

Blamed Himself for Girl's Death

Miss Retta Deschane Killed in a Runaway.

Merritt Moore, the Driver, then Commits Suicide.

Miss Retta, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Deschane was killed in a runaway near here last Sunday, and Merritt Moore, considering himself blameable for the accident immediately committed suicide.

The accident occurred last Sunday afternoon between the homes of the two families near the Boyne Falls road, about five miles from this city. Merritt Moore was working for a farmer in the Behling district and on Sunday morning borrowed a team of mustangs and wagon to drive over to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Moore. While there the two Deschane girls came over to visit with the family and when ready to return, Moore took them in his wagon and started for the Deschane house, which is about a half mile distant and connected by an angling farm-road running through a new field full of stumps. On the way they crossed a ravine and corduroy-road, some 15 to 20 rods from the Deschane house. Near the ravine a stump was blazing; this scared the team and they turned off from the road into the field and became unmanageable. Young Moore saw the danger and, calling to the young ladies to jump, bounded off the wagon. Clara, the youngest girl, jumped and landed safely. Retta had a pet dog on the wagon, and she stopped to throw it off, but in doing this she sacrificed her own life. The team and wagon were going at a terrific speed and the wagon struck a stump, overturning same, throwing the girl out and under of the wheels, which passed over her head killing her almost instantly. The accident was seen at the Deschane house and the members of that household ran out to give assistance. Young Moore picked up the body of the almost lifeless girl, but the others appearing on the scene he turned the body over to them and went after team. Tying same to a fence he went over to his home and took down his rifle from the wall. It is evident that he thought the gun was not loaded for a cartridge was found lying on the table which was taken by him from a belt. The rifle was loaded with a No. 48 short cartridge and Moore took same out of the house, went down a few steps to the ground when he placed the muzzle to his forehead, discharged the gun, killing him instantly. No one was at the Moore house when the suicide occurred and the body laid for some time before being discovered.

Coroner Dr. E. A. Foster was summoned and found the body of Moore lying face downward with the gun beneath. The entire top of the head was completely shattered by the charge and Moore's hat blown several feet from the body. A peculiar incident of the suicide was in the fact that he wore his mittens throughout the affair.

The Coroner instituted an inquest and found that the death was due to his own act.

Both bodies were buried Wednesday, Undertaker Whittington having charge of the remains. The funeral services of Miss Deschane were held in the forenoon at the Afton School House with burial in the Wilson cemetery, and that of Mr. Moore was held in the afternoon.

At Loveday Opera House Next Tuesday Even'g.

On Tuesday night Nov. 29th "The Red Widow Brown" company will be at the Loveday Opera House. The comedy is replete with fun, fast and furious, and is greeted with bursts of applause and general merriment everywhere. The mistake of the young man who is doing his best to impersonate the real, charming widow are most ludicrous. He is assisted by a lively young girl with whom he is in love; while another pair of lovers are working in the same cause, each pair unaware of what the other is up to making complications innumerable, and funny to the extreme.

The company is under the management of Mr. A. C. Scanmon who has many other successful comedies on the road, including "The American Girl," "Town Topics," "The Burglar,"

and others. Special attention has been given to the selection of artists for this company, which includes many well-known favorites. The costumes are new and handsome and an unusually attractive musical programme is a feature of the performance. Seats on sale at Boosinger Bros' store beginning today; regular prices.

Teachers' Rally a Success.

The Teacher's Rally held in the High School Building Friday evening and Saturday of last week was, while not so very well attended, certainly a very successful meeting.

The evening session drew a fair sized crowd. F. E. Boosinger gave a very interesting talk on the subject, "The Public School," J. Ernest Converse an able address on the subject, "The Republic." This was followed by an address by Supt. F. W. Howe on the subject of, "The Future Citizen."

Their addresses were all of a high order and full of good things.

Supt. Howe treated his subject from the standpoint of a practical teacher and we think that no progressive teacher could afford to miss it.

Saturday's session was called to order by the Pres, H. L. Winters with about thirty teachers present.

Supt. Tice gave a talk on "Cause and Effect" which in our judgment, was of more practical benefit to a rural teacher, than a month's work in a school when theory alone is given.

The contrasts that were shown, relating to old fashioned methods, and the modern up-to-date ones, were certainly well selected.

This was followed by a paper on "English" by Miss McLeese which was a masterpiece and we think that when the bungling methods that are at present used in presenting this subject to pupils are considered, this essay alone would have paid any teacher for the time and effort required to be present.

Miss Edythe Fortune read a paper on "The Environments of the Pupil" and Miss Lou A. Rice on "Social features of School Life." After listening to these papers it was not hard to guess why these teachers are successful in their work, for the papers plainly showed that they were written by persons who had at least other interests than Friday evening and the monthly visit to the Treasurer's office.

Miss Millman of Charlevoix gave a short talk on "Manual Training."

Prof. DeVoe gave an interesting address on science work. Supt. Howe followed and emphasize a few points that had been given by other speakers in his pleasing and practical way.

M. M. Burnham addressed the institute for a few minutes and gave some comparisons between modern and old fashioned methods, which should be a source of pride for the modern teacher.

He said, "Those teachers whom I mostrevere were not the ablest scholars but were those who by their example of living taught that which was noble." It is hardly necessary for us to add, that more truthful words were never spoken.

A program was arranged for a similar meeting to be held in Charlevoix in three weeks from date of this one, which will be Dec. 9-10.

These meetings are being held for teachers, and we think that teachers ought to avail themselves of the opportunity of attending.

Merchants, Ministers, Doctors, Lawyers, etc., have their obligations for mutual benefit, and we certainly think that there is no profession in which mutual intercourse is more needed or is productive of greater good than in the teaching profession.

It may seem strange, but the names of teachers who show enough of professional spirit, to be present at some of these meetings are retained by the Examining Board of the county, and it is certain that what influence this Board has and any favors it may show in the way of recommending teachers, will be used in favor of teachers who place themselves in these meetings.

J. H. MILFORD,
COMMISSIONER OF SCHOOLS.

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At what age does a woman become an old maid? Not until she herself is willing to admit it.

And speaking of the prevailing fashions, there'll be no change in the Episcopal marriage tie.

Another New York woman has lost a \$100,000 necklace. They all seem to have them to lose down there.

The new minister of finance in Greece is called Calogeropoulou—that is to say, by those who can pronounce it.

"Are we a music-loving people?" asks the Traveler. Question. We get deadly tired of "Navajo" and "Hiawatha."

Pugilist Melody has been victorious over Pugilist O'Keefe. This is not likely, however, to bring up a new race issue.

Another industry that's picking up is watching the ticker. It still ranks high under the head of dangerous occupations.

D'Annunzio is writing a new tragedy for Duse. When it is imported it should be fumigated at the quarantine station.

To each Wagner his own accomplishment. One to leave us "Parsifal" and the Ring; the other to lead the National league in batting.

The revolution in Panama did not materialize. People living along the isthmus will have to look out for a different line of amusement.

A New York alleged expert says it costs only \$39 a year for a woman to dress properly. He probably refers to the little woman in the chorus.

One advantage about a pet dog is that he never smiles sardonically when a girl hits her thumb instead of a tack when she's hanging a picture.

The esteemed New York Tribune refers to an automobile which ran "through a fence and landed into a stable." Isn't this rather North Carolina?

The Princess of Wales says that it is vulgar for women to smoke. If the Anglomaniacs on this side follow the princess in this matter much will be forgiven.

Daniel Webster once said: "Wherever there is work for the hands there is work for the teeth." Daniel was probably reaching for the dentist vote at the time.

Prunes raised in California are sent to France, repacked, and come back to this country as French prunes. Their exquisite flavor is due to the higher price you pay.

William K. Vanderbilt is making preparations at Idle Hour for winter lawn tennis under glass. Winter baseball under glass has been found to be wholly practicable yet.

A bull moose paraded the streets of Foxcroft, Me., the other day, driving everybody indoors, and scaring some of the men so that next Sunday they will not venture out to church.

The Denver Post says: "Within three days a Denver couple have had a hired girl, admired girl and fired girl." We'll bet a dollar we can guess who did the hiring and firing.

A woman in New York has puzzled specialists by standing in one spot for twenty-four hours motionless. It is safe to assert that none of the stores had advertised bargain sales for that day.

The latest estimate of the total population of the world is 1,503,290,000, and yet rash young men continue to sing with sentimental feeling: "There's only one girl in the world for me!"

Lone Tree hill holds a prominent place in the dispatches about the fighting in Manchuria. What a comfort it is occasionally to read about a place with a name that we can all of us pronounce.

Mrs. August Belmont has lost a \$1,000 dog which wore a \$500 collar. Her faith in the nobility of the human race is shown by the fact that she hopes both the dog and the collar may be recovered.

Perhaps you have noticed sometime in your long experience that while the transition from vacation to vacation is always as easy as slipping into sin, the change from vacation to vacation is never made without a bump.

Tolstol is perhaps the most vehement preacher of peace in the world today, but his sons have enlisted in the army for the war against the Japanese. It is now as of old: "No man is a prophet in his own country, and sometimes not even in his own family."

"What is love?" asks a Philadelphia lady in a pathetic letter to one of the editors in that city. Where save in Philadelphia could a woman who felt the need of editorial help in such a matter be found?

JEST NUTS

A Wise Hen. Rooster—Don't you know you're sitting on a litter of glass eggs? Hen—Sh! Don't mention it. As long as the hired man takes me for a fool he'll bring me my meals and I won't have to grub for a living.—Exchange.

He Failed to Score. Him—Will you share my lot? Her—Not me; I don't like the crop you will gather from it. Him—Crop of what? Her—Wild oats.

Between Acts. She—The program says it is "taken from the German." He—Humph! I guess they were glad enough to get rid of it.

TOO BAD!



Mrs. Dixon—She transferred all her property to her husband so that her relatives couldn't get it. Mrs. Hixon—Yes, and now she and her relatives are in the same fix.

Probably Saw It.

An animal had escaped from a menagerie, and the keeper was in search of it.

"Have you seen a stray giraffe?" he asked of the group on the platform at the suburban railway station.

"Now, that you mention it," said the red-nosed loafer sitting on the baggage truck, "I saw a tall step-ladder walkin' up the road past my house last night, but I didn't pay no 'tention to it." I thought I had 'em again."

All Right for Nettle.

Jane—I wonder how Nettle got Fred to propose to her? She certainly isn't a bit attractive.

Gertrude—No, but she has such tact, you know. He asked her to lunch a little while ago; it was only out of politeness, you understand. But in giving the orders she managed to order just the things that Fred liked best. Naturally, he fell in love with her on the spot.

Fooling Him.

Mrs. Ascum—Have you bought your husband's birthday present yet? Mrs. Newliwed—Yes, and I think it was real clever of me too. I bought a big cigar for 10 cents.

Mrs. Ascum—That looks rather cheap. Mrs. Newliwed—Yes, but wait, I found a pricetag marked \$2.50 and I pasted that on it.—Philadelphia Press.

The Quantity He Wanted.

An Irishman, meeting another one holiday, invited him to the nearest saloon to have a drink.

"What'll ye have, Jim?" said the host.

"I don't know. What are you going to take?" "I think I'll take a pale ale." "All right," said the other, "give me a pale, too."—Lippincott's.

Really a Captivating Title.

Senior Partner—What title shall we give our new beauty book? Junior partner—How would "How to Become Beautiful" do?

Senior partner—Don't believe that would make a hit with most women. Junior partner—Then we'll call it "How to Continue Beautiful." Senior partner—Ah, that's the stuff!

One Thing Needed.

Green—Mixerly, the chemist, claims to have discovered an elixir that will make old men young.

Brown—He is on the wrong track. Green—How's that? Brown—He should proceed to earn the everlasting gratitude of a long-suffering public by discovering an elixir that will make some young men older.

The Handicap of Marriage.

Wife—You'll miss half the fun of your life if you don't take me with you.

Husband (preparing for a little trip to Paris)—Perhaps, but I'll miss the other half if I do.—London Tattler.

Sex in Questions.

"There is a sex in questions." "How so?" "Why, 'Will she have him?' is essentially masculine, while 'Can she get him?' is the feminine of it."

Wanted His Assistance. Young Man—"I have called, sir, to request your daughter's hand in marriage." Stern Parent—"Huh! Has my daughter consented to marry you?" Young Man—"Of course not. If she had I wouldn't be wasting any time on you."

Between Acts. She—The program says it is "taken from the German." He—Humph! I guess they were glad enough to get rid of it.

Looked Suspicious.

"Is it so, pop, that there is so much water down in Wall street?" asked the broker's little boy.

"Why no, my son," said the man of stocks and bonds, laughing; "that's only a newspaper joke."

"Well, pop, why do you turn up your trousers at the bottom every morning when you go down there?"

Lots to Do.

The youngster had heard a facetious reference to the foolkiller and he was curious.

"Does the foolkiller have to work awful hard?" he asked.

"No; he doesn't have to my son, but he ought to," was the reply. "He'd have no time for sleep if he didn't shirk his duty most shamefully."

Two of a Kind.

First Invalid—What's the matter with you? Second Invalid—Agu. What's your trouble?

First Invalid—Same thing. Second Invalid—Good! Let's go over to that saloon on the corner and shake for the drinks.

Against Odds.

"Why didn't you send for me sooner?" asked the doctor of a patient who was almost dead at the jumping-off place.

"Well, d-d doctor," gasped the invalid, "it took me a long time to make up my m-mind to do anything d-desperate."

Got back at Him.

"What!" exclaimed Grouchery. "You want a new bonnet? Why, I think the one you have is very becoming."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Grouchery, "and so do all the neighbors; they think it becoming very ancient and decrepit."

Beginning of It.

"What was your first step in crime that led up to this daring forgery?" asked the judge.

"I began by changing the dates of my wife's letters before I finally mailed them," answered the victim of his own wiles.

Little Too Slow.

Tom—"Old Biffkins caught me in the act of kissing his daughter last night."

Jack—"Serves you right. You ought to go slow about such things."

Tom—"I did. That's why I got caught."

One on the Parson.

New Minister—"Deacon, I understand that you do not believe men are sufficiently punished here on earth for their misdeeds."

The Deacon—"Well, parson, I didn't believe it until after I heard you preach."

In the Book Store.

Miss Kremey—Haven't you Moore's poems?

Clerk—Yes, Miss; I'll get 'em for you. By the way, here's a splendid story called "Just One Kiss."

Miss Kremey (coldly)—I want Moore.

THE REASON.



Mrs. Jones—Your cousin didn't stay long. Mrs. Smith—No. She asked us to treat her like one of the family and when we did, she got angry and left.

Just a Way They Have.

Say, conductor," asked the inquisitive passenger, "in speaking of the time which is proper, is a quarter to six or a quarter of six?"

"Neither," replied the railroad man. "I always say five-forty-five."

Satisfactory in Every Way.

Nell—You seem perfectly satisfied with your new gown. Belle—Yes; it has been approved by the man I like best and condemned by the woman I hate most.

What He Used.

It was a case of assault and battery. "During the altercation," queried the police magistrate, "did the accused use an explosive?"

"No, your honor," replied the prosecuting witness, "he only used his fist."

Two of a Kind.

"I don't believe I ever could learn to love a man," said the giddy girl.

"Our ideas seem to shoot the same chute," rejoined the sarcastic youth. "I am positive I couldn't, either."

Fought Japan in 1862

In 1862, the British squadron, under Admiral Keyser, in Japanese waters, was compelled to take measures of coercion against one of the Daimios, or holy independent princes of Japan, which involved the loss of many lives. In September, 1862, a murderous assault had been made on an English lady and two gentlemen in the territory of the Prince of Satsuma, and a Mr. Richardson, who was riding with them, was slain. The English government demanded that the tycoon—the temporal sovereign of Japan—and the Prince of Satsuma should pay the sum of £100,000 as compensation. After much parleying, the tycoon agreed to pay; but the prince could not be brought to reason, so our squadron sailed to the prince's capital—Kagoshima, and no answer being received by Aug. 15, 1863, three valuable steamers were seized by the British. About noon on the same day, as the vessels lay in line with springs on their cables, the shore batteries suddenly opened fire upon the Euryalus, which was the only ship within range. Just at that time the wind, which had been gradually growing stronger, rose to something like a hurricane or typhoon, and burst upon the squadron. Being unable to bring the Eu-

ryalus' broadside properly to bear while at anchor, the admiral, who had fortunately before ordered the steamers to get up steam, now signaled that the prizes were to be set on fire and the whole squadron to weigh and form in line of battle. Taking the lead, the Euryalus steamed slowly past the batteries, engaging them with great effect, the other vessels, following in her wake, doing the same. The batteries, for a time kept up a very heavy fire, in the heat of which Capt. Josling and Commander Wilmot were killed by the same shot, while standing against the admiral on the bridge of the Euryalus. Having come abreast of the last battery, and the weather continuing boisterous, the admiral signaled: "Discontinue the action," and ordered the ships to seek shelter. The gale continued all night, but the squadron rode it out well. On the next day, the town having been set on fire and mostly burned down the day before, the prince's palace or castle was bombarded and destroyed, and on the 17th the squadron worked its way out of the bay, and returned to Yokohama, having lost sixty-three men killed and wounded. Before the end of the year the Prince of Satsuma paid the compensation money demanded.—Spare Moments.

Training of a Horse

Expert horsemen believe that a horse can be taught to do anything that it is possible for an animal so formed, and to be utterly fearless. Thus, of horses rushing into battle with a fearlessness that is magnificent, although in the beginning of their lives they may have been foolishly timid, shying at everything unusual that happened to be seen in their travels. In order to teach a horse fearlessness he must be accustomed to all sorts of sights and sounds. He must come to know that because something that he sees or hears is unusual it does not follow that it is harmful. For it is the unusual things that frighten him. The horse is an animal of one idea at a time, and is not able to discriminate, so say the men who have made a study of the horse. While he will travel along quietly close by the roar of a train he may tremble at the flutter of a piece of loose paper flying in the wind. It is not the frightfulness of the object that seems to alarm him, but the unfamiliarity of it. Horse trainers say that the mistakes made in "breaking"

and training a colt is that it is too often done in the seclusion of some country road, instead of amid the sights and sounds that the animal must necessarily become familiar with later. As soon as the horse becomes familiar with anything and has learned to believe that it will not hurt him, he will stand quietly or trot along peacefully, even though all sorts of noises and queer sights are about him. Thus the artillery horse will stand amid the roar of cannon, being used to the noise and not knowing that the sound predicts anguish and death. It is well to accustom a horse to unusual sounds as soon as possible after he is trained for riding or driving. It renders him safe and docile, even though he be a spirited animal. A certain trainer of horses said that an ideal school for horses would contain thrashing machines, pile drivers, steam drills, electric, steam and elevated cars, a band of martial music and a gang of quarrymen blasting rocks. A horse that was drilled among such a bedlam as this would, indeed, prove immune to strange noises.

Bulldog Was Not His

Placid but stern, a brindled bulldog sat in a bus. In the seat by his side was an elderly gentleman, says the Paris correspondence of the London Telegraph. The conductor came up agast. "Do you mean to tell me," he said to the passenger, "that you are unacquainted with the police regulations forbidding the presence of dogs in buses—especially bulldogs?" he added, eyeing the animal. "What of that?" answered the elderly gentleman. The conductor, naturally choleric, like all his colleagues, grew purple with rage. "Remove that dog instantly!" he shouted to the passenger, who, perfectly undisturbed, said: "Certainly not." "Then you get out and take the dog with you." "By no means," "I shall throw the dog out myself." "Do so." But the conductor did not, having caught the eye of the bulldog, who was beginning to show interest in the proceedings. "I shall call the police," the conductor went on. "If you like."

The policeman came. "Monsieur is surely aware," he began amiably, "that dogs are not allowed in omnibuses?" "I dare say they are not," the placid elderly gentleman replied. "I request you to remove that dog." "Most certainly not." "I shall then take out a summons against you. Kindly give me your name and address." "With pleasure, if you wish it. But on what ground will you summon me, may I ask?" "This is too much. You are defying the law. You will be summoned for bringing a bulldog into an omnibus." "I fancy not. Why did you not explain that before? That is not my bulldog, and I have not the least idea why it sits beside me," said the elderly gentleman sweetly. At this the fury of the conductor and policeman grew almost inarticulate. While they were struggling to express their feelings, another man in the omnibus got up suddenly, whistled, jumped out and the bulldog followed him. The rest of the passengers, delayed half an hour, hardly appreciated the joke.

Reason in All Animals

Lord Avebury, better known as Sir John Lubbock, the celebrated naturalist, writes: "If many are prone to exaggerate the intellectual powers of dogs and horses and elephants, others go to the opposite extreme. Descartes, we know, looked on animals as mere automata. Even recently, Bethe, Uexkull and other writers have denied the existence of any psychic powers, at any rate, in invertebrate animals, which they explain as reflex machines. I confess, indeed, that I cannot understand how any one who loves animals, or ever has devoted any study to them, can doubt that they possess some power of reason. Many of their actions are unconscious and instinctive; so are some of ours, as we may see by watching a child, but practice enables us to walk or run almost automatically. "Mr. Gladstone told me," continues Lord Avebury, pursuing his theme, "that once when he was forming one of his governments he had some difficulty in arranging the places. He

and Mr. Gladstone wrote down the titles of the offices and the names of the liberal leaders on pieces of paper and tried all the evening, but in vain, to fit them together. At last, they gave it up and went to bed. When Mr. Gladstone awoke in the morning everything was satisfactorily arranged in his head; his brain had worked it out for him during his sleep. This was not conscious reason and certainly was not instinctive. Dr. Carpenter gave to such action the name of unconscious cerebration. In further proof that man does many things almost automatically Lord Avebury gives this incident: "I have been for over forty years a director of a company, which changed its offices twenty years ago, and I have not since had any occasion to enter our old house. One morning this summer, however, I was going to a committee in our present house, but thinking of other things, I walked past our door and two or three intervening houses and into the porch of our old office."

Longings for Old Town

I wish I was in our old town. I want to be where some one knows me. Why, I could meet a man I owed. As gladly as a man that owes me. I want some one to slap my back. An' say, "Well, how's old Bill this mornin'?" I want to meet some one that smiles. An' don't pass by with scowl an' scornin'. I wish I was in our old town. Fer I seem lost here in the city. No-use to look at folks you-pass. As gladly as show neither love nor pity. I want some one to shake my hand. That's out o' use an' growin' rusty; I want some one to mash my hat. I know it wouldn't make me crusty.

I wish I was in our old town. Where if you've luck they're sure to know it. An' if it goes the other way. They've got some feelin' an' they show it. I want to stand and have the dogs. Come up an' sniff, with tails a-waggin'. I want to hear the roosters crow. An' hear Jack Wilson's jokes an' naggin'. I wish I was back in our old town. I want to hear some people talk. An' hear the kids say "Howdy, Bill!" An' stand again John Joslin's chaff. I want to see the girls I know. An' with Ike Walters go fishin'. I wish I was back in our old town. But, golly! what's the use o' wishin'! —A. W. Bellaw in New York Press.

A Revery

Here at mine ease long years ago,
Ere yet my heart had grown to know
The potency of woman's smile,
I sat and smoked in bachelor style
And basked before the ingle's glow.

What cared I then for wind and snow?
Let stormy blasts of winter blow.
Careless I puffed my pipe the while
Here at mine ease.

The times have changed. The long ago
Is but a dream, a fleeting show.
No peaceful pipe; I cannot smile—
Oh! how can I contrive my pile
To clothe these dozen kids or so
Here at my knees?

—T. A. Daly in the Catholic Times.

TOM'S FLIRTATION

By Lewis K. Fulton

"And so you positively refuse to give up this intimacy?"

"Really you ask too much, aunty. What else can I do in this stupid place? I am devoted to yachting, you know, and besides, Mr. Trevor is the only man here who has a motor car."

"But, my child, you are engaged to be married! What would Tom say if he should hear of it? And what would you do if he followed your example?"

"Oh, I wish he would! His devotion wears me sometimes. He used to be quite a tease, but since our engagement he seems to have forsaken everything exciting."

The first speaker was Miss Treadway, the girl's aunt, a wealthy woman of forty years, who had adopted her after the death of her parents. Flossie's fiance, a young doctor of good family and some means, was completing a medical course in Germany, and they were to be married as soon as he received his foreign diploma.

The girl loved him, but she was very young—only nineteen—and she was a willful maid, having always had her own way. Her besetting sin was love of admiration, and she deemed it essential to her happiness to have a man in her toils. So, being for the time bereft of her lover, she had drifted into a serious flirtation with a rich bachelor who lived near the seaside resort where they were staying.

Mr. Trevor's summer home, a fine stone mansion overlooking the harbor, was the scene of many festivities. He had already given two dinners in Flossie's honor at which functions Miss Treadway had served as an unwilling chaperon.

"Flossie," said Miss Treadway, "I think you ought to consider Mr. Trevor's feelings. It is not fair to him; he does not know about Tom. Perhaps you had better tell him?"

"And spoil all my fun? Why, aunty, what a fuss you are making about a trifling! I cannot mope here without Tom's society. Tom is in Germany, the sea divides us, and he is welcome to enjoy himself in like manner. However, there is no prospect of his doing anything so sensible."

"Flossie, you are incorrigible!" exclaimed Miss Treadway with as much severity of tone as she was capable of. "I will leave you to your own thoughts, as I am due at a meeting at the rectory this afternoon."

When she was alone Flossie curled her dainty self in a large easy chair and laughed softly as she recalled her aunt's words.

"Lose Tom," she repeated. "No danger of that—couldn't get rid of him even if I wanted to." Then she fell to musing, and a tender look came into her deep blue eyes. "Dear Tom," she murmured, "I do love him. I wouldn't give him up for twenty Mr. Trevors!" She went to her desk, found a letter, and, having a fine sense of personal comfort, sank back into the depths of the chair, and with a box of chocolates in one hand, the letter in the other, began to munch sweets and read.

At first her expression was slightly bored, then astonished, and finally she

Berlin. However, I never dreamt of such a vision of loveliness as the piece of femininity whose acquaintance I made yesterday."

At this Flossie's blue eyes opened wide, she sat up, loosened her hold on the chocolates, and read on:

"The object of my admiration sat in her carriage alone and unattended just below my window. Suddenly I heard the rush of a runaway horse from the opposite direction, and seeing her alarm I hastened down the steps and assisted her to the pavement. She smiled sweetly and was about to speak when her attendant re-

turned and she re-entered the carriage and was rapidly driven away; not forgetting to throw me a kiss as she was lost to view.

"The world seemed a blank without her" (here Flossie's expression became indignant); "I found on inquiry that she was staying at my hotel, and so had grounds for hope of a speedy meeting. That night for the first time in years my dreams were not of you alone, the beautiful blonde appeared to me more than once, always with that charming smile!"

"Fancy!" exclaimed Flossie. "To-day the plot thickened, and however painful it may be for you to hear it, I feel it only honorable that you should know all particulars, and then judge for yourself if I am to blame. This morning I was seated near the front window reading. Keeping one eye on the street—you can easily imagine why—when there came a gentle tap at my door."

"Thinking it was the waiter, I shouted 'Come in!' The door opened, and to my utter amazement, there stood the beautiful blonde, all smiles and blushes. After I had recovered from the delicious shock, which thrilled me from head to foot, I invited her to a seat on the sofa, and then endeavored to entertain this fairy guest to the best of my ability. You must not be shocked, dear, when I confess to you that we soon became great friends and that she came of her own accord and sat on my lap."

It was here that Flossie flung the obnoxious letter away from her and began to weep wildly, and she was so absorbed in her grief that Miss Treadway entered unobserved.

"Why, what is this?" exclaimed her aunt. She bent over the prostrate form and said: "Flossie, dear, tell aunty."

The girl only cried the more, but at last wailed, "That man; that wicked, false man!"

"Who do you mean?" asked the bewildered woman.

"Tom! See the letter on the floor!" Mrs. Treadway picked up the letter, put on her glasses and began to read; at first she looked puzzled, then amused, and finally she laughed outright.

"Why don't you finish the letter?" she asked, with a quizzical expression in her kindly eyes.

"Because I won't!" cried Flossie, springing to her feet. "Never mention that man to me again. Where are my hat and my jacket? I am going to ride with Mr. Trevor at five, and if he asks me to marry him I will say 'yes.'"

At this Miss Treadway only smiled. "There, there! Sit down and listen to poor old aunty. Nay, I insist. If I am not mistaken, you left off just when she sat on his lap."

"Yes!" cried Flossie. "How can you bear to speak of it?"

"Listen," interrupted Miss Tread-

way. Flossie, awed by the unaccustomed severity of tone, obeyed.

"She came down of her own accord and sat on my lap. Fortunately, I had a box of sweets, and I was offering her some when there came another tap at the door. Putting her hastily down, for I did not wish to be caught with a young lady in my arms, I opened the door, and there stood a stout French nurse, with a high white cap and apron, who asked anxiously if 'la petite Mademoiselle Helene' was within. And Flossie, she—sternly reprimanded my charmer for entering a strange gentleman's apartments uninvited, and she led the beautiful blonde away in tears—who, by the way, was just three years old, and it was from a baby carriage that I assisted her the day before!"

By this time Flossie had ceased to weep, and, though much abashed, she could not restrain from joining in her aunt's laugh.

"Flossie," said Miss Treadway later on, "how do you like the idea of Tom's flirting? And I believe I heard a maiden say not long ago that she wished he would tease her as he used to do. How do you enjoy it?"

"Spare me!" cried Flossie. "You know I don't like it. Oh, I wish we could go away from here. Mr. Trevor's attentions are so marked, and the worst of it is I now realize that I am to blame."

"What do you say to a trip to Germany, for instance?" said Miss Treadway.

"The very thing!" cried Flossie, all smiles.

And the next week found them bound for the Fatherland.—Louis K. Fulton in Chicago American.

President Skillful With Foils.

According to General Pavese, said to be the champion fencer of the world, President Roosevelt has more ability with the foils than many of the foreign ministers and attaches in Washington who have handled the flexible steel rods since their youth. Signor Pavese has been instructing the president for the past year, and declares that he is his aptest pupil. For a time the lessons have been discontinued, he says, but they will be resumed about the middle of December. "Mr. Roosevelt," says the fencing master, "is wonderfully quick and is finely developed physically. His arms are rounded and sinewy—in fact, he is a perfect specimen of manhood."

Caught the Women.

Ralph Hulse, who is running for assemblyman in Trenton, N. J., has made a tremendous hit with the women of his district. While helping his wife with the family washing one day last week he attempted to empty a tub of water, but slipped and fell, spraining his back severely. He was to have attended a political meeting that night, but was unable to do so, being confined to bed. A brother spellbinder explained his absence, whereupon all the women present decided that such a husband should be elected. They are now working hard in the injured man's behalf.

Ups and Downs in English.

The following telephone conversation, recently overheard between a woman whose home is in the suburbs and a business acquaintance of her husband, illustrates some of the curiosities of our language:

Business acquaintance—Good morning, Mrs. —. I'd like to speak to Mr. — for a moment.

Mrs. —. I'm sorry, Mr. —, but my husband isn't down yet.

B. A. (inquiringly)—Isn't down yet? Mrs. —. I mean he isn't up yet. I'm letting him sleep late this morning; he was so down last evening over his office troubles that he was about ready to give up. He says he'll be down as soon as he gets up.—Harper's Weekly.

Responsibility of the Jug.

"Yes, suh—de snake wuz twelvo foot long—"
"Come now!"
"En had sixty rattles—"
"That won't do!"
"En five buttons."

"You're a great liar!"
"Well, suh, maybe I is; but dar's one thing I wuzn't mistook in, en maybe you'll doubt dat."

"Go ahead and tell it."
Then the old man straightened himself, smacked his mouth, and said:
"De jug held two gallons, en only had one handle!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Largest Carving Knife.

The biggest carving knife ever manufactured may be seen at the world's fair. This monster blade is thirty feet in length and has an edge as sharp as a razor. It is made out of the finest steel, and the handle is a masterpiece of the cutter's art, elaborately carved and beautifully polished. It would take a veritable giant to wield a knife like this.

The Frost Herald.

Oh, Miss Katydid, I wish you'd come along.
I's weary of de locus 'n' I's hungry foh yoh song.
I wants to hear you talkin' 'bout de sister dat got los'
A-goin' noth one Angus' day-a-lookin' foh de fros'.

I wants to hear you pinin' 'n' a-callin' of her name
'Cause I's pinin' 'n' I's pinin' foh de good news jes' de same.
I's weary of de mockin' birds' 'n' whip-poor-wills foh sho'
I wants to hear about dat fros' 'n' jes' a few weeks mo'.

Caught by Automobile Fever.

Henry M. Flagler, the Standard Oil man, although nearly 70, has become a victim of the automobile fever. Until a short time ago he declared that he would not have one of the machines about his place, but now his favorite amusement is to go touring about in a monster red car.

THE LITTLE ANIMALS

Aloysius Goll in Chicago Record-Herald Sunday Magazine

The bay mare stands at my kitchen door,
And saucily shakes her head
For a bite of apple, pinch of salt
Or a sugared crust of bread.
But oh, for the little wooden horse
I found in a corner to-day,
And the little groom that straddled him
And rode him out to play!

Old Rover naps on the shaded porch,
While his great, brown, kindly eyes
Follow me to the garden gate
And back to my bread and pie.
But, oh, for the cotton dog on wheels
That romped on the velvet floor,
And the little master that shall come
And play with him no more!

The Spanish cock with the crimson comb,
When he hears my feeding call,
He answers with a flap of wings
And a crow from the garden wall.
But oh, for the plaster cock that crowed
When my baby pressed the spring—
My tiny poultryman that hauled
Him round upon a string!

I love the calves in the pasture-lot
And the cattle in the barn,
The geese that squat by the water-
trough
And gabble through the fern,
But, oh, when the evening shadows fall,
And the ache of the lonely dark,
I turn to the painted animals,
In a little wooden ark!

And, one by one, I take them up,
And cuddle them to my breast,
For the love of the careless little Noah
That set them here to rest—
Here by the sunny window-seat,
In a corner of his room,
Where curious roses climb and peep,
And wonder into bloom.

I have mothered many an orphaned lamb
For the faint and fallen ewe,
And many a downy duckling housed
From the weasel and the dew;
But now, that every mother's babe
On the farm is safe at rest,
I turn to the little wooden sheep
And fold them to my breast!
—Aloysius Goll in Chicago Record-Herald
Sunday Magazine.



Cost of White Plague

Tuberculosis causes annually more than 150,000 deaths in the United States at the average of 35 years. At this age the normal after-life time is about 32 years, so that the real loss of life covered, measured in time, is represented by 4,800,000 years per annum. If we assume that the net value of a year of human life after the age of 35 years is at least \$50, the real loss to the nation resulting from the disease (a large proportion of which is known to be needless) may be estimated at \$240,000,000 per annum.

These astounding and almost incomprehensible figures are far from being an exaggeration, but let us assume that only one-half of this mortality is preventable, and we have a net possible saving to the nation of \$120,000,000 per annum. This estimate does not take into account the social, moral and sentimental value of at least 100,000 lives, which, under different conditions, might reasonably hope to continue for many years.

The mortality from tuberculosis is, therefore, a problem compared with

which all other social problems of a medical character sink into significance, and it is safe to say that the possible prevention of a large portion of the mortality from this disease is justly deserving of the solicitude, active personal interest and liberal pecuniary support of all who have the real welfare of the people of this nation at heart.

Biggs estimates that New York city sustains an annual economic loss of \$23,000,000, and that the nation at large must sustain an annual loss of \$30,000,000 because of tuberculosis. There are nearly 10,000 deaths from consumption in New York city. Seven thousand persons died in Illinois in 1903, half of them between the ages of 20 and 50 years, while the estimated loss to the state alone, because of this disease, was \$36,000,000, and the medical authorities of that state have found that consumption is responsible for more deaths than typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, all forms of bronchitis, influenza, measles and smallpox combined.—New York Medical Journal.

A Test of Devotion

Two New York girls, near friends, fell in love with the same young man. If any one should think for a moment that any censure attaches to him, let it be said that he was not at all to blame. The girls are both so lovely that it is absolutely impossible for any man who has the use of his eyes to meet them and not capitulate at once. They got to comparing notes the other day. Finally one of the girls vowed that the young man concerned cared more for her than he did for her chum, who promptly asserted that the reverse of the proposition was true.

They agreed to test it, and soon hit upon a plan. Each was to write the young man a note asking him to call at a certain hour. And, seeing that he could not obey both commands at once, it was to be conclusive proof that the girl whom he favored was in possession of his heart. After this they felt better.

Just as their decision was reached the subject of their dispute happened along. He spoke to them for a moment, but about all he had to say was that he had lost his umbrella and was looking for it.

The girls then adjourned to their respective homes to write the notes, which were both to the effect that they wanted him to call that evening. When No. 1 was safely ensconced in her boudoir she made up her mind that she would win, even if she had to stretch matters a little. Therefore she indited this note:

"Dear Fred—I am very sick. Perhaps I may die. Come this evening."
—The time of trial arrived, and remarkable as it may seem, Fred called on No. 2. The explanation of the whole matter, however, is contained in the other note Fred got. It ran thus:

"Dear Fred—Come up to-night. I've got your umbrella."

Joke Turned Out Well

A reader of the "Odd Tales of the Town" who is a subscriber to the London Times, which, just now, is republishing items that appeared in that paper 100 years ago to a day, sends the following as a sample, says the Baltimore Sun:

"Some ill-timed pleasantry was played off a few days ago at Brighton on a respectable law officer and his wife, who have made a summer excursion there. An invitation, couched in due form and bearing all the marks of authenticity, was sent to them desiring their company at the pavilion in the evening. The gentleman and lady, justly proud of the distinguished honor thus conferred on them—they knew not how—attended at the appointed hour and were ushered into the saloon, in which were many persons of fashion, to whom they were wholly unknown. Some embarrassment necessarily ensued; but it was

increased to a tenfold degree when they were announced to the illustrious master of the house, who had no recollection either of his guests or of the invitation in his name. An explanation ensued, when his royal highness, with all that urbanity which distinguishes him as the most finished gentleman in Europe, was pleased to declare that he felt himself much indebted to the ingenious person who (by forging his invitation, in order, perhaps, to sport with their feelings) had afforded him the pleasure of their society and acquaintance, however unexpected, and that he was perfectly happy in the opportunity of receiving them. His royal highness conducted himself toward them during the whole of the evening with the most liberal and marked attention, and thus converted a rencontre, which was produced by the most malignant motives, into a source of honor and perfect satisfaction."

Girl Caught a Shark

When the Democratic convention of the 1st congressional district met at Ocean City an incident occurred that made some ten or fifteen sturdy men feel somewhat small, says the Baltimore Sun. It was about 10 o'clock on the morning of the convention that some one standing on the porch of the Plimmerton hotel saw an unusual object in the ocean not far from the shore. The attention of several other persons was attracted, and in a few minutes the cry went up, "A shark! A shark!" and there was a rush for the beach. When the crowd arrived within about thirty feet of the water's edge the great fish could be plainly seen floundering about in the shallow water, each wave bringing it closer into the shore. Not a man in the crowd cared to abridge the distance between him and the shark, and each time the waves rolled the fish toward the shore there was a hurried retreat.

After about ten minutes had been passed in watching the battle of the shark to get out to deep water again, a little bare-legged girl, sunburned and golden-haired, came down to the shore. For a minute or two she watched with the others and then without the slightest hesitation walked by herself right out into the water up to her knees, selected her opportunity and caught the shark by the tail. Without more ado she lugged the fish up on the beach and dropped it on the sand, while the crowd of men gasped in astonishment at her nerve.

After the whole thing was over, nearly every one in the crowd was able to explain that the shark was only a "dog shark," not of the man-eating species and perfectly harmless. The shark measured about four feet long and was an ugly-looking fish, if he was harmless.

'OTHELLO' DONE BY MALAYS.

Calculated to Make Shakespeare Turn in His Grave.

A traveler thus describes a performance of "Othello" in a Malay theater: "It was all in Malay, of course, but where they had got the European costumes from I cannot imagine. They were of all kinds and descriptions. Othello was dressed as a treader, with tennis shoes on; Cassio, as Henry VIII; Iago in a black velvet court suit, with a barber's wig well down over his nose; Desdemona, in a short Spanish dancing girl's dress; Roderigo, a green fringed gown, with pink stockings and tanned boots. But the joke of the whole thing was the music. There was a Malay orchestra of banjos, mandolins, etc., but they played scarcely any native music. They all simply love European music, to which they set their own Malay words. The play was interspersed with songs, like our comic operas. The gem of the evening was when Othello says to Cassio, 'Never more be officer of mine,' and Cassio throws himself at Othello's feet. The band struck up, 'Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back,' and Othello sung to it passionately!"

WIT ON THE HUSTINGS.

Effective Retort Made by Alexander Stephens of Georgia.

Few men possessed more tact and wit when on the hustings than did Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia. Though small in size, he had a wonderfully prolific brain and was regarded as an exceptionally brilliant orator. A Georgian tells this story:

"Mr. Stephens was slated for a joint debate with Rance Wright during a presidential campaign. Wright, by way of a tale, said that Stephens had said he could eat himself (Wright) for breakfast, Ben Hill for dinner and Bob Toombs for supper."

"Mr. Stephens possessed very little storage room in his stomach, and when it came his turn to reply he said that he denied that he had made any such assertion. 'If I had contemplated any such feat,' said Mr. Stephens, 'I certainly would have taken Ben Hill for my breakfast, Bob Toombs for dinner and my friend Rance Wright for supper. My mother taught me from early infancy to eat a light supper, and so I would have tipped off with Wright.'"

"The answer completely snuffed out the good impression Col. Wright had made."

Journalism in Alaska.

This office extends its most sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Harvey for a large jar of Alaska bog apple preserves, gathered and put up by them at Tyonic last year. Mrs. Dr. A. E. Burns also remembered the Gateway family with a generous supply of salmon, while others, whose names cannot be recalled, have added a generous quantity of native products to appreciation and as a proof that the finest and best is here and only requires going after. Thus the pathway of life is smoothed, and even a news-paper man can realize that there is some joy in living, especially in a country teeming with natural luxuries and necessities.—Seward Gateway.

Ornaments of Tibetans.

Tibetans, like all peoples of a low civilization, delight in showy and massive jewels. A man is only poorly adorned with a heavy silver earring, coral-mounted. The women wear regular jewelers' shops on their heads. Among the nomads their hair is arranged in innumerable small tresses that involve more than a whole day's work, is decorated with three great bands of woolen stuff or red silk strewn with rubies, shells artificial pearls, corals, turquoises, amber beads, red agate, gold, silver or copper reliquaries.

Fallacies About the Moon.

The moon is the most powerful agent in producing the tides on the earth; it also produces some slight variations in the earth's magnetism says St. Nicholas. So far as science has been able to investigate there is absolutely no change in the weather which can be attributed to the moon, although half or more of mankind seem to believe that the moon does have some control over the weather. All such beliefs, including the time for planting gardens and for going fishing, are mere superstitions—the survivals of an age of ignorance.

"Do Your Best and Leave the Rest."

Do your best and leave the rest!
Never mind to-morrow
He who works with happy zest
Has no need to borrow
Trouble from some future day,
True success will come his way.

Do your best and leave the rest!
He who strives for duty
Often finds that he is blessed
With life's crown of beauty;
Unseen forces lift the load,
Roses bloom beside the road.

Do your best and leave the rest!
What's the use of worry?
Firm endeavor stands the test.
More than haste and hurry,
Rich rewards will come to him
Who works on with smiling vim.

Little Nourishment in Beer.

If there is any one who is a judge of beer it is the German, and it was a German professor who said that it would take 730 gallons of Bavarian beer—which is a great deal better than any beer we get here in America, by the way—to give the body the same amount of nourishment as does five pounds of bread or three pounds of beef. A glass of beer contains about half a teaspoonful of food. Think how many it would take to make a full meal.



Fine sense of personal comfort, threw the sweets and the letter on the couch and commenced weeping. The portions of Tom's letter which had produced such dire results ran as follows:

"I had such a strange and exciting adventure that I feel it my duty to tell you all about it. You know that my hotel is in one of the best streets here, and that from my windows I can see much of the beauty and fashion of

East Jordan Lumber Company

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We have the agency for the celebrated



Prices 20, 25, 30 and 35 cents per pound. Best values in the state for the money.

We have also the agency for

Barrington Hall Steel Cut Coffee

At 35 cents per pound. One pound goes farther than 1 1/2 pounds of any other coffee. Equal to any 40c coffee on the market.

When in the store look over the

Bargains on our Soap Table.

Eight Bars of American Family Soap for 25 cents. A bar equal to Big Acme in weight and quality. Best Value ever offered.

When you want

A Good Breakfast Food

Ask for Toasted Corn Flakes made by the Battle Creek Sanitarium Co. This is something a little better than all the rest.

Our Stock of Flour is Complete

We have in stock Pillsbury's Best, Gold Medal, Washburn & Crosby, King of the North, Iron Duke, Lily White, and White Rose—A brand to please all.

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This is the season for

Rifles, Shotguns, Shells and Ammunition.

We have a complete line and the price is right.

Horse Blankets

In all shapes, sizes and colors.

Harness and Straps

Halters and Tie Ropes. Don't forget we have the Bellis Tugs and we guarantee them to stand the best team in Charlevoix county.

We Are Headquarters

for Saws, Handles, Axes, Handles, wedges, Sledges, Draught chains, Decking chains, whiffletrees, Neck Yokes and everything in the line of Lumbering Rigging.

Our stock of

Sherwin-Williams Paints,

Oils, Varnishes, Fillers, Dryers, is complete. Also we have white Lead, Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil, turpentine, Roof Enamel, Steel Siding, Paint. The best you can buy.

Don't fail to see our

New Stock of Fancy China

We have the biggest and best assortment ever kept in town; also a full line of Dinner Sets, Chamber Sets and Imported Semi-Porcelain.

We have the Guarantee Rotary Washing Machine—the best made.

If you are building, be sure and call for Nails, Door Hangings and everything needed in building.

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CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD.

G. A. Lisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

The Public Library as an Educator.

(Paper written by Mrs. Anna Smith and read by her before the East Jordan Literary Club.)

When Andrew Carnegie began to scatter with his generous hands his libraries all over the country there were those who wondered that his philanthropy should have assumed this form, and more than once the opinions have been expressed in public prints, that it might have taken a more practical channel. Such critics wholly failed to grasp the tremendous possibilities of the plan.

Public libraries are the means of opening to countless thousands the world's treasure house of literature. For centuries the greatest thinkers and workers in all fields of the world's activities have been storing up in printed books the best products of their intellects. But for the great array of people who do not have access to these books, who do not ever suspect their existence, it is as though they never had been written.

To me the public library is the greatest educator of the century, for by it every boy and girl, every man and woman within its reach can to a measure be educated.

Libraries are the real peoples colleges busily distributing the best thoughts of the greatest minds among the masses.

Every one young and old has free access to the work of the greatest minds of all ages. The things discovered by the few specialists became the property of many. To every man woman and child is opened a new world in the widened vision afforded by the public library. Every year is added the ripest thoughts of the wisest men and women endeavoring to enlighten the world. It is in the library we come in touch with the past ages, together with those of today. We can go to it six days in the week and each time have a new book if we wish. It is a light house of education, pointing the way to a higher intellectual life, and offering its treasures freely for the delight and instruction of all. The chief function of the public library is the education of good citizenship and the greatest opportunity is with the young people. While the public library affords information and recreation for those of mature years, it can help to form the character of children by which they may develop into happy, wise and useful citizens. Young people in our schools and those who further their education by a college course find the public library of the most vital importance in the pursuit of their studies. Many modern text-books, particularly those of history, political economy and literature are special and suggestive

rather than exhaustive, and are almost valueless without the outside aid of a large and varied collection of books for references. Furthermore the public library stimulates further research beyond the confines of routine work among students, and by so doing develops greatest breadth of thought and larger liability of mind, thus helping them to rise to a position of eminence and usefulness among the great scholars of the world.

A public library, even though of modest dimensions, to be of greatest possible service and usefulness, should be divided into several classes. The first grand division is that of circulating library and the second the reference. In the latter very valuable volumes are found. Books ancient and curious may be collected and preserved for decades, and are of necessary usefulness and pleasure. Here we can sit in the quiet reading room having the greatest collection of books of all stages at our command. Here some get their first real intellectual awakening, or we might say of their intellectual birth. Here we find the children of the poor, toiling mother who in her poverty is unable to supply her eager-minded children with the simplest books, and by having the public library with its reference and reading room, intellectual treasures are opened to her household. Here too are children too young to read being educated by the wonderful picture books to be found on its tables. Here also the day laborer with a few moments to spare from his labor is grasping some thoughts that will encourage him in his work, the business men, professionals of all kinds, mechanics, and last but not least the club woman searching for treasures for her paper that she must prepare for the next club meeting. Here is the shrine of true American democracy for here the child of the washer-woman may sit by the side of the child of the millionaire, and with equal freedom hold sweet communion with the great and good of all ages.

Loss of Flesh

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We will send you a free sample. Be sure that this picture in the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

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rather than exhaustive, and are almost valueless without the outside aid of a large and varied collection of books for references. Furthermore the public library stimulates further research beyond the confines of routine work among students, and by so doing develops greatest breadth of thought and larger liability of mind, thus helping them to rise to a position of eminence and usefulness among the great scholars of the world.

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The eye can rest on no more beautiful scene than can be witnessed in the reference library, to see the human beings going and coming like bees in a hive, each looking up some particular subject adapted to their needs or sitting for a quiet hour or moment in sweet communion with other great men and women, and the ever-smiling and willing assistant going noiselessly about helping this and that one to find the book or magazine with the thoughts they are looking for, giving suggestions and helpfulness to all who ask.

In the circulating library are found the best books of all time and the choicest of the hour, such books are wanted in the family circle to be read around the evening lamp. Such books are seldom perturbed again and hereby are furnished without cost to thousands of readers of all classes who love literature yet have not the means to buy for themselves.

A good general library, carefully selected, tested by experience and frequently revised, does not strive to keep pace with the enormous output of fiction published each year, but it does attempt to put books of tried reputation, the authorities of special subjects, the pleasant and lovable authors before the public. It is a foreboding fact that without public libraries' literary clubs might never had an existence, for while much is possible in towns and villages too small to support such a library, owing to the quality, excellence and quantity of modern journalism, yet the great strength and energy of larger clubs in our great cities is drawn very largely from the resourceful library.

The traveling library is another important and useful division which is meeting with great success and are a great comfort to reading and thinking people which we are today.

We find just as truly educated people in the cottage as in the palace. Cases of from twenty-five to one hundred books are sent out at regular intervals to small towns and villages under the patronage of local literary clubs or other societies and are kept from three to six months according to contract, and is then exchanged for another. A little girl on seeing such a set for the first time in her own town remarked, "I guess they sent us about all the books that ever was made". In similar manner local benefits are often afforded. The public libraries often furnish the stations of the city fire department with small libraries on the traveling plan. That is a case of from twenty-five to fifty books are sent to each engine house and changed six times a year. The work of the firemen envelopes so much enforced leisure while they are waiting and must be ready for a call, that it gives them ample opportunity to read. These libraries are greatly enjoyed and highly appreciated. Last year from the Buffalo Public Library one hundred and eight collections were issued to literary clubs, teachers, private schools, fire departments, five Sunday schools, twelve charitable institutions, homes, etc. The spirit and practice of the traveling library is to seek and to accept every opportunity to get the books into the hands of the people and thus to allow the books to serve most completely the purpose for which the traveling library stands.

The prophecy of the public library system of New York in 1903, the book-lovers system of securing books by delivery wagons directly to the house, is a logical development of the 20th century. It really accomplishes the purpose for which all public libraries have been intended, that is to educate by making books easy of access to every member of the home circle. Formerly the people were to go to the public libraries to read books. In the 20th century the books must be put directly into the home and if we are to educate the people in the highest degree, books must be put there, not only free but free delivery. It is not impossible that under the progress which public teaching is making an instructor will be sent by the public libraries to every home once or twice a year to assist members of the family by his advice in the selection of books and to encourage special course of study. It is no longer a prophecy that the public teachers must become a means of education for adults, even more than for the young. The public school house in the preliminary gymnasium and it should only be the beginning of education, for the average man or woman. Because of this there has been developed in New York of late years an excellent system of lectures, and I see Grand Rapids is about to establish similar action in their new library.

The greatness of a city depends not on her size, not on the number of elegant residences, nor stately business blocks, but on the silent and inner influences that tend to a broader and higher culture that so enrich the daily life. In the foregoing I have endeavored to depict the usefulness of the public library, also a possible glimpse of the future.

My only wish in this connection, is that in the hands of its ardent admirers I may see the possibilities twenty-five years hence.

Handsome and Substantial. Prices from \$15 up. Also a Full Line of Furniture Bedding Pillows Wall Paper Window Shades.

Yours for Business,
C. H. WHITTINGTON.
Furniture and Undertaking.
Phone No. 66.

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.

rather than exhaustive, and are almost valueless without the outside aid of a large and varied collection of books for references. Furthermore the public library stimulates further research beyond the confines of routine work among students, and by so doing develops greatest breadth of thought and larger liability of mind, thus helping them to rise to a position of eminence and usefulness among the great scholars of the world.

A public library, even though of modest dimensions, to be of greatest possible service and usefulness, should be divided into several classes. The first grand division is that of circulating library and the second the reference. In the latter very valuable volumes are found. Books ancient and curious may be collected and preserved for decades, and are of necessary usefulness and pleasure. Here we can sit in the quiet reading room having the greatest collection of books of all stages at our command. Here some get their first real intellectual awakening, or we might say of their intellectual birth. Here we find the children of the poor, toiling mother who in her poverty is unable to supply her eager-minded children with the simplest books, and by having the public library with its reference and reading room, intellectual treasures are opened to her household. Here too are children too young to read being educated by the wonderful picture books to be found on its tables. Here also the day laborer with a few moments to spare from his labor is grasping some thoughts that will encourage him in his work, the business men, professionals of all kinds, mechanics, and last but not least the club woman searching for treasures for her paper that she must prepare for the next club meeting. Here is the shrine of true American democracy for here the child of the washer-woman may sit by the side of the child of the millionaire, and with equal freedom hold sweet communion with the great and good of all ages.

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Handsome and Substantial. Prices from \$15 up. Also a Full Line of Furniture Bedding Pillows Wall Paper Window Shades.

Yours for Business,
C. H. WHITTINGTON.
Furniture and Undertaking.
Phone No. 66.

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

We know what all good doctors think of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your own doctor and find out. He will tell

Cherry Pectoral

you how it quiets the tickling throat, heals the inflamed lungs, and controls the hardest of coughs.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is well known in our family. We think it is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hard Coughs

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

Lulu Stanhope, St. Louis: "I used to have a horrid complexion. I took Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea and am called the prettiest girl in the city." Tea or Tablets, 35 cents. At F. C. Warner's.

California Prune Wafers are a good investment. They give quick returns with no after-trouble. 100 for 25 cents. Ask your Druggist. For sale at Warner's Pharmacy.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right.

You cannot cure piles by external application. Any remedy to be effective, must be applied inside, right at the seat of the trouble. ManZan is put up in a collapsible tube, with a nozzle, so that it reaches inside and applies the remedy where it is most needed. ManZan strengthens the blood vessels and nerves so that piles are impossible. ManZan relieves the pain almost instantly, heals, soothes, cools and cures. Sold by Warner's Pharmacy.

Bedroom Suits? Yes.

Handsome and Substantial. Prices from \$15 up. Also a Full Line of Furniture Bedding Pillows Wall Paper Window Shades.

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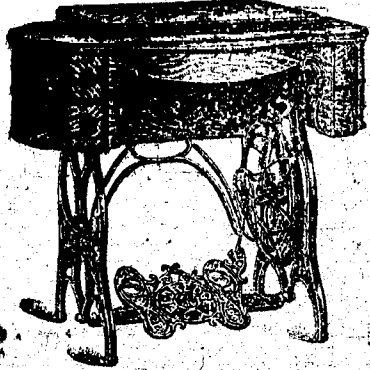
COATES & BLAKE.
Carry a complete line of Portland Cutters on Springs and Portland Cutters without springs, LIGHT AND HEAVY SLEIGHS.

Gunsmithing a Specialty.
Repairing Promptly Attended To.

Ayer's Pills The great rule of health—Keep the bowels regular. And the great medicine—Ayer's Pills. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR B. F. BAKER & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

We Omit All Argument



About Sewing Machines affording good exercise—The ELDREDGE runs too easily for that. Most women prefer the pleasures of a social gathering to an afternoon with a sewing machine—who wouldn't? But if you do have to stay home and sew do it with an ELDREDGE. That's all we can ask. You'll be in fast company with an Eldredge but in good company, for the Eldredge is a sewer that goes forth to sew and it won't do any thing else. We'll wager our reputation that there's no better Sewing Machine than the Eldredge. No canvassers, no leaning, no trading. Just a straight price of \$34.50 and a guarantee with every machine. Sold on payments of \$10.00 down and \$5.00 per month.

STROEBEL BROS.

Jos. O. GLENN, President. W. L. FRENCH, Vice President.
GEO. G. GLENN, Cashier.

State Bank of East Jordan.

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 SURPLUS, \$1,500.00.

Money to Loan on Short Time.

Deposits of \$1.00 and upward received and interest allowed if left on deposit three months or longer.

Bank Money Orders sold at lowest Rates

Fire Insurance Written—we have seven good companies.

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

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

Briefs of the Week

Snow.
Almost tax time.
Hunters are home.
Soon be Christmas.
Potatoes on the move.
"The Real Widow Brown"
Sighing at this time last year.
How'd you like to have a date with a peach?
Att'y J. Ernest Converse is at Charlevoix this week, attending to his duties on the County Board of Canvassers.

One fare round trip to all Canadian points, via the E. J. & S. and P. M. Ry's, Dec. 15-16-17-18, tickets good to return leaving destination not later than January 7th.

George Spencer now has the plumbing shop formerly owned by his brother, Will. Anyone wishing anything in military plumbing, tinsmithing or sheet metal work should call on him.

Petoskey says they are champions of Northern Michigan. They must have forgotten the way in which they were beaten here by the East Jordan High School last Fair time to the tune of 17-0.

John Cramer of South Arm and Miss Margaret Rush of Echo Township were united in marriage last Monday morning at the Catholic Church, Rev. Fr. Alexander Dorenkemper performing the ceremony.

The Bachelor Girls Club was organized last Saturday with officers as follows: President, Miss LaVerne Crossman, Secretary, Miss Margaret Bowman, Treasurer, Miss Minna Hite. The object of the organization is social benefits and the first of a series of dances was given Wednesday evening at which some twenty-five of our popular young people participated.

The value of "The Herald" as an advertising medium was well illustrated the past week. Boggs Bros. placed a double-space adv. in our last issue advertising a Cloak Sale and the returns from the adv. were so satisfactory that they have decided to continue the sale and adv. another week. Thursday we received a letter from the J. C. Ayers Co. of Lowell, Mass., and in attesting to merits of this publication say: "We state to you frankly that we appreciate The Herald as an advertising medium." Here is a home and a foreign advertiser both satisfied with results.

One of the funniest comedies of the day, "The Real Widow Brown," played by a company of unusual merit, will be seen at Loveday Opera House next Tuesday night Nov. 29th. The plot rests upon the idea of substituting a young man disguised as a widow for the genuine widow who has to fill the position of governess to two charming girls. The complications arising from such a ludicrous impersonation are too funny and can only be greeted with peals of laughter. The music is sparkling and up to date. A comedy full of complicated situations, portrayed by a company of jolly comedians and clever and pretty girls has caused "The Real Widow Brown" to spring into instantaneous success.

C. C. Mack, the Jeweler.
Judge of Probate J. M. Harris was in our city, yesterday.

Mrs. J. L. Wiesman was a Petoskey visitor first of the week.
Miss Laura Defaubach is here from Charlevoix visiting friends.

George G. Brown and family are attending the St. Louis Exposition.
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Suffern spent Thanksgiving with their parents here.

Thomas C. Bird a pioneer of Eyeline township, died Monday last aged 78 years.

Mrs. L. C. Madison was at Charlevoix yesterday visiting with her son at that place.

The parents of George Otis arrived here from Grand Rapids, yesterday, and will make that gentleman a brief visit.

Services will be held in the Episcopal Church by Rev. C. T. Stout on Monday evening Nov. 25th. A cordial invitation to all.

Hello! Is that so? Yes, Mack the Jeweler has a fine line of up-to-date Holiday Stock. You better make your selections early and have them laid away until you want them.

The Charlevoix Co. Mutual Benefit Ass'n is a new corporation just formed under the state laws. C. H. Whittington of this city is vice-president and a director. Its headquarters are Charlevoix and its object is to provide a burial benefit for its deceased members.

The Thanksgiving Masquerade at Loveday Opera House was well attended, excellent order preserved, and enjoyed by all. The prizes were awarded as follows: Lady with prettiest costume, Mrs. Ed. Ballinger, representing the Goddess of Liberty—prize, a Silver Fruit Dish; gentleman with best costume, Bert Scott, representing a Rough Rider—prize, Gold Fob Chain; gentleman with funniest outfit, Lee Gilbert, representing Happy Holigan, prize—Watch.

Last week J. W. Coates took unto himself a partner in the person of J. G. Blake and henceforth the firm name will be Coates & Blake. Mr. Coates is too well known as a first-class woodworker and blacksmith to need an introduction to our readers and Mr. Blake is a thorough workman. The latter is an expert in gun-smithing and any one having anything in this line to do should be sure to call on them at their shop on State St.

Silver Novelties, etc., at Mack's Jewelry Store.

Lewis Hall, living in Boyne's Addition, died Sunday evening from heart-failure. Mr. Hall worked Saturday night until late and was in usual health on Sunday. In the evening he read a few newspapers and retired about 9:00 o'clock. Shortly afterward he was discovered by Mrs. Hall to be in a dying condition. Deceased was a Maccabee and the remains were taken to Eastport Tuesday by Undertaker Whittington and placed in the fraternity hall there, and by which order he was buried. He was aged 35 and leaves a wife and several small children.

LIFE will be made worth the struggle of humdrum existence if you visit the Loveday Opera House next Tuesday night Nov. 29th, and enjoy the jolliest evening of a twelfth month. The attraction will be the latest musical comedy success, "The Real Widow Brown," with a select coterie of merrymakers. The entertainment is of the liveliest sort, and the company is one of the exceptional sort.

Ridiculous and yet perfectly natural situations, exquisite costumes, bright and catchy music and clever acting briefly describe "The Real Widow Brown," Mr. A. C. Scammon's latest bid for popular favor along theatrical lines. An unqualified success wherever produced it is certain to be greeted by large audiences. Nothing has been left undone to afford an evening of legitimate mirth, the company being one of the highest merit. Seats on sale today at regular prices.

Pineules is the name of a new discovery put up in a new way; a certain cure for all kidney and bladder troubles, Rheumatism, Lumbago, etc. You are requested to call at our store and let us show you Pineules, derived from the Pines. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

"Knock and others will 'open up' on you." Call at Mack's Jewelry store and see the Holiday Stock that is being opened up there.

The Singer Sewing Machine sold on the instalment plan. \$35.00 cash will buy one. Some second hand Machines of other makes for sale cheap. All kinds of Machines cleaned and repaired.—E. A. Lewis, Main St., East Jordan.

Excursion via the E. J. & S. and P. M. Ry's to Lansing Dec. 12-13, good to return—Dec. 15th. One fare plus 25 cents.

Mack, the Jeweler is making special prices on Watches until after the Holiday.

James Quinlan was at Grand Rapids, Monday, attending the wedding of a sister there.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Price are attending the St. Louis Exposition.

THE "REAL WIDOW BROWN"

A Musical Comedy in Three Acts. Bright, Catchy, Music, a Lively Plot, Pretty Costumes. Pretty Girls, Plenty of Singing and Dancing.

TWO TELEGRAMS:
Manistee, Mich., Nov. 23rd.
"Mgr. W. A. Loveday,
East Jordan, Mich.
Boom "THE REAL WIDOW BROWN"
Best Musical Comedy yet. Everybody
delighted.
R. R. Ramsdell,
Mgr. Theatre."

Muskegon, Mich., Nov. 25th.
"W. A. Loveday, Mgr.,
East Jordan, Mich.
You can't say too much. "THE REAL WIDOW BROWN" good show.
Harry Banjo,
Mgr. Theatre."

These recommendations are better than any flashy advertising that can be put out as they come from managers who play the best shows that come to Michigan.

ONE NIGHT—Next Tuesday—AT LOVEDAY OPERA HOUSE—Seat Sale Now On.

List of Advertiser Letters.
Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending Nov. 21, 1904:
Jipson, Mr. Ed
Reagh, Miss Mary
Johnson, Mr. James
Harper, Mr. Geo.
Hall, Mr. Josie
Everts, Orren B.
Radthe, Mr. Emil
Sands, Mr. Lou

FRANK A. KENYON, P. M.

A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

EXCURSIONS VIA THE Detroit & Charlevoix and Grand Rapids & Indiana Railways.

CHICAGO.
For the International Live Stock Exposition, excursion tickets will be sold Nov. 27, 28, 29, return limit Dec. 5th, one fare plus 11.00 for round trip. Tickets will also be sold on Nov. 30th, good to return until Dec. 3rd, at rate of 2 cents per mile for round trip.

WORLDS FAIR—ST. LOUIS.
Round trip tickets at low rates, on sale daily. Rates and Limits cheerfully furnished on application.

WINTER TOURIST TICKETS TO THE SOUTH.
Now on sale, good to return until May 31st, 1905. Direct line, only one change between the north and the south.
M. F. Quintance, D. P. A.
Petoskey.

E. A. Ashby, Local Agent.

EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

LIVE STOCK SHOW.
Special excursion rate to Chicago and return November 27, 28 and 29th, and December 1st, good to return up to and including December 5th. Ask agents for particulars.

LOW RATES TO CHICAGO WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30th.
Ticket agents will sell round trip excursion tickets to Chicago on Wednesday next, Nov. 30th, good to return until Saturday, Dec. 3rd, at very low rates. Ask agents for particulars.

Christmas Metropolitan.

The Christmas issue of THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE contains illustrations in color by a number of the best-known artists who draw for the magazines.

A charming paper by John Corbin entitled "A Boy's Eye-View of the Circus" is illustrated in full color by Jules Guerin. Mr. Corbin describes visits to the circus which he made upon representations of Toby Hamilton, the world-famous press agent. Life behind the scenes, the pleasures and the woes of the folk of the big show, old friends in the arena and out of it, are described by one who looks through a boy's eyes yet cannot forget the judgment of the adult.

"Garou the Cast," a \$500 prize story by W. A. Fraser, is illustrated in color by Charles Livingston Bull, whose work is too well known to need comment.

"The World at Large," a department of comment, contains illustrations in pen and ink as well as many superbly printed photographs. Jules Eckert Goodman in "The Stage at Holiday Time" discusses matters of theatrical interest from many standpoints, there being twenty pages of photographs of stage people beautifully printed.

The poems in this number bear the names of Theodosia Garrison, Clinton Scollard, Richard Le Gallienne, Oliver Herford, Minna Irving, Carolyn Wells and Edward S. Martin. Mr. Martin's contribution is a highly humorous account of what the writer would do "If I Were Henry James." A particularly funny caricature by Ernest Haskell accompanies this poem.

Great Bargains
Given to Ladies' Coats and Jackets, Skirts, Suits, and also in Furs.
One or two of a kind and must be closed out.
Prices within the reach of all.
Be Sure To Call.
J. L. WIESMAN
LEADER OF LOW PRICES.
Loveday Block, East Jordan.

The East Jordan Harness Co.

Manufacturers of
LIGHT & HEAVY HARNESS
Carry a Complete Line of
CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, WAGONS, BLANKETS, ROBES, TRUNKS, BAGS, Etc.,
AND ALL HORSE CLOTHING.
FUR COATS We have the nicest line of these goods to be found in Charlevoix County. Get one and laugh at winter's cold.

Drug Necessities

We have them—a general drug line, including medicines and drugs of every description. All prescriptions carefully compounded by a reliable pharmacist. It's safe to send the children here.

School Books and Stationery

We also carry a complete line of School Books, School Supplies and Plain and Fancy Stationery.

Warne's Pharmacy.

Brightest and Best OIL HEATERS

(Best Oil Heater on the Market.)
Just the thing at the present time to keep out the chilly air.
OIL CANS of all descriptions.
LANTERNS warranted not to blow out.
Hygenic Kalsomine.
To brighten up your home.
For Sale at
The W. E. Malpass Hardware Co.

JAS. L. HACKETT

Rooms 6 and 7 Votruba Block, East Jordan, Mich.
Will write your Fire Insurance in FIRE TRIED companies. Will give prompt and efficient service in making all kinds of Deeds, Mortgages, Contracts, Leases, Bonds etc., for which we carry a complete line of legal forms.
Will loan money on first class improved farms at 1 per cent. interest, in sums of \$100 to \$5000 for from one to six years.
SOLDIERS AND PENSIONERS! Are you receiving the amount of pension to which you are entitled under the Age Order of the Commissioner of Pensions, approved March 15, 1904? If not, perhaps we can assist you in getting an increase.
NOTARY PUBLIC—WITH SEAL.

New Goods Are Arriving Now.

I will be pleased have you examine them often.
Beautiful line of JEWELRY, SILVER, NOVELTIES, CHINA, CUT GLASS, ETC.
All new and up-to-date.
Leave your watch and have it repaired right.
C. C. Mack, The Jeweler.

Religious Thought

If Christ should come to-day.
If Christ should come to-day!
If we should find Him on the broad highway
Or in the city street,
Or would we crowd to touch His garment's hem,
Or kiss His feet?
If He should come to-day!
If the All-searching One should find us out
And call our name,
Would we press forward toward the outstretched hand
Or sink in shame?
If He should come to-day!
If the Prince of Peace amidst the clang of war
And battle heat,
Would we haste to lay our weapons down
Before His feet?
If poor and weak and blind,
Lining for self, we make our petty plans
Map out each year,
Forgetting in an hour we know not of
He may appear.
O gentle, pitying Christ!
Delay Thy coming to the weary soul,
So sick of sin,
Draw close Thy cords of love, until his heart
Shall take Thee in!
Then come at morn or eve!
Whether in manhood, youth or feeble
Thy visit fall,
To him who loves Thee all is well, since
Christ
Is all in all.

—Helen A. Beard.

Our Share in God's Work.

Jesus said, 'Take ye away the stone.'—St. John xi, 39.
Jesus said this at the grave of Lazarus. The question naturally suggests itself, Why could not the power about to restore the dead to life do this smaller thing as well? The answer is, that it could, but so could human power and, therefore, it was required of human power to do it.

This incident reveals a principle of God's working in the world. It is His will that men shall develop by using their own strength. Hence his settled purpose is to do nothing for us which we can and should do for ourselves. He lays no burdens on us which we cannot bear. He helps us bear the burdens we must to the limit of our need; but He will not let us unload on Him any work or duty or responsibility which belongs to us. If we shrink or throw it off, it lies where we abandoned it until some better man takes it up. Man's work—and there is a great deal of it which we are praying God to do, and wondering why He is so long about it; wondering, it may be, whether He is, since He does not do it—man's work must be done by men.

More and more as we grow into the meaning of life we ought to thank Almighty God that He holds us to our work; thank Him for the rough and the sting and the climb and the fight of life, through which come the strength and heights and victories; thank Him that He lays responsibility upon us; that He leans down—Father that He is—and says to each of us: There is a work to be done, our work; here is a right thing to be forwarded; here is a truth to be brought to light and a wrong to be swept away; here a soul to be given life. The miracle beyond your power is Mine, but "Take ye away the stone," put away this habit, this inaccuracy—whatever it is that blocks the way. That is the first condition.

It happens, however, that some of us are fond of this very thing, and so we keep it a day longer and another day, till a day comes at last when it is sunk and embedded and we are satisfied that the life behind should die. And some of us are certain that it would do no good to try—the stone is too heavy. And so we content ourselves with saying, calling it perhaps a prayer: "I am very weak; it is too much for me. You do it, Lord!" and let it go at that.

And some of us are frightened when we think what strange, unearthly thing may be behind the stone; what its coming forth might mean, white-faced and holy from God's near presence; what changes it might demand; what new duties it might lay upon us; what dear companionships it might bid us break. And so we do not try to roll the stone away, but say in our hearts, like the fool of old, "There is no God, there is no soul crying to come forth," and go away and try to forget.

Around us, too, there are things ready to enter and glorify this human life of ours—new standards of manhood and womanhood, higher ideals realized in business and society, in politics and religion; more generosity, more love, more hope, more truth than ever the world has seen. Before the door of each, blocking its entrance, lies a stone of human selfishness or indifference or greed or falsehood. To remove these is not God's work, but ours. "Take ye away the stone," lift, at any rate, your share. That is our responsibility and our bearing toward it will at the last be the true measure of our life's significance.—Rev. Herbert Shipman.

Through Sorrow's Gate.

There are many things, besides sorrow's self, that come through sorrow's gate—gentleness, sympathy, strength, beautiful traits of character, which seem to find no other mode of entrance into life. Long for unclouded joy as we may, it still remains true that few of us would choose for our most valued friend one who has never suffered. The eyes that have not known tears must needs lack something of tenderness. The heart that never has been torn with anguish and loss has never sounded its own depths, and cannot measure those of another. The soul grows strong through storm and conflict, if it ever grows strong

at all, and, however sweet a nature may be, we find it incomplete and unsatisfying if it has never known the softening, hallowing touch of grief. There are dark pages in our lives where we would gladly have changed the story if we could. There are wounds that still ache, losses that even yet are hard to bear; but however we may feel about the sorrow itself, there are few of us who would be willing to give up all that it brought and taught us—to be just what we were before it touched us. There are some precious gains that come through sorrow's gate.

The Constant Christian.

Constancy, stability among Christians, is currency above par. The exigencies of the Lord's work are such that we cannot afford to be unstable. The unstable Christian is one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of sinners. Thousands of men outside the church give this as the main reason for their active opposition or a pathetic indifference to Christianity. The unstable Christian is a reproach to his profession, a reproach to his church, and a reproach to his Christ. Constancy, stability, is one of the Christian worker's strongest assets.

Many of us may not be able to engineer vast enterprises in the church, many of us may not have the natural powers and gifts of some of our brethren, many of us may not have enthusiastic, hopeful and positive natures; but there is not one of us, not one but can be constant in our efforts as Christians in our own sphere, if we will take ourselves and our profession seriously. It is not Christ's play to be a representative of Christ. It is the work of a man, and worth that man's highest thought and best endeavor. Nothing among the so-called negative vices undermines character like instability. Nothing so stamps a man as useless to his church, to his community, and to his Christ, as inconstancy. On the other hand, nothing tends to build up a noble and exalted character so much as constancy and faithfulness nothing will be more likely to raise a man's usefulness to his highest notch than these qualities. To be inconstant, unstable, that of the earth, earthy; but to be uniformly true and steadfast, that were of Christ, Christlike.

The Thing Worth While.

I know that many of you are puzzled to know in what direction you can start to help Christ to help the world. Let me say this to you in that connection: Once I came to a cross-road in the old life and did not know in which direction God wanted me to help hasten this kingdom. I started to read the Book to find out what the ideal life was, and I found that the only thing worth doing in the world was to do the will of God; whether that was done in the pulpit or in the slums; whether it was done in the college or class-room, or on the street, did not matter at all. "My meat and drink," Christ said, "is to do the will of him that sent me," and if you make up your mind that you are going to do the will of God above everything else, it matters little in what direction you work. There are more posts waiting for men than there are men waiting for posts. Christ needs men in every community and in every land; it matters little whether we go to foreign lands or stay at home, as long as we are sure we are where God puts us.—Henry Drummond.

God's Best Gifts.

God's best gifts are not for the few, but for all; one of His best is the power He bestows on people to appreciate and enjoy their ordinary surroundings—such as a fine prospect, a sea view, a mountain or moor, the growing corn, the simple flower. The secret of happiness here is the power to see and to prize the blessings so richly provided for all; and the poorest person with eye and ear may have as keen enjoyment from the sights and sounds of nature as the wealthiest citizens of the richest bankers.—He who gives the capacity to enjoy, afford ample material to minister to our gratification. It is not necessary for a person to be learned, clever, rich or in Society, printed with a big S, in order to be victorious in the battle of life, or happy while he lives. The records of human history would amply illustrate the fact that tranquility, success and happiness can be enjoyed by men highly placed and gifted, or in the humblest ranks alike, if they will learn and work out the secret of living well, for the possibilities of happiness bestrew every pathway and are the heritage of every life.—Rev. C. H. Kelly.

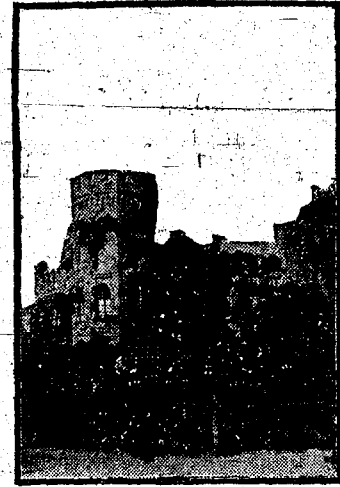
The Cry of Need.

Never too busy to listen to the cry of need. The thoughtful child on her way from the spring with a pitcher of water in her hand looked at the parched, dust mantled, and drooping flower by the wayside, and in her pity for it tipped her pitcher, and a gentle stream washed the dust from its leaves, refreshed its stem and invigorated its roots. As it lifted itself once more to the sun, its renewed life made her heart gayer and she fed lighter, while the little that she had donated from her vessel had left her more than she needed for her home.—Tip your heart a little and let its sympathy roll out in blessings to those who are weak and weary. They will be blessed in receiving, but you will be doubly blessed in giving. Yet give not for your own sake, but for their sake.

In Streets of Peking

(Special Correspondence.)

Peking is like other large Chinese cities, only more so. The geographers talk about its being the largest city in the world and airily speak of 4,000,000 inhabitants. This is all a mistake. It is safe to say that there are not 1,000,000 people, all told, and less than that number within the walls. It is impossible, however, to make any estimate of the population or the real size of the capital, as it seems to be built in groups. In one spot the houses will look as though there had been a stampede to erect dwellings in a certain place, and when that had been taken everybody else built as near it as possible. A few hundred yards farther on the houses thin out and are scattered about without rhyme or reason. A little farther still



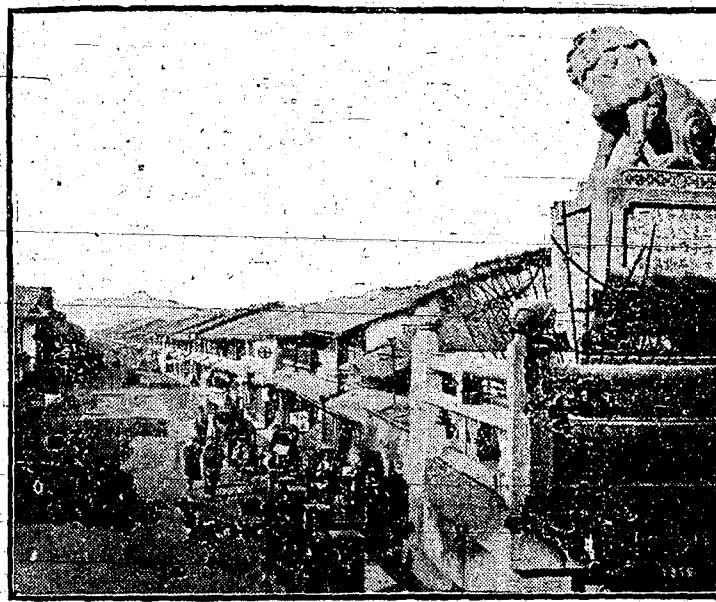
Ancient Stronghold.

you come across a field of several acres almost bare of habitations and after that the frenzy for building may have begun again. The result is that the city is simply a mass of houses all tumbled up in crowds and of open spaces between.

Tricks of Rickshaw Men.

A Chinese street in summer time is one of the most delightfully informal places imaginable. No one seems to have anything in particular to do and they all come into the streets to do it. The men have finished dressing after they have put on a pair of dirty blue trousers, and a pair of shoes. The people who have shops move their contents out into the street for no apparent reason, unless, perchance, to induce the purchaser to buy in self-defense.

All the rickshaws have two men. One pulls and the other pushes. Those who are fulfilling these useful functions for the European hotels are impressed with an overwhelming idea of their own importance. The one who goes ahead is very dexterous in letting go his rickshaw handles with one hand and violently pushing out of the way any unfortunate bystander whose thoughts have moved too slowly to have suggested to him the advisability of standing aside. The coolie who is doing the pushing is equally skillful and invariably catches the man who has been thus jostled out of the way with a resounding smack.



Chinese Street.

on the side of his black and tan countenance. The strangest part of it all is that no one seems to object. The look with which these little pleasant-creatures are received is one more of sorrow than anger and it's a hardy heart indeed who makes a protest.

Giving Coolies a Lesson.

This same attitude of the eastern coolie toward violence is, by the way, one of the strangest things imaginable to a western mind. The other night at the Palace hotel there was a frightful uproar arising from the building next door. Apparently a madman was running amuck among a score or two of rickshaws that had drawn up to the door of the building, and were soliciting patrons for their two-wheeled carriages. The center of the group was a European, and the fiercest tumult prevailed as he began upsetting rickshaws, breaking their shafts, tearing off their lanterns and dashing them on to the ground. In another moment every rickshaw man was tearing madly off with his vehicle to escape the fury of the onslaught, and who should come walking from the scene of the panic, with his arms loaded down with rickshaw cushions, but the proprietor of the hotel.

He calmly wiped his brow and smilingly remarked: "It is nothing. These coolies annoy my guests with their noise and so two or three times an evening I go over there and beat a few of them and break their rickshaws, which, as you see, at once disperses them," and he smiled reminiscently as he thought of the dozens which had been demolished in times past. One could not help wondering at what would happen if hotelkeepers were to deal in this easy way with the American hack drivers.

In the Temple of Buddha.

The first point of interest to which we repaired was the lama temple. After about an hour of being pushed and shoved through the dirty, crowded streets, we came to the ancient fane. Everybody gives the number of the priests differently, but there must be at least 500 of them. The shrine is inclosed within walls and you go through a big gate to get into the first courtyard. After that you keep going through gates and courtyards without number. Before you can get through the dignified Chinese guide raises his benevolent countenance to the skies and emits a plaintive howl. The gate is opened from within by a piratical-looking lama. You have to give him some money. Then he shuts and bars the gate behind you.

You then come to a series of temples where are numerous figures of gods. A lot of beautiful draperies are strewn about and the general effect is one of much richness. This was as far as I got when the priest closed the door of the temple and carefully barred it in our rear. I forgot about the god and his troubles and began to wonder how we were going to get out, which we did by going in behind the altar and coming out the back door.

We repeated this process at every temple, and there are at least six, though there seemed to be many more. Passing through these doors we thought of what Henry Norman said of this place in his book on China and how he nearly lost his life there. The guide was so full of talk about the famous Buddha temple in the last of the series that we pressed on and at last entered a really wonderful room in which there was a most impressive Buddha seventy-five feet high. The building appeared many sizes too small for the figure and the whole effect was as though the house had been built around him before he had a chance to get away.

At this juncture there was a fearful uproar about some incense and everybody talked at once and I thought of the innumerable gates in the rear and wished I were in a safer place. There were some more temples to see; but we had enough, and were let out of the gates one after the other, being held up for money by a yellow-faced priest at each turn. Finally, we got out of the last gates and after seeing a few more shrines and a big tower, that is called the drum tower, we returned to the hotel for dinner.

Another Toy of Science.

A few years ago the scientific sensation was liquid air, as recently it



has been radium. Liquid air was to turn all our wheels, heat our houses in winter, and cool them in summer—liquid air was to destroy our germs, anesthetize all our pain, and usher in a new era. It was soberly argued by men who made claim to scientific knowledge that liquid air could be used to run compressors to make more liquid air, and thus, with a thimbleful at the start, a force could be created strong enough to pry the earth from its orbit. A sad commentary on these high hopes is an item to the effect that judgment of \$73 against the company owning the patent has been returned unsatisfied. Liquid air is as wonderful as it ever was, but wonderfulness is not usefulness. Science also has its toys.

Traction Car Innovation.

After a series of experiments, the Wolseley Motor Car company of Birmingham, England, has decided to use on its suburban lines a small, direct-gear petrol-driven car, which will carry thirty passengers and a ton of baggage. It is likely that the petrol car will be introduced for city traffic, too, as it would obviate suspension of street car traffic by failure of current.

GREAT TOMB OF CONFUCIUS.

Burling Place and Its Approaches
Scenes of Remarkable Interest.

The city of Chufuhsien, the Mecca of the believers of Confucianism, is in the province of Shantung, one of the most populous districts of the orient. Here Confucius was born, and here his sacred bones lie buried. The tomb, which is located in one of the largest cemeteries in the province, three miles out from the city above mentioned, is one of the most imposing in the whole empire.

The grave itself is surmounted by an earth mound twelve feet in height, the whole surrounded by a cluster of gnarled oaks and stately cypress trees. Before the mound is a tablet six feet broad and twenty feet high, upon which are inscribed the names and deeds of the great founder of Confucianism, a religion adhered to by 400,000,000 human beings. The burden of this inscription, according to reliable translation, is "Perfect One," "Absolutely Pure," "Perfect Sage," "First Sage," "Great Philosopher," etc.

The avenue which leads up to the philosopher's tomb is even more interesting than the actual place of burial itself. On each side of the avenue are rows of figures of huge animals cut in stone—lions, tigers, elephants and horses, besides numerous mythical creatures, such as animals half dog and half frog, beasts with four legs and twice as many wings, besides a multitude of unnamable monsters that never lived on earth, in the water or in the air. Taken altogether, the burial place of Confucius is one of the chief spots of interest in the orient.

Story of Terrapin's Memory.

That Br'er Terrapin has memory is proved by a story told by Young D. Hance, who owns the birthplace of Chief Justice Taney, on Battle creek, in Calvert county.

Mr. Hance keeps a small boat under a mulberry tree on the shore of the creek, and on going to the boat early one morning he noticed a dry land terrapin busily engaged in eating a few mulberries which had fallen. Mr. Hance, wishing to assist Br'er Terrapin in getting his breakfast, gathered some mulberries and pitched them to him one at a time. In a very short time the terrapin began to catch the berries in his mouth exactly as they were thrown to him. Every day afterward a slight knock on the side of the boat would bring the terrapin out for his mulberries, and Mr. Hance often took his friends and visitors to see his pet.

On one occasion a fresh young man threw a piece of tobacco to the terrapin instead of a mulberry. Br'er Terrapin retired at once in disgust, and for days afterward refused to come when called. Although Mr. Hance finally induced him to come again for his mulberries, Br'er Terrapin remembered the tobacco and would never approach unless Mr. Hance was alone.—Baltimore Sun.

Devilish Malevolence.

"Ysaye, the violinist," said a musician, "is a huge fellow with some odd characteristics. Usually, for instance, he is shy and quiet, like a little girl, but if ruffled or annoyed he develops a vein of devilish malevolence. "He was playing at my house one night. Among my guests was an elderly woman, ugly enough, it is true, but a passionate lover of music. As Ysaye played this woman drew closer and closer to him. She was interested in his score, and to read it the better she almost laid her head against his. Her cheek and his almost touched. "Ysaye was very angry. Suddenly he stopped playing; he took out his handkerchief and he wiped the woman's nose with it. "Imagine the scene. Everybody started back in surprise. Ysaye, too, started back, apparently surprised beyond measure. "Oh," he said, "I beg your pardon. Your nose was so near my face that I thought it was my own."

Coromantee Proverbs.

To him who runs full honor pay.
Though, he be last.
Though you may fail the catch each day,
Yet may you cast.
If you would trap the agile game,
Go softly, brother.
Look on a child and judge the same;
Don't ask its mother.
Beware when o'er the wine he says,
"I am your friend."
Give what you have and name no days
Sooner than lend.
The Evil One who seems most fair
Knows most wiles.
Wee shall be his who works great good
Expecting smiles.
None but the thing that knows no birth
Knows no strife.
None but the dead below the earth,
May laugh at life.
—Stephen Chalmers in New York Times.

A Fine View.

Two smart young men from London, once came upon a decent-looking shepherd in Argyleshire, and accosted him with: "You have a very fine view here—you can see a great way."
"Yu ay, yu ay, a ferry great way."
"Ah! you can see America here, I suppose?"
"Farrar than that."
"How is that?"
"Yu jist wait tute the mists-gang away and you'll see the mune."

Seventy-Six Years in One House.

James Hoffman of Washington township, Marion county, Indiana, was born seventy-six years ago in the house where he has lived ever since. That is to say, the log hut in which he first saw the light is now a part of the residence he occupies.—Chicago Chronicle.

QUICK RESULTS.



W. J. Hill, of Concord, N. C., Justice of the Peace, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills proved a very efficient remedy in my case. I used them for disordered kidneys and backache, from which I had experienced a great deal of trouble and kidney secretions were very irregular, dark colored and full of sediment. The pills cleared it all up and I have not had an ache in my back since taking the last dose. My health generally is improved a great deal."
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents per box.

SOME TRICKS OF LIGHTNING.

Bolts, It Would Seem, Were Sent to Do Their Work.

A man in Mississippi was cutting a chew of tobacco when a bolt of lightning struck his hands. They were so badly burned that they had to be amputated. Two quartermen were preparing a fuse in a Georgia marble quarry when lightning struck the charge and they were blown to fragments. The mate of an Atlantic coasting schooner was drunkenly inviting a sailor aloft engaged in shortening sail to come down and be cut to pieces, when a bolt of lightning struck the mate dead. A boy seated in a small boat that was attached to and trailing from a sailing yacht off the South Carolina coast was killed by a bolt of lightning, while the yacht was not damaged. An unbelieving farmer in Indiana was engaged in a controversy with an itinerant minister when he was struck dead by lightning while making a blasphemous remark.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. A man seldom gains anything by exchanging bachelor quarters for better ones. Purposes, like eggs, unless they be hatched into action, will run into decay.

Important to Mothers.

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

Bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland*
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Many a man who isn't quite sure of the Bible, has unlimited faith in an almanac.

A woman's idea of a personal devil is a neighboring woman who talks about her.



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

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Ignorance and neglect are the cause of untold female suffering, not only with the laws of health but with the chance of a cure. I did not heed the warnings of headaches, organic pains, and general weariness, until I was well nigh prostrated. I knew I had to do something. Happily I did the right thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound faithfully, according to directions, and was rewarded in a few weeks to find that my aches and pains disappeared, and I again felt the glow of health through my body. Since I have been well I have been more careful, I have also advised a number of my sick friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and they have never had reason to be sorry. Yours very truly, MRS. MAY FAIRBANKS, 216 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn." (Mrs. Fairbanks is one of the most successful and highest-salaried traveling saleswomen in the West.)—\$5000 Award. (Original of above letter printed by permission cannot be reproduced.) Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

MEXICAN Mustang Liment cures Sprains and Strains.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

LAFFITE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER V.

It was the afternoon of the fourth day when Jean, fearing lest Laro might come to seek him, and thinking that perhaps Grelouire also would be coming, decided to go to Le Chien Heureux, Pierre having already gone out to see some of his military friends. The air was crisp, and Jean, walking rapidly, was turning the corner of the street leading down to the inn, when he saw Laro approaching. "Ha, runaway!" the latter called out, a smile lighting his dark face. "I was just coming to see you. I put to sea this night."

Jean started and stared. "Aye, this very night with the 'Aigle' set sail for Louisiana," continued Laro. "Would you not like to go with me—you and Pierre? I will take you, if you but say the word."

Jean's cheeks were filled with sudden color, and his eyes sparkled with excitement. But this all passed away as he said sighingly, "Aye, I would like to go; but—"

"Then it is but for you to come," urged the tempter.

Jean paid no heed to this, but inquired, "Why are you going in such haste?"

"Well," replied Laro, lowering his tone. "There is in the city a certain wealthy royalist who has fled from Paris with his daughter Roselle, a most beautiful demoiselle of eighteen. He and a few others have made it worth my while to carry them to Louisiana, where they will seek new homes."

"Come, lad," he added coaxingly, "make a run of it, and come with me over seas. Come with me, I say, and you'll reap more gold in shorter time than did ever an aristocrat of France."

"Not on this trip, Laro," replied Jean, calmly, but with unmistakable firmness. "You have said you would

slip from your memory, I will give you this ring of mine," and she drew one from her finger. "I wish you to wear it, and to think it says always, 'Roselle de Cazeneuve gave me to you; and she will always pray for you—that you may be a gallant gentleman, loyal to what is true and right.' Will you have the ring say this to you?"

Her words touched deeply the boy's chivalric, impulsive nature; and bending over the hand that proffered the ring, he pressed his lips to the jeweled fingers.

"Thank you," he said, as, now with a smile, she slipped the little circlet upon the fourth finger of his left hand; and the touch of her own warm and gentle, sent a thrill of delight through his young veins.

"I shall never forget you," he declared, looking up into her face; "and no matter what or where I may be, you and yours will always have my love and service."

"It is now my turn to thank you," she said; "for—and a far-seeing look chased the smile from her eyes—"who shall say but that I or mine may call upon you to make good your promise?"

Before he could reply, they were interrupted by the entrance of Laro, with Thiel close behind him; and following the two was Pierre, who with open eyes and mouth stared at him wondering.

Laro gave his orders hastily, but clearly, after which he turned to Pierre, who stood near him.

"Good night, my boy; I am sorry you are not to go with me, for I would like greatly to have your stout heart and strong arm aboard the 'Aigle.' You will come with me next time?" laying his hand on the boy's shoulder.

Jean remained silent, standing with lowered eyes, while the bell jangled a second time.

"I'll be in this port again within two years," added Laro, "and then I am sure you will be ready to come with me. Until then, dear lad, good night." And he moved away, motioning for the others to follow.

"Good night, Jean, and adieu," said Roselle, as she was about to pass him. "Do not forget me, nor what I have said to you."

She was gone, leaving the boy standing mute, sensible of the odor of violets, and regretting ruefully his inability to have acknowledged her gracious farewell. But the sound of Thiel's voice soon aroused him from his self-reproachings.

"Come," the landlord said sharply—"come with me."

The hooks of a rope ladder were soon fastened into two iron rings bolted to the rock. A coil of rope was then put through the opening, and lowered carefully, until Laro, who kept a hand upon it, felt it grow taut with a pull from below.

"Good night again, boy; my heart is sorry to leave thee behind," he said to Jean, who was close to him. "Good by, again, and good luck!"

He had, while speaking, stepped through the opening, and as the fare well came from his lips—disappeared down the ladder.

Ropes were fastened under the arms of the young girl and of her maid. One of the count's friends followed Laro; then the maid after him; next the count himself, and then his daughter, the two remaining gentlemen going last of all.

There was no sign of fighting when Jean and Pierre left Le Chien Heureux that night; and the sigh of the rising wind was all that broke the silence.

"Next time I will surely go," Jean said to himself, as he and Pierre, after putting out the light which Margot had left for them, took off their shoes and crept softly upstairs to their respective bedrooms. "Laro said he would return within two years; and in two years I shall be larger, and she will not call me a boy. I will go and I will find her."

(To be continued.)



be coming and going; so some day I will turn my back upon France and go with you."

"Well, well; be it so, then," said Laro, although with evident reluctance. "But you'll not speak to any one of our sailing to-night?"

"Nay—not I. Why should I?" asked Jean, as he opened the door. "I'll see you again before sailing-time."

Jean walked slowly along the streets, seeing nothing for a time. He was going toward home, and had almost reached the narrow street upon which stood Margot's cottage, when he saw approaching that which sent his dreams flying, and with them all thoughts of Laro and Louisiana.

It was Grelouire, who appeared to have seen him at the same moment; for he paused, as if waiting for the boy to come near.

"Tell me—have you seen him? What said he?" Jean demanded, before they had gone half a dozen steps.

"Never mind whether or not I have seen him," replied Grelouire, rather slowly. "Let it suffice that he knows of my having met with you, and of your anxiety to see him. But he bids you, with his love, to stop at home for the present. Wait quietly here, as he asks of you, and you will be sure to see him in a short time."

"See him—here!" exclaimed the boy. "How can that be?"

"I cannot tell you that; only wait, and you shall see. He was not pleased that I ever thought to encourage your leaving the city; and so you must promise not to attempt it."

A rebellious light shone for a moment in the dark eyes turned to meet the soldier's stern look. Then it was gone, and Jean answered with a deep sigh, "Yes; I will do as he wishes."

It lacked but a few minutes of eight o'clock, and the neighborhood of Le Chien Heureux was unwontedly quiet. Inside, however, there was the usual gathering of soldiers and citizens.

Laro was not in the room with the other customers; and Jean, upon inquiring for him, was told in a low tone by Thiel that the captain was in his own apartment.

He then invited Jean to follow him, and, after bidding Pierre wait where he was, and to open the door to no one, he led the way to the passage.

command, "Come over here, pretty-boy, and talk to me. I was feeling lonesome in this dreadful place, and if the sight of you is so pleasant, what may not your words do to cheer me?" And she smiled again.

He knew her to be the count's daughter, of whom Laro had spoken; and he felt a still more poignant regret that he was not to sail in the "Aigle" that night.

"Have you been long in Toulon?" Jean inquired, somewhat at a loss what to say, and yet longing to manifest his sympathy for so lovely a being.

"Since last summer," she answered, and bent toward him as from a sudden impulse while she said, "Did you ever meet people who were strangers to you, and yet who from the moment you looked into their faces seemed otherwise?"

She laid a hand upon his shoulder, and a puzzled expression showed in his face as he looked into her earnest eyes. But this gave way to a half-mischiefous but wholly winning smile as he replied, with a gallantry hardly to have been expected in a lad of his age, "Never—until this moment."

She laughed, and drew her hand away, the wild-rose color deepening in her cheeks.

The smile was gone as she said, speaking in so low a tone that he scarcely caught her words, "Is he related to you—this Laro?"

"Oh, no, ma'm'selle," he whispered; "I have known him only a few weeks."

"And do you like him?"

She—perhaps unconsciously—raised her voice a little; and the gravity of its tone, coupled with that which showed in her face, caused Jean to stare at her with surprise.

She leaned forward until her face was close to his own.

"Jean Laffite," she said slowly and distinctly, "I never had a brother; but if I could have one, I would wish him to be like you. I should not like it that you grew to be a man such as I feel this Laro must be."

Again Jean was slow in thinking what to say; and all he did was to look into her lovely face—into the lustrous eyes fixed so intently upon him.

"You may forget me, Jean," she resumed, as he did not speak; but I shall hope not. Yet, for fear I may

CAUGHT IN WRONG BLUFF.

Good Idea, but Unfortunately the Cradle Was Empty.

A clock in a nearby tower had just tolled off the hour of 4 as he arose unsteadily from the card table, where he had sat for three hours, stretched his weary limbs, bade his comrades good night and started in the direction of his home.

After a half-hour's walk in which all the lamp posts and telegraph poles insisted on getting in his way, he arrived at his home, took out his bunch of keys, at last found the elusive key-hole and softly opening the door and discarding his shoes at the foot of the stairs, climbed heavenward on all fours. With catlike footsteps he crept across the threshold of his bedroom and proceeded to undress. He heard his wife move restlessly, which made him hurry, and in doing so he up set a chair. Stepping quickly over to the cradle in the corner, he commenced to rock it violently.

"Is that you, John?" came his wife's voice from the bed.

"Yes, dear," he replied.

"Well, what in the world are you doing?" she asked.

"Why, I'm rocking this blamed kid to sleep."

"How long have you been there?"

"Since 11:30."

"Well, John, I think you had better get right into bed, as I have the child in here beside me; and, moreover, I've had him here ever since 11 o'clock last night."—Philadelphia Press.

UNCLE SAM—"A Remedy That Has Such Endorsements Should Be In Every Home."

California as a Horse-Raising State.

I have not the least hesitation in claiming that were the whole world searched there might be found sections which closely approached California, as a horse-raising country, but none that surpasses it, inasmuch as there are parts of this state which are perfect in every particular, nothing, in fact, being lacking for the production of the very highest type of horses.—Joseph Catrén Simpson in Sunset Magazine for November.



Election Returns That Interest All Parties.

IF YOU VALUE good living and good health try Mapi-Flake

WET WEATHER COMFORT

"I have used your FISH BRAND Slicker for five years and can truthfully say that I never had anything give me so much comfort and satisfaction. Enclosed find my order for another one." (NAME AND ADDRESS ON APPLICATION)

You can defy the hardest storm with Tower's Waterproof Oiled Clothing and Hats

OUR GUARANTEE IS BACK OF THIS SIGN OF THE FISH

A. J. TOWER CO. TOWER'S FISH BRAND

TOWER CANADIAN CO. Limited TORONTO, CANADA

Best in the World.

Cream, Ark., Nov. 7.—(Special).—After eighteen months' suffering from Epilepsy, Backache and Kidney Complaint, Mr. W. H. Smith of this place is a well man again and those who have watched his return to health unhesitatingly give all the credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills. In an interview regarding his cure, Mr. Smith says: "I had been low for eighteen months with my back and kidneys and also Epilepsy. I had taken everything I knew of, and nothing seemed to do me any good till a friend of mine got me to send for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I find that they are the greatest medicine in the world, for now I am able to work and am in fact as stout and strong as before I took sick."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. Cured Kidneys cleanse the blood of all impurities. Pure blood means good health.

Tennyson in Bitter Mood.

Aubrey de Vere has written some interesting lines concerning a period in Tennyson's life of which the public knows but little. He says concerning an unexpected morning call: "On my way in paid a visit to Tennyson, who seemed much out of spirits and said he could no longer bear to be knocked about the world and that he must marry and find love and peace or die. He was very angry about a very favorable review of him. Said that he could not stand the chattering and conceit of clever men or the worry of society or the meanness of tuft-hunters or the trouble of poverty or the labor of a place or the preying of the heart on itself. Said that no one had been so much harassed by anxiety and trouble as himself. I told him he wanted occupation, a wife, and orthodox principles, which he took well."

What One Kicker Can Do.

One coyote will hang around a camp at night and create the impression that a pack of at least twenty big wolves are looking for a chance to eat the campers. But investigation will reveal that the single coyote is lean and hungry and cowardly, and that he does not weigh over fifteen pounds. Likewise one kicker in a town will create the impression that there is much indignation against every respectable citizen and measure.—Atchison, Kan. Globe.

Red Gum Wood Much Used.

Because it warps and stains in seasoning red gum was long neglected, but now 60 per cent of the barrels and boxes made in the south are made of red gum. The wood is also shipped to Europe, where it is made into furniture, and it is also used there in paving blocks. When steamed it is easily bent, and it thus becomes available for carriage rims and carriage wood stock.

Had Learned Something.

An officer in the British army laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterwards he took off his shoes in the hall when he came in late at night.

Blanke Coffee Wins Everything.

St. Louis, Nov. 8.—World's Fair gives C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co. highest award, grand prize and gold medal on coffee, also five additional highest awards on Grant Cabin Tea, Quaker Ceylon Tea, China Tea, Shidzuokan Japan and Formosan Teas, making greatest number grand prizes ever awarded one firm.

Matrimonial matches are often lighted on money boxes.

PILLSBURY'S BEST

Takes Three Grand Prizes At the St. Louis World's Fair. The Grand Prize for the highest grade of flour, a Grand Prize for the finest exhibit and a Grand Prize for the best loaf of bread.

Does it pay to regain your cheerful personality?

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALMSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

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

OKLAHOMA OPPORTUNITIES

The completion by the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad over 350 miles of railroad in Oklahoma opened a rich agricultural country of excellent possibilities, besides giving direct connections between St. Louis, Kansas City and Oklahoma City, Shawnee, Guthrie, El Reno, Enid and other Oklahoma points. Along the route are located new and growing towns, Cleveland, Jennings, Cushing, Agate, Palls, Luther and Maud, situated right in the heart of a rich farming section, offering the best of opportunities for safe and profitable investments. The field is new and the prices of farm land are low.

The opportunity is "NOW."

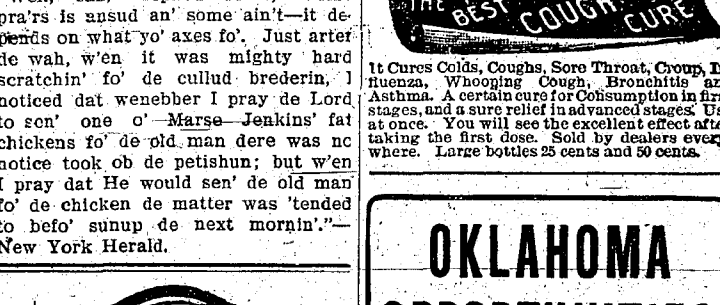
In fourteen years the wealth of Oklahoma has steadily increased until at present it is approximately four hundred million dollars. Oklahoma has a population of six hundred and fifty thousand, some three hundred banks, with twenty-five million dollars on deposit.

The new fields in eastern Oklahoma are in the best fruit section of the country and produce the very best of fruit in abundance. At the World's Fair, the Winesaps and Jonathans from Eastern Oklahoma received awards in competition with the best fruit sections of the world. The rainfall in this field is about forty inches and well distributed. The weather is mild and the work can be carried on the year round.

Few lines of business are adequately represented. There are openings of all sorts for mill and manufacturing plants, for small stores of all kinds, for banks, newspapers and lumber yards. Mechanics and professional men, both here in demand. Would you like to hear of an opening? THEN TELL US WHAT YOU WANT, how much you have to invest and we will gladly furnish the information.

Write at once for a copy of "Business Chances," or "The Counting Country." Free for the asking. Address

Missouri, Kansas & Texas R'y P. O. Box 911 ST. LOUIS, MO.



Mrs. Mary E. Meserve, of Salisbury, Mass., was cured of Anæmia, a disease in which there is an actual deficiency of the blood, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

She says: "The first symptom was an unusual paleness. Later the blood seemed to have all left my body. I had shortness of breath and fluttering of the heart; was depressed, morose and peevish. I suffered for two years. Physicians did me little good but I am now a well woman because I took twelve boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills really make new blood and have cured obstinate cases of rheumatism, scrofula and erysipelas. They are especially useful to growing girls.

Sold by all Druggists.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster color than any other dye. One 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton equally well and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer or we will send post paid at 10c a package. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri

When answering ads. please mention this paper

BLACK-DRAUGHT STOCK & POULTRY MEDICINE

This great stock medicine is a money saver for stock raisers. It is a medicine, not a cheap food or condition powder. Though put up in coarser form than Theodor's Black-Draught, renowned for the cure of the digestion troubles of persons, it has the same qualities of invigorating digestion, stirring up the torpid liver and loosening the constipated bowels for all stock and poultry. It is carefully prepared and its action is so healthful that stock grow and thrive with an occasional dose in their food. It cures hog cholera and makes hogs grow fat. It cures chicken cholera and roup and makes hens lay. It cures constipation, distemper and colds in horses, murrain in cattle, and makes a draught animal do more work for the food consumed. It gives animals and fowls of all kinds new life. Every farmer and raiser should certainly give it a trial.

It costs 25c. a can and saves ten times its price in profit.

Princeton, Kas., March 25, 1904.
I have been using your Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine on my stock for some time. I have used all kinds of stock food but I have found that yours is the best for my purpose.
J. S. HASSON.

East Jordan & Southern R. R.
TIME TABLE
(In effect Sept. 25, 1904)

LEAVE EAST JORDAN at 8:20 a. m. and 1:15 p. m.; Arriving at Bellaire at 9:40 a. m., and 2:15 p. m.

LEAVE BELLAIRE at 10:20 a. m., and 4:00 p. m.; Arriving at East Jordan at 11:20 a. m., and 5:00 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.
In Effect Sept. 25, 1904.

Trains Depart from Petoskey:
Going South—9:25 a. m., daily; 2:50 p. m., except Sunday; 11:20 p. m., except Saturday.
Going North—2:55 p. m., daily; 9:35 p. m., except Sunday; 6:03 a. m., except Monday.

Trains Depart from Alba:
Going South—10:44 a. m. daily; 4:09 p. m., except Sunday; 12:38 a. m., except Sunday.
Going North—1:38 p. m., daily; 8:18 p. m., except Monday; 4:48 a. m., except Sunday.

M. F. Quaintance, C. L. Logwood, Art. Petoskey, Mich., G. R.-T. A.

PERE MARQUETTE
In effect Sept. 25, 1904.
Trains leave Bellaire as follows:
For Traverse City, 10:15 a. m. 3:57 p. m.
For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West 10:15 a. m. and 3:57 p. m.
For Saginaw and Detroit—10:15 a. m. 3:57 p. m.
For Charlevoix and Petoskey—2:28 p. m., and 7:23 p. m.

H. F. MOELLER, General Passenger Agent.
F. N. STEWART, Agent, Bellaire.

Detroit & Charlevoix R. R.
Time Schedule in effect Sunday, Sept. 25, 1904.

Going East	Stations	Going West
A. M.	Leave	Arrive
9 00	South Arm	7 15
9 20	Wards	6 45
9 25	Jordan River	6 40
9 30	Graves' Camp	6 35
9 40	Green River	6 20
10 30	Alba	6 00
11 40	Daward	5 05
12 15	Frederic	4 30

CLARK HAIRE, General Manager.

BANNER SALVE
is the most healing salve in the world. It cures Sores, Cuts, Burns and all Skin Diseases. It positively Cures Piles

S. Kingsbaker, 30 East Ohio Street, Chicago, writes: "I had a bad case of Piles for several years. BANNER SALVE cured me quickly and permanently after several doctors and remedies had failed to relieve me."

GUARANTEED. Price 25 Cents

HERALD NOTES.
For eruptions, sores, pimples, kidney and liver troubles, constipation, indigestion, use Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Tea or tablet form. 35 cents. At F. C. Warne's.

California Prune wafers, nature's cure for all bowel troubles. Act promptly without pain or inconvenience. 100 for 25 cents. Ask your Druggist. For sale at Warne's Pharmacy.

CARPET LINING. Best corrugated carpet felt, cedar pulp, vermin proof 75 cts for roll of 50 yards.

AT WHITTINGTON'S.
Building Lot For Sale.—The lot located on north side of Main-st between the Steffes Cigar Factory and Landrum's Furniture Store, is for sale at a most reasonable figure. It has 44 ft. front and a quantity of building stone on the ground. For further particulars inquire at the Herald office.

As a remedy for poor appetite, indigestion, weak stomach and constipation, California Prune wafers are unequalled. 100 for 25 cents. Ask your Druggist. For sale at Warne's Pharmacy.

Maddaugh has just received the finest line of Fall and Winter Samples ever displayed in this city. Call early and inspect them.

Threatful grinding, stabbing pain in the back is from the kidneys. A dose of Pineules will cure it over night. Pineules is a new discovery put up in a new way. A delightful remedy and specific for all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

World's Fair excursion tickets are on sale daily to St. Louis via G. R. & I., with choice of routes. Rates from Petoskey are \$19.75 good 15 days, \$23.70 good 60 days, and \$28.40 good until Dec. 15th.

Bee's Honey and Tar is different from all other remedies offered for the relief of cough, lung and bronchial troubles. It contains Antiseptic properties that destroy the germs, and solvent properties that cut the phlegm, allowing it to be thrown off, moves the bowels gently. Cures Whooping Cough and Colds in one night. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

A new theory that is proving successful in the cure of Coughs, Lung and Bronchial affections is offered in Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar. This remedy cuts the mucus, heals the membranous lining of the throat, lungs and bronchial tubes; wards off Pneumonia and strengthens the system generally. Croup and Whooping Cough disappear before its use as snow before the sunshine of spring. It's pleasant. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

WANTED—Quickly. few persons to represent long established wholesale house among retail merchants and agents. Local territory of few counties. \$18 salary and expenses paid weekly. Expense money advanced. Commission extra. Permanent engagement. Business successful. Previous experience not essential. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Address, SUPERINTENDENT TRAVELERS, 326 Dearborn St., Chicago. 3-12

FAVORED BY BOTH PARTIES.
Republicans and Democrats alike praise Foley's Honey and Tar for colds, coughs and all throat and lung diseases, as no other remedy can compare with it. It is safe and sure. F. T. Slater, merchant, 171 Main St., Gloucester, Mass., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar cured me of a very bad cough which I had for three months though other remedies failed to benefit me. I can highly recommend it for coughs and colds." For sale by L. C. Madison.

WANTED—Bright Business Woman (home work) to distribute sample magazines and to compile an official census of magazines, subscribed for. Steady employment. Salary at start \$15.00 per week. Experience unnecessary, but good references required. Address, SPRAGUE WHOLESALE CO., MAGAZINE DEPT., 270 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Take one California Prune Wafer after each meal and you will never know dyspepsia, or constipation. 100 for 25 cents. Ask your Druggist. For sale at Warne's Pharmacy.

It is surprising how quick California Prune Wafers act. They wake up the sluggish liver. No grip, no pain, 100 for 25 cents. Ask your Druggist. For sale at Warne's Pharmacy.

A perfect, Anti-Bilious and Anti-Malarial protection and cure for old and young. California Prune Wafers. 100 for 25 cents. Ask your Druggist. For sale at Warne's Pharmacy.

JOHN KENNY,
—GENERAL—
—DRAYMAN—
Moves household goods, baggage and Mac cases of all descriptions.
Stove wood and lumber delivered.
EAST JORDAN. MICH.

For a Good Home Meal
Go To
Chew's Restaurant
Meals Served at Seasonable Hours
Always Welcome.
MRS. J. E. CHEW, Manager.
State St., East Jordan.
Candy, Cigars, Etc.

Frank Phillips
Tonsorial Artist.
When in need of anything in my line call in and see me
LaLonde Building. East Jordan

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea
A Pure Tea...
GOLDEN HUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

The Youth's Companion as a Gift
What other Christmas present can you choose that will give so much pleasure for so little money as a year's subscription for THE YOUTH'S COMPANION? The Holiday Numbers and the Calendar, joyously welcomed on Christmas morning, making a good gift in themselves, are but the foretaste of a whole year's feast to come. The mind is entertained with the numbers in hand, and the imagination revels in the pleasure that each new week will bring until Christmas comes again.

If you desire to make a Christmas present of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, send the publishers the name and address of the person to whom you wish to give THE COMPANION, with \$1.75, the annual subscription price, stating that it is to be a gift. The publishers will send to the address named, in a parcel to be opened Christmas morning all the remaining issues for 1904, published after the subscription is received, including the Double Holiday Numbers, THE COMPANION'S "Carnations" Calendar for 1905, lithographed in twelve colors and gold, and subscription certificate for the fifty-two issues of 1905.

Full Illustrated Announcement, fully describing the principal features of THE COMPANION'S new volume for 1905 will be sent to any address free.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
144 Berkeley Street, BOSTON, MASS.

LADIES WANTED
A BRIGHT ENERGETIC WOMAN—woman's work. Permanent position. Old established business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$12 to \$18 weekly, with expenses, paid each Monday direct from headquarters. Expenses advanced. We furnish everything. Address, Secretary, 620 Monon Block, Chicago, Ill.

Pineules acts like a poultice. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

The oxygenized strength of the healing pines, combined with other well known kidney and bladder remedies, is presented in Pineules. This new discovery gives immediate relief and permanently cures all kidney and bladder troubles. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

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

MORTGAGE SALE.
Date of first publication Sept. 3, 1904.
Default having been made in the conditions of a mortgage made by Christopher Vandevanter and Emma Vandevanter, wife, to L. C. Allen, dated December 23, A. D. 1902, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, for the County of Charlevoix, and the State of Michigan, on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1902, in Liber 33 of mortgages, on page 44, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the time of this notice the sum of \$20.75 (Twenty Dollars and 75/100 Dollars) Three Hundred and Thirty Six (336) Dollars and Seventy-five cents and an Attorney's fee of \$20.00 (Twenty Dollars), provided for in the mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Now therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in such mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on the 28th day of November, A. D. 1904, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, I shall sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the East front door of the Court House in the Village of Charlevoix, in said County (that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix is holden) the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage, with seven per cent. interest and all legal costs together with an Attorney's fee of Twenty Dollars, as aforesaid, and the said premises being described in said mortgage as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the North West Corner of the South West corner (S. W. C.) of Section Thirty Six (36) in Township Thirty Two (32) North of Range Seven (R. 7) West, in South Arm Township, Charlevoix County, Michigan, thence South along the section line, forty (40) Rods thence East to the Elmira State Road, in said township of South Arm, thence North West along said State Road, to the East and West quarter line of said Section Thirty Six, thence West along said quarter line to the place of beginning; said described piece of land containing ten Acres of land more or less;

Also that part of the North East quarter (N. E. 1/4) of Section Fifty Five (55) in Township Thirty Two (32) North of Range Seven (R. 7) West, in said township of South Arm, lying and being East of what is known as the Jordan River in said Township of South Arm and in said Section Thirty Five (35) excepting the Rail Road right of way of the East Jordan & Southern Rail Road, as surveyed and established and now occupied by said Rail Road Company.

Dated, this 23rd day of September, A. D. 1904.
L. C. ALLEN, Mortgagee.
A. B. NICHOLAS, Attorney for Mortgagee.

Moses Lemieux
Practical Horseshoeing and General Blacksmith
All kinds of wood repair work done promptly.
East Shop East end of State-st.

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.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
On account of the great merit and popularity of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR for Coughs, Colds, and Lung Trouble, several manufacturers are advertising imitations with similar sounding names with the view of profiting by the favorably known reputation of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR.

DO NOT BE IMPOSED UPON
We originated HONEY AND TAR as a Throat and Lung Remedy and unless you get FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR you do not get the original and genuine. Remember the name and insist upon having FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR. Do not risk your life or health by taking imitations, which cost you the same as the genuine. FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR is put up in three sizes—25c, 50c and \$1.00.

Prepared only by FOLEY & CO., 92-94-96 Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois.
SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

WANTED
SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE in this county and adjoining territories to represent and advertise an old established business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$21 weekly with expenses, paid each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Expenses advanced; position permanent. We furnish everything. Address, The Columbia, 630 Monon Building, Chicago, Ill.

Ring's Dyspepsia Tablets cure indigestion, dyspepsia and strengthen the stomach. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

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

A safe, agreeable and mild remedy for constipation, biliousness and indigestion. California Prune Wafers. 100 for 25 cents. Ask your Druggist. For sale at Warne's Pharmacy.

"Throw Physic to the Dogs." California Prune Wafers are nature's own remedy for constipation and biliousness. 100 for 25 cents. Ask your Druggist. For sale at Warne's Pharmacy.

WANTED—Bright Business Woman (home work) to distribute sample magazines and to compile an official census of magazines, subscribed for. Steady employment. Salary at start \$15.00 per week. Experience unnecessary, but good references required. Address, SPRAGUE WHOLESALE CO., MAGAZINE DEPT., 270 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

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FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals lungs

Moses Lemieux
Practical Horseshoeing and General Blacksmith
All kinds of wood repair work done promptly.
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Prepared only by FOLEY & CO., 92-94-96 Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois.
SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

JEWEL

STOVES and RANGES

Do more than save money every day they are used. They also lighten the housewife's labors and keep the home cheerful.

IT'S THE WOMAN WHO SUFFERS
most because of a poor stove, with its work making and worry producing defects. The man suffers only in purse, but the woman's health and happiness are ruined. Love thrives in comfort.

For the thinking man and woman there are many reasons why you should insist upon having a fuel-saving

JEWEL STOVE

Please call and see them, and consult

STROEBEL BROS., East Jordan.

We wish To Call Your Attention to Our

Special Brand of
Anona Jea, 50c.

NOTICE—Fresh Oysters and Fish Every Week at

Sherman & Son's

HAVE YOU TRIED
Shelters' Baked Goods?
They're superior to anything put out in East Jordan. Try and be convinced.
A full line of GROCERIES always kept in Stock.
LUNCHES served at all hours.
E. E. SHELTERS, PROP'R JORDAN BAKERY AND GROCERY
67 C. A. Braund sells our baked goods at South Arm.

REVIVO
RESTORES VITALITY
Made a Weil Man of Me.

THE GREAT FRANCE REMEDY
produces the above results in 30 days. It acts promptly and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It cures and cures forever Nervousness, Loss of Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which undo us for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the life of youth. It cures of Debility and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or return the money. Book and advice free. Address: **ROYAL MEDICINE CO.,** Trayner Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

BEE'S LAXATIVE HONEY AND TAR
An improvement over all Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies. Cures Coughs, Strengthens the Lungs and Gently Moves the Bowels. Pleasant to the taste and good alike for Young and Old.
PREPARED BY **Pineule Medicine Co., Chicago, U. S. A.**
Sold by F. C. WARNE.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
On account of the great merit and popularity of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR for Coughs, Colds, and Lung Trouble, several manufacturers are advertising imitations with similar sounding names with the view of profiting by the favorably known reputation of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR.

DO NOT BE IMPOSED UPON
We originated HONEY AND TAR as a Throat and Lung Remedy and unless you get FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR you do not get the original and genuine. Remember the name and insist upon having FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR. Do not risk your life or health by taking imitations, which cost you the same as the genuine. FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR is put up in three sizes—25c, 50c and \$1.00.

Prepared only by FOLEY & CO., 92-94-96 Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois.
SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY