

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 12

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1908.

No. 25

Crushed Neath Cars.

James Delaney Received Fatal Injuries.

James Delaney, road-master of the East Jordan & Southern R. R., was fatally injured Tuesday noon near Hitchcock, a Russell car crushing off both feet.

As road-master Mr. Delaney was superintending the taking up and relaying of a siding at Camp 34 of the East Jordan Lumber Co. The crew were about to go to dinner and the train was being placed on the siding. Delaney signaled the engineer to back up and then attempted to mount a Russell car. He slipped and fell on the track, and the wheels of the car passed over both legs between the ankles and knees, crushing them horribly.

The unfortunate man was immediately brought to East Jordan and taken to Dr. Dicken's office, where, assisted by Drs. Macgregor and Ramsey, everything possible was done to save his life. At 4:00 p. m. the physicians commenced to dress the wounds. One leg was treated successfully but the heart action gave way. In caring for the other leg and he expired.

Mr. Delaney came here from Traverse City about six years ago and has been in the employ of the E. J. & S. R. R. ever since. He was always careful around trains and continually cautioned his fellow-workmen against accidents.

Prior to his employment here he had charge of the Traverse City Pere Marquette yards. He was a capable man, handling gangs of 125 men at times, and was popular with everyone.

He was aged about 39 years and leaves a wife and infant child, also a daughter, Miss Audie, aged about seventeen years. The wife is quite ill from the effects of the shock. Mr. Delaney was a member of the Fire Department, and the Masonic and Oddfellow fraternities. The funeral services were held this Friday afternoon.

East Jordan mourns his untimely end and his family have the heartfelt sympathy of our citizens in general in their bereavement.

The Fourth at Charlevoix.

After two years without a Fourth of July celebration, Charlevoix will expend her pent-up enthusiasm by observing Independence Day this year with the most elaborate, unique and extensive celebration ever attempted in "the best little city anywhere."

All day and evening of July 4th will be devoted to Fun! Fun! Fun!!! Charlevoix has always been justly famous as a bountiful entertainer, and this year will fairly outdo herself in this line.

All of the good things are not as yet ready for announcement, but here is a partial list as a starter, with many more features being planned and arranged for.

Numerous bands of music, of course, with a great musical tournament.

Dancing for old and young.

Merry-go-rounds and shooting galleries.

Free vaudeville show on Bridge street all day and evening.

Baby show.

Two great games of base ball, morning and afternoon.

Industrial parade.

Street sports of all kinds and enough of them to furnish a day's entertainment alone.

Boat races.

J. S. Life Savers exhibition drill.

Oratory and verbal fireworks in the city park on Lake Michigan beach.

Sailing, rowing and launch riding on three lakes.

Excursions on Pere Marquette and all steamboat lines.

If you want to make the most of your opportunities on the greatest of all the nation's holidays you cannot afford to miss the great entertainment which Charlevoix will offer to her thousands of visitors. Come early prepared to stay late. Bring the family, not forgetting the children.

Abundant provision for all comers has been made.

S. S. Convention Next Week.

Tuesday and Wednesday at the Methodist Church.

The Ninth Annual Charlevoix County Sunday School Association meet will be held in this city at the Methodist Episcopal church next Tuesday and Wednesday, June 23-24. A program for the event has been arranged, which together with the officers of the Association is herewith published:

County Officers:—President, S. C. Smith, Boyne; 1st Vice-President, P. E. Boosinger, East Jordan; 2nd Vice-President, A. B. Fleischer, Charlevoix; Sec'y and Treas., Mary E. Heston, East Jordan.

Committees:—Entertainment, Mrs. W. A. Stone, Presbyterian Church; Mrs. W. E. Palmiter, Methodist Episcopal Church. Music, Rev. W. W. Lamport, Miss Frances M. Malpass.

PROGRAM.

Tuesday Afternoon—2:00 O'clock.

Singing "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah."

Bible Reading and Prayer, Rev. W. W. Lamport.

Singing "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

Address of Welcome, Rev. A. D. Grigsby.

Response for County, Rev. George J. Rea, Boyne.

"What is the Object of a Sunday School Association, and is the Organization Necessary?" M. H. Robertson, East Jordan—Discussion.

"Shall We Duplicate the Following Departments? Why?"

1—Home Department—House to house visitation. Mrs. Jas. Dilworth, Horton Bay; Rev. F. H. Bayles, Charlevoix; Miss Agnes Rodger, Charlevoix.

2—Missionary. Rev. Jno. Redpath, Petoskey; Mrs. G. J. Rea, Boyne.

3—Organized Adult Bible Class. Rev. R. A. Wright, Charlevoix; John Jamison, East Jordan; A. B. Fleischer, Charlevoix.

4—Primary. Mrs. E. R. Sly, Bay Shore; Mrs. J. Jamison, East Jordan; Mrs. John Burns, Charlevoix.

5—Temperance. Mrs. P. D. Campbell, Charlevoix; Mrs. H. A. Putnam, Charlevoix. Mrs. A. D. Grigsby, East Jordan.

6—Children's Hour. Supts.—Miss Ella Barnette, Miss Marion Malpass. Music, recitations, etc., by Sunday School children and a timely talk to the children by Rev. Geo. A. Weaver, Petoskey. Announcements. Adjournment.

Tuesday Evening—7:30 O'clock.

Song Service. Choir. Devotionals, Rev. L. S. Matthews. Solo, selected. Bert A. Dole.

Address—"The Commissioned Life." Rev. H. A. Putnam, Charlevoix.

Duet, selected, Misses Malpass and Lewis.

Thank offering. Announcements. Benediction.

Wednesday Morning—8:45 O'clock.

Singing, "He Leadeth Me."

Bible Reading and Prayer, Rev. Frank Blair, Boyne.

Singing, Hymn selected.

"The Book we Read; How to study it; how to teach it." Rev. Geo. J. Rea, Boyne; Rev. H. A. Putnam, Charlevoix; Rev. Theodore Eisen, Boyne.

"How bring members of the congregation into Sunday School." Open Parliament; Leader, Rev. James C. Young, Boyne Falls.

Conversation. "Class Management," Miss Ella Barnette, East Jordan; Mrs. F. H. Hubbard, Charlevoix.

"Teachers' meetings—Do we need them?" Mrs. R. B. Armstrong, Charlevoix; Mrs. W. A. Stone, Mrs. Effie Stanford, East Jordan.

"How to Secure the Conversion of Members of the Sunday School." S. C. Smith, County President, Boyne.

Wednesday Afternoon—1:30 O'clock.

Singing; hymn selected.

Bible Reading and Prayer, Rev. R. Wright, Charlevoix.

Solo, selected, Mrs. Blanche Robertson Dole.

"How to Study the Sunday School Lesson." Mrs. F. N. Chapel, Charlevoix; Miss M. Agnes Porter, East Jordan. Remarks.

County Secretary's Report. County Treasurer's Report. Election of Officers.

Question Box—In which please place all your knotty and vexatious problems. Conductor, M. H. Robertson.

State and County work: Delegates. Discussion.

"What Good have I Obtained from Attending this convention?" Sparks from delegates A. B. Clark, Geo. Vance, Geo. Geck and other Sunday School workers.

Wednesday Evening—7:30 O'clock.

Song Service. Choir. Devotionals, Rev. Theodore Eisen, Boyne.

Music; duet, selected, Mrs. S. A. Bush, Mrs. C. Haire.

Address "County Sunday School Work" Rev. G. A. Weaver, Petoskey. Solo, selected, Mrs. A. L. Coulter, Charlevoix.

Thank offering. Singing America. Benedictory Prayer, Rev. A. D. Grigsby.

Fire at Boyne Falls.

A fire broke out in the north east corner room in the second story of the Kelly building at Boyne Falls Monday morning and before it could be gotten under control, the building was a total loss. There seems to be considerable mystery as to how the fire originated, but it is thought some one carelessly dropped a match on the floor in the room Sunday evening and it smoldered until it had eaten its way to the wind where it was fanned into a brisk flame. The building which was a three story frame situation on the corner just northeast of the depot and across the track and was one of the best in the village. It was occupied by a saloon on the corner, a barber shop and restaurant and the upper portion used as a rooming house. Five men were asleep in the building when the fire broke out, one of them jumped off the porch and the other ones had to be rescued by the department with a ladder. The fire department did some excellent work in saving the livery barn adjoining and the brick structure just north of the Kelly building. The loss will reach about \$6,000 on building and fixtures with an insurance of about \$4,000. Some of the lesser fixtures in the bar and barber shop were saved.

Detroit Driving Club.

Detroit now has the most modern racing plant in the middle west. By spending \$20,000 on improvements the Detroit Driving Club has made a model course of the state fair grounds where the blue ribbon meetings of the future will be held. As usual Detroit opens the grand circuit, and the racing this year will take place from July 27 to 31 inclusive.

The Merchants' & Manufacturers' and Chamber of Commerce stakes, the most famous of the light harness turf, will be among the features. These events this year promise to be even more spirited contests than have the renewals in the past. In addition there are stakes for 211 trotters and 207 pacers, the first named of which has attracted the most sensational field of developed trotters that ever have scooped for the world.

During the five afternoons there will be fifteen events which will be participated in by Geers, McCarthy, Macy, Snow, Benyon, Andrews, McHenry, DeRyder, Dean, McMahon, Murphy, Cox, Bentek, McDonald, and the most famous reinmen on the continent. It will be a blue ribbon meeting in every sense of the word.

In Memory

Of Clarence Kidder, From Michigan Rose Local No. 3, M. L. S. of E.

There is no death! The stars go down To rise upon some fairer shore; And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown They shine forevermore.

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread; He bears our best loved ones away, And then we call them "Dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate, He plucks our fairest, sweetest dowers, Transplanted into bliss, they now Adorn immortal bowers.

And ever near us, though unseen The dear, immortal spirits tread; For all the boundless universe Is life—there is no dead.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to extend our thanks for the kindness shown us by friends and neighbors and also the floral offerings during the death of our son and brother Clarence.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kidder, Frank Tower, Mae Kelly.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Marriage licenses issued past week. Craig Mort, 20..... Des Moines, Iowa. Lena Helena Siler, 20..... Boyne City. Robert J. Carson, 31..... Wilson twp. Agnes Blair, 20..... South Arm twp. Richard Lewis, County Clerk.

Some fine Refrigerators at the W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

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.

A Most Valuable Agent.


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

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

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago, says of glycerine: "In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. Forming a fixed quantity of the peroxide of hydrogen in solution, it is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon enfeebled, disordered stomachs, especially if there is irritation or catarrhal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach). It is a most efficient preparation. Glycerine will relieve many cases of prostrated (debilitated) and excessive gastric (stomach) acidity."

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

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



The effect of malaria lasts a long time. You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria. Strengthen yourself with **Scott's Emulsion**. It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system. 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.

BOOSINGER BROTHERS

Special Suit Offerings

In the Celebrated Schloss Bros. Clothing.

The Very Choicest of the Very Best Clothing in the Newest Styles.

Our very Special—Suits at \$12.50—in the popular colorings really worth \$15.00 of any man's money. We have others ranging in price at from \$13.50 to \$18.50 that usually are sold at \$5.00 the Suit more. Do not take any chances—get the best and get the best at the right price.

Do Clothes Make the Man?

Few questions pertaining to the affairs of man have had a longer innings than the popular conundrum "Do Clothes Make the Man?"

Some say they do and just as many say they don't, so what are you going to do about it?

Tailors, we must confess, are the loudest in exclaiming that they do. We choose to say neither one nor the other because we want to be perfectly honest about it. Shakespeare said: "The apparel oft proclaims the man," and we rather think the wise old bard hit it off pretty square.

It is greatly to be regretted that men are judged by their exterior, but the reason is perfectly excusable. It is the only way of judging a stranger, and in these days when material prosperity is the post of honor, we have no alternative, but to accept the outer garb as an indication of the man until we can get closer to him and find out in reality what sort of a chap he really is.

A prosperous, self-respecting merchant does not, as a rule, dress in rags—thus when we see a man in rags we naturally judge him as a beggar or a tramp, and nine times out of ten our judgment is correct.

We associate certain types of men with certain dress characteristics, and while the clothes have no bearing whatsoever on the man's character or morals, we accept the man for the time being as his clothes indicate.

Clerical garb does not make a clergyman, but it associates to our mind a man to be highly respected, and we act accordingly. In this way does Clothing make the Man, but in this way only.

Clothes cut a very important figure in business life, and every man owes it to himself to dress in a manner that will advance instead of retarding him. We are not foolish enough to believe that a good suit of clothes and clothes and clothes only will bring a man into a higher position in life, when he has nothing else behind it to back it up. But—and here is where clothes do make the man—given two men of equal talents, the one who is well dressed will be chosen for advancement every time.

New Clarendon Shirts, the great \$1.50 Shirt at \$1.00. Sold only by us. New Neck Wear, 25c and 50c. New Beautiful Shoes, \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$4.00.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL" Our Motto.

BOOSINGER BROTHERS.

BLIND FOLDED

By EARLE ASHLEY WAICOTT

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BOBBS-MERRILL
COMPANY



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 trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, who 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 no ordinary nature. Wilton leaves Giles in their room, with instructions to await his return. Hardly has he gone than Giles is startled by a cry of "Help." Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work 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. Giles Dudley finds himself closed in a room with Mother Borton, who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nahl is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Giles finds himself in a room. Dudley gets his first knowledge of Decker, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of his daughter. He learns the note was a forgery. He is provided with four guards, Brown, Barkhouse, Fitzhugh and Porter. He learns there is to be no more money as all expenses will be paid, the hire of the guards being paid by one Richmond.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Yes, I suppose so," said I dryly. "But the woman has done me service—saved my life, I may say—and I'm willing to forget the bad in her."

"That's not for me to say, sor; but there's quare things happens, no doubt."

"This note," I continued, "is written over her name. I don't know whether it came from her or not, but if she sent it I must see her. It may be a case of life or death for me."

"An' if it didn't come from her?" asked the policeman shrewdly.

"Then," said I grimly, "it's likely to be a case of death if I venture alone."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Wilton," said Corson after a pause. "If you'll wait a bit, I'll go with you—that is, if there isn't somebody else you'd like better to have by your side to-night. You don't look to have any of your friends about."

"Just the thing," I said heartily. "There's no one I'd rather have. We'll go down as soon as we can get a bite to eat."

"I'll have to wait a bit, sor, till my relief comes. He'll be along soon. As for getting a bite, you can't do better than wait till you get to Mother Borton's. It's a rough place, but it's got a name for good cooking."

I was bewildered. "I guess there's not much to be got in the way of eating in the house. There was nothing left in it yesterday morning but the rats." I spoke with considerable emphasis.

"That's quare, now," he said, looking to see if there was a jest behind the words. "But 'twas all there when McPherson and I put a club to a drunk as was raising the Ould Nick in the place and smashing the bottles, nor six hours ago.—When we took him away in the express wagon the ould woman was rowling out those long black curses in a way that would warm the heart of the foul fiend himself."

There was some fresh mystery about this. I held my tongue with the reflection that I had better let it straighten itself out than risk a stumble by asking about things I ought to know.

Corson's relief soon appeared. "It's a nasty night," he said, buttoning up his overcoat closely, as Corson gave him a brief report of the situation on the beat.

"It's good for them as likes it dark," said Corson.

"It's just such a night as we had when Donaldson was murdered. Do you mind it?"

"Do I mind it? Am I likely to forget it? Well, a pleasant time to you, me boy. Come along, sor. We'd better be moving. You won't mind stepping up to the hall with me, will ye, while I report?"

"Certainly not," I said with a shiver, half at the grim suggestion of murder and half at the chill of the fog and the cutting wind that blew the cold vapor through to the skin.

"You've no overcoat," said Corson. "We'll stop and get one. I'll have mine from the station."

The silence of the house of mystery was no less threatening now than on the night when Henry Wilton was walking through the halls on the way to his death.—But the stout-hearted policeman by my side gave me confidence, and no sign showed the presence of an enemy as I secured Henry's heavy overcoat and the large revolver he had given me, and we took our way down the stairs.

"Here we are," said Corson. We pushed open the door and entered. The place had the same appearance as the one to which I had been taken by Dicky Nahl.

"A fine night, Mother Borton," said Corson cheerily, as he was the first to enter, and then added under his breath,—"for the devil's business."

Mother Borton stared at him, with a black look and muttered a curse. "Good evening," I hastened to say. "I took the liberty to bring a friend; he doesn't come as an officer to-night."

The effect on the hag's features was marvelous. The black scowl lightened, the tight-drawn lips relaxed, and there was a sign of pleasure in the bright eyes that had flashed hatred at the policeman.

"Ah, it's you, is it?" she said sharply, but with a tone of kindness in her greeting. "I didn't see ye. Now sit down and find a table, and I'll be with ye after a bit."

"We want a dinner, and a good one. I'm half-starved."

"Are ye, honey?" said the woman with delight. "Then it's the best dinner in town ye shall have. Here, Jim! Put these gentlemen over there at the corner table."

"It's not the aristocracy of stolle ye get here," said Corson, lighting his pipe after the coffee, "but it's prime eating."

I nodded in lazy contentment, and

way, and followed her footsteps in silence to the floor above.

Mother Borton walked the passage cautiously and in silence, and I followed her example until she pushed open a door and was swallowed up in the blackness. Then I paused on the threshold while she lighted a candle; and as I entered, she swiftly closed and locked the door behind me.

"Sit down," she said in a harsh voice, motioning me to a chair by the stand that held the candle. Then this strange creature seated herself in front of me, and looked steadily and sternly in my face for a full minute.

"What have you done that I should help you?" she broke forth in a harsh voice, her eyes still fixed on my face. "I really couldn't say," I replied politely. "You have done me one or two services already. That's the best reason I know why you should do me another."

The hard lines on the face before me relaxed at the sound of my voice, and the old woman nodded approvingly.

"Ay, quare enough, I guess. Them as wants better can find it themselves. But why did you sneak out of the house the other night like a cop in plain clothes? Didn't I go bail you were safe? Do you want any better word than mine?" she had begun almost softly, but the voice grew higher and harsher as she went on.

"Why," I said, bewildered again, "the house sneaked away from me—or, at least you left me alone in it."

"How was that?" she asked grimly. And I described graphically my experience in the deserted building.

As I proceeded with my tale an amused look replaced the harsh lines of suspicion on Mother Borton's face.

"Oh, my lud!" she cried with a chuckle. "Oh, my lud! how very green you are, my boy. Oh ho, ho ho!" And then she laughed an inward, self-consuming laugh that called up anything but the feeling of sympathetic mirth.

"I'm glad it amuses you," I said with injured dignity.

"Oh, my liver! Don't you see it yet? Don't you see that you climbed

"Well?" said I inquiringly.

"Well, honey, you're having a rub of the cards," she said at last. "Between having the message trusted to a fool boy, and having a cop for your friend, an' maybe getting this note before you're expected to, you're setting here genteel-like, having agreeable conversation along with me, instead of being in company you mightn't like so well—or maybe floating out toward Port Point."

"So you didn't write?" I said coolly. "I had an idea of the kind. That's why my friend Corson is smoking his pipe down stairs."

Mother Borton gave me a pleased look and nodded. I hoped I had made her regret the cruel insinuation in her application of the proverb to me as the favorite of fortune.

"I see," I said. "I was to be way-laid on the road, here and killed."

"Carried off, more likely. I don't say as it wouldn't end in killin' ye. But, you see, you'd be of mighty small use in tellin' tales if you were dead, but you might be got to talk if they had ye in a quiet place."

"Good reasoning.—But Henry Wilton was killed."

"Yes," admitted Mother Borton; "they thought he carried papers, and maybe they ain't got over the idea yet. It's jest as well you're here instid of having a little-passer with Tom Terrill and Darby Meeker and their pals."

"Well," said I, as cheerfully as I could under the depressing circumstances, "if they want to kill me, I don't see how I can keep them from getting a chance sooner or later."

Mother Borton looked anxious at this, and shook her head.

"You must call on your men," she said decidedly. "You must have guards."

"By the way," I said, "that reminds me. The men haven't been paid, and they're looking to me for money."

"Who's looking to you for money?"

"Dicky Nahl—and the others, I suppose."

"Dicky Nahl?"

"Why, yes. He asked me for it."

"And you gave it to him?" she asked sharply.

"No-o—that is, I gave him ten dollars and told him he'd have to wait for the rest. I haven't got the money from the one that's doing the hiring yet, so I couldn't pay him."

Mother Borton gave an evil grin and absorbed another inward laugh. "I reckon the money'll come all right," said Mother Borton, recovering from her mirth. "There's one more anxious than you to have 'em paid and if you ain't found out you'll have it right away. Now for guards, take Trent—no, he's hurt. Take Brown and Porter and Barkhouse and Fitzhugh. They're wide-awake, and don't talk much. Take 'em two and two and never go without 'em, night or day. You stop here to-night, and I'll sit 'em for you to-morrow."

I declined the proffered hospitality with thanks, and as a compromise agreed to call for my bodyguard in the early morning. Rejoicing Corson, explained Mother Borton's theory of the plot that had brought me thither.

"She's like to be right," said the policeman. "She knows the gang. Now if you'll take my advice, you'll let the rats have your room for this night and come along up to some foine hotel."

The advice appeared good, and fifteen minutes later Corson was drinking my health at the Lick House bar and calling on the powers of light and darkness to watch over my safety as I slept.

Whether due to his prayers or no, my sleep was undisturbed, even by dreams of Doddridge Knapp and his charming but scornful daughter; and with the full tide of life and business flowing through the street in the morning hours I found myself once more in Mother Borton's diggy eating room, ordering a breakfast.

Mother Borton ignored my entrance and, perched on a high stool behind the bar and cash-drawer, reminded me of the vulture guarding its prey. But at last she fluttered over to my table and took a seat opposite.

"Your men are here," she said shortly. And then, as I expressed my thanks, she warmed up and gave me a description by which I should know each and led me to the room where as she said, they were "corralled."

"By the way," I said, halting outside the door, "they'll want some money, I suppose. Do you know how much?"

"They're paid," she said, and pushed open the door before I could express surprise or ask further questions.

Surmised that she had paid them herself to save me from annoyance or possible danger, and my gratitude to this strange creature rose still higher (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Hurdy-Gurdy Romance. The day was sunny and warm. The shade of an oak tree overhanging a board fence offered grateful shelter to the old woman who wheeled a hurdy-gurdy slowly down the street. Leaving the organ at the curbstone, the woman seaped herself on the ground close to the fence, untied a red bandanna, from which she produced a luncheon not over dainty or appetizing in appearance, spread out a news paper, and set forth the meal, evidently expecting some one else.

The old hurdy-gurdy man soon joined her, bringing with him the pail of beer for which he had stopped on the avenue. He was brown and wrinkled and grimy like herself; but before beginning the meal he bent down and kissed the old woman, as if observing a sacrament.

And life seemed suddenly purer and sweeter to the passerby.—N. Y. Press

First Punctuation Marks. Punctuation marks were first used in 1499.

PARTED FOREVER

She is sitting on the floor before the fireplace with a litter of letters, photographs and German favors scattered about. Her face wears an expression of scorn.

"No, I shall never forgive George! Never! It will be just 24 hours this evening since I told him so and I feel just as decided as I did at the moment. That is a pretty good test. So I might as well get used to it."

"Oh, I don't regret that I'll never forgive him! It won't spoil my life at all! It really is amazing to find how well one can get along without a person whom one has considered indispensable if one is engaged to him. Now that I am not, since last evening, I haven't felt as if any great vacancy had been made in my life. I haven't had time, I've been too angry."

"The idea of such a big quarrel developing from such a little thing as my giving Jack Smith that rose!" "I don't know whether to begin burning his letters from the first or from the last. I've got to burn them, because when he requests their return



"He's Calling Upon Some Other Girl."

I want to be able to say that I'm so sorry but I never kept them; that I haven't any at all. I suppose he thinks I have them all tied up with pink ribbons. Well, I haven't; they're tied with blue ribbon. I changed to have it on hand. If I hadn't I should have used a string. I'll look over the photographs while I decide whether to begin burning the first or the last.

"Ten of them! If I do say it, George is handsome. His eyes are fine—so deep and kindly—but you can't tell a thing by a picture. He certainly was and narrow-minded enough last night. I think I'll keep this standing picture and this head—and that one in his riding togs—it's a shame to destroy an artistic photograph just because you don't speak to the original and detest the sight of him."

"How funny to hate George! Yet I never was so sure of anything else in my life. I never want to see him again. Anyhow, I should have a picture or two of him so that when I am an old lady I can recall the triumphs of my youth. I don't suppose I'll be married then, because after this I can have no faith in men."

"I wonder—I wonder what he is doing to-night. I suppose he has quite dismissed me from his mind. Men never remember anything after it is all over. It will seem funny, funny at first not to have him here nearly every evening. It is ridiculous to think it, but if he should really happen to call now since we have definitely parted—just to say something he'd forgotten the night we quarreled—I wouldn't see him! Not at all! I should simply send down word that Miss Dinkle is not at home." That would show him I meant what I said. He may have thought I didn't mean it—but that would convince him.

"I rather wish he would be so presuming as to call. Maybe if he did it would be better for me to go downstairs and walk into the parlor with a gracious smile as if he were almost a total stranger. After I had said: 'Good evening, Mr. Bepper,' I would ask: 'Did you wish to see me?' as if he were a book agent or something."

"Only I don't want to see him again. I'm through with him." Any man who could be so insanely jealous would make his wife miserable. I'm glad he can't ever make me miserable! I suppose he's calling on some other girl to-night, just to pretend he doesn't care. I'd like to know on whom he is calling.

"I don't care a bit if he goes to see Jessie, not in the least, except that she is such a spiteful thing and will act as if she had scored against me. I couldn't stand it! It isn't that I'm jealous of Jessie, though she has always angled for George—and I don't care if he does marry a girl who isn't worthy of him. It would serve him right, only—

"Somehow I don't know how to begin burning these letters. It seems wicked. My head aches so to-night I can't think. The only thing I'm perfectly positive about is that if George got down on his knees to me I wouldn't look at him or speak to him."

"What is it, Mary? A caller for me? Who did you say?—Mr. George?"

"Oh, Mary, wait a minute—tell me if my hair is all right or shall I do it over—and help me into my new plaid dress!"—Chicago Daily News

IF CHICKENS AND LIVESTOCK COULD TALK.

What a Farmer Thinks Would Happen if They Were Endowed with Speech.

"Most of the faults we find with poultry keeping and stock raising would disappear if our chickens, horses, cows, hogs, sheep and other animals could talk," remarked a farmer to his wife after reading about a wonderfully clever talking parrot.

"Suppose, for instance," continued the farmer, "that when our hens stopped laying, at a time when we think they ought to lay, that I went to Mrs. Hen and said: 'What's the matter with you, why have you stopped laying?' Why, she could confide in me and I would at once know what to do for her. Same way with our horses, cows, hogs and sheep. If they could tell us what ailed them, we could do a whole lot more for them than we do now."

Does the suggestion sound funny? Perhaps so—but it only goes to show the necessity of knowing what really ails our poultry and live stock when they refuse to eat or to do their work. The fine books published by the Pratt Food Co. should have been called "The Voice of the Horse," "The Voice of Poultry," "The Voice of the Hog," "The Voice of Cattle," "The Voice of Sheep."

The reason is that if Poultry and Livestock could talk, they would say exactly what is said in these splendid books published by the Pratt Food Company.

These books are really the voice of the creatures discussed, and a heart to heart talk with a speech-gifted fowl or animal would not produce more valuable information than is found in the five books in question.

Send postal to the Pratt Food Co., Dept. R., Philadelphia, Pa., and ask for Pratts New Poultry Book, Pratts New Horse Book, Pratts New Cattle Book and Pratts New Sheep Book. Any one of these 25 cent books will be sent free to our readers.

Self-Denial.

Margie is six years old and her family are Presbyterians. Some of Margie's little friends are Episcopalians, and Margie was much impressed with their Lenten sacrifices. On Ash Wednesday she announced that she would eat no candy for 40 days. A few hours later saw Margie with a large peppermint stick.

"Why, Margie," said her friend, "I thought you had given up candy for Lent."

"I did mean to," admitted Margie, "but I've changed my mind. I'm giving up profane language."—Montreal Herald.

"Helpful Hints" That Hinder. Many of the "helpful hints" followed by our mothers are now proved utterly useless, if not more harmful than helpful. For instance, no one now uses moist tea leaves to clean a carpet or rug, because of the inevitable staining. And salt used on a carpet collects dampness and rusts the tacks. Newspapers, dampened and torn, answer the purpose much more satisfactorily. Rugs should be shaken from the sides, for the strain of the weight on the end is very apt to loosen the welt.

Overdoing a Fad.

Mrs. Graham is an estimable lady whose hobby is house decoration. One day the lady was careless enough to drink a glass of red ink, believing it to be claret. She was a good deal scared when she discovered her mistake, but no harm came to her. The doctor who was summoned, upon hearing what had happened, dryly remarked to her: "Mrs. Graham, there's such a thing as pushing this rage for decorating interiors too far."

THE FIRST TASTE

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Baby.

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving the babies coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. As my parents used coffee exclusively at meals I never knew there was anything to drink but coffee and water."

"And so I contracted the coffee habit early. I remember, when quite young, the continual use of coffee so affected my parents that they tried roasting wheat and barley, then ground it in the coffee-mill, as a substitute for coffee."

"But it did not taste right and they went back to coffee again. That was long before Postum was ever heard of. I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work, I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence."

"At night, after having coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous."

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum. My wife and I did not like it at first, but later when boiled good and strong it was fine. Now we would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever tasted."

"I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

HELPFUL ADVICE



You won't tell your family doctor the whole story about your private illness—you are too modest. You need not be afraid to tell Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., the things you could not explain to the doctor. Your letter will be held in the strictest confidence. From her vast correspondence with sick women during the past thirty years she may have gained the very knowledge that will help your case. Such letters as the following, from grateful women, establish beyond a doubt the power of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

to conquer all female diseases. Mrs. Norman R. Barndt, of Allentown, Pa., writes:

"Ever since I was sixteen years of age I had suffered from an organic derangement and female weakness; in consequence I had dreadful headaches and was extremely nervous. My physician said I must go through an operation to get well. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I took it and wrote you for advice, following your directions carefully, and thanks to you I am today a well woman, and I am telling all my friends of my experience."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

Triumph of Mind.

Victim of Delusion—Doctor, I'm awfully afraid I'm going to have brain fever.

Doctor—Pooh, pooh, my dear friend! That's all an illusion of the senses. There is no such thing as fever. You have no fever, you have no brain fever, no material substance upon which such a wholly imaginary and supposititious thing as a fever could find any base of operation.

Victim—Oh, doctor, what a load you have taken from my—from my—I have a mind, haven't I, doctor?

A Logical Conclusion.

"Mr. Pursington says he believes a man should pay as he goes."

"Judging from the way he gets in debt, he must be accustomed to traveling backward."—Washington Star.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Root-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, itching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

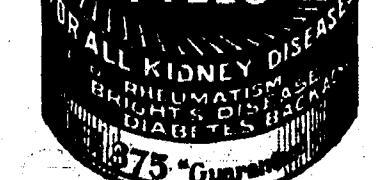
After pleasure, follows pain, and after pain follows virtue.—W. J. Locke.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance and Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 161 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hope for the best, then try your best to realize your hope.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and colic.

Many a wise-looking man is unable to deliver the goods.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

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FOR BREAKFAST AND LUNCH.

Corn Muffins, Rolls and Cheese Sticks Will Tempt the Appetite.

Southern Corn Muffins.—One pint fresh buttermilk, three-quarters pint cornmeal, two eggs, one level teaspoonful soda, one level teaspoonful salt, butter size of a walnut. Beat the eggs together, add the buttermilk, then cornmeal, soda and salt sifted together; lastly the butter melted. If the buttermilk is sour add another level teaspoonful of soda. Heat the greased muffin tins thoroughly, then bake for 20 minutes.

Sweet French Rolls.—Cream one-fourth of a cupful of butter and one-fourth cupful of sugar together and gradually beat into a pint of light sponge. Add two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, and flour enough to make the same thickness as before. Cover and stand in a warm place until it begins to rise; then add flour to make a soft dough and knead well. Set aside again until doubled in size, then shape like Parker house rolls. When light make three parallel creases across the top of each. Brush with the beaten white of egg in cold water and a little vanilla. Sprinkle granulated sugar thickly over the top. Bake 15 minutes. When done lay a napkin over the rolls in the pan for five minutes, which makes a tender crust.

Coffee Rolls.—Scald and cool one cupful milk, add two yeast cakes, one-fourth cupful egg yolks, one-half cupful whole eggs, two-thirds cupful butter, one-half cupful sugar, one-half teaspoonful lemon extract, four and two-thirds cupfuls flour. Beat thoroughly; let rise six hours, and then keep on ice over night. Toss on a board, roll and shape, let rise until light, and bake in a moderate oven. Brush over with sugar and water after baking.

Cheese Sticks.—Mix well one-half cup of butter into one cup of flour; add one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar; mix with enough water to make a soft dough and roll out thin. Have ready one-half cup of grated cheese; sprinkle a little on the dough with a little cayenne pepper and roll out again; do this until the cheese is all used up; then cut it into strips; lay in greased pans, and bake in a quick oven.

ALMONDS MAKE DELICIOUS PIE.

Something New to Offer the Family for Dessert.

Make a crust by creaming eight ounces of butter, then adding three ounces of powdered sugar, the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoons of milk and three-fourths pound sifted flour. Knead until stiff enough to roll out to one-half inch in thickness. Spread this paste upon two round buttered pie tins. Make a filling for the pies by blanching and chopping fine one cup of almonds. Then pour one cup granulated sugar moistened with one teaspoon of water, into a frying pan. Place over a slow fire until melted, then add the chopped almonds, stirring briskly until the mixture turns golden brown. Turn this out on the paste and spread quickly before it cools. Beat three whole eggs with an egg beater, gradually adding two tablespoons powdered sugar. Stir into this one and one-half cups milk and then pour the mixture over the browned almonds and sugar in the pies, and bake in a hot oven. As soon as the custard is firm spread over each pie a meringue of two egg whites beaten stiff and mixed with two tablespoons powdered sugar. Let brown lightly.

For Wet Sponge.

Almost every family has somewhere on hand an old hot water bottle that has been discarded on account of a slight leak. Cut off at the top to desired length, trim off ring at bottom, inclose this rubber bag in a sack made of dainty silkoline or other material as desired, with a heading and drawstrings; secure with a few stitches around upper edge to prevent slipping, and you have a useful and inexpensive receptacle for sponge or wash cloth for traveling. It is superior to those found in the shops, and the open top is self-ventilating.

Tutti Frutti Shortcake.

Take two large bananas, two oranges sliced thin, one-half cup of cherries, half a cup of sugar. Put in a dish, set away for an hour, make a shortcake as for strawberries, split in two, spread the fruit on top and between the layers. Make a dressing of a pint of water, half a cup of granulated sugar, teaspoon and a half of cornstarch, bring to a boil, then set on the range to clear. Serve poured over the cake.

Frizzled Beef.

To one-half pound dried beef, add one pint of cold water. Let come to a boil and drain. Brown some butter in the frying pan, and add the beef. Cook it for at least five minutes. Add to this a mixture of flour and one-half pint milk or water. Season with pepper only, and serve on toast. Don't neglect the first boiling, as it makes the meat more delicate and extracts some of the salt.

Ink Stain on Linen.

Take a piece of tallow candle, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen in the melted tallow, then put it into the wash. It will become perfectly white, without any spot or hole. This is better than milk, spirits of salts or lemon.

Home-Made Umbrella Stand.

Take a good sized sewer pipe and enamel it to match the hall. Use a small granite pan as catchbasin. This makes a useful and cheap umbrella stand.

IS IT POSSIBLE?



"And who were the people who first thought of music, auntie?"
"Why, child, they are considered to be prehistoric."
"Oh, auntie, how well you do remember!"

A KENTUCKY CASE.

That Will Interest All Suffering Women.

Mrs. Della Meanes, 328 E. Front St., Maysville, Ky., says: "Seven years ago I began to notice sharp pain in the kidneys and a bearing-down sensation through the hips, dull headache and dizzy spells. Dropsy appeared, and my feet and ankles swelled so I could not get my shoes on. I was in misery, and had despaired of ever getting cured when I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills. One box helped me so much that I kept on until entirely cured."

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

KNEW WHAT THE JOB MEANT.

Angry Citizen Put Ordeal Up to Street Car Company.

Not long ago there entered the office of the superintendent of a trolley line in Detroit an angry citizen, demanding "justice" in no uncertain terms. In response to the official's gentle inquiry touching the cause of the demand, the angry citizen explained that on the day previous as his wife was boarding one of the company's cars, the conductor thereof had stepped on his spouse's dress, tearing from it more than a yard of material. "I can't see that we are to blame for that," protested the superintendent. "What do you expect us to do, get her a new dress?"

"No, sir, I do not," rejoined the angry citizen, brandishing a piece of cloth. "What I propose is that you people shall match this material!"—Harper's Weekly.

BAD ITCHING HUMOR.

Limbs Below the Knees Were Raw—Feet Swollen—Sleep Broken—Cured in 2 Days by Cuticura.

"Some two months ago I had a humor break out on my limbs below my knees. They came to look like raw beefsteak, all red, and no one knows how they itched and burned. They were so swollen that I could not get my shoes on for a week or more. I used five or six different remedies and got no help, only when applying them the burning was worse and the itching less. For two or three weeks the suffering was intense and during that time I did not sleep an hour at a time. Then one morning I tried a bit of Cuticura. From the moment it touched me the itching was gone and I have not felt a bit of it since. The swelling went down and in two days I had my shoes on and was about as usual. George B. Farley, 50 South State St., Concord, N. H., May 14, 1907."

Wore Out Bobby's Patience.

Bobby was on a visit to his uncle, a good old orthodox deacon, in the country. The two were the best of friends, and Bobby always sat at the deacon's right hand at table. At dinner that day grace was long, and Bobby was very hungry. Finally, in the midst of it his patience gave out; he pounded on the table with his little fist. "Amen, now, Uncle Horace! Amen!"

There is more Calathin in this section of the country than in any other. It is a disease that has been known for many years and is incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Calathin to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Calathin Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Eccentricities of Genius.

"Genius is freakish. It is claimed that the brilliant Dr. Johnson used to touch every post in his pathway."
"I know one of them geniuses."
"And does he touch every post he comes across?"
"No; he touches every friend he comes across, or everlastingly tries to."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoag* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Youth the Time to Build Wisely.

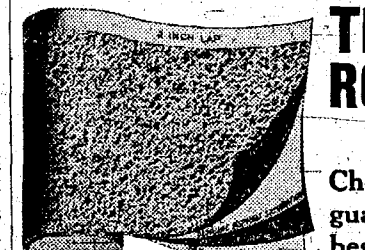
Youth is the best time for the building of character and the forming of principle, and the future depends on the decisions and actions of the present.—Rev. G. Denton.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually; Disperses Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package. SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS, one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.



This is REYNOLDS' ROOFING

"The Red Granite Kind"

Cheaper to buy than any other, guaranteed, easy to put on—the best roofing at any price.

Made up of five layers—(1) Felt; (2) Asphalt; (3) Felt; (4) Asphalt; (5) Granite. A record of forty years of success and satisfaction behind it.

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 heavy sheets 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.

Don't 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 ROOFING CO.

Dept. B, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH

Dept. B, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere attracts and kills all flies. Kills all insects. Absolutely safe. Cannot be blown or tipped over. Will not injure a horse. Guaranteed effective. If all dealers or sent post-paid for 25c.

Prepared by H. M. REYNOLDS, 149 De Kalb Ave., New York, N. Y.

READERS

of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

DEFIANCE STARCH

earliest to work with and starches clothes nicest.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from unhealthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations alone cannot do. A germicidal, disinfecting and deodorizing toilet requisite of exceptional excellence and economy. Invaluable for inflamed eyes, throat and nasal and uterine catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid. Large Trial Sample WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK SENT FREE THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

Defiance Starch—Never sticks to the iron—no blotches—no blisters, makes ironing easy and does not injure the goods.

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CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Link, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

Funeral of Jas. Delaney.

James Delaney was a native of Jackson county, Iowa, where he was born Dec. 25th, 1867. He was in his forty-first year at the time of his death, on Tuesday, June 16th. His mother died when he was four years old, and his father thirteen years ago.

When eighteen years of age he came to Michigan and located at Alta, near Grand Rapids. There he was married to Miss Lillie Bryant who, with their daughter Audrey and an infant son of a few days, survives him.

Mr. Delaney's life has been spent in railroading, at Alta, Manistee, Muskegon and Traverso City, up to the time of his coming to East Jordan five years ago, when he assumed the duties of track-master for the E. J. & S. Co.

He was a member and captain of the East Jordan Fire Department, and a member of the I. O. O. F. He had also taken the first degree of the F. & A. M.

These relations which he sustained, as well as the noble qualities of his own nature, drew an immense crowd to the funeral services Friday afternoon. Before passing away it was the request of Mr. Delaney that the Odd Fellows should conduct the ritual service, and that the Firemen be present in a body. Also that the East Jordan Military Band should furnish music.

These requests were carried out, the Masonic fraternity also participating. After customary services at the house the procession formed in line and at the solemn strains of the music marched to the Methodist church, which was soon filled to overflowing. Here the services were in charge of the pastor, Rev. W. W. Lamport, assisted by Rev. A. D. Grigsby of the Presbyterian church. The Methodist choir furnished appropriate and very pleasing music. Rev. Mr. Grigsby offered prayer, and Mr. Lamport preached the sermon, choosing for his text a portion of the record of the death of John the Baptist. Matt. 14: 12—"And his disciples came and took up the body and buried it and went and told Jesus."

The lessons which Mr. Lamport drew were from the parallels of conditions. In the death of Mr. Delaney as in that of the forerunner each left dependent followers. In each instance they dearly loved him, and their great grief was aggravated by the suddenness and violence of the death. The speaker also dwelt on the facts of burial service, and closed by noting how these disciples of old, after their last sad service was over, went and told Jesus, in whom they found a sympathetic friend, an omnipotent helper, and a divine Savior from sin.

After the audience had taken their farewell view of the remains, a photograph was taken of the floral offerings which were numerous and very beautiful. Then again to the strains of the Military Band the procession passed on its way to the cemetery where the burial services were conducted by the Odd Fellows.

Adams-Price Nuptials.

A pretty home-wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Price Wednesday evening when their daughter, Maude L., was united in marriage to Eugene Adams. About thirty friends and relatives witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. A. D. Grigsby, pastor of the Presbyterian church. Miss Ida Price, sister of the bride, and Fred Price, their brother, acted as bridesmaid and best man. Following the ceremony an excellent supper was served. Many beautiful and useful gifts showed the esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Adams are held. They left Thursday morning for points in Michigan and Wisconsin for a fortnight's honeymoon. On returning to East Jordan they will occupy their new home being built on North Main street.

Last Sunday, Henry Wilson, who lives on the Ferguson farm, stirred up the officials by an account of a robbery, which he claimed he had suffered that afternoon, the loss amounting to several hundred dollars. Under Sheriff Weikel, after an investigation, decided there was something off in the story, as all he could find out was that two boys had entered the house and got something to eat. Wilson now admits that his loss was an imaginary one and will pay the costs.—Charlevoix Courier.

Prorounced by millions the greatest strength maker, appetite builder and health restorer. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you feel that life is worth living. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. F. B. Gannett & Co.

Ladies' Equity Notes.

Forget-me-not Local met with Mrs. Mary Bartholomew on June 3. All the members were out and a good meeting enjoyed. It was voted to continue to buy eggs, paying 16c per dozen. Readings were given from Up-to-Date Farming, also Ladies' Equity Notes in the Charlevoix County Herald. Many interesting questions were found in the question box. These were read by Olive Bartholomew, the members answering with interest and lively debate. Rose Bartholomew answered correctly the question, "What time is it, when the clock strikes 13?" Questions on poultry and eggs vs. the wheat and lumber industry of the United States were read for thought for not many of us realize that our poultry and eggs, "small to look at" exceeded in value last year the wheat and lumber industry by millions of dollars. This local has grown in numbers so we cannot reach every member's house with a meeting once a year. This is becoming a popular society for farm women. Our meeting opened and closed with singing and prayer. Adjourned to meet with Mrs. Olive Bartholomew on June 24. Our kind hostess, Aunt Mary, as we joyfully call her, had very quietly prepared a fine supper. This was richly enjoyed by all but two members who had to return to their homes early.

Our Bible readings and study on Sunday afternoons are interesting. Next meeting will be with Mrs. Jas. Thompson next Sunday afternoon.

The Michigan Ladies' Society of Equity has again been called on to sympathize with the mourning ones. This time it has been with our esteemed county vice president, Mrs. Frank Kidder, in the sudden death of her son Clarence. Words fail us and seem as nothing in the overwhelming sorrow of this mother, the affection existing between her and her son being very strong. To Clarence was given a bright and happy disposition and he believed in saying the good things while we live. So his mother now has and will ever have the memory of his kind words and caresses as he would say, "Oh mother I am proud of you," or again, "you are the very best mother a boy ever had." These are a few of the words of "Dick" and as his mother says, we can never know the place that is left vacant in that home.

Of times in our meetings we have felt almost inspired as we heard her talk and say, "Oh mothers, talk to your boys, you can do so much good, and although they wander off sometimes, yet they will remember a mother's words." This is now a comfort to Sister Kidder that she did not fail in her duty. We know not the thoughts of this dear boy as he stepped out so suddenly from the door of this life to another. Loads of the most beautiful flowers were carried to this home as a testimony of sympathy and respect. Fifty-six teams and between two and three hundred people followed the remains to their resting place. Many of the Equity Sisters followed bearing ferns and roses, circling the grave and strewing roses on the casket. Behold a sister in despair.

A sister of our own;
A heart that once was happy,
Now in grief we see;
We will stand by thee, dear sister,
Sad heart, we weep with thee.

To thee we give the loving hand,
A hand sincere and true;

Then cheer! sad heart, don't lose all hope
For we all weep with you.
Our prayers we give for thee sad heart.
In sorrow you are bowed;
Still do not think you weep alone.
Sad heart, we weep with you.
M. L. S. of E.

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5 DROPS
THE STANDARD REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, KIDNEY TROUBLES, GATARRH, ASTHMA and KINDRED DISEASES
GIVES QUICK RELIEF
Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while permanent results are being effected by taking it internally, purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.
DR. C. L. GATES
Hancock, Minn., writes:
"A little girl here had such a weak back caused by Rheumatism and Kidney trouble that she could not stand on her feet. The moment they put her down on the floor she would scream with pain. I treated her with '5-DROPS' and today she runs around as well and happy as can be. I prescribe '5-DROPS' for my patients and see it in my practice."
TEST "5-DROPS" FREE
If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "5-DROPS." "5-DROPS" is entirely free from opium, cocaine, morphine, alcohol, laudanum and other similar ingredients. Large size bottle "5-DROPS" (500 Doses) \$1.00. For Sale by Druggists.
SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY
Dept. 60, 174 Lake Street, Chicago

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Polite James.
"James, I wish you would not come to school with such dirty hands. What would you say if I came to school with soiled hands?"
"I wouldn't say anything," was the prompt reply. "I'd be too polite."

An Evidence of Good Training.
When young Meagles took the train for Harvard his father said:
"As soon as you find out let me know if you have passed your entrance examinations."
Two days later, in the midst of making a heavy deal, he received the following telegram: "Yes, J. Meagles, Jr."
Somewhat preoccupied and puzzled, he telegraphed back: "Yes, what?"
The well trained son wired back: "Yes, sir."

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Is what this store is noted for.

Fresh Fish Every Friday
Leave orders Thursday for Delivery.

Home Made Bread
Fresh Every Day.

National Biscuit Co.
A complete line of above goods fresh from the ovens.

J. HANSON CO.

Recommended by leading physicians and chemists.

FIVE REASONS WHY CALUMET BAKING POWDER

has obtained the confidence of the public.

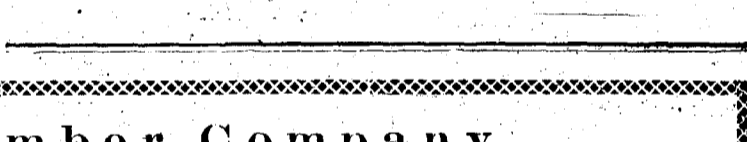
1. It complies with the Pure Food Laws of all states.
2. It is the only high-grade Powder sold at a moderate price.
3. It is not made by a Baking Powder Trust.
4. Food prepared with it is free from Rochelle Salts or Alum.
5. It is the strongest Baking Powder on the market.

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

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

All Grocers are Authorized to Guarantee this. Calumet Baking Powder costs little. Costs a little more than the cheap, injurious powders now on the market, but is a big saving over the trust powders.

Try Calumet



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 & Dunn 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

TAPT AND SHERMAN.
Vote YFS, Wednesday.
Charlevoix County Fair, September 22-23-24.
Watch for the Moonlight Excursion of the C. E. soon.
Fire in the woods at Camp 3 of the East Jordan Lumber Co. caused considerable trouble Friday afternoon.
County Truant Officer Bashaw was at Springvale and other points in the county last week on official business.
Two ball games are scheduled for this week. Petokey plays here Wednesday and on Thursday Kalkaska.
Atty. A. H. Perkins, formerly of the firm of Converse & Perkins of this village, is being boomed for prosecuting attorney of Lapeer County.
PUPILS WANTED.—Will give Water Color and Piano Lessons to those desiring to take same during the summer months.—Miss Mabel Monroe, phone 81.
The Hum will run another of their popular excursions to Boyne, Sunday, leaving East Jordan at 10:00 a. m. Ball game, Manton vs. Boyne City at Recreation Park.
Remember the Village bonding proposition is to be submitted to the voters next Wednesday, June 24th. Every voter is urged to turn out and vote YES on the proposition.
The H. E. Maddock Electrical Co. is the newest addition to East Jordan's business interests. Homer will carry a full line of electrical fixtures and do contract wiring. His office is with Curkendall's Cigar Shop.
Miss Nell S. Maddaugh, assistant Field Secretary of the Eleventh District Y. P. S. C. E., was at Bellaire Monday on work connected with her office. She will cover the district thoroughly during the summer.
"A Texas Ranger" with same cast as presented the play in New York, Chicago and Detroit, is to be at Loveday Opera House on July 3. This Company carries a Cowboy Band and gives a Street Parade and Concert.
Miss Alice Herton, teacher of the Second Grade in our high school, lost a brother last Saturday by drowning, at their home in Berrin Springs. The young man would have graduated from the schools there this summer.
The District Convention of Pythian Sisters was held at Central Lake on Wednesday. Delegates from here in attendance were Mesdames G. L. Sherman, J. L. Wiesman, D. E. Goodman and H. A. Kimball. Mrs. Rose McArthur was initiated in the evening.
The Elk Rapids Base Ball Team were defeated by the East Jordan bunch Tuesday afternoon on the local grounds by a score of 15 to 4. The contest was good up to the third inning when the locals went after the visitors and scored eleven runs. The game was called in the sixth inning to allow the visitors to catch the train home. Sedgman for East Jordan pitched a good game.

Rugs, Art Squares and Matting at WHITTINGTON'S.
Atty E. N. Clink was a Mancelona visitor this week.
Wall Paper for all. The prices are right. WHITTINGTON.
Muslin Underwear at popular prices at B. C. Hubbard & Co.
Jesse Allen was a Central Lake business visitor, Thursday.
G. A. Lisk was in the Southern part of the state over Sunday.
L. D. Parker and family of Kalkaska are residents of East Jordan for the summer.
Miss Lucile Boosinger left Thursday for a visit with Lansing and Canadian friends.
"A Texas Ranger," the great Western Drama, will be presented at Loveday Opera House July 3.
Mrs. E. T. Hubbard is receiving a visit from her grand daughter, Miss Ruth Hubbard of Charlevoix.
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas C. Loveday were guest of Petokey friends over Sunday, returning home Wednesday.
The Class of '08 pleasantly surprised Supt. Fuller on his return home Saturday evening. The affair was arranged by Mrs. Fuller. Ice cream and wafers were served.
Old papers sold at this office.
Charlevoix County Fair, Sept. 22-23-24.
House to Rent in good location.—E. A. LEWIS.
Mrs. J. A. Lancaster is guest of Cheboygan friends.
Richard Supernaw is here from the Upper Peninsula.
A bargain on a Hay Rake at W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.
Mr. and Mrs. Mike Muma are home for the summer from Rose City.
We keep bread and a large assortment of baked goods.—E. A. LEWIS.
Use Togo Matting.—C. H. WHITTINGTON.
You can get Fresh Sausage made every day, at Sherman's. only 10c per pound.
A. E. Pickard of Milwaukee was guest of his brother, W. A., fore part of the week.
Misses Myrtle and Violet Grigsby returned from Cheboygan on Wednesday evening.
New supply of Dry Batteries for launches just received at Spencer's Plumbing Shop.
A large assortment of plain white crockery, just received. Come in and look it over.—E. A. LEWIS.
Lawn Mowers, Garden Hose, Grass Shears, Sprinklers, etc. at the W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.
Mrs. L. C. Madison was at Detroit this week, delegate of the local W. R. C. to the State Encampment.
Rev. H. D. Heilig of Oskaloosa, Ia., has accepted the pastorate of the Central Lake Methodist church.
Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Harper entertained the latter's brother, Ed Harland, and wife of Cadillac over Sunday.
C. A. Hudson returned from Piqua, Ohio, Saturday evening, where he was called by the illness and death of a sister.
Dining Chairs and Rockers at C. H. WHITTINGTON'S.
B. C. Hubbard & Co. are showing some handsome Figured Lawns at 10c, 12c and 15c. Silk Mulls at 25c, 45c and 50c.
Early-Acre Farm for Sale.—Located four miles west of town. About 8300 worth of timber on land. Dwelling and other buildings, fruit—apples, strawberry bed, etc. Good Bargain. ARTHUR SEYMOUR.
Children's Day drew a great crowd to the Methodist church Sunday evening, many being unable to get in. The little folks did finely and were highly praised by their auditors.
So-Eggs-So Killifly increases the milk about two quarts, costs to use about 4c per day, is perfectly harmless to animals and makes cows stand still when milking. Sold only by W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.
We are looking for cash trade, and we sell at cash prices.—Sherman & Son.
We are handling Karpers 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.
For some weeks past Mr. W. C. Freeman has had a gas engine expert, George Beard by name, from Ohio, at work on the engines which are expected to propel his flying machine, and if all goes well may soon be able to give the graceful looking machine a trial. We trust that success may be his and that we may see Mr. Freeman and his coveted piece of mechanism floating gracefully through the air.—Kalkaskian.
Sunday, June 14, the day appointed by the I. O. O. F. for memorial services of deceased brethren was duly observed by the Jordan River Lodge. The fraternity went in a body to the Methodist church at 10:30 and listened to a sermon by the pastor, Rev. W. W. Lamport, on the theme of "Forgotten but not Lost," in which he impressed the lesson that though subsequent generations may forget us the influence of every life will in some measure pass on forever. The order then marched to the cemetery where the farther exercises of decorating the graves were carried out.
A new line of Couches have just been received at WHITTINGTON'S.
BUGGY FOR SALE.—A second hand ton buggy in good condition.—W. W. Lamport.
"Health Coffee" is really the closest Coffee Imitation ever yet produced. This clever Coffee Substitute was recently produced by Dr. Shoop, 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.
PURE PARIS GREEN
—AT—
F. B. Gannett Co

SAT., JUNE 20


SPECIAL FOR THIS DAY ONLY

With every suit of Men's Clothing sold for prices ranging from \$6.50 to \$15.00 we will give ABSOLUTELY FREE a pair of fine shoes to match the suit. And remember that

This offer is for SATURDAY ONLY

L. Wiesman.

WATER PIPES BURST?



Well, just send for us and stop that worrying. We make a specialty of quick and thorough

PLUMBING REPAIRS

and for new work we gladly furnish estimates and undertake to do the work in superior fashion, using only the best materials. Try us.

MARINE SUPPLIES.
GEORGE H. SPENCER.

WATCH THIS SPACE Next Week.

Mrs. M. A. Harper.
Harper's Millinery and Bazaar 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, tempting little niceties and table luxuries as well. From flour and sugar to the finer things, we carry an elaborate selection—in fact, anything you want that's good.

Then, you must remember the argument our prices offer.

WILL RICHARDSON.
Phone No. 156.

E. A. LEWIS

Fresh Goods Every Week

And none but the Best Brands in All Lines.

—TRY OUR—
Teas and Coffees, Breakfast Foods, Flour, Buckwheat, Corn and Maple Syrup, Cookies, Confectionery and Fruit.

JUST RECEIVED—A Fine Line CROCKERY.
Orders Promptly Filled and Delivered. Phone 168.

SECRETS OF RUG MAKING.

You can get Rugs made from Old Carpets in the "ordinary" way most anywhere.

We make them out of the "ordinary," SANITARY, STRONG, BEAUTIFUL, SKILLED workmen; GOOD WARP. Clean surroundings is what's making our factory famous. It will pay you to make shipments to us. Our booklet tells why. May we mail it?

Petokey Rug Mfg. Carpet Co. Ltd., Petokey, Mich.

Insure Your Future

This bank with its ample capital furnishes an absolutely safe depository for your savings. Creating a reserve is not difficult if your start to save systematically. 3 1/2 per cent interest.

State Bank of East Jordan

CAPITAL, \$50,000.00.

OFFICERS.
W. M. P. PORTER, President
GEO. G. GLENN, Cashier
W. L. FRENCH, Vice President
BERT A. DOLE, Asst. Cashier

DIRECTORS.
W. P. PORTER, CHAS. H. SCHAEFFER,
W. L. FRENCH, FRANK M. SEYVERANCE,
M. H. ROBERTSON, CLARK HAIRE,
FRED SMITH, CARL STROEBEL,
GEO. G. GLENN.

East Jordan vs. Petokey here Wednesday.
Mrs. B. E. Waterman and daughters Jennie and Eva left Thursday morning for Leroy, N. Y., where they will spend the summer.
Several members of the Presbyterian Missionary Society were at Charlevoix, Friday, where they held a joint meeting with the organization there.
Miss Mary Porter left Thursday morning for Oberlin College where she attends Commencement Exercises. From there she goes East to spend the summer with friends.
Mrs. L. Quinnen of Detroit and Mrs. T. Huffman of Saginaw came this week to visit their sister, Mrs. A. Blake. Mrs. Huffman is accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Stillwell and Mrs. Fisher.

A baby boy was born at the Methodist parsonage on Thursday morning, June 18. The mother, Mrs. J. B. Roe, is a daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Lamport. Mr. and Mrs. Roe are spending the summer here.

Services at the Methodist church at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Sunday School at noon, Epworth League at 6:30. Subject for League meeting, "God's protection of his children in peril"—leader, Grace Gregory.

The fishing party composed of Dr. C. A. Sweet, Atty. A. B. Nicholas, Geo. G. Glenn and John Fallis returned Wednesday from their trip on the Manistee. They had a pleasant outing, going in boats down the stream over a hundred miles.

Just drop into EMPEY BROS. and look their stock over. You will be proud of your town and think you are in some large city store, and their prices, possibly, will make you think of doing business at home. We think we are in a position to give you very low prices.

A near-serious runaway occurred Thursday morning when a horse, driven by Mrs. Isaac Vanderventer, became unmanageable on the draw bridge and ran into a telephone pole in front of Gidley's Pharmacy. The horse slipped the harness, leaving Mrs. Vanderventer seated in the buggy.

The Sabbath services at the Bennett school house have been growing steadily in interest this spring until it seemed best to organize a Sunday School in connection with the spreading services. The organization took place last Sabbath, and George Vance was elected superintendent, Scott Bartholomew assistant, Mrs. Scott Bartholomew secretary, and Martin Bartholomew treasurer. The sessions will be held at 1:30 standard time, preaching at 2:30.

The Missionary Society met with Mrs. Jamison for their June meeting. The program for the day was in charge of Mesdames Nyquist and Lorraine. The subjects were South America and Alaska. These were given in articles read by Mesdames Burney, Crowell, Sherman, Heston, and a short talk by Mrs. C. L. Lorraine. Love was the thought for roll call, fifty ladies responding. Music: song by Mrs. Cameron playing her own accompaniment; Misses Marion Malpass and Erma Haribert a duet, assisted by Miss Flora Porter on the piano. The society was invited to attend the Congregational Missionary Society at Charlevoix June 19th. They responded by a number attending. Mrs. W. Malpass entertains the society for the July meeting.

Price \$3.

Corset Comfort

If you are looking for comfort wear the Royal Worcester "ADJUSTO" Corsets—made for stout women. In adjustment, materials and models, they are perfect. "Adjusto" Corsets bring comfort, and are universally worn by women of stout figure.

Corsets from 50c to \$3.00.



ADJUSTO for Stout Women

Teddy Waists

Our line of Teddy Waists are just the thing for Boys and Girls. Price 25c. Call and look them over.

IN SKIRTS our showing is complete and the prices are as low as the lowest.

Miss Genevieve Senecal.



TEDDY WAIST Boys & Girls

Idleness a Curse

Young Men of America Ruined by Loafing

By HON. THOMAS N. HART,
Former Mayor of Boston.



Our idle young men constitute one of the country's greatest dangers.

They are a menace to society. They should go to work. Idleness is dangerous at all times, and among the rich young men of this country to-day it is specially dangerous, because they have the means and the inclination to make mischief. The colleges turn out hundreds of young men every year who have no aim in life, no occupation and no desire to work. Their fathers worked to earn the money they spend. Work makes character. Idleness destroys character. Character makes a nation strong; lack of it makes a nation weak. We must find some way to employ our idle rich young men if we are to remain a strong people.

The unemployed young men of wealth must find out what they can do, and then do it, if they would make good citizens. Let them live on what they earn, and within their incomes as they earn them. When they have learned the necessity for work it will be time enough for them to use their wealth, for they can then perhaps employ it for some useful purpose.

Smoke Killed American Boys

By FRANCIS DOWLING, M. D.,
Cincinnati.

American boys are smoking too much. In fact, they are smoking themselves to death. I stood at a street corner and counted a hundred young men, out of whom 35 had cigars in their mouths—and many of these 35 were dyspeptic, wan, tired-looking persons, who seemed to be in need of sleep rather than in need of a smoke. I recently examined 20 selected cases of hard smokers, aged between 35 and 68—ages most apt to show the affliction of tobacco blindness, technically called tobacco amblyopia. It is an interesting scientific fact that the colored race is immune from this affliction. Out of 30 who were examined none was found to have the trouble. The women, I speak of whites, up to the present time, seem to be practically exempt from this trouble. Out of 50 examined in a Cincinnati tobacco factory some time ago only one was found to possess the tobacco blindness, to a slight degree. She was an old-time employe in the stripping department, and was probably a user of tobacco. How they will fare in the future in this respect, with the introduction of cigarette-smoking, highball-drinking and the numerous other fads aping in the direction of masculinity now in vogue among the fashionable set, I can only tell. Once I found a young man of 19, an inveterate smoker, who suffered from tobacco blindness. Usually only the older men suffer.

There is almost always a gradual, but progressive, failure of vision in both eyes. Luminous objects dazzle the sight, and a bright light is worse for reading than a subdued one. These patients are better in the evening than in the middle of the day. In addition to this, patients often complain of a glimmering mist that covers all objects in a bright light. Nicotine in the tobacco causes the affliction. The oily, colorless fluid diffuses itself into the blood with as much rapidity as prussic acid, and a poisonous dose has been known to kill an adult in three minutes. The cheaper grades of tobacco contain more nicotine than the expensive ones, consequently are more injurious to the consumers. This is probably why tobacco blindness is more common among the poor than among the rich. Chewing tobacco is usually very rich in nicotine. Nicotine exerts a marked influence on the blood corpuscles. To cure the disease of tobacco blindness the use of tobacco and alcoholic drinks must be stopped.

Liberalism in Religion

By RABBI J. LEONARD LEVY, D. D.,
Pittsburg.

The progress of liberalism in religion is of the greatest possible interest to me. Nothing has more tended to retard the progress of mankind than the tolerance manifested toward ideas which have long since been recognized as dead among men who are always looking for the advent of greater light on the real issues of life. Respect for the hoary head is an excellent virtue, and that which has lived to become aged is entitled to due regard and esteem. But it ceases to be a virtue to worship that which has only age to recommend it. Religion is a conservative influence, but, like all matters which really conserve, it is at the same time the most radical of all human influences, because it presumes to deal with truth than which there is nothing more radical, nothing which so surely goes to the root of things. My interest in the liberal view of religion is based upon the belief that with a more lively appreciation of the work of to-day, and the revelations which humanity is receiving in the twentieth century, the idolatries which still keep men enslaved will the more surely disappear. For I believe that God still speaks to men here and now; and manifests himself in this land and age as in times past and in oriental lands. Palestine, I think, is not the only holy land, and Sinai is not the only mountain of revelation.

Hand in hand with a liberal view of religion is bound up the real advance of humanity. So long as men hold to ideas which were appropriate to ages when the Ptolemaic theory prevailed; or when men believed that disease was caused by "the evil eye," or by some devil entering the system; or when people were in momentary dread of the early end of the world; so long men cannot hope to establish peace and harmony among their fellows. When it is made clear, as I think it some day will be, that the same God created all men; that His manifest will and purpose is the union of his children in working for the common good; that he is best served by holiness and morality, by mercy and justice, by deeds rather than by creeds; then there will be an advance all along the line and men will adopt a new and better standard in measuring the worth of their fellows than by party affiliations and creedal denominations. It is true, as the German philosopher put it, "Man kann nicht in Frieden leben mit denen die man verdammt glaubt," ("You cannot live in peace with those you believe damned.")



THE MAN OF WHEELS.

They were sitting in the cosy corner of the club and talking about mutual acquaintances.

"By the way," asked Jones, "does anybody know what's become of Jigsby?"

"I haven't seen him for ages," said Smith.

It appeared that Jigsby had dropped out of everybody's ken.

"Such a clever chap he was, too," went on Jones. "He was a marvel with machines, understood all of 'em, and could do anything with 'em. Quite a genius with wheels."

"Oh, a genius, no doubt," said Brown. "He broke all records with the pneumatic bike."

"I never saw a bicyclist like him. He was a wonder."

"He was the first man I ever saw riding a motor-bike," said Robinson. "The inventor took it to him, and Jigsby had mastered it in 20 minutes."

"He was clever with the motor cars, too. He was the first man to do 60 miles an hour on the road."

"His genius didn't stop there," said Robinson. "I met him in Paris a year or two ago, and he was running a flying machine business then. He had done the biggest fly up-to-date, and he had thoughts of winning the big prize."

"It's a wonder he should have dropped out of sight, a genius like that!" said Brown.

"He's still about," remarked a little man puffing a big pipe. "Saw him last Sunday. Looked awfully melancholy and woebegone. I pitied the poor beggar."

"What? Is he doing nothing now?"

"Oh, yes, he's still in the machine and wheeling line—still successful, too successful, in fact. When I saw him he was pushing a perambulator with twins in it!"

The Ruling Passion.

"The colonel is a very sick man," sympathetically said the attending physician, addressing the auctioneer's anxious wife. "His pulse is now going at 104."

"Going at 104!" feebly cried the invalid. "At 104! Going at 104! Who'll make it 105? 105, do I hear, for a pulse that has been running steadily for 47 years and never once stopped? One hundred and five, will you gimme? Who'll make it 105?"—Puck.

DAMAGED IN TRANSIT.



"What's the matter with your face, Percy?"

"Nothing, it was like this when I got it."

Spring Lamb.

They went into a restaurant—John Jones and Mary Drew; Mary had a little lamb, and John, he had lamb, too.

Soporific.

Irate wife—But what is the use of my talking when you just go to sleep? Do you hear? (Bang!) What is the use of my talking when you just go to sleep?

Tired Husband—On the contrary, Jenny, it was only because I was listening to you that I dozed off.—Judge.

What She Liked.

"I think the country is just sweet," said the town young lady. "I love to see the peasant returning to his humble cot, his sturdy figure outlined against the setting sun, his faithful collicle at his side, and his plow upon his shoulder."—Royal Magazine.

Kind All Around.

"Has my boy been a little defender and been kind to dumb animals to-day?"

"Yes, grandma. I let your canary out of the cage, and when my cat caught it I set Towser on her."—Royal Magazine.

His Mistake.

Mr. Jones—Would you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?

Cholly—Yes, sir.

Mr. Jones—Then you're an idiot, and you can't have her!—Judge.

Chance for Inventors.

Tin Pedler—Madam, I am selling a patent self-basting pan for roasting.

Old Lady—I don't think I'd care for that, but if you have any patent self-darning needles for mending, I'll take one.—New York Weekly.

Down by the Lake.

Summer Girl—What a queer-looking boat! What kind is it?

Boatman—That's a catboat, miss.

Summer Girl—Indeed! And where are the kitten boats?—Chicago Daily News.

One on the Judge.

Jessica—When the judge asked you how old you were, what did you say?

Margery—I told him if he were a

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

SUCCESSOR TO DR. DIX



Rev. Dr. W. T. Manning, newly elected rector of Trinity Episcopal church, New York, who succeeds the late Dr. Morgan Dix, is known as "The Little Giant of St. Agnes," and draws a salary of \$25,000 a year. He has a record of having refused two bishoprics.

Prudence and reserve are marked features of Dr. Manning's face. His lips are thin and his jaws bulge at the sides beneath a flowish, close shaven skin which seems to announce that their master would stand fast by any decision he had made.

Trinity corporation is one of mystery and Dr. Manning is another," remarked a member of the laity. "You see the results of both, but you must not inquire too closely into their resources and methods. To do good unobtrusively, without publicity, without regard to financial considerations, is the aim of the man and the corporation."

Dr. Manning is a good business man, thoroughly able to handle the finances of the wealthiest parish in the country. Recently an attack was made on Trinity because of the seeming secretiveness in making public what became of \$400,000 of its funds last year. It elicited no reply.

Dr. Manning is 42 years old. He was born in England, and came to this country at ten years of age. After graduation from the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn., he was rector of a small California church for a year, and then spent three years as a professor of dogmatic theology within the walls of his alma mater. Before taking the rectorship of a church at Lansdowne, Tenn., he married into the wealthy Van Antwerp family.

Soon he was occupying the place of assistant rector to Trinity parish. He had refused the bishopric of Kentucky some years before. In November, 1904, he was elected bishop of Harrisburg. Dr. Manning saw the greater field of usefulness opening before him in the New York parish, and waiving the honors of a title, chose the \$8,000 a year assistant rectorship and the traditional rights of succession to the head of Trinity corporation.

Dr. Manning has few amusements. He belongs to the University club and goes there not often. His home life is pleasant and he is fond of music, golf and sailboat riding.

ACCUSED OF JEWEL THEFT



Augustine Birrell, chief secretary for Ireland, has been accused by an insane Irishman of having in conjunction with Lord Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, stolen the crown jewels that are missing from Dublin castle. Realizing the absurdity of the charge, the magistrate before whom the complaint was made refused to issue a warrant. It is unfortunate that such a charge should have been made by a man of Irish blood, for Mr. Birrell has always been a devoted friend to the Irish people. He has always been an advocate of home rule and has even sought to have that principle extended to Scotland as well, having in view the establishment of a federation like that of the United States or Canada, each of the states having its own legislature and a central parliament sitting in London to legislate for the whole empire, a parliament in which the colonies would have representation in proportion to their importance.

Mr. Birrell is undoubtedly one of the strongest men in the present government, and when the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was sent for by King Edward to form an administration the first man he turned to was Mr. Birrell. He was given the department of education because on it would fall the work of preparing a bill to undo the work of the Conservative government which practically abolished the school boards and set up a system of church schools, a system which was bitterly fought by the non-conformists, many of whom went to jail rather than pay taxes for their support. Mr. Birrell's bill passed the commons, but the peers inserted 147 amendments which would have destroyed the bill altogether, so the commons refused to accept them.

Mr. Birrell is quite a prolific author. His principal works are "Obiter Dicta" and "Essays and Addresses," which the London Graphic pronounced to be " terse, scholarly, humorous and suggestive, sympathetic and witty." He is said to be the one humorous man in the cabinet. He is an able, forceful speaker and is in great demand at elections. In parliament he is a fearless, aggressive fighter and ready debater. Like most of the other members of the cabinet, he represents a Scotch constituency, and his mother is a native of the land of heather.

DEFEAT MAKES HIM GOVERNOR



Xenophon Orestes Pindall, president of the state senate, became acting governor of Arkansas when Gov. John S. Little was taken ill, but when he went to Washington to attend the convention for the conservation of natural resources Allen H. Hamiter, speaker of the house of representatives, succeeded him as acting governor. Hamiter vetoed some of the bills to which Pindall had given his assent and called a special session of the legislature to pass measures to which Pindall is opposed. Now Pindall hurried back from Washington to oust his successor and revoke the call for the special session. The legislature refused to heed the call and the promised trouble was averted.

It was a queer turn of luck that enabled Pindall to attain the summit of his ambition, the governor's chair, through defeat. He had that ambition in view when he ran for attorney general. That fight he regarded as only a preliminary center, and so did his opponent. Pindall was beaten and was considered out of the race, so he ran for the state senate and was elected. The senate elects its own presiding officer, who is ex-officio lieutenant governor, and its choice fell on Pindall. Thus he reached the office of governor through the side door, and the man who defeated him for attorney-general is now his subordinate and has to take his orders from the man he defeated at the polls. He will also be the court of first resort to decide whether Pindall or Hamiter is entitled to the office, a question that will be determined finally by the supreme court.

Pindall is an active, aggressive man of 33, the youngest man who ever sat in the governor's chair. Had he not obeyed the call of President Roosevelt he would have been occupying the chair yet. Attorney-General Kirby is certain to decide against him, for he is an ally of Hamiter's.

NEW PRESIDENT OF BOLIVIA



Fernando E. Guachalla, formerly minister to Washington from Bolivia, who has been elected president of that country by a majority of 21, came into prominence through his ability as a lawyer, and his writings on political economy. Several of his text books are used in the law department of the university at Lopez.

He was a captain in the government army during the war of the Pacific, after which he entered the diplomatic service. First, he was sent to Peru as secretary of legation, and then to Chile in the same capacity. Later he was returned to Peru as charge d'affaires, and was then elected to the house and senate, respectively, of the national congress. He was then appointed minister of foreign affairs, from which office he came to Washington.

In the spring of 1904 Senor Guachalla was relieved as minister to Washington by Senor Sentina and afterward to Brazil, which was the last diplomatic post held by him before entering the presidential campaign. Senor Guachalla will be inducted into office August 6.

"Hard Times." It must be admitted that after a period of prosperity which has been unequalled both in duration and degree, the country is now experiencing an industrial and financial depression which comes near to being genuine "hard times." In a great many places large numbers of men are unemployed. It is reported that 200,000 are out of work in New York city alone, and throughout the country at large there prevails a general feeling of uneasiness which is at once a sign of business depression and a potent cause of it. In this situation it may be cheering and wholesome to recall certain facts which differentiate the present conditions from those which usually precede or accompany hard times, and certain other facts which are true of all periods of depression.

Material conditions at present are all hopeful. Crops have been and are good, and many lines of manufacturing, like the iron and steel business, are in a normal and healthy condition. These things are usually quite otherwise in times of pronounced dullness. Moreover, it ought not to be forgotten that the real wealth of a country increases faster during hard times than in any other period. Men are not only driven to work harder, and therefore to produce more, by the fear of being thrown out of work, but they save more. Luxuries are discarded; old clothes are made to do duty a little longer; purchases are fitted to income rather than to desire. Undertakings which involve risk are made to wait a more convenient season, and the country as a whole emerges from the period of depression with greatly increased resources, to enter upon an era of prosperity which will be somewhat proportionate in length and intensity to the duration and depth of the depression which preceded it. This is the silver lining on which it is well to keep one's eyes. The country has suffered no serious wound, says "The Youth's Companion," it has no fatal disease. Rather is it in the condition of a man whose pulse has been arrested for a moment by a sudden fright. There is blood enough in the body—good, healthy blood—and it will soon start flowing again in its normal channels.

Ruskin, it is said, has written more sentences of inordinate length than any other classic writer of modern English prose. Frederic Harrison some years ago counted the words in a number of typical sentences, finding that in the earlier books it was no uncommon thing for Ruskin to run beyond the page before permitting himself and his readers the relief of a full stop. But in every case the sense is clear as day. Wordsworth's poem on the "Character of the Happy Warrior" is a notable example of sustained connections. Apart from the opening and closing couplets, the poem consists of two very long compound sentences almost entirely comprised of adjectival clauses. The longer of the two sentences contains 57 decasyllabic lines. This is probably a record in English verse.

The embarrassment of the underground electric railways which link together all sections of London, and which have now gone into the hands of a receiver for the readjustment of the finances of the system, is said to be due to the sharp competition of the motor buses and cheap cabs that continue to do a flourishing business on the surface, in the open. This explanation isn't altogether incomprehensible even from this somewhat remote distance. For passengers who are in no great hurry the charms of the top of a London bus, as well as those of a cab, for a shilling are irresistible, especially when compared with the dark, dank and gloomy underground traveling facilities of the English metropolises.

A St. Louis preacher tells his flock that the young people's habit of holding hands should be stopped. He explains that there is a nerve running from the back of the hand to the brain and another from the palm to the heart. "When a man takes a girl's hand and presses those two nerves, she comes under his control." Scientific blunder. The youth of the congregation are studying up on "nervology," while the elders who have been through the mill are chucking at what the preacher doesn't know about holding hands.

A woman doctor in Chicago claims to have seen a soul passing. She describes it as resembling tobacco smoke and having passed through a solid wall. We hope no one will be mean enough to accuse the lady physician of having a pipe dream.

A Cleveland man has been arrested for striking his wife because she had not spoken to him for three months. There are some who will say he ought

TALES OF LAKE AND LONG SHORE

BEING THE CHRONICLES OF SOME FRESH-WATER SALTS

By GEORGE TICKELL

PRINCE OR PRINCESS

By HUBERT M. SKINNER

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)



"Is He Sick?"

THE DUPING OF POLLY

monia which had carried off the victim in record time.

Miss Polly Antrim listened with an odd gleam in her intelligent eyes.

"Wasn't there—that is—didn't he leave a message or anything of that kind for me?" she demanded, when the mate had finished his melancholy recital.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Prout hurriedly. "The poor chap sent you his love, an'—an' hoped you'd meet him in heaven!" he concluded in a burst of inspiration.

Polly Antrim glanced at the mate with tightened lips. "Very nice of him," she commented coolly. "Who did you say took his place?"

"Capt. Chester," returned Prout. "Nothing like poor Brundage, though, he ain't."

"I should like to see him," said

serted the captain. "It beats all the shine so many of these girls take to me." Can't understand why they do it."

"Neither can I," agreed the mate, savagely. "It ain't your beauty, I'll swear. Maybe it's the lies you tell 'em. Some women go daffy over a slack-mouthed liar."

"That's not the point," returned Brundage, sourly. "There's only one way to square it. We don't carry passengers as a rule, and she'll likely be the only one aboard. What you've got to do now is pass the word to the crew to keep their mouths shut, and I'll keep up this deaf and dumb racket. She'll never know me in this rig, 'specially if I only show up after dark."

"And who's to stand your watches?" demanded the mate. "Think I'm a



"That Done—"

"T"HEN you'll do it, Bill, for the sake of old times?" queried Capt. Brundage anxiously.

"Yes," said the mate, "for old times' sake and the 25 bucks you promised. Particular for the 25 bucks."

The captain eyed him disdainfully.

"If 'twas me," he commented, "I'd be glad to help out a pal, even if I didn't get a cent. That's the kind of man I am."

"An' that's the kind I ain't," rejoined the mate tartly. "So maybe you'll stow this here moralisin' business an' hand over the coin, so as everything'll be accordin' to agreement."

The skipper of the steamer Arklam muttered something uncomplimentary under his breath, but—producing a bulky pocketbook extracted several bills therefrom and passed them to the mate, who thrust them into his pocket and faced his superior with a satisfied smirk.

"Now that's settled, let's run over your scheme again, so as I can get my right bearings," he said pleasantly.

"When we get to Buffalo you fix yourself up with a phony beard an' wig, an' if Miss Antrim comes askin' for you I'm to tell her Capt. Brundage died werry sudden—in Chicago, an' I'm a new skipper in charge."

"Don't forget as I'm supposed to be deaf and dumb," warned the captain. "If she once heard my voice it'd quaver the whole game."

"Oh, aw right," responded the mate. "Only she must be a bigger fat-head than she looks if she swallows that. Who'd ever believe as a company'd hire a deaf dummy for captain of a big steam freighter?"

"She's got to believe it," returned the captain. "Anyway, if she sees me at all, it'll be only for a few minutes, and the news of my death'll upset her so that she won't stop to figure out them little details."

"It wouldn't upset me," retorted the mate. "Seems like she oughter be joyful to hear it, if she's got any sense."

"That'll be all from you," growled Brundage in high dudgeon. "Just hold your jaw and do as you're told."

Shortly after the Arklam tied up at the Buffalo docks she was boarded by a buxom young damsel with a determined chin and a pair of snappy black eyes. The watchful mate greeted her at the gang plank, and she acknowledged the salutation with a gracious smile.

"Good morning, Mr. Prout," she said. "Is Capt. Brundage around?"

The mate twisted his features into a becoming semblance of grief.

"I'm sorry to say that I've got bad news for you, Miss Antrim," was the response. He hesitated and shook his head sadly.

"What's the trouble?" inquired the girl, her face a shade paler at the sight of the mate's dolorous visage.

"Is he sick?"

"Worse than that, miss," returned the mate in a hoarse whisper. "He's werry bad—that is, I mean he ain't now. He's gone, miss, gone forever."

The girl drew a sharp breath. "What!" she gasped, "you don't mean to say—"

"That he's dead, miss; yes, that's it," a sorry I am to tell you."

Miss Antrim dabbed a handkerchief hastily across her eyes. "How did it happen?" she asked. "Why, he— he was all right when he left here on his last voyage."

"Step into the cabin," requested the wily Mr. Prout, "an' I'll tell you all about it."

The girl followed him, and seating herself, prepared to listen to the mate's doleful narrative.

In accordance with the instructions of his chief, Mr. William Prout gave a very affecting sketch of the incidents relative to the former's sudden demise, due, as he declared, to a chill followed by an attack of pneu-



"She'll Never Know Me in This Rig."

Miss Antrim. "Perhaps he could tell me something more about Jim."

"Not him," responded the mate, hastily. "He didn't know Jim Brundage, an' anyways," he added as an afterthought, "this here Chester's deaf an' dumb; can't speak a word."

A look of intense surprise deepened on his hearer's countenance.

"Deaf and dumb!" she repeated. "Why, good gracious! how can a deaf mute be captain of a steamer?"

The mate's face flushed. "It's this way," he explained. "His uncle's the main guy of the Sherlock Navigation Company, an' he gave Chester the job. He ain't much of a sailor, an' all the work falls on me."

The girl eyed him steadily. "All the same," she remarked calmly, "I'm bound to see him, for I've made up my mind to go to Chicago on the Arklam."

"Mr. Prout uttered a horrified exclamation.

"Back on the Arklam!" he repeated. "What for?"

"To visit Jim's grave," responded the artless Miss Antrim.

"It's the least I can do under the circumstances. And it'll be a sort of consolation to sail on the boat he used to command, poor fellow."

"Well, Capt. Chester's ashore just now," declared the mate, desperately. "That doesn't matter, I'll see him later," she said, airily. "I'm going home now to pack my things and get ready."

Much aghast at this unexpected turn of fortune's wheel, Mr. Prout sought the presence of his chief, who had prudently remained in seclusion during Miss Antrim's visit. Capt. Brundage, resplendent in a false beard and wig of inky blackness, assumed to deceive his lady love's penetrating optics in case she insisted upon a personal interview, received his officer's tidings with a violent explosion of highly ornamental profanity.

"You've bungled the whole business, you nigger-headed swab!" he said, heatedly. "What the blue blazes are we to do now? If that girl ever lands in Chicago and finds out I'm alive and have a wife and four kids, there'll be the devil to pay."

"Tain't my fault," protested the mate, sullenly. "What business had you to make love to her? Might have known there'd be trouble."

"I wasn't all to blame, Bill," as-

blasted horse to be doing the work of two men? Anyhow, she'll be put wise when she reaches Chicago."

"Well, it'll give me time to think the matter over," said Brundage, hopefully. "You can stand the day watches and I'll come on at night."

Mr. Prout entered a vigorous protest, but in the end his superior's argument prevailed, and he hastened to give the necessary instructions to the members of the crew. True to her word, Miss Polly Antrim installed herself as sole passenger on the Arklam, and the mate proceeded to map out a long and difficult course of deception for what promised to be a memorable voyage.

Capt. Brundage, in the role of the silent Chester, passed muster before the girl's eyes in highly creditable fashion. She made no sign of recognition, and he reflected that the stage must have lost a shining light through his failing to perceive that nature had clearly intended him for an actor. To Mr. Prout fell the agreeable task of entertaining the fair passenger, who exhibited a liveliness of spirit not wholly in keeping with the sorrow of a maiden whom death had deprived of a lover. In fact, the mate, being a single man in the early thirties, found himself yielding to the witchery of her black eyes, and inwardly congratulated himself upon the happy chance which had thrown them together.

On the second day Capt. Brundage saw fit to take the amorous Mr. Prout aside and expostulate with him on the too evident partiality he displayed for Miss Polly's society. The mate listened to his remonstrances and then indulged in a fine burst of longshore rhetoric, liberally flavored with harsh epithets.

"A nice party you are," he concluded, "to come givin' me advice. Wot is it to you if the girl's took a fancy to me? Reg'lar dog in the manger, that's wot you are. Don't want her yourself an' can't bear to see any one else get her. For two pins I'd blow the whole game, an' then where'd you be?"

"I was speakin' for your good, Bill," pleaded the crestfallen captain. "You don't know wot an artful dame she is."

"An' how about yourself?" queried the mate. "You're a fine honest-hearted innocent to preach about artfulness. Anyway the jig'll be up

when we make port an' she goes huntin' for your grave."

"That's so," agreed Brundage, dejectedly. "We got to think that over, Bill."

"Think it over yourself," retorted the aggrieved Mr. Prout; "but don't come any nonsense over me, for I won't stand it."

The Arklam was nearing Chicago when Capt. Brundage, sitting alone in his cabin and figuring desperately on some means of escape from the net fate had thrown around him, looked up in surprise as Miss Polly entered and closed the door behind her with an emphatic slam. That done, she sat down and surveyed her quondam suitor with malicious eyes. Brundage stared back with a sickly smile, wondering inwardly what her visit might portend. He was not left long in doubt.

She suddenly stretched forth a slim, white hand, and tore the black beard from his face. Then she set her little foot upon it and spoke with muchunction.

"What an awful silly you are, Jim Brundage, to think that you could pull the wool over my eyes."

The captain wagged his head dismally.

"All right, Polly," he said, "you've got me beat. What do you reckon to do?"

"If I was a man," said the girl, scornfully, "I'd thrash you well, but I suppose I must get satisfaction another way—What hurts me most isn't your falseness, but the idea that you considered me such a fool. I've found out all about you, and unless you want your wife to know everything, you'll do as I say."

"When you passed yourself off as a single man you showed me your bankbook and calculated that \$500 would start us nicely in housekeeping. Now, when we reach Chicago, Jimmy dear, you'll go straight to the bank, draw \$250, and hand it over to me. Then I'll say good-by and you can thank your stars for getting off so easily."

The unmasked conspirator swore bitterly and protested fervently, but Miss Polly was adamant and he finally agreed to her terms. His disclosure to Mr. Prout of the conditions upon which he had surrendered was received by that unfeeling seaman with a hoarse laugh, which was distinctly aggravating to his commander's troubled mind.

The Arklam lay at the Clark street dock with Miss Antrim seated in the captain's cabin placidly awaiting his return from the bank. Beside her laughed Mr. William Prout, smoking the pipe of peace. Brundage entered with a look of intense gloom overshadowing his countenance, and signaled the mate to retire. Miss Polly waved her hand in dissent.

"Stay where you are," she said, generally. "Count out the money, Jim, and hurry up."

The mate grinned broadly as his skipper lugged out the well-known pocketbook, and, sighing deeply, handed \$250 in United States currency to his female Nemesis. Polly beamed graciously upon the uncheerful giver.

"That's a good boy, Jim," she said, sweetly, "and now we'll go ashore happy. By the way, it may interest you to know that Mr. Prout and I mean to set up housekeeping on the strength of your kind gift."

The captain's emotion was too deep for mere words to express. He rose to his feet, still staring helplessly, as Miss Antrim, leaning on the arm of the gratified mate, tripped merrily along the gang plank to the wharf.

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Editor Appointed Director-General, Gen. James Evelyn Pilcher, editor of the Military Surgeon, is the new director-general of the National Volunteer Emergency corps. The corps was organized in 1900, to render aid in time of national calamity or in the event of war. The corps is now being reorganized on the lines of the medical corps of the United States army.

Weird, indeed, are the tales of the ancient Hindus and Persians. Nothing is improbable among people who believe in magic carpets and flying horses, in terrific galls corked up in bottles, and in men transformed into animals. Here is a veracious and very ancient tale from the Sanskrit, which does credit to its original narrator, whoever he may have been.

The great king Nihla-Keton lived and ruled wisely in his beautiful city of Barty-Poura, which was the capital of his flourishing kingdom of Anga-Dessa. You must not ask any questions about these proper names, for one cannot in this day turn to books of geography and history and put his finger upon the persons and places of five or six thousand years ago; and this story is one of the oldest.

The king's premier, the great Lord Vahaca, was a man of wonderful resources, who was equal to every emergency in statecraft. The queen and her three daughters were as beautiful as Dahana, the Dawn. But for one thing, the king's happiness would have been complete. Like Napoleon, a century ago, he lacked an heir; and just as Napoleon was led to divorce the devoted Josephine for purely dynastic reasons, King Nihla-Keton was considering the matter of a separation from the queen.

The ladies of the palace were overwhelmed with sorrow and dread. Just then another child was born. It was a girl. In her desperation, the queen appealed to the great Lord Vahaca to save her; and this he undertook to do at great risk to himself. He announced to the king that at last a son was born—a son, the very image of his sire, evidently favored of heaven, and giving every promise of a glorious career. The king was mad with delight; but according to the etiquette of the time, he must not be permitted to see the child until the twelfth day after its birth. Then he must solemnly greet it and bestow upon it. Its name at a great magna-carna, or christening feast.

For 12 days he tumbled over in his mind the Sanskrit roots, in a search for a combination which should be grand and inspiring, as becoming the title of such a prince; and for 12 days the premier planned how he might carry on the deception upon which he had entered. The pavorista, or royal astrologer, was appealed to—and—for a consideration, doubtless—gave the king the horoscope of the child. The stars, he declared, forbade the formalities of the nama-carna, and would prevent the king from seeing the baby. In fact, he continued, the brilliant career of the prince was strictly conditional. The stars decreed that the king was not to see his son until the latter should be grown and married—which would be about 16 years later, according to Hindu custom. The king was deeply disappointed, but was pacified by the promise of life and health and honor for the prince, and so bowed to the will of heaven. He was at liberty to arrange for his son's education—through the premier, of course—to build a palace for him, and to inquire about him from day to day; but to see the child was out of the question.

Fifteen years passed rapidly away. The great Lord Vahaca was still in his prime, the queen and her daughters were still beautiful. The supposed prince was grown to womanhood. And now, more than ever before, all the parties to the scheme of deception were filled with apprehension, for the king was bent on having his heir married as soon as possible.

The proper thing for a royal father to do, in that day, was to raise a large army, place his son at the head of it, invade the realm of some neighboring potentate, and demand the daughter of the latter. King Nihla-Keton followed the custom. He had heard of the beauty of a certain princess of Pattaly-Poura. She must be the bride of his son. Troops were gathered in the city of Barty-Poura, and the supposed prince was ordered to lead them to the neighboring capital, to marry the princess, and to return for the royal blessing.

With a faint heart the poor princess of Anga-Dessa determined to carry out her part as best she might, to save herself and her mother from exposure and destruction. But the premier must go along with them. This was granted. The Lord Vahaca had his own head to save, and must make a success of the expedition in some way. And as the army set out, at its head and arrayed in the garb of a prince, rode the luckless maid, while all Barty-Poura rang with cheers, and only the poor king was denied the pleasure of seeing the adored leader. As they drew nigh to Pattaly-Poura, the premier was at his wits' end. What was to be done? Luckily, fate offered him a temporary assistance. As they passed through the defiles of a craggy forest, they came upon a great giant of superhuman powers. This giant had the prerogative of being at any time either a man or a woman, at will. But he could change himself temporarily into a woman only when some woman, on agreement, would suffer herself to be, for the time, transformed into a man, so that the balance of the sexes might be preserved.

Here was an opportunity. Could the

premier persuade the giant to exchange sexes with the princess? The great Lord Vahaca set himself to the task, explaining the necessity of the case. And the giant, who was not a bad fellow, gallantly agreed to make the exchange for six days only, to please the fair princess. Bear in mind, the giant did not become a princess, nor the princess a giant. There was no exchange of personality, only instead of a princess and a giant there were now a genuine prince—and a giantess. There was little change in the appearance of the two, and no one suspected anything of the strange compact between them.

The light-spirited prince now led his soldiers into the city of Pattaly-Poura and up to the royal palace. The king was impressed with the formidable character of the army, and especially with the appearance and deportment of the manly young prince. The latter fell in love with the princess at sight, and she lost her heart as soon as she beheld him. There was a bold, passionate demand for her hand, which was conceded at once. But the wedding must be celebrated on the morrow. How very sudden! What an ardent wooer! Could he not wait at least a week or two? The prince shuddered, but stood firm. Not a day's delay would be permitted.

All things are allowed to lovers. The city of Pattaly-Poura improvised a wedding of oriental splendor. For four days it was mad with delight. Illuminations, music, parades, dances and feasting filled the hours. The prince determined to leave the dominions of his father-in-law in short order. No, no. It was useless to talk. Not another day could he remain; not another day.

From the ecstasies of those days he turned to his dark future. On the sixth day he found himself, with his sweet bride, in the rocky forest where the giantess was awaiting him. Would his bride be a party to the terrible secret of his life? Must he and his mother and sisters and the great Lord Vahaca all suffer death when they should be at her mercy? Could he exchange his proud young manhood, so lately possessed, for the inferior estate of woman? He must. The giantess, doubtless, was awaiting him, impatient to return to her own proper self. But where was she? How he dreaded to meet her!

Ab, she comes! But how? Not with impatient, stern demand. Not with stately tread, simpering, giggling, she comes, to make a statement and proposition. Within the past five days she has had several visits (giggles) from a giant who happened along (te-he!). He had talked and talked with her, and—and he had fallen in love with her (giggles), and she had with him. And now, would the young prince be willing, for any consideration—to make their temporary exchange of sexes a permanent arrangement?

TAUGHT WIFE A LESSON.

New York Business Man Shown Spouse What \$600 Looks Like.

There is a broker's wife residing within pistol shot of the Majestic, who learned a lesson in finance recently which, she says, will last her a while. She saw a pretty rug, downtown and expressed a wish for its possession.

"We don't need it for the moment," she told her husband, "but I am perfectly fascinated with it and I'd like to own it—against the time when we own our house. Please write me a check for the amount—\$600."

The broker is a man of means, but even men of means have looked twice and even thrice of late before buying \$600 rugs that were not of immediate service. This broker, however, is a judge of human nature—or else he wouldn't be a success in his line of business—and he saw an avenue of escape.

"I haven't my book with me," he giggled, "but I'll send you the money as soon as I get downtown."

And he did. He sent his clerk to the bank with instructions, loaded him up with \$600 in silver, and sent him up to the house. When the man arrived he asked to be shown to the dining room, and without a word he dumped the contents of the sack in which he carried the silver. It made a big pile—600 round, glittering dollars—and Mrs. Broker was impressed.

A check wouldn't have appealed to her for a moment, but the money actually talked. She looked at the heap of silver, and fingered it, too, and at last she said: "You take this money back. Tell Mr. Blank I've changed my mind. I guess I can do without the rug for the present."

Statesmen Shorthand Writers.

Ex-Senator W. E. Chandler of New Hampshire used to be about the only man in either branch of congress who could write shorthand. It was a distinction in which he had some pride. The house in Mr. Chandler's time had one shorthand writer in the late Robert R. Hitt of Illinois, who reported the Lincoln-Douglas debate, and who told many reminiscences of how he used to write out his notes in the days before the invention of typewriting machines.

Heart Troubles

The heart may be weak just the same as the eyes, stomach or other organs. It often happens that a person is born with a weak heart. Then again disease, fevers, over-exertion, anxiety, nervousness, rheumatism, etc. weaken the heart. The result is shortness of breath, palpitation, pain in the heart, or in some of the nerves of the chest or abdomen. The heart should be strengthened with a tonic, and for this nothing equals Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

"I had LaGrippe last fall as I thought in a mild form. I was weak, tired, feeling, and short of breath; could hardly go about, and a good deal of the time sort of an asthmatic breathing and extremely nervous. I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nervine and now I feel so much better in every way. I am so thankful that I began taking this medicine, and shall not hesitate to tell others how much good it has done me."

MRS. F. J. NORTON,
Freeville, New York.

Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and we authorize him to return price of first bottle (only) if it fails to benefit you.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

What A Lie!

"It takes money to run a newspaper." St. John, Kas. News.

What an exaggeration! What a whopper! It has been disproved a thousand times; it is a clean case of air-fancy. It don't take money to run a newspaper; it can run without money. It is a charitable institution, a begging concern; a highway robber. The newspaper is a child of the air, a creature of a dream. It can go on and on like a phantom, a will-o-the-wisp, when other concerns would be in the hands of a receiver and no one, not even providence or the omniscient publisher can tell you how it was done.

It takes wind, only, to run newspapers; it takes a scintillating acrobatic imagination, and a half dozen white shirts, and the shirts may be dispensed with, to run a newspaper, but money—heavenly to Betsy and seven hands round, whoever needed money in conducting a newspaper? Kind words is the medium of exchange, backed up with a few sociable tickets. When these are not handy a good cussing is always acceptable, these will always do the business with the editor. When you see an editor with much money, watch him, for the first thing you know he will be paying his bills and disgracing the profession. Never give money to a newspaper man. Make him "take it out." He likes to swap.

Then when you die, after having cumbered the earth for years; and after having sneered at the editor and of course he needed it, and after you had cussed his "jim-crow paper," be sure and have your wife send on for three extra copies by one of your weeping children, though the Lord only knows why the kid weeps, and when she reads the generous and touching notice about you, forewarn her to neglect to send fifteen cents to the newspaper man as it might overwhelm him, for money is a corrupting thing and the editor knows it. What he wants is your heartfelt thanks, then he can thank the printers and they can thank the grocers.

But money—scorn the filthy thing. Don't let the editor know anything about it. Keep that for sordid trades people who charge for their wares. The Lord loves a cheerful giver. He'll take care of the editor. Don't you worry about the editor. He has a charter from the state to act as a door mat for the community. He'll stand up for you when you run for office, and lie about your pigeon-toed daughter's tacky wedding, and blow about your big-headed son when he gets a four dollar-a-week job, and weep over your shriveled son when he has at last secured a happy release from your grasping body, and smile at your giddy wife's second marriage. He'll get along; the Lord only knows how—but somehow.

DEEDS RECORDED.

List of transfers for the week ending June 13th, 1908.

Martin J. Pearson to Yull Brothers n 1/2 of s 1/2 of w 1/2 of sec 24 t 33 n r 4w & o 1. \$900.00.

Frank L. Pearson to Yull Brothers s 1/2 of s 1/2 of w 1/2 sec 24 t 33 n r 4w. \$200.00.

Leonard F. Knowles to Frank Van Buren, lot 7 J. M. Harris uored plat Boyne. \$1.00.

John Ward to Lydia A. Ward, s 1/2 lot 5 blk 8 and other lands Charlevoix. \$1.00 and other con.

Chas. Novak to Art Wait, lot 3 blk 4 Masons Add Charlevoix. \$600.00.

Godfrey VonPlaten to John Peters, n 1/2 of n 1/2 sec 7 t 32 n r 4w. \$200.

L. G. Willison to Chas. E. Holt, s w 1/4 of s 1/2 and o 1 sec 26 t 32 n r 6w. \$400.00.

James L. Tumath to Boyne City Chem. Co., lot 15 Jerseys Add Boyne. \$200.00.

Lydia A. Ward to E. B. Ward, lot 31 and other lands Charlevoix. \$1.00 and other con.

John Ward to Lydia Ward, part sec 27 t 34 n r 8w. \$1.00 and other con.

Abram G. Jackson to John Bland Kittle B. Kirby, e 1/2 lot 10 Cobbs Add So Boyne. \$1000.00.

George A. Miller to William Walker, n 1/2 of s 1/2 sec 7 t 32 n r 7w. \$1,100.00.

Allen M. Wilkinson to Owen Gallagher, part lot 1 sec 22 t 39 n r 10w. \$1.00 and other con.

ROMEO A. EMREY,
Register of Deeds.

To stop any pain, anywhere in 20 minutes, simply take just one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. Pain means congestion—blood pressure—that is all. Dr. Shoop's Headache or Pink Pain Tablets—will quickly coax blood pressure away from pain centers. After that, pain is gone. Headache, Neuragia, painful periods with women etc. get instant help. 20 Tablets 25 cents. Sold by James Gidley.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
Then to the store she went with glee,
For Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea.

—F. B. Gannett & Co.

Hidden Dangers.

Nature Gives Timely Warnings That No East Jordan Citizen Can Afford to Ignore.

Danger Signal No 1 comes from the kidney secretions. They will warn you when the kidneys are sick. Well kidneys excrete a clear, amber fluid. Sick kidneys send out a thin, pale and foamy, or a thick, red, ill-smelling urine, full of sediment and irregular of passage.

Danger Signal No 2 comes from the back. Back pains, dull and heavy, or sharp and acute, tell you of sick kidneys and warn you of the approach of dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently.

Edgar Ormsby, retired farmer, of 202 Twelfth St., Traverse City, Mich., says: "I had a serious kidney weakness for years. The kidney secretions contained sediment and I had pains in all parts of my body. I was finally advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills and did so. I had used them but a few weeks when I was cured."

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

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

To Consumptives.

Edward A. Wilson's Preparation of Hypophosphites and Biotin, 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.

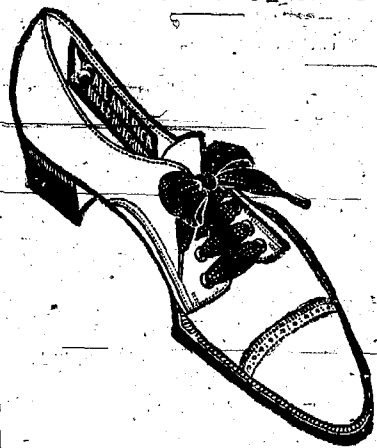
Write at once—delays are dangerous, and may prove fatal.

For full particulars, testimonials, etc., address

C. A. ABBOTT, Sole Agent,
90 Ann Street, New York City, N. Y.

The Weather Man Says

It's to be a hot summer; and I believe it to be true, so get your FEET into a pair of our cool OXFORDS



and don't go around with that grouchy look on your face. We have them in Black and Tan Leathers. Both Lace and Buckle.

Get them
At HUDSON'S
Exclusive Shoe Store.

East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE.

(In effect Jan. 21, 1908)

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

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

All trains daily except Sunday.

Trains run by central standard time.

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

Detroit & Charlevoix Railroad.

Time Schedule in effect Jan. 3, 1908.

Going East Stations Going West

A. M.	Leave	Arrive	P. M.
9 00	East Jordan	0 30	
9 20	Wards	5 20	
9 25	Jordan-River	5 10	
9 30	Graves' Camp	5 00	
9 40	Green River		
10 50	Alba	4 30	
11 40	Deward	3 10	
12 25	Frederic	2 25	

CLARK HAIRE,
General Manager.

\$150 For Best Article.

The Republican Congressional Committee offers \$150 for the best article not exceeding 1,000 words on the subject:

Why The Republican Party Should Be Successful Next November.

The competition is open to all.

In judging the merits of contributions consideration will be given not only to style, arguments and facts presented, but to the convincing power, and it should be borne in mind that Members of Congress are to be elected as well as President and Vice-President.

No manuscripts will be returned, but will be the property of the Committee.

The best article will be widely used both in the newspapers of the country and in pamphlet form.

The award will be made and check sent to successful contestant about August 15th. Manuscripts must be mailed not later than July 15th to

Literary Bureau,
Republican Congressional Committee,
Metropolitan Bank Building,
Washington, D. C.

If one feels dull or spiritless, in the spring or early summer, they call it "Spring Fever." But there is no fever—usually. It is the after effect of our winter habits. The nerves are mostly at fault. Tired, worn-out nerves leave us languid, lifeless, and without spirit or ambition. A few doses of Dr. Shoop's Restorative will absolutely and quickly change all of these depressing symptoms. The Restorative of course won't bring you back to full health in a day or two, but it will do enough in 48 hours to satisfy you that the remedy is reaching that "tired spot." Druggists everywhere are advising its use as a splendid and prompt general tonic. It gives more vim and more spirit to the spoonful than any other known nerve or constitutional tonic. It spurs a falling appetite, aids digestion, fees sluggish liver and kidneys, and brings new life, strength and ambition. Test it a few days and be convinced. Sold by James Gidley.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

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Women Who Think.

If you are a thinking woman, and you no doubt think you are, the following will make you think.

Just between you and me, is it not a significant fact that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for woman's peculiar ailments, the makers of which print a full list of its ingredients, attested under oath, on its bottle-wrappers?

Does this not mean something to you if you are a sufferer?

It means that you absolutely know what you are taking when you make use of this world-famed medicine.

It means that you absolutely know that you are not taking "booze" when using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, but a good, honest, square-deal medicine adapted to woman's delicate organization by an educated, trained and experienced specialist in woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments.

Are the above facts not of some importance to you?

Many thousands of America's most famous physicians prescribe Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription because they know just what its composition is—which cannot be said of any other medicine advertised for the cure of woman's special ailments.

It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

It has done this for many hundreds of thousands. What it has done for others it will no doubt do for you if you but give it a fair trial.

Don't be put off with some inferior substitute with no record of cures to recommend it. You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum in place of this tried and proven medicine of known composition.

THOUGHTFUL, INTELLIGENT WOMEN use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for many good reasons. It enables them to avoid the disagreeable questionings and abhorrent examinations generally deemed necessary by the family physician. It cures in the privacy of the home. If, however, you want the advice of a skilled specialist in woman's peculiar maladies, write or call upon Dr. R. V. Pierce at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's advice is given gratis. It costs you nothing, but may be worth much to you.

Next to obtaining Dr. Pierce's Personal advice, you will find his great book—The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book of over a thousand pages, copiously illustrated—offers many valuable suggestions to invalid women. It has been lately revised and brought up-to-date. Costs only 31 one-cent stamps for cloth bound, or 21 stamps in paper binding—just to cover cost of mailing only. Address as above.

We are Sole Agents in East Jordan for

Sleepy Eye Flour

Manufactured by Sleepy Eye Milling Co., Sleepy Eye, Minn.

Sleepy Eye Flour is a quality product. There is no other flour that so thoroughly meets the requirements of a discriminating quality trade. The Sleepy Eye habit is growing. It's making the finest bread for others and will make fine bread for you.

Bulow & Son, STATE STREET
EAST JORDAN

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.

EARN \$10,000 YEAR. WHY NOT?

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International Correspondence Schools

WILL START YOU. MICH. ENROLLMENT OFFICE AT TRAVERSE CITY

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