

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. II

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1907.

No. 51

## DAM GAVE WAY

### Smashing Things In General.

#### Electric Light People Crippled but Still Furnishing Electricity.

A portion of the power dam of the East Jordan Electric Light & Power Co., located on Deer Creek, gave way Monday morning at eight o'clock, releasing a 28 ft. head of water which swept down into the lake wrecking the East Jordan & Southern Railroad bridge and washing out a stretch of the Detroit & Charlevoix Railroad track. The highway bridge on Jordan River, near the Rogers school house, was lifted from its foundation and more than eight rods up stream by the counter current of the Deer Creek waters entering the Jordan river. The new Deer Creek bridge, remained intact the water passing over it.

Luckily no-one was injured although several narrow escapes are reported. There was an unusual quantity of water in the dam but no danger was anticipated. The break started from the top, and those who saw it stated that the cement work opened like a gate. The lowlands were flooded and stumps and debris were scattered every which way.

Railway communications to our Village were cut off until Tuesday afternoon, when the D. & C. track was repaired sufficiently to allow trains to pass. The E. J. & S. are working on a temporary bridge but at present are coming in over the D. & C. line.

The loss to the Electric Light people is quite heavy, although all their valuable machinery is left intact, even to the flume and water-wheel. Nothing can be done with the dam until spring, so the management at once turned their attention to their auxiliary steam plant, which, barring an engine, is in first class condition. Our town was lighted as usual Monday evening and a good service has been given us since, even to furnishing the different manufactories with juice for their motors. The management wishes, however, that all patrons should use the current as sparingly as possible until their auxiliary plant can be put in good running order.

The loss to South Arm township by the displacement of the Jordan River bridge is comparatively small as the bridge was an old affair and the Board intend to replace it with an iron bridge next summer. Temporary repairs will be made for the winter.

#### NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.

I will be at my office in East Jordan every Friday to receive taxes for South Arm Township until further notice. Those who wish to avoid paying the extra percentage charged should pay before Jan'y 10, 1908.

DAN E. GOODMAN,  
Treas. South Arm Twp.

#### County Normal Notes.

The normal class observed the work of the seventh grade grammar class, in the training room, Dec. 12. The work consisted chiefly in diagramming sentences and the parsing of pronouns.

We commenced the work of raffia weaving last week. We used the raffia that was dyed by members of the normal class.

Mayme Scroggie spent Sunday with relatives and friends in Petoskey.

We are making Christmas presents in connection with our work in manual training.

VOTRUBA'S Cash Store, for Christmas Candy and Nuts.

According to the Globe Democrat of that city, St. Louis has 143 fewer saloons this year than they had last. And yet that place has the audacity to ask for one of the big national conventions.

The plays for next week may not be presented in exactly the rotation as announced in some of Gorman & Ford's advertising but will be announced the night previous, and probably on Monday night, a good idea will be given as to the repertoire.

#### Our Christmas Edition.

The Herald takes pleasure in presenting its readers this week with its First Annual Holiday Number. The columns are well filled with Holiday ads, of our merchants and to the late shopper the all-absorbing question of "What to Buy?" will be answered by a study of the advertisements here contained.

This Holiday number will be a regular feature of The Herald in the years to come and, while our initial number is lacking in several features, we plan to improve its excellence as the years go by.

#### Governed By Circumstances

The accident at the electric light works with the resultant consequences, is a great loss to the owners of the property destroyed and a great inconvenience to all concerned. The greatest consideration should be shown those immediately concerned while striving to make repairs and changes to meet the new conditions. We are all creatures of circumstances, and must learn to meet every emergency with courage and fortitude.

The Electric Theatre is no exception to the rule. The Wonderful Passion Play advertised to be presented at this seasonable time of year, will have to be governed by circumstances. It will be presented on Saturday evening, as early as the electric light people can accommodate us with the "juice," and then again, under the circumstances, on Sunday afternoon at THREE O'CLOCK and will continue throughout Sunday evening.

Besides the 3,000 ft. of film showing this wonderful drama under the powerful electric lights, a number of sacred appropriate hymns will be sung and illustrated, thus making the presentation one of profit and pleasure, and helping everyone to feel the reality of the scenes presented. You will be better in thought and life by SEEING and HEARING the Wonderful Passion Play.

"Why does marriage make men clams?" asks a woman writer. Because they are expected to "shell out," we suppose. No? Well, what is the answer?

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 Most Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts from native medicinal roots and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and antiferment. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherry-bark, Bloodroot, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherry-bark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure very severe obstinate, hacking chronic coughs, bronchitis and pharyngitis, and all other sore throats with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering hang-over coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from lungs, that it has performed its most marvellous cures.

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago, says of glycerine:

"In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. Boiling a fixed quantity of the peroxide of hydrogen in solution it is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon enfeebled, disordered stomachs, especially if there is ulceration or catarrhal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach). It is a most efficient preparation. Glycerine will relieve many cases of prostatic (inflammation) and excessive gastric (stomach) acidity."

"Golden Medical Discovery" enriches and purifies the blood, curing blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings and old sores, or ulcers.

Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet telling all about the medicinal roots composing this wonderful medicine. There is no alcohol in it.

#### Simple Mixture said to Relieve Victims.

Now is the time when the doctors get busy, and the patent medicine manufacturers reap the harvest, unless great care is taken to dress warmly and keep the feet dry. This is the advice of an old eminent authority, who says that Rheumatism and Kidney trouble weather is here, and tells what to do in case of an attack.

Get from any good prescription pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Mix by shaking in a bottle and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime.

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

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

#### Afraid of Himself.

Joseph Jefferson, the actor, once told this story to a friend:

"I was coming down in the elevator of the Stock Exchange building, and at one of the intermediate floors a man whose face I knew as well as I know yours got in. He greeted me very warmly at once, said it was a number of years since we had met and was very gracious and friendly, but I couldn't place him for the life of me. I asked him as a sort of a feeler how he happened to be in New York, and he answered, with a touch of surprise, that he had lived there for several years. Finally I told him in an apologetic way that I couldn't recall his name. He looked at me for a moment and then he said very quietly that his name was U. S. Grant."

"What did you do, Joe?" his friend asked.

"Do?" he replied, with a characteristic smile. "Why, I got out at the next floor for fear I'd ask him if he had ever been in the war!"

#### Was Thin Indeed.

A fine, robust soldier after serving his country faithfully for some time became greatly reduced in weight owing to exposure and scanty rations until he was so weak he could hardly stand. Consequently he got leave of absence to go home and recuperate. He arrived at his home station looking very bad. Just as he stepped off the boat one of his old friends rushed up to him and said, "Well, well, Pat, I am glad to see you're back from the front."

"Begorra, I knew I was getting thin, but I never thought you could see that much," replied Pat. Ladies' Home Journal.

#### Carnegie Amended.

"I once gave an interview to a reporter in which I said that one reason for whatever success I may have had was because I always got good men around me," said Andrew Carnegie. "A recently Pittsburg paragrapher quoted that remark and moved to amend it by saying that instead of getting good men around me I got around good men."

#### Didn't Know Many Folks.

Artemus Ward was once traveling in the cars, dreading to be bored and feeling miserable, when a man approached him, sat down and said:

"Did you hear that last thing on Horace Greeley?"

"Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus.

"Horace Greeley? Who is he?"

"The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said:

"George Francis Train is sicking up a good deal of a row over in England. Do you think they will put him in a bastle?"

"Train? Train? George Francis Train?" said Artemus solemnly. "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for about fifteen minutes. Then he said:

"What do you think about General Grant's chances for the presidency? Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant? Grant? Hang it, man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw!"

The man was furious. He walked off, but at last came back and said:

"Say, did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up and said:

"Adam? Adam? What was his other name?"



## CHRISTMAS

IS ALMOST HERE.

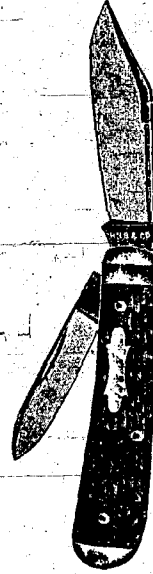
IT'S TIME TO BUY WHAT?????

We can help you decide in a hurry. Haven't much time, but what we have is yours. Suitable presents for anyone, large or small. These are only a few.

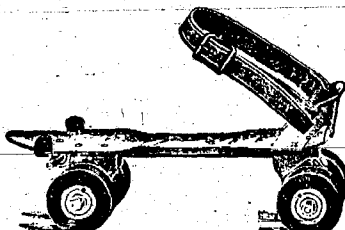


SINGLE BARREL SHOT GUNS

GUNS of every description from air rifles at 60c to shot guns at \$20. A dandy present for man or boy. See our Special, like the above, at \$3.50.



CLAUSS CUTLERY—Shears, Razors (safety and common) of all kinds, always acceptable to man, woman or child. Shears for 10c to \$1.25. All guaranteed. The largest line in town.



SKATES make good presents. We have the Barney & Berry and Union line. Don't fail to see them.



That Turkey needs carving. Get one of our O. V. B. sets and you won't have to wear out the stove pipe to keep it sharp. The edge stays on. Bird carving Sets \$1.00 to \$1.50, other ones up to \$2.50. Table Cutlery 50c per set to \$4.50.

SILVERWARE, NICKLEWARE, or GRANITEWARE, always pleases if well selected. We have a large stock of this which would please you and on which we could save you money. See our Volcanic ware, the best made.

## W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

Best Nickel Plated Ware at Mack's, at lowest prices.

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

#### Detroit & Charlevoix Railroad.

Time Schedule in effect Sunday, Sept. 1st, 1907.

Going East	Stations	Going West	
A. M.	Leave	Arrive	P. M.
9 00	East Jordan	5 10	
9 20	Wards	4 40	
9 25	Jordan River	4 35	
9 30	Graves' Camp	4 30	
9 40	Green-River	4 20	
10 50	Alba	3 58	
11 40	Deward	3 40	
12 25	Frederic	2 25	

CLARK HAIRE,  
General Mana.

Use in millions of homes

## CALUMET BAKING POWDER

It is put up under the supervision of a competent chemist, from the finest materials possible to select, insuring the user light, wholesome, easily digested food. Therefore, CALUMET is recommended by leading physicians and chemists.

Perfect in Quality Economical in Use Moderate in Price

Calumet is so carefully and scientifically prepared that the neutralization of the ingredients is absolutely perfect. Therefore, Calumet leaves no Rochelle Salts or Alum in the food. It is chemically correct. "For your stomach's sake" use Calumet. For economy's sake buy Calumet.

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

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

## VOTRUBAS CASH STORE

Give Us a Trial.

THE J. J. VOTRUBA CO.



All in One Trunk.

A New York woman recently won a suit against a transfer company for the value of articles contained in a trunk which was lost in transit from her summer home to her city residence. The trunk was a large one—of the "Saratoga" variety—and the claimant affirmed that it contained personal property to the amount of \$750. The abbreviated list of articles filled three inches of small type. Many items were indefinitely described, stockings and "men's underwear" being examples. But it was explicitly stated that the trunk held, among many things, 17 gowns and 15 skirts, ten pairs of boots, fly sweaters, ten lace curtains, five bedspreads, four blankets, two rugs and a large assortment of cutlery—in short, a liberal wardrobe for two persons and practically all the belongings of their cottage, omitting the sea-breezes, the hammocks and the mosquitoes. The average man has a place for everything and keeps everything in it; yet, says the Youth's Companion, he can scarcely put a razor and six handkerchiefs into a suit case without leaving something to lap over the edges, and if he has the misfortune to be a bachelor he will view the catalogue with skepticism. But many a head of a family will put aside his doubts, and may even declare that his own wife could have found room for even more in the trunk. She has taught him the feminine version of a familiar law of physics, which is, that two objects can occupy the same space at the same time, because one can go inside the other.

White Mice on the Flag.

Lieut. R. G. Hervey, of the British navy, has designed a flag for the use of submarines. The flag measures 18 by 12 feet and its background, in three vertical sections, one colored yellow, another red and the third blue. In the center is a black shield, divided into four parts, two of which are occupied by a submarine and three torpedoes. In each of the remaining quarters is a white mouse rampant. This is the first time white or any other colored mice have appeared on a flag. The explanation of their presence on the submarine flag is that white mice are always carried on a submarine boat as a safeguard to the crew, says the Montreal Gazette. Rodents are considerably more sensitive than men to noxious gases, such as those which have a tendency to accumulate in a submarine, and immediately the mice show signs of collapse it is known that there is danger, and accordingly the boat is brought to the surface.

It is never safe to generalize from incomplete data; but a New York physician has drawn some interesting conclusions from an examination of the lives of 74 great men and women. In a paper read before the International Congress on Psychiatry, or mental diseases, the physician—a woman—said that comparatively few geniuses were the first-born of their parents; in fact, only 10 of the 74 whom she considered were the eldest children. In many cases the genius of the family had been the youngest. Coleridge was the last of 13 children; Washington Irving the last of 11; Franklin the youngest son in a family of 17, and the youngest son of the youngest son of several generations; Daniel Webster and Wagner the last of seven, Rembrandt the sixth, and Schumann the last of five.

An amazing instance of human perversity was brought to the attention of the police the other day, says the Buffalo Express. A young man complained that his uncle had promised to drop five dollars a month in his infantile savings bank if he abstained from liquor, tobacco and froward conduct until he attained his majority. The lad avers that he has faithfully kept his part of the contract, but that on opening the bank he found it empty, whereas it should have contained \$800. Thus the complainant has missed all the delights of youth and has nothing to compensate him except his good habits.

Nevertheless, let's hope that Miss Vanderbilt will be happy with her \$12,000,000 fortune. It is a good deal of a burden, but there are ways of lightening it. Among the least admirable of these may be mentioned marrying a foreign gentleman with a title to support.

A number of Japanese officials have been sent to Switzerland for the purpose of studying the methods of Swiss hotel keepers. Japan is bound to learn. Delegations may yet come from that country for the purpose of finding out about the American boarding house.

According to the census report 1,733,332 divorces were granted during the last 20 years. This is proof that the courts have been busy issuing divorce decrees.

The City Man Can Succeed in the Country

By F. A. WAUGH, Chief Department of Agriculture, Massachusetts Agricultural College.

THE demand for farm labor is now far greater than it ever was in any other country. The city man, therefore, who is now supporting himself and family on laborer's wages can transfer his sphere of usefulness to the country any day. Such a transfer will usually be to his pecuniary advantage and to the physical, intellectual and moral advantage of his family.

Any other city man who does not understand modern and improved specialized farming should begin his country experience by hiring out for one or two years with some man known to be successful in the specialty to which the city man aspires.

Indeed the first thing to be decided by the city family looking countryward is what specialty is to be followed. Some men (and women) have a fancy for poultry keeping, others a taste for fruit growing, others prefer dairying, and so on through the list. Every one of these specialties offers good returns to industrious and intelligent men, but experience proves that a man can seldom succeed in a line wherein his tastes are not engaged.

Most men will naturally and properly be ambitious to establish themselves in the management and ownership of their own farms. After a reasonable apprenticeship served in the employ of some successful farmer, the city man can strike out for himself by renting a piece of land adapted to the specialty of his choice. Then, after another period of probation, he will be justified in buying a farm suited to his needs.

There is abundant opportunity in the country for the city families who want to move thither, but let no one try it on the supposition that anybody can succeed on the farm—success in modern agriculture requires several fundamental personal qualities. These are chiefly industry, frugality, patience and love for country life.

F. A. Waugh

The Human Heart a Restless Sea

By CARDINAL GIBBONS.

breath of prosperity and the winds of adversity as the sea is influenced by the storms that sweep over its surface.

Behold the birds of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly father feedeth them. Are not you of much more value than they? Man, restless man, makes every provision for the future. He sows and reaps and gathers into barns, he is absorbed by worldly pursuits, and yet he is uneasy about the future. The birds neither sow nor reap, and make little provision for the future, yet they perch on the branch and sing their evening song of thanksgiving to God without any misgivings about the morrow. For they know by that instinct which God has planted in their tiny breast that the divine hand which fed them to-day will feed them also to-morrow.

And for raiment, why are ye solicitous? Consider the lilies of the field; how they grow. They labor not, neither do they spin: And yet I say to you that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these. Now if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the fire, how much more you, O ye of little faith! Look at the flowers in your garden. How rich and variegated is their dress! More beautiful to the eye are the tints and shades of these flowers than the Tyrian purple with which Solomon was arrayed in the days of his regal splendor. Now if God gives so beautiful a covering to the flowers of the field which bloom to-day and wither to-morrow, can he neglect to provide suitable apparel for your bodies, which are destined to be transplanted and to bloom forever in the paradise of God?

God forbid that, while you are admonished to avoid the extreme of solicitude, you should fall into the other extreme of idleness and improvidence. If our Lord points out to you the care his heavenly father takes of you, he expects you at the same time to co-operate with him. "God helps those who help themselves."

It is true, indeed, that God feeds the birds of the air. But he does not deposit the bird's breakfast in the nest. The bird must rise early to find it. "The early bird catches the worm." It is true that God crowns the mountains with forest trees and enriches the bowels of the earth with coal and other mineral deposits. But it is equally true that this wood and coal cannot be of service to man without hard and patient toil. It is true that God gives fecundity to the earth, so that it produces grain of all kinds for the nourishment of man, but it is equally true that before these crops can be utilized man must cultivate the soil, plant the seed and reap it and gather it into barns. Christ multiplied the loaves in the desert to remind us of the bounty of divine providence.

The upshot of Christ's teaching is this: You should be active and industrious without excessive solicitude; diligent and laborious with anxiety. Labor to-day as if all depended on your own right arm and brain; trust to-morrow as if all depended upon the providence of God. Use to-day, for it is yours; trouble not yourselves about the morrow, for it belongs to God, it is still in the womb of futurity and may never be born to you. "Be not solicitous for to-morrow, for to-morrow will be solicitous for itself. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Do not derange the order of divine providence by superadding to the care of to-day the solicititudes of to-morrow, which are often imaginary or magnified by the imagination. Like a skilful general, concentrate your powers on the formidable enemy that confronts you now. Do not scatter your forces by striving at the same time to encounter an enemy yet far off and who may never approach you. Endeavor to pass through cares as it were without care. While the mists of perplexity and anxiety may hover about the imagination and disquiet the senses, never let these vapors ascend to the higher and more serene atmosphere where the soul is enthroned and communes in undisturbed union with her God.



Wireless telephony has mental telepathy beaten a mile.

West Point is shy 73 cadets, but the country is yet to behold a West Pointer shy.

As between a gentleman-burglar and an artistic liar it is hard to say which is the less desirable.

The man who said yawning was healthful was probably a press agent for a grand opera company.

Calm weather to a tempest-tossed mariner is as sweet as the voice and purse of a friend in adversity.

The new gold eagles have no restraining motto. Perhaps they design to lead the strenuous financial life.

Although nearly everything else is tightening up, it is noteworthy that a Connecticut corset factory has closed up.

The open door, Japan promised for Manchuria seems to be one of those revolving affairs affected in American cities.

A Kansas undertaker has been admitted to the practice of medicine. Does the law permit that sort of a merger?

Many New York families are discharging their servant girls, but Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan is not doing her own cooking.

The matrimonial market holds firm in spite of the practical monopoly of the diamond product of the world by the De Beers company.

"Love Is the Sum of It All" is the title of a new novel. It is not explained why the author left out the other words in the dictionary.

The report is confirmed that Saturn has knots in its rings. Then it may be assumed that the planet, like our selves, has also kinks in its election laws.

The bachelor who boasted his obduracy to the blandishments of the women in Toledo has been snared at last. Another case of pride that goeth before a fall.

The men who want football classed as prize fights have not been successful in results. There is a great difference between the sports. Prize fights are not so fatal.

The ink of the books printed to-day, the chemists say, will have faded in 27 years. The flood of historical novels of a year or so ago wasn't so great a plague as was feared.

In the matter of millions of our money going to Europe through the marriage of heiresses, nobody over there seems to be complaining of the American financial invasion.

An Indiana woman has gone to jail rather than pay a fine of one cent. If the judge had made the fine two cents it could have been marked down, thus averting the trouble that has come.

Perhaps the Chicago professor who says that there are no humorists in this country is right, but there will be no need of any as long as the Chicago professors keep on doing funny things.

The statement some time ago by a big meat packer that all foodstuffs were going down seems to have been something of a joke. It apparently referred to their consumption and not to their prices.

Mr. Weston's experience with new boots accords with that of his fellow-mortals generally. There's nothing like the old ones to cheer us on our way, and relieve us of the sorest of life's afflictions.

The first man who ever played a banjo on the American stage died only a few days ago at Warren, Pa. It must be remembered, however, that the minstrel joke was doing duty long before the introduction of the banjo.

Of course, it was all right for that Connecticut millionaire to dance the highland fling on his silver wedding anniversary if he so desired, but suppose he should drop off and some of his heirs should desire to contest his will.

A Pittsburg millionaire ran down a New Yorker with his automobile. The Pittsburg stopped his car and the New Yorker man didn't sue. The most stubborn person will admit that both incidents are within the bounds of possibility.

A reporter in the southwest wrote: "Miles of loaded box cars, sealed and south-bound, await the tug of steel sinews urged to motion by their ponderous lungs of steam. It is all nonsense to say that ours is a gray and inexpressive tongue."

The harbor authorities at Chicago purpose punishing a steamer for unnecessary whistling. If the regulation proves serviceable almost any business man would be thankful for a hint by which the law could be made applicable to his office boy corps.

A man was caught under the bed in a New York house. He ought to be put in an iron cage and kept at the zoo or some other public place, so that timid women could be assured by seeing him that the dread of every feminine life—the man under the bed—was caught at last.

In England the greatest possible phenomenon has happened. In the case of the threatened railway strike a precedent has been established by which both sides are satisfied. To establish a precedent is a wrench to the British mind in itself, but to satisfy everybody in doing so is so unprecedented as to redouble the shock.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

WILL DON GORMAN'S TOGA



John Walter Smith, the man who engineered the campaign that brought about the Democratic sweep in Maryland and put himself in line for United States senator, was an almost unknown man in politics six months ago. He had been governor of his state and on retiring had been promised election as United States senator, but the leaders of the party turned him down and gave the coveted seat to Isidor Rayner. Smith took it to heart, but made no complaint and remained in the party. He quietly made his arrangements and at the Democratic state convention when all the delegates were at sea as to the best material for a slate, he stepped in and nominated the whole slate himself, from governor down. He had been credited with ten votes in the convention, but he soon developed a strength of 114.

Having nominated the slate, it was up to Smith to elect them, and he carried 90 out of 128 seats in the legislative assembly. He put Judge Crothers into the governor's chair and made himself safe for United States senator, the height of his ambition. One of his lieutenants will contest the other seat with Senator Rayner when his term expires and Smith will be the dictator of Maryland with none to say him nay. Never before has a man emerged from comparative obscurity and reached such a commanding position in so short a time. And it was all his own work, moreover. He had determined to get both his revenge and the seat he was after, and he gets them both as a result of quiet working and scheming.

Smith is a self-made man in every respect, in business as in politics. He has made millions in lumber and other large commercial interests, and is prominent in financial circles, being director of several banks. Politics is with him merely a hobby, for he has no material ends to serve. On the other hand, it costs him immense sums, for no one has contributed to the Democratic funds more liberally than he. He was born in 1845 and his father died in 1850, leaving his estate so involved that it scarcely served to pay the debts, and Smith and his mother were plunged from affluence into poverty in an instant. He has risen from a penniless orphan to one of the greatest capitalists of his native state and one of its greatest politicians.

NEW CINCINNATI MAYOR

Leopold Markbreit, who has just been elected mayor of Cincinnati, is a soldier, a lawyer and a newspaper editor, besides being one of the most popular men in his town. He was law partner of Rutherford B. Hayes when the civil war broke out, and it was agreed between them that Hayes was to go to the war and Markbreit was to stay behind to attend to the office. Hayes was in command of a regiment at the battle of Carniferry, and was in a very tight position when he saw a new force debouching from the woods on his flank. He was about to order his men to turn their guns on this new enemy when he recognized their leader as Markbreit, whom he believed to be practicing law in Cincinnati. Markbreit was coming up to reinforce him, but the greeting he received was gruff: "What are you doing here? Why aren't you attending to the office?" But in the heat of the battle Hayes forgot his wrath and made no further objection to Markbreit remaining with the army.



Markbreit was wounded and had to return home, for his legs had become paralyzed and he was forced to drag himself along with the aid of crutches. His misfortune served only to endear him with the people. Although crippled he is still an active man and has been for years editor and principal owner of the Cincinnati Volksblatt, one of the leading German papers in the country.

Markbreit is about 65, was born in Germany and came here as a boy. He has a sunny, genial disposition, with a kind word for everybody. In his youth he was an ideal soldier, a man whose commanding presence attracted the attention of the late William McKinley, even on the field of battle. Now he will have to be carried from his carriage into the mayor's office.

HAS FOUND 15 ASTEROIDS



One of the most successful discoveries of asteroids in America is a young astronomer who has graduated but eight years ago from Amherst college, and is now instructor and serving astronomer of Princeton university. He is Raymond Smith Dugan, of Montague, Mass., who has the fame of finding no less than 15 asteroids.

Most people would imagine that this infers principally good eyesight and ability to sit out in cold observatories on dark nights, in ambush for any hapless asteroids that might be incautiously loafing about.

But as such work is so largely done by photography, the successful asteroid pursuer wins through patience and a good head for mathematics. It is a matter of patient setting of photographic traps to catch unwonted visitors among the heavenly company, and a long search through these pictures after any intruders that may have wandered in.

Then there comes the interminable calculation of orbits to determine whether the new-comer is some previous acquaintance or an untagged stranger, though this may not be done by the observer.

Mr. Dugan took a B. A. at Amherst college in 1899; an M. A. at the same institution in 1902, and from 1899 to 1902 he was acting director of the observatory at the Syrian Protestant college at Beirut, Syria. He then became first assistant astronomer at the grand ducal astro-physical observatory at Konigsstuhl, Heidelberg, taking the degree of Ph. D. at Heidelberg university in 1905. Mr. Dugan was also in charge of the photograph work for the Lick eclipse expedition to Spain in 1905.

The name Montague, given the asteroid for Mr. Dugan's home, has recently been submitted to the Reichsinstitut in Berlin; where the very laborious asteroid computations are largely done, and has passed without objection. The celestial Montague is about 15 miles in diameter, and its force of gravity, as Mr. Dugan remarks, is not sufficient for the inhabitants to feel sure of staying on the ground if a slight breeze is blowing.

FRIEND OF THE SIRLOIN

Sir James Crichton Browne, whose recent vigorous onslaught on vegetarianism and sturdy defense of the mutton chop and sirloin of beef has aroused the ire of the London food faddists, is the "Teddy Roosevelt" of the British medical profession. He is always going for something and he goes for it as hard as he knows how. In consequence he gets an amount of free advertising which the old fogey doctors regard as downright scandalous and opposed to the most sacred ethics of the medical profession.



But Sir James does not care for their criticism any more than the president does for the threats of the trust magnates. He delights in a controversial shindy. He says things with the deliberate purpose of provoking folk into hitting back. Thus, for instance, when he told the dietists that instead of being health reformers they were merely "cultivating infants on lentils and distilled water," he calculated on making the vegetarians angry.

He is a man who would have made a name in any profession had not medicine, and especially the study of lunacy, claimed his energies and talents at an early age. He was born in Edinburgh in 1840, and was the son of Dr. W. A. F. Browne, who was the royal commissioner in lunacy for Scotland, so that it has been said jestingly that Sir James has insanity in his family. He to-day is one of the greatest English specialists on mental and nervous diseases. In addition to being an M. D., he is an LL. D., a fellow of the Royal society, a fellow of the Royal Society of Engineers, and of many other learned societies, so that it will be seen that his attainments are decidedly Catholic. He holds so many honorary professorships that he probably would be stunned if called on to name them off-hand.





MRS. DONALD McLEAN.

# The Growth of Patriotic Societies

By Mrs. Donald McLean

Order of Cincinnati Founded by Revolutionary Officers—Crop of Societies the Result of Centennial in 1876—Refusal of "Sons of Revolution" to Accept "Daughters"—"Daughters" Soon Greatly Outnumber "Sons"—Eligibility Rules for Both Are Democratic—"Colonial Dames" and Other Organizations.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

(Mrs. Donald McLean's name is known very widely not only as that of the head of the New York city chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, but as that of a writer and speaker of ability on topics of special interest to women. Mrs. McLean is a prominent member of a number of organizations of a social and patriotic character.)

The centennial celebration of 1876 gave an impetus to patriotic impulses as directed toward organization which had lain dormant in a large measure since the years immediately succeeding the war of the revolution.

As all the world knows, the Order of the Cincinnati was formed immediately upon the cessation of that war and just before the disbanding of the continental army. It was composed of the officers who served through the struggle, Washington being the president of the society. It is the only organization in this country promoting the rights of primogeniture, and it is said that Washington hesitated ere granting his approval to such an organization or becoming its president because of the fear that an aristocratic sentiment would be unduly fostered in a democratic country.

However, Washington did consent to take the office, and the organization exists to this day, commanding the respect of all men and not conflicting with the best American spirit. Membership in this society descends from the eldest son to the eldest son (women are barred), and the insignia, which is a golden eagle, cut clear, descends with the membership. In lieu of direct descendants the title and insignia pass to the eldest son of the nearest branch of the family. The portraits and miniatures of many of the revolutionary officers display this badge of the Order of the Cincinnati as their proudest decoration.

This, of course, was the father, so to speak, of all patriotic organizations. It is not, perhaps, widely known that a society was formed directly after the formation of the Cincinnati purporting to represent the very principles of which Washington was such a warm supporter—that is, the democratic as opposed to the aristocratic spirit in the country. This second society was known as the "Veteran Corps of Artillery." It, too, was composed largely of officers of the revolution and men who had made good records in that struggle.

It never grew to such proportions or prominence as the Order of the Cincinnati, though always highly regarded by those who understood it. It now lives in combination with the society formed of the descendants of the heroes of 1812, the title being the Veteran Corps of Artillery and War of 1812. Therefore, this dual-named organization has a membership composed of men descended from ancestors who fought in the two wars of 1776 and 1812. In a few instances the same ancestors fought in both. This was possible if the patriot engaged in the revolutionary war in extreme youth and lived to hardy manhood to fight in 1812.

With the exception, however, of

these two societies, formed in the early period of the country's history, all desire for such patriotic organizations seemed to die, until, as has been said, the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence animated the seed of patriotic growth which has since flourished at this end of the new century into full and luxuriant bloom. Within the last few years well-nigh a countless number of organizations, bearing titles significant of historic associations, have sprung into being.

Of these "The Sons" and "Daughters of the American Revolution" are the most prominent and numerous in membership. In connecting the title "Sons and Daughters" the writer does that which the "Sons" themselves declined to do, the latter thus exhibiting a lack of that "seeing vision" which Du Maurier proclaims a priceless gift. In other words, the "Sons" did not foresee that a declination to receive the feminine descendants of revolutionary sires would deprive the society Sons of the American Revolution of an able, ardent and achieving element. Therefore it came about that the society Sons of the American Revolution, organized in 1889, exists as one organization and the Daughters of the American Revolution as another.

With the true, clinging nature of women's hearts, the feminine descendants of the revolutionary patriots appealed to the Sons of the American Revolution to be taken within the protecting fold of the masculine society! The latter, however, displayed no embracing inclination and threw the women back upon their own pride and their own resources.

The result was that in October, 1890, there was organized the national society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The growth and activity of the latter body would seem almost incomprehensible were it not to be remembered that the spirits of the men who "made and preserved us a nation" inspire the souls of their descendants; and woman's enthusiasm, when awakened, outstrips all other and reaches, on flying feet, the goal of high endeavor. The Sons of the American Revolution number several thousand—probably under 10,000. The Daughters of the American Revolution over 30,000.

These revolutionary daughters, having made clear to erring man his mistake in refusing their gentle companionship, now entertain the most amiable feeling toward their brother society. The latter apparently reciprocates, and the two organizations being in perfect harmony, although upon separate governments, have become a leaven of patriotism for the entire country. They are represented in every state, city and hamlet. All institutions of learning know them, from the public schools to the universities. All rostrums have welcomed them, from the old-time town meeting to the great assemblages in fashionable halls. Historic spots no longer neglected, but are crowned with lasting granite and immutable bronze. The heroes who spilled their blood upon the soil, then consecrated by that red libation, no longer sleep in unknown or forgotten graves. "Their children rise up and call them blessed," and their country is rejuvenated by the proud memories of their marvelous prowess.

Eligibility in either of the above-mentioned organizations rests upon lineage descent from one who served his or her country during the revolution, whether in the army or on the high seas or in giving "material aid" to the infant government. Descent from an officer does not necessarily figure in either society. Descent from a private, unknown save by his name and a record of unflinching service to his country, entitles one to the same regard as though descended from captain, colonel or brigadier general. Thus a truly American spirit is conserved.

Besides the Sons of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the

American Revolution, there is a society of the Sons of the Revolution, and one of the Daughters of the Revolution. The former claim to have been formed prior to the Sons of the American Revolution. It is a mooted question. It is a fact, however, that the Daughters of the Revolution are an offshoot from the parent society, the Daughters of the American Revolution.

In addition to the societies already named there exist a multitude of organizations of a patriotic nature, each having as an incentive the same loyal purposes toward its native land. Those best known are the masculine society Founders and Patriots, and a feminine society of the same name. To be eligible to membership in either of these one must be descended from ancestors who assisted in founding the country during its colonial period and were indubitably loyal to our own government during the revolution.

The two well-known organizations of colonial dames—one the Colonial Dames of America, the other the National Society of Colonial Dames—differ from the organizations just mentioned in that eligibility to membership consists in a descent from one who was prominent in the colonial period, but who was not of necessity, though it is presumed preferably, a patriot during the revolution.

A society closely akin to this, whose membership consists entirely of men, is known as the Society of Colonial Wars. Eligibility consists in descent from one who served in the wars during the colonial period of the country, such as the French and Indian war.

The United States Daughters of 1812 is a society founded upon descent from ancestors, prominent in the country from 1783 and from those who served in the war of 1812.

This brief account of the birth and growth of patriotic societies barely touches upon their excellent achievement; but this is manifestly true: The spirit of devotion to the nation, developed by such organizations, is the "outward, visible sign" which undoubtedly follows such "inward spiritual grace" and causes the existence of such organizations to be a matter of felicitation to the entire country, and the United States is surely proud of its sons and daughters and they in turn are ready to lay their best abilities, whether in peace or war, upon the altar of their country's liberty.

## THE WAY OF LOVE.

And Nothing Mattered So Long as They Were United:

Once upon a time there was a man who fell in love with a woman. And they were married. After a while the bills came in and the man sat around and thought about them. Then he went to his wife and said: "Dearie, can't you go a little slow?"

And his wife replied: "Alas! I never learned how. I fear that I am naturally extravagant. I don't mean to be, but I am. Tell me that you love me."

"I love you," replied the man. After a while the stork paid a friendly visit. When the excitement was over and things quieted down, the man took note of certain things that were happening. The servants wouldn't stay. The baby was either overfed or underfed. The spirit of Harmony had slipped out. And the man sat around and thought about it some more. Then he went to his wife and said: "Dearie, there's something wrong with our domestic economy. Things ought to be different. The house isn't run right. Things are not done calmly or systematically. Can't you?"

His wife shook her head. "I don't know how," she replied. "I never had much order. I can't help it, but—do you love me?"

"I love you more and more," replied the man.

And after another while the woman grew to be an invalid. She refused to take care of herself, and became morose, irritable and incapable of doing much of anything.

And one day, as the man sat and thought, she came to him and said:

"Dearest, I have been a failure. I'm thoroughly incompetent. I haven't done what I should have done. I have been lamentably weak. Aren't you, honestly now, sorry that you married me?"

"No," said the man.

"But I am a failure. You ought to be sorry. Why aren't you sorry?"

And the man smiled as he replied: "Because, sweetheart, if I hadn't married you I never could have loved you as much as I do now."—The Reader.

## Revolution in China.

It is reported that the revolutionary movement in China is gaining strength and that secret organizations are increasing in number, especially in the Yangtze valley. Chinese officials say that thousands of revolutionists are concealed in the foreign quarters of the cities, thus placing themselves outside the jurisdiction of the Chinese courts. The revolutionary agitation recently was carried into the army. Murderous plots against the Manchus continue to be discovered in Peking.

## Her Vaulting Ambition.

"The height of my ambition," said the woman who hasn't always had to work but has to now, "is to make so much money that I won't have to recognize every piece of lingerie I possess. I want to have so many pieces of everything that I can take up, say a skirt to put it on, and not know it is mine because I have had to wear it over and over about a hundred times."

## PANIC SHORT LIVED

Financial Shocks.

Country Suffered for Years from Effects of Wilson Law—Under Protection Confidence Is Restored in Few Days.

Many have been the explanations of the stock market crash and the runs on banks. President Roosevelt and a majority of the American people are agreed that the financial shock was due to a culmination of abuses by men who have played fast and loose with honest and honorable business principles. There have been those, however, who have blamed not the evils which were threatening our most sacred institutions, but the president for turning the light on the evils. Some have accused newspaper headlines for announcing that the clearing house committee was throwing high financiers out of the presidency of banks and trust companies, and for telling that there were runs on depositories when there were runs. Others have charged the disturbances to the defects of our currency system. Still others have offered different reasons—some weird, yet not insane; some picturesque, yet partly true.

But it has remained for the sapient tariff editor of the Evening Post to discover that the thing to blame for the whole business is the Dingley law, or, since the panic befell us under the Dingley act that no one ever again shall be able to say that the Wilson law was responsible for the bankruptcy, poverty and misery which overwhelmed us at the beginning of President Cleveland's second administration and continued to rage like a plague until the voters of the United States went to the polls in 1896 and cast their ballots for the restoration of the American tariff system now in operation.

There are some facts of sensational difference, of course, in the two events. The Wilson law panic did not expire in 48 hours; it endured for several years. Then, season after season, farmers burned their crops in their stoves for fuel and in the fields to clear them, because it did not pay to send them to market. Now there are hundreds of millions of profits in the crops, and at this moment the farmers, with mortgages paid off and bank accounts fat, are sending to market some six or seven billions of products bid for by our people and by the world at prosperity prices. As they receive their checks for their new wealth now pouring upon them the farmers, going to their banks to deposit the proceeds, ride in automobiles. Then the factories and mills and forges closed; they remained closed through the gloomy weeks and months and years. Now there is an unbroken hum of industry over the land. Then wage-earners had their pay cut, lost it altogether, ate up their savings in the banks and joined the bread lines. For a full presidential term the most conspicuous thing in the world was the empty dinner pail of America, the most active industry in this country the charity soup-house. "Now this is a nation of workers on full time, with a surplus of wages and profits, the week after the panic as the week before, to swell the savings banks accounts by millions, to buy homes and to give the best living anywhere on earth. Then the United States government, along with the public, "went broke." It had not enough income to equal its expenditures; it could scarcely borrow enough money to pay its bills from day to day. Now the treasury piles up such a daily surplus that it can toss a few hundred millions into the banks to supply currency and stop a prosperity panic.

In the Wilson law period there was a panic of long duration, not because there was insufficient currency with which to do the business of the people, but because there was no business to provide American bread and butter. Farms were wastes, mills and factories were abandoned. Industry was prostrate. And this misery—the misery of a poverty panic—was long continued. Yet the jocosely free trade orator tells us, though the facts of the two panics—the prosperity panic and the poverty panic—are different, the principles involved are the same. Wherefore is protection now banished from us as a superstition; wherefore shall this be the end of the American tariff system. Perhaps—when the people of the United States are able to subsist on green cheese imported from the moon.—New York Press.

## Two Great Questions.

President Roosevelt acted with his accustomed decision and promptitude in attacking the financial stringency. He directed the secretary of the treasury to issue \$50,000,000 worth of Panama canal bonds, bearing two per cent. interest, and \$100,000,000 of three per cent. government notes, with the expectation that persons who are now hoarding their money will invest in these unimpeachable securities and the money that comes from their disposal may be sent to the south and west to facilitate the movement of crops.

At the same time the president issued a call for a conference of governors of all the states and territories to meet him at Washington early in May of next year to discuss means to conserve the natural resources of the country, which, he says, "are becoming depleted, and, in not a few cases, entirely exhausted." These resources, in the president's language, are "mineral resources, the resources of the land and the resources of the waters in every part of our territory."

## BRYAN AND THE TARIFF.

Democratic Leader Playing Politics in His Speeches.

Mr. Bryan would have the tariff revised right away. At least he talks that way. Maybe he would talk differently if his party were in power. He would then be obliged to look at the matter in what in politics is called a practical light. As the matter stands, he is looking at it purely in the light of party advantage. Not relief for the people from heavy schedules, but embarrassment for the Republicans in the national campaign is his object.

We should see some all-around politics played with the tariff if the Republicans could be badgered into taking it up next month. The Democratic programme would be as plain as a pikestaff, and be followed strictly. Mr. Bryan might be tempted to appear and direct operations from the close rooms of the house. Delay would be the word from the outset. A long session—reaching into September if possible—would be the aim of the minority. No bill until fall, so as to leave as little time as possible for the majority to explain the performance in full from the stump. Such tactics were employed in 1890 against the McKinley bill, and had much to do with the Republican defeat that year. The voters repudiated the bill in a few weeks after its enactment into law, and yet six years later elected its author president, with instructions to assist in the writing of a new law upon the same lines. This was done, and that law is now ten years old.

Mr. Bryan's demand is all the politics that now remains in the tariff issue for his party. Tariff revision is assured at last. The most stubborn of the stand-patters must now concede that new schedules are on the cards. In their national platform the Republicans next year will declare themselves, and the work then promised will probably be performed at an extra session of the Sixty-first congress, called for that express purpose.

During the campaign we shall hear something about protection and free trade. Mr. Bryan and his friends will argue from the assertion that protection is the mother of trusts, and that the surest means of dealing with trusts is to destroy protection. The Republicans should welcome that debate—should welcome even the most veiled attack on a system which stands so thoroughly justified by experience. If protection cannot be defended, nothing can be. It was never more deserving of the title "the American policy" than it is to-day, with America, under its application, in the front rank of producing and flourishing nations.—Washington Star.

## Increased Export of Manufactures.

An interesting and important phase of the statistics of our foreign trade is the largely increasing share which manufactured articles bear to our exports. For the first nine months of this year manufactures were just short of 44 per cent. of our total exports, having never before been 40 per cent., and having been from 15 to 20 per cent. a quarter of a century ago. The figures show the growth in amount from \$10,000,000 per month in 1880 to \$63,000,000 per month in the first three quarters of this year. Iron and steel manufactures form the largest item, being \$146,000,000 for the nine months, while prior to 1897 the year's total was not \$50,000,000.

The increasing ratio of manufactures in our exports is a good sign, since the higher the process is carried and the more finished the article the more employment is given to labor and the larger proportion of the value represents wages. Coincident with this feature is the increase of tropical and sub-tropical products imported into the United States. These products represent not only food, as we are apt to think, though coffee, cocoa, sugar fruits and nuts form a large part of them. There are also crude materials for manufacturing, such as India rubber, fibers, gums, barks, raw silk and tobacco. The importation in increasing amounts of these materials denotes industrial growth, but is not so clear an outcome of it as the more impressive enlargement of the manufactured exports.

## Very Much Alive.

"Whatever other effects the panic may have, it has at least dealt a death-blow to the tariff superstition." Thus the New York Evening Post, meaning the belief of protectionists that when production and consumption are at high-water mark; when labor is fully employed at high wages; when the things that labor makes find a ready market; when the wages that labor earns find their way quickly into trade channels—that in these conditions prolonged and disastrous panics are impossible. Yes; protectionists believe all this. They believe it more than ever since they have seen the worst money panic the country has known for 14 years disappear inside of five days. The tariff had nothing whatever to do with bringing on this financial flurry, but it had a tremendous lot to do with quieting it.

## Exports of Gold.

A million and a half dollars of gold went in one shipment to Germany last week. This is described by the shipper as "a special transaction, having no bearing on the foreign exchange situation." Nevertheless it directs attention to the coincidence of increased imports from Germany, decreased exports to Germany, and a heavy shipment of gold to Germany. Shipments of gold in the four months ending with September have aggregated nearly \$2,000,000. In three of these months the German treaty has been in operation.

## IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT.

Have you got a little wife, quite the sun-shine of your life, Who is as witty and witty, and as pretty as can be? Some jolly little Molly, or some dainty little Polly, Or, perhaps, her name is Sally; it is the same to me. Then, remember this, old chappy, So that she is always happy: Never vex her, nor perplex her; never even let her pout. For, though you may be a stranger, Will warn you of your danger—An affinity will get her, if you don't watch out.

Let her dine on roast canary. Never be so mercenary. As to hint that beef and cabbage would quite as well suffice. Let her wardrobe be extensive; never mind if it's expensive. Pay the price without a murmur, if she keeps on looking nice. Down in Newport let her summer—that's the way to be a hummer. She'll appreciate such kindnesses without a single doubt. If in keeping with her wishes you should also wash the dishes. An affinity will get her, if you don't watch out.

Never kick about the cooking; never frown when she is looking. Never venture to remind her of the pie that mother made. Always grin while at the table, and, as far as you are able. Make her think it is a privilege to see that bills are paid. So, if you would keep your treasure, always cater to her pleasure. Never balk nor out-talk her; never have a wordy bout. Though you may not be outspoken, always sleep with one eye open. An affinity will get her, if you don't watch out. —Paul C. Willard, in Puck.

## Dire Threat.

"Accept me," cried the lovelorn youth, "and I shall smother you with kisses." "And if I refuse?" exclaimed the maid. "Beware! If you refuse I shall go to the ends of the earth." "And then?" "Why, I will smother you with souvenir postal cards."—Chicago Daily News.

## Appropriate.

Customer (in a cigar store)—Give me a quarter's worth of facts. Dealer—Beg pardon? Customer—Cigars—a quarter's worth of cigars. Dealer—But why do you call them facts? Customer—Because, like facts, they are stubborn things.—Chicago Daily News.

## Anything to Oblige.

New Waiter—Why did you soak that fellow so much extra? Old Waiter—He kicked so much about the food and the service that I judged he was in the habit of eating at more expensive places.—Cleveland Leader.

## A FAMILIAR PHRASE.



A "standing offer."—Chicago Daily News.

## A Way They Have.

The pretzels I consume induce such woes, The crullers I crave induce such woes. They have no bad intentions, I suppose. But they're just bent that way. —Judge.

## Worse Off.

Church—What's the matter, old man? You look all tired out? Gotham—Well, you see, I had to sit up all one night to be on hand to draw my money out of the bank, and since I got it I've had to sit up every night for fear some burglar will break into the house to steal it!—Yankers Statesman.

## Mean Thing.

Mr. Bacon—I am going to have a friend to dinner. What will you have for him? Mrs. Bacon—Oh, I'll make one of those pies I've just learned to make. And what shall we have after that? "Oh, I'll buy a box of dyspepsia pellets, dear!"—Yankers Statesman.

## The Height of Impudence.

Reporter—I suppose it gave you a great shock to find a burglar in your room? Actress—It did, indeed. But I almost forgot my fright in the anger I felt when I noticed what he was doing. He was brushing off his shoes with my blonde wig.—Chicago Journal.

## Same Old Story.

Bob—What! The beauty flitted you? Why, I thought you said she was a girl of the period? Freddy—Yes, but she turned out to be a girl of the dash. She is gone.—Chicago Daily News.

## Never Changed.

"I would think Tompkins would get tired of those hackneyed, monotonous phrases." "Why so?" "He always says 'I'll take a little of the same.'"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## At Least Two Times One.

Edgar—What is better than a kiss? Emma—Don't you know your multiplication table?—Chicago Journal.



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

CHADDOCK DISTRICT.

Merry Christmas. The small boy is wearing a smile that will not come off. Mr. and Mrs. Ruhling returned last Saturday from State. Grunga and enjoyed a profitable trip. Mrs. Maude Andrews of Traverse City is visiting her parents Geo. Anderson's, during the holidays. Bert Scott of East Jordan is assisting his father in a lumber contract, and is living in Mr. Vogel's house. Hugo Gurner is taking a vacation from his work at the asylum city. Mr. and Mrs. Marry Webster of Boyne City are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Trimble, the past week. Jos. Zoulek is assisting Mose Landonde at repairing his well. John Zoulek met with a very bad accident. He fell on some logs in the woods, broke two ribs and injured his back quite badly. School closed Friday of this week for a two weeks vacation. The teacher, Miss Rice, goes to Kalkaska. The following pupils have been neither absent nor tardy the past three months: Eileen Gunsolus, Agnes Vogel, John H. Chew, Karl Heller and Albert Carson. David Carson and Vernon Anderson missed one day and not tardy. Tyle and Gale Sweet were only tardy once and not absent. Fred Vogel was absent three days and John Gunsolus was not tardy but missed one and a half days for the past three months.

Sixteen kinds of Flour to pick from at Hanson & Steffes.

Three cans Apples for 25c at Hanson & Steffes.

In Mexico they celebrate Christmas for nine days. Guess there's no money strugency down there.

Wanted. Men to advertise and distribute our sample Mail Order Merchandise Catalogues, \$90 per month. Address: Unity Supply Co., Dept. P. Chicago, Ill.

Ingersoll and the Bishop.

Bishop Potter of New York once lay so sick that his life was despaired of, and even his intimate friends were denied admittance to his bedside. One day, however, Colonel Ingersoll called. The bishop demanded, despite the protest of his physicians, that the distinguished agnostic be asked into the sick room.

"How is it, bishop," said Ingersoll after he had offered his condolences to the invalid, "that I am so highly favored when your other friends are not allowed to see you?"

"Well, you see, colonel, I may not recover from this illness, and if I do not I have every assurance of seeing the others in the next world. I realized that if I wished to see you again I must do it here."

Minnesota's Wonderful Climate.

A sickly lady who was visiting a Minnesota health resort on the advice of her physician was seated at the table next to a ruddy faced, robust looking young man.

"Have you improved much since you came here?" the lady asked.

"Wonderfully, ma'am," replied the young man.

"And you were in very bad health when you came?" she persisted.

"Why, when I first came here I was probably the weakest person you ever saw. I had practically no use of my limbs nor the use of a single faculty."

"Dear, dear! And you lived?"

"I certainly did, ma'am, although I was absolutely dependent upon others for everything, being without power to help myself, but I commenced to gain immediately upon my arrival and haven't experienced a serious setback since."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" murmured the lady. "I trust you found kind friends here, sir?"

"Indeed I did, ma'am. It is to them and to the pure air of Minnesota that I owe my life. My father's family were with me, but unfortunately my mother was prostrated with a severe illness during the time of my greatest weakness."

"How sad! Surely, sir, you must have been greatly reduced in flesh when you arrived here."

"Yes, ma'am; They tell me that I only weighed nine pounds at the time of my birth here."—Everybody's.

A Bright Boy.

"Now, boys, what is the axis of the earth?"

"The axis of the earth," said Johnny, "is an imaginary line which passes from one pole to another, and on it the earth revolves."

"Very good, Johnny," said the teacher. "Could you hang clothes on that line?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, indeed, and what sort of clothes, may I ask?"

"Imaginary clothes, sir."

HOLIDAY GIFTS!

GALORE AT

MISS KNEALE'S

When you are out on your Christmas Shopping tour come here if you desire the selection of something dainty and useful, be it for father, mother, sister or brother; we can please them both in price and quality of goods. Just step in and see our line of

Dolls Toys

Japanese Basket's

Fine China

Cut Glass

Embroidery

Books

Miss A. M. Kneale Proprietor.

List of Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending Dec. 16th, 1907:

Beckon, Miss Myrt Lewis, L.G. Roach Mr. Neil Rheinhart, Lyman FRANK A. KENYON, P.M.

An Ideal Laxative.

Physics and Cathartics which purge, unload the bowels, and give temporary relief, but irritate, and weaken the digestive and expulsive organs. Laxative Iron-ox Tablets are as different in effect as crabs from fishhook. They nourish the bowel muscles and nerves, giving them strength and vigor to do the work nature intended, thus effecting a permanent cure by perfectly safe and natural means. The best laxative for children. Chocolate coated tablets, easy to take, never grip or nauseate. 10c, 50c and \$1.00 at all drug stores.

Jewelry Repairing

ALSO

Special Order Work

Engraving, Stone Setting, Etc. Jewelry and Flatware.

W. E. Palmiter

At Madison Drug Store.

The Crown 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. At The World's Fair in 1904 they were

AWARDED

Double-Grand Prize

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

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

Ask to See Them.

It will be a pleasure to show them to you.

—For Sale At—

Hudson's Shoe Store.

The Scrap Book

Wanted a Just Distribution.

A lieutenant of H. M. S. Revenge just before the battle of Trafalgar discovered one of the gunners on his knees before his gun.

"What are you doing?" shouted the amazed lieutenant. "You're not afraid, are you?"

"Afraid!" cried the gunner scornfully, rising from his knees. "No, I'm not afraid. I was praying."

"What are you praying for if you're not afraid?"

"I was praying, sir, that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as the prize money—almost all of it among the officers!"

THE SOCIAL SHOW.

But the thirst of soul soon learn to know the moturches froth of the social show; The vulgar sham of the pompous feast; Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;

The organized charity, scrippled and lead. In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;

The smile restrained, the respectable cant, When a friend in need is a friend in want;

Where the only aim is to keep aloof, And a brother may drown, with a cry in his throat.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

As It Was Announced.

At a church entertainment the master of ceremonies announced: "Miss Bates will sing 'Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest,' accompanied by the minister."

Not Much Choice to Him. Six-year-old Dick was preparing, much against his own sweet will, to go calling with his mother. It was the first time that Dick had been allowed to get ready alone, and together with boyish disgust, at being obliged to go visiting, he felt the importance of the situation.

After having put on his hat and coat he suddenly remembered something and called downstairs, "Mother, shall I wash my hands or wear gloves?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Blessing in Disguise.

Five Landis brothers were born on a farm in Indiana. Two of them are now members of congress, one is the now famous federal judge in Chicago, one is supervisor of posts in Porto Rico and one is a physician in Cincinnati.

"We had to work from daylight to dark on that farm," says Congressman Charles Landis. "Father had a team, and it took up all our time to get enough off that farm to support that team. We were working night and day to get provender for those horses."

"Fortunately one of the horses died, and a couple of us got away." Then the other horse died, and that let the rest of us out, and since then we have hopped along as best we could."

Self Interest. The real estate firm of Solomon & O'Sullivan had lots for sale in a new suburban addition. O'Sullivan, young, enthusiastic and Irish, was writing the advertisement and urged impending purchasers to seize the passing moment.

"Napoleon not only met opportunity; he created it!" Mr. Solomon read this line in the advertisement slowly and carefully. "This fellow Napoleon," he said—"what's the use of advertising him with our money?"—Lippincott's.

Everybody Fitted but Father. "Shall we have to buy new woolen underwear for all of the boys this year?"

"No, dear. Yours have shrunk so they just fit John; John's shrunk so they just fit Jimmy; Jimmy's shrunk to fit Willie, and Willie's are just snug on the baby. You are the only one that needs new ones."

Annihilating Time. A traveler, finding that he had a couple of hours in Dublin, called a cab and told the driver to drive him around for two hours. After awhile the driver began to whip up his horse, and they narrowly escaped several collisions.

"What's the matter?" demanded the passenger. "Why are you driving so recklessly? I'm in no hurry."

"Ah, g'wan wid yez! D'ye think that I'm goin' to put in me whole day drivin' ye around for two hours? G'lap!"—Everybody's.

Mark Twain's Definition. Mark Twain during a conversation with a young lady had occasion to mention the word drydock.

"What is a drydock, Mr. Clemens?" "A thirsty physician."

Wasted Tears. The official in charge of the grounds at Mount Vernon came upon a woman kneeling before a building not far from the monument. She was bathed in tears. Thinking that the lady was in trouble, the director gently inquired whether he might be of service to her.

"No, thank you," sobbed the woman. "I am not in trouble, but my patriotte feeling overcame me when I first gazed upon the tomb of the Father of His Country."

"Pardon me, madam, but you have made a slight mistake. This is not the tomb of Washington, but his ice house."

Did Not Know the Word's Meaning. Sarah Bernhardt, in company with other actors, was seated before the fire in the greenroom of her theater in Paris on the opening night of a new play, and the company felt nervous.

Marshal Canrobert, a French general who had shown great courage in the Crimean war, entered and was struck by their silence and depression.

"You are not very gay," he said. "What is it?"

"Ah, monsieur," replied the actress, "we are on the eve of a great battle and are afraid."

"Afraid?" echoed the marshal, mystified.

"Ah, I beg your pardon. I quite forgot," replied Bernhardt. "Touching a bell, which summoned an usher, she said to him: 'Pleard, please bring a dictionary for monsieur.'"

The Governor and the Preacher. "Do you know why chickens are the most devout of all fowls?" asked Governor Hoch of a colored preacher who had called upon him for a subscription. "No, sah, govneh. Why am it?" "Because more of them go into the ministry."—Kansas City Journal.

They Had the Goods. A gentleman of cultivated musical tastes advertised for rooms in a private family "fond of music." The next mail brought him the following reply:

Dear Sir—I think that we could accommodate you with rooms, and as far music one of my daughters plays the parlor organ and guitar; another one plays the accordion and banjo; I play the cornet and fiddle; my wife plays the harmonica and my son the flute. We all sing, and if you are good at tenor singing you would fit right in when we get to singing gospel hims evenings, for none of us sings tenor. Or if you play the base vial we have one right here in the house. If you want music as well as rooms and board, we could accommodate you, and there would be no extry charge for it.

—Lippincott's.

25 CENTS

PISO'S Coughed Continually

SWORN TESTIMONY given by Mrs. Mary C. Marshall in the Superior Court of Cincinnati.

"I coughed continually for six months—lungs very sore—had constant pain in my chest—and was much emaciated—could find no relief. After two-thirds of my first bottle of

PISO'S CURE my health began to improve and I soon grew strong and fat."

Such sworn testimony, from many witnesses, convinced the Court and secured for us a permanent injunction against a worthless imitation. For nearly half a century PISO'S Cure has been relieving the most obstinate coughs and colds of both bronchial and pulmonary nature.

Give it a fair trial and it will cure you

CURE

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

Don't neglect your cough. Statistics show that in New York City alone over 200 people die every week from consumption. And most of these consumptives might be living now if they had not neglected the warning cough. You know how quickly Scott's Emulsion enables you to throw off a cough or cold. ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

THE WINTER TERM of The Needham Business College TRAVERSE CITY, MICH. Will Begin Monday, December 30th. New Features: 1. A department of TELEGRAPHY will be opened, and a man of 15 years' practical experience will have charge. Look up the national and state laws in regard to railroad operators, and note the increase demand as a result. 2. Two Systems of SHORTHAND will be offered—Gregg and Lindsey. 3. Two additional Instructors have been engaged. 4. A BOARDING CLUB will be organized, thus reducing the expense of living. Write for Catalog. W. P. NEEDHAM, President.

A Point or Two. We would like to give you a point or two about Plumbing. In getting your Plumbing done do not make cheapness the chief thing. Cheapness is often a delusion and a snare, and a pitfall for the unwary. Beware the man who always talks cheapness. Go for Quality and Value every time. We can give you intrinsically the best value for your money in first class sanitary Plumbing procurable anywhere, and good service in every particular.

GEORGE H. SPENCER. E. A. LEWIS Fresh Goods Every Week And none but the Best Brands in All Lines. —TRY OUR— Teas and Coffees, Breakfast Foods, Flour, Buckwheat, Corn and Maple Syrup, Cookies, Confectionery and Fruit. JUST RECEIVED—A Fine Line CROCKERY. Orders Promptly Filled and Delivered. Phone 168.

Xmas Post Cards Perfumes Fancy Confectionery and Cigars Jas. GIDLEY, Druggist

## Briefs of the Week

**Pay Your Taxes.**  
**Holiday Vacations.**  
Calendar pads for sale at this office.  
Passion Play—now on at Electric Theatre.

"Why She Left Home"—Monday night at Opera House.

Wanted:—Living rooms for a couple with one child. Apply at the Electric Theatre for particulars.

Special meeting of Mystic Lodge No. 379 E. & A. M., Saturday evening, Dec. 21st, for practice.—By order of W. M.

Remember the Christmas Matinee at Loveday Opera House Wednesday p. m. at 2:30 o'clock—bring your friends.

The Argo Mills are running as usual in spite of rumors that they were laid up for lack of power to run their motors.

The annual supper and sale of the Presbyterian ladies held Wednesday evening was quite a successful affair, netting between \$80 and \$70.

Christmas services next Sunday at the Presbyterian church with special sermons both morning and evening. In the evening the fine chorus choir of twenty voices will render appropriate music.

Sheriff McWala was over from Boyne, Monday.

Sofa Pillows in all styles at B. C. Hubbard & Co's.

Fred Whittington expected home today from U. of M.

Miss Eme Edson of Central Lake is visiting friends hereabouts.

Homer Maddock is home from Traverse City for the winter.

Twenty-four grades of Coffee to choose from at Hanson & Steffes.

B. E. Waterman left Tuesday for a fortnight's trip to New York and Virginia.

The Methodist Sunday School has recently been supplied with new singing books.

Harry Curkendall was called to Boyne City this week by the serious illness of a sister.

Christmas hymns will form a pleasing part of the Sabbath services at the Methodist church.

The annual Christmas celebration of the Presbyterian Sunday School will be held next Tuesday evening at the church.

Supt. A. E. Cross is in Lapeer County this week, taking up the beans contracted by farmers there with the E. B. Clark Seed Co. last Spring.

C. L. Lorraine is a Detroit business visitor.

Mrs. Clyde Hipp was among the sick the past week.

E. J. Crossman was a Grand Rapids visitor this week.

Five pounds Fancy Rice for 25c at Hanson & Steffes.

Numerous Bread and Crumb Trays at STROEBEL BROS.

Mrs. Frank Brotherton was a Belleaire visitor, Monday.

Preaching at the Bennett school on Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Harry Allen and Frank Labadie were Belleaire visitors over Sunday.

Handsome Voile Skirts and Shirt Waists just received at B. C. Hubbard & Co's.

Not all but a share of your patronage will be appreciated by Hanson & Steffes.

Two new members were added to the Methodist church by letter on Sunday.

Just received, a fine bunch of Push Button Morris Chairs and Rockers at WHITTINGTON'S.

Mrs. George Miles is receiving a visit from her sister, Mrs. H. A. Gifford of Gagetown.

With every 10c worth of Rub-n-more soap we give one package of washing powder (free) at SHERMAN'S MARKET.

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

Santa Claus will be at the Methodist church Tuesday evening and as usual will display his goods upon a tree. He well knows there is no better way.

We will sell in exchange for Butter or Eggs just as cheap as any store in East Jordan.

Hanson & Steffes.

The Missionary Meeting was held at Mrs. Hudson's on the West Side, Friday, Dec. 13th. Roll call was responded to with quotations on Peace. The devotional was led by the president, and Mrs. Grigsby offered prayer. The leaders on the program were Mesdames Crowell and Hoyt, the subject for the day being the Mountaineers, which was discussed in readings by Mrs. Crossman and Haire. Mrs. W. P. Porter read of the Christmas times of years ago and now. The change was quite noticeable, showing what good the missionaries among them had done. Mrs. Whittington read the Christmas Tide in Syria, Mrs. W. J. Smith recited a Christmas piece, Annie and Willie's Prayer, the president read a greeting from Mrs. Miller, secretary of the Petoskey Presbytery, and Mesdames Haire and Bush sang a duet assisted by Miss Violet Grigsby.

After refreshments were served, the duet was repeated by urgent request.

We have a large stock of Cranberries.

—E. A. LEWIS.

Old papers sold at this office.

Breakfast goods of all kinds at Hanson & Steffes.

A good 22 calibre Rifle at STROEBEL BROS. for \$1.34.

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

Cut Glass at lowest possible price at Mack's Jewelry Store.

3 pounds Candy and Peanuts mixed for 25c at J. J. VOTRUBA'S Cash Store.

A dandy Christmas Gift, a Push Button Morris Chair or Rocker at WHITTINGTON'S.

We are receiving a large assortment of Confectionary, Nuts and Fruits for the Holiday trade.

—E. A. LEWIS.

Empey 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.

Large assortment of Silver Tea and Table Spoons at STROEBEL BROS.

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.

This is the season of decay and weakened vitality; good health is hard to retain. If you'd retain yours, fortify your system with Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, the surest way. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

We deliver goods to all parts of the village at all times.

Hanson & Steffes.

When winds shriek high in fendish glee, And enters winter with his key Protect yourself, from disease be free; Take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea.

So. Arm Grange Officers.

At their regular meeting last Saturday evening, South Arm Grange No. 815 elected the following officers for ensuing year:

Master—H. L. Olney.  
Overseer—Frank St. John.  
Steward—Willard Robinson.  
Lecturer—Anna Murphy.  
Secretary—Samuel Rogers.  
Chaplain—Mrs. A. M. Murphy.  
Assistant Steward—Clarence Landon.

Gatekeeper—Charley Cushman.  
Ceres—Minnie Crawford.  
Pomona—Ursula Crawford.  
Flora—Nathalie Liskum.  
Lady Assistant Steward—Nina Robinson.

MARRIAGE LICENCES.  
Theodore W. Gummer, 24, Boyne City.  
Mamie A. Siler, 21, Boyne City.  
William John Malloy, 25, St. James.  
Katherine Cull, 23, St. James.  
Isaac Slaughter, 22, Wilson township.  
Ida McGeorge, 20, Wilson township.

## Christmas Is Coming

And in our large store you will find a great many presents to make your dear ones happy. We could suggest a great many things, but the space is too small. In our

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

You will find useful as well as ornamental presents from a 5¢ handkerchief to a Coat or Fur.

CLOTHING

A Suit of Clothes for young and old will be just the thing.

SHOES and SLIPPERS

For Men, Women and Children, in all sizes, will make useful presents.

A visit to our store will help you in selecting your Xmas presents.



## L. WIESMAN.

IT OPENS TONIGHT—Saturday Evening, Dec. 21st

—AT—

## The Electric Theatre

The WONDERFUL and MAGNIFICENT

## Passion Play

OR LIFE OF CHRIST as Dramatized at Oberammergau.

Interspersed with Beautiful Illustrated Hymns and Songs, and accompanied by Appropriate Instrumental Music.

It will be Elevating and Good. See Programs.

Admission, Ten Cents.

## More Than A Gift.

A savings account pass book with a modest entry of credit makes a most desirable Christmas present.

It is more than a gift to the recipient, since it is an inducement to future thrift which may lead to life-long success.

Savings accounts earn 3½ per cent interest. One Dollar starts one.

## State Bank of East Jordan

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

OFFICERS and DIRECTORS:

W. L. French, President. A. H. Frost, M. H. Robertson, Vice Pres.  
W. P. Porter, Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier.

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

Henry Ward, a millionaire lumberman, son of the late David Ward, one of Michigan's pioneer lumbermen, became violently insane Thursday at his home in Pontiac. Ward is 60 years old and has always been eccentric.

A number of our school-ma'ams left yesterday and today for their Holiday vacation. Miss Jessie Severson goes to Manistee, Miss Lulia Babcock to Albion, Miss Vida Collins to Bear Lake, and Miss Susan Walsh to Mt. Pleasant.

Services at the Methodist church at 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m., Sunday School at 11:45. Morning text, "I am Gabriel that stand in the presence of God;" evening, "There was no room for them in the inn." Epworth League service at 8:00 o'clock; subject, "The Birth of the King;" leader, Miss Ethel Fortune.

A couple of representatives of the Island City Pickling Co. were in our city last Saturday and a public meeting was held at the Electric Theatre to talk over the project of putting in a salting station here. The matter is up to the farmers. The pickling people pay 55 cents per bushel for pickles up to 4 in. in length.

Patrick Walsh, a well known resident of East Jordan, died at his home in this city Sunday morning of heart failure, after an illness of about a fortnight. Deceased was aged 63 years of age and was born in Ireland. He came to East Jordan in 1883 and has since made this village his home. A widow, together with a brother and sister, survive him. Funeral services were held from St. Joseph Catholic church Tuesday morning and the remains interred in the Catholic cemetery.

The coming of Gorman & Ford Co. at Loveday Opera House will be quite an event for East Jordan Theatre goers, as they have the reputation of being very good, and are coming at the time we all expect to have amusement in one way or another. Now, at the low prices charged, can those who are thinking of entertaining their friends, entertain in any more agreeable way or do it at less cost than to make up little theatre parties during the week. The best seats will be but 30c on main floor. Come Monday night and then think it over.

Supt. of Poor J. W. Rogers returned home from the southern part of the state, Wednesday. He attended the state meeting of Superintendents of Poor at Lansing, inspected the poor farms of Eaton and Lapeer counties, and visited his old home at Charlotte.

LOST:—A hand pocketbook somewhere between the village and site of the power house dam. Pocketbook contained three silver dollars and a fifty cent piece, together with several Royal Neighbor receipts. Finder kindly return to Mrs. Wm. Johnson or leave at postoffice.

At Boyne City Wednesday, Denver Bates, aged 7, was shot by his brother James while they were returning from a visit with their sister. James, who is 10 years old, was carrying a 22 calibre rifle across his knee when it was accidentally discharged. The bullet struck the right shoulder of Denver, passed through the jugular vein and came out the left shoulder. He lived a half hour. The brother is frantic with grief. William Bates, a brick contractor, is the father of the boys.

Raising apples in Michigan is a business that pays and the "poor farmer" idea is a joke. This fact sticks out like a wart in the seasons of the Michigan State Horticultural Society. George Tucker, Fenville, modestly admits to selling 1,000 barrels apples at \$4 barrel, and even fails to deny that he has cleared \$15,000 in five years on eight acres of orchard. Tucker has come to Battle Creek to hear speakers tell how to get more money out of his land.—Battle Creek Dispatch.

12c outings 10c at B. C. Hubbard & Co's.

The Charlevoix Courier this week states that "The action taken by Truant Officer Bashaw against Henry McClannaghan, of Marlon township seems to have been hasty, according to later information. His son Lloyd was in school district No. 5 at the time, having left his home district No. 4, on account of trouble and dissatisfaction." Mr. Bashaw takes exceptions to these statements as complaint was filed with him Nov. 20th. After the formal notice to parents was served, a week elapsed before a warrant was issued, and the day the warrant was served the child was at home. Under the law, parents are ordered to have their children in school the day following receipt of notice.

# CHRISTMAS GIFTS AT MACK'S.

A carefully selected stock of Holiday Goods, embracing many articles suitable for Holiday Presents, and at Prices within your reach. Our stock consists of

### Jewelry.

Complete Stock. Every piece Guaranteed.

Watches, \$1 to \$40

Every Watch Guaranteed.

Rings, 75 cts. to \$100

ALL SOLID GOLD.

A Large Assortment

Of Bracelets, Locketts, Chains, Fobs, Brooches, Hat Pins, Cuff Buttons, Stick Pins, Etc., Etc.

No Trouble to show Goods. Will be pleased to have you call and examine our Prices and Stock.

ENGRAVING FREE.



### Silverware.

Roger Bros.' 1847

Best 12 Dwt.

Knives and Forks, \$3.60  
Twelve Pieces.

Oneida Community

Best 12 Dwt.

KNIVES and FORKS \$3.60

All Spoons, same make, a correspondingly low prices.

### Cut Glass

The Finest Line ever shown in East Jordan.

Nickel Plated Ware

Best and Cheapest to be found in this section.

## C. C. Mack, the Jeweler.

Main Street, East Jordan, Mich.



# The Girl from Tim's Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MURIN  
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, Stratton, and Gracie. 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 Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reaches camp and Mrs. Frisbie and her children 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 she does not realize this. 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. Chip's one woods friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bolduc and escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returned from the settlement. Bolduc escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Amiz and trap during the winter.

## CHAPTER X—Continued.

"That's also 'nother side to consider. Chip wants schoolin', 'n' she's got to study night 'n' day for the next eight months. If you go back with 'em, an' go gallivantin' round with 'em, ez you're sure to, it won't be no help to her. I've given you two all the chances fer weavin' the threads o' foetshun I could this summer, an' now let's you 'n' I turn to and make some money. I've asked your uncle 'n' aunt. They're willin', 'n' now, what do ye say?"

Few country boys with a love for trappin', such as Ray had, ever had a more alluring prospect spread before them. He knew Old Cy was right in all his conclusions, and almost without hesitation he agreed to the plan.

It was far-sighted wisdom on Old Cy's part, however, in not giving Ray time to reflect, else the magnet of Chip's eyes on the one hand, and eight months of separation on the other, would have proved too strong, and trap-setting and gum-gathering, with \$500 as reward, would have failed.

As it was, he came near weakening at the last moment when the canoes were packed and Angie and Chip came to take their seats in them.

He and his crude, rude, yet winsome little sweetheart had suffered a brief preliminary parting the evening previous. A good many sweet and silly nothings had been exchanged, also promises, and now the boy's heart was very sore.

Chip was more stoical. Her life at Tim's Place and contact with Old Tomah had taught her reserve, and yet when she turned for the last possible look at Old Cy and Ray, waving good-bay at the landing, a mist of tears hid them.

Old Cy's face was also a study. To him these parting clouds were as the white ones hiding the sun; yet he felt their chill. His own life shadow was lengthening. He had now but a brief renewal of youth in the lives of these two, and then forgetfulness, as he knew full well, and yet he pitied them.

More than that, he had set his hand to guiding the bark of their young lives into the safe harbor of a home, and all feelings of his own subserved to that.

"Come, come, my boy," he said to Ray as the two turned away, and he noted the lad's sad face, "she's gone now, an' ye'd best forget her fer a spell. Ye won't, I know, 'n' she won't; but ye'd best make believe ye do. This ain't no spot for love-sick spells. We've got work to do, 'n' money to earn; ye've got the chance o' yer life now, an' me to help ye to it, so brace up—'n' look cheerful."

"Think o' what we got to do to git ready fer winter 'n' six foot o' snow. Think o' the traps we're goin' to set, an' the fun o' tendin' 'em. Why, girls ain't in it a minnit with ketchin' mink, marten, otter, an' now 'n' then a lynx or bobcat. Then when ye go back with a new suit 'n' money in yer pocket, ye'll feel prouder 'n' a peacock, 'n' 'n' Chip a-smilin' at ye sweeter 'n' new maple syrup."

Verily Old Cy had the wisdom of age and the cheerfulness of morning sunshine.

would be needed, and later, when south-bound ducks halted at the lake, a few of these would add to their larder.

In this connection, also, another need occurred to Old Cy. Trout could be caught all winter in the lake, but live bait must be had, and so a slat or to be sunk in some swift-running stream, which would hold them, must be constructed, also a scoop of musquito net to catch them. These minnows were to be found now by the million in every brook, and forethought was Old Cy's watchword.

All these duties and details he discussed that first day with Ray, while they worked, for a purpose.

But the first evening here, with its open fire, yet empty seats, was the hardest to pass. In vain Old Cy enlarged upon the joys of trap-setting once more, and how and where they were to secure gum. In vain he described how deadfalls were built and where they must be placed, how many signs of lynx and wildcat he had seen that summer, and how sure they were to secure some of these valuable furs.

Ray's heart was not here. Far away in some night camp, Chip was thinking of him. He knew each day would bear her farther away. No word of her safe arrival could reach them now. Long months must elapse ere he and she could meet again, and in prospect they seemed an eternity.

"Come, git yer banjo, my boy," Old Cy ejaculated at last, seeing Ray's face grow gloomy. "Tune 'er up, an' play us suthin' lively. None o' them goody-goody weepin' sort o' tunes; but give us 'Money Musk' 'n' a few jigs. I'm feelin' our prospects are so cheerfull, I'd like to cut a few pigeon-wings out o' compliment."

But Old Cy's hilarity was nearly all put on. He, too, felt the effect of the empty seats and missed every one



"Why Don't Ye Shave?"

that had gone, and Ray's jig tunes lacked their spirit. He essayed a few, and then quite unconsciously his fingers strayed to "My Old Kentucky Home," and Old Cy's feelings responded.

## CHAPTER XI.

Chip's arrival in Greenville produced astonishment and gossip galore. It began when the stage that "Uncle Joe" Barnes had driven for 20 years started for that village. There were other passengers besides Martin, his wife, and Chip. The seats inside were soon filled, and Chip, seeing a coveted chance, climbed nimbly to a position beside the driver.

"Gee Whittaker," observed one bystander to another, as Chip's black-stockinged legs flashed into view, "but that gal's nimbler 'n' a squirrel 'n' don't mind showin' underpinnin'. I wished I was drivin' that stage. I'll bet she's a circus."

Uncle Joe soon found her a live companion at least, for he had scarce left the village ere she began.

"Your hosses are fatter 'n' Tim's hosses used to be," she said. "Do ye feed 'em on hay and taters?"

Uncle Joe gave her a sideways glance.

"I used to live at Tim's Place, up in the woods, 'n' we fed our hosses on taters, 'n' they had backs sharp 'nuff to split ye."

This time Uncle Joe faced squarely around.

"I know all about hosses," she continued glibly. "I used to take keer on 'em 'n' ride one plowin', an' I've been throwed more 'n a hundred times when we struck roots, an' ye ought to 'a' heard Tim cuss. I used to cuss just the same, but Mrs. Frisbie says I musn't."

"Wal, I swear," ejaculated Uncle Joe, realizing that he had a "case."

"What's your name, 'n' whar's Tim's Place?"

"My name's Chip, Chip McGuire, only 'tain't it's Vera; but they always called me Chip, an' Tim's Place is ever so far up in the woods. I runned away 'cause dad sold me, an' fetched up at Mrs. Frisbie's camp, 'n' she's goin' to eddicate me. My mother got killed when I was a kid, 'n' my dad killed 'nother one, too; he's a bad 'un."

Uncle Joe gasped at this gory tale of double murder, not being quite sure that the girl was sane.

"Hain't they ketched yer dad yet?" he queried.

"No, nor they won't." Chip rattled on, as if such killing were a daily occurrence in the woods. "He's a slick 'un, they say, an' now he's got Pete's money, he'll lay low."

"Worse and worse, and more of it," Uncle Joe thought.

"You must 'a' had middlin' lively times up in the woods," he said. "Did yer dad kill anybody else 'sides yer mother 'n' this man?"

"He didn't kill nother," Chip returned promptly; "he used to lick her, though, but she got killed in a mill, 'n' I wish it 'ud bin him. I wouldn't 'a' bin an orfin then. Say, 'n' she added, as they entered a woods-bordered stretch of road, "did ye ever see spites here?"

"Spite," he responded, now more than ever in doubt as to her sanity, "what's them?"

"Why, they's just spites—things ye can't see much of 'ceptin' it's dark. Then they come crawlin' round. They's souls o' animals mostly, Old Tomah says. I've seen thousands on 'em."

Uncle Joe shifted his quid, turned and eyed the girl once more. First, a wild and woefully mixed tale of murder, and then spookish things! Beyond question she had wheels, and he resolved to humor her.

"Oh, yes, we see them things here

Pettibone, a well-along splinter of angular form and temper, thin to an almost painful degree, with a well-defined mustache; and a general helper on the farm, and a chore boy about Chip's age named Nezer, completed the list.

Once included in this somewhat diverse group, Chip became an immediate bone of contention.

Aunt Comfort, of course, opened her heart to her at once; but Hannah closed hers, almost from the first day, and in addition she began to nurse malice as well. There was some reason for this, mainly due to Chip's startling freshness of speech.

"I thought ye must be a man wearin' wimmin's clothes, the first time I see ye," she said to Hannah the next day after her arrival, and without meaning offense. "It was all on account o' yer little whiskers, I guess, I never see a woman with 'em afore. Why don't ye shave?"

This was enough; for if there was any one thing more mortifying than all else to Hannah, it was her facial blemish, and a mention of it she considered an intentional insult.

From this moment onward she hated Chip.

Nezer, however, took to her as a duck to water, and her story, which he soon heard, became a real dime novel to him, and not content with one telling, he insisted on repetition. This was also unfortunate for—blessed with a vivid imagination and sure to enlarge upon all facts—he soon spread the story with many blood-curdling additions.

These stories, with Uncle Joe's corroboration, resulted in a direful tale believed by all. Neighbors flocked to see this heroine of many escapades, villagers halted in front of Aunt Comfort's to catch a sight of this marvel, and so the wonder spread.

Angie was, of course, to blame. More impressed with the seriousness of the task she had undertaken than the need of caution, she had failed to tell Chip she must not talk about herself, and so a woefully distorted history became current gossip.

When Sunday came the village church was packed and Parson Jones marveled much at the unexpected increase of religious interest. He had heard of this new arrival, but when the Frisbie family with Chip, in suitable clothing, entered their pew, the cynosure of all eyes, this unusual attendance was accounted for.

And what a staring-at Chip received! On the church steps a group of both young and old men had awaited her arrival and gazed at her in open-eyed astonishment. All through service she was watched, and not content with this, a dozen or so, men and women, formed a double line outside, awaiting the Frisbies' exit.

Angie also failed to understand the principal cause of this interest. Her last appearance at this church had been as a bride. Naturally that fact would produce some staring, and so the curious and almost rude scrutiny the family received was less noticed by her.

But Chip's eyes were observant. "I don't like goin' to meetin'," she said, "an' I bin stared at like I was a wildcat. I seen 'em grinnin', too, some on 'em, when we went in, an' one feller winked to another. What ailed 'em?"

Her vexations, however, had only just begun, for Angie, had seen and made arrangements with Miss Phinney, one of the village school teachers, and the next morning Chip was sent to school. And now real trouble commenced.

Not knowing more than how to read and spell short words, and unable to write, she, a fairly well developed young lady, presented a problem which was hard for a teacher to solve. To put her in the class where she belonged was absurd. She must sit with older girls, or look ridiculous. If she recited with the eight-year-old children, the result would be the same, and so a species of private tuition with recitations at noon or after school became the only possible course and the one her teacher adopted.

This also carried its vexations, for Chip was as tall as Miss Phinney and a little larger. Not one of that band of pupils was over 12. To join in their games was no sport for Chip, while they, having heard about her thrilling experiences, with a hint that she wasn't quite right in her head, felt afraid of her.

"I feel so sorry for her," Miss Phinney explained to Angie, a week later, "and yet, I don't know what to do. She is so big the children won't play with her, or she with them. I am the only one with whom she will talk, and she seems so humble and so grateful for every word. I can't be as stern with her or govern her, as I should, on account of her temper and size."

"Only yesterday I heard screaming at recess, and going out, I found that Chip had one of the girls by the hair and was cuffing her. It transpired that this girl had called her an Indian and asked if she had ever scalped anybody. I can't punish such a pupil, and I can't help loving her, so you see she is a sore trial."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## How She Prepared.

A French gentleman anxious to find a wife for a nephew went to a matrimonial agent, who handed him his list of lady clients. Running through this he came to his wife's name, entered as desirous of obtaining a husband between the ages of 28 and 35—a blonde preferred. Forgetting his nephew, he hurried home to announce the discovery to his wife. The lady was not at all disturbed. "Oh yes," she said, "that is my name. I put it down when you were so ill in the winter and the doctors said we must prepare for the worst."

## HIS SOCIAL DUTIES

The young woman entered the reception room with the air of having expected some one else and of trying to conceal her disappointment by displaying extra cordiality.

"How do you do, Mr. Whacker?" she said. "I am so glad to see you! It has been such a long time since you called on me!"

"Yes," said the young man with the long face and narrow forehead. "It has been some time, that is true. But when a man has a large—er—social circle it takes time to get around."

"Yes, indeed," agreed the young woman. "It must keep you busy!"

The young man sighed. "Well, I try to see all my friends as often as I can," he said, "but it keeps me jumping! You've no idea the time it takes or the distances I have to travel. And people are so thoughtless—they think a man has neglected them if he doesn't appear once or twice a week, and they show it."

"That is the penalty of popularity," remarked the young woman. "They probably miss you and feel hurt."

"Oh, I don't know about that!" said the young man with the narrow forehead, slowly. "Only you have to be so careful of people's feelings. Do you know, I've gone to call on girls who have actually snubbed me just because I hadn't been there for so long! Yes, it's a fact!"

"How dreadful!" said the young woman.

"Not that I let on that I noticed it," continued the young man. "I just stayed the evening out as if nothing was the matter. I knew that in reality they were enjoying my call. Girls are so funny—acting one way while they feel quite another way. It takes a man who understands them to get on with them. They're more attracted by a man who isn't under their feet all the time, now, aren't they?"

"Well," said the young woman carefully, "I should say it depended considerably on the man. There are men the less of whom one sees, the fonder one grows of them! Oh, yes!"

"My theory, exactly," beamed the young man with the narrow forehead. "Not that I try to make every girl I know care about me, but naturally I like to be as popular as I can. There have been so many things to do of late that this is the first time I've been able to get down on the south side this fall. I know so many people out this way, too. Why, there are six places by actual count within two blocks of your house where I should be calling this minute!"

"I don't want to be selfish," said the young woman hopefully. "You musn't let me keep you, Mr. Whacker, if you are expected somewhere else."

"Oh, you're not," said the young man, comfortably. "They don't expect me. I like to surprise people. I don't believe they even know I've got back to town. Don't you worry about that—I'm perfectly willing to spend a whole evening at one place when I haven't been there in such a long time. I think I owe it to whomever I'm calling on. A call is a pleasure to me, not a duty!"

"Oh—how nice!" murmured the young woman, vaguely, with a surreptitious glance at the clock.

"When I was at the lakes this summer," said the young man, with a delectable intonation of earnestness, "I made up my mind that the first thing I would do on my return was to go to see you. What have you been doing to kill time?"

"Oh," said the young woman with faint sarcasm, "I have managed to exist! I've got along somehow or other. Of course, you know, it has been dull."

"That's too bad," said the young man sympathetically. "We must see if we can't liven things up a bit for you. I always like to give a girl a good time, especially if she isn't used to it. Not that I mean you—that is to say—"

The doorbell interrupted him. Presently an exceedingly tall, determined appearing young man was ushered in. The young woman greeted him with enthusiasm.

"Mr. Whacker—Mr. Gettle," murmured and then let her gaze fall gently on Mr. Whacker as she went on. "You don't mind, I know, Mr. Whacker, my asking you to excuse me? I have a card party engagement with Mr. Gettle. And you see you can get some of those six calls on your list near here."

Mr. Whacker spoke out loud before he had gone a block from the young woman's residence.

"I don't like to think it," he said, bitterly, "but I actually believe she was glad to get rid of me! Of me!"—Chicago Daily News.

## The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only—and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

## A Sensitive Soul.

Owen Mudge was a very sensitive man. More than once at a harsh word he had forsaken profitable work and gone home for sympathy to his wife. One morning Owen started out to help Glenn Butler, who had bought a new stump-pulling machine and was preparing to clear a field.

Toward noon Owen came back. Mrs. Mudge sighed and waited sympathetically for the explanation.

"I just couldn't stand it," said Owen, rubbing his jaw. "When I see that stump-puller twist them roots out, it reminded me so of the times I went to the dentist to get back teeth extracted. The first thing I knew I was limp as a rag, and I just ached all over and had to quit."—Youth's Companion.

## Best He Could Do.

It was his first circuit, and, moreover, he had to defend his first client, who was a better known than respected burglar. In an interval he approached a veteran member of the bar and sought for advice.

"And how long do you think I ought to make my speech to the jury, sir?" he finished up.

"I should say about an hour," said the old hand.

"An hour! Why, I thought ten minutes would be ample! Why so long?"

"Well," said his adviser, "you see, they can't sentence him 'till you're finished, and the longer you talk the longer he'll be out of jail!"—Stray Stories.

## Going to Be Fined.

When George Ade was a newspaper reporter he was sent to "write up" an Irish laborer who had fallen from a building. When Mr. Ade arrived on the scene, several officers and others were helping the injured man into the ambulance. Mr. Ade pulled out his pad and pencil. "What's his name?" he asked one of the policemen.

The injured man, who had heard Ade and who mistook him for the timekeeper employed by the contractor, rolled his eyes in a disgusted way.

"What d'ye think o' that?" he muttered. "I'm goin' to be docked for the few minutes I lose goin' to the hospital!"—Success.

## Experience.

"Experience is the best teacher," remarked the man who indulges in trite sayings.

"Yes," answered the skeptic; "but occasionally, as in distinguishing between mushrooms and toadstools, your education comes too late to be of any service."

## Chance to Get Even.

The poet and the editor were playing tennis, and the latter was beaten.

"You serve well, but you cannot return," said the poet.

"Can't I?" asked the editor. "Send me a poem, and see."—Stray Stories.

It sometimes happens that a man stops work after securing a political job.

## BEGAN YOUNG.

Had "Coffee Nerves" from Youth.

"When very young I began using coffee and continued up to the past six months," writes a "Texas girl."

"I had been exceedingly nervous, thin and very sallow. After quitting coffee and drinking Postum Fitting Coffee about a month my nervousness disappeared and has never returned. This is the more remarkable as I am a Primary teacher and have kept right on with my work."

"My complexion now is clear and rosy, my skin soft and smooth. As a good complexion was something I had greatly desired, I feel amply repaid even tho this were the only benefit derived from drinking Postum."

"Before beginning its use I had suffered greatly from indigestion and headache; these troubles are now unknown."

"Best of all, I changed from coffee to Postum without the slightest inconvenience, did not even have a headache. Have known coffee drinkers who were visiting me, to use Postum a week without being aware that they were not drinking coffee."

"I have known several to begin the use of Postum and drop it because they did not boil it properly. After explaining how it should be prepared they have tried it again and pronounced it delicious."

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





**NIGHT SWEATS,  
NO APPETITE,  
USED PE-RU-NA.**



**MRS. LIZZIE LOHR, 1155 W. 13th St., Chicago, Ill., writes:**  
"I take pleasure in writing you these few lines, thinking there may be other women suffering the same as I did. I had my complaints for over a year, **night sweats all winter and no appetite.** I was run-down so far that I had to sit down to do my cooking, I was so weak.  
"I tried many different medicines and doctors also. Nothing seemed to do me any good. The doctors wanted to operate on me.  
"At last I wrote to Dr. Hartman. I told him just exactly how I was, and he told me what ailment I had and how I should take Peru-na.  
"I did as he told me for four months, and now I am all cured.  
"No one can tell how thankful I am to him, as I had given up all hopes of ever getting well again.  
"I am a widow and the mother of six small children who depend on my support. I work all day and seldom get tired.  
"I took five bottles of Peru-na in all.  
"Any woman wishing to know more about my case may write to me and I will gladly tell all about it.  
"I thank Dr. Hartman for what he has done for me."

**AS SHE HAD BEEN ORDERED.**

**Domestic Cleared Everything Left Over Out of the Ice Box.**

There recently entered the service of a Cleveland family a domestic of Scandinavian origin. She had never seen a refrigerator before, and the lady, in a fit of humor, after initiating her into its mysteries, instructed her never to leave anything old or left over in the ice-box, but to keep the refrigerator perfectly clean and fresh by throwing the old things away each morning.

The very next day the mistress, looking out of the window, observed something peculiar in the yard.  
"What is that, Sophie?" she asked.  
"And how did it get there?"  
"That is old ice, ma'am," was the proud response, "left over from yesterday. I threw it away like you told me."—Harper's Weekly.

**A Real Schemer.**

For six months she had been pleading with him to buy an automobile.  
"They are too expensive," he protested for the hundredth time. "If I bought an automobile I would have to cut down our expenses."  
"What expenses?" she asked.  
"Why, table expenses. For instance, if I had an automobile I couldn't afford to have chicken every Sunday."  
She laughed.  
"Why, you goose! If you had an automobile you could run down enough fowls to have chicken every day, to say nothing of big turkeys and nice roasting pigs. Why is it men haven't any brains?"  
And the next day he hustled around to the nearest dealer and ordered a racing machine.

**The Worst Was Yet to Come.**

A southern pulpit orator, one Sunday morning, was describing the experience of the prodigal son. In his endeavor to impress his hearers with the shame and remorse that this young man felt and his desire to cast away his wicked doings, he spoke thus:  
"Dis young man got to thinking about his meanness and his misery, and he tuk off his coat and frowed it away. And den he tuk off his vest and frowed dat away. And den he tuk off his shirt and frowed dat away too. And den he come to hisself."

**Japanese Men Outnumber Women.**

Japan is one of the few countries where the men outnumber the women. The ratio there is 980 to 1,000.



**SPOT CASH**

**FOR SOLDIERS AND HEIRS**  
All federal soldiers and sailors who served 90 days between 1891 and 1895 and who accumulated less than \$100 in pay, are entitled to additional money. This money is now being paid to the heirs of the soldiers. Write to the War Department, Washington, D. C., for further particulars.

**Detroit Trade School**

**OFFERS**  
Courses in bricklaying, plastering, core making, masonry, machine shop practice, sign writing and plumbing. For printed matter and other particulars address, **Y. M. C. A., Detroit, Mich.**

**UP TREE TO ESCAPE TIGRESS.**

**Unexpected Meeting on a Jungle Path way in India.**

I was patrolling the jungle paths between two of my chowkies, accompanied by my jemadar, and on approaching an exceptionally thick patch we were startled by hearing a tiger roar almost at our feet, says a writer in the Madras Mail. I coughed pretty loudly to let him know that we were near, but judging by the growls he was disposed to dispute the right of way.

As we were unarmed swift retreat was the only way to escape the danger. I soon found a tree, up which I "shinned" till some 20 feet from the ground, but on looking round for my jemadar, I found he was making frantic efforts to climb one, but slipped to the bottom after each endeavor. So I called him to my perch, and had just hauled him up when a fine tigress emerged from the jungle, followed by two small cubs.

She passed under our tree and sauntered into the thicket, but reappeared a few minutes later, without the cubs, and remained watching us for some time, apparently considering if it was worth while to claw us off our perches. After some embarrassing moments productive of the bluest of funks she disappeared, and my jemadar, who had been dumb while the interview lasted, found his voice and gave tongue to the most agonizing yells to the rest of our party, who were close behind, to come to our assistance.

No one, however, appeared, and it is well they did not, as the tigress would probably have attacked them. After remaining in the tree for an hour or so we descended and saw no more of our unwelcome visitor.

**He Meant Much to Me.**

In an office building of Philadelphia there is installed a young Englishman who is endeavoring to establish himself as an architect. His room adjoins those of a prominent real estate dealer, who from the first evinced a friendly and neighborly interest in the young Briton.  
"Any time I can help you," suggested the Philadelphian when the foreigner first took up his quarters in the building, "I shall be glad to do so."

Not long ago the real estate man engaged a new stenographer, a pretty girl, but with rather an exaggerated pompadour and an extremely haughty manner.

One morning, the Englishman, having occasion to avail himself of the kind offer referred to, entered the office somewhat precipitately, when he was brought to a sudden halt by the frigid air of the new stenographer.

"I beg your pardon," hesitatingly began the awestruck, taken back by the sight of a new face, "but could you spare me a little of your gum?"  
"Sir," indignantly began the stenographer, "you don't know—"

"Oh, how awkward of me!" exclaimed the Briton, more and more embarrassed. "I remember now what in America you say mucilage."—Exchange.

**Eight Flights Up.**

When the first fire company, in response to an alarm, reached the long row of tenements, the fire captain at once jumped from his engine and endeavored to locate the fire. When he had ineffectually hunted through three or four structures for it, he described an old woman sticking her head out of a window of the topmost floor of an eight-story tenement, a little farther up the street.  
"Any fire up there?" he yelled, when he had reached the pavement beneath this building.  
In answer the old woman motioned for him to come up.

Accordingly, the captain, with his men lugging their heavy hose behind them, laboriously ascended the eight flights and burst into the room where the old woman was.  
"Where's the fire?" demanded the captain, when no fire nor smoke became visible.  
"Oh, there ain't none here," replied the old woman, flashing an ear-trumpet. "I asked y' up 'cause I couldn't hear a word y' said 'way down there!"—Bohemian.

**As She Is Spoke.**

They were tourists from a more or less aristocratic London suburb, and they were "doing Paris" with that certainty and intelligence for which the British tourist is famous. Of course, they went to the Louvre, and by and by James caught sight of a somewhat striking picture, and immediately proceeded to express his admiration in the accepted manner:  
"What ho! What price this—eh?" he said to his companion in adventure.

An attendant standing by had evidently studied English to some purpose, and, with the courtesy of his Y&O, stepped forward.  
"Pardon, m'sieu," he said. "Zat picture—et is not by Watteau, and eet is not for sale."

**Romance of a Poor Young Man.**

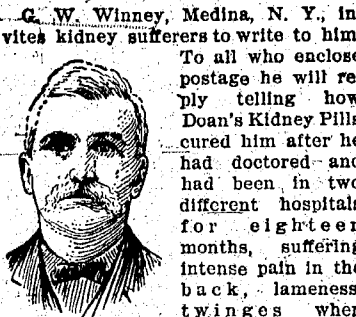
"Ferdinand speaks of love in a cottage—but that's foolish talk."  
"Especially to a girl of your social standing."  
"Yes; one could not possibly live at Newport all the year 'round."

**One Want Not Filled.**

"This is a wonderful age with wireless telegraphy, smokeless powder and the like."  
"Yes," replied Mrs. Fidgety, "but I notice the men are not exerting themselves to invent a smokeless cigar."

**PROOF FOR TWO CENTS.**

**If You Suffer with Your Kidneys and Back Write to This Man.**



**C. W. Winney, Medina, N. Y.,** invites kidney sufferers to write to him. To all who enclose postage he will reply telling how **Doan's Kidney Pills** cured him after he had doctored—and had been in two different hospitals for eighteen months, suffering intense pain in the back, lameness, typhoid when stooping or lifting, languor, dizzy spells and rheumatism. "Before I used Doan's Kidney Pills," says Mr. Winney, "I weighed 173. After taking 10 or 12 boxes I weighed 162 and was completely cured."  
Sold by all dealers. 50-cents a box. **Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.**

**HIS TURN TO CRITICISE.**

**Youngster Felt Called on to Manifest Disapproval of Prayer.**

Little John, who, at the mature age of four, has learned the Lord's Prayer, is often criticised by his sister, two years older, for slight mistakes which he cannot always avoid in offering the petition. A few Sundays ago he was taken to church for the first time. When the moment for the prayer arrived and the congregation bowed their heads John's mother took the precaution to whisper to him that he must be very quiet. "Listen," she said, "and you will hear the minister pray." This interested John at once, and his little face took on a look of serious attention, but his mother, watching him covertly, saw his expression change presently to one of surprise and disapproval. A few minutes more, and he could stand it no longer. "What could this man be saying? Not a word of the prayer did he recognize as the only formula he had ever heard called by that name."  
"Why, mother," he exclaimed, in a tone audible over nearly half the church, "do you hear? He isn't saying it right at all!"

**SORES AS BIG AS PENNIES.**

**Whole Head and Neck Covered—Hair All Came Out—Cured in Three Weeks by Cuticura.**

"After having the measles my whole head and neck were covered with scaly sores about as large as a penny. They were just as thick as they could be. My hair all came out. I let the trouble run along, taking the doctor's blood remedies and rubbing on salve, but it did not seem to get any better. It stayed that way for about six months; then I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies, and in about a week I noticed a big difference, and in three weeks it was well entirely and I have not had the trouble any more, and as this was seven years ago, I consider myself cured. Mrs. Henry Porter, Albion, Neb., Aug. 25, 1906."

**EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.**

**This Servant Girl Was Evidently a Person of Resource.**

As a source of humor the Irish servant girl has long since fallen from her high estate, a result probably due to the better class of young women from the Emerald Isle who come here annually to help confuse the eternal "servant girl question." But now, and again one of the old, naively ignorant sort turns up in a New York household, as was demonstrated the other day to a caller at a house on the West Side.  
The girl who responded to the bell was asked if her mistress was at home. To this inquiry she surprised the caller by putting her arms behind her back and replying in a rich brogue, as she thrust her face toward the caller: "Put th' tickets in me mouth, ma'am, an' I'll go an' see. Me hands is wet."—N. Y. Press.

**How's This?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. **F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.** We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. **WALTON, BRYAN & MARY.** Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**A Fascinating Game.**

A precocious little girl living on one of the crowded business thoroughfares of the city was in the habit of gazing out of the window at the busy street below for hours at a time.  
"What is it, Gladys, that you find so constantly interesting in the street?" asked her mother one day.  
"Oh," came the wise rejoinder, "just watching the cars go pro and con."—Harper's Weekly.

**The True Home.**

Homes are not built of brick and mortar. It is the people, not the places, that make the homes; the face of a smiling woman, the patter of tiny feet and the music of children's voices, aye, even the barking of a dog and the human look of joy at our coming bring us the nameless charm that we call "home."

**Training Lion for Exhibition.**

It takes four years to train a lion for exhibition work, but only one animal in four is available for training. A few accomplishments increases the animal's value five fold.  
The whole of virtue consists in its practice.—Cicero.

**PRODUCTIVE POWER OF WESTERN CANADA SOIL**

**Winnipeg Correspondence.**

There has never been any one who has doubted the productiveness of the soil of Western Canada, but there are sometimes found those who question the fact of its superiority. During the past season it has been shown that in grain raising qualities it possessed the very best. The late spring prevented grain being sown in many cases before the middle of May. Yet, a large percentage of that sown at that time produced excellent yields. Had it not been for the frost early in August, which visited most of the north half of the continent, there would have been a magnificent yield in every district in Western Canada. Throughout the Southern Alberta district where about 100,000 acres was sown to winter wheat the yield will be enormously large. There are vast tracts of valuable grain growing land in Western Canada that are available for home-steads, the Canadian Government giving 160 acres free, and entry may be made by proxy, by any near relative, thus saving considerable cost to the American who may have entry made in this way. Any Canadian Government Agent will give you the particulars.  
Your correspondent has just received the following letter from Craik, Saskatchewan, which bears out the statement made in the first part of this letter.  
"Craik, Sask., Aug. 1907.  
"May 24th we planted a Dahilia root, which we brought with us from Minneapolis. Aug. 12th, 80 days later, it was in bloom. The plant is now 4 1/2 feet high and covered with blossoms. We never got half as many flowers on it in Minneapolis, even during September and October, although we had more time to attend to it there."  
I mention this only as an example of the great productive power of the soil here in Saskatchewan, Canada.

**Caught Whiskers in Safe.**

In locking his safe the other night prior to his going home for supper George Edgemont, a paperhanger who lives at Jefferson street and Hermitage lane, Manayunk, shut the safe door upon his flowing whiskers and was held until released by his daughter, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.  
Edgemont had been out collecting bills during the day. Returning to his office he opened his safe and placed the money in it. He then threw the door shut, catching the end of his beard in the door. In the excitement incident to his odd predicament he forgot the combination and so could not release himself. With his chin resting on the safe he was discovered about an hour after the accident by his daughter, who came to find what had delayed him. The safe was broken open by a locksmith.

**One Waiter with Sense.**

Man in a restaurant, happening in just as a new shift of waiters came on. And having eaten a very modest luncheon this man laid down a modest tip, to be exact, five cents.  
And did the waiter shy off or sniff at this nickel? He did neither, but on the contrary he seemed to regard it as an augury of good fortune that his first customer should have given him something, and—  
"Thank you," he said, politely, to the customer, and as he turned away he added to himself: "That's a starter."—N. Y. Sun.

**Strange Disease.**

Two middle-aged women on a car were discussing the sickness of two children of one of them. "And what does the doctor say ails them?" asked one. "The little child has some sort of a fever," was the answer, "and he said that the disease of the other was epidemic." "It's a sickness I never heard of," responded mother number one.  
**"ONLY ONE 'BROMO QUININE'"**  
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

**The Saturday half holiday originated in England in the eleventh century.**

**SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. INDICTED.**

**Charged with Using Mails to Defraud and in Misrepresenting Articles Sold.**

**Des Moines, Ia.—(Special)—Sears, Roebuck & Co. of Chicago** have been charged with using the mails to defraud. The indictment is on three counts. It is alleged that the company misrepresented articles in its catalogues sent through the mails. The first count charges that on June 13, 1907, the company devised a scheme to obtain money by false pretenses from Dr. C. F. Spring of Des Moines by selling him white lead that Sears-Roebuck claim to have made. The indictment alleges it was made by others. A second count is on a ring bought by R. H. Miles, and the third count is the sending of another ring, alleged to have been misrepresented, through the mails.

**Shy Amateurs.**

"Splendid spectacles," that is the definition towards which athletics in England are gradually drifting, and chiefly, it is to be feared, upon the current of highly trained professionalism. The ordinary man, conscious of his own mediocre ability, is afraid to venture into the field.—North China Herald.

**Tobacco Thrown Away.**

It is estimated by the head of one of the large tobacco establishments of New York that at least \$5,000 worth of tobacco is daily thrown away in the city in unconsumed cigars and cigarettes.

**Why She Went Home to Mother.**

Mrs. Newwed—Isn't the bread line in a great city pathetic?  
J. Newwed—Very. I suppose it is the only way the poor fellows can get any fit to eat.—N. Y. Sun.

**World's Gold Production.**

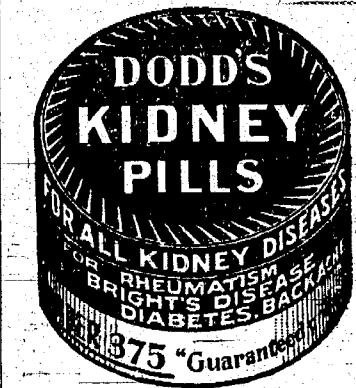
Africa leads in the matter of gold production and the United States is second.

**FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.**  
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 25c.

The statesman leads the masses. The masses lead the politician.

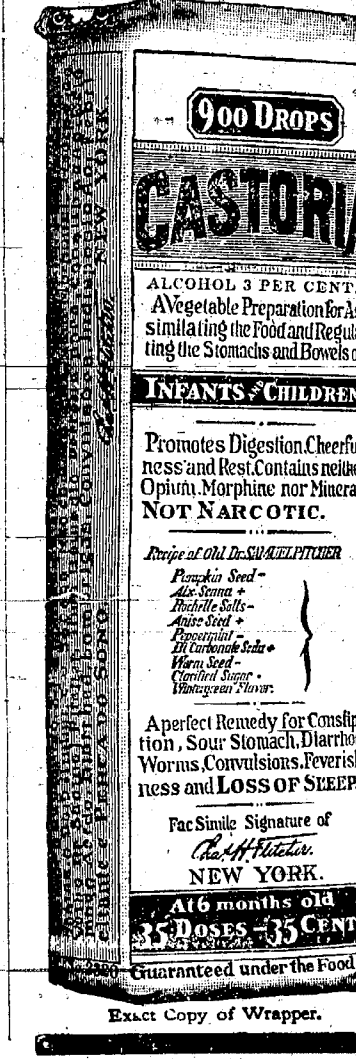
**At the County Fair.**  
"Doing a land-office business, eh?" remarked the man from the city. "What is that you are selling, anyway?"  
"Blessed if I know myself, boss," whispered the fakir at the county fair; "it has zigzag lines all over it and when a woman comes up I sell it to her as a skirt pattern and when a man comes up I sell it to him as a guaranteed and genuine map of Mars."

To be happy, hopeful, buoyant from the depths of the heart; pure in word and thought and deed, and moderate in all methods of life, this is the true art of noble living.—Young.



**SICK HEADACHE**

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Constipation, Biliousness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. **SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.**  
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature  
**REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.**  
W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 49, 1907.



**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of  
*Chat. H. Fletcher*  
In Use For Over Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**RHEUMATISM**  
is most painful.  
What's good?  
**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
Gives instant relief. Removes the twinges.  
**USE IT, THEN YOU'LL KNOW**  
25c.—ALL DRUGGISTS—50c.

**W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES**  
\$3.00 SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN.  
W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes in any one manufacturing plant in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other shoes in the world to-day.  
W. L. Douglas \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.  
CAUTION:—W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitutes. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated catalog free. **W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.**

**160 Acre FARMS in Western Canada FREE**  
Typical Farm Scene, Showing Stock Raising in **WESTERN CANADA**  
Some of the choicest lands for grain growing, stock raising and mixed farming in the new districts of Saskatchewan and Alberta have recently been opened for settlement under the **Revised Homestead Regulations**  
Entry may now be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. Thousands of homesteads of 160 acres each are thus now easily available in these great grain-growing, stock-raising and mixed farming sections.  
There you will find healthful climate, good neighbors, churches for family worship, schools for your children, good laws, splendid crops, and railroads convenient to market.  
Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to  
**M. V. McRINES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Saint Ste. Marie, Mich.**  
**\$30 AN HOUR MERRY GO ROUNDS**  
We also manufacture Hazzle Dazzles, Strikers, etc. **HARRISON & SPILLMAN CO., General Amusement Outfitters, Dept. A, 1099 Broadway, N. Y.**  
**PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS** obtained, defended and prosecuted by **ALFRED S. POWELL, Patent Lawyer, 200 A. S. B. Bldg., New York, N. Y.**



## Accident Insurance For 25c.

A box of Wonderful Dream Salve in your home ready for immediate use in case of accident, is worth its weight in gold. If your baby is burned or scalded, or any member of the family should seriously injure themselves, do you want them to suffer until you go to the druggist for a box or send for the doctor? Guard against possible accident. Get a box of Wonderful Dream Salve today, or the first time you are in a drug store. It's the best accident insurance you can get and it only costs you 25c.

Remember there is nothing that will draw soreness from a wound and heal it quicker than Wonderful Dream Salve. It has been known as the "greatest healer on earth" for over fifty years.

There is nothing better for Eczema, Salt-rheum, Chills, Chapped hands, Boils, Frost-bites and Sores of any kind. It is a guaranteed cure for Piles.

If you live on a farm, keep a box handy in the stable all the time. It will quickly heal the worst cases of Scratches, Galls, Cowpox, Caked bag, Sore teats, etc. If you write us, we will send you a free sample box and our Dream Book containing 300 dreams and their meaning.

WONDERFUL DREAM SALVE CO., Detroit, Mich.

## W.A. Loveday Notary Public With Seal.

## Real Estate Insurance Agency.

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

## A. E. Carlisle General Dray and Baggage.

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

## H. B. Lehner, Dentist.

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

## Lemieux & Lancaster GENERAL Blacksmithing and Carriage Work.

HORSE SHOING a Specialty. All Work Guaranteed. Your Patronage Respectfully Solicited. State-st. East Jordan.

## Frank Phillips Tonsorial Artist.

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

**START FACTORY** We teach you how to make: Acetic acid, polishes, flavoring, extracts, perfumes, toilet articles, medicinal, baking powders, salve, liniments, stock and poultry remedies, household specialties and novelties in your own home at small cost. Mixture Guide in paper directed to the business, three months trial subscription for 10c; sample free. MIDWEST GUIDE, Fort Madison, Iowa.

## Eczema and Pile Cure.

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

## East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE. (In effect Sept. 29, 1907) LEAVE EAST JORDAN at 8:25 a. m. and 1:45 p. m.; Arriving at Bellair at 9:25 a. m., and 2:45 p. m. LEAVE BELLAIR at 10:15 a. m., and 4:15 p. m.; Arriving at East Jordan at 11:15 a. m., and 5:15 p. m. All trains daily except Sunday. Trains run by central standard time. W. P. PORTER, E. J. CROSMAN, Gen. Manager. Traffic Mgr.

## IN THE DAYS OF '64.

The Last Christmas of the Southern Confederacy.

"We had some memorable Christmas days in the south during the war," said Mrs. Zebulon B. Vance, wife of the late United States senator from North Carolina. "That of 1861 was different from any that had preceded it because we were in arms against the Federal government, and many of the male guests at southern homes that day wore Confederate uniforms. Much of the talk at the Christmas dinner table was of sieges and battles and marches, but we were all full of hope and confidence.

"Christmas, 1862, found us but poorly prepared to celebrate it. Our supplies were few, and Confederate money was at a heavy discount. Then came the bitter year of 1863, with the fall of Vicksburg and the defeat at Gettysburg. With sad faces, harmonizing well with their dresses of coarse black stuff, the women of the south devoted themselves to picking lint and spinning and weaving for husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts in the field.

"Christmas, 1864—the last Christmas of the war—dawned, and what a gloomy festival it was for the people of the south! Of manufactured products we had practically none. Our hairpins were made of long black thorns, with a ball of sealing wax on the end. We had made into dresses every scrap of available material, while our feet were encased in homemade cloth shoes! The slaves, having heard of 'de emancipation proclamation,' knew that they were free and had all scattered away. Desolation seemed to reign over everything. Of all the Christmas days I have known that last Christmas in the south in wartime is the one of all others that I am most certain never to forget."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## CANADA'S CHRISTMAS STAMP.

The Only Known Postal Memorial of the December Holiday.

Stamp collectors say that the greatest Christmas gift ever made was a postage stamp of the value of 2 cents. On Christmas, 1898, Great Britain presented to all her thirty-seven colonies a Christmas gift in the form of two cent letter postage in place of the rate of 5 cents, which for decades had existed.

In honor of this event Canada placed on sale on Christmas morning, 1898, a Christmas postage stamp, the only stamp of the kind ever issued by any country. In many respects it is unique among all postage stamps. It was larger than our Columbian stamps and showed a map of the world with the possessions of the British empire printed in bright scarlet. The oceans appeared in a bluish green and the frame of the design in black.

"Across the top was the inscription 'Canada Postage,' with a crown resting on laurel leaves tucked in between the words. At the extreme lower part of the design is the declaration, 'We hold a vaster empire than has been,' above this, 'Xmas, 1898,' and a figure '2' in each lower corner.

It is worthy of note that this Canadian stamp was printed by a bank note company in the United States. It marked a new epoch in stamp production, having three colors. Bicolored stamps are not uncommon, but up to that time no country had ever attempted a three color stamp.

This Christmas stamp was probably the most expensive ever issued, costing the Canadian government four times as much as the ordinary single color stamp. Although issued on Christmas, 1898, the stamp's availability for postage uses is unlimited.—New York Herald.

## Her Little Prayer.

Former Comptroller Edward M. Grout of New York city tells a pretty little Christmas story.

He said that a little girl relative of his was visiting her grandmother on Thanksgiving day. Already the child had begun to speculate on what Santa Claus was to bring her at Christmas time, and, as children—especially girls—will do when they are at the home of an indulgent friend, she began to rummage through closets and drawers. In the course of her investigation she came upon a brand new white muff. It was the very thing she had wanted, and she knew that Santa Claus' chief purchasing agent—grandma—had obtained it for her.

Taxed with it, grandma admitted the truth.

"But," she said, "you must forget all about it until Christmas day." That night as she was being put to bed the child astonished her mother by adding this to her evening prayer: "Please, God, make me forget all about the little white muff Santa Claus is to bring."—New York Times.

## Strange Christmas Superstition.

In north Germany a person must not spin during the twelve nights of Christmas lest he or she should walk after death, nor after sunset on Saturday, for then mice will eat the work. If it is desired to have money and luck all the year round, one must not fail to eat herrings on New Year's day, nor if you wish to be lucky must you rock an empty cradle or spill salt wantonly or cross knives or point at the stars. If a dirty cloth is left on the table over Christmas night it will make the angels weep, if you point upward to the rainbow it will make the angel's feet bleed, and if you talk of cabbages while looking at the moon you will hurt the feelings of the man in it.—Tit-Bits.

In Saxon Times. In Normau and Saxon times an ox was always roasted whole over the

## It's Your Kidneys.

### Don't Mistake the Cause of Your Troubles. A Petoskey Citizen Shows How to Cure Them.

Many people never suspect their kidneys. If suffering from a lame, weak or aching back they think it is only a muscular weakness; when urinary troubles sets in they think it will soon correct itself. And so it is with all the other symptoms of kidney disorders. That is just where the danger lies. You must cure these troubles, or they lead to diabetes or Bright's disease. The best remedy to use is Doan's Kidney Pills. It cures all ills which are caused by weak or diseased kidney. Petoskey people testify to permanent cures.

Mrs. Mabel Couss, living at 113 Fulton-street, Petoskey, Mich., says: "I was in a generally weak and depressed state, on account of pains all through my body and limbs and a weakened condition of the kidneys. All the remedies I used did not give me relief until I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills about a year ago and got them at the Central Drug Store. In a short time after commencing to use them the pains in my head disappeared, the backaches left me and the tenderness and soreness of the limbs was no longer noticeable. Since then I have had no pains or aches of the kind arising from the kidneys and am now in good health. I give Doan's Kidney Pills my hearty endorsement."

For Sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents.—Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, Sole Agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Onelda Community, best 12 Dwt. Knives and Forks 12 pieces, \$3.50 at Mack's Jewelry Store.

When the Stomach, Heart, or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this simple test. Gidley's Pharmacy.

**CHANCERY ORDER**—State of Michigan, Thirtieth Judicial Circuit, in Chancery. Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix at the City of Charlevoix on the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1907.

**FREDERICK W. MAYNE**, Circuit Judge. In this cause it appearing that the defendant, Maude Hutton is a resident of Shannong, Pa. and not a resident of the State of Michigan, on motion of Knowles & Converter, solicitors for the complainant, it is ordered that the said defendant enter her appearance in said cause on or before 4 months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the complainant cause this order to be published in the Charlevoix County Herald, said publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.

**FREDERICK W. MAYNE**, Circuit Judge. **KNOWLES & CONVERTER**, Solicitors for Complainant. **ATTEST:** A true copy. **RICHARD LEWIS**, Clerk.

**PROBATE ORDER**—State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix in said County, on the 10th day of December, A. D. 1907.

Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the Estate of Oliver Hart, deceased. Moses Hart having filed in said court his petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to himself or to some other suitable person. It is ordered, that the 15th day of January, A. D. 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

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

**PROBATE ORDER**—State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the City of Charlevoix, in said County, on the 26th day of November, A. D. 1907.

Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the Estate of Charles R. Tillotson, deceased.

Laverne Tillotson having filed in said court his petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of his death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized. It is ordered, that on the 10th day of December, A. D. 1907, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

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

## DEEDS RECORDED.

List of Transfers for the week ending Dec. 14th, 1907.  
Ora Allen to A. B. Davis and wife jointly, part of lot 16 blk B Millers Add. Spring Harbor. \$300.00.  
Clair Brooks to Clyde Argetsinger, part of sec 35 t 33 n r 6w. \$650.00.  
Clyde Argetsinger to Clair Brooks, s 4 of s w 4 of s e 2 sec 15 t 32 n r 6w excepting a strip 2 rods wide off the E side. \$400.00.  
Alyarod T. Boise to Sena Holsen, lot 15 Glenwood Beach Resort. \$1.00 and other val.  
W. W. Bailey et al to Mrs. Anna V. Walker, lot 42 Bailey & Wilsons lot. Add Boyne. \$500.00.  
J. W. Cadwell et al to Alfred Marie Hilliker, lot 44 of Cadwells—Add Boyne. \$150.00.  
J. H. Reid to Mrs Charlotte Hewitt lot 46 Upright & Hurberts Add. Charlevoix. \$700.00.  
William B Livingston to Minnie A. Livingston n 4 of lot 21 of the Plat of Boyne City. \$1.00 and other val.  
Mary H. Wood to Art. VanAlsburg n w 2 of s w 2 sec e 3 t 33 n r 9w. \$1.  
**ROMEO A. EMREY**, Register of Deeds.

It may be said without fear of contradiction that the new twenty dollar gold piece is twice as good looking as the ten dollar coin.

A Minnesota prophet has announced that Mr. Bryan will live to be 91 years of age. It is some relief to know that the disappointment over his third defeat will not prove fatal.

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

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 whole-ome 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.

## TERMS OF COURT.

Under and by virtue of the statute in such case made and provided, I do hereby fix and appoint the terms of Circuit Court for the various Counties composing the 15th judicial circuit of Michigan for 1908 as follows:

**ANTRIM COUNTY.**  
The 4th Monday in February  
The 4th Monday in May  
The 4th Monday in August  
The 4th Monday in October  
**CHARLEVOIX COUNTY.**  
The 1st Monday in February  
The 2nd Monday in May  
The 3rd Monday in August  
The 5th Monday in November  
**GRAND TRAVERSE COUNTY.**  
The 1st Monday in March  
The 2nd Monday in June  
The 1st Monday in October  
The 2nd Monday in December  
**LEELANAU COUNTY.**  
The 3rd Monday in February  
The 1st Monday in June  
The 3rd Monday in October  
Dated Charlevoix, Mich., Circuit Judge, November 1, 1907.

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.

## The Best Laxative for Children.

Parents should see to it that their children have the natural, easy movement of the bowels each day. Do not dose the child with salts or gripping pills, as they are too powerful in effect, and literally tear their little insides to pieces, leaving the bowels weakened and less able to act naturally than before. Laxative Iron-ox Tablets tone and strengthen the bowels, and stimulate all the little organs to healthy activity. Chocolate coated tablets, easy to take, never gripe or nauseate. 10c, 25c and 50c.

## Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nervous ailment.

It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had. For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and yellow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend.

**Dr. Shoop's Restorative** At Gidley's Pharmacy.

# Open Publicity

Insures a fair, square and honest deal. It characterizes the policy of Dr. Pierce as relates to the composition of his time-proven and most popular medicines. Their ingredients are on each bottle wrapper, attested under oath and printed in plain English. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine designed for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments and sold by druggists, the makers of which publish on each bottle-wrapper what the medicine contains.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription contains no alcohol, and no narcotics or other harmful or habit-forming drugs, as will be seen from its published ingredients. It contains only such native, medicinal roots as are most highly recommended by leading medical writers and practitioners of all the several schools of practice, for the cure of woman's delicate and peculiar ailments. It is safe for women to take in any condition of the system, as it assists Nature in restoring the healthful action of all the organs distinctly feminine.

Nature's own cure. In fact, "Favorite Prescription" is Nature's own cure for the many derangements and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is advised for no other diseases. If you are a weak, tired, nervous, over-worked, broken-down, pain-racked woman, either young, old or middle-aged, suffering from frequent headaches, backaches, dizziness or fainting spells, gnawing or distressed feeling in stomach, perhaps see imaginary specks, or dark spots floating before the eyes, have dragging-down or heavy feeling in lower abdomen, or pelvic region, with, perhaps, pelvic catarrh, or other symptoms of functional or organic affections of the distinctly feminine organs, then you will make no mistake if you resort to the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The most advanced medical science knows no better agents for the cure of all such diseases than are happily and harmoniously combined in this widely-famed "Prescription" of Dr. Pierce.

You can't afford to accept any secret nostrum of unknown composition and of questionable merit as a substitute for this professionally endorsed and time-tested remedy of KNOWN COMPOSITION, simply that some unprincipled dealer may make a little larger profit. Don't expect it to perform miracles but give it a fair, persevering trial and it is not likely to disappoint you. It won't dissolve tumors—no medicine will. It will cure a larger percentage of all curable ailments which especially afflict womanhood than any other medicine sold by druggists for that purpose.

As to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery it has a very large range of application, yet it is by no means recommended as a "Cure-All." It possesses marvelous alterative, or blood cleansing, properties and is at the same time a most invigorating tonic, or strength giver. It exerts a specific, cleansing, soothing and healing effect upon all the lining mucous membranes of the system; hence, its great curative value in all catarrhal affections, no matter where located.

In Chronic Nasal Catarrh, it is well to cleanse the passages two or three times a day with Dr. Pierce's Catarrh Remedy fluid, while persisting in the use of the "Golden Medical Discovery"

for its blood cleansing and specific curative effects upon the diseased mucous membranes. It will cure a very large per cent. of all cases, even after they have reached the ulcerative, or chronic stage, and no matter of how many years' standing they may be. It is equally efficacious in affections of the mucous lining of the larynx, bronchia and respiratory organs in general, thus curing bronchitis, laryngitis and other affections giving rise to obstinate, hang-on coughs. It is not so good in acute coughs following sudden colds, as in the lingering, chronic coughs. Nor must the "Golden Medical Discovery" be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages—no medicine will do that, but for all the hanging-on coughs due to laryngeal or bronchial irritation and kindred affections, of the throat which, if neglected or badly treated, are likely to lead up to consumption, the "Discovery" can be relied upon to produce the best curative results.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is, from its tonic and specific curative control over mucous surfaces, especially efficacious in curing indigestion, dyspepsia, weak stomach and "Liver Complaint," or biliousness. Even ulceration of the stomach and bowels has in thousands of cases been cured by it; also obstinate chronic diarrhea.

In addition to all the foregoing, not the least valuable of the marvelously efficacious properties possessed by the "Discovery" is the unequalled regulating and strengthening effect exerted by it over the heart's action. It has made some wonderful cures of very pronounced valvular and other affections of that organ.

The reason why "Golden Medical Discovery" cures so wide a range of diseases is made plain in a booklet sent free on request mailed to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. If interested, send for it.

The powerful alterative or blood purifying properties possessed by the "Discovery" will naturally suggest its use for the cure of blotches, pimples, eruptions, as eczema, salt-rheum, and other skin affections in all of which it has made remarkable cures. In all of these cases, sores and old, open ulcers, or eating sores. To heal the latter, use Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve as a local application, while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" to correct the blood and cleanse the system. A box will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifty-four cents in stamps. If your druggist don't have it in stock, address Dr. Pierce, as above.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original Little Liver Pills, first put up by old Dr. Pierce over 40 years ago. Much imitated, but never equaled. Easy to take as candy.

**Holiday Gifts That Last**

When you purchase a present, select something that will last, or the person receiving it is likely to soon forget the giver. Artistic designs, beautifully finished together with great wearing qualities are combined in the

**"1847 ROGERS BROS."**

SPOONS, FORKS, KNIVES, Etc.

The "1847 ROGERS BROS." brand has a world wide reputation as "Silver Plate that Wears," and is sold by all leading dealers. Send to the makers for beautifully illustrated catalogue "C.L."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., BOSTON  
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

## Indigestion

PLENTY OF IT—ALL THE BEST

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

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

Then, you must remember the argument our prices offer.

**WILL RICHARDSON.**

Phone No. 156.



## A Theatrical Santa Claus.

By JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

THE week before Christmas in New York, "once upon a time, not so very long ago," showed Broadway full of eager shoppers, making tracks through a heavy fall of snow which the street sweepers had not yet cleared away. Up and down the magic street and its companion arteries in the retail district a jostling crowd, pushing, fighting its way, sought to catch glimpses of the many treasures temptingly displayed in the shop windows. Great extremes of life bumped elbows. The girl from the east side, coming down from the slums to view the good things—things forbidden to her pocketbook—brushed her threadbare skirts against the fur lined gown of the daughter of the rich. The almond eyed Celestial from the Chinese district mingled the opium scent of his blouse with the delicate violet of the well dressed crowd. Children from Fifth avenue in their smart clothes edged away from squalidly dressed urchins with unwashed faces and uncombed hair.

There was happy contentment reflected on the faces of thousands, in contrast to the pinched, hungry, hopeless, feverish eyed faces of the other thousands so strangely mingled on the world's greatest thoroughfare. At the Rialto theater great preparations were in progress for the production of a new comic opera. Rehearsals had been going on from early morning until midnight, day in and day out. The back of the big stage was a veritable chaos. Unfinished scenery and mysterious looking "props" were being skillfully fashioned into counterfeit presentations of camels, for there was to be a grand march of the king's caravan across the desert. There was an elephant, too, as big as life, and os-

the sight was a familiar one to her, until after a succession of nods she fell asleep.

Every one on the stage was too busy to notice the mite as she rested there, one foot curled under, her pretty face snugly pressed into the corner of the softly padded chair. Her red tam had slipped off, and her hair was loosely massed in ringlets about her face and neck. In a few minutes the stage manager abruptly stopped the evolutions and singing to announce that an hour would be given for something to eat. So there followed a hurrying to nearby cafes and lunch places, and the big theater was left dark and silent, where only a few moments previous had resounded the voices of chorus, the shuffling and patter of feet and the shouts of the excited director. After awhile, one by one and in pairs and more, the company began to assemble again. There was still a good half hour, and the boys and girls of the chorus accepted the opportunity to chat and gossip as they sat on boxes, bundles of carpet or even squatted on the floor of the stage, their talk causing a hum to resound throughout the big auditorium.

And still the child slept on. Suddenly there was an ominous hush as Manager Hardcraft strode upon the stage, shaking snow from his fur lined coat and shining silk hat. His keen eyes pierced the darkness toward the boxes, probably in an effort to detect any of the company who might be stealing some comfort in the box seats, a privilege strictly forbidden. He roughly demanded to know who the "kid" was asleep in one of his forty dollar chairs. Calling old Pete from his post at the back, he wanted to know who let her in, anyway. Going to the little sleeper, Pete deftly took the envelope from the little hand which still clasped it, however loosely. The great man impatiently tore open the note, gave it a swift glance, crunched it and, throwing it among the footlights, gave a pull at his cigar and strode hurriedly into the street. The company crowded forward to view the little intruder. Tony Thompson, the comedian of the organization, picked up the note, straightened out its creases and read aloud:

John Hardcraft, Esq., Manager the Rialto Opera Company:

Dear Sir—I beg indulgence for thus intruding upon your time and patience. It is with reluctance I write to ask if you cannot send me a few dollars to be paid back as soon as my husband is able to work again. I have used all the money he has saved for the doctor's bill and to purchase medicine and our necessities. We have not had a cent in the house for two days now, and not only are we—my little daughter and myself—in need of food, but I fear that if I cannot renew the prescriptions for the medicine the doctor has ordered Mr. Granger will have a relapse. I dislike very much to ask this favor of you, but our condition is becoming desperate. You will be doing an act of kindness we shall never forget if you will send something to aid us in our predicament, and may God bless you for it. Respectfully, HELEN GRANGER.

Some one put his hand deep into his pocket and brought up a piece of money, and then without a word there was a tinkling of dimes, quarters and halves as they dropped into the hat of the fat and rosy little comedian. The collection was tied up in a handkerchief and noiselessly placed into the lap of the sleeping child.

But that was not all. A happy thought came to the comedian, now as serious as a Hamlet. From a roll of money he whipped a twenty dollar bill. In a very few minutes the property man and his assistant had placed on the stage in front of the sleeping girl a nice green Christmas tree, purchased without much ado from the vender on the corner. Others had hurriedly brought little red, white and blue candles, strings of popcorn, tinsel and candy hearts, which were quickly attached to the boughs of the cedar. While this was going on Tony was giving orders in rapid succession, as follows:

"Quick, there, Jennie; bring that big Cossack coat with the fur all around the edges. Bill, run for those boots. Hurry, now. Somebody get me an old man's wig, long white hair, mind you, and a beard. There, that's just the thing. Here, you all stand back in the shadow. Now, girls, sing softly the music that goes with the entrance of the queen's barge in the starlight. That's it—just a little softer!"

The sound of celestial music filled the place. It was dark save where the twinkling lights of the Christmas tree illuminated the figure of the merry Santa Claus standing alongside, with his kindly face turned toward the slowly awakening child. She opened her eyes, blinked them again from the light, sat straight, rubbed her eyes with her tiny fists, stirred herself and then, settling back in the big chair, sobbed aloud. Jumping down from the stage, the Santa Claus took her on his lap and tightly held her in his arms.

"What's the matter, little one? Don't you see that Santa Claus has come to take care of you?"

"Yes, I know, dear Santa, but I am crying because I am afraid I'll wake up and find it isn't real." And the trembling child huddled closer.

"But it is real, and you are not asleep. See this handkerchief filled with money for your dear sick papa. Now take it home, and tonight be sure to hang up your stockings, both of them, for when every little boy and girl is asleep I am going to make my rounds, and I am not going to forget you."—Atlanta Constitution.

Turkey Once a Side Dish. Turkeys, mince pies and plum puddings are now regarded as the chief items in the Christmas dinner, but at one time they were mere side dishes in an enormous number of courses.

When Christmas Lasted Weeks. Our ancestors thought nothing of taking three weeks' holiday at Christmas time.



THE TWINKLING LIGHTS ILLUMINATED THE FIGURE OF SANTA CLAUS.

triches and weird objects, all piled in confusion with artificial plants and floral devices, glittering armor and all the thousands of odd things that were being prepared for the most dazzling comic opera of the year, "The Minstrel of the Sahara."

The scenic artists had been working day and night for weeks, and, with the "opening" now only a few days off, the managers were nervously dreading that the beautiful effects would not be finished in time. To add to this fear, Henry Granger, the artist on whom the projectors of the great spectacle had mainly depended, had succumbed to the strain of working for days and nights without sleep and scarcely stopping for anything to eat. He lay at his little east side home, tossing and raving in the delirium of typhoid fever. He had been absent from the "painter's bridge" for nearly a fortnight, and, although his loss was considered serious at first, some one else had filled his place, and now he was forgotten. Scenic artists, like actors, are improvident creatures, and if any of the warm hearted stage folk had had time to think of aught except the duties that weighed so heavily on each and every one they might have thought that the sick man, out of work and helplessly ill, might be suffering for want of money. Granger was a favorite generally, and many a time had he gone down into his scant savings to help swell a contribution to some needy professional in distress. If anything ever reminded the company of Granger's absence it might have been that his little girl, an only one of seven, came no more with the artist's meals, as she used to when he painted away up there on the "bridge." She was a sweetly coy little thing, her great blue eyes set in a thoughtful and pale face, surrounded by golden curls.

And now it was Christmas eve, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Old Pete, the stage door tender, was startled from his reveries back in the shadow of his cage by the sweet voice of a child. She had a note from mamma to Mr. Hardcraft, the manager. No, the manager was not around just then, but she could wait. He might be back any moment. Tenderly the rough old fellow led the bonny one to a proscenium box and, lifting her into a big upholstered chair, which she far from filled, bade her wait. A busy rehearsal was in progress, which the child watched with no special curiosity, for



## A Merry Christmas

To All.

Call and See Us.

B. C. Hubbard & Company.

Empire Block, East Jordan

## Your Holiday Purchases

Are not complete without a supply of Edibles.



We have anticipated your every want and back our goods with the guarantee that they are Fresh and Wholesome.

### SPECIALS:

In 5 pound lots assorted, we make these prices  
 PINEAPPLE FUDGE, 20c lb.  
 PEANUT BAR, 15c lb.  
 PEANUT CRISP, 18c lb.  
 MIXED CANDY, 10c lb.  
 CREAM CANDY, 15c lb.  
 WALNUTS, New Stock, 20c lb.  
 PEANUTS, Roasted 12c lb.

G. L. SHERMAN & SON.

## 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.

Largest and Most Select Line of

## Nickle and Silver Ware

Ever Exhibited in East Jordan

At prices that surprise the closest buyers. Have useful presents for any member of the family.

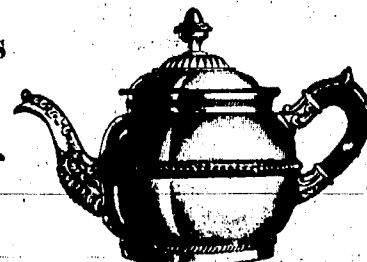
Would like to call special attention to the beautiful SEWING BASKETS—so appropriate a gift for Mother or Young Ladies.

Large stock of Pocket Knives

—AND—

First Quality Scissors & Shears.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.



STROEBEL BROS., East Jordan.



Continuation of BOOSINGER BROS.  
**GREAT PRE-CHRISTMAS 1-4 OFF SALE!**

Do you understand why we are having this Great Sale just before Christmas? Just because we are obliged to adjust the co-partnership affairs of this firm at the earliest possible moment.

Then our necessities are your opportunities. Everybody can afford to shop here. This great 1/4 Off Sale makes our store the great Holiday economy center where practical substantial goods are offered that are suitable for Xmas Gifts at prices than meet the needs of all economical men and women.

A series of Great Sales—now in force and will continue to be until after Christmas.

**Highly Acceptable  
 Christmas Gifts**

—Are Our Stocks of—  
**Men's Shirts, Caps  
 Underwear, Night Robes**

In Addition to Our Elegant Stock of



**Clothing  
 Shoes**

—And All—  
**Furnishing  
 Goods.**

Just as an illustration:  
 All of our beautiful Suits  
 of Clothing that were \$20  
 now \$15; All \$15 Suits  
 now \$11.25. All \$12 Suits  
 now \$9.00.

**OVERCOATS** All our High Grade Overcoats  
 that were \$20, now \$15;  
 All \$15 Overcoats now 11.25; All \$12 Overcoats now 9.00.

All Our Celebrated  
**Pingree Shoes**  
 1/4 Off

All the Great  
**Queen Quality  
 Shoes, 1/4 Off.**



All Our Beautiful Stock of  
**Ladies & Childrens Garments 1-4 Off**

—All Our Fine—  
**DRESS SUITINGS at 1/4 Off.**



Those who want Handkerchiefs, Linens, Napkins,  
 or Fancy Articles of any kind, should call early and avoid  
 the crowds that throng our store during the later hours.

This is positively the Greatest Opportunity You  
 Will Ever Have to exchange your money for far more than  
 it's value.

**REMEMBER**—That only the money can be used.  
 You may be ever so good pay, but we must have the cash  
 on delivery of the goods.

**HUNDREDS** are availing themselves of the great  
 offerings. Are you one of them?

**Highest Grade Goods at Prices  
 Absolutely Unapproachable.**

"Quality First of All"  
 Our Motto.

**BOOSINGER BROS.**