

# Anderson O. M. Charlevoix County Herald

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EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1904.

No 51

## Meet August 25th

### The Farmer's Friendly Ass'n at Norwood.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the Annual Picnic of above Association—comprising the counties of Charlevoix, Emmet, Antrim, Grand Traverse and Leelanau—to be held in VanPelt's white birch grove at Norwood the last Thursday in August, the 25th.

George H. VanPelt was in our city, Monday, and made several arrangements. The East Jordan Military Band has been engaged for the day, our Base Ball Team will play the Petoskey team there on that day, and Capt. Jepson will run a boat-line excursion. Mr. VanPelt also made arrangements for the sale of the souvenir buttons at Boosinger Bros. and the pharmacies of F. C. Warno, Jas. Gidley and L. C. Madison.

The idea of an annual picnic originated three years ago with Supervisor Henry Wagner, who was so enthusiastic upon the subject that he readily inspired others with the same spirit. A meeting was held and George H. VanPelt was elected president. The Farmers' Friendly Association was decided upon as its name, and the last Thursday in August as the day for holding the picnic.

Thursday, August 28, 1902, 1,500 attended the first meeting.

Thursday, August 27, 1903, 3,000 attended the second meeting.

Thursday, August 25, 1904, it is expected that fully 5,000 people will be in attendance.

Hon. Fred M. Warner, secretary of state and republican nominee for governor, will surely be present, as will also Patrick Henry Kelly, republican candidate for Supt. of Public Instruction; it is expected that Congressman Darrah and William Alden Smith will also be in attendance.

The usual sports, music, base ball games, races, etc., attendant upon such occasions will be "pulled off," and noted speakers will address the crowds. It is the intention of the association to make this picnic a howling success.

Commencing this year an entrance fee will be charged; 10 cents for adults and 5 cents for children; the proceeds of which will go for paying prizes and expenses.

While this is to be a basket, picnic, good dinners will be served by the Methodist church society and Lady Macabees of Norwood, at the moderate price of 35 cents for adults and 20 cents for children. Two Skeels will be built, each 16 feet in width and 175 feet in length, under which they will serve meals, and in case of rain, these roofs are to be used in keeping the crowd from getting wet, and a space 30 feet in width is to be left between the two roofs for various kinds of sports and games.

### Here in September.

Like many another play which has since risen to fame, the manuscript of "Her Only Sin," the play in which Miss Julia Gray is now touring this country, lay idle many years after it was completed, before seeing the footlights. After putting the finishing touches to it, Mr. Carter was not able to find an actress who quite fulfilled his ideal of the principal role, that of Della Morely. Finally he gave over the idea of producing the play, and stuck it away in a pigeon-hole to be forgotten until some three years later when Mr. Carter and his general manager, Mr. Hogan, were in London together. They strolled in, of an afternoon, to a special matinee, given by one of London's famous actor-managers, to witness the revival of a classical play. Toward the close of the first act, a tall, slender girl, with heavy tresses of black hair parted low upon her brow, and clad in a simple robe of white samite, entered the scene, spoke a few lines, and then passed out. There was something in the grace of her carriage, the sparkle of her eye, the liquid cadence of her tone, that created an impression beyond the part she took, and raised her above her companions in the secondary roles. Scarcely had she left the stage when Mr. Carter leaned over to his friend and whispered, "There's my Della Morely at last," and that is the reason that a few days later Miss Gray had signed a contract to appear exclusively under Mr. Carter's management for a term of years, and that is how the manuscript of "Her Only Sin," was resurrected from its dusty nook to create one of the most talked of plays of the season. It will soon be presented here with Miss Gray and a notable cast.

## Our County Fair.

### Will Be the Best Ever This Fall.

The Charlevoix County Agricultural Society hold their 20th Annual Fair, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th, at their grounds in this city. The new Premium Lists have just been issued and same can be obtained by applying to the Secretary of the Association, LeRoy L. Sherman. Several new premiums are offered and it is hoped that all having anything of merit to exhibit, will enter same and compete for the premiums. Mr. Sherman is hard at work billing the country around us with posters, etc. It requires a hustler for the office of secretary and the Society is to be congratulated on securing such a person.

Officers of the Association are as follows: President, D. S. Payton; Treasurer, Charles Hipp, secretary, LeRoy Sherman.

### East Jordan vs. Petoskey.

Our Base Ball Team returned last Friday from their trip through the south and just to celebrate their success proceeded to do all sorts of unpleasant things to Detroit Champions. The game white void of any sensational plays was simply full of good snappy playing from start to finish.

Petoskey started at bat and went out in 1-2-3 order.

It was different however with East Jordan for after two men were retired Stevens reached first on an error, took second on a passed ball, and trotted home when Newcomb smashed one between 1st and 2nd.

Petoskey drew blanks regularly for four innings only 12 men facing Fisher. While East Jordan added tally no. 2 in the fourth on Newcomb's 2 base hit, two outs and a fumble of Woodmans hard drive.

In the 5th and 6th however Petoskey gave the local fans quite a scare; securing one in the fifth on an error, an out and a hit. It was the sixth however that looked so gloomy. Hall lifted one for two bases, Washington failed to connect with Fisher. With one out Fisher passed Card, who is a hard hitter, and then it was that all nearly fainted for Reeves waited until he got one that suited him and lifted it high over the Right field fence for a home run, and the score was 2 to 1 in favor of Petoskey.

This ended the rungetting for Petoskey. Our own added a tally in the sixth and in the seventh just to keep things from looking one sided she duplicated Petoskey's score in the sixth. Dunn reached first on a life, Lalonde was out an easy fly to short-Oleary put a stinger to right, Dunn taking 3r. Fisher was safe on first, while they were running Dunn down at home and when Stevens comes up and sends one over the fence in Right field for four bases, and the fans settled back in their seats and plainly visible on their faces was "The smile that won't come off" for the score was 6 to 4 in favor of East Jordan. They added two more in the eighth just for practice on Spicers hit, which was followed by Woodmans safety on a sacrifice and an error.

Score by innings:  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—RHE  
East Jordan, 1 0 0 1 0 1 4 2 \*—8 9 3  
Petoskey, 0 0 0 0 1 3 0 0 0—4 6 4  
Earned-Runs, East Jordan 5, Petoskey 3. Two-base hit, Hall and Newcomb. Home runs, Reeves, Stevens. Stolen bases, Woodman 2, Dunn. Passed balls, Washington 2. Wild pitch, Hall. Struck out, by Fisher 7, by Hall 2. Left on bases, East Jordan 5, Petoskey 4. First base on balls, Card. Double play, Oleary to Woodman to Spicer.

### GIVEN UP TO DIE.

Mr. B. Spiegel of Evansville, Ind., writes: "For five years I was troubled with kidney and bladder affection which made me weak and thin and I had to give up work. Three of our Physicians failed to help me and I was given up to die. I bought a 50c bottle of Foley's Kidney Cure which gave me relief and the second bottle completely cured me."

Charlevoix County Fair, September 27-28-29.

The Petoskey Rug Mfg Co wish to warn the readers of the Herald that it has no agents canvassing and to look out for cheap concerns trying to get orders on their reputation.

## "Uncle Josh Spruceby."

The attraction at the Eveday Opera House for next Wednesday will be "Uncle Josh Spruceby." The celebrated New England comedy drama has become very popular. The scenes of the play were taken from Vermont. The principal character in the play is an old "down East" farmer, and an opportunity is presented for some very strong dramatic situations, as well as pure comedy and wholesome fun. In these days of "farce comedies" it is a relief to witness a play of this kind. A carload of special scenery is used and the great Saw Mill scene is presented. Songs, dances and many unique specialties abound. A big street parade is given at noon. The musical features include a big band and a splendid orchestra. Regular prices will prevail. Seats now on sale.

Reunion Sept. 14, 15, 16.

"Uncle Josh Spruceby" Aug 17th. See combination subscription offer elsewhere.

## S. BURAK,

Will pay the Highest Market Prices for

Hides, Felts, Furs,

Old Rubbers, BAGS, and OLD METALS.

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

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A Busy Madding for Busy People. Brings Golden Breath and Renewed Vigor. A Specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 85 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis. GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

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Are Superior Groceries.

We are constantly adding new goods to our stock and are making prices satisfactory to all, fully appreciating the extensive business diverted to us. We pride ourselves in keeping our stock fresh by selling at small profits and quick sales. Come and see us, we are sure to please you on quality, price and treatment.

Crockery Lamps Glassware  
A complete and up-to-date stock in every line. If you don't see what you want, ask for it at

## WILL RICHARDSON'S State Street Grocery.

## New Line of Fall and Winter SAMPLES

Have just been received at MADDAUGH'S TAILOR SHOP. The Samples include Drapes, Feltons and Novelty Suitings. We shall be pleased to show them to you.

## C. H. MADDAUGH, - TAILOR.

## Ayer's Pills

Wake up your liver. Cure your constipation. Get rid of your biliousness. Sold for 60 years. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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

# BOOSINGER BROS.

The Clothes that make the Happy Boy.

Young Men who appreciate the advantage of good appearance, should be intensely interested in our line of Wear Proof Suits. The best strictly custom tailored clothes made at any price. New styles, new fabrics, Popular Prices. Call and see our complete line. \$5.00 to \$15.00.

If you let your boy grow up in Wear Proof Clothing, he'll always be a good judge of clothing values. It pays to buy the best, especially in Clothing. We realize this, and handle a complete line, which we guarantee to give satisfaction.

# BOOSINGER BROS.

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When in need of—

Folding (Beds, Chairs and Cots)

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New Goods arriving daily

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Tables in extension, library and center

Unusual large sales in Wall Paper

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Everything new and up-to-date in all goods

along the line of Mattress, Springs, Pillows, Cushions, Hammocks, Etc.

YOURS FOR TRADE

## C. H. Whittington,

Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer. License No. 135.



The air cocktail is cheap. The headachless feature also commends it.

What fun Japan is storing up for herself in "investigating" her heroes after the war is over!

Residents of Port Arthur can practice economy in one direction. They do not need to buy alarm clocks.

Among those who think a Derby isn't all they claim it to be is the lady whose beautiful train was stepped on.

There is a great deal of pretense in the culture of some people. They carry an imitation gold case in a chamois bag.

They are passing around the doctor of letters degree more freely than usual this season. It makes a very pretty boutonniere.

It's a queer thing that champion Jeffries, after surviving all the perils of championship prize fights, should be disabled at baseball.

"Does your lawn mower need sharpening?" asks an advertiser, in big, large type. Of course it does. All lawn mowers always do.

Mr. Carnegie declares that he has prospered because of his ability to employ men cleverer than himself. Such modesty seems too good to be true.

Miss Carl's portrait of Tsi An makes the dowager empress look quite young and handsome. This shows how kind-hearted a girl the young American artist is.

The pounding of the hammer and the scrape of the trowel and the clink of the riveter are the chief sounds that now greet the ears of visitors to Baltimore.

The Sultan of Turkey has received another protest from the powers in regard to the Armenian atrocities. Like the other 41,144 protests, it has been placed on file.

If the ministers of Cincinnati stick to their intention of telling the truth about the deceased in all cases, a good many of their fellow-citizens will be afraid to die.

Rear Admiral Sigsbee cabled from San Domingo to the navy department as follows: "Revolution now ended." He carelessly neglected, however, to mention which one.

One of the amiable professors of Chicago university announces that hell is not a fact, merely a condition. But when the condition is sizzling, what's the odds about the fact?

The newspaper correspondents in the field with the Japanese army have submitted a round-robin protest to the staff, and in all probability the staff knows precisely what to do with it.

Two New York amusement managers have just signed a contract with Edouard de Reszke for a tour of sixty concerts in this country next season, just as if they had never heard of Patti.

According to the pure food authorities, much of the raspberry jam of commerce is composed of syrup of apple cores, aniline dye and haysced. It is almost as base a deceiver as maple syrup.

The directors of the Yale library announce that they have a fragment of a lost tragedy by Aeschylus or Sophocles in a package of papyrus fragments lately found in Egypt. More trouble for the students.

An esteemed contemporary raises the question of how to distinguish between poison ivy and Virginia creeper. One sure way is to rub the face and hands thoroughly with the suspect and note results.

Perhaps in the scientific assertion that a man's beard is the home and haunt of countless harmful microbes there is some comfort for the youth who is trying desperately to raise a small mustache and can't.

According to a London newspaper "nothing remains for Kuropatkin but to stake his all upon one last wild fling of the iron dice." Previous to writing this the author must have taken one last wild fling at a dope bottle.

When the liberty bell was in Minneapolis the public schools were dismissed and the Rapid Transit company gave each of the 35,000 children a free ride to view the bell and return. That was better than any lesson in history that the children may have missed.

We read with delight that Alfred Austin anonymously sent a one-act play to a London theater-manager a while ago which the manager thought was capital and which he has accepted. It's such a pleasure to learn that Alfred can write something.

"Hereafter," says a contemporary, "the average man will examine the life rafts and life preservers before he trusts himself on an excursion steamer." Probably not. The careful man may do so, but the average man will continue to take things for granted.

# IRELAND'S BEAUTIFUL SCENERY

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

On the occasion of his visit to Galway last fall I heard King Edward say that "in his whole empire there was no scenery so equal, certainly none to surpass, in beauty and picturesqueness" what he had seen along the southwestern coast of Ireland. Those who have visited, as the writer did, that magnificent stretch of coast from Glengariff to Westport by coach will agree with the king's estimate of this charming region.

The natural beauty of this western lake land is greatly enhanced by the historical associations, especially of a religious character, that still haunt its rific shrines and ruined castles. But there are two of these ruins which more than all the rest deserve the earnest attention of every visitor who loves the ancient glories of Ireland—



In Their Own Doorway.

I mean the Abbey of Cong, on Lough Corrib, and the Abbey of Inismaine on Lough Mask.

It is not to be wondered at that a land so rich in nature's choicest gifts should have been the battleground of warring races and the choicest prize of conquering kings. And such it was in very truth from the morning prime of Ireland's story almost down to our own times. The undulating plain between the lakes is dotted over with the burial mounds and monumental pillar stones of the warriors who fell in the first great battle between hostile races recorded in Irish history; that is, the famous battle of Moytura.

There is one grand monument still remaining in "proud defiance of all conquering time"—Carn Eochy, which is undoubtedly the grave mound of the Belgic King Eochy, who was slain on the third day of the fight. It overlooks Lough Mask and Inismaine and is one of the finest monuments of its kind to be found anywhere in Ireland. It was raised over the dead warrior by his devoted followers more than 3,000 years ago and it is likely to last at least 3,000 years more. Every other work of human hands around has either totally disappeared or is a shapeless ruin, but the grand old monument of the Firlgic King seems to be as enduring as the lakes and mountains of the west.

Let me return to the two famous abbeys. The primitive Monastery of Inismaine was founded about one hundred years before the great Monastery of Cong. This latter was begun about the year 627. It came about in this way: There was a very famous saint called Feichin, a native of Leyney, in the County Sligo, who flourished during the first sixty years of the



Part of Inismaine Ruins.

seventh century. He founded several monasteries in his native district of which the most celebrated was the Monastery of Ballisodare, four miles south of Sligo. While Feichin was sojourning with his monks an angel came in sleep to tell him that it was God's will that he should journey to a certain island of the ocean, situated in the extreme west of Connaught, called Inaith, now Omev, to preach to the half-pagan natives.

The saint set out with a few of his disciples and made his way to Omev from Westport, I think, where he at once proceeded to build his little church and a few cells for himself and his disciples. The church is still there, nearly covered at times with the blown sand. But it was hard work to build it, for the natives received the saint and his monks badly, and during the night they used to step their feet close and throw them into the sea-lake close at hand. But God did not forget his own; for angels brought back the tools in the morning. Then the islanders would give them no food, so that Feichin and his monks were nearly left starved—two of them, it is said, perished of want, but were restored to life at the prayers of the saint. Then Guair, Knight

of Connaught, hearing of their sor plight, sent them food for their needs, and a silver cup with other good things to the saint himself which, says the writer of the Life of St. Feichin, is preserved to the present day, and is called Guach Feichin, Feichin's Goblet. But true zeal always conquers, and in the end the islanders were all converted and baptized; their little church became the parish church of the large parish of Omev, which has ever since fondly cherished the memory of its patron saint.

These two abbeys, even in their ruins, proclaim the excellence of Irish art in the Middle Ages. There is nothing in stone to surpass the cloister of Cong, with all its pure and graceful lines and the infinite variety and delicacy of its ornamentation. And no less admirable are the windows and doorways of Inismaine, and also the foliated sculptures of the capitals of its noble chancel arch now, alas, in great part overthrown. But I would say to the traveler in Ireland, visit these places, examine them not hurriedly, but leisurely and carefully. Let the eye and the mind drink in their beauty by thoughtful, patient observation. Take in the whole scene and its surroundings; in the present and, if you can, in the past, when kings and prelates and monks and scholars trod these silent cloisters; when royal maidens touched their harps in tones responsive to their own sweet Gaelic songs; when the vesper bell woke the echoes around those pleasant waters; when the voice of prayer and praise rose seven times a day from the lips and hearts of holy men behind those chancel arches; when the hospice was ever open to the poor and the stranger; when many a sinful soul came to find

pardon and peace among the blessed Brotherhood of God.

**Oldest Settler at Exposition.** Frederick Saugrain, the oldest living native of the Louisiana purchase territory, is attending the meetings of the American Surgical Society in St. Louis. He is the only surviving child of Dr. Antoine Francois Saugrain, who was known as "the first scientist of the Mississippi valley."

# FARM MISCELLANY

Weed Out the Poor Sheep.

Ewes intended to be used in the flock must be only of the best, wisely selected for the object in view, says W. W. Cooper. The flock is now well established, and should be kept well weeded out, only the best representatives of the breed being retained. This system wisely followed for a number of years will tend to establish in a higher degree the uniformity of the flock. The poorer ones may be culled out and fed for the block. In no case are they to be retained or sold for breeding purposes. Sorbs will appear in the best of flocks at intervals, through freaks in breeding; consequently, one requires to be ever on the watch. Much can be accomplished in the successful management of sheep along these lines. It is a matter of some importance to have your flock well at all times. Something can be done in this regard to add to their already good form, by dressing and trimming the wool from time to time. This remark applies more particularly to the Down breeds. A fine, smooth appearance is presented to the eye on the surface of back and sides. It is always to the advantage of a breeder to have his stock look well at all times and seasons of the year. A flock well kept is always to be preferred to one such as is too often seen, showing the appearance of neglect. Sheep are very unsightly when not cared for properly, but when in a healthy condition and well looked after there are no other animals of the farmyard more worthy of your profound admiration.

**Good Breeding Stock.**

Very few men can make money out of hogs if they have poor breeding stock. It may be that here and there a man can raise scrubs and make money out of them, but it has to be under conditions where the feed costs practically nothing. That is not the circumstances under which most of our readers are raising swine. With them the competition with other breeders is strong, and feed has to be purchased often at a very high price. This high-priced feed must be put into an animal that can make the most possible out of it in a short time, and this is the reason why good breeding stock only is safe for the farmer on high-priced land. Then the farmer must have good breeding swine because he wants animals that will give him numerous progeny. It is safe to buy sows from men that make a business of breeding and who consequently feed their animals in a way to give them both strong bone and muscle. Such animals have vitality and tend to produce a large number of pigs rather than the small litters that some are in the habit of bringing forth every year. It is no easy matter to secure the kind of stock a man needs. A good many herds will need to be looked over before the purchases are made. The good animals will cost considerably more than the poor ones, but, for the foundation of a herd, the expensive ones are likely to prove the cheapest in the long run.

**Spraying a Preventive, Not a Cure.**

The man that believes in spraying should spray whether there seems the least call for it or not. Spraying does not make up for losses already sustained from the attacks of fungi or insects. It will not cause new leaves to grow where the old ones have been eaten off, and it will not cause the fruit to improve after it has been shrunken by reason of being deprived of food that the leaves failed to elaborate, they having been destroyed by either insects or fungi. Some of our most enterprising horticulturists have accomplished wonders by simply spraying, on the principle that they would thus insure themselves against the presence of their enemies in the fruit orchard. Their trees have responded remarkably—so well, indeed that they have been led to believe that previously their trees were assailed far more seriously by insects and fungus pests than had been supposed. There is no other way to spray successfully. The man that does not spray till the leaves of his trees are eaten up by insects, or till they have turned brown from the attacks of fungi, will pronounce spraying to be a failure.

**Tests with Oats.**

The Farm Crops Department of the Iowa Agricultural College is making a test on the College farm of 29 of the leading varieties of oats. In addition to the test, Prof. W. H. Olin of this Department, has arranged with Mr. A. E. Cook of the Brookmont Farm, Odebolt, Iowa, for a co-operative test on a large scale of three of the varieties of oats best adapted to Iowa conditions. Six hundred acres have been seeded to oats on the Brookmont Farm for this experiment. One variety has been selected as the best oats for feeding horses and as a heavy yielder. A second variety has been selected to meet the demands for a choice milling oats and samples of the crop will be submitted to the great oat meal combination to be tested for milling. A third variety was selected for good feeding qualities and high yields, it having shown a yield of 102 bushels per acre on large fields. Prof. Olin will make a careful study of the habits of growth of these varieties, their yield and adaptation to Iowa soils; and will report through press bulletins.

# OLDEST OF LIBEL SUITS.

One in England Has Been in Court for Nearly a Century.

There is a libel case between the postoffice authorities and the Times standing unheard for nearly 100 years. It seems that in 807 the Times bitterly attacked the postoffice, and the occasion of its attack was as follows: In these days the postal authorities acted not merely as carriers of letters and the like, but there was a news agency in connection with the department, and this news agency charged the sum of £100 to each newspaper in the kingdom for the supply of a brief summary of foreign news daily. In order to encourage this side of their business the heads of the postoffice of that time conceived the brilliant notion of delaying foreign newspapers in order that news services might not suffer from competition. This went on for a time, until the Times got to hear of it, and a bitter and a not undeserved attack was the consequence. The postoffice replied by the service of a writ for libel, and it was considered to be desirable to say nothing more about it. But the function of supplying the summary of news was soon discontinued by the department.

**TO DEAL WITH DIFFICULTIES.**

Writer's Sage Advice Is to Meet Them with Boldness.

It makes great difference how you approach a difficulty. Obstacles are like wild animals. They are cowards, but they will bluff you if they can. If they see you are afraid of them, if you stand and hesitate, if you take your eye from theirs, they are liable to spring upon you, but, if you do not flinch, if you look them squarely in the eye, they will slink out of sight. So difficulties flee before absolute fearlessness, though they are very real and formidable to the timid and hesitating, and grow larger and larger and more formidable with vacillating contemplation.—Orison Sweet Marden, in Success.

**Alone.**

Alone when the day is dawning,  
Alone when the night dews fall;  
Under the veil at the bridal,  
Under the gloom of the pall,  
Behold impregnable barriers,  
To work out its life of pain,  
From its first faint cry till the hour to die  
Is the doom of each mortal soul.

First tender thoughts of the mother  
As she brings us forth in pain,  
As she looks in the eyes of her offspring  
Some glow to its soul to gain,  
"What is my baby thinking,  
With that gaze that sees and sees?"  
But ever remains the mystery,  
And never a voice replies.

Alone is the child in his sorrow  
Over the broken toy;  
Alone is the stricken lover,  
Of whose vanished love he sighs;  
Alone is the bride at the altar,  
Alone the bridegroom stands,  
With his hidden life between them,  
That and their plighted hands.

Alone lies the wife, with the canker  
Of blighted hope in her heart;  
Alone is the husband dreaming  
Of his ambition's smart;  
And so from the birth to the burial,  
From the first to the latest breath,  
In crowded streets, on lonely steeps,  
The soul goes alone till death.  
—Francis R. Haaxim, in Boston Transcript.

**Powerful Love Filter.**

What a world of misery would be saved if other wives who are annoyed by similar possibilities would follow the advice given to a young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection. She went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The mystery woman told her: "Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt and toast it on each side over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it." The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.

**Why Korea Has No Bicycles.**

A missionary who has resided in Korea says the Koreans are particularly fond of a "tall" story. He once asked a venerable Korean why his people did not use the bicycle. "We had a bicycle once," was the reply of the patriarch. "It was invented by one of our great men about 700 years ago. It had two mechanisms, a going out and a coming home mechanism. But one day the mother of the inventor, in order to test the joys of cycling, stole the machine and rode off on it. Unfortunately, however, she did not take the coming-home mechanism, and since then," added the old man, "Korea has not had a bicycle."

**Despise Japanese Delicacy.**

Travelers say that there is a certain indefinable, unnamable smell peculiar to Japanese steamships that makes life on board of them not worth living. It has been traced to "dalkon," a large leaved vegetable as dear to the Japanese palate as cabbage to the Teutonic. It is a kind of white radish, boiled and cut in strips and served in everything. "The smell and flavor are repulsive beyond anything the East has offered to our senses," says a correspondent.

**His Letter of Introduction.**

Clarence King wrote from San Francisco to John Hay the following letter of introduction some years ago: "My Dear John: My friend, Horace F. Cutter, in the next geological period will go east. It would be a catastrophe if he did not know you. You will 'swarm in,' as the Germans say, when you meet. Let I should not be there to expose Mr. Cutter's alias, I take this opportunity to divulge to you that the police are divided in opinion as to whether he is Socrates or Don Quixote. I know better—he is both."

# DAIRY

Dirty Water Troughs and Stagnant Water.

Sometimes the milk gets a flavor in it that is not relished, but the cow owner is unable to discover the reason for it. Good authorities on cow feeding declare that it is possible for the drinking water to be the cause. Others will dispute this; but in any event it is an open subject, and the water may fairly well be under suspicion. We do know, at least, that water does sometimes contain substances that cause sickness among cows, and whenever a cow is sick her milk gets "off," whether anything passes directly through the cow and into the milk or not. We have published much against cows being allowed to drink dirty and stagnant water, but there is always something more to be said. We have seen old moss-grown watering troughs in the pastures that were never cleaned out from year to year. A wooden trough led back to some rill at the foot of a hill, and this perennial rill furnished water for the cows during all the summer. The water consisted largely of the rain water that had fallen on the land and reached the trough after being laden with much vegetable matter of various kinds. In the trough it lies under the hot sun, while the germs in its slimy death luxuriate and multiply, having for food the vegetable matter that the rill has brought from the hillside.

Even worse is the stagnant pond, for in it the cows can stand and can thus stir up its muddy depths, which indeed are not generally very deep. The old trough, bad as it is, has one virtue, in that the water is not only always running in, but also running out; and running water is supposed to have some virtue. The old pond does not supply enough water to keep its outlet open after the beginning of summer. Its only supply is the draining of the land with any disease germs the land may have received from any source. If the eggs of tapeworms have been dropped by other animals, as is sometimes the case, they find a ready access into the pond.

As the summer heat becomes greater the surface of the pond sinks ever lower and lower, and the cows stand each day further out in the water. The warm water becomes alive with all kinds of water insects, and who shall say that it does not also become alive with vegetable growths, some of which are the organisms that manifest themselves as bovine diseases? Both the dirty watering trough and the stagnant pond should be eliminated from the pasture. Good, pure water is the only kind that should be given to animals or humans. In these days of cheap windmills, there is no reason why every cow pasture should not have a supply of pure and safe water from some pond.

**Poor Feeding and Fat Percentage.**

The question of feeding fat into milk has been long and heatedly debated. The experiment stations generally have demonstrated, by a multitude of tests, that a cow's capacity to produce butter-fat cannot be increased beyond the normal of that animal. On the other hand a few isolated cases of carefully tested cows have seemed to show that it was possible to feed butter-fat into milk. The problem has been recently attacked from another side, and the experiment tried of reducing the fat content of the milk by over-feeding. This has been accomplished both at home and abroad. Cows were fed on insufficient rations for a period of two weeks or more. In that time the average fat content of all the cows dropped from 4 per cent to 3.25 per cent of butter fat. This will explain some of the cases where it was claimed that the feeding of a richer ration increased the amount of butter fat. Cows that were too poorly fed had been used and naturally tended to come back to the normal of their capacity. The practical question, however, is not, if poorly fed cows can be made to give normal milk by normal feeding, but if cows that are being fed normally and are giving normal milk already can be forced to give abnormally rich milk by feeding a richer food than usual. We believe that it is well demonstrated that this cannot be done.

**Be Clean.**

It has been said that successful dairymen can be summed up in two words, "Be clean." This is overdrawn, it just a little, because, no matter how clean you keep the milk of a poor dairy cow, it will not be profitable. But as to the quality and flavor of butter, the truth is largely told in the two words given. It is easy enough to cure bad salting, bad coloring and bad working. The great struggle comes in trying to keep the milk, cream and butter clean. This is because dirt is almost universal. It is in the water, on the ground and in the air. It fastens itself to the cow's udder, her sides and her hair. It attaches itself to the hands of the milker and to his clothes. It gets into the milk as soon as it leaves the teats, and often it continues to add itself to the milk during all the processes of handling and of skimming. Dirt in this sense includes many things that ordinarily are not considered dirt, like the smells that arise from turnips, cabbages in the cellar and cooking vegetables and meats in the kitchen. To quarantine against these is a colossal task, too great to be accomplished by the lazy man or the man that does not think. That is why we have a few eminent dairymen, and a good many that are failures.



# BETROTHED

The early joy of a young man and maid,  
Who stand upon the threshold of life's  
morn,  
Hand linked in hand, while all for them  
is fair,  
With rosy promise of a day to be;  
Who know how each to each is all in all.

So each to each is of the other sure,  
Come weal or woe, the sunshine or the  
rain,  
This thing is good. For even tho' it be  
That the full promise of dawn is un-  
fulfilled,  
And wide arise the landscape fair to mar  
By mists and shadows no man may fore-  
see,  
The perfect vision of the opening day  
Remains for them a blessed memory  
Thro' all the day, until all light is gone.

Closed by the last chime of the curfew,  
Yet  
To have known that glory of dawn still  
makes the day  
More beautiful than tho' it had not been,  
Most happy they for whom this time shall  
prove  
The first sweet moments of an ample  
day,  
To those for whom until the morning  
came,  
Life had been but a twilight-time where-  
in  
Each had moved solitary amid the crowd,  
Lonely in spirit, lonely in heart and  
mind,  
The coming of this dawn makes all  
things new.

For them the world is as another world:  
They are themselves, yet not their for-  
mer selves,  
And half-forgotten of all former hours,  
With Love arisen they live alone no  
more.

—C. M. Faine.



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When the wind came there was a  
rain of maple leaves, weary and with-  
ered souls swept from the grayed  
branches, falling to swift currents  
near the ground where they swirled  
in yellow hosts, raising upon the air  
a long sound of crackling cries, a curi-  
ous interminable noise of dismay at  
death, of fear of this irreplaceable sweep-  
ing force that came from the red  
western sky which flared like an army  
with lurid banners.

A girl came slowly down the path  
that led through the maples. She  
walked in a dreamy way, following  
unconsciously the mere indication of  
a road, that summer path that had  
been swallowed in the merciless hail  
of the dead leaves. Finally, a man  
stepped from the shadows. He was  
smiling as he put forth his hand.

"Hello," he said.  
When their hands clasped, she be-  
gan to look at the dark distance of the  
landscape, turning her face from him.  
"Well," he said at last, studying the  
immobile face, still holding her hand,  
"are you glad to see me? I just re-  
turned yesterday on the New York.  
Very breezy trip. I thought I had  
better—" then suddenly he threw  
away all that and spoke quickly: "And  
your husband?"

She made a gesture towards where  
three brick chimneys appeared in the  
distance, looming above a rim of tree  
tops. They both steadily regarded  
these as, if they were three person-  
ages, three facts, emblematic exactly  
of a certain situation. He, with his  
cigarette now in his mouth, his hat  
still tilted, clasping his hands, said:  
"The infernal idiot!"

She looked at him with a swift, re-  
sentful glance, but he answered at  
once, making a gesture of irritation  
which was a sort of defiant outburst.  
"Oh, I am tired of treating him with  
magnificent respect, when, as a mat-  
ter of truth, he is to me the most  
stupid and dense beast in the universe  
for not being dead."

She was lifting her chin in a battle-  
ful way and waving her fingers toward  
his mouth. "But he is my—"  
"The devil," interrupted the young  
man, violently. "Do you think that I  
am not aware of it?" He glared at  
her with sullen rage.

Upon her face as she looked at him  
there was a vague, indescribable smile  
and in her eyes there were two faint,  
points of mellow light. "Yes, you do  
know it," she said.

He answered her attitude, the light  
in her eyes. "You love me," he cried



Looming Above a Rim of Treetops,  
in discontented muttering, "and yet  
you spend all your time in guarding  
the peace of that duffer"—indicating  
the three red chimneys with a con-  
temptuous wave of his hand—"as if he  
were a sacred white elephant of Siam;  
and, as for me, I am to be held off with  
spears for fear I might kiss the tip of  
your little finger. And yet you love  
me. You are incomprehensible. I  
could kill him. And yet you—why  
won't you run away with me?"

When she replied her voice had a  
subtle quality of monotony in it as if  
she were speaking a lesson, uttering  
some sentiment in which she had resolu-  
tely schooled herself. "Ah, the sin.  
You would never be happy with a bad  
woman."

It seemed to make him furious. He  
gazed at her blackly. "A bad woman!  
What rot! You—"

Then she suddenly acknowledged the  
fairly of her speech. "No, no, no, I  
didn't mean that, I didn't mean it, I  
meant that I—I could never be happy



One Long Kiss.

if I were a bad woman. I would be  
afraid"—she raised her finger and  
pointed it mournfully at him—"I would  
be afraid of you."

He laughed savagely. "You are as  
wise as seven owls. It cannot be ar-  
gued. It is to be demonstrated. A re-  
newal of my protestations of love  
would not be convincing." He burst  
out passionately, as if he could no  
longer endure the weight of his hopes,  
his fears, his wrongs. "But why not  
make an attempt for happiness? You  
love me. I love you. What is there  
in this infernal environment that  
should make us value it? What is  
there to suffice us if we have not each  
other. Nothing, I tell you, nothing."

"Wait," she said. "God forgive us—  
it cannot be long to wait now."

"Wait, wait. My soul is weary of  
this waiting," he answered. "He will  
never die; he is too selfish; he will  
see us both in our graves. I tell you,  
is all our youth to be worn threadbare  
waiting for this selfish brute to shuffle  
off?" He looked at her steadily for a  
moment, then continued: "Do you  
know that I believe that in spite of  
the life he has led you, you love him,  
now, more than you do me."

She was very white and the pain  
in her eyes should have warned him.  
"No," he said, "four years is long  
enough to wait; long enough for you  
to make up your mind. Do you know  
that you have played fast and loose  
with me for four years? Four—long—  
years? Now you must decide. Will  
you come with me, dear heart, will  
you come with me? Say—speak—will  
you come to the shelter of my love or  
do you send me away forever? I will  
wait no longer; I am determined—  
choose him—" and he shook his  
closed hands at the red chimneys—  
"or happiness with me!"

The girl shivered and drew her cape  
closely about her shoulders. As she  
moved a faint perfume of lavender  
came to the man. He took hold of  
both her hands with his and drew her  
to him, eagerly, gazing at her face, so  
close to his own, noting every feature,  
the small straight nose, the forehead  
low and broad, crowned with masses  
of dark waving hair, the small round-  
ed chin beneath the sweet trembling  
mouth! And her eyes—her eyes, now  
dark with the pain of this passion  
which she felt was mastering her.  
She could feel his warm breath upon  
her cheeks. Her hands crept up his  
arms and about his neck; she threw

her back and as she did—their  
lips met in one long kiss.

The following morning the man  
awakened with a song upon the lips  
that she had kissed. As he dressed  
he strutted as a self-satisfied cock  
might strut while he plumed himself  
in the barnyard. They were to leave  
that night. Of course nothing could  
prevent her going, now—"nothing but  
death," she had said. All the morning  
he was busy arranging his affairs for  
a long absence.

At noon came a messenger with a  
note. It was from her. How well he  
knew the gray paper and the dainty  
writing! He caressed the envelope be-  
fore he opened it. "Why, I am getting  
as sentimental as a woman," he said  
aloud, laughing. Then he tore the  
note open and this is what it said:

"Forgive, forgive me, my beloved. I  
have chosen death. I could not leave  
him and after yesterday there is no  
peace for me but in death. Forgive  
me, for I have loved you more than  
life."

The woman killed herself on Octo-  
ber the 9th. Her husband died of a  
long, lingering illness on October 10th.

Under the maples the man walked  
and the little leaves of brown and  
yellow and those with the crimson  
blots danced about him. The man  
had grown old in two days, frost had  
touched his temples and his face was  
gray and drawn. He looked at the  
red chimneys above the tree tops; he  
held out his arms towards them, yearn-  
ingly, with a half-stifled moan. The  
little leaves danced and flew in clouds  
before his eyes, they beat him upon  
the face; they seemed to run and  
jump before his sight, blinding him,  
stinging him, as he held his arms to-  
wards the red chimneys.

## WEALTHY MEN OF OLD.

Their Fortunes Make Even Rocke-  
feller's Millions Seem Small.

A writer in a Jewish magazine has  
been looking into the Agadic history  
of the Talmud, and believes that  
there were richer men before the  
Christian era than there are now. We  
know that Croesus was rich, and that  
there were huge Roman fortunes in  
the times of the empire. The Talmud  
stories go back further still. The  
great corner in corn that Joseph man-  
aged was fabulously profitable. Tradi-  
tion says that Joseph, acting for  
Pharaoh, got his hands on pretty  
much all the ready money there was  
in his day, and buried three enorm-  
ous treasures, one of which was  
found by Korah, whose fortune esti-  
mated according to the modern stand-  
ards of value, is rated by the maga-  
zine at three billion dollars. Solo-  
mon's stable, with its horses, chariots  
and horsemen, is said to have repre-  
sented a sum the modern equivalent  
of which would be three or four hun-  
dred millions, and he spent two hun-  
dred and fifty millions on his temple.  
Herod's temple cost more still. In  
Jerusalem in Roman times there were  
three Jews, who between them, felt  
able to face an expenditure of a hun-  
dred millions a year for twenty-one  
years. They offered to feed the mil-  
lion inhabitants of Jerusalem for that  
length of time rather than surrender  
the city. One of these Jews, Niko-  
demon, gave his daughter a dowry of  
\$425,000,000. There were other Jews,  
of whose enormous wealth the Agadic  
history makes record.—Harper's  
Weekly.

## Juggling With Accounts.

John D. Rockefeller, at a directors'  
meeting in New York, was describing  
certain methods of juggling with ac-  
counts—certain deceptive ledger and  
journal entries that firms make when  
they are about to fail dishonestly.

"The other day," said Mr. Rocke-  
feller, "I heard of a woman who would  
have made an excellent account jug-  
gler. This woman's husband always  
left in her possession a number of  
blank signed checks. She was free  
to use those checks, but he required  
from her a full explanation of the ex-  
penditure that had been made with  
each of them.

"He was looking over the stubs one  
day.

"You say here," he said, "that check  
No. 272 for \$25, went for church ex-  
penses. What church expenses were  
these?"

"A new Easter bonnet," the woman  
answered."

## Maranda.

A crescent moon lingers to greet the  
morn.  
The star of beauty smiling in its rays;  
The birds sing low—as wooing their own  
lays.

The young May-blossoms freshened  
Lest closer touching win, not bud, but  
thorn.

The air breathes lover's breath on  
fainting haze;  
While Silence, eloquent with voiceless  
praise,  
Guards well the stillness—and the day is  
—born.

The poet's soul saw type of this fair  
hour  
In sacred recess of a living heart;  
Its peerless melody, its bloom, its flower,  
Its beauty, and its mystery are part  
Of lyric music, telling of sunrise  
In the soft shadows of a maiden's eyes.  
—Mary M. Adams, from "The Song at  
Midnight."

## Church Pews as Investments.

At Kirkham (Eng.) Parish church  
the greater portion of the pew rents,  
instead of swelling the exchequer of  
the church, go into the pockets of private  
individuals, who, for the most  
part, do not attend the church or even  
reside in the district. The peculiar  
situation originated in 1823, when, to  
meet the expenses of rebuilding the  
church, about forty pews and a few  
organ seats were put up for auction  
and realized amounts varying from  
\$175 to \$900. The church wardens  
are endeavoring to come to an ar-  
rangement with the pew owners with  
a view to securing a larger share of  
the rents for the benefit of the church.

# How Two Monarchs Died

M. Paul Gault's "A Conspiracy  
Under the Terror," which has just  
been published, suggests to me, an-  
other reason, beside that of the con-  
trast between their characters, for  
the contrast between the death scenes  
of Louis XVI and of Marie Antoinette,  
writes T. P. O'Connor. Not the least  
horrible of all the haunting horrors  
of "The Terror" is the death struggle  
on the scaffold of Louis XVI.

Here is Louis Blanc's description of  
it in his "Histoire de la Revolution  
Francaise": "Descending from his  
carriage, Louis fixed his eyes upon the  
soldiers who surrounded him, and with  
a menacing voice cried, 'Silence!' The  
drums ceased to beat, but at a signal  
from their officer the drummers again  
went on. 'What treason is this?' he  
shouted. 'I am lost! I am lost!' For  
it was evident up to this moment he  
had been clinging to hope. The exe-  
cutioners now approached to take off  
a part of his clothes; he repulsed  
them fiercely, and himself removed the  
collar from his neck. All the blood in  
his frame seemed to be turned into  
fire when they sought to tie his hands.  
'Tie my hands!' he shrieked. A struggle  
was inevitable. It came. It is in-  
disputable that Louis fought with his  
executioners.

"The Abbe Edgeworth stood by, per-  
plexed, horrified, speechless. At last,  
as his master seemed to look inquir-  
ingly at him, he said: 'Sir, in this ad-  
ditional outrage, I only see a just trait  
of the resemblance between your maj-  
esty and the God who will give you  
your reward.' At these words the in-  
dignation of the man gave way to the  
umility of the Christian, and Louis

said to the executioners, 'I will drain  
the cup to the dregs.'

"But after the executioners had  
made all the grim toilet of death, and  
Louis had protested his innocence and  
pronounced his forgiveness in the  
loud voice, which the drummers, at  
the command of the comedian, Du-  
gazon, proceeded to drown, he again  
lost all his self-control. 'Silence! Be  
silent!' cried the king, losing all self-  
control, and stamping violently with  
his foot. Richard, one of the execu-  
tioners, then seized a pistol and took  
aim at the king. It was necessary to  
drag him along by force. With diffi-  
culty fastened to the fatal plank, he  
continued to utter terrible cries, only  
interrupted by the fall of the knife."

Contrast this frightful death strug-  
gle on the scaffold with the dignity of  
that despicable fratricide, Philippe  
Egalite. He was no sooner condemned  
to immediate execution than, says  
Mongallard, he ordered and consumed  
with much relish some dozens of oys-  
ters, a couple of cutlets, and a bottle  
of claret. Then erect, easy, command-  
ing, in faultless attire, and with the  
air of a prince proceeding to his corona-  
tion, he is drawn to the scaffold.

"The cruel populace," says Carlyle,  
"stopped him for some minutes oppo-  
site the Palais Egalite, whither Palais  
Royal, along whose ashlar wall ran in  
huge tri-color print, 'Republic One and  
Indivisible; Liberty, Equality, Frater-  
nity, or Death; National Property.'  
Philippe's eyes flashed hell fire one  
instant, but the next instant it was  
gone and he sat impassive. On the scaffold  
Samson was for drawing off his boots.  
'Tush!' said Philippe, 'they will come  
better off after. Let's have done!'"

# Girl Had Her Way

She was in love with a young doc-  
tor.

"He's quite impossible!" cried her  
mother when informed of it.

"Out of the question," asserted her  
father.

"He has fine prospects," insisted the  
girl.

"You can't live on prospects," said  
the father.

"The next day she was ill.

"I can see nothing wrong," said the  
physician who was called to attend  
her.

Nevertheless he left a prescription,  
but it seemed to be of no good. "The  
symptoms she described" were con-  
flicting and confusing.

"It's very strange," said the phys-  
ician.

"If you do not understand the case,  
we must get someone who does," said  
the mother.

So, after a week or more of experi-  
menting another physician was called  
in.

"A trifling indisposition," said the  
second physician, "I'll have her right  
in a day or so."

But in a day or so she had him  
rattled. Her lover had told her how  
to do it.

"Every time I see her," said the

second physician, "there seems to be  
some new complication. I can't find  
anything radically wrong, but her  
statements certainly show that she  
is not all right."

By this time the father and moth-  
er were worried and they sent for a  
specialist. The latter looked wise,  
but he met with no greater success  
than the two who had preceded him,  
although his bill was considerably  
larger.

The father had just seen the bill  
when the girl called to him.

"I fear," she said, wearily, "that  
this trouble is going to continue in-  
definitely. Don't you think it would  
be wise to have a physician in the  
family?"

"The father looked at her suspi-  
ciously.

"Perhaps it would," he admitted.

"And it's so easy to have one," she  
persisted.

"Arrange it to suit yourself," he  
said, resignedly, for he was a man  
who knew when he was beaten.

The next day she was able to sit  
up, and the day after she had entirely  
recovered. But the father continued  
to look at her reproachfully, even up  
to the day of the wedding.—Brooklyn  
Eagle.

# A Halsted Street Pastoral

"Little Barefoot," of Bubbly Creek.  
Her father twists the lever on a Halsted  
trolley train.

At noon she brings his dinner pail,  
drenched in the pelting rain.  
She has a piquant rose-leaf face, a ro-  
guish head of hair;

She is the mascot of the car, the passen-  
gers declare.  
And when her father eats his lunch, she  
grasps the trolley bar—

"Now, Daddy, you just lemme be, and I  
will run the car.  
Of course I've got 'em bent a block; you  
see the coast is clear.

Say, Daddy, how do you like to see me  
play the engineer?"

BEERAIN  
"Now, all aboard, get ready; say, Miss  
Roscy, hold her steady,  
I can run the trolley car, because my  
daddy's near.

Don't you hear that whistle blowing; to  
old Bubbly Creek we're going—  
Say, daddy, don't you like to see me  
play the engineer?"

She holds the lever like her dad, and  
guides the trolley true;  
Her pail-loads wild, they swiftly glide by  
the Easton street.

Or bridges high they panting fly, and  
breast the shrieking rail;  
The little lassie's still on deck and  
guides them o'er the rail.

You watch the headstrong beauty's face,  
and her frank, delicious stare,  
Her violet eyes in arch surprise, and her  
wind-swept tawny hair.

She wears the union button, and her  
voice rings frank and clear.  
"Say, Daddy, how do you like your little  
dill to play the engineer?"

Old Halsted's lights are gleaming and  
Miss Roscy's eyes are beaming;  
The spice of danger suits the madcap  
maiden to a tee.

She guides the sizzling trolley, and they  
banish melancholy;  
She never cringes any kids a-playing  
frank and free.

She senses busy transients who are  
blocking up the way;  
The sizzling automobile yields her the  
path to stray.

"Say, Roscy, you are sleeping; your  
lazy nag is creeping;  
I will take a wheel of Clarence when he  
scores up this way."

CHORUS.  
"Jiggers, there, get busy; this vere trol-  
ley makes me dizzy stare;  
Of course, I'll bring them through on-  
time, because the coast is clear.  
I will make a mile a minute; I guess lit-  
tle Easton's right in here."

Say, daddy, how do you like your little  
dill to play the engineer?"

JAMES E. KINSELA,  
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

# "Jap" Elixir Is Good

The ingenious Japanese have de-  
veloped a trade in a commodity which  
has been decided by the general  
board of customs appraisers at Wash-  
ington, to be hitherto unheard of and  
not enumerated in the Dingley act.  
This is Midzume, a syrup that finds  
a demand on the Pacific coast in  
competition with corn syrup, which  
is largely produced in Illinois.

Midzume is a doughy, elastic sub-  
stance, produced from Japanese mil-  
let and rice. The chemists say it is  
mainly starch and dextrine. The best  
quality is a fine yellow, and its palat-  
ability is beyond all cavil. The pro-  
ducers are themselves great consum-  
ers, and seem to thrive on it. The  
consumption of the new mixture or  
brew is said to be extending constan-  
tly in the West.

The method of manufacture is to  
steam the grain, cover it with mats

and later mix in barley malt. The  
mass is left for six hours to ferment.  
The hulls settle to the bottom and  
are removed, and the starchy, sugary  
liquid that results is drawn off,  
squeezed in hempen bags and sealed  
in jars ready for export. It is said  
to be an infallible strength food for  
infants and old folks.

The customs authorities have been  
instructed to classify it as an article  
under the basket clause of the law  
not otherwise provided for, and to im-  
pose a duty of 10 per cent ad val-  
orem. This is so low that the Japa-  
nese syrup can continue to come in  
and hold its own on the Pacific coast,  
it is said, against the output of corn  
syrup from the Mississippi valley.  
Midzume is much used in confection-  
ery in Japan, and, strange to say, is  
also a valuable dyestuff.—Philadel-  
phia Ledger.



## Adapting Corn Varieties.

We are always learning something  
new about the corn plant. One thing,  
new at least to a good many students  
of the corn plant, is that corn varie-  
ties differ so greatly in their charac-  
teristics that success or failure with  
corn depends on the selection of the  
right varieties for certain fields. It  
is not unusual to hear of a man de-  
claring that the variety of corn he  
grows is one of the most profitable

in the world and will give most aston-  
ishing yields. The fact is that he is  
growing it on a location that is admir-  
ably suited to it. We are now coming  
to have varieties of corn adapted to  
uplands and to lowlands. The lowland  
varieties may do very well on the up-  
land in a wet year, but in a dry year  
proves almost a failure, while the var-  
iety adapted to the upland yields well  
even in bad seasons. At the present  
time this differentiation is only be-  
ginning to be made. During this sum-  
mer corn growers would do well to  
watch the behavior of corn on low-  
lands and uplands. At the present  
time we have only very meager data  
by which to figure out what kind of  
corn a man should select for the bot-  
tom lands and what kind for the up-  
lands. Some of our experimenters  
are only now just beginning to study  
the corn plant from this standpoint.

We have, however, much to hope for  
from our agricultural colleges in this  
matter. The students are taking great  
interest in such matters and are tak-  
ing up every phase of corn growing.  
This study of varieties is one that  
may well engross the attention of  
some of the brightest minds.

## The Potato Bug.

One of the great obstacles to the  
raising of potatoes has been the potato  
bug; yet this insect is easily con-  
trolled, if the farmer will resort to  
the use of the arsenical poisons. A  
good many farmers, however, are  
afraid to have poison around, knowing  
that now and then very serious acci-  
dents happen as a result of its pres-  
ence. Such farmers are forced to re-  
sort to the old methods of hand-pick-  
ing. Indeed, such a potato grower as  
B. Terry hand-picks his potato  
bugs. The most popular course, how-  
ever, is to use paris green either as  
dust or as part of a liquid solution.

If the bugs are taken as soon as  
they appear, it will seldom be neces-  
sary to treat the entire field. The  
bugs being killed on the part of the  
field where they appear, will have no  
opportunity to extend their labors to  
other parts. There are many combi-  
nations used, but one pound of paris  
green to 150 gallons of water is  
enough. When dust is used one  
pound of the paris green may be  
mixed with 50 pounds of air slaked  
lime and the resulting powder ap-  
plied by being sifted over the plants  
with some kind of a box in which are  
small holes. A good sized pepper  
box is found serviceable. In such a  
case it is better to apply the dust  
while the dew is on the vines.

## Green Manure.

Green manure is the name applied  
to a crop that is grown for the pur-  
pose of being turned under. Some of  
the lands that are exhausted to such  
an extent that they will not bear good  
crops of grain yet will be found grow-  
ing up to some kind of weeds. Some-  
times this weed crop is the best thing  
that can be grown on the land, if the  
farmer is smart enough to turn it  
under. It adds humus to the soil. We  
have heard of fields that were prac-  
tically good for nothing, yet were re-  
claimed by having the weeds plowed  
under for three or more years. The  
fact was that the fields were deficient  
in humus and nitrogen and needed an  
application of both of these, which  
they got in the green manures given  
in the form of the turned under weeds.

The best green manure in most  
parts of the North is the clover plant.  
But cow peas and soy beans are ex-  
cellent where they can be grown. All  
kinds of legumes are very good for  
turning under, as they always add ni-  
trogen to the soil. Rye and such  
things are sometimes used, but they  
add little or nothing to the soil ex-  
cept fiber, which is not taken up by  
the roots of the growing plants. It  
may, however, do some good to the  
soil mechanically.

## Wheat and Corn.

The wheat and corn crops of the  
United States for the past 25 years  
have been as follows.

Year	Wheat	Corn
1878	420,122,000	1,388,219,000
1879	448,757,000	1,547,902,000
1880	498,550,000	1,717,435,000
1881	532,280,000	1,194,916,000
1882	504,185,000	1,617,025,000
1883	421,186,000	1,551,067,000
1884	512,765,000	1,795,528,000
1885	357,112,000	1,936,176,000
1886	457,218,000	1,665,441,000
1887	456,329,000	1,456,161,000
1888	415,868,000	1,987,790,000
1889	490,560,000	2,112,892,0











# FARM ORCHARD AND GARDEN



(Mr. Wragg invites contributions of any new ideas that readers of this department may wish to present, and would be pleased to answer correspondents desiring information on subjects discussed. Address: M. J. Wragg, Waukegan, Iowa.)

## ORCHARD NOTES.

Spraying is the keystone in successful orchard management. After the trees have been properly selected, planted and grown, it depends then upon whether the orchardist sprays whether his work will be successful. The Northwest as yet as had neither the bitter rot nor San Jose scale, and these two enemies are more than all others combined to the fruit men of the east and south. But we do have apple scab and codling moth, but they may be controlled by systematic spraying.

Top-grafting affords a method of growing the tender varieties that are subject to root-killing and sun scald. Grapes are especially desirable for this purpose, and the Whitney No. 20, Briar's Sweet and Virginia have been used very satisfactorily. Orchards in which poor selections have been made may be top worked and changed to valuable varieties that will yield profitable crops for many years to come.

In the matter of pruning, Eastern methods are not applicable to our conditions. On account of the danger to the trunks of sun scald, the trees should be headed as low as possible. While this is not as convenient for cultivation as high heading, it protects trunks and makes the fruit easier to gather. As a rule it may be said that our trees do not require as much pruning as trees in the Eastern and Southern states. Dead limbs should always be removed, and where the head of the tree is growing too compact a part of it should be cut out.

The matter of cultivation is always one to be decided by local conditions. Every orchard should be cultivated the first three to five years of its life. Some slow growing crop, such as potatoes, squashes, root crops or sweet corn may be grown, and will pay for the cost of cultivation. After the crop is harvested the ground should be sown to a cover crop for this purpose a non-nitrogenous crop, such as clover, rape, buckwheat or millet should be used on the black prairie soil. On ground of only medium fertility the nitrogenous crops should be used, as some of the clovers, peas or soy beans. The cover crop will protect the soil from washing and protect the roots of the trees from freezing by holding the snow on the ground, and in the spring will add humus to the soil when plowed under.

Now is a good time to prepare for next year's crop of raspberries and blackberries. Next season's fruit will be borne upon the canes which are now growing. Select the thriftiest, healthiest growing canes and cut out the rest, with the old canes that fruited this season. Three or four canes in each hill will be sufficient; in this way more vigorous plants will be secured, and this means better fruit next season.

## LUMP JAW.

This disease more often affects cattle than other animals. It is due to a fungus, sometimes called the ray fungus. The fungus occurs upon grass and other vegetation and it is only when it becomes introduced into the tissues that it causes trouble. The disease comes from eating and outside sources and is not contagious in the usual sense of the word. Several animals may become affected while on the same pasture, but this is due to all being exposed alike. Some years the number of cases is greater than others, owing to the greater development of this fungus. The disease affects the jaw more often than other parts, due to the fact that the tissues are sometimes broken in the act of chewing and thus permitting infection. Any part of the body may be attacked.

Fussing with the cows may seem small business for a man grown. But life is made up of small things, anyway, and kindness among the cattle is no mark of a small nature. On the contrary, it proves a man to be just as good as the animal he pets; and it all pays the best way, too. Kindness always does pay.

## PIG POINTERS.

Burnt corn or charcoal is good for scours. To raise pigs they must be kept in a good thrifty condition. No animal will make so large returns in so short a time as the pig. Care should be taken not to allow the sow with pig to get too fat. So far as can be done the sow should have abundant opportunity for exercise. During the winter special care should be taken to protect the little pigs from cold. Allowing the pigs to sleep in damp quarters often induces cold and rheumatism.

## JAPAN PLUMS.

In some sections this fruit is highly praised, in others it is unqualifiedly condemned. But there is good reason for thinking that it has a place in this country and that it will play an important part in the future. At present it is merely adapting itself to a new country. This fruit was introduced from Japan, but is probably a native from China, though it has been found there in a wild state. In Japan it is said to receive little attention, from which it may be inferred that it does not stand high in the estimation of the people. It has not received much attention in Europe and is not likely to. The Domestic has possession and the conservative inhabitants are not likely to give up their old varieties for something which has not proved better than what they already have.

Late reports are to the effect that these plums are as susceptible as the peach to attacks of the "yellows." This may prove the greatest difficulty of all.

The Japs will thrive where the Domestic will not, and vice versa. The latter need heavier soil than the former and are a little more hardy.

Prof. Bailey once spoke of it as "the most important type of fruit introduced into North America during the last quarter of the century." There seems to be no good reason for disputing this judgment. The fruit has its good points as well as its weaknesses.

At no time in the life of the animal is the influence of liberal or scant feeding so great as when the animal is young. As an animal eats less when a month old than when a year old, so does the giving or withholding of the same amount and value of food produce greater results when the animal is a month old, than when it is a year old. The ratio of effect produced is yet greater than the disparity between the amounts usually consumed by the animal at the two periods. Scant feeding young animals produces that which it is all but impossible to overcome by liberal feeding later. The digestive and assimilative organs accustom themselves to conditions and will not readily respond to new conditions. They change slowly, so that by stunting the animal when young, tendencies are produced that are very hard to overcome, causing a condition very difficult to combat with only by persistent effort.

## THINNING THE FRUITS.

The timely and proper thinning of the fruit on the orchard trees is a matter which should receive far more attention than it does. The peach men in Michigan, Delaware and Georgia, and the orange and prune men of the Western coast are well up on the importance of this matter, but the majority of fruit raisers other than these named pay little or no attention to it. In any season when the apple or plum tree sets very full of fruit and the same is not thinned out by frost or insect or by natural means, then the tree should be attended to. Such crops of fruit allowed to mature are always of inferior quality and undersized and often unsalable, while the bearing of such a crop is a most fearful drain upon the vitality of the tree. Man never interferes with the operation of natural law with more benefit to himself and his orchard trees than when he thins out two-thirds of any such crop of fruit. It must not be understood, however, that this principle can properly be applied to large families of children.

There is no excuse for an animal carrying a pair of horns upon the farm. Many a cow gets into winter in poor condition because she has been pestered by the horn fly, which deposits its eggs about the base of the horn, later followed by maggots, which destroy the horn growth. If the horns were not there this would not occur.

## TIMOTHY THE HAY STANDARD.

Timothy has become the most popular, the best known and the most profitable hay grass in the United States. This popularity is due, not altogether to its superiority in nutritive element, but largely to the fact that it makes the standard hay of commerce, with which all other kinds are compared. It is sold in all markets of the country, and its price is quoted in all the commercial journals. In buying this hay one knows precisely what he is paying for. He knows how much to feed and what results to expect from it. It is graded like cotton, tobacco and wheat, and it is the only hay that is in general demand. For this reason, more than for any other, it is the most profitable, because the sale of it is most certain at the highest prices.

Some folks are terribly afraid of lightning. A great many more are far more afraid of lightning-rod agents. They have suffered more from the agents than from the lightning.

## GRAPE VINES—SUMMER PRUNING AND BAGGING THE GRAPES.

Summer pruning is not practiced to any great extent, yet where one desires the best results from his vines it is very important. The growth should be controlled in the summer in order that the strength of the vine will not be wasted in making unnecessary growth. By rubbing off the surplus shoots with the thumb and finger as soon as they appear, and by pinching back the canes after they have formed four or five joints beyond the last bunch of grapes, the whole strength of the vine is forced to the developing of the fruit and remaining parts of the vine.

Summer pruning is especially important while the frame of the vine is being established, but will always more than pay for the trouble and expense involved.

## BAGGING GRAPES.

This is done to protect them from the birds and fungus diseases and also to prolong the ripening period.

The Concord will keep perfectly sound in bags until late in October, and the Norton's Virginia will keep in perfect condition from three weeks to a month longer.

We bagged many varieties of grapes last year and find that some varieties are benefited by bags more than others. Birds are always more troublesome to black and red varieties of grapes than they are to the white. This year we bagged about half of our Delawares, and fully ninety per cent of those not bagged were destroyed by birds, while those in bags were in perfect condition. The Ives, Concord and Norton's Virginia that were not bagged were also badly damaged by birds, while the Perkins, Niagara and Goethe were damaged very little. Grapes planted in an orchard or near trees and hedges are always damaged more by birds than those planted out to themselves. The bags are put over the bunches of grapes as soon as the fruit is set or when the grapes are the size of small shot. Three pound bags are used for the large bunch varieties, such as the Concord and Niagara, and two-pound bags are used for the smaller bunch varieties, like the Delaware.

The bag is slipped over the bunch of grapes and the corners folded close about the stem and pinned. Bagging is very simple and inexpensive, the bags costing from sixty to seventy cents per thousand, and the pins about twenty cents per thousand. A man or boy with a little experience can put on fifteen to eighteen hundred bags in a day, so the total cost of bagging a thousand bunches of grapes would not exceed \$130. The grapes in bags ripen up more uniformly and always present a much more showy appearance than those not bagged. Bagging will always prevent the grapes from rotting to some extent, but will not do away with the necessity of spraying when the variety bagged is subject to rot to a very great extent.

Did you ever know of a man who went rushing about all over the farm premises looking for the hammer, and scolding every one because "he would like to know who had had that hammer?" and finally finding it just where he had last used it himself? Seems to me I have. And it always appears to me that such a man after having one of these spells ought to sit down all by himself and think some things over; and in his thinking he should not forget to give himself first place.

## BUTTER NOT TOO HIGH.

Some of the produce papers are evidently trying to make themselves believe that butter is too high, and that speculators are paying too high a price for the goods which they are putting into cold storage. They are citing as evidence the wonderful pastures and the increase in make over last year. We do seem to be producing a little more creamy butter than we did last year, but the indications are that less dairy butter is being made, and we should remember that we have more people to feed than we had last year, and that all are eating more butter and many are eating less oleomargarine. Don't worry about over-production, but try to avoid under-consumption. The fellows that milk the cows don't think butter too high. We are pretty well acquainted with them, and mark our word, they don't intend to work any cheaper until the other fellows stop going on strikes and putting up combinations. While the customers are cutting down to eight hours a day and marking up coal and lumber and corn binders, the cow milkers must get at least twenty cents where they formerly received fifteen, or they are very apt to permit the calves to do the milking.

When about the farm at work, keep one eye out for low places in the fences. Cattle have sharp eyes for all such spots, and are quick to take advantage of them. Two minutes now may be spent in saving an hour to-morrow, and well spent, too.

## WIFE WAS JUSTLY INDIGNANT.

Husband's Failure to "Bawl" at Her Demise Was Too Much.

Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, who was mistress of the White House, during President Tyler's administration, has just celebrated in Washington her eighty-third birthday.

"The statesman I liked best in my youth was Daniel Webster," Mrs. Semple said the other day. "He was a handsome man and talked well. I remember a banquet one night when the subject of death and dying came up, and Mr. Webster told us a story that was half funny and half pathetic.

"He said that an old woman lay very ill and after a time she went on into a trance. She lay so still in this trance that they thought the end had come, and when she opened her eyes again at last her husband said to her in a surprised tone:

"Why, Mandy, we thought ye wuz dead."

"The poor woman looked at her husband a moment and then she burst into tears.

"An' ye never bawled a bit," she sobbed. "Ye thought I wuz dead and yer eyes wuz dry. Couldn't ye have bawled a little bit, Jabez?"

"The old man was deeply moved, and he did actually bawl then. But his wife said sadly:

"It's too late now. Dry yer eyes. If I'd really been dead and ye'd bawled 'twould have done me some good. 'Twd's too late now."

## JUST A "MAGINARY PICTURE."

Grandson Put John D. Rockefeller in Retain Business.

John D. Rockefeller has a little grandson something over half a dozen years of age of whom he is very fond. One day recently this youngster while visiting at the Rockefeller country home at Pocantico Hills, New York, mounted his grandparent's knee and said:

"Grandpa, here's a picture of you that I drew."

"Ah, yes," replied Mr. Rockefeller, as he examined it. "Very interesting. What am I doing?"

"Coming home from the villego store."

"Yes, yes; I see. But what's that I have in my hand?"

"That's a gallon oil can. You've just got it filled with kerosene and are fetching it home for the lamps."

"Of course," the artist continued in patronizingly explanatory tones, "it's a 'maginary picture. 'Tain't drawn from seeing you do it, you know, I fought it all up in my own head."—New York Times.

## Garden Song.

Forgive me in that I kissed your lips too tenderly or too soon.

It was the fault of the nightingale singing against the moon.

If Reason swayed in a brief eclipse The while I sinned my sin.

Opposed to Love, it must always fall Since Love must always win.

The flowers rejoiced in that kiss of ours. Even as they were fair.

The great night moths should ravage their hearts.

Seeking for golden gain: Bringing them pollen from other flowers.

Set open through the night my eyes to play their maddest, mystic parts In Nature's marriage rite.

And who was I to resist, withstand That charm of fragrant gloom?

A summer night has a thousand powers Of secret stars and bloom.

So open through the night my eyes to Carress your silken hair.

O, lay the blame on the Orange flowers. You know how sweet they were.

—Lawrence Hope, in Stars of the Desert. —Smart Set.

## Sell Genuine for Imitation.

Prof. Ray Lankester, the British scientist, has brought to light a curious trick practiced by London dealers in osprey plumes. Some time ago the princess of Wales placed herself at the head of a movement to discourage the use of real osprey plumes in order to save the birds from slaughter. The result was an immediate decline in the sale, since fashion could not fly in the face of the princess of Wales. But recently facts have come to the notice of Prof. Lankester showing that among certain fashionable milliners it has become a practice to sell genuine plumes as imitations.

## His Demise Postponed.

One of the German attendants at the morgue was standing at the corner of Twenty-first street and First avenue, when his attention was attracted by a man who seemed to be suffering from the effects of a severe jag.

"Where's the morgue?" demanded the inebriate.

"I am do morgue. Vat you vant?" said Fred, the attendant.

"I want to be locked up," replied the man with the jag.

"But you are not dead. You must be dead first."

"That's so; that's so. I never thought of that," mused the drunk. And as he ambled up the street he looked back, waved his hand and shouted: "So long, old man. I'll see you later."—New York Telegraph.

## What True Love Is.

Sincere, serious love is never love at first sight.

When one look—and the first one, too—blinds a man and woman, you may be sure that one single word will soon be sufficient to unbind them.

Lasting love comes slowly, progressively.

Beauty is not the mother of love. On the contrary, it is often love which engenders beauty—gives brilliancy to the eyes, gracefulness to the body, vibration to the voice.

The face, which reflects all the inner sentiments of the heart, betrays the love of its owner, and is beautiful.

Absence is a tonic for love, only when men and women love with all their heart and soul. When they do not, the ancient proverb is still true: "Far from the eyes, far from the heart."—Max O'Rell.



## TICKLE GRASS

BY BYRON WILLIAMS

The Rose. Oh, fragrant rose in pungent bed, That bloometh redolent and red. O would that I your secret knew— Oh, rose, red rose, aglow with dew! If I but knew your charm to bloom In soft and odoriferous perfume, I too would make my fellows glad By smiling where the path is bad!

Oh, fragrant rose, so brave and frail, Lie in my ear your secret tale. That I may tell the world apart And put your beauty in each heart! Then human life could have no woe, And each in fallow-land would grow! Ah, rose! Red rose! Aglow with dew, I would that I your secret knew!

## To-morrow.

The to-morrow of which we dream never comes, but the real to-morrow, upon arrival is merely a commonplace to-day.

Do to-day the good things you have planned. To-morrow to you may never dawn.

Make to-day count! They may not bite to-morrow.

What a happy world this would be if people lived their pleasures to-day instead of planning them for to-morrow!

"I will LIVE to-morrow," says the fool. And for such as him, there is no to-morrow.

If a man lived to be as old as Methuselah, he would still be planning on the fortunes of to-morrow!

How Webster Missed Being President. The campaign of 1840 had a dramatic and unexpected sequel. Thurlow Weed, before the meeting of the Whig convention, sought out Webster and urged him to take second place on the ticket with Harrison, but the suggestion was rejected with scorn. An acceptance of Weed's advice would have made Webster president in little more than a year.

What Did He Mean? A Scottish singer named Wilson was being trained for professional singing. One day he sang a love song with exquisite quality of voice, but with insufficient passion and expression. His teacher told him he must put more feeling into it, and sing as if he were really in love. "Oh, man," he replied, "hoo can I do that and me a marriest man!"

Preserving Cadavers. In recent European experiments corpses have been kept for a certain time in a bath of chloride of calcium heated to 123 degrees, then taken out and steeped for twenty-four hours in a cold solution of sulphate of sodium. The bodies are transformed into perfect mummies, which may be kept indefinitely.

High Animal Life. A teacher having explained at length about the three kingdoms then asked if anyone in the class could tell her what the highest degree of animal life was. A bright-eyed little girl raised her hand and answered: "The highest degree of animal life is a giraffe."

Russian Wit. A Moscow journal prints a letter from a Russian soldier at Port Arthur in which the following sentence occurs: "We have given all our guns names. One of them we call Togo, because it makes so much noise, but hasn't hit anything yet."

Tin Deposits in Burma. In the province of lower Burma, India, near the Siamese frontier, tin deposits have recently been discovered and valuable coal fields located. The tin ore is said to be of as high a quality as that mined in the Straits settlements.

Late Criminal Defense. A new defense was sprung lately in an English criminal trial. It was pleaded on behalf of the defendant that he had once received an electrical shock of 2,000 volts, and that it had impaired his mind.

Lightning Kills Four Boys. Chester, Pa., dispatch: Four boys standing under a cherry tree on a farm near Felton, which they were guarding from pilferers, were killed by a stroke of lightning.

A SUGAR BOWL HAIRCUT. Many a man would give \$10,000 to-day for one of mother's haircuts! Peace to her memory!

Nothing and Something. There's "nothing to do" for the sluggard. In all of this great, wide world! Nothing to win in the battles! Of life, where the dag's unfurled! "Nothing to do!"

But there's something to do for the work— Who tolls through the thick and thin! Something to do in the charges! Of life, where the bravest win! "Something to do!"

He had come on her dozing in a hammock, and when she woke up she accused him of stealing a kiss. "Well," he said, "I will admit that the temptation was too strong to be resisted. I did steal one little kiss." "One!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I counted eight before I woke up."

Socialists Start Stores. The socialists will start three co-operative stores in Calhoun county, to be located at Battis Creek, Drayshall and Albion. At present only groceries are to be handled, but later it is figured on making regular department stores of them.

Poisons Valuable Dog. The dog poisoner is plying his vocation in Battle Creek. And the worst of it is, the valuable and pedigreed dogs are always the victims instead of the worthless curs.

Triplets Pass Four-Scor. Triplets 80 years old each, their birthday recently in Hill parish of Upland, near Monoton, N. B. The three have lived in the same place all their lives. They are Richard, James and Deborah De Bow, the children of William De Bow. A number of relatives and friends waited upon the triplets and presented to them a purse of money. The triplets are all in good health and appear to have a good chance of reaching the century mark.

## Lincoln's Passes Not Honored.

Lincoln's humor got him out of trying situations and tempered his refusal of favors, as happened during the civil war when a gentleman asked him for a pass through the federal lines to Richmond. "I should be happy to oblige you," said Lincoln, "if my passes were respected. But the fact is, within the last two years I have given passes to Richmond to 250,000 men, and not one has got there yet."

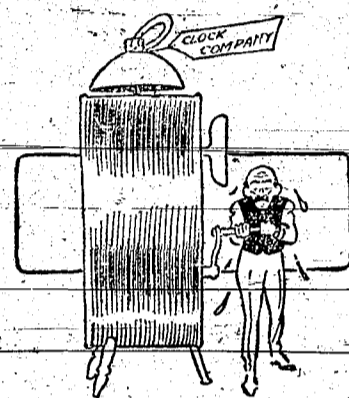
## It was All Off.

An old bachelor who was very bald fell in love with a pretty widow, whose late husband's name was Robin. One evening the bachelor dropped in to have a cup of tea with the widow. After tea was over she commenced to sing "Robin Adair." The bachelor picked up his hat and said: "Madame, even if your husband did have hair, it's no fault of mine that I haven't." Then he fled.—Exchange.

## Don't Miss Seeing Hiawatha.

The great Indian play at Lake Orion July 1 to 7. It is the chance of a lifetime. See announcement in this paper.

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A CEASELESS ROUND. The receiver had a hard time winding up the affairs of a bankrupt clock store!

Suiting a Customer. Jones usually orders his clothes of a tailor and has strong convictions on the matter, but it was warm the other day and he stepped into a clothing establishment to buy some linen trousers.

The trousers fit well except in the length. They were a trifle too short to suit him, hence were left to be lengthened. The next day they arrived and Jones tried them on to find they were a bit too long.

He was sorry, he said to the salesman, to cause so much trouble, but those trousers were certainly too long now.

The salesman was obliging and promised to attend to the matter, Jones left.

Now it so happened, through an error, that the trousers had not been altered in the first place, but were the same length as when Jones pronounced them too short. This the salesman knew, and he smiled slightly as he wrote an order to shorten the trousers and planned it to them.

But he did not send the garment to the repair room. He merely kept the pants in another day, and returned them without alteration.

Jones found the order, tried them on for the third time and pronounced them absolutely correct.

This is a funny world, isn't it?

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When she woke up she accused him of stealing a kiss. "Well," he said, "I will admit that the temptation was too strong to be resisted. I did steal one little kiss." "One!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I counted eight before I woke up."

The socialists will start three co-operative stores in Calhoun county, to be located at Battis Creek, Drayshall and Albion. At present only groceries are to be handled, but later it is figured on making regular department stores of them.

The dog poisoner is plying his vocation in Battle Creek. And the worst of it is, the valuable and pedigreed dogs are always the victims instead of the worthless curs.

## Lincoln's Passes Not Honored.

Lincoln's humor got him out of trying situations and tempered his refusal of favors, as happened during the civil war when a gentleman asked him for a pass through the federal lines to Richmond. "I should be happy to oblige you," said Lincoln, "if my passes were respected. But the fact is, within the last two years I have given passes to Richmond to 250,000 men, and not one has got there yet."

## It was All Off.

An old bachelor who was very bald fell in love with a pretty widow, whose late husband's name was Robin. One evening the bachelor dropped in to have a cup of tea with the widow. After tea was over she commenced to sing "Robin Adair." The bachelor picked up his hat and said: "Madame, even if your husband did have hair, it's no fault of mine that I haven't." Then he fled.—Exchange.

## Don't Miss Seeing Hiawatha.

The great Indian play at Lake Orion July 1 to 7. It is the chance of a lifetime. See announcement in this paper.

How Webster Missed Being President. The campaign of 1840 had a dramatic and unexpected sequel. Thurlow Weed, before the meeting of the Whig convention, sought out Webster and urged him to take second place on the ticket with Harrison, but the suggestion was rejected with scorn. An acceptance of Weed's advice would have made Webster president in little more than a year.

What Did He Mean? A Scottish singer named Wilson was being trained for professional singing. One day he sang a love song with exquisite quality of voice, but with insufficient passion and expression. His teacher told him he must put more feeling into it, and sing as if he were really in love. "Oh, man," he replied, "hoo can I do that and me a marriest man!"

Preserving Cadavers. In recent European experiments corpses have been kept for a certain time in a bath of chloride of calcium heated to 123 degrees, then taken out and steeped for twenty-four hours in a cold solution of sulphate of sodium. The bodies are transformed into perfect mummies, which may be kept indefinitely.

High Animal Life. A teacher having explained at length about the three kingdoms then asked if anyone in the class could tell her what the highest degree of animal life was. A bright-eyed little girl raised her hand and answered: "The highest degree of animal life is a giraffe."

Russian Wit. A Moscow journal prints a letter from a Russian soldier at Port Arthur in which the following sentence occurs: "We have given all our



# JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

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## Chapter XVIII—Continued.

That evening Arthur Morris called on Jessie. Of her favorite answer to his suit he had not the slightest doubt. He had carefully rehearsed his avowal. After critically reviewing his campaign since quitting Paris, he decided that he had made no mistake.

He made his declaration confidently, but with more of feeling than Jessie thought him capable. "Mr. Morris," she said with an earnestness which almost tricked herself, "owe a duty to my father which I cannot forego. He is alone and in trouble, and I cannot leave him. You know little of the pride of the Gardens if you imagine that the daughter of General Marshall Garden will give her hand in marriage so long as the shadow of bankruptcy hangs over his name."

Morris again assured Jessie of his absolute confidence in General Carden's financial future, and attempted to secure some conditional promise from her.

"I am willing to wait, don't you know," he said. "I'm sure General Carden will come out all right. Go abroad if you like, but promise to marry me when you return." He gazed longingly at her.

"No. I will promise not to marry within the next two years. Will that satisfy you?"

Morris left Jessie's presence wild with delight over his fancied success. A few days later General Carden arrived from Boston, and held several conferences with Arthur Morris. One night he greeted Jessie with unusual tenderness. The old proud light was in his eyes. His shoulders were thrown back and his step was elastic.

"I am no longer a bankrupt, Jessie, my darling," he said, when they were alone. "I have so disposed of my securities to Mr. Morris that I am able to pay all of my debts and have enough remaining to send you abroad."

Jessie remained behind. Back through the swiftly-flying years her fancy wandered to the summer day when, under the tuition of a sturdy farmer lad, she fished for crabs over the side of the bridge.

Did John Burt yet live? Did she yet hold the place in his heart she occupied on that night, when, under the old maples, she rested against his breast and bade him a sad farewell? Would he return? When? The little brook, flowing towards the ocean on the outgoing tide, seemed the sole connecting link between the past and the future.

The clatter of hoofs aroused Jessie from her reverie. She looked up to see Edith coming towards her.

"What attraction has that muddy old creek?" demanded Edith. "Come on, Jessie; uncle Tom has sounded the horn for dinner."

On the morrow Edith and Mrs. Bishop went to Boston on a shopping expedition, but they could not persuade Jessie to accompany them. In the afternoon she ordered her horse saddled, and, declining an escort, soon disappeared in a turn of the road. Half an hour later she stopped in front of Peter Burt's farmhouse.

She had not dismounted when the great oaken door swung back and Peter Burt came towards her. There was a kindly gleam in his eye, as with a courtly air, he bowed and greeted her.

"It is thoughtful of you to remember me, my child," he said, as he gave her his hand and helped her to dismount. "Jasper, take care of Miss Carden's horse! We will sit in the shade of the trees; it is cool and pleasant here. How is your father, my child?"

"He is very well," answered Jessie. "Since you saw him he has had financial trouble, but his affairs are in better shape now. He lives in New York."

## CHAPTER XX.

General Carden is puzzled. "Here are the papers, papa dear. And here are cigars and matches. I found your glasses on the writing desk. You are careless as ever, papa dear. Isn't it nice to have some one who knows just what you wish and where to find it?"

"It is, Jessie, my pet!" And General Carden placed his arm around his daughter's waist, drew her fair face down to his and kissed her fondly.

"I shall not let you read all the evening, papa, because I have so many things to tell you," said Jessie, smoothing back the scant gray locks.

They were in the cozy drawing room of Mr. Bishop's New York residence.

"It is remarkable how easily a new concern can establish itself in Wall Street," said General Carden, laying aside his paper and slowly wiping his glasses. Jessie raised her eyes with dutiful interest. "It was not so in the old conservative days. It then took years to establish standing and credit. Now an unknown man can come out from the West and have the Street by the ears in thirty days. For example, take this man Blake, who has established the firm of Blake & Company. He suddenly appeared here from San Francisco and conducted a campaign which swept two old established houses off their feet. His profits were estimated at millions. Since then we have heard of nothing but the doings of James Blake. Here is an article," continued General Carden, picking up a paper, "which gives an account of a conference between this upstart and the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. They say Blake is only twenty-seven years old. Jessie, my dear, it is a great thing to be born fortunate. You were not wise, darling, in your selection of a father." General Carden smiled sadly.

"I've the best and dearest father in the world!" exclaimed Jessie, placing her hand in his. "But I'm not going to let him read the papers any more this evening. Let's forget all about the old stocks and the wonderful Mr. Blake, and talk of those we know. Papa, dear, I wish to ask you a question."

"What is it, my pet? They say that children must not ask questions?"

"Has anything been heard of John Burt? I—I thought perhaps Mr. Morris would know as soon as any one."

General Carden's lips tightened. He pulled nervously at his beard, and the military moustache bristled aggressively.

"Answer me, papa! I have a right to know this."

There was a flash in the tender eyes and a warning curve in the pretty lips. The crimson left her cheek and she looked frankly into her father's face. There is in innocence the bravery of truth and the calm modesty of virtue. General Carden was disarmed.

"Nothing has been heard from Mr. Burt so far as I can learn, Jessie," he said. "Possibly his grandfather may have news. I am reasonably sure Mr. Morris has none. Let us talk of something else, Jessie."

The door opened and Mrs. Bishop entered.

"Here is your evening mail, Marshall," she said, handing her brother a number of letters. "And here is a letter for you, Jessie."

Jessie opened and read a note from Arthur Morris. It congratulated her on a safe return from abroad, and closed by asking permission to call on the first evening which would suit her convenience. The letter lay idly in her hand, and her thoughts were far away when the general uttered an exclamation.

"A most astounding coincidence! Really, this is quite remarkable!"

"What has happened, papa?"

(To be continued.)

**Transformation of a Shabby Man.**

A certain New York man whose bank account is so fat that it takes six figures to measure it, used to go around looking reprehensibly shabby. Recently there has been a change in his appearance. Nowadays his attire is really natty and he shaves at least three times a week.

One day the shabby-looking man went into J. Pierpont Morgan's office on business connected with a charity. He asked to see Mr. Clarke, who looks after some of the charity affairs in which Mr. Morgan is interested.

"Mr. Clarke is not in now," said one of the clerks. "If you will come tomorrow you may be able to catch him and possibly he will help you a little."

The shabby-looking man, though that closing sentence sounded rather queer.

"Thank you," he said, sarcastically. "You are very kind."

"That's all right," replied the clerk. "I've been broke myself."

The shabby-looking man saw light. "Oh," he said.

Since then the shabby-looking man has ceased to be shabby.

**Raw Eggs a Tonic.**

A raw egg is an excellent tonic and is very strengthening. If prepared in the following way it is really a delicious drink. Put the yolk of an egg into a dish with a teaspoonful of white sugar and a teaspoonful of orange or lemon juice, and beat lightly together with a fork. Put the whites on a plate and add a pinch of salt; then, with a broad-bladed knife, beat it to a stiff froth. Now, as lightly as possible, mix all together in the dish, then as lightly transfer it to a clean tumbler, which it will nearly fill if properly made. It must not stand in a warm place, as it soon becomes liquid and loses its snowy look. Any fruit juice may be used in place of orange or lemon.

## MISSING LAST YEAR'S TRIP.

Miner Had Good Reason for Not Being Spotted.

Sir William Butler, an English soldier of distinction, said recently in giving testimony before a British commission in regard to militia service: "Warwickshire men miners and that class of people, like to get to the sea for ten days if they can possibly afford it—they will spend their own money to do it. They all bathe. I have a very long seacoast and we have a number of miners who really enjoy being out with their regiment of garrison artillery near the sea. They go to the sea because they fire over the sea and the bathing parade is as valuable, if not more so, than the drill; it freshens the men up and cleanses them. An officer told me last summer that when they were bathing there was one fellow with a very black skin, and he heard a man say to him 'Jack, you are pretty dirty.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I was not out at last year's training.'"

**To Make Soap From Tree.**

An enterprise in Algeria is to manufacture natural soap on a large scale from a tree known as "Sapindus utilis." This plant, which has long been known in Japan, China and India, bears a fruit of about the size of a horse chestnut, smooth and round. The color varies from a yellowish green to brown. The inner part is of a dark color and has an oily kernel. The tree bears fruit in its sixth year and yields from 55 to 220 pounds of fruit, which can easily be harvested.

**IF YOU USE BALL BLUE.**

Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

**Influence of Light and Darkness.**

A biological laboratory was established in the catcombs, near Paris, in 1896, for the purpose of observing the influence of light and darkness upon different animals. In crustaceans the gray pigment gradually disappears, the eye is modified in its form, and the organs of smell, touch and taste increase until they are tripled in size. Fish in the dark lose their color and grow but half as large as they would in the light.

**Something of a Bird.**

The possibilities of the English language are never better shown than when some western medical critic lays himself out in judgment upon one of Mr. Conried's operatic stars. Mme. Sombrieh recently sang in San Francisco, and a newspaper critic of much distinction pronounced her "the peerless canary of colorature."—New York Tribune.

**Children and Their Clothes.**

If you have money, dress your children; but if you do not wish them to be regarded with dislike and contempt, teach them to forget that they are wearing fine clothes. Carefully impress on them that to make comparisons between their own garments and those of children less richly clad is to stamp themselves ill bred. Girls are worse than boys in this respect.

**Idea on a Case.**

"Don't be afraid of making me angry by telling me your candid opinion of my verse, old fellow." Criticism doesn't make any difference with me."

"I know that, my dear boy; but the trouble is that it don't make any difference with your verses, either."—New-Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Resignation a Jewel.**

Impatience relieves no ill; on the contrary, it is a sharp additional pang added to all the rest. But resignation soothes and lightens all we suffer by showing the gain there is behind.—Fenelon.

## TWO STEPS

**The Last One Helps the First.**

A sick coffee drinker must take two steps to be rid of his troubles and get strong and well again.

The first step is to cut off coffee absolutely. That removes the destroying element. The next step is to take liquid food (and that is Postum Food-Coffee) that has in it the elements nature requires to change the blood corpuscles from pale pink or white to rich red, and good red blood builds good strong and healthy cells in place of the broken down cells destroyed by coffee. With well-bolled Postum Food-Coffee to shift to, both these steps are easy and pleasant. The experience of a Georgian proves how important both are.

"From 1872 to the year 1900 my wife and I had both been afflicted with sick or nervous headache and at times we suffered untold agony. We were coffee drinkers and did not know how to get away from it for the habit is hard to quit."

"But in 1900 I read of a case similar to ours where Postum Coffee was used in place of the old coffee and a complete cure resulted; so I concluded to get some and try it."

"The result was, after three days' use of Postum in place of the coffee I never had a symptom of the old trouble and in five months I had gained from 140 pounds to 168 pounds."

"My friends asked me almost daily what wrought the change. My answer always is, leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place."

"We have many friends who have been benefited by Postum."

"As to whether or not I have stated the facts truthfully I refer you to the Bank of Carrollton or any business firm in that city where I have lived for many years and am well known." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

**Last Stop Was His Undoing.**

Max von Pettenkofer, who has been called the founder of scientific hygiene, and next to Humboldt, the most popular of all German naturalists, lost a fortune in umbrellas, seldom bringing back what he had taken away. Once, however, he made a trip as far as England, and was very proud of having actually succeeded in bringing back his umbrella to Germany. At Augsburg he stopped on business, but sent a telegram reading: "At 6 o'clock I return with my umbrella." He did return at 6 o'clock, but as he entered his house in Munich he saw to his dismay that he had no umbrella. He had left it at the telegraph station.

**Scientific Rubber Production.**

The production of rubber from the Ficus Elastica in Upper Burma, Assam, and the Netherlands, is being rapidly increased. The seed of the Ficus Elastica, when the tree grows naturally in the forest, germinates almost invariably in the forks of trees thirty to forty feet above the surface of the ground, and the young trees grow as epiphytes, after which the aerial roots reach the ground, and increase in size until some of them reach a girth of from four to six feet. It frequently happens that the trees on which the rubber seedling first germinated is killed by the more vigorous growing Ficus Elastica.

**Ate Chocolates While Condemned.**

"During the trial the murderer Hogart preserved the greatest composure. While his lordship addressed him, he leaned back on the seat in a careless attitude, at the same time eating confections, and when called on to attend to the sentence, he stood erect and heard it unmoved. This misguided youth will afford a sad example of the want of education, as we learned from his declaration that he cannot write."—The Scotsman, June 7, 1821.

**It Pays to Read Newspapers.**

Cox, Wis., July 4.—Frank M. Russell of this place, had Kidney Disease so bad that he could not walk. He tried Doctors' treatment and many different remedies, but was getting worse. He was very low.

He read in a newspaper how Dodd's Kidney Pills were curing cases of Kidney Trouble, Bright's Disease, and Rheumatism, and thought he would try them. He took two boxes, and now he is quite well. He says:

"I can now work all day, and not feel tired. Before using Dodd's Kidney Pills, I couldn't walk across the floor."

Mr. Russell is the most wonderful case ever known in Chippewa County. This new remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills—is making some miraculous cures in Wisconsin.

**Periods of Children's Growth.**

Dr. Leslie Mackenzie says in regard to the growth of boys that the first acceleration of height after infancy comes near the end of the first seven years; the second, about the years of 9 to 10, and the third, from 13 to 15. With girls the rate of increase is somewhat more uniform. Growth begins to slow down at the age of 12, and by the age of 17 it has sunk to less than one inch a year.

**Johnny Not Such a Fool.**

"When I have occasion to punish my son," said the austere man, "I always tell him that it hurts me more than it does him." "I don't," replied the plain, practical citizen; "Johnny may be a little headstrong and disobedient, but he has too much sense to believe anything like that."—Washington Star.

**Deafness Cannot Be Cured**

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be got out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CURET & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists.

From the body of one guilty deed a thousand ghostly fears and haunting thoughts proceed.—Wordsworth.

What we want to believe we believe; what we don't want to believe we regard as foolishness.

**Important to Mothers.**

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of **Charles H. Fletcher** in The Top Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have.—Fitzhugh.

It is twice as easy to fool yourself as it is to fool other people.

**World's Fair Accommodations.**

Refine and reasonable accommodations; adjoining World's Fair grounds on the south side; private gate; direct from Union Station; Market street car. Write for Reservations. Grand View Fraternal Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

Never judge a man's character by the high standing of his silk hat.

**FITS** permanently cured. No more nervousness. Send for FREE COPY of "The Great Nervous Restorer" sent for FREE. \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 301 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Heart-searching is a good cure for the habit of churling.

**YELLOW CLOTHES ARE UNDESIRABLE.** Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Japanese and Germans have the same average brain weight.

Pink's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. ENDELEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Extremes men; that's why art is long and the artist short.

**A Handsome Barometer**  
in colors. A striking novelty, sent free for the top of a package of

# Mapi-Flake

Address,  
**HYGIENIC FOOD COMPANY,**  
Battle Creek, Mich.

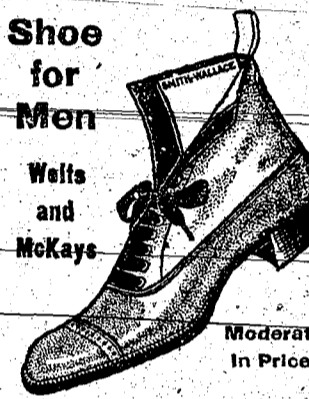
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Successfully Prosecutes Claims.  
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Patent Bureau,  
2 yrs in civil war, 10 yrs in United States Army.

**THE DAISY FLY KILLER** destroys all the flies and mosquitoes in dining-room, sleeping-room and places where they breed. Clean, safe, and will not injure any person or animal. Try them once and you will never use any other. They are sold by all grocers and druggists. Write for circulars. HALL'S CURET & CO., Toledo, O.

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

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Do you wish to better your condition? We have a home and comfortable income at your instant disposal. We can furnish any Eastern man that he can better his condition than in this Golden State. If you desire to be convinced, write us. It only costs a few cents for information. Hundreds of families come here every year, none ever go back east to live. Don't neglect the opportunity. **Pacific Coast Realty Bureau,** 515 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal. Don't delay.

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Moderate in Price.

Ask your dealer for it. Made in leading leathers. Booklet free.

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**FREE TO WOMEN**  
A Large Trial Box and book of instructions absolutely Free and Post-paid, enough to prove the value of

# Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic



Paxtine is in powder form to dissolve in water—non-poisonous and far superior to liquid antiseptics containing alcohol which irritates inflamed surfaces, and have no cleansing properties. The contents of every box makes more Antiseptic Solution—lasts longer—costs less—has more uses in the family and does more good than any antiseptic preparation you can buy.

The formula of a noted Boston physician, and used with great success as a Vaginal Wash, for Leucorrhoea, Pelvic Catarrh, Nasal Catarrh, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Cuts, and all soreness of mucous membrane.

In local treatment of female ill's Paxtine is invaluable. Used as a Vaginal Wash, it challenges the world to produce its equal for thoroughness. It is a revelation in cleansing and healing power; it kills all germs which cause inflammation and discharges.

All leading druggists keep Paxtine. Write for a box; if you do not, send us for it. Don't take a substitute—there is nothing like Paxtine.

Write for the Free Box of Paxtine to-day.

**P. PAXTON CO., 5 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.**



# THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

## NEW HOMES IN THE WEST

Almost a half million acres of the fertile and well-watered lands of the Rosebud Indian Reservation, in South Dakota, will be thrown open to settlement by the Government in July. These lands are best reached by the Chicago & North-Western Railway's direct through lines from Chicago to Bonesteel, S. D. All agents sell tickets via this line. Special low rates.

## HOW TO GET A HOME

Send for a copy of pamphlet giving full information as to dates of opening and how to secure 160 acres of land at nominal cost, with full description of the soil, climate, timber and mineral resources, towns, schools and churches, opportunities for business openings, railway rates, etc., free on application.

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**W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 28—1904**

When answering Ads. please mention this paper.

**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
CURED WHILE AT THE FAIR  
Best Cough Syrup, Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all Lung Affections.

# CONSUMPTION



"I AM A BANKRUPT"—"A BANKRUPT AT FIFTY!"

my pet. And Mr. Morris has given me a position in his bank—with a chance to work into a partnership.

"Oh, that's splendid!" exclaimed Jessie. "Are you sure you will not be disappointed? Is it all arranged beyond any doubt?"

"Here is the check," said General Carden, with some surprise. "Why do you ask, Jessie?"

"Because I wish to go to Paris as soon as possible," was the answer. "I am just crazy to take up my painting and music. And now I can go, can't I, papa?"

"Certainly, my pet."

Arthur Morris called that evening, and vainly attempted to persuade her to spend the summer in Hingham, and postpone her trip abroad until autumn. He bade her an effusive farewell, and Jessie gave a happy sigh of relief when the train rolled out from the station.

## CHAPTER XIX.

**Two Strange Interviews.**

It was delightful to be again in the old-fashioned country house overlooking the ocean. Jessie confessed to Edith Hancock that her anxiety to return to Paris was assumed.

"I would be perfectly happy in this dear old place all summer—were it not for one discord," she said to Edith as they galloped along the beach the first evening after their arrival in Hingham. "Yonder is a suggestion of what is driving me to a foreign land."

Jessie pointed with her riding whip at the red-tiled roof of the Morris mansion, seen several miles away through a belt in the hills.

"Do you mean that you are flying from Arthur Morris?" Edith's dark eyes opened wide.

"I do. I prefer the society of strangers abroad rather than to tolerate his occasional presence here," answered Jessie, biting her lip in vexation.

They cantered in silence until they came to the old bridge where Jessie first met John Burt. There she reined in her bay.

"We'll let the horses rest here a moment," she said. "I always liked this spot. Isn't the view charming across the level of the marsh to the rocks and the dark fringe of pines beyond?"

"It's much better at the top of the hill," insisted Edith, and wondered what Jessie could find to admire in the prosaic surroundings. "Come on, Jessie," and she touched her roan with the whip.

The old man made no reply and an interval of silence followed. She felt that his eyes were upon her, not unkindly, but searching, friendly and magnetic. Almost unconsciously she addressed him:

"Have you received any word or heard anything from John, Mr. Burt?"

He paused for a moment as if to weigh his words.

"I have heard from him," he said deliberately. "He is alive and well."

"Alive and well!" she exclaimed, her eyes glistening with excitement.

"He is alive and well," repeated Peter Burt. This strange interview took place more than two years before James Blake returned from California, and as has been narrated inadvertently gave to Peter Burt his first verbal information concerning John Burt.

"Listen to me, my child," said Peter Burt, impressively, "and have faith in every word I say to you. John is in a far-off land, and there he shall remain until the time ordained for his return. Seek not to call him away from fields not yet harvested. I am four-score and more years old, yet shall I live long after his return, and he and his shall be the joy of my closing days. Youth is impatient, but it is powerless to check God's plans. Do you believe what I have told you, my child?"

"I do," answered Jessie Carden, and her voice and the confident look in her eyes added emphasis to her declaration.

Peter Burt abruptly changed the subject, nor did he return to it. For nearly three hours they talked on various topics, and never once did Peter Burt lead the conversation in a direction not entertaining to his fair young visitor. Not until the great rock to the west of the house threw its long shadow over them did Jessie look at her watch. With an exclamation of surprise she arose to go.

"You have made this afternoon a very happy one for me, my child," he said, as he lifted her to the saddle. He bowed his gray head and raised his powerful arms.

"May God bless and keep you, my daughter."

Jessie rode home in the fading sunlight, a great joy in her heart. "He is alive and well!" she repeated, time and time again.

A week later Jessie sailed for France. It was nearly two years before she completed her studies, and again entered Boston harbor.





Miss Agnes Westley  
616 Wells Street  
Marinette, Wis.

616 Wells Street,  
MARINETTE, WIS., Sept. 25, 1903.

I was all run down from nervousness and overwork and had to resign my position and take a rest. I found that I was not gaining my strength and health as fast as I could wish, and as your Wine of Cardui was recommended as such a good medicine for the ills of our sex, I bought a bottle and began using it. I was satisfied with the results from the use of the first bottle, and took three more and then found I was restored to good health and strength and able to take up my work with renewed vigor. I consider it a fine tonic and excellent for worn-out, nervous condition, and am pleased to endorse it.

AGNES WESTLEY,  
Secy., North Wisconsin Holland Society.

Secure a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui and a 25c. package of Theodor's Black-Draught today.

### WINE OF CARDUI

## Detroit & Charlevoix R. R.

Time Schedule in effect Sunday, July 3rd, 1904.

Going East	Stations	Going West
A. M. P. M.	Leave	Arrive P. M. P. M.
9 50 2 20	South Arm	12 05 4 30
10 02 2 40	Wards	A. M. 4 13
10 06 2 45	Jordan River	11 35 4 10
10 11 2 50	Graves' Camp	11 25 4 04
10 20 3 15	Green River	11 10 3 55
10 30 3 42	Alba	10 50 3 42
11 35 4 50	Deward	9 20 3 00
12 05 6 00	Frederic	7 00 2 30

CLARK HAIRE,  
General Manager.

## East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE  
(In effect June 26, 1904)

LEAVE EAST JORDAN at 8:20 a. m., and 1:15 p. m.; Arriving at Bellaire at 9:30 a. m., and 2:15 p. m.

LEAVE BELLAIRE at 10:45 a. m., and 3:00 p. m.; Arriving at East Jordan at 11:45 a. m., and 4:00 p. m.

All trains daily except Sunday. Trains run by central standard time. W. P. PORTER E. J. CROSSMAN, Gen. Manager. Traffic Mgr.

## Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R.

Trains Depart from Petoskey:  
Going South—9:30 a. m., except Sunday, 3:20 p. m., daily; 5:35 p. m., daily; 6:35 p. m., daily; 11:22 p. m., except Saturday.  
Going North—9:35 a. m., daily; 2:55 p. m., except Sunday; 8:20 p. m., except Sunday; 6:25 a. m., daily; 9:25 a. m., daily.

Trains Depart from Alba:  
Going South—10:50 a. m., except Sunday; 6:30 p. m., daily; 12:38 a. m., except Saturday.  
Going North—1:40 p. m., daily; 8:05 a. m., daily.

M. F. Quaintance C. L. Lookwood  
Au't. Petoskey, Mich. G. R. T. A.

## PERE MARQUETTE

In effect June 26, 1904.

Trains leave Bellaire as follows:  
For Traverse City, 10:37 a. m. 3:57 p. m. and 8:47 p. m.  
For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West 10:37 a. m. 3:57 p. m. and 8:47 p. m.  
For Saginaw and Detroit—10:37 a. m., 3:57 p. m. and 8:47 p. m.  
For Charlevoix and Petoskey—9:40 a. m., 2:29 p. m., and 7:24 p. m.  
H. F. MOELLER,  
General Passenger Agent,  
F. N. STEWART, Agent, Bellaire.

## EXCURSIONS

### PERE MARQUETTE SETTLER'S FARES TO THE SOUTH AND SOUTHEAST.

One way second class tickets on sale at all stations on first and third Tuesdays of each month. Ask agents for particulars.

WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS.  
Round trip tickets at low rates. On sale at all ticket stations. Ask agents for rates, limit of tickets, and full particulars.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

"Just a picture of you" is the title of the newest song by Al. Trahera and Lee Olean Smith. "Just a picture of you" is a high-class ballad, on the order of "Violets" and is enjoying an immense sale. One copy of this ballad has been sent to every music seller in the United States and Canada, so that all lovers of music may have an opportunity of securing it at any music store.

Ring's Dyspepsia Tablets instantly relieve the stomach and aid digestion. They are as pleasant as loaf sugar and cure dyspepsia, sour risings, catarrh of the stomach and indigestion. Sold by Warner's Pharmacy.

FOR SALE.—We have on our list one of the finest Farms in this section. Only 2 miles from East Jordan.—JAS. L. HACKETT.

Now is the season of the year when you want that job of Painting or Paper Hanging done at once. O. H. Moyer is prepared to give your first class work at a reasonable price. Leave orders at Landrum's. 28 v

We are agents for the famous Little Liver pills recently discovered by the venerable Dr. Dade of Chicago. Persons who have used Dade's pills will have no other. They cure constipation. Sold by Warner's Pharmacy.

One and a third fare on the East Jordan & Southern R'y to Traverse City, Aug. 10 and 11, good to return the 12th, on account of the Northern Michigan Circuit Races.

Bee's LAXATIVE Honey and Tar is the original Laxative cough cure. It is the best LAXATIVE cough syrup made. Bee's LAXATIVE Honey and Tar contains the antiseptic, healing, soothing and strengthening properties of the Native Pine, combined with other ingredients in a laxative syrup made from pure strained honey. Cures all coughs and strengthens weak lungs. Sold by Warner's Pharmacy.

Mrs. C. H. Jennings, Boston—"Our babies (twins), were sickly. Had several doctors, but no results. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea made them strong and robust." 35 cents. Tea or tablet form. At F. C. Warner's.

### HAY FEVER HERE.

Victims of this annoying disease will experience great benefit by taking Foley's Honey and Tar, as it stops difficult breathing immediately and heats the inflamed air passages, and even if it should fail to cure you it will give instant relief. Remember the name, Foley's Honey and Tar. Sold by L. C. Madison.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

## East Jordan & Charlevoix Steamboat Line.

(Pine Lake Route)

### STR. PILGRIM.

Leave East Jordan 6:00 a. m.  
Leave Charlevoix 7:40 a. m.  
Leave Railroad Dock 7:50 a. m.  
Arrive East Jordan 9:15 a. m.  
Leave East Jordan 9:45 a. m.  
Arrive Charlevoix 11:15 a. m.  
Leave Charlevoix 1:45 p. m.  
Arrive East Jordan 3:10 p. m.  
Leave East Jordan 4:20 p. m.  
Arrive Charlevoix 6:30 p. m.

This boat connects at South Arm with trains on the Detroit & Charlevoix R'y and at Charlevoix with resort trains on the Pere Marquette R'y.  
Regular daily excursion, 50c for round trip to East Jordan.

### STR. WALTER CRYSLER

Leave East Jordan 2:00 a. m. 1:30 p. m.  
Arrive Charlevoix 9:30 a. m. 3:00 p. m.  
Leave Charlevoix 9:45 a. m. 4:00 p. m.  
Arrive East Jordan 11:30 a. m. 5:30 p. m.  
GEORGE JEPSON, Master.

## Charlevoix East Jordan Str. Jos. Gordon.

Leaves East Jordan at 9:30 a. m. and 3:30 p. m.  
Leaves Charlevoix at 7:00 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.  
L. GUARD, CAP'T.

## 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

## For a Good Home Meal

## Chew's Restaurant

Meals Served at Seasonable Hours. Always Welcome.  
MRS. J. E. CHEW, Manager.  
State-st., East Jordan,  
Candy, Cigars, Etc.

# 10 Chances FREE 10 Chances

## TO WIN THE

# Big Prize of \$10,000 in Cash

### OR ANY OF THE OTHER

# 499 Prizes, Total, \$25,000 in CASH

We mean what we say. The chances or guesses will cost you nothing. We do this to advertise our popular magazine, THE TWENTIETH CENTURY REVIEW, the best illustrated monthly for the American home. It now has a circulation of 160,000 each month and we wish to double that number. One dollar is the regular subscription price per year, but on receipt of your subscription on the accompanying blank, we will mail you 10 free certificates entitling you to the prizes your guesses may win. Please write clearly.

### ...Subscription Blank...

From Charlevoix County Herald DATE \_\_\_\_\_

TWENTIETH CENTURY REVIEW, DETROIT, MICH.  
Enclosed find One Dollar for which please send me your magazine for one year from date, also certificates for 10 free guesses in your \$25,000 Presidential Election Contest. My guesses on the total vote are:

(1) \_\_\_\_\_ (6) \_\_\_\_\_  
(2) \_\_\_\_\_ (7) \_\_\_\_\_  
(3) \_\_\_\_\_ (8) \_\_\_\_\_  
(4) \_\_\_\_\_ (9) \_\_\_\_\_  
(5) \_\_\_\_\_ (10) \_\_\_\_\_

SUBSCRIBER'S NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
P. O. BOX No. \_\_\_\_\_ TOWN \_\_\_\_\_  
R. F. D. No. \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## Eight Prizes of \$500 each for Early Subscriptions

The Presidential Election, which will take place on November 8th, will be the greatest Election ever held in the United States. To arouse interest in this great "BATTLE OF THE BALLOTS," the PRESS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION of Detroit, Michigan, will pay \$25,000.00 in 500 Cash Prizes to those making the nearest guesses or estimates of the total popular vote cast for the office of President on the 8th day of November, 1904. The contest will close at MIDNIGHT NOV. 7th, and no estimate received after that hour will be allowed.

The official certificate of the Secretary of the United States, showing the total vote will determine who are entitled to the prizes, and the awards will be made by a disinterested committee of prominent judges just as soon as the official figures can be ascertained. When the prizes are awarded every subscriber to the TWENTIETH CENTURY REVIEW will receive a printed list of the winners. In addition to the large general prizes there are eight special prizes of \$500.00 each for early subscriptions. All have an equal chance to win these magnificent prizes. Those who estimate or guess NOW have a chance to win a special prize and just as good a chance to win the CAPITAL prize of \$10,000.00 as the one who sends in his guess on the last day of the Contest. ACT AT ONCE. It may mean a fortune to you. The money with which to pay the prizes is deposited by the Press Publishing Association in the Central Savings Bank, Detroit, Mich., and can be used for no other purpose. Participation in this contest is not confined to our readers, as the same is being advertised in a number of other publications, but none make so liberal an offer as does the TWENTIETH CENTURY REVIEW.

### VALUABLE INFORMATION

To aid in forming your estimates, we furnish the total vote for President from Lincoln to McKinley.

The TOTAL POPULAR VOTE for President in the year

1804, was..... 4,024,792	increase of 42.23 per cent.
1808, was..... 5,724,680	increase of 42.48 per cent.
1812, was..... 6,466,165	increase of 12.94 per cent.
1816, was..... 8,412,735	increase of 30.10 per cent.
1820, was..... 9,380,206	increase of 11.51 per cent.
1824, was..... 10,044,983	increase of 7.07 per cent.
1828, was..... 11,280,890	increase of 13.30 per cent.
1832, was..... 12,080,351	increase of 7.08 per cent.
1836, was..... 13,073,102	increase of 8.28 per cent.
1840, was..... 15,969,659	increase of 22.12 per cent.

1904, What will it be?  
Figure it out or guess at it, and send in your subscription. It may mean a fortune to you.  
The Contest will close the day before the Election, so that no advantage is gained by delay in estimating the result. All subscribers to the Twentieth Century Review have an equal chance to win these prizes if they wish to take advantage of "OUR GREAT OFFER." (See below.)  
Send the figures of your estimates or guesses with your subscriptions.

## Here is the List of Prizes:

For the nearest correct estimate of guesses.....	\$10,000.00
For the second nearest correct estimate or guesses.....	5,000.00
For the third nearest correct estimate or guesses.....	1,000.00
For the fourth nearest correct estimate or guesses.....	500.00
For the fifth nearest correct estimate or guesses.....	200.00
For the sixth nearest correct estimate or guesses.....	100.00
For the 10 next nearest correct estimates or guesses, \$50 each.....	500.00
For the 20 next nearest correct estimates or guesses, \$25 each.....	500.00
For the 45 next nearest correct estimates or guesses, \$15 each.....	675.00
For the 100 next nearest correct estimates or guesses, \$10 each.....	1,000.00
For the 14 next nearest correct estimates or guesses, \$5 each.....	1,675.00
492 prizes amounting to.....	\$21,905.00

### In addition to the foregoing Prizes the following Special Prizes for Early Estimates will be paid

For the nearest correct guess received before July 1st.....	\$ 500.00
For the nearest correct guess received on or after July 1st and before July 15th.....	500.00
For the nearest correct guess received on or after July 15th and before August 1st.....	500.00
For the nearest correct guess received on or after August 1st and before August 15th.....	500.00
For the nearest correct guess received on or after August 15th and before September 1st.....	500.00
For the nearest correct guess received on or after September 1st and before September 15th.....	500.00
For the nearest correct guess received on or after September 15th and before October 1st.....	500.00
For the nearest correct guess received on or after October 1st and before October 15th.....	500.00
Total: 500 prizes amounting to.....	\$25,000.00

DON'T FAIL TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SPECIAL PRIZES.

## OUR GREAT OFFER! A Year's Subscription to The Twentieth Century Review and 10 Certificates for One Dollar

Write the figures of your estimates or guesses clearly and send them in with your subscription. By next mail we will send you certificates containing the figures of your estimates. Keep these certificates until the close of the Contest, as they will assure you any prizes which your estimates will entitle you to claim. You are entitled to the regular number of certificates with each subscription sent us. You can have the magazine sent to your friends and the certificates to yourself if you wish. Be careful to write your name, figures and P. O. plainly.

## Address: The Twentieth Century Review, Detroit, Mich.

## J. W. COATES

Buggy and Wagon Doctor

Will prescribe and operate on Carriages, Buggies and Wagons. This is the time of the year you should send your sick and crippled vehicles for a new lease of life to our hospital.

Office Days: Six Days of each week—Sabbath closed. All work guaranteed to wear out or money refunded. Consultation Free.

STATE STREET, EAST JORDAN.

New Top Buggies and Open Road Wagons on hand for sale. Look them over before buying.

### A GOOD BAKERY

—AND—

### A GOOD BAKER

Go hand in hand. We have them both and are turning out a superior article. Give us a trial these warm days and be convinced. Telephone orders promptly attended to. We have a full stock of everything in the

Grocery and Bakery Line.

ICE CREAM, POP and LUNCHES SERVED. Try one of our 25c MEALS. You'll get your money's worth.

E. E. SHELTERS, PROP'R JORDAN BAKERY AND GROCERY.  
C. A. Brabant sells our baked goods at South Arm.

# YOUR KIDNEYS ARE THEY WELL?

Unless they are, good health is impossible.

Every drop of blood in the body passes through and is filtered by healthy kidneys every three minutes. Sound kidneys strain out the impurities from the blood, diseased kidneys do not, hence you are sick. FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE makes the kidneys well so they will eliminate the poisons from the blood. It removes the cause of the many diseases resulting from disordered kidneys which have allowed your whole system to become poisoned. Rheumatism, Bad Blood, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, Inflammation of the Bladder, Diabetes and Bright's Disease, and many others, are all due to disordered kidneys. A simple test for Kidney disease is to set aside your urine in a bottle or glass for twenty-four hours. If there is a sediment or a cloudy appearance, it indicates that your kidneys are diseased, and unless something is done they become more and more affected until Bright's Disease or Diabetes develops.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is the only preparation which will positively cure all forms of Kidney and Bladder troubles, and cure you permanently. It is a safe remedy and certain in results.

If You are a sufferer, take FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE at once. It will make you well.

Some Pronounced Incurable  
Mr. G. A. Stillson, a merchant of Tampico, Ill., writes: "FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is meeting with wonderful success. It has cured some cases here that physicians pronounced incurable. I myself am able to testify to its merits. My face today is a living picture of health and FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE has made it such."

Had Lumbago and Kidney Trouble  
Edward Huss, a well known business man of Salisbury, Mo., writes: "I wish to say for the benefit of others, that I was a sufferer from lumbago and kidney trouble, and all the remedies I took gave me no relief. I began to take FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE, and after the use of three bottles I am cured."

Two Sizes, 50 Cents and \$1.00.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY  
L. C. MADISON