

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. II

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1907.

No 1

Relics of Michigan Mormonism.

J. B. Eddy, Chas. B. Chapman, Judge Joseph H. Steer and Chase S. Burn of Sault Ste. Marie have secured portions of the hull of the boat Eclipse, which was captained by "Pirat King" Strang or Beay Island and captured by officers and burned after a bloody fight in 1855, when the Mormon reign on the island, came to an end. The pieces have been made into canes which the gentlemen will keep as souvenirs.

The discovery of the partly burned hull buried in the sands of the Beaver Island shore recalls a chapter in the history of Lake Michigan which reads like an ancient romance. Capt. Strang ruled over the island with an iron hand and headed one of the most desperate gangs of pirates, which ever invested American waters.

It was the custom to sail forth upon the great lake and lie in wait for unlucky vessels that passed that way, capture the craft and crew and either murder the sailors or make them come to the island and conform to the Mormon faith. The true story of the horrors of Beaver Island in its ancient days will probably never be written. But enough has been learned to show that the reign of Strang was of a most heartless and treacherous nature.

Of late years a large number of skeletons have been unearthed by residents of the island which are supposed to be the remains of the victims of the pirate band. Numerous old hulls have also been found beneath the waves which are supposed to be the remains of ill-fated vessels which were destroyed by the pirate crews. What remains of the hull of the Eclipse and the ground on which the fight occurred after the boat was abandoned is now the property of Capt. Alier.

They call the students pin heads in Big Rapids.

Before the present session of Congress is over, the President may be glad he declined a third term right at the start.

Naturally, that shortage of coal in the West, is a valid excuse for boosting the price in the East.

Indiana ranks fourth as a canning state, although the amount of canned literature she is turning out, would seem to entitle her to first place.

Really Mr. Carnegie need not worry that an income tax will make him. All taxes seem to have a tendency to do that.

War department has barred white horses from the army. Hope discrimination does not extend to red headed girls.

Only two questions in the negro disbandment matter—(1) whether being Commander-in-Chief means anything, and (2) whether Colonel Roosevelt or Captain Foraker is Commander in Chief?

A New Rochelle, N. Y., man who was once kind to a rich man in distress has just received \$500,000. If there are any more rich men lying around in distress we should like to be notified.

Don't have the nerve to send items to this office announcing doings gotten up for profit unless you want to pay for them. We sell our space and papers for a living. If advertising is worth doing it is worth paying for.

The investment by conservative citizens in business and residence property is a very good indication of the faith of the citizenship in the city. Their advance has been gradual but it has only been in keeping with the general prosperity that has been prevalent in this city. People who formerly resided in our city on their return visits are quick to see the change in conditions. There is an atmosphere of good times prevalent.

Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star, self reliance. Don't take too much advice—keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of command is to take a fair share of work. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in a cart over a rough road, and the small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Pile above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Be in earnest. Be reliable. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money, and do good with it.

Christmas Wedding.

Since Christmas It Has Been Appropriate to say Mr and Mrs. Lorraine.

(The Hamilton Brass.)
The parlor of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot in this city was the scene Christmas evening of a very pretty but unpretentious wedding service. As the clock chimed the hour of eight the bride, Miss Edna Talbot, on the arm of the groom, Mr. Roy L. Lorraine entered in measured step the parlor of the home from the sitting room, the professional being a splendidly rendered violin solo, "Hear's and Flowers" by Miss Irene Talbot, the bride's sister.

The officiating minister, Mr. A. L. McArthur, welcomed them and in a simple but dignified service united them as husband and wife.

Following the service a dainty lunch was served after which those present enjoyed a delightful social hour. The bride is a young lady of wide acquaintance and has many friends who wish her much happiness in her new relation. She is an accomplished young lady, sweet tempered and amiable, and will bring to her husband the happiness that ever flows from the possession of a wife whose true womanliness has been manifested in her maiden life by her fidelity to her parents, brothers and sisters.

The groom has been a resident of this city for nearly two years and is a young man of industry, integrity and persistence, coming here a stranger, he has won to himself a large circle of friends who find in his many virtues a gateway to warm companionship.

To him and his charming bride, their friends wish every happiness that Dame Fortune keeps for the worthy and deserving.

The finest line of Rugs both large and small ever displayed in East Jordan at WHITTINGTON'S.

Ever notice that when a fat woman marries a little thin man she grows fatter and fatter year by year.

The average farmer is probably not aware that the average mule sells for \$10 a head more than horses. Such is the case and the price is gradually rising for a number of years. There has never been what would be called an overproduction of mules, while the market has often been unable to fully supply.

One of our exchanges advertises a cow for sale as follows: "Full-blooded cow for sale, giving milk, three tons of hay, a lot of chickens and several stoves." While we have always had the greatest respect for gentle milk-eyed gentle bossy, we never suspected for a moment that she would branch out into the junk shop business. And she full-blooded, too! No "yaller" dog or puthole in her make up. Too bad.

To stop a cold with "Preventics" is safer than to let it run and cure it afterwards. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will head off all colds and Grippe, and perhaps save you from Pneumonia or Bronchitis. Preventics are little, toothsome candy cold cure tablets selling in 5 cent and 25 cent boxes. If you are chilly, if you begin to sneeze, try Preventics. They will surely check the cold and please you. Sold by Warner's Pharmacy.

Give the young and struggling a word of encouragement when you can. You would not leave those plants in your window boxes without water nor refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight may fall upon them, but you would leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle along on stony soil—shrubs that can wait for the dews and subseams, vines that climb without kindly training—but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can see that it is deserved.

We regret to see a disposition on the part of our young people to quit school. Stay at school another year or two, and don't be ashamed of what ought to be your glory, that you want to learn more. Step from the district school to the high school, from the high school to college, if you can. Get a business education by all means—you will never learn too much. If you desire to become a mechanic instead of an engineer or a farmer, an education will not unfit you to become either. It will always be capital bearing a large income of interest.

"When home and lands are gone and spent, Then learning is most excellent."

List of Advertisers Letters. Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending Dec. 31st, 1906:

Kaler, Mrs. Henry
Payne, Mr. Edward
Wugenaar, Mr. A.
FRANK A. KENYON, P. M.

For and Plush Robes of all kinds at STROEBEL BROS.

HORSE FOR SALE—Black mare, seven years old, weight about 1200 lbs. Sound. Cheap for cash or good paper.—S. A. HAYDEN.

Builds up waste tissue, promotes appetite, improves digestion; induces refreshing sleep, gives renewed health and strength. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea does. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Warner's Pharmacy.

Good roads will lead to the general improvement of the country side. The farmer who drives to and from town over spacious, smooth well cared for roads will unconsciously come to effect corresponding improvements in the management and operation of the farm.

If you are constipated, dull or bilious, or have a sallow, lifeless complexion, try Lax-ets just once to see what they will do for you. Lax-ets are little toothsome Candy tablets—nice to eat, nice in effect. No griping, no pain. Just a gentle laxative effect that is pleasingly desirable. Handy for the vest pocket or purse. Lax-ets meet every desire. Lax-ets come to you in beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents. Sold by Warner's Pharmacy.

Hand-made Lumber Harness at STROEBEL BROS.

Call and see the fine assortment of Pictures and Frames at WHITTINGTON'S.

Just received at Hayden's—a full line of J. M. Bour's celebrated Bleached Coffee at 20, 25, 30, 35 cents per pound.

To Be Given Away—For every ten dollars worth of Furniture bought at EMPEY BROS., the customer will receive a 16x20 picture and premium.

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

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.

That's the house the Doctor built. The biggest house you see? Thank goodness he don't get our money.

For we take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea.

Warne'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 HAWKS NURSERY Co. of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. 10-17-07.

Quality! Prices!

These are the two strong points in the Grocery and Meat Business and they are the two features we have always studied. Right Price, High quality, Prompt Service and Courteous Treatment are the drawing cards at Sherman & Son's. Send us your next order and be convinced you can get more for your money and better goods than elsewhere.

Sherman & Son's.

Groceries Meats

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.


His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed *Scott's Emulsion*.

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.



Sleighs! Sleighs!



We have just unloaded and now offer for sale a carload of the famous

Owosso Sleighs.

The goods are right, the prices will suit, and you are invited to come in and look them over.

Harness and Robes.

Don't forget we carry a complete line of these goods at rock bottom prices.

SUPERNAW BROS.

FRED E. BOOSINGER

"CUT ICE WHILE IT'S COLD."

Annual Clearing Sale of Winter Garments

Women's, Children's and Misses' Coats at just Half Price. Just think

Any Garment that was \$12, now \$6.
Any Garment that was 10, now 5.
Any Garment that was 8, now 4.
All Garments in the same proportion.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF Men's and Boy's Overcoats and Suits at 1/4 Discount

All our celebrated Schloss Bros. Suits and Overcoats going at 1/4 off.

Any of our \$20 Suits or Overcoats, only \$15.00
Any of our 16 Suits or Overcoats, only 12.00
Any of our 12 Suits or Overcoats, only 9.00

This is the Chance of the Season

To get the very best hand tailored Suits or Overcoats at less than the manufacturer's wholesale cost.

How THESE CLOTHES ARE MADE.—They are designed by the most skilled artists, cut and trimmed by professionals in the work. They are made from the Choicest of Merinos and Shropshire Wools, that are selected by experts called Clothing Wool Specialists. These Clothes are made with Silk throughout and fully guaranteed in every way—Early Choice means everything. Call Early.

At the last minute we decided to add to this Sale all we have left of our

High Grade Skirts for Ladies at 1/2 off to close—Are You Interested—If not why not,

The Coldest weather of the winter is yet to come. Are You Ready?

"Quality First of All," our motto.

FRED E. BOOSINGER

French View of Marriage.

The French, guided by reason, as they would say, regard the institution of matrimony as a rational regulation of the fact of sex, as a compromise between the rights of the individual and the rights of society.

Where Some Writers Fail.

The most frequent defect in fiction submitted for magazine use and, we might add, in most of the fiction that somehow gets published in book form, is its lack of spontaneity in construction and expression.

Ghastly Facts About Lynching.

No one can look at one of the photographs of a lynching without a sense of abysmal horror. It is not the horror alone or chiefly of the thing itself, the ugly, inanimate center of the tragedy.

The Chief Wealth of the Forests of Java.

The chief wealth of the forests of Java, at the present time, consists in the wood of the teak tree, which is extensively employed for naval construction.

Thomas Turner, a wealthy English manufacturer, has come to America for the one hundred and nineteenth time, and will spend the winter with relatives in Chelsea, Mass.

An amendment to the state constitution, whereby justice of the peace will be given a salary of \$400 a month, was approved by the legislature.

SIDE LIGHTS ON MICHIGAN

POSTOFFICE BURGLARIES IN MICHIGAN WERE VERY NUMEROUS.

RESCUER LOST HIS LIFE.

Department Store Destroyed—An Unfortunate Merchant—Girl's Flesh Was Cooked.

Thirty-eight Offices Robbed.

Advices from Washington say that during the last fiscal year there were 33 postoffice burglaries in Michigan. The government's total loss in Michigan was \$3,718; in the entire country, \$161,321.

Alanson, \$234; Alden, \$48; Alba, \$95; Brockland, \$27; Brutus, \$298; Centerville, \$92; Chapin, \$90; Crosby, \$14; Eagle, \$178; Ferris, \$20; Fife Lake, \$25; Harrison, \$347; Harrisville, \$536; Leslie, \$2,218; Ludington, \$629; Newport, \$215; North Adams, \$486; Pellston, \$255; Plymouth, \$6; Pokagon, \$92; River Rouge, \$470; St. Clair, \$25; Sherman, \$473; Sherwood, \$77; Swan Creek, \$12; Tekonsha, \$347; Twining, \$157; Vernon, \$563; Wayne, \$239; Wolverine, \$474.

Died to Save Friend.

Frank Watson, aged 17, son of Druggist J. B. Watson, lost his life Christmas day in Pine lake while trying to save his friend, Byron Eckman, from drowning.

Store Was Destroyed.

Rose Bros. department store in Manistique was destroyed by fire with a loss of \$75,000, covered by insurance. It started in the furnace room when the store was closed for the holiday and the smoke was so thick when the department responded that it could not reach the flames.

Cooked Alive.

As a result of falling into a vat of boiling water in a Camden bakery, Miss Jeannette Cain sustained probably fatal injuries. She was unable to extricate herself, but was pulled out by Mrs. Wilson. Pieces of flesh dropped from the young woman's breast and limbs when rescued.

He Won the Girl.

The wedding of Miss Estella Eldred and Floyd Gordenier, two well-known young people of Climax, is the outcome of a three months courtship behind prison bars.

Decapitated.

With his head decapitated as neatly as if it had been done with an ax, the body of Edward Whitmore, aged 55, employed by the King Paper Co., of Kalamazoo, was found inside the Michigan Central tracks half an hour after he started for work this morning.

Lost His Sight.

The firm of Wright & O'Dell, of Penn, Mich., has been dissolved. The year just closed has been an unfortunate one for Mr. Wright. He has lost the sight of one eye by being struck by a potato playfully thrown by a boy.

But the day worker acquires more coin than the day dreamer.

David Markham's annual family reunion in Hart was attended by 19 of his children from all parts of the country. Most of them brought their families with them.

Dr. John F. Morse, head surgeon and examining physician of the Battle Creek sanitarium, was quietly wedded to Dr. Jean Whitney, one of the women physicians of his staff.

An amendment to the state constitution, whereby justice of the peace will be given a salary of \$400 a month, was approved by the legislature.

BAD SIGN.

An Irate Brother Obtains Signatures and Beats Man Badly.

Miss May Kavanaugh, head waitress of the recently burned Fraser hotel, in Bay City, who rescued a guest in the halls when he was nearly overcome by smoke and pulled him from the burning building by the hair of his head, and ex-Mayor Alexander McEwan have sworn to a warrant against William P. Kavanaugh, the woman's brother, head of the Kavanaugh Fish Co., charging assault with intent to do great bodily harm less than the crime of murder.

Kavanaugh is said to have found his sister in a room in a saloon with McEwan and at the point of a revolver to have compelled the former mayor to sign an agreement bearing upon his future relations with Miss Kavanaugh and to have forced her to affix her signature to an agreement that she would leave Bay City. Then, it is alleged, Kavanaugh put up his revolver and pounded McEwan with his fists.

McEwan's face was badly discolored when he appeared in police court, where Kavanaugh gave \$500 bonds for appearance.

Murder Was Brutal.

Delbert Conklin, aged 30, a Lansing stonemason, was shot and killed Wednesday night, when he was called to the rear door of his house. His brother, Melvin, aged 21, is held on a charge of murder. Delbert was disemboweled by a charge from a shotgun.

The brothers had quarreled. Melvin had objected to his elder brother's marriage and was jealous because his father had assisted the brother in building his house. The alleged murderer and his father lived in a small house nearby. Yesterday when the father went to Kalamazoo, where a daughter is not expected to live, the brothers again quarreled.

The first shot took effect in Delbert's arm, causing only a slight wound, but the assailant followed his victim into the house, where the latter received the full charge in his abdomen.

The victim's wife ran from the house and the assailant fired at her as she was crossing the street, but his aim was wide. In her night clothing she ran to a friend's house, where the police were notified. They found the alleged murderer lying undressed on a bed in his own house. He feigned unconsciousness and will not yet talk of the affair.

Want Lower Railway Fares.

An agitation for two-cent a mile railroad fares was started at a meeting of traveling men in Grand Rapids. Rep. Russell and Reps. Murray and Anderson were present and promised to vote for the two-cent rate. Senator Russell will introduce the bill. The following resolution was adopted:

To His Excellency the governor and to the honorable senators and representatives of the state of Michigan: Gentlemen—We, the undersigned commercial travelers and voters of the state of Michigan, do most earnestly and respectfully petition your honorable bodies to formulate and pass at the coming session of the legislature a law similar to that recently passed in the neighboring state of Ohio, compelling all steam railroads in the lower peninsula of Michigan to sell books of interchangeable family mileage, and tickets at a flat rate of two cents per mile at all stations and in the upper peninsula of this state books of 1,000 miles interchangeable family mileage at two cents per mile, and tickets at all stations at three cents per mile.

Nervy Surferman Saved Boy.

Ward C. Bennett, surferman No. 2, of the Charlevoix life saving station, had eaten his Christmas dinner with his parents at Glenmere, and was walking along the beach at Glen lake with his brother, Frank C. Bennett, surferman No. 5, of the Sleeping Bear station, when he saw Harry Tobin, 11 years old, break through the ice. Before he could reach him, the boy sank three times.

Diving into the deep water Bennett went under the ice, slanting his direction toward the boy. He sought for the boy on the bottom. The water was rolled, and it was with difficulty that he located the lad. He brought him to the surface by the hair. Because of the broken ice the rescuer could not get to shore. His brother cut a rope from a sled and with bystanders formed a living chain, bringing the boy in first, and then rescued the rescuer.

Despite their icy clothes and exposure the two surfermen went to work to resuscitate the boy. In the absence of a barrel they used one of their companions in that capacity. The boy fully recovered.

The Sigma Phi fraternity house at Ann Arbor was damaged \$2,000. A heating pipe burst and flooded the upper floors.

Nathan D. Simpson, of Hartford, has been appointed private messenger to Lieut. Gov. Elect P. H. Kelley, during the coming session of the state legislature.

Miss Nina Fedens of Thetford township, and Delazen Almes Meade, of Detroit, have, in a letter just sent out to their friends, announced their marriage, which has been kept a secret since January 6, 1906.

Prof. John Dieterle, of Ann Arbor, was awakened by the scratching of matches in his home, and upon investigation found two men ransacking his mother's room. Both left the premises without securing anything.

Andrew Walker, 28, of Battle Creek, died from blood poisoning, caused by ink flowing over a sore hand. Walker was an expert ink mixer in a printing ink plant.

James B. Seager, of the Olds Motor works, has commenced suit against the city of Lansing for \$500 for damages to an auto, caused by the bad condition of the streets.

Mrs. Mary Matthews was found in her home in Jonesville burned to death. Her son had been gone but a short time and when he returned found

MICHIGAN EVENTS NOTED

THE FRASER HOUSE, BAY CITY'S LARGEST HOTEL, WENT UP IN FLAMES.

SHOT ON WAY TO ALTAR.

Recent Happenings in and About the State of More Than Ordinary Interest Briefly Told.

An Old Hostelry Gone.

James O'Neil, the hotel fireman, was fatally burned, and dozens of people had thrilling and spectacular escapes from death in a fire early Monday morning which destroyed the Fraser house, Bay City's leading hotel, with a property loss of \$128,000. O'Neil was found lying face down on the floor of the furnace room where the fire originated and when dragged out, one ear was burned off and he had inhaled smoke and fire. He was hurried to Mercy hospital, where he died soon after.

The Fraser was one of the oldest brick buildings in Bay City, having been built in 1867. Its construction was poor and dangerous in case of fire and had the fire occurred on any other night in the week when the guest list is always larger, many lives might have been lost. It was two hours after the fire started before it got below the two upper stories. When they fell all hope of saving any part of the building was given up.

The losses are as follows: Fraser House Co., Ltd., building and contents, \$80,000, insurance, \$48,500; High Art Clothing Co., \$22,000, insurance, \$9,500; Floyd A. Goodwin, landlord, \$5,000, insurance, \$3,600; C. A. Mitts, cigar stand and stock, \$1,500; Abare & McGuinness, \$1,500, partly insured; E. W. Fitzgerald, St. Louis, Mo., sample display, \$1,000; C. A. Bigelow, personal effects, \$200.

N. Solomon, of New York, expected his loss would reach \$35,000, two trunks filled with jewelry being in the burning structure, but yesterday afternoon between \$20,000 and \$25,000 worth of jewelry was found in the ruins.

Why Did He Kill Her?

Miss Ida Helm, of Baraga, was shot down by Alex. Konola, a demented Finn, on the street while waiting with her fiancé, Herman Johnson, for a car to take them to Hancock, where they were to be married. Three shots were fired, one taking effect in the young woman's abdomen, which may prove fatal. Konola immediately after turned the gun on himself but inflicted a flesh wound, when a bystander overpowered him and he was taken to jail.

Konola had been living near the Atlanta mine for ten years. He took a trip to his native Finland two years ago and when he returned he found his wife and children had deserted him and gone to California with a boarder in their home. This is said to have wrecked Konola's mind.

Just why he should have picked out this inoffensive young woman as a target for his murderous demands is a mystery. Neither she or her companion ever saw the man before, they say. The only possible explanation is that Miss Helm resembled his wife.

Girl Wife Murdered.

Edward F. Brassam, aged 23, who shot and killed his girl wife in Jackson, has been sought by every police and sheriff's officer in Jackson county since Saturday evening without success. Many believe he has completed his bloody work by shooting himself and that his body lies in some lonely spot.

Mrs. Brassam had been working on dolls for Christmas presents for their three little children all Saturday, and when her husband came home in the evening she was in the home of her brother, John Brazner. They had previously quarreled because the wife did not wish to accompany her husband to Saginaw. She was holding their babe in her arms and sewing on the doll dresses when he appeared and fired the fatal shots. Mrs. Brassam was hurried to the hospital, where she died at 3:15 Sunday morning. Relatives cared for the three little children, the eldest of which is 3 years. Brassam was a drinking man and poor provider. Their home had scarcely the ordinary comforts and their children were ill clad.

To Save the Falls.

Secretary Taft is preparing to take up for final disposition the complex questions presented to him under the terms of the Burton act, relative to the conservation of the waters of the Niagara river so as to prevent the sacrifice of the falls to the commercial interests of the country.

Grave constitutional questions are involved. Attorneys for the electric lighting and power companies which have been taking the water from the government has no authority to undertake to regulate the disposition of the waters of streams save where the navigation thereof is concerned. In the case of the Niagara river, where the water is taken from the stream above the falls, only to be returned to it again below, this issue is not involved.

So far, however, the right of the U. S. government to regulate the admission of currents of electricity generated on the Canadian side of the river has not been challenged, and to this question the secretary intends to first address himself.

Oscar F. Westman, aged 24, and John Blashe, aged 21, employees of the An express package containing diamonds valued at \$500 disappeared from a driver's wagon in Menominee Monday. The police are investigating.

While preparing his noonday lunch at his home, in Grand Rapids, Friday, Freddie Sterback, aged six, was probably fatally burned by a gasoline stove explosion.

A crowd of Lansing men and boys participated in the chase of a timber

RACE RIOTS.

Kemper County, Miss., Outlaws and Their Brutal Work.

The race riots in Kemper county, Miss., have subsided. District Attorney Currie has made a public statement in which he says:

"I find that the trouble was caused by a lot of outlaws who openly violated all laws of God, man and decency. The four men killed Christmas day were not connected with the affair in any manner, and I am informed that the houses burned were occupied by negroes who were not even in sympathy with any of those who were connected with the outrages. These men will be captured if it is in the power of the state of Mississippi to do so."

Evidence has been produced, it is said, that will establish the identity of five white men of good families of the county who took part in the attacks on the negroes.

Chinese Starving.

Advices by steamship Tosu Maru are that China will appeal to Europe and America for \$1,250,000 for relief of famine sufferers in Central China, where 10,000,000 Chinese are facing starvation this winter. People, maddened by hunger, are reported to be pillaging yamens of officials. A foreigner who has reached Shanghai from the famine-stricken district says that men and women, naked excepting for a few rags around their loins, are seen by the roadsides starving with naked children at their breasts. Refugees were met who had tramped from Hunan.

The famine threatens to equal the appalling one of thirty years ago, which devastated the northern provinces of China and destroyed hundreds of thousands of people. From one point the outlook is worse than then, as the district is now more thickly populated.

Second Class Matter Rates.

Statistics compiled by representatives of the United Typothetae of America and the American Weekly Publishers' association, which are vigorously fighting the movement to increase the rates charged for second class mail matter, show that the government is paying the railways three times as much on the average for the transportation of mail matter as express companies pay for like services. On the basis of the postmaster general's estimate the publishers assess that the government during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, will pay the roads almost \$32,000,000 more than the express companies would pay them for hauling an equal tonnage.

"One of the chief needs of the government is an expert traffic manager," said a Chicago publisher. "It then would get as good rates as the express companies."

Five in Twenty Months.

Former Mayor F. C. Deinzer, of Monroe, has received a letter from President Roosevelt, congratulating him on the recent wedding of his daughter Angelica to William Burmester, of Detroit. It was the fifth time within twenty months that a wedding ceremony was performed which united a member of the Deinzer family in marriage. It is very evident that the president does not believe there is any race suicide in his family.

A bill will be presented to the legislature by the Pontiac board of supervisors and the Oakland County Bar association, asking for a municipal police court.

Frank Stevens, head bookkeeper in Chesaning's largest department store, and Miss Grace James, a popular teacher, Friday announced that they were married last June by the M. E. pastor. It was generally supposed the wedding was to be Christmas day. They have started on a short "wedding trip."

THE MARKETS.

Detroit—Extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$4 50@5; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200, \$4 40@5; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000, \$3 75@4 50; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700, \$3 30@3 75; choice fat cows, \$2 50@3; good fat cows, \$2 50@3; common cows, \$2 20@2 75; canners, \$1 50@2; choice heavy bulls, \$2 75@3 25; fair to good bologna, bulls, \$2 25@2 50; stock bulls, \$2 25@2 75; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$3 50@4; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$3 25@3 50; choice stockers, 500 to 700, \$2 75@2 25; fair stockers, 500 to 700, \$2 25@2 75; stock heifers, \$2 20@2 50; milkers—large, young, medium age, \$3 50@5; common milkers, \$1 50@2 50; Hog—Market active and 25¢ higher than the opening last week; best lambs, \$7 25@7 40; fair to good lambs, \$6 50@6 75; light to common lambs, \$5 50@6 75; fair to good butcher hogs, \$4 75@5 25; culls and common, \$3 50@4.

Hogs—Weak; market 5¢ higher than last week. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, \$6 20@6 25; pigs, \$3 25; light Yorkers, \$6 30; roughs, \$5 25@5 75; stags, 1-3 off.

Chicago—Market strong; heavy, \$4 60@6 85; cows and heifers, \$1 25@1 55; steers and feeders, \$2 50@4 60; Texans, \$3 75@4 50; westerns, \$3 90@5 40; calves, \$6 20.

Sheep—Market 5¢ to 10¢ lower; mixed and butchers, \$6 20@6 37 1/2; good heavy, \$5 20@6 35; rough heavy, \$5 90@6 10 1/2; light, \$5 90@6 32 1/2; pigs, \$5 50@6 20; butch calves, \$4 20@4 30.

Sheep—Market strong; sheep, \$3 75@5 80; lambs, \$4 75@5.

AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT. Week Ending January 5, 1907.

TEMPLE THEATRE AND WORDSWORTH—Afternoons 2:15, 10 to 12; Evenings 8:15, 10 to 12. Fred Walton, Famous English Pantomimist. LYCEUM—Prices always 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, 25c Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The Four Mouskies. WAREY—Evenings, 10c, 25c, 50c. Matinee 10c, 15c, 25c. "Secrets of the Police". LAFAVETTE THEATRE—Bargain Matinees Sun. Mon., Wed. and Sat. Best Seats 25c. Nights, 10c, 25c, 50c. High Class Vaudeville.

ASTOUNDING REPORTS MADE

THE CAR SHORTAGE WHICH HAS CAUSED MUCH SUFFERING, A MYTH.

A STARTLING RECORD.

Vast Number of Industrial Workers Who Met Death by Accident Has Become Appalling.

Plenty of Cars.

Startling revelations regarding the car shortage were made public today by the department of commerce and labor. Its investigations show that the much-vaunted car shortage is no shortage of cars at all. Its carefully gathered statistics show that a smaller quantity of the great staples of this country was moved during November of this year than during the same month in 1905.

With the great elevators at Duluth and Minneapolis and other shipping points yawning for wheat, the deliveries at 15 interior markets fell below the deliveries of November, 1905, by the great figure of 17,500,000 bushels.

With the children of the great northwest shivering and crying for coal, the shipments of anthracite from the eastern producing regions fell below the figure of November, 1905, by nearly 250,000 tons.

The showing is absolutely convincing regarding the car supply. "It answers the question of the interstate commerce commission, which, even at the end of last week was willing to admit that there was probably an actual shortage of cars. But in clearing up this mooted point, the revelations create even deeper queries.

Slaughter of Workmen.

Important steps are soon to be taken in New York and elsewhere to establish a system of compulsory and accurate records of the enormous number of persons who are annually killed and injured in America's vast army of industrial workers. In New York city alone the meager records obtainable are startling. Dr. Josiah Strong, president of the American Institute of Social Service, in speaking of the number of persons killed each year in our industrial occupations, made some astonishing comparisons. He said:

"We in the United States kill in four years some 80,000 persons, more than fell in battle and died of wounds during the four years of the civil war. We are killing more than twice as many every year as perished by violence in both the French and English armies during the three years of the Crimean war."

"There are more killed and wounded on our railroads every year than the entire losses of the Boer war on both sides in three years. We have industrial casualties enough every year to keep one conflict like our war with Spain going for 1,200 years, or 12 such wars going for 100 years. Our peaceful vocations cost more lives than were lost in battle during the entire Spanish war."

"From the best statistics obtainable I may say there are 575,000 persons in the United States under sentence of death to be executed at an unknown moment during the next ten years, 1,100 next week and the same number every week until the ghastly work is complete. "An intelligent and earnest effort would procure the reprieve of a multitude of these innocent victims."

Insurance Indictments.

Geo. W. Perkins, former vice-president of the New York Life Insurance Co., and now a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and Charles S. Fairchild, former secretary of the treasury and a trustee of the New York Life Insurance Co., were indicted Friday by the grand jury, charged with forgery in the third degree. The indictments were based on what is known as the Prussian bond transaction, in which it is charged that a false statement was made by the New York Life Insurance Co. in order to satisfy the government of Prussia as to the securities held by that company.

President Cassatt Dead.

President Alexander J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., died suddenly Friday afternoon. The announcement of his death was made from his office in Pennsylvania shortly before 2 o'clock in the following bulletin: "Mr. A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, died suddenly of heart disease at 1 p. m. today. The symptoms were those known to the profession as the Stokes-Adams syncope, and, as is often the case under these circumstances, death was instantaneous."

Twenty Were Killed.

Up to the present time, it is said, 20 persons, including several Americans, have been butchered by Yaqui Indians in Mexico. A second massacre following the one at Langho in which 18 persons were slain is related in a dispatch telling of a raid by 100 Yaquis near Valencia, Mexico. An entire party was wiped out, 11 Mexicans and one American being killed. The Mexican government has hastily gathered troops and rurales at both these widely separated points to pursue the redskin murderers.

The new electric railway bridge will be 450 feet long, with three spans. Charles A. Young, a Battle Creek druggist, found dead in bed Monday night, may have been a suicide. A vial containing peroxide of hydrogen and cocaine was found at his side, after the police had accredited his death to heart failure.

William Walker, ex-convict, has been convicted of stealing a gold watch and chain and a gold ring from the residence of Judge Marshall, of



PLAYS AND PLAYERS



MISS ELLEN TERRY

MAY ROBSON'S MAID.

Two Stories of a Girl Who is Unintentionally Funny.

May Robson, who is playing with Francis Wilson in "The Mountain Climber," is the princess of story tellers, and can give cards and spades to Willie Collier, Winton Lackaye, and De Wolf Hopper and beat them out at their own game.

Miss Robson's maid is quite as celebrated for her funny sayings as Miss Robson herself, with this difference: The maid never intends to be funny, and the actress does. During a recent engagement in Boston a friend of Miss Robson sent her a volume of Ethel Watts Mumford's poems. When it came the actress said to the maid: "You may open the package for me." The girl slowly unfolded the parcel and opened the book, and then said in utmost surprise and disappointment: "What did he want to send you a book of poetry for? You've got one at home."

Eva never is the least bit shaken. She goes on her way calmly, notwithstanding Miss Robson is at times apt to be somewhat of a whirlwind. The other day the mistress came in and found her rather untidy, and, stamping her foot in the characteristic way that her friends know, she said: "Why will you be so untidy? You drive me crazy. You will simply be so dirty they won't take you in at the hotels. I cannot understand why you do this, when you know I have talked to you so much. It is growing worse and worse, and from an untidy girl you will become an absolutely slovenly old woman."

After this tirade the girl looked up calmly and said to Miss Robson: "Don't forget to mail your letters, will you?"

AMERICAN FUN STARTLES.

English Stage Director Given His Initiation on Election Night.

Frederick G. Latham, Charles Dillingham's general stage director, late of London and now of Manhattan, got his first opportunity to see what a New York election night mob was like recently. Innocently, at about the hour the returns began to come in, Mr. Latham in evening dress—silk hat and all the other implements of the code—proceeded to stroll from his New York home—the Lambs' club—to the Knickerbocker theater, where one of his charges, "The Red Mill," with Montgomery and Stone, was playing. When the British Mr. Latham turned into Times square and encountered there the 10,000 celebrants who with horns, feather ticklers and other paraphernalia of noise and play had gathered to root for their several candidates he halted in honest amazement. "My word!" he exclaimed. And just then the outer fringe of the rioters espied the fastidiously clad Mr. Latham and proceeded to get busy, one plumping a bouquet of feathers full in his face, another puffing charcoal in his starboard ear and a third beating a tattoo on the crown of his silk hat. In reporting his experience at the theater later, Mr. Latham concluded with the remark: "You Americans are a great people, I know, but I am sure I shall never be able to quite understand all your ideas of fun!"

BELASCO'S STAGE METHODS.

Pictorial Sense of Manager Responsible for Unusual Efforts.

Once upon a time a wager was made in a club in New York that a spectator might go to the Belasco theater, stand behind the glass partition at the back of the parquet, hear scarcely any word that was spoken on the stage, but see all that passed there, and then be able to give an intelligible and comprehensive account of a play of which he knew no more in advance than what the program contained. The test was made and the spectator returned to the club and gave a surprisingly full and accurate account of the play. In other words, Mr. Belasco's pictorial sense is so vivid and so fine and he employs it so illogically and impressively that the spoken word becomes with him almost an accessory. Of none of his pieces has this been truer than "The Rose of the Rancho." The attentive listener recalls with difficulty what the characters have said, but he remembers clearly and sharply the pictures that he has seen and that made passion animate or that crystallized a mood. In the second act in particular there are high-pitched emotions in vivid play and the whole impression is of seeing rather than hearing them. By so much is Mr. Belasco a unique master of the picture stage.

It Might Have Been.

Before she became a professional singer, Fritz Scheff, of "Mile Modiste," had planned to become a school-teacher in Vienna. Comedian Frank Daniels' first ambition was to become a wood engraver, a craft at which he served three years in Boston before turning actor. David Montgomery's boyhood dreams of fame lay in becoming a cyclist scorcher, and his partner's, Frederick Stone's, in getting on a professional baseball team. Kyrie Bellew mastered navigation before turning player, and Robert Loraine served a short term as an attorney's clerk. Before the stage won her Mrs. Leslie Carter had hopes of becoming a trained nurse.

Herbert's Irish.

Victor Herbert, the composer, was born in Dublin, Ireland, February 1, 1859, and as the grandson of the distinguished poet, painter, dramatist, musician and novelist, Samuel Lover, he comes by his musical talents naturally. When a child he was taken to Germany, and at the age of seven became a student of music. His first prominent position was as first cellist of the court orchestra Stuttgart, at the age of 27. His exceptional ability was not long pent up in the provincial German capital, however, and he was soon winning laurels in this country.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Bertha Galland has been compelled by ill health to sever her connection with the Belasco forces, and will retire for the balance of the season. May Buckley, who was the original Princess Michael in "The Shepherd King," has rejoined Wright Lorimer, and will again be seen in the part. Following the remarkable success achieved by Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady," which is now in its fifth month in New York, James Forbes, the author of the comedy, is engaged in novelizing his play.

PROPER CARE OF CLOTHES.

Time Well Spent in Keeping Belongings in Order.

We all like good clothes and the feeling of being well dressed. It is not entirely a question of money; it is also a matter of detail as to giving a small portion of our time to keeping our belongings in order. No matter how expensive or well fitting one's dress is the appearance is spoiled by a soiled stock or piece of face or a crushed and frayed skirt.

Just stop and think what a saving of time and money the short skirt is to a woman, especially the busy woman. No skirt braids need renewal; no frayed edges give her an untidy appearance.

Take a look at your every-day skirt and think what an improvement a good pressing would be to it. This can be done very easily at home and should be done every week or two. Place your skirt on a covered ironing board and have handy two hot irons rather heavy in weight; now cover the portions to be pressed with a thoroughly wet piece of unbleached, muslin folded double, and when pressing don't move the iron too quickly over it, but press until the material stops steaming.

Should there remain dulled or glazed spots sponge lightly and press again. This repressing, when damp, will form steam that will remove such spots.

TRY SWEDISH FRUIT SOUP.

It is an Appetizing and Nourishing Dish for Invalids.

I was in a Swedish hospital with fever that might prove typhoid. "Keep her on a milk diet," said the doctor to the nurse.

"I loathed milk, yet the next day, "Keep her on a milk diet," said the learned man. I besought the nurse for baked potatoes and she firmly repeated the doctor's words: "Keep her on a milk diet."

But one day that blessed nurse from Sweden brought me a bowl of fruit soup.

The Mohammedan paradise holds no joy equal to the taste of it. I rejoiced that Swede woman into giving me the recipe.

Fruit Soup—Stir together a handful each of dried apples, pears, cherries, raisins, prunes and currants. When done add water to make a gallon, sweeten to the taste and add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Thicken with potato flour or with oatmeal.

Potato flour, to be used for thickening and for puddings, is made as follows: Grate potatoes, soak in cold water, strain out all the potatoes first with a coarse sieve then with a fine one, leaving the potato starch in the water, pouring off each one as long as there is any color in the water. Finally having poured off the last water, let the starch cake and take out and dry on cloths.—Kansas City Star.

Mushroom Toast.

Cut the stems closely from a quart or more of fresh mushrooms, peel them and remove the fills.

Dissolve from two to three ounces of butter in a porcelain lined saucepan.

Put in the mushrooms, strew over them a quarter of a teaspoonful of browned mace mixed with a little cayenne and let them stew over a gentle fire for about 15 minutes.

Stir or toss frequently while cooking; then add a dessertspoonful of sifted flour, shaking the pan until it browns slightly.

Pour in by degrees half a pint of gravy or beef stock, and when the mushrooms have stewed softly in this for two minutes, throw in a little salt, and a squeeze of lemon juice. Pour them on a crust cut about an inch and a quarter thick from the under part of a moderate sized loaf and fried in butter a light brown, after having been slightly hollowed in the inside.

Eggless Fruit Cake.

Two cups of granulated sugar, one cup molasses, three cups of graham flour, sifted, two cups of white flour, three cups of seeded raisins, three cups of currants, half pound citron, two cups of milk, one teaspoon saleratus, one teaspoon of cloves, one teaspoon of allspice, one teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of cinnamon. Grease tins and put in slow oven, and do not touch for half an hour. Be careful in turning them or they will fall. Bake for 2 1/2 hours to three hours. Makes two good loaves.

Rich White Stock.

Three and a half pounds veal, a chicken or a rabbit, two stalks of celery, any poultry bones, two blades of mace, one onion, two quarts of cold water; cut the meat into small pieces and break the bones; put them into the pot with the water and bring slowly to the boil; skim thoroughly, add the other ingredients and simmer slowly for four hours; strain and when cold remove the fat. The bones may again be boiled down.

Wash Egg Shells.

Egg shells which are to be used in coffee should be well washed before breaking. If the shell is stained, shake a little scouring powder on it and rub lightly with a damp cloth. This will remove any spot and make the shell fit to use.

For Joining Glass and Metal.

Common alum melted in an iron spoon over hot coals forms a strong cement for joining glass and metal together. It is the best thing for holding glass lamps to their stands, or for stopping cracks about their bases, as kerosene does not penetrate it.

WRITES ON TARIFF

IDA M. TARBELL BEGINS SERIES OF ARTICLES.

Worth That the Work Might Have Promises to Be Marred by Spirit of Hostility—Careless Handling of Facts.

We observe with interest the beginning of a series of articles in the American Magazine by Miss Ida M. Tarbell, entitled "The Tariff in Our Times." It is announced that the author "will attempt to make this most difficult of subjects absolutely understandable and entertaining to hundreds of thousands of readers who have realized its importance without understanding its meaning." That there are many hundreds of thousands of such persons is not to be doubted. Whether they will all, or any very large portion of them, be persuaded to read the serial production just referred to, is, perhaps, another question.

The author in this instance starts out with the advantage of having already obtained a wide public hearing by means of the "History of the Standard Oil Company." Will she succeed in securing an equally large reading constituency for her history of the tariff?

Much depends upon the kind of history that shall be written. There are histories and histories. In her story of the Standard Oil Miss Tarbell was dealing with a single institution, with only one industrial enterprise. In writing of the tariff her scope must be enormously enlarged. Now she is dealing with all industries; with a total industrial production of \$15,000,000,000 a year; with wages earned by, paid to, and again spent by more than 10,000,000 people; with the American standard of living, higher by far than that of any other people ever known in the world's history; with a condition of national prosperity so amazing as to excite universal astonishment and envy; with the material welfare of 85,000,000 men, women and children. It is a stupendous proposition. How will the lady deal with it?

The answer is suggested by the opening chapter of Miss Tarbell's history of "The Tariff of Our Times." We find, first of all, a spirit of hostility to the American protective tariff system. That seems to be the point of view. Wherefore some salient facts are either overlooked, or else colored by partisanship in their presentation. We are asked to believe that protection to American industry was never intended to be more than temporary; that the intention of the Fathers of the Republic was to protect industries from foreign competition only until they should be established, "but no longer," that they were then to be left to their fate. But we are not told that a protective tariff was the second act passed by the first American congress, and that Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and all the early presidents were in favor of stimulating American products through protection and of establishing the industrial independence of the United States.

Miss Tarbell insists that the panic of 1857 was in no way influenced by free trade tariff legislation, but she does not explain how it was that a country blessed with abundant crops and having the largest gold production in its career up to that time could be plunged into financial ruin, its banks wrecked, its industries paralyzed, its labor unemployed, and a condition of want and suffering brought on without the greatly reduced tariff and the greatly increased inflow of foreign manufactures having anything to do with the disturbance.

We are told by Miss Tarbell that an enormous inflation of prices was caused by the Morrill tariff of 1860. No mention, however, is made of the effect on prices of the heavy premium on gold in the period of 1863-'69, when \$2.50 in greenbacks was required to buy a dollar's worth of goods.

There are peculiarities in the story which relate to the question as to what kind of tariff history Miss Tarbell has undertaken to write, and how well equipped she is for the task. Judgment on the question may be suspended for later installments. For the present it is enough to say that the lady seems to have started out on an attack on the system of protection very much as she attacked the Standard Oil. Evidences abound of lack of studious preparation, of unpreparedness, of careless handling of facts and conclusions. The article would have been better for a more thorough and careful consideration, and, one is tempted to suggest, for a more active employment of the editorial blue pencil.

Does Not Affect Calico.

Whether through ignorance or intention we will not undertake to say, the Kansas City Star, a protection hater, makes a gross misstatement in asserting that "the supreme court holds that imported calico must pay a double duty," and that an extra cost for a calico gown will be the result. The truth is the supreme court holds nothing of the sort, and that the price of calico will not be affected by so much as a fraction of a cent. The decision relates exclusively to fancy or figured weaves and not to print goods. It requires that fancy cotton selling at 60 cents a yard shall pay more tariff duties than plain cottons selling at 15 cents a yard.

CULLOM'S UTOPIAN SCHEME.

Folly of Supposing the Tariff Can Be Taken Out of Politics.

Senator Cullom of Illinois is reported as proposing to introduce, in the senate, a joint resolution providing for the creation of a "non-partisan commission" of "experts" to report on the schedules of the tariff and make such recommendations as it may desire for "revision." We had such a commission once, and it made a sad mess of it. The result was a series of intrigues lasting for the whole life of the commission, a tariff fight at the end, the defeat of the Republican party, a new tariff which Cleveland would not sign, a few years of misery under it, and a final return to the sound principles of protection.

The folly of Senator Cullom is fundamental. It assumes that the tariff question can be anything but a political question. Protectionists and free trade men differ radically. Protectionists believe that every American industry which is capable of supplying domestic demands for its products with a sufficient surplus to permit domestic competition to set up should be protected. The amount of protection does not matter, so that it is enough. Its object is to give the American market to the American producer. If it does this, it satisfies the protectionists. If it does not, they wish the tariff to be made higher. All other products they would admit free, and if in the protected articles the tariff is not made prohibitive, it is owing to the necessities of revenue. The national government cannot do without some revenue from imported articles, and the policy of protectionists is such a reasonable adjustment of duties as will produce the necessary revenue, to be laid on competitive or non-competitive commodities, as may seem best, preferably on articles imported largely but which, like sugar, we produce to some extent. The free traders have an entirely different theory. If they could they would abolish all tax on imports except port and lighthouse dues. But they also are constrained by the necessity of revenue and recognize that there must be a tariff law. In framing it, however, they would levy duties, so far as possible, on commodities which we cannot or do not produce and, therefore, must import. They do this because revenue being their only reason for consenting to, any tariff on imports they choose those articles which we must import, because from them the most certain and largest revenue can be got from the smallest number of commodities. They do not give protection any consideration whatever. While all this is the theoretical policy of the two parties, practically all American tariff laws have been compromises. With a free trade congress the tariff would give the least possible protection. A protectionist congress would give the most possible protection.

The question of protection or free trade is a matter of opinion. On that the American people have always divided. The Republican party has almost no permanent distinctive doctrine except that of protection. The Democratic party has almost no permanent distinctive doctrine except that of free trade. To take the tariff question "out of politics" would leave neither party much of anything except a scramble for offices, under opportunist pretenses such as the Democratic party now makes with respect to the passing issues of the day. The Republican party is now in power. It is responsible for carrying on the government. On such a vital question as that of the tariff the leaders have no right to take Democrats into counsel. Let a Republican congress assume responsibility for legislation or no legislation on Republic principles and allow the Democrats the privilege of voting the other way and bringing the people to their views, if they can.—San Francisco Chronicle.



Wants to Reform This Smoke Nuisance.

Not Yet.

"There are plenty enough Democrats and tariff revision Republicans in the house to defeat Mr. Cannon for speaker. But will they do it?"—Kansas City Star.

Probably not, this time. Another two years, at the present rate of progress, would bring it about. Republican revisionists may be crazy enough to want to plunge all industry and all business into the whirlpool of tariff disturbance and tariff uncertainty, but we think their insanity has not yet reached the stage of combining with free trade Democrats for the defeat of Joseph G. Cannon for speaker of the house. A surer way than that to wreck the Republican party and a quicker way to check prosperity could not be devised.

WHEN NO. 270 RAN AWAY

"The 270 was sure the village cutup of those class-B engines," said the fat engineer. "That was back in the days of the Jimmy coal cars 'n' handbrakes. "I was runnin' extra at the time, not havin' been assigned to a regular engine yet. Hen Morris, an easy goin' fellow, was the regular man on the 270, 'n' I always contended that he was too easy with her. Engines are just like hosses, you've got to let 'em know who's master."

"One night Hen Morris was taken sick 'n' I was called to take his run out. 'n' we were hardly started through the freight yards before she started up her tactics with me. I just talked to her like a Dutch uncle.

"Now, look here, you old scallywag, I says, 'you're dealin' with no spring chicken this trip. You just get down to business or I'll pound the life out of you."

"An', suttin' the action to the word, I dropped her down in the corner 'n' put it to her for all I was worth. However, she didn't do any extra work 'n' lagged 'n' hung back all the way.

"Well, I says to myself, 'when we get goin' down Pine Hill I'll just keep the throttle open awhile 'n' make her go. The weight of this train behind us will make her perk up a bit."

"Accordin'ly, when we went over the pitch at the top of Pine Hill I just left her wide open 'n' kep' the steam on full head till we were flyin' down by Copper's Crossin'. Then I thought I'd better shut off, as the 270 would get a pretty lively clip down the hill now 'n' I had no hankerin' for goin' down the bank owin' to exceedin' the speed limit on the grade.

"So I shoved the throttle in to shut off the steam. Imagine how I felt whes the 270 kep' right on exhaustin' just as if the speed was all to her likin'.

"Somethin' had gone wrong in her steampipe somewhere inside 'n' the valve didn't shut her off. So the 270 had taken the bit in her teeth 'n' was goin' to see how I liked ridin' fast."

"Here was a pretty predicament. My engine goin' down Pine Hill under a full head of steam with a heavy freight train behind her. It wouldn't have been so bad if I had not known that Ras Cole was only about five minutes ahead of me with a train of coal jimmies.

"I attempted to put the reverse lever in the back motion, but the steam was on such a full head that I couldn't budge the thing. Then I gave the high sign on my whistle several times to let Ras Cole know I was comin' down the hill out of control 'n' it would be wise for him to shake a leg or he'd get spifflicated.

"In an almost incredible time we swung around by the Gate station 'n' what I saw ahead made me wilt like a fat man's collar on a hot day. Not more than a quarter of a mile ahead of us was Ras Cole's train. Maybe that little caboose of his didn't look as big as a summer boardin' house."

"Ras had heard my warnin' whistle 'n' was doin' his best. He was gainin' 'n' headway, but he wasn't in our class. I could figure out that we would just about meet up with his caboose around the ten degree curve below the Gate.

"Ras' train was now goin' at a terrific speed, too, 'n' it was a question whether either train would keep the rails goin' 'round the sharp curve, could almost reach the tall lights of that caboose ahead. In a second I thought we would be into them 'n' would be rollin' down the embankment amidst the wreckage of twisted iron, coal 'n' miscellaneous freight."

"Then came an awful crash 'n' thought I could feel my engine goin' down the bank. But my engine kep' goin' 'n' I could tell by the lurchin' that she was takin' the curve all right 'n' true.

"I opened my eyes. The red light of the caboose had disappeared. In the ravine below me I could hear a crashin', rollin' sound 'n' see dark shapes tumblin' down.

"I realized what had happened. The excessive speed at which the train ahead had taken the curve caused the last 15 or 20 coal jimmies to jump the track clear, takin' the caboose with them, just like a string of boy playin' snap and whip. Thus when we straightened out on the curve Ras train, by losin' those 15 cars, had left that much space between me 'n' death."

"The train ahead was movin' at an equal speed with me now 'n' would probably keep the 15 cars distance between us. Under her full head of steam my engine was leaptin' 'n' boundin' over the rails, 'n' when she settled back from an extra severe job she stopped exhaustin'."

"The terrific jar had shaken the valve back on its seat again 'n' shut off the flow of steam. My heart resumed its normal beatin', as we went 'most down the hill now, 'n' I soon had her under control."

"They pulled 270 in the shops after that run, 'n' she never came out again, leavin' unless they changed her number."

The Monkey Dinner Set. "Madam," said the physician, solemnly, "it is useless to disassemble longer. Your little son will grow up hopeless idiot."

"Oh, well," said the fair young mother, "no one will ever know. And she smiled easily. For she was a Van Trillion, and the afflicted boy was destined to occupy in time a commanding place in the social life of New York and Newport.

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

The year upon which we are entering this week will bring its new problems, perhaps, and its new anxieties, but in some important respects it will be relieved of problems and anxieties through which the years of the recent past have been most troubled.

The forthcoming report of the State Labor Commissioner McLeod will show that more than twenty-five thousand more people were employed in Michigan factories during the year just closed than ever before.

We heard a young man remark last week that, "The world owes me a living." It is hoped for that young man's good that he will get the notion out of his head.

A woman who accuses men of flirting with her will sue a man for breach of promise on a mighty small excuse.

WILSON.

Poor sleighing for January. John Vrondran lost one of his horses recently. Delos Hunt made a visit to Advance last Sunday.

The installation of Officers of Wilson Grange takes place next Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Al Kenney of Echo were guests at Chas. Hudkin's one day last week.

Miss Ruby Shepard who has been in East Jordan for some time, is at home again. Mrs. Wm. Burley and children of Lakewood are spending a few weeks in this vicinity.

CHADDOCK DISTRICT.

What has become of the cold weather prophet? The anticipation of the coming cold last fall was greater than any cold weather so far. Supr. Graff is preparing to move to East Jordan.

Mrs. Glenn Dead.

Passed Away Thursday Noon.

After a lingering illness of over three months, Mrs. Joseph C. Glenn died at her home in this city Thursday noon.

Mrs. Glenn's maiden name was Jennie McElvain and she was born in Butler County, Pennsylvania April 1st, 1834. She became a school teacher in that state and came to Michigan in 1858, teaching in the Indian Mission School at New Mission near Traverse City.

The son and daughters born of the union are:—George G. Glenn of this city; Mrs. Emma Dugham and Miss Jennie Glenn of this place; and Mrs. Alice Severson of Fredonia, Kansas.

Tuesday's issue of the Grand Rapids Evening Press contains 68 pages with a colored front piece of its new building from which the January 1 number was issued.

N. M. Poultry Show.

The Northern Michigan Poultry Association will hold its 5th annual show at Traverse City, Michigan, Jan. 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th.

The previous shows of this association compared with the prospects for at least double the number of exhibits this year, make it a certainty that this will be one of the best shows held in Michigan.

The breeders of high class poultry in this end of the state have heretofore never had the opportunity of exhibiting their birds without a long distance shipment by express, but now Traverse City we have within easy reach a place where fowls may be exhibited, scored by a competent judge on premiums won which will make a good place for advertising birds for breeding purposes.

We are in receipt of the premium list filled with useful information and a very generous advertising patronage. In it we find the rules and regulations of the association and the general specifications for admission to the show.

To attend the show itself will be well worth while even if not an exhibitor. We cannot too highly recommend to the consideration of the general public the efforts of the association. They promote the culture of poultry and show you how to gain the best results from a flock of birds.

We congratulate Traverse City on this progressive feature and hope it may become the center of poultry interests in Northern Michigan.

At the average kin row a whole lot of truth leaks out.

The real orators of the country are in the lodges, and they speak under the head of "The Good of the Order."

The average man's diary contains about the same number of interesting variations found in a railway time table.

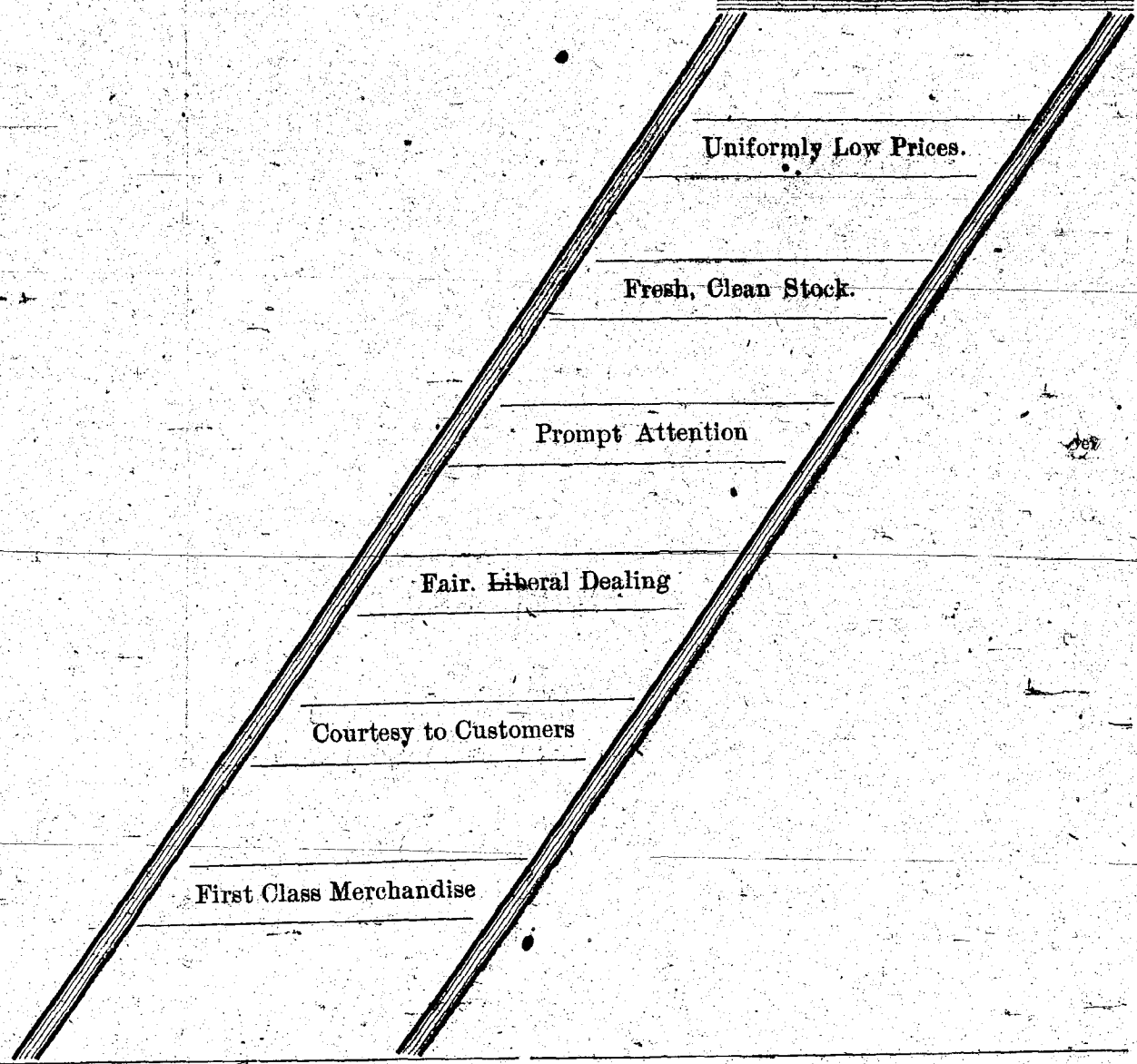
Ten years ago, a man of sixty married a woman of twenty-three. And what do you think happened? They got along first rate.

Used by Millions



EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY.

SUCCESS!



YOURS FOR GOOD GOODS.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

A Poem for Today

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

By John Pierpont



JOHN PIERPONT was born in 1785 and died in 1865. His native place was Litchfield, Conn. He was a spiritualist and advocated the cause with his characteristic eloquence and zeal.

THE pilgrim fathers—where are they? The waves that brought them o'er Still roll in the bay and throw their spray As they break along the shore;

The mists that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep Still brood upon the tide, And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep To stay its waves of pride.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name! The hill whose icy brow Rejoiced when he came in the morning's flame In the morning's flame burns now.

The pilgrim fathers are at rest. When summer's throned on high And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed Go stand on the hill where they lie.

The pilgrim spirit has not fled; It walks in noon's broad light, And it watches the bed of the glorious dead With the holy stars by night.

EARN \$10,000 YEAR. WHY NOT? —THE—

International Correspondence Schools WILL START YOU. MICH. ENROLLMENT OFFICE AT TRAVERSE CITY. ASK AGENT TO CALL.

THE BOSTON STORE.

WATCH For Our Great HONEST SALE

Which will Commence

Tuesday, January 15th.

The Boston Store A. Danto, Prop'r.

Briefs of the Week

1907.
New Year.
January thaw.
Roller Skating.
Legislature grinding.
School next Monday.
Boyer City has an Anti-Cigarette League.
Firemen's Dance didn't hardly pay expenses. "S'matter?"
Twenty seven births and fifteen deaths were reported from Charlevoix County the past month.

"I just adore noodle soup," said a woman today. It seems to us that is pretty strong language for noodle soup.
Bert Reinhart, who was arrested Christmas day on a d. and d. charge, has been released, pending an investigation.
Tindale and Jackson's heading mill at Alba resumed operations Tuesday. The mill has been closed since October, 1905.

When a girl who works down town blooms out on Monday in a new shirt waist, it is a dead give away: she made it on Sunday.
Roller Skating at Loveday Opera House, Tuesday and Friday evenings. Matinee Saturday afternoons. Fred Gilbert is manager.
Rev. A. D. Grigsby will occupy the Presbyterian pulpit next Sabbath. It is understood that a call will be extended to him to the pastorate here.

Quite a bunch of East Jordan's young men left this week, to enter the Ferris Institute for a course of study. Among them were Walter Cook, Joe Bildstein, Leo Lalonde, Loyd Bennett and Mr. Price.
Rain on Sunday and Monday took off the greater part of the snow and the ground is almost bare. It is neither sleighing nor wheeling, and a good heavy snow storm would be appreciated, especially by the lumbermen who have their logs ready to haul.

The new pure food law, requires druggists to stamp on all patent medicine packages on hand Dec. 31, 1906, because all stock on hand at that date can be sold as heretofore, while all stock acquired after the law takes effect, Jan. 1st, 1907, are liable to the provisions of the new law.
At a meeting of the County Superintendents of the Poor held at the poor farm, Monday, Alexander Weldey was engaged to manage the county farm after the expiration of Mrs. Camp's year, which is in March. Mr. Weldey is spoken of as a good farmer and without doubt will make good progress with this county institution.

A party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Robertson, Tuesday evening, to announce the approaching marriage of their daughter, Miss Blanche, to Mr. B. A. Dole, which takes place January 16th. It was intended to have the nuptial event on the 17th, but owing to an urgent business engagement of Mr. Robertson's in Chicago, it was changed to the 16th.
Among the cases on call in the Supreme Court docket next week is that of Ezra F. Meech vs. the Citizens' Insurance Company. The suit grows out of the burning of the hotel property of Mr. Meech here several years ago and the Company's refusal to pay the insurance. Attorney A. B. Nichols won the case for Mr. Meech in the circuit court and the Company has taken the matter to the Supreme Court.

A three horse power electric motor has been installed in this office and the Independent was run off this week under the new power. The current for the motor is furnished from the Hydraulic Power and Light Company's lighting station. While we have used a gasoline engine for power since the Independent was first published and it has always given the best of satisfaction, we had electric power to be much better, being cleaner, doing away with the grease and oil and always ready to start without cranking.
—Bellaire Independent.

The Honey-Ya Club held a banquet at the Russell House New Year's Day. A sumptuous dinner was served by the hostess, Mrs. Newson, who is famous for her skill in the culinary art. We partook of the following menu: noodle soup, pickles, mashed potatoes, creamed peas, roast pork and cranberry sauce, roast beef and brown gravy, turkey with dressing, chicken with jelly, veal, sour kraut, coffee, tea, mince pie, cranberry pie, apple pie, plum pudding, and fruit cake. Carrie Nation was elected toast master and all responded with appropriate toasts. Attracted by the laughter in the dining room the hostess came in wishing us a Happy New Year adding though that she thought it unnecessary as we seemed to be having it. With alpha satisfaction we left for our various homes.

W. J. Welkel here from Charlevoix first of the week.
Robert Pearsall is slowly recovering from his severe illness.
Mrs. C. C. Mack is guest of Beaver-ton friends and relatives.
There never was a bride who thought the newspaper did her justice.
Misses Emma, Lillie and Pearl Eastcott of Alba were East Jordan visitors this week.
Misses Eva Mackey and Maude Bartholomew were Bellaire visitors, latter part of last week.
Mrs. A. J. Dole and daughter, Miss Edna, of Bellaire were guests of B. A. Dole New Year's Day.
Miss Helen Stone returned Tuesday from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Carl Andrews, at New Albany, Ind.

You are probably somewhat conceited if you imagine your photograph made a very welcome Christmas gift.
Mrs. Josie Cihak was guest of her daughter at Alba last week. Her grand-daughter Jennie Kubeck accompanied her home.
A party was given by Miss Luella Smith at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Richardson, to a number of her friends, Thursday evening.
Charlie Danto has lost his dog and don't know where to find him. If anybody has a stray pup with feet like an elephant's and tail like a rat's, they'll win the everlasting gratitude of Charles by returning it to him.

A lawyer died, and went above. The Good Man was about to sentence him. "Your honor," said the lawyer. "I'm not ready for trial. I ask a continuance." But the continuance wasn't granted, and the lawyer got both barrels.
Samuel Coulter Sr., a well-known pioneer resident of Echo township, died Monday, Dec. 31st, of kidney trouble, aged 78 years. Funeral services were held Wednesday in the Episcopal church here, a minister from Petoskey conducting same. Interment was made in the East Jordan cemetery.
It is related that not long ago there was to be a melodrama at the theatre in which at least five persons are killed, according to the billboards. A man presented himself at the box office for a ticket. "Do you want to go down in front?" he was asked. "Well, rather not," he replied, "but not so near that the blood will spatter on me."
The new county officers, although elected from January 1st, will not qualify and assume the duties of their several offices until January 7th, when the board of supervisors approves their bonds. Probably next Monday morning Mr. Emrey, who is the only new man at the court house, will be installed as register of deeds; and Mr. McWain will take over the sheriff's office.—Charlevoix Sentinel.

Chas. Koernig of Traverse City while hunting shot a hawk four feet from tip to tip. He attempted to pick up the wounded bird, but it struck his left arm, sinking its talons deep into his muscles. Koernig managed to get his hand on the hawk's throat, while it beat him about the head with its wings, and slowly choked it to death. He was forced to jerk its claws from his arm, terribly lacerating the flesh.
Mr. D. C. Loveday and wife entertained with a Christmas dinner, their Charlevoix, Mich., friends at their little bungalow on Michigan avenue, South side heights. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Bartholomew, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones and Mr. and Mrs. William Frances. These familiar faces surrounding the festive board helped to make them forget for a time that they were hundreds of miles from their families and homes in the north, and all enjoyed a "Merry Christmas."—St. Petersburg (Fla.) Independent.

Fred M. Warner is the fourteenth governor to be re-elected among the twenty governors we have had since Michigan was a state and the eleventh among the fourteen republicans who have filled that office. With him are re-elected all the members of the state administration except the lieutenant governor to which Patrick H. Kelley is the successor, and the state superintendency thus vacated, to which Luther L. Wright is chosen from the state board of education, leaving his place on that board vacant. That vacancy may be filled by appointment of the governor, as in the last term he filled a vacancy on the same board by appointing Dexter M. Ferry Jr., who is now elected to succeed himself. The governor may however, allow the vacancy to continue until spring election, to be filled then by nomination in state convention and election—unless the legislature should before that time extend the scope of the primary election law to cover the nomination of all state officers.

Big reduction on all Heating Stoves at Stroebel Bros.
A. E. Cross was a Charlevoix visitor first of the week.
Board of Supervisors meet the first Monday in January—the 7th.
David Whitford received a broken leg in a coasting accident recently.
Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Morrison were here from Boyne City first of the week.
Miss Harriet Hoyt has resumed her studies at the Thomas Art School, Detroit.
Don't forget to call and examine those Push Button Morris Chairs at WASHINGTON'S.
When a man goes to hell, his punishment will probably be to read the "papers" prepared by women for their clubs.
When a New York woman sues a man for breach of promise, you may safely bet it wasn't an innocent hand-holding affair.
The body of Frank Watson, the Boyne City boy who was drowned on Christmas while skating on Pine Lake was found in 75 feet of water and was recovered, last Thursday.
The defendants in the Mosher case which was brought on account of a petition signed by them to oust attorney Mosher from the job of abiding the county books, have rejected a proposition to settle, and the case will be heard under a different venue, in Petoskey, before Judge Shephard on January 14. We understand that Mr. Mosher will, if successful in this case, sue the county for breach of contract.—Charlevoix Courier.

Get a package of Capitol Chicken Food and you will get eggs.
—E. A. LEWIS.
Mrs. Eber Burdick is quite ill.
Dill pickles in bulk at Hayden's.
Full line of Cigars and Tobacco's at Hayden's.
Red Keressene Oil has the best reputation. Sold by Stroebel Bros.
Buggy Whip given away with each 50ct. package of Capital Stock Food.
—E. A. LEWIS.

Wanted:—10 men in each state to travel, distribute samples of our goods and tack signs. Salary \$85.00 per month; \$3.00 per day for expenses. Saunders Co., Department P. 46 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.—52-13.
This winter will in all probability see the ending of lumbering operations in the Central Lake vicinity. The Cameron Lumber Co. are banking logs off their land at Snowflake, and also have a few logs on the east side of the lake besides about 30 acres of timber purchased of Mr. Burdick. Next season will likely be the last year they will run their big mill here. They require about eight million feet of logs for a run, which they will scarcely get this year. They intend moving north. Mr. White at Essex is buying up nearly everything in sight north of here. Farmers will soon have to make farming a business in this section. Sugar beets, company peas and dairying seems to be the most profitable business now. This season will end all hopes of ever doing anything at the potato business. If Ward's railroad is extended through Charlevoix, it will be handy for the raising and shipping of sugar beets from that part of the county.—Central Lake correspondent in Alba Sentinel.

That Stove in Stroebel's window gets cheaper every day.

Beat a boy out of a dime and the crime will never outlaw.
Edward Berry, a well-known character in Boyne Falls is missing. His clothes were found scattered in the same distance from the village. It is thought that while under the influence of liquor he stripped himself and froze to death. The sheriff is searching for him.
The advertising merchant is the one who does the business in these days of push and enterprise. There are more newspaper readers to-day than ever before in the history of the world. The newspaper places your business under the eyes of the buyer. He sees what he wants, and, knowing where to find it, looks up the wide-awake merchant who asked him to come and see him. Success in these days of sharp competition calls for eternal vigilance. You can't keep a hustler down.
The Literary Club met Jan. 3rd, after a two weeks vacation, with Mrs. E. C. Plank. It was the annual election of officers and the result was as follows: President, Mrs. M. H. Robertson; Vice President, Mrs. H. H. Fuller; Secretary, Mrs. E. N. Clark; Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. Stone; Director, Mrs. Emma Durham. Music was furnished by the Misses Madge Nicholas, Bertha Shier and Mabel Monroe. A social hour to close when light refreshments were served. Meet next week Jan. 10th, with Mrs. W. J. Smith.
Many persons, who take a local paper, wonder when something has occurred to them or come under their immediate notice, and it does not appear in the paper, why the editor is not attending to business and why he intentionally snubbed them or their friends by entirely ignoring the transaction. Such friends should sit up and take notice that no editor is omnipotent nor omniscient and if a local matter is kept carefully secret by the principals they should not wonder if it is overlooked by some one who has no immediate interest in it. You should help the local paper get the news. Call up the editor or stop the first representative of the office whom you meet on the street. Give them a few pointers and they will do the rest.

A Prosperous New Year.

You can best insure it by opening a savings account NOW—adding to it regularly during the year. Then next New Year's Day you'll have something more substantial than memories to show for your year's work.

You can open an account—3½ per cent interest.

State Bank of East Jordan

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00. SURPLUS, \$3,500.00.

Winning on a slot machine is an event equal to a hunter killing a wild goose.
Possesses wonderful medicinal power over the human body, removing all disorders from your system, is what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. Makes you well, keeps you well, 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Warner's Pharmacy.
Croup can positively be stopped in 20 minutes. No vomiting—nothing to sicken or distress your child. A sweet, pleasant and safe Syrup called Dr. Shoop's Croup Cure, does the work and does it quickly. Dr. Shoop's Croup Cure is for Croup alone, remember it does not claim to cure a dozen ailments. It's for Croup, that's all. Sold by Warner's Pharmacy.
Saginaw—In search of expert American lumberjacks, F. L. Adams for many years a well known lumberman here, has returned from Axim, Gold Coast, West Africa. Mr. Adams is associated with Mengel Bros., of Louisville, Ky., extensive importers of mahogany. Some of the logs rafted out of that country, he says, are worth \$3,000 each. Shiploads sent to America are frequently worth \$2,000,000. His company owns concessions of thousands of acres.
We have been "talked about" for printing several items of news about people who live here, or have lived here that "brought disgrace upon other members of the family." We did not bring the disgrace. If the father, mother, brother or sister had conducted themselves in a proper manner we would not have been able to print those "disagreeable articles." Do not blame us for the misdeeds of your friends and relatives. We are here to print the news and we are going to do it. You and your friends should keep your fingers where they belong if you don't want them pinched. If you think what we publish is not true we invite you to make us prove it, but if you don't want us to publish your misdeeds, quit your meanness. It is the duty of every decent paper to improve the morals of the community in which it is published. Some have one way of doing this and some another. We believe in publicity.

Stop! Look! Listen

For the Big Sale which commences at this store

JAN. 10 and ends JAN. 19

An opportunity will be given to the purchasing public to obtain goods at the lowest cost price.

L. Wiesman

Loveday Brick Block, East Jordan.

"THE PRIDE"

Is the best 5c Cigar on the local market today and the best seller.

Manufactured by H. F. McHALE.

When You Want Enameled Ware

Let us show you our German imported "Imperial Ware" the most perfect ware made, our strong and beautiful "Chrysolite" ware the most durable made, or our "El-an-ge" enameled ware a perfect and durable ware at a moderate price.



Special for One Week Only!

A 17 quart Flange or French Gray Enameled Dishpan, 40c
A 12 quart French Gray Enameled Water Pail for 30c
Good sized Gray Ware Enameled Wash Bowls at 10c

W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

JUST ARRIVED

The Most Complete Line of Holiday Gift Books ever Exhibited in the City. The line includes:
Books for Children, 5c to 25c Books for Boys, 25c to 50c
Books for Girls, 25c to 50c Dainty Gift Books, 15c to 25c
Classics, bound in half leather, 50c Padded Books, 75c, \$1
Present day fiction by present day authors, only 50c.

These and many others that cannot here be enumerated, the number and variety of titles insures an easy selection of appropriate gifts for young and old. The books are sure to interest you, so please you. We invite you to come and see them. At

Warne's Pharmacy.

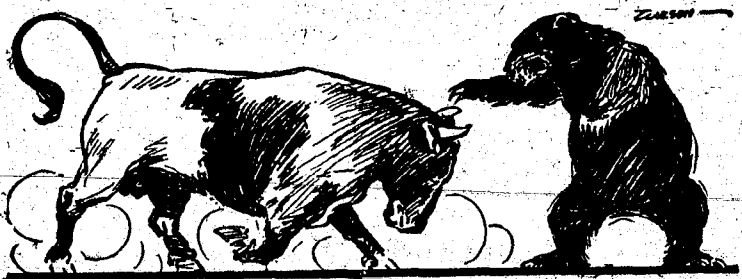
E. A. LEWIS

Fresh Goods Every Week

And none but the Best Brands in All Lines.

—TRY OUR—
Teas and Coffees, Breakfast Foods, Flour, Buckwheat, Corn and Maple Syrup, Cookies, Confectionery and Fruit.

JUST RECEIVED—A Fine Line CROCKERY.
Orders Promptly Filled and Delivered. Phone 168.



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST" etc.
(COPYRIGHT 1905 by the BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY)

XV. TRAPPED AND TRIMMED.

There are two kinds of dangerous temptations—those that tempt us, and those that don't. Those that don't, give us a false notion of our resisting power, and so make us easy victims of the others. I thought I knew myself pretty thoroughly, and I believed there was nothing that could tempt me to neglect my business. With this delusion of my strength firmly in mind, when Anita became a temptation to neglect business, I said to myself: "To go up town during business hours for long lunches, to spend the mornings selecting flowers and presents for her—these things look like neglect of business, and would be so in some men. But I couldn't neglect business. I do them because my affairs are so well ordered that a few hours of absence now and then make no difference—probably send me back fresher and clearer."

When I left the office at half-past twelve on that fateful Wednesday in June, my business was never in better shape. Textile common had dropped a point and a quarter in two days—evidently it was at last on its way slowly down toward where I could free myself and take profits. As for the coal enterprise nothing could possibly happen to disturb it; I was all ready for the first of July announcement and boom. Never did I have a lighter heart than when I joined Anita and her friends at Sherry's. It seemed to me her friendliness was less perfunctory, less a matter of appearances. And the sun was bright, the air delicious, my health perfect. It took all the strength of all the straps Monson had put on my natural spirits to keep me from being exuberant.

I had finally intended to be back at my office half an hour before the exchange closed—this in addition to the obvious precaution of leaving orders that they were to telephone me if anything should occur about which they had the least doubt. But so comfortable did my vanity make me that I forgot to look at my watch until a quarter to three. I had a momentary qualm; then, reassured, I asked Anita to take a walk with me. Before we set out I telephoned my right-hand man and partner, Ball. As I had thought, everything was quiet; the exchange was closing with textile sluggish and down a quarter. Anita and I took a car to the park.

We walked for an hour, talking with less constraint and more friendliness than ever before, and when I left her I, for the first time, felt that I had left a good impression. When I entered my offices, I, from force of habit, mechanically went direct to the ticker—and dropped all in an instant from the pinnacle of heaven into a boiling inferno. For the ticker was just spelling out these words: "Mowbray Langdon, president of the Textile association, called unexpectedly on the Kaiser Wilhelm at noon. A 2 per cent raise of the dividend rate of textile common, from the present 4 per cent to 6 has been determined upon."

And I had staked up to, perhaps beyond my limit of safety that textile would fall! Ball was watching narrowly for some sign that the news was as bad as he feared. But it cost me no effort to keep my face expressionless; I was like a man who has been killed by lightning and lies dead with the look on his face that he had just before the bolt struck him.

"Why didn't you tell me this," said I to Ball, "when I had you on the phone?" My tone was quiet enough, but the very question ought to have shown him that my brain was like a schooner in a cyclone.

"We heard it just after you rang off," was his reply. "We've been trying to get you ever since. I've gone everywhere after textile stock. Very few will sell, or even lend, and they ask the best price was ten points above to-day's closing. A strong tip's out that textiles are to be rocketed." Ten points up already—on the mere rumor! Already ten dollars to pay on every share I was "short"—and I short more than two hundred thousand! I felt the claws of the fiend Ruin sink into the flesh of my shoulders. "Ball doesn't know how I'm fixed," I remember I thought, "and he mustn't know." I lit a cigar with a steady hand and waited for Joe's next words.

"I want to see Jenkins at once," he went on. Jenkins was then first vice-president of the textile trust. "He's all cut up because the news got out—says Langdon and he were the only ones who knew, so he supposed—the announcement wasn't to have been made for a month—not till Langdon returned. He has had to confirm it, though. That was the only way to free his crowd from suspicion of intending to rig the market."

"All right," said I. "Have you seen the afternoon paper?" he asked. As he held it out to me, my eye caught big textile headlines, then flashed to some others—something about my going to marry Miss Ellersly.

"All right," said I, and with the paper in my hand, went to my outside office. I kept on toward my inner office, saying over my shoulder—to the stenographer: "Don't let anybody interrupt me." Behind the closed and locked door my body ventured to come to life again and my face to reflect as much as it could of the chaos that was heaving in me like ten thousand warring devils.

Three months before, in the same situation, my gambler's instinct would probably have helped me out. For I had not been gambling in the great American Monte Carlo all those years without getting used to the downs as well as to the ups. I had not—and have not—anything of the business man in my composition. To me, it was wholly finance, wholly a game, with excitement the chief factor and the sure winning, whether the little ball rolled my way or not. I was the financier, the gambler and adventurer; and that had been my principal asset. For, the man who wins in the long run at any of the great games of life—and they are all alike—is the man with the cool head; and the only man whose head is cool is he who plays for the game's sake, not caring



greatly whether he wins or loses on any one play, because he feels that if he wins to-day, he will lose to-morrow. But now a new factor had come into the game. I spread out the paper and stared at the headlines: "Black Matt To Wed Society Belle—The Bucket-Shop King Will Lead Anita Ellersly To The Altar." I tried to read the vulgar article under whose vulgar lines, but I could not. I was sick, sick in body and in mind. My "nerve" was gone. I was no longer the free lance; I had responsibilities.

That thought dragged another in its train, an ugly, grinning imp that leered at me and sneered: "But she won't have you now!" "She will! She must!" I cried aloud, starting up. And then the storm burst—I raged up and down the floor, shaking my clenched fists, gnashing my teeth, muttering all kinds of furious commands and threats—a truly ridiculous exhibition of impotent rage. For through it all I saw clearly enough that she wouldn't have me, that all these people I'd been trying to climb up among would kick loose my clinging hands and laugh as they watched me disappear. They who were none too gentle and slow in disengaging themselves from those of their own lifelong associates who had reverses of fortune—what consideration could "Black Matt" expect from them? And she—the necessity and the ability to deceive myself had gone, now that I could not pay the purchase price for her. The full hideousness of my bargain for her dropped its veil and stood naked before me.

At last, disgusted and exhausted, I

fung myself down again, and dumbly and helplessly inspected the ruins of my projects—or, rather, the ruin of the one project upon which I had my heart set. I had known I cared for her, but it had seemed to me she was simply one more, the latest, of the objects on which I was in the habit of fixing my will from time to time to make the game more deeply interesting. I now saw that never before had I really been in earnest about anything, that on winning her I had staked myself, and that myself was a wholly different person from what I had been imagining. In a word, I sat face to face with that unfathomable mystery of sex-affinity that every man laughs at and mocks another man for believing in, until he has himself felt it drawing him against will, against reason, and sense, and interest, over the brink of destruction yawning before his eyes—drawing him as the magnet-mountain drew Sindbad and his ship.

But—it is not in me to despair. There never yet was an impenetrable siege-line; to escape, it is only necessary by craft or by chance to hit upon the moment and the spot for the sortie. "Ruined!" I said aloud. "Trapped and trimmed like the stupidest sucker that ever wandered into Wall street! A dead one, no doubt; but I'll see to it that they don't enjoy my funeral."

XVII. A GENTEEL "HOLD-UP."

In my childhood at home, my father was often away for a week or longer, working or looking for work. My mother had a notion that a boy should be punished only by his father; so, whenever she caught me in what she regarded as a serious transgression, she used to say: "You will get a good whipping for this, when your father comes home." At first I used to wait passively, suffering the torments of ten thrashings before the "good whipping" came to pass. But soon my

"I've come to suggest, Mr. Roebuck," said I, "that you let my house—Blacklock and Company—announce the coal reorganization plan. It would give me a great lift, and Melville and his bank don't need prestige. My daily letters to the public on investments have, as you know, got me a big following that would help me make the flotation an even bigger success than it's bound to be, no matter who announces it and invites subscriptions." As I thus proposed that I be in a jiffy—caught up from the extremely humble level of reputed bucket-shop dealer into the highest heaven of high finance, that I be made the official spokesman of the financial gods, his expression was so ludicrous that I almost lost my gravity. I suspect, for a moment he thought I had gone mad. His manner, when he recovered himself sufficiently to speak, was certainly not unlike what it would have been had he found himself alone before a dangerous lunatic who was armed with a bomb.

"You know how anxious I am to help you, to further your interests, Matthew," said he wheedlingly. "I know no man who has a brighter future. But—not so fast, not so fast, young man. Of course, you will appear as one of the reorganizing committee—but we could not afford to have the announcement come through any less strong and old established house than the National Industrial bank."

"At least, you can make me joint announcer with them," I urged. "Perhaps—yes—possibly—we'll see," said he soothingly. "There is plenty of time." "Plenty of time," I assented, as it quite content. "I only wanted to put the matter before you." And I arose to go.

"Have you heard the news of textile common?" he asked. "Yes," said I carelessly. Then, all in an instant, a plan took shape in my mind. "I own a good deal of the stock, and I must say, I don't like this raise." "Why?" he inquired. "Because I'm sure it's a stock-jobbing scheme," replied I, boldly. "I know the dividend wasn't earned. I don't like that sort of thing, Mr. Roebuck. Not because it's unlawful—the laws are so clumsy that a practical man often must disregard them. But because it is tampering with the reputation and the stability of a great enterprise. For the sake of a few millions of dishonest profit, I'm surprised at Langdon."

"I hope you're wrong, Matthew," was Roebuck's only comment. He questioned me no further, and I went away, confident that, when the crash came in the morning, if it comes at all, there would be no more astonished man in Wall street than Henry J. Roebuck. How he must have laughed, or, rather, would have laughed, if his sort of human hyena expressed its emotions in the human way.

From him, straight to my lawyers, Whitehouse & Fisher, in the Mills building. "I want you to send for the newspaper reporters at once," said I to Fisher, "and tell them that in my behalf you are going to apply for an injunction against the textile trust, forbidding them to take any further steps toward that increase of dividend. Tell them I, as a large stockholder, and representing a group of large stockholders, purpose to stop the paying of unearned dividends." Fisher knew how closely connected my house and the textile trust had been; but he showed, and probably felt no astonishment. He was too experienced in the ways of finance and financiers. It was a matter of indifference to him whether I was trying to assassinate my friend and ally, or was feinting at Langdon, to lure the public within reach so that we might, together, fall upon it and make a battue.

Not without some regret did I thus arrange to attack my friend in his absence. "Well," I reasoned, "his blunder in trusting some leaky person with his secret is the cause of my peril—and I'll not have to justify myself to him for trying to save myself." What effect my injunction would have I could not foresee. Certainly it could not save me from the loss of my fortune; but, possibly, it might check the upward course of the stock long enough to enable me to snatch myself from ruin, and to cling to firm ground until the coal deal drew me up to safety.

My next call was at the Interstate Trust company. I found Corey waiting for me in a most uneasy state of mind. "Is there any truth in this story about you?" was the question he plumped at me. "What story?" said I, and a hard fight I had to keep my confusion and alarm from the surface. For, apparently, my secret was out. "That you're on the wrong side of the textile."

"So it was out!" "Some truth," I admitted, since denial would have been useless here. "And I've come to you for the money to tide me over."

He grew white, a sickly white, and into his eyes came a horrible, drowning look. (To be Continued.)

The Life of Bells. Comparatively few people know that ringing a bell ruins it. That is, a bell has a definite length of life, and after so many blows will break. A 900 pound bell, struck blows of 178 foot pounds of force, broke after 11,000 blows. A 4,000 pound bell broke after 18,000 blows of 350 foot pounds force. A steel composition bell weighing 1,000 pounds broke after 24 blows of 150 foot pounds, but its maker said it was calculated for a lighter blow.

TABLE DELICACIES

SOME OLD AND NEW RECIPES WORTH TRYING.

Restorative Jelly Very Valuable in the Sick Room—Lemon Cream Mold a Fine Dessert Dish—Filling for Tarts.

Lemon Sauce for Boiled Meats.—Put in double boiler two cups of sweet cream with ten white pepper-corns, a blade of mace and a small sprig of parsley. Add also the yellow rind of a lemon cut thin. Bring to a boil, then strain, thicken with flour and butter, rubbed-together, cook three minutes, add the juice of a lemon and serve.

Restorative Jelly.—Soak one package of gelatin in a cup of cold water for half an hour. Add two scant cups of boiling water, one tumbler of port wine, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, the juice of a large lemon or two small ones, three or four whole cloves, and a small stick of cinnamon. Let all these stand for half an hour, then strain and set away to harden. This jelly is convenient for use in the sick room. Part of it may be colored a delicate pink, and a small square of each color brought to the patient now and then.

Lemon Cream.—Into a cup and a half of boiling water stir two round-tablespoonfuls of cornstarch wet with a third of a cupful of cold water; add the juice of a large lemon, the beaten yolks of three eggs, and one cup of sugar. Cook five minutes, then add the beaten whites of the eggs. Pour into punch glasses and serve cold with a spoonful of whipped cream on the top of each glass.

Lemon Cream Mold.—Dissolve half a package of gelatin in a little water as possible; add the juice of four lemons, a cupful and a half of sugar, and a pinch of soda. Strain this and let it cool, but not harden. Add it to a generous pint of cream, whipped, pour into a mold and place it on ice or in a deep pan of snow. It will not need to be packed in ice and salt. Turn out and serve with angel food or a good sponge cake.

Lemon Filling for Tarts.—Place an ounce and a half of butter where it will soften but not melt; add one small cupful of sugar, two well-beaten eggs, the grated rind of half a lemon and the juice of a whole one. Strain over boiling water till thick and smooth.

Lemon Puff Dessert.—When eggs are plentiful try this novel dessert: Beat six eggs, the whites and yolks separately. To the beaten yolks add three tablespoonfuls of pastry flour, a little grated lemon rind and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Beat this well with a spoon, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and pour at once into a buttered baking dish placed in a pan of hot water. Bake slowly till risen and slightly browned. Turn out on a hot dish and grate loaf sugar over it.

Cream Puffs With Sauce.—Put four level tablespoonfuls of butter with one-half cup of boiling water on the range and heat to the boiling point, then turn in one-half cup of flour all at once and beat well. When the dough will cleave from the side of the dish take from the fire and add the beaten yolks of four eggs and the white of one. Beat long and hard, then drop in small spoonfuls on a sheet or pan. Bake 20 minutes or more, according to the size of the cakes. Cool and split the cakes; fill with a cream made from one-half cup of sugar and three level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch added to two cups of scalded milk, and cook five minutes. Add the beaten yolks of five eggs, and when the mixture is cooked through take from the fire, cool, and add a teaspoon of vanilla to flavor. For a chocolate icing melt a square of chocolate, and two tablespoonfuls of milk, one-quarter cup of sugar, and half a teaspoon of butter. Pour a little on each puff.

Mushroom Toast.—Cut the stems closely from a quart or more of fresh mushrooms, peel them and remove the fills.

Dissolve from two to three ounces of butter in a porcelain lined saucepan. Put in the mushrooms, strew over them a quarter of a teaspoonful of browned mace mixed with a little cayenne and let them stew over a gentle fire for about 15 minutes. Stir or toss frequently while cooking; then add a dessertspoonful of sifted flour, shaking the pan until it browns slightly.

Quintessence of Mushroom.—This is made by sprinkling a little salt over fresh button mushrooms; let stand for three hours, then mash them.

The next day strain off the liquor; put in a stewpan and boil until reduced to one-half.

This will not keep long, but can be made during the season. Mushrooms can be obtained throughout the season by preparing a small rich bed of guanoed earth and sprinkling it thickly with seeds.

Caring for the Nails.—Don't cut the cuticle or any part of the flesh around the nails. Don't polish the nails too-highly; they should have only a natural gloss. Don't cut the nails in points, but carefully arch.

The Scrubbing Brush.—Do not lay the scrubbing brush with the bristles upward. The water is allowed to leak into the wooden part and the bristles very soon become loose. Always place it with the bristles down.

TORTURED WITH GRAVEL.

Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills Not a Single Stone Has Formed.

Capt. S. L. Crute, Adj. Wm. Watts Camp, U. C. V., Roanoke, Va., says: "I suffered a long, long time with my back, and felt draggy and listless and tired all the time. I lost from my usual weight, 225, to 170. Urinary passages were too frequent and I have had to get up often at night. I had headaches and dizzy spells also, but my worst suffering was from renal colic. After I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I passed a gravel stone as big as a bean. Since then I have never had an attack of gravel, and have picked up to my former health and weight. I am a well man, and give Doan's Kidney Pills credit for it."

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

Peru Claims Kuroki. Gen. Kuroki, the famous Japanese soldier, has been variously described as of Polish, Russian and German extraction. Another interesting chapter has been added to this genealogical symposium by the official publication in the Official Gazette, of Lima, Peru, which makes the claim, and submits a plausible statement of facts to prove it, that Kuroki's father was a Peruvian patriot whose name was Transito Charroqui. It is also declared that the general's father was a descendant of the Incas, who themselves are believed to have been descendants of an Asiatic race, so Kuroki is an atavism and has come into his own in the land of his fathers.

Keep Your Blood Pure. No one can be happy, light-hearted and healthy with a body full of blood that cannot do its duty to every part because of its impurity; therefore, the first and most important work in hard life is to purify the blood so that every organ will get the full benefit of a healthy circulation. There is no remedy so good as that old family remedy, Brandreth's Pills. Each pill contains one grain of the solid extract of sarsaparilla blended with two grains of a combination of pure and mild vegetable products, making it a blood purifier unexcelled in character. One or two taken every night for awhile will produce surprising results. Brandreth's Pills have been in use for over a century, and are for sale everywhere, plain or sugar-coated.

Rothschilds Never Prosecute. While the Bank of England makes it a point never under any circumstances to relinquish the prosecution of those who have defrauded it in the slightest degree, being willing, if need be, to spend thousands of pounds to capture and prosecute people who have robbed it of even a few shillings, the Rothschilds make it a rule never to appeal to the courts or to the police in such matters. Of course, they are, like every other banker, occasionally the victims of dishonesty, but neither the police nor the public ever hear about the matter. This has always been a principle of the heads of the house, who take the ground that it is better to bear the loss in silence than to disturb popular confidence in the safety of the concern by allowing it to be seen that its treasures are not adequately safeguarded.

Horses Still in Demand. Happily the horse has a faculty for upsetting the gloomy predictions that he is fated to be put out of business by the automobile. The horse business has kept right on developing in spite of the fact that the automobile industry has been engaged in similar undertaking. The demand for horses is still great. The supply of some classes of them is inadequate. The prices are high. The automobile may scare the horse into the ditch; but it isn't likely to crowd him to the wall. There will always be a field for the horse; as there will always be a field for the automobile.—Hartford Times.

GRIED EASILY.

Nervous Woman Stopped Coffee and Quit Other Things. No better practical proof that coffee is a drug can be required than to note how the nerves become unstrung in women who habitually drink it. The stomach, too, rebels at being continually drugged with coffee and tea—they both contain the drug-caffeine. Ask your doctor.

An Ia. woman tells the old story thus: "I had used coffee for six years and was troubled with headaches, nervousness and dizziness. In the morning upon rising I used to belch up a sour fluid regularly. "Often I got so nervous and miserable I would cry without the least reason, and I noticed my eyesight was getting poor.

"After using Postum a while, I observed the headaches left me and soon the belching of sour fluid stopped (water brash from dyspepsia). I feel decidedly different now, and I am convinced that it is because I stopped coffee and began to use Postum. I can see better now, my eyes are stronger. "A friend of mine did not like Postum but when I told her to make it like it said on the package, she liked it all right." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Always boil Postum well and it will surprise you. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a reason."

How Bertram Won the Lady Elinor

By H. C. Bailey

(Copyright by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Now it happened that, in the summer of 1282, King Edward I. moved westward with a great host to war with Llywelyn.

Now, on a day in June, Anthony Bek, the bishop, consulted the king on an infinity of small matters. Thus: "Arises also," says Anthony Bek, "sniffing, the matter of the Lady Elinor of—" The king was in a hurry and—

"Now, why must the Lady Elinor arise," he snapped.

"Tarporely, of Meopham and de Lorgine," says Anthony Bek. "This Lady Elinor hath come into wardship of the crown—"

"Humph. She must marry. Is that all?" Sir Stephen, captain of the King's House, strode in, gleaming in his mail, and to him the king turned eagerly to talk of the host, and heard not the bishop's—

"She would then need a husband, sir." A moment the king pondered on Sir Stephen's words. Then—

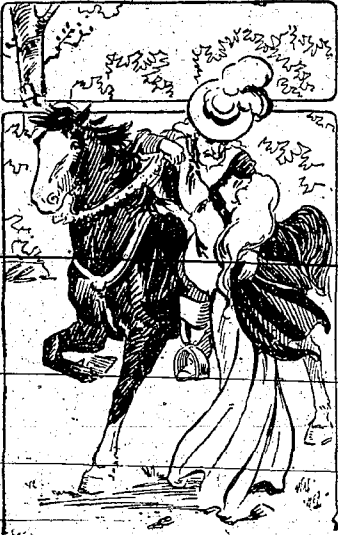
"But, sir, arises need of a husband," said the bishop anxiously, and Sir Stephen gaped, knowing not why a bishop needed one.

"Roger de Belesme," snapped the king, in a hurry and went out. It was the first name that rose to his lips.

"Oh, Beelzebub!" muttered Sir Stephen, who had met Roger.

The bishop had no knowledge of the lady nor the spouse. To him they were names on a piece of parchment. Wherefore, he indited, with flourishes of pen and style, a letter to the Lady Elinor that called her to the court and advised her of her happy fate. Then the bishop went to Sir Bertram, the lieutenant of Sir Stephen, and begged him to go, take the letter, and bring the lady back. So all things went fairly.

Now see Sir Bertram and his men riding over the mead in the golden dawn. Riding two and two, a score of them, they came to the old moss-green house beyond Tarporely. Maids and men, running up, swept the



Caught Up the Girl.

ground in bows and curtsies. Then over the soft grass came the lovely Lady Elinor. Down sprang Bertram and knelt to give her the letter. When he rose, she looked into his eyes. She discovered that his were black; he discovered that hers were beautiful.

"In truth I am honored," she murmured.

"And is thy name Roger?" she cried sharply.

"I am called Bertram," says he, amazed—and still amazed to hear a little angry laugh.

"Happily you know a certain Roger de Belesme, Sir Bertram?" Bertram bowed. "And do you honor him?" Bertram laughed.

"Honor? Why, honor! Truth to tell, I had not thought of it with Roger de Belesme."

"I thank you, sir. I am to marry him," says the lady, and with that swept queenly away.

So, it happened the next day they came to Whitchurch, and there before the door of the royal pavilion was Sir Roger de Belesme, very splendid in cloth of silver. Plump he was, and had curling brown hair to his shoulders. Smiling sweetly, he came to help the Lady Elinor to the ground, but she had sprung lightly down ere he reached her. Then Sir Roger, amorous of a lady so well endowed, would have taken her in his arms to kiss her.

She held out her hand to him, so Sir Roger, falling off better, kissed the hand. She swept him a low curtsy.

Bertram was not joyous, and that was noted by his friend and sworn brother, young Sir Harry of Silvermere, to whom, that evening, he explained the whole matter.

Next night a minstrel sang a Provençal lay while Sir Roger leant plumply over the Lady Elinor's chair; to whom came Sir Harry, and was greeted with a scowl from the knight and a smile from the lady.

"And the king hath not come, then, Sir Harry?" says the lady.

"Not yet. On the morrow, I think," says the lady. "I would speak to him."

"Well," said Sir Harry, "at least we lie in a noble place. Noble hawking there is on the westward hills." In truth, those hills breed naught; but that, for certain, is what he said.

"We have had no sport," says the lady. "Surely we must take to the hills, Sir Roger?" said she.

"I fear naught for myself. But for you—"

"And I fear not for you nor for myself, sir," said the lady sharply. To which there was no answer. What, indeed, could a lover say?

And, having thus aided the course of love, Sir Harry removed himself. His conduct is worthy stern reproof, but mark what he did next!

Bertram he found alone and moody, painting a coat-of-arms. Sir Harry (oh, shame!) dissembled a grin and cried out fiercely:

"Bertram, I have sought you long! Lad, the fellow Roger is a fool. Why, on the morrow they would go hawk-ing on the hills."

"Mad he must be," Bertram muttered with furrowed brow. For the danger was real, and he, the bred soldier, knew it better than a carpet knight such as Roger de Belesme.

Observe that I do not defend Sir Harry. His conduct was such as all persons of refinement must deplore. Nor now can I excuse him for demanding of his tailor four loose jerkins of yellow leather by the morrow's noon. For what purpose we shall see later on.

Now we come on the steep, bare hills of the Welsh marshes, hard by where Cwm now stands. See a knight and a lady riding, falcon on wrist. The knight peers about him every instant—is, in fact, apprehensive. Followed another knight, a big man, trotting easily, sparing his horse and choosing the best of the turf.

Sir Harry, foretold sport. Sport, truly, was found. The two riders are dismounted, and knight and lady watch their falcons soar. Behold, from a gray limestone crag break a troop of riders in the yellow jerkins of Wales. They scream shrill, haply in Welsh, and their long hair streams in the wind as they gallop. Most horrific are they. Fearsome the javelins they hurl from afar.

To the saddle sprang Sir Roger—never man mounted at better speed—and dashed in his spurs and galloped headlong away.

"Ride, Elinor, ride!" he cried, bravely.

"But ride, attack! she could not, for she had no horse. The whistling javelins and the gleam of them had frightened her palfrey, and it broke away from her and fled.

The girl stood alone, straight and very white, one gauntleted hand on her heart. Out from the hillside above broke a great shout. Galloping madly down rushed Bedivere and Sir Bertram, an avalanche of war.

The Welshmen pulled up, jerkily, looked long at the knight, appeared not to like the air of him. They shook their heads, laughed, and galloped off in the tracks of Sir Roger, who turned his head and saw them and spurred again. For he judged that they had slain the lady, and had no wish to be with her in heaven for a while.

To the Lady Elinor, thus easily saved, came Sir Bertram, crying: "Are you hurt, lady?"

"Faith, no!" but she hung on his hands and looked into his eyes long. "But without you, sir," she said softly. "Then: 'He—he fled and left me.'"

"Forward he is!" said Bertram.

"Yet you brought me to him, knowing!"

"I knew not, lady, nor knew I you," said the girl very softly.

"The worst is not met," said Bertram, looking through the sunlight to the yellow coats of the footmen. The girl laughed low.

And then a most strange thing befell. Rose on the air a roar—

"Points! Points!" Shouldered to shoulder, knee to knee, gleaming in chain mail, galloping down from the hill-top came four knights. There were Gilbert of Stoke, and Harold of Kenley, and Raoul de Dormont, and Harry of Silvermere. How can I tell what they were doing on the hills? Down they came, and those footmen in yellow stayed not to meet them—started, fled.

"This was not in the plan—this was not at all in the plan," mutters Harry, reining up. And the four naughty knights solemnly shook their heads as ever villains beyond all honest men's wit.

Now they are riding back to Whitchurch where King Edward has arrived in high good humor. Briskly a little troop he saw coming toward him across the mead.

The king went out to meet them, and the Lady Elinor fell before him in a curtsy and said in a low voice:

"So please you, my lord; but for this, my love—she laid her hand on Bertram's arm and blushed—"I had been dead."

"By your leave, sir," cried Sir Harry. "We, others were riding on the march in hope of some small affair. Certain rogues in yellow we saw beset the lady, and the coward, Sir Roger, fled. We, alas! were too far from these knaves to aid. But for Sir Bertram, who saved her alone, unhelped, unshielded, beating down two, I do not know where now she had been. And that was most true."

"But how came Bertram there?" said the king.

"My lord, I feared for my love," said the king.

"Knowing that rogue De Belesme?"

The king took the lady's hand. "Lady Elinor, I have come nigh to doing you a great wrong," he said, and she bowed her head and did not gainsay it. He laid her hand in Bertram's. "Now let it be mine at least to do this." And the man and the maid looked each in the other's eyes.

Now, Sir Harry in his lodging spoke with his fellows: thus: "Thank the Virgin we were asked no questions!" and they laughed aloud. "But how a fox could I tell there would be real Welsh?" And they laughed the louder.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

By GEORGE WEYMOUTH

"Good morning, sir," said the fortune teller. "Morning," said the man as he sank into a chair. He looked at Mnie. Zero with twinkling, hard eyes.

"I suppose it merely is a matter of money with you?" he asked. But the fortune teller would not commit herself. She waited to hear the particulars.

He took a roll of greenbacks from his pocket and suggestively flipped the rubber band that held the bills in place.

"There's a girl coming here this afternoon," he continued. "I want you to tell her a few things. Will you do it?"

"If it's nothing wrong," said the fortune teller. She spoke to the man, but her eyes were glued to the roll of money.

"O, it's not wrong," said the man. "It's dead right. I mean to marry the girl, but she thinks she's in love with another fellow."

"And you want me to make her believe that you are her fate? That she is bound to marry you—that it is so written in the stars?" Madame looked at the man in admiration.

"You have the idea. Here is the material," said the man, giving the fortune teller a typewritten sheet. "You'll find all the particulars there—girl's early history and some intimate personal facts. When you string her along with these she'll be ready to believe anything you say. You look at me. You see how I look. Well, I'm her fate. The other fellow—the man that isn't her fate—is slender and dark, and dreamy eyed. He's a sweet thing all right,"—the big man laughed—"but he never will have any money. He's impractical. It would be a crime for the girl to marry him. I'm the man that can take care of her. So if you've got any conscience you can let it rest in peace. I'm paying you for doing the right thing this time."

Once more he flipped the rubber band that held the roll of bills.

"How much?" he asked.

"I'll leave it to you," said the fortune teller, after a moment's thought. "The more you give me the better job I'll do."

The man laughed and tossed the roll of bills into her lap.

"Then do your best," he said. "You will know the girl when she comes, because there'll be a middle aged woman, red haired and of the name of Brown, with her. The girl herself is young and as sweet as a flower. Her name is Lillian, and the other woman will call her that, so you will know her whatever name she happens to give."

"I'll do my part," said the fortune teller. "If she doesn't believe in clairvoyance when she comes here she will when she goes away, and even if her heart is broken she will resign herself to the inevitable."

"O, her heart won't break," said the man, laughing good humoredly. "If it does I'll mend it."

After he had gone out Mnie. Zero slipped off the rubber band and counted the money. The amount was so large that she was astonished. Then she read the typewritten memoranda and learned her lesson thoroughly.

That afternoon the girl came, laughing and blushing, with the older woman. The trip to the fortune teller's evidently was regarded as a great lark.

After the two women had been gone for an hour the man came back. He was laughing still, but clearly anxious to know how the plot had worked.

"It was an ingenious scheme," said the fortune teller. "There was no chance for it to fail. After I had told her about her own childhood, and about her mother's death and her father's journey to the Philippines, she was ready to believe everything I else."

"I knew it," said the man.

"I told her about her two lovers—yourself and the other—and I discovered that you were wrong."

"Yes, in what?"

"She does not think merely that she loves the other man—she loves him. It would have made your heart bleed to see the pitiful, broken way she looked at me when I began to tell her that she must give him up! She is not a girl to love lightly. She never will forget him."

"O, I'll see that she does," said the man.

"I hate to disappoint you," said the fortune teller, "but when I reached this point my heart failed me and I switched back. I could not shatter the child's dream. There are some things that even a fortune teller can't do for money."

"You took the money, though," sneered the man.

"But I'm going to give it back to you." She opened her purse and took out the same roll of greenbacks, held together by the same rubber band, and tossed it into the man's lap.

"Perhaps she'll invite you to the wedding," said the fortune teller, consolingly.

He laughed again as he went out—but his laugh was forced.—Chicago Tribune.

Used to a Foghorn.

A minister and a rather bumptious traveler occupied the same cabin across the Atlantic. At breakfast on the first morning the traveler said:

"I hope, sir, my snoring did not disturb you during the night?"

"Oh! no, not a bit, sir," replied the minister, "not a bit. You see, I live on the coast near a lighthouse, and I'm used to the sounds of the foghorn on thick nights."—Merry Me.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

High aims form high character, and great objects bring out great minds.—Tryon Edwards.

Garfield Tea is made of herbs—a great point in its favor! Take it for constipation, indigestion and liver disturbances.

Life is very much like a kaleidoscope; every turn in the morning brings new combinations of beauty and interest.—A. T. Guttery.

Lived and Died Together. Martha R. Howe and Mary J. Howe, twins of Glastonbury, Conn., were together almost every minute of their 74 years of life. The former died recently and the shock of parting ended the life of Mary exactly 12 hours later. They were buried in the same grave.

Father's Good Advice. A young man from Pittsburg went to New York to "make good" in his chosen profession, says a New York letter. The other night he stood in the lobby of a hotel and a friend asked him what he thought of New York. "I have only been here two days," he replied, "so I have not seen the city very thoroughly. My father's parting words to me when I left home were: 'My son, you are going to a great city. There is much good and much evil to be found in New York. Keep to the straight and narrow path as closely as possible, avoid Wall street and, above all, beware of the monkey house.'"

ELEVEN YEARS OF ECZEMA. Hands Cracked and Bleeding—Nail Came Off of Finger—Cuticura Remedies Brought Prompt Relief.

"I had eczema on my hands for about eleven years. The hands cracked open in many places and bled. One of my fingers was so bad that the nail came off. I had often heard of cures by the Cuticura Remedies, but had no confidence in them as I had tried so many remedies, and they all had failed to cure me. I had seen three doctors, but got no relief. Finally my husband said that we would try the Cuticura Remedies, so we got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment, and two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent Pills. Of course I kept Cuticura Soap all the time for my hands, but the one cake of Soap and half a box of Cuticura Ointment cured them. It is surely a blessing for me to have my hands well, and I am very proud of having tried Cuticura Remedies, and recommend them to all suffering with eczema. Mrs. Eliza A. Wiley, R. F. D. No. 2, Liscomb, Iowa, Oct. 13, 1906."

Prominent on Lecture Platform. Senator Tillman probably earns more money every year on the lecture platform than any other American who talks to the public for pay. From an authoritative source the statement comes that the South Carolinian's net proceeds thus far this year from his lecture tour are \$25,000. Senator Tillman is paid from \$250 to \$500 a lecture and he is constantly in demand. His season is not confined to the summer Chautauqua course and he fills nearly as many dates in the winter as at any other time of the year. In the last four years it is said that he has laid aside over \$60,000 from his lecture receipts. Henry Watterson perhaps comes next in the matter of earnings on the platform. Champ Clark, of Missouri, ranks high as a popular favorite and makes about twice as much as a lecturer as his congressional salary.

Monarchs as Linguists. Monarchs must know more than one language. King Edward, who traveled so much, speaks French better than some Frenchmen, and also German. The czar of Russia speaks French as well as his native tongue and knows the numerous dialects. Emperor William of Germany speaks French and English correctly, and is also well versed in Latin. The king of Spain, the youngest of all, speaks German with ease and also French and English. Because of his marriage he now practices the latter. The king of Portugal speaks French, English, German and Spanish. The king of Italy is a master of French and German and is also well versed in the various Italian dialects.

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD. Guarantee On Their Products.

We warrant and guarantee that all packages of Postum Cereal, Grape-Nuts and Elijah's Manna hereafter sold by any jobber or retailer, comply with the provisions of the National Pure Food Law, and are not and shall not be adulterated or mis-branded within the meaning of said Act of Congress approved June 30, 1906, and entitled, "An act for preventing the manufacture, sale or transportation of adulterated or mis-branded or poisonous or deleterious foods, drugs, medicines, liquors, and for regulating traffic therein for other purposes."

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD. C. W. Post, Chairman, Battle Creek, Mich.

Dec. 12, 1906. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of December, 1906.

BENJAMIN F. REID, Notary Public.

My commission expires July 1, 1907.

Our goods are pure, they always have been and always will be, they are not mis-branded. We have always since the beginning of our business, printed a truthful statement on the packages of the ingredients contained therein, and we stand back of every

THE PROGRESS OF THE CANADIAN WEST.

Nearly 200,000 of an Increase in Canada's Immigration in 1906.

The progress of a new country cannot be better ascertained than by noting the increase of railroad mileage in its transportation system, and, judged by this standard, the Canadian West leads all the countries in the world during the current year. Thirty years ago there was not one hundred miles of railroad west of the Great Lakes, and very little prospect of a transcontinental route for many years to come, but by the end of 1885 the Canadian Pacific Railway was within measurable distance of completion, and last year—twenty years later—over 6,000 miles of railroad traversed the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

In the past year the work of railroad construction has been vigorously prosecuted, and by the end of 1906, some 5,000 miles of completed railroad has been added, making a total of fully 11,000 miles in the three great grain producing provinces of Canada. Such an increase in the transportation facilities of the country is bound to make good times not only in the districts where the railroads are being built, but throughout the entire west. Allowing \$20,000 a mile for construction, the sum of \$100,000,000 will be put in circulation, and this in itself should cause good times to prevail in a land where work is plentiful, wages are high, and the cost of living is moderate.

But the building of new railroads through Western Canada means a greater benefit to the country than merely the money put in circulation by the cost of construction. Additional railway building means the opening of new agricultural districts and an additional area under crops; a largely increased output of grain to foreign markets with consequent financial returns; the erection of elevators and the growth of villages, towns and cities; and everything else that makes for the progress of national life, and the opening up of additional thousands of free homesteads, so extensively advertised by the Canadian government agent, whose address appears elsewhere.

It was stated on the floor of the Canadian Parliament recently by a prominent representative that ten years from now would see the bulk of the population of Canada residing west of the Great Lakes, and if the work of railway building during the present year, is any criterion, the prophecy made by the Canadian statesman may be easily fulfilled inside of the time stated. During the present year no less than 189,064 persons have found homes in the Canadian west, of whom 57,786 were Americans who have seen the great possibilities of this new West, and have decided to cast in their lot with it. Certainly, our neighbor north of the 49th parallel is making a great record, and deserves the success that appears to be coming its way.

Chinese Superior to Japs. Discussing the little rumpus with Japan, Senator William A. Clark expresses the opinion the Chinese in this country are superior to the Japanese. "I have loaned thousands of dollars to Chinamen," said the senator, "and never have I known one to fail to meet his obligations." He emphasized his opinion as to the superiority of the Chinamen by calling attention to the fact that the Japanese in their banking institutions employ Chinamen in positions of trust in preference to their own countrymen.

Plan Fine Railroad Hospital. The Southern Pacific Railroad company has bought in San Francisco a lot on which it will erect at once a \$250,000 railroad hospital.

SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

ENAMELINE. STOVE POLISH. ALWAYS READY TO USE. NO DIRT, DUST, SMOKE OR SMELL. NO MORE STOVE POLISH TROUBLES.

WHY NOT GO SOUTH? Where work can be carried on the entire year, where the sun is for the most part in the sky, and where you will not have to battle against the elements of a frozen country. You should send a postcard to J. W. WILKIE, Gen. Ind. Agent, Seaboard Air Line, Dept. C, Portsmouth, Va., for a copy of the

SEABOARD MAGAZINE sent free. It will be sent you together with other hand-somely illustrated literature descriptive of the south and its wonderful resources and opportunities for northern farmers desiring to locate in a country blessed with a delightful climate. Special low rates to home-seekers and prospectors.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

With some people there is no such word as fail; with others there is no such word as enough.

Perfectly simple and simply perfect in dyeing with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. 10c per package.

Occasionally a woman is kept so busy watching her neighbors that she lets her husband go by

Can't Miss It

So many ailments are purely nervous affections, that you can hardly miss it if you try "Dr. Miles' Nervine. It restores nervous energy—and through its invigorating influence upon the nervous system, the organs are strengthened. The heart action is better; digestion improved, the sluggish condition overcome, and healthy activity re-established.

"Dr. Miles' Nervine is worth its weight in gold to me. I did not know what ailed me. I had a good physician but got no relief. I could not eat, sleep, work, sit or stand. I was nearly crazy. One day I picked up a paper and the first thing that met my eyes was an advertisement for Dr. Miles' Nervine. I concluded to try it and let the doctor go, and I did so. After taking two bottles I could drag myself. Then I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and now I can work and go out, and have told many the benefit I have received from these remedies and several of them have been cured by it since. I am fifty-nine years old and pretty good yet."

ANNA R. PALMER, Lewistown, Pa.
Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails, he will refund your money.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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Notary Public
With Seal.

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

Moses Lemieux
Practical Horseshoeing
and General Blacksmithing

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

H. B. Lehner,
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OFFICES OVER SHERMANS' 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.

Rugs FROM OLD CARPETS

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

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Free Knowing what it was to suffer, 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. WILKINS, 100 Manhattan Avenue, New York. Enclose Stamp.

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets
A Dandy Medicine for Busy People.

Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. Aids in Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Headache, Migraine, Bowel, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 25 cents a box. Genuine made by Hollister's Tea Company, Madison, Wis.

GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

Lax-ets 5 C Sweet to Eat

Pointed Paragraphs.

Chairman of House Committee on Banking and Currency has introduced a bill looking to the circulation of more \$5 bills. Vote aye.

WANTED:—Lady to advertise our goods locally. Several weeks home work. Salary \$12.00 per week, \$1.00 a day for expenses. Saunders Co. Dept. W. 46-48 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

When we grow old and unable to work, we do not intend to loiter through the streets and find fault with everything and everybody; we intend to go on a farm and fumble to the pigs, and cows, and horses.

A stormy day, after a holiday, plays the diotems with the average disposition. Anyway, we heard a woman who is noted for being adorable to her husband, give him a "talking" to, simply because he did not come to dinner the instant she told him it was ready.

President Roosevelt has already stated that no considerations of race or color influenced his policy, in dismissing negro soldiers for "shooting up" a town. He would have done the same with any set of men implicated in a conspiracy to protect mutineers and murderers from the consequences of their atrocious crimes, whether white, black, yellow, brown, pink, green or blue. As Commander-in-Chief of the army it was his duty to quell mutiny and treason, and he did it.

The "big head" is a popular way of expressing a common and very frequent ailment. It arises from various sources, but the real foundation is a lack of sense. A little money develops it in some people; a few good clothes gives it to others; a little office, where a chance is given to exercise a little authority, is often the cause of it, while others get it having a little better job than their associates. The truth is no sensible person gets the big head. The one who became stuck up and still-necked from sources of any kind, are weak in the intellectual cable.

FISH IN ITALY.

Octopus, Sea Robin, Sea Spider and Skate Used For Food.

"The fish had a peculiar but agreeable taste," said a globe trotter. "Its flesh was a little tough and elastic. That, though, I didn't mind. I rather like it, as one likes the elastic toughness of a clam."

He was describing a dinner in Rome. He went on:

"Gorgio, I said to the waiter, 'what kind of fish is this?'"

"Fried octopus, signor," Gorgio answered calmly.

"I ate no more. Fried octopus! The idea! I'd as soon have eaten fried rattlesnake."

"I found that in Italy and in southern France the octopus makes a popular dish. And after that, taking a deep interest in the Roman fish stalls, I found on sale a number of sea things that we consider harmful and disgusting.

"The sea robin, for instance—His body is like a catfish's in shape. In color it is speckled and ugly, frog-like, brown and black. And it has a pair of brown wings. Well, this fish, which we always throw overboard, the Roman dealers get 3 cents apiece for.

"The sea spider. It looks like a great spider, and it is covered with black slime. You catch it when you go crabbing, and, with a cry of disgust, you toss it overboard again—a round, black body, from which a dozen jointed, restless tentacles ray. But the sea spider is a cherished dish in Italy.

"Do you know the skate? A flat, round body, with a long, slim tail—one side of the body white, and here a grotesque parody of the human face is seen—two eyes, nose, mouth. The skate is a horror to look at, and an American would as soon eat rat; but in Italy big, pale skates are on sale at every fish stall.

"You will not believe it, but it is a fact that there are even certain types of jelly fish that the Italians eat."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Compulsory Archery.

Archery was once a compulsory exercise in every English parish after Sunday church. "It is a worthy game," preached Bishop Latimer, "a wholesome kind of exercise and much commended in physic." A fine of a halfpenny for abstaining from archery, practice on Sunday was enforced in Edward III's reign, and Henry VIII's crack regiment, the women of the guard, was composed entirely of bowmen. Archery flourished some time after the introduction of the hand gun, though this had been used in England as early as 1171. This developed, in James I's time, into the caliver, so called from the English misconception of an order to supply English soldiers with guns of the same "caliber" as the French-pattern, and the longbow was finally abandoned in



EDUCATOR SHOE

Very few grown up people have well shaped feet. That is because, as children, they were forced to wear shoes that crowded the toe joints from their natural position.

EDUCATOR shoes perfect doming ing

CATOR give free-grow toes



At Hudson's Shoe Store.

Detroit & Charlevoix R. R.

Time Schedule in effect Sunday, Sept. 2nd, 1906.

Going East	Stations	Going West
A.M.	Leave	Arrive P.M.
9:00	East Jordan	5:10
9:20	Wards	4:40
9:35	Jordan River	4:25
9:50	Graves' Camp	4:10
10:10	Greens River	4:20
10:30	Alba	3:55
11:40	Deward	3:00
12:25	Frederic	2:25

CLARK HAIRE, General Manager.

Hiles get quick relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Remember it's made alone for PILES—and it works with certainty and satisfaction. Itching, painful protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Fry it and see!—Warne's Pharmacy.

"Beautify Your Home"

The Burr McIntosh Monthly

"Victorial Perfection"
"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD"

and the one magazine that is different from all others. It contains 50 or more superb pictures monthly, exquisitely printed with fine art tone ink, many of the pages lying in colors. The magazine is bound with silk cord but in such a manner that it may be easily taken apart and

The Pictures Framed
There is enough good reading matter to make the magazine the most attractive and profitable published.
Ask your newsdealer for the current number. If he does not handle it, send his name and address with your name and address for a sample copy. Regular price 25 cents. Mention this paper and address.

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Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
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D. SWIFT & CO.

A Disgusted Shah.

When a shah of Persia was visiting England he frequently expressed his contempt for the mildness of English law. So he was finally taken to Newgate in order that he might see a gallows. He at once manifested great interest in it and, expressing a desire to see how it worked, asked the governor to hang a man. The governor explained that he had not at the time a man ready for the experiment, whereupon the shah expressed his contempt. But he intimated that that was of no consequence. "Hang one of these," said he, pointing to his suit, each man of which probably trembled in his shoes. And very great indeed was the shah's disgust when he found that he could not prevail upon the governor to do what he wanted.

Testing His Heroism.

He had been courting the girl for a long time. It happened on Sunday night after church. They were sitting on the sofa, and she looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes.

"Tom," she murmured, with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me, once you would be willing to do any act of heroism for my sake?"

"Yes, Mary, and I gladly reiterate that statement now," he replied in confident tones. "No noble Roman of old was fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution, than I."

"Well, Tom, I want you to do something really heroic for me."

"Speak, darling! What is it?"

"Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough."

Birds' Calls.

There are many birds of which the male and female have the same call, such as the raven, the rook, the New Zealand parson bird and the gull, and to the highly cultivated musical ear a difference in pitch may be perceived which would escape the ordinary observer. With the true songsters there is little difference in the vocal organs of the two sexes, although the males of most species sing better and more continuously than the females.

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—coaxes blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasantly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If it's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Brise your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

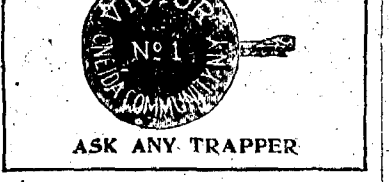
Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

WARNE'S PHARMACY.
East Jordan & Southern R. R.
TIME TABLE.
(In effect Sept. 30, 1906)
LEAVE EAST JORDAN at 7:00 a. m., and 1:30 p. m.; Arriving at Bellair at 8:00 a. m., and 2:30 p. m.
LEAVE BELLAIR at 9:00 a. m., and 3:30 p. m.; Arriving at East Jordan at 10:00 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.
All trains daily except Sunday.
Trains run by central standard time.
W. P. PORTER, E. J. CROSSMAN, Gen. Manager Traffic Mgr.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY TRAPS

The NEWHOUSE TRAP is the best in the world. It is a perfect machine. Hand-fitted! Thoroughly inspected and tested!

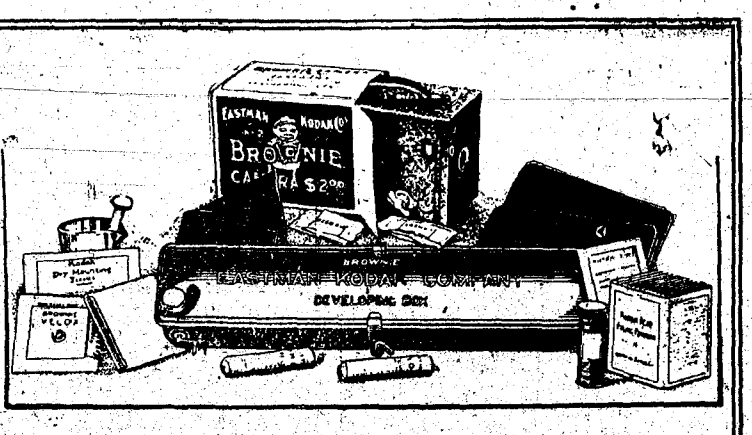
The VICTOR TRAP is the only reliable low-priced trap. Don't buy cheap imitations. Be sure the Trap Pan reads as follows:



ASK ANY TRAPPER

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE
Send 25 cents for the Newhouse Trappers' Guide. Tells best method of trapping and skinning game. Send to Dept. A, Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER
The only magazine devoted to the interests of the trapper. Send 10 cents for copy.
A. B. HARRINGRUB, CO., Columbus, Ohio.



EVERYTHING FOR PICTURE MAKING IN THE Kodak Box

A No. 2 Brownie Camera for taking 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 pictures, a Brownie Developing Box for developing the negatives in daylight, Film, Velox paper, Chemicals, Trays, Mounts. Everything needed for making pictures is included in this complete little outfit.

And the working of it is so simple that anybody can get good results from the start. No dark-room is needed and every step is explained in the illustrated instruction book that accompanies every outfit.

Made by Kodak workmen in the Kodak factory—that tells the story of the quality.

THE KODAK BOX No. 2, CONTAINING:

1 No. 2 Brownie Camera, \$2.00	1 No. 2 Brownie Printing Frame, \$1.15
1 Brownie Developing Box, 1.00	1 Doz. 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 Brownie Velox, .15
1 Roll No. 2 Brownie Film, 6 ex., .20	2 Eastman M. G. Developing Tubes, .10
2 Brownie Developing Powders, .05	2 Paper Developing Trays, .30
1 Pkg. Kodak Acid Fixing Powder, .10	1 Doz. 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 Duplex Mounts, .05
1 Four-oz. Graduate, .10	1 Pkg. Kodak Dry Mounting Tissue, .05
1 Stirring Rod, .05	1 Instruction Book, .10
	\$4.45

\$4.00 Price, Complete \$4.00
At all Kodak Dealers.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y., The Kodak City.

Write for Booklet of the Kodak Box.

ARE YOU A PRISONER?

THOUSANDS of men are prisoners of disease as securely as though they were confined behind the bars. Many have forced their own chains by the weakness of youth, exposure to diseases or excesses. They feel they are not the men they ought to be or used to be. The vim, vigor, and vitality are lacking. Are you nervous and despondent? Tired in the morning? Have you to force yourself through the day's work? Have you little ambition and energy? Are you irritable and excitable? Eyes stinking, depressed and haggard looking? Memory poor and brain fagged? Have you weak back with restlessness at night? Weak mentally and physically? You have

Nervous Debility and Physical Weakness
Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to CURE or REFUND. Established 25 years. Bank Security. Beware of quacks—Consult old established reliable physicians. Consultation Free. Books Free. Write for Question Blank for Home Treatment.

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

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

We solicit a share of your patronage.

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—Phone No. 156.

The Genuine "1847 ROGERS BROS."

Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc.

have all the qualities in design, workmanship and finish of the best sterling silver, at one-fourth to one-eighth the cost.

Much of the sterling now on the market is entirely too thin and light for practical use, and is far inferior in every way to "Silver Plate that Wears"

Ask your dealer for "1847 ROGERS BROS." Avoid substitutes. Our full trade-mark is "1847 ROGERS BROS." look for it. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Before buying write for our catalogue "C-L."

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