

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 9

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1905.

No 6

Republicans Harmonious.

The Republican County Convention held here in East Jordan last Tuesday was well attended and a friendly interest manifested. Chairman of the Republican County Committee Wm. J. Pierson called the assemblage to order at eleven o'clock in the forenoon and Secretary of the Republican County Committee Frank A. Kenyon read the call. On motion L. F. Knowles was appointed temporary chairman and D. F. Meach secretary. The chair appointed the following committees and then adjournment was made for dinner: Committee on Credentials: George Bailey, R. W. Kane, F. A. Kenyon. Committee on Order of Business: R. V. Newville, D. S. Payton, Richard Lewis. Committee of Resolutions: A. B. Nicholas, J. E. Converse and J. M. Harris.

The Convention re-convened at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon. The different committees reported and J. A. Milford and R. B. Morse were appointed tellers; the officers were then sworn in. Delegates to Bellaire Judicial Convention were then elected. (It being understood that Judge Mayne had the endorsement of the Convention) as follows: A. B. Nicholas, E. N. Clink, W. L. French, F. A. Kenyon, Charles Lewandowski, Richard Lewis, L. F. Knowles, Dr. S. B. Degnan, Frank McWain, J. M. Harris, F. J. Meach, R. W. Kane, Lisle Shannahan, A. L. Fitch, D. S. Payton, R. A. Emery.

Delegates were then elected to Republican State Convention at Grand Rapids, Tuesday, Feb'y 14th: J. E. Converse, George Otis, R. W. Kane, J. M. Harris, Frank McWain, L. F. Knowles and D. F. Meach.

The Committee on Resolutions presented the following, which was, on motion, unanimously adopted:

Resolved, by the Republicans of Charlevoix County, Assembled in Regular Convention, that

1st. We recognize the unanimous endorsement of the National Administration by all the People of the Nation; and of all political parties, with satisfaction; and recognize that a formal endorsement by this Convention could in no manner emphasize the record made by our patriotic and fearless President, in his policy in punishing illegal combinations in restraint of trade and Interstate Commerce; in punishing corruption in the Administration of Public affairs, and in his vigorous foreign policy.

2nd. We heartily and unanimously endorse the positive and fearless grasp of Affairs of State by our Governor, The Hon. Fred M. Warner, as evidenced by his Inaugural Address and his First Message to the Legislature of the State, and his consistent acts so far in executing his official duties.

3rd. We recognize in the Hon. Frederick W. Mayne, of Charlevoix, a clear, capable and learned lawyer, who as Circuit Judge for the 13th, Judicial Circuit, for the past six years; has made such a record upon the bench for legal ability, righteous judgments in the affairs wherein moral questions are involved, for courteous treatment of suitors in his court, and respect to Counsel, whether experienced or not; in his great care in seeing that exact legal justice is done to all parties having litigation in his court: All to such a degree and in a manner so instantaneous and unassuming, as to at once inspire the confidence of the Public, and disarm those who before he had been tried with one term as Judge were his critics; and the republicans of Charlevoix County again recommend him to the electors of this Circuit, as their candidate for Judicial Honors, with supreme confidence in his patriotism, integrity and ability.

A. B. Nicholas, J. M. Harris and J. E. Converse, Committee.

Where To Get Them.

Advertising took its deep root in this county, and from here its branches extend around the world. It runs with the sap of business instinct which is a part of every American. Even our children are alive to advertising possibilities, as witness a Kansas City merchant's small son who had just received a brother "bought from the family doctor." The next day he paraded through town with a paintbrush and decorated the fences on his route after this fashion:

"Buy your trousers from Brown (his father) and your babies from Dr. Jones."

They say it cost the doctor considerable to follow up and authenticate his publicity.

The State Legislature.

The number of committees of the two houses that have been engaged the past week in visiting the prisons, reformatories, homes and schools of the state, number more than forty, with a total membership of nearly two hundred. So it is evident that when they were all out there could not be left of the one hundred and forty members of the two houses enough even to call for the regular order, and some of them have had a harder week's work than they have while in session here. We should be glad that the localities have treated them well, and we need not call it a "junket," nor in any wise unseemly or unsuitable on either side that they were entertained at dinner by the people of Ypsilanti, or Marquette, or Houghton, or by the Soldiers' Home or the Agricultural College.

In partaking of their nourishment at the Agricultural College, the committees on that institution were able to "sample the goods," in a sense not in the nature of the case practicable for the committees upon most of the other state institutions, for the elegant banquet was in its several courses and in its entirety a specimen product of the school. It was prepared and served by the young ladies of the cooking classes, and the agricultural and horticultural departments were the sources of such of the supplies as came within their scope. The college was forty years old before it offered a department for women, and in the eight years since then the institution has experienced its most rapid growth and its most abundant prosperity. The largest of the fifty odd buildings that adorn the campus, erected five years ago, is for their accommodation, including both class rooms and dormitories, and the class-rooms include kitchen and dining rooms, sewing rooms and laundry, manual training in wood-work and physical training in gymnasium, art and home decoration.

Governor Warner's appointment of J. W. McKone of Albion to the vacancy on the state board of education, in place of P. W. Kehey, elected superintendent, is only for the brief period until the April election; but it gives him an advantageous position in the canvass for the election. He graduated from the Ypsilanti Normal seventeen years ago, and has been reaching ever since; and last December he was elected president of the state teachers' association.

There had been introduced in the senate, up to the adjournment January 26, eighty-eight bills, and in the house one hundred and sixty-one. Two years ago the adjournment for the recess was a week later, but the senate at that date had only eighty-six bills, and the house two hundred and ninety six, notwithstanding the large proportion of skeleton bills then introduced only for titles, of which now there are none.

Cling To The Farm.

"Resolved, That city life is preferable to country life" was a popular subject for debates in the days of little red school houses and when the talent was equally balanced, and the judges were fair, the decisions were usually in favor of the affirmative. Under like conditions today the negative side should win.

Farmers, Michigan farmers especially, their wives, sons and daughters, certainly have reasons for being quite satisfied with their surroundings nowadays. They have had, and continue to have, their share of the prosperity that the country has enjoyed in the past few years. They have received much better returns for their labor than formerly, the increase being much larger, proportionately, than the rise in the price of factory products, the profits in trade or in the wages of city workmen or women.

Farmers have not only fared better than city people in a financial way in recent years, but they have been more benefited by the general progress of the country. There has been little improvement in the comforts and conveniences enjoyed by city people in the past quarter of a century, but the farmers now have advantages that they hardly dreamed of twenty-five years ago.

With interurban railroads, rural mail carriers and telephones, millions of farmers now enjoy all the advantages of life in the country and many of the pleasures found in the cities and villages.

With little more inconvenience than the residents of the cities many of them can go to city schools, churches or theaters, and by the use of their phones and daily delivery of mail they

can keep up with the world in the matter of news and general information.

Twenty-five years ago the city man, even if he worked for wages, was supposed to have a much easier life than the farm hand or farm owner. Now, with improved machinery, better methods and more of the comforts of life for the country people the conditions are reversed.

The forty-acre farmer of today does less work, has less care and worry, has more leisure, is really more independent and should be happier than the average business or professional man in the city.

Surely there is no chance for argument on the old school house debating question. Therefore, wise is the boy or girl who sticks to the farm.

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.

Ladies should call on Maddugh the Tailor for the finest Spring Suits obtainable in this city.

It is always easier to go ahead in slippery places than it is to turn around.

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 cents. Tea or tablet form. A. E. C. Warner's.

The biggest trust after all is the country newspaper. It trusts almost everybody and for that reason the people like it. It is the only trust on earth that is worked to the limit, and the only trust where the proprietor gets the smallest share of the dividends. Every city in the state has a branch office of this trust and the trusting soul who goes down in his pocket for the dust to keep this trust going is abused like a pirate if he even blinks that his paper needs something besides air to keep his trust inflated.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY MAN OR WOMAN to manage business in this county and adjoining territory for well established house of solid financial standing, \$3000 straight cash salary with all necessary expenses paid weekly by check from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Position permanent; previous experience not essential. No investment required. We furnish everything. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Address, Manager, 810 Como Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

Always something new at
Sherman & Son's

Fresh Horse Radish
New Dates and Figs
Pawnee Oats
New Maple Syrup

All Kinds of BREAKFAST FOODS.

Goods delivered promptly.

Sherman & Son.

BOOSINGER BROS.

SIXTH ANNUAL

ONE-QUARTER OFF

SALE

\$20,000.00

Worth of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Rubbers, Hats and Caps at just **75 Cents on the Dollar**

We will not only offer our complete stock of Winter Goods, but every article in our store except Groceries, will be sold at 1-4 Off. REMEMBER, we have not selected a few OLD SHOP-WORN GOODS that nobody wants. Never before have we offered such a clean, up-to-date stock of merchandise, including

Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats, Shoes, Dry Goods and Gents' Furnishings.

Our 1-4 off Sales of the past have demonstrated to the people that we do just as we advertise. The money-saving possibilities of these Sales have taught the public to look forward to this bargain event, as the great buying opportunity of the year. We will only mention a few of the many bargains we shall offer during this sale:

Clothing Dept.		Dry Goods Dept.	
All 15.00 Suits and Overcoats, 1/4 off, now \$11.25		All \$1.25 Dress Goods, 1-4 off, 94c	
All 12.00 Suits and Overcoats, 1/4 off, now \$9.00		1.00 " " 75c	
All 10.00 Suits and Overcoats, 1-4 off, now 7.50		.75 " " 57c	
All 7.50 Suits and Overcoats, 1-4 off, now 5.63		.50 " " 38c	
All 5.00 Suits and Overcoats, 1-4 off, now 3.75		.25 " " 19c	
		.20 " " 15c	
		.15 " " 11c	
		2,500 yds. extra good quality of unbleached Cotton, per yd. 5 1/2 cts.	
		3,500 yds Standard Print at 4 1/2 cts.	
		Hundreds of Remnants of Dress Goods, Outing Flannels, Prints and Trimmings at less than One-half Price.	



Shoe & Rubber Dept.

All 1.50 Shoes 1-4 off, now 1.13	
1.25 Misses & Childrens Shoes .94	
1.00 " " .75	
.75 " " .57	
.50 " " .38	
All 4.00 Shoes, 1-4 off, now 3.00	
3.50 " " 2.63	
3.00 " " 2.25	
2.50 " " 1.88	
2.00 " " 1.50	



We are determined to make this a **Record-Breaking Sale**

And the chance of a life-time to secure First Class Merchandise at about your own prices.

REMEMBER—This Sale lasts Two Weeks and will be For Cash Only. Anything bought during the Sale that is not perfectly satisfactory may be returned and money will be refunded. Premium Tickets will not be given during this Sale.

Come Early Before the Assortment is Broken.

Quality First of All. Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROS.

Jupiter, with his six moons, if the planet is inhabited, must be a lovely place for lovers.

Was there ever a woman who ever forgot a compliment? Or a man who was impervious to flattery?

What should the young man say to the girl who slyly remarks: "You know it isn't hard to get a man?"

Cancer is said to be most frequently found in beer-drinking countries. Consumption of beer is also quite prevalent.

A Salem (Mass.) woman was married one day, eloped the next, and was arrested on the third. O, the witch!

When it comes to producing feverish sensations America's Dukes seem to be right in it with the English nobility.

Doctors say that gout is becoming a rare ailment. Here is something for which the meat trust may claim undisputed credit.

The gap in the Alaskan-Canadian boundary has been surveyed and the polar bears thereabout can determine their allegiance.

King Alfonso wants a rich wife. Rich American mothers should not put a queen's title beyond the effort of money as a matchmaker.

The New York Herald gives the timely information to a correspondent that while he does not write it O'Yama, he fights as if he did.

If the dowager empress of China has been converted to Christianity, there will be a speedy improvement in the treatment of the "foreign devils."

Italy's foreign minister, Tittoni, has a "phenomenal form" of influenza. If it is any worse than the ordinary kind the description certainly fits it.

A matinee idol's wife has sued him for a divorce. The matinee idol, because of this tribute to his popularity, will at once ask for an increase of salary.

Mr. G. D. Pappageorgian and Mr. M. N. Sakelarios are soon to begin the publication of a newspaper in Boston. Possibly they wish to make names for themselves.

Crime is reported to be decreasing in New York. If that is the case a large percentage of the population will be likely to find that town uninteresting hereafter.

If embezzlers are to be let off because they say they are sorry there are colonies of boarders in state institutions who could qualify for liberation at any moment.

The president had 7,718 callers at his New Year's reception. Every once in a while a man hears something that convinces him that he wouldn't care much for the job, anyhow.

A millionaire cut off his son in his will with an annual allowance of \$5,000. The young man, by strict economy and an occasional lift in the bread line, can worry along.

Admirers of the Prince and Princess of Wales have presented them with nineteen pianos. It's lucky for the neighbors of the prince and princess that they have a big yard around their place.

Employees of the French government have been ordered to shave off their whiskers. Think of the rasping there would be if the czar should some day order his subjects to shed their vitches.

An Indian chief has become the president of a bank at Skiatook, I. T. He is earnestly advised to keep his tomahawk ready for use upon old ladies who desire to raise money on Carnegie notes.

New creditors of young Mr. Tiffany of New York join him in declaring that he can't live on \$18,000 a year. It may be, however, that they are merely endeavoring to push a good thing along.

The discovery of a Berlin oculist that radium is a cure for ophthalmia is a reminder that the magazines and newspapers haven't been printing many articles lately about the wonderful properties of radium.

Two of the Russian generals who were at Port Arthur have decided to go to Japan as prisoners of war rather than to be paroled. They may have private reasons for not wishing to meet their czar—or their wives.

An English educator says that vests are dangerous garments and expose the wearer to influenza. In this country about the worst that can be said of waistcoats is that some of them are exceedingly dangerous to the eyesight.

The New York city improvement commission has presented an elaborate plan to make beautiful the entire city of New York. Perhaps some day some commission will be appointed to present a comprehensive plan—price no object—by which to make the city good.

JEST NUTS



Poor Noah.
"What makes Noah look so worried?" we queried our guide through the region of departed spirits.
"Well, he's been studying this high criticism lately."
"Yes?"
"And he has succeeded in proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that he never existed. Isn't that enough to worry anybody."—Cleveland Leader.

In Panama.
Senorita Sniffkins—She's a daughter of the revolution.
Senorita Smith—Which one? June, August, September or July?

Up in His Part.
Manager—Now, then, remember that we're depending on your baby to cry lustily during the third scene. Do you think the youngster will do his yelling well?
Actor—He ought to. He's been rehearsing practically day and night for a month or more.

More Than He Bargained For.
"Ah," sighed the sentimental young man, "would that I might induce you to fly with me!"
"Well, I'll go you," replied the practical maid. "Bring an airship around to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock and I'll be ready."

Two Christmas Presents.
"Oh, let me show you what a beautiful New Year's present my dear, good, darling of an old husband gave me yesterday," said the happy wife to some intimates who called. "There! What do you think of that for a seal-skin coat? It cost \$1,800."
"Perfectly lovely!" all exclaimed in chorus, while Miss Curiosity asked: "And what did you give him?"
"Oh, the loveliest little penwiper you ever saw."

This Was One of Them.
"How did the election turn out in our district, dear?" asked Mrs. Tite-wad.
"Our man was counted in," replied Mr. Tite-wad; "but it was close, very close."
"I wonder if it was as close as you are," murmured Mrs. Tite-wad under her breath.
But she didn't voice the sentiment. Some things are better left unsaid.



Maid—"So I am discharged? What do you object to about me?"
Mistress—"My husband's arm."

Last Words of the Jokesmith.
The humorist lay a-dying.
"I haven't much to leave," he gasped, looking around at the bare room. "But I want my family to have everything. My wife must have the furniture! I give my clothes to my brother. To my mother-in-law I leave the bath of unused jokes you will find in my desk—she will be glad as she reads them to know I have remembered her. My watch—the words came slowly now—"I have already given—to my uncle."
We bent nearer to catch his last words. They were:
"And that's no joke."

Everybody the Morning After.
Guest—This is the fourth time I've rung for ice water!
Bellboy—I know it, sir, but the hotel is full of people that were at that same banquet, and every time I started down the hall to your room somebody reached out and snatched the pitcher!—Detroit Free Press.

He Thought He Saw Things.
Macbeth rubbed his eyes. A section of the forest seemed to be advancing toward his line of battle.
"Fling it all!" he muttered. "This is the result of drinking wood alcohol."
Then he violently waved his claymore and plunged into the thickest of the fight.

As to McJigger.
"McJigger," remarked the man in the mackintosh, "is the most corrupt politician I ever knew. I don't believe he has ever had one honest conviction."
"Of course not," observed the man who had his feet on the table. "If he had he would be serving a ten-year term in the penitentiary."

Need Never Reproach Himself.
"What word did his father send after he had found out about your elopement?"
"Oh, he wrote me a very kind letter, saying he was glad we'd taken that course, as it relieved him of the necessity of giving his consent, and having it off his mind all the rest of his life."

Injustice.
"Why is Shakespeare so little esteemed in some communities?"
"Well," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "it is another case of a man's having to take the blame that belongs to others. People have got the idea that Shakespeare is responsible for the bad actors that go out in his plays."

His Rule.
"Haven't you gotten so that you can distinguish classical music?" asked Mrs. Cumrox.
"Yes," answered her husband. "When a piece threatens every minute to be a tune and always disappoints you, it's classical."

His Departure.
"I guess the boss wasn't feeling well this morning. He was always in the habit of saying 'Good morning' to me."
"And didn't he say it to you this morning?"
"No," he said "Good-by."

Seasonable Dates.
"Have you any fresh dates?" asked the prospective customer.
"No," answered the druggist. "I gave away the last calendar I had this morning."

The Crushed Tragedian.
"Is there any reason why you should insist on playing Hamlet?" said the friend.
"I never thought of that phase of the question," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "What I desire to know is why the public should insist that I shall not play it."

The Lizziboy.
"What sort of a fellow is he, anyway?"
"He's a Lizziboy."
"What's that?"
"A Lizziboy is a man who can go to a Saturday matinee without feeling out of place there."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Feminine Charity.
"Him—What a lovely complexion Miss Elderleigh has—so clear and fresh."
"Her—Well, it couldn't be otherwise under the circumstances."
"Him—Under what circumstances?"
"Her—She puts it on fresh every morning."

His Idea of Luck.
"Been very lucky with your patients, haven't you, doctor?"
"Yes, I don't think I have more than \$17 in unpaid bills standing on my books."

A Step Downward.
This is told of a Philadelphian whose mother-in-law was alarmingly ill. One night the physician shook his head and said impressively:
"She has got to go to a hot climate. Mind, I don't mean a warm place, but a hot one."
The son-in-law disappeared, but soon emerged from the cellar carrying an ax. Handing it to the doctor, he exclaimed:
"Here, you do it! I can't!"—Lippincott.

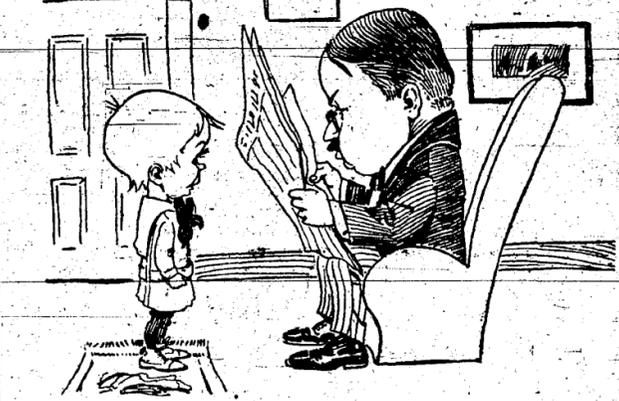
Would Even Things Up.
"Oh! Ouch! Stop that!" yelled Tommy.
"Why, Tommy, aren't you ashamed?" exclaimed his mother. "I would not cry like that if it were my hair that was being combed."
"I'll bet you would if I wuz doin' the combin'," replied Tommy, fiercely.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Worm Turns.
"Five years ago to-night, Henry," remarked Mrs. Peek, who happened to be in a reminiscent mood, "you asked me to say the one little word that would make you happy for life."
"Yes," rejoined Henry, with a sigh long drawn out, "and, womanlike, you had to go and say the wrong word."

Why Don't They, Indeed?
"Pop."
"Yes, my son."
"They have schools for making civil engineers, don't they?"
"Yes, my son."
"Well, pop, why don't they have 'em for making civil conductors?"—Yonkers Statesman.

All Due Precautions Taken.
Nervous old Lady (on seventh floor of hotel)—Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire?
Porter—Yes, mum; he has the place insured for twice wot it's worth.

What Business?
"But they say," remarked the patron, "that he has a good head for business."
"Nonsense," replied the barber. "why, he's absolutely bold!"



Johnny—"Say, pop, what is the rest of that quotation about 'People who live in glass houses'?"
His Pop (absently)—"Should dress in the dark."

Going Up.
What is your brother doing now, Harker?
"Oh, his business is rising all the time."
"You don't say?"
"Yes; he is selling baking powder."

A Point in Its Favor.
"Patient—But your treatment for obesity is so expensive."
Doctor—Madam, that is one of its strong points. You get worrying about the expense and it helps to work off the superfluous flesh.—Smart Set.

Too Dusty to See the Smoke.
"The smoke of the city hasn't seemed so bad lately."
"That's because there's so much dust in the air that you can't see the smoke."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Outclassed.
Next-door—I haven't heard your dog barking at night for some time.
Woderly—No, I guess the poor fellow got discouraged. We have twins at our house now, you know.

Knew All About Bible

"Down in Tennessee, where I was living a few years ago, a colored blacksmith conceived the idea that he had a call to preach," said a local business man recently. "Sam could barely read, but he had floundered through the Bible and considered that he was qualified to teach men the way to salvation. One day a convention of Methodist preachers was held in the town and to them Sam made known his ambition. Two or three of them took him in hand and examined him as to his qualifications.
"Sam knew nothing at all about theology and the interrogators soon discovered the fact and took up the Bible. The examination ran about like this:
"Why did Joseph's brethren put him in the pit?"
"Joseph he wouldn't work 'cause he war a pot wid de ole man, an' he allus go 'round wid his fine coat on what de ole man give 'im, an' wen he wouldn't help-husk cawn hes bruders take he coat away an' put him in de cellar an' two she bears eum an' eat 'im up."
"What did Ananias do?"
"Ananias he take up de collection in de church an' he take a piece of money fum de basket an' giv' it to hes wife an' de Lord turn him over to de Populists an' dey put out his eyes an' make him work in de mill."
"Sam became suspicious that he was not giving details enough, so when he was asked for an account of Jezebel he replied:
"Jezebel she wuz de Queen. She wuz lookin' out of de upstairs winder of de house and Gen. Jehu he come along an' she tells him, 'G'long, yo' old baldhead,' and two or three black fellows look out de window and Jehu, tole 'em to frow her down, an' dey frow her down; an' he tole 'em to frow her down agin, an' dey frow 'er down seven times, an' dey frow 'er down seven times; an' he tole 'em to frow 'er down seventy times seven, an' dey frow 'er down seventy times seven, an' de dogs licked 'er sores and dey took up ob de fragments dat remained twelve baskets full."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

"To be celebrated and to be loved"—these were Balzac's two supreme and passionate desires," writes Tighe Hopkins, the English author. "He gave the preference to fame, and killed himself with work if ever author did. His books, each one of which, when he had settled down to the 'Comedie Humaine,' he proclaimed a masterpiece, were a veritable obsession. We know now with what ceaseless and almost insane toil he brought them forth; and can see him wrapped in the monk's robe of white flannel, the big throat laid bare, veins swollen, the great black eyes aflame, agonizing over plot and scene, supplicating and cursing the phrase that would not come, sustaining this through the days and nights of three dreadful weeks at a stretch in the sealed and curtained chamber where the candles were never extinguished. Then, livid, unwashed and half-clothed he would drag himself to the printer's.

Balzac's Method of Work

This only, in a nation of stylists, could the man that never achieved a style make himself the first novelist of his day and a classic.
"Wearing and wasting as this travail was, Balzac's splendid strength of body, the sure and ready return of his inspired and seer-like periods, his quenchless belief in himself and intrepid faith in the future, enabled him to continue it, with a minimum of repose, for thirty-one successive years. And what a bulk of work! From 1821 to 1824 he wrote thirty volumes; and in 1824 he was but 25 years of age, and had not even begun to think of the 'Comedie Humaine.'
"Between 1830 and 1842 seventy-nine novels of the 'Comedie' saw the light; and with all this the great work was never completed. On his deathbed he pleaded with his doctor for six months, six weeks, six days in which to consummate his task, and sank into coma while pleading for six hours."

Judge William L. Putnam, of Portland, Maine, said recently, anent an unjust punishment:
"This case brings to my mind a quaint old story that I came upon the other day in a history of the kings of France.
"There was a certain rich man, who said an unkind and unchivalrous thing about a poor man's daughter. The poor man waited upon the rich man and took him to task, whereupon the latter, overcome with rage, seized a heavy club, and at one stroke put the poor man to death.
"For this crime the rich man was tried. His wealth—this happened, you must remember, centuries ago—worked in his favor, and the sentence imposed on him was that he must not sell fruit in his shop for the space of three years. Had he been a fruiterer in this punishment there would have been some hardship. But he was not a fruiterer at all. He was a baker.
"The murdered poor man had a son, a young soldier in the king's army. When the young soldier heard of his father's killing and of the ridiculous sentence given to his slayer, he has-

Justice in Old France

tened home, mad with rage. He went straight to the rich man's house, bade him defend himself as best he could, and after a brief struggle avenged his father's death with the death of the rich baker.
"Now there was a great to do. The youth was thrown into a black, cold dungeon. It would have been hard with him had he not contrived, somehow or other, to lodge an appeal with the king.
"The king investigated the case and saw much of it that was unfair. He summoned before him the prisoner and his accusers. He heard the whole story, from the rich baker's insult at the beginning to the rich baker's death at the end.
"I understand," the king said finally, "that the baker killed the young man's father. What punishment was meted out to him for that crime?"
"He was condemned, sir," said a witness, "to refrain from fruit selling for three years."
"Well, then," said the king, "since this young soldier of mine has killed the baker I condemn him to for three years not to cobble shoes."

Upon my sheaf of letters lies,
This dark December morning,
A picture of Italian skies,
The sober hept adorning;
A vision of a purple bay,
A town all red and yellow,
How dreary is our winter gray—
Beside that sunshine mellow!

But though your southern paradise
A moment sets us longing,
We treasure more if we are wise
The good to us belonging;
When you to the Campanian shore
You left some neighbors at our door,
Like us, who could not follow.

As round us to receive their dole
They crowd and flock together,
We grow akin to them in soul,
And almost of one feather.
Yes, in the barren, restless hours
When frost the ground doth harden,
The birds shall be our winter flowers,
And blossom in our garden.

There tits and blue-caps, starlings too,
Now take their summer wages;
The place would be just like the "Zoo,"
Only it has no cages.

Song of True Humanity

"Outdoor relief" for all its spread,
But robins, when they're able,
Will "come into the house" instead,
And breakfast on the table.

And oft, when heavy with the snow
The laurel boughs are drooping,
Great gulls with wings like Curia's bow
Come o'er the banquet swooping.
Here one and all, this truce of Gods,
Their wilder nature taming,
Tread fearless as through Eden trod
The beasts for Adam's naming.

Enjoy who will the cold South
Where weakness goes unlifted,
Where larvae are detritus for the mouth,
And thrushes snared and spitted;
Our weather may be softer, hard,
But surely men are harder
When tiny songsters they regard
As booty for the larder.

Come rain or snow, come hail or rime,
We, tethered here by duty,
Ere you not your softer clime
Nor all its garish beauty.
But draw we nearer to our friends
The way that Winter taught us,
And nobly shall we make amends
For any ills he brought us.

—R. H. Law in the Spectator.

It is curious how the untutored savage often gets an inkling of scientific phenomena long before the savants of the civilized community attain an insight into the same natural causes and effects. True, the savage in such cases can assign no definite reason for his belief, but relies apparently on his intuition, or, more accurately, his keen observance of sequence in effect.

In Egypt there are a few petroleum wells and the natives make a rude attempt at distilling the product to produce illuminating oils to be burned in lamps that are marvels of simplicity and inefficiency, as measured by modern standards. The oil made by the native smokes dreadfully under any circumstances and in the rude lamps he employs it is simply insufferable to the European.

The native, however, is wise beyond

Knows Secrets of Nature

reputation, for if closely questioned he will reply that he prefers the smoky native oil to the imported article, as the smoke "drives away the mosquitoes and malaria." Ten years ago such a statement would have been ridiculed, but to-day, in the flush of the discovery of the transmitting agency of the malarial parasite, the association of the mosquito and malaria by the native is remarkable to say the least.

Another case in point of recent discovery is the finding in Africa by a traveler of a tribe of natives who devote their entire time to the smelting of ore and, curiously enough, the native process is not essentially different from the modern furnace practice, and yields iron that is superior to the Sheffield product. Solomon's declaration that "There is nothing new under the sun" finds daily fresh confirmation.

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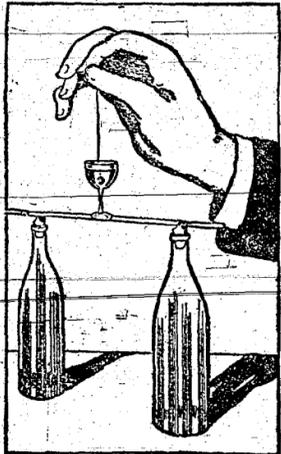
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FOR YOUNG FOLKS



Noon in the Woods.
"Push!" said the pine on the hill.
And all of them listened together—
Listened and nodded and grew so still,
Still in the golden weather—
And the squirrel who fancied he'd some-
thing to do
And chattered white complaining,
Felt the spell of the silence creep over
him, too.
For noon in the woods was reigning.
And the sunshine slips through the
boughs,
And gold is the place of its falling.
Gold where the wild doves murmur and
drowse,
And gold is the coo of their calling.
The little bright eyes are closed in sleep,
And hushed is the sob of complaining,
For silence broods, as it broods on the
deep.
When noon in the woods is reigning—
—Roland Whittle.

New Balancing Trick.
This is one of the neatest and most
curious of balancing tricks.
Cut the tops of two long corks into
wedge shape, insert the corks firmly
in the necks of two bottles of equal
height, and place the bottles on the
table about ten inches apart, with the
edges of the corks parallel to each
other. Now try to balance a table
knife on one of the sharpened corks.
If you succeed, reject that knife and
try one with a heavier handle, for we
must have two knives that will not
balance unaided. Having found two
such knives, hold them level on the
corks with their points almost in con-
tact, moving the bottles if necessary,
and set on their points a small, thin
wine glass or tumbler containing just



enough water to make the whole af-
fair balance when you take your
hands off it.
This is a good deal easier to say
than to do, but it can be done, though
it may take more than one pair of
hands to do it—at least, at first.
So far you have accomplished a
striking and "ticklish" balancing feat
and that is all. Now attach a bullet,
coin, or any small heavy object to a
thread and carefully lower it into the
water in the little glass. As soon as
the coin touches the water the glass
begins to go down, the knives turning
like see-saws on the corks, and lower
goes the glass, so that if the coin is
large you will have a smash before
it is half under water. But you can
pull it up at any instant. As you do
so the glass follows as if it were glued
to the coin, and so you can keep it
see-sawing up and down.

Perhaps the reason of this is not
clear to you. The coin is held up
by the thread and does not touch the
glass, so how can it affect it? Well,
the coin is not held up by the thread
alone. The part that is under water
is held partly by the thread and partly
by the water, which buoys it up
with a force equal to the weight of an
equal bulk of water. The coin there
presses the water, and consequently
the glass, downwards with an equal
force.

Now when you pull out the coin this
extra weight is taken off, so the glass
rises to its original position.
You might make the glass bob up
and down by pressing it with your fin-
ger, but it would be a ticklish experi-
ment, while with the suspended coin
you can move the glass so very deli-
cately and safely that you can even
make it dance in time to a waltz or
polka played rather slowly on the
piano. So it makes a very pretty
little trick, especially if you substi-
tute for the coin a tiny human figure
or doll.

The Boy in the Store.
Emanuel Mandel, of Mandel Brothers,
prominent merchants of Chicago, in a
recent issue of the Chicago Tribune,
says: "The boy in the store
must begin by becoming a specialist.
My ideas with reference to the boy
who comes into business nowadays is
that he cannot be too well equipped
for it in mental training; he cannot
be too earnest, capable or industrious.
He finds his employers always on the
lookout for the best men for the best
positions and he need not fear that
his merits will not be recognized. We
have passed a dozen cash boys on
up until they have become heads of
departments or superintendents. It
has depended on the boys, of course.
They may have had small opportunity
for education, but they have profited
by the things they learned in a busi-

ness way. The fact is that the
chances for the right sort of boy were
never as good before as they are to-
day."

Good Party Entertainment.
Here is a jolly kind of entertain-
ment for your boys and girls to make
use of the next time you give a party.
It will please your little guests ever
so much.

Get two sets of scales, one to weigh
large articles and one for the smaller
things. For some of the tiny objects
suggested below it will perhaps be
better to buy a cheap pair at a toy
shop. Having arranged for the weigh-
ing, select a number of articles to be
weighed. Have these as unlike and
deceptive as possible, so that there
really will be great difficulty in de-
ciding. Try, for instance, the follow-
ing list:

- A man's hat and a book.
- A pair of scissors and a bunch of
keys.
- A boot and a pasteboard box (con-
taining, say, a stone or something
very heavy.)
- A large book and a pasteboard box
(this one empty.)
- A watch and a bottle of ink.
- A pen-nib and a feather.
- A pin and a little piece of paper.
- An envelope and a postcard.
- A one-cent piece and a bow of rib-
bon.
- A doll and shoe.
- A newspaper and a package of
tacks.
- A rubber ball and a sponge.

Arrange the articles beforehand,
and let each boy and girl write down
on a slip of paper which of the two
articles in each lot they think is the
heavier. The competitor hands the
list, signed, of course, to the judge.
Then commences the weighing.

A prize should be given to the one
guessing the greatest number cor-
rectly.

Home Made Chimes.
Here is a simple experiment, by
which you may imitate the sound of
cathedral bells in your own room, and
perhaps one of the strangest things
about it is that no one but yourself
will be able to hear them ringing.

Procure a yard of twine and loop it
about in the middle, as shown in fig-
ure 1 in the illustration. Slip the
loop around the handle of a poker
and draw it taut. Grasp the free end
of the string in either hand. Wind
some of it around each of the index
fingers. Now press these fingers
against your ears, shutting out all
sound, and swing the dangling poker
until it dashes against the wall.

You will be surprised to perceive a
series of heavy chimes, such as ring
out from a cathedral clock as it
booms out the hour, yet while the
room may be crowded no one but you
will be a listener to the mysterious
peals unless he tries the same experi-
ment.

But what causes this phenomenon?

Here is a charming little experi-
ment with which you can entertain a
party of friends for a good half hour
and which you will find full of interest
for yourself.

All you need is a spool, a pencil, a
knitting needle, some thread, a cork,
and a tumbler of water—things which
any of our readers can easily find
about the house, with the possible ex-
ception of the knitting needle, which
you can replace by a hatpin, if you
wish, and if your sister is not wearing
hers.

Fit the tumbler with water nearly
to the brim. Stick the pencil, point
first, into the spool and stand the
spool by the glass. Trim the top of



the pencil, with your jack-knife, so
that its top is a half inch higher than
the rim of the tumbler.
Get a card or a bit of pasteboard,
and from it cut a triangular piece with
sides each two inches long. In each
corner make a pin hole, and pass the
end of a piece of thread through each
hole. Now knot the other ends of the
thread together.
Stick one end of your hatpin into
the side of the cork near the top and
lay the knitting needle across the top
of the pencil, with the bottom of the

This is answered best by describing
a certain kind of toy noisemaker
which most boys have seen or made
at some time or another. It is known
by various names, but perhaps the
term "devil diddle" is its most com-
mon term. It is very easily construct-
ed by knocking out one end of a tin
can and then puncturing the closed
end with a tiny hole, just large
enough to insert a piece of twine
through—the twine knotted at its end
so it cannot be pulled entirely through
the hole.

Grasp the can in one hand, and,
holding a piece of well rosined leather
in the other, pull the string through
the folded up leather or slide the
leather along the string.

This will result in a most grating,
discordant sound, altogether out of
proportion to what you would ex-
pect from such an action. So from
this the extraordinary fact is estab-
lished that it is the employment of
the tin can which causes the great in-
crease of sound. It is the hollow
cavity in the can which is really re-
sponsible for this, and so it is with
the ear. The hollow cavity in the
ear enlarges the volume of sound
emanating from the poker along the



string, thus acting on the same prin-
ciple as the can cavity which increas-
ed the sound produced on the string
attached to it.

Simple but Surprising.
With a ball in each hand, stretch
your hands as far apart as you possi-
bly can, and say as you do it:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I propose to
bring both of these balls into one
hand, and yet not bring my hands to-
gether. If any one does not believe
that I can do it, say so, and I will
prove that I can."

So then, give him the proof. This
is the way to do it: Lay one of the
balls on the mantelpiece or on a table,
then, turning your body half around,
take the ball up with the other hand
(which already contains one ball, this
one making two.)

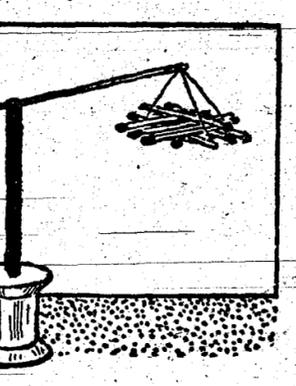
Simple enough, isn't it? But your
friends will be puzzled until you show
them how the trick is done.

A SIMPLE EXPERIMENT.

On the other end of the knitting
needle suspend the triangular bit of
pasteboard as the picture shows. Now
you are ready for your experiment.

Ask each of your friends to guess
how many matches can be laid on the
pasteboard without overbalancing the
needle and drawing the cork from the
water. They will guess absurdly low
numbers—two, three, four, etc., for
the weight of the card alone will
make the cork bob up and down and
look as if it might be lifted from the
water at any moment.

Now pile match after match on the



cardboard, and you will find that a
good-sized pile will be required before
the cork can be lifted from the water;
a pile weighing much more than the
cork.
This is due to a quality of the water
called "surface tension," which holds
on to things with a very real force,
and by weighing first the cork and
then the matches on a small scale you
can find out just what is the surface
tension of the water in the glass; it
will be just the difference in weight
between the cork and the matches.

WHY SHE DIDN'T GET MAD.

Fair Traveler Had Had Experience
With Sterner Sex.

"I made a queer mistake going
down to Boston the other day," said
the man with the fat cigar. "Sitting
across from me in the Pullman was a
young woman that I sized up as being
a lady I'd met at a dinner party one
night last fall. Mighty good-looking
she was, and I didn't feel as though
I'd be at all ashamed to have people
see me talking to her, so I stepped
across the aisle and immediately be-
gan telling her all about my affairs,
besides giving her a pleasant little
josh about how glad I was that she had
been on the same train, and all that
sort of thing, you know. Well, after
I'd sat there and talked to her for
half an hour or so I found out
that she wasn't the lady I had thought
she was at all. In fact, I'd never seen
her before nor she me."

"Wasn't she offended at the way
you butted in without waiting for an
introduction?"

"Oh, no—no, not at all. I found out
later that she was a widow."

ABOUT SOUNDS OF BATTLE.

How the Modern Projectiles Affect
the Senses on the Battlefield.

Only those who lie in the firing line
and hear the constant screech of the
shells as they cleave their terrible
way through the air above know the
true sounds of modern war, says a
writer in World's Work. The whip-
like smack of the bursting shell, the
swish of the scattering bullets, are
nothing to the mocking screech of the
messengers of death as they pur-
sue each other, as if in competition
to complete the awful object of their
hideous mission.

The whole welkin is discordant with
their tumult; you feel the rush of
misplaced air, splinters sing in your
ears, the earth is in constant trem-
ble with the violence of the dis-
charge; you feel it pulsate against
your cheek pressed to the moist mud
of the parapet, and then a bullet saps
the life-blood of the comrade whose
elbow has touched yours days and
night for forty hours. There is a
limit to human endurance in these
straits.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

Dyspepsia is claimed to be sys-
tematically cured by laughter. It is
stated that a Paris doctor, in return
for a large fee, admits patients into
his private institution, where the
mirth treatment is administered. A
few dyspeptics sit around a room and
begin to smile at each other. This
smile, once begun, must never be al-
lowed to fade away. On the contrary,
it must be developed by will power
into a grin, and the grin must become
a guffaw. Then the patients must go
on laughing until their sides ache. A
course of a week or two of the treat-
ment at the rate of a couple of hours'
giggling a day is said to be sufficient
to cure the worst cases of dyspepsia.

Telegraph Line Across Australia.

It is not generally known that there
is a telegraph across the southern des-
ert land of the Australian continent,
2,000 miles in length. It runs partial-
ly through an uninhabited country and
long tracts of waterless desert. While
it was being constructed more than
2,000 tons of materials had to be car-
ried far into the interior, and many
of the iron and wood poles were con-
veyed 400 miles. A recent report says
that the wear and tear of this tele-
graph construction has been inconsid-
erable, but there is great difficulty
found in supplying the stations across
the desert with operators.

Value of Fresh Air.

Every hygienist knows and preaches
that almost the sole cause of tubercu-
losis and pneumonia is the ill ventila-
tion and impure air of our houses.
They are house diseases. Many of
them are in part or indirectly due to
the same cause. Uncleanliness is also
a contributing source of morbid mis-
chief, against which even the most en-
lightened nations must still fight a
long war.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Watching the Ships.

These winged sea-birds outward slip
I view them with a trembling lip,
And wistful-eyed,
Ah, happy sailor, for you attain
Your bright Cathay!
The harbors of my hope remain
A dim Some Day!
A face I loved is lost in mist
Of falling tears;
And where are lips, with laughter kissed,
O robber years?
The ships depart—joy-confident
Of ports to be
Shall I await, in like content,
The ebbing of—Everybody's Magazine.

Her First Church Service.

Little Lisbeth attended her first
church service recently. She was in-
terested as long as the places were
found for her and she could hold the
little prayer book, but after the long
prayers began she grew restless and
finally, not able to endure them any
longer, she whispered to her mother:
"Mamma, I don't want to go to sleep
any more."

Another Napoleon of Finance.

"I heard you made \$5,000 in two
days' time in a little land deal. How
was it?" "It's true. I bought a few
lots that faced on a new boulevard. I
put up a sign, 'A First Class Nursery
Will Be Established Here Next Spring.
Save Your Orders for Choice Shade
and Fruit Trees.' Well, sir, a lot of
men that were putting up some fine
apartment houses in the neighborhood
clubbed together and bought me out.
They said the mere name 'nursery,'
anywhere in sight, would kill their
buildings for high class tenants."

WORK OF THE SENSES

USE IS TO SEND MESSAGES TO
THE BRAIN.

Taking Sense of Smell as an Example,
Dr. Andrew Wilson Explains the
Operation Gone Through—Brain
Centers Are the Responsible Agents.

"Few of us realize that our senses
form the means or media whereby we
are brought in contact with the world
in which we live and conversely
whereby that outer universe is en-
abled to act upon us," writes Dr. An-
drew Wilson. "Take as an example
the sense of smell. From the brain
arise the olfactory nerves. The fibers
of these nerves descend into the nose
and when they are carefully examined
we find their special endings in what
the physiologist calls olfactory cells.
Each minute fiber essentially termi-
nates in a microscopic cell, which may
be presumed to represent the receiver
of the messages the outer world pre-
sents in the shape of odoriferous par-
ticles. The cells transmit their im-
pressions through their nerves to the
smell center of the brain, which, as
far as we know, is situated close by
the ear region. Thence the informa-
tion conveyed, sifted out and modified
by the cells of the brain center, will
reach the ultimate court of appeal in
some higher brain-area and will then
give rise to the consciousness of odor.
Shorn of technical details, the forego-
ing ideas represent what must occur
in the operations of all our senses.
If the brain returns a message, re-
ceives a memory, as it were, and pro-
jects it outward and backward on to
a sense organ, we then experience
those disturbances of sense to which
we give the name of illusions.

"If, for example, a person sustains
some brain injury affecting the smell
center of the brain, he may be liable
to exhibit such a disturbance of sense.
Cases are known in which after such
an accident the patient has complain-
ed of the sensation of a disagreeable
odor. It may be possible that such
a false sensation may not pass out
from the brain at all, but may be
located entirely within its gates. It is
much more likely, however, that a
real irritation of the smell nerve ends
occurs, just as we can only suppose
that if a man fancies he sees a figure
that has no real existence the eye
itself must participate in the produc-
tion of the apparition.

"Practically the vagaries of our
senses may be held to originate in
the brain centers. They are the re-
sponsible agents and the nerves of
sense and their terminations in our
sense organs are simply the under of-
ficials receiving the messages but ex-
ercising little control beyond that
which is concerned in their transmis-
sion. They are the telegraph clerks
of the system which have no concern
with the messages they dispatch. They
merely transmit and transcribe them."

His Dream Worth Thousands.

Andrew Sabel, twenty-one years old,
employed in the Keystone flour mill at
Natick, some time ago in a dream
saw an invention for separating for-
eign substances from grain just be-
fore it was ground. He told some
friends and asked their assistance in
making it, but they laughed at him.
Preserving a clear conception of the
invention in his mind, he went to
work, built a model, got a patent on
it, last month, and has now received
an offer of \$10,000 for the patent rights
from a Massachusetts firm. The prin-
ciple of the invention is magnetism.
It removes foreign substances from
the grain and averts accidents to the
grinding machinery.—Wilkesbarre
Dispatch.

The Search for the Alkabeest.

With flame and crucible and faith,
Within his little cave of stone,
From day to day he works away
Upon his search alone!
And through the years and years he
Keeps
Thus constant to his ancient quest,
And men pass by and smile and say:
"He seeks the Alkabeest."
The secret is a secret still,
Though age has turned his hair to gray,
But age turns not the constant will
That urged him yesterday.
And still the secret, like the fires
That o'er the meadow marshes run,
Doth lead him furnished with desires
Forever on and on!

Oh, heart of man! Oh, sacred quest!

That will not let him pause or stay,
The Holy Grail or Alkabeest—
What matter what he seeks away?
A foolish man a crazy knight,
These be to those with custom dull;
But they do seek the larger light.
Find here a parable.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Young Idlers of the Time.

Among the moderately well-to-do
there is an army of young men grow-
ing up in idleness in this country who
think it beneath their dignity to learn
a trade or follow a profession and
who, in many instances, form that
large class known as genteel idlers.
They have been pampered and petted
by their parents until they have come
to the conclusion that the world owes
them a living without their having to
work for it or give an equivalent in
toll. They are, in truth, a menace to
the peace and welfare of the country,
and those who encourage them to it
are as reprehensible as they.—St. Louis
City Tribune.

On a Small Scale.

The Simmons baby had been
through a siege of chicken-pox, and
when the minister's wife met little
Annie Simmons she naturally in-
quired how the baby was getting on.
"He's some better," said Annie, who
was a shy and non-committal young
person of eight.
"Very much better, I hope," said
the minister's wife, cheerfully.
"He couldn't be so very much bet-
ter," said Annie, "cause he's too
little."—Youth's Companion.

Buried Treasure

These two words often describe the lost
opportunities for facial improvement.

Delve after impurities and bring out the
best that nature can bestow.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP.

is busy making facial fortunes, its free curative
lather, acts as a balm while cleansing.

25cents A CAKE.

INITIAL OFFER.

In case your dealer cannot supply you
send us his name and we will send prepaid
to any address for \$1.00 the following toilet
requisites.

- 1 Cake Woodbury's Facial Soap.
- 1 Tube "Facial Cream."
- 1 Box "Dentist Powder."
- 1 Box "Face Powder."

Together with our readable booklet:
Beauty's Masque, a careful treatise on the
care of the "outer self."

Booklet free on application.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
CINCINNATI, O.

Languages of India.

Among the 145 distinct languages
spoken in British India are some pos-
sessed only a few hundred words,
others rivaling English, as Dr. Grier-
son says, or Russian, as I would say,
in their copiousness; some in which
every word is a monosyllable, others
in which some are elongated by ag-
glutination till they run to ten syl-
lables, like da-pa-ocho-akan-taken-tae-
tin-a—a Soutall word meaning: "He
who belongs to him who belongs to
me will continue letting himself be
made to fight." Some of these divers
tongues lack verb and noun, others
are as complex and systematic as
Greek and Latin.—Nineteenth Cen-
tury.

Preserving the Teeth.

To preserve the teeth in health and
beauty is a most important matter for
this one not only saves one's self pain
and expense, but also actually pro-
longs one's life—the decay and loss
of teeth being but the initial stages
of the general break-up of the health.
Artificial teeth are at their best vastly
inferior to one's own teeth in good
working order. To prevent decay of
the latter, absolute cleanliness of the
mouth is essential.

HIS EXPERIENCE TEACHES THEM

That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure
Bright's Disease. Remarkable case
of George J. Barber—Quick recovery
after years of suffering.
Estherville, Iowa, Jan. 23d.—(Spe-
cial)—The experience of Mr. George
J. Barber, a well known citizen of this
place, justifies his friends in making
the announcement to the world
"Bright's Disease can be cured." Mr.
Barber had kidney trouble and it
developed into Bright's Disease. He
treated it with Dodd's Kidney Pills
and to-day he is a well man. In an
interview he says:

"I can't say too much for Dodd's
Kidney Pills. I had Kidney Disease
for fifteen years and though I doctor-
ed for it with the best doctors here
and in Chicago, it developed into
Bright's Disease. Then I started to
use Dodd's Kidney Pills and two boxes
cured me completely. I think Dodd's
Kidney Pills are the best in the
world."
"A remedy that will cure Bright's
Disease will cure any other form of
Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills
never fail to cure Bright's Disease."

Library and its Contents.

A library is like a butcher's shop;
it contains plenty of meat, but it is
all raw; no person living can find a
meal in it till some good cook comes
along and says: "Sir, I can see by
your looks that you are hungry; I
know your taste; be patient for a
moment and you shall be satisfied that
you shall have an excellent appetite."
—G. Ellis.



THERE IS NOTHING

more painful than

Rheumatism and Neuralgia

but there is nothing surer to

St. Jacobs Oil

The old monk cure. It is bene-
fitting, prompt and reliable.

Price 25c. and 50c.

REDUCTION SALE

On 10-inch Enameled PIE PLATES

Worth 15 cts. Now 11 cts.

THIS IS A BARGAIN.

SEE OUR LISK WARE

STROEBEL BROS.

JOS. C. 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 \$10.00 and upward received and interest allowed if left on deposit three months or longer.
Bank Money Orders sold at lowest rates.
Fire Insurance Written - we have seven good companies.
Private Deposit Boxes to Rent at \$2.00 per year.

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

Briefs of the Week

More snow.
St. Valentine.
Twenty Below.

How'd you like to be the ice man?
Up-to-date Sheet Music at Mack's.
Oranges and Lemons at Lewis' New Grocery.

Hear John R. Clarke, Saturday, Feb'y 18th.

The rope and twine trust has quietly wound itself up.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman have returned from their visit with New York friends.

Mack, the Jeweler, has a complete stock of Spectacles, Eye Glasses, and Colored Glasses.

Lincoln Services at M. E. church next Sabbath morning. The G. A. R. and W. R. C. will attend.

A little party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Porter to several of their friends at their home Friday evening.

The E. J. & S. will sell tickets to the Republican State Convention at Grand Rapids at \$4.75 round trip. Tickets on Sale Feb'y 12-14, good to return Feb'y 15th.

Mrs. Grietje Vanthil, aged 40 years, died at Ellsworth last Saturday from blood poisoning. Deceased was the mother of ten children—the youngest a babe of only few months. Interment took place at Ellsworth.

Quite a number of people are rejoicing over the decision of the Supreme court by which the beer trust got a good chukking; but many others prefer to wait until the price comes down before they "celebrate."

The residence of Alexander (Sandy) Burbank was burned last Wednesday afternoon, together with most of the household effects. The loss is quite heavy for Mr. Burbank. At present he and his family are staying with his son-in-law, Oscar Johnson.

The Republican Judicial Convention for the 13th Judicial Circuit was held at Bellaire, Wednesday, and Judge Frederick W. Mayne was unanimously re-nominated. The Circuit embraces the Counties of Charlevoix, Antrim, Grand Traverse and Leelanau.

Att'y F. E. Boosinger recently received a line from A. T. Brown, who left East Jordan about a month ago and is now located at Aberdeen, Wash., in which he says: "We all like it here very much. It is just like a nice April day today and everything is green and nice. I think we will do well here but I wouldn't advise anyone to come here unless they have some kind of a trade as wages are not enough better to pay a laboring man; we are hiring men for almost the same price as we did in Michigan."

Miss Jennie E. Pringle, who left East Jordan a couple of weeks ago for Everett, Washington, arrived at her destination safely, and is now no longer Miss Pringle but Mrs. Louis C. Lundberg. The wedding took place on Saturday, Jan'y 28th, (the day following her arrival there) at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Bashford—friends of the groom—Rev. J. M. Babcock performing the ceremony. Mr. Lundberg worked here in East Jordan as a shingle weaver a number of years ago and has been a visitor here several times since his leaving for Washington State.

"A Hidden Crime."
C. C. Mack, the Jeweler.
E. J. Crossman was a Detroit visitor, Tuesday.

A. F. Young, here from Charlevoix, Saturday.
Clarke at Loveday Opera House Feb'y 18th.

David Tower of Jordan Township is seriously ill.

Wm. Harrington has returned to his duties at Lansing.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gill a baby girl, Monday last.

Judge F. W. Mayne, was an East Jordan visitor, Tuesday.

Lewis' New Grocery has a fine line of Oranges and Lemons just received.

Mrs. A. J. Suffer and little daughter were here from Charlevoix over Sunday.

Att'y J. Ernest Converse and W. E. Squires were among the sick of the week.

Take your Hides and Furs to A. Danto and get highest market price for them.

The best bargains ever in Ladies' and Gents' Fine Tailored Clothing at Maddaugh's.

Howard Gage returned Saturday from an extended visit with relatives at Jennings.

Mrs. J. J. Pfender and daughter Eloise returned from their Charlevoix visit, Saturday.

Misses Libbie and Lillie Silversteen of Boyne City are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wiesman.

The stork left a nice little baby girl on the home of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Hudkins Sunday last.

G. K. Weiler returned from Detroit last week and will move his family to that place in the near future.

Mrs. Walter Flye returned to Bellaire yesterday, after a brief visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Dunlap.

Isn't it a little queer to find Boston denouncing the Russian Aristocracy? Aristocracies ought to stand, by each other.

Pay your sub.
C. C. Mack, the Jeweler.
New Sheet Music at Mack's Jewelry Store.

New Line of Samples at Maddaugh's. Call and look them over.
Mrs. F. J. Porter is entertaining a sister, Miss Emma Otto of Sutton's Bay.

Jos. Zonlek has been quite ill with grip the past week and confined to the house.

A. Danto pays Cash for Hides and Furs of all descriptions. See him before selling.

Mrs. George L. Sherman entertained a number of friends last Saturday evening.

Mrs. W. H. Marshall of Lakeview (Emmett Co.) is here guest of her numerous friends.

Take your Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing to Mack, the Jeweler. Work promptly done and guaranteed.

Mrs. Clark Haite was a DeWard visitor Wednesday, called together by the illness of her sister's husband.

Astronomers claim that the heavenly bodies contain radium. Probably so, for it comes "pretty high."

It's pretty hard to get Oranges and Lemons at this season of the year, but they've got a fine line of these fruits at Lewis' New Grocery.

Now is the time to get your old carpets together and plan to have them made into beautiful "sanitary" rugs by the Fetskey Rug Mfg. Carpet Co. Ltd. Remember, they have no agents canvassing and anyone approaching you as an agent should be turned down as a fraud. Write for their free booklet which will be mailed you. Once a customer of theirs, always one.

Again East Jordan was complimented by having a number of honored guests. They were delighted with the entertainment at home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wiesman. George and Martha Washington were again with us and accompanying them was the Colonial Dams. General Kuopatkin was invited but on account of press of other duties was unable to attend, so sent his brother who escorted Queen Victoria—the latter wearing jewels rich and rare. Romeo and Juliet were celebrating their anniversary and they did not need to say "Backward, turn backward, oh Time in thy flight, make me young again just for tonight" as they seemed just as young and happy as when Romeo leaped over the wall into the orchard to meet his love.

The Priest that joined these two hearts and made them one, was also present. Red Riding Hood, with her basket of good things to eat and who escaped the wolf's angry threats, looked still young and happy. The Shepherdess with crook had folded, the sheep for the night and was out for a frolic. The Billposter advertised his wares well. The School Boy and Girl, the Bloomer Girl, the pair of Yellow Kids and Sunny Jim made much merriment. The Jag Boy and Girl stood much in fear of the Russian General. The Spanish Princess, Swedish Girl, Normandy Peasant, Dutch Woman and Girl, looked weird in their unique dress. The Bride and Groom look swell—will be at home, after April 1st, at 720 Orange Grove Ave., Pasadena, Cal. The Cream of Wheat appears on our tables so often it needs no words of praise. Grandmother—the dear old lady is always welcome.

Faust's Marguerite "He loves me, he loves me not," and Priscilla—two maidens so fair and young—traveled a long way alone to get here. The college Girl and Red Cross Nurse were having a vacation from their duties. And the two ebony hued Mammies, though far away from their old Kentucky home, seemed to enjoy themselves. The Farmer was very much pleased to meet the Dignitary, and was engrossed in the thoughts of seed time and harvest. Samantha was overwhelmed with the scenes and beauties of the St. Louis Fair. In all, about thirty were present. Delicious refreshments were served and guests departed with a warm spot in their hearts for the hospitality received while with us.—ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Jeff Davis' old home is only a few miles from here and I hope we may drive to it before we go away.

The Artesian Wells furnish the public with very fine mineral water from a depth of from 600 to 700 ft.

W. ASA LOVEDAY.

LaGrippe and Pneumonia.

Pneumonia often follows La Grippe 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.

Line from W. A. Loveday.

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Line from W. A. Loveday.

New Goods Arriving.



Our line of New Goods for the coming season are already beginning to arrive and include the very complete line of Dress Goods in the most desirable shades and fabrics, Laces, Trimmings, Etc.

We carry a general and carefully selected stock of just what customers need in every department of Dry Goods.

Our styles are right; our prices are right.

J. L. WIESMAN

LEADER OF LOW PRICES.

Loveday Block, East Jordan.

Lewis' New Grocery

Bacon Salt Pork Salt Fish
Canned Meats

Canned and Dried Fruits.
Fresh Stock of Oranges; Lemons

Singer Sewing Machines sold on easy terms.

Phone No. 168. Goods Delivered.

THE NEW SAMPLES.

The New Samples are now on display at
MADDAUGH'S TAILOR SHOP.

He is sole agent for The Royal Tailors and the Detmer Woolen Co., both of whose lines are the finest ever handled in this city.

This year a Specialty will be made of Ladies' Suits and the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, are invited to call and inspect same.
UNIFORMS BASE BALL SUITS MACKINTOSHES.

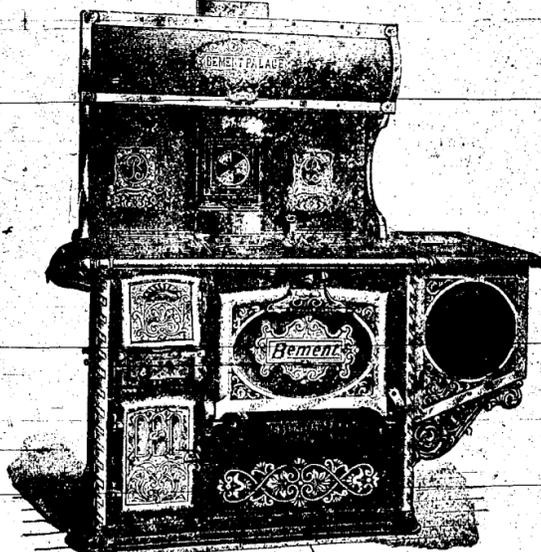
An Emporium of Good Things.

We aim to make the name Warne's Pharmacy stand for everything that is Best, Most Desirable and Never-Faillingly Reliable in the Drug Line. Prescriptions compounded with only the purest Drugs and with scientific care.

We invite your calls.

Warne's Pharmacy

The Bement Palace Steel Range



Is the most artistic, handsome and durable Range ever put on the market. For sale by

The W. E. Malpass Hardware Co.

A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

LAFFITTE OF LOUISIANA

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

As she looked about her, in the tangled and shadowy forest, where the night was already coming darkly, a new terror arose within her, and she sought to return by the way she had come, but this was only to find her steps cut off by still denser masses of forest growth. Even as she stood hesitating, there came a faint cry, like that of a child, and a rush of hopefulness thrilled her at the thought of something human being near in the gloom and oppressive stillness.

Then there fell upon her a freezing terror, as she suddenly recalled the slaves telling recently of a panther's yowls having been heard at night, near the settlement, and she remembered that they had likened it to the crying of a child.

Trembling with fright, she stood, glancing about in terror, wondering which way to turn, when another sound came faintly. It was a sound she had heard before, and one no hearer could ever forget; a short, quick bark, followed by a prolonged howl—the cry of the timber wolf.

Gathering her draperies closely, she sprang forward again, all color gone from the dainty little face, now ashen with fear, against which the bushes and low branches beat unmercifully. Again and again the fiendish cry rang out, to be succeeded by another, and then another, as if the first call had summoned a multitude of wolves to the chase. But, for all her dainty femininity, she had a man's heart for courage in the face of danger; and as she still kept on, with clenched hands and panting breath, a small cabin showed in a clearing before her.

A new strength came to her at sight of this refuge, and she rushed toward it, to find only an untenanted ruin, with its door fallen from the hinges.

But she saw upon the floor a large iron ring, which indicated the entrance

The touch and the words struck sharply through her benumbed senses; and with a cry of affright, she struggled to free herself.

"What is it?" asked Laffitte, now speaking firmly and quickly. "Are you hurt, child—are you injured in any way?"

"Do not—do not!" the girl commanded, now uncovering her face, and looking up at him with an angry light sparkling in her eyes. "How dare you?"

Drawing back a step, Laffitte stared at her in amazement, until suddenly recalling what Natcho had told him a short time before, and realizing that what he had then feared was indeed true, he stood before her speechless; a new agony growing in his pale face.

For a moment she met his eyes unflinchingly. Then, dropping her own, turned from him with a shudder, as she said coldly, "I wish to be taken to the house, Captain."

She stopped as if checked at the thought of uttering his name.

"In a moment, mademoiselle," he answered with the cool courtesy he would have shown a stranger. "Your grandpère has been alarmed on your account. He had sent for you to come and bid me adieu; and then, when your absence was discovered, it was quite late."

She said nothing, nor did he, for the space of a full minute. Then, with his face turned to the darkness outside, he resumed:

"If the day may ever come when you can think of me with less condemnation, remember always what I tell you now. I do not, nor can I ever, blame you. And, if I can ever serve you, you have but to command me, always and forever."

Some of the slaves, who had returned from the hunt, now sent up a joyous shout at sight of their "Mlle. Ma'm'selle" unhurt; and, rising, she

in the Mississippi valley, occupied by some two hundred and seventy persons, many of them women and children, of whom all but seventeen were put to death by the Creeks, one of the tribes which the English had won over for allies.

Gov. Claiborne had foreseen this threatened peril, but was powerless to avert it, for his forces were few and scattered, while the Indians seemed innumerable, and moved with wonderful activity. But the governor did all in his power to restore confidence; and not long afterward Gen. Jackson utterly destroyed the Creeks at Talladega.

"My heart may be telling me wrongfully, Pierre," Jean said, as the two sat talking in their abode at Grande Terre—a cabin outside, but luxurious within, "but I have a feeling that if I now go to the emperor I may find the opportunity for serving him; and that this may prove to him the love that has never died."

"Perhaps," answered Pierre, hesitatingly. "But what is it that makes you think you may be of service to the emperor and France?"

"To say truth, I have no idea that is definite; but I feel an irresistible inclination to go, and see if the opportunity offers."

"If you should find service over there—then what?"

"Why," replied Jean, "then you can wind up our matters here, and come over to join me. Why not?"

"Why not, indeed? That is assuredly what I would do, if—" and Pierre hesitated for an instant—"I could."

"And what can prevent?"

"In such a case," Pierre replied deliberately, "there would be a valuable cargo to come with me, and watchful enemies here to bind. Then possibly, or most probably, by summer or fall, with the English vessels patrolling the waters around us, the safe getting away might not be so easy a matter."

"Summer and fall are not now," was the oracular declaration; "and by the time they come, it may be that the English will have been made to slink home again, as once before."

"I don't feel at all sure as to that," Pierre commented, as he rose to cover the embers upon the hearth. Then, turning to Jean, he continued, as though there had been no interruption, "I tell thee, lad, that Louisiana has always possessed a great attraction for Great Britain."

"Grant it," said Jean, rising and stretching himself. "Then all the more reason why, in case they succeed in obtaining it, that we should wish to live somewhere else."

"Ah, but I am not saying that they will rule here!" exclaimed Pierre, with a showing of anger at thought of the possibility suggested by Jean's words.

"God forbid!"

"Amen to that," said Jean, laughing at the quick change in his foster-brother's manner and look; and they soon parted for the night.

It was a bright morning in May that the "Black Petrel," with Jean Laffitte and a picked crew, and bearing a cargo of rich merchandise, sailed from Barataria; and Pierre, his heart filled with loneliness and misgivings, sat on the bluff, watching her sails until they melted away on the horizon.

ABOUT THE AGE OF A CROW.

A Tag Would Indicate That One Lived More Than Twenty Years.

A farmer living near Orrville, Ohio, says a correspondent of the Toronto Globe, has just received a much-prized little aluminum plate marked as follows: "Return to George McCarren, Orrville, O.," with which an interesting story is connected.

George McCarren, Sr., father of the man who received the little billet of aluminum, was an eccentric naturalist and spent much time in the study of birds and insects. During McCarren's youth, about twenty years ago, he says he remembers being told by his father, the elder McCarren, of a dispute the latter had with a fellow naturalist at Akron, Ohio, as to the age to be attained by a common crow, and finally, to settle the matter, McCarren attached an aluminum tag to the crow captured in the fields and sent the bird forth with the plate securely fastened to its neck by wires. The legend on the plate requested the finder to return it to McCarren in case anything should happen to the bird.

As McCarren, Jr., remembers it, the two men made a bet as to whether the plate would be returned within twenty years. If the crow were killed or died they counted on the little billet being found and returned to the address on the plate. If this were not returned they believed it would be sufficient evidence that the bird would be still alive. McCarren bet that the plate would not be returned within that time; hence he won the bet. The crow was killed by a farmer boy named Angers in Holmes county last week, and the billet returned to the son of the better, the elder McCarren having died before he could realize the proceeds and the satisfaction of winning his wager. The little billet is highly prized by the McCarrens as a memento of the father's eccentricity.

Egg of Captive Nattansnake.

One of a boxful of four rattlesnakes sent to Fred Kempel from California three or four days ago laid an egg, which is said to be almost without precedent, as snakes in captivity never breed.

The egg is only a little smaller than a hen's egg, and the small rattle can be plainly seen curled up inside of the opaque membrane. It is expected to hatch within a day or two. Few naturalists have ever been able to locate the eggs of the rattlesnake owing to the fact that the snake is exceedingly torpid at the time, and seeks the bottom of its hole, so as not to be prey for the birds, which attack it.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Called Den of Satan

(Special Correspondence.)

There is no lack of demonology in the traditions of New England, but it is wholly a fabric wrought by fear and dread. The situation of the early colonists, no less than the prevailing tendency of the times, was favorable to belief in the supernatural. The deep, unexplored forests were full of mystery, and this mystery was invariably associated with dread. The stern religion of the Puritans frowned upon the tales of fairyland. No merry, laughing elves tripped in the glancing moonlight under the great trees; no gentle-fairies hid in the flowers; indeed, the flowers themselves were half-despised—as vanities. St. Nicholas, even, drove his deer and sledge around and over New England for two centuries before he dared to descend a chimney to hunt for the stockings of good little boys and girls.

The woods, like the religion of the Puritans, were full of dread. There were devils in both. Every cleft in the rocky hillsides, of unusual size or depth, was sure to be reckoned a devil's den, and there, were comparatively few towns in New England that could not boast of one. New Hampshire has many of them, and one, although the fact is not generally known, is entitled to the distinction of having inspired the gentle poetic muse of Whittier.

Whether or not New Hampshire was at one time specially favored by his satanic majesty in the selection of his dwelling places local folklore does not state with any degree of positiveness, but certain it is that from time away back the evil one has been accredited with having maintained an all-year-round home in that state, and that, too, within the confines of what is now the little town of Auburn, seven miles from the city of Manchester, eastward as the crow flies toward the sea.

Not only is the devil accredited with having been a resident of that locality, but moss-covered legends have it that he also maintained a separate establishment—a church—a devil's church, an open-door affair, from a pulpit in which he was wont to expound his evil doctrines. The home of the devil in Auburn is known to-day, and has long been known as the Devil's Den, and it is so recognized in official historical documents. The "church" is located in the town of Bedford, a few miles away, and has long been known as the Devil's Pulpit.

The Devil's Den is a cave, whose black and awesome mouth yawns behind a thick screen of leaves in the summertime, within a few yards of the shaded turpentine on the outskirts of Auburn village, and in the winter, when the leaves have gone, frowns upon the traveler who may chance that way. Low-browed is the entrance and low-browed are the hallways, which would indicate that his satanic majesty was either very short in stature or else an adept in the contortion line.

Within the cavern there are no staccated and lofty-domed chambers; in fact, there is a decided lack of accommodations in the way of room, it being necessary for one to remain doubled like a jack-knife a greater part of the time spent in exploring its recesses. There are no ancient records to show that the devil was hump-backed, but long residence in a cave with the characteristics of the Auburn devil's den would be pretty sure to fasten a stoop of some kind on to one, or to inculcate into one's general make-up what is now vulgarly designated as the "kangaroo walk."

The Devil's Den is the despair of amateur photographers. It being very difficult to obtain good pictures of it. The entrance to the cavern is so situated that good results are not easily arrived at, and the interior is in absolute darkness, the dripping dampness, the cramped and tortuous passages being proof against the assaults of the flashlight.

Celebrated Devil's Pulpit.

The Devil's Pulpit is located in a vast fissure or opening in a mighty

mass of rock, apparently the result of some convulsion of nature. Over the precipice thus formed is a fall of water many feet into the gulf below, where there are several excavations in the solid rock at the bottom of the chasm and in the sides. One of these excavations bears a striking resemblance to a pulpit, and this fact gave to the place its name. There is a large pool at the bottom of the chasm, into which several streams of water continually run. The constant bubbling

makes the pool take on the appearance of a plot of boiling water. This pool is called the Devil's Boiling Pot, and it was in this receptacle that his satanic majesty was supposed to have cooked his boiled dinners.

Close by the boiling pot the devil had a nice big oven in which to bake his turkeys and pumpkin pies. The oven lacks a door by which to keep the heat on the inside, but it was the devil's oven, and those to whom it is exhibited must overlook any inconsistencies in its arrangement.

A long flight of stairs leads down from daylight into the gloomy, cheerless realms of the chasm, and as one enters the main pathway leading to the pulpit one can see outlined upon



Pathway to Devil's Pulpit.

the precipitous rock beside the pulpit a large footprint. The size of the imprint would indicate that the owner of the foot that made it, were he now among the living, would be obliged to get measured for his shoes in a ten-acre lot. And here again the bark of consistency smashes upon a rock, for the footprint could not well be that of the devil, as in the days when he was supposed to have held a voting residence in the locality men usually went about barefooted, while this particular footprint might well be used as a modern plan of a well-made, fashionable shoe. Then, too, according to the best information obtainable, the devil's feet were not constructed upon that sort of a model.

Indian Rock and Tipping Rocks.

Half a mile from the Devil's Pulpit is a very interesting and wonderful natural curiosity, in the shape of a granite boulder 15 feet high and 40 feet in circumference. The boulder is nicely balanced on three flat ledge stones, and on its south side is an opening large enough to admit a person of ordinary size. The cavity widens on the interior into a room eight feet long and six feet wide, the walls of the chamber being fantastically grooved and hollowed.

In the neighboring village of Goffstown, toward the setting sun, are three very large boulders, which are known as the Tipping Rocks, but whether they were placed there by his satanic majesty for his own particular amusement is not stated by tradition. It is believed, however, that he had nothing to do with them, as his name has never been connected therewith, so far as can be ascertained; still, there have been persons who have imagined that there was something devilish about the rocks, through the fact that, although the boulders weighed hundreds of tons, they could easily be tipped and swayed by a gentle push of one hand.

If the devil did place those rocks there, he certainly did a very good job in the balancing line, for the pivotal arrangement has held good longer than the memory of man, and is still doing excellent work. Rocking these great boulders is a novel and interesting experience for many persons who visit this part of New Hampshire.

No Place Without a Library.

The Rev. Thomas H. Sucer, pastor of All Souls' Unitarian church, a wit as well as a preacher, tells the story of while trying to reach a city in Pennsylvania he was obliged to transfer at an oil tank station.

"What's the name of this place?" asked the preacher.

"Taint got one."

"Any churches?"

"None."

"Any schools?"

"Yah, right here," pointing to two children playing on the floor of the station.

"Well, what's that beautiful building with the setting sun reflecting from its golden towers?"

"The Carnegie Library," answered the flagman.—New York Times.

The Limit.

"For a lawyer he's most peculiar, I hear. Awfully conscientious, isn't he?"

"Oh, very!" He put up a sign, "Back in Twenty Minutes" on his door the other day. It happened that he got back in ten, so he sat on the stairs until the other ten minutes were up."

CONSTANT ACHING.

Back aches all the time. Spills your appetite, wearies the body, worries the mind. Kidneys cause it all and Doan's Kidney Pills relieve and cure it.

H. B. McCarver, of 201 Cherry St., Portland, Ore., inspector of freight for the Trans-Continental Co., says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills for back ache and other symptoms of kidney trouble which had annoyed me for months. I think a cold was responsible for the whole trouble. It seemed to settle in my kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills rooted it out. It is several months since I used them, and up to date there has been no recurrence of the trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Appreciated "Clarissa."

Edward Young, author of "Night Thoughts," wrote in 1749 to the Duchess of Portland a letter containing an enthusiastic reference to Richardson's "Clarissa," and this letter has just been published among the Longest MSS. "Has your grace read his 'Clarissa'?" says Young. "What a beautiful bit of the brain is there! I wish your grace would stand godmother and give its name 'Clarissa the Divine.' That romance will probably be more good than a body of Divinity. If all printers could turn such authors I would turn printer in order to be instrumental in promoting such benefit to mankind." The modern author may well sigh for such appreciation.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running condition or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever, nine cases out of ten are caused by a mucus which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any cure of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

Free Meals for Children.

One of the charities of London is the Southwark free meals fund, the aim of which is that no child in the borough of Southwark shall go hungry during the winter months. Last year it gave away 135,000 breakfasts and dinners.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

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

Capital Punishment in Sweden.

In Sweden confession is necessary before capital punishment can be carried out. If, however, the culprit persists in protesting his innocence in the face of overpowering evidence, the prison discipline is made extremely strict and severe until the desired confession is obtained.

Helping Himself.

"We have quit waiting for prosperity," says an Arkansas editor, "and have bought an ax and gone to splitting rails."—Atlanta Constitution.

A GREAT SUFFERER

LAY HELPLESS AND SPEECHLESS FOR HOURS AT A TIME.

Sinking Spells, Headaches, Rheumatism, All Caused by Poor Blood—Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

When Mrs. Williams was asked for some details of the fearful illness from which she had so long suffered, she spoke as follows:

"Ever since I had nervous prostration, about thirteen years ago, I have had periodical spells of complete exhaustion. Any excitement or unusual activity would throw me into a state of lifelessness. At the beginning my strength would come back in a moderate time, but the period of weakness kept lengthening until at last I would lie helpless as many as three hours at a stretch."

"You were under medical treatment, of course?"

"Yes, when I became so bad that I had to give up my housework in May of 1903, I was being treated for kidney trouble, and later the doctor thought my difficulties came from changes of life. I was not only weak, but I had dizzy feelings, palpitation of the heart, misery after eating, hot flashes, nervous headaches, rheumatic pains in the back and hips. The doctor did me so little good that I gave up his treatment, and really feared that my case was incurable."

"What saved you from your state of helplessness?"

"In July of 1903 I had a very bad spell, and my husband came in one day with a little book which told of remarkable cures effected by a remedy for the blood and the nerves, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He bought a box for me, and that was the beginning of my return to health. My appetite grew keen, my food no longer distressed me, my nerves were quieted, and my strength began to revive."

"How long did you take this remedy?"

"For two months only. At the end of that time I had regained my health and cheerfulness, and my friends say that I am looking better than I have done for the past fifteen years."

Mrs. Lizzie Williams is now living at No. 418 Cedar street, Quincy, Illinois. The pills which she praises so highly, cure all diseases that come from impoverished blood. If your system is all run down, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the very best remedy to take. Any druggist can supply them.



He stood before her, speechless.

to a cellar; and, seizing this, she pulled at it with all her strength.

A small section of the floor lifted, creaking on rusted hinges, and dashing wildly through dust and cobwebs that rose with it, she plunged into the shallow opening, earth-walled and floored, the dust filling her eyes and nostrils, and half-choking her, as she panted sobbingly for breath.

A few moments later she grew cold with an agony of apprehension, when she heard the noise of her pursuers' feet upon the flooring over her head, and their snuffling at the cracks in the cellar door. How long it lasted she scarcely knew; cramped as she was in the darkness, aching, throbbing—half-swooning, with the dreadful creatures howling and snarling above her head; how long it was before the baying of beagles, faint at first, sounded in her ears.

Nearer and nearer came the sound, growing strong and clear; and then she heard the shouting of voices.

This brought a new fear—for might not these come from those fully as much to be feared as were the wolves? The island, as she knew, was several miles long; and she had always known that it held others besides her grandfather's household.

She listened tremblingly, a new dread encompassing her as the voices of the beagles now broke out close to the cabin. Then there was a rushing sound, followed by an uproar indicating a fierce struggle. At length the combat seemed to surge through the cabin door, and a voice which she recognized as that of black Zebbo, one of her grandfather's most trusted slaves, shouted, "Dar goes de last debil, makin' for de woods! Shoot him, boys—shoot eb'ry hide yer can see!"

Roselle called to him, but her voice sounded faint and unnatural to her own ears. Then the door was lifted, and the blinding light of a torch flashed in her face.

"Take me out; take me home!" she cried, raising her arms appealingly, while she sobbed like a terrified child.

A man's voice, one she was too bewildered to recognize, answered her. "Little Rose—my precious little Island Rose!"

A husky, shaking voice murmured these words against her ear, where she felt the pressure of warm lips.

"Ah, thank God, I have thee safe again!"

smiled upon them as they gathered around her.

Two of them, under Laffitte's direction, made a seat of their interlocked hands, and, bearing her between them, set out for the house, with flaring torches lighting the way.

The proclamation of Gov. Claiborne resulted in inducing Count de Caze-neau to return to his New Orleans home earlier than usual; and Laffitte's house in the city was closed, while a trusted negro overseer was left in charge of the blacksmith shop, with orders to say that his master had gone away upon matters of business.

It was to Grande Terre that Pierre had gone, feeling that a time was near at hand for the joining of issues between his confederates and the government, and wishing, as always, to share the fortunes of his foster brother.

On the western shore of Grande Terre, with several miles of forest lying between it and De Caze-neau's house, was the so-called "fort" of the Baratarians, standing upon a grassy eminence dotted with magnificent live oaks, and terminating at a bluff not many feet above the sea.

It consisted of a fair-sized building and several smaller ones, all of wood, enclosed within a stockade; and a few cannon protected the feet—now consisting of two brigatines, some small schooners and sloops, and a large number of smaller craft—anchored in the harbor at the rear of the island.

Outside the stockade were many huts, constructed of logs, and with thatched roofs, where were always domiciled a small army of Laffitte's retainers, while he—when at Grande Terre—and a few of his sub-leaders had their quarters inside.

Shell Island, already mentioned, up one of the almost inaccessible bayous, was his most frequent abode, where he kept about him only a few devoted followers; and here, amid impenetrable forests, was conducted the building of vessels.

War between the United States and Great Britain had been waging for a year or more; but it had not yet threatened Louisiana, nor had any preparations been made at New Orleans to resist an attack from the enemy.

But, in the summer of 1813, occurred the horrible massacre at Fort Mims,

Every Heart-Ache

Every pain in the breast, difficult breathing, palpitation, fluttering or dizzy spell means that your heart is straining itself in its effort to keep in motion. This is dangerous.

Some sudden strain from over-exertion or excitement will completely exhaust the nerves, or rupture the walls or arteries of the heart, and it will stop. Relieve this terrible strain at once with Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. It invigorates and strengthens the heart nerves and muscles, stimulates the heart action, and relieves the pain and misery.

Take no chances; make your heart strong and vigorous with Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. I suffered terribly with heart disease. I have been treated by different physicians for my trouble without results. I went to a physician in Memphis, who claimed that he had done the heart. He put the X-ray on me, and in connection with his medicine he came near taking a finish of me. Some time before this a Mr. Young, of St. Louis, was in our town. He saw my condition, and recommended Dr. Miles' Heart Cure to me. I gave it little attention until my return from Memphis, when I concluded to try it, and am pleased to say three bottles cured me.

CHARLES GOODRICH, Caruthersville, Mo. your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails he will refund your money. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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," trademark, 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. 53-457 Mitchell street. 481

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 car loads of all descriptions. Ship wood and lumber delivered. EAST JORDAN. MICH.

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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.

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.

THE DELINEATOR FOR MARCH.

Containing the first, authentic reports of the Spring and Summer styles, the March Delineator is of special interest to the woman of fashion, and a most attractive number throughout. A discussion of "The Use and Abuse of Armorial Bearings," by William Armstrong Crozier, is a noteworthy contribution, containing a fund of information in regard to coat armor that is little known or widely disregarded. N. Hudson Moore's article on "Old Pewter," the first in a series on kindred subjects, will appeal particularly to collectors, and the story of Charlotte Elliott's famous hymn, "Just as I Am," as related by Allan Sutherland, is of greatest interest. Other features are "Robert and Clara Schumann," by Gustav Kobbe, in the Composers' Series, "The Game of Politics as it is Played in Washington"—and more particularly, woman's part in it—by "Marie Columbia," and a reproduction of miniatures from the Marie collection. There are two notable pieces of fiction in "The Things That Are Real," by Zona Gale, and "His Honor vs. Cupid," by Virginia Woodward Cloud, in addition to delightful verse. For the young folks, L. Frank Baum gives an "Animal Fairy Tale," Grace MacGowan Cooke a "Son Riley Rabbit" story, and Lina Beard an amusing pastime. There are the usual departments and other matters of interest to women within and without the home.

A Great Seed Farm.

F. B. Mills, the Seedsman, of Rose Hill, New York, is now distributing more than half a million copies of his greatest Seed Book, and with each one he sends free of charge a sample packet of his New Early Sweet Corn, a wonderful novelty being sent out this year to test in all parts of the country.

The book itself is a beauty, giving many fine views of his immense establishment which has been enlarged year by year to fit the requirements of a rapidly increasing business until it now comprises in addition to the Fairview Seed Farms and Greenhouses, three departments each of unusual interest to the public.

Mills' Thoroughbred Poultry Farm is up-to-date in every respect; the main house is 550 feet long, fully equipped with electric heaters which give complete protection from frost in winter. A special Poultry and Incubator Catalogue explains about this poultry farm and illustrates the many breeds of popular fowls that are raised there.

The Gloseng Farm is another very interesting feature of the business. Mr. Mills has had years of experience in growing culture and is always willing to furnish free information about this growing industry.

A Supply Department was added recently with the object of furnishing his customers farm and garden implements, household goods, etc., a factory prices.

Mr. Mills has, through years of persistency in strictly honest business methods, gained a reputation from thousands for reliability as well as for zeal and enterprise.

The Vegetable Contest described in Seed Book is characteristic of his original and we consider it a splendid plan as it is calculated to encourage habits of close observation. \$4,000.00 will be given away in premiums June 1st.

This Seed Book and sample of corn may be had for the asking.

HERALD NOTES.

"Throw Physic to the Dogs" California Prune Waters are nature's own remedy for constipation and biliousness, 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 Back ache and Kidney pains permanently. If you need such a remedy let me show you the wonderful Pineules Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

As a remedy for poor appetite, indigestion, weak stomach and constipation, California Prune waters 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. Marrison.

PILES in any form are dangerous, health-destroying, death-dealing, 25 cents. Insures your life. A trial jar of "Hemorrhoid" Salve will prove its infallibility. 25 & 50c. All Druggists. Hemorrhoid Remedy Co., Chicago.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

BLACK DRAUGHT STOCK & POULTRY MEDICINE

This great stock medicine is a money saver for stock-raisers. It is a medicine, not a cheap food or condition powder. Though put up in coarser form than Theford's Black-Draught, renowned for the cure of the digestion troubles of persons, it has the same qualities of invigorating digestion, stirring up the torpid liver and loosening the constipated bowels for all stock and poultry. It is carefully prepared and its action is so healthful that stock grow and thrive with an occasional dose in their food. It cures hog cholera and makes hogs grow fat. It cures chicken cholera and roup and makes hens lay. It cures constipation, distemper and colds in horses, murrain in cattle, and makes a draught animal do more work for the food consumed. It gives animals and fowls of all kinds new life. Every farmer and raiser should certainly give it a trial. It costs 25c. a can and saves ten times its price in profit.

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

One of Ring'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.

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.

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

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.

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. A. F. C. Warne's.

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.

BEE'S LAXATIVE HONEY AND TAR

An improvement over all Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies. Cures Coughs, Strengthens the Lungs and Gently Moves the Bowels. Pleasant to the taste and good alike for Young and Old.

PREPARED BY Pineale Medicine Co., Chicago, U. S. A. Sold by F. C. WARNE

Detroit & Charlevoix R. R.

Time Schedule in effect Sunday, Jan'y 1st, 1905.

Going East	Stations	Going West
A. M.	Leave	Arrive
9 00	South Arm	8 45
9 20	Wards	6 12
9 25	Jordan River	6 10
9 30	Graves' Camp	6 05
9 40	Green River	5 50
10 30	Alba	5 30
11 40	Deward	4 40
12 15	Frederic	4 10

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; 11:30 p. m., except Saturday

Going North—2:55 p. m. daily; 9:35 p. m., except Sunday; 6:30 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.

N. F. Quaintance C. L. Lockwood
Agent Petoskey, Mich. Gen. Mgr. T. A. G. R. T.

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 3:06 p. m.

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

EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

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.

EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

DETROIT & CHARLEVOIX and GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA RAILWAYS.

Home-seeker's Excursion Tickets and One-Way Seaside Tickets. On sale to points in the South and Southwest first and third Tuesdays of each month at very low rates.

WINTER TOURIST TICKETS TO THE SOUTH.

Now on sale, good to return, May 1st, 1905. Direct line, only one change between the north and the south.

M. F. Quaintance, D. P. A. Petoskey. F. A. Astler, Local Agent.

GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets. A New Medicine for Sallow People. Cures Catarrh, Headache, Stomach, and Bowel Disorders. It is a powerful purgative, and cures all kinds of constipation, indigestion, and all kinds of ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is a safe and reliable medicine, and is sold by all druggists. Price, 25 cents a box. Prepared by Hollister Drug Company, St. Louis, Mo.

When In Need of **CUTTERS** Blankets Robes Fur Coats Remember we have an elegant line of these goods to select from. Just In.—A nice line of Trunks and Bags to which we invite your inspection.

The East Jordan Harness Co.

Furniture Carpets Window Shades and Joliet Sets

Whittington's THE OL' STAND. Embalming and Funeral Directing A Specialty. Phone No. 66; calls answered night or day.

I have the most complete line of everything you can possibly want in **GROCERIES** and shall be glad to supply your wants at lowest possible prices. We solicit a share of your patronage. **WILL RICHARDSON.**

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 Morning; 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; Pains in the Body; Sunken Eyes; Lifeless; Distrustful and 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. No Names Used Without Written Consent. **A NERVOUS WRECK—A HAPPY LIFE.** T. P. Emerson has a Narrow Escape. It took 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 supplies vigor, vitality and manhood. Consultation Free. Question Blank for Home Treatment and \$1.00 Free. **DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, 148 SHELBY STREET DETROIT, MICH.**

SORE LUNGS When your lungs are sore and inflamed from coughing, is the time when the germs of PNEUMONIA, PLEURISY and CONSUMPTION find lodgment and multiply. **FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR** stops the cough, heals and strengthens the lungs. It contains no harsh expectorants that strain and irritate the lungs, or opiates that cause constipation, a condition that retards recovery from a cold. FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR is a safe and never failing remedy for all throat and lung troubles. The Doctors Said He Had Consumption—A Remarkable Cure. L. M. Ruggles, Reoson, Iowa, writes: "The doctors said I had consumption and I got no better until I used FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR. It helped me right from the start and stopped the spitting of blood and the pain in my lungs and today I am sound and well." Three sizes—25c, 50c, \$1.00. The 50-cent size contains two and one-half times as much as the small size and the \$1.00 bottle almost six times as much. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

