

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 9

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1905.

No 28

The Fourth Celebrated; Labor Day Next.

The Glorious Fourth of July has passed into history and with it many memories both sad and sweet are noted down in the sketch book of life. Our village was much alive in its honor. Excursions from distant points brought crowds, so that the avenue was filled with people of all ages. The weather man had the day before sprinkled the streets which were prettily decorated with arches of evergreen and the windows put on their gala dress mingled with the hats and tassels in their ice cream suits. The baby cabs with their will-be men and women in, and the great number of middle aged and silver haired with their smiling faces and last but not least the small boy and girl with the inevitable fire cracker and toy pistol all went to show that Independence Day had come, and a time for celebrating on hand. The attractions were varied and many. The leemo leemo five cents a glass (without which the day would seem a failure) was well patronized, for old Sol came out with seltzer between the gentle showers that came through the day, just enough to scatter the crowd for a moment at a time and to lay the dust. The program was carried out to a letter, and each attraction drew its admirers. In the new Madison building, a crowd seemed to center all day. The bill of fare (a bowery dance) and on such fun. The Loveday Opera House, there too was heard the sound of music and salute your partners. We are glad also to say that one of our citizens is the proud possessor of an automobile of the latest pattern. He and his lady celebrated by taking their first ride in it. Its record we did not ascertain but think it would beat all of the past, if the Marshal of the day, L. C. Madison, had not regulated its speed. There was concerts by the two Bands all day. The Bellare Boys with their jaunty white suits filled the air with sweet music and was much appreciated. The E. J. Military Band done itself proud all the day and the evening torch light drill was superb. The whole time was one of delight and as far as we know no accident occurred to mar the pleasure of any as it often does. When the shades of night had gathered the crowd rushed to the waters edge to the hills and busetops to view the great fire works scene consisting of the naval parade and the attack, capture and destruction of Port Arthur. Words fail us when we try to describe it and our only exclamation is, it was simply grand. And thus ended another birthday of our great Independence.

Obituary.

Alfred Earle Scofield was born in Branch County, Mich. in 1850 and died in Sampson City, Florida, June 25th, 1905, of Malaria Fever aged 55 years. He emigrated to Minnesota in childhood, where he lived until 1880, when he came with his family to Northern Michigan. Here he made his home till 1899 when he removed to Ruskin, Tenn., and joined a co-operative colony. For the past year he has lived in Florida and there he was buried near the Southern flowers. He leaves a wife and eight children to mourn the loss of a kind and loving husband and father. Having lived in this vicinity for nearly 20 years he had many friends here who will deeply sympathize with the mourning family.

Voluntary Imposition.

General Sherman once had occasion to stop at a country home where a tin basin and a roller towel on the back porch sufficed for the family's ablutions. For two mornings the small boy of the household watched in silence the visitor's efforts at making a toilet under the unfavorable auspices, but when on the third day the tooth-brush, nail-file, whisk-broom, etc., had been duly used and returned to their places in the traveller's grip, he could suppress his curiosity no longer, so boldly put the question: "Say, Mister, air you always that much trouble to yo'self?"

You can apply Manzan inside, right where the pain is? It is put up in collapsible tubes with nozzle attachment for introducing it. Manzan stops pain instantly and cures all kinds of blind bleeding, itching and protruding piles. Sold by Warner's Pharmacy.

Joke on a Minister.

Not a few preachers would be glad to be the victims of such a practical joke as was recently played upon Rev. M. Hageman of Oxford, Mich. At the annual meeting of the church of which he is pastor the question of hiring a preacher comes up for discussion. At the last meeting of this society, when the subject was brought up, a good deacon arose and said: "All those in favor of retaining Brother Hageman for another year—at the same salary—will please rise." Not a person arose, and the minister, who was present, felt as uncomfortable as possible, and heartily wished himself anywhere else. Then the good deacon who had put the question arose again and said, with a twinkle of the eye: "I see no one favors that motion, so I will put it again—in this way: All those in favor of keeping the Rev. Mr. Hageman at an increased salary—will please rise." Every one got upon his feet. Then it dawned upon Mr. Hageman that he had been the victim of a joke, and a smile lighted his eyes and the color returned to his cheeks. Some of his best friends had planned the surprise, and the little scheme had worked to perfection.

WILSON.

A lovely rain visited us last Monday evening. Miss Pearl Sheppard is stopping at Chas. Gurrad's in East Jordan at present. Elroy Kunsman who is working in Pellston visited friends in Afton over Sunday. Miss Belle Saunders who has been in East Jordan for a few weeks, returned home Sunday. The Grangers enjoyed a picnic dinner in the Hall the 4th of July, and held a dance in the evening. Elmer Haynor and family and Mrs. Haynor's sister of Whites Camp visited relatives in Afton over Sunday. Fred and Stella Sheppard and a friend from Pellston spent the 4th at D. Sheppard's. Ruth and Delita Vance of Mitchell, Antrim County, are visiting their Aunt, Mrs. O. D. Smith this week.

EVELINE.

A fine rain at present. The people have commenced haying already. Miss Clara Costow called on Miss Nina Healy. Walter Sandel called on Elmer Hott Sunday last. Mrs. E. Costow called on Mrs. Benj. Healy recently. Miss Ada Crowell called on Miss Elsie Hott recently. Mrs. Charles Tillison's grandson is spending a few days with her. Miss Lottie Costow is working at Mr. Cunningham's in Boyne City. Miss Elsie Hott has returned home from being away to work at Mr. Webster's. Miss Emma Healy spent Saturday and Sunday with Misses Nettie and Elsie Hott. Miss Nina Healy is spending a few days with friends and relatives in Boyne City. A coil belonging to L. Hewitt got caught on barbed wire and was cut quite badly. Miss Annie, Arthur and Willie Gaunt spent Sunday with their uncle, Joe Gaunt, of Echo. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hott spent Saturday and Sunday with their brother, John Hott, of Jordan Township.

The revelations of municipal rottenness in many American cities, the malign spread of the tipping evil—which is a form of dishonesty—and the rapidly growing desire to "get rich quick" by any means that does not lead directly to the penitentiary door, all reveal disheartening weaknesses of character in American life. If the developments as published day by day were to be taken as a standard of the moral tone of the entire community, the inevitable conclusion would be reached that the whole country was going to the bowwows. But the evil that men do is blazoned from the housetops, while the good is rarely mentioned. It is humdrum and commonplace to perform one's daily duty and be honest. There is no news in such conduct.

Electric Sparks.

There's consolation in the thought that Lawson's magazine is not a daily. New York proposes to stop Sunday baseball games. The sport keeps the crowd away from saloons too long. "Milwaukee is full of graft" says the Milwaukee Journal. Under normal conditions Milwaukee is full of hops. Wonder if the woman that Justice Brewer expects in the presidential chair, will add a "postscript" to her message to the Congress? After you read all the details of that equitable squabble, you cannot but wonder how there ever happened to be any "surplus" to quarrel about. Dr. Osler says that the freckled girls are the most amiable and the most desirable to marry. A freckled girl cannot afford to be otherwise than "amiable." Expert Dalrimple of Glasgow, Scotland, proposes to wait until he gets a long way from Chicago before he goes into details as to what he "thinks of that city." The discussion about a woman being able to dress on \$65 a year may be finally ended with the statement that Edward Atkinson knows a whole lot more about "statistics" than he does about women. Milit officials expect the new \$20 bills to be unusually popular. We cannot see how they can be any more popular than the old \$20 bill. It does not matter with us whether they are old or new as long as they are twenties. The Detroit Tribune is always striving after the impossible. Now it wants Dr. Gladden, Miss Tarbell, and Mr. Lawson to wage the fight against Mr. Rockefeller in eight hour shifts, instead of all talking at once. And we thought the Tribune knew the trio.

— WAS ASHAMED TO BE SEEN.

Mr. Edward Smith, of Wabash, Ind., writes: "A skin disease broke out on my face some time ago, and kept growing worse until I kept out of sight. I tried many preparations which seemed to aggravate the trouble. Two physicians failed to help me. Banner Salve cured me completely." Sold by L. C. Madison.

Just at this inopportune moment Kaiser Wilhelm shyly slips a bent pin under the Moirac doctrine.

The Mikado seems to entertain certain justifiable doubts whether the Czar really wants to buy peace or whether he is merely "pricing" the article as a sort of shopping diversion.

A Living Monument.

If we were to assemble all those who have been cured of heart disease by Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and who would to-day be in their graves had not Dr. Miles' been successful in perfecting this wonderful heart specific, they would populate a large city. What a remarkable record—a breathing, thinking, moving monument, composed of human lives—that for which every other earthly possession is sacrificed. The Miles Medical Co. receive thousands of letters from these people like the following: "I feel indebted to the Dr. Miles' Heart Cure for my life. I desire to call the attention of others suffering as I did to this remarkable remedy for the heart. For a long time I had suffered from shortness of breath after any little exertion, palpitation of the heart; and at times terrible pain in the region of the heart, so serious that I feared that I would some time drop dead upon the street. One day I read one of your circulars, and immediately went to my druggist and purchased two bottles of the Heart Cure, and took it according to directions, with the result that I am entirely cured. Since then I never miss an opportunity to recommend this remedy to my friends who have heart trouble. In fact I am a traveling advertisement for it, and am widely known in this locality." J. H. BOWMAN, Manager of Lebanon Democrat, Nashville, Tenn. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit, if it fails he will refund your money. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

A man seldom proposes to a woman unless she has made up her mind to make him do so.

It is a pleasure to take Dr. Dade's Little Liver Pills and enjoy their tonic effect upon the liver. Sold by Warner'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.

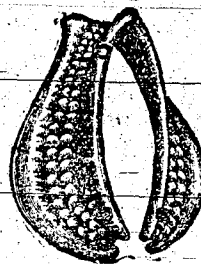
PREPARED BY Pineale Medicine Co., Chicago, Ill.

Sherman & Son Market and Grocery.

Fruits and Vegetables.

Fancy Oranges Jumbo Bananas
New Lemons
Fresh Radishes Fresh Lettuce
New Strawberries.
The very best at lowest Prices.
FRESH FISH—
Trout and White Fish every Tuesday and Thursday.

SWEAT PADS



This is the season of the year to purchase and we carry a full line at most reasonable Prices.

We are Headquarters for Hand Made Harness Buggies Fly Nets Lap Dusters and All Horse Clothing.

OTIS BROTHERS.

Buggies, Carriages, Wagons

We have just received a consignment of all kinds of Vehicles and can supply your needs at rock-bottom prices.

J. W. COATES BLACKSMITH and WOODWORKER. Repairing Promptly Attended To.

BOOSINGER BROS.

Unequaled Values in Summer Merchandise

Our Low Prices Save You Money.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

We are prepared to offer to Co-operating buyers some very attractive prices for very attractive Summer Goods—that are attractive to the wearer.

Beautiful Wash Suits \$3.00 to \$6.00—just while this lot lasts.

Summer Wash Goods, suitable for Waists, Skirts or Suits, 10c, 12½c to 40c, worth fully ½ more.

New Elegant Neckwear—the kind up-to-date people are wearing—25c to \$3.

Special Prices on Summer Goods of all Kinds.

Walking Shoes \$1.00 to \$3.00, worth from \$1.25 to \$4.00.

We are fully stocked with Summer Novelties direct from the great central novelty headquarters.

SPECIAL EXTRAS.

A splendid lot Umbrellas, worth up to \$1.25, our special price 75c—All New Goods.

A special lot Umbrellas, worth 75c of anybody's money, our special price 40c while the lot lasts.

CLARENDON the Great Summer Shirt at \$1.00, worth \$1.50.

Quality First of All. Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROS



We know individuals who are so painfully good that they'd be lots better if they weren't.

A bride in New York 83 years old seeks a divorce. If she will wait a bit death will do the job.

It has come to pass that Frenchmen are cheered in the streets of Berlin. Let us have more peace.

The bomb-throwers in Europe do not appear to have qualified as pitchers on even a third-rate baseball team.

Edward rather rubbed it in when he took Alfonso to Portsmouth and made him review England's invincible armada.

Count De La Vaulx says airships are safer than automobiles. Perhaps he means safer for the innocent bystander.

Dr. Parkhurst declares that "Philadelphia is rotten." It's all right to root for the Giants; but be fair, doctor, be fair.

How much of that \$5,000 left by King Alfonso to be distributed among the poor of Paris was contributed by the poor of Spain?

Those coarse Chicago police seized 45,000 love letters in one matrimonial agency. Probably read some of the tender effusions, too.

If the seventeen year locust could be grafted on the mosquito there might be sixteen consecutive years worth living, anyway.

"A lie is essentially commercial," says a Boston clergyman. Does the good man mean that commercialism is an exchange of nothing for something?

Admiral Evans is well pleased with Togo's signal, "You are all expected to do your utmost," only he thinks he would have made the last word a bit stronger.

An Eastern paper says the English sparrow is a useful bird, as it "eats mosquitoes and other noxious insects." Fish. Also tush, gammon, and go to!

It is about time to end this Edward Atkinson talk about a woman dressing on \$65 a year. The proprietaries and the law require that she wear something besides a hat.

"Will your widow dress as well as your wife does?" is one of the advertisements of an insurance company. It depends upon what luck she has in picking out No. 2.

A Minnesota train robber has been sentenced to fifty years in the penitentiary. Once in a while the blind goddess of justice gropes her way to a righteous decision.

Nan Patterson has quit the stage, disgusted at the public's lack of enthusiasm. May we venture to hope now that Nan will go home and consent to settle down?

It is a great relief to learn from Castro's message to his congress that, while he has the United States at his mercy, he magnanimously intends to let it live a little longer.

The news that the New Jersey huckleberry crop has been badly damaged by unseasonable weather will doubtless trouble people who like plenty of seeds in theirs.

Mrs. Chadwick's Cleveland home has been sold at auction for \$35,000. And that was the "palace" which figured in the reports concerning the frenzied financial queen's affairs!

The automobile has many sins to answer for. New Jersey truckers are complaining that their strawberry patches have been ruined with dust raised in the nearby roads by the flying autos.

The baseball editor of the Baltimore Sun got down at the paragon's desk long enough to observe that "no matter what pitcher the Russians put in, the Japanese promptly bat him out of the box."

A Germantown, Pa., young lady learned to box from her brother purposely to polish off an intrusive admirer, and in time "mashed" the musher. Doesn't take much to do that, generally.

Castro in a message to the Venezuelan congress expresses a friendly feeling toward the United States. This, together with the fact that a splendid cherry crop is promised, ought to make us all happy.

Harry Furniss says that you can tell by looking at a woman's face whether she has a pretty foot or not; if the face is pretty, the foot isn't. But why this circumlocution? If the foot is pretty, everybody has plenty of opportunities to see it.

A Brooklyn magazine writer has reduced his weight from 210 pounds to 175 pounds in forty-six days by eating nothing and drinking large quantities of hot lemonade. Other weighty people who are not hungry and who like hot lemonade may like to try his plan.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS



The Case of Jim. Maw's callin' from the milkhouse, Callin' stern: 'Jim, yer lazy good for nuthin', Come an' churn.'

The Secret of the Dial. Ask any person to think of some hour of the day; tell him to deduct it from twenty and remember the remainder. You take out your watch and inform him that you are going to count around the dial, and that when you have counted the number corresponding with the remainder that he must remember he must stop you.

Suppose he thought of 5 o'clock. Five taken from 20 leaves 15 remainder. You now count promiscuously (mentally, not orally) pointing at each count with a pencil to one of the hours on the dial (which must be provided in advance and is made by cutting out a circle of cardboard and marking on it with ink the 12 figures of the clock face).

Be sure when you make the eighth count to point to the "12" and thence in regular rotation backward toward the left. When you come to the figure "five" you will be stopped, corresponding to the remainder—15—which he was to remember. You will thus know that 5 o'clock was the hour thought of.

If this trick be repeated more than two or three times, it is well to vary the number from which the deduction is to be made. Thus, instead of deducting as in the foregoing example, five from 20, the person addressed may be told to deduct the hour thought of from 18; but as 18 is only six more than 12, you must be sure to make your sixth (not the eighth) promiscuous count be at the figure "12" on the dial.

In the first example, with 20, the eighth count was made at "12" because 20 is eight more than 12. If 22



10 more than 12—and so on with any other number.

When your friends see you are able to tell the time they thought of from different numbers to be deducted from then they will be more mystified than ever and will become convinced you are a real mind reader, if you don't let them into the secret.

Be Kind to Your Pets. There is no better way to teach children to be kind to animals than to give them pets to care for, and then to make them responsible for that care. The fact that dumb creatures are dependent upon human beings cannot be taught too early in life. The facts that they cannot make their wants known and that if their food is neglected or forgotten they will suffer with hunger and thirst can be strikingly demonstrated to the child when he is hungry and it is explained to him that his pets are just as hungry as he is when he thinks he cannot wait another minute for his supper.—Cat Journal.

Origin of Turkey. The original name of turkey was Oo-cooco, by which it was known to the Cherokee Indians, says the Boston Globe. The pilgrim fathers in roaming through the woods in search of Thanksgiving game for their first Thanksgiving spread heard the Oo-cooco calling in the familiar tones of our domesticated fowl, "Turk, turk, turk." These first Yankee hunters, mistaking this frightened cry of the bird for its real song, immediately labeled it "turkey," and turkey it is to this day.

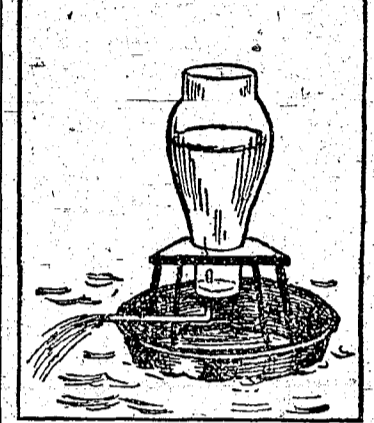
This is one explanation of the name turkey. But some will try to think to-day that a bird by any other name would taste as sweet.

Carry Baby in Boots. Gypsies carry their babies in old shawls slung over their shoulders and tied about the waist. North American Indians carry their babies on the backs of squaws—cradle and all. But the Eskimo women of Labrador carry their babies in their boots. These boots come up to the knee, and are wide at the top with a flap in front.

In these the little brown babies live and are happy.

Water Boat and Mill. Of course any boat, unless it happens to be an iceboat, a stone boat, or a gravel boat, may be called a water boat; but I am speaking of a boat driven by water as well as through water. Its principal parts are a tin pan and a tall lamp chimney. Close the small end of the chimney with a cork, into which a rubber, bent glass, or lead tube is tightly fitted; prop the chimney up in the pan with the small tube projecting over the rim, fill the chimney with water and set the chimney craft afloat.

It will move with the ease and grace of a turtle, though not so fast, until all

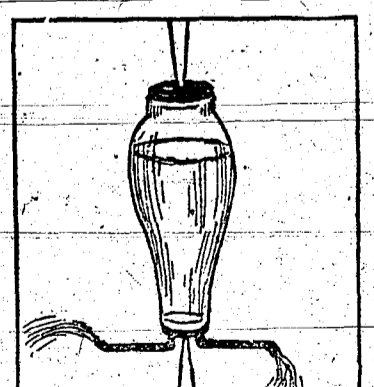


The Water Boat Afloat. The water has run out. You can produce a better imitation of speed by using, instead of the pan, a little wooden boat of more shipshape model with the water tube projecting over the stern, but unless the vessel is very broad of beam it will capsize.

In fact, the boat is made not to go fast, but to illustrate a principle by going at all; and another illustration of the same principle is given by the water mill now to be described.

The mill is made of the same lamp chimney, or another, with corks or plugs in both ends. Instead of one water tube it has two, three, four, or more, going out like the spokes of a wheel and bent at the end—all in the same direction. The chimney is set upright between two pivots, which press against the upper and lower plugs, and is filled with water through a hole in the upper plug, which also serves to admit air when the mill is turning. The only use of the top plug in fact is to give a point of support, and the vessel must be open to the air at the top. As the water flows out through the little tubes the mill turns in the opposite direction, and if there is not too much friction at the pivots it will soon be spinning rapidly. The water boat and the water mill are examples of what are called reaction machines. The principle they illustrate is that, generally speaking, you cannot move anything without moving something else in the opposite direction. In both of these cases as the water is forced out in the direction of the water tube the boat or the part of the mill from which it flows is driven in the opposite direction. The recoil, or "kick" of a gun is another illustration. At the instant of firing the gun moves backward, if it can, but if you are holding it against your shoulder you feel the reaction as a "kick," and if the gun is heavily loaded you may move backward with great promptness. A vessel might be propelled by firing heavy cannon from the stern.

Now, if your big brother, who is a Yale sophomore and nearly full of wisdom, says that the pressure of the stream of water against the air drives the water boat and the water mill, tell him you know better. The air has nothing to do with it, and the little machines would go just as well if there were no air—better.



The Water Wheel in Motion. Indeed, as then they would have no air friction or resistance to contend with.

Mother Cat Kills Pug. A pug was killed in a duel with a cat with which he once was apparently on good terms. The rupture in their relations occurred several days ago with the arrival of some kittens. The dog frequently went to the box where the old cat and her little ones were, and every time he poked his nose over the edge to see what the youngsters looked like, the mother manifested her displeasure by spitting at him. The

dog was too discrete at first to monkey with the kittens without the cat's consent and he generally retired gracefully. But his curiosity got the better of him at last and he decided to inspect the funny looking little things in the bottom of the box. Puff caught him at it, and something happened. She sprang at him and fastened her claws in his jaws. The dog was too taken back by the suddenness of the attack to put up a good fight. He did the best he could under the circumstances, but the cat soon finished him by clawing his eyes out, and he died before the arrival of a veterinarian.

Girl Born in London Tower. In the Curfew Tower of Windsor Castle, Mrs. Wellbelove, wife of the keeper, has just given birth to a daughter.

When the little girl begins to look about her, among the first sights she will see will be the ancient state prison, where prisoners of exalted rank have left their handwriting on the walls.

The old stocks and many instruments of torture are still preserved. The walls of the little one's abode are twelve and one-half feet thick. On royal birthdays and state occasions she will hear the ancient peal of eight bells, one of which—the tenor—is inscribed with "Serve the Lord with fear."

This is the first birth in the tower for at least 100 years.

Evening Fun. A little game that will make lots of fun is called "Fate." Write the name of each boy guest on a card with a prefix "Mrs." Then seal up the cards in envelopes addressed to the boys, but, of course, the prefix must not be used in these addresses.

A girl now enters the room with a black robe and veil thrown about her and with her eyes blindfolded. The envelopes are all handed to her, and, holding them under her veil, she says, in a deep, impressive voice:

"I am Fate! Blindfolded, I see into the future, and will tell to each boy present the name of his wife. The fate of the girls I cannot see. It is not clear."

Then, taking the envelopes out, she passes them, one by one, to another girl, who hands them to the boys to whom they are addressed. When all have been distributed a signal is given, and each boy opens his envelope, when he sees his own name with the Mrs. before it. This will make a great laugh, of course.



I want to go a-killin' frogs, 'Way down on Tyler's Creek, Or fishin' up above the dam, Like us kids did last week, Or nuttin' oven'n Binnie's woods, Or visit Uncle Will, Or fly my kite or use my sling, On top o' Haeger's Hill.

I want to ride my wheel, or hunt For cattails in the "slew," Or snare some gophers—oh, there's snares O' things I want to do, Seems like I never did just ache So hard to go away, Ah—ain't it just the blamedest luck?— Our school is in to-day.

How About These? Is a cinder one who sins? Is a yawning gulf sleepy? A seal ring! Do seals wear rings? Is a date tree one with figures carved on it? How can the mountain gorge, if it doesn't eat? Does the blubber of a whale mean when the whale cries? Did pharaoh try to go through an aisle of the sea? Does a volcano go off when the mountain range gets too hot? Do whaleback steamers carry whales? Do lap dogs come from Lapland?—Philadelphia Record.

Gun Language. The old buffalo hunters had an established signal that is yet used by the mountain guides, says Ernest Thompson Seton, in Country Life in America. It is as follows: Two shots in rapid succession, an interval of five seconds by the watch, then one shot—this means "Where are you?" The answer, given at once and exactly the same, means, "Here I am; what do you want?" The reply to this may be one shot, which means, "All right, I only wanted to know where you were." But if the reply repeats the first it means, "I am in serious trouble; come as fast as you can."

The City in the Sea

Lo, death has reared himself a throne In a strange city lying alone Far down within the dim west, Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best Have gone to their eternal rest. Their shrines and palaces and towers (Time-eaten towers that tremble not) Resemble nothing that is ours. Around by lifting winds forgot, Resignedly beneath the sky The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down On the long night time of that town; But light from out the lurid sea Streams up the turrets silently, Glimpses up the pinnacles far and free; Up domes, up spires, up kingly halls, Up lanes, up Babylon-like walls, Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers. Up many and many a marvelous shrine Whose wreathed friezes intertwine The violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky The melancholy waters lie. So blend the turrets and shadows there That all seem pendulous in air.

While from a proud tower in the town Death looks giganticly down.

There open fanes and gaping graves Yawn level with the luminous waves; But not the riches there that lie In each idol's diamond eye— Not the gaily-jeweled dead, Tempt the waters from their bed; For no ripples curl, alas, Along that wilderness of glass; No swellsings tell that winds may be Upon some far-off happier sea; No heavings hint that winds have been On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air! The wave—there is a movement thereof As if the towers had thrust aside, In sightly sinking, the dull tide; As if their tops had feebly given A void within the filmy heaven! The waves have now a redder glow, The hours are breathing faint and low, And when, amid no earthly moans, Down down that town shall settle hence, Hell, rising from a thousand thrones, Shall do it reverence.

—Edgar Allan Poe.

Disease and the Microbe

I am tempted to ask the reader merely to believe, because I say so, that the destruction of disease germs is possible.

Of course I don't mean to assert that we are yet in possession of knowledge sufficient for our purpose, even supposing that mankind had set itself on the extermination of disease microbes, says C. W. Saleeby, M. D., in Harper's Weekly. For absolute success we must know much more than we do. In the case of malaria our knowledge is practically perfect. We know the life history of the microbe from the cradle to the grave, so to speak, and therefore we can exterminate it whenever the public of the planet gives the word. On the other hand, we have not yet discovered the microbes of many diseases, such as measles and whooping cough and mumps, and even a "cold in the head." But these are mere matters of time. Similarly, we must recognize that microbes go through millions of generations when other creatures go through one. At the end of twenty-four hours a microbe may have grandchildren with a "great-great" added on. Therefore they can vary very

quickly. And we know that certain conditions may cause innocent microbes so to vary, after a few thousands of generations (taking next to no time), that they become harmful. All this question must be investigated on even a wider scale than at present; so that we may be able to kill all the microbes that are even potentially dangerous, or else modify them so that they are dangerous only to creatures which are dangerous to us. An instance of this is already furnished in a sense, by the plague. The microbe of this disease—the bacillus pestis—discovered ten years ago by the great Japanese bacteriologist Kitasato, is mainly conveyed from place to place by rats, which die even more readily than man of this terrible disease. Therefore man has declared war on the unfortunate rat, his co-victim. As disease gradually diminishes upon the earth, with the disappearance of its chief cause, certain great changes will occur in human life. Its average length will be greatly increased—certainly by several decades—for microbes shorten the life of every one of us, even when we die of so-called "old age."

Turnverein in War Time

The first Turner societies in the United States were founded in Philadelphia and Cincinnati in 1841, and shortly after, the New York Turnverein had its start in Hoboken. Two years later ten societies were flourishing and these were formed into a National Turner union, says Outing.

The revolutionary spirit which blazed fiercely in Germany in 1848 was rushed for the time and many patriots of superior education and intelligence fled to this country as an asylum. They were strangers in a strange land, unable to communicate with the native born and sociability was limited to intercourse with their own countrymen. They had been Turners at home, using this organization as a nursery of patriotism, in which high ideals of political, social and religious progress were cherished, together with the training of the body for the hardships of the field and camp.

This ideal of classic times, wisely reincarnated in modern Germany to serve a nation's needs, was trans-

planted to the United States by the fortunes of war. The Turner societies aroused some antagonism, based on the specious claim that they were an attempt to create a state within a state and to keep the Germans apart from the life around them. This contention was magnificently shattered a little more than a decade after the first Turners were organized in this country. When the civil war began, these German citizens of the United States volunteered in such numbers that in New York a Turner regiment was enlisted and sent to the front under Col. Max Webber. The Ninth Ohio was another regiment of Turners from Cincinnati, and in Philadelphia and St. Louis Turners filled the ranks of regiments which did not have the distinctive name.

Gen. Seigel commanded several thousand Turners in his forces and was their idol, for he had been a leader of the Turnbund in his own land and was one of the fighting revolutionary commanders who led his army into Switzerland and there disbanded it after the cause was lost.

Odd Things About Money

Business men throughout Canada are disturbed at the preponderance of American coins in trade circles. Ways and means are being sought to exclude American silver coins as far as possible from business channels. The Canadian Bankers' association has proposed to the Canadian government that it reimburse the banks for the charges of shipping American silver back to the United States, the banks at the same time to take an equivalent amount of Canadian silver. There has been no disposition to refuse American bills, for the balance of trade is heavily in favor of the United States and the bills are accepted at par by the banks for shipment to correspondents throughout the United States.

are being made every month and shipped to Shanghai. The coins are officially known as the 10-cash coins, corresponding to our American 1-cent pieces. One hundred of these coins weigh slightly over twenty-four ounces and a pound and a half cover costs only 10 to 20 cents. No great amount of power is needed to convert the copper into coin and plenty of labor can be had at from \$4 to \$8 gold a month.

Chinese mints are literally "coining money" on a scheme recently hit upon by which copper coins are minted at a comparatively small cost and made exchangeable at the rate of ninety for a Mexican dollar. At Hangchow 20,000,000 of these copper coins

According to Chinese computation, the pound and a half of copper in money is worth about \$1.12 Mexican, or 50 cents in gold. While issued at the mints for 30 cents to one Mexican dollar, so great is the demand for these copper coins among the Chinese that they pass current among the people for from 85 to 97 cents. A new mint with an output of 2,000,000 of these coins a day will start up in Hangchow this month. The new coins are not only driving gold cash out of circulation, but will have to be reckoned with when a new monetary system is made for the Chinese empire.

Was Out of Proportion

"During the motor-boat races," said an American, "there was a great assemblage of celebrities at Monte Carlo."

"Sir Alfred Harmsworth, the English publisher, lunched one day at Monte Carlo on Russian dishes at the famous Citro's. He had come from Marseilles in a new ninety-horse-power automobile, and Citro was now explaining to him his Russian dishes, a novelty that Monte Carlo had welcomed heartily.

sary to send it back for a little more sour soup.

"I remind myself," said Sir Alfred smiling, 'of an old man who sat at a table next to mine in Sweeting's the other day. "This old man ordered ale and lobster. "And, waiter," he said, 'see that you put a good head on the ale.' "Yes, sir, a good head, sir," said the waiter, and in a little while he returned with a mug of ale that foamed like a geyser.

"Sir Alfred helped himself to a Russian dish that looked like black velvet. "This is good," he said, 'but have you any kvass?' "Kvass? Indeed, yes," said Citro. "I'll have some kvass, then," said Sir Alfred. "Some kvass, with plenty of Caucasus cabbage in it." "But when the pale kvass came it was too thick with the aromatic cabbage of the Caucasus. It was neces-

"There was too much foam altogether. With a spoon the old man laddled it off. Thereupon the waiter took the nearly empty glass again to refill it. "You told me, you know, sir," he said, 'that you wanted a good head on it.' "But," said the old man, 'I didn't know it would have such a very short neck.'"

The CONVICT COUNTRY: OF FIGHTING FOR A MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER
Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," "A Tenement Tragedy," "Melia," Etc.
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CHAPTER VII.

The Silk Robbery.
"Show Mr. Regan in," said the bank president. Regan was admitted. He looked surprised to see Lang.

"What can I do for you?" asked the banker.
"I had lost track of Mr. Smith," replied the detective composedly.

"You are looking for Mr. Smith, then?"
"I am keeping the young man in view."

"Why so?" asked the chief, and the answer to the question gave Louis the key to the situation.

"I am aware that Mr. Smith was to receive a large sum of money from this bank, and it is my business to keep him under my protection," was the bold reply.

"Then you are aware of the draft being drawn?"

"Certainly!" was the decided answer. "An order from Jim Denver on this bank for \$10,000."

"While not exactly afraid that the note was a forgery," said the banker, "we thought it best to send for Mr. Denver!"

"That was not necessary," replied Regan, turning a little pale as the possibility of having got himself into an unnecessary scrape stared him in the face. "I can vouch for Mr. Smith." At one time Regan had been detailed to service at the bank, so was well-known by its officers. Besides this, Denver and Regan had often been seen in the bank together when the former had transacted business with the bank.

"Very well, officer," said the president, relieved, and seeing a loophole to let himself out. "I did feel as if we should not pay it, but in view of

And still another account. This was the daring robbery of Johnson's silk store.

Jim Denver knew who robbed Johnson's silk store, but it was not his pleasure to meet the robbers. He knew the passing of the forged check and the robbery were but links in the chain binding three desperate men together. However, no ordinary reader would surmise that the following had anything to do with the preceding: "The Chicago, Rocky Mountain & Wahoo railway sent out another special car of emigrants early this morning, among them fourteen women and four men bound for the extreme northwest."

But the four incidents narrated concerned the same people. On this emigrant train were the perpetrators of these crimes, as were also Jim Denver and several people of whom we have very little knowledge, but who will enter our story at a later period. The particular car we have interest in, is occupied, as all emigrant trains are, by a motley assortment of people, twenty nationalities represented sometimes; some of the men smoking, others drinking, others eating, yet a few walking up and down the aisles stretching their weary limbs, while some were grouped conversing. The group to which we call particular attention to, occupies one half of one side of a car—the fourteen women and four men mentioned above.

The women of the Golden party formed a motley group. There were six large, strapping German women, new arrivals in this country, who had hired themselves out as farm domestics to, as they thought, as many different farmers. Unknown to themselves they were placing themselves



"Refuse!" hissed the man. "Refuse, and I brand you to the world for what you are!"

the changed circumstances of the case now, we will pay it."

Both Regan and Lang breathed easier. Regan was a designing, if not a bold rascal. His assistance to Lang was not given of his own accord. In describing Lang to Golden, it was necessary to tell about Louis' scheme for raising the \$10,000 and Golden had placed Regan on watch to guard against failure, and possible treachery on Louis' part. Knowing that Louis' failure would mean his own with Golden, Regan had been forced to extend a helping hand.

Without more ado the bills were counted out and handed to Lang.

"I will give you a second to get a little ahead of me, Mr. Smith," said Regan, motioning to Louis to take his leave. "And I will follow behind you." In ten minutes, when the bank president thought of placing a "shadow" on the track of the two it was too late, they were swallowed up among the masses.

We will skip over the events of the next twenty-four hours, and inform the reader of a few things reported in the evening papers the following day. First there was a column and a half about "A Detective Robbed." A most sensational description because the perpetrators of the crime were known. The life history of Lang and Regan was given, filled with abuse against Regan especially. The account ended up with the usual stereotyped expression: "The police hope to capture the pair and are already on the trail, among them Denver himself. Although the villains have fully twenty-four hours' start there can be no reasonable excuse for the police to let them slip through their fingers," etc. But they escaped.

It was never Denver's intention to have this robbery get into the papers. His idea was to honor the disputed draft when returned to him in the regular routine of business. But being discovered, and having the check prematurely thrust on him he was forced to refute it for fear of spoiling his game, so it was given to the public, and sometime afterward Denver quietly reimbursed the institution.

The same paper had another notice to this effect: "It is only known to a few that Simeon Golden, convicted of murder, succeeded in making his escape from Joliet—the second escape only in the history of this institution. It is almost a certainty that he is in Chicago, or has been within the past few hours. It is to be deplored that this scoundrel is at liberty," etc.

in the power of the secret society represented by Golden.

Besides these innocent victims there are eight women of unsavory reputation who have deliberately sold themselves in marriage to as many unknown male outcasts of society. A hardened and depraved lot, yet innocent of their true destination. This made up the gang who were on their way to the convicts' stronghold.

We will leave them speeding on their way and introduce the readers to a few important incidents being enacted many hundreds of miles away—things that we will be pleased to understand more fully in order to become thoroughly familiar with all things pertaining to the Convict Country.

CHAPTER VIII.

Introducing a Few Prominent Characters.

"You have made my life a hell! I will make you suffer the tortures of the damned when I am free!"

These words were spoken by Dr. Herman Schiller to Dr. James Huntington. Dr. Huntington had been the instrument of proving to twelve upright and conscientious gentlemen sitting as a jury that Dr. Schiller had been guilty of a criminal practice which resulted in the death of a woman patient. For this crime Dr. Schiller had been sentenced to ten years of prison life. It was after this sentence had been pronounced against him that Schiller had made the above-quoted threat.

Dr. Huntington was the youngest of three sons of Sir Karhu Huntington, and consequently without reasonable hope of ever succeeding to his father's estate and title. Two brothers stood in his light by birthright and would inherit at their majority, or death of their father, large shares of property. But James, looked upon as an incumbent, the unnecessary addition to an already large family, was given a pittance and sent adrift. Two things stared him in the face, the army or a profession. He chose the latter, and after graduating from one of the most prominent medical colleges in old England, crossed the ocean and settled down to practice in a little country town in Ohio. He was of too sound timber to be kept down. The fair goddess of Fortune smiled on him, he became great as a man, the highest title mankind can bestow on man. He was twenty-five years of age when he arrived in this country;

at thirty-five he was the possessor of a practice which gave him an independent income; had married, and was the father of a girl, at the time of the threat, eight years of age.

Dr. Schiller was an entirely different kind of a man. He was skilled beyond question; but there was something about him which precluded confidence. He had been at sword's point with Huntington from the first, and the two had fought each other persistently, professionally, on every occasion. The climax was reached when Huntington succeeded in winning the affections of the very woman whom Schiller had set his heart upon obtaining for his wife.

For the crime spoken of, Schiller had been sentenced to ten years of prison life, but had been discharged through good behavior, combined with some influence, before his time was finished. Revenge was uppermost in the disgraced doctor's mind all the time; he only lived for vengeance.

One evening while standing before the only drug store in the village, smoking a cigar, our doctor was recognized by an ex-convict. An organized band of robbers had committed depredations to such an alarming extent in the neighborhood, that a vigilance committee had been organized to preserve the peace and protect the village from devastation. The robbers had been fired upon by the regulators and one of the bandits had been wounded. It was to obtain medical aid that Pearson came to town.

"I have called," Sam said, "to request your attendance upon a sick comrade."

The doctor invited his unwelcome visitor into his office. "Your comrade, who is he?" he asked in an agitated voice.

"Well, you see he is one of the 'boys' who got plugged by the 'rigs' last night."

"And you ask me to attend him?"

"Who else, my dear doctor?" was the satisfied reply.

"I refuse!" exclaimed the doctor, hoping that he could bluff the man—that he had not been recognized.

"Refuse!" hissed the man, "refuse, and I brand you to the world for what you are, a man who has 'done time'!"

The doctor bowed his head in shame. The bolt from a clear sky took every grain of fight from him.

"What guarantee have I, if I place myself in your power, that you will not expose me?"

"Oh, you will be left free, with your spotless reputation unscathed by the taint of crime, if you do your part, which is to save the life of the wounded man. Besides, you will be rewarded with money."

It was not a hard matter to persuade Dr. Schiller to agree to do the work. Deeming himself helpless, he put as gracious a face on the matter as possible. "I accept," he said.

"I thought you would, my dear doctor, when you came to your senses," said Pearson. According to instructions, the doctor dressed for his journey; taking his instrument case, he was assisted to a seat in a farmer's wagon already occupied by a driver and a man by the name of Kyme.

The doctor was using his eyes, as he thought, to good advantage. But Pearson and Kyme were too old birds to be caught in such a trap. Before the team entered a forest through which they had to drive, Kyme said to his companion: "Addent we better bind the hies of 'is nibs'?"

"It will be as well," replied Pearson, taking his neckcloth from his neck. "We will have to bind you, Doc."

"Why this precaution?" asked the doctor. "You are not afraid that I will give away your haunts, are you?"

(To be continued.)

TEETH NOT BONES AT ALL.

They Are in Fact a Part of the Skin, Says Professor Thompson.

Prof. E. Symes Thompson, Gresham professor of medicine, in the course of an address at the Polytechnic, Regent street, London, on "The Evolution and Degeneration of the Teeth," remarked that while the bones of man and animals had decayed greatly during the last 6,000 or 7,000 years, the teeth had been preserved in a much better condition.

Teeth were not part of bones, but part of the skin—they were, in fact, dermal appendages. Old people were surprised to find that when the teeth of the lower jaw departed there was very little of the jaw left. This produced what was called the nut-cracker physiognomy. Referring to the fact that the crocodile had an animated toothpick in the form of a bird, which removed foreign matter, the lecturer enforced the lesson of the necessity of attending carefully to the cleansing of the teeth and recommended attention to them at night as being more important than in the morning.

Trains for Irish Trip.

Noting that in a speech at Southport Marshall Hall, M. P., had begun by saying: "If I had two houses equally good, and one was a little better than the other," the London Standard remarks: "Mr. Hall leaves for Ireland to-day."

Resigned.

"I understand the old man has given Eltham a week's notice, and is going to fire him Saturday. He doesn't seem to be worrying though."

"Oh, no! I overheard him telling some of the other clerks that he's resigned."—Detroit Tribune.

Worth All It Cost.

Bacon—I see it cost that fellow Grafton, who ran for office, over \$3,000, and he was defeated. Egbert—Well, it was worth ever cent of it.



POULTRY

Thoughts on Breeds.
Each breed of fowls has been bred for a particular purpose, and a man in purchasing a breed should make certain that he knows the purpose for which the breed he wants is adapted.

A breed of fowls that has been carefully nurtured for generations is less able to stand rough conditions than the scrub fowls that have come up under all kinds of adverse conditions.

The old breeds were at first developed no man knows how. The Mediterranean breeds have the capacity of laying a good many eggs and of not sitting, but it is not known that these characteristics were bred into them intentionally.

The Langshan breed is one of the oldest in the world and was bred in north China for centuries before being brought to this country. How it attained its form and color is not known. It is probable that the Chinaman of that country liked a black fowl, a big fowl and one that would lay many eggs in winter.

We have enough breeds now, but we are sure that many new ones will come in during the present generation. Men will not be satisfied without experimenting, even though there be no particular object in their experimentation.—Estella Harper, Carroll Co., Ill., in Farmers' Review.

Black Langshans.

The Langshan breed is one of the oldest in the world and has been evidently kept pure for centuries. It originated in north China centuries ago. It is the smallest of the Asiatic breeds and is more active than any of the others. Without doubt it is one of the best laying breeds we have, and probably exceeds in this respect any of the other breeds from Asia. A good many poultry raisers in the United States are so much in love with the Langshans that they raise them entirely. The flesh of the Langshan is white, while the flesh of the other Asiatic breeds is yellow. The flesh of the Langshan is excellent for eating, being fine grained, tender and nicely flavored.

The Culls.

Most of our farmers never cull out their flocks and some that do, cull in the wrong direction. When the time comes for selling off the surplus stock the very best should be kept for foundation of the future flock. Too often this future flock must depend on the culls for its existence. The butcher or the traveling buyer will pay more for the well-formed well-developed fowls than he will for the other kind, and the owner instinctively feels that his poorest birds will develop into good ones in time. Therefore he will sell on the ones that bring the most money at that time. The culls should go first, and the best birds of the flock should not be let go of at any price.

Young Chicks.

This is the time of year when many broods of chicks are coming out of the shells to claim the attention of the farmer. The feeding of chicks is a matter that cannot be ignored. They cannot be fed at odd times like the old hens nor will they be satisfied with two or three feeds a day. They must have at least five feeds each day, and only a small quantity of food can be given at each feeding. No food must be allowed to sour, and much of the food must be given in a form that will make the chicks exercise to get it.

Overcrowding Chicks.

Overcrowding of chicks in brooders results in weakening the chicks that remain alive after a number have been killed. Some have said that it was a good thing to kill off the weak ones in that way, but we doubt it. It is not a rare occurrence to have a weak child or a weak animal or bird develop into a strong being at maturity. When we overcrowd the chicks we give to them conditions that are injurious to life and health. It may be that the set-back will never be overcome by good conditions afterward.

Scaly Legs.

When the fowls have scaly legs grease them, and if the greasing is thoroughly done the insects that are causing the scales to rise will be killed. All insects are killed by grease, which stops up the pores by which they breathe. If the cold-lard does not get into the remote parts under the scales heat the lard and dip the legs of the fowls into it. This is a treatment that does not hurt the fowl, but is death to the insects that make the trouble.

An Egg Record.

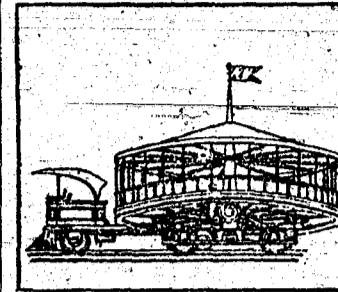
At the Cornell station last year 250 hens laid an average of 129.7 eggs. The cost of feeding a hen a year was put at 99.6 cents. The average cost per dozen of eggs for the year was 9.2 cents. The returns for each hen over the cost of food was \$1.31. That is a pretty good record considering the large number of hens being kept, as it is doubtless true that some of the hens laid very few eggs.

The well should be often cleaned out. Some wells are never cleaned till they get to be so foul that the water reveals it in an offensive smell.

PROVIDES A NEW THRILL

Novelty for the Delectation of Amusement Seekers.

The miniature railway and the undulating merry-go-round have pulled up on the public amusement seeker, who is so fickle in his taste that he is ever craving novelties. Without much merit other than its novelty a St. Louis inventor proposes to combine the miniature railway with the merry-go-round or flying horses in one device, affording this biased amusement park devotee a momentary sensation of a new kind. The carousal feature is mounted upon a truck, running upon tracks of some suitable type, and



propelled with a tiny locomotive, cable or electric motor. As the train advances the unique car is caused to rotate, undulate and undergo all those diabolical movements that the patrons find so exhilarating and mirth provoking. The safety of this device is a recommendation shared by but few of the modern pleasure railways, and the large amount of ground necessary for its enjoyable operation precludes its use outside of the spacious amusement park.

Cow's Brave Defense of Fawn.

During a heavy rainstorm Wednesday one of Mrs. Lawson's cows came home without her calf, only two days old. Yesterday the mother cow was grazing when there appeared a beautiful little fawn, chased by three hounds. Thinking, perhaps, it was her lost calf, the cow went to its rescue, as the little fawn was nearly run down. In the struggle for the possession of the fawn between the dogs and the cow two of the dogs were killed, while the third was so badly wounded it left the field of battle.

The cow brought the fawn to the stable yard, and now tenderly cares for it, nursing it as if it were its real mother. It will be allowed to run at large and will be raised with the cattle.—Roxbury correspondence Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Gourd Centuries Old.

Mrs. Elam, an old Cherokee woman, living near Rose, Indian Territory, is the owner of a gourd which, if tradition is correct, has been handed down from generation to generation in her family for nearly 400 years. The family tradition says the gourd was raised in the year 1516 in what is now Ohio, but, however that may be, it is very old in any event, as it has been in Mrs. Elam's possession for forty years, and was esteemed an ancient relic when given her. It is not a large gourd, and is a very dark red color and as highly polished as an old violin, though Mrs. Elam says that no polish save age has ever been applied to it.

New French Gun.

A new rapid fire gun has recently been invented by an ingenious Dane by the name of Rexer. The gun has been called for its originator. The Rexer is in reality a sort of large musket. In size it is rather small for a gun, as the illustration shows. It can be strapped to the saddle of an artillery horse, and in service each gunner is provided with a second horse, which is loaded with eight thousand cartridges.

The movement of the Rexer is automatic. It is believed to be a perfect firearm of its kind, and the heads of artillery look to it to dethrone guns



now being used by all armies. With the Rexer it is possible to discharge shots at a rate of three hundred a minute.

Good Substitute for Lobster.

A Damariscotta, Me., man proposes to save the lobster from extinction by providing a substitute. This he finds in the crabs which swarm the Maine coast. This crustacean has not been popular in the past solely, we are told, because of the labor necessary to get the meat from the shell. The Maine man is going to put the meat on the market "shucked" and claims that the present high prices of sea food makes his work profitable. The lobster will receive the benefit in both a decreased demand for lobster meat and in the removal of the crab which consumes much valuable lobster food.

Bibles Brought by Flood.

Providence is good in providing literature for those who are sojourning within the walls of the territorial prison.

As an example of what the tides may bring to the most appropriate places, the Colorado river bore a boxful of bibles from some unknown upriver point to ground on a sandbar opposite the Arizona penitentiary. A Yuma Indian found the box and left it at the prison, its natural destination.—Tucson correspondence Los Angeles Times

WHY EYESIGHT FAILS

INFERIOR ARTIFICIAL LIGHT FREQUENTLY THE CAUSE.

Illuminants of the Past, One and All, Have Serious Defects—Acetylene Gas, with its Clear, Unwavering, Yet Soft Flame Cannot Hurt the Eyes.

Chicago, June 20.—No one can go into our schools or meet a group of children on the street without noticing how large a number of them wear spectacles. The proportion seems to increase yearly, and there are many more who ought to wear glasses. The experience of one teacher might be duplicated by the score. She knew Alice was inattentive and she thought she was unusually stupid. She said so to the principal and sent a note to the mother, requesting that the child be helped at home if she wished her to keep up with her class. One day after a black-board explanation, the teacher called upon the child and found that she had not seen what had been written. She was kept after school and by dint of much sympathetic questioning Miss C. found that Alice had never been able to see what was put on the board and that her head had ached so often and so hard that she frequently failed to hear what was said.

Such a condition may be caused by lack of proper food, but in our American homes it is usually due to the poor quality of the artificial light. The yellow, insufficient light of the ordinary kerosene lamp, with its smoky chimney, is about as bad for the eyes as can be imagined. The flickering light from a coal gas jet is but little better, and even the electric light, brilliant as it usually is, has an unsteadiness due to variations in power, and a glare peculiarly trying to the delicate nerves of sight. The comparatively new illuminant acetylene gas produces as nearly perfect an artificial light as has yet been found. It gives a clear white, unwavering light, very brilliant yet perfectly soft, and so nearly like the rays of the sun that even colors appear as in daylight.

Fortunately, acetylene is very easily and cheaply produced, and the simple apparatus necessary can be purchased and installed in any home at a very moderate cost, and the acetylene can be piped to convenient points in the house where a light is needed. It is then lighted and extinguished and used exactly like common city gas.

Acetylene is rapidly coming into common use in homes, churches, schools and institutions of all kinds, and it is reasonable to expect that as its use in the home increases, there will be fewer defective eyes, particularly among children. Poor eyesight and the many ills resulting therefrom will undoubtedly be much reduced by the use of this new illuminant.

CHRISTENING CUP OF GOLD

Extravagant Present Ready for Some Heir to Millions.

For the baby born with a gold spoon in its mouth and which is to grow up to dine on gold dinner services, there is a christening cup of gold floating around New York just now. The cup being valuable, is not made in the form of a handled mug, useful only for infancy, but like a regular tea or coffee cup with a saucer and spoon to match. The set was made in Paris upon the order of a grandee of Spain, and was intended as a gift at the christening of the infant son of one of Spain's highest officers. It is in empire design, the cup in graceful lines with a standard and handle raised above the level of the cup at the top. This handle is in the design of a lion, supposedly the lion of Spain. The saucer and spoon agree with the style of the cup. For some reason the grandee, the high officer, or circumstances fell out, and the presentation was never made. Now the cup has drifted to New York, in the hands of private people, and is waiting to be purchased for one of New York's millionaire babies for \$400.

SAVED CHILD'S LIFE.

Remarkable Cure of Dropsy by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Sedgwick, Ark., June 19.—The case of W. S. Taylor's little son is looked upon by those interested in medical matters as one of the most wonderful on record. In this connection his father makes the following statement: "Last September my little boy had dropsy; his feet and limbs were swollen to such an extent that he could not walk or put his shoes on. The treatment that the doctors were giving him seemed to do him no good, and two or three people said his days were short, even the doctors, two of the best in the country told me he would not get better. I stopped their medicine and at once sent for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I gave him three Pills a day, one morning, noon and night for eight days; at the end of the eighth day the swelling was all gone, but to give the medicine justice, I gave him eleven more pills. I used thirty-five Pills in all and he was entirely cured. I consider your medicine saved my child's life. When the thirty-five Pills were given him, he could run, dance and sing, whereas before he was an invalid in his mother's arms from morning until night."

English as She Is Spoken.

The London Academy tells of an old woman who walked into a shop and asked to buy a "circulating library." Inquiry revealed that she wanted a revolving bookcase.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 223 Third Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

A lie will live as long as a truth if you do it in an equally neat epigram.

Briefs of the Week

Don't knock.
Labor Day next.
Pleasant showers.
School meeting, Monday.
Matinee this afternoon (Saturday) at 2:15 o'clock.

Several street arc lights going in on the west side.

Petoskey holds a Mid-Summer Jubilee July 31st to Aug. 5th.

The Fire Dept. hold a practice drill next Monday evening and weekly thereafter.

Grand mid-summer closing out sale at Wiesman's this month. Bargains in every department.

East Jordan Military Band goes to Boyne City next Wednesday to help celebrate Orangeman's Day.

Postmaster Kenyon and Pros. Atty Nicholas went down to Charlevoix Monday in the former's new launch.

Annual School Meeting next Monday evening. All interested in our public schools should attend this meeting.

Arthur Matthews, son of Rev. and Mrs. L. S., died last week at Chattanooga, Tenn. Deceased was well known here. He leaves a wife.

Joseph Walker was convicted of assault and battery upon Allen King in Justice Boosinger's court, first of the week, and fined \$15.00 and \$3.50 costs.

A young son of Ed. Winstone fell and received a fractured leg while watching the fall of Port Arthur from the swing bridge, the night of the Fourth. Dr. Sweet attended.

E. J. Crossman has purchased the James Suffer residence through W. A. Loveday's Real Estate Agency. We understand that Mr. Suffer and family intend to remove to Tennessee in the near future.

A travelling man told us Saturday that this was the biggest town he ever got into and we guess he was right. There were bugs everywhere that morning and underneath the street lights there were several inches of the pesky things.

The case of J. L. Hackett, charged with forgery, had another round in justice court this week, when two of his bondsmen asked to be released. New ones were furnished as follows: A. M. Murphy, Jos. Etcher; Joseph Whitfield, Peter Lanway.

Those who live in the country who cannot take their children to the regular evening Shows, should avail themselves of the opportunity today of taking them to see the great Moving Picture Show at Loveday Opera House at 2:15 p. m.—nothing equal to this ever offered.

Mrs. William Dunlop died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. James Murray, Sunday. Funeral took place on Tuesday. Deceased leaves a husband and several children. Owing to the absence of Undertaker Whittington, Undertaker See of Charlevoix had charge of the remains.

Brigadier Blanche Cox, of the Salvation Army, whose headquarters is in Detroit, will be here Monday, July 17th, and will be in charge of a meeting here that night, and Tuesday the 18th, accompanied by the officers of this station, will go to East Jordan for a meeting in that place. Brigadier Cox is well known here, and her coming will no doubt draw a large audience.—Charlevoix Courier.

Matinee at 2:15 p. m.—bring the children:
Miss Florence Barrett, home from Big Rapids.
Kitchen Cabinets and Cupboards, at Whittingtons.
Screen Doors and Window Screens at Stroebel Bros.

Bargains in second hand Bicycles at W. E. Malpass Hardware Co's.
Arthur Cole's piano studio is now located in the Jepson building.

Mrs. A. J. McKee has returned from a visit at her old home in Alma.
Mrs. A. Sessions of Sutton's Bay is guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Foster.

Mrs. Emma Dunham has resumed her duties as saleslady at Boosinger Bros.
Miss Edythe Smith of Traverse City was guest of Miss Pearl Black first of the week.

Mrs. F. E. Boostinger is buying a nice summer's outing at Port Burwell, Canada.
Mrs. Wm. Johnson and Junia Pfender were Boyne City visitors, Saturday.

Atty J. Ernest Converse was over from Boyne Sunday and Thursday of this week.
Howard Gage is home from Milwaukee and again working for the Electric Light Co.

Mrs. H. C. Holmes returned last week from a several month's visit at Amhurst, Ohio.
Willard A. Smith, publisher of the Charlevoix Sentinel, was an East Jordan visitor, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Erie Farmer entertained the latter's parents and brother of Petoskey, this week.
Joe Bidstine, clerking at Sherman & Son's, seriously cut a thumb while stealing some knives.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Boosinger who have been guests of their relatives here, returned home to Lansing, Friday.
Take the children to the Opera House this afternoon to see the Wonderful Moving Picture Show, they will enjoy it as well as adults.

A branch of cherries from the Hackett farm were handed the Herald the other day. If this branch is a sample of the average crop, then it's simply immense.

Who wants to trade their farm for city property in Northern Texas? W. A. Loveday has an enquiry from a party who wants a farm in this locality in exchange.

C. H. Whittington, who was called to Pentwater last week on account of the illness of his father, wired home latter part of the week that his father had died. Mrs. Whittington and sons immediately left for that place, where they attended the funeral, returning Tuesday. Mr. Whittington remained a few days longer to adjust matters.

Lloyd Osbourne has written a serious story for the July number of Appleton's Booklovers Magazine. The scene of the story is in the South Sea Islands, and there is much gold glinting in the midst of the humor. The writer is obviously familiar with the metal, as he states correctly that \$2000 in gold is all that a man would care to lift or that he could carry for an assistance. Imagine the despair of a man confronted with \$250,000 in gold which was his for the carrying away.

C. G. Mack, the Jeweler.

Good Machine Oil at Stroebel Bros Hammocks and Camp Chairs, at Whittingtons.

J. H. Stone was over from Bay Shore first of the week.
Charles Crawford is home from Southern Michigan.

George G. Brown was over from Charlevoix first of the week.
Mrs. Wm. Palmer is entertaining her brother, John Boswell of Traverse City.

If you are not pleased with the show to-day, your money will be cheerfully refunded.
Miss Laura Bartlett received a visit from Miss Blanche Brnoe of Elk Rapids, this week.

After rejecting a young man nothing is calculated to make a girl so weary as to learn that he has married disgustingly well.
Mrs. P. K. Winters is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Katherine Patterson, Kansas, the latter's daughter, Mrs. J. D. Hines and two children.

Mrs. Junia Pfender has completed a course in Stenography at the Graves Normal School and is taking a little vacation from her studies.
M. C. Hurlburt, conductor on the D. & C. was a Grand Rapids visitor this week. During his absence, Agent E. A. Ashley had charge of trains.

Mrs. J. B. Allen has been quite ill the past fortnight with malarial fever. The supposition is that the lady contracted the disease while on her winter trip to Georgia.
The prices for Leslie G. Slocum's great Moving Picture Show, are 15 and 25 cents for the afternoon Matinee, and 15, 25 and 35 cents for evening performance—the 15 cent price applies to children.

A barn belonging to C. W. Freeze, on the outskirts of the village, was burned Wednesday a. m., and with it a quantity of hay and several pigs. The loss is quite a heavy one to the family. It caught from a pile of ashes.

Vernon Payton, son of county treasurer D. S. Payton, who went to Big Rapids last week to take a course in pharmacy at the Ferris Institute, writes home to his father there are half a dozen Filipino boys attending school there. They are very small for their age, and Vernon says they "look like Indians."—Charlevoix Courier.

The Herald acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the St. Mary's canal, to be held on August 2 and 3 at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. Accompanying the invitation is a handsome brochure, "Characteristic Views at Sault Ste. Marie," and a condensed history of the early settlement and the canal.

A very pretty pink and white luncheon was tendered Miss Ethel M. Clement, in honor of her sixteenth birthday, by Mrs. C. A. Hudson Thursday afternoon. Sixteen lassies without the laddies enjoyed the hour, and the air was filled with sunshine and laughter. The two parlors were prettily decorated with pink and white roses. The dining room with festoons of the same color. On the place cards were pink rose buds. Five courses were served by Mesdames Clement and Hudson dressed in the prevailing color. Miss Ethel was made the happy recipient of numerous presents, the guests presenting her with a very handsome necklace and locket attached. The fair maid will now enjoy the happy state of sweet sixteen a whole year. We wish her many such happy days in the land in which she soon will be located, sunny California.

A 15-year-old girl at Traverse City—"and a very unsophisticated one for her years," as the Record put it, in the Friday issue last week—brought to the Record the day before an account of her marriage to a young man of the same place. The ages were placed as 19 for him and 16 for herself, and according to the article they left immediately for Boston. The article was so fairly well written that the paper printed it without alteration. It happened to be put on an inside page, but the Record's statement of the error was very naturally placed conspicuously on the front page. No more jokes of that kind will be perpetrated.

The foundry room of Malpass Bros. Foundry and Machine Shop was burned Wednesday evening together with its contents. The loss is probably about \$1000 with no insurance. Owing to some error, it was several minutes before the fire department could get water and during that time a bucket brigade was formed who, through their timely work, helped save the machine shop and engine room. The Malpass Bros. began the next morning to re-build and repair the burned part. The fire probably originated from one of the molds, as they had just completed some casting that evening. They have a number of orders to fill and the fire will seriously hamper the work.

A Reminiscence of the Fourth.

We put him to bed in his little night gown.
The worst battered youngster there was in the town;
Yet he yelled as he opened his only well eye,
Rah! Rah! for the jolly old Fourth of July.

Two thumbs and eight fingers with cloths were tied up,
On his head was a bump like an upside-down cup;
And he smiled as best he could with his nose all awry,
"I've had just the joesest" Fourth of July.

We were glad, for he had been up with the sun,
Right into the midst of the powder and fun,
Where the cannon's loud boom sent its smoke to the sky—
Young America—like was his Fourth of July.

I said we are glad, all the pieces were there,
So we plastered and bound them with tenderest care;
But out of the wreck came the words with a sigh,
If to-morrow was only the Fourth of July.

He will grow all together again, never fear,
And be ready to celebrate freedom next year;
But though it is selfish, we are thankful there lies,
A crackless twelvemonth twixt Fourth of July's.

We kissed him good night on his powder speckled face,
We laid his bruised hands softly down in their place;
And he murmured as sleep closed his one open eye,
I wish every day was the Fourth of July.

J. N. Martinek of Traverse City has on display a clock 302 years old. The clock bears the maker's initials, M. R. Y. M. and the date 1663, the year in which the clock was made. Mr. Martinek has been unable to learn the maker's full name.

Mr. Martinek has had the clock in his possession 12 years, getting it from his father, Antoine, who had it over 30 years. Antoine Martinek secured the clock from his father, who received it from his father as a birthday present. At that time it was an old timepiece. It has been in the Martinek family over 150 years.

One remarkable feature about the clock is that the striking apparatus is identical with the clocks of today.

C. L. Sage, the painter and paper hanger, will tell you what it will cost to do your painting, sign-writing and frescoing a specialty.

Unofficial reports from Southern Michigan and the central states, where the potato is a staple crop, seem to suggest that the excessive rains of the spring are to result in a shortage in the yield next fall. In the heavy lands the potatoes have rotted in the hills and many potato fields have been replowed and planted to corn. All of which means that the potato grower in this corner of the wolverine commonwealth is likely to receive anywhere from a quarter to seventy-five cents a bushel next winter.

EXCURSIONS
VIA THE
DETROIT & CHARLEVOIX
AND
GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA
RAILWAYS.

SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, CAL., and PORTLAND, ORE.
\$78.18 round trip via Chicago; \$89.25 round trip via Mackinaw City. Tickets on sale July 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 25, 26 and 27th, return limit 90 days. Choice of routes.

ONE WAY SETTLER'S TICKETS.
To the South and Southeast, and round-trip Homeseekers' Excursion. Tickets to the South, Southeast, West, and Northwest, on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month at reduced rates.

SEATTLE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON.
And other North Pacific Coast points. Round trip \$57.75 via Mackinaw City. Round trip \$67.13 via Chicago. Tickets good 30 days. Choice of routes with liberal stop off privileges. Tickets on sale daily to Sept. 30th.

LOUISVILLE, K.Y.
One fare plus 25 cents for round trip, July 17 and 18; return limit July 24th.

DENVER, COL.
\$35.63 round trip, June 29 to July 3d, return limit July 14th, subject to extension until Aug. 8th.

M. F. Quaintance, D. P. A.
Petoskey

GREAT

MIDSUMMER Closing SALE

We have commenced our Annual Mid-summer Clearing Sale and are offering excellent Bargains in Each and Every Department.

If you want anything in **Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes or Furnishings**

It will pay you to give us a call and look over our assortment of Bargains.

J. L. WIESMAN

LEADER OF LOW PRICES.

Call for SAMPLES

Dabrook's Perfumes, Lipizol, Talcum Powder and Tooth Paste.

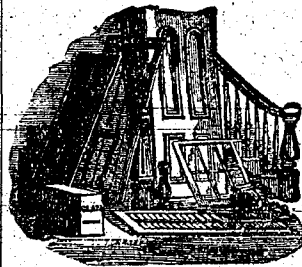
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Provisions, Fruits and Confectionary.
We sell the celebrated Gold Mine Flour made from Minnesota spring wheat.
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Be Sure and Call at the Factory of **Waterman & Price** Contractors and Builders EAST JORDAN, MICH.

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Are now located in their new store on Main-st, recently occupied by Bennett & Bennett, and have for sale a complete line of **MEATS and GROCERIES** at Lowest Possible Prices. Give us a trial order. Telephone No. 61.

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than the products of any other brand! Besides several Gold Medals, they won a Grand Prize for vegetables at the St. Louis Exposition. If you intend to try Burpee's Seeds, we will mail free our Complete Catalogue of 178 pages, with beautiful colored plates and illustrations from photographs taken at our famous Fordhook Farms, the largest Trial Grounds in America. Write TO-DAY!
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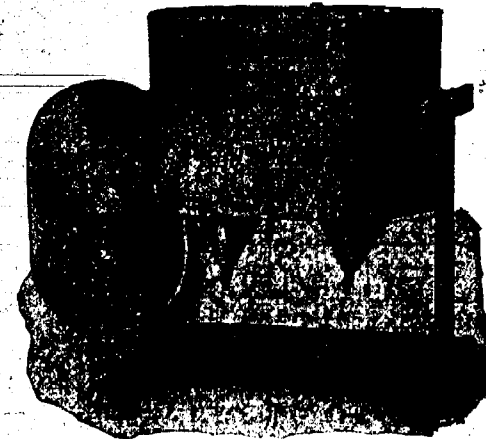
State Bank of East Jordan.

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00 SURPLUS \$17,000.00.

Money to Loan on Short Time.
Deposits of \$1.00 and upward received and interest allowed if left on deposit three months or longer.
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The Queen of Purity cold air Cream Separator



Will make 5 to 10 per cent. more cream than any other deep-setting separator.
For best results keep your milk at home and send cream to the Creamery.

STROEBEL BROS.

A Convincing Critic

There was a time, I do confess,
When Wagner's music pleased me not,
Its tuneful turmoil caused distress
And made me long to fly the spot.
But my opinion of it all
Was changed, and in a single night;
And, though my learning is but small,
I claim to be a Wagnerite.
A lass whose word is law to me
Has spoken. Questioning is mute,
For she avers, and I agree,
That "Parafel" is sweetly cute."
—Cleveland Leader.

TONY'S DREAM

BY HERBERT KNOWLTON

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

How it came to pass that Old Tony occupied Number 3781 was a conundrum to the neighborhood. Number 3781 was a rather pretentious three-story house, of the old-fashioned style of architecture and construction, whose owner had religiously refused to reconstruct or remodel or repair into the semblance of a modern edifice. No newfangled notions for him, and no new conveniences, no new plumbing and no new notions. And being a hard-headed old Pennsylvania dutchman, he took it that his word was law and so let his block of houses go into decay and disrepair rather than spend a few hundreds of dollars to put them into the market.

So the great building, full of houses, was vacant year after year—and so, truth be told, Tony found a shelter. He was more caretaker than tenant and he occupied but a small portion of the big house. His simple needs required but a bed, a stove and a chair—together with things to eat and wear. But he was a home-loving man, was Tony, and without a place of refuge all his own at night he would have died in this great new world with its promised streets of gold and fabulous wages.

So he made shoes by day and lived in the great barn-like building by night year after year, lonesome and alone.

It was funny, indeed, that the baby should have been left on his doorstep. But it was and the homesick heart of the lonely Dutch bachelor went out to the little wafel when first he saw it in the neat basket, swaddled in the plain, warm clothes. He took it in and sent for the wife of Hermann the baker at the corner. There was a council of war which was closed by Tony's announcement that he would keep the little wayfarer which providence had thrown in his way. So a widow of mature years was secured and Tony paid the bills from his slender earnings. And the little one grew to be a girl of marvelous beauty, and Tony bowed down and worshipped her. She was different from any other person the simple German ever had seen. There was a delicacy and flavor about her strangely in contrast to her surroundings. He felt this inborn superiority of the mysterious waif most keenly and as the years sped a great fear took possession of his simple, honest soul. With the unerring instinct which belongs to simple nature, it came to him that if this were true, if Sophie belonged indeed to a different caste, she ultimately would find her own, even as water finds its level. As the years passed this fear grew into a terror little short of mania. The girl was the only thing Tony had ever loved since he left his mother's side, a mere boy, to go out and battle with the world. She came into his lonely life as a ray of sunshine to a gloomy cell, and as the years went by she wound the tendrils of affection about his heart as the ivy climbs about the oak, and so year by year his love for the girl grew even as his great fear grew. He saw as clearly as he saw the blue sky that he must one day lose her, and that made her the more dear to him. All he asked was to sit and look at her, to hear her talk or sing. To woo an expression

part of the work better and faster than any other machine and out of this invention grew a great factory in which he had a substantial interest. And all his gain and all his earnings he poured out unstintingly—may eagerly upon Sophie. The finest clothes, the best schools, the softest luxuries were hers—and all the world of travel and pleasure was opened to her. For himself, his pipe and his common work-a-day clothes and his frugal fare were sufficient.

He was passionately fond of music and her sweet voice was his greatest joy—and she delighted to sing to so appreciative a listener. It was sad, indeed that this very gift of music, this very sweet voice which gave him so much joy should have proved the means of their separation. It is the old story. Somebody heard her sing and somebody told somebody else, and somebody else passed it along until it reached the ears of a great impres-



She was different from any other person—the simple German had ever seen.

ario, and he sought and found her and heard her sing. Then came an offer for her to sing in opera; wild delight on her part, desperate despair on the part of Tony. The months which followed were like a fairyland to Sophie and like an inferno to Tony. She leaped instantly into fame and filled the house for an entire season. Night after night Tony sat among the audience delighting in every note she sang and proud of every wave of applause, but yet dumb with fear and apprehension and despair.

At last the blow fell, hard and decisive. The Man came. He was a gentleman from the great mysterious world of the boulevards and the clubs, a favored son of fortune. He saw the beautiful singer, he sought her, he asked her hand. She, too, felt the divine arrow and accepted him.

Tony was nearly felled by the blow he had been expecting all along. Sophie clung on his neck and said she never would leave him and never would marry if he felt that way about it. Then his great self-sacrificing love arose again and swept away his grief for the moment, and he laughed at both their fears—yes, laughed over his leaden heart.

"But you will always live with us, dear," she said softly. "That is understood. I told Arthur and it is all settled."

"What," exclaimed Tony, "give up my comfortable old corner and my pipe and my old ways to go and learn the ways of a great house? No, no, my Sophie, I am too selfish for that."

Tony disappeared for some weeks directly after this and it has since appeared, devoted much time and displayed no small skill in ascertaining accurately the character, reputation, habits and antecedents of the man to whom he was to lose his Sophie. The investigation evidently proved satisfactory, for the wedding came off in due season.

When it was over Tony went through the old house and tore down all the hangings and fixtures, ripped up all the carpets and piled up in the back yard all the furniture he had bought to make the place habitable

for Sophie. Over this great pile he poured kerosene and made of it a funeral pyre to his affection. He went back to the little room in which he had lived before Sophie came and took up the thread of his old lonesome life.

MIND CURE OF THE INDIAN.

Inherited Superstition Makes the Medicine Man a Necessity.

The skilled professional doctor is one of the greatest helps to the Indians and the Navajos are receiving him with very little distrust. The savage misapprehension of things that are new is gradually subsiding, as results make clear to him that the white man's medicine is more powerful than his. But there are exceptions. The purely physical troubles may be eradicated by the doctor, but there still remains, in many cases, a mental uncertainty that demands the attention of the tribal medicine man. It is not a fable or a fancy that can be overcome by medicine, but a mental disease governed by countless ages of mysticism which necessitates the occult, mind-easing treatment of the old days. This, then, is the mind cure of the Indians—the Christian science of the savage, which, hand in hand with concrete medicine, exists in all races, whether barbaric or cultured. It is as necessary to the Indian as a certain amount of mind cure is essential to our happiness.

The knowledge of modern curative agents should be imparted to the younger members of the tribe. They are capable of assimilating new facts and will take readily to the new school. Civilization is disrupting the major portion of the old laws and beliefs relating to the cause and cure of disease will soon be things of the past. With this essential of the old life gone the work of the medicine men will have been finished. At present there must be a certain co-operation between the modern doctor who goes among them, and the medicine man of the tribe.

Too Great a Punishment.

A certain music hall bore the unenviable reputation of possessing absolutely the worst band in existence. On a benefit night a "star" had promised to do a "turn" and in consequence the hall was filled to overflowing.

When the "star's" time had arrived, instead of that eagerly expected individual, the perspiring manager came before the curtain holding a telegram in his hand. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I regret to have to inform you that the 'Great Gasser' cannot (storm of hisses) possibly arrive for at least another quarter of an hour (great applause). In the meantime, the band will play you a selection."

There was dead silence for a moment, and then a small boy in the gallery shrieked out: "Mr. Johnson! Mr. Johnson! Don't let the band play, sir; we will be quiet, we will, indeed sir!" —Auckland (N. Z.) News.

Hodden Gray.

A rusty coat of hodden gray
Will keep the sun's rays away
And warm a strong and steadfast breast
Though keenly blows the cutting blast.

A table set with coarsest ware
And spread with plain and homely fare,
Will keep the wolf beyond the door,
Though loud he bays across the moor.

A ragot blazing on the hearth,
Will glow, yield welcome, light, and warmth,
Though thatch be rude and wall be bare
And cover stranger to the floor.

When night's dim shadows onward draw,
A lowly couch of husk and straw
Gives tired sleep repose,
Yields peace of mind, the strength renews.

A rose will clamber round the cot,
The wild bird wheel above the spot,
And nest and whistle to its mate,
Where dwells the man of low estate.

A kiss from off a baby's lips,
A touch of tiny finger tips,
Bring heaven near, throw wide its door,
And mark the road that enters there.

Why vex the spirit, strive and strain,
And barter soul for sordid gain,
When these are honest toil's reward,
What more could endless gold afford?
—Chas. E. Milroy.

Better Than Listening.

Gov. Pennypacker, the Chief Executive of the Keystone State, seemed to know his business well while he was on the Judge's bench, while in all matters of scholarship, however erudite or abstract, this descendant of the Pennsylvania Dutch was usually ready with the right answer. This trait of the academic was shown when a brother judge, in the days before the Governorship, once leaned over to the Hon. Samuel, during the lengthy harangue of a particularly boresome attorney, asking him: "How can you sit so quietly and listen to such rot?" "I'm not listening," was the Pennypacker reply; "I'm counting the split infinitives." —New York Times.

Purely Mythical.

Dido had just committed harakiri in the most approved and accurate fashion on top of her blazing funeral pyre in the citadel of Carthage.

Far out at sea, Aeneas saw the flames and wondered. The city seemed on fire. Long he watched and earnestly. At last, turning with a sigh to the helmsman, he remarked peevishly:

"I'll lay you a good jinjerwayfur that woman's cutting up her old didos again."

And subsequently, when he met her in Hades, he knew he had been right.

The motto is: "If you must joke, tell the truth."

Brazil's Exports.

Brazil's exports increased \$12,500,000 gold in 1904. Of this \$4,400,000 was for coffee. The coffee planters got about \$10,000,000 more for their crops than in 1903. American capitalists are scouring Brazil for profitable investments. They are buying trawls and other properties freely, besides securing large slices of Brazil's vast land area.

LIVE STOCK

Mating Mares Intelligently.

It is of vast importance to breed the mare to the right horse, and we would strongly advise leaving her unbred unless the right horse can be found. "And what is the right horse?" it may be asked. The answer is that the right horse to choose is the one that is of pure blood, of that blood which predominates in the mare. Most mares have some pure blood in their composition, and the owner should determine what blood predominates and then breed her to a stallion of pure breeding of the breed represented in the mare. By so doing the resultant foal will be purer than the dam in that blood, and if a filly is the result she should in time be bred to a stallion of the same breed as her sire, and so on persistently in a right line until all of the scrub or ordinary blood is bred out and that of the pure blood is made the only possession of the animal.

Five top crosses in this method of breeding will practically establish purity of blood, but the work should not stop there, and a few more top crosses in the same direction will produce the breed-purity possessed by animals long bred pure. Had this idea been followed in our breeding operations for the last fifty or sixty years the country would be full of practically pure-bred animals graded up from ordinary stock by persistent and intelligent use of imported or home-bred pedigreed stallions. As it is, all sorts of mixtures have been made, and the resultant stock is a conglomerate of all breeds and a representation of none. The time has come to stop this foolishness in breeding, and the work on every farm should start this spring by the intelligent mating of the mares.

The trouble in the past has been that the mare owner would not go to the trouble of finding the proper stallion for his mares. He might desire to breed to the right one, but could not find him readily, so used the first one that came along or the cheapest beast to be found. He possibly started grading up by using a Percheron stallion upon his mares and used that breed until it had no representative in that district. Then he used a horse of different blood and even upon his grade fillies. The result could but be that the grade was altered and the new one was a retrograde—a step back to scrub stock and in no way an advance over the first stock used. This sort of work should not be done this year.

Find out where there is a stallion of the right blood and take the mare to him, even if it takes time and money to do so. The result in the long run will be profitable, if the same course is pursued each year until five or six top crosses of the same blood are put on. And do not breed even to the horse of right breed unless he is sound and a good individual of his kind. We want to see farmers boycott all scrub, grade and unsound stallions, and if they will do so for a few years such horses will of necessity become a thing of the past. And do not breed an unsound mare. To-day every mare owner should understand that any old mare is not good enough to breed from. Many have fallen into the error of imagining that a mare that is no longer fit for use on the farm by reason of some disease or another is still fit to breed from. This absurdity has filled the country with unsound or badly formed horses, and it is high time to eliminate all unsound stock from our breeding operations.

Then there is another point of importance at this time of the year, and that is to insist upon the stallion owner showing the registry certificate for his horse. If he has duly recorded his stallion he will have and can show a certificate signed by the president and secretary of the stud-book association for the breed to which the horse is said to belong, and if he has purchased the horse from some man other than the original breeder or importer he should be able to show a duly signed certificate of transfer from the stud book secretary. There is a great deal of fraud in the standing of stallions for public service, and no man's word should be taken as regards breeding when it is possible to have him corroborate his statements by exhibition of the certificates we have mentioned. The time will come when the stallion owner will also have to show a certificate from a qualified veterinarian showing that the horse is sound.—A. S. Alexander in Farmers' Review.

Light Retards Fattening.

Some may be surprised to learn that animals lay on fat more rapidly in the dark than in the light, though on the whole, darkness is detrimental to the health of animals. When animals are kept in a dark room they use less oxygen and cast off less carbonic gas. Otherwise the carbon in form of fat is then left in the body to increase the amount of fat or the body, which is constantly being added to by the changing of carbohy drate food into fat. In some experiments made in Europe it was found that animals added about 25 per cent more fat when kept in the dark than in the light. The dark, however, stops the development of the skeleton and the frame generally. The amount of protein consumed is not appreciably affected by darkness or light.

CHANGED MEANING OF WORD.

"Nerve" No Longer Has Exclusively Medical Significance.

Sir Frederick Treves, the celebrated English surgeon, asserted that the Japanese "have no nervous system" and that "nerves," as western nations know the term, is untranslatable in Japan. This invites a reference to the significant history of the words "nerve" and "nervous." A "nerve," by derivation from Greek and Latin and by earlier English use, is really a sinew. When Pope speaks of "nervous arms," he means exactly the "brawny arms" of the village blacksmith; and this sense survives metaphorically in a "nervous style of writing," which is very different from a "neurotic" one. Shakespeare used "nervy" in the same sense. But now that "nerves" no longer mean sinews, "nervous" in the common use has almost reversed its old meaning. In Dr. Johnson's time "nervous" in the modern sense was still only "medical cant." Now men of "nerve" are very different from men of "nerves."

Ninth Century Bible.

The exposition of rare old books and manuscripts now being held in the British museum includes the oldest known manuscript of the Bible, of the ninth century.

AGONY OF SORE HANDS.

Cracked and Peeled—Water and Heat Caused Intense Pain—Could Do No Housework—Grateful to Cuticura.

"My hands cracked and peeled, and were so sore it was impossible for me to do my housework. If I put them in water I was in agony for hours; and if I tried to cook, the heat caused intense pain. I consulted two doctors, but their prescriptions were utterly useless. And now after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, my hands are entirely well, and I am very grateful. (Signed) Mrs. Minnie Drew, 18 Dana St., Roxbury, Mass."

Pennsylvania Superstition.

If an infant is weak and does not grow satisfactorily it must be measured for the "undergrowth," according to a superstition in some Pennsylvania Dutch communities. A parson doctor, usually a woman, will strip the child, measure it with a string the same color as its hair, say some "words," bury the string in a secret place and repeat the performance three times. The child will get well. There are dozens of children in one Pennsylvania Dutch community that were measured in this way and now pointed to as examples and proof of the efficacy of the method.

Advice From a Bishop.

A story, which may not be without its application locally in these days, was told at a meeting in England the other night at the expense of the bishop of Manchester. When the bishop was in Australia he was approached with the request to appoint a day of prayer and fasting in view of a prolonged drought. The bishop, who was a man of works as well as faith, replied: "If you prayed less and damned more it would be a great deal better for you."

People of the Bible.

The Rev. Dr. John Punnett Peters, rector of St. Michael's Episcopal church, Brooklyn, has "discovered" that Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph, mentioned in Genesis, were not real people, but composite photographs of Israel.

FOOD IN SERMONS.

Feed the Dominie Right and the Sermons are Brilliant.

A conscientious, hard-working and eminently successful clergyman writes: "I am glad to bear testimony to the pleasure and increased measure of efficiency and health that have come to me from adopting Grape-Nuts food as one of my articles of diet. For several years I was much distressed during the early part of each day by indigestion. My breakfast, usually consisting of oatmeal, milk and eggs, seemed to turn sour and failed to digest. After dinner the headache and other symptoms following the breakfast would wear away, only to return, however, next morning."

"Having heard of Grape-Nuts food, I finally concluded to give it a fair trial. I quit the use of oatmeal and eggs, and made my breakfasts of Grape-Nuts, cream, toast and Postum. The result was surprising in improved health and total absence of the distress that had, for so long a time, followed the morning meal. My digestion became once more satisfactory, the headaches ceased, and the old feeling of energy returned. Since that time, four years ago, I have always had Grape-Nuts food on my breakfast table.

"I was delighted to find also, that whereas before I began to use Grape-Nuts food I was quite nervous and became easily worried in the work of preparing sermons and in study, a marked improvement in this respect resulted from the change in my diet. I am convinced that Grape-Nuts food produced this result and helped me to a sturdy condition of mental and physical strength.

"I have known of several persons who were formerly troubled as I was, and who have been helped as I have been, by the use of Grape-Nuts food, on my recommendation, among whom may be mentioned the Rev. _____, now a missionary to China." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a Reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

ALL DONE OUT.

Veteran Joshua Heller, of 706 South Walnut Street, Urbana, Ill., says: "In the fall of 1899 after taking Doan's Kidney Pills I told the readers of this paper that they had relieved me of kidney trouble, disposed of a lame back with pain across my joints and beneath the shoulder blades. During the interval which has elapsed I have had occasion to resort to Doan's Kidney Pills when I noticed warnings of an attack. On each and every occasion the results obtained were just as satisfactory as when the pills were first brought to my notice. I just as emphatically endorse the preparation to-day as I did over two years ago."



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

Trouble Increasing.

When your trouble with food-digestion seems to be increasing, and various pains, like stomach-ache, headache, backache, etc., beset you; when your bowels and liver seem continually out of order, what you need is Dr. Caldwell's (Laxative) Syrup. Pepsin. It is safe, pleasant and far superior to all pills or cathartic waters. Sold by all druggists at 25c and \$1.00. Money back if it fails.

William Warren's Lost Ghost.

Those who remember William Warren at the old Boston museum during the sixties will recall the "Warren Farce" so popular at that time after the play. The writer remembers one of those most ludicrous scenes when Warren, after a seemingly fruitless search for a ghost, exclaimed in his inimitable manner, "I'll die before I'll give up the ghost!"—Boston Herald.

Peculiar Method of Suicide.

Because he had received notice to quit his lodgings, a Berlin locksmith committed suicide by standing in the bucket of a well and dropping to the bottom.

MADE NEW STRENGTH

QUICKER THAN DOCTOR'S TONICS, SAYS TYPHOID PATIENT.

Young Lady Left by Fever in Very Weak State Uses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with Gratifying Results.

After a fever, such as typhoid or scarlet, has run its full course there remains the recovery of strength. The tonic that will most rapidly increase the red corpuscles in the blood is the one that will most quickly restore color to the pale cheeks, strength to the weak muscles, and elasticity to the sluggish nerves. So far nothing has ever been produced superior to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for this purpose.

Miss Midendorf had been ill with typhoid fever for fourteen weeks. She had a good physician who carried her safely through the critical stages. When he left, nothing remained to be done except to build up her strength, which was very feeble, and he gave her some prescriptions for that purpose. Here, however, she met with disappointment.

"I took the doctor's tonics," she says, "for two months after I had recovered from the fever, but they did not do me the good I looked for. My strength came back so slowly that I scarcely seemed to be making any progress at all. Just then I read in a book thrown in our yard some striking testimonials showing what wonderful blood-builders and strength-givers Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are. I got a box of them soon after this and after I had taken only about half of them I could see a very great improvement in my condition. When I had used up two boxes, I felt that I did not need any more medicine. I have remained strong ever since."

Miss E. B. Midendorf lives at No. 1501 Park street, Quincy, Ill. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best remedy to use in all cases of weakness, from whatever cause the system may be run down. In cases of debility due to overwork they minister fresh strength and overcome nervous symptoms. They are a specific for anemia or bloodlessness. They are particularly helpful to girls on the verge of womanhood. They meet all the requirements of the period known as the change of life. They correct spring languor and rouse up sluggish organs. No other tonic combines so many virtues. All druggists sell them.

DON'T HESITATE!

If you contemplate a journey, save time, money and trouble by using



LOW RATES SOUTHWEST

ON THE FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAYS OF EACH MONTH. We have lots of information about the Southwest, valuable alike to the investor and homeseeker. If you are interested, tell us what you want, how much you have to invest and we will gladly furnish the information. The opportunity today is brighter and better in the Southwest than anywhere else. Write today for a copy of our book, "The Coming Country," and particulars about rates. Address

GEORGE MORTON
P. O. BOX 111, ST. LOUIS, MO.



So he made shoes by day, of delight from her was ecstasy, and no labor or sacrifice was too great to purchase it.

His great love clarified his rather slow brain and he figured out ways to make more money and still more, that she could have more advantages and more pleasure. From a common shoemaker he became the master of a shop, he invented a machine to do a

SADIE ROBINSON.
 Pretty Girl Suffered From Nervousness and
 Pelvic Catarrh—Found Quick Relief
 in a Few Days.



**NERVOUSNESS AND
 WEAKNESS CURED
 BY PE-RU-NA.**

Miss Sadie Robinson, 4 Rand street, Malden, Mass., writes:
 "Peruna was recommended to me about a year ago as an excellent remedy for the troubles peculiar to our sex, and as I found that all that was said of this medicine was true, I am pleased to endorse it.
 "I began to use it about seven months ago for weakness and nervousness, caused from overwork and sleeplessness, and found that in a few days I began to grow strong, my appetite increased and I began to sleep better, consequently my nervousness passed away and the weakness in the pelvic organs soon disappeared and I have been well and strong ever since."
 Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O., for free medical advice. All correspondence strictly confidential.
 The only thing that ever happens in a country town is the appearance in the spring and fall of a strange milliner to trim hats for six weeks.

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 THE SANITARY WALL COATING

A Rock Cement in white and bears no rub or scale. Destroys disease germs and vermin. No washing of walls after once applied. Any one can brush it on—mix with cold water. Plain tinting and whitening, and the most elaborate relief stencil work and frescoing may be done with it. Other finishes (bearing fanciful names and mixed with hot water) do not have the cementing property of Alabastine. They are stuck on with glue or other animal matter, which rots, feeding disease germs, rubbing, scuffing and spouting walls, etc. Such finishes must be washed off every year—costly, filthy work. Buy Alabastine only in five-pound packages, properly labeled. Tint, card, pretty wall and ceiling design. Hints on Decorating, and our artists' services in making color plans, free.

ALABASTINE COMPANY,
 Grand Rapids, Mich., or 105 Water St., N. Y.

**CELESTINE KING
 Feel Well Then**

Don't expect to feel well if the stomach or the liver and bowels are not doing their work right. Don't try to set them right with castor-oil, but get the tonic-laxative, Celestine King, 25c. at druggists.

\$25.00 Cream Separator

FOR \$25.00 we will give you the CELESTINE KING CREAM SEPARATOR, capacity, 200 pounds per hour, 800 pounds capacity per hour for \$29.00; 100 pounds capacity per hour for \$24.00. This separator is the equal of separators that are sold for \$35.00 to \$45.00. **OUR OFFER:** you will get our separator on our 30-day free trial plan, with the binding understanding and agreement if you do not find by comparison, that it is the best separator you can get, we will return it to you at once and refund you the full amount of the purchase price. This offer is good for 30 days only. Write to us at once and we will send you our separator and our 30-day free trial plan. **BEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.**

The City Sleeps

The city sleeps and dreams, and dreams are sweet.
 How dark and still the street!
 At peace, the citizens all lie;
 There is no restless eye;
 The breath is calm, no hurried feet go by,
 Night falls and rest is sweet.
 The strife and struggle of the garish day,
 The world of work and play,
 The turmoil and the fighting—all is past,
 Not a foot nor a hand is out;
 The wondrous shadow of the truce that's cast
 When night puts all away—
 As if the citizen were only boys
 Grown tired of tasks and toys,
 And seeking loving mother's knee, that
 With bedtime kiss and prayer,
 They might forget the daylight's little
 And surfeiting of joys.
 O peaceful stars, compassioning, watch-
 ful eyes,
 Make low the lullabies
 That in vast unison the planets sing;
 Let them wake not, nor bring
 Too soon the pillow, mad dawn on wing
 That, gleaming, stirs the skies!
 And thou, pale moon, pass on with silent
 tread—
 'Tis not seen the world to bed,
 Do ye, mild winds, snuff out her little
 light.
 With big clouds, soft and white,
 As she upon the sleeping world shuts
 The door, her "good-night" said.
 And ye black rivers, rolling to the sea,
 Roll on most quietly,
 Lest ye may wake the city, lying still,
 Unconscious of the ill
 Or grieve the morrow may bring forth to
 all
 Its cup—blest mystery!
 And, last, O Father of the world, look
 down
 With pity, not with frown,
 And guard the city, proud and rich and
 great,
 Forgive its estate;
 In childlike innocence, immaculate,
 It sleeps—Thy Peace its crown!
 —Charles Mulford Robinson, in the Out-look.

Descent Into Pelee Crater

"My companion, much more intrepid than I, stepped on the edge of the crater, examining the ground and said with admirable assurance, 'Here is where we must go down.' Without giving me time to offer the least objection he put the knotted end of the rope into the hands of Latour and myself, threw the rest of the rope into the crater and began to descend." Thus writes the Abbe J. Yvon of Martinique describing a descent he and Franz Beufrand made into the crater of Mount Pelee, Oct. 24 of last year. Their feat was the first of the kind since the great eruption of May, 1902. The abbe tells of the fear that seized him when his companions slid over the edge, and how, leaving their one attendant, Latour, to hold the rope, he himself made the dangerous trip into the volcano's mouth. This first descent, however, was only a matter of thirty or forty feet, but after it there remained a quarter of an hour's hard scrambling over sharp rocks before the crater's floor, far below, was reached.
 "Thus we arrived," he says, "at the bottom of the valley at the base of the dome, which fills completely the avenue of communication with the interior of the earth. It is an error to suppose that there is a great hole from which lava and gases have come out.

Blaine Knew the Family

A gentleman prominent in Cambridge, Mass., told this anecdote of the late Hon. James G. Blaine one night, not long after witnessing the incident.
 Mr. Blaine, said he, had a peculiar gift for remembering names and faces, but this was the most amusing exhibition of his gift that I had ever witnessed. It was at a large reception in Washington. A gentleman of rather countrified appearance was introduced to Mr. Blaine as Mr. Mason.
 "What!" exclaimed Mr. Blaine, "Mr. Mason of Poulitney, Vt.?"
 "Yes," replied Mr. Mason, delighted at being definitely placed geographically.
 "The son of Stephen Mason?"
 "Yes," delighted again to be genealogically placed.
 "Ah, yes," said Mr. Blaine, "and he died in, let me see, in 1868, did he not? I remember—and he was buried in the little yard by the church. And his father was John Mason, who fought in the war of 1812. Ah, yes."
 It was all so sympathetic and so historically correct, and the man's pleasure over having a distinct place in the statesman's mind, was so evident that we coveted the ready memory and tact of the busy statesman who could so definitely place everyone.
 Yet this seemed exceptional, so after the man had passed on we said to the senator, "How do you remember all that?" Did you ever know his father?"
 He laughed and said: "No, I never saw him, but I had an old aunt who lived in Poulitney, Vt., and several summers ago I spent a Sunday with her and I went to church with her. The day was warm and I had difficulty in keeping awake. The window was open to the little graveyard, and every time I nodded I opened my eyes to see on a big stone whose reflected whiteness made me blink: 'Stephen Mason, died April 26, 1868,' and beside it was another with 'John Mason, born 17—, died 18—'
 "It never would have done to fall asleep; my aunt would never have forgiven me, so I memorized that, and I never hear the name Mason that I don't see that big white stone and those big letters spelling out 'Stephen Mason.' No, I never saw the man or heard of him before."

The Knowledge Was Mutual

The desire of some of the illiterate to claim acquaintanceship with noted men is illustrated by an amusing story, told of James Whitcomb Riley. Accompanied by Bill Nye, he was traveling through the town where he was born, and while he was seated in the train he was pointed out by a group of the villagers who were standing on the platform of the railroad station.
 An old farmer who overheard the name of the well-known author stepped up to the group and, pointing to the car window with his finger, inquired, "Is that there Mr. Riley?" and added, "Wall, I knew that feller's grandfather, and I'm goin' in to have a talk with him."
 As the train was to be delayed for some minutes at the station, the farmer boldly entered the car and, standing behind Mr. Riley, he drawled, "Say, aren't you James Whitcomb Riley?"
 Mr. Riley suspected that he was to be treated to an interview with one

Just Wanted to Learn

Down in a remote section of a southwestern state is a little town which no railroad approaches nearer than thirty-two miles. The news of the world is worn out and probably denied by the time it reaches there, and the little town makes no news for itself. There has been, however, at least one event in the annals of the place. That was when a new bank was started. It was only a branch bank, but that did not dim its luster or novelty in the eyes of the citizens.
 The first depositor was "Si" Fox. Si was a man of means, but had trusted for the safety of his money to his yarn-sock and his gun. Now he felt that as the leading citizen of the town he ought to encourage the new enterprise. He put in a thousand dollars as soon as the bank opened.
 An hour later he came back and asked how money was taken out. The method of making out a check was explained, and Si made out one for \$1,000. The cashier was surprised at the sudden withdrawal, but paid it without remark. Si took his money and walked down to a group of men and displayed it. The group entered into a warm but low-voiced discussion. In ten or fifteen minutes Si walked into the bank again, and told the cashier that he wanted to deposit a thousand dollars.
 "Why, sir, what is the matter with you?" asked the clerk. "You deposited a thousand about an hour ago, and took it out before it had got cold, and now you want to put it back again."
 "Well, my friend," said Si, "me and the boys just wanted to find out how the thing worked."—Youth's Companion.

RAILWAY RATE LEGISLATION.

At the biennial convention of the Order of Railway Conductors recently held at Portland, Oregon, resolutions were unanimously adopted voicing their sentiments as to the effect of proposed railway rate legislation on the 1,300,000 railroad employees, whom they in part represented. These resolutions "indorse the attitude of President Roosevelt in condemning secret rebates and other illegalities, and commend the attitude of the heads of American Railways, who, with practical unanimity, have joined with the president on this question." They then respectfully point out to Congress the "inadvisability of legislation vesting in the hands of a commission power over railway rates, now lower by far in the United States than in any other country," because such regulation would "result in litigation and confusion and inevitably tend to an enforced reduction in rates, irrespective of the question of the ability of the railroads to stand the reduction, especially in view of the increased cost of their supplies and materials." They further protested against such power being given to the present Inter-State Commission because "the proposed legislation is not in harmony with our idea of American jurisprudence, inasmuch as it contemplates that a single body shall have the right to investigate, indict, try, condemn and then enforce its decisions at the cost of the carriers, pending appeal, which is manifestly inequitable."
 The conductors base their demand for only such legislation if any, as would "secure and insure justice and equity and preserve equal rights to all parties concerned," on the ground that the low cost of transportation "is the result of the efficiency of American railway management and operation which have built up the country through constant improvement and development of territory, while at the same time recognition has been given to the value of intelligence among employees in contrast to foreign methods, where high freight rates and lowest wages to employees obtain."
 In pressing their claim against legislation adverse to their interests, they point out the fact that "the freight rates of this country average only two per cent of the cost of articles to the consumer, thus making the freight rate so insignificant a factor in the selling price that numerous standard articles are sold at the same price in all parts of the country."
 When men pool their resources they sometimes realize that a pool and its money are soon parted.

Opportunities in Cuba.

Now is the time to secure land in Florida, the best and largest American Colony in Cuba. Easy terms. Money in fruit raising. Large profits on small investments. Write for free illustrated booklet. Cuban Land & Steamship Co., 23 Broadway, N. Y. City.

The love of a woman has in it a phase of devotion which borders on reverence.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after cure. First day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer, send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. E. H. Knapp, Ltd., 431 Arco Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is better to have too little confidence in yourself than too much in others.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, colic, and all the ailments of infancy.

A woman's friendship borders more closely on love than man's.

"Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy" cured me of Bright's Disease and Gravel. Able physicians called it "Mrs. E. F. Mieser, Durgahli, O. 4.00 a bottle.

A woman in love is a very poor judge of character.

Nervous Women

Their Sufferings Are Usually Due to Uterine Disorders Perhaps Unsuspected
A MEDICINE THAT CURES

Can we dispute the well-known fact that American women are nervous?
 How often do we hear the expression, "I am so nervous, it seems as if I should fly," or, "Don't speak to me." Little things annoy you and make you irritable; you can't sleep, you are unable to quietly and calmly perform your daily tasks or care for your children.
 The relation of the nerves and generative organs in women is so close that nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous debility, the blues, sleeplessness and nervous irritability arise from some derangement of the organism which makes her a woman. Fits of depression or restlessness and irritability. Spirits easily affected, so that one minute she laughs, the next minute weeps. Pain in the ovaries and between the shoulders. Loss of voice; nervous dyspepsia. A tendency to cry at the least provocation. All this points to nervous prostration.
 Nothing will relieve this distressing condition and prevent months of prostration and suffering so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
 Mrs. M. E. Shotwell, of 103 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:
 "I cannot express the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration, back ache, headache, loss of appetite. I could not sleep and would walk the floor almost every night.
 "I had three doctors and got no better, and life was a burden. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has worked wonders for me.
 "I am a well woman, my nervousness is all gone and my friends say I look ten years younger."
 Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound convince all women of its virtues? Surely you will wish to remain sick and weak and discouraged, exhausted each day, when you can be so easily cured as other women.

900 DROPS
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 Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
 Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**
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 Pumpkin Seed—
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 A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
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The Secret of Good Coffee

Even the best housekeepers cannot make a good cup of coffee without good material. Dirty, adulterated and queerly blended coffee such as unscrupulous dealers shovel over their counters won't do. But take the pure, clean, natural flavored **LION COFFEE**, the leader of all package coffees—the coffee that for over a quarter of a century has been daily welcomed in millions of homes—and you will make a drink fit for a king in this way:

HOW TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE.
 Use LION COFFEE, because to get best results you must use the best coffee. Grind your LION COFFEE rather fine. Use 1/2 tablespoonful to each cup, and one extra for the pot. First mix it with a little cold water, enough to make a thick paste, and add white of an egg (if egg is to be used as a settler), then follow one of the following rules:
 1. **WITH BOILING WATER.** Add boiling water, and let it boil THREE MINUTES ONLY. Add a little cold water and set aside five minutes to settle. Serve promptly.
 2. **WITH COLD WATER.** Add your cold water to the paste and bring it to a boil. Then set aside, add a little cold water, and in five minutes it's ready to serve.
 3. **Don't boil it too long.** Don't let it stand more than ten minutes before serving. **DON'T** use water that has been boiled before.
TWO WAYS TO SETTLE COFFEE.
 1. **With Eggs.** Use part of the white of an egg, mixing it with the ground LION COFFEE before boiling.
 2. **With Cold Water.** Instead of eggs. After boiling add a dash of cold water, and set aside for eight or ten minutes, then serve through a strainer.

Insist on getting a package of genuine LION COFFEE, prepare it according to this recipe and you will only use LION COFFEE in future. (Sold only in 1 lb. sealed packages.) (Lion-head on every package.) (Save these Lion-heads for valuable premiums.)
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FOR WOMEN
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 CHILLS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
 The only cure for Chills, Malaria, Fever, Ague, etc., in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN

If you are nervous and tired, out continually you could have no clearer warning of the approach of serious female trouble.

Do not wait until you suffer unbearable pain before you seek treatment. You need Wine of Cardui now just as much as if the trouble were more developed and the torturing pains of disordered menstruation, bearing down pains, leucorrhoea, backache and headache were driving you to the unfailing relief that Wine of Cardui has brought hundreds of thousands of women and will bring you.

Wine of Cardui will drive out all trace of weakness and banish nervous spells, headache and backache and prevent the symptoms from quickly developing into dangerous trouble that will be hard to check. Secure a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui today. If your dealer does not keep it, send the money to the Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., and the medicine will be sent you.

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Practical Horseshoeing and General Blacksmith

All kinds of wood repair work done promptly.

Last Shop East end of State-st.

ECZEMA the most hopeless cases cured with "Hermit" Salve, guaranteed. All drug stores. 25 and 50c. Each free. Hermit Remedy Co., Chicago.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Norway has thrown away its union button.

The grafters are making Milwaukee additionally famous.

Lots of men are flirts who never even tried to catch fish.

Artificial kisses are the kind women exchange with each other.

It makes the average man tired dodging people who make him tired.

Mississippi thanks Mr. Carnegie, but declines to be pried up with his library lever.

It will be well for Japan to remember that Russia could do a lot of fighting yet with a billion dollars.

Pifeseave acts like a poultice. Best thing in the world for boils, burns, cracked hands, tetter, etc. Sold by Wayne's Pharmacy.

The Equitable's salaries are to be cut down to a figure bearing some sort of proportion to the amounts the officers actually earn. The policy holders have succeeded in making a slight puncture in the official Hyde.

Croup is quickly relieved, and Whooping Cough will not "run its course" if you use the original Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar. This Cough Syrup is different from all others because it acts on the bowels. You can not cure Croup and Whooping Cough until you rid the system of all congestion by working off the cold through a copious action of the bowels. Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar does this, and cures all Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. No opiates. Sold by Wayne's Pharmacy.

A PROMINENT TRAINMAN

The many friends of G. H. Hausan, Engineer L. E. & W. R. R., at present living in Lima, O., will be pleased to know of his recovery from threatened kidney disease. He says: "I was cured by using Foley's Kidney Cure, which I recommend to all, especially to trainmen, who are usually similarly afflicted." Sold by L. C. Madison.

PROBATE NOTICE--State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

In the matter of the estate of Adolph Poppo: Notice is hereby given that four months from the 2nd day of May, A. D. 1905, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court at the probate office in the Village of Charlevoix, in said county, on or before the 28th day of September, A. D. 1905, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday, the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1905, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated, June 8th, A. D. 1905.

JOHN M. HARRIS,
Judge of Probate.

PROBATE ORDER--State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

Attestation of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office in the Village of Charlevoix on the 21st day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

Present, John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Martin Stoehr, deceased:

On reading and filing the petition duly verified of Anna Stoehr praying among other things that an administrator of said estate be appointed;

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday the 17th day of July next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be and is appointed for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden in the Probate Office in the Village of Charlevoix and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

JOHN M. HARRIS,
Judge of Probate.

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.

PATENTS

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MUNN & CO. 351 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 125 F St., Washington, D. C.

PILES Absolutely cured by using "Hermit" Salve. Price 25c and 50c. All drug stores. Book free. Hermit Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

For children's safe, sure, No opiates

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Bary Medicine for Easy Food
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.
A Specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Phlegm, Rheumatism, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Stomachic Bowels, Headache and Backache. Dr. Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 25 cents a box. Genuine made by Hollister's Drug Company, Madison, Wis.

GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

An Answering Silence.

Young ladies with a fondness for infantile admirers should be warned by an episode at a seaside resort last summer.

An engaging masculine of seven years became an exceedingly good terms with the belle of their particular hotel, a girl about twenty years his senior. One day the charmer asked the swain to go bathing, and after the bath, as they returned to their bath-houses, the small man suggested a race to see who could dress first. They entered the bathhouses, which adjoined, and in a short time a youthful treble called, "Miss Ethel, oh Miss Ethel, I've got my stockings on."

A low contralto answered, "Yes, Robbie, so have I."

After a short pause the irrepressible again called, "Miss Ethel, I've got my shoes on."

Again came the answer, "Yes, dear, so have I."

Again a pause--then a triumphant voice shrilly proclaimed, "Miss Ethel, I've got my pants on."

The answering silence was oppressive.--H. R. Spencer, in July Lippincott's.

Backache is never known to those persons who take an occasional dose of Pineules. The value of the resin obtained from the Pine tree has long been recognized in the treatment of diseases of the bladder and kidneys. One dose of Pineules will give relief, and one bottle will cure. Sold by Warner's Pharmacy.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Prevents Serious Results From a Cold.

Remember the name
Foley's Honey and Tar. Insist upon having the genuine.

Three sizes 25c, 50c, \$1.00

Prepared only by
Foley & Company, Chicago.

East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE
(In effect June 27, 1905)

LEAVE EAST JORDAN at 8:30 a. m., and 2:30 p. m., Arriving at Bellaire at 9:30 a. m., and 3:30 p. m.

LEAVE BELLAIRE at 10:40 a. m., and 4:15 p. m., Arriving at East Jordan at 11:40 a. m., and 5:15 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 June 25, 1905.

Trains leave Bellaire as follows:

For Traverse City, 10:37 a. m., 4:15 p. m.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West 10:37 a. m., and 4:17 p. m.

For Sibley and Detroit, 10:37 a. m., and 4:15 p. m.

For Charlevoix and Petoskey, 2:45 p. m., 7:37 p. m., and 9:41 a. m.

H. F. MOELLER,
General Passenger Agent.

F. N. STEWART, Agent, Bellaire.

PATENTS

Promptly obtained or no fee. Write for our **CONFIDENTIAL LETTER** before applying for patent; it is worth money. We obtain **PATENTS THAT PAY**, and help inventors to success.

Send model, photo or sketch, and we send **IMMEDIATE FREE REPORT ON PATENTABILITY**. 20 years' practice. Registered Patent Lawyers. Write or come to us at 405-507, 7th St., WASHINGTON, D. C.

D-SWIFT & CO.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Will positively cure any case of Kidney or Bladder disease not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

strengthens the urinary organs, builds up the kidneys and invigorates the whole system.

IT IS GUARANTEED

TWO SIZES 50c and \$1.00

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY L. C. MADISON

THE ORIGINAL.

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

Everything you eat will taste good and do good if you take Ring's Dyspepsia Tablets. Sold by Warner's Pharmacy.

From the standpoint of fashion the August Delineator is a most attractive number, portraying the midsummer styles in all their charm and variety; and it contains, besides the fashions, many features of interest to the general reader and practical householder. The first chapters of a new serial story by Helen M. Winslow is an item of note; it is called "At Splinter Farm" and relates the actual experience of a woman who forsook the busy city for the countryside and found there real peace and happiness. "The Lucky Piece" is continued, and there are also short stories by Cyrus Townsend Brady and Lynn Roby Meekins. Of general interest are articles on "Old Fashioned Timepieces," and "Old-Time Summer Resorts," and on Martin Luther's famous hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." Mothers will find Dr. Murray's paper on "Feeding the Child" well worth reading, and for the children themselves there are entertaining stories and pastimes, including an "Animal Fairy Tale" by L. Frank Baum, and a "Son Riley Rabbit" story. House plans and housefurnishing ideas and suggestions in cookery and other housewifely matters complete the number, which is of much interest throughout.

One night is all the time necessary to prove that Pineules is the best remedy in the world for backache and kidney and bladder troubles. If you have rheumatism or any other blood disease a single dose will give relief. Sold by Warner's Pharmacy.

Detroit & Charlevoix R. R.

Time Schedule in effect Sunday, July 2nd, 1905.

Goings East	Stations	Going West
A. M. P. M.	Leave	Arrive P. M. P. M.
9 50 2 20	East Jordan	4 30 12 05
10 02 2 40	Wards	4 13 11 40
10 08 2 45	Jordan River	4 19 11 35
10 11 2 50	Graves' Camp	4 01 11 25
10 20 3 10	Green River	3 55 11 10
10 50 3 42	Alba	3 42 10 40
11 35 4 00	DeWard	3 30 7 45
12 05 6 00	Frederic	2 00 7 00

CLARE HAIRE,
General Manager.

Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R.

In Effect June 25, 1905.

Trains Depart from Petoskey:

Southbound--9:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m., except Sunday; 3:25 p. m., 6:35 p. m., daily; 11:25 p. m., daily, except Saturday.

Northbound--6:25 a. m., 9:30 a. m., daily; 8:15 a. m., 2:55 p. m., 8:15 p. m., daily, except Sunday.

Trains Depart from Alba:

Southbound--10:44 a. m., 6:41 p. m., 12:50 a. m., daily, except Sunday.

Northbound--7:02 a. m., 1:38 p. m., 7:10 p. m., daily, except Sunday.

M. F. Quaintance C. L. Lockwood
Ag't Petoskey, Mich. G. R. T. A.

RANCH FOOD FOR STOCK

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

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

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

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

For sale by **STROEBEL BROS.,** East Jordan.

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.

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.

EARN \$10,000 A YEAR. WHY NOT?

THE International Correspondence Schools

WILL START YOU. MICH. ENROLLMENT OFFICE AT TRAVERSE CITY.

ASK AGENT TO CALL.

NERVOUS DEBILITY CURED

Excesses and indiscretions are the cause of more sorrow and suffering than all other diseases combined. We see the victims of vicious habits on every hand; the sallow, pinched face, dark circled eyes, stooping form, stunted development, bashful, melancholic countenance and timid bearing proclaim to all the world his folly and tend to blight his existence. Our treatment positively cures all weakness by overcoming and removing the effects of former indiscretions, and excesses. It stops all losses and drains and quickly restores the patient to what nature intended--a healthy and happy man with physical, mental and nerve powers complete.

For over 25 years Drs. K. & K. have treated with the greatest success all diseases of men and women. If you have any secret disease that is a worry and a nuisance to your health consult our established physicians who do not have to experiment on you.

We guarantee to cure Nervous Debility, Blood Diseases, Stricture, Varicocele, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Consultation Free. If unable to call, write for a Question Blank for Home Treatment.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, 148 Shelby Street, Detroit, Mich.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Passed Stone and Gravel With Excruciating Pains

A. H. Thurnes, Mgr. Wills Creek Coal Co., Buffalo, O., writes: "I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years, passing gravel or stones with excruciating pains. Other medicines only gave relief. After taking FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE the result was surprising. A few doses started the brick dust, like fine stones, etc., and now I have no pain across my kidneys and I feel like a new man. FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE has done me \$1,000 worth of good."

No Other Remedy Can Compare With It

Thos. W. Carter, of Ashboro, N. C., had Kidney Trouble and one bottle of FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE effected a perfect cure, and he says there is no remedy that will compare with it.