

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. II

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1907.

No. 45

Yegg-men Busy.

Blow Open P.O. Safe, and get Small Booty.

The postoffice at this place was burglarized sometime between Saturday night and Sunday morning by professionals. The matter was not discovered until Sunday afternoon when the postal clerks went to the office. Prosecuting Attorney Clink was at once notified, who summoned Sheriff McWain. Sheriff Kettle was also asked to come up with his blood-hound and an effort was made to trace the yegg-men. The dog took the scent from some blood on one of the tools left and repeatedly went over a course leading from the postoffice to the lower mill. The next morning he was tried again and after reaching the mill took a course out in the country, where the hunt was abandoned.

Entrance to the postoffice was obtained through a rear door, and the safe cracked in the regular professional way, the door being blown off. The tools used were secured from the D. & C. hand-car house. As the main funds and stamps of the postoffice are kept in the State Bank's vault, only a small amount was secured and this is fully covered by burglary insurance.

County Finances.

Financial statement of Charlevoix County Treasurer showing the condition of the treasury at the close of business Oct. 31st, 1907.

Receipts.	
Cash on hand Sept. 30	3567 58
From delinquent taxes	254 09
Redemption certificates	29 64
general fund	2 33
loans	9,000 00
Poor fund	57 52
Library fund	30 00
Teacher's Institute	52 00
Wilson Twp.	1 62
Total	12944 78
Disbursements.	
General fund	9,985 93
Interest	566 35
Poor fund	453 79
Circuit Court orders	4 00
Criminal fee orders	52 28
Probate Court orders	42 37
Soldiers' Relief orders	41 28
Detroit House of Correction	110 96
Cash on hand Oct. 31st	1677 52
Total	12934 78

Dated at Charlevoix Nov. 1st, 1907.
D. S. PAYTON,
County Treasurer.

County Normal Notes.

The class was invited to a Halloween party in Miss Reed's room Thursday afternoon.

Miss Bessie Henshaw, of '06, visited the normal room Thursday.

Grace Hamlin substituted in the sixth grade Tuesday. Miss Purfield, the teacher, was absent on account of sickness.

Ten full-grown ghosts entered the training room Thursday afternoon. After standing for awhile in the front of the room, they stepped to the board and drew free hand sketches of witch and brownies. Then they took their seats among the guests.

The class held its first Lyceum last Friday afternoon.

The President making merry over the Japanese war scare, presents a sad, sad spectacle to Captain Hobson.

The character of Zeke Dobson in "The Missouri Girl" is one of unique conception. Among the many impersonations of the rural type offered to the show going public there are but a few limited cases where the author has even attempted to portray this interesting character as he is really seen in real life. The stage caricature of the farmer is so thoroughly impressed on our minds that it is almost impossible to imagine a rural play without the usual impossible characters, that are, in many cases, a serious drawback to an otherwise good play. Zeke is a true portrayal of an honest, bright, intelligent country boy; he says and does only what is natural; his dialect and actions are both peculiar and droll. When in the city he makes ludicrous mistakes and his idea of "city folks" and the remarks he makes about them are extremely comical, but at the same time true to life. "The Missouri Girl" will be seen at Loveday Opera House Nov. 18.

The Missouri Girl.

A plain story of a plain people plainly told is the real heart of literature and a play founded upon such a subject must, of necessity, contain the heart interest that is the desideratum of the playwright.

Mr. Fred Raymond has embodied in his beautiful home-story "The Missouri Girl" that essential element, and an evening at the theatre witnessing this play is as beneficial as it is entertaining. It is a true story of the simple people of Missouri where the Ozark Mountains rear their wooded heads. It is most naturally told and each act of the play is generously equipped with all the special scenery that can be utilized. This play will be seen at Loveday Opera House Nov. 18th.

WILSON.

Mrs. Delong is slightly improved in health at present.

Wilson Grange sent a car-load of potatoes to Ohio this week.

Mrs. James Payne has been quite ill the past few days.

Robert Shepard was on the sick list the last of the week.

Wm. Basbaw, the Truant Officer of East Jordan, visited the Afton school one day last week.

George Todd and son Orrin and Orval Bills attended Grange at Deer Lake last Saturday evening.

Daniel Delong who has been in ill health for some time, has gone to the Boyne City Sanitarium for treatment.

Mr. Bryan, on Saturday, told his auditors that "If I have done anything, my father, my mother deserve more credit than I do." Mr. Bryan should not attempt to shirk his responsibilities.

It is deliciously palatable, agrees with the weakest stomach, contains the most soothing, healing, strengthening and curative elements. Makes you well and happy. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. F. B. Gannett & Co.

The Buffalo News is of the opinion that it would be a good thing to keep all stock exchanges closed for a few days at panic times. It might also help some, if calamity howlers would keep their faces closed.

When the Stomach, Heart or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach, not stimulate the heart or Kidneys. That is simply a make-hi-t Get a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample test sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this simple test. All Dealers.

The Story of a Medicine.

Its name—"Golden Medical Discovery" was suggested by one of its most important and valuable ingredients—Golden Seal root.

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that he could, by the use of pure, triple-refined glycerine, aided by a certain degree of constantly maintained heat and with the aid of apparatus and appliances designed for that purpose, extract from our most valuable native medicinal roots their curative properties much better than by the use of alcohol, so generally employed. So the now world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery" for the cure of weak stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, or biliousness and kindred derangements was first made, as it ever since has been, without a particle of alcohol in its make-up.

A glance at the full list of its ingredients, printed on every bottle-wrapper, will show that it is made from the most valuable medicinal roots found growing in our American forests. All these ingredients have received the strongest endorsement from the leading medical authorities of the world.

A little book of these endorsements has been compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and will be mailed free to any one asking same by postal card, or letter addressed to the Doctor as above. From these endorsements, copied from standard medical books of all the different schools of practice, it will be found that the ingredients composing the "Golden Medical Discovery" are advised not only for the cure of the above mentioned diseases, but also for the cure of all catarrhal, bronchial and throat affections, accompanied with catarrhal discharges, hoarseness, sore throat, lingering, or hang-on coughs, and all those wasting affections which, if not promptly and properly treated, are liable to terminate in consumption. Take Dr. Pierce's Discovery in time and persevere in its use until you give it a fair trial and it is not likely to disappoint. Too much must not be expected of it. It will not perform miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. It will cure the affections that lead up to consumption, if taken in time.

Hundreds of Readers will Appreciate It.

Now is the time when the doctor gets busy, and the patent medicine manufacturers reap the harvest, unless great care is taken to dress warmly and keep the feet dry. This is the advice of an old eminent authority, who says that Rheumatism and Kidney trouble weather is here, and also tells what to do in case of an attack. Get from any good prescription pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Mix by shaking in a bottle and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime.

Just try this simple home-made mixture at the first sign of Rheumatism; or if your back aches or you feel that the kidneys are not acting just right. This is said to be a splendid kidney regulator, and almost certain remedy for all forms of Rheumatism, which is caused by uric acid in the blood, which the kidneys fail to filter out. Any one can easily prepare this at home at small cost.

Druggists in this town and vicinity, when shown the prescription, stated that they can either supply these ingredients, or, if our readers prefer, they will compound the mixture for them.

PAIN

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

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

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

"ALL DEALERS"

If you are in need of a Couch call on WHITTINGTON.

Call and see the new Curtain Madras, Couch Covers, Table Spreads and Portiers at B. C. Hubbard & Co's.

I ain't feeling right today. Something wrong I must say; Come to think of it, that's right I forgot my Rocky Mountain Tea last night.

F. B. Gannett & Co.

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

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

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

NOW:

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

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.



G. L. SHERMAN & SON.,
Are Now Selling a
Beech-Nut Brand
\$5.00
Willow Rock-
ing Chair
for \$2.50

With \$20.00 worth of cash trade.
Call for Trade Stamps. **Sliced Bacon**
G. L. SHERMAN & SON.

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.

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

BOOSINGER BROS.
New Fall Styles
In Shirts, Gloves, Neckwear and Other Furnishings.
Shoes are the Foundation of Comfort!
The Hat Should Combine Service-Quality with Style.
In both departments we have the best products of the most skillful makers.

Our Shoe Dep't gives a wide selection of styles in all sizes and widths and in the best known of popular leathers. For dress purposes we have the Velour Calf, Vici Kid, Patent leathers and Soft Dongolas. For hard usage we have the substantial leathers in the lace styles. The stock is completed with a nice selection of Children's Shoes, Slippers, Arctics and Rubbers. The Pingree Special \$3.50 and \$4.00. The Rindge Everyday Shoes, \$2.50 to \$3.00.

Our Hat Dep't is deservedly popular for the reason that we handle "Top Pieces" made by the most reputable manufacturers. The best known blocks of the season are represented in our Hats, in the Derby, Alpine, Fedora and other styles.
Prices 50c to \$3.00.

WHILE there are few apparent changes in style or color in the various kinds of Furnishing Goods, yet each season brings out something different. The Winter offerings, selected carefully from the leading manufacturers, are, we think, representative of the best of new ideas, and include the staple shades and forms which are always in great demand. We believe that we offer the best values in our various kinds of Furnishing Goods which it is possible to give. In neckwear, quiet patterns prevail, although the helio shades and other odd patterns in either light or dark shades are very popular. We call attention to some of the articles that are especially worthy of mention:

The well-known Clarendon Shirt—the great \$1.50 shirt for \$1.00.
The celebrated Spring Needle Underwear—\$1.00, \$1.50 to \$2.25. This is undoubtedly the best underwear ever offered in East Jordan for the price. Fully guaranteed.

BOOSINGER BROS.
"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL" Our Motto.

Preocious Children.

All those intrusted with the care of the young are faced by a grave problem in the case of children who inherit or display precocity. The guiding to maturity of the simple, normal child, who passes naturally from stage to stage of its development, is a comparatively easy matter. The trouble is largely that the nature of precocity is not understood. Most parents, for example, hail the signs of it with delight, and do all they can to foster them. They treat precocity as a gold mine, to be "worked for all it is worth," but here they make a great mistake. There are several types of precocious children, presenting varying degrees of peril to the training system, and this peril is greatly lessened by a capacity to classify the types. There are certain children, born of healthy and intellectual stock, with fine physiques. They inherit usually very active nerve-centers, which imply, among other things, quick and eager brain processes. These children are hailed with justice as the legitimate flowering of their heredity, and then all concerned, including, of course, the poor child itself, hasten to work havoc with the fair prospect by a cruel and shortsighted system of forcing. These children, being naturally strong and well, can bear an enormous amount of the system without breaking down, but they do not make the men and women they would have made under wise restraint. They should be kept much with other children, noticed little by their elders, interested in physical pursuits, and molded into symmetry by a persistent holding back. There may not be much wrong with the child who reads the Greek Testament at four years of age, but there is certainly something wrong with the parents who let him. There is another very different type of precocious children, says the Youth's Companion. These are the offspring often of gouty or tuberculous parents, and inherit, if not actual disease, at least faulty physiques. They are often beautiful, engaging children of great mental brilliance. They often have phenomenal memories which are developed at the expense of all other mental faculties. They are not physically strong enough for any sustained effort, and after a brilliant childhood they exhaust themselves and become commonplace. These children should be made to lead physical lives, every effort being directed to form a good constitution. A country life is almost a necessity in their case, and the mental development should be made as gradual as possible.

Krupp Industrial Colonies.

Think of owning 16,000 houses accommodating 100,000 persons, of conducting 108 supply stores and related establishments and 32 other institutions of most varied intricate character. Count in the difficulties of fairly administering 12 great aid funds, and then consider that all this is but one part of one element in the government of a great industry. Count the cost of construction and administration. Figure that of the 100,000 but 30,000 are wage earners whose average income is but eight dollars a week, and that they are well fed, well housed, clothed, educated, guided, insured against sickness, accident or death, and pensioned when their usefulness is gone, and then realize that it is all one huge, happy success and that it pays. This, in a nutshell, says the American Industries, is what Fried. Krupp, Actiengesellschaft, are doing for the workmen at the great Krupp Steel Works in Essen, Germany, where the Krupp guns are made.

Booker T. Washington, the founder of the Tuskegee school, is opposed to colored people having their own newspapers. He says: "I fear that our newspapers are at fault because they hold up our difficulties. People reading them see too many accounts of negro oppression, and we do not want our race soured by such accounts."

A Chicago man who laughed at table checked to death on a piece of meat. Genial or even mirthful conversation at meals is recommended as an aid to digestion, but there should be a warning against undue hilarity. In the words of Roscoe Conkling, the diner should have a "halcyon but not viceriferous time."

Is this year's comet the cause of this year's weather? Ninety-six years ago the comet of 1811 was charged with the weather, together with a large number of other happenings. We have advanced since then and lay all these things to the sun spots.

A man has been adjudged sane by the courts in Virginia and insane by the courts in New York. Under which concatenation there is judicial authority for asserting that he will be insane if he continues to live in New York.

The Public Library Is Reaching Out For Children

By DR. HORACE G. WADLIN, Librarian Boston Public Library.

THE love of books, as a source of innocent enjoyment; the help of books, in the development of intellectual power, the enrichment of the life of the adult that comes from these, must find their origin in the opportunities of childhood, such as the public library supplies.

The work of the library with children is twofold, indirectly, by cooperation with the schools, and directly, through its own agencies. In cooperation with the schools, it provides the teacher with books helpful in her work, and sends to the schoolroom deposits of volumes, frequently renewed, to be read by her pupils under her direction.

Besides this, however, every well-equipped public library now has a special department for children, with reading tables reserved for them; and, displayed on open shelves, from which they may be taken without formality, a carefully selected collection of such books as children, love—stories, travel, history, biography and nature books, with attendants to help in the selection of such volumes as will interest, instruct, or inspire the boys and girls who come to the library for something to read.

The walls of the children's room, if the library is so fortunate as to have a separate room for young readers, are made attractive by pictures that appeal to children. Occasionally a story-hour brings the children there to listen to an interesting and profitable tale, told by someone who knows how to attract and hold their attention. From time to time picture bulletins, posted in the room, illustrate so as to impress the child mind some noteworthy event; it may be the return of the birds in the spring, or the coming of the circus with its train of animals, or the birthday of a statesman, or an important anniversary.

The children's librarian is selected for her engaging qualities with children and her knowledge of the best books for the young. The children soon learn to know her as counselor and friend. Thus the library reaches out for the children, and seeks to draw them through its influence, into that wonderful world of books, within whose boundaries are never-failing springs of pleasure and of power.

The advantages possessed by a few especially favored children in homes of exceptional culture and refinement, the public library, in even larger measure, offers freely to all children. Its work in this direction cannot be overestimated. In the crowded quarters of our large cities, it takes the children from the streets and provides for their entertainment and instruction. In remote country districts it sends into the home the volume that, by picture and word portrays the great world beyond the child's horizon. It helps to Americanize the child of the immigrant, and offers him advantages denied to his parents in the land from which they came. It supplements the schools, and in its special field carries the work of education into broader channels, laying a foundation for intelligent citizenship with books, an important element in sane, virtuous, helpful, happy, living.

Someone has said that a great love for books is like a personal introduction the public library aims to give to the children.

Horace G. Wadlin

Trade Towers Over Cross

By DR. COLUMBUS POLK GOODSON, St. Louis Pastor.

It is not denied that every man has the right to become righteously rich. But our riches may easily become our death—death to great convictions—to high and holy ideals.

Something is wrong if goods increase and men decay—if merchants buy silver in exchange for souls—if rich purples are woven, and the red stain is the blood of poor widows' fingers.

Commercial prosperity does not necessarily mean a national righteousness; neither are we always good because we have grown wise. Solomon never was more wicked than when he had gotten great wisdom, and Babylon was never in such a period of prosperity, and never was there such feasting as the very hour when the hand was writing its doom on the wall. It would be well if the citizens of this, the great nation, would give attention to personal righteousness.

"We must look to the moral life if the nation is to remain. The integrity of the home, the very foundation of the government, is threatened because we have neglected the fundamentals for the making of permanent and happy homes.

School Children Need Spanking

By NATHAN S. JONAS, School Commissioner, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Children are no better now than they were twenty-five years ago. Sometimes I think they were better behaved in those days. Parents had no mistaken ideas at that time about the duties of the teacher. Children started off for school and were compelled to cross car tracks and busy streets to get there. And once inside we all realized that the teacher was boss.

You can't teach a child unless he has respect for you, and to my mind cultivation of respect for one's elders should receive more attention. With the abolition of corporal punishment the unruly child has been inclined to take advantage of the kindness of men and women who are giving the best part of their lives to develop good citizens. At present a teacher can request a boy to behave and if he refuses send him home. No matter how much that unruly pupil talks back to the teacher, the latter is helpless to correct his conduct. Such an exhibition has a demoralizing effect on the pupils.

I believe a rattan or a ruler will answer the purpose, but my early experience convinces me that a ruler covers the most ground.

This is an age when the temples of trade tower above the holy cross on the spires of the houses of God. In this generation every man is fleeing from individual responsibility. But woe to any people whose merchandise shuts out God.

UP-TO-DATE.

Said Cupid to Hymen: "Let's hang up our sign. And go into business for sure: Our specialty, mating hearts with due amount Of happiness one can procure." Old Hymen assented; they hung out their sign. Awaited of lovers a rush: They thought 'twas enough, that true love like good-wine. Told itself and so needed no bush. But the days passed along and few customers came: Said Hymen: "Cue, this thing won't do. I'm ready to marry, but couples don't come. It strikes me, it's all up to you." So Cupid he sought out the men and the maids, And told of the bliss of young love, How naught else its rapture was worth in the world; And yet but small business he stirred. Then Hymen got tired, and the partners dissolved. Their business and Cupid went off. He traveled all over the world to find why At marriage for love, mankind scoffed. He went to the old shop; the rush was immense. A new sign replaced that of yore: 'Twas "Plutus & Hymen," and money won out. While Love stood outside at the door. —Baltimore American.

Financial Genius. "Some men quickly think of schemes for making money that would never occur to others." "Yes. There's old man Miggs, for instance. He has the money-making instinct all right. They simply can't beat him. When his daughter began accepting attentions from young Bramley what did the old man do but pretend to strenuously object." "What had that to do with money-making? Bramley's rich. One would naturally think the old chap would have been glad to get him into the family." "Oh, he was; but by making it necessary for them to elope he figured that he would save the expense of a wedding." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Pa's Fault. "Johnny," asked the Sunday school teacher, "what have you learned about Jonah and the whale?" "Nothing." "Nothing? Surely you did not forget that I told you last Sunday we were going to have Jonah and the whale for our lesson today." "I didn't forget it, but pa says he don't want me to read about any more of these nature fakes." —Chicago Record-Herald.

One of the Drifters. "There should be more investigations of cases where graft seems probable," remarked the energetic citizen. "I don't know," answered Farmer Cornstossel; "investigations never yet added much to my peace of mind. I'm one of these fool people who would rather go on suspecting the worst than have it proved." —Washington Star.

Sure of a Home. Gyer—"The government gives the Indian an education in exchange for his land. Myer—"But why does it educate him? Gyer—"To enable him to live on his mental reservation, I suppose." —Chicago Daily News.

A GOOD IDEA.



The Minister—I suppose, doctor, if folks did just what you tell them they would have a great deal less trouble? The Doctor—Oh, aye. I would tell some of them to pay their bills. The Orator Summarizes. His lectures he doth now recall; His heart doth not repine. The influence they had was small, But the gate receipts were fine. —Washington Star.

A Practical View. Mrs. Softheart—"Do you believe in all this modern progress that a woman really finds any use in a club? Mrs. Strongarm—"That depends whether she wants to use it for her own head or on her husband's." —Baltimore American.

Too Familiar. "Now, my dear sir, I want you to forget all about the annoyance of your office while you are at this water resort." "Then, doctor, you will have to get them to remove those whistling buoys." —Baltimore American.

Did Him. "She did a very foolish thing when she married." "Why, he was rich, wasn't he?" "Yes—he was the foolish thing." —Cleveland Leader.

Painted. "He said I had a face like one of Raphael's angels." "Oh, well, the faces of Raphael's angels were painted, you know."

IN THE LIMELIGHT

MAY BE AMERICAN CARDINAL



Is Archbishop John Murphy Farley to be the third American Cardinal? Many believe he is. The consistory will meet late in November or early in December. No one can know upon whom it will confer the red hat. American Catholics are expecting an American cardinal, and not a few already see the great honor bestowed upon the venerable head of all the Catholic institutions of New York. Though well along in years, Archbishop Farley is still a man of action. From his archiepiscopal palace in the rear of the St. Patrick's cathedral he administers the affairs of more than a half thousand churches and schools and homes and institutions. He is the spiritual head of millions. He is an Irishman by birth, an American by adoption and a churchman by instinct. He has the activity of the Irishman, the quickness of the American, and the spirit of the church. America has had but two cardinals, James Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore and John Cardinal McCloskey of New York, the latter now dead. The sentiment of the consistory has been known to be increasing in favor of a third American cardinal. Over 189,000 young people are indirectly under the training of Archbishop Farley. His parish schools have over 61,000 pupils and his academies and colleges nearly 6,500. Under him are 523 churches, chapels and missions and 1,149 priests, regular and secular. The property wealth of his diocese approaches at a conservative estimate \$100,000,000, indicated partially by the following: Cathedral of St. Patrick, \$10,000,000; asylums, \$2,000,000; seminaries, \$1,250,000; 500 churches and chapels, \$25,000,000; 50 presbyteries, \$2,000,000; land, \$10,000,000, and schools, \$5,000,000, besides several millions in properties owned by the various religious communities. Archbishop Farley was born in County Armagh, Ireland, April 20, 1842. He was ordained a priest in Rome in 1870.

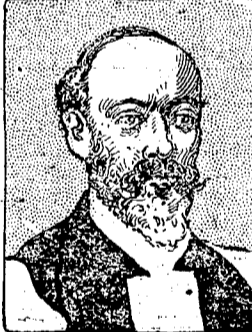
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

Sir John Charles Bell, who has just been elected lord mayor of London, will, when he is installed on Nov. 9, become the most powerful municipal officer in the world. Not only will he be the representative of more people than there are in the whole of Canada, but he will have several powers that are not usually granted to mayors. For instance, he can forbid King Edward sitting foot in the city of London, a right which is recognized by the sovereign always asking permission before he enters. He can forbid troops to march through the city with bayonets fixed. He is regarded almost as a member of the cabinet, and is one of the first persons to whom is announced the death of a sovereign and the accession of his successor. With the home secretary and one or two others he is an official witness of the birth of a possible heir to the throne, a precaution taken to prevent the ringing in of an outsider. He is the only mayor recognized in the giving of state banquets and other functions of a state nature. These are only a few of the powers that are invested in a successful brewer when he becomes lord mayor of London.



Sir John has already filled the office of high sheriff, but a sheriff's position is petty compared with that of the successor of the famous Dick Whittington. He has been since 1882 a member of the court of common council, and has filled many important chairmanships since then. The new lord mayor is a prominent Freemason, being a member of the Grand Master Chapter in Royal Archmasonry. He is 63 years old. He is on the Court of the Haberdashers' company, a past master of the Glovers and of the Lawmakers and is on the livery of the Innholders, Loriners, and Spectaclemakers' companies. Sir John is a member of the City Charlton, Junior Charlton, Ranelagh and Royal London Yacht clubs.

NEGRO BISHOP AT RICHMOND



But one negro was entitled to a seat as a member of the Episcopal general conference at its recent session in Richmond, Va., Rt. Rev. S. D. Ferguson, DD., DCL., missionary bishop of Cape Palmas, whose residence is Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa. He broke down race prejudice and took his seat in the chancel of the most exclusive church in the south, St. Paul's.

Bishop Ferguson is now the ranking missionary bishop of the American church in point of service. He was born in Charleston, S. C., Jan. 1, 1842, and was consecrated as a missionary bishop of the church in that city on June 2d, 1885.

It is the custom of the church, wherever practicable, for the missionary bishops of the various dioceses to attend the general convention which comes every three years, for the express purpose of placing before the convention the needs of the mission work in his field, and report the progress being made. Missionary bishops gathered at Richmond from all the fields where the American church maintains mission stations, Japan, China, Cuba and Mexico sending their quota, as well as Africa, all of the other missionary bishops being white men. Bishop Ferguson attended the Boston convention three years since, where he was made much of.

With tact, and in a desire not to embarrass the committee of arrangements, Bishop Ferguson made no application for quarters through the hospitality committee, but corresponded personally with the rector of one colored Episcopal church in Richmond, Rev. C. L. Somers of St. Philip's church. The congregation of St. Philip's was agitated for some time on the proposition of who should have the honor of entertaining a consecrated bishop of the American church. The honor fell to the senior warden of St. Philip's church, William C. Scott, a most respectable colored man, who owns and operates a barber shop.

With the exception of Bishop Holly of Hayti, Bishop Ferguson is probably the only Episcopal bishop of the colored race in the world.

EXAMINING OIL TRUST

Judge Franklin Ferriss has been brought into world-wide publicity by his appointment to preside over the dissolution suit brought by the government to "bust" the Standard Oil trust into its seventy odd constituent corporations. As special examiner he is hearing testimony brought out by special U. S. Attorney Frank B. Kellogg from officials of the oil concern.



The immense significance of the proceedings, which may result in the disruption of this most famous and most vituperated of trusts, gives remarkable interest to the man who presides in inscrutable judicial state over the court. Judge Ferriss belongs to the Empire State by birth and education, but as a business man and legal luminary he is a product of St. Louis. To all present interests and purposes he is from Missouri, and Mr. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil people have "got to show" him.

Born in Peru, N. Y., in 1849, he entered Cornell university and was graduated in the class of '72, with the degree of B. S. He was elected judge of the Eighth judicial circuit of Missouri in 1898, which position he resigned in 1903 to accept the appointment of general counsel to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Co. He was also one of the directors. Judge Ferriss was chairman of the Republican advisory committee in the St. Louis "anti-boodle" campaign last spring. Two years ago, in connection with the same crusade, he went abroad with the special purpose of inducing Ellis Wainwright, the millionaire brewer, who had fled under charge of bribery, to return to St. Louis.

THE SEAL SKIN COAT

By MAB ERVIN

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The first time John Crawford saw her he thought of his sister. Not that the fleeting glance he had of her pliant face was like Marie's, but there was something in the bird-like set of her little head, her height, and the trimness of her slender, swaying form, that carried him back to New York, and the sister, and home.

Though he was going in the opposite direction when he came face to face with her in the crowd, and caught a flash of brown eyes and red lips, and noticed a crimson rose in her black hair, under the rim of her black toque, he turned and followed her. She went so fast he could not catch up with her, swaying gracefully to the motion of the crowd. Suddenly he lost her, and when he was trying to decide what shop she could have entered she came out of a confectioner's with a box in her hand he knew held bon-bons. She looked him square in the face this time, and he caught the outline of small, delicate features, an oval face, and finely penciled brows above her flashing dark eyes, under the fine gauze of a complexion veil. She entered a cab, and he heard her give the order "Hotel Cecil." That was the last he saw of her in London, though it may be recorded that John Crawford frequented the Cecil for everything from dinners to cigars.

Crawford loafed around London for a month after seeing the little lady, then decided to go home. Though Crawford never found it out, he had been the butt of the London shopkeepers, and carried home trinkets of various design and price for all of his friends and his sister's friends. Chief among them was a seal skin coat for Marie. It was one of those long English ulsters, lined with white brocade, and with narrow collar and cuffs of ermine, such as English women of great wealth wear on the continent. It was made to come to the hem of a short skirt, and when he purchased it he smiled to think of the "dash" Marie would cut in it on Broadway. But his smile lessened when his friend, Lord Thurston, remarked as Crawford packed it away:

"Gad, old man. That coat will cost you a jolly fortune to get through the custom house on your side."

Crawford shook out the rich folds of brocade gold skin and looked it over thoughtfully. The duty had never occurred to him.

"Tell you what you do, old chap. Get some woman aboard to wear it, and pass it through on her back. That's what I did once, crossing from France. I'd have checked in if I hadn't."

It was a good idea, and Crawford took it to heart. But the coat was made for such a little waist, he wondered about it.

Some men would rather cheat the government out of a dollar than find \$50, and Crawford happened to be one of them. Besides, his purse was getting slim.

When he boarded the Majestic at Liverpool his keen eye singled out a trim little figure, in a close-fitting tailored black coat that touched her high-heeled boots. She was leaning over the rail watching the passengers come aboard, and the wind gave him a glimpse of white satin coat lining, a red cloth skirt, and billows of white lace, close about silk clad ankles and patent leather boots. With his brain awhirl he crossed the gang plank. Small need to look twice to know it was "she" of the "Hotel Cecil."

"She for Marie's coat," he said to himself as he climbed aboard.

He saw her again at table a'hoze, but she sat at the farther end of the table from him. He tried to attract her by his gaze, and just as she left the table she looked his way, and he saw a smile that was like a flash of pearl, and was gone. At least she had recognized him.

That evening, as the moon hung high and made shadows of opal on the waters that gently lashed the boat as it sped ahead like some great bird, he saw her leaning over the side of the boat looking at the sky. Her features were so clear cut against the water, they seemed to be chiseled of marble, the expression of her long, dark eyes made him feel her thoughts were not of earth, while the soft wind blowing wisps of black hair across her cheek, gave her the appearance of a mythical goddess.

An hour later he was talking to her in the shadow of the grand-salon, while the music from the stringed orchestra floated to them amid the music of the sea.

The next morning madam, who was an excellent sailor, wore on deck a long ulster of seal skin, lined with white brocade, and with narrow collar and cuffs of ermine. And Crawford took pride in seeing her wear it as if she had grown in it.

"If I had not promised it to Marie, I would give it to her, it suits her so well," he told himself.

Madam proved herself a coquette. Though she granted favors to none, she made many friends among both men and women. The greatest compliment Crawford could exact from her was a slight pressure of the hand when he said good night, or met her on deck in the morning. She never forgot the pressure, and she never failed to wear the seal skin coat. She said she was going to New York, to meet her husband who sang the tenor

in the coming grand opera season, and she was all impatience to see him again. But her smile to Crawford belied her protested impatience. While he would have given her his bank account if she had demanded it, he did not offer to give her the seal skin coat—and only because he had written Marie about its beauty.

At last, much too soon for Crawford, Ellis Island was reached and madam walked aboard in the seal skin coat. She paid a trifling duty on some laces, while Crawford paid well for his trinkets, and thanked his lucky stars madam wore the seal skin coat.

Another day, and the Majestic anchored in New York. Madam wore the seal skin coat down the gang way, amid the admiring glances of passengers, crowds, and newspaper men. She asked for a cab, and Crawford found her one.

"To the Netherlands," she said, and Crawford, with her permission, seated himself beside her. A half hour, and she had obtained a suite of rooms, saying her husband would come within the hour.

"Now for the coat, and I'll go," said Crawford.

"Ze coat?" said madam. "What eez ze coat?"

"The seal skin I left you wear?"

"M'sieur says ze seal skin coat eez hees? Pardon, et eez mine." Madam folded her small arms and looked at him laughingly.

Crawford took it as a joke and laughed, but a feeling of uneasiness came over him. He ordered madam a bottle of wine, and said to give him the coat and he would go. But madam protested she had no coat of his.

She had but three, an opera coat, a black tailor-made, and a seal skin ulster, all of which she could prove were her own.

"But, madam, my seal skin coat for my sister? It is mine," said Crawford, beginning to see through madam's smiles.

Madam shrugged her small shapely shoulders, half way to her ears, and coolly opened her traveling bag, produced a cigarette and lighted it, puffing smoke delicately into space, while he walked the floor.

"Give me that coat," said Crawford, finally, with great sternness, "or I will call the police and have you arrested."

"Call ze gend'armes," said she carelessly. "If you try to prove zat beautiful coat ez not mine, I will zat you cheat ze government. Many people aboard will say 'Yes, madam vore ze coat.'"

A footstep sounded outside just then, and madam pushed Crawford into the next room.

"My husband. He veel keel you," she said.

The coat was lost, for Crawford would never stand the scandal of arrest, and his name being mixed with that of an unscrupulous French woman. Crawford stood still with his hand on the door and listened. A man entered, and he heard madam give a cry of joy. He heard a passionate kiss, a loving greeting in French between man and woman, and then he opened the door and went out unheeded and unheard.

It was a month later he saw madam again. She was at Sherry's with a party from the grand opera. She wore the seal skin coat over a gown of lace, and to the admiring ones he heard her say in French: "Oh, yes, but the duty on it was terrible."

HE MISSED THE HAMMOCK.

And the Discovery He Made in the Early Morning.

"I never go to bed in a sleeper in warm weather that I don't think of my experience on the way from here to Cincinnati summer before last," said Frank N. Conwell of Chicago.

"I caught a 9:30 train out of here one night—one hot July night it was—and I was tired as a pack horse, tired and hot and sleepy. I hadn't been on the train long until I decided to crawl into my lower seven and try to get what slumber was coming to me. I found it wasn't so warm in the berth with the window up and I fired my things into the little hammock alongside of me, put on my nightie and went right after the skeeps.

"I've told it to you just the way I thought it was at the time. Next morning I woke up in Cincinnati and could not find my clothes, nothing but a pair of shoes, one sock and a necktie. Even my collar was gone. I stuck my head out to ask the porter who it was had robbed me, but before I shouted to him I took a look across my bed and it all came to me. The night before when I thought I was throwing my duds into the little hammock I had been throwing 'em out the window. My wardrobe was probably scattered over nine different counties.

"It just happened that I had put my money and watch under my pillow and I had another pair of trousers and a clean shirt in my grip.

"And, say, the bunch in the car when they heard about it, all wanted to contribute something. I got enough stuff together finally so that I could walk up town without violating any ordinances. Then I bought a hand-me-down two-piece suit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WOMEN'S WORK AT MINES.

Very Few Work Underground—in Africa They Carry Heavy Loads.

Until recently women were employed in England in connection with surface work in coal mining and brick works. The women were found to be very strong, but they were otherwise unsatisfactory and were ultimately dispensed with at the collieries. The coal mines regulation act of Great Britain prohibits women labor being employed underground.

In German Southwest Africa an investigator found many native women at work about the mines. They were useful in carrying in loads, especially of firewood. The women labor was cheap and as long as they were left alone to take as much time as they liked over the work and do it as they wished they were all right.

His next experience was higher up the coast, in West Africa. Labor was short and they decided to try women to carry stones. They carried the first two loads and then they struck.

Those women quite altered the conditions of carrying stones. They carried them for a certain distance, but three or four relays had to be provided. After that they were tried at carrying sand and things like that. They went on for a short while, but did the work in fits and starts.

In another place, also on the west coast, where women had been tried against the black men, it was found that for carrying in firewood they were by far the best and cheapest. There, of course, they were on piece work, although their tickets were marked just the same as if they were on day work.

Their task was to carry in a cord of wood a day. They used to start about 4:30 a. m. and went on carrying until 7 and from 7:30 till 9 or 10. Then if they wanted to get off early the next day they used to carry an other cord of wood in the afternoon or a part of it.

They were a decided success, but they were very particular in what they called their circle. They did not mind how close it was to the boilers, but if it were a little over their distance they would go to the manager and want an increase directly.

Some women used to carry about 100 pounds on their heads; on an average about 85 to 95 pounds of wood.

Statistics published in the Mining World from time to time show that there are a number of women employed in the coal mines of Belgium and Germany, for instance, as pickers and sorters. In Germany women receive 27 to 28 cents per day.

Bookplate Ruskin Had Made.

The death of Mr. Ruskin's publisher reminds me that among the many Ruskin drawings, engravings and other relics which Mr. Allen possessed was a proof of a bookplate engraved at Mr. Ruskin's express desire.

The fact that the distinguished author and art critic owned a bookplate is, I believe, unknown to collectors of ex libris, and only because Mr. Ruskin, after having the plate engraved and a few proof impressions taken, altered his mind and never used it. There is no copy of the plate in the national collection in the print room of the British museum. The engraving was done by W. Roffe, an old engraver in stipple, employed by Mr. Ruskin to engrave Ida in the "Story of Ida," and other small plates from drawings by Miss Kate Greenaway.

"Dick Turpin's Tree."

The last remaining portions of a famous old elm, which was known to all lovers of Blackheath and the surrounding country as "Dick Turpin's tree," were removed to-day. Tradition goes that the famous highwayman used to hover about near the gigantic branches of this elm, well out of view of his prey, whom he used to so adroitly "hold up" with his horse pistols and relieve of whatever loose valuable they might have. The elm, which had a circumference of over 15 feet, stood close to Hyde Vale, almost opposite "Ye Olde House." While it was being cut up a nail, in perfect condition, was found embedded in the center of the wood.—London Globe.

A Discouraged Digger.

"I see they say that when a diamond passes a certain size it is worth no more than a smaller one."

"How's that?"

"If it's too large it isn't marketable. Nobody wants to wear a diamond as big as a glass door knob."

"Is that so? Then it must be awfully discouraging for a man to dig up a sparkler as big as a football."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Booming Virginia.

Here is a Kansas City man applying for a permit to carry a revolver on the ground that his mother-in-law is about to visit him. Incidents of this sort are unheard of heretofore, Old Virginia being universally conceded to produce the kindest, sweetest and most self-obliterating mothers-in-law in the world.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A Mystery Explained.

"Man is a book, which only the very few can read," says a magazine essayist. Perhaps this accounts for the proneness of physicians and surgeons to examine the appendix.—Manchester Union.

Billiard Transformations.

We shall not be much surprised if, now that billiard tables are round, stops are taken to adopt square balls—which would formerly have appeared contrary to common sense.

Women Sculptors Should Not Marry

By Vinie Ream Hoxie

Famous Woman Sculptor Tells How She Became Wedded to Her Art—Made 16 Life-Sized Busts in First Two Months of Experience—Every One Can Marry—Not All Can Model—Matrimony Hinders Development of Art—Men Quick to Appreciate Genius in Women.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

(Mrs. Vinie Ream Hoxie was the distinction of being the only American woman who has had her statues accepted by the United States government and placed in the marble room of the capitol at Washington. Her life-size marble figure of President Lincoln is familiar to all sight-seers in the capitol, while the heroic bronze of Admiral Farragut is one of the best works of art in Washington. Statues of many other great Americans have been made by her.)

The field of sculpture for women is unlimited, but the workers are few, for one must have a very decided talent—a genius for it—to enter the field at all.

There must be no mistake about this. Mediocrity will not do. Industry and application will not do. Perseverance will not do. The only reason for men or women trying to follow sculpture as a profession is that they are so irresistibly impelled toward it and impressed with their own ability that they cannot possibly resist the impulse to model in clay.

Many girls have sought advice on this subject, asked how they could know if they had marked ability or talent, and also, desiring to be sculptors, what method I would suggest, what teachers recommend? At these questions I have sometimes lost my temper and told them that they could soon find out by shutting themselves up with some clay and seeing what they could evolve from the crude material. I have told them that, like love, this knowledge "comes not by appointment, but at some unexpected corner it springs forth." A good way—the only way to test the matter would be to take some common potter's clay (it seems almost sacred to me)—and if, alone and unaided, they could not instantly bring forth something beautiful or artistic from its weird depths, where statues lie imprisoned, then let them come forth from that room, "leaving hope behind," and let them then and there forever abandon all idea of being sculptors and following in the footsteps of the "divine Angelo."

My own experience when making my first steps in the study of art—a study that has been such a great pleasure and comfort to me all my life long—may be of interest.

A mere child—a delicate girl—I had never been in a studio until the fateful day when I was taken to Clark Mills' studio by a friend. He was modeling in clay and I was instantly impressed with the fact that I, too, could model, and in that very hour I made my first essay. In two months I had made in clay the likenesses of Thaddeus Stevens, Reverdy Johnson, Gen. Custer, Gen. Grant, Gen. McClellan, Gen. Thomas, Gen. Fremont, Representative John Wentworth of Chicago, Gen. Frank P. Blair, Senators John Sherman and Nesmith, Parson Brownlow, Gen. Morehead of Pennsylvania, Representative Garfield, Gov. Yates of Illinois and Abraham Lincoln. They were all life-size busts and I have copies of them all here in my studio now, and I look at them with deep and affectionate gratitude, as they all became my warm and devoted friends, inspiring me to industry, application and high ambition. These busts were said to be striking likenesses and the senators and members who were lookers-on at my early efforts took a deep interest in my young protegee and had the kindness, sympathy and courage to uphold willing hands.

If a woman feels that she has unusual talent for sculpture and desires to enter this field, let her determine to make it her life work. Let her not be handicapped by marriage. Every one can marry, but not all can model. Not that I discourage matrimony—an institution so noble in itself—but it is distinctly not conducive to development in art. Husbands naturally are jealous of any other love, and a mother's heart yearns more tenderly over her real than her clay children. Little ones demand constant attention, and there is work enough in a house, but the servants never so plentiful, to absorb the constant attention of a woman and keep her busy day after day, week after week and month after month.

If a woman student is really serious in earnest let her study anatomy and draw from the nude. Let her put her whole soul into her work. If she can afford it, let her engage experienced teachers that she may profit by their experience, and let her follow every advantage that means will procure. But if she cannot afford these helps, let her take the clay in her own untutored hands and work out her own salvation.

There is certainly nothing unwomanly in this vocation. All the surroundings of art are elevating. Its environment is refined and its presence is felt by the pure in heart.

A woman need not even be before the public if she desires privacy. In her own retired studio she can bring forth these children of genius, and if

they are stamped with that seal, public opinion will be the high priest that will christen them and the world will recognize their worth.

Every surrounding of art is refined and its atmosphere pure. A woman's touch is as delicate, her eye as true and her hand as firm as that of a man. Yet it is not the delicate touch, the true eye, that speaks the artist. The workmen who reproduce beautiful statues in marble have that. It is not these things that bespeak the grand result. It is the seeing of these things in the mind's eye before they have taken shape in the clay. It is being able to feel these things in advance, as the poet feels in his soul his verses, as the orator feels his theme, waxing him eloquent to move the hearts of others. We must feel deeply ourselves—to reach others, and to bring forth a work of art it must be in our minds to conceive it first before emancipating it from the silent clay. Themes of beauty and of grace must chase each other through the brain.

The mind must be filled with noble purposes and beautiful shadows, ideal forms, majestic, noble groups—waiting to be set free. All of these must hover around and inspire the artist, even though he or she may never have the means to carry any of them out to perfection in the marble or the bronze. The artist's greatest work is often being done when his modeling tools lie idle—when he sits apparently idle, "brooding over his theme," sometimes for weeks, for months. Beside this work which is being done by the brain, the mind, the soul, the working out in the clay seems to be almost mechanical.

The field for art is broadening every year. Our forefathers had no time or means for these luxuries, for luxuries they certainly are, not necessities. Wealth is accumulating and the rich like to surround themselves with beautiful and costly things. People of refinement and culture try to satisfy for themselves this thirst for elegant and artistic surroundings. Even the very poor yearn for them and in their squalid homes of poverty gaudy prints and cheap plaster casts of impossible figures adorn their walls, attesting to their desire—their reaching out—for something beyond, better than the toil and monotony of their daily lives. Their tastes are slowly becoming educated, and the public schools, a great factor in this cause, on a broader and more generous plan than of old, are gradually advancing art in the minds of the working people. The once barren walls of the public schools are now illuminated with the finest engravings and photographs of celebrated paintings and their halls are adorned with casts of treasured statues of ancient art.

If a woman's work is as good as that of a man she will receive equal recognition—even more prompt recognition, for men are surprised when we have the courage to compete with them and more quickly recognize our ability. They are not the tyrants some would make them, but kind and good and generous to us if they are made to feel that we are not simply posing but are really seriously in earnest.

There are, no doubt, some few men who are narrow-minded and unjust and who would keep down the aspirations of woman, but if her work bear the stamp of genius, like truth, it will not be downed.

Cave Which the Indians Decorated.

Two gold prospectors recently discovered in the Santa Susanna mountains, about 50 miles from Los Angeles, Cal., the largest and most remarkable cave in western America. While looking for indications of gold they found an opening which they entered. The opening led to a great cavern, consisting of many passages, some of them wide but most of them narrow and lofty. The passages lead into great halls, some containing an acre, studded with stalagmites and stalactites, in some cases so thickly that it is difficult to get through. The walls of one of these halls are covered with rude drawings, some almost obliterated but others still clear. The drawings represent incidents of the chase, showing Indians on foot pursuing bear, deer and other animals. One wall painting shows the bear pursuing the hunter. The work is done with a soft, red stone much used by the Indians for that purpose.—Scientific American.

Superstition and Fear.

Men would never be superstitious if they could govern all their circumstances by set rules, or if they were always favored by fortune; but being frequently driven into straits where rules are useless, and being often kept fluctuating pitifully between hope and fear by the uncertainty of fortune's greedily coveted favors, they are consequently, for the most part, very prone to credulity. The human mind is readily swayed this way or that in times of doubt, especially when hope and fear are struggling for the mastery; though usually it is boastful, overconfident and vain.—Benedict Spi noza (1632-1677).

Real Desperado.

"Gwacious!" exclaimed the first mollycoddle in the sapphire robbery. "Harold Hatband is getting wealdesperate, on my word."

"What has the dear lad been doing now?" asked the second mollycoddle in the vermilion colored shirt. "Allowing his chauffeur to be fined for speeding?"

"Oh, no. Although there is a law against making cigarettes, Harold rolls 'em openly and dares the policeman to arrest him."

RESTAURANT AFFILIATIONS.

The waiter in the light-lunch cafe looked expectantly at the first of five men who had just entered.

"Bring me a coffee cake and a cup of coffee," ordered the first man. "I'll take some milk biscuit and a glass of milk," said the second. "Tea, bun and a cup of tea, please," remarked the third.

"A piece of cocoanut pie and a cup of cocoa," said the fourth.

The waiter passed on to the fifth man.

"Don't say it, don't say it," he pleaded. "I know what you want. You want a slice of chocolate cake and a cup of chocolate."

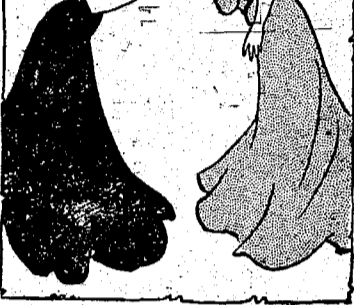
"No, I do not," protested the fifth man. "I want a plate of ice cream and a glass of ice water."—Judge.

Never Recovered.

"No, I don't like her, she made a fool of me five years ago."

"Have you only been that way for five years?"—Washington Star.

STANDS TO REASON.



Babel—I would I were a soldier boy.

Clara—That you might—what? Babel—That I might nothing. Haven't you noticed how often they become engaged in battle?

Someday.

Someday, when all life's lessons have been learned, And guys with aygos know a thing or two, When their machines have twisted been and turned

Into a pile of junk; when black and blue Their bodies, then, perhaps, they'll regulate their speed, And care about the way they risk their necks;

And maybe then we'll never have to read About so many careless auto wrecks. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

She Might.

"So," she said, "you have made up your mind never to marry?"

"Yes, after thinking it over for a long time I have decided never to ask any girl to be my wife."

"Pshaw! Don't feel that way about it. You never can judge by appearances how foolish some girls are. The very first one you asked might be willing to marry you."

Not Understood.

"What makes you think some women find it difficult to understand subjects like the tariff?" inquired the suffragette.

"The frequency," answered the mere man, "with which a number of them have recently been caught smuggling."—Washington Star.

Wooden.

"Whew!" exclaimed the young gentleman who had taken the object of his affections for a row up the river; "the sun is so powerful that my head feels on fire."

"Really!" was the unsympathetic rejoinder. "I thought I could smell burning wood somewhere!"

Masculine Ignorance.

A young lady, who often thought out loud, had just been shown through a garter factory.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed, "90,000, 000 pair in one year? I don't see where they all go to."

"Neither do I," replied the young man, coloring slightly.—Judge.

That Kind.

"I never feel that I can pitch in and have a good romp with those Bullyon children. They are always so fixed up one has to handle them with gloves."

"That's all right. They're dressed kids themselves you see."—Baltimore American.

All Bluff.

"Yes," boasted the fortune-hunting count, "all of our family castles were on high mountains. My ancestors all lived on big bluffs."

"Indeed!" replied the wise heiress, "and I see that you take after them."—Chicago Daily News.

A Fellow-Feeling.

Professor—This milk contains 1, 234,567 bacilli to the cubic inch. Layman—Poor things! They must feel like they were in street car.—Judge.

The Drawback.

"What is fame?"

"It's having all your disreputable relatives come to the surface and tell everybody who they are."—Cleveland Leader.

B. A. Lisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

'Smore Kicks.

The Central Lake Torch this week contains an article supposed to be a reply to the criticism of The Herald last week on their attitude in refusing to publish a display ad of the "Free Auction Sale," but the Torch article is sadly lacking in argument of any kind. It says in part:

"The Torch has been and is still ready to advertise all fairs and other events of interest and benefit to communities in general. ***but when it comes to helping boost such an enterprise as the Public Auction and Traders' Exchange, the object of which is simply to get the people of our vicinity to spend their money in East Jordan ***"

Inasmuch as the adv. sent the papers was an invitation to the farmers and others to bring anything they wish to sell, the inference that East Jordan had something up their sleeve is unfair. True the object was to advertise the town, but it was of far more benefit to the public in general than a street-fair which object is to sell goods as well as advertise.

Furthermore, the editor of the Herald must have a queer idea of a newspaper stock company if he imagines that every little detail of the office is submitted to all the stockholders for their approval or disapproval."

As several of the stockholders have "axes to grind" with East Jordan business men this affair may prove something more than a "little matter" to them. "Turn about is fair play" and if the Torch's attitude in the matter has their sanction then East Jordan business men will bear it in mind when being asked for assistance in business matters.

And by the way who is the editor of The Torch?

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation to very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung-healing mountain shrub, furnish the curative properties of Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract that helps to heat aching lungs. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. All Dealers.

About Work.

Some men work for honor. Some men work for fame. But they take the money. They may justly claim. And are glad to get it. Just the same.

Some men labor daily. Urged by painful lust. Some because the doctors. Tell them that they must. Some because they cannot. Buy on trust.

Some men work for others. Who are near and dear. Some men work for art's sake. So it would appear. Some displaying courage. Some in fear.

Some men labor nobly. For the public good. Some because the Bible. Tells them that they should. But if no one had to. No one would.

-Chicago Record-Herald.

Father, Come Home.

Father, dear father, come home with me now. The clock in the steeple strikes one. You said you were coming right home from the shop.

As soon as your day's work was done. The fire has gone out, the house is all dark. And mother's been waiting since tea. With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms. And no one to help her but me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, come home, Please, father, dear father, come home.

Father, dear father, come home with me now. The clock in the steeple strikes two. The house has grown colder, and Benny is worse.

But he has been calling for you. Indeed he is worse; ma says he will die. Perhaps before morning shall dawn. And this is the message she sent me to bring: "Come quickly or he will be gone."

Father, dear father, come home with me now. The clock in the steeple strikes three. The house is so lonely, the hours are so long.

For poor weeping mother and me. For we are alone; poor Benny is dead. And gone with the angels of light. And these are the very last words that he said. "I want to kiss papa good night."

-Unidentified.

THE PARIS CLUBS.

Election to the Most Exclusive Club is a Serious Business.

Election to the exclusive clubs of Paris is a very serious business. The proposer and "second" must not only know all about their candidates, but be able to bear witness to their antecedents and even to their forefathers. They must write to all their friends and ask them to support their candidates. When the election takes place, they must not only be in the room, but approach each member individually as he comes up to the ballot box and ask him for his support.

When the member has been elected, he arrives the first day as a kind of stranger and with his hat in hand. He is then formally introduced by one of his proposers to each member separately who happens to be in the room at the time. On the second occasion he has ceased to be a stranger and may leave his hat in the hall, but he is still expected to go round the room with one of his proposers and be formally introduced. This lasts for a week, by which time he is assumed to know all his colleagues, though a foreigner who is extra punctilious and insists on being introduced to every member of the club gains considerably in popularity. -London Saturday Review.

Knew What Buffaloes Liked.

Secretary Shaw and Senator Tom Custer of Montana were swapping stories the other day when the secretary of the treasury told a good one about a man out in an Iowa town who was never known to disagree with a statement of another, no matter how improbable it might be.

"One day a group of fellows determined to see if they couldn't get Smith - I'll call him Smith," said Secretary Shaw, "to express a dissenting opinion. So when Smith came along one of the boys said:

"I had a most remarkable experience the other day, Smith. As I was coming into town through the hills yonder I saw a buffalo up a tree eating grapes, so shot him. Did you ever see a buffalo up a tree, Smith?"

"Well, I can't say that I have," returned Smith regretfully.

"What?" persisted the story teller. "Never saw a buffalo up a tree eating grapes?"

"Well, no, I never saw a buffalo up a tree, but," said Smith, brightening up, "I know they are very fond of grapes."

-Brooklyn Eagle.

Said in Washington.

At one of the recent White House receptions there was a little case of rapier thrusting between two ladies, and it was delightfully entertaining to those who saw and heard.

There is a famous man in Washington, one who came from the plain people and who continues as one of them. He has a beautiful daughter of aristocratic tendencies who has dug up a family tree somewhere or other and who affects superiority which she does not possess in any sense.

The wife of a congressman from a western state was introduced to the young lady and pleasantly said:

"I have met with your distinguished father, Miss -"

"I dare say," replied the young lady languidly. "Papa in his position meets all sorts of people."

The western lady flushed and flushed back instantly, "I should suppose so, especially when he is at home." -Lippincott's.

A brother and a sister will have hair of exactly the same color. The boy will be called "Red," and the sister will be complimented on her beautiful bronze colored hair.

PISO'S

Conquer That Cough

Don't go around with a mortgage on your chest. Every day that you let it remain, the tighter its grip becomes. The cough becomes more violent and exhausting; the delicate bronchial passages get inflamed under the continual hacking; the lungs become lacinated under the constantly recurring paroxysms.

With PISO'S CURE

there is a soothing and healing effect upon the entire respiratory mucous membrane. It has stood the test for nearly half a century as the one reliable remedy for consumption, colds and all chest affections. It goes right to the origin of the trouble, removes the cause and aids nature in restoring healthful conditions. PISO'S CURE is absolutely free from objectionable ingredients. Its perfect safety, pleasant taste and unequalled efficacy make it the ideal remedy for man, woman and child. If you have a cough drive it out today.

Before It Conquers You CURE

25 cts.

25 cts.



A Bargain for our Subscribers

The New Idea Woman's Magazine

The Charlevoix Co. Herald

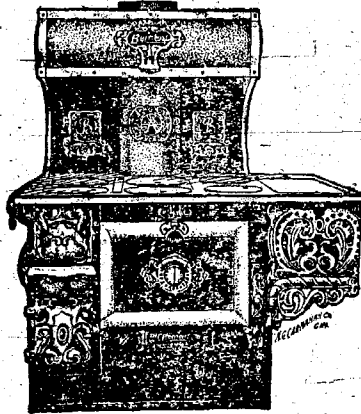
Both One Year \$1.25

THE NEW IDEA WOMAN'S MAGAZINE is the best of all magazines published for women and the home. Every issue contains the Latest Fashions, the Best Fiction, and an immense variety of practical instruction on all household topics. Every issue is filled with beautiful illustrations in half-tone and color.

A Big Magazine in a Bargain Offer ORDER TO-DAY and get a Year's Reading for the Whole Family Address All Order to "The Herald, East Jordan."

We can save you \$5.00 On a COOK STOVE.

Perhaps you don't believe it. Just come and see. You don't have to buy unless you wish, but give us a chance to prove it. We can convince you and give you the best made. We're the leaders in Stoves and Ranges.



W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY.

Best Clothes



We are maintaining our reputation for superior goods by affiliating ourselves with FRED KAUFFMAN, Chicago's Most Stylish Tailor, and now solicit your orders for made-to-measure

Tailoring You'll Be Proud Of.

We display 465 distinctly new patterns and weaves, and guarantee each and every one to afford satisfactory wear. The grade of tailoring Kauffman does, the delightfully satisfying accuracy and promptitude of his services of national reputation, and best of all, our prices are marvelously low for fine custom work top notch styles made up in the best fashion.

YOURS FOR GOOD GOODS. EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Health Insurance at little cost

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

\$1,000.00 reward is offered to anyone for any substance injurious to the health found in Calumet Baking Powder.

Purity is a prime essential in food. Calumet is made only of pure, wholesome ingredients combined by skilled chemists, and complies with the pure food laws of all states. It is the only high-grade Baking Powder on the market sold at a moderate price.

Calumet Baking Powder may be freely used with the certainty that food made with it contains no harmful drugs - It is chemically correct and makes Pure, Wholesome Food.



SUPERNAW BROS.

Horse Blankets And Robes.

Now is the time to purchase your Horse Blankets and this place is where you can get a better and cheaper article than anywhere else in this section. We have anticipated your wants and our stock is complete in every detail. It's a pleasure to show them, whether you purchase or not.

Harness.

The harness for your horse is like a suit of clothes for your body. If you are fastidious we can suit you; if you feel that economy must be practiced we are just as willing to help you. No matter what your demands, they can be satisfied here.

Curry Combs and Brushes.

Supernaw Bros.

We are showing the finest line ever in

Ladies' Fall and Winter Coats

In fabrics of Bear Skin, Kersey, Broadcloth Etc., in the shades most in demand, and in styles long and short, loose and tight fitting. Prices are very reasonable. Come in and look them over.

Ladies' New Fall Waists.

In Wash Goods, Silk and Net that will suit the most exacting tastes. Call and see them. Prices Right.

The "WHITE" Sewing Machine

Easily outranks others in its many desirable features, and is undoubtedly the best family sewing machine manufactured today.

One Lady Says:

"I would not take Ten Dollars for my new Ruffler if I could not get another." Come in and see it. It is a White patent exclusively.

Machines Sold on Very Easy Terms.

Briefs of the Week

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas C. Loveday leave next week for their winter home in Florida.

Seven new members were received by letter at the Methodist Episcopal church last Sabbath.

A marriage license was issued this week to James Bashaw and Lydia Akins, both of East Jordan.

"The Missouri Girl" with Zeke and Daisy and their fun-making associates will be seen at Loveday Opera House Nov. 19th.

At the regular meeting of the Superintendents of the Poor held last Monday, Mr. Meyers of Boyne Falls was elected secretary.

There will be a special communication of Mystic Lodge No. 389, F. & A. M. this Saturday evening Nov. 9th. Work in the first degree. By order of the W. M.

Yegg men broke into the postoffice at Springport Tuesday night and secured \$300 in money and stamps. They used nitro and blew the front off the building.

The Young People's choir of the M. E. church will give a special song service Sunday evening, November 17. Further notice of this program will be found in next week's issue of the Herald.

A horrible fatal accident occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Mobio, who live west of the Village, Tuesday, in which their five-year-old son was instantly killed. The youngster was playing in the barn when in some manner he unloosed the wires holding up a hay-rack toppling it over on him and catching his head beneath the rack crushing his skull. A physician was hastily summoned but life was extinct before he arrived. Funeral services were held Thursday from St. Joseph Catholic Church and burial in the Catholic cemetery.

Atty. A. B. Nicholas was at Charlevoix first of the week.

Judge J. M. Harris was from Boyne, latter part of last week.

The SOUTH BEND WATCH is the one that runs frozen in a cake of ice. When you make a cash purchase at Warrington's ask for tickets on a Phonograph, if it is only 10 cents.

Mrs. E. A. Gibson returned from Sturgis Thursday evening, having been called there by the death of a sister.

The line of Rockers that can be seen at EMPY BROS. is certainly a sight. There is where you have a Mammoth Stock to select from.

LeRoy Sherman returned home from Chicago Saturday evening with a dozen horses for the East Jordan Lumber Co. He was delayed three days in that city owing to the strike on the docks.

The Annual experience social of the P. L. A. S. Society will be held in the lecture room of the church on Wednesday evening Nov. 13. A fine program will be rendered and refreshments served. Everybody welcome.

Com'r of Schools, Milford and Truant Officer Bashaw are now after non-attending scholars in earnest. The new truancy law is workable and does not hamper the officers with a lot of red tape.

The deer-shooting season is with us once more and East Jordan nitrods are hiking to their favorite stamping grounds—Thursday morning a party composed of Dr. C. A. Sweet, Walter L. French, Geo. G. Glenn, Jos. Cummings, H. S. Price and Nelson Muma left for the Upper Peninsula and on Friday J. H. Milford and H. L. Olney went to Charlevoix where they joined Richard Lewis and a party from that city and left for a jerk-water place some twenty miles from the Beavers.

Irwin McGowan, home from St. James.

MACK the JEWELER carries a complete stock of South Bend Watches.

Who will be the next to get one of those Talking Machines at WHITTINGTON'S.

Pros. Atty. Clink and Atty. A. B. Nicholas were over to Central Lake, Tuesday.

Mrs. Floyd Muckey with little son of Bellaire is guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miner.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Bridge of Charlevoix were guests of East Jordan friends first of the week.

John M. Kenny returned home first of the week from Cadillac where he has been guest of his daughter.

Damon Howard and family have moved here from the north and will make East Jordan their home for the winter.

Empy Bros. have certainly got a fine line of carpets. They have something new in the way of fibre Matting. Just spend a few minutes in looking over their stock.

When a home is broken up and there is a division of the spoils, the enlarged photographs always go to the poorer relatives.

Cranberries, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Dates, Malaga Grapes, Pears, Figs, Sweet and other Apples, Celery, Sweet Potatoes, Peppers and all Home Grown Fruits and Vegetables.

Services as usual in the Presbyterian church. There is always room for strangers and a hearty welcome to all who come. Services at 10:30 and 7, Sunday School at 11:45 and Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:15.

The Grand Traverse Ministerial Ass'n of the M. E. church convenes at Central Lake next Monday evening and continues until Wednesday forenoon. Rev. W. W. Lamport and Elder L. S. Matthews will probably attend from here.

Here is the way a man who snores starts trouble: His snores awaken the dog. The dog sets up howls and awakens the man. The man swears at the dog and awakens the baby. The baby yells and awakens the mother. The mother "combs" the old man down and he turns over and goes to sleep and starts the fun all over again.

The Free Public Auction and Traders' Exchange passed off well. A good sized crowd was in attendance and the bidding good. As in the case of all auction sales some of the articles sold for far in excess or their real worth while others were knocked down equally vice versa. T. E. Niles made a first rate auctioneer. So far as we have heard our business men are in favor of continuing the sales from time to time.

E. G. Rust, formerly general manager of the Elk Rapids Iron Company and afterwards second vice president and general manager of six furnaces of the Lake Superior Iron and Chemical Company, successor to the first named corporation, has severed his connection with that company, and is succeeded by Fred Smith, a resident of Boyne City. Mr. Smith will move to Elk Rapids. Mr. Smith, it is stated, has purchased a Maryland furnace which will be moved to East Jordan.—Bellaire Independent.

An epidemic of weddings is predicted for this fall in Boyne City. Conditions are favorable for an extended spread of matrimonyitis and we are reliably informed that our Doctors (of Divinity) are encouraging the exposure of more people to the contagion. Dr. Rea at the Presbyterian church last Sunday evening, even went so far as to preach a sermon on the subject and brought forth many strong arguments in favor of both men and women deliberately contracting this malady.—Boyne City Journal.

A very pleasant afternoon was passed on Wednesday Nov. 6th, when Mrs. J. Jamison and Mrs. W. P. Porter were hostesses at a Thimble party at Mrs. Jamison's. The occasion was in honor of Mrs. D. C. Loveday who with her husband soon leave for their winter home in Florida. When the shadows began to gather the guests were invited to the dining room where a fine dinner was prepared. Covers were laid for fifteen.

Sanitary Couches and Davenport at WHITTINGTON'S.

Our sister city of East Jordan is again in the lime light. On Sunday a telephone message came from our sister city that a diamond had been found in a gravel pit where they are building the new chemical works. Our information comes that John Houser, while loading gravel from a pit near there came upon a sparkling stone and took it to a jeweler, who pronounced it the real article, and who offered him \$50 for it, which he refused. It is said that many of the people of East Jordan are scratching the gravel banks in that vicinity. We have not noticed any exodus to the diamond fields from this city.—Boyne Citizen.

You get what you want at Hanson & Steffe.

Alabastine color cards free at STROBEL BROS.

Get your glass from the W. E. MALPASS HDWR CO.

Better make excuses than throw the blame on someone else.

If a loafer would only take hint as readily as he takes your time.

Have you seen the new Coats and Suits at B. B. Hubbard & Co's. Our Social Brew Coffee will suit you both in flavor and price.

Take your elder apples to Supernaw's Warehouse. They can use all you have.

The last few Syracuse Guaranteed Plows at \$12.50 cash at MALPASS HDWR CO'S.

Blankets—Blankets—Blankets! See the fine all wool Blankets at B. C. Hubbard & Co's.

It was said by a man that EMPY BROS. were carrying a stock of Iron Beds sufficiently large to supply Northern Michigan.

The first desire that enters every woman's head Sunday morning is to get the broom and begin sweeping the spot where her husband is sitting.

The J. J. Votruba Co. this week received a big consignment of fine BARREL SALT which is being offered at the lowest market price.

Liberty is always pictured as a woman, but every tired housewife is convinced, as she scorchies up the steak for supper, that the lady on the dollar doesn't represent a married woman.

Hand-made Lumber Harness at STROBEL BROS.

When there is a man caller, a girl in addition to patting a swift pat to her hair and an assuring touch to the back of her belt, bites Her Lips that they may look young and red, and then goes down.

We are not much of a judge of character. Two years ago we considered a certain man very promising. He is now so near hell that he can smell sulphur, and there is no prospect of his backing out.

A very old lady on her death bed, in a penitential mood, said: "I have been a great sinner for more than 80 years, and did not know it." An old colored woman who had lived with her a long time exclaimed: "Lord, I knew it all the time."

It makes no difference if women meet to pray, play cards, quilt or study poetry. Some time during the session some one will start the subject, "The Selfishness of the Men," and then all else in the world is forgotten, while every woman present lifts up her skirts and wades in.

When you are lying in your bed tonight, look the day over. How many times did you stop a friend to make of him a wailing place, and knock on somebody or something? How many wailing places did you make during the day, and have you anything serious to wail about? People working in offices wail because of fancied wrongs, and take up the time of their employes in doing it. They sometimes wail to another employe, and in that way rob their employer doubly. Don't do it.

Notice.

To show our appreciation of the services of Mr. Holliday in connection with the Auction Sale, we request every business man as well as all others who can do so, to attend the Electric Theatre this Saturday evening before the closing hour, 10 o'clock.

CARL STROEBEL,
W. ASA LOVEDAY,
LEROY SHERMAN,
Com. of Management
Auction Sale.

When You Come Down Town Tomorrow

We should like very much to have you call and see the New Line of Winter Goods we have jus unpacked.

There Are Bargains

In every line of our big stock of Dry Goods, Clothing Shoes.

L. Wiesman.

PLENTY OF IT—ALL THE BEST!

That's the combination you want to look for when you start out to buy Groceries—that is, if you are at all particular to get something which makes a noise like about the best thing on the market—and your appetite.

Here's a stock that is filled with the most reliable staples, and all the tasty, tempting little niceties and table luxuries as well. From flour and sugar to the finer things, we carry an elaborate selection—in fact, anything you want that's good.

Then, you must remember the argument our prices offer.

WILL RICHARDSON.

Phone No. 156.

Have You Seen Us

In Our New Hall?

Without exception we have the finest Electric Theatre north of Grand Rapids. It has taken money to do it, but it has been done "in faith believing" that the citizens of East Jordan would appreciate it—and they do.

Nor Is This All.

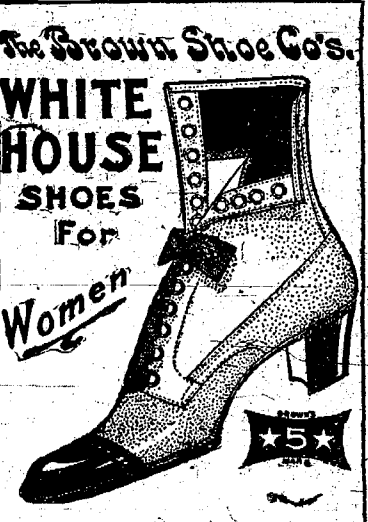
Our programs are excellent and the films bright and clean. The service is the best obtainable anywhere.

Are You Attending?

If not, then we invite you to do so. If you are, then we know you'll come again.

The Electric Theatre

S. S. Holliday, Mgr.



Have A Reputation... founded on genuine merit in style and wearing qualities that is hard to equal. At The World's Fair in 1904 they were AWARDED

Double Grand Prize

which is the most convincing proof of their goodness that we can offer.

WHITE HOUSE SHOES are made in all leathers and all styles.

Ask to See Them.

It will be a pleasure to show them to you.

—For Sale At—

Hudson's Shoe Store.

IN THE PILLORY

If you are in the pillory of a poor Plumbing, not getting the service you should have, nor the goods you want, if you will try us you will find it a happy deliverance from a very unpleasant situation. Some people find it hard to get out of the old rut; but after they do get out, and into the new and better condition of trading that we offer, their satisfaction knows no bounds.



Why not try us and join the ranks of our satisfied customers?

MARINE SUPPLIES.
GEORGE H. SPENCER.

Be Sure to Spend Less Than You Make

It is the foundation of your future success. Even a few dollars to your credit in the Bank is a satisfaction. A little added, regularly to your savings account will soon amount to quite a sum. Your savings with us earn you 3 1/2 per cent interest. You can start here in a small way. We invite your account.

State Bank of East Jordan

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00. SURPLUS, \$7,000.00.

OFFICERS and DIRECTORS:
W. L. French, President. John A. Boosinger, M. H. Robertson, Vice Pres.
W. P. Porter Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier.

Samuel M. Withrow was arraigned before Justice Boosinger, Thursday, charged with defrauding a hotel keeper. The Justice gave him the limit—a fine of \$50.00 and costs (amounting to about \$40.00) or 30 days in jail. At present he is confined at Charlevoix. Withrow was arrested at Traverse City by Sheriff McWain upon complaint of Chris Taylor, and it is alleged he is wanted at other places for the same offense.

The unvarying success of Fred Raymond's comedy "The Missouri Girl" has become proverbial among the theatrical profession, and prompts along the Rialto, or any other place where actors collect, you will hear the usual remark, "Hasn't he got a gold mine?" The reason is plain: the play is one that creates fun and amusement in large quantities. The company presenting it is composed of the best people in the profession, and the management insists on their best efforts at all times. Five of the present cast have been successful stars at different times.

There's going to be doings in our Village latter part of this month when North Star Tent No. 130 K. O.

T. M. M. hold a big blowout and initiate a large class of candidates. Deputies C. H. Perry of Cadillac and M. A. Lemieux of this city are busy soliciting new members and there will be without doubt between 75 and 100 to initiate that evening. Several of the state officers of note will be in attendance from Port Huron, and "Mancelona Maud" will be here to prove that the far famed lodge goat has had its day and that in this day and generation it's quite the thing to have a "Hec-Haw Maud." There isn't a better fraternal insurance going than the Maccabees and this is an invitation from the officers and members of North Star Tent for you to become a member.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Smith were at home informally Wednesday evening Nov. 6th, to a number of their friends, the occasion being a farewell party for Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Loveday. 500 was played and Thursday morning early, a luncheon was served.

The marriage of Ray Gee to Miss Nora Hayes took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Hayes, near the Village, Thursday evening. Justice F. E. Boosinger performed the ceremony and following this an excellent wedding supper was served. The young people start out in married life with the well-wishes of a host of friends.

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We have the New Edison Phonographs and Horns.

Call in and hear them played.

Big stock of Edison Records to select from, 35c each.

Machines \$12.50, \$25, \$35 up to \$125.

We will sell you one on very small payments.

C. C. MACK, the JEWELER

EAST JORDAN.

The Girl from Tim's Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY EOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

CHAPTER I.

Chip was very tired. All that long June day, since Tim's harsh, "Come, out wid ye," had roused her to daily toil, until now, wearied and disconsolate, she had crept barefoot, up the back stairs to her room, not an moment's rest or one kindly word had been hers.

Below, in the one living room of Tim's Place, the men were grouped playing cards, and the melody of their knuckles, their laughter, the thump of oaths on the bare table, and the pungent odor of pipes, reached her through the floor cracks. Outside the fireflies twinkled above the slow-running river and along the stump-dotted hillside. Close by, a few pigs dozed contentedly in their rudely constructed sty.

A servant to those scarce fit for servants, a menial at the beck and call of all Tim's Place, and laboring with the men in the fields, Chip, a girl of almost 16, felt her soul revolt at the filth, the brutality, the coarse existence of those whose slave she was.

And what a group, they were! First, Tim Connors, the owner and master of this oasis in the wilderness, 60 miles from the nearest settlement; his brother, Mike, as coarse; their wives and a half a dozen children who played with the pigs, squeaked as often for food, and were left to grow up the same way; and Pierre Lubec, the hired man, completed the score.

There was another transient resident here, an old Indian named Tomah, who came with the snow, and deserted his hut below on the river bank when spring unlocked that stream.

Two occasional visitors also came here, both even more objectionable to Chip than Tim and his family. One was her father, known to her to be an outlaw and escaped murderer in hiding; the other a half-breed named Bolduc, but known as One-Eyed Pete, a trapper and hunter whose abode was a log cabin on the Fox Hole, ten miles away. His face was horribly scarred by a wildcat's claws; one eye-socket was empty; his lips, chin, and protruding teeth were always tobacco stained. For three months now, he had made weekly calls at Tim's Place, in pursuit of Chip. His wooing, as might be expected, had been a persistent feinting at her with his one sinister eye, oft-repeated innuendoes and insinuations of lascivious nature, scarce understood by her, with now and then attempted familiarity. These advances had met with much the same reception once accorded him by the wildcat.

Both these visitors were now with the group below. That fact was of no interest to Chip, except in connection with a more pertinent one—a long conference she had observed between them that day. What it was about, she could not guess, and yet some queer intuition told her that it concerned her. Ordinarily, she would have sought sleep in her box-on-legs bed; now she crouched on the floor, listening.

For an hour the game and its melody of sounds continued; then cessation, the tramp of heavily shod feet, the light extinguished, and finally—silence. A few minutes of this, and then the sound of whispered converse, low yet distinct, reached Chip from outside. Cautiously she crept to her window.

"I gif you one hundred dollars now, for ze gal," Pete was saying, "an' one hundred more when you foteh her."

"It's three hundred down, I've told ye, or we don't do business," was her father's answer, in a knife-piercing her heart came to Chip.

"But s'pose she run away?" came in Pete's voice.

"What, 60 miles to a settlement? You must be a damn fool!"

"An' if she no mind me?"

"Wal, thrash her then; she's yours."

"But I, no gif so much," parleyed Pete; "I gif you one-hefty now, an' one hundred when she come."

"You'll give what I say, and be quick about it, or I'll take her out to-morrow, and you'll never see her again; so fork over."

"And you foteh her to-morrow?"

"Yes, I told you." And so the bargain was concluded.

Only a moment more, while Chip sat numb and dazed, then came the sound of footsteps, as the two men separated, and then silence over Tim's Place.

And yet, what a horror for Chip! Sold like a horse or a pig to this worse than, disgusting half-breed, and on the morrow to be taken—no, dragged—to the half-breed's hut by her hated father.

Hardly conscious of the real intent and object of this purchase, she yet understood it dimly. Life here was bad enough—it was coarse, unloved, even filthy, and yet, hard as it was, it was a thousand times better than slavery with such an owner.

And now, still weak and trembling from the shock, she raised her head cautiously and peeped out of the window. A faint spectral light from the rising moon outlined the log barn, the two log cabins, and pigsty, which, with the frame house she was in, comprised Tim's Place. Above and beyond where the forest enclosed the hillside, it

shone brighter, and as Chip looked out upon the eastern silvered view, away to the right she saw the dark opening into the old tote road. Up this they had brought her, eight years before. Never since had she traversed it; and yet, as she looked at it now, an inspiration born of her father's sneer came to her.

It was a desperate chance, a foolhardy step—a journey so appalling, so almost hopeless, she might well hesitate, and yet, escape that way was her one chance. Only a moment longer she waited, then gathering her few belongings—a pair of old shoes, the moccasins Old Tomah had given her, a skirt and jacket fashioned from Tim's cast-off garments, a fur cap, and soft felt hat—she thrust them into a soiled pillow-case and crept down the stairs.

Once out, she looked about, listened, then darted up the hillside, straight for the tote road entrance. Here she paused, put on her moccasins, and looked back.

The moon, now above the tree-tops, shone full upon Tim's Place, softening and silvering all its ugliness, and all its squalor. Away to the left stood Tomah's hut, across the river, a shining path bright and rippled.

In spite of the awful dread of her situation and the years of her hard, unpaid, and oftentimes cursed toil, a pang of regret now came to her. This was her home, wretched as it was. Here she had at least been fed and warmed in winters, and here Old Tomah had shown her kindness: Oh, if he were only in his hut now, that she might go and waken him softly, and beg him to take her in his canoe and speed down the river!

But no! only her own desperate

to their ghostly influences. They followed the hunter and trapper day and night, luring him into safety or danger, as they chose. They were everywhere, and in countless numbers, ready and sure to avenge all wrongs and reward all virtues. They had a Chieftain also, a great white specter who came forth from the north in winter, and swept across the wilderness, spreading death and terror.

To Chip, educated only in the fantastic lore of Old Tomah, these terrors now became insanity breeding. She could not turn back—better death among the spites than slaying to the half-breed; and so, faint from awful fear, gasping from miles of running, she stumbled on. And now a little hope came, for the road bent down beside the river, and its low voice seemed a word of cheer. Into its cool depths she could at least plunge and die, as a last resort.

Soon an opening showed ahead, and a bridge appeared. Here, for the first time, on this vantage point, she halted. How thrice blessed those knotted logs now seemed! She hugged and patted them in abject gratitude. She crawled to the edge and looked over into the dark, gurgling water. Up above lay a faint ripple of silver. Here, also, she could see the moon almost at the zenith, and a few flickering stars.

A trifle of courage and renewal of hope now came. Her face and hands were scratched and bleeding, clothing torn, feet and legs black with mud. But these things she neither noticed nor felt—only that blessed bridge of logs that gave her safety, and the moon that bade her hope.

Then she began to count her chances. This landmark told her that five miles of her desperate journey had been covered and she was still alive. She began to calculate. How soon would her escape be discovered, and who would pursue her? Only Pete, her purchaser, she felt sure, and there was a possible chance that he might return to his cabin before doing so. Or perhaps he might sleep late, and thus give her one or two hours more of time.

And now cheered by this trifling hope and lessening sense of danger, her past life came back. Her childhood in a far-off settlement; the home always in a turmoil from the strange men and women ever coming and go-

ing, as she lay there on this one flat spot of security—the bridge—and listened to the river's low murmur.

All through her mad flight the wilderness had been ghostly and spectral in the moonlight; now it had become lost in inky-blackness, yet alive with demonic voices. All the goblin forms and hideous shapes of Old Tomah's fancy were rushing and leaping about. Now high up in the treetops, now deep in the hollows, they screamed and shrieked and moaned.

And now, just as this fierce battle of sound and spectral shape was at its worst, and Chip, a hopeless, helpless mite of humanity, crouched low upon the bridge, suddenly, a vicious growl reached her, and raising her head she saw at the bridge's end two gleaming eyes!

CHAPTER II.

Martin Frisbie and his nephew Raymond Stetson, or Ray, were cutting boughs and carrying them to two tents standing in the mouth of a bush-choked opening into the forest. In front of this angle, Martin's wife, was placing tin dishes, knives and forks upon a low table of boards. Upon the bank of a broad, slow-running stream, two canoes were drawn out, and half-way between these and the table a camp-fire burnt.

Here Levi, Martin's guide for many trips into this wilderness, was also occupied, intently watching two palls depending from bending wambecks, a coffee-pot hanging from another, and two frying-pans, whose sputtering contents gave forth an enticing odor.

Twilight was just falling, the river murmured in low melody, and a few rods above a small rill entered it, adding a more musical tinkle.

Soon Levi deftly swung one of the palls away from the flame with a hook-stick and speared a potato with a fork.

"Supper ready," he called; and then as the rest seated themselves at the table, he advanced, carrying the pail of steaming hot potatoes on the hooked stick and the frying-pan in his other hand.

The meal had scarce begun when a crackling in the undergrowth back of the tent was heard, and on the instant there emerged a girl. Her clothing was in shreds, her face and hands were black with mud, streaks of blood showed across cheek and chin, and her eyes were fierce and sunken.

"For God's sake give me suthin' to eat," she said, looking from one to another of the astonished group. "I'm damn near starved—only a bite," she added, sinking to her knees and extending her hands. "I hain't eat nothin' but roots 'n' berries for three days."

Angie was the first to recover. "Here," she said, hastily extending her plate, "take this."

Without a word the starved creature grasped it and began eating as only a desperate, hungry animal would, while the group watched her.

"Don't hurry so," exclaimed Martin, whose wits had now returned. "Here, take this cup of coffee."

Soon the food vanished and then the girl arose. "Sit down again, my poor child," entreated Angie, who had observed the strange scene with moist eyes, "and tell us who you are and where you came from."

"My name's Chip," answered the girl, blantly, "an' I'm runnin' away from Tim's Place, 'cause dad sold me to Pete Bolduc."

"Sold—you—to—Pete—Bolduc," exclaimed Angie, looking at her wide-eyed. "What do you mean?"

"He did, sartin'," answered the girl, laconically. "I heerd 'em makin' the bargain, 'n' I fetched three hundred dollars."

Martin and his wife exchanged glances.

"Well, and then what?" continued Angie.

"Wal, then I waited a spell, till they'd turned in," explained the girl, "and then I lit out. I knowed 'twas 60 miles to the settlement, but 'twas moonlight 'n' I chanced it. I've had an awful time, though, the spites hev chased me all the way. I was jist makin' a nestle when I seed you. Light, an' I crept through the brush 'n' peeked. I seen ye wa'n't nobody from Tim's Place, 'n' then I cum out. I guess you've saved my life. I was gittin' dizzy."

It was a brief, blunt story whose directness bespoke truth; but it revealed such a pigsty state of morality at this Tim's Place that the little group of astonished listeners could scarce finish supper or cease watching this much-soiled girl.

"And so your name is Chip," queried Angie at last. "Chip what?"

"Chip McGuire," answered the waif, quickly; "only my real name ain't Chip, it's Vera; but they've allus called me Chip at Tim's Place."

"And your father sold you to this man?"

"He did, 'n' he's a damn bad man," replied Chip, readily. "He killed somebody once, an' he don't show up often. I hate him!"

"You musn't use swear words," returned Angie; "it's not nice."

The girl looked abashed. "I guess you'd cuss if you'd been sold to such a nasty-looking man as Pete," she responded. "He chaws tobaccoer 'n' lets it drizzle on his chin, 'n' he hain't but one eye."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Success.

Success is an ancient game of chance in which the chances are all against the player. The winnings are now divided into three classes: First, money; second, money, and third, money. There are also a few other things like character that count a little. The rules of the game are very strict. Cheating is not allowed—if discovered. Some have played according to rule, and even been successful, but not as we speak of success to-day.—Life.

FIVE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL.

Discharged Because Doctors Could Not Cure.

Levi P. Brockway, S. Second Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "After lying for five months in a hospital I was discharged as incurable, and given only six months to live. My heart was affected, I had smothering spells, and sometimes fell unconscious. I got so I couldn't use my arms, my eyesight was impaired and the kidney secretions were badly disordered. I was completely worn out and discouraged when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, but they went right to the cause of the trouble and did their work well. I have been feeling well ever since." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A GOLDEN BALL.

British Soldiers Played the National Game With It.

Probably no game of ball, by professional or college team, was ever watched with such inner interest but with such outward indifference as one described in Gertrude Vanderbilt's "Social History of Flatbush." It happened in revolutionary times, when the British soldiers were stationed on Long Island. The inhabitants had hidden their valuables in all possible places. One lady concealed some gold coins in a ball-shaped cushion of the kind worn by the Dutch housewife, suspended at her side.

She was sitting sewing one day when a party of British soldiers entered the room. A young officer, spying what to him was a novelty, cut with his sword the ribbon by which the cushion was hung and began a game of ball.

Soon the rest of the company joined the sport. Boisterously, from hand to hand, the ball was batted to and fro. It was roughly snatched and tossed, and sometimes it fell into the ashes of the fireplace, and barely escaped conflagration. Now and again a soldier would catch it on the tip of his sword and send it spinning on with a rent in its side.

Every moment threatened to reveal the precious contents. To show the least anxiety was to betray the secret, and the owner was forced to sit unmoved, apparently intent on her work, and to see her fortune flying through the air, at the mercy of the enemy. At last the cushion, torn and battered, but still guarding its treasure, was returned to its mistress, and the intruders, tired of their play, left the house.—Youth's Companion.

A Whistler Criticism.

The late James McNeil Whistler was standing bareheaded in a hat shop, the clerk having taken his hat to another part of the shop for comparison. A man rushed in with his hat in his hand and supposing Whistler to be a clerk angrily confronted him.

"See here," he said, "This hat doesn't fit."

Whistler eyed the stranger from head to foot and then drawled out:

"Well, neither does your coat. What's more, if you'll pardon my saying so, I'll be hanged if I care much for the color of your trousers."—"Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree" in Everybody's.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1906.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Get the original and get it right. F. J. CENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A woman would rather have big feet than not have a high instep.



25c.—ALL DRUGGISTS—50c.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3.00 & \$3.50 SHOES
BEST IN THE WORLD
SHOES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, AT ALL PRICES.
\$25,000 Reward for anyone who can show a pair of W. L. Douglas shoes that are not made by W. L. Douglas.
THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leathers and other materials for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making is looked after by the most complete organization of superintendents, foremen, and skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be excelled. If you take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.
CAUTION! The genuine have W. L. Douglas names stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, send direct to factory. Shoes sent everywhere by mail. Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

WHEN MILESTONES CHEER.

They Always Gladden the Heart of the Pedestrian.

In a walking trip a milestone along the way is the most companionable fellow in the world; your spirits rise as you near him as though you were about to greet a human friend, and they keep almost consistently on his high level till his brother a mile distant advances to meet you.

And when you overlook one of its friendly company because of an encroaching bank or screening boughs, says the Travel Magazine, his neighbor further on comes to you doubly welcome. At the latter end of this passage in the journey your spirits flag a trifle as though oppressed by a sense of desertion. You may even scowl at the overhanging bank which is more than a party to this concealment.

Those worthy persons who attend to the roads should see to it that every milestone within their province stands out frankly from its leafy background. Observance of this, however, would rob the wayfarer of that leap of the heart which is his when the stone tells the story of two miles done rather than one. For however much the landscape and the minute world at his feet may claim the footfarer's admiration he is still keenly alive to the virtue of decent distances covered in his day's journey.

IN LIFE'S BRIEF SPAN.

Experiences, Joys and Sorrows of the Human Existence.

The loves and friendships of individuals partake of the frail character of human life, and are brief and uncertain. The experience of a human life may be shortly summed up: A little loving and a good deal of sorrowing; some bright hopes and many bitter disappointments; some gorgeous Thursdays when the skies are bright and the heavens blue, when Providence, bending over us in blessings, glads the heart almost to madness; many dismal Fridays, when the smoke of torment beclouds the mind and undying sorrows gnaw upon the heart; some high ambitions and many Waterloo defeats, until the heart becomes like a charnel house filled with dead affections, embalmed in holy but sorrowful memories; and then the chord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the individual life—a cloud, a vapor, passes away.—Matthew Hale Carpenter.

Cromwell's Boots.

In London the other day a pair of riding boots worn by Oliver Cromwell were sold for \$43. They were discovered 30 years ago during some excavations at Canonbury Tower, Islington.

Maud—She is a woman who has suffered a good deal for her belief. Ethel—Dear me! What is her belief? Maud—She believes that she can wear a No. 3 shoe on No. 6 feet.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

\$30 AN HOUR MERRY GO ROUNDS

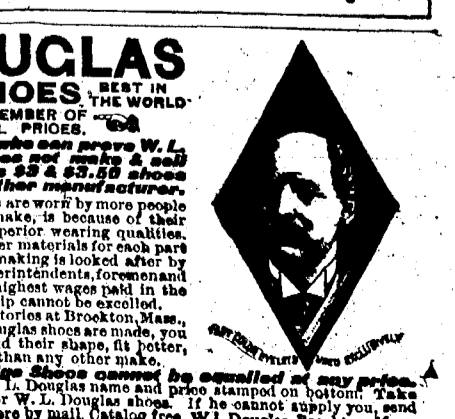
Has Been Taken in With Our

We also manufacture Razors, Drazles, Strikers, etc. HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO., General Amusement Outfitters, Dept. M. NORTH TONAWANDA, N. Y.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 43, 1907.

ST. JACOBS OIL CONQUERS PAIN

FOR STIFFNESS, SORENESS, SPRAIN OR BRUISE, NOTHING IS BETTER THAT YOU CAN USE! LUMBAGO'S PAIN, RHEUMATIC TWINGE, YOUR BACK FEELS LIKE A RUSTY HINGE; SCIATIC ACHE! ALL PLEASURES SPOIL; FOR HAPPINESS USE ST. JACOBS OIL.



WHAT IS PE-RU-NA?

Is it a Catarrh Remedy, or a Tonic, or is it Both?

Some people call Peruna a great tonic. Others refer to Peruna as a great catarrh remedy.

Which of these people are right? Is it more proper to call Peruna a catarrh remedy than to call it a tonic?

Our reply is, that Peruna is both a tonic and a catarrh remedy. Indeed, there can be no effectual catarrh remedy that is not also a tonic.

In order to thoroughly relieve any case of catarrh, a remedy must not only have a specific action on the mucous membranes affected by the catarrh, but it must have a general tonic action on the nervous system.

Catarrh, even in persons who are otherwise strong, is a weakened condition of the mucous membrane. There must be something to strengthen the circulation, to give tone to the arteries, and to raise the vital forces.

Perhaps no vegetable remedy in the world has attracted so much attention from medical writers as **HYDRASTIS CANADENSIS**. The wonderful efficacy of this herb has been recognized many years, and is growing in its hold upon the medical profession. When joined with **CUBEBS** and **COPAIBA** a trio of medical agents is formed in Peruna which constitutes a specific remedy for catarrh that in the present state of medical progress cannot be improved upon. This action, reinforced by such renowned tonics as **COLLINSIA CANADENSIS**, **CORYDALIS FORMOSA** and **CEDRON SEED**, ought to make this compound an ideal remedy for catarrh in all its stages and locations in the body.

From a theoretical standpoint, therefore, Peruna is beyond criticism. The use of Peruna, confirms this opinion. Numberless testimonials from every quarter of the earth furnish ample evidence that this judgment is not over enthusiastic. When practical experience confirms a well-grounded theory the result is a truth that cannot be shaken.

The Sinful Human Heart.

A clergyman was addressing a youthful class in Sunday school. To illustrate the idea of regulating the sinful human heart he took out his watch and held it up that all might see it.

"See this watch," he said. "Just imagine that it does not keep good time—that it goes all ways but the right way. What ought I to do with it?"

Instantly a little boy held up his hand.

"I know!" he shouted. "Sell it to a friend."

Ugly Appendages.

"Hasn't Woldy got his coat-of-arms yet? Why, he told me he was going to look up his ancestry the first chance he got and—"

"Well, I believe he got a chance to look up his family tree, but he saw some things hanging to the branches that discouraged further research."—Catholic Standard and Times.

SKIRTS FOR WINTER.

New Garments are Made in Three or Four Ways.

Skirts are made in one of three or four different ways. But just for the moment, the favorite is the platted straight skirt. But it all depends upon the material after all—and the fancy platted skirt with the plaits set in below the hips is a model that is much worn.

Where materials will permit the ruffled skirt is popular, and the skirt, consisting of two deep ruffles, each one-half the depth of the skirt, is selected as the model in soft silks and poplins.

The seven gored empire-skirt is one of the best models. This is a plain walking skirt. It is fitted around the hips, but spreads widely below. It is made without ornamentation of any kind, but is finished with two or three plain bands around the foot. These bands are of velvet, sewed upon the upper edge only, so as to set out well and make a pretty finish for the skirt.

The five gored skirt is also one of the popular designs, but it needs to be trimmed, and the wide, handsome border of heavy lace around the bottom is a favorite way of trimming this style of skirt. Still another popular method is that of applying a ruffle about a foot wide, with a heading of lace, or with a piping of silk, or some flat velvet bands.

The killed skirt is much in evidence and there are skirts that are made with the plaits turning back sharply from the front. They are wide and arranged as to leave a very broad front panel, which is ornamented in some manner. This wide front panel may be trimmed with lace or with a braided design.

The use of lace upon winter skirts may seem a questionable stretch of appropriateness, yet when one sees the beautiful winter gowns that are trimmed with lace materials one is forced to change one's mind as to the use of lace on winter gowns. Many of the handsomest winter costumes are trimmed with filmy materials. Lace dyed, tan lace, brown lace and laces in black and white are all much worn. The mixed fabrics are so pretty that they need little or no decoration, and many of the dressmakers absolutely refuse to trim them in anyway, declaring that it spoils a woman's lines to break up the pattern with trimming.

Making Plumage New.

Ostrich feathers which have been in use for some time often require reshaping as well as recurling. The quill of the feather should be held in the steam of a fast-boiling kettle until it is perfectly pliable. It may then be straightened out flat on a board and pinned down until dry, or curled round a lined collar if a rounded effect is required.

One clever woman has even dyed her plumes.

They were a delicate blue until the summer sun turned them white. Desiring them blue again she simply mixed with gasoline enough blue from an oil paint tube to give the desired shade. Into this they were dipped. After that they were shaken gently and hung on the clothesline by the tip ends. When dry they were well shaken. The ends may be curled, if one prefers, by simply drawing the fronds between the finger and a dull knife.

French Belts.

Parisians are wearing very elaborate leather belts, the leather being much tooled and gilded after the fashion of old bindings, having solid gold buckles. With an ingenious eye for effect many women are wearing them back to front, the deep buckle coming in front, while the narrower one, with its holes for adjusting, goes at the back. This plan gives a pretty sloping line to the waist. The striped leather belt is very fashionable for the moment. The belts are of white suede and the stripes, about half an inch wide, run across. These have nothing at the back, and are fastened in front with a wide square or Byzantine buckle of bronze or gold.

Ribbon Trimmings.

For trimming children's afternoon dresses ribbons will be used a great deal. A last year's dress can be made to look like new if ribbon is skillfully used. Velvet, satin, gros-grain, and taffeta ribbons are the ones used. The trimming can be put on in almost any way one wishes.

Another trimming is plaid material. A dress of plain cloth is trimmed with bands of plaid or check material of some contrasting shade. Braids are, particularly fashionable for trimming both adults and children's dresses, and they are seen in many beautiful varieties.

Hat Trimming Hint.

The merely flower adorned hat is becoming hackneyed, but the idea is still being carried out by the milliners, as it has met with so much favor. The simple field blossoms and rasses look quite exquisite in connection with new felt hats, of rich outer color. White hats are still seen with the trimming of pure white oyster feathers. Velvet ribbon is making its appearance as a hat trimming, and it is very successful when tinged with illusion net. Brims are lined with colored or black silk, or so a little bias covers the edge.

Overcasting of Sleeves.

To overcast the sleeve seams and fasten them at the same time was the invention of one woman who was pressed for time. By overcasting the sleeves the basting was avoided and there were no basting threads to pull out. Sleeves put in this manner are easier to stitch on the machine.

MIX THIS YOURSELF

RECIPE FOR SIMPLE HOME-MADE KIDNEY CURE.

Inexpensive Mixture of Harmless Vegetable Ingredients Said to Overcome Kidney and Bladder Trouble Promptly.

Here is a simple home-made mixture as given by an eminent authority on Kidney diseases, who makes the statement in a New York daily newspaper, that it will relieve almost any case of Kidney trouble if taken before the stage of Bright's disease. He states that such symptoms as lame back, pain in the side, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night; painful and discolored urination, are readily overcome. Here is the recipe; try it: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Take a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

A well-known physician is authority that these ingredients are all harmless and easily mixed at home by shaking well in a bottle. This mixture has a peculiar healing and soothing effect upon the entire Kidney and Urinary structure, and often overcomes the worst forms of Rheumatism in just a little while. This mixture is said to remove all blood disorders and cure the Rheumatism by forcing the Kidneys to filter and strain from the blood and system all uric acid and foul, decomposed waste matter, which cause the afflictions. Try it if you aren't well. Save the prescription.

NO STAIN ON HIS RECORD.

That's Where the Driver Had the Best of the Preacher.

A New York clergyman, who often spends his vacation in fishing the streams of the Adirondacks, was on one trip adopted by a handsome setter dog, which insisted on following him from camp to camp, as he moved along the stream.

One day he met a party of men working upstream with a native guide. The guide immediately recognized the dog as his own property.

"Trying to steal my setter, are you?" he shouted at the clergyman. "I'll have you to jail for this! There's a law in the woods just as big as you have in the city."

The clergyman endeavored to explain that he was an unwilling companion of the dog, which had refused to be driven away, but to little effect until he added a two-dollar bill to his arguments.

"It's queer what strange things happen to a man up here," he said to the stage-driver who later carried him away from the woods. "That is the first time I was ever accused of stealing a dog."

"Yes, sir," replied the driver, sympathetically, and added, after a moment's pause, "For myself, sir, I have never been accused of stealing anything."—Youth's Companion.

Saw It Come Out of a Cow.

A little city boy and his sister Dorothy were taken to the country for the first time.

The two children were happy as the day was long. In the late afternoon they watched the cows come home, heard with delight the tinkling cow-bells, and the little boy even went to the barns to see the milking done.

At supper, just as Dorothy was lifting her glass to her rosy lips, the boy cried out:

"Oh, Dotty, don't! You mustn't drink that milk. It's not fit to drink. It came out of a cow; I saw it."

Not to Be Wasted.

Don Cary had near his house a swamp, which was a breeding-place for herds of man-eating mosquitoes. Some enterprising neighbors, who learned of the crude oil treatment, went to Ben and tried to persuade him to exterminate the pests.

"Exterminate 'em?" said Ben. "Not much. Not much. Why, Miss Cary an' I just paid \$32 for screening the side piazza that she's been pestering me about for years. How we goin' to get any good of it, if we kill off the skeeters?"—Youth's Companion.

OLD SOAKERS

Get Saturated with Caffeine.

When a person has used coffee for a number of years and gradually declined in health, it is time the coffee should be left off in order to see whether or not it has been the cause of the trouble.

A lady in Huntsville, Ala., says she used coffee for about 40 years, and for the past 20 years has had severe stomach trouble. "I have been treated by many physicians but all in vain. Everything failed to give relief. Was prostrated for some time, and came near dying. When I recovered sufficiently to partake of food and drink I tried coffee again and it soured on my stomach."

"I finally concluded that coffee was the cause of my trouble and stopped using it. I tried tea in its place and then milk, but neither agreed with me; then I commenced using Postum, had it properly made and it was very pleasing to the taste."

"I have now used it four months, and my health is so greatly improved that I can eat almost anything I want, and can sleep well, whereas, before, I suffered for years with insomnia."

"I have found the cause of my troubles and a way to get rid of them. You can depend upon it, I appreciate Postum." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

DID NOT WANT TO BUY.

The Great Musician Had No Use for His Production.

A great tenor had been singing for some hours into a phonograph. "The phonograph," he said, "is a wonderful thing. It almost reflects the wish of the Scottish poet, the wish that we might see ourselves as others see us. We can now, at least, hear ourselves, a thing impossible before. The phonograph teaches us many valuable lessons. When I was in the army, before I realized the capabilities of my voice, I played the flute. A phonograph salesman brought a phonograph to my quarters and tried to sell it to me on the instalment plan. I was undecided. Finally the man took out a blank cylinder.

"See," he said, rather reluctantly, "here is a blank cylinder. You may make a record on it, then we will run it off and you shall hear yourself. It's a costly favor I am doing you, but it will show you what a fine instrument this is."

"I was delighted."

"I'll get my flute," I said. "I'll play a flute solo."

"Well, I played my best into the machine. It seemed to me that I had never combined before such feeling with such accuracy. I was more than pleased with myself. Then the man put in the cylinder, and the music began to issue forth. I frowned.

"Is that me?" I said.

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"Really me, just as I played?"

"Precisely, sir, precisely. And now," said he, "do you want to buy the phonograph?"

"No," said I; "I want to sell the flute."

SKIN SORE EIGHT YEARS.

Spent \$300 on Doctors and Remedies but Got No Relief—Cuticura Cures in a Week.

"Upon the limbs and between the toes my skin was rough and sore, and also sore under the arms, and I had to stay at home several times because of this affection. Up to a week or so ago I had tried many other remedies and several doctors, and spent about three hundred dollars, without any success, but this is to-day the seventh day that I have been using the Cuticura Remedies (costing a dollar and a half), which have cured me completely, so that I can again attend to my business. I went to work again to-night. I had been suffering for eight years and have now been cured by the Cuticura Remedies within a week. Fritz Hirschclaff, 24 Columbus Ave., New York, N. Y., March 29 and April 6, 1906."

Something New in Tablecloths.

She had come into the store to buy tablecloths and she stated in the beginning that she wanted something "new."

The salesman was patient and showed her everything in stock, but nothing suited.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, fustily, "haven't you anything different?"

The clerk brought out one of the discarded tablecloths that he had put back on the shelf, and said with an air of interest:

"Here is one of the very newest designs, madam. You see, the center is in the middle and the border runs right around the edge."

"Why, yes! Let me have that one," she said eagerly.

Hospital Story-Telling.

It is curious that philanthropists in search of a novel means of doing good do not engage reciters and story-tellers to visit hospitals and amuse the patients. A rich man in New York engaged Marshall P. Wilder, the diminutive entertainer, who has given pleasure in nearly every city, to visit regularly certain hospitals in New York. Mr. Wilder was welcomed enthusiastically by the convalescent patients, and his merry stories did them good.

Classifying Her.

"Acum—I understood you to call Mrs. Rownder a widow, but her husband is living."

"Wise—Oh, yes, she's what you might call a 'club widow'—she's a woman who has a late husband."—Houston Post.



MISS ADELAIDE NICHOLS.

that period of its terrors. Women who are troubled with painful or irregular functions should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health and strength by taking

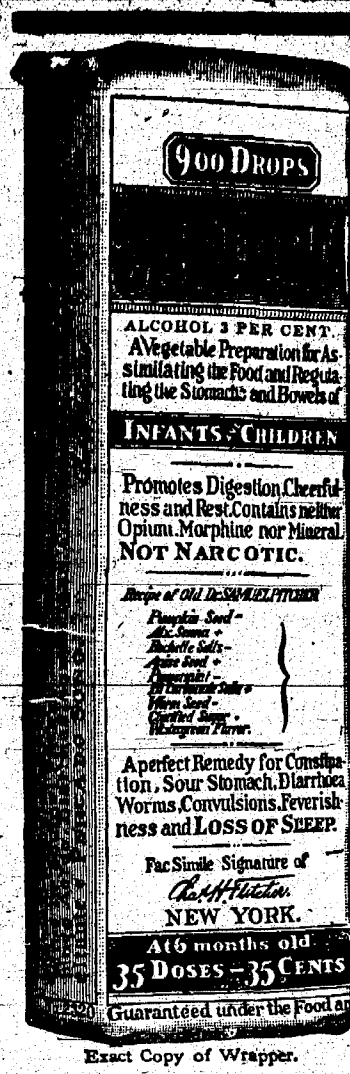
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Miss Adelaide Nichols of 324 West 22nd Street, New York City, writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—"If women who suffer would only rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound their troubles would be quickly alleviated. I feel greatly indebted for the relief and health which has been brought to me by your inestimable remedy."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures Female Complaints such as Falling and Displacements, and Organic Diseases, Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, and invigorates the whole feminine system. For the derangements of the Kidneys of either sex **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** is excellent.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of

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In Use

For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

One trial will convince you that

Sloan's Liniment

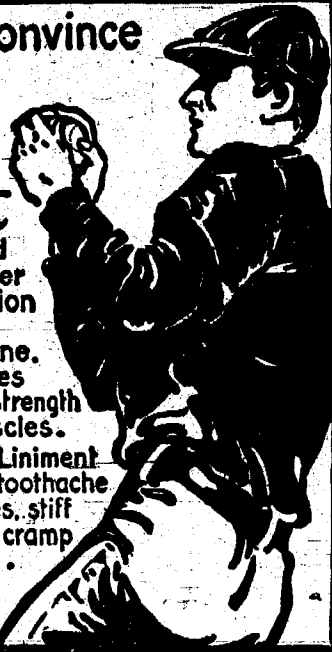
will relieve soreness and stiffness quicker and easier than any other preparation sold for that purpose.

It penetrates to the bone, quickens the blood, drives away fatigue and gives strength and elasticity to the muscles.

Thousands use Sloan's Liniment for rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, sprains, contracted muscles, stiff joints, cuts, bruises, burns, scamp or colic and insect stings.

PRICE 25¢, 50¢ & \$1.00

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.



Revillon Freres, Inc.

invite trappers, collectors and shippers to send all their raw furs to Revillon. Because we are the largest manufacturers in the world we can afford to pay highest prices for all your raw skins.

Pay Highest Prices for Raw Furs

Write to us for our forecast for the coming season. It will make money for you. Don't delay, but write to-day. Address

REVILLON FRERES, Inc. 19 West 34th Street New York City

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New and Liberal Homestead Regulations in

WESTERN CANADA

New Districts Now Opened for Settlement

Some of the choicest lands in the grain growing belts of Saskatchewan and Alberta have recently been opened for settlement under the Revised Homestead Regulations of Canada. Thousands of homesteads of 160 acres each are now available. The new regulations make it possible for entry to be made by proxy, the opportunity that many in the United States have been waiting for. Any member of a family may make

entry now by making application to the nearest land office or by mail to the Agent or Sub-Agent of the District by proxy (on certain conditions) by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-West Provinces, excepting 1 and 36, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person the sole head of a family, or male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

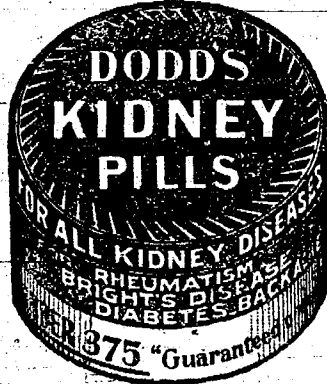
The fee in each case will be \$10.00. Cluttered sections and markets convenient. Healthy climate, fertile crops and good laws. Grain-growing and cattle raising principal industries.

For further particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to M. V. McINNIS, 8 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Pain Paint

Return this with 10 cents a stamp and you will receive a bottle of Pain Paint. It is a great relief for Toothache, Neuralgia, in one minute; cools faster than ice; burns without blistering. A spoonful taken three times a day kills dyspepsia. Sold 25 years by apothecaries. W. L. WOLCOTT, Wolcott Building, New York.

DEFIANCE STARCH for starching finest linens



FREE To convince any woman that Paxtine Antiseptic will improve her health and do all we claim for it. We will send her absolutely free a large trial box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.

PAXTINE

cleanses and kills germs, cures all infections, such as nasal catarrh, pelvic and inflammation caused by feminine illness; sore eyes, sore throat and mouth; by direct local treatment. Its curative power over these troubles is extraordinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. 50 cents at drug stores or by mail. Remember, however, to insist on NOTHING TO TRY IT. THE S. FALTON CO., Boston, Mass.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED

Eczeema is the most stubborn form of skin disease, but we guarantee a permanent cure. Wonderful Dream Salve used according to directions kills the disease germ, softens the dry, scabby condition, restoring the diseased surface to a healthy condition. W. D. S. Pills keep the bowels active and doing their work of cleansing the system and purifying the blood.

If anyone should desire to know of the healing power of Wonderful Dream Salve for the cure of eczeema, just refer them to me. I have been troubled with eczeema for fourteen years. Have had a spot on my leg between the knee and ankle. All that time, during those fourteen years, I have tried hundreds of salves, lotions, washes, mineral baths, X-ray treatments, everything in fact, except the faith cure. It remained for the Wonderful Dream Salve to accomplish the only permanent cure. I had just expended \$30.00 with a skin specialist in trying to effect a cure, without success, when I was told to try your ointment. I laughed at the idea, because every other ointment had failed. A little persuasion from my friend, however, succeeded in my giving it a trial. I have followed directions faithfully, and in less than four weeks the spot had entirely disappeared, using as I did less than one-half of the 35c box. I certainly consider this a remarkable cure, inasmuch as I have spent hundreds of dollars in the last few years of annoyance with this troublesome itching, scabby ailment. I have since the cure of my case, heard of other cures, some of them as remarkable as mine, which go toward demonstrating the value of Wonderful Dream Salve as a great skin healer.

Yours truly,
W. D. S. KEALEY,
13rd floor Stevens Bldg., 107 N. W. W. Ave.,
Guaranteed to cure Eczeema or money refunded. 10c, 25c and \$1.00.
Write for sample and Free book containing 30c Aczema and their meaning.
THE WONDERFUL DREAM SALVE CO.,
DARTMOUTH, MICH.

Wonderful Dream Salve

W. A. Loveday
Notary Public
With Seal.

ALSO
Real Estate Insurance Agency.

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

A. E. Carlisle
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Wood Delivered. Household Goods Carefully Handled.
Fishing Parties a Specialty.
Phone 174 East Jordan, Mich.

J. A. Macgregor
M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.

Office and Residence next door to Opera House, formerly occupied by Dr. Foster.
Phone No. 31. East Jordan.

H. B. Lehner,
Dentist.

OFFICES OVER SHERMANS' MARKET,
EAST JORDAN, - MICH.

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Practical Horseshoeing and General Blacksmithing

All kinds of wood repair work done promptly.

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A nationally illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York
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The Companion as Christmas Gift.

Nobody is too young, nobody too old, to enjoy reading The Youth's Companion. For that reason it makes one of the most appropriate Christmas gifts—one of the few whose actual worth far outweighs the cost. Welcome as the paper may be to the casual reader on the train, at the office, in the public library, it is, after all, the paper of the home. The regularity and frequency of its visits, the cordial sincerity of its tone, make for it soon the place of a familiar friend to the house. Like a good friend, too, it stands always for those traits and qualities which are typified in the ideal home, and are the sources of a nation's health and true prosperity. Is there another Christmas present costing so little that equals it?

On receipt of the yearly subscription price, the publishers will send to the new subscriber all the remaining issues of The Companion for 1907 and the Four-Leaf Haunting Calendar for 1908 in full color.

Full illustrated Announcement of the new volume for 1908 will be sent with sample copies of the paper to any address free.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
141 Berkeley-st., Boston, Mass.

List of Advertisers Letters.
Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending Nov. 4th, 1907:

- Casky, Mr. Fred
- Francis, Mr. Charles M.
- Lawrence, J. W.
- Wallace, Mr. Geo.
- Adams, Mr. Charles (card)
- Falkenburg, Mrs. (card)
- Omert, Mr. Wm.

Old papers sold at this office.
Fine Barrel Salt at J. J. Votruba Co's.
New line of Bars at B. C. Hubbard & Co's.

CIDER APPLES WANTED at Super-naw's Warehouse.
Stainfloor makes furniture and floors look better than new.

Hand-made farm and driving Harness at STROEBEL BROS.
The American eagle will do well to keep an eye on the Teddy bear, which is fast becoming the national emblem.

There is nothing whatever in business or financial conditions in this country to cause uneasiness to any man engaged in an honest business.

O, well, let the price of cranberries soar. If the average citizen can only manage to get the turkey, he will cheerfully do without the sauce this year.

Our new line of Kitchen Cabinets will be here this week. They are very attractive and entirely different from what we have been carrying. Solid Oak. Empey Bros. would be glad to show you their immense stock of all kinds.

Constipation, indigestion, drive away appetite and make you weak and make you sick. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea restores the appetite, drives away disease, builds up the system. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. J. B. Gannett & Co.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by All Dealers.

Gov. Hughes reminds us of the boy who assures his mother that he doesn't care for jam (presidency), but keeps his eye on the shelf where it is located!

WANTED: Local representative for East Jordan and vicinity to look after renewals and increase subscription list of a prominent monthly magazine, on a salary and commission basis. Experience desirable, but not necessary. Good opportunity for right person. Address Publisher, Box 59, Station O, New York.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some Little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventives. Druggists everywhere are now dispensing Preventives, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventives contain no Quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh for sickening. Taken at the "snurge stage" Preventives will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, LaGrippe, etc. Hence the name Preventives. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventives 25 cents. Trial-Boxes 5c. Sold by All Dealers.

An Ideal Laxative.
Physics and Cathartics which purge, unload the bowels, and give temporary relief to irritate, and swollen bowels, are not ideal. The best laxative for children is **Choccolato coated tablets**, easy to take, never gripes or nauseates. 10c, 25c and \$1.00 at all drug stores.

Cured to Stay Cured.

How a Petoskey Citizen Found Complete Freedom from Kidney Troubles.

If you suffer from backache—From urinary disorders—From any disease of the kidneys, He cured to stay cured.

Doan's Kidney Pills make lasting cure. Here's one case of it:
L. E. Montgomery, dressmakers, of 423 Howard-st., Petoskey, Mich., says: "Some five years ago I gave a statement telling what Doan's Kidney Pills did for me and I am glad to again recommend them to all suffering from backache and disordered kidneys. I was bothered for months with a dull aching in the small of my back over the kidneys. I could not stoop over or lift anything without suffering. I was told of the merits of Doan's Kidney Pills and procured them at the Central Drug Store. After using them for a short time I was cured of the whole trouble, and there has been no return of it during the years that have since passed. I am pleased to recommend your reliable remedy to others."

For Sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, Sole Agents for the United States.
Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

The Best Laxative for Children.
Parents should see to it that their children have natural, easy movement of the bowels each day. Doan's Kidney Pills are the best for this purpose. They are too powerful in effect, and liberally for little children to take, leaving the bowels relaxed and less able to contract than before. Doan's Kidney Pills are also a strength-giving tonic, and stimulate all the little organs of the body. Choccolato coated tablets, easy to take, never gripes or nauseates. 10c, 25c and \$1.00.

CHANCERY ORDER—State of Michigan, Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix, in Chancery. Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix at the City of Charlevoix, on the 22nd day of September, A. D. 1907. Plaintiff, Maudie Hutton, vs. Maude Hutton, defendant.

Present, the Honorable Frederick W. Mayne, Circuit Judge.
In this cause it appears that the defendant, Maude Hutton, is a resident of Shannou, Pa., and a resident of the State of Michigan, and that the plaintiff, Maudie Hutton, is a resident of the County of Charlevoix, Michigan. It is ordered that the defendant do appear in this cause on or before the 14th day of October, A. D. 1907, and that she do file with the clerk of the court a copy of this order, and that she do file with the clerk of the court a copy of this order, and that she do file with the clerk of the court a copy of this order, and that she do file with the clerk of the court a copy of this order.

PROBATE ORDER—State of Michigan, Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix. The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix, Michigan, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix, in said County, on the 4th day of November, A. D. 1907. Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of George Jenson, deceased.
Placed in said court her final account as such executrix of said estate, and her petition praying for the allowance thereof.
It is ordered that the 2nd day of December, A. D. 1907, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account. It is further ordered, that any objection thereto 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.

A true copy. JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate.

Frank Phillips
Tonsorial Artist.
When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.
Third door north of Postoffice.

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

East Jordan & Southern R. R.
TIME TABLE.
(In effect Sept. 29, 1907)

LEAVE EAST JORDAN at 8:25 a. m.	and 1:45 p. m.; Arriving at Bellaire at 9:25 a. m., and 2:45 p. m.
LEAVE BELLAIRE at 10:15 a. m., and 4:15 p. m.; Arriving at East Jordan at 11:15 a. m., and 5:15 p. m.	

All trains daily except Sunday. Trains run by central standard time.

W. F. PORTER, E. J. CROSSMAN, Gen. Manager. Traffic Mgr.

Detroit & Charlevoix Railroad.
Time Schedule in effect Sunday, Sept. 1st, 1907.

Going East	Stations	Going West
A. M.	Leave	Arrive
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	Greens' River	4:20
10:50	Alba	3:58
11:40	Deward	3:00
12:25	Frederic	2:05

CLARK HARRIS, General Manager.

Blind Man Who Tells the Time.
Charles Bohannon of Taylorville is totally blind. Light and darkness are the same to him, but he makes his certain way about the streets with the aid of a cane, and sometimes puts to shame men possessed of two good eyes. The other day Charles visited the county jail. After talking awhile he pulled out his watch, an ordinary gold timepiece with a double case, held it in his hands a moment in the usual way and then snapped it shut, with a sigh of relief.
"Well, it's time for me to start home," he remarked.
"What time is it, Charlie?" he was asked quizzically.
"One minute to 3," was the prompt response.
Every watch in the crowd except Charlie's came into view. It required longer for the men with good eyes to verify Charlie's observation than it did for him to ascertain the time, but he was declared correct almost to the second.
"Goodby!" And he was off without waiting to hear the discussion his feat had precipitated. — Louisville Courier Journal.

Snowdrop.
When, full of warm and eager love,
I clasp you in my fond embrace,
You gently push me back and say,
"Take care, my dear; you'll spoil my face."
You kiss me just as you would kiss
Some woman friend you chanced to see.
You call me "dearest"; all love's forms
Are yours; not its reality.
Oh, Annie, cry and storm and ravel
Do anything with passion in it!
I hate me an hour and then turn round
And love me truly just one minute!
—William Wetmore Story.

The Campfire.
Darkness is on. The night is black.
Through the silent timber sounds the
howling of the pack.
On the sky above a deep, dense cloud
Hovers o'er earth like a somber shroud,
And the fire cracks loud.
Darkness is on. The stark, grim pines
Stand tall and black in irregular lines.
E'en though darkness be on and the pines
are drear
And there are few, yet freedom is here
With the campfire near.
Darkness is on. The fir trees sigh.
The horned owl moans, and the gray
wolves cry.
And, though even so, we haven't a care,
For the city is far. So sit and stare
At the campfire there. — W. C. Ludlow.

Rouen—In the Prison of Jean of Arc.
She laid her head upon the straw.
She who had crowned a king of France,
And angel shapes whom no man saw—
For her deliverance
Knelt at her feet—less pure, less sweet—
A blessing in each glance.
She laid her head upon the straw.
She who gave France her liberty,
And angel shapes, whom no man saw—
Ah, me, how could men see?
Watched till the day, then bore away
Something the flames set free. — Florence Earle Coates.

POTATO CRATES AND LADDERS FOR SALE. The East Jordan Planting Mills Co. have a quantity of Potato Crates and also a number of 12-ft. Ladders for sale while they last. If you're in the market for either, better get them while they last. The price is right. — B. E. WATERMAN, Mgr.

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, bad as it could be at times. I had difficulty in getting my breath, my heart beat so fast at 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' remedies to all who suffer from heart disease."
— MRS. MARY C. HANLON, 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 the money.
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

PATENTS
Promptly obtained or no fee. Write for our CONFIDENTIAL LETTER before applying for patent. It is worth money. We obtain PATENTS THAT PAY, and help inventors to succeed.
Send model, photo or sketch, and we send IMMEDIATE FREE REPORT ON PATENTABILITY. 20 Years' practice. Registered Patent Attorneys. Write or come to us at 805-507, 7th St., WASHINGTON, D. C.

D. SWIFT & CO.
A. E. KNIGHT PROPRIETOR.

A Square-Deal

Is assured you when you buy one of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines—for all the ingredients entering into them are printed on the bottle-wrappers and attested under oath as being complete and correct. They are gathered from Nature's laboratory, being selected from the most valuable native, medicinal roots found growing in our American forests. While potent to cure they are perfectly harmless even to the most delicate women and children.

Not a drop of alcohol enters into Dr. Pierce's leading medicines. A much better agent is used both for extracting and preserving the medicinal principles, viz.—pure triple-refined glycerine of proper strength. This agent possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a most valuable anti-septic and anti-ferment, nutritive and soothing demulcent.

Glycerine plays an important part in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia and weak stomach, attended by sour risings, "heartburn," foul breath, coated tongue, poor appetite, gnawing feeling in stomach, biliousness and kindred derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.
For all diseases of the mucous membranes, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a specific. Catarrh, whether of the nasal passages or of the stomach, bowels or pelvic organs is cured by it. In Chronic Catarrh of the Nasal passages, it is well, while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" for the necessary constitutional treatment, to cleanse the passages freely two or three times a day with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. This thorough course of treatment generally cures even in the worst cases.

Coughs and hoarseness caused by bronchial, throat and lung affections, except consumption in its advanced stages, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most efficient remedy, especially in those obstinate, hang-on-coughs caused by irritation and congestion of the bronchial mucous membranes. The

"Discovery" is not so good for acute coughs arising from sudden colds, nor must it be expected to cure consumption in its advanced stages—no medicine will do that—but for all the obstinate hang-on, or chronic coughs, which, if neglected, or badly treated, lead up to consumption, it is the best medicine that can be taken.

It's an insult to your intelligence for a dealer to endeavor to palm off upon you some nostrum of unknown composition in place of Dr. Pierce's world-famed medicines which are OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. Most dealers recommend Doctor Pierce's medicines because they know what they are made of and that the ingredients employed are among the most valuable that a medicine for like purposes can be made of. The same is true of leading physicians who do not hesitate to recommend them, since they know exactly what they contain and that their ingredients are the very best known to medical science for the cure of the several diseases for which these medicines are recommended.

With tricky dealers it is difficult to get the real thing. Something else that pays them a little greater profit will be urged upon you as "just as good," or even better. You can hardly afford to accept a substitute of unknown composition and without any particular record of cures in place of Doctor Pierce's medicines which are OF KNOWN COMPOSITION and have a record of forty years of cures behind them. You know what you want and it is the dealer's business to supply that want. *Insist upon it.*

Go to "The Best" Short Hand Michigan's Greatest Business School

Get Ready, YOUNG MEN and WOMEN, for Important, Responsible Positions.

\$135,000.00 represents the earnings of our students who accepted positions as book-keepers and stenographers last year, and we had to let many positions go unfilled for lack of qualified help. We place more students in paying positions each year than any other two business schools combined in Western Michigan. This great school stands in a class by itself for educating and placing young people in choice positions. Catalog Free. Railway Fare Allowed.

McLachlan Business University,
19-27 South Division Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

AUCTION SALE
I Will Sell at Public Auction at My Place—Six Miles North and One Mile West of East Jordan, and Seven Miles West of Boyne City—on
Thursday, Nov. 14th
Commencing at One O'clock P. M., the Following Described Property, To-wit:

Good Milch Cow	Household Goods consisting of the following:
2 Hogs	Good Cook Stove
Deering Mower and Rake, —nearly new	Cupboard
	4 kitchen Chairs
Five-tooth Cultivator	High Chair
About 15 tons Hay	Bed Springs and Mattress
	Sofa, and other articles, too numerous to mention.

TERMS:—\$5.00 and under, Cash. Over that amount, six months' time on good approved notes bearing seven per cent. interest.

E. B. WARD, Auctioneer
PHIL LANWAY, CLERK.
A. E. KNIGHT
PROPRIETOR.