

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. II

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1907.

No. 49

Christmas Bears.

—“Coming”

By Minna Irving.

When Santa Claus on Christmas Eve
Comes speeding o'er the roofs,
You will not hear the snow crust
break.

Beneath his reindeer's hoofs,
Nor yet the Jing-a-ling-a-ling—
That into music swells,
When Donner shakes his silver reins,
Or Blitzen rings his bells.

But from the Land of Sugar Plums
In silence all the way,
St. Nick will guide across the snow
His treasure laden sleigh,
And all along the frozen road
And down the icy street
Will come the soft and padded sound
Of clumsy little feet.

For though the saint is growing old
Newfads delight his soul,
And he has left his antlered steeds
Behind him at the Pole,
Where o'er the fields of floating ice
The norther's trumpet blows,
And harnessed to his sleigh instead
A team of Teddy bears.

Not Seriously Hurt.

Lumber Industry Is Experiencing Results of Temporary Depression.

The Bay City Tribune has the following to say of the lumber situation: The lumber industry is experiencing its share of the effects of the temporary depression. In white pine dealers say there is no weakening as regards prices. There is no overproduction and stumpage has cost so much that there isn't any desire on the part of owners to sacrifice their property. Except in some isolated instance where lumber holders are forced to realize has there been any disposition to drop prices.

In Bay City the largest manufacturing point in the state, no weakness is felt and no embarrassments have occurred. There is less demand however, and one of the largest operators said that business has dropped off about a quarter compared with the usual conditions before the slump. He expressed the opinion that buying for the wholesale trade as likely to be on a more conservative scale. The mills and factories have had a steady run and have orders for delivery but it would not be strange if there should be a reduction in men and in size of crews. At least this is the experience in other localities. At Menominee large farms are reducing men, the output and wages. Men are more plentiful and the families in labor the last two years will be materially lightened.

The mills and factories in Bay City have experienced a good year up to this time, and while some men required during the most busy season have been let out the greater number of men will have steady employment during the winter.

Maccabees Elect Officers

North Star Tent No. 130 K. O. T. M. M. elected officers for ensuing year at their regular meeting last Monday evening:

Commander, M. A. Lemieux
Past Commander, W. P. Sulters
Record Keeper, Wm. F. Bashaw
Finance Keeper, G. A. Lisk
Chaplain, John A. Lighy
Physician, J. A. Macgregor
Sergeant, Anthony Kenny
Master at Arms, Chas. Kirschner
First M. of G., Mr. Gregory
Second M. of G., Mr. Evans
Sentinel, Mr. Bancroft
Picket, Mr. Shier

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And is so thoroughly harmless and safe that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation, even to very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub, furnish the curative properties to 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 heal aching lungs. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Always demand Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Gidley's Pharmacy.

County Normal Notes.

The class went over to the Lincoln school for an observation lesson, last Monday.

The class invited the children from the training room over to a Thanksgiving party, last Wednesday afternoon. Some of the children spoke little pieces they had learned this year. One little girl told the story of the Pilgrims. Apples, popcorn and home made candy was served and the children all seemed to have a good time.

Miss Maggie Zeitler, class '06, sent Thanksgiving greetings to the class. Miss Bessie Hanshaw who is teaching the Maple Grove school, and Miss Anna Ingalls, who is teaching near East Jordan, called on Miss Himes, Saturday. Miss Ingalls has twenty eight pupils of which two are in the ninth grade.

Alma Francis had charge of Miss Lewis' room until the boat came Monday morning. Miss Francis taught the Arithmetic and Geography classes.

The West Side Schools.

The ninth grade having completed work in Arithmetic will take up Physical Geography next Monday.

An extemporaneous class is to be organized after Christmas vacation.

Eighth Graders can be heard citing passages from the "Merchant of Venice," morning, night and noon.

The following have been neither absent nor tardy during the month of November: Victor Cross, Thurlow King, Francis Bashaw, Etta Allen, Nina Odell, Greta Lacroys, Bruce Cross, Vera Whiteford, Archie Murphy, George Brown, Hilda Carlisle, Mona St. Johns, Lionel Goodman, Clare Wing.

Entered school during the past two weeks: Cecil Burtch, Roy Hurlbert, William Hurlbert and Homer Griffith.

The following have neither been absent nor tardy during the month of November: Adaline Beebe, Lucille Atkins, Miles O'Dell, Louise Monroe, Basil Cummings, Hughie Whiteford, Ingwaid Oleson, Harold Murner, Violet Howe, Lennard Beebe, Jennie O'dell, Mildred King, Tilton Taylor, Maude Beebe, Marie Wing, Gladys Murner.

The job of court jester certainly ought to go to the Michigan professor who declared that the president ought to be king. No kings for us.

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

POTATO CRATES AND LADDERS FOR SALE: The East Jordan Planting Mills Co. have a quantity of Potato Crates and also a number of 18-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.

The Badge of Honesty

Is on every wrapper of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery because a full list of the ingredients composing it is printed there in plain English. Forty years of experience has proven its superior worth as a blood purifier and invigorating tonic for the cure of stomach disorders and all liver ills. It builds up the run-down system as no other tonic can in which alcohol is used. The active medicinal principles of native roots such as Golden Seal and Queen's root, Stone and Mandrake root, Bloodroot and Black Cherry bark are extracted and preserved by the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet which quotes extracts from well-recognized medical authorities such as Drs. Bartholow, King, Scudder, Coe, Ellingwood and a host of others, showing that these roots can be depended upon for their curative action in all weak states of the stomach, accompanied by indigestion or dyspepsia as well as in all bilious or liver complaints and in all "wasting diseases" where there is loss of flesh and gradual running down of the strength and system.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" makes rich, pure blood and so invigorates and regulates the stomach, liver and bowels and, through them, the whole system. Thus all skin affections, blotches, pimples and eruptions as well as scrofulous swellings and old open running sores or ulcers are cured and healed. In treating old running sores, or ulcers, it is well to insure their healing by applying to them Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve. If your druggist don't happen to have this Salve in stock, send fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and a large box of the "All-Healing Salve" will reach you by return post. You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine or known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

Recipe as Repeated By Reader's Request.

Some remarkable stories are being told about town and among the country people coming in of this simple home-made mixture curing Rheumatism and Kidney trouble. Here is the recipe and directions for taking: Mix by shaking well in a bottle one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon; three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Take as a dose one teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime.

No change need be made in your usual diet, but drink plenty of good water.

This mixture, writes one authority in a leading Philadelphia newspaper, has a peculiar tonic effect upon the kidneys; cleansing the clogged-up pores of the eliminative tissues, forcing the kidneys to sift and strain from the blood the uric acid and other poisonous waste matter, overcoming Rheumatism, Bladder and Urinary troubles in a short while.

A New York druggist who has had hundreds of calls for these ingredients since the first announcement in the newspapers last October stated that the people who once try it "swear by it," especially those who have Urinary and Kidney trouble and suffer with Rheumatism.

The druggists in this neighborhood say they can supply the ingredients, which are easily mixed at home. There is said to be no better blood-cleansing agent or system tonic known, and certainly none more harmless or simple to use.

A good place to trade at Hanson & Steffes.

The Holy Land Today.

Pass through the narrow streets where the lepers crowd around with horrible cries and beggars scum hardily human in their stings and deformities. Go up onto Mount Zion and look off to the blue quiet hills of Moab, then stop to listen to a little Greek funeral service, rhythmical, plaintive, sung by a long-haired priest, a little blind boy and a peasant woman. Drive to Bethlehem and to the Church of the Nativity and see the Manger where the Child lay, guarded day and night by Moslem soldiers. Why guarded? Because every shrine is considered the property of some sect—Roman, Greek, Armenian, Copt, Assyrian or another, and at the festivals of Easter and Christmas, especially, unless the Moslems keep order, blood is always shed. Think out over the land and remember that in the Turkish dominions the "only law is that of baeksheesh." Pondering these things, drive up over the Mount of Olives and look down at the Golden Gate of the city, walled up these hundreds of years, lest that King who once entered it riding on an ass, re-enter the same way.—The Travel Magazine.

When you make a cash purchase at WHITTINGTON'S ask for tickets on a Phonograph, if it is only 10 cents.

You know as well as anyone when you need something to regulate your system. If your bowels are sluggish, your food distresses you, your kidneys pain, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It always relieves. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

Girlhood and Scott's Emulsion are linked together.

The girl who takes Scott's Emulsion has plenty of rich, red blood; she is plump, active and energetic.

The reason is that at a period when a girl's digestion is weak, Scott's Emulsion provides her with powerful nourishment in easily digested form.

It is a food that builds and keeps up a girl's strength.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

E. A. LEWIS

Fresh Goods Every Week
And none but the Best Brands in All Lines.

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.

BOOSINGER BROS.

Grand Co-Partnership Adjustment Sale

Commences Monday, Dec. 9th, and Continues Until Christmas.

On Account of the Desirability of Making an Early Adjustment of Our Business, we have decided to Offer Our Entire Stock of

Clothing, Shoes, Dry Goods, Caps, Hats, Blankets, Underwear, Etc., Etc., at 25 per cent. Discount.

This is Undoubtedly the Greatest Offer Ever Made, Considering the Season of the Year—JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS. Just When You Want to Select Your Presents.

CLOTHING!

*Probably you will never again have the opportunity to buy the Celebrated Schloss Bros.' Clothing at such prices.

All our \$20.00 Suits, only \$15.00
" 16.00 " 12.00
" 12.00 " 9.00
" 10.00 " 7.50

All our Splendid Overcoats at One Fourth Off.

All our \$20.00 Overcoats, \$15.00
" 16.00 " 12.00
" 12.00 " 9.00

In Boy's Clothing:

All our \$8.00 Suits now \$6.00
" 5.00 " 3.75
" 4.00 " 3.00
" 3.00 " 2.25

All Clothing in same proportion.

All of our well-known PINGREE and QUEEN QUALITY SHOES

At 1-4 OFF. The shoe-buying public are reminded that this is probably the greatest offering in years of the very highest in grade of Shoes.

All \$4.00 Shoes only \$3.00
3.00 " 2.25
2.50 " 1.88



COATS!

We include in this Great Sale all of our Misses' and Children's Coats at 1-4 OFF.

All our \$16.00 Coats \$12.00
" 12.00 " 9.00
" 10.00 " 7.50
" 8.00 " 6.00
" 5.00 " 3.75

BARGAINS IN—
Dry Goods, 1/4 Off.

Your chance once more to buy domestics at wholesale prices and under.

Arnold Flannelettes—40 pieces of Superfine Flannelettes, good patterns; regular price 12c per yard, Sale price 7c.

Eden Cloth—25 pieces of Eden Cloth, a nice fine cloth for Pajamas, night gowns, children's night dresses, and men's shirts, a good assortment of patterns, regular price 16c per yard; At this sale, per yards, 12c.

Unbleached Cotton—1,200 yards of Unbleached Cotton, full 36 in. wide, a nice, fine evenly woven cloth; regular price 9c per yd. Sale price 6c.

Apron Lawn—500 yds. 40 in. wide, made of combed Egyptian yarns regular price 16c per yard; at this sale, only 12c per yard.
American Calicoes—5,000 yds. Calicoes and outtings, light and dark, and cream shaker flannels, worth up to 8c per yd; at this sale will go at 6c.



BOOSINGER BROS.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL" Our Motto.

On account of the extreme demand that will be made on our time, we must insist on people being fitted at the store as no goods can be returned. This Sale For Cash Only. Those who are familiar with our Sales in past seasons will have just a fair idea of this great offer. Remember the date, Monday, Dec. 9th, 1907. Come early and avoid the crowds.

Religious Prejudice a Hindrance to American Drama

By HENRY ARTHUR JONES, Noted Dramatic Author of England.



The main reason that neither America nor England has to-day an art of the drama at all worthy the dignity, the resources and the self-respect of a great nation, is due to the fact there continues to exist a Puritan horror of the theater. Many of these discouraging symptoms and conditions are perhaps more prevalent in England than in America.

I do not know how actively hostile to the drama are the religious elements in American society. I am told that while the religious prejudice against the theater is dying away in the eastern seaboard states it is still most potent and aggressive in the west.

I am told that a very large amount was designated by a wealthy American to found and endow a national American theater on a most lavish scale, but he was persuaded by a religious friend to hold his hand and shut his pocket, because of the evil that a national theater might work among you.

I consider what mischief was done to the whole American community by the frustration of that most wise, most humane, most benevolent scheme. Consider how many hundreds of thousands of your fellow citizens will in consequence waste their evenings in empty frivolity when they might have been drawn to Shakespeare or Goethe!

The demand of the masses for theaters and plays is constantly increasing, and you cannot quench that thirst. If you abstain from visiting those theaters you will not close them. Millions of your people, the vast masses, will still frequent them. There is the lesson of the English Restoration that when the best and most serious classes of the nation detest and defame their theater it instantly justifies their abuse and becomes indeed a scandal and a source of corruption.

Both in England and America we seem to be waiting for some word of command, for a general forward movement toward a creative school of drama. In spite of many discouragements and humiliations during the last ten or twelve years, despite the hatred of the religious world, the indifference and contempt of many among the educated and artistic classes, the debased frivolity of the multitude, the envy and rage of those whose ignoble trade and daily bread it is to keep the drama on a degraded level—in spite of all these hindrances I believe that word of command will be spoken, and that we shall march to it.

But if there is to be any permanence in the movement it must be a national one. We must engage the sympathies and co-operation of all classes. We have schisms and sects in religion. We should have none in the drama.

Choosing a Career

By REV. FREDERICK E. TAYLOR, D. D., Indianapolis.

Whatever a young man may choose to do, let him remember this one great thing, that the greatest mission of his life should be to add something to the world's good, rather than to seek to take something away. Don't succeed will be to get rich—at least at first. Don't let young men think they must always travel in the footsteps of those whose careers have stood out so prominently. There are thousands of lawyers who are starving themselves and their families because they think it is more desirable to be lawyers, though poor ones, than something else that sounds less dignified. There are 430,000 teachers in this country, yet there are ten applicants for every position. There is lots of room still for good teachers as well as good lawyers, good ministers and good physicians.

There are young men, on the other hand, who start out in life with the definite idea they are going to take all they can get hold of and keep it. They start out with the idea that they can order their own lives regardless of the greater forces that would mould them. Many a young man who goes to an older person ostensibly for advice goes merely to see whether the older person will corroborate his own opinion. He then goes away and does as he pleases. Go to the hospitals and look at the white faces upon the white cots and see those who have sought to order their own lives. Go to the jails and the penitentiaries to see men who have tried to do it.

Choosing a career is a serious problem. After choosing it, it is a greater problem to order it so that it contributes to the world's good rather than to the individual. "Seek not these things for yourself," says the Scripture. "He that seeketh the whole world shall lose his own soul, but he who loseth himself shall find it."

American Women Most Beautiful

By SIR PURDON CLARKE, English Artist.

Any man who says that American women give no inspiration to the artist for beauty is something I don't like to call any man. Only the other day a very distinguished man was quoted as saying that the most beautiful women in the world were to be found among the nurses in the hospitals in the city of New York. Of course, I don't want to be too specific, but there is a certain big city in Italy where the women one sees on the street are the most interesting and slatternly one can find anywhere. The American beauty is fast approaching the best type in Greek and Roman art. The climate is magnificent, she breathes freely and exercises constantly, and I consider there is more beauty in America than in Europe.

It is not a beauty that is artificial, and it does not depend upon clothes. Max O'Rell said that he never realized what real beauty was, till he saw the English girls going to their work at eight o'clock in the morning in London. The women he had seen riding in their carriages in the park, and who had been pointed out to him as the beauties of London, became insignificant by comparison. Doubtless it is so in New York, although there are not the same distinctions here that there are in London or Paris.

The American type of beauty is growing daily toward the most perfect ideal in the world.

A FACT.

A curious world it is forsooth, Where nobody wishes to hear the truth

If a woman queries, "Do I look well?" Does she always wish me the truth to tell? No!

If my chum says: "How do you like my clothes?" Does he wish the actual facts, d'ye 'pose? No!

If a singer says: "Do you like my voice?" In your sweet reply have you any choice? No!

If some mothers ask: "Isn't baby cute?" Do you think a truthful reply would suit? No!

If a girl should ask: "Do you love me, dear?" Would she like the absolute truth to hear? Not much!

In fact, would it always be well for you if the world's opinion of you you knew? Hardly!

It's a curious fact, that no one denies, We don't like the truth, but we do like lies.

That's right! —Lurana W. Sheldon, In Judge.

How He Did It. A well-known officer has a beautiful daughter. A young ensign, with no resources but his salary, fell in love with her, and asked the old gentleman for her hand. The father at once told him that he had hardly enough to keep him in white gloves and to burnish his brass buttons.

"Well, admiral, what you say is true; but when you married you were only a midshipman, with even a smaller salary than mine. How did you get along?" asked the ensign, who thought he had made a good defense.

But not so. The crafty old sea-dog thundered forth: "I lived on my father-in-law for the first ten years, but I'll be hanged if you are going to do it."

Spiking Her Guns. "John, I think it was real mean of you to—"

John laid down his paper, and turning to his wife, said, wearily: "Before you say any more, my dear, I admit that I am selfish, cruel, heartless and mercenary. I am devoted to my club, dislike my home, stay out late at night, do not consider your feelings, do not realize what a hard lot you have in life, and get all the pleasure I can myself. Now, go ahead."

But there was nothing more to say. —Life.

Signs of the Same. "Accidents are frequent on this part of the road; are they not?" asked the traveler.

"No, sir, they are not," answered the indignant conductor. "Why do you think so?"

"Because," replied the traveler, as his eyes roamed on the succession of laundry-confidences which decked the landscape, "I notice there are wash-outs all along the line." —Baltimore American.

Beating the Railways. 'Tis sweet to read astronomy And think how earth speeds on through space.

It's rather pleasant, now, you see, To get free rides to any place. —Washington Star.

Puzzled Him. There once was a bride of Antiqua Who said to her spouse what a pig you are

He said, "Oh, my queen, Is it spanners you mean Or do you refer to my figure (f-g-u-a-r-e)?"

Indian Summer. The Indian claims no special thanks. He has occasioned much distress; But as a weather man he ranks As an unqualified success. —Washington Star.

Where He Excelled. "I understand young Skeetks displays considerable artistic ability when it comes to drawing."

"Yes. And there's one thing he excels in."

"And that?"

"Drawing a cork." —Milwaukee Sentinel.

An Easy One. "What," queried the man with the conundrum habit, "is harder to keep than a diary?"

"A silk umbrella," promptly answered the party at which the query had been aimed. —Chicago Daily News.

Even Then. "My son," said Lord Chesterfield, "if a man asks you if it is not enough for you, say: 'Yes, thank you,' politely. Never forget that you are a gentleman, no matter how warm the weather may be." —Chicago Daily News.

Accounting for It. "Do you know, dear, our gas man is a poet."

"Humph! That accounts for the rapid flow of his meter." —Baltimore American.

Washington Gossip

Interesting Bits of News Picked Up Here and There at the National Capital

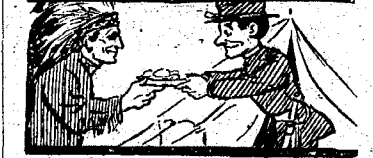
WILEY TO TEST DRINKS SOLD AT SODA FOUNTAINS

WASHINGTON.—By the authority vested in him by the government of the United States, Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief chemist of the department of agriculture, will attempt to turn twelve young men of good habits into "dope" fiends.

If he is successful the once immaculate twelve will be forced to go to a "dope" sanitarium at the expense of the government. If he fails he will acknowledge that his experiments have been futile.

For a long time Dr. Wiley has been looking with suspicion upon a number of drinks that are sold over the marble slabs of soda fountains. He has suspected and still suspects that many of them contain a large amount of what is commonly known as "dope." He has called for volunteers and 12 employees of the department have stepped forward. The experiments are to begin at once.

Each young man will devote his attention to a particular brand of "soft" drink. He will begin by drinking three glasses of his assigned beverage daily. The dose will be increased gradually. If he shows no symptoms of having acquired the drug habit, that particular brand will be regarded as harmless, and Dr. Wiley will cross it off his list of suspects. His experiment will have fallen short of success. But if the volunteer begins to take on the pallor of the drug fiend and shows an increased craving for the drink, Dr. Wiley will have been vindicated. The beverage will be tabooed throughout the country, and the young "dope fiend" will be dispatched to a sanitarium to take the cure. In the progress of the experiments Dr. Wiley will test each member of the squad many times a day with wonderful instruments having long names ending in "graph," and the end of it all for the brave dozen is either failure or the "dope college."



BUREAU AND ARMY AT OUTS OVER TREATMENT OF UTES

AND now there is another case of the Indian bureau and the army being at outs on the proper treatment of the Indians. Captain Carter P. Johnson, than whom there isn't a better officer in the service, thinks it would be unwise to try to force the Utes to go to work by the semi-starvation method. The Indian bureau thinks that the withholding of rations is the best plan to make the Utes take up the shovel and the hoe.

Without any attempt to go into the merits of the present case, it may be said that the history of the country shows that where the army has been left to deal with the Indian in time of peace better results have been attained than when the civilian tried his hand at the dealing. The dead Indian is said to be the good Indian. The hungry Indian is always a bad Indian. If Captain Johnson gets a chance to feed the Utes and to treat them as he wants to treat them, it is a pretty safe assumption that he will have them at work within a week.

The army has always been called in to take a hand in Indian troubles when the civilians had done things

that made the Indian want to fight. The army has thrashed the red out of hand time after time, and yet the Indian likes the soldier 99 per cent. better than he likes the civilian. After the Sioux war of 1890-1 army officers were appointed as agents in many instances. Captain Charles G. Penny went from Fort Sheridan to the Pine Ridge agency and other officers were sent elsewhere, when Kicking Bear, Short Bull, Spotted Elk and some of the other Sioux who had known what it was to be hungry, and also, it is true, known what it was to go on the warpath, held a jollification dance when the news reached them that army officers were to look after the issuing of their rations.

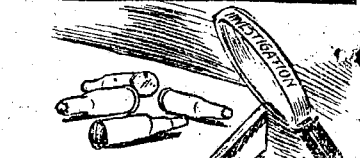
The chiefs expressed themselves as being certain that they would get a square deal from a soldier, or whatever the Sioux equivalent for a square deal is. The army officials in Washington desire that Captain Johnson be allowed to have his way with the Utes. The president stands with the Indian bureau in the matter. It is to be another case probably of long-distance regulating of a matter that might better be done by the men on the spot.

BLAME FOR BROWNSVILLE AFFAIR FINALLY PLACED

THE blame for the shooting in Brownsville, Tex., last year, which resulted in the killing of one man, the maiming of another, the dismissal from the army "without honor" of a whole battalion of colored soldiers, and the institution of one of the warmest political fights in recent history, has been definitely placed upon Company B, of the Twenty-fifth infantry, according to the annual report of Brig. Gen. William Crozier, chief of ordnance of the army.

His conclusions, he says, were reached after a most careful and technical investigation, the object of which was to identify the rifles from which the bullets and cartridge cases, received in evidence, had been fired.

"With this end in view," he continued, "a trial was made at Springfield armory to determine the possibility of ascertaining from a microscopic examination of the gun marks on a fired cartridge case the rifle from which it had been fired. The trial developed the fact that such identification was possible by virtue of the characteristic marking on the various external surfaces of the cartridge case produced by the similar complemen-



tary markings in the chamber and on the breech mechanism of the rifle.

Thereupon all the cartridge cases received in evidence and all of the rifles which had been at Brownsville in the hands of troops at such times as would render it possible for the cartridge cases to have been fired from them were sent to the Springfield armory for examination. As a result, it was found that of the 39 cartridge cases in question 11 had been fired from the same rifle, eight from another rifle, 11 from another rifle and three from a fourth rifle, the remaining six having insufficient gun marks to classify them.

"The markings on the cartridge case of each group were then compared with the markings produced by all of the above-mentioned rifles, through the medium of auxiliary cartridges fired at Springfield in each of the rifles. In this way it was found that the cartridge cases comprising groups one, two and three had been fired in rifles belonging to Company B, Twenty-fifth infantry, and that cartridge cases of group four had probably also been fired from another of the rifles in the same company."

THREE CABINET MEMBERS LIKELY TO RETIRE SOON

AN important and, in a sense, a surprising change is imminent in the cabinet of President Roosevelt. From time to time in the past few months it has been rumored that both Secretary McCall of the navy and Attorney General Bonaparte of the department of justice were likely to retire from administration life. While the rumors have been denied, it is not unlikely that one, and perhaps both, of these officials may leave the cabinet before the president completes his present term.

That, however, is for the future, and the latest information as to a change in the cabinet affects neither Mr. Mc-

Call nor Mr. Bonaparte. It relates to the retirement of no less a personage than the secretary of state, Elihu Root. Mr. Root is not a well man. His health is impaired, and he is inclined to feel that he ought not to jeopardize his remaining strength, mental and physical, by the performance of the exacting duties of secretary of state.

It is not likely the change will take place before next spring, as Secretary Root has some matters he desires to bring to the attention of congress during the approaching session, but there is strong ground for the belief that it will take place within a comparatively few months.

The Back Yard. Paris is a city noted everywhere for beauty, not merely of architecture, but of nature, and the art which good taste is able to evolve from nature. Particularly is it known for the beauty of its trees and flowers and parks. The chief gardener of the city of Paris has been spending a two months' vacation in the United States, studying American methods in developing city parks and gardens. He found much to praise, but had nothing but condemnation for the American city back yard. In New York, particularly, he found the back yards incredibly ugly and neglected—no grass, no trees, no vines, no flowers. The criticism would hold good of almost any American city, but the matter is one which young landscape architects are beginning seriously to consider. One such in Boston, says the Youth's Companion, is making a special study of the problem of converting a few square yards of brick pavement into a little secluded bower of greenery, where the family can have a restful hour or a pleasant meal, in surroundings far more attractive than the average roof-garden affords. Manufacturers interested in this young man's work have produced special pieces of garden furniture, of cement and terracotta. A New Yorker has recently told, in print, of the curiosity he felt at the wording of an advertisement of some apartments to rent. One of the attractions mentioned was the outlook on real trees and back yards which were gardens. Later conversation with the agent disclosed the fact that the modest attempt at beauty which the windows commanded was a real asset. It raised the rentable value of the property.

Cultivate the Imagination. He who can read easily and understandingly possesses the key to all human knowledge. If he reads with imagination alert, his mind will be progressive. He will become more and more self-reliant, and will become self-confident as he realizes the strength of his imaginative powers. He will each day become more valuable to himself and to his employer, because he is alert and receptive, and because imagination will permeate all his ideals, his thoughts and his activities. The man with imagination is equal to all emergencies, for when one way of accomplishing a desired result proves inefficient, he will think of another, says the New York World. The imaginative gift broadens the outlook and creates resourcefulness. To the artist, the student, and the philosopher, the development of the imaginative faculty is of the greatest value, but to the worker in the business, or mechanical world its value is little less. The man who has imaginative strength never can be downed, for when one of his schemes has failed, he always has another ready, and will persist until he achieves success.

Not long ago, the Youth's Companion, in an article on English historical pageants, made the suggestion that something of a similar kind might well form a part of anniversary celebrations in this country. Since then something of the sort has taken place. The observance of "Ohio day" by the town of Rutland, Mass., was made intensely interesting, and also historically valuable, by a pageant in which men, women and children were dressed as were the pioneers of Gen. Rufus Putnam's band; and drawn by slow-moving oxen hitched to "prairie schooners." More lately still the approval by Lord Tennyson of a pageant with scenes taken from his father's poems, as a celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth, has led to the suggestion on this side of the water that the coming Whittier centenary be marked by a pageant of scenes from the Quaker poet's verse. The simplicity and historic character of much of Whittier's poetry would make this easy.

Santos-Dumont again comes to the front in attempts to solve the problem of aerial navigation. He has a machine which he calls the hydroplane, by which he is confident he can make successful flights, and he has put up a wager to that effect. That may show the inventor's confidence. But the man who can mount in the air and fly at will, in any direction and for as long a time and distance as he may choose, will not be obliged to make bets to convince the public.

President Allen of Aurora college may demonstrate that a diet of peanuts is wholesome and nutritious, but this will not disprove the generally accepted proposition that no grade of peanuts fit to eat is ever used by confectioners in making their peanut candy.

Prunes are a cause of baldness, according to a French doctor, but strawberries cause rheumatism, according to another doctor, so there you are!



Sophie A. Nordhoff-Jung.

Is the Woman Doctor a Success?

By Sophie A. Nordhoff-Jung.

Women Doctors Who Practiced During the Middle Ages—How Endeavored to Suppress the Woman-Physician—Struggles of Pioneers in America—Over 6,000 Woman Doctors Now in—This Country—Queen of Portugal an M. D.—Woman's Difficulty in Entering Foreign Medical Schools—Her Final Triumph.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Howies.)

Dr. Sophie A. Nordhoff-Jung was born in Germany. Desiring to study medicine, she came to the United States and took a thorough course in the science in Washington, becoming a post-graduate student in Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore. Later she studied in the Pasteur Institute in Paris and was an assistant in the Bandoeque hospital. From there she went to Munich and became resident assistant physician at the Royal University Hospital for Women. Returning to Washington at the end of her studies, she soon took high rank among the physicians of that city.

The question whether a woman should be a physician finds its affirmative answer in the history of mankind. From time immemorial the care of the sick has been in the hands of women. To-day the only civilized nation which still opposes the study of medicine by women—Germany—could learn a valuable lesson by looking back into its earlier history.

In the dense forests of ancient Germania we see the priestess, the wise woman, who not only performed her sacerdotal duties but acquired a valuable knowledge of medicinal herbs, with which she healed the sick and the wounded. With many of the ancient tribes the art of healing was entirely in the hands of women, who alone understood the preparation of salves and medicaments, and who transmitted this precious art from generation to generation.

Behind the rows of the fighting warriors of the Huns and Goths followed the women to care for the wounded. Priestess, physician, nurse was the same woman. In Scandinavian literature mention is made in the Edda and Sagas of the great merits and achievements of women physicians. According to the Sturlang Saga, Ingegard, daughter of Ingvar, established the first hospital for women.

Not only in the land of the mid-north sun, but likewise in the extreme south of Europe, do we find the medical woman mentioned in older times. We hear of women physicians and surgeons in the ninth and tenth centuries in the Annals of the Franks.

Kremer, in his "Kulturgeschichte des Orients," tells us of women studying medicine at the University of Cordova during the Arabian reign. In the twelfth century women distinguished themselves at the University of Salerno, not only as students but as professors. Dr. Anna Manzolin held the chair of anatomy at that most famous of Italian universities—Bologna. Anatomical wax models made by her own hands are even to-day on exhibition in the museum of that university.

When in 1847 Elizabeth Blackwell, of New York, commenced to study medicine she was generally looked upon as a freak. The difficulties she encountered would fill volumes. Not satisfied with the honor of pioneer in her native country this intrepid young woman went to England and succeeded, after patient struggle, in opening the doors of British schools and hospitals to women in 1850.

Another American woman was the first to enter the University of Paris, Dr. Mary Putnam March in 1868.

Again it was an American woman, Dr. Klumpke-Debraire, who held the first hospital position in Paris. This country was the first to have a hospital for women and children, founded and managed by women. The New York Infirmary is now half a century old. For the last 20 years it has maintained a medical college.

The Woman's Medical college of Pennsylvania has been in existence over 50 years and its graduates are an honor to the medical profession. Among its founders and teachers are names which will go down to posterity.

Ann Arbor admits women and the Woman's Hospital Medical college of Chicago, many state universities, California, Michigan, Iowa and many other excellent schools furnish a thorough medical training to the woman of to-day.

It was a proud moment when the Johns Hopkins threw open its doors to women.

Many a blessing was poured upon the heads of our pioneers of 50 years ago. This country is called the paradise of women, and we can well understand why when we look around us and see the responsible and honorable positions which women fill in every state of the union. They are physicians and surgeons to hospitals and dispensaries, obstetricians in public hospitals and private charities. There is hardly a well-regulated insane asylum without its woman physician.

Has the woman doctor been a success? Let the numbers answer this question.

In 1850 there were eight women doctors in this country. In 1900 our number had swelled to 6,000.

Switzerland admits women to the study of medicine on the same footing with men since 1864, and many responsible positions are filled creditably by them, especially in hospitals for obstetrics, gynecology and psychiatry.

Since 1868 women have studied in France and especially in Paris. One has a feeling of equality with the other sex in lecture halls and hospitals of France more than in any other country, the United States not excepted.

Great Britain has eight medical schools, four for women only and four where both sexes are admitted—Dublin, Belfast, Cork and the University of Durham in Newcastle-on-Tyne. When Cork opened its school, fears were expressed that mixed classes of men and women would be disadvantageous and that the admission of women would interfere with the good order and discipline of the school. Evidence on these points was sought from teachers in the Dublin and Belfast schools, where the experiment of mixed classes had already been made. The following answers were received:

"Having been asked to express our opinion on the subject of the hospital education of women medical students we, the undersigned, having had some years' experience, wish to state that we have found no difficulties arise in teaching men and women together." This was signed by 23 of the leading Dublin physicians and teachers.

From Belfast the reply came from Dr. Whittle, physician to the royal infirmary:

"I must say that the fears you refer to were never for one moment realized. I never saw the presence of ladies in my class give rise to the least embarrassment or difficulty, either with the patients, male students or nurses, and as for myself I should willingly have half my class made up of such. At the college we have had no difficulty whatever that I know of. I have had them there in my lecture room and their presence seemed, if anything, to produce a very good effect upon discipline."

The University of Edinburgh is the only one guilty of a retrograde movement. After having opened its doors to women in 1869 it closed them again in 1874 in a manner which reflects no credit upon that institution.

The whole world knows that a civilizing agent the medical woman has been to India. In 1869 the first woman went out there to her medical mission and in 1896 there were 1,900 women working in 133 hospitals entirely managed by women. The number of patients treated that year was 1,054,387. By this time that number has almost doubled.

Italy admits women to its medical schools since 1876 and no distinction is made as to sex. The queen of Italy has a woman doctor. Portugal's queen studied medicine in Paris and is the only crowned head who bears the title of M. D. In her country women study with men on equal footing. Emperor Alexander II, by an ukase in 1872, allowed women to study medicine in St. Petersburg, but another ukase in 1885 deprived them again of this privilege. Since that time numerous Russian students have gone to Switzerland and Paris to study and returned to their own country to practice. About six years ago a special medical school for women was opened in St. Petersburg.

Scandinavia admits women to the study of medicine without reserve.

In Holland women even hold professorships in universities. Catharina von Tussenbroek, a well-known specialist in gynecology, is a member of the examining board of the University of Leyden, and students who take their degrees have to pass her examination in gynecology.

Austria has at last admitted women by a decree of September 3, 1900, a privilege for which they have been striving since 1878.

Japan, wishing to keep pace with other civilized nations, has established a woman's medical college at Tokio. The family Mitani gave the extensive ground and the citizens of Tokio subscribed \$120,000.

This short review shows us that no country has done more for the cause of medical women than America, which ought to be justly proud of its achievements. We medical women of to-day ought not to forget that we are not, as is so erroneously stated, a product of modern emancipation, but we should realize that we stand upon solid historical ground. And if we have successfully fought for our position and look confidently into a bright future, it is because we have won back our good old right, which was placed for us in the cradle of man-

THE AMERICAN HOME

W. A. RADFORD EDITOR

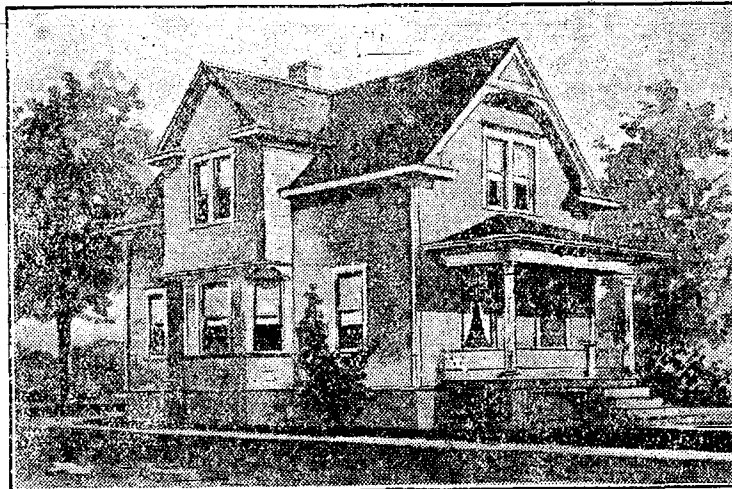
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 104 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Seven rooms are economically tucked away within the four walls and roof of this house. It is built on the story and a half plan, is twenty-two feet six inches wide and thirty-six feet long on the ground without measuring the porches.

This is an economical way to build a medium sized house, because you get the roof space for the upper rooms, space that is very often just thrown away on an attic. The upper bedrooms fit into the gables and the clothes closets fit in between the bedrooms and the lower part of the roof, so there is no waste space at all and you get square ceilings, too, or nearly so.

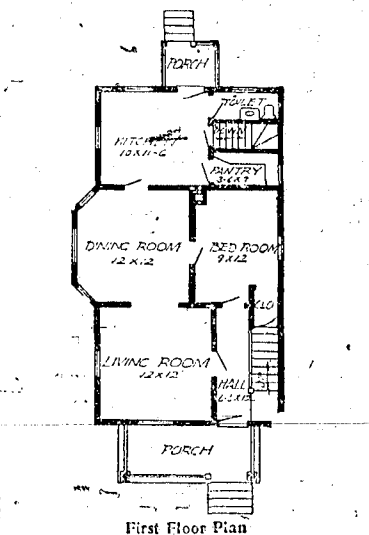
It depends a good deal on climate whether you want a house built like this, or whether you want to elevate the roof clear above the upper rooms. In some hot valleys where the sun seems to beat down a little hotter each day during the summer a higher roof might be an advantage, but on the northern hills where few really hot days are known and where the nights are usually cool, this style of house is just about as comfortable as any, in the summer time and it is a great deal warmer and more cozy in winter. The northern climate seems to have a good deal more winter than summer, in fact a good many of the northern states get six or seven months winter and the balance of the year is divided up between cloudy days and cool weather.

It is to settle such questions that house plans are for. If a person has a plain straightforward plan of a house with the size plainly given and the shape and size of the rooms properly designated he can study it over and decide at leisure about the different points. An economy in building may not be an economy in after years.



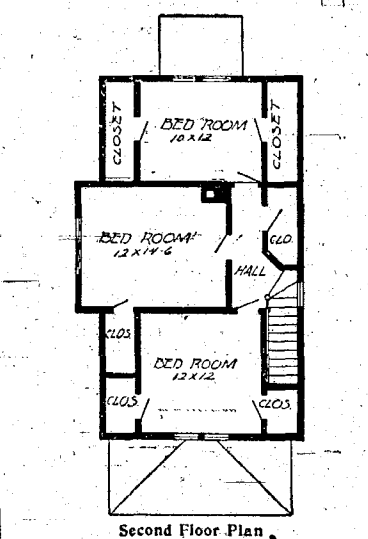
It is sometimes better to increase the purchase price mortgage sufficient to cover certain extra cost in order to have the house as you want it, because under satisfactory conditions the increased enjoyment in occupying the house is worth a good deal more than the additional interest. However, each person must decide such questions for himself.

There is a good deal in the looks of a house. In these modern times it is not necessary to build a slab-



side barn house; there are plenty of neat designs that cost no more, in fact some of them can be built cheaper than the old style affairs that used to be so common. A veranda extending all the way across the front end of the house usually adds a great deal to the appearance of the property, especially if the veranda be wide and roomy. There are a great many styles of porches, verandas, loggias, etc., and it is sometimes quite difficult to decide which is the most appropriate for a certain house. Houses like this are medium in

price, say from \$1,600 to \$2,000, according to the location, cost of labor and building materials and the inside finish. This plan contains all the conveniences necessary and all the room that a family of four or five persons would need. Sometimes people want more room and more show. If they have the money to pay out and want to use it in that way it is all right, but for a cozy neat little home that offers all the comfort and convenience necessary at a low cost this plan is exceptionally good. Almost every woman likes a front



hall with an open stair. This seems to be the most suitable entrance and the most satisfactory way of going up stairs. Other arrangements have been tried repeatedly, but builders have never found a satisfactory substitute for a front hall and a stair of this kind. It lands far enough back up stairs to leave room for a good bedroom in the front part of the house and it does not spoil any room either upstairs or down. A house of this style lends itself easily as part of a plan of outside decorations. There is more in this



than most people realize. A home does not consist merely of a house. The surroundings have a great deal to do with a person's comfort. You want shade trees but you don't want too much shade. You want flowers, shrubbery and climbing vines, and of course you must have a place for them in their right places. You cannot buy a miscellaneous assortment of such things from a nursery and stick them in the ground in any kind of order, or leave the planting to some handy man of all work. To be satisfactory you must study the design of the house as well as the shape, size and location of the lot, and you must buy plants and trees that are suitable to the soil, to the climate and to your own taste.

It pays well to give careful attention to the preparation of the soil. You cannot grow any kind of vegetable satisfactorily on poor soil. It does not cost a great deal to haul in good soil sufficient to cover the whole lot a foot deep, or this may not be necessary. A mixture of good soil, well rotted manure and commercial fertilizer usually will tone up almost any lot so the stuff planted will give good results.

Cognate Names and Callings. During the past week a student of the "eternal fitness of things" made the discovery that in Manhattan Sol Leather is engaged in the shoemaking industry, and that Ralph Catter is a tonsorial artist. The next interesting news item loomed within his range was to the effect that "Billy" Cookfair follows the avocation of restaurateur, while Stiff & Co. do the undertaking act as funeral directors, embalming included. Over on the East Side Josiah Lint's shingle is authority for the statement that he is a "bandagist," and hard by Dr. Xynophon Payne holds down the job of surgeon-dentist. Rev. Joshua Sunday, D. D., is a soul saving specialist on Harlem way, in a neighborhood supporting a barber shop the window placard of which announces that you may have "your face steamed free of charge."—N. Y. Press.

A FATHER'S GRIEF

David Mouris for His Son Absalom.

STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER
(Copyright, 1907, by the Author, W. B. Edson.)
Scripture Authority:—2 Samuel, 18: 19-34.

SERMONETTE.
"Is the young man Absalom safe?"—Many a father, to-day, is asking this question. The mistake is that the query comes too late. The safety of the young man is not a matter of concern—until the young man has progressed in the downward pathway of sin to the point where turning back is improbable and almost impossible. David's anxiety was the greater because of the inner consciousness of his own responsibility for the waywardness and wickedness of his son. As he asks the question: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" there comes crowding in upon him the memory of many lost opportunities in the past for making sure that the young man was safe.

Parents should begin to ask this question: "Is the young man safe?" not after he has gone out into the way of temptation and sin, but years before while he is yet in the cradle. There the praying and the planning should be done which will safeguard the growing life. The question should be asked as the boy goes out to mingle with his companions and the parents wisely pick the intimate associates. The question should be asked again and again, and should be as often answered by the parent taking the time and trouble to know where the boy is and what he is doing.

"And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept."—What poignant and hopeless grief is that which arises from a consciousness of guilty responsibility for the tragedy which has fallen. That is a pitiable sight—the aged king, utterly crushed and inconsolable because his son had gone out into eternal darkness. He had hoped he might be spared, clinging, no doubt, to the thought that he might yet turn to the God he (David) loved. And when the truth was borne in upon his heart that it was now too late, too late, he was utterly overwhelmed.

It is hard to lose the loved ones even when we know they are safe with God, even when the dying hour is made bright with the consciousness of God's presence, but what grief is that which sees no ray of light, which knows that the Goddess life has sunk into the Goddess grave. And then how doubly hard to realize that because of the sins of one's life and because of the failure to speak the word, that lost soul is chargeable to him.

David was selfish in his grief. He forgot his faithful, loyal followers and the responsibilities of kingship in his sorrow over a worthless son. Not even the grief of a bereaved life should be allowed to come between one and his duty. Many an one shuts himself up to his grief and loses the present opportunity of blessing and service.

THE STORY.

"SURELY they will remember my charge to deal gently with the young man!"

Thus spoke King David half aloud to himself as he sat in the gate of the city waiting for tidings from the army which had gone forth that morning to battle with the army of Absalom, his son. Over and over again he had repeated the words as he had kept his long vigil, and the plaintive yearning in the voice and the haggard, careworn look upon the face indicated the depth of feelings which surged within.

It was David the father, and not David the king, who strained his eyes out over the plain, and longed for tidings of the wayward son. Not since he had left Jerusalem, driven forth by the strong conspiracy of Absalom, had he ceased to yearn for the young man or plan for his safety if the rebellion should be successfully crushed.

For this reason when the army which had rallied to the support of King David was marching forth he charged the captains of the three divisions, saying: "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom." And the men standing near heard and told others so that it was known to all the army what David had said. And now as he sat there in the gate and the hours dragged slowly by, David wondered if his admonition would be heeded. His heart was troubled because of the weight of personal guilt which he felt was responsible in large measure for the present trouble.

"Ah," he sighed, "how I wish I could go back 20, 30 years. It is my sin which has brought this upon me.

Had I done my duty my son would not to-day be seeking my life and the kingdom."

Value regret is a poor comforter, and so it was that David found only harassment for his soul in living over again his life in memory. His mistakes and sins rose up before him. He recalled the beautiful boy Absalom, his fair countenance and noble bearing, and he remembered the pride with which he had watched his physical and mental development. He had not been conscious then that the influence of the mother—Maacah, who was a daughter of the king of Geshur, was strong enough to turn the heart of the youth away from the true God, but now it was all plain to him how the taking of wives from among the princesses of the heathen nations about had led to all manner of evils, not only in his own family, but in the nation as well. Absalom had not the fear of the Lord before him, and he knew now that he had failed to help his son by precept and example to know and serve the true God.

"Surely," he exclaimed again, "they will remember my charge to deal gently with the young man. Gladly would I give my life for him. Oh, that he were restored to me that I might help him into the right way. Gladly will I forgive him all if he will but turn and serve the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob."

His musings were suddenly cut short by the cry of the watchman upon the tower far above his head.

"A runner, my lord the king!" he shouted.

"Cometh he alone?" anxiously inquired the king, "for if so, there be tidings in his mouth."

"Yea, he runneth alone," was the reply, and then after a moment pause he added, excitedly: "Behold, I see another man running, and he is also alone."

"If that be so, he also bringeth tidings," ejaculated the king, and rising from his seat he paced back and forth in nervous expectancy.

"Me thinketh," shouted down the watchman again, "that the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz the son of Zadok."

"God be praised," cried David, "he is a good man, and bringeth good tidings."

And without waiting to hear more he hurried through the gate and almost ran in the direction of the man who by this time was in plain view. The sight of the king caused the runner to redouble his efforts, and as he drew within hailing distance, he shouted:

"All is well!"

And then as he came near to the king he fell upon his face to the ground, exclaiming, as soon as he could catch his breath:

"Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king."

The king leaned over eagerly, and hastily, almost rudely forcing the man to his feet, demanded, hoarsely:

"Is the young man Absalom safe?" A blank look of confusion overspread the countenance of Ahimaaz, but he managed to stammer:

"When Joab sent the king's servant (indicating the second runner, who was now drawing near), and me, thy servant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was."

Impatiently the king thrust him aside and hastened toward the second runner, who as he drew near, shouted:

"Tidings, my lord the king; for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee."

The king lifted his hand with an impatient gesture, demanding with insistent voice:

"Is the young man Absalom safe? Tell me!" Is the young man Absalom safe?

Ah, what tenseness in that voice! How the body of the king fairly shook with the anxiety which surged within.

And Cushi answered, letting his voice fall almost to a whisper, as he realized the mood of the king:

"The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise up against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is."

The king's face blanched, the light died out of the eyes, his limbs shook so that he could scarce stand, and then with a cry of anguish he turned and retraced his steps to the city's gate, wringing his hands as he went tottering along, and crying in an agony of despair:

"Oh, my son Absalom, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

The Lesson of the Flowers. One of the first flowers to bloom in the spring is the hepatica or liverwort. The chill of the winter was in the air, and the snows were hardly gone, when I saw some beginning to grow amid the dried leaves my stick had poked away. The sturdy hope of the plant moved and helped me. Never give up; keep alive and alert even amid the dreariest scenes and times. Chance will open somehow if you are getting ready for it by the faithful daily duty.

The World and You. The world owes every man a living. Every man owes the world a good life.

The Best Guide. The folks who make the worst mistakes are those who follow the head instead of the heart.

Extremes. Some men are a little below the angels, and some are just a little above the devil.

Kept. A man keeps bad company. Good company keeps the man.

G. A. Lisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

CHADDOCK DISTRICT.

Plus winter weather. Corn husking, and filling up the woodshed nowadays. Mose Lalonde has erected a brand new woodshed. Fred Winkler had his new house plastered. "Bob" Gunsolus and his mother are visiting relatives in southern Michigan. School teacher Millford visited our school one day last week. Mr. M. Rhuling and wife leave Monday next for Saginaw in attendance at the state Grange. Don. E. Chew, wife and two children, of Bay township visited his nephew J. E. Chew and family Thursday last. Auction Sales, with their "articles too numerous to mention" are becoming a weekly occurrence. We are in receipt of the Daily Journal of the Con Con and from all reports there will not be any great changes in the constitution.

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

Edward Crist, Saginaw. Kate Smith, Boyne City. Olin Tenber, Charlevoix. Kate Haggerty, Charlevoix. John W. Leonard, Boyne City. Sylvia L. Miller, Boyne City. John M. Heath, East Jordan. Della LaViolette, East Jordan. William W. Doyle, East Jordan. Billa Mae Young, Charlevoix. John W. Dornberg, Boyne City. Emma Cunningham, Stittsville.

Home-made Sausage and Bologna at Hanson & Steffes.

Deny it if you please, but the facts are that everybody is looking for a shade the best of it.

No class of advertising pays a bigger rate of interest on the investment than wedding invitations.

When you size something up as a bluff, and it proves to be the real thing, what a jolt it gives you!

The unhappy women are not all married to mean men; many of the unhappy women are not married at all.

What a great amount of good some men could accomplish if they put to useful purposes the energy they use in trying to keep their pipes lighted.

The trouble with an idle man is, he is always in the way. A man who has regular work to do, is a cog in a wheel, and is missed if he is absent, but an idle man's main business is to disturb those who are busy. Most of the foolish complaints heard are made by idle men. Most of the vicious gossip is started by idle men.

We know a remarkable woman who is teaching in a little country school. Some day she will marry a little old 10-cent man, and spend the rest of her life in retirement. If that woman were a man, her ability and strength of character would bring her to the front. No man of ability is neglected; many women of ability spend their lives in obscurity.

During cold and stormy weather, patrons of rural routes are requested to buy stamps and quit the "penny in the box" habit. Letters stamped can be taken from the box without the carrier having to remove his gloves, but pennies cannot, and when your carrier has to scratch pennies out of 25 to 100 boxes a day, you can by stamping your letters, save him a lot of time and suffering and help brighten his long and dreary ride. It will cost you no more to ask for fifty cents worth of stamps today and be prepared.

If a man is economical and industrious, and appears ambitious to pay his debts, a report will be circulated that he is making fabulous amounts of money, whereupon a certain class of people will refuse to patronize him because he has "enough already," but if he loans a great deal and spends his money foolishly, as he gets it, the same class of people will say "something should be done for him." This, of course does not encourage industry and economy; it does a great deal to spread bad business principles.

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 effective and prompt. Preventives contain no quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventives will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventives. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventives 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cts. Sold by Gidley's Pharmacy.

A SPIDER FIGHT.

It Was a Fast and Fiercely Battle to the Death.

I once had a spider pet of a kind the books enabled me to identify. He was a fine big fellow. I caught him in the garden, carried him home, and for nearly two months he and I took a close interest in each other, he for the flies I introduced to him, and I for the amusement he introduced to me. I kept him in a milliner's box, letting him out when I visited him, especially delighting myself with allowing him to drop from one hand by his blue spun thread and then either catching him in the other or gently compelling him to climb back again by apparently eating his own ladder.

One day I captured another spider of the same species. I kept him for a few days in a separate box, and then, with the kindly idea of companionship,

I introduced him to Tiger. I have seen dogs fight; I have seen chaotic fight and slay his man; I have seen rams fight till, with his skull crushed in, one lay dead at the foot of the other; I have seen men fight; but the fullest sense I ever realized of mad, murderous passion let ungenerously loose, centered in one destroying aim and summoning every physical energy to its devilish service, I realized when those two spiders rushed to mortal combat. I stood in boyish terror as their tangled legs dropped off, torn by mutual rage; and as with vicious dexterity they struck each other with their poisoned fangs, using for their own destruction the weapons and appliances with which nature has provided them for the capture and slaughter of their prey, I visibly turned pale.

Tiger was the victor, but even while with brutal wrath, all mangled as he was, he bit and spat his dead and limbless foe he was seized with symptoms I took to be paralytic, and in a minute or two I helped him to his death. And this fearless gladiator was afraid of, I remember, and never would tackle a big bluebottle fly. What is courage?—Dundee Advertiser.

Her Head Was Hot.

Lady Dorothy Nevill in her reminiscences tells this story of the two Misses Walpole, her cousins: "On one occasion, when both of the two were well over ninety, Miss Fanny, the younger, who had that day been rather ill, only joined her sister in the sitting room just before dinner. On her arrival downstairs the latter (Miss Charlotte, by name) remarked: 'Fanny, I am going to be ill too. I feel so hot about the head. It must be apoplexy.' 'Nothing of the sort?' exclaimed Miss Fanny, making a dash at her sister's head. 'Your cap's on fire, and I'm going to put it out.' And so the brave old thing did."

Complied with the pure food laws of every state

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

HEALTH Calumet is made of the finest materials possible to select, and makes light, easily-dissolved Bread, Biscuits or Pastry; therefore, it is recommended by leading physicians and chemists.

ECONOMY In using Calumet you are always assured of a good baking; therefore, there is no waste of material or time. Calumet is put up in air-tight cans; it will keep longer than any other Baking Powder on the market and has more raising power.

CALUMET is so carefully and scientifically prepared that the neutralization of the ingredients is absolutely perfect. Therefore, Calumet leaves no Rochelle Salt or Alum in the food. It is chemically correct.

\$1,000.00 given for any substance injurious to health found in Calumet



\$\$ Saved On These

At the

W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

All are the Best Goods Obtainable.

A GREAT VARIETY To SELECT FROM.



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.

G. L. SHERMAN & SON.,

Are Now Selling a

Beech-Nut Brand

\$5.00 Willow Rocking Chair for \$2.50



With \$20.00 worth of cash trade.

Call for Trade Stamps. Sliced Bacon

G. L. SHERMAN & SON.

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 Kauffmand does, the delightfully satisfying accuracy and promptitude of this serviceable 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.

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.

PISO'S CURE Paroxysms of Coughing 25 cts. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

The Brown Shoe Co's. WHITE HOUSE SHOES For Women

Have A Reputation... founded on genuine merit in style and wearing qualities that is hard to equal. 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 Cudson's Shoe Store.

YOURS FOR GOOD GOODS. EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Briefs of the Week

Pay up.
Cash basis.
Pay your taxes.
71 hunters on the dead list.
Free Public Auction, Saturday Dec. 21st.
Cut Glass at lowest possible price at Mack's Jewelry Store.
In circuit court, Monday, the case of The People vs. Warren Hathaway was nolle prosequed.
The Gormand & Ford Co. are said to have some exceptionally good specialty people with their show.
The farm residence of John Ross, south and west of town, was burned late Wednesday afternoon, entailing quite a loss.
A thin coating of ice covered the lake Tuesday morning and before night young America had their ice skates on and risking their lives.
Some handsome calendars, advertising the "Fried" Cigar are being put out by the East Jordan Cigar Works. They were purchased at the office.
The Board of Trade held a meeting Tuesday evening to consider a proposition to establish a Pickle Salting station here. An adjournment was taken to consult the farmers.

House to Rent.—Enquire at Malpass Hardware Co's.
Mrs. Wm. Malpass is entertaining Mrs. Julia Wilson of Traverse City.
Mrs. John Boosinger sold her residence this week to C. H. Whittington.
Supt. of Poor F. A. Meyer of Boyne Falls was an East Jordan visitor last Monday.
Miss Laura Mayville was guest of Mrs. Lawrence Doerr at Mancelona, last Friday.
The people who ask favors are the ones who would almost rather die than grant one.
At a meeting of the Board of Trade last Friday evening, B. A. Doie was elected secretary for ensuing year.
Rev. W. W. Lamport will preach at the Bennett school house next Sabbath at the usual hour, and also each Sabbath in December.
Special meeting of Board of Trade is called for next Saturday afternoon to discuss the matter of a salting pickling station. All farmers are requested to be present.
H. F. McHale, prop'r of the East Jordan Cigar Works, moved his shop this week to his residence, corner of Williams and Third Sts., where he has fitted up a room.

If you are in need of a Couch call on WHITTINGTON.
Dar-Seymour was over from Boyne City, Wednesday.
Mrs. C. L. Lorraine has returned from her trip to Minnesota.
We save you money on all cash deals made at Hanson & Steffes.
J. Leahy, the optician, will soon be here again. For date see ad in this issue.
Annual election of W. R. C. officers today and G. A. R. officers next Saturday.
Mack the Jeweler has a large stock of Cut Glass and will surprise you at the low prices.
Mrs. C. Thotson and son, Laverne left Friday for a visit with Grand Rapids relatives.
The Boston Store has received a fine line of premiums and requests all those holding coupons to kindly bring them in.
A fine line furs, scarfs, purses, belts and handkerchiefs to be seen at B. C. Hubbard and Co. Call and look them over.
Mill B of the East Jordan Lumber Co. began cutting again Tuesday after a few day's shut down for repairs.
Every time one gets a letter from a young girl, it is remarked that she is spelling her first name a different way.
The Methodist choir were assisted on Sunday evening by Mr. Sloan of Ann Arbor. Mrs. May Kimball by request sang "Beautiful Island of Somewhere" which was much enjoyed by the audience.
The Horst Orchestra Concert Co. gave a very enjoyable evening entertainment of the Electric Theatre Wednesday evening. M'g'r Holliday is to be thanked for bringing such high class entertainers to our community.
As we are going to press the light from the burning of the house and barn belonging to Mr. Ross who lives two miles this side of East Jordan can be plainly seen and this gave rise to wild rumors of a big fire at East Jordan.—Central Lake Torch.
You are heartily invited to attend divine worship in the Presbyterian church next Sunday, morning at 10:30, evening at 7:00, also you are welcome to Sunday school at 11:45 and to the meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:15.
Services at the Methodist church Sunday at 10:30 and followed by Sunday School at noon, Epworth League meeting at 6:00 p. m. followed by preaching. Increased seating capacity will be provided at the league, so that if possible all may be accommodated.—subject "Missions"—Miss Stella Matthews, leader.
The singing of the chorus choir of upwards of twenty voices recently organized at the Presbyterian church, made a hit last Sunday evening. Both the anthem and the hymns were well rendered and sustained in all parts. Miss Emily Malpass, violin, and Ellis Malpass, clarinet, gave good assistance and improved the general effect. Those not attending church would be well repaid for coming. Miss Violet Grigsby accompanied on the organ.

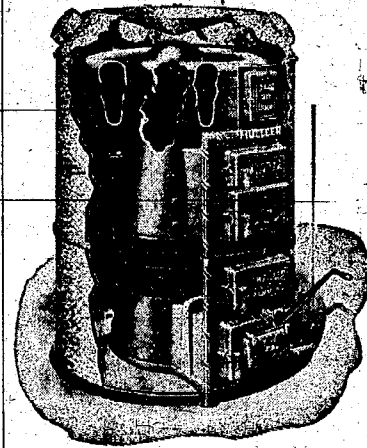
In four weeks we must write 1908.
Everything delivered at Hanson & Steffes.
Get your glass from the W. E. MALPASS-HDWR Co.
Sanitary Couches and Davenport at Whittington's.
Special Prices made to cash customers at Hanson & Steffes.
There were 7000 people trying to sell a Horse to Hanson & Steffes.
Fine Corn Fodder for sale at the W. E. Malpass Hardware Co.
Who will be the next to get one of those Talking Machines at Whittington's.
Having common sense and having command of it are two different things.
The members of an East Jordan family are so lazy that the family clock hasn't been wound in six months.
Mesdames G. L. Sherman, John Kenny, E. Barrie, C. Brabant and D. E. Goodman were Mancelona visitors recently.
The true and noble way to kill a foe is not to kill him; you with kindness, may so change him that he shall cease to be a foe, and then he's slain.
Having secured a first class watchmaker, Mack, the Jeweler is now prepared to do your Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing just when you want it done.
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.
It must be a great strain to a woman's powers of self-restraint to invest eleven dollars in a switch, and then keep quiet about in the effort to prove it grew there.
The Trout Lake correspondent of the St. Ignace Enterprise says: There are four girls here who are hunters. Every train that comes in they take their guns, cartridges, belts and hatchets and go to the depot, exhibiting themselves as curiosities. Then they go back and sling hash at the table. That's a great game.
Sororian Hive L. O. T. M. M. will hold election of officers next Monday evening and all members are requested to be present. District Deputy Mrs. Catherine Seymour of Saginaw was here this week and special meetings were held Monday and Wednesday evenings. As a result, a dozen new members were taken in.
The Mississippians were highly applauded for their excellent work at the Methodist church. Their second night found the auditorium crowded and several numbers of the preceding night were repeated by request. They were unanimously invited to visit East Jordan again on their next year's itinerary.
Mr. Philip Pryor of the "Mississippians," whose recitations of his own poems formed a pleasing part of their entertainment here, is a poet of no mean ability. While his dialect pieces were heartily encored by the audience, they do not represent his entire work. In the realm of pure English he is producing work of excellent quality and is not unworthy to be classed with Paul Dunbar whose personal friendship has been a delight and inspiration to him.
A young fellow living north of town brought a watch to A. B. Large's jewelry store for repairs one day last week. He had purchased the "turkey" from a Chicago catalogue house at a bargain price, and couldn't understand why it stopped running. Upon opening the case, A. B. found a dead cock roach in the works. Turning to the owner of the timepiece he said: "No wonder the thing would not run—the engineer is dead."—Bel-laife Independent.
It is with sympathy we announce the passing into another room of Mrs. Kate Smith Madison of Charlevoix. She had always lived in our sister city. One year ago she was united in marriage to Ernest Vincent Madison, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Madison of this village. In her departure she left a little son three weeks old, Vincent Smith Madison; her husband, parents, sisters and fond relatives, with many friends in both cities. Many beautiful floral pieces testified to the esteem in which she was held. Her musical talent which she has contributed so much pleasure to others has joined the choir invisible. She was laid to rest in the cemetery overlooking the lake in her home city, on Sunday, Dec. 1st.—Contributed.
Our Canned Goods are all fresh.
—Hanson & Steffes.

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 just unpacked.

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

L. Wiesman.



Why Is It

That people of good judgment always want the best instead of the cheapest in the sense of the lowest priced?

It is because the best is always the cheapest in the end.

If you get your heating done by us, you get the best assured at the lowest prices the best work can be done for and certainly the best value for your money in heating, consequently the cheapest in point of fact.

GEORGE H. SPENCER.

Watch the Bulletin Board

—AT—
B. C. HUBBARD & COMPANY'S
FOR BARGAINS.

Economy Is Wealth.

There is nothing like a savings account to keep poverty at arm's length.
Lots of people think it is no use to try to save up unless they have a large lump of money to start with. A mistake. It is the little amounts saved systematically from week to week that go to make up the strongest barrier against need.
A dollar saved bring a fortune one dollar nearer.

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.

Chas. H. Shaffer of Marquette and F. B. Baird of Buffalo were here Tuesday looking over the Iron Furnace.

Owing to a case of diphtheria being discovered in the Charlevoix high school the school is closed until next Tuesday.

GENTLEMEN: You are invited to inspect the line of Xmas gifts for mother, wife, and sweetheart at B. C. Hubbard and Co's.

The "Hum" made her last trip of the season Tuesday morning, going to Charlevoix where it laid up for the winter. Going down it broke ice nearly all the way to Ironton.

John M. Heath of East Jordan, and Mrs. Della Laviolette of Central Lake were united in marriage Wednesday evening at the Pier-View House by Justice Krieger.—Petoskey News.

The total number of deaths in Charlevoix County during the past month were twenty and the total number of births twenty seven. Of the deaths, eight were under one year, and three of the deaths recorded were due to violence.

M'g'r. of the Opera House, Loveday, is arranging a contract with the Gormand & Ford Company, a well known theatrical troupe, for a week of entertainments every night from Dec. 23rd to 28th inclusive at cheap prices—change of bill each night.

Quite a crowd attended the Free Auction Sale held Wednesday and only a lack of time prevented all the goods being sold. One of the features of the Sale was the large number of outsiders who were present, both to offer goods for sale and bid on such other things as they wanted.

A representative of the firm which is planning to install a salting pickle station here will be in town next Saturday, Dec. 14th, and a public meeting is called at the Electric Theatre at 2:00 o'clock standard. This is a matter which every farmer should investigate and all are invited to be present at this meeting.

At the monthly meeting of the Superintendents of Poor held here last Monday, Dr. John A. Macgregor was appointed physician for this section of the county. It was also decided that Supts. Jacob Rogers of this place and F. A. Meyer of Boyne Falls should attend the state meet of the Supts. of Poor at Lansing, Dec. 10-11-12.

Fire caught in the pile driver, John Taylor Saturday evening, but was put out without considerable damage. In the run to the fire the new hose cart was badly wrenched.

An amusing feature was struck by the Superintendents of the Poor at their meeting here last Monday when they discovered that a fellow who made application for admission to the poor farm a fortnight ago, had plenty of money in his pockets and had some money loaned out. He was told to vacate and he did so without any protest.

Christmas Presents! Gifts of Quality.

Our Stock Is Larger Than Ever and We Will Give You Lowest Prices.

New Arrivals:

- WATCHES, all standard makes, \$1.00 to \$40.00.
- CHAINS and FOBS, gold and silk, \$1.00 to \$10.00.
- RINGS, all solid gold, 75 cts. to \$100.00.
- BRUSH and TOILET SETS, GOLD, SILVER and EBONY, \$1.25 to \$10.
- BRACELETS, latest styles, \$1.00 to \$6.00.
- JEWEL BOXES, gold and silver, 50 cts. to \$5.00.
- CUT GLASS. We have a large stock and can give you the lowest prices.
- SILVERWARE. We have the largest stock and the lowest prices.

Everything an Up-to-date Jewelry Store Carries.

Will be pleased to have you call and inspect stock and prices, whether you buy or not.

ENGRAVING FREE.

C. C. MACK, the JEWELER
EAST JORDAN.

IT PAYS OTHERS IT WILL PAY YOU
..... TO TRADE AT.....

Votruba's Cash Store

THE J. J. VOTRUBA CO.

Give Us a Trial.

The Girl from Tim's Place

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

SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond, Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisbie. Journey of Frisbie's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisbie, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken up, Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisbie's father, and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"It's the spites," whispered Chip to Ray. "They ally act that way when it's stormin'."

The next day the gale began to lessen, and by night the moon, now half-full, peeped out of the scurrying clouds. At bedtime it was smiling serenely, well down toward the tree-tops, and Chip's spites had ceased their wailing.

Fortunately, however, Martin's quest for game had been successful. A saddle of venison, a dozen or more partridges and two goodly strings of trout hung in cold storage.

But utter and almost speechless, astonishment awaited Old Cy at the ice-house when he visited it the next morning, for the venison was gone, not a bird remained, and one of the two strings of trout had vanished.

In front, on the sand, was the same tell-tale moose tracks.

"Wall, by the Great Horn Spoon! if that cuss hain't swiped the hull venison," Old Cy ejaculated, as he looked in and then at the tracks. "Crossed over last night," he added, noting where a canoe had cut its furrow, "an' steered plumb for my icehouse! The varmint!"

But Martin was angry, thoroughly angry, at the audacious insolence of the thief, and the thought that just now this sneaking half-breed was doubtless enjoying grilled venison and roast partridge in some secure shelter. It also opened his eyes to the fact that this chap would hang about, watching his chance, until they started out of the wilderness, and then capture the girl if he could. For a little while Martin pondered over the situation and then announced his plans.

"There's law, and officers to execute it," he said, "if a sufficient reward be offered; and to-morrow you and I, Levi, will start for the settlement and fetch a couple in. I'll gladly give \$500 to land this sneak behind the bars. If he can't be caught, we can at least have two officers to guard us going out."

All that day he and Levi spent in hunting. Another deer was captured, more birds secured, and when evening came plans to meet the situation were discussed.

"You or Ray must remain on guard daytimes near the cabin," Martin said to Old Cy. "My wife and Chip had better keep in it, or near it most of the time; and both of you must sleep there nights. One or the other can fish or hunt as needed. We must be gone a week or more, even if we have good luck; but fetching the officers here is the best plan now."

Levi was up early the next morning, and had the best canoe packed for a hurry trip ere breakfast was ready. No tent was to be taken, only blankets, a rifle, a bag of the simplest cooking utensils, pork, bread and coffee. A modest outfit—barely enough to sustain life, yet all a woodsman carries when a long canoe journey with muffy carries must be taken.

There were sober faces at the landing when Martin was ready to start—Chip most sober of all—for now she realized as never before how serious a burden she had become.

No time was wasted in good-bys. Martin grasped the bow paddle, and with "Old Faithful" Levi wielding the stern one, they soon crossed the lake and vanished at its outlet.

And now, also, for the first time, Angie realized how much the presence of these two strong and resourceful men meant to her. All that day she and Chip clung to the cabin, while Old Cy, a long, lanky leatherstocking, patrolled the premises, rifle in hand.

"We hain't a mite o' cause to worry," he said when nightfall drew near. "The pesky varmint's a coward, 'n' his guns are plenty here, an' we folks handy in usin' 'em. I've rigged a fish line to the ice house door so it'll rattle some thwain in the cabin if he muddles it again. I sleep with one eye 'n' both ears open, an' if he comes prowlin' round night-times, he'll hear bullets whizzin' an' think Fourth o' July's opened up arly."

But for all his cheerful assurance, time passed slowly, and a sense of real danger oppressed Angie and Chip as well. Ray shared it also. He was not as yet hardened to the wilderness, and like all who are thus tender,

its vast somber solitude seemed ominous.

Only the hermit, with his moonlike eyes and impassive ways, showed no sign of trouble. What this half-breed wanted, other than food, he seemed not to understand; and while he helped about the camp work and followed Old Cy like a dog, he was of no other aid.

One, two, three days of watchful guard and evenings when even Old Cy's cheerful philosophy or Ray's banjo failed to dispel the gloom, and then, just as the sun was setting once again, a canoe with one occupant was seen to enter the lake and head for the landing.

CHAPTER VII.

An unexpected canoe entering a lake so secluded and so seldom visited as this lake must needs awaken the keenest surprise, and especially in the case of a party situated as this one was. Ray, who had just returned from a berry-picking trip over at the "blow down," and Old Cy, carrying his suggestive rifle, were at the landing some time before this canoe reached it, while Angie and Chip waited almost breathlessly on the cabin piazza. A stout, bare-headed Indian, clad in white man's raiment, was paddling. He glanced at the two awaiting him at the landing, with big black, emotionless eyes, and then up to the cabin.

As his canoe now grated on the sandy beach close-by, he laid aside his paddle, stepped forward and out, drew his craft up, and folding his arms glanced at Old Cy again, as if waiting for a welcome. None was needed, however, for on the instant, almost, came an exclamation of joy from Chip, and with a "Hullo, Poppy Tomah," she was down the bank, with both her hands in his.

A faint smile of welcome spread



From Behind a Low Spruce One Evil, Sinister Eye Watched Her.

over his austere face as he looked down at the girl, but not a word, as yet, came.

Old Cy, quick to see that he was a friend, now advanced.

"We're glad to see ye," he said, "an' as ye seem to be a friend o' the gals, we'll make ye welcome."

The Indian bowed low, and a "How do," like a grunt, was his answer. A calm, slow, motionless type of a now almost extinct race, as he seemed to be, he would utter no word or move a step further until invited. But now, led by Chip, he advanced up the path.

"He's Tomah, old Poppy Tomah," she said with pride, as Angie rose to meet them, "and he's the only body who was ever good to me."

"I am glad to see you, sir," Angie said, with a graceful bow and smile, "and you are welcome here."

"I thank the white lady—I not forget," came the Indian's dignified answer with a stately bow.

Not a word of greeting for Chip or of surprise at finding her here—only the eagle glance, accustomed to bright sunlight or to following the flight of a bird far out of white man's vision, "We shall have supper soon," Angie added, uncertain what to say to this impressive man, "and some for you."

It was a deft speech, for Angie, accustomed to take in every detail of a man from the condition of his nails

to the cut of his clothing, as all women will, had ere now absorbed the appearance of this swarthy redskin, and was not quite sure whether to invite him to share their table or say nothing.

But the Indian solved his own problem, for spying the outdoor fire to which Old Cy now retreated, he bowed again and strode away toward it.

"Me cook here?" he said to Old Cy. With an "Of course, an' you're welcome to," the question was settled.

Chip soon drew near, and now for the first time the Indian's speech seemed to return, and while Old Cy busied himself about the cooking, these two began to visit.

Chip, as might be expected, did most of the talking, asked questions as to Tim's place, when he was there, and what they said about her running away, in rapid succession. Her own adventures and how she came here soon followed, and it was not long before he knew all that was to be known about her.

His replies were blunt and brief, after the manner of such: Now and then an expressive nod or grunt filled in the place of an ordinary answer. He knew but little about the recent happenings at Tim's place, as he had stayed there only one night since Chip had departed with her father—as he was told. He had been away in the woods, looking for places to set traps later, and had no idea Chip was here.

As to Pete's movements, he was equally in the dark, and when Chip told him what her friends here suspected, he merely grunted. As he seemed to wish to do his own cooking, Old Cy, having completed his task, offered him a partridge and a couple of trout, fresh from the icehouse, also pork and potatoes, and left him to care for himself.

He became more sociable later, and when supper was over and the rest had, as usual, gathered on the piazza of the new cabin, he joined them.

And now came a recital from Ray of far more interest to these people than they suspected.

"I saw a bear over back of the ridge this afternoon," he said, "or I don't know but it was a wildcat. I'd just filled my pail with berries, when way up, close to the rocks, I saw something moving. I crouched down back of a bush, thinking it might be a bear, and if it was, I'd get a chance to see it nearer. I could only see the top of its back above the bushes, and once I saw its head, as if it was standing up. Then I didn't see it for quite

that Ray saw skulking along the ridge, but the half-breed.

"Believing Chip's father had taken her out of the wilderness, or more likely up-stream to find a place with these campers, he had come here to seek her. To find her here, as he of course did, only convinced him that his suspicions were true and that her father had thus meant to rob him.

Two determined impulses now followed this discovery: First, to make the girl he had bought a prisoner, carry her into the woods, and then, when the chance came, revenge himself on McGuire. No sense of law, or decency even, entered his calculation. He was beyond such scruples, and what he wanted was his only law.

The fear of rifles, which he knew were plenty enough at this camp, was the only factor to be considered. For days he watched the camp from across the lake, hoping that the girl he saw canoeing with a boy so often might come near enough for him to make a capture. Many times, when darkness served, he paddled close to where the cabin stood, and once landed and watched it for hours.

Growing bolder, as the days wore on, he hid his canoe below the outlet of the lake and taking advantage of this overhanging slate ledge with its many fissures, secreted himself and watched.

But some shelter, at least to cook and eat in, he must have, and this he found in a distant crevasse of this same ledge, and from this he sneaked along back of it until he could hide and watch the camp below. From this vantage-point he saw that the girl no longer went out upon the lake, but remained near the cabin; then, later, he noticed the two men leave the lake one morning. This encouraged him, and now he grew still bolder, even descending the ridge and watching those remaining at the cabin, from a dense thicket.

From this new post he saw that but one man seemed on guard, and almost was he tempted to shoot him from ambush and make a dash to capture his victim. Cautious and cunning, he still waited a chance involving less risk.

And now he saw that certain duties were performed by these people; that one man and the boy always started the morning fire, that the girl invariably went to the landing alone for water, at about the same time. Here for the moment she was out of sight from either cabin, and now in this act of hers, he saw his opportunity to land from his canoe near this spot before daylight, and hide in the bushes fringing the shore here and below the bank, watch his chance and seize and gag her before an outcry could be made. To tie her hands and feet and to push the other canoe out into the lake, thus avoiding pursuit until they could get a good start, was an easy matter.

It was risky, of course. She might hear or see him in time to give one scream. The old man who had said foolish things to him, and now seemed to be on guard, would surely send bullets after him as he sped away; but once out of the lake, he would be safe. It was a dangerous act; yet the other two men might return any day, and with this in prospect, this wily half-breed now resolved to act.

Old Cy was up early that fatal morning. Somehow a sense of impending danger haunted him, and calling Ray, he unlocked the cabin door and began starting the morning fire. He wanted to get breakfast out of the way as speedily as possible, and then visit this ridge, feeling almost sure that he would find where this half-breed had been watching them.

When Ray came out, and before the hermit or Chip appeared, Old Cy hurried over to the ice-house, and now Chip came forth as usual, and without a word to anyone, she took the two pails and started for the landing. It was, perhaps, ten rods to this, down a narrow path winding through the scrub spruce. The morning was fair, the lake without a ripple.

Above the ridge, and peeping through its topping of stunted fir, came the first glance of the sun, and Chip was hazy.

Old Tomah, her one and only friend for many years, was here. A something Ray had whispered the night before, now returned like a sweet note of music vibrating in her heart, and as if to add their cheer, the birds were piping all about.

For weeks the cheerful words of one of Ray's songs had haunted her with its catchy rhythm:

Dar was an old nigger and his name was Uncle Ned,
He died long 'go, long 'go."

They now rose to her lips as she neared the lake. Here she halted, filled a pail, and set it on the log landing.

From behind a low spruce one evil, sinister eye watched her.

And now Chip, still humming this ditty, glanced up at the rising sun and out over the lake.

A crouching form with hideous face now emerged from behind the bush, step by step, this human panther advanced. A slow, cautious, catlike movement, without sound, as each moss-cushioned foot touched the sand nearer and nearer that unconscious girl it crept! Now 20 feet away, now ten, now five!

And now came a swift rush, two fierce hands enclosed the girl's face and drew her backward on to the sand.

Ray and the hermit were beside the fire, and the Indian just emerging from the hut where he had slept, when Old Cy returned from the icehouse.

"Where's Chip?" he questioned.

"Gone after water," answered Ray. And the two glanced down the path.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Large Philippine Cigars.

The largest cigars come from the Philippine Islands, some of them being 18 inches in length.

CHAPTER VIII.

Old Cy's suspicions were correct. It was neither bear, deer, nor wildcat

that Ray saw skulking along the ridge, but the half-breed.

Believing Chip's father had taken her out of the wilderness, or more likely up-stream to find a place with these campers, he had come here to seek her. To find her here, as he of course did, only convinced him that his suspicions were true and that her father had thus meant to rob him.

Two determined impulses now followed this discovery: First, to make the girl he had bought a prisoner, carry her into the woods, and then, when the chance came, revenge himself on McGuire. No sense of law, or decency even, entered his calculation. He was beyond such scruples, and what he wanted was his only law.

The fear of rifles, which he knew were plenty enough at this camp, was the only factor to be considered. For days he watched the camp from across the lake, hoping that the girl he saw canoeing with a boy so often might come near enough for him to make a capture. Many times, when darkness served, he paddled close to where the cabin stood, and once landed and watched it for hours.

Growing bolder, as the days wore on, he hid his canoe below the outlet of the lake and taking advantage of this overhanging slate ledge with its many fissures, secreted himself and watched.

But some shelter, at least to cook and eat in, he must have, and this he found in a distant crevasse of this same ledge, and from this he sneaked along back of it until he could hide and watch the camp below. From this vantage-point he saw that the girl no longer went out upon the lake, but remained near the cabin; then, later, he noticed the two men leave the lake one morning. This encouraged him, and now he grew still bolder, even descending the ridge and watching those remaining at the cabin, from a dense thicket.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Large Philippine Cigars.

The largest cigars come from the Philippine Islands, some of them being 18 inches in length.

COULD USE THE ROAD.

Irish Soldier's Great Idea When Cover Was Badly Needed.

The following colloquy is said to have actually occurred during one of the earlier battles in the Philippines: A detachment of American infantry, under orders to support a section of Capt. Kelly's battery, were halted for quite a while on a perfectly flat military road in full view and fine range of the Filipino trenches. Of course, to lie flat on the road was the only available "use of cover."

In this detachment was an Irishman who had served his time with the colors in the British army before he enlisted with Uncle Sam. As a recruit he had been very prone to tell how the British soldiers did everything. As a result he was incessantly plied with questions as to his experiences. While the bullets were "plopping" down the road and kicking up the gravel, a young Yankee suddenly asked:

"Say, Mike, what do the British soldiers do with their heads in a place like this?"

Quick as a flash came the retort:

"A British soldier has no head, sorr!"

After a full two-minute pause, Mike continued:

"However, be that as it may, I wish I could pick up this d-- road and stan' it on edge ferinst me!"

FOUND OUT JUST IN TIME.

Or Finger Bowl Would Have Been Put to Novel Use.

The late William Cassidy, one-time editor of the Albany Argus, possessed the traditional Irish wit. On one occasion, a number of years ago, he was a guest at a political banquet in Albany. At that time finger bowls were seldom used, and their correct usage (a passing fad) meant to dip a corner of the napkin in the water and there with daintily cleanse the finger tips.

Most of the men present eyed the innovation, when introduced at dessert, narrowly and uncertainly. One after another ended by plunging the hand into the crystal dish. But Mr. Robert Pruyn, a well-known Albany gentleman, correctly moistened a bit of his napkin and laved his fingers. Mr. Cassidy watched him admiringly, not having as yet touched his own glass.

"That's good," he whispered to a neighbor. "That's good." If Pruyn hadn't done that I should have put my foot in it.—Harper's Weekly.

An Acute Observer.

A one-armed man sat down to his noonday luncheon in a little restaurant the other day, and seated on the right of him was a big, sympathetic individual from the rural district.

The big fellow noticed his neighbor's left sleeve hanging loose and kept eyeing him in a sort of how-did-it-happen way. The one-armed man failed to break the ice, but continued to keep busy with his one hand supplying the inner man.

At last the inquisitive one on the right could stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat and said: "I see, sir, you have lost an arm."

Whereupon the unfortunate man picked up the empty sleeve with his right hand, peered into it, looked up with a surprised expression, and said: "By George, sir, you're right."

Couldn't Discharge Him.

When the jury had filed in for at least the fourth time, with no sign of coming to an agreement in the bribery case, the disgruntled judge rose up and said: "I discharge this jury."

At this, one sensitive talesman, stung to the quick by this abrupt and ill-sounding decision, obstinately faced the judge.

"You can't discharge me, judge!" he retorted.

"Why not?" asked the astonished judge.

"Because," announced the talesman, pointing to the defendant's lawyer, "I'm being paid by that man there!"—Lippincott's.

SCHOOL TEACHERS

Also, Have Things to Learn.

"For many years I have used coffee and refused to be convinced of its bad effect upon the human system," writes a veteran school teacher.

"Ten years ago I was obliged to give up my much-loved work in the public schools after years of continuous labor. I had developed a well defined case of chronic coffee poisoning.

"The troubles were constipation, flutterings of the heart, a thumping in the top of my head and various parts of my body, twitching of my limbs, shaking of my head, and, at times after exertion, a general 'gone' feeling with a toper's desire for very strong coffee. I was a nervous wreck for years.

"A short time ago friends came to visit us and they brought a package of Postum with them, and urged me to try it. I was prejudiced because some years ago I had drunk a cup of weak, tasteless stuff called Postum which I did not like at all.

"This time, however, my friend made the Postum according to directions on the package, and it won me. Suddenly I found myself improving in a most decided fashion.

"The odor of boiling coffee no longer tempts me. I am so greatly benefited by Postum that if I continue to improve as I am now, I'll begin to think I have found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. This is no fancy letter but stubborn facts which I am glad to make known."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

PERUNA A TONIC OF GREAT USEFULNESS.



HON. R. S. THARIN

Hon. R. S. Tharin, Attorney at Law and counsel for Anti-Trust League, writes from Pennsylvania Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C., as follows:

"Having used Peruna for catarrhal disorders, I am able to testify to its great remedial excellence and do not hesitate to give it my emphatic endorsement and earnest recommendation to all persons affected by that disorder. It is also a tonic of great usefulness."

Mr. T. Barnecott, West Aylmer, Ontario, Can., writes: "Last winter I was ill with pneumonia after having the grippe. I took Peruna for two months, when I became quite well. I also induced a young lady, who was all run down and confined to the house, to take Peruna, and after taking Peruna for three months she is able to follow her trade of tailoring. I can recommend Peruna for all such who are ill and require a tonic."

Per-u-na Tablets.

Some people prefer to take tablets, rather than to take medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the solid medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet is equivalent to one average dose of Peruna.

Useless.

A short time ago an old negro was up before a judge in Dawson City, charged with some trivial offense.

"Haven't you a lawyer, old man?" inquired the judge.

"No, sah."

"Can't you get one?"

"No, sah."

"Don't you want me to appoint one to defend you?"

"No, sah; I jes' flout I'd leab de case to de ign'ance ob de cot."

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

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 14th day of December, A. D. 1906.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

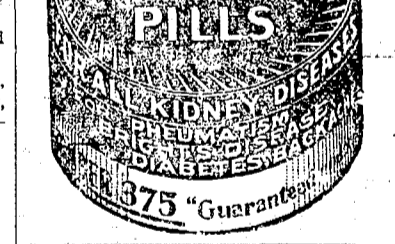
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for circular and free trial.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Blaze of Genius.

Knicker—What is the artistic temperament?

Bocker—An attempt to light the di-vine fire with kerosene.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, and all Bilious Affections. Sold Everywhere.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

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

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Printer Wanted

A Gordon Pressman, non-union, to take steady position in large modern printing plant located at Holland, Mich. Application to receive consideration must give age, experience and references. Wages \$16.00. Address, Lock Box 1806, HOLLAND, MICH.

Detroit Trade School

Courses in bricklaying, plastering, core making, moulding, machine shop practice, sign writing and plumbing. For printed matter and other particulars address,

Y. M. C. A., Detroit, Mich.

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RAT HELPS TO RAISE FLAG.

Little Animal Did the Work of Expert "Steeple Jack."

The hazardous but lucrative trade of "Steeple Jack" was usurped in Jersey by a small white rat.

Edmund P. Condit, a wealthy resident of Vergna, recently gave a birthday party to a dozen young friends of his nine-year-old son.

When he attempted to celebrate the occasion by raising an American flag to the top of the 30-foot flagstaff that had stood on his lawn for years the pulley rope broke. The pole was too frail to permit of even the lightest lad climbing up to pass another halyard through the pulley at the top.

"We and Jimmy'll fix it for you, Mr. Condit," piped up Able Wolf, a neighbor's son, and he scooted off to his father's barn, returning with a little white rat clinging to his shoulder.

Abe uncoiled a big ball of twine, put the loose end in Jimmy's mouth, and sent the little animal climbing up the pole; but when he reached the pulley he didn't know what to do next.

Abe found another pulley, called the white rat down, and spent ten minutes teaching him to run back and forth through the contrivance with the twine between his teeth.

Then he sent Jimmy up the pole again and this time the rat without a moment's hesitation tried to get through the pulley. The hole was too small, but Jimmy deliberately took the string in one paw, passed it through the small opening, caught it with the other paw, and scrambled to the ground with it.

A rope was strung through the pulley with the aid of the twine halyard, and Jimmy munched happily of the biggest piece of cheese he had ever seen at once.

First Lesson for a Child.

"The first time a child has a sense of responsibility is when he has to decide whether his shoes fit or not," said a mother of five little ones. "We have to put the decision on the little tots themselves, for no mother, no matter how many intuitions she may have, can possibly tell whether a shoe pinches here, fits tight there, or slips on the heel. It is always a delight to me when I have taken my children in for their first pair of hard shoes, as they call them. At first they act bewildered when I insist that they alone know whether the shoes hurt or not, for they have been so used to listening to my opinion and ultimatum on all matters of clothes. Then they look serious, almost ready to cry, and finally they get down to business and try to tackle this problem of the fit of shoes. It worries them a good deal and I always feel a little sorry when I see their anxious looks, for it means they've had their first taste of responsibility and begin to realize that mama is not going to settle everything in life for them."

Tiger's Courage Above Lion's.

A curious story as illustrating the difference in courage between a lion and a Bengal tiger is told by an old showman: "One day, in order to make a test, we placed a firecracker in the respective cages and lighted the fuses. As soon as they began to burn they attracted the attention of both animals; but in a widely different manner. The lion withdrew into a corner and watched the proceedings with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger, on the contrary, advanced to the burning fuse with a firm step and unflinching gaze. On reaching the cracker he took his paw and began to roll it over the floor, and when it exploded beneath his very nose, he did not flinch, but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied. The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion, and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den."

Napoleon as a Subaltern.

As a larkly subaltern Napoleon appears in the "Memoirs of the First Empire," by Gen. Girois. The Little Corporal himself, when emperor, told a party of officers, among whom was the writer, how he played practical jokes on his colonel when he was a lieutenant of artillery. "We had a neat way of astounding our chiefs by the accuracy of our gun practice," said Napoleon. "We just tied a string to the target, and after the shot, before the smoke had risen, a gunner crept up and pulled the string, overturning the target. Thus all our shots were hits. We also had a colonel who was stone deaf and we used to fire blank cartridges, telling him we had fired ball. He would spend hours hunting for traces of the shots." One wonders what Napoleon would have said if his own subalterns had served him with the same tricks.—London Telegraph.

Blow at Wagnerians.

A hard-headed old Pittsburg manufacturer, who made his fortune, as he expresses it, "with his coat off," was induced by his daughters to accompany them to a Wagner concert, the first he had ever attended. The next day he happened to meet an acquaintance, who had seen him the night before, who asked: "I suppose you enjoyed the concert last night, Mr. Smith?" "Yes, it took me back to the days of my youth," the old man said, with a reminiscent sigh. "Ah! Summer days in the country, girl in a lawn dress, birds singing, and all that?" "No, the days when I worked in a boiler shop in Scranton."

ENCOURAGING FACTS

THOSE CONTEMPLATING CHANGE OF RESIDENCE SHOULD READ THEM.

The other day the writer was in the Office of the Canadian Government at St. Paul, Minnesota. On the windows of the building were signs to the effect that homes of 100 acres were given free to actual settlers, and in the windows were displays of wheat, oats, barley, other grains and vegetables, which he was told were grown in Western Canada. This could be readily believed for in no other country on the Continent would it be possible to grow such splendid specimens. The world is now pretty well advised that in the growing of such cereals as have been named and vegetables as well the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have no competitor. For several years past specimens have been exhibited at State and County Fairs throughout the State, and these exhibits are looked upon as one of the chief attractions. They have demonstrated what can be done in the climate of a country possessing a soil that will grow things. But that it was possible to grow vegetables such as were seen there seemed to create some doubt. But it was the case. And apples, too. Not of course the splendid fruit grown in countries more congenial to such culture, but they were in evidence. Throughout Indiana, the hoosier farmers were forced to stop and think. When a similar exhibit was placed before them during the past few weeks, many of them were forced to stop and remark: "That is much ahead of anything we can do. The quality of the grain we have conceded, for has not so-and-so sent us samples grown on his own farm the like of which we had never seen before. But to think of the vegetables—and such vegetables. Why, we thought everything was frozen up there, and these turnips, cabbages, cauliflower, beets, mangolds, pumpkins, and squashes are away ahead of anything we ever saw grow." That is the story everywhere. Thousands of Western Canada homesteaders, formerly United States citizens, are growing just such grain, just such vegetables, which yield them a splendid profit with little outlay on the farms that they have secured from the Government of the Dominion of Canada at the nominal cost of \$10 for 100 acres. If adjoining land is wanted it can be secured from the railway companies or from private individuals at moderate prices and reasonable terms. By placing your name and address on a postal card and addressing it to the Canadian Government Agent, whose name appears elsewhere, a copy of "Last Best West" telling you all about it will be sent you free.

FOUR SHAFTS OF HUMOR.

Pithy Remarks from One of the Foremost Jokesmiths.

With the truly artistic temperament the bird in the bush has scant notion of doubling its value by changing to the hand.

A has-been is a man who has spent his time with hair vigors, electric brushes and newspaper recipes, when he should have been winning a laurel wreath to cover his ignominy with.

When you enter a shop state just what you want. For then the merchant can go intelligently to work to sell you something else. The great law of commerce is to sell people what they don't want. What they do want will sell itself.

But, probably it is no harder to live up to your reputation when you are young than it will be to live it down when you are older.—Puck.

ITCHING RASH 18 YEARS.

Girl's Rash Spread and Grew Worse Under Specialist's Care—Perfect Cure by Cuticura Remedies.

"When my daughter was a baby she had a breaking out behind the ears. The doctor said that she would outgrow it, and it did get somewhat better until she was about fifteen years old, and after that she could get nothing that would drive it away. She was always applying something in the way of salves. It troubled her behind the knees, opposite the elbows, back of the neck and ears, under the chin, and then it got on the face. That was about three years ago. She took treatment with a specialist and seemed to get worse all the time. We were then advised to try the Cuticura Remedies, and now I don't see any breaking out. M. Curley, 11-19 Sixteenth St., Bay City, Mich., May 20, 1906."

The Eternal Feminine.

"Did your wife scold you much for getting in so late last night?" "You bet she did—for about four hours!"

"Whew! What did you do?" "Fell asleep, as usual, during the lecture."

"But didn't she wake you up?" "Come to think of it, she did. Wanted to know if I loved her as much as ever—or something of the sort."—Young's Magazine.

Free Advice.

"An old subscriber wants to know what fur is most economical for poor people," said the stenographer of a woman's magazine. "Tell her bearskin," said the fashion editor, crankily.—Lippincott's.

Nature's Management.

"There is no way, is there, to keep wrinkles—from showing?" "How can there be when wrinkles are head-liners?"

VETERAN OF THREE WARS.

A Pioneer of Colorado and Nebraska.

Matthias Campbell, veteran of the civil war and two Indian wars, and a pioneer of Colorado, now living at 218 East Nebraska Street, Blair, Neb., says: "I had such pains in my back for a long time that I could not turn in bed, and at times there was an almost total stoppage of the urine. My wife and I have both used Doan's Kidney Pills for what doctors diagnosed as advanced kidney troubles, and both of us have been completely cured."

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

No Nature Fake.

The alleged case of a bird making a splint for its broken leg is no more wonderful than this:

A Welsh rabbit, about to be devoured by an enemy, made itself strong and tied the strings to a plate, fork and toast in a brave effort to keep from being dragged to its doom.

I saw this with my own eyes but refrain from giving my right name for fear of drawing upon me displeasure.—Herald and Presbyterian.

DOCTORS ORGANIZE UNION.

Toronto Physicians Fix Higher Scale of Prices.

Toronto, Ont.—The doctors of this city west of Yonge street have formed a union under the name "No. 11 Territorial Division of the College of Physicians and Surgeons." The objects of the organization are to improve the condition of the profession against quacks, establish minimum fees and amend lodge terms. The lowest fee for medical examination for fraternal societies has been fixed at \$2, while the minimum fee for minor operations has been fixed at \$10, and that for major operations at \$50. For a first visit to a patient \$2 hereafter will be charged, and \$1 for each subsequent visit, while the fee for night visits will be doubled, being fixed at \$3.—The charge for an office visit has been made \$1, including prescription, while to give anesthetics \$5 will be charged.

Some of Them.

"Don't you think it is dreadful for society to be taking up any of these esoteric Oriental ideas?" "Oh, but the Oriental rugs are perfectly lovely!"—Baltimore American.

FREE TO OUR READERS.

Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 48-page Illustrated Eye Book and if this paper is mentioned they will send you a Free Bottle Murine for Your Eyes. Write all about Your Eye Trouble and their Oculists will advise as to the proper Application of the Murine Eye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Murine Cures Eyes. Makes Weak Eyes Strong. Doesn't Smart. Soothes Eye Pain. Aids those Wearing Glasses and Sells for 50c.

Unswallowed.

She had been to her first party and had indulged not wisely but too well in delicacies that cause internal woe when partaken of to excess.

"Why, Geraldine!" exclaimed the anxious mother, as she welcomed the return of her offspring, "how white you are looking; do you feel sick?" "Oh, no," was the equable reply; "I did feel sick after the ice cream, but I unswallowed myself and I feel all right now."

DOCTORS IN GRAND JURY NET.

Two Indicted in Iowa for Conspiracy to Force an Independent Physician from a Surgical Case.

Waverly, Ia.—The Bremer county grand jury, which a few weeks ago indicted fourteen members of the county medical association, alleging violation of the anti-trust law, recently reported additional indictments against Dr. W. A. Rohlf and Dr. O. L. Chaffee on the general ground of conspiracy. Their alleged offense was of forcing an independent doctor from a surgical case, in which he as well as one of the accused doctors had been employed, after he had refused to sign the union scale.

A Certainty.

"Every woman thinks she would make an actress." "Not every one." "Yes." "There is, my wife." "Doesn't she think it?" "No; she knows it."—Nashville American.

Important to Mothers.

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

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

From the viewpoint of an old bachelor the vocalizing at a wedding is more depressing than the singing at a funeral.

HOW HE FOUND THE KEY.

Brother's Method Was Simple, but Also Somewhat Costly.

Miss Dresswell had just returned, after spending a week with a country friend. Imagine her consternation when she discovered her previously well-stocked wardrobe empty!

"Gracious, George!" she said to her brother. "Where are all my clothes? And what in the world is that great black patch on the lawn?"

The face of George exhibited all the well-known signs of conscious rightness, and he met her gaze unflinchingly.

"Maria," he replied consolingly, "you wrote to me that if I wanted the key of the billiard room I should find it in the pocket of your bolero."

"Yes, yes!" "Well, I don't know a bolero from a fichu or a box pleat, so I took all the things to the lawn and burnt them. Then I recovered the key from the ashes."

She froze him with a stare, and he is now thawing slowly on the kitchen stove.—Stray Stories.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

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