

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 10

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1906.

No 13

Republican Nominations.

Saturday's Caucus a Harmonious Affair.

The Republicans of South Arm Township assembled last Saturday afternoon and placed in nomination their candidates for spring election. As there is no opposition the nominations are almost equivalent to an election. Chairman of the Township Committee J. H. Milford called the meeting to order, appointed the necessary officers and then the caucus proceeded to nominations by the regular primary ballot. The total number of votes cast was 249. Following were the officers nominated:

For Supervisor, Jacob H. Graff, 214.
For Clerk, Wm. A. Pickard, 222.
For Treasurer, Richard F. Steffes, 209.
For Highway Com'r, Josiah St. John, 160.
For Justice of the Peace, H. I. McMillan, 193.

For School Inspector, Charles A. Hudson, 204.
For Member Board of Review, Jacob E. Chew, 108.

For Constable, Wm. Johnson, 156.
For Constable, John Howell, 133.
The Township Committee elected for the coming year are, J. H. Milford 181, John Shapton 162, C. H. Whittington 161.

All above nominees have the hearty support of the Republicans of this township and will receive handsome majorities at Monday's election. Supervisor Graff has served the interests of our township well and is entitled to a good majority. He has represented our Township for the past three years and his record speaks for itself. At the October meeting of the Board he saved this Township \$500 by prevailing upon that body to allow above amount toward re-building the Dufere bridge. As a mark of the esteem which the Supervisor Board held for Mr. Graff they re-elected him Chairman of this body at the last regular meet. This is the kind of a man whom we want to represent our interests at the County seat.

One of the most untrue statements made by the Anti-Graff newspaper is that Mr. Graff was opposed to the audit of the county books and for fear there might be a few who are inclined to believe this story we wish to set them right. At the October session the Committee on Ways and Means submitted resolutions asking that they be given authority to employ an expert accountant to audit the county books at a cost NOT TO EXCEED \$500. Several members of the Board were opposed to the last clause, believing that if the books were to be audited it should be done thoroughly and when it came to a motion, Messrs. Bailey, Smith, Nelson and Graff voted against the measure. The Committee were then prevailed upon to strike out this clause and have a thorough audit and the resolution was unanimously adopted as amended.

Come out to the polls Monday and vote for the Republican ticket, vote "yes" on the amendment, and register your party affiliation with the registering clerk.

The April Delineator.

To the woman of fashion the April Delineator will be more than welcome, for it contains an array of attractive garments that will enable her to select and develop in her own home everything necessary for any occasion. Apart from matters of style, there are two stories by well-known writers: "The Flight of Jim Charles," by Albert Bigelow Paine, and "The Stolen Speech," by Joseph A. Altshuler. In the latter, love and politics are equally blended, and the hero not only wins the passage of the school bill for which he is fighting, but the girl who spurs him on. A new series that is sure to please many is "Famous American Songs," and in this number of the magazine the author, Gustav Kobbe, tells of that song of the home-sick, "Old Folks at Home." An American lady's housekeeping experiences in Morocco—the Land of the Brigands—will prove interesting reading, but it is doubtful if many will care to transport themselves and their families to that lawless country. "Purtia," the noble heroine of Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," is the subject of a clever sketch by Dorothy Donnelly, based on her own impersona-

tion of the character. To the many good things usually provided for the children, two exceptionally bright stories have been added; and for the busy woman in the home everything pertaining to the inner working of the household is touched on in the various departments.

Reform Caucus a Fizzle.

A Reform Township Caucus, held at the Town Hall Tuesday afternoon to nominate a full township ticket, resulted in the gentlemen engineering that caucus backing down and not nominating a single candidate for office. After the caucus a gentleman was heard to remark—"This is the d-d-d caucus that was ever held in South Arm Township," and he had it right. Why the Caucus was called we don't know but surmise it was merely the work of one gentleman who has a personal spite against the Republican candidate for Supervisor. It certainly had the earmarks of a one-man caucus as every motion made—from election of Chairman to adjournment—were made by one party.

The Battle Ground of Modern Thought.

The Chicago Record-Herald has conceived the unique idea of assigning a page of its Sunday edition to the public for the free discussion of important questions of the day. Under the head "The Battle Ground of Modern Thought," an opportunity is offered to the public for the same discussion of all problems engaging the attention of the American people. Writers of ability present their views on subjects not generally treated in the daily press, and Record-Herald readers generally are invited to join the debate. The fairest, most forceful and original contributions are published. The following are a few of the subjects which have been discussed since this department was first established:

"Is Blacklisting Within the Law?"
"Trusts and the Proper Way to Regulate Them."
"Great Peril That Besets Pagan China."

"Liquor Trade and Its Evil Consequences."
"Are Free Books Wanted in Public Schools?"

"Inhumanity to Animals."
"New Struggles for the Negro."
The Record-Herald disclaims any responsibility for the dogmas upheld, the theories advanced or the panaceas advocated. It reserves the right only to preserve order, to keep out personalities and rancor and to see that good temper and candor characterize the discussions.

EVELINE.

Arthur and Will Gaunt are both ill. Miss Lottie Coslow and Will Jacquays spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Coslow.

Laverne Tillison was out Sunday to church for the first time since he cut his foot so badly.

Miss Alice Holt spent Sunday with Henry Crowell's.

Mrs. Washburn has returned to her parents in Evelline; she has been away attending her sick sister.

Herschel Staley has returned home with his parents, David Staley's.

Ephraim Tuttle purchased a cow from Benj. Healy, Monday.

Westley Staley spent a couple of days with Fred Crowell last week.

Miss Anna Gaunt is working at Dr. Sweet's in East Jordan at present.

Miss Florence McKee and a couple of her friends called on David Gaunt's and Benj. Healy's Sunday last.

Mr. Ferril of East Jordan preached at the Three Bells school house last Sunday; a very large attendance was present.

Mackerel and Holland Herring at E. A. Lewis'.

Mack, the Jeweler, will buy your old Gold and Silver.

A dose of Pine-ules at bed time will usually relieve headache, before morning. These beautiful little globules are soft gelatine coated and when moistened and placed in the mouth you can't keep from swallowing them. Pine-ules contain neither sugar nor alcohol—just gums and resins obtained from our own native pine forests, combined with other well known bladder, kidney, blood and headache remedies. Sold by Warner's Pharmacy.

Fashions in New York.

A great wave of white is pouring through all high class establishments, overwhelming every department from parlors and hats to hosiery and shoes.

Morning frocks, strictly tailor made, are shown in pique, linen, and in serge. They are made in shirt-waist style, on naval lines, and in short coat suits.

All the morning frocks shown in the smart shops are on simple lines. Some introduce Hedeto and eyelet work; others again are absolutely plain, rows of stitched straps and tiny linen-covered buttons being their sole trimming. The skirts of these suits, clear the ground, and the coats end generally at the waist-line. Most of the coats are square cut in the new and popular style called the "pony" coat; others follow the becoming Eton-bolero effect, plain or laid in plaits that open at the bottom. Morning frocks, quite suitable for informal afternoon wear, show more elaborate trimming, but the same simple lines.

The newest designs in nets and organdies are so tempting that one can scarcely pass them by. The blurred effects of last season are still with us, changed, however, in their coloring.

Instead of a confused mélange of flower and leaf tints, the new color scheme is confined to misty tones of a single color. The newest of these printed cottons show cross-bars of gleaming satin, adding both beauty and body to the airy gown. Another new idea in dress textiles is a combination of silk mesh grenadine stripes and medallions of flowered mail. New piece goods from St. Gall show small designs wrought in raised cotton embroidery in white or in self-color.

The most distinctive shape in hats this season is the new sailor with its flat, inch-high crown, and tilted on the left by a bandeau. The tilt is decidedly French, but the cachepeige beneath is much lower than in the Winter hats. The sailor hat is seen in straw, but as yet this shape shows itself mainly in hats of lingerie and of embroidered linen.—Helen Berkeley Lloyd, in the April Delineator.

The tar—that is contained in Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar is harmless. It is not coal tar, but it is obtained from the pine trees of our own native forests. Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar is the best remedy for colds because it acts on the bowels—thus expelling all colds from the system. Bee's is the original Laxative Honey and Tar, and is best for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, lung and bronchial affections. Sold by Warner's Pharmacy.

THE OLD RELIABLE

Royal

BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The greatest of modern-time helps to perfect cooking

Used in the best families the world over

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

\$1 COLLECTION OF VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SEEDS FREE

The details of our liberal offer of \$1.00 worth of prize winning Vegetable and Flower Seeds Free to our 1906 customers are given in our new catalogue, the finest and most complete we have ever issued, which is now ready to mail. This is only one of many Premium and Prize Offers we are making, at a cost of thousands of dollars, to advertise "Sterling Seeds." Write for FREE CATALOGUE OF SEEDS for the FARM, VEGETABLE AND FLOWER GARDEN AND LAWN, and read all about the liberal free offers.

Women Should Read Page 4 of Free Seed Catalogue

"Sterling Seeds" for Garden, Farm and Lawn are the finest that time and skill has produced—the best that money can buy. They produce the prettiest flowers, the choicest vegetables and the money making grain crops. Northrup, King & Co. are the leading seedsmen of the Northwest. The vitality, productivity and high quality of "Sterling Seeds" has been proven by twenty-two years of test, under every condition of climate and soil. Among our famous specialties—"Prep 'o' Day" Sweet Corn, the new sensational early variety that captures the market last year. No matter what kind of seeds you need, we have them. And remember this: Sterling Seeds are GUARANTEED OF SATISFACTORY PURITY AND GERMINATION.

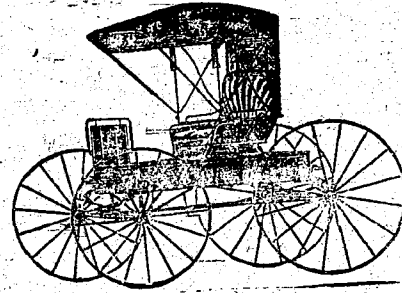
Grain Growers' Million Dollar Contest

Northrup, King & Co. were selected by the Orange Judd Co., Chicago, to distribute Red Fire Wheat and the Myrick Oats in their colossal "MILLION DOLLAR GRAIN GROWERS' CONTEST." For Catalogue and details of this gigantic undertaking, its many benefits and for SPECIAL PRIZES on RED FIRE WHEAT AND MYRICK OATS, Prof. Shaw's selection over ALL American Grains, address just like this: NORTHROP, KING & CO., 169 Northrup-King Building Minneapolis, Minn.

Harness Harness

We have them and at the right prices. Call and see us before purchasing elsewhere. A good supply always on hand.

BUGGIES WAGONS FARM TRUCKS.



Prices to suit everybody and our goods are right. We buy in carload lots and are in a position to name prices that will sell the goods and we aim to suit our customers in regard to terms, etc.

Come and look over our stock.

Supernaw Bros.

WHEN YOU WANT

Fresh Groceries and Meats

—Go To—

G. L. SHERMAN & SON'S Central Market.

We carry perhaps the most complete line of Breakfast Foods in the city. Try our CREAM CRISP—the latest and best.

ANONA TEA—Just Received. Best 50c Tea on the market. A handsome piece of china given free with each pound.

OYSTERS—Received fresh twice a week. Salt Trout, Mackerel, Cod, Holland Herring.

FRESH MEATS—Everything in this line that you could desire at lowest market price.

FRED E. BOOSINGER

Have You Seen It?

If not, look on the back cover of the Ladies' Home Journal. We are agents for the sale of this celebrated

Gold Medal Washburn Crosby Flour

One-eighth sacks 75c; one-quarter sacks \$1.50. Special prices in barrel quantities.

Other Specialties In Our Grocery Department:

Mammoth Queen Olives, 35c.

Nabiscoes, assorted flavors, large boxes 25c.

Genuine Extra Arab Chop Tea, 50c.

Lipton's Ceylon Black Tea, 30c can.

White House Coffee, 35c can.

Jellycan, assorted flavors, 10c.

Genuine Columbia Red Salmon, flat cans, 20c.

Minced Sea Clams, 15c can.

Quaker Puffed Rice, 10c can.

Beech Nut brand Bacon, highest grade, 15c.

Large cans Mustard Sardines, 10c.

Wheatlet, Cream of Wheat, Ralston, and other high grade breakfast foods.

Sole agents for the celebrated Ceresota Flour,

1/4 sacks 76c; 1/2 sacks \$1.50.

All goods promptly delivered.

Quality First of All, Our Motto.

FRED E. BOOSINGER

(Successor to Boosinger Bros.)

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

A Model Love Letter.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," is an old saying, but nothing was said about the girl in the case. One of East Jordan's young men recently received the following fervid epistle which might give "Juliet" a few pointers on the art of making love. Here it is:

MY OWN DEAREST-DARLING
SWEETHEART.

I love you so & miss you so that I can never wait until you come home. I'd give my life to see you tonight & feel your arms around me & have you kiss me as you did B4 you left me. You are the Sun Shine of my life. I could never live if you ceased to love me oh my honey peach blossom do come home. I dream every night you are with me. I count the days & hours the days seem like weeks & the hours like days. Darling, honey, lover angel, sweetheart, pet dearie please come back and never leave me again. Write to me real soon love & do be careful of your dear self. I love you oh so dearly. My pen just hollered mush so I guess I'll quit B4 I say something soft.

YOUR OWN FOREVER,
FRATERNALLY, INTERNALLY, &
EXTERNALLY.

School Notes.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Vacation.

Nell Camp was absent Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Jameson visited the high school Monday.

Ray Clink and Oral Misenar were high school visitors Tuesday.

In the spelling match at the high school Wednesday night between the Freshmen and Bennett's school, our ninth graders won, Mae Phillips being the last one on the floor. After the contest there was a box social at which they netted \$7.25.

The debating class on the following— "Resolved that Michigan Should Enact a Capital Punishment Law." Affirmative: Margaret Hoyt, Nell Camp, Clio McKee, Harold Turner, Mae Stewart. Negative: Mildred Gilbert, Wilbur Matthews, Nell Mad-daugh, Eva Mackey and Howard Porter. The class meets with Margaret Hoyt next Tuesday night.

April 10th the debating class will give an entertainment. The proceeds to help pay the expenses of the class when they go to Traverse City to hold a joint debate with the Traverse City High School class, April 13th. The subject of the debate will be, "Resolved, that the Hepburn-Dolliver Rate Bill is a wise and just measure and should become a law." Our class will take the negative.

SIXTH and SEVENTH.

We are just beginning work in our new music book.

Mesdames Jepson, Whittington and McHale called on us Wednesday.

George Jepson presented us with a fine map of the World and United States.

Mary DeWitt has returned to school after an absence on account of illness.

FIFTH GRADE.

Lawrence Lemieux is back in school after a month's absence on account of sickness.

Mesdames Nachazel called on us Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jameson visited us last Wednesday afternoon.

We are very much interested in our new music books.

Stella Baldwin visited us Wednesday afternoon.

Pearl Lanway is with us again.

Merle Crowell was absent this week on account of illness.

Blind Man Who Tells the Time.

Charles Bobmann of Taylorville is totally blind. Light and darkness are the same to him, but he makes his certain way about the streets with the aid of a cane and sometimes puts to shame men possessed of two good optics. The other day Charlie visited the county jail. After talking awhile he pulled out his watch, an ordinary gold timepiece with a double case, held it in his hands a moment in the usual way and then snapped it shut, with a sigh of relief.

"Well, it's time for me to start home," he remarked.

"What time is it, Charlie?" he was asked quizzically.

"One minute to 3," was the prompt response.

Every watch in the crowd except Charlie's came into view. It required longer for the men with good eyes to verify Charlie's observation than it did for him to ascertain the time, but he was declared correct almost to the second.

"Goodby!" And he was off without waiting to hear the discussion his feat had precipitated. — Louisville Courier.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Dr. Peck Obeyed the Law.

The late Rev. Dr. J. C. Peck, so well known in the Methodist church, was an admirer of consistency. When preparing for college he attended a co-educational school, the old Newbury seminary in Vermont, where very strict rules were laid down to regulate the association of the sexes.

One morning as he reached the entrance to the campus a young lady also arrived from the opposite direction, and at the same moment a drenching shower began. Young Peck had an umbrella, but the lady had none, so he gallantly held his over her head until he left her at the ladies' entrance to the chapel.

Being called to account for this, Peck replied: "No wrong was intended, but I could not see the lady get wet when I could prevent it. Neither did I wish to get drenched myself, so saw no other way but to share my umbrella with her."

"But," remonstrated the grave professor, "do you not know, Mr. Peck,



THEY WALKED TEN FEET APART.

that ladies and gentlemen while students at this seminary are not allowed to walk together without permission from some member of the faculty?"

"I do, sir. But allow me to ask if a lady and gentlemen thus chance to meet on their way to the seminary how far apart they must walk not to infringe upon this rule?"

"Really—ahem!—I should say ten feet at the least."

An exchange of notes between Mr. Peck and the young lady caused the two to reach the campus entrance the following morning at the same moment, and Peck was carrying in his hand a ten foot pole. Politely handing one end of the pole to her, he carried the other, and thus they went to chapel. — Boston Herald.

We are moving lots of

Shoes

These days and the beauty of moving is that

Every Shoe Gives Satisfaction.

Our customers know that our guarantee is as good as a bond. They know when we have told them about a pair of Shoes they can rely on our word.

Do you buy your Shoes of us? You ought to—your

friends do. We want your trade—you want the Best Shoes. Let's get acquainted. It will be pleasant and profitable to all.

Yours to please,

C. A. HUDSON

EXCLUSIVE
SHOE DEALER.

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

EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY.

Carpets, Rugs, Mattings, Linoleums, Woodoleums.

Carpets In Carpets we have all grades and a great variety of beautiful figures, and at prices— **30c to 75c per yard.**

Rugs: In these days Rugs are very popular, and taking the place of carpets in the finest appointed homes. We have an elegant stock to select from and invite your inspection.—

Brussels Rugs, 9 ft. by 12 ft. \$20.00
Axminster Rugs, \$30.00
Velvet Rugs, 25.00 to 28.00
Fine Ingrain Rugs.

Mattings We also have a Fine Line of Mattings, excellent values, **15c to 30c per yard.**

Paper to lay under Carpets, 2c per yard.

Call and see our Stock of Floor Stains.

Special---Ladies' Skirts

At One-Fourth Off Price.

We are Sole Agents for the

White Sewing Machine

Any one wishing to purchase a Machine would do well to come and

Try a "WHITE"

They are the standard machine, and while perhaps they are not known here as much as some other machines, they have been made for 50 years, and every machine is fully guaranteed.



EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Iron-Ox Tablets

Chronic Constipation Can be Cured.

Don't be deceived. A purging medicine is not a cure for constipation. There are hundreds of purgatives on the market, but only one unailing remedy that positively cures constipation. Iron-Ox Tablets are different from any laxative medicine that you know about. Some cathartics and purging medicines seem to give relief, but their good effects are soon over, leaving the bowels weaker than before, so that it is necessary to increase the dose from time to time. After a time these harsh medicines fail to have any effect whatever. Iron-Ox Tablets not only give quick relief, but effect a sure, permanent cure, bringing blessed relief from the miseries of chronic constipation. Mrs. Oscar Davis, 4454 East Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, says: "I have been a sufferer from chronic constipation for about ten years, and have tried everything you could think of and spent a great deal of money, but the medicines would do me good just as long as I took them. Iron-Ox is the greatest medicine ever put up for constipation." Fifty Iron-Ox Tablets in a handy aluminum box for 25c at your druggist's, or from The Iron-Ox Remedy Company, Detroit, Mich.

For Sale and Recommended by WARNE'S PHARMACY.

We would Call Your Special Attention

To Our Fine Line of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods

A Fine Assortment of

Laces and Embroideries

Ladies' Shirt Waists

and Dress Goods.

Our Men's, Ladies', Boys', Misses' and Children's SHOE STOCK is the best we have ever had.

Our Men's and Boys' line of HATS and CAPS you will have to see in order to appreciate the exceptional fine line we carry.

The above mentioned goods are all just in and the best of their kind.

BOSTON STORE
A. Danto, Prop'r.

Some Points About A Grocery Stock.

Many people think that "groceries are groceries," and that it makes no difference where they buy. It's not so. The man who keeps his grocery stock neat and fresh is the man who deserves your patronage. Such are the kind of Groceries we aim to keep at this store including STAPLES, CANNED GOODS, PROVISIONS, FRUITS and VEGETABLES in season. We buy in small quantities and thus keep everything fresh. Prompt delivery and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our MEATS are Always Fresh.

BOWEN & KENNY.

Telephone No. 61.

The season is now open for Buying Seed

And we are ready with the best

Clover, Timothy, and All Kinds of Field and Garden Seeds.

We handle Ferry's Seeds and they are known everywhere as the best. You can be sure of the quality when you buy of us.

C. A. HUDSON W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

WANTED: District Managers to post signs, advertise and distribute samples. Salary \$18.00 weekly, \$3.00 per day for expenses. State age and present employment. IDEAL SHEAR Co., 39 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill. 3-17.

The new Laxative that does not gripe or nauseate. Pleasant to take.

ORINDO
Laxative Fruit Syrup
Cures Stomach and Liver trouble and Chronic Constipation.

MAGAZINE SECTION

Charlevoix COUNTY Herald.

RESCUED THE ALAMO.

**FAMOUS TEXAN STRONGHOLD
SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION
BY A WOMAN.**

Miss Clara Driscoll Prevents Catastrophe—Alamo Was the Scene of the Most Terrific Fight of Early Days of Texas.

Through the command of a considerable sum of money a Texas woman has been enabled to save to her native state and to the United States one of the most noted relics of Texan and Mexican War times. The historical Alamo, an old fort, originally a monastery, and the scene of one of the most thrilling incidents of the Mexican War, was about to be sold, and the ground utilized in the erection of a modern hotel.

The lesson taught by the handful of Americans who held the Alamo rather than surrender, appealed so strongly to Miss Clara Driscoll, a successful author of magazine stories, that she made an offer of sixty thousand dollars for the property and it was accepted. In speaking of this purchase Miss Driscoll said that if the Alamo, a monument to the heroism of Texan soldiers, had been destroyed it would have made it impossible for her to live in the state, devoted as she is to it. Almost immediately after the historical fort came into her hands the people of Texas woke up to the situation. A bill, passed by the state legislature authorizing the purchase of the property from her and at the same time appointing her honorary custodian of the Alamo.

For some time Miss Driscoll has been writing short stories concerning Texas, and Mexico life, her first book



MISS CLARA DRISCOLL.
WHOSE ENERGY AND MONEY HAVE SAVED THE ALAMO.

"The Girl of La Gloria" being placed on the market within the past year.

A Mexican Opera.

Partly on account of her intense interest in the Texas country and its people and partly because this is a subject heretofore untouched in either literature or drama she conceived the idea of writing an opera in which there should be only Mexican scenes and characters.

Through the co-operation of men well versed in methods of producing operas, the whole story was put into shape. Miss Driscoll had collected a number of Mexican songs and dances and folk lore music, all of the greatest value in the arrangement of a suitable musical setting. Inspired by these the musical composer of the opera was enabled to gain the best results so that the actual character of the music as well as the costumes and scenery makes the play typically American.

The first night "Mexicana" was produced one of the principals, a woman, carried out the time-honored association of señoritas, sombreros and cigarettas by appearing on the stage smoking one of these tiny rolls. Miss Driscoll immediately sought the stage manager and remonstrated stating that the better class of Mexican women do not smoke, contrary to the general impression that all women in tropical countries indulge in the habit; thereafter this seemingly necessary adjunct was removed from the opera.

Miss Driscoll has traveled extensively visiting almost every country on the globe. When the Spanish-American War broke out she was in Spain and while most of her American associates made haste to leave, as a matter of safety, she stayed for six months longer, assuming a Spanish name and living as a Spanish woman. That this was possible for her to accomplish is due to her brunette complexion, her black hair and her brilliant black eyes. She might easily pass as a daughter of any one of the Latin countries.

The history of the Alamo is one which must fire the imagination and patriotism of every son and daughter

of liberty. Already famous were the pioneer scouts and warriors who entrenched themselves in that redoubt, and yet more, famous and glorious became their memory after the sanguinary and unequal fight. Men were they, heroes and intrepid characters, surrounded by a vast horde of savage Mexicans, with many an old score to settle; yet not one thought of surrender apparently entered their souls. The last of them was killed by Mexican bullets; but not until they had made a fearful accounting among the swarming hosts of the enemy. The tragic story of the Alamo will go down in history as one of the greatest of battles, and Texas and the Nation owe a lasting debt of gratitude to the woman who has saved its crumbling walls and masonry.

Will See Snakes.

Serpent rings, brooches, bangles and necklaces are to be the fashion in the big cities this season, dealers having already received many orders for jewelry of a "snaky" description.

One lady is having made a belt in the form of a gold rattlesnake and at a recent New York ball one of the guests wore a coronet composed of jeweled snakes.

It is intimated that the new fashion will develop and that ladies will study the art of snake charming, deserting their toy dogs for pet reptiles.

Plan For Salvation of Louisville.

Some days ago the postmaster at Louisville, Kentucky, received a communication from a man in Rutland, Vermont, who, having learned, he said, of the wickedness in Louisville, and desiring to do missionary work there, wanted a list of the unsaved men and women of that town. Postmaster Baker, it is stated, forwarded a city di-

OLD CLERKS REDUCED.

**BLOW ABOUT TO FALL UPON
VETERAN MEN OF THE GOV-
ERNMENT DEPARTMENTS.**

Congress Preparing to Cut Salaries and Discharge Older Employees Who Have Spent Best Years of Life in Serving Uncle Sam.

The blow, which the older government clerks at Washington have for sometime feared, is about to fall, and if the House of Representatives follows its apparent intention, the clerks of 65 years old and over, will have their pay cut from 25 to 50 percent.

The investigation carried on by the Appropriation Committee, shows that over \$2,000,000 is annually paid to clerks over 65 years of age, and that if the plan proposed is carried out, over 75 percent of these will be reduced. This will mean that many faithful employees of the government, who have grown old in the service of their country, will suddenly find their incomes cut nearly in half.

It is often stated that the average government job is an easy one, with short hours and good pay, so that there is something of a disinclination throughout the country to feel or express much sympathy for the government clerk who is reduced, or perchance, dismissed for any reason. As a matter of fact, however, these positions in Washington, are most trying and unprofitable (unless we except a few cases, in which the work is technical, with the possibility of leading to better things outside in the commercial world), and after a few years of service, leave the incumbent without the capability of making his way in business, if suddenly thrown upon his own resources.

Most of the government bureaus are large offices, where a clerk may be engaged for years in a single line of work, his knowledge and experience, although narrow and circumscribed, thus becoming valuable to the government. In the meantime his salary has been barely commensurate with his living expenses, and although some of the government employees, with thrifty wives may have been able to buy a modest home, the proportion of these is not large.

Then, after twenty years of confining and uninspiring labor, comes his discharge, and he finds himself completely out of touch with all former business knowledge and relations, unable to earn as much in a new line of life as could his recently graduated son. This would mean that the man who has entered government service in middle life, and through meritorious effort and faithful endeavor has worked up to a salary of \$1600 or \$1800, would in his ripe years and experience, be thrown out on the world, like an old horse, who has served his master faithfully but has lost the vigorous step and stylish action of a younger animal. Had this man been connected with a big commercial house for those twenty years, his business associates would delight to honor him with the increased salary due to his experience and wisdom, which had done so much toward building up the structure of their worldly interests.

The sentiment has been freely expressed upon the floor of the House, however, that it is not believed that a majority of its members will favor any drastic measure of cutting down the income of faithful clerks. One plan discussed by the House Committee, embraces a provision that when any employee shall have reached the age of 70 years, he shall be immediately dismissed.

While \$1,000 might appear to be a reasonable living in the smaller towns, in Washington, where expenses are so heavy, it is a small sum for a man of family. Old and honored government employees, from the administration of Washington down, have resigned or died in the nation's service, but Congress in its wisdom, in these days of unwonted national prosperity, seems to be pursuing extraordinary methods to increase the efficiency of the service and to reduce the federal expenditures.

Anent the subject, the Washington Post says: "What a kind and beneficent government it would be that would cut a faithful servant, who had served it for years, and who is as efficient a clerk now as he was ten years ago, because he has reached the age of sixty-five! What an inducement to faithful service! What a splendid example of the 'merit system.' But it probably serves a man right for reaching the age of sixty-five, and being still vigorous and faithful and capable in the public service."

The speaker of the House, the honorable Joseph G. Cannon, who will be seventy years old on the 7th of May next, should see to it that his friends on the Appropriation Committee take a back track on this Oslertish proposition. If the provision should not be stricken out in the House the twenty-six Senators who are over sixty-five, and the three others who will be sixty-five before this year is out ought to be able to give it a quietus in the Senate.

Various are the reasons given for the placing of the two buttons on the back of a man's coat. One is that they are a survival of buttons which were used on the eighteenth century riding coat. The coat tails were thus buttoned up when the rider was on horseback.

Tallest Skyscraper Yet.

It is announced that the Singer Manufacturing company has filed plans for a structure which will be higher than any existing New York city skyscraper

or by from 200 to 300 feet, and will be about 40 feet higher than the Washington monument. It is to be built at the north-west corner of Broadway and Liberty street, with a tower of 40 stories, which will rise to the height of 694 feet. The tower will be 65 feet square for 36 stories, and will be surmounted by a dome containing four additional stories, above which will be a



TIMES BUILDING.
The Highest Structure in New York.
cupola and—if that isn't high enough—a flagstaff.
The highest building in New York today is the Times Building, including the three stories which are below New York's pavement.

Restore Life After Death.

Claim That Victims of Electric Chair Can Be Brought Back to Life.

To be able to restore life after electrocution is the claim of J. M. Berger, an expert electrician, who states that by his method a person electrocuted at one of our prisons, and pronounced dead by the attending physicians, may be restored to life. His only requirements are that he be allowed to take the body within fifteen minutes after life is pronounced extinct and that the brains be not baked or the lungs carbonated.

Mr. Berger states that he, himself, received more volts than are supposed to be necessary to kill a man and that he knows of cases where as high as 3000 and 4000 volts have gone through men's bodies and they have been restored to life and health.

He cites as an illustration, the case of Joseph Averell, a Baltimore line-man, who was caught in an alternating current of 3000 voltage and thrown from a pole to the middle of the street. He was removed at once to the city hospital and emergency treatment was quickly applied. Both of his hands were burned to a crisp and his skull was almost fractured by the fall to the street, but he recovered.

Mr. Berger's method is very simple and one that he claims may be followed by any person who is cool-headed and not likely to become excited. He lays the victim of electrocution on his back with a rolled coat or blanket under his shoulders so that the head is allowed to fall backward. The operator should kneel behind the head of the patient, facing him, grasp the elbows and draw them well over the head, so as to bring them almost together above and hold them there for two or three seconds. He should then carry the elbows down to the sides and front of the chest, firmly compressing it by throwing his weight upon the elbows.

After two or three seconds, the arms should be carried above the head and the same manoeuvres should be repeated at the rate of fifteen or sixteen times a minute. The operators must remember that the manipulation must be conducted with methodical deliberation, just as described, and never hurriedly or half heartedly. In addition to this, the tongue must be drawn out to free the throat. A cloth should be used in holding the tongue so it will not slip. It must be drawn out when the arms are held above the head and allowed to recede when the chest is compressed.

In the seventeenth century button holes were a matter of ornament more than of use. They were carefully cut, and "laid around" with gay colors, embroidered with silver and gold thread, bound with kid and velvet.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century breeches were worn skin tight. A gentleman ordering a pair is said to have told his tailor—"If I can get into them I won't pay for them."

The English, Irish and Scotch ship-builders last year built a tonnage of new ships of 1,744,402 tons, or double the entire American ocean tonnage.

ON THE OKLAWAHA.

MOST PICTURESQUE OF AMERICAN RIVERS—PALMS AND ORANGE GROVES.

Further Descriptions of a Delightful Trip From St. Augustine Through The Lake Region of Florida—Hanging Spanish Moss.

A word more before I leave the beautiful city of St. Augustine in Sunny Florida, although the whole of our visit was not made as a matter of fact in sunshine. We went into the old Cathedral with its three bells "all in a row," and one smaller bell hanging above, one of these being the oldest bell in the United States. We also visited three of the principal churches in the city—the pretty Episcopal, the unique Methodist, and the beautiful Presbyterian church, the last a memorial built by Mr. Flagler for his only daughter, Fort Marion, one of the sights of St. Augustine is an old Spanish fort, deserted, but kept in repair for visitors. We climbed the famous stairway to the ramparts where the view of bay, harbor, town and ocean is so fine. I stood in the sentinel towers, on the four corners of the Fort and almost imagined I could see the enemy approaching.

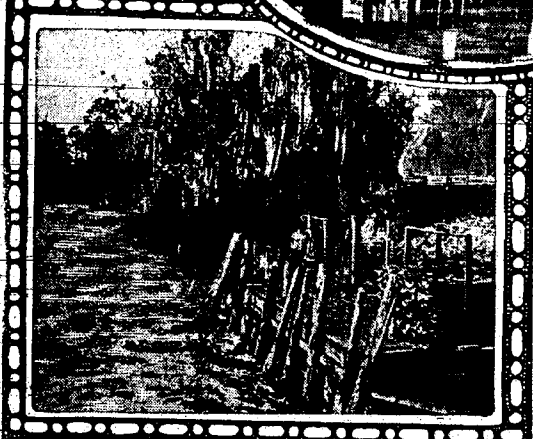
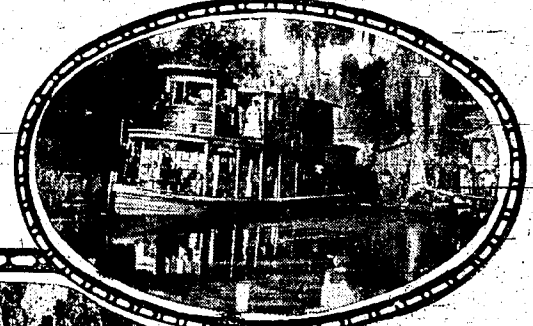
To me the quaint old streets of the town where most fascinating, there are no sidewalks, and one has to hug the walls in order not to be run over; second story verandas are not uncommon and one can easily shake hands with his neighbor on the opposite veranda or balcony. One of the very oldest houses is built of cochlear—a natural shell conglomerate, and has a gable roof covered with moss, from which has sprung a growth of bright green, ten inches high.

At night it is an interesting sight to saunter through these narrow picturesque streets, lined on each side with shops, where the curiosity seeker could find alligators stuffed in every size, from the little ones, just coming out of their shells, to the great big fellows that made you shudder, they looked so life-like. Hundreds of pretty things in palmetto, shells, etc. were also exhibited. All of this we saw in the rain and mist—some of the time under an umbrella, at other times too interested to remember that it rained.

Deep Blue Skies.

On the last day which we spent in St. Augustine, the sun came out, the air was warm and balmy, the sky azure blue without a cloud, and I had my heart's desire of seeing St. Augustine bathed in winter sun shine. Carriages were being driven everywhere, sidewalks were crowded, the hotel courts and the plaza, and even the hotels themselves looked so beautiful I wished it might be a part of it all for a month. We sat in the Casino, watching the bathers in the large marble swimming pool, and listening to the music by the Marine Band. The scene was gay with flags and banners of all nations while the crowd kept coming and going like a kaleidoscope picture. After dinner we

The Steamer "Osceola" Loading Some Oranges on the Oklawaha.

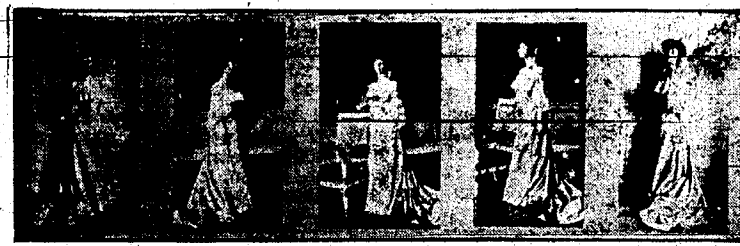


A Picturesque Landing Point of the Oklawaha Trip.

took the little ferry boat across the bay to Anastasia Island and then the cars to the Highhouse and South Beach, where we sat on the sand watching the Atlantic waves as they rolled up on

weird melodies, and it hardly seemed as if we were living in this twentieth century. At one o'clock in the morning we passed through the narrowest part

(Continued on next page.)



THE NATION'S BRIDE.
Latest Copyrighted Imperial Size Portraits of the President's Daughter, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth (nee Alice Roosevelt).
A Magnificent Souvenir of the Greatest of White House Weddings.
Published by authority of Miss Roosevelt.
These exclusive photographs have been reproduced in copper engravings and printed in sepia on special tinted paper, suitable for framing.
Arranged in large panels as shown in accompanying illustrations.
5 poses in Ball Dress, size 12 x 8 1/2 inches.
5 poses in Street Dress, size 12 x 8 1/2 inches.
Now selling in New York City for \$4.00 each. Our special offer (edition limited).
Either panel 25c., or both panels 40c., postage prepaid.
Address: NATIONAL PHOTO-SOUVENIR CO.,
Lock Box 61, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Law of the Frontier

From "Grapic" BY ARTHUR APPLIN

CHAPTER II.

John Ogden turned his head; the muzzle of a Winchester carbine was within an inch of his neck, and the Sheriff's cruel eyes were behind it. Ogden felt numb and nerveless. In a flash he saw the significance of the words; he was as a bird within striking distance of a rattlesnake.

"Walk out of this," said the Sheriff. Ogden turned to the door, meeting the eager faces of a crowd of people who had heard the shot. The sheriff beckoned to two men.

"Take him to the casa, boys, and stay by him."

The promptness of action and lack of official ceremony in Western trials by jury is one of the features of frontier life. At eight o'clock in the morning John Ogden had been a free man—by noon he was on trial for his life. The court-house was the largest room in the hotel, a convenient spot for the judge was the hotel proprietor. John's trial lasted exactly two hours. Sheriff Lassiter, "our worthy officer of law," as Judge Sanderbach explained to the eastern visitors assembled to enjoy the ceremony, gave his evidence with a dignity and self-restraint that was much admired. He stated briefly how when passing the post-office, he had heard the sounds of a struggle inside followed by a revolver shot, and entering had discovered the deceased in a dying condition, the prisoner standing over him, pistol in hand.

"Long before this Ogden had recovered himself.

"It is a lie," he blurted out, in response to a bland and courteous question from the judge, "a foul lie from beginning to end."

"Do you say so, now?" echoed the Sheriff's attorney, the only lawyer in town. "That, I reckon, will be most interesting news to the jury. Please tell us why?"

The cowboy gave his account of the incident, and then the lawyer passed a very pleasant and profitable half-

hour in cross-examination, during which Ogden's previous assault upon the Sheriff was introduced into the case in a manner which completely ruined any chance of acquittal he might otherwise have had. Ultimately a verdict of "guilty of murder" was given by the jury and sentence of death by hanging solemnly passed by the judge, the execution to take place at sunrise the next morning. The prisoner was then marched back to his cell—an empty shanty—the court adjourned for lunch, and those who had witnessed the trial went quietly home. Only one person felt at all uneasy. This was a Mr. Edward Clincher, the store-keeper and oldest resident in the town. The most shabbily dressed and insignificant of men in appearance, "Ed" Clincher was the richest man in the country; and his dollars had been accumulated by twenty years' hard work, endurance of much hardship, and constant danger to life and limb.

"A queer bit there," he muttered to himself as he stepped out of the hotel, blinking in the bright sunlight. "Burt is paying off scores for that pounding, wonder—well, well," shaking himself, "what does it matter to me? Hello, José Gallegos."

A hand had been laid on his arm; and a brown face, now a sickly yellow with anxiety, was eagerly peering into his.

"Oh, Señor Eduardo, me want to speak you bad. Ah, caramba! very, very bad."

The boy was mad with excitement, and Ed, a kindly man with Mexicans and especially with this one, soothed him like a child.

"There—there, little fool," he said in Spanish. "What's to do? Wait, now; don't try firing off like a pistol at half-cock. Come into the store and talk."

José yielded with a grimace, following Mr. Clincher to a capacious log and adobe building, and once inside, he poured forth in the most voluble of Spanish, a story that moved both Mr. Clincher and his wife, who listened with her husband, to exclamations of horror and indignation. It appeared that José's younger brother, Maximo, a lad of thirteen, had been cook, house-



"TEN RIFLES WERE SWUNG TO SHOULDER."

quietly. "We'll share the expense, mebby. I'll have a letter to write, which you must take to Jonathan Hame, who's Ogden's boss, and told me once Ogden would beat the band for honesty and grit. Vamos, now."

It was ten miles to Hame's ranch, but the Mexicans caught the cattleman just as he was off for a holiday in the Eastern States. By sundown he was in Clincher's store.

That evening the Clincher family supped late. They entertained a dozen guests, and it was a pleasant, sociable supper, for all the men were neighbors and friends. At the head of the table sat Clincher, the host, quiet and serene; on his right, Jonathan Hame, the largest owner of cattle in the country, a trifle absent in manner, but as undisputed as his friend; opposite was a slim, hard-featured man, Collett, the sheep king; and on his right Dan Bacon, most successful breeder of horses in New Mexico, and so the list went on. After the supper, Clincher rose quietly from his chair, and locked the door. "Friends," he said, returning to the table, "we must talk business now."

All this time Ogden was locked in the Casa awaiting his fate. With his coat rolled up for a pillow, he lay on his back gazing up through the gratings at the sky. Hope was all gone—nothing left but dreary, bitter despair. Thus thrown back upon his thoughts, his mind flew away from his present surroundings, over land and sea, five thousand miles, back to the smoky Lancashire town where he was born, and where all he loved in the world were now living. His father, his brothers, his mother—here he choked, and hot tears streamed down his cheeks unchecked. She had been a very foolish mother. John had been her first-born, and she had petted him, spoiled him, coddled him. He had repaid her as a willful young dare-devil will, by tramping upon her with careless scorn, and utterly defying any later attempts at control, yet he had loved her passionately, and for her sake had resisted many a grim temptation.

"I will write," he said aloud. "Some one will lend me a pencil and piece of paper on the way to—

Tramp, tramp, tramp. The guard was walking up and down outside. Hark! what was that? The man had cocked his rifle. Another sound—horses, a score of them at least, a challenge from the guard, a curt reply in a voice which Ogden knew; then silence followed by the sound of a key turning in the door, then—

"Out of this, boy. Come." A tall figure stood in the doorway, beckoning. "Old man—Hame," John gasped. "That's me. No word on it now. There ain't time."

John looked around. All about him were mounted men, a strange mixture—cowboys, bronco busters, and sheepherders, red-faced Texans, and swarthy Mexicans—usually the bitterest of enemies—now, for the first and only time in their lives standing shoulder to shoulder as comrades, to fight in a common cause.

"To the hotel, boys," said a voice, Ed Clincher's. "Not a sound. We have a wily steer to rope, and must work clear around him before we throw."

They wheeled, and, with John and Hame in the centre, galloped down the one road Calhoun possessed, reaching Sanderbach's hotel in a few minutes. Lights were dancing in the windows there, people running to and fro in mortal fright, for it was said that a party of cowboys mad with drink were about to shoot up the town. The scare had just begun, and before anyone could leave the place Hame, Clincher, Collett and Bacon, with a force of fifty men, were round it in an unbroken ring.

Judge Sanderbach, portly and respectable, stepped out upon the porch. Behind him on the stairway to the upper story, were pale-faced visitors. The judge, a tall, fine-looking man, asked with an injured air of dignified surprise what they wanted.

The storekeeper answered. "The Sheriff of this town, Judge."

The judge smiled. "He is not here, my friend."

"We search your house room by room, boys, Clincher spoke over his shoulder, ten of you follow me, and I needn't say, keep your guns handy."

He moved a pace nearer, and the men behind him gave their rifles a sling forward, raising a shriek of terror from the ladies on the stairs.

"Stay, sir," the judge said solemnly. "You shall answer for this to the Governor of this Territory, though I cannot resist you now."

He stepped inside a room near the door, and the men waited in grim silence. At last a tall slouching figure came slowly down the passage into the lighted hall.

"Cover him," said Clincher sharply, and ten rifles were swung to shoulder, and again the ladies shrieked. The Sheriff, however, raised his hands above his head and stood still. In a moment they had closed around him, in a few more the porch of the Sanderbach Hotel was deserted.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen of Ed Clincher's house collected a small company of men, the same who had supped there some hours earlier. Before them stood Burt Lassiter, guarded. At a table in the center of the room sat Ed Clincher, a Bible at his left hand and a big six-shooter at his right.

"Burt Lassiter," he said, rising, and taking up the Bible, "swear on this Bible to tell the truth." The prisoner advanced, and in a husky tone took the oath, touching the Bible with his lips.

"You are on trial," the storekeeper continued, "before these men who are responsible for this town in right of being the first settlers in the country, and having most stake in it."

"You have this day accused an innocent man of murder, and by means of bribery had him condemned to death. Now, answer this question, and remember you are on your oath—Who killed Ben Slade?"

The prisoner breathed hard. His flabby face was yellow and his fingers twitched, but he held his head high and smiled in Clincher's face.

"John Ogden, the man I arrested to-day."

Clincher turned his head, and made a sign to a man near the door.

"Bring in Maximo Gallegos." The Mexican boy came in, very frightened, but able to give his evidence clearly.

The prisoner laughed. "Did you ever know a greaser to tell the truth?"

"Call John Ogden."

John was cool now, and spoke shortly to the point. When asked if he had any questions, Lassiter merely shook his head. But he was not smiling now. "I'll swear against a thousand oaths. I did not—"

Clincher held up his hand.

"Drop that," he said sternly. "Give him the bullet."

A small conical pellet of lead was shown to the prisoner, who started and then tried to smile contemptuously.

"It is a rifle bullet," Clincher said very quietly. "Ogden, by your evidence, only carried a revolver. Yet the bullet you hold now was found in Slade's body, and fits your rifle exactly."

A moment of silence, while Lassiter tried to speak—and failed.

"Answer me again—" thundered Clincher.

"There was a law gurgling cry, and the Sheriff fell grovelling at Clincher's feet.

"Mercy, mercy," he whispered. "For God's sake have mercy, and I will—"

"Stop!" Clincher's eyes flashed fire, and cast away hands that had clutched his.

"Citizens, this man is guilty. In your name I condemn him to be hanged by the neck in public at sunrise to-morrow."

And thus was even handed justice done, without shadow of law, at Calhoun, in the Territory of New Mexico.

Frozen soup, in small leather sacks, is carried by travellers in Eastern Siberia. Frozen milk is also carried in the same way.

A pound of phosphorus will head 1,000,000 matches.

Chrysanthemums were grown in China before the eleventh century.

The Mexican lap dog is the smallest member of the dog family.

The hour was divided into sixty minutes because no other small number has as many divisions as sixty. It can be evenly divided by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 15, 20 and 30.

one will lend me a pencil and piece of paper on the way to—

Tramp, tramp, tramp. The guard was walking up and down outside. Hark! what was that? The man had cocked his rifle. Another sound—horses, a score of them at least, a challenge from the guard, a curt reply in a voice which Ogden knew; then silence followed by the sound of a key turning in the door, then—

"Out of this, boy. Come." A tall figure stood in the doorway, beckoning. "Old man—Hame," John gasped. "That's me. No word on it now. There ain't time."

John looked around. All about him were mounted men, a strange mixture—cowboys, bronco busters, and sheepherders, red-faced Texans, and swarthy Mexicans—usually the bitterest of enemies—now, for the first and only time in their lives standing shoulder to shoulder as comrades, to fight in a common cause.

"To the hotel, boys," said a voice, Ed Clincher's. "Not a sound. We have a wily steer to rope, and must work clear around him before we throw."

They wheeled, and, with John and Hame in the centre, galloped down the one road Calhoun possessed, reaching Sanderbach's hotel in a few minutes. Lights were dancing in the windows there, people running to and fro in mortal fright, for it was said that a party of cowboys mad with drink were about to shoot up the town. The scare had just begun, and before anyone could leave the place Hame, Clincher, Collett and Bacon, with a force of fifty men, were round it in an unbroken ring.

Judge Sanderbach, portly and respectable, stepped out upon the porch. Behind him on the stairway to the upper story, were pale-faced visitors. The judge, a tall, fine-looking man, asked with an injured air of dignified surprise what they wanted.

The storekeeper answered. "The Sheriff of this town, Judge."

The judge smiled. "He is not here, my friend."

"We search your house room by room, boys, Clincher spoke over his shoulder, ten of you follow me, and I needn't say, keep your guns handy."

He moved a pace nearer, and the men behind him gave their rifles a sling forward, raising a shriek of terror from the ladies on the stairs.

"Stay, sir," the judge said solemnly. "You shall answer for this to the Governor of this Territory, though I cannot resist you now."

He stepped inside a room near the door, and the men waited in grim silence. At last a tall slouching figure came slowly down the passage into the lighted hall.

"Cover him," said Clincher sharply, and ten rifles were swung to shoulder, and again the ladies shrieked. The Sheriff, however, raised his hands above his head and stood still. In a moment they had closed around him, in a few more the porch of the Sanderbach Hotel was deserted.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen of Ed Clincher's house collected a small company of men, the same who had supped there some hours earlier. Before them stood Burt Lassiter, guarded. At a table in the center of the room sat Ed Clincher, a Bible at his left hand and a big six-shooter at his right.

"Burt Lassiter," he said, rising, and taking up the Bible, "swear on this Bible to tell the truth." The prisoner advanced, and in a husky tone took the oath, touching the Bible with his lips.

"You are on trial," the storekeeper continued, "before these men who are responsible for this town in right of being the first settlers in the country, and having most stake in it."

"You have this day accused an innocent man of murder, and by means of bribery had him condemned to death. Now, answer this question, and remember you are on your oath—Who killed Ben Slade?"

The prisoner breathed hard. His flabby face was yellow and his fingers twitched, but he held his head high and smiled in Clincher's face.

"John Ogden, the man I arrested to-day."

Clincher turned his head, and made a sign to a man near the door.

"Bring in Maximo Gallegos." The Mexican boy came in, very frightened, but able to give his evidence clearly.

The prisoner laughed. "Did you ever know a greaser to tell the truth?"

"Call John Ogden."

John was cool now, and spoke shortly to the point. When asked if he had any questions, Lassiter merely shook his head. But he was not smiling now. "I'll swear against a thousand oaths. I did not—"

Clincher held up his hand.

"Drop that," he said sternly. "Give him the bullet."

A small conical pellet of lead was shown to the prisoner, who started and then tried to smile contemptuously.

"It is a rifle bullet," Clincher said very quietly. "Ogden, by your evidence, only carried a revolver. Yet the bullet you hold now was found in Slade's body, and fits your rifle exactly."

A moment of silence, while Lassiter tried to speak—and failed.

"Answer me again—" thundered Clincher.

"There was a law gurgling cry, and the Sheriff fell grovelling at Clincher's feet.

"Mercy, mercy," he whispered. "For God's sake have mercy, and I will—"

"Stop!" Clincher's eyes flashed fire, and cast away hands that had clutched his.

"Citizens, this man is guilty. In your name I condemn him to be hanged by the neck in public at sunrise to-morrow."

And thus was even handed justice done, without shadow of law, at Calhoun, in the Territory of New Mexico.

servant, and general help at the post-office, and was on the premises this morning. When the trouble began, he had secreted himself where he could see all that went on, and had been an eye witness to the quarrel; had seen Lassiter fire the fatal shot, and with great difficulty had contrived to escape detection and capture. Terrified he had hidden off to his brother and told him all—José wishing to save Ogden, but knowing the contempt with which the evidence of a Mexican would be treated, and the danger to his brother if they had moved in the matter, had been in despair, until a thought came upon him to seek the help of Mr. Clincher, who happened to be the banker of the remaining portion of his legacy.

Clincher paced up and down the room, his face growing darker every moment, and little Maximo when he was brought in, was horribly scared. But when Mr. Clincher questioned with gentle firmness he concealed nothing. At the end the storekeeper fell into deep thought, the Mexicans eagerly watching his face.

"It will cost money," he said aloud, half to himself, half to them. "Why should I spend money on a darned cowboy?"

"Money," cried José, the rest of the speech being beyond him. "I have money. Yes, me: Señor Don José Ilario Gallegos. All the money that lies with you I will spend to save his life—every dollar."

"Pshaw, you are a fool," was the rough rejoinder. "Your head's turned. What's he to you, boy?"

"My friend," and the dark eyes flashed. "Senior, he took my part when all others were my enemies, and after he took my hand as if he had been a brother, I will never forget—he took my hand. You, with a quaint pitying smile, 'you, Senior Ed, are an American; you will not understand.'"

Mr. Clincher stared at this sudden change of tone, but there was no time for puzzling out enigmas.

"Have it as you will, boy," he said,

one will lend me a pencil and piece of paper on the way to—

Tramp, tramp, tramp. The guard was walking up and down outside. Hark! what was that? The man had cocked his rifle. Another sound—horses, a score of them at least, a challenge from the guard, a curt reply in a voice which Ogden knew; then silence followed by the sound of a key turning in the door, then—

"Out of this, boy. Come." A tall figure stood in the doorway, beckoning. "Old man—Hame," John gasped. "That's me. No word on it now. There ain't time."

John looked around. All about him were mounted men, a strange mixture—cowboys, bronco busters, and sheepherders, red-faced Texans, and swarthy Mexicans—usually the bitterest of enemies—now, for the first and only time in their lives standing shoulder to shoulder as comrades, to fight in a common cause.

"To the hotel, boys," said a voice, Ed Clincher's. "Not a sound. We have a wily steer to rope, and must work clear around him before we throw."

They wheeled, and, with John and Hame in the centre, galloped down the one road Calhoun possessed, reaching Sanderbach's hotel in a few minutes. Lights were dancing in the windows there, people running to and fro in mortal fright, for it was said that a party of cowboys mad with drink were about to shoot up the town. The scare had just begun, and before anyone could leave the place Hame, Clincher, Collett and Bacon, with a force of fifty men, were round it in an unbroken ring.

Judge Sanderbach, portly and respectable, stepped out upon the porch. Behind him on the stairway to the upper story, were pale-faced visitors. The judge, a tall, fine-looking man, asked with an injured air of dignified surprise what they wanted.

The storekeeper answered. "The Sheriff of this town, Judge."

The judge smiled. "He is not here, my friend."

"We search your house room by room, boys, Clincher spoke over his shoulder, ten of you follow me, and I needn't say, keep your guns handy."

He moved a pace nearer, and the men behind him gave their rifles a sling forward, raising a shriek of terror from the ladies on the stairs.

"Stay, sir," the judge said solemnly. "You shall answer for this to the Governor of this Territory, though I cannot resist you now."

He stepped inside a room near the door, and the men waited in grim silence. At last a tall slouching figure came slowly down the passage into the lighted hall.

"Cover him," said Clincher sharply, and ten rifles were swung to shoulder, and again the ladies shrieked. The Sheriff, however, raised his hands above his head and stood still. In a moment they had closed around him, in a few more the porch of the Sanderbach Hotel was deserted.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen of Ed Clincher's house collected a small company of men, the same who had supped there some hours earlier. Before them stood Burt Lassiter, guarded. At a table in the center of the room sat Ed Clincher, a Bible at his left hand and a big six-shooter at his right.

"Burt Lassiter," he said, rising, and taking up the Bible, "swear on this Bible to tell the truth." The prisoner advanced, and in a husky tone took the oath, touching the Bible with his lips.

"You are on trial," the storekeeper continued, "before these men who are responsible for this town in right of being the first settlers in the country, and having most stake in it."

"You have this day accused an innocent man of murder, and by means of bribery had him condemned to death. Now, answer this question, and remember you are on your oath—Who killed Ben Slade?"

The prisoner breathed hard. His flabby face was yellow and his fingers twitched, but he held his head high and smiled in Clincher's face.

"John Ogden, the man I arrested to-day."

Clincher turned his head, and made a sign to a man near the door.

"Bring in Maximo Gallegos." The Mexican boy came in, very frightened, but able to give his evidence clearly.

The prisoner laughed. "Did you ever know a greaser to tell the truth?"

"Call John Ogden."

John was cool now, and spoke shortly to the point. When asked if he had any questions, Lassiter merely shook his head. But he was not smiling now. "I'll swear against a thousand oaths. I did not—"

Clincher held up his hand.

"Drop that," he said sternly. "Give him the bullet."

A small conical pellet of lead was shown to the prisoner, who started and then tried to smile contemptuously.

"It is a rifle bullet," Clincher said very quietly. "Ogden, by your evidence, only carried a revolver. Yet the bullet you hold now was found in Slade's body, and fits your rifle exactly."

A moment of silence, while Lassiter tried to speak—and failed.

"Answer me again—" thundered Clincher.

"There was a law gurgling cry, and the Sheriff fell grovelling at Clincher's feet.

"Mercy, mercy," he whispered. "For God's sake have mercy, and I will—"

"Stop!" Clincher's eyes flashed fire, and cast away hands that had clutched his.

"Citizens, this man is guilty. In your name I condemn him to be hanged by the neck in public at sunrise to-morrow."

And thus was even handed justice done, without shadow of law, at Calhoun, in the Territory of New Mexico.

servant, and general help at the post-office, and was on the premises this morning. When the trouble began, he had secreted himself where he could see all that went on, and had been an eye witness to the quarrel; had seen Lassiter fire the fatal shot, and with great difficulty had contrived to escape detection and capture. Terrified he had hidden off to his brother and told him all—José wishing to save Ogden, but knowing the contempt with which the evidence of a Mexican would be treated, and the danger to his brother if they had moved in the matter, had been in despair, until a thought came upon him to seek the help of Mr. Clincher, who happened to be the banker of the remaining portion of his legacy.

Clincher paced up and down the room, his face growing darker every moment, and little Maximo when he was brought in, was horribly scared. But when Mr. Clincher questioned with gentle firmness he concealed nothing. At the end the storekeeper fell into deep thought, the Mexicans eagerly watching his face.

"It will cost money," he said aloud, half to himself, half to them. "Why should I spend money on a darned cowboy?"

"Money," cried José, the rest of the speech being beyond him. "I have money. Yes, me: Señor Don José Ilario Gallegos. All the money that lies with you I will spend to save his life—every dollar."

"Pshaw, you are a fool," was the rough rejoinder. "Your head's turned. What's he to you, boy?"

"My friend," and the dark eyes flashed. "Senior, he took my part when all others were my enemies, and after he took my hand as if he had been a brother, I will never forget—he took my hand. You, with a quaint pitying smile, 'you, Senior Ed, are an American; you will not understand.'"

Mr. Clincher stared at this sudden change of tone, but there was no time for puzzling out enigmas.

"Have it as you will, boy," he said,

one will lend me a pencil and piece of paper on the way to—

Tramp, tramp, tramp. The guard was walking up and down outside. Hark! what was that? The man had cocked his rifle. Another sound—horses, a score of them at least, a challenge from the guard, a curt reply in a voice which Ogden knew; then silence followed by the sound of a key turning in the door, then—

"Out of this, boy. Come." A tall figure stood in the doorway, beckoning. "Old man—Hame," John gasped. "That's me. No word on it now. There ain't time."

John looked around. All about him were mounted men, a strange mixture—cowboys, bronco busters, and sheepherders, red-faced Texans, and swarthy Mexicans—usually the bitterest of enemies—now, for the first and only time in their lives standing shoulder to shoulder as comrades, to fight in a common cause.

"To the hotel, boys," said a voice, Ed Clincher's. "Not a sound. We have a wily steer to rope, and must work clear around him before we throw."

They wheeled, and, with John and Hame in the centre, galloped down the one road Calhoun possessed, reaching Sanderbach's hotel in a few minutes. Lights were dancing in the windows there, people running to and fro in mortal fright, for it was said that a party of cowboys mad with drink were about to shoot up the town. The scare had just begun, and before anyone could leave the place Hame, Clincher, Collett and Bacon, with a force of fifty men, were round it in an unbroken ring.

Judge Sanderbach, portly and respectable, stepped out upon the porch. Behind him on the stairway to the upper story, were pale-faced visitors. The judge, a tall, fine-looking man, asked with an injured air of dignified surprise what they wanted.

The storekeeper answered. "The Sheriff of this town, Judge."

The judge smiled. "He is not here, my friend."

"We search your house room by room, boys, Clincher spoke over his shoulder, ten of you follow me, and I needn't say, keep your guns handy."

He moved a pace nearer, and the men behind him gave their rifles a sling forward, raising a shriek of terror from the ladies on the stairs.

"Stay, sir," the judge said solemnly. "You shall answer for this to the Governor of this Territory, though I cannot resist you now."

He stepped inside a room near the door, and the men waited in grim silence. At last a tall slouching figure came slowly down the passage into the lighted hall.

"Cover him," said Clincher sharply, and ten rifles were swung to shoulder, and again the ladies shrieked. The Sheriff, however, raised his hands above his head and stood still. In a moment they had closed around him, in a few more the porch of the Sanderbach Hotel was deserted.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen of Ed Clincher's house collected a small company of men, the same who had supped there some hours earlier. Before them stood Burt Lassiter, guarded. At a table in the center of the room sat Ed Clincher, a Bible at his left hand and a big six-shooter at his right.

"Burt Lassiter," he said, rising, and taking up the Bible, "swear on this Bible to tell the truth." The prisoner advanced, and in a husky tone took the oath, touching the Bible with his lips.

"You are on trial," the storekeeper continued, "before these men who are responsible for this town in right of being the first settlers in the country, and having most stake in it."

"You have this day accused an innocent man of murder, and by means of bribery had him condemned to death. Now, answer this question, and remember you are on your oath—Who killed Ben Slade?"

The prisoner breathed hard. His flabby face was yellow and his fingers twitched, but he held his head high and smiled in Clincher's face.

"John Ogden, the man I arrested to-day."

Clincher turned his head, and made a sign to a man near the door.

"Bring in Maximo Gallegos." The Mexican boy came in, very frightened, but able to give his evidence clearly.

The prisoner laughed. "Did you ever know a greaser to tell the truth?"

"Call John Ogden."

John was cool now, and spoke shortly to the point. When asked if he had any questions, Lassiter merely shook his head. But he was not smiling now. "I'll swear against a thousand oaths. I did not—"

Clincher held up his hand.

"Drop that," he said sternly. "Give him the bullet."

A small conical pellet of lead was shown to the prisoner, who started and then tried to smile contemptuously.

"It is a rifle bullet," Clincher said very quietly. "Ogden, by your evidence, only carried a revolver. Yet the bullet you hold now was found in Slade's body, and fits your rifle exactly."

A moment of silence, while Lassiter tried to speak—and failed.

"Answer me again—" thundered Clincher.

"There was a law gurgling cry, and the Sheriff fell grovelling at Clincher's feet.

"Mercy, mercy," he whispered. "For God's sake have mercy, and I will—"

"Stop!" Clincher's eyes flashed fire, and cast away hands that had clutched his.

"Citizens, this man is guilty. In your name I condemn him to be hanged by the neck in public at sunrise to-morrow."

And thus was even handed justice done, without shadow of law, at Calhoun, in the Territory of New Mexico.

servant, and general help at the post-office, and was on the premises this morning. When the trouble began, he had secreted himself where he could see all that went on, and had been an eye witness to the quarrel; had seen Lassiter fire the fatal shot, and with great difficulty had contrived to escape detection and capture. Terrified he had hidden off to his brother and told him all—José wishing to save Ogden, but knowing the contempt with which the evidence of a Mexican would be treated, and the danger to his brother if they had moved in the matter, had been in despair, until a thought came upon him to seek the help of Mr. Clincher, who happened to be the banker of the remaining portion of his legacy.

Clincher paced up and down the room, his face growing darker every moment, and little Maximo when he was brought in, was horribly scared. But when Mr. Clincher questioned with gentle firmness he concealed nothing. At the end the storekeeper fell into deep thought, the Mexicans eagerly watching his face.

"It will cost money," he said aloud, half to himself, half to them. "Why should I spend money on a darned cowboy?"

"Money," cried José, the rest of the speech being beyond him. "I have money. Yes, me: Señor Don José Ilario Gallegos. All the money that lies with you I will spend to save his life—every dollar."

"Pshaw, you are a fool," was the rough rejoinder. "Your head's turned. What's he to you, boy?"

"My friend," and the dark eyes flashed. "Senior, he took my part when all others were my enemies, and after he took my hand as if he had been a brother, I will never forget—he took my hand. You, with a quaint pitying smile, 'you, Senior Ed, are an American; you will not understand.'"

Mr. Clincher stared at this sudden change of tone, but there was no time for puzzling out enigmas.

"Have it as you will, boy," he said,

one will lend me a pencil and piece of paper on the way to—

Tramp, tramp, tramp. The guard was walking up and down outside. Hark! what was that? The man had cocked his rifle. Another sound—horses, a score of them at least, a challenge from the guard, a curt reply in a voice which Ogden knew; then silence followed by the sound of a key turning in the door, then—

"Out of this, boy. Come." A tall figure stood in the doorway, beckoning. "Old man—Hame," John gasped. "That's me. No word on it now. There ain't time."

John looked around. All about him were mounted men, a strange mixture—cowboys, bronco busters, and sheepherders, red-faced Texans, and swarthy Mexicans—usually the bitterest of enemies—now, for the first and only time in their lives standing shoulder to shoulder as comrades, to fight in a common cause.

"To the hotel, boys," said a voice, Ed Clincher's. "Not a sound. We have a wily steer to rope, and must work clear around him before we throw."

They wheeled, and, with John and Hame in the centre, galloped down the one road Calhoun possessed, reaching Sanderbach's hotel in a few minutes. Lights were dancing in the windows there, people running to and fro in mortal fright, for it was said that a party of cowboys mad with drink were about to shoot up the town. The scare had just begun, and before anyone could leave the place Hame, Clincher, Collett and Bacon, with a force of fifty men, were round it in an unbroken ring.

Judge Sanderbach, portly and respectable, stepped out upon the porch. Behind him on the stairway to the upper story, were pale-faced visitors. The judge, a tall, fine-looking man, asked with an injured air of dignified surprise what they wanted.

The storekeeper answered. "The Sheriff of this town, Judge."

The judge smiled. "He is not here, my friend."

"We search your house room by room, boys, Clincher spoke over his shoulder, ten of you follow me, and I needn't say, keep your guns handy."

He moved a pace nearer, and the men behind him gave their rifles a sling forward, raising a shriek of terror from the ladies on the stairs.

"Stay, sir," the judge said solemnly. "You shall answer for this to the Governor of this Territory, though I cannot resist you now."

He stepped inside a room near the door, and the men waited in grim silence. At last a tall slouching figure came slowly down the passage into the lighted hall.

"Cover him," said Clincher sharply, and ten rifles were swung to shoulder, and again the ladies shrieked. The Sheriff, however, raised his hands above his head and stood still. In a moment they had closed around him, in a few more the porch of the Sanderbach Hotel was deserted.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen of Ed Clincher's house collected a small company of men, the same who had supped there some hours earlier. Before them stood Burt Lassiter, guarded. At a table in the center of the room sat Ed Clincher, a Bible at his left hand and a big six-shooter at his right.

"Burt Lassiter," he said, rising, and taking up the Bible, "swear on this Bible to tell the truth." The prisoner advanced, and in a husky tone took the oath, touching the Bible with his lips.

"You are on trial," the storekeeper continued, "before these men who are responsible for this town in right of being the first settlers in the country, and having most stake in it."

"You have this day accused an innocent man of murder, and by means of bribery had him condemned to death. Now, answer this question, and remember you are on your oath—Who killed Ben Slade?"

The prisoner breathed hard. His flabby face was yellow and his fingers twitched, but he held his head high and smiled in Clincher's face.

"John Ogden, the man I arrested to-day."

Clincher turned his head, and made a sign to a man near the door.

"Bring in Maximo Gallegos." The Mexican boy came in, very frightened, but able to give his evidence clearly.

The prisoner laughed. "Did you ever know a greaser to tell the truth?"

"Call John Ogden."

John was cool now, and spoke shortly to the point. When asked if he had any questions, Lassiter merely shook his head. But he was not smiling now. "I'll swear against a thousand oaths. I did not—"

Clincher held up his hand.

"Drop that," he said sternly. "Give him the bullet."

A small conical pellet of lead was shown to the prisoner, who started and then tried to smile contemptuously.

"It is a rifle bullet," Clincher said very quietly. "Ogden, by your evidence, only carried a revolver. Yet the bullet you hold now was found in Slade's body, and fits your rifle exactly."

A moment of silence, while Lassiter tried to speak—and failed.

"Answer me again—" thundered Clincher.

"There was a law gurgling cry, and the Sheriff fell grovelling at Clincher's feet.

"Mercy, mercy," he whispered. "For God's sake have mercy, and I will—"

"Stop!" Clincher's eyes flashed fire, and cast away hands that had clutched his.

"Citizens, this man is guilty. In your name I condemn him to be hanged by the neck in public at sunrise to-morrow."

And thus was even handed justice done, without shadow of law, at Calhoun, in the Territory of New Mexico.

servant, and general help at the post-office, and was on the premises this morning. When the trouble began, he had secreted himself where he could see all that went on, and had been an eye witness to the quarrel; had seen Lassiter fire the fatal shot, and with great difficulty had contrived to escape detection and capture. Terrified he had hidden off to his brother and told him all—José wishing to save Ogden, but knowing the contempt with which the evidence of a Mexican would be treated, and the danger to his brother if they had moved in the matter, had been in despair, until a thought came upon him to seek the help of Mr. Clincher, who happened to be the banker of the remaining portion of his legacy.

Clincher paced up and down the room, his face growing darker every moment, and little Maximo when he was brought in, was horribly scared. But when Mr. Clincher questioned with gentle firmness he concealed nothing. At the end the storekeeper fell into deep thought, the Mexicans eagerly watching his face.

"It will cost money," he said aloud, half to himself, half to them. "Why should I spend money on a darned cowboy?"

"Money," cried José, the rest of the speech being beyond him. "I have money. Yes, me: Señor Don José Ilario Gallegos. All the money that lies with you I will spend to save his life—every dollar."

"Pshaw, you are a fool," was the rough rejoinder. "Your head's turned. What's he to you, boy?"

"My friend," and the dark eyes flashed. "Senior, he took my part when all others were my enemies, and after he took my hand as if he had been a brother, I will never forget—he took my hand. You, with a quaint pitying smile, 'you, Senior Ed, are an American; you will not understand.'"

Mr. Clincher stared at this sudden change of tone, but there was no time for puzzling out enigmas.

"Have it as you will, boy," he said,

one will lend me a pencil and piece of paper on the way to—

Tramp, tramp, tramp. The guard was walking up and down outside. Hark! what was that? The man had cocked his rifle. Another sound—horses, a score of them at least, a challenge from the guard, a curt reply in a voice which Ogden knew; then silence followed by the sound of a key turning in the door, then—

"Out of this, boy. Come." A tall figure stood in the doorway, beckoning. "Old man—Hame," John gasped. "That's me. No word on it now. There ain't time."

John looked around. All about him were mounted men, a strange mixture—cowboys, bronco busters, and sheepherders, red-faced Texans, and swarthy Mexicans—usually the bitterest of enemies—now, for the first and only time in their lives standing shoulder to shoulder as comrades, to fight in a common cause.

"To the hotel, boys," said a voice, Ed Clincher's. "Not a sound. We have a wily steer to rope, and must work clear around him before we throw."

They wheeled, and, with John and Hame in the centre, galloped down the one road Calhoun possessed, reaching Sanderbach's hotel in a few minutes. Lights were dancing in the windows there, people running to and fro in mortal fright, for it was said that a party of cowboys mad with drink were about to shoot up the town. The scare had just begun, and before anyone could leave the place Hame, Clincher, Collett and Bacon, with a force of fifty men, were round it in an unbroken ring.

Judge Sanderbach, portly and respectable, stepped out upon the porch. Behind him on the stairway to the upper story, were pale-faced visitors. The judge, a tall, fine-looking man, asked with an injured air of dignified surprise what they wanted.

The storekeeper answered. "The Sheriff of this town, Judge."

The judge smiled. "He is not here, my friend."

"We search your house room by room, boys, Clincher spoke over his shoulder, ten of you follow me, and I needn't say, keep your guns handy."

He moved a pace nearer, and the men behind him gave their rifles a sling forward, raising a shriek of terror from the ladies on the stairs.

"Stay, sir," the judge said solemnly. "You shall answer for this to the Governor of this Territory, though I cannot resist you now."

He stepped inside a room near the door, and the men waited in grim silence. At last a tall slouching figure came slowly down the passage into the lighted hall.

"Cover him," said Clincher sharply, and ten rifles were swung to shoulder, and again the ladies shrieked. The Sheriff, however, raised his hands above his head and stood still. In a moment they had closed around him, in a few more the porch of the Sanderbach Hotel was deserted.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen of Ed Clincher's house collected a small company of men, the same who had supped there some hours earlier. Before them stood Burt Lassiter, guarded. At a table in the center of the room sat Ed Clincher, a Bible at his left hand and a big six-shooter at his right.

"Burt Lassiter," he said, rising, and taking up the Bible, "swear on this Bible to tell the truth." The prisoner advanced, and in a husky tone took the oath, touching the Bible with his lips.

"You are on trial," the storekeeper continued, "before these men who are responsible for this town in right of being the first settlers in the country, and having most stake in it."

"You have this day accused an innocent man of murder, and by means of bribery had him condemned to death. Now, answer this question, and remember you are on your oath—Who killed Ben Slade?"

The prisoner breathed hard. His flabby face was yellow and his fingers twitched, but he held his head high and smiled in Clincher's face.

"John Ogden, the man I arrested to-day."

Clincher turned his head, and made a sign to a man near the door.

"Bring in Maximo Gallegos." The Mexican boy came in, very frightened, but able to give his evidence clearly.

The prisoner laughed. "Did you ever know a greaser to tell the truth?"

"Call John Ogden."

John was cool now, and spoke shortly



THE STANDARD BIRD.
Greatest Profit in Pure Breeds of Fowls.
GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL

The Bureau of Animal Industry has just prepared a short bulletin embodying a number of useful hints to poultry raisers. In submitting the text to Secretary Wilson, Chief Melvin of the Bureau stated that the article was prepared with the special end in view of furthering the purpose of his Bureau to give the raisers of poultry, especially the general farmer, the best information possible in a very concise form. The article is written by G. Arthur Bell, Assistant Animal Husbandman of the Bureau of Animal Industry.

Selection of a Variety.
Pure breeds are desirable, says Mr. Bell, as with these one has a flock of

should be placed against the end of the house opposite the door or under the roost platform, and should be darkened. It is well to have several small boxes for shell, grit, beef scraps, etc., against the walls about 16 to 18 inches above the floor. If cement or wood floors are used, a dust bath should be provided for the fowls.

The Feeding of Hens.

In order to obtain eggs, it is necessary to have healthy, vigorous stock, properly fed. To do their best, hens should be fed grain, animal, and green food. They should be fed enough to keep them in good condition but not overfat, and should be induced to take

The Great American Hen.

Rightfully comes "she by the title, for according to statistics the American hen yields more money annually than any other one farm product. With eggs as low as a cent a piece—a very cheap and nutritious food—a well bred hen laying about two hundred eggs a year has a value of \$2. An estimate is made that \$1 a year will keep her in comfortable if not luxurious quarters. The trouble is that millions of barnyard scrubs do not yield a hundred eggs a year.

According to Government authorities the earning from the egg and poultry industry amounts to about \$280,000,000. Cotton, the king of crops with a value reaching up to \$259,000,000, is thus dethroned by the magnificent earnings of the fowl.

During 1905 the total value of all the gold, silver, wool and sheep produced in the United States was \$272,000,000. The wheat crop, considered the most valuable of all agricultural products had a value in the same period of \$222,000,000. The great American hog, consumed at home and abroad, was valued at about \$186,529,035. The sugar production of the country was only \$20,000,000. The combined value of the oat and potato crops was only \$160,000,000. The industrious little gallus domesticus produces enough eggs to require a train of refrigerator cars 900 miles long filled with 43,000,000 crates, each of which holds 360 eggs. The value of the egg as a food product is equal to that of any food stuff of its size.

Winter Egg-Laying Contest.

A novel egg-laying competition at the Lady Warwick's Ladies Agricultural College is reported by Consul Daniels at Sheffield, England. The conclusions reached are that breed does not govern so much as the laying strain or families of a breed highly developed as egg producers. The pen of four Buff Orpingtons led from October 16 to November 16 by producing 49 eggs, and again November 16 to December 16 with 120 eggs. One thing the present competition shows is the little help it is to birds to be what show enthusiasts call "beautifully marked," for as often as not it is the ordinary looking competitors, birds a show judge would laugh at, that have the biggest total of eggs to their credit.

In the winter laying competition what stands a bird in good stead is not that its father was the winner of a medal, but that its mother and grandmother were wonderful layers, and that its

LONGWORTH GUESSED WRONG.

Missed the Opportunity to Get Famous Horse Named After Him.

When a man becomes famous, all the incidents of his past life are laid bare. There is a great story going around of how Nick Longworth came near to attaining to fame some years ago, in connection with horses.

"The story runs," according to a prominent horseman, "that some years ago H. M. Ziegler, of Cincinnati, the noted owner of thoroughbreds, and an intimate friend of Mr. Longworth, took the latter down to his Kentucky thoroughbred farm to show him his collection of the yearlings.

"All of these yearlings were as yet unnamed. 'Longworth,' said Ziegler, as they strolled about the stalls, 'you'd better let me name one of these yearlings after you. They're a swell bunch, and almost all of them are well-nigh bound to do something big in the world.'

"I don't mind," was Longworth's



WHITE COCHIN COCK.
First Prize Bird at New York Show in 1904.

reply. 'But I'd like to be sure of bestowing my cherished name on a real good one. I'd hate to have a bad one racing in my name. My friends of a racing turn would be guying me all the time about my namesake's performances.'

"Well," said Ziegler, "you're a pretty good judge of a race-horse yourself. Now here are two of my cracks in the two stalls. I'll have 'em led out into my paddock by one of the stable hands, and you can look them over and take your pick of them. Whichever one you like the better I'll name after you."

"Done," said Mr. Longworth, and the two yearlings were led into the open. "They were both fine looking, but Mr. Longworth liked the appearance of the larger one of the two the better.

"That one," he said, pointing to his pick. "He looks good to me."

"He's christened 'Nick Longworth,'" then, said Mr. Ziegler, and the colt was duly named Nick Longworth and registered with the Jockey Club under that name.

"Now, the other colt of the pair from which Mr. Longworth made his selection was afterward named Hermis. Sounds kind o' familiar to you, eh, that name. Hermis? Well, I should think it would sound familiar, seeing that, in the deliberate belief of many of the most astute horsemen in this country, Hermis was absolutely the finest race horse ever foaled in the United States, a speed and distance marvel, a bulldog who never knew when he was beaten, and an animal worthy to be ranked with the very greatest race horses of all time in this or any other country.

"So much for Hermis, the one that Mr. Longworth didn't pick out. As for the one that he did pick out, and that was named Nick Longworth, well, Nick was worth about \$9,72 as a racing proposition, and that's about all. He could win a selling race once in a while on Thursdays when the wind was sou'-east by nor, but he couldn't get out of his own way in running with even fair handicap horses, and he lost about twenty times to one win, and it really did come to pass that Mr. Longworth's Cincinnati friends guyed him unmercifully about his namesake horse. Mr. Longworth never, of course, told his guying friends that he'd actually had the chance to get so noble an animal as Hermis named after him. He probably felt that the situation was bad enough as it was.

'THE NEGRO AS A FARMER.

Booker Washington Says He is at His Worst in Large Cities

Booker T. Washington in an address at Washington, D. C., recently struck a keynote when he stated that "The negro is at his worst in the crowded life of a large city, and at his best in the rural districts where he owns and cultivates the soil.

The speaker said the demand in the South for negroes trained for teachers and leaders in the class room, and the factory was tremendous, but more pressing yet was the demand from the best white people of that section for negroes to take charge of their farms, dairies and other industries. This demand is shown, he said, by the fact that every one of the 525 students who left Tuskegee last summer had been engaged weeks before the end of the term. Washington is solicited by mail, telegraph, and in person to furnish trained negroes, and could have found places for twice the number had they been forthcoming.

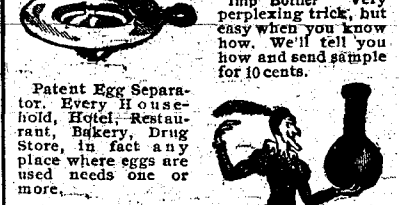
"Association with the white people has given the negro new wants, desires and ambitions," said Mr. Washington. "To these, education is necessary, both to appreciate fully the newly awakened feelings and to provide means for their rational satisfaction. Hence, from the most selfish point of view, the right kind of education is beneficial for the negro."

That the negro "is not naturally an idler is shown, the speaker said, by the trebling of the South's industrial wealth in the last twenty years, without any appreciable increase in immigration. This advance is due, he thought, in great part to the well directed labor of the negro.

Cork, in spite of its buoyancy will not raise to the surface again from a depth of 200 feet below the ocean's surface, owing to the great pressure of water. At any depth short of that it will gradually work its way back to the surface.

MINERAL HEAVY CURE GUARDS HEAVES
Only Sure Cure. Positive and Permanent. Absolutely Pure. \$1.00 Package cures any ordinary case. \$3.00 Package cures any case or money refunded. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Agents WANTED. Liberal terms. Mineral Heave Remedy Co., 444 4th Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

THEY ALL WANT IT!



Have you seen the "Imp Bottle"? Very perplexing trick, but easy when you know how. We'll tell you how and send sample for 10 cents.

Patent Egg Separator. Every household, Hotel, Restaurant, Bakery, Drug Store, in fact any place where eggs are used needs one or more.

Instantly separates yolk and white, not a particle of the latter remaining in the Separator. Does not break yolk. Made from solid piece of metal. Always bright and ready for use. Sample 10 cents.

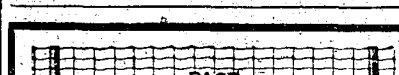
KANCY SUPPLY CO., Washington, D. C. Agents wanted for these and other goods. Write for circulars and terms.

YOU Can Save a Lot of Work! Can Save a Lot of Money! Can Increase Your Comfort! Can Increase Your Profits!

If you are interested in these things we'd like to send you our new book about **ELECTRIC STEEL WHEELS** and the **ELECTRIC Handy Wagon**

More than a million and a quarter of them are in use and several hundred thousand farmers say that they are the best investment they ever made. They'll save you more money, more work, give better service and greater satisfaction than any other metal wheel made—because they're made better. By every test they are the best. Spokes fitted to the hub. If they work loose, your money-back. Don't buy wheels nor wagon until you read our book. It may save you many dollars and it's free.

ELECTRIC WHEEL CO. Quincy, Ill. Box 283



GOING TO BUILD?

Get health plans right. Chicago and St. Louis. Get free farm book. Call about \$40.00. Leader Farms, 1000 W. 12th St., Chicago. Send 10 cents to-day to DR. W. O. COFFEY, 804 1/2 Century Bldg., Des Moines, Ia.

DR. COFFEY'S 80-PAGE EYE BOOK FREE

It tells how to cure eye diseases at home without visiting a Doctor—Write to DR. W. O. COFFEY, 804 1/2 Century Bldg., Des Moines, Ia.

10c

Your Money Back If You Want It. Will bring you by mail a 2 oz. box of **Vanilla Crystals**. Orange, Lemon, Almond, Clove, Nutmeg, Ginger, Rose or Cinnamon Crystals. The best flavoring ever made. Non-Alcoholic and Unchangeable in Cooking. Superior to any 25c. bottle of Liquid Extract. Endorsed by U. S. Food Commission. Send 10 Cents to-day to **JOS. BUTLER CO., 17 Battery Place, N. Y. City.**

+60+ Beautiful Flowers FREE

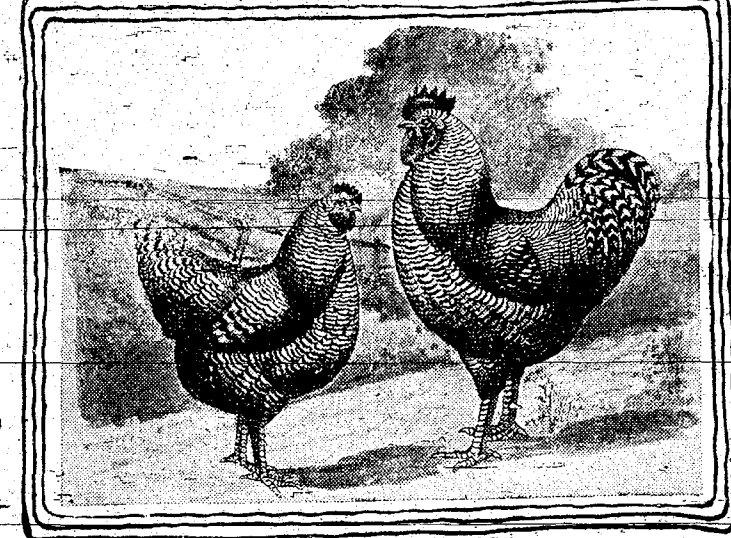
25c. to pay the cost of packing and postage. You will receive this Grand Collection of Beautiful Flowers, and our New Seed List, the only liberal offer ever made, and a Coupon Check that will give you one of our Best Paper Plants published, by sending for this grand offer:

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 25 Packages Seed | 1 pkt. Morning Glory |
| 1 pkt. Snowball | 1 pkt. Mixed Calliope |
| 1 pkt. Apple Blossom | 1 pkt. Mixed Calceola |
| 1 pkt. Mixed Portulaca | 1 pkt. Mixed Nigella |
| 1 pkt. Mixed Sweet Pea | 1 pkt. Mixed Pinks |
| 1 pkt. Sweet Aconit | 1 pkt. Sweet Rocket |
| 1 pkt. Sweet William | 1 pkt. Mixed Pinks |
| 1 pkt. Mixed Poppy | 1 pkt. Mixed Pinks |
| 1 pkt. Mixed Candytuft | 1 pkt. Mixed Pinks |
| 1 pkt. Mixed Jarkspur | 1 pkt. Mixed Pinks |
| 1 pkt. Mixed Pansy | 1 pkt. Mixed Pinks |
| 1 pkt. Mixed Nasturtium | 1 pkt. Mixed Pinks |

25 Beautiful Flower Collections, sent with this order, including Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Tuberoses, Gladioli, Calladium, Oxalis, if you will send at once 25 cents in silver or stamps. Address **E. C. HOLMES, Somerville, Mass.**

45c DISH PAN SAVED

By Using St. John's Tin Mender and a March. Don't pay the tinsmith 15 cents every time you have a little leak in your pans, kettles, etc. Mend it yourself in half a minute, and 10 other mends for 14 cent. per mend. Ready for instant use. Handy all sizes. From the size of a pin point to the size of a dinner. Great household convenience ever invented. Write for circular. St. John's Tin Mender, 25c. per dozen, \$1.45. prepaid. Roman for agents. **E. N. CORNEAU & CO., Dept. 49 River Street, CHICAGO**



PLYMOUTH ROCKS—A PAIR OF PRIZE WINNERS.

fowls which will produce carcasses and eggs of a much more uniform shape, color, and size than will mongrels, all of which aids in finding a ready sale.

If one already has a flock of mongrel fowls and cannot afford to buy pure breeds, he should choose a purebred male bird of the breed preferred and mate him with a few of the best mongrel females. This system, if carefully followed for a few years, will give a high-grade flock that will be practically as good as purebreds, so far as market conditions for dressed fowls and eggs are concerned.

Choice of variety will depend largely on the purpose for which the fowls are kept—whether eggs alone, both eggs and meat, or meat alone is the chief object; whether white-shelled or brown-shelled eggs are desired; and whether sitters or nonsitters are wanted.

Egg Breeds.—Nonsitters and producers of white-shelled eggs—Leghorns and Minorcas.

General purpose breeds.—Sitters and producers of brown-shelled eggs—Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Orpingtons, and Rhode Island Reds.

Meat Breeds.—Sitters and producers of brown-shelled eggs—Light Brahmans, Cochins, and Langshans.

What Kind of Houses.

Location.—Select an elevation having a natural drainage away from the building, a dry, porous soil, such as a sandy or gravelly loam, being preferable to a clay soil.

Exposure.—As sunlight and warmth are essential to the best success with poultry, the buildings should face the south. A southeastern exposure is preferable to a southwestern one if a direct southern exposure cannot be obtained.

Size of House.—The size of the house will depend almost entirely on the number of birds to be kept. In flocks of forty to sixty, about 5 square feet of floor space should be allotted to each hen. The building should be high enough for the attendant to avoid bumping his head against the ceiling.

A House for Fifty to Sixty Fowls.

The best house for fifty to sixty fowls is 20 by 14 feet; front elevation 6 1/2 feet, back elevation 5 1/2 feet, with double pitch roof of unequal span. The roof, if shingled, should have not less than one-third pitch. If roofing paper is used, one-quarter pitch will answer. In the front, or south wall there should be placed two windows about 1 foot from the top and 3 feet from the ends; 8 by 10 inches is a good-sized pane to use in a twelve-light sash, making the sash about 3 by 9 inches high, and 2 feet 5 inches wide. A door 2 1/2 by 6 feet may be made in one of the end walls, and also a small door in the front wall, for



GROUP OF YOUNG WHITE LEGHORNS.

Another mash may be mixed as follows, in the proportions indicated: 100 pounds corn meal, 100 pounds ground oats, 100 pounds wheat bran, 100 pounds gluten meal, 100 pounds beef scrap.

Young chickens should be fed a little at a time and often. If they are given ground food alone, there is a great danger of overfeeding. Very good results may be obtained by the feeding entirely of cracked grains from the time the chickens are hatched until they reach maturity. There are on the market many prepared chick feeds, consisting of different mixtures of suitable cracked grains. After the chickens are five or six weeks old, the prepared chick feed may be dropped and cracked corn, cracked wheat, hulled oats, etc., fed to them instead.

If the chickens can not get grass, provide green feed such as lettuce and

male parents also came of a good laying strain.

Ducks don't need water to thrive. There are many farms in this country, where thousands of these fowl are raised each year for market, and where there is not even a puddle for them to founder in. One of these establishments is said to furnish 20,000 ducks a year.

Not the Laying Kind.

A few days ago a rather bashful young woman went into a Southern grocery store with some chickens to sell. She inquired the price of fowls, and at the same time put hers on the counter. The clerk didn't notice that the chickens' feet were tied, and asked her if they would lay there. She bit her handkerchief, turned her head, and said, "No, sir, they are roosters."

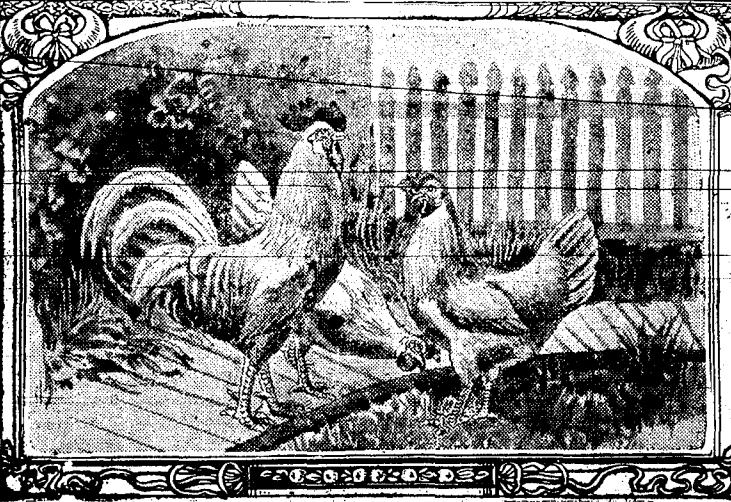
Extending the Weather Service.

In order that the work of the Weather Bureau may be of greatest possible benefit to the people of the United States, and especially to that class which is dependent upon the weather, Prof. Willis L. Moore, the chief, has been making arrangements by which such agriculturists as have telephones and want the service, may obtain weather forecasts within a few minutes after the announcement of telephonic advice as to the state of coming weather. This is operating in New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan and other states. Recently the Weather Bureau made arrangements for an extension of this service in Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia.

The bloodhound is generally thought to be very ferocious, while, on the contrary, it is really as gentle as almost any other kind of dog.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is contemplating cutting a tunnel through the Allegheny Mountains, and the Southern Pacific will eventually tunnel the Sierra Nevada range.

Tall persons usually live longer than short ones, while those born in the spring have sounder constitutions than those born during the other seasons.



SINGLE COMB BUFF LEGHORNS.
Cock was Awarded First Prize, St. Louis Exposition.

the fowls to pass in and out of the building.

Interior Arrangement.
The roost platform should be placed in the rear of the house and extending its whole length. The platform should be about 3 feet wide and 3 feet from the floor, with the perches arranged about 8 or 10 inches higher. The nest

cage which are very good for this purpose. Some kind of meat, such as green cut bone or meat scraps, is valuable as a food and it is well to keep in a box where the chickens can help themselves at all times. Water should be provided from the start, placed in such a dish that the chickens can not get into it and get wet.

PAGE-WIRE

Made by the basic open-hen process in our Steel Mills, Monessen, Pennsylvania. Has double the tensile strength of common fence wire, the springiness of a high grade spring wire, and is used only in the manufacture of Page Fences and coiled springs. Ask for "A Trip Through Our Mills." It tells how Page-Wire is made, how it differs from common fence wire and why it is stronger and better. Sent free by return mail. Write for it to-day. **Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Box 925, Adrian, Mich.**

Try "Opportunity"

If you like it, pay for it after trying it three months. If you don't like it, stop it at our expense and no questions asked.

OPPORTUNITY is an illustrated monthly magazine of progress and development. It has a big circulation among the enterprising class of people who are interested in social, industrial, commercial and agricultural progress and prosperity in all parts of our country. It is inspiring, hopeful, encouraging, presenting the splendid opportunities awaiting energy and ambition in the undeveloped agricultural regions of the West, the industrial and commercial sections of the East, in the Northwest, the Southwest, on the Coast and everywhere, earnestly espousing honest effort, courageously and fearlessly exposing fraud and dishonesty.

Carefully edited, beautifully illustrated, artistically printed on fine paper, a dollar magazine in all but price and sold for only 50 cents a year. Intensely interesting to every man or woman, old or young, filled from cover to cover with delightfully inspiring and encouraging articles. Special departments of interest to all the family.

OPPORTUNITY THREE MONTHS FREE

If you are interested in this proposition, the following coupon will explain how you can try OPPORTUNITY for three months at our expense. Fill in the coupon plainly and mail it to us and you will receive the next issue within a few days. If you don't want it after three months trial, just say so and it will be stopped without a word.

OPPORTUNITY PUBLISHERS,
279 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

You may enter my subscription to "Opportunity" for one year, for which I agree to pay you fifty cents at the end of three months, provided I am satisfied with the magazine.

If after three months trial I do not care for the magazine, I will so notify you and the subscription is to be canceled and I will owe you nothing.

Name _____
P. O. _____
Street or route _____
City _____ State _____

BOYS AND GIRLS
Earn Your Own Spending Money

We want a reliable agent in every town in the United States to help make the subscription list of **Opportunity** 1,000,000. Will you be our representative? We will pay you a commission that will make you money, and besides will offer fine prizes for extra effort.

Write for full particulars and 10 copies of Opportunity free, which you can sell for five cents each. This will give you 50 cents, from which you pay 25 cents for the next ten copies, and 25 cents to keep. When you see how easy it is to sell them, you will want to be our regular agent.

Now, if you are a hustling boy or girl and mean business, and are anxious to earn a nice little sum every month, with an opportunity to win a fine prize, write at once. We want only one agent in a town, so the first comer gets the agency. Address _____

OPPORTUNITY PUBLISHERS
279 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Briefs of the Week

Spring—Joy.

Seed peas are on the way.

April 10th is Band Concert.

Vote for Graf and the entire Republican township ticket.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Deno, a son, Wednesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barker, a son, Wednesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hill, a daughter, Thursday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Chris Vanderwerker, a daughter, Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Liscomb, a daughter, Monday.

Moses Bonney of Pellston is guest of his daughter, Mrs. G. A. Lisk.

The Steamer Joseph Gordon will return to the East Jordan route this season.—Charlevoix Sentinel.

On Saturday, April 11th, I will offer my entire stock of Rocking Chairs at 20 per cent off. Cash only. C. H. Whittington.

A change of time card went into effect on the Detroit & Charlevoix Railway last Sunday. The object is to make better connections with G. R. & I. trains.

The East Jordan Lumber Co's Camps Nos. 19 and 22 were broken up middle of this week. At Camp 2 there is still considerable snow allowing them to continue operations there a few days longer.

The East Jordan Harness Co. stock (owned by Harry S. Otis) was sold Tuesday to Stroebel Bros. As soon as their building can be re-arranged this stock will be moved in with the hardware stock. W. J. Smith, who has been with the store from the first, will continue with Stroebel's.

One of the finest if not the finest flat top desk in Northern Michigan is now owned by Atty E. N. Chink. It is the handwork of Lou Otto and a credit to the maker. The desk is four by seven feet square and is finished in quarter-sawn oak throughout. The material alone cost over \$22.00.

It should be kept in mind that enrollment as a republican, or democrat, or prohibitionist, or socialist, does not bind one to vote for the candidates of that party on election day. At the election the voter can vote for whom he pleases regardless of his enrollment. Party enrollment gives him the additional privilege of voting at the primary election or party nominations. Voters not enrolled can not vote on the questions of establishing the primary election system or for the nomination of any candidate by that system.

Pay the printer.

Bacon, 8c per lb at Sherman's.

Harry S. Otis was here this week.

Low Robinson is a Traverse City visitor.

Canned Bartlett Peas 12c at E. A. Lewis.

Grant Snellen is quite ill with malarial fever.

Harry S. Price was a Ludington visitor this week.

Ray I. Chink, home from college for a week's vacation.

Charles G. Warden is out again after a seige with rheumatism.

Miss Essie Johnson is assisting at Mrs. Walsh's Millinery Parlors.

Try our Nine Much Apricots, Peaches and Black Berries. E. A. Lewis.

Another invoice of Kitchen Cabinets and Milk Safes has just been received at Empey Bros.

Supernaw Bros. have joined the ranks of Herald advertisers. See their adv. on first page.

Charles Atkinson left Wednesday for a few days visit with his uncle, Ed. Fulford of Barker Creek.

A yearling Galloway was killed at the County Farm recently which, when dressed, netted \$30.55 for beef.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid Society meet with Mrs. J. W. Empey next Friday afternoon. Mrs. F. C. Warne will assist in entertaining.

The following members of the Traverse City High School have been picked to represent that school in a debate with the East Jordan High School here next month: Lavina Lowrey, Adam Panek and Vera Wyn-keep with Hubert Sullivan alternate.

It is the duty of republicans in city and village and county to give the primary election system a fair trial. No voter can take any part in the trial of the primary election method who does not enroll as a member of some party next Monday. Be sure to enroll, no matter to what party you may belong and regardless of whether or not you favor primary reform.

Harry S. Price, our building contractor, has a job on now which will keep him "going some" for awhile. At Ludington this week he was awarded the contract for constructing a three-story brick building—the future home of the First National Bank of that city. The job also consists of tearing down a two-story brick structure. When completed the building will cost about \$40,000. Competition among contractors was keen, Mr. Price winning out by bidding about \$40.00 lower than his competitors.

Bacon for 8c per lb at Sherman's.

Mrs. S. A. Bush was a St. Ignace visitor, recently.

Sell your old Gold and Silver to Mack, the Jeweler.

Miss Madge Nicholas, home from Albion for spring vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. George Frost have returned from their California trip.

Bert Squier entertained a friend, John Miller of South Haven, this week.

Pros. Atty Nichols was called to Charlevoix Wednesday on official business.

Mandolins, Guitars, Banjos, Phonographs, etc., for sale at Mack's Jewelry Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Haire were Detroit visitors this week returning Thursday evening.

Late reports are that Howard Gage is recovering nicely from his accident at Jennings, reported last week.

The Greatest Bargain of the season, 300 Rocking Chairs going at 20 per cent off for cash. C. H. Whittington.

O. M. Wilder on Thursday moved their grocery stock into the Walsh building, Mr. Hayner moving his market to the rear of the store. The two stocks will be conducted separately.

Mrs. Dan E. Goodman entertained Thursday afternoon in honor of her sister, Mrs. Alice Doerr of Manacelona who is guest of her sister. About fifteen ladies were present. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. Mortimer Hulbert, accompanied by Dr. H. W. Dicken went to Petoskey, Tuesday, where Mrs. Hulbert underwent an operation for appendicitis. Dr. Dicken returned Thursday evening leaving his patient considerably improved.

Misses Sylvia and Emma Eastcott arrived from East Jordan last Saturday, the latter to spend a few days with her parents. Miss Sylvia will spend her six week's vacation at home. They drove to Manacelona Monday to spend the day.—Alba Sentinel.

Several democrat newspapers have commented approvingly on Ex-Senator Helme's protest against enrolling himself as a democrat or as a member of any political party. Helme termed the enrollment a party tag and he objects, he says, to being branded for two whole years. How will it be possible for the democrat party to organize in every county and township in the state, as Professor Ferris demands, if even the leaders of the party object to having it known that they are democrats?

The management of the East Jordan Creamery announces that they will begin operations Monday, April 18th. This is indeed good news and we trust that the farmers of this locality will begin planing at once to furnish either milk or cream as soon as the season opens. The management have found that they can operate the plant a trifle cheaper this coming season than last and will give their patrons the benefit, charging them only two cents per pound less for making than the prevailing Elgin market price, which is the standard; last year they charged the general price, three cents. All will be governed by the Babcock list. Keo Murphy, who was apprenticed last year, will have charge of the plant. Any one wishing to look up the matter can obtain information of any of the gentlemen who are directors, viz:—C. H. Whittington, W. P. Porter, Horace Hipp, A. Murphey, Charles Knop.

The Literary Club met with Mrs. Frank Foster, March 29th. The program opened with instrumental music by Mrs. C. L. Otto. Value of club life as an Educator was given in a talk by Miss Elsie Matthews. Mrs. Thomas of Lansing gave a short talk on club life in her city. Vocal solo, Mrs. H. H. Fuller, Miss Robertson assisted on the piano. Several articles on club life were read. A paper on the art of reading by Mrs. F. E. Boosinger. The value of an ideal in a paper by Mrs. Frank Foster. The ideal christian by Mrs. G. E. Allan. Miss Blanche Robertson gave a paper on the art of music, Miss Harriet Hoyt accompanist. The ideal life, Miss A. M. Kneale. An ideal beau and an ideal love letter by Mrs. W. J. Smith. Current events for roll call. Club meets with Mrs. F. E. Boosinger next week.

Lyman I. Miles has purchased the Barrett Lunch Counter and will be pleased to greet all old customers as well as new. He has put in a line of Canned Goods, Candles, Cigars and Tobaccos. Short Order Work will be a specialty.

Mrs. L. Newson has decided to put on sale a full line of her celebrated Baked Goods. Those who have sampled them know that they're the best made in town.—The kind that mother used to make.

Salve! Salve! Spread the Salve, but let it be Pine salve, nature's remedy for cuts, burns, sores, etc. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

Mr. Sheppard was over from Boyne City Friday, scaling logs.

For good 18 inch Block Wood at \$1.50 per cord C. O. D. call phone 29, M. M. Burnham.

Get your Bacon at Lewis' Grocery. Ten cents per pound.

Mrs. A. K. Hill entertained her daughter, Mrs. A. Watkins of Bellaire, over Sunday.

Dep'ty Great Commander K. O. T. M. M., C. H. Perry of Cadillac will be at East Jordan next Tuesday evening at the regular review of North Star Tent. All members are requested to be present.

George F. Brown, one of Charlevoix's wealthiest and most respected citizens, died at Grace hospital, Detroit, Tuesday, while on his way home from Florida, from cancer of the stomach. Mr. Brown was a member of the K. of P. and Masonic lodges and funeral services were held Thursday in charge of the latter order.

WILSON.

Lovely spring weather.—John Seymour of Deward was a guest at Bert Seymour's home last week.

Miss Francis Lewis has been spending the past week at Richard Lewis.

Two new applications for membership were brought in to Wilson Grange recently.

Miss Marie Price, who has been visiting her grandparents at peninsula, returned home Sunday.

The newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Collins, are making their home with A. R. Nowland at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith visited friends and relatives in East Jordan and vicinity the first of the week.

Eugene Raymond and family have moved into the house owned by Tony Conzel until their new house can be built. A dance for their benefit will be held at Wilson Grange Hall this Saturday evening.

A good attendance at Wilson Grange at the last meeting. During the lecture hour a roll call was held to which every member responded with an answer to the question, "Why am I a Patron?" A degree team is now an established fact in our grange. Richard Lewis was chosen captain or leader, and members will meet Thursday evening to organize and get to work speedily.

Two tickets in the field, as usual in Wilson this year. The following are the nominations made at the caucus last Thursday and Friday. Republican ticket: Supervisor, Richard Lewis; Clerk, John Quay; Treasurer, Chas. Knopp; Highway Com'r, Edward Nowland; Board of Review, George Todd. Township ticket: Supervisor, John Newville; Clerk, George Jaquway; Treasurer, Charles Hudkins; Highway Com'r John Bills; Board of Review, Thomas Sheppard.

"SAVED MY LIFE"

—That's what a prominent druggist said of Scott's Emulsion a short time ago. As a rule we don't use or refer to testimonials in addressing the public, but the above remark and similar expressions are made so often in connection with Scott's Emulsion that they are worthy of occasional note. From infancy to old age Scott's Emulsion offers a reliable means of remedying improper and weak development, restoring lost flesh and vitality, and repairing waste. The action of Scott's Emulsion is no more of a secret than the composition of the Emulsion itself. What it does it does through nourishment—the kind of nourishment that cannot be obtained in ordinary food. No system is too weak or delicate to retain Scott's Emulsion and gather good from it.



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

SCOTT & BOWNE
Chemists
409 Pearl St., N. Y.
50c and \$1; all druggists.

BIG CLEARING SALE.

The Fine Stock of goods that were purchased at auction at **RECEIVER'S SALE**

Is now opened up the public and will be sold at Slaughter Prices to make room for a New Spring Stock which will soon be here. The stock was inventoried at over \$4,000 and consists in part of...

Dry Goods, Clothing, Furnishings Ladies' and Children's Cloaks, Furs, Shoes, Gloves & Mittens, Hosiery, Trunks, Etc.

The Goods Must Go

To make room for the coming stock and now is the time for you to obtain goods at prices never before equalled in this locality for cheapness.

L. WIESMAN

Loveday Brick Block, 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.

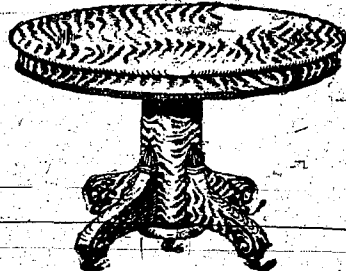
We solicit a share of your patronage.

WILL RICHARDSON.

EMPEY BROS.

Have the Largest

Furniture Establishment



In Northern Michigan.

They have bought out J. J. Votruba's Entire Stock of furniture, and to make room for their Spring stock they will sell at very much reduced prices.

Kitchen Cabinets Couches A Mammoth Stock of Rockers, COME ONE AND ALL.

G. M. Wilder

Dealer in

FINE GROCERIES

Cigars, Tobacco, Candy and Fancy Cookies.

Try our Tea Dust 15 cts per lb.
One dozen Cucumber Sweet Pickles 8 cts,
Salt Salmon 10 cts per lb.

Special Sale

STOCK FOOD HORSE BLANKETS AND ROBES.

Phone 97. Free Delivery.

If You Really Want a Reserve

Don't keep your extra money where it is too handy.—The men or women who think that as soon as they get \$50.00 they will put it in the bank, seldom get the fifty. A cordial welcome and courteous attention to your account, be it large or small, awaits you at this bank.

State Bank of East Jordan

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00. SURPLUS, \$2,500.00.

Don't forget the sale on Sideboards and Buffets at C. H. Whittington's Saturday, March 31st.

The gums and reins obtained from pine trees have long been recognized as highly beneficial in the treatment of bronchitis, kidney and bladder troubles. Pine-ales is the name of a new medicine, the principle ingredients of which come from the pine forests of our own native land. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.
(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface of the system.—Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ward Empey entertained Monday evening, March twenty-sixth, in honor of Miss Madge Nicholas. Forty young people greatly enjoyed the hours from eight to ten with games. The Misses Blanche Robertson and Helen Stone and Mr. Arthur Cole rendered choice selections on the piano. The Hostess carried a bouquet of white carnations, the honored guest one of pink. Little Adeline Allan greeted the guests at the door. Master Dewitt Allen assisted at the cloak room. Miss Beale Warne assisted in receiving in the parlors. In the dining room, Mrs. G. E. Allan and Miss Flora Porter assisted. Miss Fay Nicholas presided at the punch bowl.

A liquid cold cure for children that is pleasant, harmless, and effective is Roe's Laxative Honey and Tar Superior to all other cough syrups or cold remedies because it acts in the bowels. An ideal remedy for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough and all other curable lung and bronchial affections in child or adult. Pleasant to take. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

Rags

FROM OLD CARPETS

It will pay you to investigate before you place your orders for rags. We are a responsible incorporated concern with a capital of fifteen thousand dollars and have factories at Petoskey, Michigan Soo, Canadian Soo, Ontario. We are the originators of "Sanitary Rugs," trade mark, from old carpets, all others are imitations. Write for a booklet. We have no agents canvassing. We pay the freight. All work guaranteed.

Petoskey Rug Mfg. Carpet Co., Ltd.
63-67 Mitchell street, 4817.

W.A. Loveday

Notary Public
With Seal.

ALSO
Real Estate
Agency.

If you want to buy or sell, call at the Office in Loveday Block.

Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.

Third door north of Postoffice.

Moses Lemieux

Practical Horseshoeing
and General Blacksmithing

All kinds of wood repair work done promptly.
Last Shop East end of State-

H. B. Lehner,

Dentist.

OFFICES OVER SHERMAN'S
MARKET,
EAST JORDAN, - MICH.

New Droy Line

ARTHUR SEYMOUR
Prop'r.

Trunks, Baggage, and All Lines of Transfer Work promptly attended to.

Telephone your orders.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Cures Colds; Prevents Pneumonia



REVIVO
RESTORES VITALITY
Made a Well Man of Me.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY
produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Low Vitality, Impotency, Night Emissions, Loss of Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which make one feeble, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the life of youth. It wards off Tuberculosis and Consumption, insures on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Book and advice free. Address: **ROYAL MEDICINE CO.,** Chicago Building, Chicago, Ill.

For sale in East Jordan by
C. MADISON, DRUGGIST

PATENTS

Promptly obtained or no fee. Write for our CONFIDENTIAL LIST of Patents 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. Reply to **D. SWIFT & CO.** at 505-507, 7th St., WASHINGTON, D. C.

D. SWIFT & CO.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

for children; safe, sure. No opiates

April Booklovers Magazine.

CONTENTS

Illustration, Arthur. E. Becker; Frontispiece, Uncle Ira's Sugar Season, Edw. B. Child; Truce of God, A Story, Edith Barnard; The Call of Spring, A Poem by Florence Wilkinson; Pan in April, A Poem by Bliss Carman; In Trust, A Story by Edith Wharton; The Mystery of Ancient America (Illustrated) Broughton Brandeburg; Tom Johnson, David Graham Phillips; Our Beneficent Despotism, Clifford Howard; A Bird Walk, A Poem by Isabella Howe Blake; On the Boston Post Road, E. W. Kemble and Walter Hale; The Evans Collection of American Paintings, (Illustrated with four special inserts in full color) Leila Mechlin; St. Anne of the Mattawa, Ellen Paine Hulink; The Watch of the Gods, A Poem by Georgia Wood Paugborn; Stray Notes on Stage Humor, Brander Matthews; In Cure of Her Soul, A Serial Story by F. J. Stimson ("J. S. of Dale"); The Modern Public Library, Hamilton Bell; The Truth About Panama, Henry C. Rowland, M. D.; The Wisdom of Sheriff McGee, Catherine Young Glen; The Looting of Alaska, Rex E. Beach; Our Mexican Investment, Edward M. Conroy; Current Reflections, Edward S. Martin; The World for a Month; The Books of the Month.

One of Iowa's editors tells of his married experience thus: "Sing a song of swellheads, a fellow full of gin, coming home at 4 a. m., his wife won't let him in. His feet are full of tangiafoot, his head is full of wheels, the keyhole runs around the knob, he a funny feeling feels. He puts his feet upon the porch, his head upon the ground; and all the time within his 'mug' the wheels are going round. He thinks that he is sober, that every one is tight, and that he's in his bedroom instead of out all night. He thinks the moon's a dollar and will buy a dozen drinks, and various other thoughts he thinks, and thinks and drinks and thinks. But when his wife she cometh (and with a hickory 'st), he gives a shout and yelleth, 'Now, Mary Ann, quit that.'"

Sherman's for 8c Bacon.
FOR SALE—House and Lot on West Side on road to Ironton. House in good condition; good well. For particulars inquire of Wm. BRANT.

For bloating, belching, indigestion, etc., eat a Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after meals. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

POTATO CRATES.—B. E. Waterman has made up several hundred potato crates at his factory and same are now on sale. Farmers wishing to purchase should do so at once as the supply is limited and, owing to other work, no more will be made up for some time.

It is not difficult to relieve blind, itching or protruding piles with Manzan; the great pile remedy. It is put up in collapsible tubes with nozzle, and may be introduced and applied at the seat of the trouble. Stops pain instantly. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

WANTED: By Chicago wholesale and mail order house, assistant manager (man or woman) for this county and adjoining territory. Salary \$30 and expenses paid weekly; expense money advanced. Work pleasant; position permanent. No investment or experience required. Spare time valuable. Write at once for full particulars and enclose self-addressed envelope. SUPERINTENDENT, 132 Lake St., Chicago, Ill. 10-78.

PERE MARQUETTE

In effect October 1, 1905.
Trains leave Bellaire as follows:
For Traverse City, 10:03 a. m., 4:15 and 4:35 p. m.
For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West, 10:03 a. m., and 4:15 p. m.
For Saginaw and Detroit—10:03 a. m., and 4:15 p. m.
For Charlevoix and Petoskey—2:43 p. m., 8:10 p. m., and 9:25 a. m.
H. F. MOELLER,
General Passenger Agent
F. N. STEWART, Agent, Bellaire.

Detroit & Charlevoix R. R.

Time Schedule in effect Sunday, Mar. 25th, 1905.

| Going East | Stations | Going West |
|-------------|--------------|------------|
| A. M. Leave | Arrive | P. M. |
| 9 00 | East Jordan | 5 10 |
| 9 20 | Wards | 4 40 |
| 9 25 | Jordan River | 4 35 |
| 9 30 | Greens Camp | 4 30 |
| 9 40 | Green River | 4 20 |
| 10 30 | Albia | 3 58 |
| 11 40 | Deward | 3 00 |
| 12 25 | Frederic | 2 25 |

CLARK HAIRE,
General Manager.

East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE
(In effect September 25, 1905)

LEAVE EAST JORDAN AT 8:00 A. M. and 1:30 P. M.; Arriving at Bellaire at 9:00 A. M. and 2:30 P. M.
LEAVE BELLAIRE AT 10:05 A. M. and 3:40 P. M.; Arriving at East Jordan at 11:05 A. M. and 4:40 P. M.

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

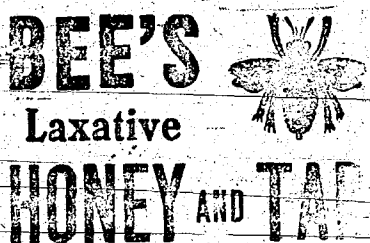
List of Advertisers Letters.
Following is a list of the letters remaining unclaimed for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending Mar. 26th, 1906:
Church, Mrs. Erwin
Spear Bros.
Seiner, Osker.
FRANK A. KENYON, P. M.

Good looks bring happiness. Friend care more for us when we meet them with a clean, smiling face, bright eyes sparkling with health, which comes by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. At Warne's Pharmacy.

For headache, constipation, etc., Dade's Little Liver Pills are best. They cleanse and tonic the liver. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, AND WEST.
Account Imperial Council Ancient Arabic Order Mystic Shrine, at Los Angeles, California, May 7-10, Pere Marquette ticket agents will sell tickets good going any date April 24 to May 4, inclusive, good for return until July 31, 1906. Ask agents for particulars and routes.



BEE'S
Laxative
HONEY AND TAR

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

PREPARED BY
Pineale Medicine Co., Chicago, U. S.
For Sale at WARNE'S PHARMACY.

E. A. LEWIS

Fresh Goods Every Week
And none but the Best Brands in All Lines.
—TRY OUR—
Teas and Coffees, Breakfast Foods, Flour, Buckwheat, Corn and Maple Syrup, Cookies, Confectionery and Fruit.
JUST RECEIVED—A Fine Line CROCKERY.
Orders Promptly Filled and Delivered. Phone 168.

Prescriptions 39,176 Prescriptions

While we have endeavored to avoid undue publicity regarding our business, we at the same time deem it wise in no sense to hide our light under a bushel, hence we would call the special attention of the public to the important branch of our establishment, viz:

Our Prescription Department.

The highest grade and finest quality of Drugs and Chemicals obtainable are used, and absolutely no substitution practiced. Above we give you the number of prescriptions we have filled since we began doing business in East Jordan, which shows to a certain extent, at least, the confidence that has been placed in us in the past, and we shall aim to be worthy of it in the future. Your patronage solicited and satisfaction guaranteed at

Warne's Pharmacy.

ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup

Pleasant to take and does not gripe or nauseate

Cures Chronic Constipation, Stomach and Liver Trouble

Stimulation Without Irritation.
ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup is a new laxative syrup combined with the delicious flavor of fruits, and is very pleasant to take. It will not gripe or sicken. It is much more pleasant and effective than Pills, Tablets and Saline Waters, as it does not derange the Stomach, or irritate the Kidneys, Liver or Bowels.

Constipation.
ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup will positively cure chronic constipation as it restores the natural action of the intestinal tract. Ordinary cathartics may give temporary relief but the stomach is upset and the bowels are irritated without any permanent benefit having been derived.

Has it Occurred To You Why

So many wheat flaked foods have come and gone? Lack of quality of course. The richness that is distinctively noticeable in CREAM CRISP gives it a taste quality unequalled. This accounts for growing business.



Start now and get full value for your dime. Ask your Grocer and accept no substitutes.

HOLLISTER'S
Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets
A Busy Medicine for Busy People.
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.
A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Live and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Shagreened Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 50 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.
GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE



60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS & C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

Fresh Meats

And the Choicest Cuts can be procured at the
State Street Market
at Most Reasonable Prices.

We have just added a complete line of Salt Fish including
Mackerel Cod White.
Your Patronage Is Solicited.

GEO. HAYNER, Prop.

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

International Correspondence Schools

WILL START YOU. HIGH ENROLLMENT OFFICE AT TRAVERSE CITY.
ASK AGENT TO CALL.

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.

DR. MILES' Anti-Pain Pills



Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills Cure Headache

Almost instantly, and leave no bad effects. They also relieve every other pain, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pain, Sciatica, Backache, Stomach ache, Ague Pains, Pains from injury, Bearing-down pains, Indigestion, Dizziness, Nervousness and Sleeplessness.



All Pain is Nerve Pain

Pain is sure to follow any strain or weakening influence upon the nerves. It may be caused by over-exertion, heat, intense mental effort, colds, indigestion, or any cause that depresses, excites, or agitates the nerves. So sensitive are they that the least pressure or strain causes suffering. By soothing, strengthening and quieting the nerves, Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve the pain.
They are sold by druggists, 25c a box, under a guarantee that the first box will benefit, or money refunded. Never sold in bulk.
MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

OUR GUARANTEE

Take ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup and if you are not satisfied your money will be refunded.
Prepared only by FOLEY & CO., Chicago, Ill.
SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY