

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 8

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1904.

No. 18

One on the Farmer.

One day during the past week there was a happening that will cause at least one man to stop and investigate before ordering goods from Chicago mail order houses in the future.

A farmer drove up to a store and made a few small purchases, which were delivered to his wagon by the proprietor of the store himself. There in the wagon were several cans of paint bearing the same brand as some carried by the storekeeper, and he was naturally surprised.

He asked the man where he bought the paint and was informed that he sent to Chicago for it. Then he was told the price of the same brand of paint in the store of the local dealer and was astonished to learn that he had paid 30 cents per gallon more in Chicago, besides the freight, than he could have gotten it for at home.

He could hardly be convinced at first, but the merchant had him right and showed the same paint in his store, together with the price marked plainly, so Mr. Farmer could no longer doubt the statement and he looked cheap as he drove away to his home, and no doubt he has resolved never to be so foolish again.

This is probably the case with other lines of goods. The mail order houses hold out all kinds of inducements in the way of price; at the same time making the public believe that they are getting the best quality every time, when in reality it is more often an inferior grade, which more than makes up for the seemingly low price. By comparing prices and goods you will find that it is to your interest to make your purchases of the men who help to build up your city and county by paying heavy taxes for the public improvements we all enjoy.—Petoskey Democrat.

Young Man Assaulted.

While a couple of ladies were going by the park at an early hour Monday evening they discovered the form of a man lying near the walk, and supposing him dead, summoned help to remove him to his home. The prostrated form proved to be a young man by the name of McManus, who boards with Mr. Simmons on North street. It seems that he was going to his supper and when he arrived at the darkest spot near the park someone at present unknown, hit him a stunning blow over the head, knocking him senseless, and left him to his fate. Dr. Boice attended to his injuries. The officers have a very well defined idea as to the identity of the assaulter, but lack sufficient evidence to cause his arrest. The motive is thought to be revenge. The young man is able to be about town once more, and is seemingly suffering no ill effects from his unusual experience.—Boyer Citizen.

WHO SHOULD PAY

Question of Local Quarantine Expenses Now Being Discussed.

Dr. J. R. Kay, health officer in Charlevoix county, in a letter on this subject to the secretary of the State Board of Health, says:

"In the matter of compelling the expense to be paid by the parties sick or the father of the family who is sick seems right on first thought, but further investigation changes my view considerably. Let me give you a case: A mill owner with a large family has several cases of mild smallpox in his family, several children and two or three adults. He is quarantined according to law. His mill shuts down indefinitely. His men and teams and machinery are all idle. When it has all passed that man has lost several hundred dollars. But the law says he must pay all expenses if he is able. But what for? What benefit has he had? Not one iota of benefit, but absolute loss. Then where has the benefit accrued? To the public, of course. The benefit has been to the public solely and only. The quarantine has conferred no benefit on that man but instead a serious loss. Then let the public pay the expense because the public has received the benefit, and the burden on each taxpayer would be small. Let it be so stated in the law and those expenses ordered paid without quibble or objection."

The health and fragrance and strength of the great pine forests are condensed in Pineules—a new discovery put up in a new way. A cure for all Kidney, Blood and Bladder diseases. Backache, Lumbago and every form of Rheumatism. Pineules rid the system of impurities. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

Christmas Proverbs.

The kissed girl does not fear the mistletoe.

Eat, drink and be merry, for at New Year the bills come in.

A girl under the mistletoe is worth two in the conservatory.

Too many cooks drink the brandy that should have gone into the mince pie.

One-half the world doesn't know how the other half manages to make so many expensive Christmas presents.

—Smart Set

Pointed Paragraphs.

A hand organ is one kind of wind mill.

A woman always wants some one to help her keep a secret.

If time were money all tramps would have the price of a meal.

Fortune's cuffs may be reversible, but the kicks are not.

Too many men waste time arguing about the religion they haven't got.

A spinster's ideal man is one who can say the right word at the right time.

Some men who pose as chrysanthemums are nothing but cheap cabbage heads.

He who says he never made a mistake in his life is probably mistaken.

A woman can't make a monkey of every man she meets; sometimes she's too late.

When the Lord created woman he didn't use a magazine fashion plate for a pattern.

Unfortunately the men who claim that the world owes them a living are not preferred creditors.

Shortly after ringing a bell the young man is apt to discover that she has a tongue of her own.

Even the meek and lowly woman gets strenuous when she sees a chance to strike a bargain.

What this country needs is a few more people who are willing to practice after they get through preaching.

A schemer is a man who points out the silver of a cloud and then proceeds to borrow your umbrella.

A blushing and pretty Swedish girl just arrived from the old country attended evening service at a Duluth church. The minister, seeing she was a stranger, shook hands with her at the close of the meeting and said he would find pleasure in calling upon her soon. Whereupon the girl hung her head and bashfully murmured, "Thank you, but ay have a fella'."

The rose that smells the sweetest is the first of all to fade. The boy who runs the fastest is the one to scoldest late.

The brightest of the evenings has the gloomiest of dawns. The men who buy the biggest yards must cut the biggest lawns. The soup that looks the clearest is the first to show the flies. The fellow who would sell the goods must pay to advertise. The hen that lays the largest eggs is the first of all to set. The things we always hanker for are the last of all we get.—Sawbald Review.

"Third Notice." Every editor has experienced them. The postmaster sends them to the editor. The postmaster is not to blame. For instance there is a man by the name of—well, say Tim Shortbruff—who sent us three notices to stop his paper. He did not want it any longer. We wondered what was the matter. Upon investigating our subscription book we found Tim was short \$3.50. He had never paid a cent, yet he stopped his paper, as a matter of economy—to us. A few evenings ago we stepped into church and Tim's melodious voice rang out loud and clear in the old soul stirring song, "Jesus Paid It All!" We might have been mistaken, but his earnestness impressed us. The next day we sent him a receipt in full, begging pardon for not knowing that he had made an assignment of his liabilities to the Lord.—Ortonville Hustler.

Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar is an improvement over all Cough, Lung and Bronchial remedies. It acts on the bowels—drives the cold out of the system, cures Croup, Whooping Cough, wards off Pneumonia and strengthens the lungs. Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar is the best Cough Syrup for children. Tastes good. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

A perfect Anti-Bilious and Anti-Mutarial protection and cure for old and young. California Prune Wafers. 10 for 25 cents. Ask your Druggist. For sale at Warne's Pharmacy.

FAMOUS HYMNS.

A valuable contribution to sacred literature is promised in The Delineator in a series of papers on the famous hymns of the world, which begins in the January number with "Jesus, Lover of My Soul"—one of the most perfect heart songs of all ages. The greatest hymns, such as this, have a universal appeal; churches may differ as to creeds and conventions, but these exalted expressions of Christian faith and hope are common to all. The story of how they came to be written cannot fail to be absorbingly interesting; it is especially so in the case of Charles Wesley's noble composition, whose origin, as related in this paper, is shrouded in romantic incidents. A feature of the article scarcely less interesting is a number of anecdotes from noted churchmen showing the power for good that the hymn has wielded throughout the world. This article, as well as the rest in the series has been prepared by Allan Sutherland and is effectively illustrated.

If you haven't time to prepare Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, it is now made in tablet form also. Get a package already to use. Makes you well; keeps you well. 35 cents. At F. C. Warne's.

Manzan is the Pile Remedy that reaches the spot and stops all pile pain instantly. If you suffer with Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Protruding Piles and want to be cured it is only necessary to use Manzan, the Great Pile Cure. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

EXCURSIONS

VIA THE

Detroit & Charlevoix and Grand Rapids & Indiana Railways.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

For Christmas and New Years, the G. R. & I. will sell excursion tickets at rate of one and one third fare for round on December 23-24-25-26 and 31, and January 1 and 2, return limit January 4th, 1905.

CANADIAN HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS VIA G. R. & I.

The G. R. & I. will sell excursion tickets to points in Canada on Dec. 15, 16, 17, and 18, good to return until Jan'y 9th, 1905, for one fare for the round trip.

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. Quinlance, D. P. A. Petoskey. E. A. Ashley, Local Agent.

When you feel like sighing—sigh.

Sighing will never pleasure bring. Learn to laugh, you can laugh and laugh right.

By taking Rocky Mountain Tea at night.

At F. C. Warne's

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.

BOOSINGER BROS.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Christmas with its spirit of cheerfulness and brightness is here. Our store this season reveals many useful and acceptable gifts for every member of the family. We suggest only a few of the many articles; you will find our values the very best—many lines shown here to be found nowhere else and the price in the reach of all.

JEWELRY. Manicure and embroidery scissors, bead collars, pins, hat pins, and novelties, 25c to \$5.00.

POCKETBOOK. A nice line of leather goods of every description for men; 50c to \$3.00.

INFANTS' Goods. Baby hats, booties, rattles, baskets, wraps and many other dainty serviceable articles for baby.

FURS. Collars, Scarfs, Boas, the best furs in every novelty effect; \$2.75 to \$15.00.

BATH ROBE BLANKETS. Always a nice gift for men or women; a wonderful line at \$2.50 to \$5.00.

SKIRTS. A dress skirt, silk petticoat or walking skirt makes the right sort of gift; all prices up to \$7.00.

SHOES. A sensible, lasting present. Our lines at \$2.50, \$3. and \$3.50, reveal the best shoe values in the world.

BELTS. Our stock of fancy holiday belts is surprising in variety and richness; 50c to \$3.00.

HAND BAGS. Always popular. A gift to please anyone. See our immense stock at 75c to \$3.00.

HANDKERCHIEFS. For men, women and children nothing better for Christmas. A bewildering display, 2c to \$25.

COATS. A swell winter coat will please immensely. We have all that is new and good; \$5.00 to \$12.

ART GOODS. Handsome pillows, dainty needlework, fancy pin-cushions, work boxes, etc. All popular-priced and acceptable.

COMBS. A pleasing line of fancy combs in every style; 25c to 1.00.

FANCY WAISTS. Nothing a woman would like better. elegant novelties at \$1.95 to 5.00.

NECKWEAR. Many new effects, strictly exclusive lace and embroidered collars and cuff sets, fancy stocks and collars, 25c to 3.50.

SCARF PINS. For a gentleman's gift, a neat scarf pin is always good. We've some beauties at 50c to 3.00.

GLOVES. Always dependable, always wanted. Our lines for the holidays are extremely varied and pleasing; 89c to 2.00.

PERFUMES. A large line of perfumes in fancy packages or by the ounce; 50c to 5.00.

HAT and MILITARY BRUSHES. A new line of fine Sterling silver and ebony brushes for men; 50c to 4.00.

Remember we are having a special sale this week on Fine Coats. Positively the biggest and best values ever offered. Take advantage of them for Christmas buying.

Quality First of All. Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROS.

Holiday Furniture.

Nothing quite so appropriate as a piece of handsome Furniture for a Holiday Present and we have it in abundance. Come in and look over our fine stock.

Rocking Chairs
Book Cases
Toilet Sets
Pictures; Frames

Are just a few of the many suitable things we have for Holiday giving.

C. H. WHITTINGTON.
Furniture and Undertaking.

Phone No. 66.

Toys! Toys!

We have placed in stock a complete line of Toys and other Holiday Goods which we are selling at just a trifle above cost. Make the youngster happy with one or more.

GROCERIES! That's our business and we keep the best.

WILL RICHARDSON.

GOATES & 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.

We incline to the opinion that Gen. Stoessel will refuse to be a candidate for a second term.

Bombs are again hurled in Barcelona. That place seems to be the Paterson of Spain.

New York Chinese are hot to depose the Empress. Distance lends courage as well as enchantment.

This suit for \$350,000 against Tom Lawson may provide him with still another chapter on frenzied finance.

The records show that Miss Thaw paid \$250,000 for her title as Countess of Yarmouth. She got the Earl as boot.

It is instructive to consider what might have been if young Thaw's parents had made him go to work for a living.

In order to comply with the fitness of things Boston should remove the sacred codfish from the capital and hang up a sole.

If the world really wants to stop the war between Russia and Japan, it has only to stop lending the two contending nations money.

Russia will have a new navy built in Germany, France and America. Ah! Now isn't John Bull sorry he has been so friendly to the Japs?

It staggers the country to hear the Massachusetts legislature likened to a string of sausages. String beans would sound more convincing.

The rich woman in Indianapolis who left her entire fortune to her coachman was lucky enough to die before her heirs found out about it.

The Chicago clergyman who says that women are not angels has no reason to complain. It is much better to have them as they are—just women.

The commander-in-chief of the army of Panama threatened a revolution and got retired on full pay for life. Revolution is still profitable on the isthmus.

Somebody stole \$30,000 of the Forepaugh circus' employes' wages from the money wagon, and the detectives searched everybody's trunk except the elephant's.

That millionaire philanthropist of New York who is looking for a house in the slums so that he may help his neighbors evidently despairs of reforming the 400.

Do not deride the St. Paul man who paid an election bet by rolling a peanut all around the Minnesota statehouse. Rolling a peanut may be just what he is fitted for.

Marriage of the feeble-minded was opposed at the charity conference. Some old bachelors might think that classification would take in all who contemplate matrimony.

One bride gets a check for \$50,000 and another one for \$40,000 as a wedding gift. We venture the remark that where such assets are visible, marriage is never quite a failure.

Any one who has watched a football player using his dome of thought as a battering ram upon the opposing line will admit that the performance seems calculated to produce softening somewhere.

Now that the logbook and private papers of Columbus have been found in Paris, we should like to know, among other things, whether the logbook starts at each day with "brute and fair."

"The longer we live," says the Nebraska State Journal, "the more thoroughly convinced we are that no man knows as much as he lets on." This seems to call for a sharp rejoinder from Editor Stead.

The Harvard sophomore class has elected as its president a poor student who is working his way through college by acting as a waiter. This country can never be in a bad way while such things happen.

The esteemed Philadelphia Record is in a state of mind because Pennsylvania has a surplus of over \$14,000,000 in its treasury. It manifests almost as much uneasiness as if there were a deficit of \$14,000,000.

Objectionable literature from France imported at New York is being burned, perhaps on the theory, based on observation of current publications, that we are able now to supply our own market for that kind of stuff.

King Edward is limping, as a result of kicking his own foot while shooting. Even kings occasionally interfere. And yet if anybody should suggest tying a bunch of straw around one of Edward's ankles he would probably object.

More absorbing than news of the Baltic fleet to the London swell is the appearance on the market of a trousers creasing machine. It is said to make a perfect crease and that is now the ambition of every well-dressed man in the British capital.

JEST NUTS



Dodging It.

Junior Partner—"I think I'll have to discharge that clerk. He doesn't do any work."

Senior Partner—"Indeed? He seems busy 'all the time."

Junior Partner—"Yes; he manages to keep busy so constantly that he never does any work."

No Change.

Thrifty Tim—Gee whiz! suppose de frust should raise de price on beer!

Weary Willie—Well, we'd only have ter do what we're doin' now—raise de price ourse's.

Where the Trouble Was.

An Irishman who was not feeling well after having worked overtime at a Thanksgiving feast, dropped in to consult a pill dispenser. The latter began operations by feeling the patient's pulse.

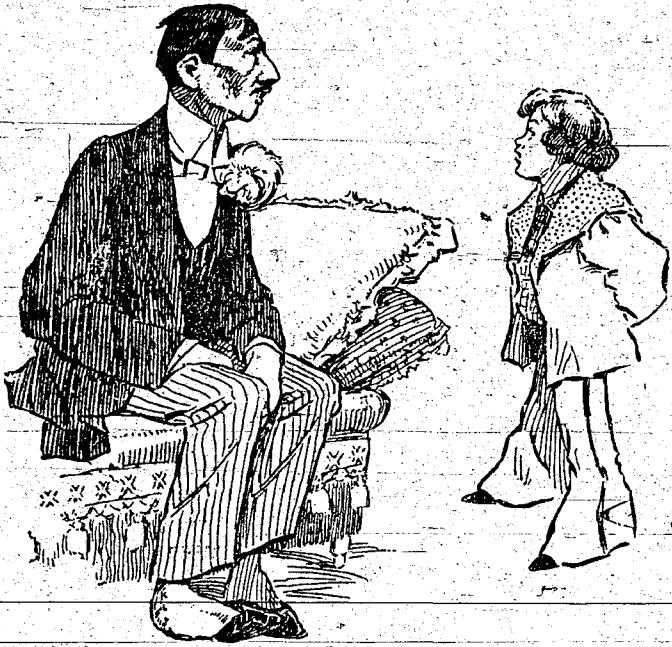
"Prawa's th' good av teem' me wrist, docther?" asked the son of Erin. "Faith an' it's in me sth mach th' trouble do be."

The Buccolic Humorist.

Visitor—Have you lived all your life here, my little man?

Little man—No, not yet.

SORRY HE SPOKE.



Caller—What did sister say when you told her I was here?

Tommy—She said "O, thunder!"

A Straight Tip.

"I hear your engagement with young Gotrox has been broken off," remarked the first fair daughter of Eve.

"Well, you are entitled to another hearing," rejoined fair daughter No. 2, as she held up a graceful hand on which a solitaire sparkled. "You can see for yourself that I am still in the ring."

Afraid to Risk It.

Druggist—You didn't take a vacation this year, did you?

Doctor—No; I couldn't afford to take any chances.

Druggist—Why, how's that?

Doctor—Well, you see, I have a number of wealthy patients on the string, and I was afraid if I went away for a few weeks they might get well.

No Cause for Alarm.

"Oh, George," exclaimed Mrs. Garvey, as she met her husband at the door with tears in her eyes, "mamma has injured her hand, and the doctor says there is danger of lockjaw."

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," replied the knowing Garvey. "All they have to do is to keep the old lady awake and her jaws will never stay locked."

Fly in the Ointment.

"Poets, sir," remarked the shabby person with the unbarbered hair, as the editor handed back his manuscript, "are born."

"Well," rejoined the man behind the blue pencil, "there would probably be no objection to that if they would leave about nine-tenths of their poetry unmade."

Best Kind of Governness.

Mrs. Bly—Is your foreign governess a success?

Mrs. Sly—Oh, yes; all of the children speak French, you know.

Mrs. Bly—Do you understand them?

Mrs. Sly—Oh, no; that's the beauty of it; I don't have to answer any of their questions!—Detroit Free Press.

Extravagant Woman.

"Really, dear," said the beautiful dryad who was Pan's favorite wife, "I must have a new bonnet."

"What! More expense?" exclaimed Pan. "You must think I'm a regular dust-Pan."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Smile Seems a Frown.

The optimist—I tell you, my boy, if you only keep hustling, fortune is bound to smile on you in the long run.

The pessimist—Didn't it ever strike you that fortune has a beastly, sarcastic smile?—Brooklyn Lieber.

No Time for Such Nonsense.

Johnny Geehaw—Paw, what's the law of gravitation?

Farmer Geehaw—I dunno. I hain't got time to keep up with all the fool stagoote's durn legislatur passes.

Making a Close Distinction.

Benevolent party—Young man, I'm sorry to see you thus idling away the golden hours of youth. Every time I look out of my parlor window I see you sitting on this fire hydrant.

The young man—What's th' matter with you? What are you givin' me? I ain't idle when I'm doin' nothing. I'm a sewer inspector.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sizing Him Up.

Miss Kuhl—No, Mr. Hunter, I cannot marry you. I suppose you will find some other girl.

Mr. Forchen-Hunter—Huh! Can't you offer me any greater consolation than that?

Miss Kuhl—O, yes, it may console you to know that I am not as rich as I am reported to be.

Easily Pleased Then.

Nell—So their engagement is off?

Belle—Yes. She says he was too hard to please.

Nell—That's funny. He must have changed since he proposed to her.

Feminine Amenity.

Stella—Jack and I are to be married.

Bella—What freak election bets mean do make!

Who Wouldn't Be Good?

"Our new minister certainly is a good man."

"Huh! What's he good for?"

"Because he gets \$5,000 a year for being that way. You'd be good, too, wouldn't you?"—Philadelphia Press.

Of a Particular Kind.

Willie—Pa, how many quarts does it take to make a peck?

Pa—It all depends, my son. Less than one quart, for instance, will sometimes make a "peck of trouble."

Good Fellow.

Markley—See here! you've owed me \$25 for two years now. Don't you think it's time you liquidated that debt?

Boroughs—Sure! I'll buy you a drink if that's what you mean.

Obeying Orders.

"The doctors have ordered Elkins to be quiet and under no circumstances to use his brain."

"But how does he pass the time?"

"I believe he is writing a novel."

Identified.

"What has become," asked the occasional guest, "of the pretty black-eyed girl who used to wait at that table over by the corner?"

"What pretty black-eyed girl?" frigidly inquired the young woman with the snub nose and prominent chin.

"If I remember rightly, she had a little bit of a mole on one cheek."

"Oh, that girl with the blotch on her face? I think somebody married her."

Not Substantial.

"I'm surprised that you should think our rates high for what we give you," said the proprietor of the mountain hotel. "The air here is the most delightful, and—"

"Yes," interrupted the half-starved boarder, "but it isn't very filling."

The Boy's Idea.

"Do you believe the meek will inherit the earth, pop?"

"I certainly do, my son."

"Well, I can't understand how that can be. A fellow don't get anything nowadays unless he has the cheek to ask good and hard for it!"

No Sport.

Mrs. Teacup—My husband tells me it was a fine hit Sothern and Marlowe made last night.

Mrs. Weecup—Oh, I take no interest in what my husband tells me about prize-fights. What is the latest shade of onion brown?

A Compromise.

"Now, sir, I told you I'd spank you if you disobeyed me," said the bright boy's mother, "and I'm going to do it."

"Say, ma," pleaded the boy, "lemme off an' I'll tell you what pa's goin' ter give you for Christmas."

The Coat's Defect.

Customer—You know that coat I bought of you? Well, when I buttoned it the first time it split down the back.

Clothing Dealer—Indeed? It must be, then, that the buttons were sewed on too strongly.

Plan of a Shrewd Saint.

Clericus—Why do you suppose St. Paul made it compulsory for women to wear their hats in church?

Witticus—Because he wanted to be sure that all the women would go to church. Foxy old boy, Paul.—Cleveland Leader.

He Was in Luck.

"But can you afford to marry, young man?" asked the dear girl's father.

"Sure," answered the would-be son-in-law. "I've got a friend who has just been ordained as a minister, and he is willing to tie the knot free just for practice."

Underpaid.

"It's simply impossible for me to spend all the money I earn."

"Oh, come off!"

"Fact, you see, I really earn much more than the boss is willing to give me."

The Masculine View.

She—A married couple should pull together like a team of horses.

He—They probably would if like a team of horses they had but one tongue between them.

STILL STRUGGLING.



She—I understand that Sarah Ann married a struggling young man.

He—Yes, he struggled all right, but he couldn't get away.

One Insect Good "Bag"

Some thirty years ago A. S. Packard, now a professor in Brown University, and widely known through his scientific work and writings, caught a grasshopper somewhere down in Maine, says the Manchester Union. It was not much of an insect as grasshoppers are commonly sized up by the lay mind. There are plenty of grasshoppers in any field or pasture that are nearly or quite two inches in length, with expansive, bright-colored wings, and not a few of them make a noise in the world every time they rise and take flight before the eager collector or the peacefully grazing cow.

But this grasshopper which Prof. Packard found has no showy wings—the mere stubs of wings at the most—makes no noise at any time, and is scarcely more than half an inch long. Yet, for certain scientific reasons, it was regarded with a deeper interest than all the other members of the grasshopper tribe. It was given a big name, melanoplus dawsonii, tenderly pinned and carefully put away in the collection at Cambridge.

No other individual of this rare in-

sect tribe was captured, at any rate by anybody who recognized it, until a year or two ago, when Miss Susie C. Fogg, an enthusiastic member of the entomological section of the Manchester institute, secured the second specimen of melanoplus dawsonii known to the scientific world.

From that time Prof. A. P. Morse of Wellesley, curator of the museum there, and a grasshopper specialist of no-mean reputation, has greatly desired to secure specimens of melanoplus dawsonii on his own account.

Accordingly, taking advantage of an invitation from Miss Fogg, Prof. Morse came to Manchester a day or two ago, duly equipped with net, cyanide bottle and collecting box, as the law of entomologists requires. In company with a party composed of members of the institute, he proceeded to Rock River, and with his net vigorously swept the grass and shrubbery round about. To his surprise, and that of all present, he, or Miss Fogg, made another "find." It was a single specimen, to be sure, but as only two had ever been found before, it was rightly considered reward enough for one day's effort.

The Theater in Japan

In Japan the theater goes leaves home as early as 9:30 or 10 o'clock in the morning. The play lasts all day and sometimes far into the night. During the play attendants go about continuously, dispensing to patrons small handless cups of pale yellow tea, with which the air is made fragrant. The Japanese theater has several features novel to Americans. A revolving stage, allowing the scene to be changed immediately, is used and naturalness is given to the general effect by means of two walks leading direct to the stage on either side of the theater and extending its whole length. Sometimes these walks are enlivened with flower borders, and here the action of the play sometimes begins. A character will appear, not from the wings, but on one of these walks. He will repeat some lines, which the heroine perhaps, or other character, will answer from the opposite walk, and so by degrees they make their way in the most natural manner to the stage proper.

"Other features cannot be so recommended," says a traveler, "as, for instance, dresses to the chief actors, who fit hurriedly to and fro like black specters. These dresses are supposed to be invisible and in addition to throwing around the actor his required changes of costume, sometimes brocades and stuffs of extreme richness and value, they act as valets—give the hero a cup of tea, a fan, a handkerchief, or, if the situation is very dramatic, hold on a long stick a taper, which lights up the actor's face.

"Pantomime is seen in high perfection. In one famous play a murder is committed on a rainy twilight. All is gloomy and still: A woman appears, running. She looks behind her, then, with a terrified gesture, runs into a wayside field of tall rice. Spot a man comes, panting. He stops. He looks around, then at the ground—there, her footprints lead to the rice field. He follows. Soon there is a gurgling cry and the tops of the rice stalks sway. Then all is still."

Influence of the Moon

In the course of a recent lecture on "Time and Tide" Sir Robert Ball said: "The moon, as every one knows, is the greater cause of the tides; the sun's influence being not more than half of our satellite's because of the extreme nearness of the latter body. In distant ages the moon spun around as the earth still does, but the tidal action of our world on the moon has so stopped that spin that now she always turns the same face to us. This tidal action acts like a brake on a revolving wheel, and the time will come, hundreds of millions of years hence, if the solar system lasts so long, when the earth also will turn the same face to the moon and our day be at least a month long. But the interaction of tidal forces tends to drive our satellite further and further from us. Year by year the moon is getting a few inches more distant, and reversing the argument year by year, in the great past, the moon was nearer to us. Prof. George Darwin has shown that long, long ago the moon revolved close to the earth, and still earlier formed part of this globe. From that time to the present he calculates at least 54,

000,000 years must have elapsed. The birth of the moon took place therefore, somewhere about that date in the past."

Sir Robert Ball observed that when the moon was near to us its attraction must have produced enormous tides, many times greater than those that wash our shores to-day, and he suggested that these tides by their powerful erosions and wasting of the land, accelerated the geological forces, and so reduced the tremendous periods which the geologists have demanded. Hitherto, however, no evidence of these prodigious tides has been furnished by the rocks, and most geologists are content with half the time which Prof. Darwin allows since the moon was formed. Sir Robert threw on the screen pictures of the lunar surface, airless and waterless and covered with the wrecks of ancient volcanoes. Spaces there are where seas once were, but ages ago they sank into the cavernous interior, where doubtless the ancient fires have long been extinct, for no trace of change can be discerned on that scene of weird desolation.

When Sails Dotted Seas

I am the poet's vision still—
till down the lanes of sea,
Trod now by monsters bellowing,
The songs are all of me.

For when they set my braces taut,
The last ship of the Line,
And sailed me from the ken of man
Into the ridging brine,
They could not take the memory
Of the days when ships were blown
Over the uncontrolled wave
By the breath of God alone.

For me through patient centuries,
The praying forests rose,
From Scandinavia's cataracts
To Oregon's far snows;
For me the strong, full-bosomed hills
Ereared their crowns of trees
That I might answer, unafraid,
The halting of the breeze.

They cut the Druid temples down
To make my ribs of oak;
Beneath the axman's swinging arm
The Congo echoes woke;
They rafted down the Kennebec,
They hewed in Lebanon;

They stole the courses of the stars,
My headlong path to con;
For me the April-swollen floods
From rocks to plain were hurled
That they might bear me spars to take
The measure of the world;
For me the tooms wove in and out,
A-singing year by year,
They ravished all the world for me
To hang me with their gear.

The South was white with Summer
snow,
The East was set with bloom,
That rope and sail with fitting show
Should clothe me, mast and boom;
They sounded the primal deep
That I might step it free
When, ushered by the storm, I made
My bridal with the sea.

What though the last one of my line
Long since has dipped below
The rocking rim of sea and sky
Where all the dead ships go
No strings are swept for stack and steel,
No lugs struck for steam,
But ever my white pyramids
Swim in the singer's dream.

—The Oregonian.

Stammer With the Pen

The discussion of the question of "pen stammering" suggested by Dr. Bertillon of Paris, and in which some reference was made to Ribot's discussion of the same subject, reminds me that "pen stammering" had been not only recognized, but named, some time before either of these gentlemen came upon the scene of human activity to observe and classify the nervous ailments of mankind. The fact is that Sir Walter Scott, whose writings have delighted so many persons, was a sufferer, as shown by the following excerpt, taken from the "Life of Scott," by Lockhart, 10th volume, second edition: January 10, 1831—"I cannot say the world opens pleasantly for me this new year.

There are many things for which I have reason to be thankful, especially that Cadell's plans seem to have succeeded—and he augurs that the next two years will well nigh clear me. But I feel myself decidedly wrecked in point of health, and am now confirmed I have had a paralytic touch. I speak and read with embarrassment, and even my handwriting seems to stammer." This statement carries the "pen stammering" habit much farther back than the discussion up to this point had carried it, and, no doubt, there can be found authentic cases still further back than 1831. The fact is that "pen stammering" probably came into existence a short while after men began to write. It is, at any rate, quite reasonable to assume that the ailment followed quickly on the heels of the writing habit, and it was probably more extensive in the early days than it is now, because it marked a departure in the uses of the hand.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Mutual Kindness

Dear ties of mutual succor bind
The children of our feeble race.
And, if our brethren were not kind,
This earth were but a weary place.
We lean on others as we walk
Life's twilight path with pitfalls
strewn;
And 't were an idle boast to talk
Of treading that dim path alone.
Amid the shares misfortune lays
Unseen, beneath the steps of all,
Blest 't the Love that seeks to raise
And stay and strengthen those who
fall.
Till, taught by him who, for our sake,
Bore every form of Life's distress,
With every passing year we make
The sum of human sorrows less.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Winter Stabling

The idea of a great many otherwise practical men is that winter stabling should be warm and that with them about ends the proposition. They may also consider it necessary to keep the stable clean, but little thought is given to the subject of proper ventilation. The air normally contains about 20 per cent of oxygen, and there should be no appreciable difference out doors and inside the stable as to purity of air. If this be correct, and we think it is, then it is certain that few stables are properly ventilated during the cold days of winter. On entering the stable in the morning one is assailed by strong fumes of ammonia and other gases, and where this is the case one can take it for granted that noxious gases, like carbonic dioxide, or carbonic acid gas, as it is more commonly called, are in evidence. These things being so, it should be apparent that the animals have been all night breathing impure air. As pure blood is dependent upon fresh air, or in other words an adequate supply of oxygen, it is evident that pure blood cannot be made from impure air. For this reason the blood of animals exposed to foul air at length becomes foul or imperfectly oxygenated. This means that the entire body must suffer, and that is the case. The first sign of derangement of the blood condition and necessarily of the entire system is thriftlessness characterized by staring coat, hide-bound skin, "stocking" of the hind legs on standing, and often derangement of the urine or solid excrement. The same symptoms are often due to extra hard drinking water, contaminated water in which is found seepage from manure piles or stable drains, and to spoiled, musty, moldy, heated or frosted foods. Where foods of the latter class are fed it is common to find horses afflicted with diabetes or other urinary disorder, and in our experience where such troubles are found most of the sanitary necessities of healthy stabling are at one and the same time lacking or imperfect. Winter stabling then necessitates not merely the idea of warmth, but of fresh air at all times, cleanliness from excreta which give rise to noxious gases, absence of dampness which may also give rise to the symptoms we have outlined and, in addition to sanitation, food and water that are above suspicion as regards quality and condition. Cold is not hurtful to horses or other animals provided they are maintained in perfect health and cold, meaning fresh air in the absence of drafts, means good health able to withstand cold. Warmth due to air that is breathed over and over again is far more injurious than cold air. From the warm stable animals go out with open pores and are apt to catch cold and are as a rule unable to do a heavy day's work without speedy tiring. They suffer from indigestion and are seen to sweat profusely in the warm stable and the thick coat of harsh hair adds to their discomfort. Clipping helps matters wonderfully and should be the first step where wintered horses sweat in the stable, have harsh coats and show symptoms of indigestion and urinary disorder. They must afterwards be blanketed in the stable or when standing idle at work, but otherwise are less liable to catch cold than were the coat left on. Dairy cows shrink in their milk flow when ventilation outlets in a stable are temporarily closed. During such times they drink more water and this requires food to raise the temperature of the water and to offset abnormal sweating. Horses sweat more than ordinarily under such circumstances, and this means that they spend food to supply waste of tissue and become weakened accordingly. Winter stables should be comfortable, so far as keeping out cold drafts and dampness is concerned, but they should be kept cool by ample provisions for the escape of foul air and entrance of fresh air containing the life-giving oxygen. Sunlight is as necessary to ideal health as fresh air. Many people on the contrary keep animals in dark, hot stables during the cold days of winter and wonder why they fail to thrive. A plant grown in the cellar is pale and weakly. Put it in the sunlight and it speedily becomes green and robust. Animals are similarly affected by sunlight or its absence.—A. S. Alexander in *Farmers' Review*.

A KISS SHOT

BY J. H. ROSNY

At the early age of 30 I settled down to a life of single blessedness on my paternal estate. I had seen life and the world in every phase and climate and congratulated myself on being through with storms, literal and figurative.

This idyllic existence was rudely interrupted by the rising of the widow above my horizon. When she burst upon my vision the history of the world recommenced. For a day and a night I was dazzled, stupefied, and when I learned that her lands adjoining mine I knew by instinct that it was all up with me.

I am not one of those who struggle against their passions and for my expected tranquillity I had counted not on my will, but on freedom from temptation.

So I let myself go. I visited my neighbor and did not conceal from her the feeling with which she had inspired me. Accustomed to admiration and declarations of love, she received mine calmly, but replied:

"I shall never marry again. My husband was the best of men and I loved him dearly. That is enough for one life."

And when I urged, pleaded, protested with the energy of sudden passion she smiled and said:

"What a tyrant you would be! No, I wish to be free."

She was a Creole of New Orleans and possessed the soft, languorous beauty that, even in its decline, made another creole widow, Josephine Beauharnais, so irresistible. But my wit was only 24 years old and yet in the perfect bloom of youth. Her late husband, an American railway promoter, had left her a large fortune, which she appeared anxious to exchange for French soil. After purchasing the estate adjoining mine she successively acquired other properties until she threatened to surround and engulf me. One day she said:

"You have a lovely bit of forest that makes an ugly jog in my line. I will give you a hundred thousand francs for it."

"It is not for sale—to you," I replied. "Take it if you want it."

She raised her eyebrows and her shoulders and dropped the subject, but returned to it next day in the billiard room of old Count Lavilleuse, whom she had just defeated, for she was an excellent player, for a woman.

"Come," she said, "I will play you for a promise to sell against that picture by Dirks that you covet so."

Then I lost my head and answered: "No, but I will stake the forest against a kiss!"

She looked at me more in amusement than in anger.

"You are joking," she said. "Am I? You know I would gladly sell the forest for a kiss, but I know you would not consent to the exchange. So let us play for them."



"I shall never marry again."

"I have half a mind to take you up," she laughed.

"You dare not!" I cried, for I knew her temper.

"O, I dare not," she cried. "Very well. We will make the game 200 points."

It was a fine game, for we were well matched, and, having so much at stake, played our best. For my part I swear that I thought only of the kiss, not of the forest. The game went on with alternate advantage until she had scored 290 to my 233. Then I made a runnet of sixteen with ease and stopped, balked by a difficult shot, within one point of victory. She

also, after running up to 299, found herself confronted by an awkward configuration, but the shot was so much easier than some which she had made that I gave up the game for lost. She aimed carefully and steadily, played—and missed by a hair's breadth!

I waited half a minute before playing, for my hands trembled so that I could hardly hold the cue. It was an easy shot, but not for me at that moment. My ball caromed lightly on the light red, advanced timidly for the dark, and—just kissed it!

"Ah, I have lost!" she exclaimed



"I—cheated!"

with a nervous laugh. "Well, I will pay—in half an hour, in the grove."

She ran away, blushing, and soon I saw her strolling, with careful carelessness, toward the grove. It was a long half hour—though I shortened it by ten minutes. In the sacred grove she came to me without a word and frankly and loyally offered her sweet lips.

When I raised my hand I saw that she was pale. She trembled and laid a hand on my shoulder as if for support. Then she laughed softly and whispered:

"It wasn't fair, you know. I ought to have made that shot. I—I cheated!" So, though she lost she won not the forest alone, but its owner and all his worldly goods, while he won not merely one poor kiss, but bliss prolonged.—Chicago Tribune.

TAKE ROGUES' FINGER PRINTS.

Bertillon System Extended to Include New Device.

The measurements invented by M. Bertillon for the identification of criminals have been extended by the system of finger-mark identification, which is based on the Bertillon contention that the lines on the skin of the finger tip do not alter, says the New York World. If the skin becomes worn away the lines will repeat themselves. This method of recognition is used in England, in Cairo, Dresden, Vienna and Buenos Ayres.

It is simpler than the older method of bodily measurements. A metal plate is covered with a liquid black pigment and the finger tip is pressed on to it. The finger marks are magnified and the lines counted. Then the compartments are examined and if a card is found with the same marks the identity of the person is settled. Any ordinary policeman can take the impression.

What He'd Have Done.

Charles M. Schwab, after his return from the west, was praising San Francisco, when some one interrupted him with the remark:

"But you hurried back home. You didn't stay long."

"You speak," said Mr. Schwab, "obliquely. Your remark, in an indirect way, is disparaging. It is like the remark that I once heard a bachelor make on a train."

"He was an old and crusty bachelor, and it was his ill fortune to be seated beside a woman with a baby that cried and cried. The woman dandied the baby, caressed it, jumped it up and down, sang to it. But it only shrieked the louder. Finally, in despair she exclaimed:

"Dear me, I don't know what to do with this child."

"The bachelor leaned toward her.

"Shall I open the window for you, madam?" he said.

and they are becoming more and more common nowadays, as pioneer habits of bustle and frugality are left behind. Apply the same arguments to swine, and we shall see that these animals are affected as are men by pampering methods of management during winter. Yet we heard a swine breeder state at an institute that ventilation for swine was all humbug and that the great difficulty was to keep them warm. This he managed by shutting up all inlets for air and claimed that even then too much cold air entered the barn. Let us ask how the aboriginal hogs were managed by Nature? Were they molly-coddled in stuffy dens and nests, or had they to hardily withstand the rigors of the climate while searching for food? It is evident that, left to nature, hogs like other animals had to be hardy or succumb. The fittest survived and so the race was perpetuated and kept at a normal standard of strength, vitality and prolificacy. Nature still tries to "boss the situation" as regards pampered hogs, for she kills off weakened beasts that we would fain retain as breeders. But she does not manage to kill them all off, and we are therefore permitted to retain weakened beasts for the perpetuation of our hog stocks. Would it not be a deal better to take a leaf out of Nature's book and practice the lessons to be found thereon? Assuredly it would, and the first paragraph to be read on the page would be, hogs should be made hardy, if they are to be used for breeding purposes. That Poland-China critic punched the sore spot angrily in the article we quoted the other day, but he was attacking the breed in a vital spot and so it hurt. It would not hurt at all if we gave the critic no cause for attack; and disease, the most caustic critic of all, would have no more chance to criticize than the man writer, were we to manage our hogs sensibly and along natural lines. Take the matter of wintering swine, for example, and we shall see that our loss of pigs and sows in spring simply comes from foolish management—kind management, foolishly applied. We surround our brood sows with every comfort, protect them against every untoward circumstance and every wintery wind that blows, and meanwhile stuff them to repletion, not on the best calculated rations, but upon corn, the food most relished and the one most easily fed. The consequence is that the sows become fat, sluggish, costive and weak. They are so lazy that they hate to leave their beds to eat more corn. They have to be waited upon like fine ladies and cannot stand the least cold or work. Naturally they fail to manufacture thrifty pigs. Such pigs are the natural product of natural conditions. Such conditions are lacking in the sow, and the product must necessarily be unnatural. So we must consider that weak, spindly pigs of little, insignificant litters stranded upon the barren milk founts of pampered sows are unnatural products such as Nature does not consider worth keeping and so she righteously vents her wrath upon them and they die. Often she does this before they are born and often she sees fit to kill the sow at the same time. All these things happen simply because we break nature's laws. We do so during winter when we fail to allow brood sows plenty of outdoor exercise every day when the weather will allow or ample exercise in sheds when the weather is too stormy. We do so also when we stint ventilation, exclude sunlight and feed one food lavishly. Let us turn over a new leaf this winter.—A. S. Alexander in *Farmers' Review*.

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There's never is a time when good fruit is not salable. As soon as the market becomes glutted, the fruit that is thrown out is the lowest grade. The intermediate grades also suffer, but the high quality fruit always has buyers. That is because up to the present time much of the fruit on the market is medium and poor, while the really good fruit is only a small percent of the total. It is entirely probable that if all the fruit on the market were of high quality the general tendency of this high-class fruit would be downward; but there is no possibility of all or half of the fruit on the market being of this quality. Therefore the raiser of fruit can always be sure that he will have a salable article if he will produce high quality fruit.

Good Fruit Always Salable

There is another factor that operates in the case of a great deal of good fruit being marketed and that is the factor of stimulation of the market. It is certain that much less fruit is bought now than would be bought if the fruit were uniformly good. People go to market and purchase what they think is good fruit and when getting it home find it to be very poor fruit, and much of it is dishonestly packed. This poor fruit is sold by the facing on the basket, barrel or box. There are two things the grower of fruit should do, put good fruit on the market and have their poor fruit sold in a lot by itself. Selling it under the guise of first-class fruit results in discouraging the buyers. Poor fruit is wanted as well as good fruit, and if sold at its real value it serves the uses of the buyers.

Wintering Swine

The fireside farmer is usually the fellow who is always catching cold, coddling himself with comforts, complaining of pains, aches and ailments and growling about the severity of the weather. The man who gets outside, goes to the woods to chop his winter wood, stirs about at all times and in all weathers and is in short active and regular in his habits is the fellow who hear whistling about his work, smiling under adverse circumstances and making life worth living for himself and those about him. Natural living and exercise mean robust health and rosy cheeks, good spirits and healthy appetite and assimilation. Pampered living, lack of exercise outdoors and overeating—these things mean delicate health

Adds Value to Diamonds

Diamonds can be engraved in a very artistic manner. This development of the diamond cutting art brings into existence a new class of jewelry, for which a considerable demand is expected. It was long believed that the diamond could not be engraved with safe or satisfactory results. A few stones roughly engraved were found in India, and a diamond was exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1878 on which a portrait of the king of Holland was scratched. But the work was imperfect and the stones were rather japolished than engraved. Some of the finest specimens of engraving on diamonds are the work of M. Bordinet, a Paris jeweler. One is a scarf pin representing a yataghan, of which the blade is a slender diamond and the handle a ruby. Another is a large circular stone on which a pansy with its foliage is engraved. In another case the design is a knife made with two diamonds. An elaborate piece of work is a bicycle of which the wheels are two circular diamonds. The spokes are represented by lines engraved on the diamonds. A small hole is pierced at each axle. Another diamond is carved like a fish. A handsome brooch is a scarabaeus, surrounded by sapphires and brilliants.

The most remarkable is a ring made of one diamond, the interior surface being polished and the exterior elaborately engraved. Other examples are brooches, representing flies, of which the wings are thin engraved diamonds, and two diamonds engraved with armorial bearings, the imperial arms of Russia being used in one instance on shirt and cuff buttons.

Formerly it was only possible to produce the polish on flat surfaces, but M. Bordinet has been able to do this on concave portions, as on the body and tail of a fish and the interior of the ring. His tools produce not only straight lines, as in the wheel, the racquet and the files wings, but a free modeling, as in the pansy, the Russian arms and the scarabaeus. He had invented these tools himself, and intends that his son alone shall have the use of them. They are exceedingly delicate and difficult to handle. He has spent thirty-five years bringing them to perfection. It is comparatively few years since it was possible to pierce holes in diamonds. This feat made possible the placing of diamonds on a string, alternating with pearls. This work now is done generally in diamond-cutting establishments.

Terrible Cost of War

There can be no doubt that the ghastly carnage at 'Sha-ho river' has excited a general feeling of horror throughout the civilized world. Not only has the slaughter been carried out on a scale unknown to living man, but all this hideous butchery has led to absolutely nothing. After days and nights of unceasing and unrelenting fighting the Japanese, we are told, have pushed the Russian army fifteen miles further to the north. Is it surprising that people should be asking what is the good of it? The advance of fifteen miles in a measureless continent has been purchased by a sacrifice of some 20,000 men on the part of the victors and of the loss of an even larger number of men by the Russians. War of this sort, offering as it does a prospect of indefinite bloodshed so long as a Japanese force can be mustered against a Russian one, presents a spectacle which even to the most indifferent and case-hardened must be intolerable. The loss of life and the torrent of human agony would be bad enough in any case, but in the present war they stand out with a gloom

that is absolutely unrelieved. Both forces are fighting for a foreign territory, and it is foreign soil which Japanese and Russians alike are soaking with their blood. No question of patriotism or the defense of hearth and home enters into the dispute. Men may die happily for their country, but what sort of death does a battlefield in Manchuria offer to the miserable peasants who, in obedience to orders are laying down their lives by the thousand? But this is not the only point to be considered, nor perhaps the most important. The abandonment of two great states to the work of bloodshed is a disaster to the world, which sees the result of centuries of effort thrown away, nor can Europe forget that these events will be read throughout Asia as a damning indictment of which Western learning and civilization of which our ally is the latest exponent. Nothing is more horrible in the whole chapter of horrors than the thoughtless self-complacency with which certain Europeans have hailed this bloody war as a testimony to the glory and greatness of the West.—London Chronicle.

Song of the Cavalry

Up and to horse, as the kiss of the morn—
Redden the cheek of the sky,
And her sweet breath blows through the aisles of the corn.
And the pulse of youth beats high!
Up and away in the cool moist air,
Life worth living, and all things fair—
Clickity-click-click-click-click—
And it's O for the Cavalry!

The ring of hoofs on a shady road;
The charge down a village street;
The halt to parties—to fire and loud—
The rush of retreating feet!
On and on in the winey air,
Welcome danger anywhere—
Clickity-click-click-click-click—
And it's O for the Cavalry!

The gleam of banners to victory borne;
Clashing of steel against steel;
A thought for the dead—no time to mourn—
Then hurrah! the foemen reef,
Forward—forward—to do and dare,
With Sheridan spurring everwhere!
Clickity-click-click-click-click—
And it's O for the Cavalry!

A stirrup cup at some wayside inn;
A bed on the warm, bare ground;
The plant of a lowly whip-poor-will
From the cypress trees around.
Off to sleep without fear or care,
The sleep of youth in the open air—

Clickity-click-click-click-click—
And it's O for the Cavalry!

These years have come and the years have gone,
And many a dream proved true;
But I sometimes long for youth's cool of the morn,
And the faces that it knew—
The ideals under the clustering hair,
When for all life's plans was time and
to spare—
Clickity-click-click-click-click—
And it's O for the Cavalry!

For time has deadened the cries of pain
That tortured our years of youth,
The heat, the dust, and the blinding
rain,
Forgotten forevermore!
Hallowed the hardships we had to bear,
The toll, the suffering, the meager
fare—
Clickity-click-click-click-click—
And it's O for the Cavalry!

Ah, me—for the joy of the bugle call!
And faint would I see once more
The flames of the bivouac rise and fall
On the Rappahannock's shore,
Hear the whinny of my roan mare,
And ride—and ride—through the sun-
shiny air—
Clickity-click-click-click-click—
Ah, me—for the Cavalry!

—Boston Transcript.

Judge Landed His Catch

According to Attorney James T. Lawler, who has just returned from Long Beach, Judge R. B. Albertson had the time of his life at that resort recently. "One day," as Mr. Lawler relates the story, "the judge went out trolling off Ilwaco." He was jogging along in a leisurely fashion when he felt a tug on the line, as if he had fouled a Russian warship. The judge stopped rowing unhesitatingly and grabbed the line. At that instant something on the other end took a fresh grab, and it was a tug or war, with the occupant of the King County Superior court bench offering the least resistance. He was game, however, and hung on.

boat tilted up on end, but the judge did a tilt or two himself, and kept from going overboard. Then his fish started for the lands across the sea, actually towing the judge along, but still his honor refused to let go. His hands were torn and blistered and he was doing more hard labor than since he was a boy down South, but he wanted that fish. By and by the strain let up, and the judge hauled in. When he got the fish alongside he didn't know what it was at first, but he fought and landed it, and then discovered it was nothing but a salmon. I weighed it myself, and it tipped the scales at forty-two pounds. The judge is a little shy of telling about it, fearing that he will be accused of romancing, but I can vouch for the story." Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Ways of the Tenderfoot

The tough youth always throws his plankton down on the hardest, rockiest bit of ground within reach, and then smiles a fine little smile at your efforts to rake together enough pine needles for a good foundation, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. He loads his tump-line with a staggering burden rather than make two trips. He races through the brush at an exhausting speed with all the day before him. When it rains he remains nonchalant and superbly exactly where it happens to catch him. And actually, as a matter of preference, time and again I have seen him bully his party into camping on a bleak side hill when ideal conditions offered a scant quarter of a mile ahead.

mits, ashamed of being considered tenderfoot by the biggest tenderfoot of them all.

A man need not whine when he runs against hardships; he may even encounter and overcome them with a certain joy; but he need not run to meet them and put his head down and butt into them. What would you think of a man who would sail his boat smash into every comber? You'd be likely to conclude he did not know enough to luff, wouldn't you? How about the chap who yanks his trout out with a "pole"? You don't imagine for a moment that he does it because he considers a six-ounce rod indicative of effeminacy, do you? To get through a difficult country is a triumph; but to get through a difficult country with but a light equipment and without serious discomfort is an intellectual as well as a physical triumph.

Oh, you tenderfoot make me tired!" he laughs. "Why don't you bring a feather bed? This is good enough for anybody."

And meekly that deluded outfit sub-

East Jordan Lumber Company

HOLIDAY TIME

Is generally counted by young and old the most joyous season of the year. The ties of love and friendship that bind us to kindred and associates then seem stronger and brighter, and we seem by some mystic force impelled to express in some tangible way as by some nice Gift, our regards to the ones we love. But what shall it be?

Our Store is Now Ready

to supply you not with anything one might think of—but really a large and elegant stock from which splendidly appropriate gifts can be selected.

For Grandpa:

Fur Coat	Fur Mittens	Necktie
A Nice Cap	Muffler	Slippers
A Pipe		

For Grandma:

A Shawl	Dress Pattern	Handkerchiefs
Lace Collar	China Berry Set	Gloves
Hand Bag	Silver Thimble	Hood
Nickle Tea and Coffee Set.		

For Father:

Fur Coat	Fur Mittens	Muffler
Reading Lamp	Necktie	Slippers
Carving Set	Book	

For Mother:

Ready Made Waists	Ready Made Skirts
Pair Tapestry Curtains	Nice Cloak
Pair of Slippers	Kid Gloves
Pair of Blankets	Napkins
Set of Dishes	Crumb Set
Hand Bag	Meat Chopper
	Nice Rug

For Big Brother:

Dress Suit Case	Mocha Gloves	Scarf Pin
Fancy Suspenders	Sweater	Watch Fob
Toilet Set	Shaving Set	Perfume
Fur Robe	Pocket Knife	Pocket Book
A Book	An Umbrella	Box of Stationery

For Big Sister:

Velvet Waist Pattern	Fancy Clock	Hat Pin
Silk Waist Pattern	Box stationery	Brooch
Kid Gloves	A Book	Set of Furs
Toilet Set	Perfume	Pocket Book
Lace collar	Watch chain	Chocolate Set
Water Set.	Umbrella.	

For Little Sister:

Picture Book	Doll Cradle	A Doll
Velvet Slippers	Silver Thimble	Ring
Rocking chair	Set of Dishes	Stoves
Set of Furs	Box of Stationery	

For Little Brother:

Suit of Clothes	Overcoat	Necktie
Train of Cars	Pocket Knife	Sweater
Velvet Slippers	Steam Engine	Gloves
Tool Chest	A Book	

For the Baby:

Rubber Rattle	Felt Slippers	Ring
Doll	Cashmere Hose	Ball
Building Blocks		

YOURS FOR GOOD GOODS.

East Jordan Lumber Company.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

Chapter of Accidents.

At Traverse City a strange series of disasters, one of fatal consequence, have followed the drowning of Paul Winowski and Jos. Ryant, fishermen, who left 17 fatherless children. Ryant's body was soon found, but the search for Winowski continues. As Venell Sleder was driving down to make arrangements for Ryant's funeral, he was killed in a runaway. Sunday night the boat that was searching for Winowski's body became confused and finally lost. A heavy sea was running and for hours the small boats were tossed about. Finally they sighted lights and ran for them, only to find that they were at Bingham, instead of Traverse City. They at once put around, and, having gotten their bearings, returned in safety, although their absence caused much alarm.

In the meantime Mrs. Winowski, wife of the drowned man, had suffered a stroke of heart failure, and all day yesterday lay in a precarious state, her death being expected at any moment. If she dies ten children, six of them utterly helpless and four able to only care for themselves will be left orphans.

G. A. R. Officers.

The local G. A. R. Post has elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Commander, J. W. Rogers; Sr. Vice Commander, Geo. Hayner; Jr. Vice Commander, Jas. Davis; Officer of Day, Elias Hammond; Quartermaster, John Chatterdon; Chaplain, David Tower. Adjutant, George Bowen; Guard, Elias Miles; Delegate to State Encampment, Curtis Pinner; alternate, Geo. Hayner. A joint installation of officers of the G. A. R. and W. R. C. will take place the first Saturday afternoon in January.

NEW SCHEME.

Paper With Trade Coupon Attachment Makes a Sensation.

The first issue of the new Detroit paper, the United States Daily, which reached a circulation of 100,000, caused a sensation.

One of the surprises on the first day was the creation of a new condition which the publishers had not anticipated. It was intended originally that the entire edition should carry attached trade coupons and that the papers should be distributed only through dealers.

On the morning it first appeared, however, the newsboys of Detroit crowded the offices of the new paper and wanted to purchase an unlimited number of copies.

This compelled Marc M. Reynolds, the manager, to meet the new demand. In the space devoted to the coupon the description of the edition was printed, and the price of the paper was marked 1 cent. The street sales are said to have been enormous.

The new paper consists of twelve pages daily, illustrated with good political cartoons.

Two Marcellus men read accounts of the prowess of Emperor William on his bear hunts and thought they would try the royal sport. Armed with a pitchfork they entered the arena—the hog pen rather—and teased a grouchy old hog. At the finish one man had a gash in the leg and the other had a thrust in the knee from the tusk of the enemy and neither had much clothing on. When they get around again they intend to prosecute the hog for assault and battery.

A little girl wrote the following essay on boys: "Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women—that will be ladies by and by. When God looked at Adam He said to Himself: 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again,' and he made Eve. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way half the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy. Man was made and on the seventh day he rested. Women was then made, and he has never rested since."

Whittington is getting in a fine line of beautiful furniture for the Holiday trade. He will have something special and invites all anticipating purchase of fine furniture to call on him.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

PILES absolutely cured by using "Hermit's" Salve. Price 25 and 50c. All druggists. Book free. Hermit's Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill.

Japan Paid the Price.

The details of the battle of 203 Meter Hill, the taking of which enabled the Japanese to demolish the remainder of the Russian squadron at Port Arthur, present a spectacle which appears to be rather more horrifying than anything that the annals of scientific slaughter have hitherto revealed. It is evident that the methods for taking human life in enormous quantities and in a wonderfully short space of time have progressed along with civilization's more humane discoveries. As Capt. Mahan and other authorities prophesied, the Russo-Japanese conflict has demonstrated that the world's method of annihilating large bodies of men is now pretty nearly an exact science.

The descriptions of the carnage on the slopes of 203 Meter Hill do not make nice reading. It is not a pretty mental picture, 12,000 men bayoneted, torn limb from limb by sharpshooters and dynamite grenades; incinerated by bombs of petroleum; the wounded burrowing in the snow to ease their dying agonies; men still breathing shoveled into ditches with the dead for lack of time to attend them in the darkness and the rain of death.

It may have been a great victory, from a professional point of view a flawless assault and a marvelous defense. But in the light of the progress the world has made in these 1904 years that have rolled by since that first Christmas morning, the battle of 203 Meter Hill is not a glowing compliment to the world's spiritual welfare. In these 20 centuries we haven't made much progress away from the sphere of the brute, after all. We can kill more rapidly and in much larger quantities than could Caesar, Themistocles or Alexander of Macedon. That's about all.

The battle of 203 Meter Hill was, from a strategical point of view, purely a business investment. This eminence commanded the harbor of Port Arthur, where the remnants of Russia's Pacific naval force was sheltered. To take that hill meant the destruction of half a score of war vessels; it meant less work and greater chances of success for Admiral Togo against the Baltic fleet, now en route. We can fancy Gen. Nogi and Admiral Togo carefully figuring out that 12,000 men—more lives than are included in the population of Windsor and almost as many as are included in the population of Lansing—were not too stiff a price to pay for a fleet of war vessels—so the price was paid. Maybe they would have been willing to pay more; anyway, they paid what was asked.

A TOAST.

Here's to the lying lips we meet
For truthful lips are boring;
But lying lips are very sweet
When lying close to yours.
—Smart Set.

Watches make an elegant Holiday present. Get one of C. C. Mack.

When you need a pill it is always best to buy the best. Dade's Little Liver Pills are the best. Try them. They have a way of their own. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

ECZEMA the most hopeless cases cured with Hermit's Salve, guaranteed. All druggists, 25c. 50c. Book free. Hermit Remedy Co., Chicago.

BUY THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE



Before You Purchase Any Other Write THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, ORANGE, MASS.

Many Sewing Machines are made to sell regardless of quality, but the "New Home" is made to wear. Our guarantee never runs out.

We make Sewing Machines to suit all conditions of the trade. The "New Home" is the best of all high grade family sewing machines. Sold by authorized dealers only.

W. E. Malpass Hdwr Co.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HANDBOOK** on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through **Munn & Co.** receive special notice, without charge, in the **Scientific American**.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

Cure Colds, Bronchitis, Encouraged.

Fruit at the Breakfast Table!

Nature Provides Its Own Remedies Which, If Used Judiciously, Insure Perfect Health at All Times.

Aside from the pleasure of eating seasonable fruits beginning the first meal of the day, this custom has undoubtedly arisen from the well known fact that nearly all fruit and more particularly plums and PRUNE WAFERS contain natural laxative principles which act directly on the stomach and bowels.

Constipation, that dread and troublesome complaint which is undoubtedly the basic cause of nine-tenths of the dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, etc., so prevalent among our people today, and which if neglected, surely leads to more complicated and serious organic diseases, can surely be prevented, and when not too far advanced, can be absolutely cured by the judicious use of the modern laxative and cathartic California Prune Wafers.

They are not a patent medicine in the ordinary sense of the word, being compounded from fresh California Prunes, which every intelligent person knows is truly nature's laxative.

A dainty little wafer, always the same, compounded in a highly concentrated form from fresh California Prunes.

They are a natural dissolvent acting on the contents of the stomach and bowels and not on the organs themselves.

They regulate the Liver and Stomach. Cleanse the System and Purify the Blood. Cure All Bowel Troubles, Biliousness, Bad Breath, Bad Blood, Wind on the Stomach, Bloating Bowels, Foul Mouth, Headache, Indigestion, Pimples and Dizziness.

Every household should have a family package of California Prune Wafers, and at the first signs of approaching illness or when under the weather, take a couple of wafers, and the doctor's bills will soon be much smaller than they are now.

You can eat what you please if you follow each meal with a California Prune Wafer, which quickly dissolves the most indigestible food, and helps to carry it through and out of the system in a gentle and healthful manner, without the slightest pain, griping or nausea. 100 Wafers for 25c. Irving Drug Co., Sole Proprietors, Philadelphia, Pa.

For Sale at Warne's Pharmacy.

Holiday Gifts That Last



When you purchase a present, select something that will last, or the person receiving it is likely to soon forget the giver. Artistic designs, beautifully finished together with great wearing qualities are combined in the

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

SPoons, Forks, Knives, Etc.

The "1847 ROGERS BROS." brand has a world wide reputation as "Silver Plate that Wears," and is sold by all leading dealers. Send to the makers for beautifully illustrated catalogue "C.L."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., SUCCESSORS TO MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

WEAK, NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN

Thousands of Young and Middle Aged Men are annually swept to a premature grave through early indiscretions and later excesses. Youthful and Constitutional Blood Diseases have ruined and wrecked the life of many a promising young man. Have you any of the following symptoms: Nervous and Dependent; Tired in Mornings; No Ambition; Memory Poor; Easily Fatigued; Excitable and Irritable; Eyes Blur; Pimples on the Face; Dreams at Night; Restless; Haggard Looking; Blotches; Sore Throat; Hair Loose; Falls in the Body; Sunk in the Face; Lifeless; Distracted; Lack of Energy and Strength. Our New Method Treatment will build you up mentally and physically. Cures Guaranteed or no Pay.

Established 25 years. Bank Security.

Dr. No. 1000 West 12th Street, Detroit, Mich.

A NERVOUS WRECK—A HAPPY LIFE

T. P. Emerson has a Narrow Escape.

"I live on a farm. Youthful diseases weakened me physically and mentally. Family doctors said I was going into 'decline' (Consumption). Finally, 'The Golden Monitor,' edited by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, fell into my hands. I learned the truth and cause. Excesses had sapped my vitality. I took the New Method Treatment and was cured. My friends think I was cured of Consumption. I have sent them many patients, all of whom were cured. Their New Method Treatment supplies vigor, vitality and manhood."

Consultation Free. Question Blank for Home Treatment and Book Free.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, 148 SHELLEY STREET DETROIT, MICH.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Regularly maintains its Special Correspondents in war or peace at

TOKYO, NAGASAKI, YOKOHAMA, KOBE, PORT ARTHUR, PEKIN, SHANGHAI AND HONGKONG.

As well as at the principal capitals of Europe. Its normal service, therefore, for covering the

Russo-Japanese War

not only in the field of war but also in that of diplomacy, is more complete than that of any other Chicago newspaper. In addition it also has the service of The Associated Press with its great allied foreign news agencies. And the whole is now supplemented by its

OWN SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENTS IN THE FIELD.

No other paper in Chicago has so complete an equipment for printing the war news promptly and fully. That the people of Chicago and the Northwest appreciate the policy of The Daily News in printing all the news of all the world all the time is attested by the fact that its circulation exceeds

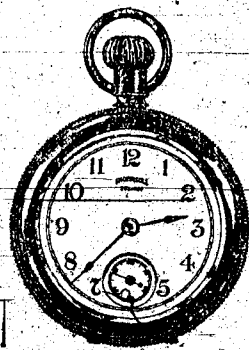
320,000 a Day.

The largest similarly attested daily newspaper circulation, morning or evening, in America.

The Best Xmas Present for a boy is one of our

25c Sleighs

Special Low Price for Christmas week.



Or get him a Good Watch

for \$1.00 to \$1.50 each. All strictly warranted and good time-keepers.

STROEBEL BROS.

JOE 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 \$5.00 and upward received and interest allowed 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

Christmas.
Holiday vacation.
Chinaware at Mack's.
First door east of the Bank.
See the large display of "1847" Silvers at Stroebel Bros.
Ladies', Men's and Boy's Skates in great variety at lowest prices at the W. E. Malpass Hdw. Co.
Get some Calling Cards printed at The Herald office for your friends' Holiday present. Nothing nicer.
Att'y J. Ernest Converse left yesterday for Lapeer, where he spends the Holidays with parents and friends.
Don't miss the "Character Masquerade Ball" to be given at Loveday Opera House on New Year's night—Jan'y 2nd.
The State Board of Canners find that Warner won by 60,228 and that Roosevelt had the tremendous plurality of 227,715.
George B. Horton, who has been master of the State Grange for twelve years, was re-elected last week at the Grange meeting in Lansing.
Mr. and Mrs. John Kenney, with children Misses Gladys and Lenore, left latter part of the week to spend the Holidays with Chicago friends.
E. E. Shelters was declared a voluntary bankrupt in the U. S. District Court at Grand Rapids, Tuesday. Att'y J. Ernest Converse is representing Mr. Shelters.
A. M. Haight, Manager of the East Jordan Coopers Co., was absent from the city first of the week on a business trip to Saginaw, Bay City and several other places.
A frame boarding house on Lake street, Petoskey, conducted by Mrs. J. Smith and owned by A. F. Ruch, burned one morning last week causing a total loss of \$2,500. The fire started from a pan of ashes.
Treasurer of South Arm Township Dan E. Goodman will be at his store every Friday from now on, to receive the township taxes. Those paying before Jan'y 19th will be charged one per cent, while after that three per cent will be added.

Merry Christmas.
C. C. Mack, the Jeweler.
See Weller for Photographs.
Lou Otto is home again and in the grind.
Holiday Goods in great profusion at Mack, the Jeweler's.
Miss Myrtle Severance is home from college for the Holidays.
Nickle-Silverware makes elegant Christmas presents. Stroebel Bros.
Miss Ida Eberhart, of Bay City is guest of her sister, Mrs. Clark Hair.
Miss Rebecca Jak of Traverse City, who has been guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Zess, has returned home.
A little girl came to live with Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Lorraine Monday, both mother and child are doing well.
Wolverine Express.
Some people go to church to weep, others to sleep. Some go their wives to please, their conscience, others go to ease. Some go to tell their woes, others go to show their clothes. Some go to hear the preacher, others like the solo screecher. Boys go to reconnoiter, girls go because they oughter.
Many go for sage reflection, precious few to help collection.
See Weller for Photographs.
The Slayton Jubilee Singers, who appeared here last Friday evening under auspices of the High School Lecture Course, were all that could be desired for a musical number. The program from start to finish was excellent. As this is the first number of the Course it is very gratifying that such good talent was presented. The second number will be given Jan'y 19.
Musical Instruments in great profusion at Mack's Jewelry Store.
Four fine prizes will be awarded at the "Character Masquerade Ball" to be given at the Loveday Opera House on New Year's night—Jan'y 2nd. To the gentleman and lady each best portraying some well known character (barring the tramp character), to the person, either lady or gentleman, with funniest outfit, and to the spectator who proves to be the fortunate one, will be given prizes which will be creditable souvenirs of this occasion.

Yule-tide Shopping.

I have all new goods—no old stock—and for

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

- | | | |
|------------|---------------|----------------------|
| Jewelry | Silverware | Cut Glass |
| Watches | Knives | China |
| Chains | Forks | Brush and Comb Trays |
| Fobs | Spoons | Salads |
| Stick-pins | Cake-baskets | Cracker-jars |
| Cuff-links | Butter-dishes | Celery-trays |
| Etc., Etc. | Syrup Pitcher | Etc., Etc., Etc. |

Come and Look My Stock Over. ENGRAVING FREE.

Mack Jewelry Store.

First door east of the Bank.
Sleighride to Boyne City last Saturday night.
Cash paid for all kinds of junk at A. Danto's.
Cut Glass at cut rates at Mack's Jewelry Store.
Toys galore for the children at W. E. Malpass Hdw. Co.
Mrs. J. E. Chew spent Sunday with her father at Norwood.
Rings of all descriptions and at all prices at Mack's the Jeweler.
Miss Maude Ariett of Traverse City is guest of Mr. Fred Palmiter.
Mrs. John Munroe, Jr., left Tuesday for St. Ignace on a business trip.
Robert Procter, who has been selling this summer, is home again.
Howard Gage is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gage at Jennings.
Miss Effie Landrum is home from Kalamazoo Seminary for the Holidays.
G. K. Weller makes high grade photographs. See him when you want some.
Miss Beitha Bowles of Ellsworth was the guest of friends here, the past week.
Miss La Verne Crossman has returned from her trip to Detroit and other places.
Att'y J. Ernest Converse was a Charlevoix business visitor middle of the week.
Mrs. Andrew Kime, who has been sick for some time, is slowly regaining her health.
Sherman & Son favored The Herald with a couple of tasty 1905 calendars the past week.
Mrs. Frank Porter is expecting a sister from Leland to spend the Holidays with her.
W. P. Squires is expecting a holiday visit from his wife and their little son, of South Haven.
Fine Pearl-handled Pocket Knives and Fancy Shears are very useful gifts. Stroebel Bros.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gee and son Ray have gone to Jackson where they intend to spend the winter.
A. Churchill, of East Jordan, was a business visitor to the city Wednesday afternoon.—Petoskey Independent.
Cleveland Isaman, son of Mrs. S. Isaman who is attending a college at Lansing, is home for the Holidays.
Miss Louisa Lovday is home to spend the Holidays. She is taking a course in an Oratorical School at Chicago.
Buy a "Bement Palace Steel Range" on easy payments for your wife's Christmas Present of W. E. Malpass Hdw. Co.
Miss Luella Boosinger is here from Lansing guest of her brothers and sisters, the Boosingers and Mrs. Asa Eoyeday.
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Kime are entertaining the latter's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Redell of Clarksville, during the Holidays.
Jack McArthur and brother Archie are expected home this week. They have both been employed as seamen this summer.
Charles Bush, who was arrested and taken to Charlevoix on account of an alleged debt, was released Thursday, and is home again.
Att'y J. Ernest Converse has a nice lot of dwellings and building lots for sale: Anyone contemplating a purchase will do well to see him.
For cracked hands, chapped lips, and rough skin, Pinesalve is the nicest, quickest, best cure. One application in one night proves it. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.
The D. & C. Ely is offering one and one-third fare round trip over their line and that of the G. R. & I., M. C., tickets on sale Dec. 23-24-26 and 31st. Good to return Jan'y 4th.
JUNK.—I am in the market for all kinds of junk including Hides, Fells, Furs, Rags, Lead, Zinc, Copper, old Rubber, in fact everything along this line. Cash paid for same.—A DANTO.
Always something new at Loveday Opera House—this time it will be a "Character Masquerade Ball" on New Year's night, Monday, Jan'y 2nd, and beautiful prizes will be presented to those best portraying well known characters.
Wm. Grief, president of the Grief Bros. Coopers Co. of Cleveland, and of which the East Jordan Coopers Co. is a part, was in our city last week looking over the interests here. He found everything in excellent shape through the efficient management of Mr. A. M. Haight. This is the second visit Mr. Grief has paid to East Jordan, the first visit being made last May when the plant had just practically got under way. His visit then was for just twenty minutes, coming in and going out on the E. J. & S. noon train. This time he came in on Tuesday evening and went out Friday noon. H. R. McNeil, also of Cleveland, accompanied him.
Pins make a very nice Holiday present at Mack's.

A MATTER OF HEALTH



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

Wednesday was shortest day.
Mrs. W. E. Malpass has returned from Traverse City.
Complete line of Fountain Pens can be found at Mack's.
Harrison Liskum is here for a visit. He has been in Montana for a number of years.
Mr. and Mrs. W. L. French are entertaining the latter's sister, Miss Jessie Supernaw.
Chester Thompson, a former resident of East Jordan, is here from Traverse City visiting friends.
Miss Lou A. Rice the popular school marm of Chaddock district is taking a vacation with her relatives at Kaska.
Frank Severance left on Monday for an extended business trip.—He visits Little Rock, Ark., and from thence goes to Texas.
Someone has discovered that C. H. & D. P. M. the initials of the new C. H. & D. and Peré Marquette consolidation—stands for "Cheap Help and d-Poor Management."
Mrs. Moses Larrabee was at Petoskey first of the week looking up an offer of parties there for her to conduct a boarding house.—The prospect pleases her, she will move there in the near future.
MOUNTING BOARD.—For the convenience of a number of our patrons who wish to use mounting board for Kodak work we have put in a supply to retail at 10c per sheet, size of sheet 22 by 28 inches.—The Herald.
The inability of the railroads to handle their traffic, at least in this section, is brought to light in one way by the fact that there were 64 loaded cars ready for shipment in the Belleaire yards Saturday, 56 of which were carried over Sunday.—Belleaire Independent.

SEED TIME

The experienced farmer has learned that some grains require far different soil than others; some crops need different handling than others. He knows that a great deal depends upon right planting at the right time, and that the soil must be kept enriched. No use of complaining in summer about a mistake made in the spring. Decide before the seed is planted.

The best time to remedy wasting conditions in the human body is before the evil is too deep-rooted. At the first evidence of loss of flesh

Scott's Emulsion

should be taken immediately. There is nothing that will repair wasted tissue more quickly or replace lost flesh more abundantly than Scott's Emulsion. It nourishes and builds up the body when ordinary foods absolutely fail.

We'll send you a sample free.

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

SCOTT & BOWNE CHEMISTS
409 Pearl Street NEW YORK
5c. and 25c. all drug stores.

PILES In any form are dangerous, health-destroying, death-dealing, 25 cents insures your life. A trial jar of "Hemoid" ointment will prove its infallibility. 25¢ and 50¢. All drug stores. Home Supply Co., Chicago.

When Looking for Something

Suitable for a Holiday Gift

We suggest that you visit our store and inspect our line of

- Ladies and Gents' Hdkfs
White Goods
Ladies' Collars and Sets
Towels Bed Spreads
Silk Underskirts
Silk for Suits
Black Silks
Dress Goods
Blankets Rugs
- Furs at Wholesale Prices. Cloaks at your price.
Separate Skirts.

J. L. WIESMAN

LEADER OF LOW PRICES.

Loveday Block, East Jordan.

The Daintiest, Prettiest and Most Acceptable

Holiday Gifts

for Everybody.

It gives us pleasure to place at your disposal the opportunities which our store offers for the exercise of artistic taste and discriminating judgment in the selection of acceptable gifts and remembrances. We invite you to inspect our beautiful collection of Holiday Gifts which includes:

- Books—Gift Books, Latest Popular Novels, Elegant line of Oxford Bibles, Etc.
Perfumes Albums
Fountain Pens
Toilet Cases Shaving Sets
Games Medallions
Fancy Stationery.

Warne's Pharmacy

1/4 Off on the Celebrated CLAUS RAZORS

Until Christmas.

Also the finest line of goods suited for Christmas Presents such as

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| Nickel Copper Tea Kettles | Ladies and Gents Skates |
| Nickel Copper Tea Pots | Boys and Girls Sleds |
| Nickel Copper Coffee Pots | Guns |
| Imported Granite Ware | Revolvers |
| Pocket Knives | Sewing Machines |
| Shears and Scissors | Compasses |
| Knives and Forks | Carving Sets |
| Children's Sets | |
- Statuary and Toys in great variety at prices that will surprise you.

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.
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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.

LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

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

It was late in a sultry, almost breezeless evening in September, 1811, that the ship "Condor," belonging to Laro and his associates, dropped anchor in the harbor of Fort Royal, Martinique. She had but a single passenger, if such he could be termed; for it was Jean Laffitte, returned recently from a mission which will be referred to more particularly later on, and who had come from New Orleans for the purpose of meeting Laro, whom he expected to find waiting at Fort Royal. His search proved unavailing, although he ascertained that Laro had been seen in the town; and after visiting several of the places where he was liable to be found, Laffitte went to an inn not far from the wharves, and ordered supper.

Here he sat enjoying the coolness, while he sipped and smoked, when there came to his ears the sound of a voice whose mellow resonance thrilled him strangely, sending his thoughts whirling into the past.

The air was yet vibrating with the hearty tones as the speaker came through the door; and a lamp hanging from the ceiling of the balcony flashed its rays into the face of Greloire.

The recognition was not mutual; for Greloire, after a careless glance at the younger man, crossed the balcony and seated himself near the rail. Laffitte was, for the moment, undecided as to what to do, whether to reveal his identity, and risk hearing whatever comments Greloire might make upon a name and career which already had become known in two continents, or to remain silent, and thus forego this unlooked-for opportunity for knowing something definite in regard to the man who was still dear to him—he who was now Emperor of France.

by the enemies of France, who thus rendered me unfit for hard service against them, and I am now Monsieur Felix Greloire, attache of the emperor's household. As such I go upon various missions; and my business here relates to the settlement of some matters connected with certain property belonging to her Majesty the empress, who, as you know, is a native of this fair island. A fine place it is, both as to climate and people; but Louisiana is far more to my taste."

Laffitte appeared to observe the irrelevancy of this last remark, for, with a keen look at Greloire, he said, "Louisiana! What do you know of Louisiana?"

"Much—that is, of New Orleans, for I was there several months, in the autumn of 1803."

"I was then absent from Louisiana," said the young man.

"So I learned, when I made inquiries for you. But I heard something of you, and still more in regard to that Spanish rascal who took you away from Toulon, not long before I went there to get you myself."

"What mean you by that?" Laffitte demanded, almost as if resenting an affront.

"This, mon ami," was the slowly and distinctly uttered reply. "That when Gen. Bonaparte, late in October of 1795, sent me to Toulon, in order to bring you to him at Paris, I found that you and Pierre had already gone with Laro, bound for Louisiana."

"Who told you this?" inquired Laffitte.

"A dozen people—Thiel amongst them. I went first to Pere Huot's house, and there ascertained that the good priest was dead. I then visited Le Chien Heureux, and learned what I have told you."

Laffitte turned again from Greloire, and settled down into his chair; and the latter saw the quick rising and

you may ask," declared Greloire; "and I will answer it upon my honor."

Laffitte appeared irresolute, as if the question were of such grave import that he dreaded an unfavorable reply. Then, laying a hand on Greloire's shoulder, he asked, "What said he—Bonaparte, when you told him that I had departed from Toulon?"

"Nothing."

"You have told me all I wished to know, and I thank you," said Laffitte, again holding out a hand, which Greloire clasped firmly.

"Adieu, and bon voyage."

"Adieu, and bonne fortune."

With this they parted; and Laffitte, returning directly to the wharf, ordered the boat's crew to row him back to the "Condor."

Jean had, up to this moment, considered himself deeply aggrieved by Bonaparte's apparent neglect; and, looking at the matter from the standpoint of youth, his ardent, imaginative nature, and his unstinted love for the young officer, his feelings were not without warrant.

But, in the light of Greloire's explanation, the man of thirty could well see how unreasonable and hasty had been the boy of fifteen; how unthinking and rash; how utterly lacking in a proper appreciation of Bonaparte's regard, and of how the manifestations of this was subject to conditions and influences beyond the latter's power to always control.

He thought of Margot, and her words returned to him—when, upon that last evening of her life, she had said that Bonaparte was his good angel, and Laro his evil one.

Truly had her words been proven; for now he knew the former as he was, and would have been, while the passing years had either increased, or made more apparent Laro's coarseness and cruelty.

It was only to the boy Jean that he had ever been otherwise; but latterly something of a change had taken place in this respect toward the man, especially after he had refused to acquiesce in the adventurer's cherished scheme, that he, Jean Laffitte, should take as his wife, Lazalle, the former's niece.

But the young man had, all through his wild life, held within the inmost depths of his soul a sacred shrine, kept closed and pure, where never the love for woman had entered. Over its altar, faded and indistinct, yet his life, lingered the teachings of his foster-mother, and the remembrance of a sunny-faced, blue-eyed girl, who had promised the boy to pray that he might be that which he had so woefully failed to be, or had even sought to attain.

The past rolled in upon him like a smothering hood, until, in a wild tumult of despair, he left his cabin and went on deck. There he heard one of the watch whistling to himself; and presently the man broke softly into the words of the air:

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Qui fait le monde à la ronde!"

The song brought to mind again the blue-eyed girl's face, and also that of her daughter, the little "Island Rose," whom, late the previous May, he had piloted through the woods, and down the rivers, from her dead mother's home among the Choctaws.

The long, rough journey had given him rare opportunities for sounding the depths of the childish soul so close to nature that it seemed to worship the mother's God through nature, and nature through God.

He was known as "Captain Jean," a friend of her grandfather—as "Captain Jean," whom she found such a charming companion, and whom his escort of white men and Indians respected and loved. She trusted him fully, and their intercourse was free from restraint.

Recalling her now, while he paced the deck, with the troubled water of his soul casting ashore such woeful wreckage for his contemplation, the thought of her white purity, her silvery voice, her childish confidence, brought to him a blessed peace.

(To be continued.)

The Work of Water

We have as yet many unsolved problems in agriculture, and among them is the work that water must do in the production of crops. We are largely in a mist as to the amount of water needed on land to produce a certain amount of grain or of fruit. The experimenters that have been at work on this problem in various parts of the country can only tell us that they are coming closer and closer to some kind of a general base.

Professor Kling found out that it took several hundred pounds of water to produce a pound of different kinds of grain; but to produce a pound of apples the amount of water will be found to be very much less. Some of the most effective experiments have been made in New Mexico, at Mesilla Park. To them we are indebted for some very valuable data as to the cost of using steam in the pumping of water, employing wood as fuel. We had naturally taken it for granted that it would not pay to use steam in pumping water for irrigation land. We now know that steam is one of the cheapest agents that can be employed in the raising of water for such a purpose.

But one of the important things that must be settled is the exact work to be laid on water. If the experiments have shown anything it is that the most profit comes when the exact amount of water required is supplied. Every inch of unnecessary water used is added expense. If a good deal too much water is used the expense may be equal to the profit. So it becomes a matter of knowledge and the knowledge is money. The wise irrigator knows that irrigation pays; the unwise irrigator is strongly fixed in the belief that it does not pay.

This truth is coming out in the discovery in a good many localities that less water is required than it was thought would be required for the production of a crop of any particular grain. In New Mexico they are about settling down to the conclusion that twenty-five inches of water applied throughout the growing season, from seeding to harvest, is the most profitable amount. A larger application may increase the yield of wheat, but the increase is made at the expense of a large amount of water, and this water cost is far greater than the value of the increase of the grain. Thus it was found that seven irrigations with five inches of water at each irrigation gave 18 bushels of wheat. That was at the expenditure of 35 inches of water over the whole area. Twenty-five inches of water gave 15.1 bushels. At this rate it took one and two-thirds inches of water to produce one bushel of wheat, while the extra three bushels was produced at an expenditure of ten inches of water or at the rate of three and a third inches of water for each bushel of wheat. Clearly wheat would have to be very high in price to make it pay to produce it at this cost.

Another thing that is being brought out by trials with irrigation water is that water does not sink rapidly into the soil. When thirty-five inches of water were applied to the wheat field none of it sank in deeper than five feet. As soon as the ground could hold it without being more than saturated it prevented its downward movement. This is a help to the irrigator. It prevents the leaching away of the water and it saves the fertility that may be in the soil naturally or that has been artificially applied. The roots of many plants, including corn, clover and alfalfa, will go down five feet or more and so can make use of all the water applied.

In the humid states the land has become saturated to great depths because a little water has been added each year throughout the centuries. But this is not the case in many regions in the west, where the surface soil is hundreds of feet above soil water. In such cases the water moves down very slowly, where it is applied in proper quantities for crop production. If it had the general tendency to move down, as most people suppose, there would be no trouble from the rising of alkali; for in that case the alkali would be carried far below the roots of the crops and would stay there.

But the water sinks into the dry soil for five, ten, fifteen feet or more, dissolves the alkali it finds and then begins an upward movement, being pumped up by the air. It brings up the alkali with it and in evaporating leaves the chemical as a layer on the top of the soil. The work of water is gradually being better understood and it will be made to perform greater tasks than have hitherto been laid on it.

EVERY WALK IN LIFE.



A. A. Boyce, a farmer, living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says: "A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed so quickly that I was obliged to lay off work on account of the aching in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every make-shift I tried and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and I must say I was more than surprised and gratified to notice the back ache disappearing gradually until it finally stopped."

Doan's Kidney Pills sold by all dealers or mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Plant Growth.

There is gradually dawning a belief that plant growth is more or less of a chemical process that may be accelerated or retarded by the application of the proper reagents, generally in the form of fertilizers, and that the ultimate growth is usually far in excess of the value of the material applied. This is apropos of some investigations that have been conducted by M. Nagasaki, of the Tokio Imperial university, in stimulating rice growth by the stimulating action of manganese in the form of manganese sulphate. A yield of 37 per cent over a field fertilized in the usual manner was obtained by this investigator and the value of the increased crop was equal to four times the cost of the chemical applied.

African Jumping Hare.

One of the rarest and most interesting of the wild animals in South Africa is the springhaas, or jumping hare. It lives in small communities on the open veldt, both in the plains and in the mountain ranges, and makes large and deep burrows in the ground, whence it emerges toward sunset, being rarely seen in the bright daylight. When chased in the open it proceeds in great bounds like a jerboa or kangaroo, for which its highly developed hind legs are admirably adapted, and is even said to move faster up hill than down. Its food consists of roots and green stuff. Its flesh is good to eat and is much appreciated by the Hottentots and Kaffirs.

Whole Cistern Out of Order.

A story concerning the Rev. Mandell Creighton relates to the time when, as a vicar in Northumberland, he looked after the temporal welfare of his people. He was legal adviser and doctor, druggist and compounder of medicines as well. One old woman was telling the vicar's wife what Dr. Creighton had said to her. "Mr. Creighton, he says it's my digester that's out of order," explained she, "but I say it's my whole cistern."

Ocean Cables.

There are 252,436 miles of ocean cable in operation to-day, and only 38,797 miles are owned by governments. The British cables, which connect London with all parts of the world, have a total mileage of 154,039.

Checklists of Years Ago.

On the walls in the selectmen's room at the town hall in Sanbornville, N. H., hang two relics of the town. Two checklists, one of the date of 1823, the other of 1852.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

Right Food Makes Happy Children Because They are Healthy.

Sometimes milk does not agree with children or adults. The same thing is true of other articles of food. What agrees with one sometimes does not agree with others.

But food can be so prepared that it will agree with the weakest stomach. As an illustration—anyone, no matter how weak the stomach, can eat, relish and digest a nice hot cup of Postum coffee with a spoonful or two of Grape-Nuts poured in, and such a combination contains nourishment to carry one a number of hours, for almost every particle of it will be digested and taken up by the system and be made use of.

A lady writes from the land of the Magnolia and the mocking bird way down in Alabama and says: "I was led to drink Postum because coffee gave me sour stomach and made me nervous. Again Postum was recommended by two well known physicians for my children, and I feel especially grateful for the benefit derived."

"Milk does not agree with either child, so to the eldest, aged four and one-half years, I give Postum with plenty of sweet cream. It agrees with her splendidly, regulating her bowels perfectly although she is of a constipated habit."

"For the youngest, aged two and one-half years, I use one-half Postum and one-half skimmed milk. I have not given any medicine since the children began using Postum, and they enjoy every drop of it."

"A neighbor of mine is giving Postum to her baby lately weaned, with splendid results. The little fellow is thriving famously." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum agrees perfectly with children and supplies adults with the hot invigorating beverage in place of coffee. Literally thousands of Americans have been helped out of stomach and nervous diseases by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food-Coffee. Look in pkg. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Cowpea Hay for Pigs.

Cowpea hay is coming into use as an adjunct to pig feeding operations. It supplies two things that are needed by the pig—protein and bulk in food. It is difficult on most farms to get cheaply the food that will give protein. Cowpea hay is exceedingly rich in this element. In a state of nature the "bulk" of the food of the pig takes care of itself. But in a state of captivity he is fed chiefly on concentrated grains with the result that his health is often injured, or at least his power to make a good growth impaired. The pig is naturally an omnivorous eater, and should not be made to subsist on a single diet.

Reprove yourself liberally, but others sparingly.—Confucius.

CANT PRONOUNCE OWN NAMES.

"Clarence" Has at Least Five Pronunciations in England.

"How should Clarence be pronounced?" I am asked.

Well, this is rather a difficult question to answer. It probably has as many versions as the town of Rheims, or the name of the immortal Samuel Pepps. Having sojourned so frequently in that pleasantest of Gloucestershire towns, I suppose I ought to know something about it. But when I come to think about it, I confess I am somewhat puzzled.

First of all, there is the name spelled. That is in general use in London, and usually adopted by those who never visit the township.

Then you have Cleecester. This certainly has antiquity to recommend it. An earnest Shakespearean reminds me that Bolingbroke says toward the conclusion of "King Richard II.": "Our town of Cleecester in Gloucestershire."

Furthermore, you have the name pronounced as rhyming both to blither and to visitor, and there is also the latest version wherein—in harmony with the time-saving and word-clipping habits of the day—the title of the town is shortened to Cliren—London Graphic.

Kind of Music Government Had.

A certain congressman who has an interest in musical matters recently presented a bill advocating a larger appropriation for the care of the music in the Congressional Library. He spoke briefly on the subject and after the session a fellow Congressman approached him confidentially.

"I say," he said in a low voice, "I like that bill of yours; but tell me what sort of music does the government have over there in the library—is it a band or just a hand organ?" Harper's Weekly.

Greatest in the World.

Arlington, Ind., Dec. 5th.—(Special)—Mr. W. A. Hysong, the photographer, who moved here recently from Sapp, Ky., is firmly of the opinion that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest Kidney Remedy the world has ever known.

"In the years 1901 and 1902," says Mr. Hysong, "and for some time before I was afflicted with Kidney Trouble. My joints were sore and stiff and I finally got so bad I could not turn in bed without assistance. In the Spring of 1903 I was induced, by a friend, to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and after using one and one-half boxes I was and am still completely cured. Several of my neighbors, too, used Dodd's Kidney Pills and in every case they did as recommended."

Cure the early symptoms of Kidney Disease, such as Backache, with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you will never have Bright's Disease.

Obliterate Betting News.

After three months' trial of the results of blotting out the betting news from the newspapers in Ermondsey (London) public library, it has been decided to continue the practice, on the ground that it excludes an undesirable class of readers.

AN INVITING PROSPECT.

Will Canada in the next quarter of a century take the place of the United States as the great wheat exporting section of the western hemisphere? Everything points that way. In the opinion of experts the United States has reached high water mark as a wheat exporting country. The increasing population over there has reached the point when home consumption is becoming annually greater in proportion than the increase in wheat production. As a matter of fact wheat production is decreasing over there as the land becomes more valuable and by reason of the demand for other forms of produce for home consumption. It is said that the wheat crop this year is not more than 70 per cent of the crop of 1901 and much below the crops of 1902 and 1903. It is estimated that this year the United States surplus for export will not be over 100,000,000, which is less than any year since 1870 with two exceptions. Not only is this the case, but a considerable quantity of the best Canadian wheat is being imported into Minnesota and also Chicago.

All this tends to keep the price of wheat near the dollar mark, and "dollar wheat" is the loadstone that will attract farmers to the Canadian Northwest, where land is cheap and can be farmed on a wholesale basis, particulars of which may be had from any Canadian Government Agent. The reduction of American exports will have the double influence of increasing Canadian production and keeping up the price. It constitutes a rosy prospect for this country, and needs no exercise of optimistic enthusiasm to foresee the near expansion of the Dominion into the actual position of the "granary of the empire."

You may kick, you may shatter a boom if you will, but the hopes of its owner will cling to it still.

A politician roasts on the fence because there are voters on both side of it.

TO CURE A COLIC IN ONE DAY.

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

It takes two to make a bargain, but only one ever gets the worth of his money.

"I had Induratory Rheumatism, but I am well now, thanks to Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It's my best friend!" Garrett Louisa, Troy, N. Y.

Society does not seem to have much use for the old man—except to pay the bills.

Wanted RAW FURS all kinds

From all sections of the country. Will pay highest cash prices. A. E. BURKHARDT, Inc., National Fur Merchant, CINCINNATI, O.



"You will deliver him a message from me?"

But all his indecision was soon routed by the realization of what was represented by the face and form—so close to him, and come to life, as it were, from the dead. The living present seemed to animate the dead past; the reality of Greloire gave actual life to the ideal Napoleon.

"Pardon, monsieur," he said bowing slightly as Greloire looked up; "but I think I had the pleasure of meeting monsieur many years ago, in France."

"Ah," said Greloire, as he turned to the speaker. "May I ask when?"

"Long ago in Languedoc, and Toulon," replied Laffitte, fixing his black eyes upon Greloire's face. "We met at Le Chien Heureux, in Toulon; and the last time I saw you was at the Convention of St. Sulpice, where you were recovering from wounds in the final assault upon the city."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Greloire. "What means all this, monsieur? Can it be possible that you are Jean Laffitte—Laffitte, the pi—"

The word was cut short by a flash from the young man's eyes as a sabre-cut might lop off the hand raised for a blow.

"The first is the name by which I was known in Toulon, and my friends still use it. The second is a title given to me by my enemies, and which I do not recognize as appropriate."

He spoke with stern composure, and with a dignity well becoming his tall, straight figure and refined face, while Greloire stared at him in silent astonishment.

"Which of the two, monsieur, do you prefer to use?" Laffitte added, now taking a step backward, but not removing his eyes from Greloire.

"To call you Jean, as I did years ago," Greloire exclaimed impetuously, extending both hands, which were welcomed by the firm grip of the younger man's sinewy fingers.

"Bien," the latter said. "Let it be so. And you—what shall I call you, —marquis, duke, or marshal of France?"

"Tell me of yourself, and of Napoleon."

"The first will take but a short time," Greloire replied laughingly; "for I am not a nobleman, nor yet an officer. Indeed I left the army six years ago, on account of sundry attentions paid to my body and limbs

falling of the young man's breast as he folded his arms across it.

Presently Jean, without lifting his eyes, asked, in a stubborn, dogged tone, as though expecting an answer he did not wish to hear, "Do you mean to have me understand that he—Gen. Bonaparte—sent you to Toulon after me?"

"Most assuredly. He, as I have already told you, sent me in the autumn of '95. He supposed you were still under the charge of Pere Huot, being fitted for the career he—our general—had planned for you—one that would keep you close to him, and insure your future."

Laffitte had now recovered—apparently, at least—from the effect wrought upon him by Greloire's surprising intelligence.

"You will deliver him a message from me?"

"With pleasure."

"Give him my homage for his own greatness, and for the splendor he has brought upon France. Convey to him all my heart's gratitude for his kindness and protection when I was a boy, and for what he would have tried to make me as a man. Tell him that I love him, and will ever love him, and that no sacrifice he may wish or accept will be too great for me to make in his behalf. Can you remember this?"

"Every word; and I will repeat it faithfully."

"Adieu, then, old comrade," said Jean, grasping Greloire's hand. "This may be our last meeting, but it will not be our last regard for each other."

"Indeed no, nor our thoughts of one another," was the hearty response, accompanied by a tighter clasp of Laffitte's slender fingers; "and I trust it may not be the last, by many, of our meetings."

"Adieu, old comrade."

"Adieu, mon ami."

One final hand-clasp, and Laffitte turned away. But, after taking a few steps, he faced about and went back to Greloire, who stood as he had left him.

"One thing more," said Laffitte hesitatingly; "one more question, which you may answer or not, as you choose."

"I will answer whatever question

A DROP IN VALUES.

Changed Conditions Affected Worth of Love Letters.

Henry Clews, the banker, was talking about a stock that had dropped in value.

"Great was its fall," he said. "It was pathetic. It made me think of an incident that happened the other day in an express office."

"To this office a burly, kind looking young man came with a package under his arm."

"I want to express this package," he said.

"The clerk, as usual, asked him: 'What is the nature of the contents of the package?'"

"It is," said the simple-minded youth in a sad tone, "a bundle of letters from a young lady. I am returning them to her."

"Their value?" said the clerk.

"The young man swallowed."

"I don't know what their value is now," he said huskily, "but a week ago I thought they were worth about half a million dollars."

Ex-Governor's Family Aided.

Andrew Carnegie has sent a check for \$5,000 to the committee controlling the fund which is to be used for the support of the late ex-Gov. Robert E. Pattison's widow. This brings the fund up to \$13,437. Ex-Gov. Pattison was the only man who ever carried Pennsylvania twice for the governorship. As he was a democrat, this fact is all the more remarkable. When William Slingerly was wiped out financially Pattison, whose friend he was, was wiped out also. When he died he left his family nothing but mortgage on his home.

The Pills That Cure Sick Nerves



Mrs. Dora B. Frazier, No. 140 Althea St., Providence, R. I., has been cured of Nervous Prostration by the use of **Dr. Williams' Pink Pills For Pale People.**

She says: "I suffered for three years and was several times at the point of death. My weight went down to seventy-five pounds. I was afflicted with nervousness, dizziness, suffocating spells, swelling of limbs, sleeplessness and irregularities. I had a good doctor but he could not help me. The first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did me good and I continued their use until I was cured. I am now perfectly well."

These pills are a specific for all disorders of the nerves from neuralgia to partial paralysis.

Sold by all Druggists.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE
KEMPS BALSAM

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 every where. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

Maple-Flake
is satisfying and at the same time delicious and healthful.

CELERY KING
Don't suffer with sick-headache and don't take headache powders. To cure headache the cause must be removed. Celery King, the tonic-laxative, cures headache. It removes the cause and prevents its return.

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CONTAINS 25,000 NEW WORDS, Etc.
New Gazetteer of the World
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2300 Quarto Pages
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Should be in Every Home, School, and Office

Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., Editor of The Outlook, says: "Webster has always been the favorite in our household, and I have seen no reason to transfer my allegiance to any of his competitors."

FREE "A Test in Pronunciation," instructive and entertaining. Also illustrated pamphlet.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.,
Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

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BETWEEN CHICAGO ST. LOUIS KANSAS CITY AND PEORIA

Handsomest, most luxurious trains in the world; completely rock-burnished vestibled, no dirt, no smoke, no cinders.

ART GALENDAR

Five Sheets, Each 10 x 14 Inches
SEND 25 CTS.

with name of publication in which you read this advertisement, to GEO. J. CHARLTON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & North Western, Ticket Box 418, CHICAGO, Ill., and he will send you a calendar of the year. Four grades of colors, unadorned advertisements and ready for mailing.

Created for You.

I believe that the world was created for you.
Oh, baby, with brown eyes and baby with blue.
Oh, baby with gray eyes and baby with black.
It was made and whirled out on eternity's track.
To just make a playground all colors and gold.
All sapphire, and amber, and green, and red.
That we who are old are permitted to stay.
To help you, and guard you, and watch over your play.

For we who are old yesterday were as you.
We were babies with black eyes, and gray eyes, and blue.
We romped in the meadows, and laughed in the sun,
And at night, tired out with our frolic and fun.
We crept to our mother so loving and sweet.
And she in one hand held our two tiny feet.
And one arm held around us, and taught us to pray.
Ah, yes, we were babies like you yesterday!

Our papa stood by us as yours stands by you.
And he stooped, just like this, for a sweet kiss or two.
And his look as he held out his arms wide apart—
His look—why 'twas just like the throbbing of your heart.

When we stand by your mothers and watch while you pray.
We grown-ups were babies like you yesterday.
And the Lord lets us stay here, and play here with you.
Because when you're weary we know what to do.

—Houston Post.

Queerness of Marcus Miller

Marcus Miller's mother was dead, but his father was a good man, who always followed the dictates of his conscience.

He believed it to be bad for his son to waste more than a month or two of the year at the little school-house under the hill. Therefore, Marcus Miller reached his fourteenth year without having retarded his growth by overstudy.

His father also believed that the best points in other people's souls are blunted by too much leisure, so he kept him busy. Neither did his parent believe in an unnecessary display of affection, consequently the boy decided that the people who wrote the few articles he had read on the joys of living were liars.

When Marcus Miller was eighteen years old his father died and went into everlasting glory—at least so the minister said—and Marcus shed some bitter tears at the funeral and wished that his father had left a few tender memories behind him rather than a big farm. Then he took up the burden where the old man had left it, and went on getting more money and less happiness as the years went by.

Marcus always hated to hear the minister say: "The days of our years are three score and ten"; it seemed such a long time to live. He often wondered why a wise Providence hadn't cut the limit down to about half. He was thinking about that one evening as he sat on the porch gazing absently at the morning-glory vines that were trembling in the evening breeze. So absorbed in thought was he that he started when the gate-chain rattled and the gate swung open to admit a dusty bicyclist who politely inquired if he could procure a meal in the neighborhood. A sudden longing for a companionship prompted Marcus Miller to invite the man in, and to order his servant to set the table.

The stranger, who was an amiable fellow and wanted to make himself agreeable, poured into the thirsty ears of Marcus a stream of description that nearly took his breath away. "He told him of the seas he had crossed, and the Alps he had climbed, of the cities he had visited and the forests he had explored; and Marcus Miller sat perve enraptured as Desdemona must have been when first she saw the glowing pictures painted by the words of Othello.

The stranger stayed until the moon rose over the hill, then rode gayly away. But the world was changed for the man he left behind leaning on the little picket gate. Marcus stood in the moonlight looking down the road, the wander fever throbbing through his veins—the world outside was calling him, he wanted to go, to see, to feel.

He wanted to be rich in memories like the man who had confessed his poverty of worldly goods. And for the first time in his life Marcus Miller realized that a man with money may be a pauper. It was soon after this night that the people began to notice that Marcus Miller was acting queer.

He no longer cared for the village gossip, and talk of farm implements seemed to bore him. Often when he sat in the corner grocery down in the village, he looked out of the door with eyes that seemed to see something a thousand miles away. And one day when an agent came in with big gold-framed chromas—he paid three dollars and a half for a pair of companion pieces, the one being the rock coast of almost anywhere, the other a stately ship sailing over a wild, tempestuous sea. And once, when an old friend of his father congratulated him on having such a fine farm, he suddenly sprang to his feet, and bursting out—"I hate being an anchored ship!"—threw his clay pipe on the floor and walked out into the night. The next day the doctor called in a casual way—just to look at the prize cows, and incidentally suggested to Marcus that he ought to take treatment for his liver.

But Marcus displayed no interest in his suggestion; he was looking down the long road, thinking long thoughts. Soon after this Marcus started the

village by offering his farm for sale or rent—and the prophet at the corner grocery declared that Marcus Miller was going to the bad—certainly it was that he was going somewhere. To all questions on the matter, he answered, "I'm going to see the world," in the tone of one who announced the inevitable. And—his head shook sadly over his folly, and only one pair of kindly eyes held a gleam of sympathy—they belonged to old man Perkins, who had in his youth taken in a ten days' excursion to the metropolis, the memory of which had followed him through the years, and been the one bit of color in his monotonous life.

"Obediah Perkins was sometimes reminded of that trip when he saw a crimson poppy waving in his potato patch. "I don't know as I blame you, Marcus," he said, "when you get as old as me you won't regret anything so much as the good times you missed."

And it was he who helped Marcus find a good man to rent the farm for two years. And one day, Marcus packed his new Gladstone bag, and amid the solemn farewells of his friends, the Ulysses of Martinsville departed on his wanderings.

Henceforth society at the corner grocery was never dull. The interest in the probable doings of Marcus Miller never waned, and after many months a letter with a foreign stamp came to Obediah Perkins, who hurried proudly over to the grocery store with it, determined that his friends should take part in the important ceremony of opening the interesting epistle.

The letter came from England, and in a few sentences Marcus Miller explained that he was just beginning to realize what life meant. The letter was carefully read over by all present, then with the aid of some strips of court-plaster they pasted it to the inside of the glass candy case, where for many days it received more attention than is paid to many of the old masterpieces in the gallery of the Louvre. Two years passed, and one spring morning when the blue mists hovered over the greening fields, and the woods were sweet with arbutus, Marcus Miller came home.

He got off at the flag station and walked through the wood lot in the direction of his farm. Just before he reached the clearing he sat down on a log and rested his head on his hand.

Obediah Perkins, searching for a stray member of his chicken coop, came slowly through the woods and halted in astonishment a few feet from Marcus.

The sunlight sifting through the branches shone on the wanderer's face and the old man studied it in silence, held speechless by a great peace that shone there, a peace too profound to be disturbed by petty cares and little worries. Marcus Miller had learned the measurements of human life, and Obediah Perkins understood.

The two men greeted each other quietly. "You've got what no one can take from you," said the old man, and Marcus grasped his hand and smiled—the smile of one who has completion in his soul.

That summer he took up the farm again and the same monotonous round began. But never again was it monotonous to Marcus Miller. He blended what was with what had been and glowed with the fullness of life. He had seen so much of the world that he was contented to sit in his little corner and let the memory of it all pass before him like an eternal panorama, for Marcus Miller had the seeing eye and had become a part of all that he had seen—he had built his soul a lordly pleasure house whereon no man could attach a mortgage.—The Four-Track News.

Zuni Family Life

The little half-civilized children of Zuni so aroused our curiosity that we drove through forty miles of sand and sagebrush, from the railroad at Fort Wingate, to pay them a visit, writes Marie Brace-Kimball in St. Nicholas. As the Indians do not provide for travelers, we took our hotel with us—tents, beds and food—and camped just outside their village. The village looks like a huge beehive made of clay and stuck fast to the top of a sandy knoll. The hive is filled with a mass of cells—300 single rooms, placed side by side and piled in rows one on top of another.

In each of these rooms lives a Zuni family. There are no inside stairways leading from story to story, but if the boys and girls living in one row wish to pay a visit to a house above them, they must go outdoors and climb a ladder. On the slope between the village and the Zuni river are a number of small vegetable gardens, each one enclosed by a mud wall. Zuni has no inns, no shops, no saloons, not even proper streets, but only narrow alleys that thread their way through the strange town. As we walked through the village, all the world came out to see us. Girls and boys clustered on the roofs or sat on the ovens—queer little cones of mud which seem to grow up out of the house-tops—while fathers, mothers and babies peered out from dark doorways to stare at the visitors. When we had finished our tour of the roofs and alleys, we were hospitably invited indoors; even there the children followed us, and as we glanced up to a hole in the ceiling which served as a window, a girl's laughing face filled the opening. We must have looked strange enough in our hats and gloves and long skirts.

TWICE MARRIED IN AN HOUR.

Speeding Auto Helped Couple Out of a Dilemma.

Twice married within an hour—the second time in an automobile—the romantic termination of the courtship of Christian Silistia, a young business man of Parkston, S. D., and the lady of his choice, who came from Iowa for the purpose of uniting her fortunes with those of the young South Dakotan.

Mr. Silistia, after producing a marriage license, met his sweetheart at Scotland, Bon Homme county, where they were promptly wedded by Rev. A. M. Thurston.

When the marriage certificate was being prepared it was discovered that the marriage license had been issued in Hutchinson county.

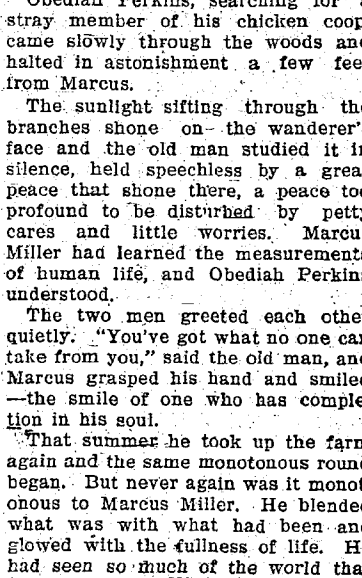
As the state law requires marriage ceremonies to be performed in the county in which a license is issued, the pair were in a quandary until the clergyman's wife came to their rescue by suggesting that they induce Dr. Seagley, a local physician, to take the wedding party in his automobile across the border to Hutchinson county.

The couple, together with the clergyman and physician, got into the automobile, which was soon speeding in the direction of the Hutchinson county line, only a few miles away.

As soon as the party had crossed the border, and while the automobile was spinning over a public highway, a new marriage ceremony was performed.—New York World.

Novelty in Advertising.

A novel advertising idea was introduced on the Boulevards des Italiens in Paris, the other night, when four gentlemen attired in fawn overcoats and top hats, each jauntily carrying a cane, strolled leisurely along in single file after the manner of tourists. They stopped at every cafe, before the long rows of people seated outside, and bowed gravely, hand on heart. This pressure of the hand touched a button concealed under the coats, and the four hats were simultaneously illuminated with a device advising one to try someone's liquor. As if this were not sufficient, they snatched off their hats with a sudden gesture, and bowed three times, revealing bald-headed wigs, on which the same appeal was painted in black.



Umbrella.

The inventor says this umbrella leaves the hands free. The dotted lines show how it may be shifted according to the direction of the rain.

Came Over Ocean in Washtub.

An aged apple tree stands on the premises of Henry Coleman at Dover Neck, in the historic locality of the first permanent settlement of New Hampshire.

Tradition says that the tree came over from England in a washtub. It is not known who brought it, nor in precisely what year it arrived, but in view of the fact that it is on land originally owned by the Hilton family, there is every reason to suppose that it voyaged with the first shipload of settlers, in the spring of 1623, when, according to the earliest record, "the Hiltons set up their stages at Dover," others of the company having remained for a time at the first landing, near the mouth of the Piscataqua river.

Rich Costumes of Savage Women.

The women of savage tribes have not infrequently a wardrobe consisting of furs which would be worth from \$5,000 to \$10,000. Grundeman, the explorer, relates how one fair Greenlander wore a dress of sealskin with a hood of that costly fur, the silver fox. The garment was lined with fur of the young sealotter, and there was a fringe of wolverine tails. About \$600 is probably the average worth of the dress of Indian women on the Columbia and Fraser rivers.

Killed Two Foxes With One Shot.

Newell Hodgkins of Lamoine, Me., recently killed two foxes at one shot while cruising the woods in the vicinity of his home. That two young prowlers were standing erect on their hind legs in a wrestling attitude when discovered and the crafty young hunter lost no time in taking advantage of such a rare opportunity.

Away from Smoky Pittsburg.

A family in Pittsburg, Pa., has their laundering done in Castine, Me., the expressor costing them \$9 weekly. They intend to have their washing dried as far away from the smoky city as possible.

Danced Too Vigorously.

William Jackson, a church organist of Norfolk, Conn., dislocated his shoulder while dancing.

Boy of Ten Spent Pleasant Time With Great Soldier.

Never was the Iron Duke more gracious than on that day which the boy Kendall, son of his grace's valet, spent with him, greatly to the lad's surprise.

"We dine at 1 o'clock, sir," the youth had answered.

"And a very good hour," Wellington had replied. "I did so when I was at school. Well, I have ordered an early dinner."

So his grace and the boy of 10 sat down alone, much to the alarm of the valet, who thought the end of all things was near.

After grace the duke told the lad that he had ordered several things to be brought, and would help him to each, "For," he added, "I know little boys like to taste all they see."

"During the meal the duke talked constantly and always kindly. Dinner ended, his grace shook hands with Kendall and bade him good-bye.

"Be a good boy and do your duty. Now you may go to your father."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is a partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

When a woman gets the social ambition in her bonnet hubby might as well meekly fold his little hands and prepare for the worst.

People are like the weather. Soft snap or cold snap. Which are you?

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Indolent, bleeding or protruding piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

A self-made man takes so much pride in telling how he started life on a half-dollar and a country road.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after three days use of Dr. King's Great Peppermint Cure. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KING, Ltd., 331 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Liquor may weaken the voice, but it strengthens the breath.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Wise is the wife who has only small wishes to be granted.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBERTS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

When a man takes a joke he often passes it along without properly endorsing it.

Mrs. L. C. Glover, Vice-President Milwaukee, Wis., Business Woman's Association, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was married for several years and no children blessed my home. The doctor said I had a complication of female troubles and I could not have any children unless I could be cured. He tried to cure me, but after experimenting for several months, my husband became disgusted, and one night when we noticed the testimonial of a woman who had been cured of similar trouble through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, he went out and bought a bottle for me. I used your medicine for three and one-half months, improving steadily in health, and in twenty-two months a child came. I cannot fully express the joy and thankfulness that is in my heart. Our home is a different place now, as we have something to live for, and all the credit is due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Yours very sincerely, Mrs. L. C. GLOVER, 614 Grove St., Milwaukee, Wis."—Vice President, Milwaukee Business Woman's Association.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

TWENTY BUSHELS OF WHEAT TO THE ACRE

Is the record on the Free Homestead Lands of Western Canada for 1904.

The 120,000 farmers from the United States, who during the past seven years have gone to Canada to participate in this prosperity.

The United States will soon become an importer of wheat. Get a free homestead or purchase a farm in Western Canada, and become one of those who will help produce it.

Apply for information to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to authorized Canadian Government Agent—M. V. Williams, No. 4 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Trade of Old Dr. J. C. PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed
Aloe Sassa
Rochelle Salt
Aster Seed
Pipperin
Cinnamon
Sassafras
Hibiscus
Flavour

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Fac-Simile Signature of
J. C. Pitcher
NEW YORK.

48 Bottles, Gold
35 Doses—35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$2.50 SHOES

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

The reason W. L. Douglas's shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makers and the high-grade leather used, you would understand why W. L. Douglas's shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day, and why the sales for the year ending July 1, 1901, were \$1,267,040.00.

W. L. Douglas's shoes are made in my factory in Brockton, Mass., and are sold at the bottom. Look for it—take no substitute. Sold by shoe dealers everywhere.

SUPERIOR IN FIT, COMFORT AND WEAR.

I have worn W. L. Douglas's shoes for the last twelve years with absolute satisfaction. I find them superior in fit, comfort and wear to other makes from \$3.00 to \$7.00.—J. S. Allen, Jr., Dept. 3012, Boston, U. S. A.

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Calfskin in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona Calf is conceded to be the finest Patent Leather made. Last Color dyed exclusively.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Massachusetts.

MEXICAN Mustang Liniment
cures Sprains and Strains.

When answering ads, please mention this paper



Mrs. L. C. Glover, Vice-President Milwaukee, Wis., Business Woman's Association, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was married for several years and no children blessed my home. The doctor said I had a complication of female troubles and I could not have any children unless I could be cured. He tried to cure me, but after experimenting for several months, my husband became disgusted, and one night when we noticed the testimonial of a woman who had been cured of similar trouble through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, he went out and bought a bottle for me. I used your medicine for three and one-half months, improving steadily in health, and in twenty-two months a child came. I cannot fully express the joy and thankfulness that is in my heart. Our home is a different place now, as we have something to live for, and all the credit is due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Yours very sincerely, Mrs. L. C. GLOVER, 614 Grove St., Milwaukee, Wis."—Vice President, Milwaukee Business Woman's Association.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Pitcher

of

For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Many a woman isn't as blonde as she is peroxidized.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 50—1904

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Remedy for
In Time, Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION

Would You Know How to Dress Well?



Toilettes.

The original and practical Fashion Journal of America. Its styles are recognized as the best authority on dressmaking, always exclusive. \$2.00 per year; single copies, 10 cents.

Junior Toilettes.

The only Fashion Magazine for the young, is invaluable to dressmakers, mothers and in the home. \$1.00 per year; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies on application.

We want one representative in every town. Of all booksellers, or address directly TOILETTES FASHION CO. Toilettes Fashion Bldg., 172 FIFTH AVENUE, Corner 22d Street, NEW YORK

Rugs FROM OLD CARPETS

It will pay you to investigate before you place your orders for rugs. We are a responsible incorporated concern with a capital of fifteen thousand dollars and have factories at Petoskey, Michigan Soo, Canadian Soo, Ontario. We are the originators of "Sanitary Rugs," trade mark, from old carpets. All others are imitations. Write for a booklet. We have no agents canvassing. We pay the freight. All work guaranteed. Petoskey Rug Mfg. Carpet Co., Ltd. 53-57 Mitchell street. 481f

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

JOHN KENNY,
GENERAL-DRAYMAN
Moves household goods, baggage and Mer canyise of all descriptions.
Stove wood and lumber delivered.
EAST JORDAN. MICH

Frank A. Kenyon,
Register of Deeds and Abstracter

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

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

The E. J. H. S. Lecture Course

Jan'y 19, 1905.—Wallace Bruce Ambury.
Feb'y 18, 1905.—John R. Clarke.
Mar. 6, 1905.—Dunbar Male. Quartette.
Mar. 23, 1905.—Dr. A. A. Willits.

List of Advertisers Letters.
Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending Dec. 12, 1904:

Cargill, Mrs. Ella
Pabst, Agnes
Moore, Mr. J. B.
Johnson, Mr. James
Hunt, Miss Mary
Cole, Mr. S. W. 2.
FRANK A. KENYON, P. M.

LaGrippe and Pneumonia.

Pneumonia often follows LaGrippe but never follows the use of Foley's Honey and Tar. It cures la grippe coughs and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered. Mr. G. Vacher, of 157 Osgood St., Chicago, writes "My wife had a severe case of la grippe three years ago, and it left her with a terrible cough. She tried a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar and it gave immediate relief. A 50 cent bottle cured her cough entirely." Refuse substitutes. Sold by L. C. Madison.

HERALD NOTES.

TEAM FOR SALE.—Team of Horses, weight between 2400 and 2500 lbs. Also a pair of Belknap Sleighs. Reasonable terms. For particulars apply at this office.

Chief Wilkie of the secret service has issued a notice regarding the appearance of a new counterfeit \$10.00 United States note (Buffalo note). It is of the series of 1901, bearing check letter D, plate No. 174. While the general appearance of the counterfeit is deceptive, the flimsy character of the paper and the coarseness of the silk threads, together with the fact that a period is used between "Washington" and "U. S. C." should enable the careful handler to easily determine its true character.

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

At WHITTINGTON'S.

Removes the microbes which impoverish the blood and circulation. Stops all trouble that interferes with nutrition. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35-cent. Tea or tablet form. At F. C. Warne's.

"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.
Look out for Coughs, Croup and Whooping Cough. They are dangerous at this season of the year. They lead to pneumonia or consumption. You can prevent or cure all such complaints with Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar—an improvement over all cough, lung and bronchial remedies, and the best Cough Syrup. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

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.

Pirating Foley's Honey And Tar. Foley and Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the genuine. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered as no other preparation will give the same satisfaction. It is mildly laxative. It contains no opiates and is safest for children and delicate persons. Sold by L. C. Madison.

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

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets A Busy Medicine for Busy People.
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form. 35 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.
GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

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

Cures Piles
S. Kiegebaker, 80 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

TAKE WINE OF CARDUI AT HOME

Are you a sufferer? Has your doctor been unsuccessful? Wouldn't you prefer to treat yourself—AT HOME?

Nearly 1,500,000 women have bought Wine of Cardui from their druggists and have cured themselves at home, of such troubles as periodical, bearing down and ovarian pains, leucorrhoea, barrenness, nervousness, dizziness, nausea and despondency, caused by female weakness. These are not easy cases. Wine of Cardui cures when the doctor can't.

Wine of Cardui does not irritate the organs. There is no pain in the treatment. It is a soothing tonic of leading herbs, free from strong and drastic drugs. It is successful because it cures in a natural way.

Wine of Cardui can be bought from your druggist at \$1.00 a bottle and you can begin this treatment today. Will you try it?

In cases requiring special directions, address: giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn."

One of Rink's Dyspepsia Tablets after eating even if you can eat but little, will digest the little you do eat, and cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Belching, and Weak Heart. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS HOLIDAYS.

Pere Marquette Agents will sell tickets at rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip.
Dates of sale December 23-24-25-26 and 31, 1904, and January 1 and 2, 1905. Return limit January 4, 1905. Ask agents.

SETTLERS' FARES TO THE SOUTH AND SOUTH-EAST.

Reduced rate tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month until April, 1905. See agents for Routes and Rates.

East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE (In effect Dec. 4, 1904)

LEAVE EAST JORDAN at 7:30 a. m., and 2:15 p. m.; Arriving at Bellaire at 8:40 a. m., and 3:15 p. m.

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

PERE MARQUETTE

In effect Dec. 4, 1904.

Trains leave Bellaire as follows:
For Traverse City, 9:58 a. m. 3:28 p. m.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West 9:58 a. m. and 3:28 p. m.
For Saginaw, and Detroit: 9:58 a. m., 3:28 p. m.

For Charlevoix and Petoskey: 8:53 a. m., and 8:05 p. m.

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

THE REV. IRL. R. HICKS 1905 ALMANAC.

The Rev. Irl. R. Hicks Almanac for 1905 is now ready, being the finest edition ever issued. This splendid and costly book of 200 pages is a complete study of astronomy and storm and weather for 1905. It is too well known to need comment. See it and you will so decide. The price, postpaid to any address, is 30c. per copy. The Rev. Irl. R. Hicks', scientific, religious and family journal, WORD AND WORKS, now abreast with the best magazines, is 75c. a year. Both WORD AND WORKS and the Almanac \$1.00 per year. No better investment possible for any person or family. Try it and see. Send to

WORD AND WORKS PUB. CO., 2201 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED

MEN AND WOMEN in this county and adjoining territories, to represent and advertise an old established house of sole financial standing. Salary to men \$21 weekly, to women \$12 to \$18 weekly with Expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address, Blew Bros. & Co., Dept. B. Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 16-6.

Now is the season of the year when you want that job of Panting 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.

Pineules is the name of a new discovery put up in a new way. A certain cure for all Kidney, Blood and Bladder diseases, and every form of Rheumatism. Pineules relieve Backache and Kidney pains permanently. If you need such a remedy let us show you the wonderful Pineules. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

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

Detroit & Charlevoix R. R.

Time Schedule in effect Sunday, Sept. 4th, 1904.

Go to 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	Deward	5 05
12 15	Frederic	4 30

CLARK HAIRE, General Manager.

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; 12:36 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. Qualintance C. L. Lockwood
Ag't Petoskey, Mich. G. R. T. A.

RANCH FOOD FOR STOCK

If your stock is not doing just as well as you would like, there is undoubtedly a cause which can be easily remedied by RANCH FOOD. There is no season of the year when the condition of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs can not be improved by a tonic like RANCH FOOD, which tones up the animal system throughout, cleanses the blood and prevents disease. RANCH FOOD is almost infallible for the cure of the general diseases of domestic animals, including Distemper and Pinkeye in horses, Indigestion in cattle, Catarrhal Troubles in sheep and Hog Cholera. RANCH FOOD is not like the common stock food on the market; it is made from roots, barks, herbs and seeds and is nature's own product scientifically compounded.

"RANCH FOOD is superior as a general conditioner and grain saver to anything I have ever used."—Ed. McVay, Sidney, Ohio.

Sold on a guarantee in 25 pound pails at \$3.00. In Packages at 25 and 50 cents.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY H.G. HARTER & CO. TOLEDO, OHIO.

For sale by STROEBEL BROS., East Jordan.

When in need of an Overcoat or Suit

Give us a call and we'll show you the completest line of Samples to be found anywhere in this section. Our Clothing is made to fit the man and also made to wear. Prices most reasonable.

MADDAUGH, THE TAILOR.

Sherman & Son

Handle the Very Best Only.

Package Coffee 14c Best Cream Cheese 16c
6 bars of Best Soap 25c 10 bars Good Soap 25c
Lincoln Oats 23c Banner Oats 23c
Pure Rendered Lard 12c per lb.

Our Teas and Coffees are the very best and at the right price.

Goods delivered promptly.

Sherman & Son.

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY

Made a Well Man of Me.

THE GREAT RENOVATING REMEDY

Produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully 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 quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excessive indulgence, which unfit one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the root of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off insanity 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 refund the money. Book and advice free. Address: ROTAL MEDICINE CO., Chicago, Ill.

Prepared by Pineale 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.
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