

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 10

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1906.

No 48

## Charlotte Burnett.

Charlotte Burnett, starring in "The Honey-moon" is a brilliant, intellectual woman, as all testify who have seen her work. She comes from one of the oldest and best pioneer families of southern Ohio and was educated at Wellesley College, which fact alone makes her appearance in almost every town a social and theatrical event. Personally she is charming, full of the joy of living, girlish enthusiasm for her work and a broad interest in everything and everybody. On the stage she has a winsome beauty, a mellow rich voice yet distinct and clear, changing fascinating facial expression and above all a natural simple method of acting that brings her close to the hearts of the people.

"The Honey-moon" in which Miss Burnett is appearing this season is a sufficiently clever play to draw a good crowd on its own merits. It has the comical misunderstandings, the pretty girls and their handsome lovers, the catchy songs and good dancing, and strong dramatic situations following each other in such quick succession that one fairly holds one's breath at each thrilling curtain.

The stage settings are adequate and the costumes especially elaborate and magnificent. The cast supporting Miss Burnett was carefully selected for their ability and fitness for the parts to be played. This fine attraction will be seen in "The Honey-moon" tonight at Loveday Opera House on Dec. 8th.

## County Normal Notes.

The Normal Class were invited over to Miss Hamilton's room last Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of hearing the children recite and act out Mother Goose Jingles. After the children had finished their program they passed apples and pop corn around.

The Normal Class went from Miss Hamilton's room to Miss Reed's room. A short program was given by the children as a surprise to Miss Reed. The Normal class cut out of paper the things that make up a Thanksgiving dinner, such as apples, potatoes, celery, plum pudding, turkey and the Puritan man and woman that ate the dinner. The children seemed very much pleased with these cuttings.

Last Tuesday evening the Normal Class held their Athenian Society. A very interesting program was given. Miss Jarvis of the Washington School acted as critic.

Monday morning the Normal Class was invited up to the high school room for the purpose of hearing a program given by the members of the high school.

Elizabeth Tsyver returned Monday morning after an absence of ten weeks. She has been teaching in the Lincoln School in place of her sister, Mary who has been ill with typhoid fever.

Lula Crites accompanied by Ruth Ekstrom spent Thanksgiving in her home near Advance.

Olive Sherman spent Thanksgiving at her home in Central Lake, and was a little late in getting back. Her Thanksgiving dinner was apparently too much for her.

Ethel Caine spent Thanksgiving at her home in Boyne.

Florence Nixon, a member of last year's class, was in town Thursday. She enjoys her teaching very much.

## The Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1907 Almanac.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks has been compelled by the popular demand to resume the publication of his well known and popular almanac for 1907. This splendid Almanac is now ready. For sale by newsdealers, or sent post paid for 25 cents, by Word and Works Publishing Company, 2201 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., publishers of Word and Works, one of the best dollar magazines in America. One almanac goes with every subscription.

WANTED—Gentleman or lady with good reference, to travel by rail or with a rig, for a firm of \$250,000 capital. Salary \$1,072.00 per year and expenses; salary paid weekly and expenses advanced. Address, with stamp, Jos. A. Alexander, East Jordan, Mich.

WANTED—Good man in each county to represent and advertise co-operative department, put out samples etc. Old established business house. Cash Salary \$21.00 weekly expense money advanced; permanent position. Our Reference, Banker's National Bank of Chicago, Capital \$2,000,000. Address Manager, THE COLUMBIA HOUSE, Chicago, Ill., Desk No. 1.

## Concert Appreciated.

Efforts of Members of Queen Esther Circle Pleas'd All.

A good audience, in spite of the conditions of the weather, witnesses the entertainment of the Northern Concert Company at the First Methodist church last evening.

It was a superb recital from first to last and the audience showed their hearty appreciation by repeated encores to which the members of the company were very kind in responding liberally.

Miss Dolis proved herself a very able and sympathetic pianist, especially in the rendition of the Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 2 by Liszt and Miserere "Il Trovatore," Verdi Gottschalk.

Miss Loveday won the attention and admiration of her hearers from the very first and in the selections, "What William Henry Did" and "Pauline Pavlovna" showed herself to be a true impersonator and reader in her treatment of the two very dissimilar characters.

Rarely have our people had the opportunity of hearing a voice with the range volume and sweetness as that of Miss Robertson. In all her songs she showed splendid dramatic ability and especially in "Good Night, Sweet Dreams," she verily sang her way into the hearts of all who were privileged to be present.

The Queen Esther Circle, under whose auspices the entertainment was given, are indeed to be congratulated on bringing such a splendid organization into the city and on the splendid results which attended all their efforts. —Petoskey Evening Record.

Above Concert Co. will appear at the Methodist church next Wednesday evening, Dec. 12th. An entirely new program will be given. Admission, 25 cents.

Hand-made Lumber Harness at STROEBEL BROS.

Floods the body with warm, glowing vitality, makes the nerves strong, quickens circulation, restores natural vigor, makes you feel like one born again. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, 35 cents. Warner's Pharmacy.

WANTED—A man in each town to handle a branch of our business. Men who can give good references and will work among farmers preferred. No investment or deposit required. We finance the proposition all the way through and furnish all supplies free. If you wish to become independent and secure a good position, write at once to THE LAWNS NURSERY CO. of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. TO-107.

If any possible value is intended to come from Senator Tillman's blood and thunder denunciation of the negro before northern audiences it is certainly not directly suggested in the unnecessarily brutal language of his lectures. The South Carolina orator presents little or nothing in his lectures that points the way to any practical solution of our country's race problem but he does seek to belittle and ridicule every honest effort that has been made in that direction. Just such fire-eating speeches as are now being made by Tillman have in past years cost our country dearly in life and treasure. However harmless they may now be in that direction, that Michigan audiences should pay good prices to hear the fellow seems a woful waste of time and money.

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**Avoid alum and alum phosphate baking powders. The label law requires that all the ingredients be named on the labels. Look out for the alum compounds.**

**NOTE.—Safety lies in buying only Royal Baking Powder, which is a pure, cream of tartar baking powder, and the best that can be made.**

Argo Flour once tried, always used. Made from the best hard Spring Wheat. Guaranteed and sold by Bowen & Kenny and George Carr, East Side. C. A. Brabant, West Side.

Prices to-night 25, 35 and 50 cents. Box Seats 75 cents. See "The Honey-moon"—it will please you. Curtain at 8:30 o'clock prompt.

East Jordan is becoming famous for Furniture. EMPEY BROS. have sold a large bill of goods at Elk Rapids.

Of course you pay your money, —But you get your money's worth, For what does money mean to you When Rocky Mountain Tea's on earth?

## Rugs FROM OLD CARPETS

It will pay you to investigate before you place your orders for rugs. We are a responsible incorporated concern with a capital of fifteen thousand dollars and have factories at Petoskey, Michigan Soo, Canadian Soo, Ontario. We are the originators of "Sanitary Rugs," trademark, from old carpets, all others are imitations. Write for a booklet. We have no agents canvassing. We pay the freight. All work guaranteed. Petoskey Rug Mfg. Carpets Co., Ltd. 43-457 Mitchell street. 4867

## Nursing baby?

It's a heavy strain on mother.

Her system is called upon to supply nourishment for two.

Some form of nourishment that will be easily taken up by mother's system is needed.

Scott's Emulsion contains the greatest possible amount of nourishment in easily digested form.

Mother and baby are wonderfully helped by its use.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND 47.00



I have the most complete line of everything you can possibly want in

## GROCERIES

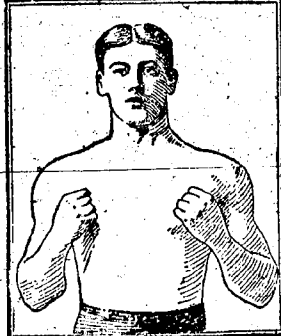
and shall be glad to supply your wants at lowest possible prices.

We solicit a share of your patronage.

**WILL RICHARDSON.**

Phone No. 136.

## RESTORED TO MANHOOD

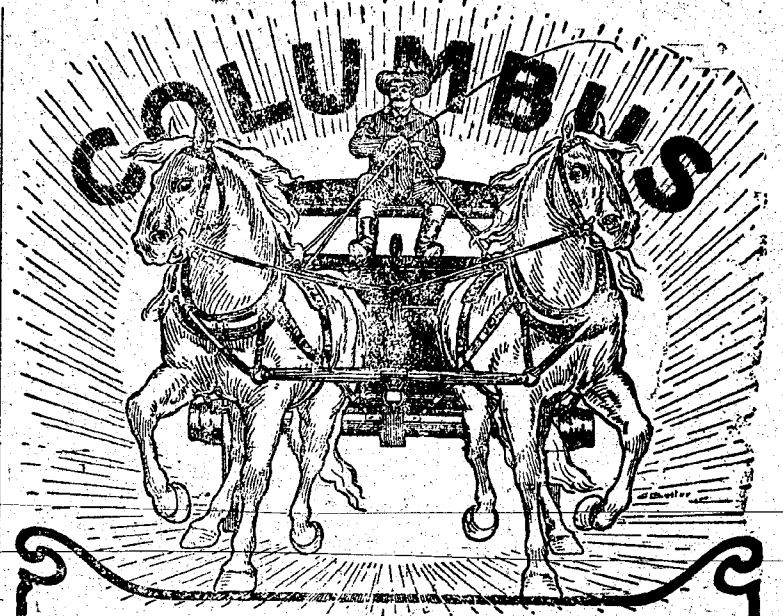


**DRS. KENNEDY & KERCAN,** 148 Shelby Street, Detroit, Mich.

The New Method Treatment of Dr. K. & K. has restored thousands of weak, diseased men to robust manhood. No matter how many doctors have failed to cure you, give our treatment a fair trial and you will never regret it. We guarantee all cases we accept for treatment. Not a dollar need be paid unless cured for you can pay after you are cured. Drs. K. & K. established 25 years.

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

NOT A DOLLAR NEED BE PAID UNLESS CURED.



## WAGONS

are winning general favor throughout the country.

The high grade of materials combined with substantial construction and the best workmanship make Columbus wagons durable and desirable. They are built with a view to furnish a wagon that will meet the varying demands of farmers all over the country.

## COLUMBUS WAGONS

are built in one and two-horse sizes.

Call and let us show you these wagons and tell you more about them.

## SUPERNAW BROS.

**This Assortment for \$5.00.**

Commencing Dec. 10th and ending Dec. 20th for cash only.

20 lbs. gran. Sugar	\$1.00	20 bars Soap,	\$ .50
1 lb. best Tea,	40	2 lbs. best Coffee,	40
25 lbs. Pillsbury's Best Flour	65	25 lbs. White Rose Flour	50
3 lbs. Sears Crackers	25	1 lb. pure Pepper	25
3 cans Logan Corn	25	3 cans Logan Peas	25
5 lbs. Rice,	35	3 lbs. Starch	20

**Sherman & Son's.**

## Iron-Ox TABLETS CURE Constipation

Nearly all sickness starts with lazy bowels. Iron-Ox taken in time will ward off disease. Don't wait until it's too late.

50 Iron-Ox Tablets in a handy aluminum pocket case. Extra large family size 250 tablets \$1.00. Trial package 10 cents at all druggists, or by mail prepaid. The Iron-Ox Remedy Company, Detroit, Mich.

## H. B. Lehner, Dentist.

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

## Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

Third door north of Postoffice.

## Eczema and Pile Cure

Free Knowing what it was suffering, I will give FREE OF CHARGE, to any afflicted a positive cure for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Piles and Skin Diseases. Instant relief. Don't suffer longer. Write F. W. WILLIAMS 400 Manhattan Avenue, New York. Enclose Stamp.

## Moses Lemieux

Practical Horseshoeing and General Blacksmithing

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

## HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Busy Medicine for Busy People. Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Hives, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 85 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis. GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE



REMARKABLE NOTE BOOK OF AN INSANE MAN READ TO JURY.

A GRUESOME REQUEST

Grand Rapids' Garbage Reduction Works Are Hogs—Incidents in and About the State.

Suicide's Note Book.

The note book of the late John E. Manesbach, who shot and killed himself in the home of his sweetheart, Mary Meier, March 11, 1905, and whose will leaving all to her is being contested in a Detroit court, was read to the jury. It is a remarkable record of a mind brooding on fancied wrongs and the strange fate that had driven other relatives to suicide.

Educating Newboys.

Boston has an association of newboys which has begun to establish a fund for educating at Harvard one or more among them, and has raised already \$2,000 toward the necessary amount.

Hog Works.

Grand Rapids citizens were given a surprise, when they learned of what their new "sanitary reduction plant" consists. It is nothing less than a big hog farm, just outside the city limits.

Governor and Senatorship.

Gov. Warner issued his first formal statement on the senatorship Tuesday morning. It is: "I have never been a candidate for United States senator. I am not a candidate now, and I shall not be a candidate before the next legislature."

Pastor Blood Poisoned.

Rev. Geo. A. Robson, the new pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal church, in Lansing, is in a critical condition from blood poisoning. His physician says that he hasn't more than an even chance of recovery.

No Violence.

Samuel White, aged 72, was found dead under a tree in a park near Three Rivers, Thursday noon. There were no indications of violence, although there was a razor lying by his side.

BRIEFS.

Chief Clerk F. M. Twiss, of the state ex commission, says that assessors have added about \$40,000,000 to the assessed valuation of the state this year, most of the increase being on real estate.

James A. Mueller and three children

were found in bed in Port Huron almost dead with consumption, and destitute. The joint council committee on finance and public buildings has decided to recommend the use of voting machines in Saginaw because of the numerous alleged frauds in connection with the recent election.

For the first time in the history of

Bay City a woman conducted regular Sunday services. Miss Bessie Fox, daughter of A. G. and Mrs. C. L. Fox, aged 37, and very good looking, occupied the pulpit in the First Congregational church.

MICHIGAN IN BRIEF.

David Knox, of Manistee, has been appointed by Gov. Warner judge of probate of Schoolcraft county to fill a vacancy.

Orson A. Butts, a New Haven farmer, was fatally shot by accident while hunting ducks.

Prof. Taggart, aged 65, a phrenologist and seller of patent medicine, was run down and killed by a train near Boobe.

While hunting partridges, Edgar Brown, surftman of Thunder Bay Island, was badly wounded. His home is in Grindstone City.

Edward Foust, of Ann Arbor, a farm hand, lies unconscious with a scalp wound as the result of being kicked by a colt, and may die.

Mike Mittle, a Muskegon Heights Hungarian, was brutally beaten with an iron pipe at a dance Wednesday night. His alleged assailants have left town.

An injunction has stopped the "St. Joseph of the Maumee drain" and more litigation is in sight, after a year in court. The drain runs into Ohio.

Hunters brought into Calumet the largest moose ever seen in that region. Eighteen bullets were in its body. Horns measured 57 1/4 inches across.

At the remarkable age of 101 years, Mrs. Roxanna Powell, better known as Grandma Powell, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. R. Maynard, this morning.

Mike Bolovich, who has been lying in a Calumet hospital for three years with a broken back, shows signs of recovering and hopes are entertained for him. He was injured in a mine.

Louis Wessels, of Flint, while working in a pipe works at Ballard, Wash., was struck and fatally injured in the head by a pipe from a machine. He had been married only a few days.

A tower housewife, Mrs. John Bernard, found a pearl in an oyster she purchased in a local market. She will have \$100 extra Christmas money, as the pearl is a beautiful one worth that sum.

The Michigan Forestry association will probably ask the legislature to abolish the homestead law, place a minimum price of \$5 an acre on state land and provide an effective fire wardens system.

Miss Emma Butrick, one of the triplet daughters of J. S. Butrick, of Adrian, was married Thanksgiving day to John A. Bailey, of Tipton, Her triplet sisters, Elsie and Edith, were her bridesmaids.

While three workmen were engaged on the steel smelting of the Strable Manufacturing Co. in Saginaw, a high wind caused a guy rope to part. The stack fell, killing one and fatally injuring the other two.

Latimer hall, an historic Fenton building, was burned to the ground. The cause of the fire is unknown. Thirty years ago it was used as an Episcopal military academy. It had been unoccupied for several years.

The Lansing common council having practically decided to spend the primary school money recently received from the state in the payment of city expenses, the matter has been referred to the attorney-general for his opinion.

Maj. A. C. Verrion, formerly inspector of the state militia for the war department and military instructor at the Agricultural college, who resigned on account of illness, writes from Naples, Italy, that he has recovered his health.

The first step to develop the practically unlimited water power of the Menominee river will be taken by Chicago, Oshkosh and Green Bay capitalists, who will organize a \$600,000 company to build a power dam and transmit electric power to Menominee and Marinette.

The 13-month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baunler, living on a farm near Menominee, met death in a peculiar manner. During the momentary absence of its mother, the child pulled the plug from a washing machine. Boiling hot water rushed forth, scalding the little one to death.

Mrs. Rosa Eckerman, a prominent W. C. T. U. worker and a member of the Central Methodist church in Muskegon, was convicted of unlawfully selling brandy to George Penny, aged 17. Mrs. Eckerman is proprietor of a drug store. The boy didn't have an even chance for the liquor. She will appeal.

Ex-Mayor W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, offers to be one of 10 persons to raise \$200 to purchase and liberate a few pairs of Hungarian partridges, provided farmers and hunters will agree to protect them. He says that they are harder than quail, and are sometimes known as German quail. Market hunters, he says, exterminated a flock of 60 or 70 at Orchard lake.

While out hunting Charles Sculley, aged 30, of Almont, shot his bosom friend, Alvin Harrington, aged 19, in the right eye. Harrington was crouching behind some brush when Sculley shot in his direction at a rabbit. Sculley accompanied the injured boy to Ann Arbor, where an attempt will be made to locate the three shot which went into his eye. He will lose the sight of that eye.

The trial of William Dunnegan for murder will begin in Hillsdale this week. He is charged with being concerned in the murder of Joe Canery two years ago, and burning the screen factory. Two men, Knox and Smith, are serving life sentences for this crime, convicted on Dunnegan's testimony.

Mrs. James Wessel, of Coldwater, has a half-century-old clock which quit running a year ago and a new one was purchased. Efforts to repair the old one were unavailing, but it started marking time again as soon as the new clock was installed. The new one stopped when the old one started.

Mrs. Emma Scott, of Carrolton, has been awarded a judgment for \$10,000 against E. E. Ladd, a wealthy lumberman, of Ladd, Ark., for the death of her husband, Scott while in the employ of Ladd, who was shot and killed by Ladd, October 24 1905. There was no criminal prosecution; Mrs. Scott sued for damages in Little Rock, Ark.

SIDE LIGHTS ON MICHIGAN

THE STRANGE CAREER OF MRS. THURSTON, WHO DESERTED HER HOME.

AN OLD CHARGE REVIVED

Matters of Note, Gossip and Fact Gathered Here and There, About the State, Briefly Told.

Peculiar Life Ended.

When Mrs. Marjory Thurston's body was buried at Midland recently the act closed a peculiar life. Mrs. Thurston was formerly married to a man by the name of Frost, who lives at Bay Port, but one day, 23 years ago, she packed her belongings, during his absence of Frost, and although there had been no quarrel, left. Frost searched and waited for her in vain, and after seven years, being uncertain as to whether she was still alive, secured a divorce and remarried.

He continued in ignorance of the fate of his first wife for 13 years longer, when, one day in 1903, a Sunday school excursion from Midland and Clare counties arrived at Bay Port, and with it his long-lost wife, who, in the 20 years of her absence, had been married and divorced from three other men, all of whom are living.

She went to the home of Frost and his family and going in announced to Frost: "Here I am, don't you know me? Well, I'm your wife, and I've come back to stay."

In vain they told her that she was no longer Mrs. Frost, and that she could not stay. Finally the assistance of an officer was necessary to persuade her to return home. She lately connected herself with the religious sect known as the Zionites, and was apparently well and strong to within a couple of days of her death.

After Many Years.

Jra N. Bryant, a prominent farmer of Hudson township, was arraigned before Justice Bennett in Adrian, Wednesday night, charged with arson, alleged to have been committed at Pettisville, O., in 1887. He waived examination and entered a bond of \$1,000 to appear for trial January 6.

One year ago an effort was made to get requisition papers for Bryant from the governor on a similar charge said to have been committed in William county, O., in 1881.

But owing to defects in the requisition the attempt failed. Bryant is a wealthy farmer said to be worth from \$60,000 to \$75,000, mostly in farms. The charges against Bryant are preferred by Deputy State Fire Marshal Kings, of Ohio.

Shocking Remedy.

Reuben Nash, a farmer, aged about 54 years, living three miles west of Alamo, tells how lightning cured his rheumatism. "Eight years ago I was struck by a bicycle in Kalamazoo," said he, "and rheumatism developed soon after. I tried many remedies for three years and was constantly taking medicine, but grew gradually worse. One day as I stood under a tree, leaning against it with my elbow, the tree was struck with lightning. I was knocked unconscious, and was picked up in a pool of water.

"It took three days to recover from the lightning shock, but, thank heaven, I haven't had a tinge of rheumatism since that day. That was five years ago."

Hunting Season Record.

Seventy-four deaths and 70 persons injured, some of them so seriously that death may result, is the record of fatalities for the hunting season throughout the country.

Northern Michigan and Wisconsin, where the open season for deer closed Friday, went ahead of the record for last year in deaths, 28 being reported this season against 26 for the previous one, but in the number of persons injured this year's record falls far below that of the previous one, having only 20 serious accidents which did not result in death. Michigan leads the list in the number of dead and injured, with Wisconsin a close second, the former having 15 deaths and the latter 13.

Man Was Drowned.

The body of Benjamin Spray, who disappeared from a hotel in Cheboygan November 18, was found in the Cheboygan river by his two sons, who had dragged the river continually since his cap was found in the water. It was thought that Spray had been murdered, as he had considerable money with him when he disappeared, but the money was found on him and it is thought he walked into the river while intoxicated. He was a well known farmer at Mullet lake, six miles from Cheboygan. He was insured for \$4,000 and his family had offered a reward for the recovery of the body.

While James Schultz, of Larkin township, was leading a team of horses to water one of them became unmanageable and, rearing, kicked him in the head. The blow rendered him unconscious and injured him so badly that he may not recover.

D. E. Rathbun, charged with forgery, who escaped from a Pontiac officer by taking a flight of stairs in one jump, has been captured in Williamston.

The strike at the Wenona coal mine which has kept the plant idle for the past six weeks, was settled Wednesday. The mine will be opened at once.

Mrs. William Pennington, wife of a Big Rock, Montmorency county, farmer, had a narrow escape from death. While she was in the kitchen, her son, in the room above, accidentally discharged a gun. The heavy charge of buckshot tore through the ceiling and struck Mrs. Pennington in the arm and face. The injuries are serious.

DIZZY IZZY.

New York Insurance Man's Career in Bay City.

A dizzy several months' stay in Bay City, his marriage to the daughter of a Jewish rabbi, magnificent entertainments and a big bunch of unpaid bills will be brought into the limelight by the issuance of a warrant for Naum Jasnogrodsky, a New York Life Insurance agent. Jasnogrodsky was one of the smoothest things that ever came to Bay City. He appeared a little over a year ago and started in to write big policies. He touched nothing less than \$25,000 policies, he told the many acquaintances he made. He exhibited a policy for \$100,000 on the life of a Saginaw man and other big ones on the lives of local men, and merely casually referred to his enormous commissions. He became acquainted with Miss Anna Landau, daughter of the late Rabbi Wolfe Landau, one of the best known rabbis in the state. A courtship of a few months was marked by expensive presents of jewelry and lavish entertainments. His gifts to his bride-to-be were matters of comment everywhere. To perform the ceremony a brother of Miss Landau, also a rabbi, came there from Georgia and the wedding was one of the most brilliant of the season. Jasnogrodsky and his bride went to New York and five weeks afterwards the bride was left alone in a hotel in that city. She secured assistance from relatives and came back to Bay City.

Insurance Bills.

Perhaps the most sensational and the hardest fought legislation of the coming session will be on the subject of insurance. The insurance committee on insurance, composed of attorney-generals and insurance commissioners of 30 states, of which J. Victor Barry, insurance commissioner of Michigan, was a member, has prepared a list of 20 bills covering the entire field of life, accident, fire and fraternal insurance, as a plan of uniform law for all the states. These 20 bills will be presented in Lansing this winter. The fight is now on. Many of the bills to be presented are exact copies of the Armstrong bills, which will be presented to the New York legislature this year, as a result of the Armstrong investigation. Curtailing expenses and providing for greater publicity are the two main lines of legislation.

Judge Grant's View.

"Would to God that both had been killed." This was the remark of Justice Claudius B. Grant, of the state supreme court in Ludington on the public platform Sunday night. Justice Grant was alluding to the prize fight in Grand Rapids in which Mike Ward, of Sarina, was killed. The justice delivered one of his characteristic talks on the saloon and law observance. The lecture was in the Methodist church.

Four Arrested.

Four men have been arrested in Flint charged with robbing Byron J. Turner, of Caro, Fred Langshaw, aged 23; Bert O'Leary, aged 25; John Willis, aged 19, and George Kimberlie, aged 21, refused to plead when arraigned Friday afternoon, and were held under \$800 bail each for examination December 7. Turner's head was cut open, and the officers say that some of the bills which the suspects tried to pass at a restaurant were bloody.

Bride Disappears.

Mary Herrington, who married Will Foster, a Grand Rapids bartender, November 23, is missing. She told that she would visit friends in Lake Odessa. Her husband promised to join her there. She didn't go to Lake Odessa, and he has asked the police to try to locate her. She was married once before, and has relatives in Detroit and Marion, Ind.

MICHIGAN BREVITIES.

Flint demands 8-for-a-quarter tickets from D. F. & S. road. During the recent gale the United States fish commission lost 2,500 whitefish at Monroe with cribs.

Herman Schaefer, Jr., aged 15, was shot in the back by some unknown person, while hunting south of Ann Arbor. He will recover.

State Senator-elect Allen and Attorney Mark Stevens have gone to Columbus, Ohio, to intercede for Frank Caster, the Flint boy under sentence of death for murder.

Calhoun county is suffering from an epidemic of grain thefts. Farmers' barns are being pillaged almost nightly. Hundreds of bushels of grain have been stolen in the past ten days.

The State Federation of Labor will ask the legislature to prohibit products of Michigan prisons being offered for sale in open market in competition with products of free labor in this state.

Edith Maltby, who was sent to the industrial school at Coldwater from Montrose for complicity in the burning of Fred Massey's barns last fall, has written a confession to Mr. Massey and asks his forgiveness.

Dr. R. H. Mills, surgeon at the Soldiers' home, died suddenly of heart disease while preparing for dinner Thanksgiving evening. Dr. Mills came to Grand Rapids five years ago from Port Huron. His wife was with him when he died.

Instead of trying to whip the devil round the stump, the safest plan is to climb a tree when you see him coming. But, then, here's the trouble: Suppose the devil burns down the tree?—Atlanta Constitution.

It is told that F. A. Kress, the Detroit contractor released in Bay City from arrest for accidentally shooting James Brown, placed a revolver to his own head and snapped the trigger. The chamber was unloaded. It was the next snap that sent a bullet into Brown's leg. The shooting occurred on a Michigan Central train Saturday night and the story is vouched for by Ald. Mercer.

EXCITING RACE PREJUDICE

BOMBASTIC FURIOSO TILLMAN DELIVERS A TIRADE ON THE "NIGGER."

CHICAGO FEARED A RIOT

Audience Became Wild Over the Lurid Word Pictures and Picturesque Profanity.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, addressed a most frenzied appeal to race prejudice to 3,000 men and women in Chicago Tuesday night, painting in terrifying perspective the specter of "black supremacy" and punching hard and straight at everybody and everything that has to do with the colored race.

So hot was his talk that a riot seemed imminent on several occasions and once was narrowly averted.

Tillman waxed furious several times over interruptions from the few negroes present.

"To hell with the law," he yelled, while all but a handful of his 3,000 listeners cheered madly.

"Shut your mouth," he shouted at one man who asked a question.

One time, when denouncing the pure-blooded Afro-Americans, a man near the front said, with a laugh: "We haven't that kind of blacks here."

"You haven't?" rang out the shrill voice of the senator. "Look down that aisle. There's a nigger as black as the ace of spades."

The man pointed to by the senator was a pronounced type of the negro. The audience, angered at the interruptions that came from a negro in the gallery, made a demonstration. It howled and yelled and demanded so loudly that the disturber be put out that the speaker could not proceed.

The demonstration continued fully two minutes and two plain clothes policemen who sat near the offender arrested the negro. Excitement was at high pitch and it seemed likely that an attempt would be made to do the interrupter bodily injury.

After telling in detail how the negro is prevented from casting his ballot in the south, Senator Tillman said:

"There is a great deal more to this question than the little racket here in Chicago."

A voice: "How about the negro judge?" Chicago elected a negro to the bench a few weeks ago, but he was counted out.

Senator Tillman: "Well, I will tell you about your negro judges and about your political machines putting him on your ticket and bamboozling those poor ignorant hahoons in electing him, and then afterwards you fellows who voted the ticket without knowing what was on it, find a way to cheat him out of it."

"God Almighty made the Caucasian of better clay than the Mongolian or the African or any other race. The Ethiopian is a burden carrier. He has done absolutely nothing for history, nor has he ever achieved anything of any great importance. There are no great men among the race. Yet this people has been picked out by the fanatics of the north and lifted up to the equality of citizenship and to the rights of suffrage. No doubt many of you have listened to the oratory of the greatest colored man of this country—Booker T. Washington. He had a white father, however, and his brains and his character he has inherited from that father."

In conclusion Senator Tillman said: "Now, as a general illustration of the injustice that is sometimes done, President Roosevelt discharged three companies of colored soldiers without a court-martial, and punished innocent men for the crime of a few. In doing that he transcended the authority of the law, and he ought not to have done it."

A Special Message.

President Roosevelt, bronzed and invigorated in health from his long sea trip to Panama and Porto Rico, was in his office. Secretary Loeb took to him a large amount of correspondence which had accumulated since the president's departure and was with him up till the time of the cabinet meeting at 11 o'clock.

The president's party arrived at Washington at 10:42 o'clock Monday night on board the Mayflower, the converted yacht, to which they were transferred from the Louisiana at Point Pinney.

The Panama canal, it was stated by the president, will be a subject of a special message and consequently on that subject he would say nothing at this time.

Brutal or Crazy.

For beating his sister because she refused to tell the whereabouts of his mother, Morse K. White, of Lansing, was sentenced to 90 days in the Detroit house of correction. His vicious temper since schoolboy days has caused his relatives to question his sanity. His mother, whom he had twice beaten, is in mortal fear of him. Steps may be taken before his release from Detroit to have the probate court pass on his sanity.

Charles Dix Temple, aged 83, of Traverse City, a retired minister, speaker of seven languages, is dead. He was a sufferer for 20 years.

E. M. Boardman, of New York, has been trying to organize a Y. M. C. A. at Allegan. A committee was appointed to solicit funds.

The ultimatum recently handed to the railroads by the Saginaw Valley Manufacturers' association demanding immediate relief from the car famine, has had no results. Saginaw alone is 1,000 cars short and Bay City nearly as many more. The Saginaw Milling Co. has 500 carloads of agricultural products awaiting shipment, the Michigan Salt association is short 200 cars, and other large warehouses are congested beyond capacity.



# SEEK CURE FOR DREAD DISEASE

## Eminent Surgeons in British Institution Experiment on Mice in Effort to Find Preventive or Remedy That Will Check Spread of Cancer in Human Race.

London.—Mice are at a premium in London just now. There is one place where upwards of 100,000 of the tiny rodents are kept "in stock." And still the cry is for more. This is the headquarters of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, which is established in a large building adjoining the Savoy and Cecil hotels on the Thames embankment, with which all American visitors to London are familiar, writes Maynard Evans, in the New York Press.

The porter at the entrance of this building has never been known to turn a mouse away. Anything in the mouse line, from the wild field creature unused to city ways to the sleek, white sophisticated variety, is acceptable at the Research building. If you happen to be broke and want 10 cents all you have to do is to catch a mouse and take him up to the "Mouse Hotel." Invariably you can make a sale. No matter how many mice you may have the market is always open. There is a dime waiting for every possessor of a mouse who wishes to dispose of his property.

Up to this time the ordinary mouse has been considered a mere pest; an enemy to mankind. At last, however, mice have been advanced to an honored place in the animal world. Without mice modern medicine would know practically nothing about that deadly foe to the human race—cancer.

During the last few years, however, since science has turned its attention inwards, research into the history of cancer has progressed by leaps and bounds. It is not too much to predict that before many years medical knowledge will have extended to the mastery

search; so many well-known physicians were of opinion that cancer was practically incurable, that the work appeared involved in insurmountable difficulties. Three years ago the Imperial Cancer Research Fund was started, with King Edward as patron and the Prince of Wales as president. Among the vice presidents and supporters of the society were Lord Lister, Lord Strathcona, former Premier Balfour, Sir William Broadbent, William Waldorf Astor, the late Alfred Beit, Lord Rothschild, the Duke of Bedford and others. Controlling practically unlimited wealth, and with such enormous influence behind them, the Cancer Research investigators were soon able to report progress. Splendid laboratories were fitted up and some of the ablest scientists of the day were permanently engaged in the work under the directorship of Dr. E. F. Bashford, a physician who had devoted years to experimental research.

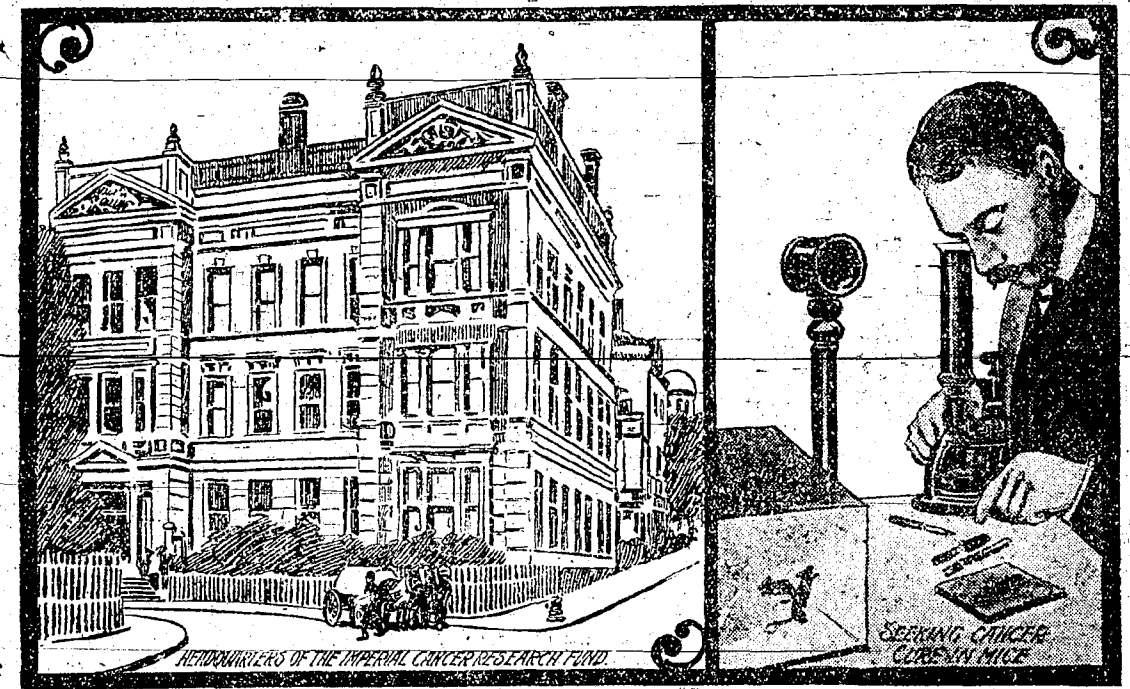
Dr. Bashford had not long been engaged on his investigations before he found that the best results were obtained from mice, and he began experimenting with these animals on a scale unprecedented in work of this character. It was not long before the whole upper floors of the great building were converted into a "mouselary," so to speak. All the rooms in the place contain crates, barrels and huge cans full of live mice. Even the passage between the rooms and the hallways are lined with mouse-holding receptacles of various kinds. The majority of the mice are caged in small, openwork boxes, but the wild field mice are housed at the bottoms of great ash cans. These mice are such high jump-

Dr. Bashford, while showing me over the laboratory, said: "Recovery from experimental cancer is common. Growth stops and tumors disappear. By following up investigations indicated last year it has been possible to protect mice from all the consequences of inoculating them with cancer. This has been done in four different ways. Protection may be conferred in so high a degree that whereas out of 100 ordinary mice 90 develop tumors after inoculation, in the protected mice no tumors at all developed. The protecting influence acts by way of the body fluids, and the body fluids of some protected mice, when injected into mice with experimental cancer, have retarded the growth of well-developed tumors."

When asked if he was able to cure cancer definitely Dr. Bashford stated that the study of the methods of protection were still in progress and pointed out that all he had accomplished so far was to render healthy mice unsuitable for the growth of experimental cancer.

"It is not yet possible," continued the scientist, "to arrest the progress of experimental tumors with certainty; far less to effect the cure of the disease occurring naturally in mice. While the results of our experiments contrast favorably with the complete failure of all the reputed empirical remedies forwarded to the laboratory to be tested, they require to be carried much further before it can be ascertained if they will have a bearing on the treatment of the disease in mankind."

**Disease Not Confined to Man.**  
It was long thought that cancer was a disease peculiar to man; but it is



of cancer, just as its knowledge of diphtheria has rendered that once dreadful plague practically harmless. When we consider that the material for cancer research is supplied entirely by mice, the human race owes the mouse a debt of the deepest gratitude. If science is able to isolate cancer and finally cure it through the agency of the mouse, humanity should combine to erect a statue to the genus Mouse. We have statues to dogs and lions—why not to mice?

**Mouse Alone is Useful.**  
Strange to say, the mouse has proved the only animal capable of serving in the search for the cause and cure of cancer. Guinea pigs, rabbits, dogs, kittens and all other animals so often used in investigations to discover a remedy for deadly diseases have utterly failed to yield practical results in cancer research. It was at this point, when the world of science was practically stumped, that the mouse came forward and immolated himself on the altar of knowledge—otherwise the victor's table.

I have just paid a visit to the London laboratory of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, and saw from 25,000 to 30,000 mice, each one of which had a cancer in some form or other. Mice live for a very long time on the vivisection treatment; and some mice which have had cancer actually recover. It is on this extremely interesting fact that the hope of ultimately conquering cancer rests. Why certain mice with virulent and undoubted cancer actually get well is the problem which science is wrestling with to-day. Mice by the thousands are being observed and treated with certain medicines; and perhaps some day in the not distant future one of the doctors will hit upon a form of treatment which will enable mice to recover with certainty, and then the human race will be rid of one of the worst scourges which to-day affects humanity.

**Once Thought Incurable.**  
When it was first proposed to conduct a systematic investigation into the cause and cure of cancer the medical profession concluded that the task was an almost hopeless one. So many mysteries were involved in the re-

now proved that there is scarcely a vertebrate animal without it. Savage races were long supposed to be free from cancer. Now, however, that trustworthy reports are being sent in to the Imperial Cancer researchers, it is known that savage races, and indeed all animals, develop cancer quite as freely as people living under civilized conditions. One of the first cases brought under Dr. Bashford's attention was that of a cancer in a wild mouse; and malignant cancers have been found in birds, tame as well as wild. From trout in hatcheries, from carp and from marine fish living in a state of nature cancers have been taken. Even an oyster has been found with a large cancerous tumor. Dr. William McGregor found cancer in codfish of the Newfoundland banks, and even frogs have been discovered with it. Prof. Welsh of Sydney recently found genuine cancer in an old lioness, a tigress and in a kangaroo. All races of mankind, in fact, and all vertebrates are liable to cancer, whether under civilized conditions or not.

**On the Operating Tables.**  
The operating rooms of the fund occupy several rooms joined together on the top floor of the building. Here you may see mice every day stretched out on the operating table undergoing various treatment connected with cancer research. It cannot be said that the work is particularly enjoyable; but so intent are the scientists on the objects in view—the discovery of the cause and cure of a terrible plague—that they pursue their operations with a medical lack of sentiment that even the mice themselves could not fail to admire if they knew what it was about.

The first operation connected with cancer work is to implant in a healthy mouse the living cells of cancer. This is usually done by a hypodermic needle. The mouse to be treated is seized by the back of the neck, and, with a swift movement, the experimenter gives him an injection of cancer. It does not take very long after the first injection for the cancer to develop; and you see thousands of mice running about, each one of which has a cancer more or less pronounced. From time to time mice with cancer are treated with certain fluids, taken from the bodies of other inoculated mice, and occasionally mice with cancer actually recover. At other times certain mice are injected beforehand with these fluids, and then, when they are given the cancer injection, it has been found that the disease will not take root.

It is by the discovery of some prohibitive serum that the scientists hope to achieve success. As soon as some body fluid is found which will have the same effect on cancer growth as anti-toxin has on diphtheria the mastery of cancer will have proved an accomplished fact.

**Much Has Been Done.**  
Speaking of what has already been done in the field of cancer research,

now proved that there is scarcely a vertebrate animal without it. Savage races were long supposed to be free from cancer. Now, however, that trustworthy reports are being sent in to the Imperial Cancer researchers, it is known that savage races, and indeed all animals, develop cancer quite as freely as people living under civilized conditions. One of the first cases brought under Dr. Bashford's attention was that of a cancer in a wild mouse; and malignant cancers have been found in birds, tame as well as wild. From trout in hatcheries, from carp and from marine fish living in a state of nature cancers have been taken. Even an oyster has been found with a large cancerous tumor. Dr. William McGregor found cancer in codfish of the Newfoundland banks, and even frogs have been discovered with it. Prof. Welsh of Sydney recently found genuine cancer in an old lioness, a tigress and in a kangaroo. All races of mankind, in fact, and all vertebrates are liable to cancer, whether under civilized conditions or not.

Besides the fact that animals and all men are subject to cancer, it is significant that the same kind of cancer is found in men and animals. It is because of this that so much is hoped for from cancer research on mice. If cancer can be cured in mice it seems to be a logical deduction that it can be cured also in man.

**Books Not Meant for Children.**  
During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries four great books appeared, which, though certainly not intended for children, were soon claimed by them and made their own. One is "Pilgrim's Progress," meant to steer grown up people through this vale of woe, but read with delight by the poor little victims of the catechism. Then came "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels" and "Munchausen." The simplicity and directness of the narrative attracted the children, and the more wonderful tales, the greater the enjoyment of the little adventurers. The books were read at first stealthily, and with fear of the awful consequences of being discovered, but later they were openly and eagerly devoured.

### HARVEST OF DEATH.

Twenty-six Persons Perish in the Wreck of the Steamer Jones.

One of the greatest catastrophes on the lakes in recent years is the foundering of the little Canadian steamer J. H. Jones, which sank during last week's storm, off Cape Croker, in Georgian Bay, when 26 persons are known to have been lost.

Fears for the safety of the little vessel, which was overdue, were confirmed Tuesday when Indians picked up two bodies and portions of wreckage from the little boat on the north shore of the Christian Islands about 40 miles east of Cape Croker and at the eastern end of Georgian Bay.

Other Indians reported in Penetanguishene, Ont., that they had found two yawl boats and a part of the cabin with some porridge and apples, but no bodies. Boats were sent as soon as possible from Owen Sound, Penetanguishene and Pary Sound to look for wreckage or survivors.

The crew of 13 men were all from Warton, Ont., and there were 13 passengers.

**Couldn't Stand Initiation.**  
Strung up by their feet was the experience of two young girls who were being initiated into a secret society in the Hollenbeck district school, about four miles from Otter Lake. The "degree team," consisting of Clyde Serrel and Byron Plumb, each about 14 years of age, are missing, and the sheriff in Caro has been asked by the parents of one of the boys to locate them.

The story is told that the girls, aged about 12 years, entered the school house woods, which served as a lodge room. The boys attached ropes to their feet and slipped the ends over a beam. The girls hung suspended like Thanksgiving turkeys.

Their screams brought the teacher, William Baldrige, and the girls were released. Baldrige threatened the boys with arrest for their prank, and they ran away from home. It develops that they visited the jail in Caro and asked to be shown through it. Since then they have not been seen.

A canvas just completed shows 524 houses were erected in Kalamazoo the past year, a total for the past three years of nearly 2,500. This indicates, an increase in population in that time of about 10,000, making the present population 40,000.

### THE MARKETS

**Detroit**—The main market days are Thursday and Friday of each week, although considerable stock is received earlier in the week in the busy season of the year.  
Feeding steers averaging 2,000 pounds were in good demand and brought \$4 per hundred. Milch cows also sold strong and as high as \$55 was paid for good ones. We quote: Extra dry-fed steers, 1,000 to 1,200, \$42 to \$50; do, 800 to 1,000, \$35 to \$45; grass steers and heifers that are fat, \$30 to \$40; \$32 to \$35; choice heavy steers, \$35 to \$45; choice light steers, \$30 to \$35; good fat cows, \$25 to \$30; common cows, \$20 to \$25; canners, \$15 to \$20; choice heavy bulls, \$25 to \$30; fair to good hologna bulls, \$20 to \$25; stock bulls, \$20 to \$25; choice feeding steers, \$30 to \$35; fat calves, \$20 to \$25; stockers, 500 to 700, \$25 to \$30; fair stockers, 500 to 700, \$20 to \$25; stock heifers, \$20 to \$25; milkers, large, young and medium, \$15 to \$20; common milkers, \$10 to \$15.

The wool cut market was about steady with last week a few good cases and prices at \$1.35 to \$1.40 per hundred, but bulk of sales were made at prices below \$1 per hundred. We quote: Best grades, \$1.35 to \$1.40; medium, \$1.25 to \$1.30; common, \$1.10 to \$1.20. In the sheep and lamb department the trade opened up about the higher on prime lambs than it was a week ago. Other grades steady. The close was everything cleaned up. Best lambs, \$7 to \$7.50; fair to good lambs, \$6 to \$6.50; light to common lambs, \$5 to \$5.50; fair to good wethers, \$1.50 to \$2; and common, \$1.20 to \$1.50.

In the hog department receipts were about the same as the opening, with everything brought at the same price, \$6 to \$7 per hundred, or 5c to 10c less than they did a week ago. Range hogs, \$10 to \$12; good butchers, \$9 to \$10; pigs, \$7 to \$8; light sows, \$6 to \$7; roughs, \$5 to \$6.50. Stags, one-third off.

**Chicago**—Cattle market steady to strong; beefs, \$12 to \$14; cows and heifers, \$10 to \$12; stockers and feeders, \$8 to \$10; calves, \$7 to \$8; westerns, \$9 to \$10; calves, \$5 to \$7. Hogs—Market steady; mixed and butchers, \$8 to \$9; good heavy, \$8 to \$9; rough heavy, \$7 to \$8; light sows, \$6 to \$7; pigs, \$5 to \$6; bulk of sales, \$5 to \$6. Sheep—Market steady; sheep, \$3 to \$4; lambs, \$4 to \$5.

**Grain, Etc.**  
**Detroit**—Sales and prices in this market were as follows: Wheat—No. 1 white, 77c; No. 2 red, spot, 1 car at 77c; December, 5,000 bu at 77c; May, 5,000 bu at 82c; 15,000 bu at 82c; 10,000 bu at 82c; 20,000 bu at 82c. By sample, 1 car at 75c.  
Corn—No. 3 mixed, 48c; No. 3 yellow, old, 1 car at 50c; new, nominal at 48c. Oats—No. 3 white, spot, 2 cars at 30c per bu.  
Rye—No. 2 spot, nominal at 70c per bu.  
Cloverseed—Prime, spot, 15 bags at \$8.20; February, \$8.35; March, \$8.40; by sample, 10 bags at \$8.12; \$7.85; 10 at \$7.85; by sample, 10 bags at \$7.25 and 4 at \$6.25 per bu.  
Timothy seed—Prime spot, 10 bags at \$1.80 per bu.  
Beans—Spot, \$1.34 nominal; December, \$1.34 asked; January, \$1.34 nominal.

**East Buffalo**—Market lower. Export steers, \$5 to \$6; best shipping steers, \$4 to \$5; best fat cows, \$3 to \$4; fair to good, \$2 to \$3; best fat heifers, \$3 to \$4; medium to good, \$2 to \$3; 800 to 1,000 butchers, \$2 to \$3.  
Hogs—Market lower; medium and heavy, \$8 to \$9; yorkers, \$8 to \$9; pigs, \$6 to \$7.  
Sheep—Market slow. Best lambs, \$4 to \$5; fair to good, \$3 to \$4; yearlings, \$6 to \$7; wethers, \$5 to \$6; ewes, \$4 to \$5; calves, \$3 to \$4; market Thanksgiving day.

**Stole Dog Girl's Muff.**  
Charles Harger is trying to recover personal articles stolen Friday night from his daughter, Miss Harriet Harger, who was killed in the D. U. R. wreck at Birmingham. The family felt that Miss Harger's fur muff, bought in Paris and presented to her by a friend, and her hat pins and a scarf pin are missing. Her purse was found in the wrecked car and returned to the family.

**Battle Creek wants to take in the suburbs.** If it does it will have a population of 20,000.

# PLAYS



ANNA HELD AND THE LUNATIC ACTRESS IN A WHEELBARROW

**French Actress Meets an Elderly Person with Courtly Manners.**  
Speaking of poached eggs and lunatic asylums and such things, E. D. Price, manager of the Interstate Amusement company, has a harrowing little story to relate. It was in Detroit and Anna Held was brooding so gloomily over the subject of lost diamonds that the solicitors Mr. Price was afraid that she might become deranged. A happy thought struck him. He would take the disconsolate little chanteuse through one of the local retreats where people with plaster loose in their garrets were sheltered and safely guarded. It would be an object lesson. It was a cheerful, homelike institution, nestling in the midst of lovely grounds radiant with the rich autumnal coloring of fading foliage. The patients were apparently happy and care free. They were in the harmless class. The violent wards were shunned as likely to get upon a sensitive artist's nerves.

One very charming old gentleman man recognized Miss Held and begged an introduction. He was of the old school, and with the blue spike-tail coat and brass buttons and ruffled shirt front. His ruddy complexion and snow-white hair made him look like a distinguished statesman of the Webster-Clay period. Miss Held fell in love with him at once. His dignity and courtliness and grand manner were superb. And his keen intellectual grasp was revealed in his discussion of the musical, literary and dramatic arts. His tribute to the French people, delivered with the eloquent enthusiasm of one who knew his Paris like an open book, was captivating. Miss Held could have embraced him.

"Surely," she said, timidly, "it is some great mistake, some terrible wrong that has brought you among these people. You are a second Dreyfus—a victim of some wicked conspiracy."  
The courtly old gentleman sighed and smiled sadly. "There was a conspiracy," he said, with quiet resignation. "There is a great mistake and a terrible wrong. But I have learned to bear every injustice with composure. After all I find much food for philosophical reflection in the study of these poor creatures with whom I am compelled to dwell."  
The comedienne's big eyes were dimmed by tears. "She held out her hand impulsively. "Do not despair," she said. "Surely you will find deliverance."  
"It is certain to come," replied the charming veteran, cheerfully. "Good-by. I wish you long life and a continuance of your brilliant career. I must beg of you that when you grasp my hand you do so very gently, as it is made of glass and I should regret exceedingly to have you break it."

**Logical Reasoning.**  
James K. Hackett, back from London, ascribes the dullness of last season's theatrical season in England to bridge whist and automobilism.  
"Why," says Mr. Hackett, "the people over there have gone crazy over these two fads. They play bridge whist in foul weather and go touring the country in automobiles when it is fair."  
"So strongly did the love of the English people for bridge whist playing strike Mr. Alfred Sutro that he takes occasion in 'The Walls of Jericho' to take them to task, directing one of its strongest scenes to the evil of an over-indulgence of this fashionable fad."

**Should Be in America.**  
There is a tiger in an English "zoo" with just 13 stripes on its body and forty-five stars on its tail.

**New York Girl Pays a Bet She Made on Hearst for Governor.**  
The audience which poured out of the Casino in New York City one night recently at the close of the performance of "The Blue Moon" stopped on its way home to witness another show which had not been announced on the bills.

A wheelbarrow was drawn up on the sidewalk close to the stage entrance of the Casino. By it stood two of the ushers. Then out tripped Arline La Crosse, a plump and pretty member of the cast, followed by Helen Chadwick, one of the chorus girls. Both were in street costume. With the assistance of the ushers, Miss La Crosse climbed into the wheelbarrow and sat down and tucked her feet under her.

"Three cheers for Charles E. Hughes!" cried the actress as Miss Chadwick caught the handles and began to wheel her around the block. The crowd, following, making jovial remarks.  
"You fit it too tight. Why don't you hang your feet out?" cried one of the spectators.  
In making the turn into Sixth avenue Miss La Crosse was nearly spilled out and there was a display of brosiery. People came out of the restaurants and drinkeries to see the show go by. By the time Thirty-eighth street was reached several hundred persons were marching ahead, behind and beside the wheelbarrow.  
"Oh, how fat you are!" gasped Miss Chadwick, as she set down the handles and stopped to get her breath at Thirty-eighth street and Broadway. The crowd sang as the wheelbarrow proceeded up Broadway. When the stage entrance to the Casino was reached Miss La Crosse jumped out of the barrow and into a cab and vanished. She had won her election bet with the chorus girl.

**THEATRE NOTES.**  
"Sir Anthony," a new play by Had-don Chambers, exploiting William Norris, was produced successfully in Boston.  
Mrs. William Faversham (Julie Opp) has completed a novelization of "The Squaw Man," which will be published by Harper & Bros.

Denham Thompson contemplates a return to the stage next season, appearing once more in his old character of Joshua Whitcomb in "The Old Homestead."  
"Dora," a domestic drama by Had-don Chambers, will be produced by Charles Dillingham early next season. Lulu Glaser will begin rehearsals shortly of Paul M. Potter's comedy, "The Beauty Shop," in which she will appear under the direction of Klav & Erlanger.

With his share of the royalties from his musical successes, "Mile. Modiste" and "The Red Mill"—written in conjunction with Victor Herbert—averaging \$700 weekly, Henry Blossom will henceforth devote his talents to the writing of plays of serious purpose. "The Story of a Country Town," a work on which he is now engaged, will be the first product of his new ambition. The piece, which is to be produced by Charles Dillingham next season, has been given the title prefix, "Miss Philura."

"Keegan's Pal," a play by Paul Wil-stach, will serve as the vehicle for the debut of Charles Cartwright as a star under the Shubert management.  
Once again Miss Fay Davis' stellar aspirations have been crushed. "The House of Mirth," the dramatization of Mrs. Wharton's novel, in which Miss Davis appeared at the Savoy theater, was shelved after a brief fortnight in Gotham.



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

The Honeymoon a Great Success.

AND WE CAN PROVE IT

No manager will put out for a second season a play that has been a failure the first year...

"Honeymoon" company gave fine performance and pleased packed house last night.

EVELINE.

Winter has come. Albert Sandle is spending a few days with his parents.

Miss Emma Healey spent Saturday and Sunday with her sister, Miss Nina, in Advance.

Com'r of Schools Milford visited the Three Bells School, Tuesday.

Miss Bertha Jones spent a few days with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gaunt spent Sunday with their uncle, J. Kater and wife.

I. McKee had the misfortune to lose a fine heifer recently.

Mrs. E. Costow called on Mrs. Chas. Holt, Sunday.

EDUCATOR SHOE



An ache at ten may develop into a disease at thirty.

When a child limps it means that serious and sometimes terrible injury is being done the feet.

The nature shape of EDUCATORS abolishes foot troubles in the young.



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WANTED: Lady to advertise our goods locally, several weeks home work.

Seldom Wear Out

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve pain—not only once, but as many times as it is necessary to take them.

"I am 62 years old and have suffered for 42 years from nervous troubles, rheumatism and neuralgia..."

Detroit & Charlevoix R. R.

Table with columns: Going East, Stations, Going West, A.M. Leave, Arrive P.M.

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BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS JUST ARRIVED. The Most Complete Line of Holiday Gift Books ever Exhibited in the City.

Warne's Pharmacy. "The Burr McIntosh Monthly". "The Most Beautiful Magazine in the World".

PERE MARQUETTE. In effect Sept. 30, 1906. Trains leave Bellaire as follows: For Traverse City, 8:18 and 3:15 p.m.

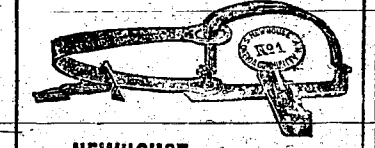
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Michigan State Land Office.

Lansing, October 31, 1906. Notice is hereby given that the following described Primary School Land, situate in Charlevoix County, forfeited for non-payment of interest will be offered for sale at Public Auction in this office on the THIRTIETH day of December A. D. 1906, at ten o'clock A. M. unless previously redeemed according to law.

Table with columns: Certificate, Description, Sec., Town, Range.

Michigan State Land Office.

Lansing, October 31, 1906. Notice is hereby given that the following described SWAMP LAND situate in Charlevoix County, heretofore reserved on Road Contracts, or be used as homesteads, which land has reverted to the State will be RETURNED to market at this office on the THIRTIETH day of December A. D. 1906, at ten o'clock A. M. and will be subject to sale according to the form prescribed by law.

Table with columns: Description, Sec., Town, Range, Acres.

PATENTS

Promptly obtained or no fee. Write for our CONFIDENTIAL LETTER before applying for patent. We will advise you of the chances of success. We obtain PATENTS THAT PAY, and help inventors to success.

D. SWIFT & CO. 505-507, 7th St., WASHINGTON, D. C.



## Briefs of the Week

Congress grinding.  
Get ready for Santa.  
Sleighing seems good.  
"Honeymoon" to-night.  
Booster parties the latest.  
Tuesday was pension day.  
Got that Xmas present yet?  
Hunters returned—and such stories—Huh!

No diphtheria in Boyne City as rumored.  
See Sherman's grocery offer, on first page and profit thereby.  
N. M. C. O., M. E. church, next Wednesday evening. New program.  
If there were fewer men with pet vices, there would be fewer women with pet dogs.

Special—Monday Dec. 10th, all latest Sheet Music—10 cents at MACK'S JEWELRY STORE.  
There were twenty-one births and eighteen deaths in Charlevoix County the past month.

Don't forget to call and examine those Push Button Morris Chairs at WHITTINGTON'S.  
The Rapid River Rustler has rustled its last and Editor Rifelet is now on the Central Lake Torch force.

A Chicago man imagines he is dead and has turned into an automobile. Imagines he's scorching, probably.  
Northport has decided by a special election, to bond for \$15,000 for a municipal electric light and water works plant.

If you want an evening of delightful entertainment go to the M. E. church next Wednesday evening and hear the N. M. C. O. in an entirely new program.  
The Crescent Art Company which moved their headquarters from here to Brandon, Manitoba, some time ago, have closed up their business in East Jordan.

Mystic Lodge F. and A. M. have elected the following officers for the coming year: W. M., Wm. Palmer; Sec'y, E. J. Crossman; S. W., H. I. McMillan; J. W., Abe Carson.

The marriage of Ashland L. Bowen to Miss Ora Holt took place at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Frank Green, Thursday evening. Justice Boosinger performed the ceremony. Mr. Bowen is well-known in this section, being a member of the firm of Bowen & Kenny—which recently sold out; is a jolly good fellow and here's hoping they'll live happy ever after.

A modern dude with narrow striped clothes, saddle, colored shoes, a loud necktie, hair parted over his nose, and smoking a cigarette, addressed his best girl thus: "If you was me and I was you, what would you do?" She hesitatingly said, with a smile: "I would take off that hideous tie, put that cigarette in the stove, part my hair on one side, then pray to God for brains."

On Dec. 1st the Honey-Ya Club were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Haight, on Look Out street. All members were present. After a very interesting program we were ushered into the dining hall where we were treated to gelatine with whipped cream, wafers, fruit cake, pickled pears and cocoa, to which all did justice—especially Teddy. Prizes were awarded to Susan B. Anthony and Samantha Allen for their excellent work—pinning on the donkey's tail. Mrs. Roosevelt was voted on for membership but refused to become a member unless "Teddy" could be admitted—which is strictly against our rules. We adjourned at 12 p. m. to meet with Mrs. Marshall Field on Pike's Peak, Dec. 16th. All members declared Mrs. E. to be a charming hostess.

Miss Myra Weikel spent Sunday at Charlevoix.  
Wills Ward was an East Jordan visitor this week.  
Miss Anna Burney returned to Big Rapids, Saturday.  
For Sale—Portland Cutter, nearly new. E. A. Lewis.  
Mack's Jewelry Store was re-piped for steam heat this week.  
Miss Edith Labadie is entertaining Miss Rose Nixon of Bellaire.  
F. E. Boosinger was a Grand Rapids and Lansing visitor this week.  
"Storage eggs are stronger," says a market report. We have noticed it.  
Sheet Music, 10 cents per copy, at Mack's Jewelry Store, Monday, Dec. 10th.  
Call and see the fine assortment of Pictures and Frames at WHITTINGTON'S.  
Rockefeller is getting as used to indictments as the Sultan of Turkey is to intimations.  
Mack the jeweler has a good stock of Fountain Pens for Christmas—every one guaranteed.  
Probate Judge Harris was an East Jordan visitor, Saturday, called to investigate an insanity case in Jordan township.  
To Be Given Away—For every ten dollars worth of furniture bought at Empey Bros., the customer will receive a 16x20 picture and premium.  
Supernaw Bros. have just received a cart ad of fine CUTTERS and sold one before being unpacked. Now is the season to purchase a Cutter and Supernaw's the place.  
Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stroebel, of East Jordan, invaded our peaceful village Thanksgiving day, and Mrs. Stroebel remained to visit her sister, Mrs. W. F. Roberts.—Central Lake Torch.

I. F. Easton & Co. open up a Restaurant in the Llonde block next Monday and will carry a full line of delicious edibles. Confectionery, Cigars and Tobaccos will also be sold.  
North Star Tent No. 130 K. O. T. M. M. elected the following officers for ensuing year at their regular Review held Tuesday evening: Commander, W. P. Squier; Lt. Com., M. A. L'Amoureux; R. K., Wm. Bashaw; F. K., Jas. Gidley; Chaplain, John Light Sr.; Sergeant, G. A. Lisk; M. at A., Mr. Cushman; 1st M. of G., Art Seymour; 2nd M. of G., Mr. Gregory; Sentinel, Mr. Baucroft. Past Com. A. J. Klime.

A pretty home wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Howard on Thanksgiving night, Nov. 29th, it being the marriage of their eldest daughter, Myrtle, to Henry Cook. Rev. Matthews performed the ceremony. Miss Laura Bartlett acting as bridesmaid and Arthur Howard as best man. The flower decorations were roses, sinlax and carnations. A number of beautiful presents were received. Following the wedding a delicious supper was served. Contracting parties are well-known and liked young people of our city and a host of friends join in wishing them naught but happiness.

The Literary Club met with Mrs. J. W. Empey, Dec. 6. The program was as follows: Mrs. Empey instrumental music, three selections; Sketch of Hetty Green Home and Business Life, Mrs. E. C. Plank; a chapter from simple life namely "The Simple Pleasures," Mrs. G. L. Sherman; Miss Eula Dewey recited "Somebody's Mother" and "Pictures of Memory"; Mrs. Empey favored with another instrumental "Invocation"; Roll call answered to with Proverbs, "Judge not a Book by its Cover," "Let Another Man Praise Thee and not Thy Own Mouth," "Learn the Luxury of Doing Good." Closed to meet with Mrs. W. P. Porter Dec. 13th.

Sam Hayden for Choice Groceries.  
Miss Emma Severance at Chattanooga, Tenn.  
Wm. Harrington is out again after a fortnight's illness.  
Great Reduction Sale on Heaters at W. E. MALPASS HDW'R Co.  
Rock Salt 45c per sack. Fine Barrel Salt \$1.00 per bbl. At Boosinger's.  
Considering Marlborough, Boni and Caruso, the home product is not so bad.  
Mrs. O. H. Moyer is at Kaska called thither by the serious illness of her father.  
One of those pretty Bracelets at MACK'S JEWELRY store will make a nice Xmas gift.  
Call and get a box of Acme Fancy Work Cuttings for Christmas. Whittington has them.  
The finest line of Rugs both large and small ever displayed in East Jordan at WHITTINGTON'S.  
Mrs. Viola Mack, who has been here visiting her brother, O. C., returned to her home at East Tawas, Monday.  
There are fourteen editors in the new Missouri legislature. Fourteen editors ought to be able to show Missouri anything.  
Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Madison were at Charlevoix, Thursday, attending the marriage of their son, Ernest, to Miss Kate, daughter of Editor and Mrs. Willard A. Smith.  
Rev. Bretz, the newly appointed pastor of the M. E. Church will occupy the pulpit next Sabbath. Mr. and Mrs. Bretz and two children are occupying the parsonage and we welcome them to our midst.

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Get your Groceries at SAM HAYDEN'S.  
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Christmas Premium Goods just arrived at E. A. Lewis'.  
Red Oil is the best kerosene made.—STROEBEL BROS.  
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# THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST" etc.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

I had been at his house once before. I knew he occupied the left side—the whole of the second floor, so that it not only had a separate entrance, but also could not be reached by those in the right side of the house without descending to the entrance hall and ascending the left stairway.

"Just take my card to his private secretary, to Mr. Rathburn," said I. "Mr. Langdon has doubtless left a message for me."

The butler hesitated, yielded, showed me into the reception room of the entrance hall. I waited a few seconds, then adventured the stairway to the left, up which he had disappeared. I entered the small salon in which Langdon had received me on my other visit. From the direction of an open door, I heard his voice—he was saying: "I am not at home. There's no message."

And still I did not realize that it was I he was avoiding!

"It's no use now, Langdon," I called cheerfully. "Beg pardon for seeming to intrude. I misunderstood—or didn't hear where the servant said I was to wait. However, no harm done. So long? I'm off!" But I made no move toward the door by which I had entered; instead, I advanced a few feet nearer the door from which his voice had come.

After a brief—a very brief—pause, there came in Langdon's voice—laughing, not a trace of annoyance: "I might have known! Come in, Matt!"

## IX.

### LANGDON AT HOME.

I entered, with an amused glance at the butler, who was giving over his heavy countenance to a delightful exhibition of disgust and discomfiture. It was Langdon's sitting room. He had had the carved antique oak inlaid with a room in an old French palace torn out and transported to New York and set up for him. I had made a study of that sort of thing, and at Evan Hill had done something toward realizing my own ideas of the splendor. But a glance showed me that I was far surpassed. What I had done seemed in comparison like the composition of a school boy beside an essay by Goldsmith or Hazlitt.

And in the midst of this quiet splendor sat, or rather lounged, Langdon, reading the newspapers. He was dressed in a dark blue velvet house suit, with facings and cords of blue silk a shade or so lighter than the suit. I had always thought him handsome; he looked now like a god. He was smoking a cigarette in an ornate holder nearly a foot long; but the air of the room, so perfect was the ventilation, instead of being scented with tobacco, had the odor of some fresh, clean, slightly saline perfume.

I think what was in my mind must have shown in my face, must have subtly flattered him, for when I looked at him, he was giving me a look of genuine friendly kindness. "This is—perfect, Langdon," said I. "And I think I'm a judge."

"Had you like it," said he, trying to dissemble his satisfaction in so strongly impressing me.

"For must take me through your house sometime," I went on. "I'm going to build soon. No—don't be afraid I'll exultate. I'm too vain for that. But I want suggestions. I'm not ashamed to go to school to a master—to anybody, for that matter."

"Why do you build?" said he. "A town house is a nuisance. If I could finance my wife to take the children to the country to live, I'd dispose of this."

"That's it—the wife," said I. "But you have no wife. At least—"

"No," I replied with a laugh. "Not yet. But I'm going to have."

Suddenly my mind reverted to my business. "How do you account for the steadiness of textile, Langdon?" I asked, returning to the carved sitting-room and trying to put those surroundings out of my mind.

"I don't account for it," was his laconic, uninterested reply.

"Any of your people under the mark?"

"It isn't to my interest to have it suggested, is it?" he replied.

"I know that," I admitted. "But why doesn't it drop?"

"These letters of yours may have overeducated the public in confidence," suggested he. "Your followers have the habit of believing implicitly whatever you say."

"Yes, but I haven't written a line about textile for nearly a month now," I pretended to object, my vanity fairly glowing with pleasure.

"That's the only reason I can give," said he.

"You are sure none of your people is supporting the stock?" I asked, as a form and not for information, for I thought I knew they weren't. I trusted him to have seen to that.

"I like to get my holdings back," said he. "I can't buy until it's down. And I know none of my people would dare support it."

"Well, then, the price must break," said I. "It won't be many days before the public begins to realize that there isn't anybody under textile."

"No sharp break!" he said carelessly. "No panic!"

"I'll see to that," replied I, with not a shadow of a notion of the subtlety behind his warning.

I hope it will break soon," he then said, adding in his friendliest voice with what I now know was malignant treachery: "You owe it to me to bring it down." That meant that he wished me to increase my already far too heavy and dangerous line of shorts.

Just then a voice—a woman's voice—came from the salon. "May I come in? Do I interrupt?" it said, and its tone struck me as having in it something of plaintive appeal.

"Excuse me a minute, Blacklock," said he, rising with what was for him haste.

But he was too late. The woman entered, searching the room with a piercing, suspicious gaze. At once I saw, behind that look, a jealousy that pounced on every subject that came

He inspected the coal of his cigarette, lifting his eyebrows at it. Presently he said: "And she?"

"I don't know how she feels about it—as I told you," I replied curtly. In spite of myself, my eyes shifted and my skin began to burn. "By the way, Langdon, what's the name of your architect?"

"Wilder and Marcy," said he. "They're fairly satisfactory, if you tell 'em exactly what you want and watch 'em all the time. They're perfectly conventional and so can't distinguish between originality that's artistic and originality that's only bizarre. They're like most people—they keep to the beaten track and fight tooth and nail against being drawn out of it and against those who do so out of it."

"I'll have a talk with Marcy this very day," said I.

"Oh, you're in a hurry!" He laughed. "And you haven't asked her. You remind me of that Greek philosopher who was in love with Lais. They asked him: 'But does she love you?' And he said: 'One does not inquire of the fish one likes, whether it likes one.'"

I flushed. "You'll pardon me, Langdon," said I, "but I don't like that. It isn't my attitude at all toward—the right sort of women."

He looked half-quizzical, half-apologetic. "Ah, to be sure," said he. "I forgot you weren't a married man."

And so I left him, with a look in his eyes that came back to me long afterward when I realized the full meaning of that apparently almost commonplace interview.

The same day I began to plunge on textile, watching the market closely, that I might go more slowly should there be signs of a dangerous break—for no more than Langdon did I want a sudden pamicky slump. The price held steady, however, but I, fool that

my tone of "despatch your business, sir, and be gone;" for I was both busy and much irritated against him. "I guess you want to see our cashier," said I, after giving him a hasty, absent-minded hand-shake. "My boy out there will take you to him."

The old do-nothing's face lost its confident, condescending expression. His lip quivered, and I think there were tears in his bad, dim, gray-green eyes. I suppose he thought his a profoundly pathetic case; no doubt he hadn't the remotest conception what he really was—and no doubt, also, there are many who would honestly take his view. As if the fact that he was born with all possible advantages did not make him, and his plight inexcusable.

"No, my dear Blacklock," said he, cringing now as easily as he had condescended—how to cringe and bow to condescend are taught at the same school, the one he had gone to all his life. "It is you I want to talk with. And, first, I owe you my apologies. I know you'll make allowances for one who was never trained to business methods. I've always been like a child in those matters."

"You frighten me," said I. "The last gentleman who came throwing me off my guard with that plea was shrewd enough to get away with a very large sum of my hard-earned money. Besides—and I was laughing, though not too good-naturedly—I've noticed that you 'gentlemen' become vague about business only when the balance is against you. When it's in your favor, you manage to get your minds on business long enough to collect to the last fraction of a cent."

He heartily echoed my laugh. "I only wish I were clever," said he. "However, I've come to ask your indulgence. I'd have been here before, but those who owe me have been putting me off. And they're of the sort of people whom it's impossible to press."

"I'd like to accommodate you further," said I, shedding that last little hint as a cliff sheds rain, "but your account has been in an unsatisfactory state for nearly a month now."

"I'm sure you'll give me a few days longer," was his easy reply, as if we were discussing a trifle. "By the way, you haven't been to see us yet. Only this morning my wife was wondering when you'd come. You quite captivated her, Blacklock. Can't you dine with us to-morrow night—no, Sunday—at eight? We're having in a few people I think you'd like to meet."

"Glad to come," said I, wishing to be rid of him, now that my point was gained. "We'll let the account stand open for the present—I rather think your stocks are going up. Give my regards to—the ladies, please, especially to Miss Anita."

He winced, but thanked me graciously; gave me his soft, fine hand to shake and departed, as eager to be off as I to be rid of him. "Sunday next—at eight," were his last words. "Don't fail us"—that in the tone of a king addressing some obscure person whom he had commanded to court. It may be that old Ellersly was wholly unconscious of his superciliousness, fancied he was treating me as if I were almost an equal; but I suspect he rather accentuated his natural manner, with the idea of impressing upon me that in our deal he was giving at least as much as I.

My petty and inevitable success with that helpless creature added amazingly, ludicrously, to that dangerous elation which, as I can now see, had been growing in me ever since the day Roebuck yielded so readily to my demands as to National coal. The whole trouble with me was that up to that time I had won all my victories by the plainest, kind of straight-away hard work. I was imagining myself victor in contests of wit against wit, when, in fact, no one with any special equipment of brains had ever opposed me; all the really strong men had been helping me because they found me useful. But for my self-hypnotism in the case of Roebuck, I find no excuse whatever for myself.

He sent for me and told me what share in National coal they had decided to give me for my Manasquale mines. "Langdon and Melville," said he, "think me too liberal; far too liberal, my boy. But I insisted—in your case I felt we could afford to be generous as well as just." All this with an air that was a combination of the pastor and the parent.

I can't even offer the excuse of not having seen that he was a hypocrite. I felt his hypocrisy at once, and my first impulse was to jump for my breastworks. But instantly my vanity got behind me, held me in the open, pushed me on toward him. If you will notice, almost all "confidence" games rely for success chiefly upon enlisting a man's vanity to play the traitor to his judgment. So, instead of reading his liberality as plain proof of intended treachery, I read it as plain proof of my own greatness, and of the fear it had inspired in old Roebuck. Laugh with me if you like, but before you laugh at me, think carefully—those of you who have ever put yourselves to the test on the field of action—think carefully whether you have never found that your head decoration which you thought a crown was in reality the peaked and belled cap of the fool.

(To be Continued.)

## Wisdom.

"That man is so wise he can talk by the hour."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "But he isn't wise enough to keep still five minutes."—Washington Star.

## A Nice Place.

First Girl (in an intelligence office)—D'y's think that ledly will be asy to git along wid?

Second Girl—Y's, she's a regiar fool.—N. Y. Weeklv.

## FOR PLANT LOVERS.

### CHARACTER AND HABITS OF HOUSEHOLD ORNAMENTS.

Different Specimens Vary Greatly in Their Requirements—Not All Need Sunlight to Attain Perfection of Growth—Care of Palms.

Many do not think it is wise to have plants in their living rooms during the winter, while others are careless of the wisdom of it, but would not be happy unless they had green and flowering plants in one or more rooms of their homes. To see the pains housewives take to have plants in their homes, often under the most adverse circumstances, leads one to believe that the love of nature and of the beautiful is deeply planted within the character of most women.

If you are going to have plants, flowering and otherwise, in your home, it is of the utmost importance to know the character and habits of each plant, if you wish to cultivate and have them flower successfully.

Some should be placed where they get the direct rays of the sun at mid-day, while others, like salamanders, will stand any amount of heat and do best at a south window. Few plants will grow and bloom without sunshine, but there are a few which make a lovely show even in the north window. All kinds of ferns love just such a situation; sweet violets will grow among the ferns and bloom freely, filling the room with their sweet odor. The varieties of begonias which depend for their beauty on foliage rather than flowers do well without sun. We have even seen begonias covered with bloom and perfect masses of foliage which had reached that state of perfection without a ray of sunshine.

For south windows geraniums, fuchsias, sweet alyssum, heliotropes, carnations and oxalis will give perfect satisfaction and a mass of bloom. They can also be grown in an east or west window, but geraniums particularly will not do so well in any place as in a south window. Begonias, callas, fuchsias, feverfew, mignonette, all do well where they get sun but part of the day.

Any of the following plants are to be relied on either for bloom or foliage, as stated. They are particularly suited to the furnace-heated, dust-laden air of our dwellings, and do not need much attention:

The India rubber tree (ficus elastica) stands at the head of decorative house plants which will stand a hot, dry atmosphere. A large, well grown specimen will have leaves four or five inches wide and nearly a foot long. It does not drop its leaves easily, some remaining on several years. The leaves should be dusted frequently. The plant requires plenty of light and water, and makes a better growth if supplied with plant food once a week. Dracena terminalis is another very ornamental, long-leaved plant. Like the ficus, it will stand a dry atmosphere. Its leaves are a dark crimson, marked lengthwise with a lighter pink. The plant needs repotting spring and fall. During the winter the leaves must be wiped off with a damp sponge as often as the dust accumulates on them. It requires some sunshine and considerable water.

Another plant which will thrive in the same situation is the screw pine (pandanus javanicus). P. variegatus is particularly desirable. It has long, narrow, drooping leaves, variegated with lighter green, almost white. It will do well with but little sunshine, but needs plenty of light. It requires but a moderate quantity of water.

Most of the palm family are suited for pot culture, and do well with given a place where they are secure from freezing. They will do with little light, and for this reason are desirable ornaments for the hall or the stairway landing. They do not, however, object to sunshine, and are a handsome addition to any collection of plants. They should be kept in a rather small pot. They require a peaty soil, mixed with sand, and plenty of water. Fivistona chinensis is one of the most elegant varieties, but latania bourbonica and the dwarf palmetto (sabal adansonii) are also very good.

Other annuals well worthy of pot culture are sweet alyssum, mignonette and morning glories. The latter are fine for hanging baskets and for pots. When grown in a pot on a trellis a foot high, they will show a perfect mass of flowers. In the house the flowers remain out all day and are about half the usual size.

## German Coffee Cake.

Take one scant tablespoonful of butter and one of lard, one-quarter cupful sugar, one beaten egg and three-quarters of a cupful of milk; sift together two cupfuls of flour and a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder and mix with the other ingredients to make a batter that will spread; spread in a buttered, dripping pan, sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon and fine cut almonds on top, then with the thumb make little indentations on the surface and drop in little lumps of butter about as large as marbles; bake in a quick oven and eat with coffee.

## Stuffed Sweet Potatoes.

Stuffed sweet potatoes are a novelty and will be found very nice. Bake some large ones, and when soft make a slit down one side, scoop out the inside, and beat it with salt and pepper, a small half cup of cream and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Fill the shells, return to the oven and brown. —Harper's Bazar.

## THE FARMER IN WESTERN CANADA.

### The Quality of No. 1 Hard Wheat Cannot Be Beaten.

The Canadian West in the past five or ten years has given a set back to the theory that large cities are the backbone of a country and a nation's best asset. Here we have a country where no city exceeds 100,000, and where only one comes within easy distance of that figure according to the census just taken and where no other city reaches a population exceeding 15,000. The places with a population over 5,000 can be counted upon the fingers of one hand, and yet the prosperity that prevails is something unprecedented in the history of all countries past or present.

The reason for this marvelous prosperity is not hard to seek. The large majority of the 110,000 people who inhabit Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have gone on to the farm, and have betaken themselves to the task of not only feeding and clothing themselves, but of raising food for others less happily circumstanced.

The crop of 1906, although not abnormal, is an eye-opener to many who previously had given little thought to the subject. Ninety million bushels of wheat at 70 cents per bushel—\$63,000,000; 76,000,000 bushels of oats at 30 cents per bushel—\$22,800,000; 17,000,000 bushels of barley at 40 cents per bushel—\$6,800,000; makes a total of \$92,600,000. This is altogether outside the root products; dairy produce, and the returns from the cattle trade; the best sugar industry and the various other by-products of mixed farming.

When such returns are obtainable from the soil it is not to be wondered at that many are leaving the congested districts of the east, to take upon themselves the life of the prairie farm and the labor of the householder.

With the construction of additional railroads new avenues, for agricultural enterprise are opening up, and improved opportunities are offered to the settler who understands prairie farming, and is willing to do his part in building up the new country.

This is the theme that Mr. J. J. Hill, the veteran railroad builder in the West, has laid before the people in a series of addresses which he has given at various points during the past few months, and, having been for so long identified with the development of the West, there are few men better qualified than he to express an opinion upon it. Take care of the country, says he, and the cities will take care of themselves.

The farmers of the Western States and the Canadian West, are more prosperous than ever before, and when it comes to measuring up results, the Canadian appears to have somewhat the better of it. His land is cheaper—in fact, the government continues to give free homesteads to settlers, and the returns per acre are heavier when the crop is harvested. Farming land in the Western States runs from \$60 to \$150 an acre and up, whereas equally good soil may be purchased in Canada for \$8 to \$15 per acre, within easy reach of a shipping point, and much of this is available for free homesteading. The quality of the Canadian No. 1 hard wheat cannot be beaten, and the returns to the acre are several bushels better than on this side of the line; the soil and climate of that country being peculiarly adapted to wheat growing.

The fact is evidently appreciated by the large number of American farmers who have in the past two or three years settled in the Canadian West. The agents of the Canadian Government, whose address will be found elsewhere, advise us that for the fiscal year 1904-5, the records show that 43,543 Americans settled in Canada, and in 1905-6 the number reached 57,796. From all of which, it appears that at present, there is a good thing in farming in Western Canada, and that the American farmer is not slow to avail himself of it.

## Origin of Term "Grocer."

According to etymology, a "retail grocer" is as absolute an impossibility as a "weekly journal." A grocer, or "grosser" as it used to be spelled, is really a trader "in gross"—that is to say, in large quantities, wholesale. Englishmen of other days spoke of "grossers of fish" and "grossers of wine," and an act of Edward III. expressly mentions that "grossers" dealt in all manner of goods. In those days "spicer" was the word for "grocer" in the modern sense. But it happened that the Grocers' company, founded in the fourteenth century, specialized in spicery and so "grocer" gradually took the place of "spicer."

## Deafness Cannot Be Cured

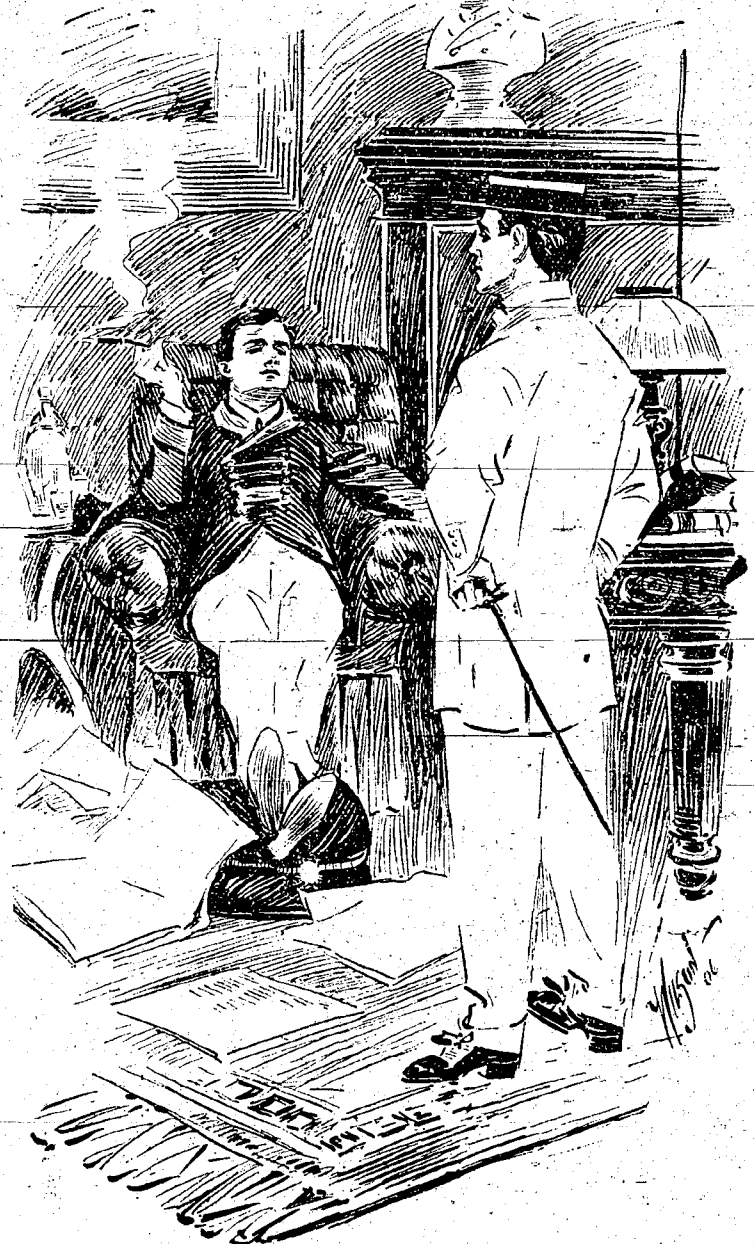
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a running condition of the tube, hearing will be destroyed forever; unless relief be given, and that relief can only be obtained by using the method of Dr. J. C. Carter, who has cured thousands of cases of deafness by his method. Send for circulars, free, to Dr. J. C. Carter, 1111 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Take Little's Family Pills for constipation.

"I gave you a dime yesterday," remarked the philanthropic female, "and I saw you go into one of those low saloons." "Yes, mum," replied the weary wayfarer, "a fellow wid only a dime ain't got no call to go into dem high-toned ones."—Philadelphia Record.

National Pure Food and Drugs Act. The Garfield Remedies meet with the highest requirements of the new Law. Take Garfield Tea for constipation.

About the only difference between a family jar and a family row is that the jar is a trifle smaller.



"AND IN THE MIDST OF THIS QUIET SPLENDOR SAT, OR RATHER, LOUNGED, LANGDON."

into its view, and studied it with a hope that feared and a fear that hoped. When her eyes had toured the room, they paused upon him, seemed to be saying: "You've baffled me again, but I'm not discouraged, I shall catch you yet."

"Well, my dear?" said Langdon, whom she seemed faintly to amuse. "It's only Mr. Blacklock. Mr. Blacklock, my wife."

I bowed; she looked coldly at me, and her slight nod was more than a hint that she wished to be left alone with her husband.

I said to him: "Well, I'll be off. Thank you for—"

"One moment," he interrupted. Then to his wife: "Anything special?"

She flushed. "No—nothing special. I just came to see you. But if I am disturbing you—as usual—"

"Not at all," said he. "When Blacklock and I have finished, I'll come to you. It won't be longer than an hour—or so."

When we were seated again, Langdon, after a few reflective puffs at his cigarette, said: "So you're about to marry?"

"I hope so," said I. "But as I haven't asked her yet, I can't be sure." For obvious reasons I wasn't so enamored of the idea of matrimony as I had been a few moments before.

"I trust you're making a sensible marriage," said he. "If the part that may be glamour should by chance rub clean away, there ought to be something to make one feel he wasn't wholly an ass."

"Very sensible," I replied with emphasis. "I want the woman. I need her."

I was, certain the fall must come, plunged on, digging the pit for my own destruction deeper and deeper.

## X.

### TWO "PILLARS OF SOCIETY."

I was neither seeing nor hearing from the Ellerslys, father or son, but as I knew why, I was not disquieted. I had made them temporarily easy in their finances just before that dinner, and they, being fatuous, incurable optimists, were probably imagining they would never need me again. I did not disturb them until Monson and I had got my education so well under way that even I, always severe in self-criticism and now merciless, was compelled to admit to myself a distinct change for the better.

When my education seemed far enough advanced, I sent for Sam. He, after his footless fashion, didn't bother to acknowledge my note. His margin account with me was at the moment straight; I turned to his father. I had my cashier send him a formal, type-written letter signed Blacklock & Co., informing him that his account was overdrawn and that we "would be obliged if he would give the matter his immediate attention." The note must have reached him the following morning, but he did not come until, after waiting three days, "we" sent him a sharp demand for a check for the balance due us.

A pleasing, aristocratic-looking figure he made as he entered my office, with his air of the man whose hands have never known the stains of toil, with his manner of having always receive deferential treatment. There was no pretense in my curt greeting,



LIKE A FAIRY TALE.

The Story of Postum Cereal in Words and Pictures.

The growth of the Postum Cereal Co. is like a fairy tale, but it is true, every word of it.

"The Door Unbolted" is the title of a charming little booklet just issued by the Company which tells, and illustrates, the story of this remarkable growth.

The little white barn, so carefully preserved, is a most interesting building, for it represents the humble beginning of one of the country's greatest manufacturing enterprises of today.

No less interesting is the quaint official home of the Postum Cereal Co. The general office building of Mr. Post and his associates is a reproduction of the Shakespeare house at Stratford-on-Avon.

A man without a wife is a balloon without an anchor. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it.

It's often difficult to get even with people who owe you money.

BOY'S HEAD ONE SOLID SORE. Hair—Ah Came Out—Under Doctor Three Months and No Better—Cuticura Works Wonders.

Mr. A. C. Barnett, proprietor of a general store in Avar, Oklahoma, tells in the following grateful letter how Cuticura cured his son of a terrible eczema.

"My little boy had eczema. His head was one solid sore, all over his scalp; his hair all came out, and he suffered very much. I had a physician treat him, but at the end of three months he was no better.

I remembered that the Cuticura Remedies had cured me, and after giving him two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, according to directions, and using Cuticura Soap and Ointment on him daily, his eczema left him, his hair grew again, and he has never had any eczema since.

We use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and they keep our skin soft and healthy. I cheerfully recommend the Cuticura Remedies for all cases of eczema. A. C. Barnett, Mar. 30, 1905.

Japan's Empress Popular. It is doubtful if any royal consort is more loved by her people than is the empress of Japan.

Educated according to feudal ideas and skilled in all the accomplishments befitting one of her social eminence, her majesty strongly favors the broadness of the new education for women and from her private purse gives large sums toward the maintenance of women's schools and universities.

During the war with Russia the empress visited the hospitals many times and every day passed hours making bandages. The effect of these bandages upon the wounded soldiers has been of deep interest to medical and scientific men, for the soldiers honored by them seemed to rally under a peculiar mental influence.

All other bandages were destroyed after their first use; those made by the empress were sterilized and used again for the simple reason of their effect on the recovery of the soldiers.

Enchanted, Marguerite stopped in the shadow of the pines to work out the whole table, forgetful of time and place. Gloriously happy to have helped her, Theophile stopped also, forgetful of everything under heaven save Marguerite's bright eyes.

When they reached the schoolhouse school was in. Marguerite flushed with shame. Theophile grinned in joyous unconcern. The teacher looked sharply from one to the other. She saw the tear marks on Marguerite's face; the graceless grin on Theophile's. She spoke sternly:

"So you have been teasing the girls now, have you, Theophile? That makes your sixth demerit for this week." She was very young, that teacher. It was her first school. Theophile went blithely to his dunce's seat and got out a book. Six demerits or six thousand. What did he care for the little black marks. He had helped Marguerite.

Marguerite fared much worse. But yes. With a conscience calling her a sneak and a shame that wouldn't let her stand up before the whole school and take the red-head's part.

"J' ai un bete," she accused wildly. But what avail to call herself a beast in secret if she was going to stand by and let him be called a beast by everybody—for something he hadn't done. And that was what they did at recess. The girls taunted him and the boys would have fought him—if he had not been so big.

And the next morning regret made it all the worse. It seemed so easy now that the opportunity was gone. So easy to have turned and said, "No, Mees May, it is not that Theophee teased me. It is that I have the headache." Well, why hadn't he done it, the stupid! Why hadn't he told teacher that she had the headache? Maybe he didn't believe that she had it. And of course he wouldn't say that was not so. Everybody said that: "Das Theophee, he don't lie, no." Then why didn't he tell teacher she was crying because she couldn't learn her table? Any of the other boys would

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"Ha! So different was Theophile that when Marguerite took the prize for perfect tables and everybody was praising her he never let on how he had helped. Never tried to presume upon that one golden morning, and what was more wonderful to Marguerite, never seemed to be mad with her for so disgracefully leaving him the bag to hold. She thought of restitution, but finally took up again the tone of the school, giggling at Theophile's blunders, smiling pityingly at his mistakes. Did it until one day he turned and looked at her, and his look hurt her all over. There was nothing for it then but to hate him, and Marguerite settled to the hating with such a vim that even big, patient Theophile was roused to protest:

"What mek you so rough on me?" he queried, deep-voiced and kindly. "I ain't done no'ing to you."

"It is that you do not study." "I don't like to study, me. I like to drive the ox and chop the log."

"Then go drive your ox and chop your log. Don't talk to me. Vat!" And Marguerite fled, hating Theophile with all her heart. Ha, but hating herself the more.

The winter wore away and Theophile fared worse and worse. He didn't seem to care how much was put off on him; also the school made him his scapegoat. Why not? He had a red head! The teacher punished him for what he did and what he didn't do—why not? He was a dolt, and he took it all in his patient way, deep-voiced and kindly. It was only Marguerite who saw the dumb pain in his warm brown eyes; only Marguerite who knew why he didn't leave school and go back to the woods-life where he kinged it so royally.

Spring at last, and with spring logging, and chopping and jollification, means, among other things, why and annisett and going home ready for a row.

M. LeRoy was on his way home from an all night frolic when he chanced to pass the schoolhouse. At the sight of that little log structure came a host of imaginary grievances. He would have a settlement with that teacher.

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"Permittez moi, Mees May." Ah, how good that deep, comforting voice sounded. How splendid was that red head topping those strong shoulders. "Fardon, M. Le Roy, you can't talk to teacher like dis. You going get out of here."

"Ha, Tete-Rouge, Dame—" "Taisez-vous. Shut up," one big hand closed over M. Le Roy's mouth, another over his collar. There was a short struggle and above the scuffle of it Theophile's voice explaining that he did not fight in the presence of ladies. Theophile's voice, yes; but with a grim suggestion in it that warned the teacher's heart like wine and made Marguerite hide behind her geography all a-tremble with tender pride.

Like one head all the beautiful browns and blacks bent to peer through chinks and knot-holes. They saw the red head topping M. Le Roy's disappear within the thick green of the "branch," and still watching—after many eager minutes—they saw it reappear alone, wearing around it, as it seemed to the watchers, a halo of victory.

The light of battle still lit his eyes, but, save for that, there was nothing to note as Theophile reentered the school and quietly made his way toward his dunce's seat. The teacher stopped him with her proffered hand. "Oh, Theophile," she began, tremulously, and he bowed over her hand like a knight of old.

"Das all right," he comforted. "I'm glad, me."

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And when she had run the terrible gauntlet of all those eyes; when, contrite and quivering, she stood beside him, with down-drooped lids, the words would not come: It was Theophile who drew her down beside him, shielding her from that pitiless stare; Theophile who voiced the joyous whisper: "Das mek me proud, yas."

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Uncle Allen.

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THE RED HEAD

BY F. H. LANCASTER

Broom-sedge feathering to its frosting; pine-trees-greening; and red oaks browning up beautifully. All these—and a lonely little figure in the middle of the long white road. Marguerite going to school? Ha! And Marguerite crying.

Big Theophile dropped his ax and came uncertainly to Marguerite's side. "Bon jour," he said awkwardly.

Marguerite straightened up sharply. She pulled her bonnet over her face. She frowned. Did she not hate this red-headed boy? Ha! Hate him more than she hated the multiplication tables. And that he should have caught her crying—because she could not learn the nine table. Me, Theophile.

"I have a headache, me," she said, primly.

Theophile plodded at her side helplessly as a dumb beast on a false scent. A headache? Then why was she going to school? Ha! but he must say something, and say it quick.

"Das mek you feel bad? Das mal de tete?" He dared not be too solicitous. He had been snubbed too often. Marguerite fibbed virtuously.

"It is not the pain. It is that I cannot so well study." And in the virtuous remark was conveyed a cold rebuke. He, Theophile, never studied, the great lazy creature, the sorriest scholar in his class. Had not the teacher put him in a corner behind her desk so that his idleness might not disturb the rest of the school? Why, the littlest girl on the playground was ashamed to be seen talking to him. And here was she, Marguerite, the head of the class, walking to school with him. She tossed her head and turned indignantly.

"Theophee," she began, sharply. "Das all right," he interrupted in a deep, comforting tone. "Das all right. I been tink me, 'bout what you say, yas. How das headache mek it hard for you to study. But das multeeplecation table, das nine. He ain't hard, no!"

"Ain't hard!" Marguerite blazed. This did indeed justify umbrage. To be told by a dunce that the thing she had been crying over was not hard. "Mebbe you ain't tought 'bout das. How one half come big, other half go little?"

"Go little," she reiterated, scornfully. But Theophile had seen his chance to help her. As well might she try to turn a thirsty ox from water as to stop him now. He explained eagerly:

"Like dis, yas. Nine times one? Das mek nine. Notting on-inside, nine on outside. Nine time two? Das mek eighteen. One on inside, eight on outside. Nine time t'ree? Das mek twenty-seven. One come two, eight go seven. Next time, two come t'ree, seven go six. Comme ca?"

"And next time," Marguerite uttered. She was amazed. But, yes! To learn wisdom from the mouths of babes and sucklings—Ha, but to be taught an easy road to the nine table by a red-head. She forgot that the schoolhouse was in sight, forgot that she was late.

"And next time," she repeated when Theophile only smiled, "next time t'ree come four, six go five. Forty-five. Bein, nine times five mek forty-five."

"Yas. And nine times six, he mek?" suggested Theophile. "Peefty-four, Bon!"

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"So far as my observation goes," remarked Uncle Allen Sparks, "the common lot of men, that you hear of so often, is usually about two feet by six."

According to the theories of the yeasmist it is folly to circulate them.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

Lots of men pray for things they wouldn't be willing to work for.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color more goods, brighter colors, with less work than others.

Some men's idea of a brilliant leader is a partner who traps opportunity.

Keep in Good Health. There are many thousands of people all over the world who can attribute their good health to taking one of two Brandreth's Pills every night.

These pills cleanse the stomach and bowels, stimulate the kidneys and liver and purify the blood. They are the same fine laxative tonic pills your grandparents used, and being purely vegetable they are adapted to children and old people, as well as those in the vigor of manhood and womanhood.

Brandreth's Pills have been in use for over a century and are for sale everywhere, plain or sugar-coated.

Autos in German Army. The German Volunteer Army Corps is provided with 37 automobiles in charge of uniformed drivers, which carry staff officers to and fro. In the maneuvers last month the speed and convenience of the machines were highly praised by the tacticians who watched the developments of the mimic campaign.

TEN YEARS OF PAIN. Unable to Do Even Housework Because of Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. Margaret Eumerich, of Clinton street, Napoleon, O., says: "For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from kidney troubles. My back pained me terribly. Every turn or move caused sharp shooting pains. My eyesight was poor, dark spots appeared before me, and I had dizzy spells. For ten years I could not do housework, and for two years did not get out of the house. The kidney secretions were irregular, and doctors were not helping me. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me quick relief, and finally cured me. They saved my life."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Checked Attempt at Monopoly. Trusts were sometimes dealt with summarily in old England. For instance, the records of the Brewers company show that "on Monday, July 30, 1422, Robert Chichele, the mayor of London, sent for the masters and 12 of the most worthy of our company to appear at the Guildhall for selling dear ale. After much dispute about the price and quantity of malt, wherein Whittington, the late mayor, declared that the brewers had ridden into the country and forestalled the malt, to raise its price, they were convicted in the penalty of £20 (\$100), which objecting to, the masters were ordered to be kept in prison in the chamberlain's custody until they should pay it, or find security for the payment thereof."

Wrong Method of Teaching. Consul Paul Nash, of Venice, writes: "Hundreds of well-educated Americans annually pass through Venice and, although probably nine-tenths of them have had several years of instruction in a European language, not one-tenth are capable of speaking a dozen connected words of anything but English. Even college graduates, fresh from prize-winning in French or German, are generally unable to speak either language, although capable of writing an excellent thesis on their history, philology, syntax and literature. This is the result of teaching French and German in much the same way that Latin and Greek are taught."

NEW YEAR'S CALLS. A New Drink to Replace the Old-Time "Apple-Jack."

Twenty-five years ago the custom of making New Year's calls was a delightful one for all concerned, until some of the boys got more "egg-nog" or "apple-jack" than they could successfully carry.

Then the ladies tried to be charitable and the gentlemen tried to be as chivalrous as ever and stand up at the same time.

If anyone thinks these has not been considerable improvement made in the last quarter of a century in the use of alcoholic beverages, let him stop to consider, among other things, the fact that the old custom of New Year's calls and the genteel tipping is nearly obsolete.

The custom of calling on one's friends, however, at the beginning of the new year, is a good habit, and another good habit to start at that time is the use of well-made Postum instead of coffee or spirits.

A Staten Island doctor has a sensible daughter who has set Postum before her guests as a good thing to drink at Yule Tide, and a good way to begin the New Year. Her father writes:

"My daughter and I have used Postum for some time past, and we feel sure it contains wholesome food material.

"I shall not only recommend it to my patients, but my daughter will be most pleased to give a demonstration of Postum to our Christmas and New Year's callers." Read "The Road to Wellville" in pgs. "There's a reason."

GAINED 34 POUNDS

Persistent Anemia Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Other Remedies Had Failed.

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Nathaniel Field, of St. Albans, Somerset county, Maine, "I was the palest, most bloodless person you could imagine. My tongue and gums were colorless and my fingers and ears were like wax. I had two doctors and they pronounced my trouble anemia. I had spells of vomiting, could not eat, in fact, did not dare to. I had such distress after eating. My stomach was filled with gas which caused me awful agony. The backache I suffered was at times almost unbearable and the least exertion made my heart beat so fast that I could hardly breathe. But the worst of all was the splitting neuralgia headache which never left me for seven weeks. About this time I had had several numb spells. My limbs would be cold and without any feeling and the most deathly sensations would come over me."

"Nothing had helped me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in fact, I had grown worse every day. After I had taken the pills a short time I could see that they were benefiting me and one morning I awoke entirely free from pain. The distress after eating disappeared and in three weeks I could eat anything I wanted and suffer no inconvenience. I also slept soundly. I have taken several boxes of the pills and have gained in weight from 120 to 154 pounds and am perfectly well now."

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