate assembly of complicated parts, but is as simple as any regular timepiece. Of the dial, in addition to the small second dial, it has three small dials of like character, one showing the days of the week, another the days of the month, while a third shows the month of the year. By an ingenious attachment to one of the wheels, when the hour and minute hands show midnight, the small hands indicating the days of the week and the days of the month, move forward automatically one day, thus saving the wearer the necessity of changing the calendar attachment, and in consequence the watch needs no care or attention after being once correctly set except to be wound regularly.

The manufacturers have been quick to appreciate the certainty of a large demand for this article in this country and have arranged to market them through Bellhart, Manns, and Traders, Ltd., a prominent New York house, who, as an introductory measure, will furnish them direct to the public. An article that so completely fills a want has seldom been seen, and has hitherto been utterly disregarded by manufacturers. It can consistently be said that for usefulness and reliability this is one of the most attractive articles in the watch line.

An advertisement setting forth the merits of this watch appears elsewhere in these columns.

**ARKANSAS TRAVELER RESPONDED.**  
Got Back in Rhyme at Missouri Pacific's General Passenger Agent.

H. C. Townsend, general passenger and ticket agent of the Missouri Pacific with headquarters at St. Louis, sent out a novel holiday greeting to patrons of the road and was surprised to receive a response in rhyme from a man in Arkansas. Here is the greeting followed by the answer:

This is the train that runs so fast across the plains to mountain vast. This is the train that starts late, and keeps its service up to date. This is the train that runs out West, and takes you there for work or rest. This is the train that runs to the land of mountains high and canyons grand. This is a true hotel on wheels. It serves to you the best of meals. This is the train with lowest rate—St. Louis to the Golden Gate. If you should wish to go that way, See H. C. Townsend, G. P. A.

This is what the Arkansas traveler wrote in response:  
H. C. Townsend, G. P. A.—I received your card to-day, and I'm writing now to say that your train's at O. K.

I'm a regular passenger, and I'm here to tell you sir, it's a corker sure enough. (Please don't take this as a puff—All your trains are up to snuff—Strictly in it—just the stuff!)

Makes me restless when I read of the comfort and the speed. What to speak of the best of sleep. On that train—Gee! What a trip!

Feed you like a millionaire—Come, just a little bit of fare! Tender steaks, well done, are rare. Game and things from everywhere!

Snacks, desserts, coffee, cake—Wow! It makes my stomach ache! And the rates—I'll swear to you, Easy as cutting grass, in two! (Shame to like such service cheap—Gotta to make us pay a heap!)

Guess I've said about enough. (Every word is straight—no bluff.) So I'll sign myself, with care, Truly yours, A. PABENJAIRE.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.  
LOUISA COREY.  
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of HALL'S CATARRH CURE that may be ordered by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed to my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1887.  
A. W. DEASON,  
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The roll-top desk covers a multitude of untidiness.

**A Rare Good Thing.**  
"Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet.—Mrs. Matilda Holbert, Providence, R. I." Sold by all Druggists, etc. Ask to-day.

When the wise is angry, he is wise no longer.



# A PAIR OF SINNERS



Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit Amateur Art Association, tells young women what to do to avoid pain and suffering caused by female troubles.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I can conscientiously recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness, and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains, and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."

—MISS GILULA GANNON, 350 Jones St., Detroit, Mich., Secretary Amateur Art Association. —\$5000 for full original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

When one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of the countless hundreds which we are continually publishing in the newspapers of this country, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all.



It cures Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping Cough, French Chills and Cholera. 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 druggists everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

50,000 AMERICANS WERE WELCOMED TO



They are settled and settling on the Grain and Cattle Lands, and are prosperous and satisfied. Willing to receive a new star has risen on the horizon, and it is toward it that every immigrant who loves the land of his ancestors should aim. See the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

Room for Millions.

FREE Homesteads given away. Schools, Churches, Railways, Markets, Climate, everything to be desired.

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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, neuritic and neuralgic complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "it is the best of all your preparations." Price 15 cents at all druggists or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps, or by sending you a tube by mail. No article should be accepted by the public unless the same carries our label, or otherwise it is not genuine.

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you will get five pounds of our big oatmeal, the finest all about this out-lander, and a 25-cent tin of our famous "Salzer's National Oats." JOHN A. SALZER, Siles Co., La Crosse, Wis.

When answering ads please mention this paper

She was the only daughter of a refined business man, who had once been eminent. He was a young and prosperous lawyer. She was of a morbidly poetical temperament and looked at life always through a prism of sentiment. He was unimaginative and practical. In a word, each was the complement of the other.

"Are you sure, George," she asked him, sighing, "that you really love me?"

"Absolutely, dearest." "And you will always love me?" "Forever."

He yawned and looked at his watch. They were half expecting a visitor.

"I always used to say, dear, that I had told you all about myself—everything; that I was keeping nothing back from you. I am so sorry!" Her eyes grew misty with tears. "I did not intend to deceive you. There is one—only one—event of my life I had never mentioned to you."

"Well, and what is it?" he interrupted a little irritably.

She sank down on the rug beside him in an attitude of supplication and clasped her arms about his knees.

"Did you know, dear, that I once used to write poetry?"

"Well, many persons do that. It may be foolish, but it is not wicked."

"And about five years ago, dear, I collected all my poems into a volume and published them. I saw only one review, and that—it was in a paper called 'The Critic.' Oh, George, it was cruel—cruel!"

"If that is all—"

"Ah! It humiliates me to think of it even now. Think how I suffered! The publicity—the disgrace! These poems," he wrote—oh, do not ask me what he said!"

"You silly thing! I don't suppose even a millionth part of the world knew anything about it. Nobody reads reviews of books—except the men who write them."

"I could not regard it so stoically," she sighed. "I cannot even now. These babblings of inept imbecility. That was one of his phrases."

She shuddered at the recollection of it.

"By Jove!—Of course the best of critics are not angels, but yours must have been a—"

"A heartless, heartless man!" "If it had been a man's book—"

"He may not have known I was a woman."

"You are too severe. No reviewer criticizes a book till he has read the title page."

"But I did not use my name. I wanted to see if they would mistake my work for that of a man. I called it 'Heart Longings,' by Samuel Jenkins, but all my friends knew, so that really made no difference."

He had grown suddenly thoughtful. Taking the childish, pretty face between his hands, he gazed down into her dreamy blue eyes.

"Come to think of it, I remember I have a secret which I have never disclosed to you. So, after all, we are each as bad as the other."

She started and scanned his features eagerly.

"You? A secret, George?"

"Only a little one—like yours. I won't keep you in suspense. We have both been sinners, and I was the worse of the two. I must tell you, then. Before I was a successful lawyer I was a wicked young dog and did several scandalous things that I am ashamed of now."

She caught her breath and waited in an agony of expectation.

"They were all of the same description, but I am sorry on account of one in particular."

"And that?"

"Well, being hard up, I used to earn odd money in all manner of odd ways. I was a flippant, self-satisfied brute, and—"

He paused, and, putting an arm about her, drew her closer to him.

"I have a heart now, you know I have, sweetheart, don't you? But once upon a time you have promised to forgive me and not to hate me—in the days when you published your book I was—"

"You—you were—"

"The heartless man who reviewed it!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Power of Human Eye

There is an old saying that any man can subdue a wild animal by merely looking into its eyes, and interesting stories are told of adventurous hunters who have put the theory to practical test.

An African sportsman had a unique experience in attempting to charm an ostrich.

Approaching a large ostrich, he gazed fixedly at it, and to his delight the mesmeric glance seemed to meet with immediate success. The bird crouched and flapped its wings nervously. Some hours later, however, the man's body was found with the ostrich alternately sitting and jumping upon it.

Another believer in the human eye experimented on a wild cat confined in a zoological garden. He afterward confessed that but for the wires of the cage his face would have been torn to pieces.

A very different story is related of a man attached to an African hunting party. Wandering one day from camp, he surprised two cub lions at play, and thoughtlessly commenced to amuse them.

Successful. The big cats gambled fearlessly about him, and to his dismay refused to desist when he wished to leave them.

Realizing the danger to which he would be exposed should the mother appear, he began to run, but the cubs refused to be shaken off, and in their play they scratched his legs in a fearful fashion.

That the creatures were thoroughly enjoying themselves was evident from their manifestations of delight, and before long their unusual cries brought a lioness reaping to the spot.

Trembling in every limb, the man faced the growling animal, while the cubs continued to jump at him, eager for further caresses. The enraged lioness moved round uneasily in a circle, man and beast keeping their eyes fixed steadily on each other. Several times the lioness crouched to spring, but the man, from fear, never shifted his gaze.

At length, after what seemed an age, when the man was ready to drop from exhaustion, the animal suddenly called her cubs away and disappeared into the surrounding shrub.

## How Mackay Won Pool

Mackay was an early riser, a hard worker, and, although exceedingly hospitable, was himself abstemious and could seldom be induced to play cards for money, and then only for nominal stakes.

The only game that seemed to attract him was the "grasshopper races," with which the mining superintendents on the Comstock beguiled a portion of the noon hour, while waiting for luncheon at the Savage Company holding house.

Boys caught grasshoppers and sold them to the players at 25 to 50 cents each. Each player paid a fixed stake, ranging from \$1 to \$20, into the pool, and the man whose hopper made the longest jump captured the pool. On the day before Christmas it was agreed to celebrate that holiday with a pool, the stakes in which were to be \$100 for each player.

The terms were "play or pay," and at the instance of a German professor who was allowed to use any means that he might devise to stimulate his grasshopper. The professor

was so full of his scheme to scientifically capture the \$1,000 pool—for there were ten entries—that he communicated it to a young assayer who was not a grasshopper plunger. The professor had experimented and ascertained that a grasshopper that was touched by a feather dipped in a weak solution of aqua ammonia would jump for his life. The young man also experimented, and as a result he filled a bottle of the same size and appearance with cyanide of potassium, and managed to substitute it for the other in the professor's laboratory.

The next day, when the professor, after much boasting about his scientific attainments, dipped a feather in the substituted bottle and touched his insect with it, the grasshopper rolled over as dead as a salt mackerel amid the roars of the crowd. Mackay's hopper won the big pool, and two widows, whose husbands had been killed in the Yellow Jacket Mine, received a gift of \$500 each from an unknown source.—San Francisco Call.

Took All He Could Get. An old tenant once took tea with a former Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig Castle, in Grace's Dumfriesshire estate.

His first cup of tea was gone almost before the duchess had poured it out. Again and again his cup was passed along to the head of the table. At the sixteenth cup the duchess became uneasy about the supply on hand.

"How many cups do you take, John?" she asked.

"How many do ye gie?" John asked, cannily.

Can This Be True? A member of the last Legislature, who had been elevated to his high station through machine methods, traveled to Harrisburg a few days in ad-

vance of the opening session, says the Philadelphia Ledger. No one knew him at the capital, and he wandered out to Capitol Hill to look at the seat of government. He was anxious to learn, and so, accosting a workman in the building, requested to be shown the points of interest.

"Well," said the workman, as he opened a door; "this is the senate chamber."

The stranger muttered "H—m!" "Come this way, now," the guide continued, and he opened another door. "This is the House of Representatives."

For a few moments the new member seemed lost in contemplation; then he turned to the workman.

"Say," he remarked impatiently, "them rooms is all right, but I want to see where the Legislature meets."

## A SIGN OF OLD LONDON.

(Insignia of Business House Has stood for Centuries.)

One of the signs pictured in Julian King Colford's "The Signs of Old London" in the January St. Nicholas has peculiar interest for all Americans.

What is called "The Crown and Three Sugar Leaves" was the sign of the historic house which exported to America the celebrated chests of tea that went into Boston harbor in December, 1773, the first overt act of rebellion in the revolution.

While the contest gave America her independence, and set aside the rule of George III, it did not overthrow the business of the oldest tea house in Great Britain. The business is carried on to-day in the same old place as in revolutionary times. Its sign—the sign of "The Crown and Three Sugar Leaves"—has survived the stress of age and storm and fire.

The great fire of London swept within half a block of the shop, but the old sign itself remains to-day.—St. Nicholas

Herbert Spencer's Ear-Stoppers. The philosopher had an infirmity common to great minds and little. He was selfish in regard to conversation which bored him; and he carried this selfishness to such a pitch that he bought a pair of ear-stoppers and applied them regularly.

When conversation in which he had taken part went on too long for his patience, it when some unmerciful talker held forth, he would take out of his pocket his ear-stoppers and hastily put them in place, not removing them till he believed all danger to be past.—Saturday Review.

Seldi and Wagner. Herman Klein tells of Anton Seldi's first interview with Wagner, in the library at Wahnfried. Seldi found the room dark, and, imagining nobody was there, he began rehearsing the speech he had prepared.

Suddenly, from out of a gloomy corner, Wagner appeared and Seldi was so nervous that he could not bring out a sentence of his speech. This proved to be his salvation. For Wagner, declaring "if you can work as well as you can hold your tongue you will do," engaged him on the spot.

A Dentist's Advice. Toledo, Ohio, Jan. 25th.—Mr. Harry L. Lewis, Dentist, 607 Summit street, this city, says: "I certainly advise anyone, no matter how severe they may have Kidney Trouble, to take Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"I was troubled with Kidney Disease for several years and Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me. I had used many so-called remedies without any benefit. Four months ago, I was flat on my back with this painful trouble and must say that I almost gave up hopes of ever getting any better. Through a friend's advice I purchased six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"At first I could see but little benefit, but after two weeks, I could see an improvement. I had been getting up several times at night and pains in my back were very severe. When I had taken six boxes I felt better than I had for years. The pain had all gone and I didn't have to get up during the night at all. I continued the treatment until I had used several more boxes, and now I am glad to say that I am completely cured."

Fertility of Nile Valley. The secret of the inexhaustible fertility of the Nile valley, which has long been credited to the annual deposit of silt from the overflowing of the river, has been discovered by Mr. Fahrold, agricultural explorer of the United States government, to be the nitriding powers of the plant berseem. Berseem is a species of Trifolium, which has the power not only to consume saline and alkaline properties in the land, but also to enrich it with nitrates.

Something of a composite of alfalfa and clover, it is in every way more delicate in flavor and succulent than either.

10,000 Plants for 1c. This is a remarkable offer the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, 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 blanching, 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 POSTAGE IN STAMPS TO THE JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS., AND RECEIVE IN RETURN THEIR BIG CATALOG AND LOTS OF FARM SEED SAMPLES. (W. N. U.)

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## PERSONAL

Will the woman who suffers with sick headache please try

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Your druggist sells it

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La grippe, pneumonia, and influenza often leave a nasty cough when they're gone.

It is a dangerous thing to neglect. Cure it with

Shiloh's

Consumption

Cure The Lung Tonic

The cure that is guaranteed by your druggist.

Prices: 50c. S. C. Wells & Co., 9 255 So. St. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

Gen. Bates in Command. St. Louis, special: Maj. Gen. John C. Bates has formerly assumed command of the Northern division of the United States army, with headquarters in St. Louis.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 50c.

Didst thou never hear that things ill got had ever but success?—Buckeye.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic, loosens bowels.

There should be no key to the door of the closet that contains the family skeleton.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to light and washing.

The first book printed in the English language was printed in the year 1474.

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

To fight any form of truth is to foster some error.

## MEDICAL EXAMINER

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Pe-ru-na.

Other Prominent Physicians Use and Endorse Pe-ru-na.

DR. LLEWELLYN JORDAN, Medical Examiner of the U. S. Treasury Department, graduate of Columbia College, and who served three years at West Point, has the following to say of Peruna:

"Allow me to express my gratitude to you for the benefit derived from your wonderful remedy. One short month has brought forth a vast change and I now consider myself a well man after months of suffering. Fellow sufferers, Peruna will cure you."

A constantly increasing number of physicians prescribe Peruna in their practice. It has proven its merits so thoroughly that even the doctors have overcome their prejudice against so-called patent medicines and recommend it to their patients.

Peruna occupies a unique position in medical science. It is the only internal systemic catarrh remedy known to the medical profession to-day. Catarrh, as everyone will admit, is the cause of one-half the disease which afflicts mankind. Catarrh and catarrhal discharges afflict one-half of the people of the United States.

Robert R. Roberts, M. D., Washington, D. C., writes: "Through my own experience as well as that of many of my friends and acquaintances who have been cured or relieved of catarrh by the use of Hartman's Peruna, I can confidently recommend it to those suffering from such disorders, and have no hesitation in prescribing it to my patients."

Dr. R. Robbins, Muskogee, I. T., writes: "Peruna is the best medicine I know of for coughs and to strengthen a weak stomach and to give appetite. Besides prescribing it for catarrh, I have ordered it for weak and debilitated people and have not had a patient but said it helped him. It is an excellent medicine and it fits so many cases."

"I have a large practice, and have a chance to prescribe your Peruna. I hope you may live long to do good to the sick and throbbing."

Dr. M. C. Gee writes from 513 Jones St., San Francisco, Cal.: "Peruna has performed so many wonderful cures in San Francisco that I can scarcely call it a valuable remedy. I have frequently advised its use for catarrh, as I find it cures regular and irregular menstruation, cures leucorrhoea

and ovarian troubles, and builds up the entire system. I also consider it one of the finest catarrh remedies I know of." M. C. Gee, M. D.

Catarrh is a systemic disease curable only by systemic treatment. A remedy that cures catarrh must aim directly at the depressed nerve centers. This is what Peruna does.

Peruna immediately invigorates the nerve centers which give vitality to the mucous membranes. Then catarrh disappears. Then catarrh is permanently cured.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Penalty for Smoking. The earliest instance known of penalizing smoking in the streets is in the court book of the mayor of London in England. There is the following entry on the record of the court held Oct. 14, 1695: "We agree that any person that is taken smoking tobacco in the street shall forfeit one shilling for every time so taken, and it shall be lawful for the petty constables to distrain for the same, for to be put to the uses above said." We present Nicholas Barber for smoking in the street, and doo amerce him one shilling.

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Dr. Llewellyn Jordan, Medical Examiner United States Treasury.

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