

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 12

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1908.

No. 7

R. F. D. No. 5.

To Be Established the First of May.

Postmaster F. A. Kenyon received official notice last Saturday of the granting of the petition for Rural Free Delivery No. 5, same to go into effect May first.

People along this route have been working for some time. It includes 122 families with a population of 549. All patrons to be served must supply themselves with R. F. D. Boxes.

The route is 21 miles long and the official description reads as follows:

Beginning at the Postoffice: Thence East, south and east to [MILES] Misner corner 2.69 South and east to Squid corner 1.12 S-east and south to Webster cor 1.89 S-easterly and angling to Pasea corner 3.32 West to Chestonia postoffice 1.25 N-westerly angling to Wicken's corner 2.36 West to Bartholomew corner 1.07 North to end of road .50 West angling to Thompson cor 2.76 North to Lanway corner 1.61 East to Murray corner .95 North and N-easterly to P. O. 1.69

Total..... 21.27

Common Council.

Regular meeting, Monday evening, Feb'y 10th. Present: Pres. Pro Tem McMillan; Trustees Goodman, Curkendall, Lemieux, Brabant, Hudson. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

On motion the following bills were allowed:

J. H. Shultz, election supplies	\$ 1 71
Standard Oil Co., gasoline	80 36
School and Office Supply Co., books for Clerk	15 00
East Jordan Lumber Co., mds	36 41
Charlevoix Co. Herald, printing	3 25
Robert Miles, dray and wood	1 20
Wm. Johnson, salary	60 00
The Enterprise, printing	7 25
Fred Bashaw, dray	25
L. Otto, thawing hydrants	3 00
E. Jordan Hose Co., Lanway and Price fires	42 25
St. Com'r report	53 50

The Annual Financial Statement of the Village Clerk was submitted and read, showing a balance cash on hand in the General Fund of \$604.02, Highway Fund overdrawn \$96.38, Cash on hand in Waterworks Fund, \$155.54, Net cash on hand in all funds, \$663.18.

On motion the Marshal was instructed to notify all proprietors and managers of public places of amusement to have proper exits provided.

Moved and supported that Council cause an estimate to be made of the expense of making water works extensions and of improving our present water works system.

The following Election Boards were appointed by the Council:

Board of Election Inspectors: Trustees Curkendall, Lemieux, with President and Clerk.

Board of Election Commissioners: Goodman, Lemieux and Curkendall.

Board of Registration: Brabant, Goodman, with Clerk.

On motion, Council adjourned.

DEEDS RECORDED.

List of transfers for the week ending Feb. 8th, 1908.

John Nicholls to Geo. J. Rea, lot 101 blk M N & M Add to So. Boyne. \$110.00.

Geo. J. Rae to Wm. Blanshau and wife jointly, lot 101 blk M N & M's Add So. Boyne. \$300.00.

Perrin C. Wellman to Anna Watson, s w 1/4 and w 1/4 of s e 1/4 and s w 1/4 of n w 1/4 sec 29 t 32 n r 7w. \$1,200.00.

Samuel C. Smith to E. C. Ellison, lot 19 of Balleys Add So Boyne except 50' off south end. \$750.00.

East Hunt to William F. Tindall, w 1/4 of e 1/4 of n e 1/4 of n w 1/4 sec 36 t 33 n r 6 w. \$525.00.

G. G. Williams and D. G. Williams to William J. Pearson, part e 1/4 of e 1/4 of s w 1/4 sec 28 t 34 n r 8w. \$1.00 and O. V.

Eya L. Gee to Lulu Pumphrey, lot 244 blk 12 N. & M's und Add So Boyne. \$1.00 and O. V.

Boyer City State Bank to the First National Bank Boyne, lot 110 and 111 Beardsleys 1st Add Boyne except 40 ft 4 to off W. Side of lot 110. \$1.00.

ROMEO A. EMREY, Register of Deeds.

Death of Miss Grace V. Cole.

Miss Grace V. Cole, daughter of Mr. James F. Cole, died at the residence of her uncle, Edward Russel, in Boyne City Feb. 8th, aged 21 years. She had been failing for about three years with consumption, and three months ago went to her uncle's for convenience in medical treatment, but continued to fail; and her parents also went to Boyne City three weeks ago. The struggle for life ceased, however, on Saturday, when the young woman peacefully and triumphantly passed away. She was a beautiful Christian character, and her happy death and cheerful sayings in prospect of the end left a profound impression upon all her friends.

After brief services in the home of Mr. Russel by Rev. L. Groenbaugh, on Monday, the deceased was brought to East Jordan where at 2 o'clock the funeral was conducted at the Methodist church, Rev. W. W. Lamport preaching the sermon to a large and sympathetic audience. The senior class of the East Jordan High School, of which she was a member, attended in a body and young men from the rural home were the pall bearers. Burial occurred in the village cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. Cole and daughter Viola will have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their affliction.

The Winter Wind.

WARREN W. LAMPORT.
The wild winter wind with pitiless blast
Through the shivering trees goes hurrying past.

And cold as the touch of the finger of death
Is the chill that is borne on its frost laden breath.

It blusters and whirrs o'er the old garden wall,
Where deeper and deeper the gathering drifts fall!

And sweeping and swirling and eddying back,
It weaves a white cowl o'er the dome of the stack.

It rattles the doors of the stables and sheds,
Where the sheep and the cattle lie snug in their beds;

It storges the cock from his dreamy repose,
And mucks as he wakens and sleepily crows.

Then off on its way, with a frolic and scream,
It sweeps thro' the willows that border the stream.

And on o'er the hilltops, with deep sullen roar,
Till it dies in the valley and rises no more.

The while, as I sit in my snug cottage home,
I think of the land where no winter shall come:

Where every blast of the pitiless gale
Shall die e'er it enter the beautiful vale.

The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She seals it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms are Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and the leading teachers and practitioners of all the several schools of medical practice have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will but mail a postal card request to Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

The Best Laxative for Children:
Parents should see to it that their children have one natural, easy movement of the bowels each day. Do not dose the child with pills or griping pills, as they are too powerful in effect, and literally tear their little insides to pieces, leaving the bowels raw and sore, and less able to contract before the 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 grip or nauseate. 10c, 25c and 50c.

1909 Calendars.

DOMESTIC CALENDARS, MOUNTED CALENDARS, IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC HANGERS, IMPORTED CALENDARS FROM GERMANY AND FRANCE, WALL POCKETS AND TISSUE NOVELTIES.

This office is in receipt of and now has on display the finest line of Calendar Samples ever exhibited in East Jordan. We have gone to considerable expense to secure these 1909 samples and we trust ALL of our merchants—who believe in home trade—will favor us with their orders. As for prices, we can undersell any agent that ever sold in East Jordan—and we know this by experience.

Come up, Mr. Merchant, the next time you have a half hour to spare, we'll be glad to show them to you.

Michigan Crop Report.

Lansing, Mich., Feb. 8, 1908.

The temperature was above the normal most of the month of January and the precipitation generally below. The cold wave of the 29th and 30th was the first of the season and was severe. The snowfall, especially in the northern counties and Upper Peninsula, was less than usual.

In reply to the question, "Has wheat during January suffered injury from any cause?" 138 correspondents in the southern counties answer "yes" and 291 "no"; in the central counties 46 answer "yes" and 100 "no"; and in the northern counties 65 answer "yes" and 57 "no." Snow protected wheat in the southern counties 2.63 weeks, in the central counties 2.81; in the northern counties 1.90 and in the State 2.54 weeks.

The average depth of snow on the 19th, in the southern counties was 2.66 inches, in the central counties 3.35, in the northern counties 2.41 and in the State 2.77 inches.

On the 31st the average depth in the southern counties was 6.03 inches, in the central counties 6.94, in the northern counties 6.69 and in the State 6.35 inches.

The total number of bushels of wheat marketed by farmers in January at 121 flouring mills was 234,681 and at 93 elevators and to grain dealers 93,905, or a total of 328,586 bushels. The estimated total number of bushels of wheat marketed in the six months, August-January, is 4,500,000. Seventy-eight mills, elevators and grain dealers report no wheat marketed during January.

The average condition of live stock in the State is reported as follows, comparison being with stock in good, healthy and thrifty condition: Horses 94, cattle and swine 93 and sheep 95. GEORGE A. PRESCOTT, Secretary of State.

"Forget It."

Some of our most expressive phrases come from the slang of boys. It isn't necessary to give a history of slang, nor to speak of the various expressions that have grown into our language like a lot of outlaws, who ultimately become respectable. We want to call attention to one of them only, that is "forget it."

About one-half the things we say or do, we should forget—and at once. Our enmities and jealousies we should forget; the insults which we may fancy from time to time are intended for us, we should forget. The good that we do, the evil that others do, let us forget.

Have you ever thought about the dispositions of those people who never forget. It used to be popular to state that one never forgot a slight or an insult. Men have carried knives for forty years, and harbored hate as long, in order to "get even" with some one. And such a life as a man leads, such thoughts as he has, such hateful character as he develops when he lives in order to revenge himself.

There isn't anything in it. No enemy is worth that much. He who hates another is undervaluing the love of anyone. He who can be annoyed by another is himself smaller than the other. He goes about day after day remembering the ills of the world, harping upon the treatment of his fellows, swearing eternal vengeance against this man or that—verily, he hath his reward, and his reward is not produced in a garden of roses, neither is it a sleep inducing lullaby. It is best to "forget it."

County Normal Notes.

Mr. Milford visited the class for a short time Wednesday, Feb. 6.

Bessie Cramer did some substitute teaching last week.

Grace Meggison and Annie Metcalf started their practice teaching in the training room, Monday, Feb. 10.

Leah Peterson and Grace Hamlin are teaching music in the training room.

Miss Himes and Miss Reed went to Lansing Thursday morning to attend a meeting of the county normal teachers of the state, returning Saturday night. Mayne Sroogis and Alma Francis took charge of the training room while different members of the class took charge of the normal room.

We are making some red baskets with covers on for manual training. Bessie Cramer spent Sunday with her aunt in Petoskey.

Recipe as Repeated By Readers Request.

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

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

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

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

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

—For Sale At—
HUDSON'S Shoe Store.

PAIN

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

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

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

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets
JAMES GIDLEY.

East Jordan as a Resort.

We called the attention of the ladies of East Jordan and vicinity last week to our new enterprise, namely, "Starting a Summer Resort business," with an invitation to them to cooperate in bringing it about for we certainly can do nothing without them.

We have already heard from several who are ready to place their houses, furnished at the disposal of our guests, also some who wished to furnish board.



We wish to have a word with those who have not yet looked into the matter. We have towns within sight who have excluded all manufacturing and given their attention exclusively to Resorters and in a short season make enough to supply their wants for a year, but we are so situated that we can take care of our manufacturing interests without interfering with our resident part. This new enterprise, if pushed with energy, will be equal at least to two good factories.

To the housewife it means much ready money, to the merchant increased trade, to the farmer enlarged markets, to the banks more clerks and larger vaults. The railroads say, "we know all about it and we will push our end, you talk to the ladies and get things ready." Now we are waiting to hear from you. Remember we want country homes as well as town. Mr. B. A. Dole is our secretary, send your information to him.

East Jordan & South Arm Board of Trade.

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.

Gurry Combs and Brushes.

Supernaw Bros.

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.

Work and patience propel the plow of prosperity.

The hearty daily laborer is happier than a dyspeptic prince.

Zanesville (O.) eggs are passing for currency. Got change for an egg?

Gold is still coming our way—speaking, of course, nationally, and not personally.

New York, it is reported, rests upon a bed of garnets. Still, the pickings above ground are richer.

A coal man has been fined for selling 1,916 pounds to the ton. That's a weight they have sometimes.

A bulldog figured as a witness in a Chicago case. Opposing counsel refrained from cross-examination.

It is unsafe to trifle or temporize with anything that makes a noise like a grip germ getting in its work.

Spain produces over three billion corks every year. No wonder politicians regard Alfonso as a corker.

A Detroit prisoner has admitted stealing 3,000 fountain pens. A fitting punishment would be to make him fill them.

Some Ohio authorities are using pictures in an attempt to cure the insane. Not, however, souvenir postal cards.

If the sultan of Turkey is not permitted to make overdrafts on his bank the poor man is horribly circumscribed.

A Philadelphia man has just given his daughter a \$100,000 coming-out party. That's right. Put the money in circulation.

The czar, by banishing all the editors from Russia, would leave the political novelists in exclusive possession of the field.

A wise person should ever be in confidential relations with his digestion and not allow any tough traveler to hinder its felicity.

Variety of thought is as universal as the leaves, blades of grass or innumerable stars that glitter in the spheres of omnipotence.

Over 27,000 women in New York support their husbands. A husband is a convenience about the house if a woman can afford one.

People are now utilizing the telephone to talk through their chests, but the process of talking through the hat requires no telephone.

A lady poet declares that "it is pleasant to die for those we love." If it is not impertinent we would like to ask whether she has ever tried it.

Eleanor Glyn, the English novelist, has called the "Pig-in Motions" of New York a parcel of "tabby cats" and a Kilkenny time of it impends.

When the Rev. Dr. Aked wants to raise a specific sum of money he refuses to dismiss the congregation until he gets it. Put up or stay shut up.

One hundred brand-new ten-dollar gold pieces. Can you imagine a prettier sight?—Atlanta Georgian. Yes. Two hundred brand-new ten-dollar gold pieces.

Although clouds, rain and storms prevail in the realm of Dame Nature, there can ever linger in the brave heart and soul the sunshine of immortal hope.

According to the annual report of the Pinkerton agency, there doesn't seem to have been any decline in the prosperity of the bank-burglary business, anyway.

In Pittsburg a man refused a present of \$100 in gold coins because they did not bear the motto: "In God We Trust." He was a minister, however; not a millionaire.

A Kansas man killed himself because he was tired of getting up at three o'clock in the morning to milk the cows. Apparently it never occurred to him to get married.

The cigarmakers' union of Boston has decided to bar married women from the shops unless their husbands are invalids. What a shock for those poor men who married for homes.

A prominent Washington physician says that "mince pie is not injurious if you can digest it." It might be added neither are carpet tacks—so much depends upon that little word "if."

Wearing a peekaboo shirt waist in winter is highly recommended for women who want to catch the grip. Plenty of men catch it without any special rules, thus demonstrating again the superior ingenuity of the sterner sex.

One of the college professors wants to know why a professional man should be more highly esteemed than a chef. Perhaps this college professor has been overestimating the esteem which professional men command—especially among people who are able to have chefs.

And now an Odessa school yard has been found planted with bombs. While restricting immigration from Japan, it may occur to us some day that there are others equally undesirable, if not more so.

Additional Bank Circulation Need of Country

By HON. LESLIE M. SHAW, President Carnegie Trust Company, New York, and Former Secretary of Treasury.



We are hearing a great deal about non-elastic currency. On that head I said before the Ohio Bankers' convention in 1905:

"Attention has been called to the non-elastic character of our currency many times and by many people, but there will be no further currency legislation until we shall have experienced a panic occasioned by this want of elasticity. The country does not appreciate the danger, and until the danger is fully understood, no remedy will be applied. We came nearer such a panic September 30, 1902, than most people know. The fact that we then escaped does not raise a presumption that we shall always escape. A glaring defect at a vital point will some time, soon or late, assert itself."

In making those statements it was not my purpose to adversely criticize the congress, inasmuch as the congress is a public servant, which does what the people demand—and it seldom does more or less.

The American people have been opposed to any new features as to legislation on the currency. We possess a currency which is sound and strong—but non-elastic. I do not believe that we require a larger degree of inflation than has conditioned recent years. Since 1902, the money in circulation has been increased something more than \$150,000,000 a year. Thus the volume expands; but it has no power of contraction, except when the people, through mistrust, withdraw money from circulation and hoard it in various ways.

This bad result from lack of confidence is the root of the evil from which we have recently suffered. The immense sums of money that are hoarded have acted like the withdrawal of blood from the veins of persons—the effect is highly debilitating.

A great deal has been said for years past in advocacy of a great central bank with numerous branches. The American people do not want a central bank. They have made themselves thoroughly understood on this matter several times. The so-called "Canadian" plan has almost as many advocates as the central bank propaganda. I do not believe that our people want the Canadian idea.

It is doubtful whether the country will take kindly to a legalized clearing-house certificate. After everything has been said in justification of the recent well-nigh universal resort thereto, it must be remembered that its use did not invite money back into circulation but just the reverse. No sooner was the clearing-house certificate resorted to than people ceased to deposit currency. Merchants kept every dollar of currency. They deposited only checks. I fear the same effect would follow a resort to regularly authorized clearing-house certificates of any other novel and unusual form of currency.

The desire to avoid an element of fear is the controlling reason why I have so many times advocated additional national bank circulation identical in appearance with the ordinary. If guaranteed by the government, there is no reason why the public should have notice that a stringency has arisen making resort thereto advisable, not to say necessary. So long as the public needs can be supplied without endangering any one, no advantage can be gained by hoisting a danger signal.

Neither do I believe the country will take kindly to any plan which places relief measures solely in the hands of city banks. While there is no animosity between city and country banks, neither has adequate knowledge of the requirements of the other, and neither will willingly depend upon the other for deliverance from impending financial dangers.

Delusions After Nerve Storms

By DR. J. D. QUACKENBOSS.

American fashionable and business life is a continuous nerve storm—a literal hurrying to the grave. Americans speed along every life-way exhausting energy, inviting premature nervous and mental death. In the last few years nerve work has been doubled, while nerve pay has been halved, and this is the worst of all infractions of the poor man's rights by soulless corporations.

When you consider the one hundred and one modes of overtaxing the physical organs forced upon society by this imperious civilization, coupled with the fact that so many are born with unstable nerve cells, and not a few nervously bankrupt, it is easy to understand that 50 per cent of our people are suffering in some degree from lowered nerve tone.

The calm of a generation ago has given way to din and jostle and unrest. Mere living in the twentieth century constitutes a sufficient excuse for exhibiting symptoms of its most fashionable disease, nervous exhaustion.

Then there is food adulteration. It is notorious that during the last ten years food substances have been steadily deteriorating through sophistication. The demands on nervous vitality have, as shown, markedly increased; the elements of nerve nutrition in the machine made food-stuffs have as conspicuously diminished.

Now the mind of the ill-nourished neurasthenic tends to weakness and irritability. Morbid fears take possession of it; hallucinations and delusions are enthroned, because the brain cells are deficient in healthy lecithin, their normal phosphorus bearing substance. From these delusions frequently result terrible crimes.

A young fellow of marked ability applied to me last autumn for the cure of an irresistible impulse to throw himself into the arms of every fat woman he saw and be hushed off by her to sleep. And the pressure of this outlandish inclination had become so agonizing that he had planned to escape from it by suicide. I cured him by hypnotic suggestion.

A gentleman brought his wife to me a few years ago suffering from a post-grippal delusion that her skin was covered with worms. The wrinkles in her dress were worms. Her finger tips were worn sore from looking for worms in her clothing. At the third treatment I made bold to declare that I had captured the last worm, when my sleeping patient retorted:

"There is one left, doctor." I clutched the last imaginary offender and said in a firm voice:

"I have got it; you will be troubled no more." She was completely cured.

These neurasthenic delusions are curable if they have not in the meantime brought on degeneration of tissue to such an extent that nature cannot restore the body.



THINGS GOOD TO REMEMBER.

Soda Crackers with Raisins and Almonds—Onion in Gravy.

Dip any of the crisp soda crackers in milk, but do not permit them to become too sodden. Brush with beaten egg, sprinkle with sugar, and spread upon a platter, on which there is room enough to lie singly. Put in the oven, let them brown slightly, and sprinkle with minced raisins and almonds. Lay two or three together and serve with whipped cream.

All white meats gain in flavor from a delicate onion admixture with the gravy. The onion is to be grated and put over the meat before it has just finished roasting and then blended by basting. In this way one avoids the burnt onion slices, which sometimes result from other methods, and which have, in a way, caused the addition of onion to be regarded with disfavor.

The bits of tongue and ham which do not look well upon the table should be saved—and chopped up together for meat pies. Spinach prepared with a butter sauce is mixed with the fragments just before they are put into the chopper. A little tomato ketchup is an improvement. The thickening should be either grated bread or cracker crumbs. The usual pie crust is best, with a little nigardness in the matter of shortening.

An old carpet dyed often looks as good as new. If, therefore you have a carpet which is badly faded, but otherwise in good repair, send it to be dyed, and if you choose a nice color you will be delighted when you get it back again.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Never stir a cake after final beating. Beating motion should always be last used.

It is said that if a little borax is put in the water it will remove fruit stains from the hands.

The rollers of a clothes wringer may be easily and effectively cleaned by rubbing them with a cloth which has been dipped in coal oil.

In order to be sure that the coconut for pies and candy is perfectly fresh it is well to buy the whole fruit and shred it in the meat chopper.

It is said that if an onion is cut into small pieces and placed about a room it will absorb many disagreeable odors, including fresh paint and turpentine.

A few economical housewives have tried grinding their tea leaves like coffee, and they declare that the result is excellent, only about half the usual quantity being used. Of course, the tea strainer must be as fine as can be bought.

Dainty Dresser Scarf.

When handkerchiefs are cheap buy four embroidered ones with the plain hemstitched edge and sew them all neatly together with a strip of tulle lace insertion about an inch and a half or two inches in width between each handkerchief and on the edge of the one at each end. When this has been neatly done sew lace, which should match the insertion used, on both sides and ends a little full. Now make a plain cover to go under this of some delicate color, a pale yellow or pink being especially pretty, and you will have a dresser cover of which you may justly be proud. If a comode cover be desired to match this, use three handkerchiefs instead of four to make it shorter and proceed the same as before.

Pineapple Honey is Delicious.

If you have been accustomed to throwing away the core and parings from your pineapples, says the Delicater, stop doing this and make the following excellent substitute for honey: Take the cores and parings from the fruit; cover with cold water, and let them stand over night. In the morning bring the mixture to a boil, and cook for several minutes; then strain through a cheesecloth, return to the fire and boil about ten minutes longer. Add an equal quantity of sugar, and boil about three minutes. The result should be a clear, amber-colored sirup. It will prove delicious when served with hot cakes.

Cabbage Dumplings.

Parboil the leaves of a head of cabbage. Beat or stir two pounds of ground meat, rolled toast or crackers, one raw egg, half a cup of milk and butter the size of a walnut, seasoning with salt and pepper. Place a tablespoonful of the mixture in each cabbage leaf, roll up tightly, tie with a string and brown nicely in a buttered pan. Place in a kettle and let simmer slowly one and one-half hours, and when done place dumplings on a platter, removing the strings. Add a little flour to remaining liquid and serve as gravy.

Coffee Creams.

Heat one pint of milk. Beat up the yolks of three eggs and one white, and add to the hot, not boiling, milk. When it has cooled add two ounces of granulated sugar and enough coffee essence to color and flavor it. Put into a bowl one-half gill of boiling water, three quarters ounce of gelatine. Stir it over the fire until dissolved, then strain it into the custard, which should be warm.

To Remove Finger Marks.

The finger marks so frequently left on painted doors by children or careless maids may be removed by rubbing with a perfectly clean cloth dipped in a little paraffine. The place should be afterward carefully rinsed in cold water and given a final polish with a clean, soft cloth. There is no real remedy for finger marks on light wall paper, but sometimes simply rubbing with a clean cloth will help.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

SEEKS SOUTH POLE



Lieut. E. H. Shackleton, M. V. O., the young British officer, introduced several innovations when he started for the south pole with an English party recently. Profiting by past experience, he went practically without vegetables, it being found that they do not keep well, and carried only the best of meats. He will use a specially built automobile for the earlier stages of the journey and, instead of relying on dogs for the final dash over the snow and ice, he will rely mainly on the hardy little Siberian pony.

As commander of the expedition he has taken with him 28 men. "Success" has been painted on the funnel of the old Newfoundland sealing vessel, Nimrod, whose name has been changed for the trip to Endurance, and Lieut. Shackleton expects to plant on the south pole itself the union jack, presented to him by Queen Alexandra.

Almost as many fruitless expeditions have been made to the Antarctic regions as to the Arctic, with the odds in favor, however, of the Antarctic explorers getting back to a warmer and more congenial climate.

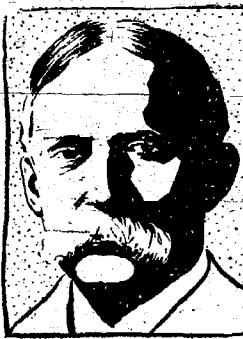
Shackleton's vessel sailed from Lyttleton, New Zealand, and is expected to reach King Edward VII. island February 1, which will be midsummer in the Antarctic region. The vessel will then return to Lyttleton and wait until January, 1909, before going to the base of operations on King Edward VII. island to bring the explorers back to civilization. The motor car is not built for speed. It will carry the provisions.

The base of operations is 750 geographical miles from the pole. It is expected on the return of the spring to establish depots to within 500 geographical miles of the pole. The dash to the pole will be made by only three members of the party.

Lieut. Shackleton went with Capt. Scott five years ago in the latter's historic dash to the pole, in which a record for "furest south" was established. During the 96 days' journey over the ice Lieut. Shackleton was stricken with snow blindness and so had to be fastened to the sledge, when all the dogs were dead, in order to do his share of the pulling. He spent Christmas day, 1902, 300 miles from the ship, and the party had a plum pudding which weighed only nine ounces. On his return to England Lieut. Shackleton was made a member of the Victorian order.

DEFENDER OF ROCKEFELLER

Dr. Harry Pratt Judson, president of the University of Chicago, comes forward as the defender of John D. Rockefeller, whom he represents as the burden-bearer of the community, conveying inferentially the impression that the multi-millionaire takes the money of the American people with a sole view to using it for the best interests of humanity by establishing universities at Chicago, general educational boards and institutions of research. And Dr. Judson is no doubt sincere in the opinion he expresses, for he is a man of considerable independence of thought and not a mere truckler to the money power.



He comes of an old American family that was mainly instrumental in organizing the Baptist church in America, a family that was of considerable importance in the early days of New York state. Incidentally, he is a nephew of Grover Cleveland, but he does not trade upon that.

The doctor was born in Jamestown in 1849 and was graduated from Williams college in 1870. He was for 12 years assistant principal of the high school at Troy, N. Y., and in 1885 accepted the chair of history and a lectureship on pedagogy in the University of Minnesota. Seven years later he went to the University of Chicago as assistant professor of political science, and was shortly afterwards promoted to head of his department. The administrative qualities he displayed while acting president during Dr. Harper's illness caused him to be selected as president of the university at the latter's death.

Dr. Judson is the author of a number of authoritative works, including "Europe in the Nineteenth Century," "The Growth of the American Nation," "The Higher Education as a Training for Business," "The Mississippi Valley," and a number of others on a wide range of subjects. He has been decorated by the German emperor as a compliment to his literary ability.

THAW TRIAL JUDGE



Victor J. Dowling, justice of the supreme court of New York, who is sitting as trial judge in the Thaw murder case, is one of those judges who believe in deciding every question as it arises, promptly and definitely, and allowing no criticism of his ruling afterwards. At the last Thaw trial Justice Fitzgerald allowed the lawyers the fullest latitude in arguing every little point of law, and after he had decided the point would permit them to carry on another long drawn-out debate. This is a thing that Justice Dowling has never been known to tolerate. He holds the record for the shortest murder trial in New York. By holding the attorneys down to the case and excluding all extraneous matters he had a verdict in 40 minutes from the time the case was started.

Dowling studied law in the office of Justice Fitzgerald. At the University of New York he won many honors, particularly the Devlin prize for classics, and also prizes for both the best written and the best oral examinations. From the beginning he has been an ardent politician and he has served two terms in the state senate, besides being for several years one of the party leaders and one of the secretaries of the Tammany hall executive committee. In 1905 he was elected by a handsome majority justice of the supreme court, the term for which is 15 years and the salary \$17,500 a year.

The judge is 41 years of age. He is a recognized authority on constitutional law and is the author of the Dowling anti-gambling bill, which he presented while in the senate. He belongs to a number of Catholic benevolent societies, several historical societies and the Oakland Golf club. He has fought many battles for the labor unions.

NEW OKLAHOMA CONGRESSMAN

That he is seven-sixteenths Chickasaw and Cherokee Indian and nine-sixteenths Scotch-Irish is the boast of Charles D. Carter, new member from the fourth Oklahoma district. His paternal ancestor, Nathan Carter Sr., was captured when a small boy by Shawnee Indians at the Lackawanna valley massacre, when all of the other members of the family except one of Nathan's sisters were killed. Nathan Carter was afterward traded to the Cherokees, one of whose full-blooded squaws he married. Mr. Carter's father, a captain in the confederate army, added to this strain of Indian blood by marrying a one-fourth breed Chickasaw woman, a sister of Gov. Guy, chief of the Chickasaws.



The new representative was born in a little log cabin near Boggy depot, an old fort of the Choctaw nation, 28 years ago. When seven years old he was taken by his parents to Mill Creek, a state stand and postoffice on the western frontier of the Chickasaw nation. When 11 he started to school at a log school house nearby. When 13 he entered the Chickasaw Manual Labor Academy, where he finished when 18. Two of these five years at the academy he missed in order to work as a cowboy on his father's ranch.

As a cow-puncher and broncho-buster he began life for himself at "Diamond Z" ranch, where the city of Sulphur now stands. He was then 18. When 20 he accepted a position in a store where he advanced from clerk to book-keeper, cotton buyer and cotton weigher. When 23 he was appointed auditor of public accounts for the Chickasaw Nation, and three years later became a member of that nation's council. From this position he advanced to superintendent of schools and mining trustee of Indian territory. At the time of his election to the new congress he was in the insurance business.

Plays & Players

MISS CLARA LIPMAN



Popular and pretty actress who is a favorite with many theatergoers. In private life she is the wife of Louis Mann, the well-known comedian.

AND IT WASN'T A STAGE KISS.

Frank Daniels Won in an Impromptu Kidding Contest.

The fact that Frank Daniels, the comic opera comedian, sat in a box at a performance of "Fascinating Flora" in Kansas City recently, gave the audience an opportunity to enjoy a bunch of impromptu comedy that wasn't expected. From the time Daniels appeared until the last act the comedian was the target of all sorts of pranks and jokes by Adele Ritchie and members of her company.

The "kidding" of Daniels culminated near the close of the play when Miss Ritchie was forced to make a speech, following her song, "Captain Willie Brown." In her characteristic manner the actress told as seriously as she could of her appreciation of the applause.

"This isn't much of a speech, to be sure," she said in closing. "But I can make a better speech than Frank Daniels can, anyway."

"Of course you can," said James E. Sullivan, the Wagnerian comedian, who stood beside her. "And I dare him to try it. He's afraid to."

That was the opportunity the audience wanted. It applauded, whistled and stamped until it sounded as if an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" gallery were welcoming Eliza across the ice. Daniels sat still and blushed while the applause increased Miss Ritchie's merriment. She had the "man in the box" guessing.

Then things happened. Daniels held a whispered consultation with his wife, who sat in the box beside him. Then, while the din continued, he mounted the box railing, apparently preparing to make a speech. The applause, which subsided for a moment, broke loose anew when, instead of a speech, the comedian reached toward Miss Ritchie, caught her by the ear and kissed her. It was a real kiss, too—not a stage kiss. The actress was startled and ran from the stage. The applause that followed could not bring her back to the stage, either.

True Criticism.

Jessie Busley delights in seeing a good play, and takes advantage of every occasion, when she is not playing herself, to visit one or another of the theaters in the city where she may happen to be. Two years ago she chanced to be in Chicago on a Sunday night. Looking over the advertisements in the newspaper she decided to see a well-known comedy written by a widely-known playwright. She sat in a box and directly below her in two orchestra chairs in the fifth row were seated an aged couple who bore every mark of the rustic type. Both, it appeared before the play had progressed very far, were very much interested, but the old gentleman was hard of hearing and depended on his wife for the repetition of many of the lines that escaped him.

A well-known actor, who shall be nameless in the light of what follows, but who is swollen up with an idea of his own value and artistic achievement, had the leading part, and finally came to a line that read:

"I'm rotten; rotten all through."

The old gentleman turned to his wife and said quite loudly: "What does he say?"

The old lady leaned toward him and replied so shrilly that half the house heard her: "He says he's rotten all through."

"So he is. So he is," returned the old man with deep conviction.

ONLY HAMLET'S CLOTHES.

Story of Henry Irving That Mansfield Used as a Moral.

"Richard Mansfield," said a theatrical manager, "took the greatest pains to keep his figure perfect. And, indeed, he succeeded well in this. Such shapely legs and arms, such a slim supple waist, such a broad and deep chest, never graced the American stage before."

"Mr. Mansfield insisted on good figures. He would not permit his players to get too fat or too thin. Some he made die, some he made exercise. And, to show the figure's importance, he used to tell them a story about Henry Irving—a story told him by Irving himself."

"Irving, when he was young, was a very skeleton. He once had a chance in the provinces—I think Mr. Mansfield said it was \$8 a week—and if the actor got on well the first night his fortune would be made."

"But," when Irving made his first night's appearance in the black tights of the Danish prince, one gallery god shouted across to another:

"Is that him, Bill?"

"No," Bill roared back. "They're only the young fellow's clothes. They'll shove him out later on."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

For the Lenten season Miss Schorer, manager of the College theater at Chicago, has secured a play that will be most appropriate. "The Sign of the Cross," the play chosen, is acknowledged the greatest Biblical play ever written, even surpassing Gen. Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur" in dramatic value. This play will be put on with a wealth of beautiful scenery, the entire strength of the Patrons' Stock Company and with about 100 supernumeraries as Roman soldiers, gladiators, Jews, Christians and Tiberian slaves.

Alfred Hickman, leading man of "The Rogers Brothers in Panama," created the part of Little Billee in the first production of "Tilly" and was Blanche Walsh's first husband. They were married seven years, and no one knew it until the actress asked for a divorce.

On January 15 Miss Maude Adams appeared at the Empire theater, New York, in the first American performance of John Raphael's translation of Miguel Zamacois' play, "The Jesters."

Before laying "Wildfire" at the feet of hypercritical New York Lillian Russell will first pay her respects to the playgoers of London.

Henry Miller has signed a contract with Rida Johnson Young, author of "Brown of Harvard," for a new play with a theological basis.

Nat Goodwin, tired of being his own manager, has accepted an offer made him by the Liebers. Under that firm's direction he will play the remainder of the season.

Pauline Chase is playing the title part of Peter Pan in London, where the play is in its fourth season.

Gabriele d'Annunzio's Italian tragedy, "La Gioconda," is now being acted in London for the first time in English.

Wilson's "Last Ford," an event in which the British forces were annihilated during the rising in Matabeland, is the basis for a dramatic scene in a new melodrama, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer."

FACTS FADS FALLACIES

Dealing with Personal Magnetism, Telepathy, Psychology, Suggestion, Hypnotism, and Spiritualism.

By EDWARD B. WARMAN, A. M. Eminent Psychologist and Hygienist.

MUSCLE READING.

"Muscle reading" is not reading the muscle but reading the mind by means of unconscious muscular action. When this is called "mind-reading"—in the sense in which it is generally understood—the term "mind-reading" is a misnomer and is, in consequence, misleading.

Its History.

So-called "mind-reading" had its initiative in Chicago in 1873, and was first demonstrated by one J. Randall Brown, a newspaper reporter.

In 1877, while Brown was giving exhibitions in Chickering hall, New York city, a young man whose fame afterward eclipsed that of Brown and every other so-called "mind-reader," made himself known to Brown, and desired to be his assistant, claiming he had like powers.

This was none other than the great Washington Irving Bishop, who saw the opportunity of gathering in the shekels from a gullible public.

In conversation with Mr. Bishop in Chicago (1887), after he had made an international reputation, he admitted to me the trickery whereby all "mind" (?) readers performed their various feats, and strongly indorsed—the memorable words of P. T. Barnum, "The American people like to be humbugged."

I especially remember his remark in regard to the use of the wire which he touched to his forehead in order to read the mind of the one at the other end of the wire. He said: "The more mysterious you make the affair, the less likely are they (the public) to unravel it."

When in England, Bishop secured the services of one Charles Garner as an assistant. As Bishop left Brown, so Garner left Bishop as soon as the trick was discovered. As Bishop had invaded British territory, Garner sailed forth "to do" the Americans, but unlike Bishop, he did not care to put his label upon his work. He came to this country as "Stuart Cumberland, the Great Mind-reader of London, England."

I was an invited guest at a private seance (his initial performance) held in the parlors of the Russell house, Detroit, Mich. I give herewith, as briefly as possible, not only what was done, in a general way, but the HOW. A dozen or more prominent citizens, including ministers, lawyers, reporters, actors, etc., were present by special request.

When "Cumberland" arrived he announced that his tests of "mind-reading" would consist of finding hidden objects; giving names, dates of birth, places of birth, etc., etc., of those present. He did all that he agreed to do—and did it well—under the guise of "mind-reading." He failed in one instance only (of this I will hereinafter speak), and that failure was undeniably proof that results depend more largely upon the subject than upon the "mind-reader" and wholly, in this case, upon the physical contact.

Before leaving the room and being blindfolded he took each of us by the hand, for an instant only. Why? The more expert the "mind-reader" (muscle reader) the more sensitive to the touch, even to so fine and delicate a sense as may be rightly termed super-sensitive. He said: "I do this to ascertain the best subject for the severest, or most difficult test, viz., the finding of three objects in quick succession."

Not only his touch but his sight guided him in his choice. He would not choose one of a phlegmatic temperament or one of a sluggish circulation. I, being of a nervous, sanguine temperament, sensitive to a marked degree, was chosen for the test.

How It Was Done.

First, the blindfold. This is an assistance rather than a hindrance. Inasmuch as it shuts out all exterior distractions from the operator's mind it makes him more passive to the involuntary muscular action of his subject; besides, it appears to render the work of the "mind-reader" more difficult.

In nearly every case the operator produces a black kerchief (to add to the deception) which he places over the eyes and asks you to draw it tightly. Yes, the tighter the better. Why? Because he contracts the brows and even if you put on an additional kerchief and fold kid gloves over the eyes (as did Paul Alexander Johnstone) the strain of the kerchief falls upon the part of the gloves resting against the contracted brows. When he desires to see he raises his brows—a very simple thing, indeed.

This is a very great aid and is especially deceptive when describing a young lady in the audience to whom a book or bouquet is to be given. She was plainly visible to the operator (from underneath the fold) when he made his muscular action of the subject.

This blindfold is also used to prove (?) that his experiments are not due to physical contact when he does not

touch the subject, but, instead, extends his hands, one above the other, about a foot or more apart, and directs the subject to put one of his hands between and equidistant from his own.

Were they placed on the level of his eyes he could not do the trick. Why? Because he could not see the action or movement of the subject's hand. This is essential to success because when the operator moves his hands in the wrong direction the subject's hand follows tardily, thereby indicating, unconsciously and unintentionally, to the operator that he is moving in the wrong direction. But when the operator is on the right track, the hand of the subject responds readily and retains its relative position.

This blindfold trick is also resorted to in the "driving test" through the crowded thoroughfares of a city. However, in the case of Johnstone—a hood was worn, the out cover being mohair, the inner part of heavy broadcloth. Surely he could not see below this? No, he had no need to do so; he could see through it by means of a neat little contrivance. The strings that fastened the hood about the neck had a sort of double back-action, i. e., they opened a seam in the front of the broadcloth hood that was not distinguishable through the mohair—not distinguishable to the casual observer, but enabled the "mind-reader" to distinguish objects very clearly. So much for the blindfold and the part it plays in reading minds.

Once more to Mr. "Cumberland." When he re-entered the room, after having been blindfolded, he took the hand of one of the group who had hidden an object and he found the object quickly. He did this many times and accurately. He failed but once. There was a reason. One of the reporters desired a test. Unfortunately (for Mr. "Cumberland") the reporter had been imbibing rather freely—too freely to concentrate his mind on the hidden object. The reporter's hand was as limp, so to speak, as was his mind; therefore as the operator depended entirely upon muscular action to indicate direction he was wholly at sea—a ship without a rudder—and he was obliged to give it up.

In the triple test with myself as guide he succeeded admirably. I held my thought intently on each separate article—individually, not collectively; held each one for the time being at the exclusion of the two others.

Mind-Reading or Muscle Reading.

Which? Undoubtedly and undeniably muscle reading. In order to do justice to the operator my mind was fixed on the hidden object, each in its turn; so intent was I that I was not aware of a muscular movement on my part that was directing him to the object.

Mind is indivisible. It is impossible for the mind to be in two places at the same time. The hand of the operator is guided, unmistakably guided by the hand of the subject as soon as the physical contact is established, as he fully surrenders himself to the involuntary muscular leading of his subject.

'Tis true, the operator is usually in advance, hence it may be said that the subject cannot lead, but the subject can push as well as pull; the better word, however, is direct.

When the operator, in his risk (which is done for effect) passes the point or place in the subject's mind, he is very quickly made aware of it by an involuntary movement on the part of the subject that arrests his attention and directs his action.

In the giving of names, dates, etc., Mr. "Cumberland" had all the letters of the alphabet and the numerals (up to ten) arranged in regular order. Again he was blindfolded and seated at a table. He took the hand of the subject and told him to think intently on the first letter of his name. He then passed the subject's hand slowly over the letters. When the right letter was reached the supersensitive "mind-reader" felt a slight involuntary movement on the part of the subject. Instantly the operator's hand started down on the correct letter like a hawk on a chicken.

In this slow and tedious way he gave names, dates, etc., and called it mind-reading.

If you want additional and self-evident proof of involuntary muscular action, you may find it in your own personal experience if you are a bicyclist.

Recall the time you learned to ride. Do you recollect that death-like grip with which you clung to the handlebars? You saw an object in the street. There was ample room on either side of it, but you steered straight for it and then wondered why you hit it. Why did you? Because mind is indivisible and cannot be in two places at the same time. Your mind was on the object in the street, hence you were wholly unconscious of the muscular action that guided the wheel.

You may remember the experience of the man who was learning to ride a wheel and had much difficulty in consequence of a telegraph pole in front of his house. The pole was on the side of the road, not in the road, but it always seemed to be in evidence.

No matter where he started that pole seemed to be his objective point. He aimed straight for it (unintentionally) and his aim was good. One day he started with his back to the pole. Although he was a novice he discovered he was a trick rider; his wheel made a complete circuit and struck the pole. Why? Because he could not have his mind on the pole and on the wheel at the same time. Besides, he feared the pole; and what one fears he gets.

The "muscle reader" and his subject hold exactly the same relation to each other as do the novice who man and his wheel—directed by unconscious muscular action.

(Copyright, 1907, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

THE MORE HE TRIES TO SCRUB THE BLACK OFF THE MAP THE MORE HE SPREADS IT AROUND.



NATION'S ONE HOPE

IMPORTANCE OF A NATIONAL TRADE BALANCE.

One of the Functions of a Protective Tariff is So to Restrict Imports as to Enable the Country to Pay Its Obligations and Have Something Left.

If it had not been for this balance of trade in our favor, constantly liquidating our obligations, our debts would have become insupportable long before now.

This remark by the New York Press is of weighty importance, and should receive from our financiers far more attention than they habitually give to the question of favorable trade balances. The fact is that our moneyed magnates are for the most part either ignorant of or indifferent to the part played by the trade balance in maintaining our supply of money and money metals. It must be that they are ignorant, for if they were informed they could not be indifferent. They ought to realize the part played by a protective tariff in so restricting competitive imports as to insure an excess of exports, and therefore a trade balance—money coming to us faster than it goes away from us. Yet if you should scratch the back of an eminent financier it is ten to one you would tickle either a free trader or a man who knows little and cares less about the tariff question.

The habit of depreciating the consequence of favorable trade balances is quite common among the "superior thinkers" turned loose by our free trade institutions of learning. They point at Great Britain, a free trade nation, with an average excess of imports over exports amounting to about \$800,000,000 a year, as a shining example of how a country can grow richer in spite of adverse trade balances. This contention is well answered in the Press as follows:

"England is a creditor nation. The British adverse trade balance does not represent what England owes at the end of each year. It represents the payments on account by the debtor nations that owe interest and principal to England, creditor of the world. England's adverse trade balance is the same as the pawnbroker's. The lender whose trademark is the three gilded balls over the door of his money shop advances his capital to the borrower, who must pay over to the pawnbroker a share of the debtor's product as long as the debt stands uncanceled. The debtor exports to the pawnbroker incessantly; he imports from the pawnshop nothing—but receipts. Unless the debt is liquidated that sort of adverse balance of trade against the pawnbroker leaves him with all the money in the end. So long as Canada or any other country remains a debtor nation an adverse balance of trade piles up a growing debt each year more difficult to discharge, since more of the resources of the debtor are required to pay the mere interest."

One of the most important functions of a protective tariff is to bar the door against competitive imports. Not only does this wise policy enable the United States to cancel its debts for goods and materials purchased abroad and have something left with which to make good for some heavy outgoing amounts of American money not visible in the record of exports, but it has in the past 11 years actually added some billions of dollars to the supply of money and money metals. Still more important, it has provided work and wages for millions of Americans. Great Britain has kept solvent because of income derived from money loaned and invested in other countries and from the earnings of her merchant marine. But for these sources of income there is no need to say what would happen to a country which sought \$800,000,000 a year more than it sold. The United States has neither an overseas carrying trade nor any income from money-invested abroad. To a country so situated a

large favorable trade balance becomes an absolute financial necessity if national bankruptcy is to be avoided. Such a surplus of income over outgo can only be obtained by the restriction of imports. This is why our eminent financiers should give more attention to the protective tariff.

NO DEFICIT IN TREASURY.

Disturbing and Misleading Assertion Made by Contemporary.

The loose statements which very intelligent contemporaries permit themselves to make concerning matters of which exact information is readily accessible have an illustration in the editorial assertion of the Philadelphia North American that "the United States treasury also begins the year with a deficit."

Such a disturbing and misleading assertion is the result of failing to make the necessary distinction between a deficiency in the revenue and a deficit in the treasury. It is accurate to say that the revenue for the last six months of 1907 shows a deficiency, the receipts having fallen \$9,000,000 in round numbers short of meeting the expenditures. But that is a very different thing from "a deficit in the treasury." Strictly that would mean that there is less cash on hand than the accounts call for, implying diversion of funds or embezzlement. But in the looser and general use, that there is less money on hand than is needed to meet demand liabilities, it is still wider of the mark. The treasury has such a surplus on hand after providing for all reserve liabilities that it not only does not feel the deficiency in revenue for the past six months, but it could pay such a deficiency in revenue for nearly 15 years longer before creating a deficiency in the treasury.

Moreover, if the swollen surplus were thus drawn down to about one quarter of its present bulk, it would really be more salutary for the general fiscal situation.

Unalterably Opposed.

Now, here is an alarming revelation in the ranks of the Democratic party, and in the state that gives its presidential nominees the largest majorities. The facts are set forth in the following telegram:

San Antonio, Tex., Nov. 21.—Rock-ribbed Democrats of Texas, composing the Texas Sheep and Goat Raisers association, in convention here, adopted a standpoint policy in the matter of tariff revision as to wools and hides in the following resolution:

Be It Resolved, That the Texas Sheep and Goat Raisers' association hereby goes on record as unalterably opposed to any reduction in the tariff on wool, mohair and hides, and that its secretary is directed to so notify the Texas congressmen.

Mr. Bryan complains the Republicans have stolen some of his political doctrines. Are his followers resorting to retaliation in kind? Democrats "unalterably opposed" to any reduction in the tariff, etc. Now let the Georgia statesman again rise and shout: "Where am I at?"—Huntington Hawk-Eye.

Will Adopt Beneficent Policy.

The obvious conclusion is that the government of the United States has admirably discharged its responsibilities toward the islands that fell into its possession as a fortuitous incident of war and may be relied upon to develop a beneficent policy tending to ultimate independence, in the islands want it, as rapidly as circumstances will warrant and permit.—Rocheater Democrat and Chronicle.

A Democratic club in New York will shortly give a dinner, at which the question, "Why is the Democratic Party Divided?" will be discussed. Even a slight inspection of the prominent members of the Democratic party will fully answer that query.

Mr. Bryan, while in Texas, virtually confessed that he is a candidate. In time it is expected that a complete admission of his guilt can be wrung from him.

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

Bad Fire at Charlevoix.

Saturday night about ten o'clock, Fagan's warehouse, on Bridge street, was totally destroyed by fire.

The building was used as a storehouse through winter, and a heavy loss was sustained by different parties who had goods stored. The cause of the fire is unknown, and had it occurred at any other time than Saturday night would undoubtedly caused a far more serious loss than it did, although it was heavy, as, in the absence of any fire alarm, the first knowledge that the firemen had was the fact that some of them were in attendance at the Electric Theatre, close by, and were able to get others out and keep the fire confined to the building.

John Fagan's loss on the building will be about \$500, insurance \$100. Loss on Electric Theatre building about \$500, fully covered by insurance. Mike Gruch is the heaviest loser by the fire, his nets valued at \$5,000 being a total loss. Insured at \$2,000. All this insurance was carried by the Burnett Agency.

Charles Novak lost about \$1,000 damage to tobacco, by smoke, fully covered by insurance, carried by F. A. Kenyon.

Bert Beaudoin and Herman Meyer each lost buggies with no insurance. Beaudoin's loss being \$90 and Meyer's \$300.

Mr. Osborne of the Inn, also suffered a slight loss on stored goods.

Since the fire we have heard much criticism of the lack of a fire alarm, or if there is one, the failure of it to act at critical times, and certainly there should be some way to let our citizens know when there is a fire in town.—Charlevoix Courier.

What 50c Worth of Electricity Will Do.

An enterprising engineer has figured out the number of things which can be accomplished with but fifty cents worth of electricity at 10 cents per kilowatt hour. Here are some of them:

Light an ordinary barn or stable with 16 candle-power lamps one hour every night for thirty nights.

With a small motor attached to the washing machine and wringer fifty cents worth of electricity will do eight washings.

It will also do two weeks' ironing, using a six pound iron.

An electric fan can be operated three and one-half hours a day for thirty days for fifty cents.

Two weeks' sewing can be done on the motor-driven machine for the machine for the same price.

It will light the porch light for three hours every night for two months.

Fifty cents will pay for the current consumed in using the electric heating pad three hours every night for thirty nights.

It will grind 1,125 pounds of coffee; broil 30 steaks; cook 20 rarebits in the electric chafing dish; fry 400 eggs.

It will run the blacksmith's forge-blower for a week.

It will hoist 2,000,000 bricks, two stories.

A one-horse motor will run 7 hours at full load for fifty cents.

If you suffer indigestion, constipation, feel mean and cross, no strength or appetite, your system is unhealthy. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea makes the system strong and healthy. 35c. Tea or Tablets. F. B. Gannett & Co.

Don't be a crank. A crank never has a good time. He thinks and mopes, and wants to be let alone, and punishes himself. He is so busy being wretched that he cannot give his ordinary affairs respectable attention, and curses his bad luck. He hates people because they do not respect him; yet he gives them no reason to respect him. He devotes his life to being miserable, and when he finally dies no one cares; they say he is better off. Don't be a crank. If you have a sore on your mind, treat it as you would a sore on your finger; poultice it; keep it cool. You'll be better off.

Grippe is sweeping the country. Stop it with Preventives, before it gets deeply seated. To check early colds with these little Candy Coid Cure Tablets is surely sensible and safe. Preventives contain no Quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh or sickening. Pneumonia would never appear if early colds were promptly broken. Also good for feverish children. Large box, 48 tablets, 25 cents. Vest pocket boxes 5 cents. Sold by James Fildes.

Their interests conflicted. "I'd like to sell you this bottle of mosquito exterminator." "No, sir; I'm a manufacturer of mosquito netting."

Discipline at Any Sacrifice. "Sir," said the bank president to a clerk whose face showed a three days' growth of beard, "you will have to get shaved." "But, sir," protested the clerk, "I'm growing a beard." "Do what you like at home," snapped the president, "but I'll have you understand that you can't grow a beard during office hours."—Every-body's.

Alkali Ike and the Yankee. "Eh-yah!" remarked Alkali Ike a trifle reluctantly in response to the tourist's polite and half veiled criticism of certain amenities of life as she is lived in the care free and wind swept accident. "I didn't s'pose it would suit you, Mr. Eastman. You New-England people think thar hain't nuthin' west of the Alleghany mountains but sagebrush an' blanket Indians!"

"Oh, not at all, my dear sir!" deprecated the gentleman from the east. "I assure you that I hold the people of the west in the highest respect, and for many of your customs and institutions I entertain the most profound admiration. You are an enterprising, pushing, progressive people. If any criticism could be justly offered it might be that, in the midst of your bustling enterprise, you have not yet had time to acquire some of the finer shades that life in the older commonwealths has. For instance, one might say without offering the slightest disparagement that you as a people are lacking in repose. Of course—"

"Huh!" ejaculated the ingenious Isaac. "If we're lackin' in repose it's becuz we have suthin' better to do than to sleep away our time. We are always up an' a-comin', if anybody asks you! And that's what knocks!"

"Very true, my dear sir! But your ah—progressiveness has its drawbacks. It has made you a—pardon me—race of iconoclasts, and—"

"None!" interposed Ike. "Thar are more Methodists around here than anything else."

"Beg pardon, but you do not understand me. An iconoclast, if you will permit me, is not—"

"By jing! That's so! I was thinkin' about suthin' else. Iconoclast? Why

PISO'S CURE Coughs Crack the Constitution. A racking cough is sometimes the forerunner of consumption. Stop the cough with Pisco's Cure before your life is in danger. It goes to the source of the trouble and restores healthy conditions. Promptly relieves the worst cough or cold, and has permanently cured countless cases of coughs, colds and diseases of the throat and lungs.

Coming Soon!



CONSULT S. Leahy Expert Optician

At The Hotel Ericks Monday, Feb. 17 Will remain until Wednesday Evening.

Eyes Examined Without the Use of Drugs. Glasses Guaranteed to Fit. Curing Headache, Dizziness, and All Symptoms of Eye-strain, a specialty. Crossed eyes straightened. Difficult cases solicited.

Detroit & Charlevoix Railroad.

Time Schedule in effect Jan. 3, 1908. Going East Stations: East Jordan, Wards, Jordan River, Graves' Camp, Green River, Alba, Deward, Frederic. Going West Stations: Frederic, Deward, Alba, Green River, Graves' Camp, Jordan River, Wards, East Jordan. Clark Haire, General Manager.

Subscribe For the DETROIT TIMES

This Is Presidential Year

And You Will Need a Good Michigan Daily Paper.

The Detroit Times

Fills the Bill in Every Particular.

It Gives the News of Every Character; State, Foreign, Religious, Political, Sporting, Railroad, Excellent Market Reports and Special News of Interest to Men, Women and Children.

Mail Subscriptions Payable in Advance at \$2.00 a Year; \$1.00 for Six Months.

Send for a Sample Copy.

THE DETROIT TIMES, DETROIT, MICH.

Rapid changes of temperature are hard on the toughest constitution.

The conductor passing from the heated inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature of the platform—the canvasser spending an hour or so in a heated building and then walking against a biting wind—know the difficulty of avoiding cold.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens the body so that it can better withstand the danger of cold from changes of temperature.

It will help you to avoid taking cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

Select Sensible Silverware

FOR YOUR Holiday or Anniversary Gifts

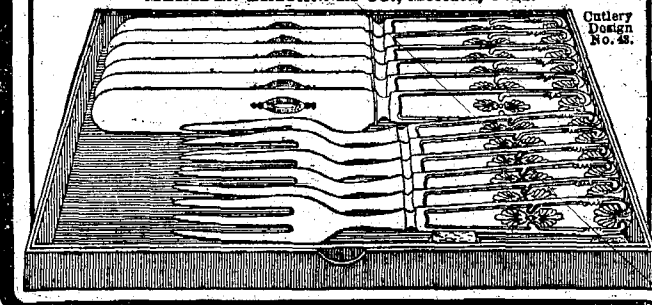
A set of triple plated knives and forks makes a sensible present, and if they bear this trademark



are as serviceable as they are sensible. A complete line of spoons, forks and fancy pieces are also made in the "1847 ROGERS BROS." brand. They are handsomely put up in cases for presentation purposes.

Your dealer can supply you. Send to the makers for catalogue "C-L" explaining all about "Silver Plate that wears." It is beautifully illustrated and sent free.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successors to MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.



1909 Calendar Samples

East Jordan Lumber Company.

They Have Just Arrived

And we are opening our line of

SPRING SUITS

We can show you all the late Novelties in Suitings, made by the well-known Woodhull, Goodale & Bull, of Syracuse, N. Y., one of the best Clothing houses in the United States.



Drop In and Look Them Over.

THIS GARMENT IS GUARANTEED To give good wear and perfect satisfaction to the consumer. Woodhull, Goodale & Bull, MAKERS, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

We Make Our Business Pay Us By Making It Pay You.

East Jordan Lumber Company.

Briefs of the Week

Slush—wow!
R. F. D. No. 5.
Village Election, Monday, Mar. 9th.
Who said Jordan wasn't a hard road to travel.

Annual Report of the Village Clerk next week.

Debate at Electric Theatre next Tuesday evening.

The Boyne City State Bank is now the First National Bank of Boyne City.

Harbor Springs had an \$18,500 fire last Thursday night that destroyed J. F. Steu's general store.

Mrs. P. MacFarlane has rented the Albert Supernaw dwelling and will move her household there in the near future.

The Roller Rink was re-opened again last evening and will be open until further notice on Tuesday, Friday and Saturday evenings.

The Markhams, at the Electric Theatre, tonight, will present "Maureen," or "True Irish Hearts." Illustrated Song and Fine-Motion Pictures. Admission, 10 cts.

The Annual Washington's Birthday Masquerade Ball next Friday night Feb. 21st at Loveday Opera House—conducted in the usual manner, which means a good time for all. Good costumes are expected.

The new East Jordan Exchange Directory of the Michigan State Telephone Co. is out. It shows an increase of about one hundred subscribers since their issue of a year ago. This speaks well of the management of the local station. We understand orders have been issued for rebuilding the local system which has outgrown itself and work on same will commence in the spring.

Mrs. C. C. Mack was a grip victim fore part of the week.

Stroebel Bros. carry a complete line of R. F. D. Mail Boxes.

Mrs. Harvey Scott is visiting her parents at Central Lake.

Sheriff Will H. Kettle of Bellaire was in town, first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wilhelm entertained Peter Collier and wife of Boyne City, Wednesday.

Mrs. E. P. Hubbard leaves shortly for Cincinnati and Louisville to select spring goods.

The Markhams this afternoon at the Electric Theatre. Matinee, for Ladies and Children, 5 and 10 cents.

Miss Ethel Miller, teacher in the Deward schools, was guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Squier over Sunday.

Mr. A. E. Cross was up in Emmett Co. first of the week looking after seed contracts for the coming season.

Dr. F. C. Warne is expected home today from Mt. Clemens where he has been taking treatment for rheumatism.

W. A. Stone and family are commencing to occupy the dwelling owned by the Lovedays and recently vacated by Clark Haire.

Miss Jennie MacFarlane left Thursday morning for Chicago and Detroit to select her spring stock of millinery. She will be absent until April and upon her return will move her millinery parlors in with B. B. Hubbard & Co., where she will have her Spring Millinery Opening.

W. A. Stroebel and wife were called to Beaverton, Monday, by the serious illness of their little daughter, Bessie Constance, but before their arrival there the little one had passed away. Owing to Mrs. Stroebel's ill health the child was being cared for by relatives at that place.

Oscar Johnson, here from Deward first of the week.

Cash prices are right at Sherman's and we deliver your goods.

Mrs. C. Cook was a Boyne City visitor, recently, guest of her son.

J. Leahy, the optician, will soon be here again. For date see ad in this issue.

Hear Mr. Markham's original Roosevelt song tonight at the Electric Theatre.

Sup'r J. H. Graff was a Charlevoix visitor this week on rebuilding court house matters. He was accompanied by Supt. of Poor J. W. Rogers and it was decided to use some of the slightly injured furniture on the poor farm.

Services as usual in the Presbyterian church Sunday morning at 10:30 and 7 standard time. A hearty welcome to all. The pastor preached on "The Life and Services of Lincoln" last Sunday evening to a large congregation.

Regular services at the Methodist church Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 12 and Epworth League at 6 o'clock. Mrs. Mattie Palmer will lead the League service: subject, "Turning Defeat into Victory."

"Lights and Shadows of a Great State" was Hon. Huntley Russell's subject at the Electric Theatre last Tuesday evening. Mr. Russell has a pleasing voice and is thoroughly conversant with his subject—State institutions. Some two hundred stereopticon views were shown and the speaker described each one in a few words and comprehensively.

John Anderson was taken into custody last Saturday upon a complaint sworn out by Superintendent of the Poor Myers for non-support. John is accused of neglecting to provide in a proper and substantial manner for the material needs of Mrs. Anderson. He was given the freedom of one of the cells in the city bastille until today when he is to be arraigned before Judge Hammond.—Boyne City Journal.

The Vaudeville sketch "True Irish Hearts" presented by the Markhams last night at the opera house was highly received, the portrayal of the characters were so entirely distinct from their first sketch that we would scarcely recognize them as being the same people. "True Irish Hearts" is a story of every day life that appeals to young and old beautifully dramatic good, wholesome comedy. A whole show in themselves are the Markhams.—Boyne Citizen.

On the invitation of Supt. Fuller, Supt. Woodley of Charlevoix visited the local schools all day Tuesday, addressing the teachers immediately after the close of the afternoon session. High School classes were given special attention during the forenoon, and grade reading in the afternoon. The address was followed by an informal discussion of school matters of special interest; questions of method and policy being discussed with a freedom that was thought-provoking. All concerned felt that the hour was spent very profitably. In answer to the question, "What has impressed you most favorably during the day," Supt. Woodley replied, "Your school spirit, all through the grades and High School. Your pupils seem to want to do what they are asked to do."—Contributed.

Stevens Post No. 66, G. A. R., together with the Women's Relief Corps commemorated the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, Wednesday, in an appropriate manner at their hall on State Street. The hall was effectively decorated in the national colors; on an easel a picture of our martyred president was draped with flags and a vase of beautiful cactus blossoms graced one of the little tables. A few friends were guests and a bountiful dinner was served at the noon hour. Following this, a program of unusual merit was given, Commander Koehler in the chair. Invocation by captain of the Post, J. W. Rogers; then the President of the Relief Corps took charge. Singing, "Nearer My God to Thee," Mrs. May Kimball at the organ. Readings followed: "President Lincoln's First Dollar," Mrs. Madison; "Raising the Flag on Independence Hall," Mrs. Koehler; "Honest Abe's Poetry," Mrs. G. Bowen. A poem, "Abraham Lincoln," written by one of our school boys for this occasion, Mrs. H. C. Swafford. Mrs. Kimball sang and played a Indian love song, "Arrahawana." Mrs. W. J. Smith recited a story of the southland "The Pilot," and responded to encore with "Abraham Lincoln," an appreciation, by an old soldier. Reminiscences of Lincoln as they saw him were given by Messrs Townsend, Koehler, Jacquays, Harrington, Rogers and Ranney. W. J. Smith told of his first impressions of the United States coming from Canada in 1865. Mesdames Kenyon, Rudick and Bowen told of some of their experiences at home during the long Civil War. Singing "America" closed the successful program. A social time filled in the afternoon.

Old papers sold at this office.

McLaughlin's package Coffee 15 cents at Sherman's.

R. F. D. Mail Boxes for sale at Stroebel Bros.

A nice lot of Navel Oranges at 25c per doz. Grapes, 15c per pound.

—E. A. Lewis.

3 cans of sweet corn for 25 cents at Sherman's.

Woman is never quite so amusing to men as when they attempt to drive a horse.

When there is no other excuse for a poor marriage, people say it was a love match.

E. C. Chew of Bay Township is guest of his nephew, J. E. Chew and family.

One of the greatest pleasures in this world is to find mistakes made by other men.

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

For good goods, at honest prices, Sherman's is the place, they are doing a cash business.

We never knew a man who didn't think he had lots of backing, and we never knew a man who really had.

Congressman Loud has introduced a bill in congress to provide for an 850,000 government building for Petoskey.

It was never intended that a man should hear the things said behind his back: his ears were not set on that way.

If a man is cross he looks terrifying enough, but when he is cross and unshaven, it is a sight to make the babies cry.

What has become of the old fashioned man who used to say to a man carrying a watch, "What have you got for the right time?"

A man is never contented. When he can't eat, he imagines that he is going to die, and when he has a good appetite, he fears he has a tapeworm.

Just received—Bananas, Grapes, Oranges, Lemons, Dates, Figs, Celery, Lettuce, Bagas. Send in your orders. Phone No. 168.

—E. A. Lewis.

In the books when a naughty girl is indignant, she draws herself up to her full height, leaving the impression that ordinarily she carries herself folded like a jack knife.

Before a girl marries she sees a hero in every man, but after she has been married while she is often heard saying, thoughtfully, "I have been thinking what great babies men are."

Why get up in the morning feeling blue.

Worry others and worry you; Here's a secret between you and me, Better take Rocky Mountain Tea.

—F. B. Gannett & Co.

A great deal of nonsense comes out of Washington: The latest is an order that all postal employes shall be at least five feet four inches tall. Now what difference does it make to the Common People if the man who handles their mail is tall or short.

Congressman Champ Clark, who has been in the limelight a long time, is trying to toss a crumb to the poor printer. He has introduced a bill to stop the government practice of printing business cards on stamped envelopes and goodness knows it ought to pass.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette. "But I can add to a youth's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, I can also divide his mental powers, I can take interest from his work, and discount his chances for success."

"Health Coffee" is really the closest Coffee Imitation ever yet produced. This, the finest Coffee Substitute ever made, has recently been produced by Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis. Not a grain of real Coffee in it either. Health Coffee is made from pure toasted cereals, with malt, nuts, etc. Really it would fool an expert—who might drink it for Coffee. No twenty or thirty minutes boiling. "Made in a minute" says the doctor. G. L. Sherman & Son.

A weak Stomach, means weak Stomach nerves, always. And this is also true of the Heart and Kidneys. It's a pity that sick ones continue to drug the Stomach or stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. The weak nerves, not the organs themselves, need this help. This explains why Dr. Shoop's Restorative has, and is promptly helping so many sick ones. It goes direct to the cause of these diseases. Test this vital truth, and see. James Gidley.

The Store that
Wants Your Trade

Is the store you want to patronize.

Our great January Clearing Sale is ended and now we are commencing to unpack a big consignment of new goods for the early spring trade. The lines are complete, the quality unsurpassed.

As for prices, we have and maintain the reputation of underselling our competitors.

Dry Goods Clothing Shoes

L. WIESMAN.

Loveday Block, East Jordan.

PLUMBING REPAIRS

Will be made by us in the most satisfactory manner and the charges will always be very reasonable. We attend to all jobs quickly and well.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

for all kinds of repair work, installing new bathroom equipments, piping, etc.



GEORGE H. SPENCER.

Competition With the Almighty.

When the first tracks of the Illinois Central railroad were being laid in southern Illinois the superintendent of construction went one day for a drink of water to a well beside the cabin of an old Kentucky dandy, who had found freedom and philosophy on the north side of the Ohio river. The old man was smoking his corncob pipe in the shade of his sycamore tree.

"Well, Uncle Sambo," said the railroad builder as he hung up the gourd on the well sweep again, "don't you do any work at all?"

"Me? Yass, sah, I work six months every winter on a flatboat on dat river yonder."

"Well, I suppose when we get the railroad through you will want to come in with us and get a job on a flat car."

"No, sah! Ain't nevah goin' to be 'nough work on your railroad to keep no man busy six months in the yah. Can't yo' see dat river yonder, flowin' down? Lord he made dat river to float things down on, and der ain't no use buildin' a railroad to enter into competition with de Almighty."

If you have Catarrh, rid yourself of this repulsive disease. Ask Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis., to mail you free, a trial box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. A simple, single test, will surely tell you a Catarrh truth well worth your knowing. Write today. Don't suffer longer. James Gidley.

\$1,000.00

For Any Substance Injurious to Health Found in

Calumet Baking Powder

"Best By Test"

The Only High Grade Baking Powder Sold at a Moderate Price.

Complies with all STATE and NATIONAL Pure Food Laws.

All Grocers Are Authorized to Guarantee This

Are You Selling Yourself?

Getting so much per week for your life—bartering away your brain and brawn, health and happiness, and "coming out even" at the end of each week? How long can you stand it?

Start a Savings Account here—get 3 1/2 per cent compound interest on all money deposited—and eventually be free and independent.

State Bank of East Jordan

CAPITAL, \$50,000.00.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

W. P. Porter, President	Chas. H. Schaffer	W. L. French, Vice Pres.
M. H. Robertson	Clark Haire	Frank M. Severance
Fred Smith	Carl Stroebel	
Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier		

Masquerade Ball at Loveday Opera House Friday night next week. Dance from 8 p. m. to 1 a. m., 50c; unmask at 10 o'clock. Admission to all spectators 10c. Prizes awarded as usual.

The new 150 h. p. Corliss engine has been received and installed at the Electric Light Co's power house. As soon as some of the new kinks are worked out they will be able to turn on the arc lights.

A Concert Co., sent out by the Chicago Lyceum Bureau and scheduled at Central Lake Thursday night, got their connections mixed, came in over the D. & C. that night and stopped over night at one of our local hotels.

Among those from here attending the Lincoln Club Banquet at Traverse City last Tuesday were F. A. Kenyon, Atty. A. B. Nicholas, J. W. Rogers and H. I. McMillan. Ira A. Adams of Bellaire was elected president for ensuing year.

Wm. Grief, president of the Grief Bros. Co. and of which the plant here is one of the many owned by them, was in town this week Wednesday and Thursday in company with J. R. Rable—one of their traveling men. The plant here was found by them to be in first class shape and Manager A. M. Haight was highly commended for the condition of things.

On the 31st of January a meeting was called at the home of Mrs. Robertson for the purpose of organizing a W. C. T. U. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Robertson, President; Mrs. Grigsby, 1st Vice President; Mrs. Lamport, 2nd Vice President; Mrs. Booninger, Recording Secretary; Mrs. W. P. Porter, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Hoyt, Treasurer. Meetings to be held on the last Friday of every month, the first at the Presbyterian parsonage on the 23th. All ladies welcome.

Six parties left New York city this week on a 22,000 mile automobile trip via San Francisco, Alaska, crossing Bering strait on the ice, to Paris.

J. W. Rogers was at Traverse City last Tuesday to attend a joint meeting of the officers of the Grand Travers Soldiers' and Sailors' Ass'n and the business men of Traverse City. It was decided to hold the coming reunion at that place.

The visit of Rev. A. T. Ferguson, presiding elder, was much enjoyed by the Methodist people. He preached an excellent sermon Saturday night and another on Sabbath morning. He went to Ellsworth for afternoon and Central Lake for evening, which is a fair sample of his regular Sabbath work.

A Junior C. E. Society was organized last Sunday afternoon in connection with the Presbyterian church and the following were elected officers: Esther Porter, President; Anna Jamison, Vice President; Lucile Boosinger, Secretary; Lydia Malpass, Treasurer; Myra Welkel, Organist; Katherine Haire, Asst. Organist; Mrs. Grigsby, Superintendent. All young people between 7 and 15 years of age are eligible for membership. The meetings are to be held every Sunday afternoon at 3:00 standard time.

The second number of the series of Educational Entertainments will take place at the Electric Theatre next Tuesday evening. The feature of the evening will be a debate—"Resolved, That Roosevelt Should Be Re-elected President of the United States." Misses Frances Malpass and Myrtle Ward and Arthur Shepard being on the affirmative and Misses Stella Sedgman and Bessie Light and Will Malpass taking the negative. A fine program is being arranged, with plenty of good music. Turn out and help our schools.

IT PAYS OTHERS TO TRADE AT

IT WILL PAY YOU

VOTRUBA'S CASH STORE

Give Us a Trial.

THE J. J. VOTRUBA CO.

The Girl from Tim's Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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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 is taken away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisbie. Journey of Frisbie's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisbie, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisbie's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped in the woods with himself and Aunt Abby. 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 returning from the settlement. Bolduc escapes. Chip proposes to Ray, but he remains in the woods with himself and Aunt Abby and trap during the winter, and he decides to do so. Others of the party return to Greenville, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenville and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Corny's. Old Cy and Ray discover strange tracks in the wilderness. They penetrate further into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the man who had been seeking about their cabin. They investigate the cave home of McGuire during his absence. Bolduc finds McGuire and the two fight to the death, finding a grave together. Ray returns to Greenville and finds Chip waiting for him. Ray wants to return to the woods with them, but she, feeling that the old comradeship with Ray has been broken, refuses. When they part, he goes to Aunt Comfort's and finds another house with Judson Walker. She gives her name as Vera Raymond. Aunt Abby and Maudy Walker's sister, visit them and takes Chip home with her to Christmas Cove.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

was born close to the wilderness," she said, "and my mother died when I was about eight years old. Then my father took me into the woods, where I worked at a kind of a boarding house for lumbermen. I ran away from that when I was about 16. I had to; the reasons I don't want to tell. I found some people camping in the woods when I'd been gone three days and most starved. They felt pity for me, I guess, and took care of me. I stayed at their camp that summer, and then they fetched me home with them and I was sent to school. Somebody said something to me there, somebody who hated me. She had been pestering me all the time, and I ran away. Uncle Jud found me and took care of me until you came, and that's all I want to tell. I could tell a lot more, but I don't ever want those people to find me or take me back where they live, and that's why I don't tell where I came from. Then I felt I was so dependent on them—I was twitted of it—that it's another reason why I ran away. I wouldn't have stayed with Uncle Jud more than over night except that I had a chance to work and earn my board."

"But wasn't it unkind of you—isn't it now—not to let these people know you are alive?" answered Aunt Abby. "They were certainly good to you."

"I know that they were," returned Chip, somewhat contritely; "but I couldn't stand being dependent on them any longer. If they found where I was, they'd come and fetch me back; and I'd feel so ashamed I couldn't look 'em in the face. I'd rather they'd think I was dead."

"Well, perhaps it is best you do not," returned Aunt Abby, sighing; "but years of doubt, and not knowing whether some one we care for is dead or alive, are hard to bear. And now that you have told me some of your history, I will tell you a lifelong case of not knowing some one's fate. Many years ago my sister and myself, who were born here, became acquainted with two young men, sailor-boys from Gayport, named Cyrus and Judson Walker. Cyrus became attached to me and we were engaged to marry. It never came to pass, however, for the ship that Judson was captain of, with Cyrus as first mate, foundered at sea. All hands took to the two boats. The one Judson was in was picked up, but the other was never heard of afterward. In due time Judson and my sister Amanda married. He gave up a sailor's life, and they settled down where they now live. I waited many years, vainly hoping for my sweetheart's return, and finally, realizing that he must be dead, married Capt. Bemis. That all happened so long ago that I do not care to count the years; and yet all through them has lingered that pitiful thread of doubt and uncertainty, that vain hope that somehow and someway Cyrus may have escaped death and may return. I know it will never happen. I know he is dead; and yet I cannot get away that faint hope and quite believe it is so, and never shall so long as I live. Now you have left those who must have cared something for you in such the same pitiful state of doubt, and it is not right."

For one moment something almost akin to horror flashed over Chip. And was he called—was he never mean this brother, ever heard

from?" she stammered, recovering herself in time.

"Why, no," answered Aunt Abby, looking at her curiously, "of course not. Why, what ails you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

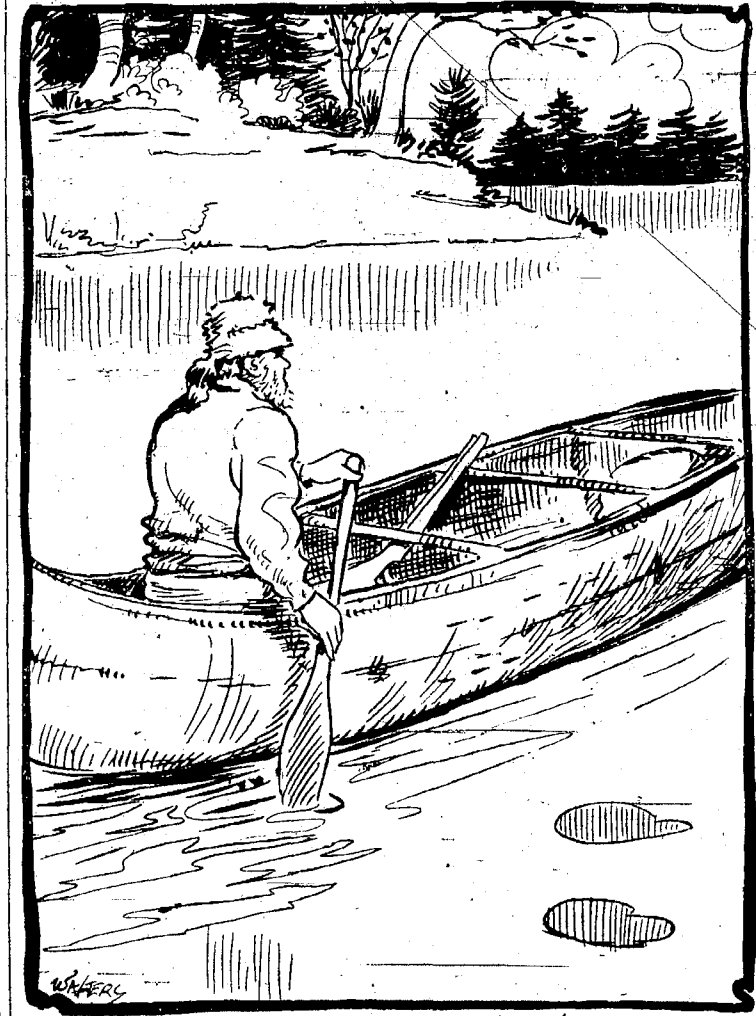
"Oh, nothing," returned Chip, now more composed; "only the story and how strange it was."

It ended the conversation, for Chip, so overwhelmed by the flood of possibilities contained in this story, dared not trust herself longer with Aunt Abby, and soon escaped to her room.

And now circumstances came trooping upon her: the shipwreck, which she had heard Old Cy describe so often; the name she knew was really his; the almost startling resemblance to Uncle Jud in speech, ways, and opinions; and countless other proofs. Surely it must be so. Surely Old Cy, of charming memory, and Uncle Jud, no less so, must be brothers, and now it was in her power to—and then she paused, shocked at the position she faced.

She was now known as Vera Raymond, and respected; she had cut loose forever from the old shame of an outlaw's child; of a wretched drudge at Tim's Place; of being sold as a slave; and all that now made her blush.

And then Ray! Full well she knew now what must have been in his heart that last evening and why he acted as he did. Hannah had told her the bitter truth, as she had since realized. Ray had been assured that she was an outcast, and despicable in the sight of Greenville. He dared not say "I love you; be my wife." Instead, he had been hurried away to keep them apart; and as all



Followed the Winding Stream.

this dire flood of shame that had driven her from Greenville surged in her heart, the bitter tears came.

In calmer moments, and when the heart-hunger controlled, she had hoped he might some day find her and some day say, "I love you." But now, so soon, to make herself known, to tell who she was, to admit to these new friends that she was Chip McGuire with all that went with it, to have to face and live down that shame, to admit that she had taken Ray's first name for her own—no, no, a thousand times no!

But what of Old Cy and Uncle Jud, and their life-long separation? Truly her footsteps had led her to a parting of the ways, one sign-board lettered "Duty and Shame," the other a blank.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Old Cy especially found life dull after Ray had gone. The hermit also appeared to miss him and became more morose than ever. He never had been what might be termed social, speaking only when spoken to, and then only in the fewest possible words. Now Old Cy became almost a walking sphinx, and found that time passed slowly. His heartstrings had somehow become entwined with Ray's hopes and plans. He had bent every energy and thought to secure for Ray a valuable stock of furs and gum, and as with his nature, felt a keen satisfaction in helping that youth to a few hundred dollars.

Now Ray had departed, furs, gum and all. He had promised to return with Martin and Angie later on, but of

that, Old Cy felt somewhat dubious, and so the old man mourned.

There was no real reason for it, for all Nature was now smiling. The lake was blue and rippled by the June breeze; trout leaped out of it night and morning; flowers were blooming, squirrels frisking, birds singing and nest-building; and what Old Cy most enjoyed, the vernal season was at hand.

Another matter also disturbed him—the whereabouts of McGuire and the half-breed, Pete Bolduc.

Levi had brought the information that neither had been seen nor heard of since the previous autumn; but that was not conclusive, and somehow Old Cy felt that a certain mystery had attached itself to them, and once we suspect a mystery, it pursues us like a phantom. He did not fear either of these renegades, however. He had never harmed them. But he felt that any day might bring a call from one or the other, or that some tragic outcome would be disclosed.

Another problem also annoyed him—who this thief of their game could be, and whether his supposed cave fair was a permanent hiding spot.

Two reasons had kept Old Cy from another visit to that sequestered lake during the fall trapping season: first, its evident danger, and then lack of time. But now, with nothing to do except wait for the incoming ones, an impulse to visit again this mysterious spot came to him.

He had, at the former excursion, felt almost certain that this unknown trapper was either McGuire or the half-breed. Some assertions made by Levi seemed to corroborate that theory, and impelled by it, Old Cy started alone one morning, to visit this lake again. It took him until midday to carry his canoe, camp outfit, rifle, and all across from the stream to stream, and twilight had come ere he reached the lagoon where he and Ray had left the main stream and camped. Up here Old Cy now turned his canoe, and repairing the bark shack they had built, which had been crushed by winter's snow, he camped there again.

Next morning, bright and early, he launched his canoe and once more followed the winding stream through the dark gorge and out into the rippled lake again.

Here he halted and looked about. No signs of aught human could be

over, and then he advanced to the other canoe. That was, as he asserted, bottom up, and also lay half hid back of a jutting ledge of slate. Two paddles leaned against this ledge, and near by was another setting pole. All three of these familiar objects were brown with damp mould and evidently had rested there many months.

"Curly, curly," muttered Old Cy again. "I called it I'd find nothin' here, 'n' here's two canoes left to rot, 'n' been here all winter."

They with a vague sense of need, he returned to his canoe, seized his rifle, looked all around, over the lake, up into the green tangle above the ledges, and finally followed the narrow passage leading to where he had once watched smoke arise. Here on top of this ledge he again halted and looked about.

Back of it was the same V-shaped cleft across which a cord had held drying pelts, the cord was still there, and below it he could see the dark skins amid the confusion of jagged stones.

Turning, he stepped from this ledge to the lower one nearer the lake, walked down its slope, and looked about again. At its foot was a long, narrow, shell-like projection, ending at the corner of the ledge. Old Cy followed this to its end and stepped down into a narrow crevasse.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, taking a backward step as he did so.

And well he might, for there at his feet lay a rifle coated with rust, beside a brown felt hat.

Had a grinning skull met his eyes he would not have been more astounded. In fact, that was the next object he expected to see, and he glanced up and down the crevasse for it. None leered at him, however, and picking up the rusted weapon, he continued his search.

Two rods or so below where he had climbed the upper ledge, he was halted again, for there, at his hand almost, was a curious doorlike opening some three feet high and one foot wide, back of an outstanding slab of slate.

The two abandoned canoes had surprised him, the rusty rifle astonished him, but this, a self-evident cave entrance, almost took his breath away.

For one instant he glanced at it, stepped back a step, dropped the rusty rifle and cocked his own, as if expecting a ghost or panther to emerge. None came, however, and once more Old Cy advanced and peered into this opening. A faint light illumined its interior—a weird slant of sunlight, yet enough to show a roomy cavern.

The mystery was solved. This surely was the hiding spot of the strange trapper! "Can't see why I missed it afore," Old Cy muttered, kneeling that he might better look within, and sniffing at the peculiar odor. "Wonder if the cuss is dead in thar, or what smells so!"

Then he arose and grasped the slab of slate. One slight pull and it fell aside.

"A ha'r'al door, by hokey!" exclaimed Old Cy, and once more he knelt and looked in.

The bravest man will hesitate a moment before entering such a cavern, prefaced, so to speak, by two abandoned canoes, a rusty rifle, human head covering, each and all bespeaking something tragic, and Old Cy was no exception. That he had come upon some grewsome mystery was apparent. Canoes were not left to rot in the wilderness or rifles dropped without cause.

And then, that hat! Surely here, or hereabouts, had been enacted a drama of murderous nature, and inside this cavern might repose its blood-stained sequel.

But the filtering beams of light encouraged Old Cy, and he entered. Neighly corpse confronted him, but in stead a human, if cramped, abode. A fireplace deftly fashioned of slate occupied one side of this cave; in front a low table of the same flat stone, resting upon small ones; and upon the table were rusty tin dishes, a few mouldy hardtack, a knife, fork, and scraps of meat, exhaling the odor of decay. A smell of smoke from the charred wood in the fireplace mingled with it all. In one corner was a bed of brown fir twigs, also mouldy, a blanket, and tanned deerskins.

The cave was of oval, irregular shape, barely high enough for Old Cy to stand upright. Across its roof, on either side of the rude chimney, a narrow crack admitted light, and as he looked about, he saw in the dim light another doorlike opening into still an other cave. Into this he peered, but could see nothing.

"A queer livin' spot," he muttered at last, "a reglar human panther den. An' 'twas out of this, I seen the smoke come. An here's his gun," he added as, more accustomed to the dim light he saw one in a corner. "Two guns two canoes, an' nobody to hum," he continued. "I'm safe, anyhow. But I've got to peek into that other cave, sartin sure," and he withdrew to the open air.

A visit to a couple of birches soon provided means of light, and he again entered the cave. One moment more and then a flaring torch of bark was thrust into the inner cave, a mere crevasse not four feet wide, and stooping as he now had to, Old Cy entered and knelt while he looked about.

He saw nothing here of interest, except the serrated rows of jutting slate, across two of which lay a slab of the same—no vestige of aught human, and Old Cy was about to retreat when his flare burning close to his finger tips unnoticed, caused him to drop it on the instant, and drawing another from his pocket he lit it while the flame lasted in the first one.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Railroad men should wear large, broad ties.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN.

Great crowds surged about the city depot where the trains of many busy lines discharged and received their human freight. Many whose appearance was distinguished were amid the throngs—persons whose dress and demeanor would have made them noticeable anywhere and amid any collection of individuals.

Yet apart from all stood a smallish man in almost shabby garb, his face cast downward, as if he were in thought. A glance at his features would not have discovered anything remarkable or attractive. Judging by his appearance, one would have thought him to be almost infinitely poorer in this world's goods than were the well-dressed, opulent-looking people who surged near him in a struggle to reach their trains. One would never have judged him to be a great captain of industry, holding the wealth of John D. Croesus in his possession, and able at will to start or stop a great financial panic.

Yet who was this quiet, unobtrusive, plainly-dressed individual who attracted so little attention? Who was he? we repeat.

Aids, dear reader, perhaps you can tell us? As for ourselves, we haven't the slightest idea!—Strickland W. Gillilan, in Judge.

DEAR LITTLE BROTHER.



Brown—Well, you've got the quarter; is your sister coming down?

"I've arranged it beautifully, old chap. I told her it was you, first, and she said to tell you she was out, and then I said I was fooling, and that it was Charley Jones, and you ought to have seen her hustle to get into a clean shirtwaist! She'll be right down!"—Chicago Journal.

Not "Nerves."

Don't think my nerves have gone to smash. Because I twist and turn. It's just a woolen undershirt. That's getting in my work. —Detroit Free Press.

Born for a Brakeman.

Railway Superintendent—I regret that you are incapacitated for further service; but accidents will happen, you know. Do you know of a good man for your place?

Railroad Brakeman (who has only his thumbs left)—Yes, sir, I know one who would last a good deal longer than I did. You'll find him over at the dime museum. He has 16 fingers. —New York Weekly.

The Amende Honorable.

Reporter (mistaking the English interpreter of the English embassy for a Jap)—You speak remarkably good English for a Japanese.

Englishman (indignantly)—Sir! I am no Jap. I am an Englishman born and bred.

Reporter (abashed)—Um—er—yes, I know. I meant to say you speak remarkably good English for an Englishman.—New York Weekly.

A Popular Dance.

First Sweet Girl—Oh, you should dance Strauss' new minuet waltz; it's perfectly lovely!

Second Sweet Girl—I hate those poky old minuet figures.

"Oh, it isn't like the old minuet at all. It's too lovely for anything. You waltz for awhile, and then the music changes and you go off in a corner and hug."—New York Weekly.

Forty Cents a Dish.

Restaurant Cook (to new assistant)—Mix three tablespoonfuls of condensed milk with half a pint of flour, some water, and a couple of spoonfuls of starch. Quick, now!

New Assistant—Yes sir. What's it for?

Cook (slapping some bread on a gridiron)—Got an order for cream toast.—New York Weekly.

Preferred Position.

"Are you going to print a story tomorrow morning about that divorce in high life?" asked the caller.

"I presume so," answered the young man behind the counter.

"Well, I want this advertisement run right under it. I don't care what it costs," said the other, handing over a small ad.—Chicago Tribune.

The Ground Rent.

Home—So you were in Japan, eh? Is real estate high there?

Travers—Not very; but the ground rents are something awful.

Home—How do you explain that if land is cheap?

Travers—Earthquakes. —Chicago Daily News.

Keeping Up to Date.

"Why do you date your letters a week ahead?"

"I give them to my husband to mail."—Cleveland Leader.



This woman says that sick women should not fail to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she did.

Mrs. A. Gregory, of 2355 Lawrence St., Denver, Col., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was practically an invalid for six years, on account of female troubles. I underwent an operation by the doctor's advice, but in a few months I was worse than before. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I restored me to perfect health, such as I have not enjoyed in many years. Any woman suffering as I did with backache, bearing-down pains, and periodic pains, should not fail to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

NO BLESSING FOR HER.

Disappointed Youngster Discriminated in His Prayer.

For several weeks, little Ralph had enjoyed the use of a Shetland pony, the property of a horse dealer who was a friend of the family. But such to Ralph's sorrow, there came a day recently when the pony was sold, and the delightful horseback rides came to a sudden end. The purchaser, as Ralph found out by inquiry, was a little girl of about his own mature age of five. Ever since his acquaintance with the pony began, Ralph had included him in his bedtime prayer, and "God bless the pony," was an earnest nightly petition. The first evening after the sale of the pony, Ralph hesitated when he reached his pet's place in the prayer. Then, after a moment's thought, he continued: "Please, God, bless the pony just the same; but, God, don't you bless the little girl what's got the pony."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured.

with ALL ANTI-CATARRH, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a kind of constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best medicines combined with the best blood purifiers, and acts directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Little Child's Impression.

Lying at the base of Echo mountain, in California, in the San Gabriel valley, is the pretty city of Pasadena. At night, when the lights are glistering and sparkling, the effect from Echo mountain is beautiful.

One evening, directly after dinner, a little girl who was remaining over night on the mountain, rushed breathlessly into the dining-room, exclaiming: "Oh, mamma, mamma, come out on the porch, all the stars have fallen on the ground!"

Important to Mothers.

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

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Feltz* In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Stork Left Heavy Baby.

A 16-pound baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Reichenbach of Brookline, Pa. It is the third largest baby ever born in Pennsylvania.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

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 Scatches, 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 doses and their meaning.

WONDERFUL DREAM SALVE CO., Detroit, Mich.

East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE

(In effect Jan. 21, 1908)

LEAVE EAST JORDAN at 8:25 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.; Arriving at Bellaire at 9:25 a. m., and 5:30 p. m.

LEAVE BELLAIRE at 10:00 a. m., and 8:30 p. m.; Arriving at East Jordan at 11:00 a. m., and 9:15 p. m.

All trains daily except Sunday.

Trains run by central standard time.

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

Planning for Cider.

Calhoun County farmers are figuring that about the most profitable thing in the way of farm lands is an orchard. Those that have orchards are studying up on tree culture with the idea of raising enormous crops of apples next fall.

This is in preparation for the expected vote in favor of local option which will be submitted next fall. If the county goes dry the only thing in the way of liquor that a man will be able to get will be hard cider. The farmers believe that if a man can put up from 400 to 150 barrels of cider for three or four years his fortune will be made.

The last time local option was voted on here hundreds of workmen, believing that the proposition was going to carry, bought thousands of gallons of cider and stored it in their cellars. That time it did not carry, and they had their trouble for their money and work. Many people believe, however, that this time the county is sure to go dry, as the prohibition forces are working steadily to this end. The present county administration is composed entirely of temperance men, and it appears that their efforts to put the lid on have met with the approval of the people to such an extent, that the general opinion is, that when the votes are counted next fall, it will seal the doom of the liquor business in Calhoun County.

Marion Harland and Dame Curtsey.

No name is better known to the housewives of America than that of Marion Harland. For more than half a century she has been devoted to the work that has made her name a household word in thousands of homes and now at 75 she is as bright and active as most women of half her age. It has often been a matter of speculation to those who have followed her department, "School for Housewives," in the woman's section of The Chicago Sunday Record-Herald if Mrs. Harland really gives personal attention to all the letters which must come to her. Huge as the task may seem, it may be said that every one of these letters requiring the opinion of an expert upon household topics goes directly to Mrs. Harland and is answered by her. Mrs. Harland's knowledge of housekeeping is practical and not theoretical.

The cry of the hostess for something new has been met by the Sunday Record-Herald, which has instituted a novel department. It is called "Novelties in Entertainment" and is edited by Elyse Howell Glover, who has chosen the happy, non-deplume of Dame Curtsey. Besides planning special entertainments for those who wish them, describing the decorations, giving the menu, suggesting the games and advising as to the smallest details, Dame Curtsey gives many ideas of her own designed for special days. She also answers all questions pertaining to etiquette and good taste, and otherwise furnishes just the information so often sought vainly by women.

A feature of the Sunday issue popular with every member of the family is the Record-Herald Sunday Magazine. In the variety and interest of its text, with many beautiful illustrations, in form and in the quality of the paper and printing, it may fairly be said to rival the best of the famous illustrated weeklies.

List of Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East-Jordan postoffice for the week ending Feb. 10th, 1908:

Brewer, Mrs. P. J.
Hatfield, Fed
King, Thurlow
Scott, Mrs. Emma
Weidman, Miss Etta

FRANK A. KENYON, P.M.

WANTED

A representative in this county by a large real estate corporation. Special inducements to those who wish to become financially interested.

Real Estate Security Co.
Fort Dearborn Building
Chicago, Ill.

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. WILKINS, 400 Manhattan Avenue, New York. Enclose Stamp.

START FACTORY We teach you how to make...
Lectures, soap, polishes, hairing extracts, perfume, toilet articles, medicine, baking powder, dyes, salves, liniments, stock and poultry remedies, household specialties and novelties in your own home at small cost. Mixture Guide in paper devoted to the business, three months trial subscription for 10c, sample free.
MIXERS GUIDE, Fort Madison, Iowa.

Pain Weakens

Headache, rheumatism, neuralgia, or pains of any nature weaken the system—they are a strain upon the nerves. Almost instant relief can be obtained by taking Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and without any bad after-effects. Take one on first indication of an attack—it will ward it off. They are a pleasant little tablet, sold by druggists everywhere, 25 doses 25 cents; never sold in bulk.

"I was subject to constant headaches for a period of four years. At times I was almost unlit for the work in which I am engaged, that of station agent. Through the advice of a friend I tried Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and the result has been that I have entirely eradicated my system of those continuous headaches that follow a continual mental strain. They have done for me all that is claimed for them."
O. L. RUSSELL,
Agt. C. & N. W. Ry., Battle Creek, Ia.

"I have used Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for a year now for neuralgia and find there is nothing like them. They surely have been a blessing to me."
MRS. M. J. HAMILTON,
Upper Alton, Ill.

Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and we authorize him to return the price of first package (only) if it fails to benefit you.


Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

You can get the finest Teas and Coffees at Sherman's.

Builds up waste tissue, promotes appetite, improves digestion, induces refreshing sleep, giving renewed strength and health. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35c. Tea or Tablets. -F. B. Gannett & Co.

The regard with which the department "With Insurance Men" in the Chicago Record-Herald has long been held by insurance and business men has been increased as a result of the San Francisco conflagration. The Record-Herald gave its readers the latest and most accurate information as to insurance losses there, and was the only paper to send a special representative to San Francisco to devote his attention to the insurance side of the disaster. The department has also had exclusive information of nearly all of the reinsurance of companies and other important changes resulting from the conflagration. It constantly furnishes accurate and concise

Detroit Headquarters
FOR
MICHIGAN PEOPLE



GRISWOLD HOUSE
AMERICAN PLAN, \$2.00 TO \$3.00 PER DAY
EUROPEAN PLAN, \$1.00 TO \$2.00 PER DAY

Spacially modern and up-to-date hotel, in the very heart of the retail shopping district of Detroit, corner Griswold and Grand River Aves., only one block from Woodward Ave., Jefferson, Third and Fourteenth cars pass by the house. When you visit Detroit stop at the Griswold House.
POSTAL & MOREY, Props.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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Send me photo or sketch, and we send **IMMEDIATE FREE REPORT ON PATENTABILITY**. 20 years' practice. Registered at Patent Office, Wash. D. C. Write or come to us at 809-807, 7th St., Washington, D. C.

D. SWIFT & Co.

A Rising Diplomat.

A curious person eported the son of a new neighbor one morning in a doctor's office.

"Good morning," he said. "Little boy, what is your name?"

"Same as dad's," was the quick reply.

"Of course, I know, little boy, but what is your dad's name, dear?"

"Same as mine, sir."

"I mean what do they say when they call you to breakfast?"

"They don't never call me. I allus gets there first. See?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Cruise's Good Friday.

"Now, boys," said a Sunday school teacher, addressing the juvenile class; "can either of you tell me anything about Good Friday?"

"Yes, ma'am; I can," replied the boy at the foot of the class. "He was the fellow that done the housework for Robinson Crusoe."

Would Choose His Company.

In the west there lived a good man who gave up a part of his time to teaching the Indians the Christian faith. On one of his trips he stopped at the ranch of a well to do and religious Swede and requested a night's lodging.

The Swede disliked having a pack of greasy Indians hanging about his place, so, after much hemming and hawing, he stated his objections.

"But these Indians are Christians, my good brother, and if you can't abide with them for a single night here on earth how do you expect to dwell in heaven with them through all eternity?" inquired the indignant missionary.

The Swede, after thoughtfully scratching his head a moment, said, "The Bible says that in my Father's house are many mansions, an' I think I haf a separate house."—Lippincott's.

Senator Hanna's Disappointment.

"I have one wish I fear will never be fulfilled," said the late Senator Hanna as he sat in the senate restaurant and ate a very simple luncheon.

"What is it?" asked Senator Kean of New Jersey.

"I should like to eat everything and then have the work of digestion devolve on some Democrat."

Three Live Men.

"The station at Savannah," says a traveler, "is surrounded with a lot of saloons and cheap restaurants. In great illuminated letters over one of these saloons was the sign:

"Open All Night."

"Next to it was a restaurant bearing with equal prominence the legend:

"We Never Close."

"Third in order was a Chinese laundry in a little tumble-down hovel, and upon the front of this building was the sign in great, scrawling letters:

"Me Wakkee Too."

Crying for Help.

Lots of It in Petoskey, but Daily Growing Less.

The Kidneys cry for help. Not an organ in the whole body so delicately constructed.

Not one so important to health. The Kidneys are the filters of the blood.

When they fail the blood becomes foul and poisonous.

There can be no health where there is poisoned blood.

Backache is one of the first indications of kidney trouble.

It is the kidneys' cry for help. Heed it.

Doan's Kidney Pills are what is wanted. Are just what overworked kidneys need.

They strengthen and invigorate the kidneys; help them to do their work; never fail to cure any case of kidney disease.

Read the Proof from a Petoskey citizen.

Mrs. D. McDonald, living at 616 Michigan street, Petoskey, Mich., says: "Mr. McDonald had a very successful experience with the use of Doan's Kidney Pills for kidney complaint, and though this was some years ago we still have the same good opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills. He procured this remedy at the Central Drug Store.

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.

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

Stop that Tickling Cough! Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure will surely stop it, and with perfect safety. It is so thoroughly harmless that Dr. Shoop tells mothers to use nothing else even with very young babes. The whole some 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 sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. James Gidley.

Do You Think For Yourself?

Or, Do You Open Your Mouth Like a Young Bird and Gulp Down Whatever Food or Medicine May be Offered You?

If you are an intelligent, thinking woman, in need of relief from weakness, nervousness, pain and suffering, then it means much to you that there is one tried and true, honest medicine of known composition, sold by druggists for the cure of woman's ills.

The makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of weak, nervous, run-down, over-worked, debilitated, pain-racked women, knowing this medicine to be made up of ingredients, every one of which has the strongest possible indorsement of the leading and standard authorities of the several schools of medical practice, are not afraid to print, as they do, the list of ingredients, of which it is composed, in plain English, on every bottle-wrapper.

The formula of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will bear the most critical examination of medical experts. It contains no alcohol, so injurious to delicate women even in small quantities when long continued. Neither does it contain any narcotics, or other harmful, or habit-forming drugs and no agent enters into it that is not highly recommended by the most advanced and leading medical teachers and authorities of their several schools of practice. These authorities recommend the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of exactly the same ailments for which this world-famed medicine is advised by its manufacturers.

No other medicine for woman's ills has any such professional endorsement as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has received in the unqualified recommendation of each of its several ingredients by scores of leading medical men of all the schools of practice. As such an endorsement not worthy of your consideration? It certainly is entitled to far more weight than any number of non-professional, or lay testimonials.

A booklet of ingredients, with numerous authoritative professional endorsements by the leading medical authorities of this country, will be mailed free to any one sending name and address with request for same. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native American medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the female system.

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If a woman has bearing down, or dragging pains, low down in the abdomen, or pelvic, backache, frequent headaches, dizziness or fainting spells, is nervous and easily startled, has gnawing feeling in stomach, sees imaginary floating specks, or spots before her eyes, has melancholia, or "blues," or a weakening disagreeable drain from pelvic organs, she can make no mistake by resorting to the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will invigorate and tone up the whole system and especially the pelvic organs.

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Dr. Pierce invites all suffering women to consult him by letter free of charge. All letters of consultation are held as sacredly confidential and an answer is returned in plain sealed envelope. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

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