

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. II

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1907.

No. 22

Graduation Week

Baccalaureate, Banquet and Commencement.

Corps of Teachers for Next Year Engaged.

This is Commencement Week with our Public Schools and all connected with same are doing their utmost to make it the banner one. Supt. Fuller and the corps of efficient teachers have labored hard the past year and the results are patent—a higher standing all around. Our schools are on the "University List" which means that any of our students who complete the course here can get advanced credits on work at Michigan University. This means that the standings of our schools must be kept high and there is no chance for anything else as long as the management of our schools is in such competent hands.

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached in the Presbyterian church last Sunday evening by the Rev. A. D. Grigsby, his subject being "Go on to Perfection"—being an expression and development of the class motto "We Climb though the Rocks be Rugged." The church was artistically decorated with flowers and bunting in the class colors, red and white, by the Juniors who also acted as ushers. The church was crowded. A grand chorus choir rendered selections showing very careful training and with most excellent effect, and consisted as follows: Sopranos, Misses Porter, Herrick, Maddaugh, Malpass, Grigsby, Snapp and Ramsey; Altos, Misses E. Lewis, J. Lewis and Flora Porter; Tenors, Messrs. Lick, Cusen, Grigsby and Ramsey; Basses, Messrs. Sherman, Ellis and Charles Malpass, and Morgan Lewis; Miss Violet Grigsby, directress and accompanist. The following quintette also sang a beautiful selection—Mesdames Haire, Bush, Dole and Miss Hite, assisted by Mr. Dole.

The banquet on Wednesday night given by the Juniors in honor of the Seniors was a grand success. Twenty four, including high school teachers, graced the dining room of the Russel House, which was decorated with red and white for the occasion, while the class motto, "We Will Climb though the Rocks be Rugged", was conspicuous from the eastern end of the room. Miss Shier played the Grand March which was led by Mrs. Fuller. Mr. Sheldon as toastmaster and president of the Juniors and Miss Camp as president of the Seniors occupied seats at the head of the table with Supt. and Mrs. Fuller at the foot. A feast of three courses was served after which toast master called upon the following persons for toasts: Miss Smith who gave a toast on "The Students;" Miss Teresa McKae, on "The Juniors;" Miss Bessie Light on "The Seniors;" Miss Phyllis Hurlburt on "The Boys;" Morgan Lewis was called upon to give a toast on "The Girls," but did not respond from lack of experience in this line. Supt. Fuller also gave a fine talk. Some pleasing instrumental music was furnished by Misses Hoyt and Porter. All of the toasts were of a high order, and the evening glided away with laughter at her heels. When the joking and merriment ceased the hands of those two new watches, belonging to two youthful members of the Senior class, pointed to twelve and all went their several ways, away from the place where the classes '07 and '08 met socially as classes for the last time.

The Commencement Exercises took place at the Opera House last evening before a crowded house. The class of '07, consisting of Nell Camp, Marjory Hoyt, Teresa McKae, Wilbur Matthews, May Stewart and Harold Turner were duly graduated but space prohibits going into details. A more extended account will appear in our next issue.

The corps of instructors for the coming year have already been decided upon with one or two exceptions. Supt. H. H. Fuller will be with us another year. Miss Lucile Smith has accepted a position in Potoskey schools and her successor, has been engaged. Miss Beatrice Callaghan goes to Grayling next term and her successor has not as yet been decided upon. Following is the list of 1907-1908 instructors:

H. H. Fuller, Superintendent.
Miss Vida Collins, U. of M., Principal and English.
Miss Lulu Babcock, of Albion, Algebra and History.
Miss Millie Comstock, music and

drawing.
Miss Anna Brady, Latin, German and Botany.
Miss Eme Stanford, fifth.
Miss Jessie Lewis, fourth.
Miss Susan Walsh, third.
Miss Alice Horton, second.
Miss Jessie Severson, primary.

"Fool's Revenge"

Porter J. White at Love-day's next Tuesday.

Among the actors of the better class whose careful and painstaking work has been accorded the recognition which is due to genius, be its expression what it may, none stands higher in the estimation of the theatre-going public than Porter J. White, who is starring in "The Fool's Revenge." Mr. White has won the high post he fills by perseverance, hard work, intelligently directed, a conscientious regard for public taste and a fine appreciation of public wants in the way of drama, and stage portraits. Never guilty of violating the confidence of his audience, by a careless inattention to the requirements of his company or himself, Mr. White has become a prime favorite with the theatre-going public coupled with qualities enumerated. Mr. White possesses that of art which enables him to vest all the characters he personates with fidelity to nature and verisimilitude. As Burtuccio, the jester, in "The Fool's Revenge" his performance stands out with all the clarity of a distinct creation. The character of the jester is one of the most unique in the wide range of the drama. Its complexity takes the skill and genius of the actor to their utmost so that its portrayal is marred or enhanced according to the degree of intelligence and discernment of the actor. In Mr. White's hands however the character stands forth like the central figure in a sixteenth century tapestry, convincingly life like, natural, realistic. To portray the passions of a man dominated by a fierce longing for revenge for a wrong done him and whose nature is softened by his soul stirring love for his child, gives to the true artist ample scope for the expression of his art. Mr. White accomplishes this with eminent success. Supporting him in "The Fool's Revenge" is an excellent company of trained players, all contributing to render the production most notable. The play, which will be seen here next Tuesday night, will be splendidly staged. The demand for seats is already large.

"A Father's Sacrifice."

How often have we read in the papers of a noble sacrifice by a father for his wife and family, and how deeply interested do we feel in its reading. The old saying that truth is stranger than fiction, still holds full sway. The beautiful and thrilling interest, as told in the melodramatic play, "In A Woman's Power" of a father's love and sacrifice for his daughter is one of the purest stories in thought and action ever played on the American stage. Its success was and has been instantaneous, the theatres being crowded nightly. Sensational to a degree and full of strong climaxes, the story and events of the play live in your memory long after all others have faded into forgetfulness.

Manager Loveday should be complimented upon securing such an attraction as "In A Woman's Power" has proven to be. Every detail has been carefully attended to, each artist has been engaged for his or her special part. Powerful dramatic scenes and mirth provoking complications, clouds and sunshine, smiles and tears face each other all through this beautiful story of "In A Woman's Power." Only one opportunity is given to see this powerful melodrama at Loveday Opera House soon.

To complete his popularity, King Alfonso has only to appear on the streets of Madrid, pushing a perambulator.

Peace was thought to be firmly located in Ohio's midst, until one looked around and there was Mr. Longworth "waiting at the church."

That Copacetic man who reports having seen a red headed octopus may not be prevaricating. Between the president and the courts, the octopus had enough trouble to make it red headed.

Resolution of Respect.

Resolved: In view of the death of our sister, Ellen Winters, it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed one to say that the Stevens Corps deeply regrets the death of our late sister, who was one of our most respected and esteemed members, and whose loss is keenly felt by all as a personal sorrow.

Resolved, that the members of this Corps hereby unite in tendering to the bereaved family our kindest sympathy in their visitation of sorrow and irreparable loss.

Resolved, that the charts of this Corps be draped for thirty days.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and a copy be spread upon the records of this Corps.

Committee, Leora Madison, Lasra Kenyon, Rosella Hammond.

A Nebraska woman captured a burglar and married him. The cracksmen have given the state a wide berth since.

A current publication is called a Bill board. But a document that is read with more anxiety is the board bill.

Every woman appreciates a beautiful complexion, so much desired by men. Such complexions come to all who use Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Warner's Pharmacy.

The time has come when people want to buy the best and most artistic designs in the market. Exley Bros. are placing on the market the most beautiful Extension Table ever offered to the public. The material and construction are of the best, with a very large leg running from 4in. up to 7 inches in diameter.

TEACHERS!

The NEEDHAM BUSINESS COLLEGE

OF TRAVERSE CITY, is calling you. Do you wish to prepare for the teachers' examination in August? If so, enroll in our Summer Normal. It opens the first Monday in July and continues for six weeks. Investigate our record the past two summers.

Competent instructors, low expenses, cool and pleasant quarters have made our Summer Normal very popular.

Supt. C. M. Novak will be with us again. We have also secured the services of County Commissioner, Geo. L. Crisp, who will give special attention to Primary Methods and School Law.

Special summer rates will be offered in Commercial and Shorthand courses. Write for further information.

W. P. NEEDHAM, PRESIDENT.

County Normal Notes.

The commencement exercises are next Friday night. This then is the last appearance of the Normal Notes for this school year. The program for Friday night has been changed somewhat. This is the way it will finally appear:

Chorus, "Oh, Come With me"

Normal Class

Invocation—Rev. R. A. Wright

Vocal Solo—"Spring Song"

Miss Winifred Gate

Address—Prof. S. B. Laird

Michigan State Normal College

Vocal Solo—Miss Florence Smith

Presentation of Diplomas

Supt. W. H. Woodley

The Baccalaureate address on last Sunday evening by Rev. Mr. Putnam was very instructive and was very much enjoyed by the class.

Margie Zeitler, who is vice president of the alumni, visited us a half day last week and helped to get out the invitations for the Alumni reception.

EXCURSIONS

VIA THE

PERE MARQUETTE

ELK RAPIDS TRAVERSE CITY

Rate 65 cents, Sunday, June 9.

Train will leave Bellaire at 9:30 a. m.

See posters or ask ticket agents for particulars.

H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A.

ANNUAL TOUR OF

Porter J. White

AS

BURTUGGIO

In Tom Taylor's Great Drama

The Fool's Revenge



VENGEANCE IS GOD'S PREROGATIVE—NOT MAN'S!

Tuesday Night, June 4th

Prices 25c to 75c. A few seats at \$1.00.

AT

Loveday Opera House.

"THE PRIDE"

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

Manufactured by

H. F. McHALE.

BOOSINGER BROS.

Don't Speculate.

In buying clothing, why take chances? You don't buy a Suit every day. Don't buy something you know nothing of. Buy clothing you know. Schloss Clothing is well known to you. We tell you it is unexcelled. The style, the latest; the quality, the best; and the finish the finest. Besides the price is right. Let us show you. We have them

From \$12 to \$25.

Summer Needfuls for the Men.

Don't run risks with your haberdashery. A necktie, a shirt or a hat in poor taste ruins the effect of your new suit. Come where correctness costs you nothing extra.

New Shades in NECKWEAR—Delicate patterns and deep colorings. Narrow four-in-hands, wide bows, Keiser cravats—25c and 50c.

NEGLIGEE SHIRTS—Plaid and plain, Scotch plaids and Parisian figures. The very smartest of the year. The great \$1.50 Shirt, \$1.00.

Summer HOSIERY—Gauze, lisle, etc.—tans, blacks and blues in profusion. All the new-figure effects—25c to 50c.

Sole Agents for Royal World Renown Hats—\$2.50 and \$3.00.



"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL." Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROS.

The Castle of Lies

BY ARTHUR HENRY VERSEY
(COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY APPLETON & COMPANY)

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Do you mind telling me what it was?"

"Willoughby, the man who was killed, loved a Miss Brett. She was at this hotel last night with her mother. They heard of my being here and did me the honor to send for me, and to ask from me the details of the tragedy."

Locke's heavy face was agitated, equally by sympathy and surprise.

"Miss Brett!" he cried. "That must be the sister of Sir Mortimer Brett."

"You know her?" I demanded eagerly.

"I have never seen her, but I know something of Sir Mortimer. He is the most picturesque figure in the English diplomatic service."

"Why, picturesque? That is a strange adjective to describe a British minister. Who is he, and how do you happen to know him?"

"He is consul general and minister plenipotentiary at Sofia, Bulgaria. There is not an attaché in Europe today who has not an inquisitive eye cocked at Sir Mortimer Brett."

"And his claims to distinction?"

"Two only, my dear fellow, but they are sufficient to make any man notorious. First of all, scandal has been busy with his illustrious name. However I am afraid that's a very ordinary sort of notoriety. But when I tell you the other fact that if he just winked war would break out in the Balkan peninsula you will grant that he is a factor in the game of European politics."

"I have heard enough to have my curiosity excited. Tell me more of the man who controls the destiny of a nation. The scandal, for instance, is it a matter of common newspaper publicity? I have figured in the papers myself lately, and I feel a certain sympathy for a fellow-sufferer?"

"Oh, the newspapers have made him squirm a bit, no doubt. But my sources of information are more accurate than mere newspaper gossip. You see, I happen to be the American consul here."

"Then your gossip of the embassies ought to be worth listening to."

I settled myself in my chair and lighted a fresh cigarette.

"My dear chap, you are asking too much of me—really you are! The situation in the Balkans! Good Lord, that's too appalling a subject to be discussed between two friends who have just met."

"Locke," I replied diplomatically, "I suppose you wish to discuss me and my unfortunate affair. Well, I don't. If you wish to show me that you believe me not quite so black as I am painted, ignore the matter completely."

"Of course, of course," he hastened to assure me. "And you really wish to understand why war would break out tomorrow in the Balkans if Sir Mortimer Brett lifted his little finger?"

"If such a knowledge is the prelude to the scandal that concerns him."

"Very well," he agreed good-naturedly. "But don't despair if you are still muddled after ten minutes' talk on Balkan politics; Count von Bulow has said that the man who comprehends the situation in the Balkan State does not exist. But to understand how Sir Mortimer's influence may plunge Europe into war—today, just as surely as when Madame de Pompadour twisted Louis XV about her little finger, you must know something of the trouble that swirls and bubbles in Turkish-Macedonia."

"Even the word Turkish-Macedonia is a mere name," he said to me.

"Hang it, have I got to give you a lesson in geography as well as in history?" growled Locke. "Well, Macedonia is actually no state or country. It is simply a term to designate a strip of Turkish territory immediately to the south of Bulgaria. It is within independent Bulgaria and insurgent Macedonia—that our friend Sir Mortimer Brett is concerned. In a word, the situation is this: Bulgaria, long freed from the Turkish yoke, would help struggling Macedonia to gain her freedom."

"Macedonia itself is an extraordinary hodgepodge of races—Greeks, Turks, Serbs, Rumanians, Bulgars—there are a dozen dirty little races, and half a dozen fanatic sects—all ready to fly at each other's throats if they were not too busy struggling for their freedom. But Greek, Catholic, Jew, they are all ready to die cheerfully if they can down their Turkish oppressor. It is just this sublime struggle for freedom that gives a touch of nobility to the rascal, snarling, snapping Macedonia. These Macedonians for years have been putting up one of the pluckiest running fights imaginable. The House of Commons indulges in solemn piffle about what they choose to call the Balance of Criminality. In other words, they profess to think that the atrocities committed by the Turks and the Macedonians are equally horrible. But, as a matter of fact, English knowledge of Macedonian affairs is gleaned out by the London Times, which in turn gets its facts from the English embassy at

Constantinople, professedly pro-Turkish in its sympathies."

"How do you account for that?" I demanded with a show of interest. Locke's lecture was not thrilling, but I listened patiently; for I realized that his information was necessary if I would understand Sir Mortimer's predicament.

"The missionaries," continued Locke, "know only too well that the unspeakable Turk is an even greater scoundrel than Mr. Gladstone chose to believe him. But the Foreign Office, you will understand, does not intend to risk the peace of Europe because the missionaries rave about the outraging and slaughter of a few thousands of Macedonian women and children."

"For several years they have continued a guerrilla warfare—if you can dignify the dynamiting of a railroad or a bridge and the stealthy slaughter of unarmed bands as warfare. The Macedonian campaign has been managed by a body of men who have their headquarters at Sofia, in Bulgaria."

"They fight in bands. Their arms are hidden in the fields or in the caves of the mountains. When a Turkish host surrounds one of these bands it

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finds peaceful peasants herding their sheep on the hills or tilling their fields."

"Such a hopeless struggle as this might continue for years," I interrupted. "Where does Bulgaria come in?"

"Bulgaria comes in right here with a flourish of trumpets, and Prince Ferdinand is at the head of the procession."

"Actually Bulgaria is independent, nominally, Ferdinand does fealty to the sultan, and at the same time is under the thumb of Russia. He is a petty princeling with as inordinate a sense of his own importance as a canibal king in a top hat. He has surrounded himself with more state than a czar or a kaiser. Ferdinand's great ambition is to be crowned king. Now he only rejoices in the title of prince. He has vainly implored his great master Russia's permission to assume that title, but Czar Nicholas prefers that little Ferdinand be humble. Then if you won't let me be king," says Ferdinand, "I won't play with you any more." So Master Ferdinand is most anxious to exchange the doubtful friendship of Russia for a more indulgent protection? He has decided that he would like England to be that protector."

"But what has this to do with Bulgaria's going to the assistance of Macedonia?" I exclaimed impatiently.

"Simply this: Ferdinand knows that before he dare assume the title of king, he must make himself more popular with his subjects than he is at present. Macedonia affords a convenient means of accomplishing this. But before he flings his army into Macedonia territory, he must be sure that he will have a free hand. Let England once assure him of her moral support, and Ferdinand will invade Macedonia tomorrow."

"It is at this juncture, I suppose, that Sir Mortimer Brett, consul general and minister plenipotentiary, holds the center of the stage?"

"Yes, it is about his diplomatic head that the elements rage. But a Jewish banker of New York city runs him a close second in importance."

"A remarkable statement, that."

"And this little Jew is a remarkable man. A Macedonian by birth, he has made five score of millions in America. But he remembers his country in the time of her need. It is he who offers to clothe, arm, and feed the Bulgarian army, if it fights for the freedom of his race. His one condition is this: the invasion must have a reasonably sure chance of success. That is assured, he thinks, when England agrees to stand behind Bulgaria."

"And the name of this Jewish banker?"

"Otto Kuhn. One must not forget him."

CHAPTER IX.

The Episode of the English Ambassador.

We are now ready for the extraordinary episode of Sir Mortimer Brett. Locke resumed. "I think you will find that the narrative grows more interesting."

"I trust so," I yawned.

"Sir Mortimer is a comparatively young man, I understand. But he has already had 15 years to his experience as a diplomatist. He has been trusted implicitly by the British foreign office. He has been nothing less than a dictator in Bulgarian affairs, so far as England is concerned. There have been repeated attempts to bribe him. But he has been strong enough to resist all pressure—whether it be exerted by the sultan or by Ferdinand. But after an unblemished record of 15 years this Bayard in politics has fallen a victim to a vulgar intrigue with a political adventuress."

"Countess Sarahoff—is the adventuress—a woman of marvelous charm

in Lucerne. He had left Sofia suddenly under the plea of sickness, whether real or assumed. And now he has disappeared again from here, and has left absolutely no trace of his whereabouts."

"So that when the king's messenger comes here he will still be unable to deliver his dispatches. As you say, it is an extraordinary state of affairs. I suppose that Sir Mortimer continues to be a properly credited ambassador until he receives those dispatches?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And in the meanwhile there is a hue and cry for him?"

"My dear fellow, I have told you repeatedly that you are behind the scenes. Ostensibly Sir Mortimer has gone to the mountains for his health. But the arrival here in Lucerne of the mother and daughter is significant."

"They come to rescue him from the influence of Countess Sarahoff of course. But if she has disappeared with Sir Mortimer—"

"I saw you flirting with her at the kursaal about an hour ago," said Locke, smiling at me grimly.

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finds peaceful peasants herding their sheep on the hills or tilling their fields."

"Such a hopeless struggle as this might continue for years," I interrupted. "Where does Bulgaria come in?"

"Bulgaria comes in right here with a flourish of trumpets, and Prince Ferdinand is at the head of the procession."

"Actually Bulgaria is independent, nominally, Ferdinand does fealty to the sultan, and at the same time is under the thumb of Russia. He is a petty princeling with as inordinate a sense of his own importance as a canibal king in a top hat. He has surrounded himself with more state than a czar or a kaiser. Ferdinand's great ambition is to be crowned king. Now he only rejoices in the title of prince. He has vainly implored his great master Russia's permission to assume that title, but Czar Nicholas prefers that little Ferdinand be humble. Then if you won't let me be king," says Ferdinand, "I won't play with you any more." So Master Ferdinand is most anxious to exchange the doubtful friendship of Russia for a more indulgent protection? He has decided that he would like England to be that protector."

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STUFFING NEEDLE CUSHIONS.

Wool, Cork Dust, Bran or Human Hair Will Do.

Fortunate does that woman consider herself who has a bit of clean wool with which to stuff her new needle cushion. It is so nice and light and lends itself so readily to manipulation. It makes such a smooth, neat cushion. It fills in at the corners so easily and fluffs out in the middle so beautifully. Ah, yes! It does all these pleasant things, but it is a delusion and a snare just the same, for it absorbs and retains moisture. Therefore needles that are kept in a wool-stuffed cushion rust sooner and worse than in any other kind.

Very fine cork dust is good because light and nonabsorbent. Bran is good, but not light. Sawdust is heavy and absorbent. Bran or sawdust are good for large cushions for the bureau, where one is constantly changing the pins, because it is heavy and does not permit the cushion to slide around very readily.

But for small cushions, that are needed in one's work basket and in which some one needle may not be used for months, the most satisfactory stuffing is human hair. It neither absorbs nor retains moisture and it is light and springy. Many women save their "combing" to be made over into some article for the coiffure. These same combings may be thoroughly washed (with a little ammonia in the water) and as thoroughly dried and they will be ready for use. Or the shippings of the children's hair may be utilized. Once having used a cushion stuffed after this fashion one generally cares for no other kind.

FLOWERS IN WINDOW-BOXES.

Pleasure for Those Who Have No Garden or Porch.

To the flower-lover, who has no garden or porch, window-boxes offer excellent opportunities. Nothing can give more pleasure to one who lives in a flat or house. If you have several boxes to fill, and want something new, try filling each with flowers of one color, with just enough of some other to relieve the monotony. A charming box is one filled with either pink or red geraniums. These are easy to grow, and they bloom constantly. A box is also attractive when filled with yellow nasturtiums of different shades, and of the climbing and dwarf varieties. Petunias, sweet alyssum, mignonette, heliotrope, and many other flowers may also be grown.

The chief requirement for boxes is that they be of sufficient size to hold a quantity of dirt that will not dry out too quickly. Filled with a rich, loamy soil that holds moisture well, and watered regularly, good results should be obtained. Too much sun is as harmful as too little.

Any carpenter can readily make a box to fit the desired place. If one must think of economy, there are many packing boxes which are the right size for the purpose. They should, however, be fortified in the middle with cross cleats, but need not be lined. They should be well painted, dark green, or a color to match the house. It is a good plan to fill the boxes with about two inches of broken charcoal before putting in the soil.

Potatoes in Cheese Sauce.

M. E. Southworth gives the following recipe for patatas con queso (potatoes baked in cheese sauce): Put two tablespoonfuls of crumbled cheese, or potted cheese, in a saucpan with two tablespoonfuls of butter; when melted add two tablespoonfuls of flour and rub until smooth and creamy. Season with salt, paprika, and a dash of tabasco, and then add slowly one and one-half cups of milk, stirring until thoroughly blended. Remove from the fire. Peel six large, firm potatoes, and slice rather thin and chop one sweet bell-pepper. Put a layer of the potatoes in a baking dish, and sprinkle with the chopped pepper, then another layer of potatoes, and so on until the dish is filled. Over all pour the thickened cheese sauce, and sprinkle broken English walnut meats and bits of butter on top, and bake until the potatoes are thoroughly cooked.

Stuffed Cabbage.

Select a head of cabbage, not too hard, boil for half an hour, put upon a platter to cool, then separate the leaves and fill with the following: One pound of chopped beef, one pound of chopped pork, three or four slices of stale bread soaked in milk, two eggs, one onion, one-half cupful of milk, parsley, salt and pepper.

Fill in a leaf at a time and fold. When finished tie the whole tightly with wrapping cord, boil slowly for two hours. When ready to serve, pour over melted butter.

Mock Bisque Soup.

One-half can of tomatoes, warm one quart of milk, then add the tomatoes, one-half cup butter, one tablespoon cornstarch (dissolve cornstarch into a little of the cold milk before adding it to the hot milk), one teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon pepper. Serve with croutons. Croutons are made by cutting your bread into little cubes about one-half inch square and fried in butter until brown.

Room Disinfectant.

A good disinfectant to use in a sick room or in any room where a close, musty, or severe odor is noticed, is to put ground coffee on a shovel, with a bit of camphor gum in the center of it. Light the gum, which is non-explosive, and easily ignited, and allow the coffee to burn with it. A refreshing and salutary perfume is the result.

BACKACHE IS KIDNEYACHE.

Cure the Kidneys and the Pain Will Never Return.

Only one way to cure an aching back. Cure the cause, the kidneys. Thousands tell of cures made by John C. Coleman's Doh's Kidney Pills, a prominent merchant of Swainsboro, Ga., says: "For several years my kidneys were affected, and my back ached day and night. I was languid, nervous and lame in the morning. Doh's Kidney Pills helped me right away, and the great relief that followed has been permanent." Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box.

SAHARA GROWING DRYER.

French Observer Says the Sahara are Shrinking and Will Disappear.

C. E. Gautier, a French explorer, is authority for the statement that the Sahara is continuously becoming drier to such an extent that the oases are perceptibly drying up and will disappear altogether in a relatively short time. He quotes historic records and physical signs to show that springs were at one time more plentiful than now, and that the extent of the patches where vegetation flourishes were much greater even 50 to 100 years ago.

As the climate of the region has undergone no change in perhaps thousands of years, he believes that the disappearance of the water must be due to purely mechanical causes. He considers that it is due to the continual advance of the great sand masses to the north, thus forming an impenetrable barrier against the watershed of the Atlas mountains.—N. Y. Sun.

Seven Billion Gallons of Milk.

The 7,500,000,000 gallons of commercial milk annually consumed represents an enormous white river pouring across the U. S. in every direction and yet few people realize that it is fast becoming a veritable river Styx; for it is so disease laden that millions of people are day-by-day drinking disease in various forms from this greatest of disease-spreading agents. Chiefest among these diseases is Consumption. Health office reports show that 25% of the Dairy Cows Sive Bovine Tuberculosis and through the milk and meat are dealing out Consumption to the people at an alarming rate. An effective remedy is recently claimed in the simple feeding of sawa in small doses to the cattle. The remedy is cheap and a few cents worth prepared at any Drug Store will render a cow entirely immune is the claim made in a free booklet issued by The Mutual Mercantile Co., Cleveland, O. Ask your Druggist for a booklet.

On the Scant.

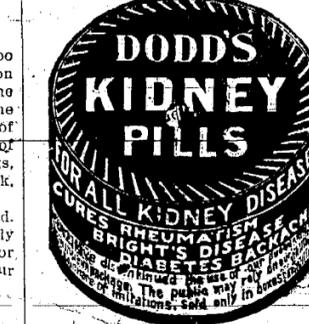
Crimson Rambler—Are you burning gasoline in that automobile, mister? Sparks—"No, my friend; I'm trying alcohol just for an experiment." Crimson Rambler—"I thought so. Would you mind me haingin' on behind for a mile or so, jest fer de smell?" Puck.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LOCAL COTTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is party partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., who do business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

An Artist.

"The man who painted that spurious picture was an artist, at all events," said the connoisseur. "I don't know about him," answered Mr. Cumrox, ruefully, "but the dealer who sold it to me was."

When a woman is unable to get what she wants she tries to convince herself that it isn't worth having anyway.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Discomfort 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.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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

State Timber Reserves.

The bill passed by both houses at Lansing Wednesday afternoon withdrawing from sale 40,000 acres of agricultural land in Isco and Alpena counties, with the view of turning them into a state forest reserve. This action was taken, it is stated, to head off lumbermen who were about to purchase these timber lands for a song. It is stated that were there an average of but two trees to the acre on the 40,000 acres, the stumpage of one acre would pay ten acres, at \$1.25 per acre. The action is good and the movement should not stop with the saving to the state of these 40,000. There are no doubt, many thousands of acres of state land, valuable for timber, still for sale for a song, and the reclamation movement should continue until these lands are properly valued, for sale or placed in state forest reserves for the benefit of all the people of the state.

At the present time but one-fifth of the total forest area of the United States is in the national forest reserves. The remaining four-fifths have already passed or are most likely to pass into private hands. There is a healthy tendency to enlarge the forest reserves, a movement that should have the hearty support of all citizens.

The result of lumber cutting at the present rate can be readily seen. We should now profit by the experience of the European countries. Our situation today is much as was that of Germany 150 years ago. During the past 150 years some of the German states, particularly Saxony and Prussia, have applied a policy of government control and regulation which has restored the forests, made timber production exceed timber consumption and given the governments a net revenue above all the expenses of forest management. There are many thousands of acres of land in Michigan more valuable for forestry than for general farming or stock raising and it is timely for the state to study the foreign methods of forestry that have proven so successful with a view of adopting such forest laws, methods and practices as appear adapted to our conditions and our needs, with the idea of conserving for all the people of the state, and for future requirements; the lingering remnants of our once splendid forest wealth. —Saginaw Courier-Herald.

When conditions are satisfactory and pleasing to the farmers of our country they can be regarded as at least acceptable to a very large majority of the people. The following recent declarations by one of the leading agricultural journals of the country gives full information as to how the situation is regarded from the farm and the farmer's point of view: "No nation possesses so many agricultural advantages as the United States. It is the development of these opportunities that has inaugurated the current era of national prosperity. Lands and agricultural products show a rising tendency in value. The forces in operation and the momentum of industry are too great to be arrested in a day or a year. The ascent of prosperity has been on such conservative lines as to insure its continuance until disturbed by some natural calamity." And the farm journal might well have added, "or by some hurtful legislation." The repeal of the McKinley bill and the enactment of the Wilson bill were not natural calamities. But they were most decidedly national calamities.

**Shoes
Is Our Business**

In fact all we know is Shoes, and the fact that our sales have increased 10 per cent the last year, would prove to you that the people have appreciated wearing Good Shoes.

We do not claim to sell Shoes at cost, but we do claim to sell Good Shoes at a Very Moderate price. Our line of Oxfords is complete, and we have them in Patent Calf and Gun Metal, prices from \$2.00 up to \$3.50.

Sole agents for the Dr. Reed Cushion Shoe, the easiest shoe on earth. We also sell the Buster Brown Blue Ribbon Shoe for boys and girls.

Meet me face to face.
Yours for Good Goods.

C. A. Hudson.
Exclusive Shoe Dealer.

Do Your Trading in East Jordan and visit the

ELECTRIC THEATRE

In The MONROE BLOCK.

Open Afternoons and Evenings.

You Can Enter Any Time.

Good Music.
Beautiful Illustrated Songs.

MARVELOUS MOVING PICTURES.

5c and 10c.

WILSON.

Snow enough for sleighing May 27. Next.

Public dance at the Grange Hall this week, Saturday evening.

Thomas Barley was down from Pelston the first of the week.

Charles Burch is absent this week in Charlevoix serving on the jury.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Holland are rejoicing over the arrival of a nine and a half pound daughter last Thursday.

Mrs. Thomas Shepard was on the sick list the first of the week. Dr. Warne was in attendance.

Several families from Wilson attended the funeral of James Davis held in East Jordan last Saturday.

Miss Beryl Isaman is spending this week with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Nowland in Charlevoix.

Mr. Warner who has been staying at the Soldiers' Home for over a year returned to Wilson last week, and is now at his son's, Erastus Warner.

Mrs. Emerson Collins and baby of Bayne City, are spending a few days this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Nowland of this place.

It is to be hoped that the person who discovered a heretofore unpublished Ibsen manuscript will turn his attention now to something else. Sometimes the discovering business is not a good thing to fool with.

Special Values in Phonographs at MACK'S. Prices \$10, \$20, \$30. Terms to suit.

Extra Choice Chicago Beef at HAYDEN'S.

Consumption is less deadly than it used to be.
Certain relief and usually complete recovery will result from the following treatment:
Hope, rest, fresh air, and—**Scott's Emulsion.**
ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.



1-4 Off SALE on LADIES' SKIRTS
In Voils, Serges, Panamas.
\$11.00 Skirts \$6.00 Skirts
\$5.00 Skirts \$3.75 Skirts
during the ten days of the Sale will be sold at
1-4 Off.



TEN DAYS Began Thursday, May 30
Ends Saturday, June 8th
The Boston Store
A. Danti, Proprietor.

EARN \$10,000 YEAR. WHY NOT?
—THE—
International Correspondence Schools
WILL START YOU. MICH. ENROLLMENT OFFICE AT TRAVERSE CITY.
ASK AGENT TO CALL.

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

You Take No Chances

When you buy GROCERIES and MEATS at this Store. All our Goods are Guaranteed to comply with the Pure Food Law. We have the best and nothing but the best.

BOWEN & BARNETT.
Phone 192 Goods Delivered.

Order Your
1908 Calendars
At This Office.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY.

If you contemplate painting this season, we can supply your wants with the celebrated

Sherwin-Williams Paints

Without a doubt, the best paints in the market. Our trade on this line is doubling each year—not because our town is larger but because the paint is what the people want. We can give you the best price in the city on

Pure Lead, Raw and Boiled Linseed Oils.
We carry one grade only—the best we can purchase.

We are Sole Agents for the famous
Rotary Washing Machine, "White Lilly"

Come in and examine this machine. We let you take this machine on trial, to convince you that it is the best washer now on the market.

Clothing Department.

If you are looking for a right smart up-to-date Suit, we have them at prices to suit your pocketbook. In addition to the well-advertised **Hickey & Freeman Co.'s** Line of Clothing, we have added the line of **Woodhull, Goodale & Bull** of Syracuse. These lines are second to none and we guarantee every garment we carry made by the above firms to give perfect satisfaction.

We have a fine line of **PANAMA HATS** this season and will be pleasee to show you same. Buy one of these and you wear as good a hat as anybody.

YOURS FOR GOOD GOODS.
EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.



Briefs of the Week

The Fool's Revenge—Tuesday night.
Dance at Wilson Grange Hall tonight.
Have you been to the Electric Theatre?
A. E. Carlisle started the street sprinkler going Saturday—and the next day it snowed.
Several from here attended the Sunday School Convention at Boyne City first of the week.
Messrs Ensign and Barlow will conduct another of their famous dances at Votruba Hall next Saturday evening, the 8th.
Married at Charlevoix last week by Rev. R. A. Wright, Louis Krogan of Chicago and Miss Grace Wiler of East Jordan.
Mrs. F. P. Ramsey of Central Lake and Mrs. Jos. Wyckoff of Traverse City are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Weikel.
Rev. John Bretts has returned from Lake City and will occupy the M. E. pulpit Sabbath morning and evening as usual. The evening subject will be "The Children of the new Jerusalem."

T. Fitzgibbons returned to Duluth Monday.
Mrs. Swafford was a Kalkaska visitor, Tuesday.
Elijah Flagg is moving his family to the West Side.
Miss Lucy Benham of Petoskey is guest of her friend, Miss Belle Roy.
J. C. Cleary, foreman of Ward's Camp 10, was in town Monday night.
Oscar Walstad is in town, guest of his parents and renewing old acquaintances.
J. J. Porter left Wednesday morning for Lansing to attend the M. A. C. celebration.
W. P. Squier is suffering from a severe cold, which took him from his work, Tuesday.
Mrs. J. J. Gage and son, Leon of Jennings are calling on old friends here this week.
Be sure and secure your seats early for Porter J. White's attraction—"The Fool's Revenge."
Irwin McGowan has rented the Bowen house on Stone's addition and will occupy same as soon as his household goods arrive from Decatur.

Choice Chicago Beef at HAYDEN'S.
Mrs. A. D. Suppaw is visiting friends at Cheboygan.
Mrs. F. J. Porter left Wednesday for a visit with relatives in Dubuque, Ia.
The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid Society meet with Mrs. J. F. Kenny next Friday.
Mrs. L. A. Kenyon is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. John Roy of Sturgis.
Mrs. Herbert Brown of Charlevoix is spending a few days with Grandma Weikel.
Mrs. J. H. Graff entertained the ladies of Peninsula Grange Wednesday afternoon.
James Blissett and son left Monday for Puyallup, Wash. Mrs. Blissett will follow later.
The M. E. Ladies' Aid Society meet with Mrs. C. G. Worden next Wednesday afternoon.
Roy Sherman and Will Bashaw were at Charlevoix first of the week as Circuit Court jurors.
Vernon Payton is to spend the summer at Charlevoix where he has accepted a position.
Mrs. Elmer Richards with son Glenn, of Marquette, is guest of her mother Mrs. Mackey.
It is time to begin warning the country that we should have a safe and sane Fourth of July.
Mrs. W. A. Loveday with two children left Wednesday for a visit with Lansing relatives and friends.
Miss DeCraker of Petoskey came Tuesday to take charge of Prof. Babbit's mandolin and guitar class.
Miss Lou A. Rice left Saturday morning for Pontiac where she has accepted a position for the summer.
Mrs. Ed Kowalski is quite low. Dr. Montague of Charlevoix was called and held consultation with Dr. Macgregor.
Mr. and Mrs. George Brown of Cheboygan are guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crossman and renewing old acquaintances.
All parties having either a debit or credit account with the late John Fitzgibbons are requested to call upon his son, Jack Fitzgibbons and have same settled.
F. H. Decker, who came here from Chicago some time ago and purchased a farm near East Jordan, is suffering from a badly poisoned hand, which will necessitate the amputation of one of his fingers.
Owing to increased work, C. C. Mack has engaged the services of Louis Kobler of Cleveland, Ohio, to assist him in his store. Mr. Kobler is an expert jeweler and at one time was a watch-maker.
The Woodmen held a big celebration in our Village last Friday evening, the occasion being the initiation of eighteen candidates. The Charlevoix degree team exemplified the work. A good sized crowd came up from Charlevoix on the Beaver and a number from Boyne City drove over. Following the initiation the Woodmen and their ladies enjoyed dancing and cards.
Porter J. White, the well known romantic actor is this season appearing in that powerful tragedy, "The Fool's Revenge." Reports received to date indicates that Mr. White's conception of the part of Bartucello is at once original and artistic. His interpretation of the sombre part is subtle, novel and unique and he holds his auditors as by a spell. Mr. White carries a strong company and the play is produced on a scale of grandeur seldom witnessed anywhere. He carries elaborate scenery and electrical effects. "The Fool's Revenge" will be seen here on next Tuesday night.

The dream of dollar wheat has come true.
Get a Phonograph at Mack's and live happy.
Choice Seeds at the W. E. MALPASS HOWN. Co.
Alabastine color cards free at STROEBEL BROS.
When looking for a Rocking Chair call on WHITTINGTON.
EMPEY BROS.' line of Dressing Cases are really worth spending a little time to look at them over. All kinds and prices. Say nothing about them.
Delaware now has a law making it a crime to drink on a railroad train in that State. People will now begin to be thankful that it doesn't take long to get out of the state.
Miss Comstock returned Tuesday to Big Rapids after visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Fuller over Sunday. She is to teach music and drawing in the East Jordan schools next year.
"Instead of zipping around in automobiles, people prefer to howl at the umpire. There is no accounting for tastes," says the Birmingham Age Herald. But it only costs 25 cents to sit on the bleachers and howl at the umpire.
The funeral services of Emma J. Hawks were held Sunday from the house, conducted by Rev. A. D. Grigsby. Interment was made in the Jones cemetery. Miss Hawks was born near Plattsburg, N. Y., Feb'y 13th, 1837, and died May 24th, 1907. Deceased was a member of the Congregational church. Three sisters out of a family of ten survive, viz: Mrs. Farmer of Kansas, Mrs. Bachelor of Koto, Japan, and Mrs. McClanahan who has been taking care of the lady for a couple of years.
Boysen Citizen—Married, in Charlevoix, on Thursday of this week at 10 a. m., Miss Bertha Sands and Mr. Dar Seymour, both of this city. The wedding occurred at the home of Rev. Wright, pastor of the Methodist church at Charlevoix, who performed the ceremony. They happy pair took the afternoon boat to East Jordan, and went from there to Petoskey, where they will remain for a few days returning here the first of the week to settle down to the joys of house-keeping. Both young people are well known in this city, and have a large circle of friends to wish them a long and happy life. The Citizen joins in congratulations.
I'll need a Couch call on us. We have the goods.
—C. H. WHITTINGTON.
A dispatch from Traverse City says: Unless the unforeseen happens, the fruit crop on the peninsula this year will be a large one. This is not infrequent, but the fact that the crops in the southern part of the state and in other states are practically a failure means that the farmers of the peninsula will make a large profit this year. The cold weather has kept back the development of the buds, so that the snows and frosts, so disastrous in other portions of the state, had no effect here. A little warm weather is all that is needed now to bring forth the blossoms and make the whole peninsula resemble a sweetly scented garden 18 miles in length and about three miles in width.

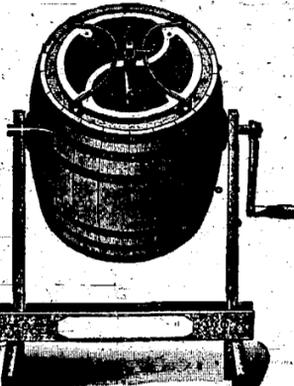
1-4 Off 1-4 Off
SALE ON BOYS' SUITS
Starting Saturday, May 18th
Ending Saturday, June 1st
DO NOT OVERLOOK THIS.

REMEMBER, we will sell our entire line of Boys' Suits at 1-4 OFF. These Suits are all of the very latest Spring Styles, in all descriptions, such as the Norfolk, Blouse, Suits with knickerbocker pants and Wash Suits. These are of fine wool, chevots, twills, serges, etc., of very nobby styles and designs, in blues, blacks, greys, mixed greys—in fact every color describable.
REMEMBER, it only lasts Fourteen Days—this great reduction of One Quarter Off.

INVESTIGATE.
L. WIESMAN
Loveday Brick Block, East Jordan.

All Kinds of Flour and Groceries at Hayden's.
Select field and garden seeds at STROEBEL BROS.
Stain floor makes furniture and floors look better than new.
Go to B. C. Hubbard & Co. for Art Squares, Rugs and Lace Curtains.
We make a specialty of Floor and Hardwood Finishing. Charles Barrett, Painter and Paperhanger, North Main st.
Use Hygienic Kalamine for your walls. It don't fade or rub off. Sold by MALPASS HARDWARE Co.
EMPEY BROS. are about closing a deal to furnish a beautiful home all complete, within a few miles of another thriving town. Let them come.
Does that Bicycle of yours need repairing or cleaning? If so take it to G. W. Roy in the Nachazel building and have it put in trim at reasonable cost.
Spring house cleaning is not complete unless your Furniture—Picture Frames—are made new. CHAS BARRETT, Painter and Decorator, East Jordan.
Have you sampled any of the good things at Ben Schroeder's Restaurant? Mrs. Schroeder is an excellent cook and they are serving A 1 Lunches. Give them a call next time, you get hungry. Open at all hours.
Old papers sold at this office.
Hand-made Lumber Harness at STROEBEL BROS.
Use De Voe Paints for your house. W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.
Crockery—a new lot just opened up. You can buy one piece or a set. E. A. LEWIS.
A Large Stock of Iron Beds at WHITTINGTON'S and the prices are right.
If you think you would like a Phonograph, go to MACK'S JEWELRY STORE and see what he can offer you.
East Jordan is becoming famous for Furniture. Going outside for Furniture is a thing of the past. EMPEY BROS. are aiming to make prices so low.
Call at MACK'S JEWELRY STORE and look over the fine line of Phonographs. Prices and terms to suit all purchasers.
There are many tonics in the land, As by the papers you can see; But none of them can equal Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. —Warne's Pharmacy.
Piles get quick relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles, and its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

The Churn that Leads is
The Belle Churn
—Because—
It churns easiest and quickest
It lasts the longest
It does not fall apart
It stands solid and does not shake
It is easy to clean
It does not taste in the butter
It does not leak.
This is why you should have one of them.



We also have other things used in butter making, such as Cream Separators, Milk Pans, Butter Moulds, Spades, Bowls, Etc.

W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

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.

Pay By Check File Your Checks
This will give you a complete record of your business transactions, which you can refer to at any time. If you number your checks, you can file them in order of date and number; by this method you can find any check quickly.
Pay by check, always.
A checking account with this Bank will be an advantage to you in your business.
State Bank of East Jordan
CAPITAL, \$20,000.00. SURPLUS, \$5,000.00.
OFFICERS and DIRECTORS:
M. L. French, President. John A. Boosinger, M. H. Robertson, Vice Pres.
W. P. Porter, Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier.

The Ball Game—Memorial Day between the East Jordan Hose Co. and the Bennett team resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of about 14 to 9. The next game will be held latter part of next week.
A marriage license was issued at Charlevoix, Wednesday for Jos. M. Kinney and Miss Maud Hipp, two of East Jordan popular young people. We understand the wedding is set for next Monday morning at the Catholic Church same to be solemnized by Rev. Fr. Rindermann.
Memorial Day, 1907 in East Jordan was an occasion that will long be remembered by those who participated in the exercises as being one of the best ever held here. The address by Rev. J. A. DeGraff of Reckford, was fine and the music most excellent. The East Jordan Military Band turned out once more and it seemed good to hear their music. At the Opera House a Ladies' Quartette consisting of Mesdames Halre, Bush, Dole and Miss Hite gave two pleasing selections, the first being "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes" and the second "To Thee O Country." E. A. Dole also favored with a selection. From the Opera House the crowd moved to the cemetery where the usual exercises were held.

Hand-made farm and driving Harness at STROEBEL BROS.
At the Charlevoix Co. Sunday School Convention held at Boyne City first of the week the following officers were elected:—President, S. C. Smith of Boyne; first Vice Pres., F. E. Boosinger of East Jordan; second Vice Pres., A. B. Fleischer of Charlevoix; Sec'y-Treas., Mrs. M. E. Heston.
Memorial Sunday was duly observed by the attendance of the G. A. R. Post and the ladies of the W. R. C. on Sunday morning last to the Presbyterian church which was crowded. Rev. A. D. Grigsby preached. Special music consisting of a duet by Misses Herrick and Malpass and "Let Them Rest" by Miss Malpass and Allan Grigsby, assisted by the choir, were admirably sung.
Miss Lou Rice, who is teaching school three miles north of East Jordan, brought about twenty of her scholars over to this place Friday for a holiday, that being the last day of school. Mesdames Fred Vogel, John Heller and B. Rice accompanied her to help take care of the little ones. Miss Rice left Saturday for Pontiac to spend her three months vacation, and will return in the fall to her fifth term of school in the same district.—Bellevue Independent.

COMING SOON AT LOVEDAY OPERA HOUSE
Fred G. Conrad presents Ernest Stout's Unique Melodrama
"In A Woman's Power"
More Heart Interest in this drama than most of the others combined.
It is vastly entertaining and something New—THAT'S ENOUGH TO COMMEND IT.
You are sure to get even more satisfaction than you are paying for.
Seats will be placed on sale one week in advance of date at Mack's. Prices, 25, 35, 50 cts.



"ANOTHER CRY AND I WILL FIRE"

MAN WHO BROKE UP THE MOLLY MAGUIRE GANG

Eventful Career of James McParlan, Well Called Greatest of Detectives.

Thirty-Four Years After His Wonderful Achievement in Pennsylvania, He Is the Center of Interest for His Work That Was Responsible for the Present Sensational Trials at Boise, Idaho—Lived for Years Among the "Mollies," Where His Life Literally "Hung by a Thread."

Philadelphia.—While there is but slight resemblance between the horrible crimes committed in the mining regions of Idaho and Colorado and the bloodcurdling deeds perpetrated in the mining regions of Pennsylvania a generation ago, there is this extraordinary link between them, that the same man was instrumental in procuring the most important evidence for the government in both cases.

James McParlan, easily the greatest of living detectives, did more than any other man to break up that terrible organization known as the Molly Maguires. James McParlan, 34 years later, drew from Harry Orchard in the Idaho penitentiary a "confession" of more awful crimes than the Mollies ever dared to contemplate.

For more than 20 years the Mollies flourished in the anthracite mining regions of Pennsylvania. The organization was started before the civil war. It took its name from the ancient band of Irish Ribbonmen, who, disguised as women, made forays. They were named from Cornelius Maguire, baron of Enniskillen, who in 1641 took part in the Irish rebellion. The spirit which animated the Pennsylvania society was, however, entirely different from that of its prototype.

Membership in the Mollies was not confined to miners. There were saloon-keepers, tradespeople, artisans, office-holders and men of no occupation in the organization. By whom it was started, and for what purpose, have remained secrets. Its motto was "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity," and the meetings of the lodges and of the county conventions were opened with prayer. Then, after prayer, the business of making plans for assassination would be taken up.

It was not, however, until in the early 60s that murders became frequent. Some boss of a mine, some obnoxious policeman who had clubbed a drunken Molly, some miner who had incurred some displeasure of a member of the order, or some citizen who had spoken of it disrespectfully would be either beaten within an inch of his life, or murdered occasionally. But the crimes were sporadic. During the civil war they increased rapidly in number, and by 1871 there was a reign of terror in the whole anthracite region, extending over five counties. During that year and the year following there were 48 murders and innumerable assaults and crimes against property.

McParlan Becomes a Molly.

Gradually the enmity of the Mollies was directed toward the mine owners and the railroad corporations. One boss after another, who had made himself unpopular with the miners, was murdered. Mines were blown up or filled with water. Railroad property was burned or destroyed. Finally President Gowan, of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron company, seeing that the city and state authorities were powerless, determined to call on the Pinkertons for aid. They sent McParlan to the scene. That was in 1872, when McParlan was 29 years old.

McParlan came from the Pinkertons' Chicago office. He was born in Ireland, had come to this country when a young man and had had considerable experience with the world. Short and slightly built, but muscular, of fair complexion, with dark hair, broad forehead and gray eyes and wearing glasses, he presented a gentlemanly appearance. He had been confidential policeman, clerk in a liquor store and had finally gone into business for himself. The Chicago firm wiped him out. Then he went to work for the Pinkertons.

Following his instructions to learn all he could about the Mollies, McParlan went to Pottsville, Pa. He changed his name to McKenna. He got acquainted with everybody. He was looking for work in the mines. He could sing a good song, dance a jig, pass a rough joke, be polite and attentive to the girls, drink his share of whisky and pay for it, and was always ready for a row or skinty of any kind. He was a bold, voluble, impulsive, generous, careless, unscrupulous, quarrelsome, devil-may-care Irishman.

He got a job in a mine. He insisted on working in his best clothes. Soon his case was thrown aside, then his vest and finally his shirt. He persisted and suffered under the unwelcome toil. He soon learned, however, that it was not as the skillful miner or as the industrious laborer that admission to or influence in the Mollies was to be obtained.

So he gave that up and cajoled a half-drunken saloonkeeper into divulging some of the secrets of the organization. He got a few of the signs and passwords. With these he was enabled to palm himself off as a Molly, saying that he had been a member of the organization elsewhere, and had been obliged to leave the place on account of a crime he had committed. This

tained him in the esteem of the Mollies and he was admitted to full membership and to their confidence. He had, however, to be initiated over again, because members of one lodge or division could not be admitted to the deliberations of other lodges or divisions.

Prominent in the Order.

To attain his ends McParlan found that he would have to out-Molly the Mollies. He intensified the character he had first assumed. He became a loud-brawler. He boasted of having committed all crimes, from petty larceny to murder. He was ready to drink, sing, dance, court a girl or fight. He pretended sympathy with the perpetrators of a crime after its commission, which he had been unable to prevent and the full details of which he was anxious to discover. He became secretary of his division. At meetings of the order he was the loudest, talker and the biggest Molly of them all. But he never asked a man to join the order, and he never by word or deed suggested or encouraged a crime.

Circumstances compelled him to drink a great deal of bad whisky. He became sick in consequence. His hair fell out. He lost his eyebrows. His eyesight became impaired. He looked like a freak with his green spectacles, bald pate, rough shirt and old linen coat swaggering through the streets. No one suspected Jim McKenna, or dreamed that he was at work night and day gathering evidence that was to bring to a close the awful reign of terror.

Every night his reports went to the Pinkerton office in Philadelphia. That is the strangest part of the whole strange experience. He was in constant communication with his employers, and for more than two years he was never once suspected of being a detective. He warned many men who

days. Then he started back, congratulating himself that he had saved another life, but on reaching town he learned that the mine superintendent had been murdered.

A crowd gathered, and some of the men recognized McParlan as a Molly leader. They started to lynch him, but he showed his usual nerve, and, drawing two revolvers, calmly walked through the crowd. Although he had failed in saving the superintendent's life, he determined that he would at least help to capture the murderers. Going into a hotel, he wrote a few words on several slips of paper and dropped them in the street where they could be readily found. They were picked up and, a posse, acting on the hint, was organized and went after the murderers. They were subsequently hanged.

"The Air Is Polluted."

Finally, suspected by the Mollies, hated and feared by respectable citizens who did not know his real character, and half sick from the strain of the work, he begged to be relieved. "I am sick and tired of this work," he wrote in one of his reports. "I hear of murder and bloodshed in all directions. The air is polluted. I can't stand it much longer." Indeed, he would surely have been killed if he had remained, for the feeling was strong against him. So, toward the end of 1875 he returned to Philadelphia and was warmly welcomed by the Pinkertons.

In the following spring came the trials of about 50 men accused of murder or of complicity in murder. In the course of his opening for the government the district attorney startled the audience in the courtroom by announcing that among the witnesses who would be offered by the state was a man who for years had lived in the county, had associated with the Mollies, had been a member of the order,



WHEN McPARLAN JOINED THE MOLLY MAGUIRES



JAMES McPARLAN



McPARLAN AS HE APPEARED WHEN HE WENT TO WORK AMONG THE MOLLY MAGUIRES

were doomed to death by the Mollies. He attended all the meetings of his division. He kept on the best of terms with everybody.

Suspected at Last.

Whenever he was detailed by the Mollies to commit some crime or to participate in the commission, he always found some plausible excuse. But events moved swiftly. The evidence which he was furnishing gradually thickened the coils around the Mollies. One arrest followed another. And by and by it became apparent that some one was giving to the government all the secrets of the organization. One morning all the signs and passwords of the Mollies were published in every newspaper. Then there was no doubt that they had a traitor among them.

Suspicion fell upon McParlan. He had accidentally dropped a letter on the street. The Mollies accused him of treachery. He became indignant and brazened it out. He persuaded them that he was a terribly abused man. They begged his forgiveness. At least they all did except two of his brother officers in the order. The evidence against McParlan was too strong to be doubted. So they determined to kill him, not the next week, or the next day, but right off.

But McParlan gave them the slip, escaping only by the skin of his teeth. Sixteen men lay in wait to murder him, but he was warned just in the nick of time. Still he kept at his work, although he had another enemy to face. Outraged citizens had formed vigilance committees to retaliate on the Mollies. McParlan was known as an active leader of the organization, and his life was in danger, not only from the Mollies, but also from other citizens.

McParlan had been ordered to furnish a man to kill a mine superintendent who had incurred the enmity of a Molly. In order to gain time McParlan promised to obey, but kept delaying on one pretext or another. At last he took two men and some whisky and pretended to start. He got the men drunk and kept them drunk for two

was familiar with its crimes and was prepared to identify the murderers.

This witness was known to the people of the coal regions as James McKenna, but his real name was James McParlan, and he was a detective, said the district attorney. When McParlan was called to the witness stand the audience could scarcely believe that the quiet, gentlemanly, yet cool and resolute detective was the wild and reckless Jim McKenna they had known.

Eleven Mollies Hanged.

McParlan was on the stand four days. He told his story simply and amazed every one by his revelations. The most searching cross-examination failed to find a flaw in his testimony. When he told the story of his being suspected of being a detective, intense silence prevailed in the court room. For the first time the prisoners manifested uneasiness. There were many Mollies present, and they listened with blanched cheeks to the recital.

At the close of the trials Pres. Gowan paid a fine tribute to McParlan. After warning the public that if there was another murder in that county by that society there would be "an inquisition for blood with which nothing that had been known in the annals of criminal jurisprudence could compare," he added:

"And to whom are we indebted for the security we now have? To whom do we owe all this? Under the divine providence of God, to whom be all the honor and glory, we owe this safety to James McParlan, and if ever there was a man to whom the people of this county should erect a monument, it is James McParlan, the detective."

As a result of the trials 11 men were hanged, and about 40 others sent to state prison. That was a death blow to the Mollies. They have not been heard from since then. "And now, after a generation, McParlan is one of the central characters in the great drama, one of the scenes of which is being enacted in Idaho.

JACKSON'S ROMANCE

By Robert Carlton Brown

PERSONAL.—Will courteous young gentleman who so kindly assisted young lady knocked down by Wentworth avenue car kindly call on her at—Ver-non avenue.

Jackson read the notice over again, carefully conning each word. As he read, a blush rose to his cheeks and his fingers twitched nervously.

Jackson was the young man, and the young woman—half closing his eyes, he could remember every detail of that sweet face. The long, black lashes drooped over her eyes so prettily as she leaned back on him in an effort to regain her breath. The color that had mounted in her cheeks when she was aroused from her faint and found herself in his arms. Those full lips which were so close to his that he might have—had, he dared. The memories were delicious, and, now she was advertising for him.

A score of happy romances flitted through his young and sensitive mind as he thought. Yes—all of them had ended happily. An accident, a poor lady in distress, a hero to the rescue, recovery in his arms, the second meeting, the engagement. Yes, indeed, they all ended most happily and surely, why should not this one?

"Providence," Jackson mused, "takes things in its own hands. A man and a woman bump into each other on the street and either fall in love or the gutter. Providence is to blame for everything. How often you read of a man saving a girl from drowning, and then the usual result, marriage, and happily together ever after."

His hopes rose as he thought on, there could be no other conclusion; it was inevitable; and Jackson was glad of its inevitability.

She had advertised for him to thank him, and he hoped to reward him with the greatest thing in the world. What a thoughtful thing for her to do; she had no chance in public to show him her gratitude—it would not have been proper there.

Jackson loved her all the more for her thoughtfulness, for her reserve in not making a manifestation of her great appreciation before that common, horrid crowd which had gathered about them immediately after the accident.

It was three by the time Jackson had done musing and had built the last alfalfa in which they were to live happily ever after. Then he rose hurriedly and rushed to his room to dress.

Beau Brummel never stood longer before his glass than did Jackson on that eventful afternoon. She would want her hero to look his best, he argued; it was, therefore, not from vanity that he picked out the most delicately colored tie to match his shirt. As he dressed he studied over what he would say, how he would act when she submerged him with her profuse thanks. It would be difficult, he thought, to accept so many thanks from her. He studied over what to say and how to act to show her best that great love he had for her.

At last, fully dressed, with his mind fully made up to end the romance that afternoon, if she were so inclined, Jackson boarded one of the Wentworth avenue cars which providence had made instrumental in bringing them together.

The ride was short—to the impatient lover is seemed an age as he stood on the platform nervously inhaling a cigarette in an effort to quiet his thumping heart.

It was a good neighborhood. Jackson was glad of that, but already he was in such a frenzy of love that he would have forgiven her a worse thing than living even in the Ghetto. With no difficulty he found the house, walked proudly up the stairs and rang the bell.

A maid answered the bell and ushered him into a parlor.

In a few moments the girl came down. Jackson rose to greet her. She gave him her hand coldly, but he excused it on account of her reserve and even that little coldness gave her greater charm in his eyes.

"I'm so sorry to have troubled you," she began.

"Trouble," laughed Jackson. "You know there can be no trouble where you are concerned."

"But you know," she went on, paying no attention to his effort at a compliment. "But, you know, it was quite necessary that I should see you."

"And I was even more anxious to see you," burst out Jackson, "and to find that your accident was not serious."

Still she paid no attention to him; there seemed to be something on her mind.

"I lost my pocketbook," she began again, "and I thought that you— you had taken it—that is, I thought you possibly had found it."

"O—gasped Jackson. "O—was—that that all—was that what you advertised for?"

"Why, yes, what do you think?" she smiled.

"I—I didn't know," murmured Jackson, weakly, reaching for his hat. "No, I didn't find the purse."

Speaking of Men's Birthdays.

She—Candies are far from obsolete. Despite the general use of petroleum, gas, and electricity, the production of candies in the United States during 1906 amounted to \$3,889,862. He—Why, of course, men's birthdays demand an increased number of candies every year.—Yonkers Statesman.

SURGEON'S MISTAKE

NOT VERY SERIOUS; HE ONLY CUT OFF THE WRONG LEG.

Inasmuch as Experimental Tinkering with the Tariff Might Also Prove to Be a Mistake, the Wiser Plan Would Be Not to Cut Off Either Leg.

The New York Times makes bold to say that "if we reduced the tariff we should import more goods, and we should also export more goods." Import more we certainly should if our tariff rates were lowered, and more yet if we had no tariff at all. It to increase our imports be the main consideration, why have any tariff?

But does it follow that our exports would increase in equal ratio? And, if so, what sort of commodities would we more largely export than we now do? Certainly not manufactures, for, even though the "American" wage standard were to be reduced down to the foreign level—a proposition, by the way, which opens up a vista of grave consequences which no man can contemplate without a shudder of fear and dread—our lower priced goods would not be allowed to invade the markets of manufacturing countries. Corresponding wage reductions would inevitably occur in such countries. The workers in European mills and factories must somehow and at some wage be employed. Otherwise chaos comes again.

Not in foodstuffs could our exports greatly increase under a lower tariff or no tariff, for the reason that by so much as we should succeed in displacing production or in reducing wages in foreign countries, by so much we should reduce their ability to take and pay for our surplus food products.

No; it does not follow that greater exports go with greater imports. It was not so from 1893 to 1897. We are now exporting fully twice the quantity which we then exported.

Reduction of the tariff, with a view to increasing competitive imports must of necessity break down the American wage rate. Nobody, we believe, disputes that. The free trader and the tariff reformer will tell you that wages are too high and ought to come down; but that lower cost of living will compensate for the cut in wages. This is like inflicting a stab and then pouring balsam into the open wound. The pain may be less, but the wound is still there, and it was not there before. The question, then, is whether it is wise to inflict the stab; whether for the mere pleasure of being experiments in the treatment of wounds we should apply the knife.

The healthiest condition known to the history of human labor and production exists in the United States today. "I never made but one really serious mistake," said a great surgeon. "Was it attended with fatal consequences?" "Oh, no," was the reply; "I merely cut off the wrong leg." In the present case the wiser practice would seem to be not to cut off either leg. Let nature take its course. The American body politic requires no tariff surgery of any kind.

Not Quite Killed.

"Forty years of almost exclusive attention to domestic trade has killed our instinct for commerce across the seas."—N. Y. Evening Post.

Not exactly. The instinct appears to be very much alive. Forty years ago, in 1866, our exports were \$348,854,522. In 1906 they were \$1,798,147,955, an increase of 500 per cent. In 1866 our total foreign trade was \$78,671,588; 40 years later it was \$2,119,172,679, not counting trade with Porto Rico and Hawaii, which will bring the total to nearly \$3,200,000,000—an increase of over 400 per cent. Forty years ago our imports were \$124,812,060; 40 years later they were \$1,321,654,694. All this would seem to indicate a considerable attention to foreign trade, and with a fair degree of success. It suggests that while taking good care of the domestic market and the internal trade our instinct for commerce across the seas has been far from killed. Our attention to internal trade has made us, alike per capita and in gross, the richest among all the nations. Foreign trade is a side issue; a good thing to have, but in comparison, a minor consideration. "Foreign trade," said Andrew Carnegie, "is a brag; domestic trade is the true king."

Mr. Root and Canada.

It is understood that as a basis for complete free trade between the United States and Canada Secretary Root has proposed the adoption by the Dominion of the American tariff schedules in their entirety, as against other countries. "Great Britain included. Coming from any other than so lofty an official source the proposition would seem impracticable almost to the point of absurdity. The establishment of uniform tariff rates and their uniform enforcement would necessitate on Canada's part withdrawal from the British empire and political union with the United States. Such a merger would also involve the complete abandonment of Canada's industrial aspirations. Canada would spurn either of these proposals if considered separately; coupled together, as they would have to be, she would not entertain them for a moment. A little deeper study of the tariff question would serve to enlighten Secretary Root regarding many things that cannot be done.

WAGES AND THE TARIFF.

Some Reckless Admissions Made by Democratic Leader.

In a speech in congress the other day Hon. John Sharp Williams reviewed the coming of immigrants to this country, the swelling stream eyeing since colonial days. He said they came to better their condition; that there was a falling off in panic years, but that the rule was a steady inflow. He gave as one reason the higher wages paid in this country and said:

"There never was a period from the time the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock up to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States when wages for the blacksmith, the carpenter, for the skilled artisan and the unskilled labor in the field, were not about double what they were in Great Britain. No tariff, high tariff, low tariff—all sorts of tariff—it made no difference what the tariff on our statute books was, they came."

That is very reckless talk for a leader in congress. Can Mr. Williams explain why there was always a falling off in immigration when free trade was the rule in our country?

Without elaborating or going back beyond the memories of middle-aged men, it is enough to say that in 1893, 1894 and 1895, skilled laborers' wages fell 40 per cent.; common laborers' wages fell 30 per cent., and thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of laborers, skilled and unskilled, were unable to find employment on any terms. This may not have applied to Mississippi, but it did apply to the entire northeast, north and west.

It is just as plain that if the tariff were struck down to-day a million of skilled laborers would be without work in a month, and in two months immigration would be cut down 60 per cent.—Spartan Lake City Telegram.

JUST STAND PAT.

The Public Satisfied with the Present Tariff Policy.

The majority of the people of the country are well enough satisfied with our present tariff policy and do not demand or desire any change therein. So long as we are so prosperous that we are exporting three thousand millions of dollars in merchandise, etc., every year and also importing more than any other country in the world, except Great Britain, so long as we are not able to get either laborers or supplies to meet all the demands of our prosperity, that neither men nor materials can be had to carry on the work which is wanting and waiting to be done, there is little use of talking about revising the tariff. The present congressional campaign will have to be won on a campaign of no apology for any Republican principle of policy. Unless we begin to admit that the tariff policy is wrong the Democrats will find the Republican party and Republican policies invulnerable and unassailable. If any hypothesis is given for Democratic success it will be the Republicans' own making, and will constitute an error, as difficult of reparation as it will be foolish in its conception.—Salem (Or.) Statesman.

DOESN'T CARE TO DISCUSS THE SUBJECT.



Tariff Reformer—Polly want a cracker? Polly—Aw, forget it!

The Editor and the Tailor.

It is a dull ass that will not mend his pace with beating. Let us suppose that the editor wants to buy a suit of clothes and that his tailor wants to advertise in the Mail. The tailor has doubled his prices. The editor protests. "Very well," says the tailor; "I will reduce my price 50 per cent. if you will reduce your advertising rates 50 per cent." That isn't fair," says the editor. "You have doubled the price on your goods, while my advertising rates are the same that they were before, I'll cut 50 per cent. if rates I shall be getting only half what I have been getting for my advertising, while if you cut 50 per cent, you will get precisely what you got before for the clothes." "It makes no difference," insists the tailor. "Those are my prices, and if you don't like them you can buy your clothes somewhere else." "That is precisely what I'm going to do," says the editor, "and you can advertise in some other paper if you can find anybody that is fool enough to let you double your rates on him and at the same time cut down his own rates one-half. Good-day, sir." Call the editor Uncle Sam, and the tailor Kaiser Wilhelm, and you have the German tariff situation precisely. Does the Mail see it yet?

Difficult Breathing

Short breath, fluttering, palpitation, sinking spells are symptoms of a weak heart, struggling to do its work. It must keep the blood in circulation to carry nourishment to make flesh, bone and muscle, and remove the worn-out particles. When it cannot do this, it must have help. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure gives strength to the heart nerves and muscles, and increases the heart action.

"I am glad to say that I am so much improved in health. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure cured me when several doctors failed. I think no other medicine could do for me what Heart Cure has done. My case was bad, but as it could be at times, I had difficulty in getting my breath, my heart beat so fast 24 times that I thought it impossible to live without relief; the pain was very severe in my left side, and my nerves were all unstrung. I had almost given up all hope of being cured, and I am sure I would not, if I had not taken the Heart Cure. I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Miles' remedy to all who suffer with heart disease."

MRS. MARY C. HARTER, Sullivan, Mo.
Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails he will refund your money.
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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Game In Verse

Song From an Unfinished Drama.
Hope, the sweetest explorer;
Love, whom none can bind;
Youth, that looks before her;
Age, that looks behind;
Joy, with brow like summer's;
Care, with wintry pate,
Masquers are and mummings
At Life's gate.
Power, with narrow forehead;
Wealth, with niggard palm;
Wisdom old, whose hoar head
Vaunts a barren calm,
Haughty overcomers
In their pomp and state,
Masquers all and mummings
At Death's gate.
—William Watson.

The Two Mysteries.
We know what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still,
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill,
The lips that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain,
This dread to take our dally way and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved-who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be,
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say, these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought:
"So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may show you naught,
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death,
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent;
So all the critic death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known, but, nearing God, what hath the soul to dread?
And as life is to the living so death is to the dead.
—Mary Mapes Dodge.

Bluc China.
There's a joy without canker or cark,
There's a pleasure eternally new,
'Tis to gloat on the glaze and the mark
Of china that's ancient and blue.
Enchanted all the centuries through
—It has passed since the chime of it rang,
And they fashioned it, figure and hue,
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

These dragons (their tails, you remark,
Into bunches of gillyflowers grow)
When Noah came out of the ark,
Did these lie in wait for his crew?
They snorted, they snapped, and they flew;
They were mighty of sin and of fang,
And their portraits Celestials drew
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Here's a pot with a cot in a park,
In a park where the peach blossoms
blew,
Where the lovers eloped in the dark,
Lived, died and were changed into two
Bright birds that eternally flew
Through the boughs of the May as they sang.

'Tis a tale was undoubtedly true
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.
—Andrew Lang.

The Drummer.
The drum of the drummer must not be dumb—
Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub!
"Oh, mother, my mother, the time has come
When a drummer must beat on his little brown drum;
A voice there is, and it calls to some,
Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub!"

With a little drumstick in each brown hand,
Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub!
The drummer he drummed at the head of the band;
He drummed them to sea, and he drummed them to land,
And he drummed the colors over the sand.
Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub!

The little gray pellets, they came to slay,
Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub!
And the poor little drummer he feared to stay,
But what he feared more was to run away.
So he stayed, and he drummed, and he cried "Hoora!"
Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub!

He was shot, and they buried him under the sand,
Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub!
With a little drumstick in each brown hand,
And the little brown drum that he might stand
At the head of the hosts of God's command
With a rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub!
—Gouverneur Morris.

Health-Economy Calumet Baking Powder

TILE FOR SALE:—The East Jordan Brick Yard has a quantity of 3 inch tile on its hands and while it lasts will be disposed of at \$12.50 per M.
Thousands have pronounced Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea the greatest healing power on earth. When medical science fails, it succeeds. Makes you well and keeps you well. 35 cents Tea or Tablets. Warne's Pharmacy.
Wanted—10 men in each state to travel, distribute samples of our goods and send signs. Salary \$50.00 per month; \$1.00 per day for expenses. Senders to Department P, 45 Jack-

Rheumatism

I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, but turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible. But I can now surely kill the pains and pains of this deplorable disease.

In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I successfully treated many, many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, I can surely cure all curable cases of this heretofore much dreaded disease. Those small like granules, wastes, found in Rheumatic Blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual excuse to suffer longer without help. We sell, and in confidence recommend

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

WARNE'S PHARMACY.
Spring
Announcement.
1907.

New Rugs From Old Carpets.
Its time to begin planning for Spring about that old Carpet. Don't wait until the usual big rush is on us as is always the case in April and May and all the year after, but ship as soon as possible. We are adding to our equipment and making more beautiful Rugs than ever. Remember the name and Trade Mark "Sanitary Rugs from Old Carpets."
PETOSKEY RUG MFG. & CARPET CO. LTD., 455 Mitchell st. Petoskey, Mich.

Let me send you free, for Catarrh, just to prove merit, a Trial size box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. It is a snow white creamy, healing antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by Warne's Pharmacy.

The Best Laxative for Children.
Parents should see to it that their children have one natural, easy movement of the bowels each day. Do not dose with salts or griping pills, as they are too powerful in effect, and literally tear up the bowels to pieces, leaving the bowels weaker and less able to contract than before. Give Little's Food Tablets, and strengthen the bowels, and stimulate all the little organs to healthy activity. Cholesterol, indigestion, constipation, never grips or nauseates. 10c, 25c and 50c.

Eczema and Pile Cure
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. WILLIAMS, 400 Manhattan Avenue, New York. Enclose Stamp.

5 DROPS

TRADE MARK

CURES

RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO, SCIATICA NEURALGIA and KIDNEY TROUBLE

"5 DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and aids in its elimination. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND
OF Brown, Ga., writes:
"I had been suffering for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could get from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave me relief obtained from '5 DROPS.' I shall prescribe it in my practice for Rheumatism and kindred diseases."

FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "5 DROPS," and test it yourself.
"5 DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Largest Wholesale, 15-DROPS (50c Bottle) Sold by F. W. Williams, 400 Manhattan Avenue, New York, N. Y.
WARRON PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY,
Dept. 25, 100 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

List of Advertisers.
Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending May 27th, 1907:
Clark, Miss Ethel
Dickie, Robert
Dixon, Mrs. May
Mason, James or Earl
McGuire, Sylvester
Cards,
Perry, C. H. D. D. C.
Leishman, G.
FRANK A. KENYON, P. M.

HOLLISTER'S
Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets
A Easy Medicine for Busy People.
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.
A Specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Live and Kidney Troubles, Stomach, Excessive Appetite, Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 25 cents a box. Contains made by Hollister Drug Company, Madison, Wis.
GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

PROBATE ORDER:—State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.
At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix, in said County, on the 20th day of May, A. D. 1907.
Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the Estate of Peter Bowen, deceased.
Eileen H. Atkinson and Gro. W. Bowen, having filed a petition for the appointment of a guardian of said estate, that the administration of said estate be granted to Eileen Bowen or to some other suitable person.
It is ordered, that the 17th day of June, A. D. 1907, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.
Further notice thereof to be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.
JOHN M. HARRIS,
Judge of Probate.

CHANCERY ORDER:—State of Michigan, Thirtieth Judicial Circuit, in Chancery.
Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix. In Chancery at Chambers, on the 9th day of April, A. D. 1907. Margaret A. Schout, Complainant, vs. John Jacob Schout, Defendant. In this cause it appearing from the affidavit on file, that the defendant John Jacob Schout, is not a resident of this State, and that the cause is one that cannot be ascertained, on motion of complainant's solicitor, it is ordered, that the appearance of said non-resident defendant, shall be entered as of record by said non-resident defendant, and in five months of the date of this order; and in case of his appearance he cause his answer to the bill of complaint to be filed, and a copy thereof to be served on the complainant's solicitor, within fifteen days after service on him of a copy of said bill of complaint and notice of entry; and in default thereof, said suit shall be heard as if entered by said non-resident defendant. And it is further ordered, that within twenty days the complainant cause notice of this order to be published in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that said publication be continued therein, once in each week, for six weeks in succession, and that a copy of this order be personally served on said non-resident defendant at least twenty days before the above prescribed date of his appearance.
FREDERICK W. WAYNE,
A. B. NICHOLAS,
Solicitor for Complainant.

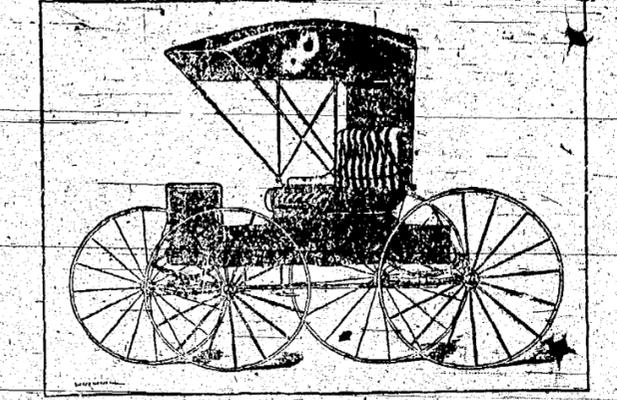
MORTGAGE SALE.—There is now due and unpaid upon a mortgage dated the 9th day of December, 1900, executed by Andrew Johnson and Katie Johnson, his wife, to Katie A. Faber, and recorded in the register of deeds office for the County of Charlevoix, State of Michigan, on December 11th, 1900, in favor of mortgages on page 80, the sum of one hundred and twenty-one and 60/100 dollars.
Said mortgage was on the nineteenth day of May, 1904, by a instrument in writing, duly assigned to Stephen P. Millard, which said assignment was duly recorded in the register of deeds office for the County of Charlevoix on the 4th day of June, 1904, in favor of mortgages on page 233.
The said debt and costs of sale, with the premises described in said mortgage, to wit: the southeast quarter (S 1/4) of the Northwest quarter (N 1/4), and the south half (S 1/2) of lot One (1), all in section twenty-eight (28) of township thirty-three (33) north of range seven (7) west, containing fifty-seven and 42/100 (57 42/100) acres, more or less as per U. S. survey, in the County of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan, will be sold at public auction at the east front door of the city hall in the city of Charlevoix, in Charlevoix county Michigan, on **Monday the 8th Day of July A. D. 1907** at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.
Dated this 8th day of March, 1907.
STEPHEN P. MILLARD,
assignee of mortgage
F. E. WETMORE,
Attorney for mortgagee.
Business address, Hart, Mich.

Detroit & Charlevoix Railroad.
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 25 Jordan River 4 35
9 30 Graves' Camp 4 30
9 40 Green River 4 20
10 50 Albia 3 58
11 40 Deward 3 00
12 25 Frederic 2 25
CLARK HAIRE,
General Manager.

East Jordan & Southern R. R.
TIME TABLE.
(In effect Apr. 28, 1907)
LEAVE EAST JORDAN at 8:45 a. m., and 1:45 p. m.; Arriving at Bellaire at 9:45 a. m., and 2:45 p. m.
LEAVE BELLAIRE at 10:30 a. m., and 4:15 p. m.; Arriving at East Jordan at 11:30 a. m., and 5:15 p. m.
All trains daily except Sunday.
Trains run by central standard time.
W. P. PORTER, E. J. CROSSMAN,
Gen. Manager. Traffic Mgr.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
TRADE MARKS DESIGNS PATENTS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may obtain a free and confidential opinion of our Patent Office. We also advise by return mail whether your invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Send your drawing to Patent Office, Washington, D. C., or to our Agents, 313 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Patents taken through Mann & Co receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.
Scientific American
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
Yearly subscription, \$5.00 in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.
MANN & CO. 313 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

STANDARD LINE VEHICLES



We Have Now On Display at our Warehouse, Two Carloads of the above famous Vehicles, consisting of Buggies Rubber Tired Bikes Two Seated Spring Wagons Road Wagons.
At Prices and Terms to suit all. Call and look them over.
SUPERNAW BROS.

Fishing Tackle.

We aim to carry a full line of these goods at this season of the year at prices that are reasonable.
Special Leader Fly Rod at \$1.25; others from \$1.00 to \$5.00. Casting Rods from \$2.00 to \$6.50. A good assortment of Hooks, Fish Baskets and Lines. Come and see us before buying elsewhere.
Warne's Pharmacy

I have the most complete line of everything you can possibly want in
GROCERIES
and shall be glad to supply your wants at lowest possible prices.
We solicit a share of your patronage.
WILL RICHARDSON.
Phone No. 156.



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 Brownie Developing Box, 1.00
1 Roll No. 2 Brownie Film, .50
1 Brownie Developing Powder, .05
1 Kodak Acid Fixing Powder, .15
1 Plate, Graduated, .10
1 Stripping Kod., .05
1 No. 2 Brownie Printing Frame, \$1.15
1 Doz. 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 Brownie Velox, .15
1 Eastman B. Q. Developing Tube, .10
8 Brownie Developing Trays, .10
8 Brownie Developing Trays, .10
1 Doz. 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 Duplex Mounts, .25
1 Doz. Kodak Dry Mounting Tissues, .25
1 Instruction Book, .05
\$4.00 Price, Complete \$4.00
At all Kodak Dealers.
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y., The Kodak City.