

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 12

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1908.

No. 20

## Meguzees In Convention

### O. E. S. Met This Week In Our City.

[The following report of the Association-meet was, at the request of The Herald, handed us for publication.—Ed.]

The Fifth Annual Meeting of Meguzee Association met in East Jordan May 13th, and was called to order by the president, Mrs. Lou Hinman of Bellaire. The committee on credentials reported representatives from ten chapters and seventy-one voting delegates.

We had with us the Worthy Grand Matron, Mrs. Fran E. Gardener of Lansing; Grand Electa, Rosalie McGough of Traverse City; and Past Grand Warder, Anna Soule of Traverse City and Grand Chaplain Mrs. L. M. Rowan of Petoskey. All were presented to the Association and given the grand honors. A beautiful Address of Welcome was given by Mrs. E. J. Crossman which was responded to by Mrs. Hattie Cooper of Charlevoix in a very sweet manner. Sister Soule at this time gave a short biography of our late brother, E. L. Sprague of Traverse City.

Miss Boosinger then gave us a reading entitled, "The Points of our Star," which is given at the end of this article.

Sister Hoxie of Acme then gave us a fine report of her visit to the Masonic Home at Grand Rapids and especially of our room which we furnished one year ago, and told us of its occupant, a lady who was once in good circumstances and now is penniless, and feels it is the only place there is for her.

A beautiful paper by Mrs. Nellie Harris of Boyne entitled, "The benefits to be derived from being a member of our order."

The election of officers next in order which resulted as follows:

President—Alice Palmer of East Jordan.

First Vice President—Mrs. Harris of Boyne.

Second Vice President—Mrs. O. P. Reed of Petoskey.

Secretary—Anna Soule of Traverse City.

Treasurer—Myrtle Young of Charlevoix.

Invitations were read from F. J. Lewis Chapter of Central Lake and Beulah Chapter of Petoskey to meet with them in our next session to be held in May 1909. F. J. Lewis invitation being received first was accepted with thanks.

To the evening the exemplifying of the work was done by a selected staff from the various chapters, which was done to the satisfaction of all. Then followed a beautiful flower drill by the visiting chapter of Charlevoix. The Worthy Grand Matron then gave a school of instruction which was very satisfactory to all and will be very helpful to all who heard it.

The Association was loud in their praise of the entertainment given to us by the members of Mark Chapter of East Jordan.

Report of the Committee on Resolutions:

In behalf of Meguzee Association, we wish to thank Mark Chapter No. 275 for the beautiful manner in which they have entertained us during our stay in East Jordan. We especially wish to thank Sister Crossman for her kindly words of welcome, also Sister Boosinger for her beautiful recitation for the good of our order. Also the merchants along Main St. for their decorated windows in our honor. And last but not least, Sister Palmer for the effort she has put forth in making our visit to East Jordan one long to be remembered in the history of our Association.

Mrs. Nellie Harris, ch. m.  
Mrs. A. E. Frank.

The following committees were appointed:

Finance—Mrs. Bacon of Kalkaska, Mrs. Hoxie of Acme, Mrs. Parmelee of Boyne.

Jurisprudence—Mrs. Walbrecht of Central Lake, Mrs. McGough of Traverse City, Mrs. Harris of Boyne.

Program—Mrs. Potter of Bellaire, Mrs. Cooper of Charlevoix, Mrs. J. Worden of Petoskey.

Credentials—Mrs. Lou Hinman of Bellaire, Mrs. Butler of Charlevoix.

Mrs. Bromeling of Elk Rapids, Mark Chapter wish to thank the P. L. A. S. for the pleasing manner in which they served Meguzee Association. Everything was delicious.

### The Star Points.

Bright Star of the East, let your beauty shine  
Throughout the gloom of a dark'ning day;  
If we follow your gleamings and them define,  
They will lead us on to a brighter way;  
Should we heed the teachings that descend  
From your silvery rays while passing through.

We will find their many virtues lead  
Charity, Hope and Faith, most true.

First comes the Daughters' ray of blue,  
Whose light will never fail;

You can see a glint come shining through  
From underneath the veil.

The sword will cut all fear away  
With its blade of finest steel,  
And from each different point convey  
Its beauties to reveal.

Then we have the widows' sign,  
With Jassaming so sweet;

Bright sheaf of golden grain must shine  
To make this point complete.

Fair Esther and the lily white  
Is the next point that we see;

Her crown and scepter throws the light  
Transmitting constancy.

Martha the Sister represents,  
The column broken down,  
As one who in the midst of life  
Is reaching for the crown.

The fern is emblematic here,  
And in our day of strife  
Should teach us trusting hopefulness  
Of sweet immortal life.

The rose so red and beautiful  
Is mother's ray, and last  
Portrayed by fair Electa,

Through all the ages past,  
In age or early youth;

Then may her cup be brimming o'er  
With loyalty and truth.

So all the points are here portrayed,  
And Sisters, while you're passing by  
Their winding paths, be not dismayed,  
You'll reach the summit if you try.

Remember all the lessons learned  
From Adah, Ruth, and Esther, too,  
From Martha, and Electa,

That the light of Star may shine on you.

### An Adventurous Correspondent.

Few newspapers in the United States are able to command the services of as brilliant corps of correspondents as the Chicago Record-Herald. Its choice of Walter Wellman to represent it at Washington is a good illustration of its wise policy in getting the best there is to be had. Mr. Wellman has won a national reputation as a magnetic and resourceful news writer. And now he is preparing to clinch his reputation for originality and daring by trying to reach the north pole in an air ship.

Whatever may be the results of Mr. Wellman's daring attempt to reach the pole this summer in an airship and send the news of the voyage at once to the Record-Herald by wireless telegraphy, the Wellman Record-Herald expedition is sure to be conducted by Mr. Wellman with the same cool courage and whole-souled enthusiasm that have made him an ideal newspaper correspondent.

Mr. Wellman was born in Mentor, Ohio, in 1858. At 14 he began his newspaper experience, establishing at that age a weekly paper in the little town of Sutton, Neb. In 1881 he became the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Herald, for which paper he visited the West Indies in 1892 and located the landing place of Columbus, marking the place with a huge stone monument. In 1894 he made his first dash for the pole, reaching the latitude of 81 degrees north-east of Spitzbergen. In 1898 he tried the same fascinating quest again, penetrating as far as Franz Josef Land. On both trips he had wonderful success in discovering new islands and securing new scientific data which have been of great value to the American Geographical Society. His voluminous writings for scientific periodicals and popular magazines have shown the same incisive thought and keen insight that have marked his journalistic work.

To relieve constipation, clean out the bowels, tone and strengthen the digestive organs, put them in a natural condition with Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, the most reliable tonic for thirty years. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. F. B. Jannett & Co.

### Attention Old Soldiers.

All old soldiers are requested to meet at the G. A. R. Hall Sunday morning May 24th at 9:30 a. m. going from there in a body to M. E. church for the Memorial Service, the address being given by Rev. A. D. Grigsby.

On Memorial Day, Saturday, May 30th, we will meet at the G. A. R. Hall at 1:30 o'clock p. m. and march from there to Loveday Opera House where the exercises will be in charge of the schools; address by Supt. H. H. Fuller. At the close of these exercises we will march to the cemetery where the Grand Army exercises will be held. All old soldiers are requested to participate in these events.

J. H. Koche, Commander  
Geo. Bowen, Adjutant.

### DEEDS RECORDED.

List of transfers for the week ending May 9th.

Isaac Marion to Lovant, Van Alstine, part of blk 3 of Nicholls and Morgan 2nd Add S. Boyne. \$1700.00.

Isaac Marion to Ella J. Van Alstine part of lot 50 of P. F. McIntire's Add to Boyne. \$100.00.

James P. Flashman to William Gruff part of w. 1/4 of sec 1 of s. w. 1/4 of sec 9. \$75.00.

Fred A. Deitze to Henry W. Grutsch part of n. e. 1/4 of sec 11, t. 32 n. r. 6 w. \$300.00.

Ira B. McLean to Perry Looze lot 5 of Johnson's Add to Boyne. \$100.00.

Lydia Reinhardt to William F. Copeman, s. e. 1/4 of sec 8 t. 32 n. r. 5 w. \$600.00.

Mary H. Wood to Aaron J. Harwood, the n. e. 1/4 of the n. e. 1/4 sec 30 t. 32 n. r. 5 w. \$525.00.

James T. Bird to Nancy J. Munson lot 16 blk 2 Bird's Add to Irton \$50.00.

Ephraim Tuttle to Gertrude J. Burdick lot 14 in Upright & Hulberts Add to Charlevoix. \$600.00.

W. W. Batey et al to Willis J. Willison lots 59 and 135 of Bailey and Wilsons 2nd Add to Boyne. \$80.00.

Bromard Stowell to L. F. Knowles & J. E. Converse w. 1/4 of lot 244 of blk 12 of Nicholls & Morgans 2nd Add to S. Boyne. \$1.00.

Mary Lewis to Nancy Munson lot 1 of blk 2 of Birds Add to Irton excepting the building or the right to move the same from the premises within one year from date of deed. \$25.00.

John and Thomas Yutil to Geo. Gallop w. 1/4 of n. e. 1/4 of sec 24 t. 33 n. r. 4 w. excepting all saw log timber standing lying and being on the same premises. \$500.00.

Mary Francis to Geo. H. Heimforth, w. 1/4 of s. w. 1/4 of sec 28 t. 38 n. r. 11 w. \$1.00 and other con.

Ada C. Estey to Lineal E. Phillips, lots 1 and 2 blk H in Van Platen's Add to Advance. \$100.00.

William J. Pearson to Mitchell Lajude between sec 15 and 16 t. 32 n. r. 5 w. \$1.00 and other con.

Hugh B. Millar to Jacob L. Clute, lot 3 in B. C. Miller Add to Bay Springs. \$125.00.

John Nicholls to Catherine Walsh, lot 8 blk 16 of Nicholls 2nd Add to S. Lake. \$135.00.

John Nicholls to Reville H. Chase, lot 321 in blk 20 of Nicholls & Morgans 3rd Add to S. Boyne. \$200.00.

Frank Lemieux to Joseph Gannon, lot 5 blk B on John Vance's Add to S. Arm. \$310.00.

Catherine Price to Samuel L. Price, lots 40 41, 42 of Upright & Hulberts Add to Charlevoix. \$1.00.

Moses Hart to Frank Nemecek part of e. 1/4 of n. e. 1/4 of sec 23 t. 32 n. r. 7 w. \$150.00.

William Empey to Mrs. Mary Brown lot 12 B. I. Empeys Add to East Jordan. \$65.00.

Geo. F. Brine to John Banegar, part of sec 7 t. 33 n. r. 8 w. \$400.

Susan Harvey to Arthur A. Leib, part of lot 53 and part of lot 52 of McIntire's Add to Boyne. \$100.00 and other con.

Peter F. McIntire to Arthur A. Leib lot 62 of McIntire's Add Boyne. \$105.

Geo. Crawford to Minnie White, n. 1/4 of lot 253 blk 7 of Nicholls & Morgans 2nd Add to Boyne. \$750.00.

Peter F. McIntire to Arthur A. Leib lot 63 P. F. McIntire's Add Boyne. \$125.

Amande Heyning to Frank McWain et al's w. 1/4 of n. e. 1/4 of sec 1 t. 32 n. r. 6 w. of Charlevoix. \$850.00.

John C. Miller to William M. Miller the n. 1/4 of s. w. 1/4 of sec 10 t. 33 n. r. 8 w. \$1500.00.

ROMEO A. EMREY,  
Register of Deeds,

You can buy an Edison Phonograph of Mack, the Jeweler, on very small monthly payments. Call and see him. Hear the new May Records.

### County Normal Notes.

Grace Meggison substituted in Miss Hamilton's room Monday, May 11.

The class have finished civics and have taken up school law in its place.

Mrs. Forest Blanchard invited the normal class to her home Tuesday evening, May 5, to hear a musical entertainment on their new Columbian phonograph.

Mayme Serogge substituted in the first and second grades at the north ward Thursday forenoon, May 9.

### DOCTORS MISTAKES

Are said often to be buried six feet under ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to themselves and their easy-going or over-busy doctor, separate diseases, for which he assumes them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, keeps up his treatment until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, the disease of the wrong treatment, but probably worse. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

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. A powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system, and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For over-worked, "worn-out," run-down, debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

The effect of *Scott's Emulsion* on thin, pale children is magical.  
It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy.  
It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk.  
ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

## Good Goods at Lowest Prices

Is the motto of our store, and we are fulfilling it by conducting same on a cash basis.

### Our Line of Teas & Coffees

Are the Finest to be found anywhere.

Below are a couple of Leaders we are offering:  
Three Cans of A1 Sweet Corn for 25c  
McLaughlin's Package Coffee for 15c

Prompt delivery a specialty. Give us a call.

## Shermans' Market.

1909 CALENDAR SAMPLES  
At This Office.

## BOOSINGER BROTHERS

### Boosinger Born Clothing

WE call your attention especially to our selection of samples of the Born Clothing this season. We feel that we can put before you the finest and most up-to-date line that the Born experience of over thirty years has produced. Our absolute guarantee with every garment—in Fit, Style and Price.

We have always maintained that the best is none too good for our customers—we still maintain it. We always ask for the best and aim to give the best.

An absolute guarantee with every garment. Contentment is one of the necessary factors that go to make life pleasant. Help yourself along by wearing a BORN Suit. You will be contented.

BORN means style, quality and fit. We want to impress everyone who orders from Born's Blue Book that we guarantee satisfaction. We want you to be satisfied—our absolute guarantee with every garment.

It's a joke to read the advertisements of concerns who advertise this or that SYSTEM of cutting and manufacturing—thus relying upon the experience of some one else. In a strictly made-to-order house like M. Born & Company every garment is made separately and according to its individual measurements. That is the only way it can receive the attention that a made-to-order garment should have and does receive in the Born Shops. Our liberal guarantee of absolute satisfaction with every garment as to Style, Quality and Fit, places you where you are bound to get just what you want at the right price.

Men's Suits, made to your individual measure, \$13.50 to \$40.00.  
Spring Coats, made to your individual measure, \$12.50 to \$25.00.  
Pants, an elegant line, made to individual measure, \$3.50 to \$10.00.  
Elegant line of Fancy Vests, to individual measure, \$3.50 to \$10.00.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL" Our Motto.

## BOOSINGER BROTHERS.



A Cool Liar.

That "short but ugly word" which denotes a man who has little regard for the truth can be applied without fear of contradiction to most of our Celestial brethren.

Concrete Construction.

The modern development of concrete construction has done much to improve the esthetic quality of railway engineering.

It seems strange that man, who has the history of the world for some thousands of years to look back upon, should go into the air and say that one question or another is settled for all time because one election has gone a certain way.

Singular fatality seems to attend the operation of submarines, torpedo boats and torpedo-boat destroyers abroad.

King Alfonso has ordered a chicken incubator from an American company. Perhaps he is thinking of going into chicken-raising in case the revolutionists chase him from the throne.

It was mighty inconsiderate of Helic, says the Newark News, to project himself upon us at the minute in which our clearest thinking is monopolized by the Abruzzi-Elkins romance.

Labor in a Trust

A Combine for the Betterment of All Workmen

By FRANK B. MONAGHAN, Manager International Steam Engineer, Official Journal International Union Steam Engineers.



BY a "trust" is meant a combination of a few for the exploitation of the many, the labor union is certainly not a trust.

A trust depends for its success on its ability to limit production and to maintain its own prices for the products of labor.

If one wishes to know what organized labor means to do, let him examine what organized labor has done.

The heads of great industrial combinations which are properly called trusts have always lived on the fat of the land, and always had what luxuries the age afforded.

Now it is easy to understand the injustice of calling a labor union a trust with the meaning that it has pernicious ends in view by imagining what would be the condition of all men who labor if all labor were properly organized.

And let us, on the other hand, follow the development of the real trust, the selfish combination of capital, to its logical goal.

Frank B. Monaghan

Intimacies That Hurt Business Girl

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

Not so the girls? They watch her furtively. They decide whether she had to work to help her folks, or just came downtown to earn pin money.

These conjectures and this initial survey by her fellow-workers do no harm. But there is another type of girl—the girl who simply must dip into office politics.

If she decides that she can make good use of the new girl, she is the first to make friendly overtures. She gives her tips as to convenient and reasonable lunch rooms, the little shop around the corner where she can have her shoes polished so nicely for a nickel.

She does not stop to figure out that this girl was suspiciously friendly and that none of the other girls seemed to notice her very much.

That is the beginning of a fatal intimacy. She has discovered an office "crush" who will use her when the occasion arises.

By and by she finds that her new chum is somehow unloading a little extra work on her. Letters that the "crush" ought to write come to her desk.

Because she has been too intimate for her own good. She has put into that other girl's hand a dangerous weapon—knowledge of her personal affairs.

Or the "crush" may have her own little ax to grind. She does not like a certain employe just a trifle more important than herself.

And the new girl says: "I should say so." Then, the next time the mischief-maker wants to talk about the man or woman higher up, she does not express her own opinions to a third party, but quotes the new girl, whose sole offense consisted in replying: "I should say so."

You all know how these things go on in the schoolroom, in the church society, in the dancing club. Well, it is just the same in the business world.

When you tell a girl, whom you have not fettered all your personal affairs, all your family troubles, all your pitiful little efforts to make both ends meet and keep up appearances, you are placing in her hands a two-edged sword.

Many girls, alone in a large city, must look to office acquaintances for companionship outside business hours, but they should make haste slowly, studying the candidates for that beautiful post of "friend" with great care.

TALL FISH STORY.

"Speaking about showers of fish," said the solemn-looking nature faker from his seat on the starchbox, "reminds me of the time we were marooned on an island in the blue Pacific."

"Whew!" the old codgers chorused in unison. "But that's not the strangest part of the story. Ten days later a cyclone came along, picked up the brined mackerel and dropped them into a hot spring."

"There was a sudden interruption and six strong men took the nature faker outside and ducked him in the horse trough.—Chicago Daily News.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.



Staylright—They said you weren't home. Tried to fool me, but I'm not such a fool as I look.

Miss Wearie—Yes—er—I mean, no you couldn't be, or—that would be impossible, don't you know?

Modern.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, How does your auto go? "With farts and yells, and nasty smells, It's a gasoliner, you know."—Life.

A Mean Husband's Revenge.

Mrs. De Prige, (anxious that her daughter shall make a rich match)—I wonder why Mr. Richfellow doesn't come to see our daughter any more?

Mr. De Prige—I don't know. The last time he was here he borrowed my clockwork phonograph to have some music played into it. He brought it back to my office the next morning, saying that the musician was sick or something, and that's the last I've seen of him.

"Was the phonograph empty?" "Um! Now I think of it, I believe it did have in it your reception of me when I came home late the night before. Maybe he's changed his mind about marrying."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Successful Loafer.

"And that's a fact," remarked the man who sometimes lets out an audible thought.

"What's a fact?" queried the party with the interrogation habit?

"That a sitting hen is about the only loafer that can show good results," explained the noisy thinker.—Chicago Daily News.

Uncertain.

Smith—Statistics show that in France the deaths exceed the births in number.

Muldoon—A risky place, that, to live.

Smith—Why so? Muldoon—Why, as I look at it, every man there stood vital a pair chance of bein' born.—Puck.

Not to Be Thought Of.

"You and your wife never play bridge at the same table."

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Meekton. "I could not think of Henrietta being placed in a position where, even as a formality, she might have to ask my permission to play."—Washington Star.

A Novice.

Patience—You say he's got no sense?

Patience—That's what I said. Why, I don't believe he'd refrain from kissing a girl when she had her mouth full of hairpins.—Yonkers Statesman.

Suspicious.

"Is it all right, boss, to take a chicken in your hands when eatin' it?" asked Sam.

"Well, Sam," replied the boss, with suspicious look, "it is if it's your chicken."—Yonkers Statesman.

That's It.

Church—What does it mean by "always room for one more" in a street car?

Gotham—Oh, I guess it means there is always room for one more strap.—Yonkers Statesman.

Hung Up.

Church—Has that new doctor hung up his shingle yet?

Gotham—That's what he's done. I know the man who painted it for him on credit.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Debt.

Briggs—I see by the paper that the Russian national debt now amounts to \$25,000,000,000.

Griggs—Um—now they'll know how sympathize with me.—Life.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

SWORN ENEMY OF OIL TRUST



Thomas W. Phillips, the millionaire oil operator, whose home is in Newcastle, Pa., is the one independent producer who never bowed to the will of the Standard Oil octopus.

Phillips knew no fear; neither did he know defeat. He followed the Standard Oil to various parts of the country, bought leases and producing territory before the trust representatives were fairly on the ground.

When oil was discovered he and his three brothers gave up farming and went to drilling wells. Twice they were ruined by the trust, but they won in the end and became wealthy.

LONG CHAMPION OF BRYAN



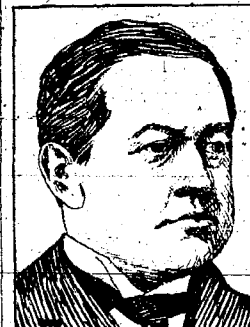
George Fred Williams of Dedham, Mass., is one of the most persistent Bryan workers in the whole country. He was with Bryan in 1896 and led the forlorn hope in Massachusetts, a state that is naturally hostile to free silver.

Undeterred by his former defeats, Mr. Williams has been trying to get the Democratic state committee to endorse Bryan this year, and he even succeeded so far as to get a resolution that the committee should do so.

Mr. Williams' whole life has not been a failure, even from a political point of view, for he was in public life from 1889 to 1893, one term in the state legislature and one in congress.

Mr. Williams is a lawyer, a scholar and a gentleman. After his graduation from Dartmouth he went to Germany and studied at the universities of Heidelberg and Berlin, and on his return was admitted to the bar.

COTTON SPECULATOR QUILTS



Theodore H. Price, the veteran speculator in cotton, may be influenced only by a desire for the welfare of his child when he resolved to give up the market for a couple of years at least, and it may be merely a coincidence that his cotton commitments, amounting to thousands of bales of the May cotton, will net him a considerable loss.

Mr. Price has deserted the market on account of his heavy losses. It will be the first time he has shown himself so devoid of nerve. When, as head of the firm of Price, McCormick & Co., he was carrying on a heavy cotton corner he discovered that he was being betrayed by his partners who had lost courage and had quietly stepped from under, leaving him in the lurch.

Mr. Price was engaged to be married when the first financial disaster came upon him. His fiancée was Miss Harriet Dyer, sister of Mrs. James L. Taylor. It was currently reported that she had notified him after the crash that the engagement was at an end, but no such intention had entered the young lady's head.

It is little wonder then, that he is devoted to his wife and child, so devoted that he would give up the excitement of the market to spend two years on a God-forsaken coast.

TAWNEY ONCE AN ACTOR



Congressman James A. Tawney of Minnesota, chairman of the house committee on appropriations, is said to have a sense of humor about the size of a box of safety matches. He was regretting that he had got stuck to one of the two trades in which he had been successful and made money—blacksmithing and the stage—instead of going into politics, when some of his colleagues asked him for a spiel. He said:

"I was just trying to think which one of that fellow Sha—Shak—Shakespeare's characters that said—let me see, what was it he said?" and Mr. Tawney wrinkled his brow fearfully.

"Oh, yes," he resumed, "I remember; it was in MacLear and—"

"In what?" yelled a listener.

"No, no," said Mr. Tawney, entirely undisturbed, "I don't mean MacLear; I was thinking of King Hambeth."

There was a loud shrieking silence for a moment, and then a member lifted his countenance out of a leather-covered sofa cushion long enough to inquire: "Don't you mean Hamlet, Jim?"

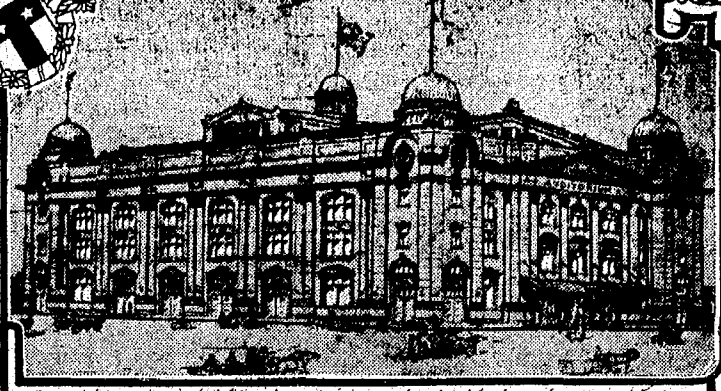
"Certainly," remarked Mr. Tawney, with considerable asperity, "that's what I meant. Anyhow, I remember that whenever I recited those famous lines from 'Hamlet' I fairly brought down the house. I remember them yet. They go: "Laugh and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone."



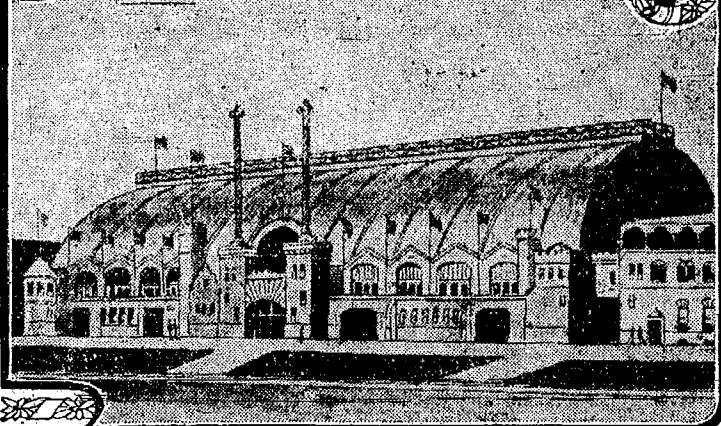
# HOW POLITICAL CONVENTIONS ARE MANAGED

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY



AUDITORIUM AT DENVER WHERE THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION WILL BE HELD.



COLISEUM AT CHICAGO WHERE THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION WILL BE HELD.

The ordinary political convention is a collection of wild animals, whose antics are extremely amusing, but absolutely without form and void. Nothing outside of a cage full of monkeys can present such an example of futile activity. Each delegate is duly ticketed and loaded with his proper credentials and fondly imagines that he really is of some importance in the gathering; that is, he does it he is a "green hand." If he is a seasoned campaigner, he knows that he merely "represents the people," and the chairman and secretary of the convention "represent" the delegates; and the "bosses" "represent" the chairman and secretary. By means of this sliding scale of actual power it will be seen that the "bosses" represent the people!

It was my deep delight to have attended a number of political conventions. The "will of the people" stood about "deuce high" in the political deck. The will of the "bosses" was always the "ace," and it could be used as the ace of spades or the ace of hearts just as the emergencies demanded.

Imagine a long, low, rakish hall, the atmosphere a wavy blue with tobacco smoke. Aisles are cut through to the platform, generally three in number, to admit of committees on this, that and the other to go forward to the platform and hand in their cut-and-dried communications. The different wards and districts are ranged about the hall, each with its particular spot to stay in, like checkers on a board before the game begins. Many of these delegates are in their shirt-sleeves, and many are talking wildly, gesticulating powerfully and in other ways molding the destinies of their country. The very few who are not smoking are choking.

On the platform are two tables, at which the chairman of the convention sits, he having been chosen by the powers that be. He is a mere puppet in their hands, understanding what they want, and at any and all times ready to carry out their wishes. The secretary is a mere echo; the assistant secretaries mere assistant echoes. Two or three highly respectable stouthead-bottles of various titles sit on the stage to deceive the unintelligent observer into the belief that things are "on the square." A pitcher of water is on the chairman's desk, for he will open the convention with a speech. In that speech he will glorify the proud history of his own party and skin, salt and nail to the political smoke-house the hide of the opposition. This is a species of buncombe which is always indulged in.

Sometimes a convention is opened with prayer. This is something which cannot be touched on at length, for the devil himself could not conceive a more grotesque blasphemy. Most conventions are opened with political "jimmies," being burlesque aggregations, brought together for purposes of plundering men of their political rights. The chairman has his speech carefully learned by heart, and he is invariably eloquent, pungent, witty, scholarly, terse, dense, flowery and long-winded. But he finally subsides; and then, after the committees' reports and the platform are finished, and some more political red tape is gotten through with, the work of nominating candidates is begun. But before the convention has reached the point of being ready to vote there have been a number of battles fought to a finish before the various committees on credentials.

In certain wards of the cities, or certain districts in the country, there may be a dispute about some delegates, these claiming the right to represent "the people," those putting in a counter-claim for recognition. In such cases, contests are begun and the respective claims thrashed out before the committee on credentials, which have the power to review these disputes in the various districts or wards.

ery" face of his questioner, surmounted by its bright red covering of locks and responded easily, gracefully and most urbanely: "I don't like the color of your hair." And the delegate remained "unseated." Men were let out of their delegations for any or no reasons. The only question was to have the majority, or at least the loudest and most pugnacious minority. This latter, with the able aid of the chairman and the secretary, will enable any combination to jam through the nomination of their candidates.

Supposing, for instance, that Smith is the candidate the "bosses" want, and Jones the opposition candidate. The Seventh ward, we will say, is called on and the chairman of the delegation roars out "Fourteen votes for Jones and one for Smith." An assistant secretary repeats to the main secretary, "Fourteen votes for Smith and one for Jones," and it is so recorded. The chairman from the Seventh ward may think the vote of his delegation has been recorded properly. Sometimes, when things appear to be running too close, they will not even give the opposition candidate any votes until the "bosses'" candidate is safe. Any motion for a roll-call is "raveled down" by the chairman, and the sergeant-at-arms, always chosen by the "bosses," are eager to eject any obstreperous patriot who begins any jargon about his "rights."

To "gavel down" a motion is simply to hammer on the table with the gavel and proclaim that a motion has been "carried," or "defeated," just as you want it to go. In this way, no matter what the majority is, the "bosses" and the chairman and secretaries can thwart the will of any convention, unless the convention splits and "a bolt" is started. To "bolt" is to leave the hall, organize a separate convention and proceed as though the other convention was not in existence.

This is a last resort, and is seldom done. Delegates are timid and they rarely have any independent action. They may fume in private, but they "take the gaff" in public. Party fealty, party cohesion, party this, that and the other weighs on them and makes them cowards. For the most part the delegates hope to get some "crumbs from the party table and they fear to revolt, knowing well they will be marked men with "the organization." Oh! potent phrase, "the organization." There is the "ward organization," the "county organization," the "state organization," the "national organization," all inextricably linked and welded together, and the national committeeman can put his finger on a garbage wagon driver in a remote ward and separate him from his job if the driver doesn't do exactly as he is told. It's a beautiful system. Don't imagine that it is not perfected so far as it can be.

Occasionally some fossil of respectability, galvanized into spasmodic action by something particularly brazen on the part of the powers that run the convention, will get up from the platform, where he is supposed to be acquiescent to the program, and start the animals by a fiery diatribe against the bare-faced robbery going on under his very nose. At such a time it is really delightful to see the perfect respect in which his remarks are listened to by the chairman and the "bosses." His remarks may be pun-

orator is let down from his pinnacle and expends his energy in loud talk in his immediate vicinity, until some low-browed gentleman advises him to "cut it out," at the same time casting a perfectly annihilating look in his direction.

The old stagers always enjoy these interludes. They smile grimly, get a fresh grip on their cigars and elevate the weeds reminiscently in a skyward angle. They keep watchful cognizance when their wards are about to be reached and, if chairmen, rise, instantly at the word, shout clearly the vote and, whether it be recorded right or wrong, they settle down stoically into the attitude of mere spectators. Far be it from them to "holler" if the cards are "stacked" against them. They would do the same if they had the power. The other fellows have the whip-hand today; when it shifts, they will give their opponents the same dose. But to cavort around on the floor waiting out "Meestair Chairmann," not for them. They are too wise to resort to such puerile foolishness.

Nothing can exceed the perfect repose which marks the proceedings as relates to the officers and head men who have it in charge. There is not a shadow of a smile on the countenances of the chairman and his assistants and the "bosses" move around on the floor of the convention or ascend to the platform with an entirely serious and vigorous air which would indicate extreme self-sacrifice and the most absolute fairness to their opponents.

But once the business is concluded, over the cigars and cocktails these genial gentlemen will unbend and relate delightedly and with rare humor the amusing comedies played on the convention floor. They have remembered the very voices and gestures of the reformers and patriots, they can imitate, and perfectly, the surprised scream of the plundered delegation, or the stentorian yawn of the hard-boiled orator. They enjoy these things with the gusto of the connoisseur, the political bon vivant. But at the hall, and in the midst of the carnage, they are as suave as panthers and as remorseless as cannibals. "Everything goes in politics," is their motto, that is, everything but honesty.

Coming back from my last political convention I met Jack Derby, in the "smoker." Jack was from the ward next to mine, and I had missed him just before the voting began. I had noticed a stranger in his seat when I came in rather late, but still in time to vote. Jack was moody and his head was done up in a gaudy handkerchief. "What's up?" I said to him. "I didn't see you when the votes were being cast."

"They thrum me out," was his reply. "I went over to see a friend, o' mine in the fourteenth and when I got back to me seat they was a guy there in it. I grabbed him and he caught hold of me arm. The 'sarge' (sergeant-at-arms) came runnin' up an' this guy gives him the wink an' says this feller's a pick-pocket. Before I could hand him one the 'sarge' grabs me—he's seven feet long and four feet through—and he wings me to the door in four jumps and fires me by the neck and pants. See? An' I lose me vote an' I don't get in the hall again."

"That's tough, Jack," was my consolatory reply. "Tough," said Mr. Derby, with an injured air, "an' I was goin' to vote right all the time. I think that sergeant must be bugs."

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.  
(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

## WHAT SAVED "UNCLE JOE"

Old Lifting Machine That Long Ago Proved a Health Preserver.

The secret of perpetual youth, which has permitted "Uncle Joe" Cannon to be as young as he is at 72, has just been rediscovered here by a former senator from New Hampshire, says the Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald. Henry W. Blair, who is no youngster himself, having been born in 1834, and the present speaker were fellow members of the house 30 years ago. Both at that time were in poor health. They suffered from indigestion and were so frail and puny-looking that each anticipated the necessity of purchasing a bouquet to place with reverent hands upon the grave of the other. They lived in the same boarding house in those days and, to prolong their lives, entered into partnership for the purchase of a lifting machine, which they erected in a hallway outside of their rooms and upon which they practiced diligently night and morning with a view to the improvement of their physical beings.

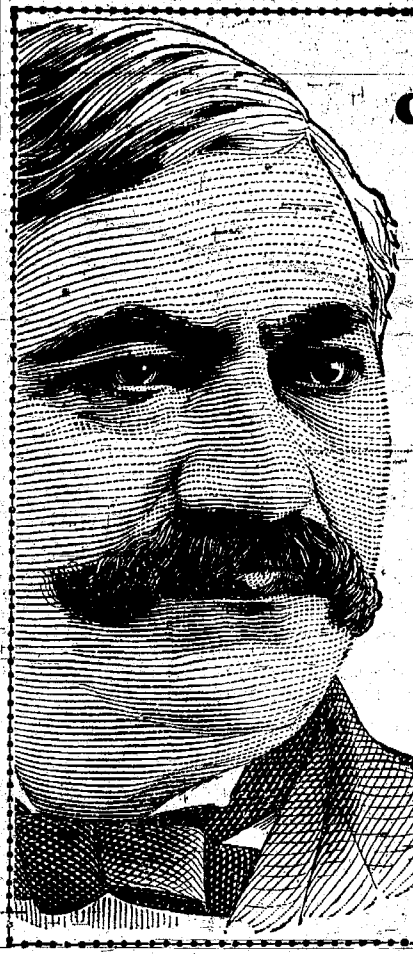
The other day Mr. Blair, in rummaging around his house, stumbled in an attic upon the lifting apparatus long since discarded. It reminded him of the days when he and Cannon were on the verge of the grave and despair of attaining old age. In great excitement he went down to the capitol, hunted up "Uncle Joe" and broke the news to him.

"Joe," said he, "do you remember way back yonder when you and I didn't think we would live more than a week?"

"I certainly do," said "Uncle Joe." "I think you were the thinnest, sickest man in the world and I lived in constant fear that I would have to buy a pair of black gloves and walk slow behind your hearse. Member that old lifting machine we used to have?"



## HAD CATARRH THIRTY YEARS.



Congressman Meekison Gives Praise To Pe-ru-na For His Relief From Catarrh.

CONGRESSMAN MEEKISON COMMENDS PE-RU-NA.

"I have used several bottles of Peru-na and I feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be fully able to eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing." — David Meekison.

### OTHER REMARKABLE CURES.

Mr. Jacob L. Davis, Galena, Stone county, Mo., writes: "I have been in bad health for thirty-seven years, and after taking twelve bottles of your Peru-na I am cured." Mr. C. N. Peterson, 132 South Main St., Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes: "I cannot tell you how much good Peru-na has done me. Constant confinement in my store began to tell on my health, and I felt that I was gradually breaking down. I tried several remedies, but obtained no permanent relief until I took Peru-na. I felt better immediately, and five bottles restored me to complete health."

### A SINCERE RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. D. C. Prosser, Bravo, Allegan Co., Mich., writes: "Two years ago I was badly afflicted with catarrh of the stomach. I had had a run of stomach fever, was very depleted. I could find nothing I could eat without causing distress and sour stomach. Finally I came to the conclusion that I had catarrh of the stomach and seeing Peru-na advertised, began to take it. It helped me soon, and after taking three or four bottles I was entirely cured of stomach trouble, and can now eat anything."

Manufactured by Peru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

### ON THE GLAD HIGHWAY.



"Say, boss, you hasn't er dime in yer clothes, has yer?"

"No, my man, I have not. But how did you guess it?"

Had Done His Best.

Representative Adam Bede of Minnesota is credited with the story of the boy with the disreputably dirty face, who was sent to the town pump by the teacher, with the scriptural injunction, to "wash and be clean."

He returned with the chin and lower part of his face looking rather pale, but his cheeks and forehead remained as dirt-hued as before. The children roared at his comical appearance, and when the teacher asked him why he had not cleaned his entire face, he answered:

"I washed and wiped as high up as my shirt would go."

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE. A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Drugists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Great Difference. Yeast—Isn't the baby like its mother? Crimzonbeak—No, I don't think so. It don't talk yet.—Yonkers Statesman.

Garfield Tea is a natural laxative—it regulates the digestion, purifies the blood, cleanses the system, clears the complexion, brightens the eyes and brings the glow of splendid health!

People who boast of their ability to attend to their own affairs usually manage to butt into the affairs of others.

## There is Only One "Bromo Quinine"

That is Laxative Bromo Quinine

USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLIC IN ONE DAY.

Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 11c. E. W. Johnson



### Economy

in decorating the walls of your home, can be most surely effected by using

### Alabastine

The Sanitary Wall Coating

The soft, velvety Alabastine tints produce the most artistic effects, and make the home lighter and brighter.

Sold by Paint, Drug, Hardware and General Stores in carefully sealed and properly labeled packages, at 50c the package for white and 55c the package for tints. See that the name "Alabastine" is on each package before it is opened either by yourself or the workman.

The Alabastine Company Grand Rapids, Mich. Eastern Office, 105 Water Street, New York City.

### THE MAN WHO SWEARS BY THE FISH BRAND SLICKER

Is the man who has tried to get the same service out of some other make



Clean, Light, Durable Guaranteed Waterproof and Sold Everywhere at \$3.00

### PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Clears and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Stops Itching Scalp. Greys Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 25c and \$1.00 at Drugists.

WIDOWS' under NEW LAW obtained PENSIONS by JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.



G. A. Lisk, Publisher  
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

**Death of Mrs. Jane Maddock.**

Another of our pioneer citizens has passed away in the death of Mrs. Jane Maddock, which occurred on Monday evening, May 11, at six o'clock. She was a native of Ontario, Canada, where she was born on Christmas 1836. She was therefore in her seventieth year. At the age of twenty-four she was married to William Alexander, and with him came to Michigan in 1866, locating on a farm near Charlevoix, where they lived until his death in 1872. She was then the mother of six children, William, Maria, Charles, Edward, Janie and Belle. She was married to Joseph Maddock of East Jordan in 1876 and came with him to this place where they have since lived. She bore to Mr. Maddock three sons, Joseph, Roland and Homer. She is survived by her husband and children, except William who died three years ago. For forty-two years she has been a resident of this county and for thirty-two years of East Jordan.

She was a good woman, of strong character, and will be much missed by friends and relatives. She has been almost a life-long member of the Methodist Episcopal church and was for several years a member of the W. C. T. U. The funeral services were conducted at the residence on Friday forenoon, May 12, at ten o'clock, Rev. W. W. Lamport preaching the sermon, after which the funeral party left on the steamer Hum for Charlevoix, where the interment took place beside her former husband.

**Card of Thanks.**

We wish hereby to extend our thanks to our friends for sympathy and help during the sickness and death of our wife and mother, Mrs. Jane Maddock; and especially to Mrs. Foster whose kindly and efficient service as nurse helped to alleviate her sufferings in her final hours.

Joseph Maddock and family.

**Eighth Grade Exams.**

Reports so far show the following eighth graders to have written at the examination last week:

Number of eighth graders in class in Boyne City, 37; Charlevoix, 41; East Jordan, 52; St. James, 9; Boyne Falls, 12; Clarion, 10. This includes the eighth grade classes of each of the village schools.

Very little is now done at grading the papers but what had been done indicates that the papers this year are very much better than those of former years have been.

We will aim to have all the reports in the hands of the teachers in two weeks.

J. H. MILFORD,  
Commissioner.

**THE SOCIAL SHOW.**

But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know  
The moltenness froth of the social show;  
The vulgar snarl of the pompous feast  
Where the heaviest purse is the highest  
prize;  
The organized charity, scribbled and led,  
In the name of a cautious, statistical  
Christ;  
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,  
When a friend in need is a friend in  
want;  
Where the only aim is to keep aloof,  
And a brother may drown, with a cry in  
his throat.  
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

**As It Was Announced.**

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

**Not Much Choice to Him.**

Six-year-old Dick was preparing, much against his own sweet will, to go calling with his mother. It was the first time that Dick had been allowed to get ready alone, and, together with boyish disgust at being obliged to go visiting, he felt the importance of the situation.

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

**A Blessing in Disguise.**

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

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

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

**There Was but One.**  
"Oh, my dear," said the new proud mother to her husband, "I wish you could see the new baby across the way. It's perfectly lovely. Such a delicate, sweet little creature as it is! It's a perfect little cherub, with the loveliest eyes, the sweetest little mouth and the cunningest little nose. It looks as if it had just dropped from heaven and every tiny feature had been fashioned by the angels."  
"Is it as nice as our baby?" asked her husband.  
"Mercy, no—not half!" was the emphatic reply that came from the vicinity of the dainty ruffled crib.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**A New Letter.**  
Mother (teaching her child the alphabet)—Now, dearie, what comes after G?  
"Whiz!"

**Generous Restitution.**  
A few years ago there went to one of the northwestern states a Boston newspaper man whose mission it was to "write up" lynching in that quarter, although there had not been an illegal execution in the state for a long time. The natives took the questions of the eastern scribe in good part and even "jollied" him into believing that for downright lawlessness the community wherein he was sojourning was about the most conspicuous portion of the United States.

"Don't you ever make a mistake in these lynchings?" gutturally asked the Bostonian. "That is, don't you ever lynch the wrong man?"  
"That happened once," put in some one, "but we tried to do the square thing by the widow."  
"Indeed?"  
"Yes; we appointed a committee to inform her that the joke was on us, and we gave her the choice of the crowd for her second husband."—Lippincott's.

**Struck Blind.**  
After acquiring a considerable amount of money in the United States a young Englishman returned home and decided to give his old father a treat by taking him to London. The father had never been in a train before and commenced the journey with many outspoken anticipations of dire events. All went well until the train suddenly dashed into a tunnel. Bang went the old man's fist on his son's nose as he cried: "I told you something would happen, you young villain! I'm struck blind!"

**PETITION OF THE PLODDER.**  
Lord, let me not be too content  
With life in trifling service spent.  
—Make me aspire,  
When days with petty cares are filled,  
Let me with feeling thought be thrilled,  
Of something higher.  
Help me to long for mental grace  
To struggle with the commonplace  
I daily find.  
May little deeds not bring to fruit  
A crop of little thoughts to suit  
A shriveled mind.  
I do not ask for place among  
Great thinkers who have taught and sung  
And scorped to bend  
Under the trifles of the hour.  
I only would not lose the power  
To comprehend.  
—Independent.

**Coming Soon!**



CONSULT  
**G. Leahy**  
Expert Optician

—At The—  
**Hotel Ericks**  
Friday, May 22nd

Will remain two days.  
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.

Moderate Price  
**Calumet Baking Powder**  
\$1,000,000 will be given for the first prize in the health found in Calumet.

**Self Interest.**  
The real estate firm of Solomon & O'Sullivan had lots for sale in a new suburban addition. O'Sullivan, young, enthusiastic and Irish, was writing the advertisement and urged impending purchasers to seize the passing moment.  
"Napoleon not only met opportunity; he created it!"  
Mr. Solomon read this line in the advertisement slowly and carefully. "This fellow Napoleon," he said—"what's the use of advertising him with our money?"—Lippincott's.

**Everybody Fitted by Father.**  
"Shall we have to buy new woolen underwear for all of the boys this year?"  
"No, dear. Yours have shrunk so they just fit John; John's shrunk so they just fit Jimmy; Jimmy's shrunk to fit Willie; and Willie's are just snug on the baby. You are the only one that needs new ones."

**To Consumptives.**  
Edward A. Wilson's Preparation of Hypophosphites and Biogenin from the original formula is the Sovereign Remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, LaGrippe, Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung Maladies.

"Thousands of people say they have been relieved by it,  
Those who have used it will have no other, and recommend it to their fellow sufferers.  
It has cured many after they were given up as incurable by their physicians.  
The undersigned as a consumptive can testify from his own experience as to its value.  
Write at once—delay is dangerous, and may prove fatal.  
For full particulars, testimonials, etc., address:  
C. A. ABBOTT, Sole Agent,  
60 Ann Street, New York City, N. Y.

**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. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—takes blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.  
If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If it's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.  
Bruise 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.

**A Prescription for Constipation**

Eminent medical authorities agree that ninety per cent of their patients suffer from ailments due to clogged bowels (Constipation).  
The bowels become clogged with impurities and body poisons, causing biliousness, colds, stomach trouble, headache, rheumatism, deranged liver and kidneys, etc.

A Tonic Laxative is prescribed in nearly every case. Those who need a laxative may use this prescription with assurance that no harmful results will follow its use. It has been given to the Public in tablet form and is known as Iron-ox (Laxative Iron-ox Tablets) and are put up in aluminum pocket cases.

The formula is wrapped around the case. The action of each ingredient is explained; that you may understand why Laxative Iron-ox Tablets are the safest Laxative to use; they strengthen the bowels, aid digestion and keep the liver and kidneys healthy and active. We have secured the selling agency for Laxative Iron-ox Tablets and recommend them to our Customers. F. B. Gannett, & Co.

"Health Coffee is really the closest Coffee imitation ever yet produced. This clever Coffee Substitute was recently produced by Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis. Not a grain of real Coffee in it either. Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee is made from pure toasted grains, with malt, nuts, etc. Really it would fool an expert—who might drink it for Coffee. No 20 or 30 minutes tedious boiling. "Made in a minute" says the doctor. Sold by G. L. Sherman & Son.

**The Brown Shoe Co's. PRESIDENT LOW CUTS For Men**  
  
In widths D and E.

At HUDSON'S Shoe Store.

**PLENTY OF IT ALL THE BEST!**  
That's the combination you want to look for when you start out to buy Groceries—that is, if you are at all particular to get something which makes a noise like about the best thing on the market—and your appetite.  
Here's a stock that is filled with the most reliable staples, and all the tasty, luscious little niceties and table luxuries as well. From flour and sugar to the finer things, we carry an elaborate selection—in fact, anything you want that's good.  
Then, you must remember the argument our prices offer.  
**WILL RICHARDSON.**  
Phone No. 156.

**SUPERNAW BROS.**  
**Must Be Sold:**  
3 Superior Disc Drills  
3 Farmers' Favorite Disc Drill  
1 Empire Disc Drill  
4 Deering 8-ft. Hay Rakes  
4 Superior Wheel Discs  
At prices that will make you buy. Call and see us before buying.  
**Supernaw Bros.**

1909 CALENDAR SAMPLES At This Office.

**East Jordan Lumber Company.**  
**Ready-to-Wear Garments for the Ladies, Misses and Children!**  
Now you can purchase almost everything "ready-to-wear" in Ladies', Misses', and Childrens' Garments, and our line of these articles is very complete, well selected and up-to-date. These are a few of the things we have:  
"Brownies" for little boys and girls ..... 50c  
Wash Dresses, Jackets and Skirts for girls and misses.  
Ladies' Gingham Petticoats ..... \$1.00  
" Sateen Petticoats ..... \$1.25  
" Weatherbloom Petticoats ..... \$2.50  
" Silk Petticoats ..... \$5.50 to \$10.00  
" Wash Dress Skirts ..... \$1.00  
" Wash Shirtwaist Suits ..... \$5.00  
" Wash Shirtwaists, cotton and silk, 75c to \$3.00  
" Dress Skirts ..... \$2.50 to \$10.00  
Everything in Muslin Underwear ..... 25c to \$3.00

**The Great Joe.** Ever realize the work the great toe performs? Those strong muscles at the base must give spring to the foot, playing whenever the foot is bent. The "Crossett" gives room—look out for shoes that bind this place, causing your entire foot aches,  
**THE CROSSETT SHOE**  
"Makes Life's Walk Easy."  
We also sell the Utz & Dunr line of Shoes for Ladies. For Style, Fit and Quality they cannot be excelled.  
We Make Our Business Pay Us By Making It Pay You.  
**East Jordan Lumber Company.**



## Briefs of the Week

Neola, the Juggler, will be at the Electric Theatre next Monday night. Charlevoix County will receive \$34,906 primary school money under the May apportionment.

County Com'r of Schools Millford and Truant Officer Bagshaw were over to the Beavers last week.

Excursion to Boyne City Sunday on the Hum leaving here at 10:30 o'clock in the morning. Round trip, 50c.

The 34th Annual Meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society will be held at Lansing June 3rd and 4th.

Arrangements are made for a dance at the Peninsula Grange Hall next Friday evening, May 22nd. Everybody invited.

Atty A. B. Nicholas, H. I. McMillan and H. S. Price attended the Republican State Convention at Grand Rapids this week.

Prof. L. A. Butler of Central Lake, has been engaged as superintendent of the Boyne City schools in place of Prof. Bell, resigned.

Special meeting of Mystic Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M. this Saturday evening. All members requested to be present. We in first degree.—E. J. Croseman, Sec'y.

EMPEY BROS. are handling the Kempass people's Kitchen Cabinet. They are artistic in design. The style and beauty of their construction is what sells them.

Our R. F. D. Carriers have blossomed out in uniforms which make them look quite natty. If only Postmaster Kenyon could be induced to wear one—say, wouldn't he look swell?

The Council held a special meeting last Saturday evening, passed a few bills, and granted the application of Messrs Ashley, Haire, Glenn and Porter for a five-foot cement walk.

Electric Theatre Special for all next week.—Mrs. Aggie Jarvis, illustrated songs and corset, and Mrs. Dennis, piano solos and duets. Supplement the usual program. Admission only a nickel.

The East Jordan Military Band is once more very much alive. Last Friday evening they treated the public to an open air concert and from the crowd assembled it is very evident that it is appreciated.

"The Yankee Doodle Boy" played to a good crowd at Loveday Opera House Wednesday evening and gave general satisfaction. Halton Powell as the villain and J. D. Jay as a Mexican were both remarkably good.

At Alba, Friday morning, Matt Matteson, aged about 65 years, committed suicide by the carbolic acid route. He worked for the Ward estate ever since the railroad was built until last fall when he went to the county farm.

Quarterly meeting at the Methodist church Sunday and Monday. Communion following the morning sermon and on Monday evening Presiding Elder Rev. A. T. Ferguson will preach and conduct the business of the quarterly conference.

A Democratic county convention was held at Charlevoix, Monday. Resolutions were passed endorsing Bryan. John Monroe of this village was elected one of the delegates to the congressional convention and Bert Wilhelm was elected alternate delegate to the state convention.

On Sunday evening the hose company will attend Presbyterian church in a body. This time there will be no misunderstanding and the pastor is glad to acknowledge in this public way the very great debt all owe to the boys, always ready at call to discharge very perilous duties. Begins at 7:30 and a cordial invitation to everyone.

We are handling Karperr people's upholstered furniture. We have now on the floor a large line of leather Rockers of all kinds. They are made by the above people and they put their guarantee on their goods. They are the largest upholstering concern in this country. We buy Direct from the house. We can give you the right price.—EMPEY BROS.

Ira D. Bartlett left Wednesday for Grand Rapids. From there he goes to a little place south of that city and purchases a carload of honey bees, returning with them to East Jordan first of the week. He has the ground already staked out and will place the colony on the farm of Martin Bartholomew. Mr Bartlett is a thorough student of bee-culture and knows how to make the industry pay.

Captain H. C. Plum, Mike Green and Patsy Flanigan left for Chicago Monday where they have purchased the steamboat Leona Knoblock, which will be used between Charlevoix and East Jordan this season. The steamer will be officered as follows: Plum, captain; Green, engineer; Flanigan, helper. They are expected to arrive in this port with the new boat this week.—Charlevoix Courier.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Fuller a son, Monday.

Special Attractions at the Electric Theatre all next week.

A fine line of Wash Dress Suits at B. C. Hubbard & Co's.

Vernon Payton was guest of his parents at Charlevoix, Sunday.

A. T. Schoenfeld of Bellaire was an East Jordan visitor Wednesday.

W. E. Johnson of Charlevoix was an East Jordan business visitor, Wednesday.

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

Dick Steffes is on the sick list. Ed St. John is assisting him at his Cigar Works.

Miss Peter Collier of Boyne was guest of Mrs. Bert Wilhelm and Miss Genevieve Senecal a couple of days this week.

Mrs. Samuel Richardson, Sr., who has been confined to her home the better part of the winter, is visiting friends in town this week.

The little son of Dr. and Mrs. Dickson was again taken ill first of the week, this time with bronchial trouble. He is considerably better, now.

Miss Rosamond Chatterton returned from Detroit Thursday and is very ill at her home on Stone's Addition. There is but little hope of her recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Plank were Grand Rapids visitors the past week.

Miss May Stewart is home from Clarion where she completed a term of school.

Miss Verachel Lorraine entertained Miss Thelma Homer of Central Lake this week.

Mrs. L. M. Porter and son Romaine were callers at Mr. Howey's Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman entertained Albert Martin of Bellaire over Sunday.

Miss Edith Labadie is home from Grand Rapids where she has been visiting friends.

The semi-annual election of officers of the Epworth League will be held at the church on Tuesday evening, May 19.

Sunday will be Anniversary Day with the Epworth League and the cabinet are arranging for special exercises at the evening meeting, 6:30 o'clock.

The Epworth League social meeting at the residence of Will Howard on Tuesday evening was well attended and much enjoyed. Three new members were added.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas C. Loveday are home from St. Petersburg, Fla., where they have been spending the winter. Seems good to have them with us once more.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist church, will hold their next meeting at the home of Mrs. Jacob Rogers Wednesday, May 25. Mrs. Rose has charge of the program. Visitors always welcome.

Old papers sold at this office.

Wash Suits at B. C. Hubbard & Co's. Seed Corn at MALPASS HDWR. Co's. Rugs, Art Squares and Matting at WHITTINGTON'S.

Washable Shirt Waist Suits from \$2.00 to \$5.00 at Miss Genevieve Senecal's.

You can get Fresh Sausage, made every day, at Sherman's, only 10c per pound.

Wall Paper for all. The prices are right. WHITTINGTON.

If it's Devoe Paint, you know it's all right. If it isn't, you're not so sure. —W. E. MALPASS HDWR. CO.

We are looking for cash trade, and we sell at cash prices.

—Sherman & Son. BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE—I have several choice building lots for sale on the West Side. Easy Terms. For particulars enquire of WM. HARRINGTON.

Try Fanchon Flour. Every sack guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. —J. HANSON CO.

FRUIT TREES—I have a small quantity of Fruit Trees, left over from a consignment which will be sold at reasonable prices.—MARTIN RHULING, phone No. 40.

The proposition to bond Boyne City for \$20,000 was carried at the special election Monday. The money is to be expended in improving the sewer system and the streets. It is likely the fire department will be equipped with modern apparatus.

Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea tones the stomach, stimulates the lazy liver, stimulates the bowels and makes their action easy and natural. The best tonic for the whole system. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. F. B. Gannett & Co.

A ruling of the postal department made it necessary for the patrons of Rural Free Delivery No. 5 to handle a certain number of pieces of mail per week or have the service cut down from daily to three times per week. At T. B. Gould's last week fifty-seven pieces of mail passed through his R. F. D. box, which is an indication that the patrons want allow any change if they can help it.

The new pension act which went into effect on April 19, gives to 207,051 widows and other pensioners an increase of \$4 a month. All pensioners getting less than \$12 will receive that amount commencing April 19, without the necessity of putting in new claims. The increase will operate automatically. In addition to the increase of \$9,550,448 in the amount of the pension roll, it is estimated that \$2,591,000 in additional claims will be filed during the coming year on account of the provisions of the act granting a pension of \$12 to widows of officers and enlisted men who served ninety days or more in the army or navy during the Civil war.

It is reported that things are pretty dry in Missaukee county but from all accounts it is far drier in Cadillac. In that village it is now so dry that wagons are going around with their tongues hanging out and ice has to be soaked in water all night before it is wet enough to make lemonade. Perry Powers says this is true. He says the fish in Cliff Lake kick up such a dust that it has to be sprinkled before a person can go fishing. A spark from an Ann Arbor engine set a big pond on fire and burned up a wagon load of bull frogs before the Cadillac fire department could get to it and extinguish it. Even the ground is so dry that crawfish holes are dug up and sold for pipe, while old wells are extracted by stump pullers and cut into smaller sizes and disposed of for post holes.—Traverse City Record.

The Rev. A. D. Grigsby was formally installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church last Monday evening. The following ministers took part: Rev. W. Sidebotham, moderator of Presbytery, presiding, asking the constitutional questions and charging the pastor, Rev. G. J. Rea of Boyne City preaching the sermon, Rev. W. Aull of Petoskey delivering the charge to the people, also Rev. Young of Elmira who read the lesson, Rev. J. Ridpath offering installing prayer, Rev. W. W. Lamport of the Methodist church showing as he always does his fine christian feeling by offering the opening prayer. During the evening Mesdames Haire, Bush, Fuller and Miss Constock sang "The Lord is my Shepherd," and the two first named ladies a duet "Divine Redeemer, both quartet and duet being sung with perfect voice and expression. The visiting ministers spoke very highly of the singing and organ accompaniment. It is to be regretted that a larger congregation was not present on such an important occasion. A very timely and congratulatory letter from Rev. J. A. McKee former pastor to Mr. Grigsby was read. Following the installation the Presbytery transacted other business and adjourned to meet the next night, Tuesday, at Elmira to install J. Youngs pastor of the Elmira and Boyne Falls churches.

## Better Than Your Memory

A checking account will keep your business transactions absolutely correct. You can rely on the record of your checking account. When you desire to refer to past transactions, a checking account furnishes reliable data—easily found and complete in all details. Pay check in every transaction. We invite your checking account.

## State Bank of East Jordan

CAPITAL, \$50,000.00.

### OFFICERS.

WM. P. PORTER, President W. L. FRENCH, Vice President  
GEO. G. GLENN, Cashier BERT A. DOLE, Asst. Cashier  
DIRECTORS.  
W. P. PORTER, CHAS. H. SCHAFER,  
W. L. FRENCH, FRANK M. SEVERANCE,  
M. H. ROBERTSON, CLARK H. HARE,  
FRED SMITH, CARL STROEBEL,  
GEO. G. GLENN.

A line to the Herald from Ray I. Clark down at Albuquerque, N. M., for his health, indicates that he is about the same as when here.

Supt. of Poor J. W. Rogers together with Supts. Meyer and Smith were at the Beaver Islands fore part of the week looking over matters connected with their office.

Mrs. B. C. Hubbard and Mrs. E. A. Ashley were at Grand Rapids this week. They met a representative of the Cincinnati house from whom they purchase and ordered their fall stock of Ladies' Goods.

A few of the ladies of the Presbyterian church showed their appreciation of the splendid service of the two choirs by entertaining them to a delicious supper in the parlors Wednesday evening of last week. About forty partook of their hospitality, more than thirty being the young people of the chorus choir. Formally was dispensed with and every one felt at home.

Quite a bit has been said about chickens running at large and spoiling gardens in our village of late and its a safe guess that one neighborhood at least will be less troubled with the pests. A fellow swiped several rods of chicken wire from Will Stroebel's residence the past week, but Will can't see where he is helping his fellow man. He says that the thief is well known to him and gives him the option of either returning the wire, coming back and taking the posts he left, or have his name published in the columns of The Herald.

Dining Chairs and Rockers at C. H. WHITTINGTON'S.

The missionary meeting for May was held with Mrs. S. A. Bush. The program was in charge of Mesdames Sherman and Hoyt. Subjects, Stam, Laos, Porto Rico and Cuba. The news from these fields were given by Mesdames Crossman and Hilliard. Mrs. W. J. Smith gave a paper on "Personal-Work." Music, vocal duet by the Misses, Irma Hulbert and Marlon Malpass; Instrumental, Miss Violet Grigsby. Mesdames Jamison, Dunham and Boosinger having attended the district missionary convention at Traverse City, gave some very excellent reports of that meeting. Dainty refreshments served. Meet next month with Mrs. Jamison.

A new line of Couches have just been received at WHITTINGTON'S.

The pastor will preach to the children at the Methodist church Sunday morning and in the evening will give the second sermon in the series to the Epworth League—subject of the latter, "The Epworth League at the Churn."

Prof. W. N. Earrie's Lecture at Loveday Opera House Saturday evening, May 9th. "The Building of a Man" was a distinct treat. He held the attention of the audience for an hour and a half. His lecture was of a very inspiring nature, but also with humorous pauses. He painted in vivid colors word pictures of human nature and heredity. His diction was choice. He helped everyone of us and the one wish expressed is that we might have more such uplifting and inspiring lectures.

The Cheboygan cannery manager reports that the cannery has secured contracts for 1,200 acres of green peas—all the cannery can handle—while offers are still coming in, and the cannery has had to refuse offers for hundreds of acres. Farmers it is claimed, have found green peas. The most profitable crop they can raise. This furnishes one more example for Emmet county business men and farmers. Why has not Petoskey a cannery? Canneries in nearby counties pay 40 per cent or more clear profit, and it may reasonably be supposed that one would prove a like success here.—Petoskey Record.

Mrs. Rev. L. B. Carpenter of Pellston, spent the Sabbath with her brother, Rev. W. W. Lamport and family. She came in the interest of the W. F. M. S. of which she is district secretary. A special missionary program had been arranged for the morning. Mrs. Mattie Palmiter and Miss Ella Barnette, each read a leaflet, and Miss Katherine Stanford sang a child's missionary song. Mrs. Carpenter then gave an address on the work of the society and appealed for volunteers for a local auxiliary. Several names were secured, and on Monday an organization was effected with the following officers: president, Mrs. W. W. Lamport; 1st vice pres., Mrs. M. H. Robertson; 2nd vice, Miss Wing; corresponding secretary, Elsie Matthews; rec. sec., Susie Sheldon; treas., Mrs. Andrew Reid.

## SENSATIONAL MONDAY SALE

Monday, May 18th

Ladies' Heatherbloom Petticoats In Black and Colors



\$3.50 values at \$2.69  
\$3.00 values at \$2.39  
\$2.50 values at \$2.19  
\$2.25 values at \$1.89  
\$2.00 values at \$1.39  
\$1.50 values at \$1.19

Black Satteen Skirts at 89c

Just Received—a Fine Line of Muslin Underwear.

S. Wiesman.

### Iron Age Tools

Double each man's capacity—makes work easier; takes better care of growing crops at any season; hastens development of crop because of better attention, thereby insuring a saving of time and help. Besides securing top prices for early produce. Write for free copy of the new Iron Age Book which tells about our Horse Hoes, Potato Planters, Sprayers and other labor saving, money making implements. Free while it lasts.

For Sale At W. E. Malpass Hardware Co.'s

### New Bazaar Store.

We have opened a Bazaar Store in the Monroe Building and respectfully solicit the patronage of the citizens of East Jordan and vicinity. Owing to delayed freight shipments, our formal Opening has been postponed.

M. A. Harper.

BAZAAR GOODS MILLINERY CONFECTIONERY

### Cannot FAIL

We never fail to please with our PLUMBING WORK. Our mission is to give the best work and the best material at the lowest possible price. And we are succeeding, we think, in fulfilling it.

MARINE SUPPLIES.

GEORGE H. SPENCER.

### Surprise and Please

About the happiest surprise open to the considerate housewife these days is to give her husband a treat of something out of the ordinary for dinner—something refreshing, appetizing, etc.

About the easiest way to plan it is to come down and let our stock of good things in Groceries and Meats suggest the proper combination for a real palate tickler.

For instance, we have just received a consignment from the National Biscuit Co. of package and bulk goods that are strictly fresh.

We are Sole Agents in East Jordan for

Fanchon Flour  
Manufactured by C. Hoffman & Son, Enterprise, Kansas.

J. HANSON CO.



# BLIND-FOLDED

By EARLE ASHLEY WILCOX

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## SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat. He found the man who bore the remarkable resemblance of the two men noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They saw a man with a pale face, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of an ordinary meaning. Wilton leaves Giles in their room, with instruction to await his return and shoot any one who tries to enter. Outside there is heard shouting and cursing and the noise of a quarrel. Henry rushes in and at his request, the roommates quickly exchange clothes and he hurries out. He is startled by a cry of "Help," and he runs out to find some one being assaulted by a tall, dark man. He summons a policeman but they are unable to find any trace of a crime. Giles returns to his room and his hints for some evidence that might explain his strange mission. He finds a map which he endeavors to decipher. Dudley is summoned to the breakfast table and finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling mission he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. He takes the supposed Wilton to Mother Barton, Mother Barton discovers that it is not Wilton. The lights are turned out and a fire for all night follows. Giles Dudley finds himself escorted to a room with Mother Barton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim, Terrell and Darby Meeker who are after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nahl is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Giles, however, locked in his room. He escapes through a window.

## CHAPTER VIII. (Continued).

I moved slowly down a step at a time, then from over-cautiousness tripped and came down the last three steps at once with the clatter of a four-horse team.

But nobody stirred. Then I glanced through the open door, and was stricken cold with astonishment. The room was empty.

The chairs and tables that a few hours ago I had seen scattered about were gone. There was no sign that the place had been occupied in months.

I stepped into the room that I had seen crowded with my friends and enemies, eating, drinking, ready for desperate deeds. My step echoed strangely with the echo of an untenanted house. The bar and the shelves behind it were swept clear of the bottles and glasses that had filled them.

Wondered and apprehensive, I wondered whether, after all, the events of the night were not a fantastic dream.

There was, however, no time to waste in prying into this mystery. By my watch it was now on 9 o'clock. If I doddered Knapp might even now be making his way to the office where he had stationed me.

The shop's front doors were locked fast, but the side door that led from the stairway to the street was fastened only with a spring lock, and I swung it open and stepped to the sidewalk.

A lead left my spirits as the door closed behind me. The fresh air of the morning was like wine after the close and musty atmosphere I had been breathing.

I hurried along the streets with but a three-minute stop to swallow a cup of coffee and a roll, and once more mounted the stairs to the office and opened the door to Number 15.

The place was in disorder. The books that had been arranged on the desk and shelves were now scattered about in confusion, as though they had been hurriedly examined and thrown aside in a fruitless search. This was a disturbing incident, and I was surprised to discover that the door into the adjoining room was ajar. I pushed it wide open, and started back. Before me stood Doddridge Knapp, his face pale as the face of a corpse, and his eyes staring as though the dead had risen before him.

## CHAPTER IX

### A Day in the Market

The King of the Street stood for a moment staring at me with that strange and fearsome gaze. What was there in that dynamic glance that struck a chill to my spine as though the very fountain of life had been at tacked? Was it the manifestation of the powerful will behind that mask? Was it terror or anger that was to be read in the fiery eye that gleamed from beneath those bushy brows, and in the play of the chief muscle which from under that yellow wax moustache gave back the sign of the Wolf?

"Have you any orders, sir?" I asked in as calm a voice as I could command.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said the Wolf slowly, covering his fangs.

He flashed on me that the attack in the Barton den was of his planning, that Terrell was his tool, and that he had supposed me dead. It was thus that I could account for his startled gaze and evident discomposure.

"Nine o'clock was the time, you said," I suggested determinedly. "He says it's a minute or two past."

took a seat at his desk and motioned me to another.

"I had a little turn," he said, eyeing me nervously; "a vertigo, I believe the doctor called it. Just reach my overcoat pocket there, will you?—the left-hand side. Yes, bring me that flask."

He poured out a small glass of liquor, and the rich odor of brandy rose through the room. Then he took a vial from an inside pocket, counted a few drops into the glass and drank it at a swallow.

When he had cleared his throat of the fiery liquor, the Wolf turned to me with a more composed and kindly expression.

"And now to business," said my employer with decision. "Take down these orders."

The King of the Street was himself once more, and I marveled again at the quickness and clearness of his directions. I was to buy one hundred shares of this stock, sell five hundred of that stock, buy one thousand of another in blocks, of one hundred, and sell the same in a single block at the last session.

"And the last thing you do," he continued, "buy every share of Omega that is offered. There'll be a big block of it thrown on the market, and more in the afternoon. Buy it, whatever the price. There's likely to be a big slump, don't bid for it, don't keep up the price, you understand—but get it."

"If somebody else is snapping it up,

on the shelves. They were law-books, California Reports, and the ordinary text-books and form-books of the attorney. All bore on the fly-leaf the name of Horace H. Plymre, but no paper or other indication of ownership could I find.

I wondered idly who this Plymre might be, and pictured to myself some old attorney who had fallen into the hands of Doddridge Knapp, and had, through misfortune, been forced to sell everything for the mess of pottage to keep life in him. But there was small time for musing, and I went out to do Doddridge Knapp's bidding in the stock-gambling whirlpool of Pine street.

It was easy to find Bockstein and Eppner, and there could be no mistaking the prosperity of the firm. The indifference of the clerks to my presence, and the evident contempt with which an order for a hundred shares of something was being taken from an apologetic old gentleman were enough to assure of that.

Bockstein and Eppner were together, evidently consulting over the business to be done. Bockstein was tall and gray-haired, with a stubby gray beard. Eppner was short and a little stooped, with a blue-black mustache, snapping blue-black eyes and strong blue-black dots over his face where his beard struggled vainly against the devastating razor. Both were strongly marked with the shrewd, money-getting visage. I set forth my business.

"You want to gif a larch order?" said Bockstein, looking over my memorandum. "Do you bid references?"

"Yes," echoed Eppner. "References are customary, you know." He spoke in a high-keyed voice that had a rattling suggestion in it.

"Is there any reference better than cash?" I asked.

The partners looked at each other. "None," they replied. "How much will secure you on the order?"

They named a heavy margin, and the sum total took my heart into my mouth. How large a balance I could draw against I had not the faintest idea. Possibly this was a trap to throw me into jail as a common swindler attempting to pass worthless

"Excellent idea," said I, "for those who know too much or too little."

Eppner failed to smile, and could think of nothing to say. I was a little abashed, notwithstanding the tone of haughty indifference I took, I began to feel very young before this machine-like impersonation of the market.

Bockstein relieved the embarrassment of the situation by coming in out of breath, with a brave pretense of having been merely consulting a customer in the next room.

"You had explained to Misder Eppner?" he inquired. "Don't all be done. Here is a card to der Board Room. If orders you haf to gif, Eppner will take dem on der floor. Zhusht gif him der check for margint, and all is vell."

At the end of this baroque I found myself outside the office, with Bockstein's back waddling toward the private room where the partners were to have their last consultation before going to the Board.

My check had been honored, then, and Bockstein had assured himself of my solvency. In the rebound from anxiety, I swelled with the pride of a capitalist—on Doddridge Knapp's money.

In the Board Room of the big Exchange the uproar had given me a suggestion that the business of buying and selling stocks was carried on in a somewhat less conventional manner than the trade in groceries. But it had not quite prepared me for the scene in the Exchange.

At first a little I was able to follow the shouts and yells and screams, the shaking of fists, and the waving of arms were merely a more or less energetic method of bidding for stocks; that the rixing of noses and the bellow of the big man who snatched the bear-garden from the high desk were merely the audible signs that another stock was being called; and that the brazen-voiced reading of a roll was merely the official announcement of the record of bargain and sale that had been going on before me.

It was my good fortune to make out so much before the purchase of the stocks on my order list was completed. The crisis was at hand in which I must have my wits about me, and be ready to act for myself.

Eppner rushed up and reported the bargains made, handing me a slip with the figures he had paid for the stocks.

"Any more orders?" he gasped. He was, trembling with excitement and suppressed eagerness for the tray.

"Yes," I shouted above the roar about me. "I want to buy Omega."

He gave a look that might have been a warning, if I could have read it; but it was gone with a shrug, as though he would say, "Well, it's no business of mine."

"How much?" he asked. "Wait!"

He started away at a scream from the front, but returned in a moment. He had bought or sold something, but I had not the least idea what it was, or which he had done.

"It's coming!" he yelled in my ear. The gong rang. There was a confused cry from the man at the big desk. And pandemonium let loose.

"Omega opens at sixty-five," shouted Eppner.

"Bid sixty," I shouted in reply, "but get all you can, even if you have to pay sixty-five."

Eppner gave a bellow, and skated into a group of fat men, gesticulating violently. The roar increased, if such a thing were possible.

In a minute Eppner was back, perspiring, and I fancied a trifle worried.

"They're dropping it on me," he gasped in my ear. "Five hundred at sixty-two and one thousand at sixty. Small lots coming fast and big ones on the way."

"Good! Bid fifty-five, and then fifty, but get them."

With a roar he rushed into the midst of a whirling throng. I saw twenty brokers about him, shouting and threatening. One in his eagerness jumped upon the shoulders of a fat man in front of him, and shook a paper under his nose.

I could make out nothing of what was going on, except that the excitement was tremendous.

Twice Eppner reported to me. The stock was being hammered down, down stroke by stroke. There was a rush to sell. Fifty-five—fifty-three—fifty—came the price—then by leaps to forty-five and forty. It was a panic. At last the gong sounded, and the scene was over.

Eppner reported at the end of the call. He had bought for me twelve thousand five hundred shares, over ten thousand of them below fifty. The total was frightful. There was half a million dollars to pay when the time for settlement came. It was folly to suppose that my credit at the Nevada was of this size. And I put a bold face on it, gave a check for the figure that Eppner named, and rose.

"Any more orders?" he asked. "Not till afternoon."

As I passed into the street I was astonished at the swift transformation that had come over it. The block about the Exchange was crowded with a tossing throng, hundreds upon hundreds pushing toward its fateful doors, but where cheerfulness and hope had ruled, here and gloom now vibrated in electric waves before me. The faces turned to the pitiless, polished granite front of the great gambling-hall were white and drawn, and on them sat Ruin and Despair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

She Smacked of Books. "They tell me you kissed Miss Sonnet, the poetess, on yesterday's automobile excursion."

"Yes; that is true." "Indeed! And how did you—ah—find her?" "Miss Sonnet has a marked literary taste."

## PAT'S MIND WAS LOGICAL.

Quick to See One Strong Point as to Victim's Identity.

Previously to entering the railroad yards an able-bodied loafer picked up a small, glittering object from the sidewalk and, without examining it very closely, pinned it to his coat, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Three minutes later he collided with a slowly moving freight train, was hurled against a post and picked up insensibly. The train dispatcher, notified by telephone, called up Patrick Doyle, the yardmaster's assistant, and said: "You'd better search his pockets, Doyle. Find out who he is, notify his friends and report to me."

A few moments later the report came: "There's not a line of writing on him," said Patrick, "but we've identified him by the badge on his coat. He is a Lady Maccabee."

## BABY'S ITCHING HUMOR.

Nothing Would Help Him—Mother Almost in Despair—Owes Quick Cure to Cuticura.

"Several months ago, my little boy began to break out with itching sores. I doctored him, but as soon as I got them healed up in one place they would break out in another. I was almost in despair. I could not get anything that would help him. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and after using them three times, the sores commenced to heal. He is now well, and not a scar is left on his body. They have never returned nor left him with bad blood, as one would think. Cuticura Remedies are the best I have ever tried, and I shall highly recommend them to any one who is suffering likewise. Mrs. William Geeding, 102 Washington St., Attica, Ind., July 22, 1907."

## The Mean Man Again.

"Come on, son," said the old farmer, after the daybreak breakfast, "and we'll get out in the fields and start plowing."

"But I can't plow to-day," protested the youngster. "I have chills. Why, dad, I am shaking all over."

The old farmer grinned and took a fresh chew.

"All the better, my son. If you can't plow you can scatter the seed. All you have to do is to hold them in your hand and every time you shake it will send them in all directions. Better than a patent seeder, begosh."

## A Gentle Hint.

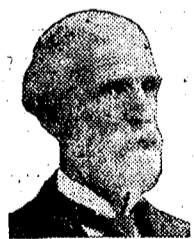
"Life at best is but a gloomy prison," said the moralizing bachelor.

"So much the worse for men who deliberately choose solitary confinement," remarked the girl who had her trap set.—Bohemian.

## Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, and not to supply the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle



## I Am REYNOLDS, the Roofing Man

I have been in the roofing business for 40 years and they call me the "Pioneer." I have been in no other business.

I know the roofing business; have made a scientific, practical study of it. I am at the head of my company, of which I am proud. I have also made a success of my business. The result has been our two brands—Torpedo and Wolverine. The red granite kind, which are the very best brands of roofing on the market today at any price.

This roofing will last longer, is cheaper to lay and cheaper in the long run than any other you can buy.

If we could make a better roofing, we would, but we can't. You will make no mistake in using it. It only costs about half what shingles would cost laid on the roof.

We will give you an absolute guarantee that our roofing will last you five years. We know it will last for 12 or 15 years, but five years' guarantee is enough to make and we say five years simply to show faith in our own roofing.

It cost us \$10,000.00 to find out that our kind of roofing was better than the other man's. The difference is this: Our roofing is made of crushed, irregular shaped granite particles put on two layers of asphalt felt cemented together. These particles of quarry granite have sharp points and sharp edges and

stick into this asphalt for evermore. You can easily understand why they will stick a great deal better than the round, smooth little pebbles, which are sometimes used.

The granite is to protect the roof from sun, wind and rain, and our granite does protect it. Do not buy a roof that will need painting. It means there is a weakness somewhere. You don't have to paint a Reynolds' roof.

We have so much to tell you about our roofing that we cannot begin to do it here, but want you to write and let us tell you just why our roofing is what you want and why you cannot afford to buy any other.

We have a liberal proposition to make to you, and no matter how much you may know about some other roofing you should get our proposition. It means a saving.

This roofing is put up in one square roll, all ready to lay and securely packed inside of the roll are the trimmings consisting of galvanized iron nails and cement in a can with directions how to lay the roll.

Give us all the information you can about the roof, and we will tell you something that will interest you. WRITE US TODAY.

H. M. REYNOLDS, Pres.

H. M. REYNOLDS ROOFING CO., Dept. A, Grand Rapids, Mich.



This woman says that after months of suffering Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made her as well as ever.

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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?

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