

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 12

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1908.

No. 35

Covell's Defense

Is Without a Leg to Stand On.

Every Claim Knocked Out

OPPOSED EQUAL TAXATION—HELPED RAILROADS.

One of First Immortals—A Pioneer in Defeating People's Wishes—Look it Up.

No attack has been made on Mr. Covell's character, but his vote as a state senator has been criticized. What is his defense?

MICHIGAN CENTRAL CHARTER VOTE.

1. Covell claimed first that the charter repeal bill never came before the legislature of 1897. Why not? Because George Covell voted with the first immortal nineteen to kill it in committee. See his record in this issue.

2. He claims it would then have been impossible to pass this bill because of the pressure of other business. This is an old gag. Surely nothing was more important than this. Covell helped in every way possible to delay this bill so as to prevent its passage. It would have taken longer to vote for it than against it.

3. Covell claims the charter repeal bill came up again the same year at a later session and was passed "every man voted with Mr. Covell against discharging the committee voting for it." It is certainly surprising that Mr. Covell or any intelligent person for him should tell so deliberate an untruth. These are the facts as shown by the Senate Journal. No other session was held that year (1897), nor was there any session held until March 1898. At this session as shown in Covell's record, the same dilatory tactics were used as at the regular session. Covell was there pretending to represent his district, but really acting as a lobbyist for the railroads. So successful was he and his fellow lobbyists that the repeal of the Michigan Central Charter never even came to vote.

In the session of 1899, Governor Pingree again attempted to pass the repeal of the Michigan Central Charter and again failed. Before this time the membership of the senate had almost entirely changed. Mr. Milken, Mr. Covell's successor, was lined up squarely for the bill as he always was for right legislation, but Flood and Latimer, both of whom opposed the bill in 1897, still voted against it and NOT A MAN WHO OPPOSED IT IN 1897, SUPPORTED IT IN THIS SESSION. See Senate Journal, of 1899 page 1576. These are facts proven by the records and completely refute the tissue of falsehood invented by Covell and his backers to bolster up a lost cause.

The records prove that the Charter repeal bill did not pass until a special session held in the fall of 1900 when, after repeated trials, the people forced the senate to do their bidding. Only two were left of the first nineteen immortals. Flood and Latimer, and Chas. Smith and the whole immortal bunch except five who dodged had been finally dragged by the governor and people into supporting the measure and the repeal of the Michigan Central and Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad charters was approved October 15, 1900.

4. Covell claims that the repeal of this charter "did not affect taxation a cent's worth. It was merely a bill to regulate the price of fare to be charged." etc. This, too, is a deliberate falsification. The Michigan Central charter was granted by act 42, session laws of 1846. In this charter, which is before the writer, is a provision, section 33, page 61, as follows:

"The said company shall pay to the state an annual tax of one-half of one per cent upon the capital stock paid in, including the two millions of purchase money paid to the state, until the first day of February, eighteen hundred fifty-one, and thereafter an annual tax of three-fourths of one per cent upon its capital stock paid in."

So this charter had nothing to do with taxation? Does it look like it, when the exact amount of tax is stated in the charter? Does George Covell think he can fool the people with such rank stuff as this? Taxation was just the thing the charter did affect as shown above in the quotation from the charter itself. Of course such a charter must be repealed before equal taxation could be

adopted. And George Covell opposed this repeal as long as he was in the senate.

VOTE ON RAILROAD FARE BILLS

For his vote on these bills Covell has no defense. Consistent with his record as a railroad senator he voted against reducing fares in the upper peninsula from 4 to 3 cents against interchangeable mileage, and always in favor of everything the railroads wanted. The railroads never asked anything of George Covell when he was in the senate that he did not do.

WHAT HE BRAGS OF

Covell brags of his vote in favor of the Merriam bill and tells how much additional tax it brought into the state treasury, but he fails to tell the people that the Merriam bill was a railroad bill, pure and simple. That it was an effort by railroad senators, by making a show of increasing specific taxation to prevent the repeal of the Michigan Central charter and the adoption of taxation on actual value as farms are taxed. Look at the record.

NOT A PRIMARY REFORMER.

Covell claims to favor the primary law yet he did absolutely nothing two years ago to secure the application of this law to the nomination of congressmen. The calling of the committee for this purpose, circulation of petitions and in fact all the work of securing its adoption was initiated by those who are today supporting Mr. Dodds. Mr. Covell's connection with the machine politics and politicians of the state is so notorious that his claim of being a "primary reformer" provokes a smile.

Mr. Covell's "defense" is without a leg to stand on, while his boastful claims are not upheld by the facts.

Teachers' Institute.

East Jordan, Mich., Aug. 24, 1908.

To Teachers of Charlevoix County:

The annual Summer Institute will convene in Charlevoix on Monday morning, August 31st, at 10:00 a. m. and will continue for one week.

Many teachers have been unable to attend the institutes which have been held earlier in the summer on account of their attendance at summer schools, or other engagements.

Coming as it does this year, just the week prior to the opening of the school term, it would seem that no very good reason could be offered for non attendance.

Supt. Woodley, of Charlevoix and Miss Jessie M. Himes, Principal of the Normal Training School, will have charge of the program.

Particular attention will be given to methods of teaching and the general management of the school.

Teachers are benefited by the association with each other, and by the discussion of plans.

In this institute we expect that you will take a part, and that each will profit by the experience of the other.

Every teacher in the county will be expected to attend, and it is hoped that every one will take part in the discussions.

Very little time will be taken for academic work, but instead, every effort will be made to strengthen the teacher's ability in presenting a subject to a class.

The State Department expresses opinion, and educators everywhere endorse it, that no teacher who is loyal to her profession will fail to attend teachers' meetings.

Wages are being advanced, and the standard of the teacher is being raised and the teacher who fails to take an interest in the things pertaining to her profession will soon find herself out of the profession.

Plan to be in Charlevoix on Monday morning at ten o'clock and to remain for every session.

The expense will not be very high, and you will carry to your work many helpful suggestions.

Respectfully,
J. H. MILFORD.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending Aug. 27, 1908:

Letters.

Adoms, Mr. V. J. Clark, Miss Hazel Ferguson, Robert Sweet, Christina James, R. Walker

Cards.

Costello, Miss Clara Castle E. J. Dator, Mr. Frank Helel, Mr. George Hehal, Miss Anna Kingsley, Miss Susie Montgomery, Jess, Walker, James R.

FRANK A. KENYON, P.M.

Township Caucus.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a Republican Township Caucus at the Town-Hall East Jordan, Saturday afternoon, August 29th, at 2 o'clock for the purpose of electing twelve delegates to the Republican County Convention to be held at Charlevoix Tuesday, Sept. 8th; and for the transacting of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

J. H. MILFORD,
Chairman Twp. Committee.

Republican Co. Convention.

To the Republican Electors of the County of Charlevoix:

You are hereby notified that there will be a Republican County Convention held at the Court House, in the city of Charlevoix, Charlevoix county, Michigan, on Tuesday, the 8th day of September, A. D. 1908, at 10:30 o'clock in the forenoon, for the following purposes:

To elect seven delegates to the Republican State Convention to be held in the city of Detroit, on Tuesday, the 29th day of September, A. D., 1908. To place in nomination the following county officers: One member of the state legislature from the Charlevoix county district; Sheriff; Judge of Probate; County Clerk; Register of Deeds; County Treasurer; Prosecuting Attorney; County Surveyor; Circuit Court Commissioner; two Coroners; and for the transacting of such other business as may lawfully come before the convention.

The several townships are entitled to representation as follows—

Bay	2 delegates
Boyer Valley	4 "
Chandler	2 "
Charlevoix	1 "
Charlevoix City	1 "
1st Ward	3 "
2d "	4 "
3d "	3 "
Evangeline	1 "
City of Boyne City	1 "
1st Ward	2 "
2d "	4 "
3d "	4 "
4th "	5 "
Evelline	3 "
Hayes	3 "
Hudson	2 "
Marion	2 "
Melrose	3 "
Norwood	2 "
Pealne	2 "
South Arm	12 "
St. James	2 "
Wilson	3 "

Dated, East Jordan, August 17, 1908.

WM. J. PEARSON,

Ch'n Republican Co. Committee.

H. I. McMILLAN, Secretary.

The M. B. A's of East Jordan give a Labor Day Dance at Loveday Opera House the evening of Sept. 7th.

Verdict for Dr. Pierce

AGAINST THE

Ladies' Home Journal.

Sending truth after a lie. It is an old maxim that "a lie will travel seven leagues while truth is getting its boots on," and no doubt hundreds of thousands of good people read the unwarranted and malicious attack upon Dr. R. V. Pierce and his "Favorite Prescription" published in the May (1904) number of the Ladies' Home Journal, with its great black display headings, who never saw the humble, groveling retraction, with its inconspicuous heading, published two months later. It was boldly charged in the slanderous and libelous article that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of woman's weaknesses and ailments, contained alcohol and other harmful ingredients. Dr. Pierce promptly brought suit against the publishers of the Ladies' Home Journal, for \$200,000.00 damages.

Dr. Pierce alleged that Mr. Bok, the editor, maliciously published the article containing such false and defamatory matter with the intent of injuring his business, furthermore, that no alcohol, or other injurious, or habit-forming, drugs are, or ever were, contained in his "Favorite Prescription"; that said medicine is made from native medicinal roots and contains no harmful ingredients whatsoever and that Mr. Bok's malicious statements were wholly and absolutely false.

In the retraction printed by said Journal they were forced to acknowledge that they had obtained analyses of "Favorite Prescription" from eminent chemists, all of whom certified that it did not contain alcohol or any of the alleged harmful drugs. These facts were also proven in the trial of the action in the Supreme Court. But the business of Dr. Pierce was greatly injured by the publication of the libelous article with its great display headings, while hundreds of thousands who read the wickedly defamatory article never saw the humble groveling retraction, set in small type and made as inconspicuous as possible. The matter was, however brought before a jury in the Supreme Court of New York State which promptly rendered a verdict in the Doctor's favor. Thus his trademark came to grief and that was almost very nearly the end.

Mormons Coming.

Elders of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (Mormons from Utah) will be here Saturday and Sunday to hold a series of meetings on the principal street corner of the city. They invite the people of East Jordan and vicinity to come out and give them a hearing and listen to the plan of salvation as they understand it. People have heard much concerning the unpopular people from Utah. Adjudge them fairly. If judgment is ours at all we should hear their side of the question. True Americanism cries aloud for justice in judgment in all things. We have a chance to hear some of the doctrines of Mormonism and to ask them questions on their articles of faith which were given by Joseph Smith (their first prophet) and reads as follows:

1. We believe in God the Eternal Father, and His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost

2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins and not for Adam's transgression.

3. We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

4. We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: first, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, repentance; third, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

5. We believe that a man must be called of God by prophecy and by the laying on of hands, by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and therefor.

9. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church—namely apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing interpretation of tongues, etc.

8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God so far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that he does now reveal, and we believe that he will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this (the American) continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth; and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisaical glory.

11. We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege. Let them worship how, when or what they may.

12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates; in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.

We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things; we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after those things.

Meetings on the principal streets Saturday afternoon at 3:00 and Saturday evening at 7:30 p. m.; also Sunday afternoon at 3:00 and Sunday evening at 7:30 p. m.

No collections. All are invited. Elders Erastus Wistenskow, A. S. Carlisle

Didn't Challenge.

Central Michigan Times:

"There has been some newspaper comment, relative to a supposed or assumed challenge made by George G. Covell to me to discuss, review or debate with him his senatorial record. Now, I wish to say that I have never received such a challenge from Mr. Covell by letter, word or otherwise. And although we have met and addressed the people of the 11th congressional district during the past few days from the same platforms, he at such times, has never even so much as hinted to me that he would like to discuss and review with me his senatorial record.

Yours truly,
Francis H. Dodds.

PIANO FOR SALE—A Wing piano, practically new, will be sold cheap. For particulars inquire at this office.



That hacking cough continues
Because your system is exhausted and your powers of resistance weakened.
Take Scott's Emulsion.
It builds up and strengthens your entire system.
It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.
ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

A Home Laundry

First-Class in every detail—has long been a necessity in East Jordan. Realizing this we have gone to considerable expense in installing modern machinery and are now able to

Guarantee Satisfaction

Send us your bundle and we will show you what it is possible to accomplish by High Class Laundering. Your linen looks equal to new when laundered by our perfect methods. Phone 53 and our wagon will call. No extra charge for collecting and delivering.

We Make a Specialty of LADIES' CLOTHES.

American Steam Laundry

G. C. GRIFFITH, Prop'r.

Beautiful Pictures and Frames

A Delight to the Eye An Ornament to Any Home.

WE HAVE AN ASSORTMENT OF OVER FIVE HUNDRED PICTURES TO SELECT FROM—EVERY ONE A GEM.

Pictures 5c. to \$3.00. Ready-Made Frames 10c to \$5.00

WE FRAME PICTURES TO ORDER.

HARPER'S BAZAAR.

The Fall Term of the Needham Business College

Traverse City, Michigan

Begins MONDAY, AUGUST 31st.

COURSES OF STUDY:
ENGLISH SHORTHAND BUSINESS COMBINED TELEGRAPHY

Expenses Low, Equipment Complete, Methods Thorough and Up-to-date, and Supplies Business Houses With Competent Office Help.

The N. B. C. is recognized as the Leading Business School in Northern Michigan. Enroll Aug. 31st and prepare for a successful business career.

For Further Information address
W. R. NEEDHAM, PRES.

Good Plumbing

may cost a little more at the beginning but will prove by far the least expensive in the end. If you want the very Best Plumbing send for us and we will gladly figure on any work along our line. Piping, Repair work, etc.

MARINE SUPPLIES.
GEORGE H. SPENCER.

If everybody living got his rights, would anything be left?

How could so many motion picture shows be running if prosperity had not returned?

Amusing how the "Have-you-any-work?" fellows keep away from the wheat belt.

The money-making machine's principal merit is to land a few undesirable citizens in the penitentiary.

England would no doubt gladly trade her pugnacious suffragettes for the Mexican revolutionists and pay a handsome "boot."

Some day some playwright may write a play in which there will be a college boy who is not crazy. But what will be the use?

Boats engaged in mackerel fishing off Milford, England, have landed as many as 30,000 fish, and 100 fish have been sold for a shilling.

Guanajuato holds the world's record as a silver producer, having yielded \$1,000,000,000 Mexican in the last three and a half centuries.

According to Mitchell's Newspaper Press Directory there are now published in the United Kingdom alone no fewer than 2,353 newspapers.

We don't hear much lately about idle freight cars. Most of them are getting busy. Georgia, for instance needs 7,000 cars to move her peach crop.

Why can't we have a society composed of gentlemen who have positively declined to permit themselves to be nominated for the vice-presidency?

As long as the Cambridge, England oarsmen have declined to row, the Harvard boys will always have the satisfaction of thinking that they might have beaten them.

An English doctor declares that extremely warm weather is good for human beings. We have always been willing to concede that it was good for those in the ice business.

An old-time spelling bee was held at the Carnegie hall, in Bryan, Tex., between the Ladies Aid society of the Baptist church and the Home Mission society of the Methodist church.

A Minnesota woman having been divorced five times, is forbidden to marry. She has probably made up her mind by this time, without the law stepping in to break her of the habit.

Prince Helle announces that his bride will have an income of \$360,000 a year, which he thinks will be enough for them to get along on. He must intend to let his creditors continue to wait.

It is estimated that the sum of \$12,000,000 was spent for Fourth of July fireworks and explosives this year. The average cost of deaths in celebrating the Fourth probably is about the same as in a regular battle.

British suffragettes seem to have mastered the rule of practical politics that anyone who wants anything must not let false scruples or modesty or courtesy stand in the way of asking for it in a peremptory tone of voice.

The announcement that just to prepare the plans for New York's proposed 62-story skyscraper took the time and labor of 150 men for six months and will cost at least \$250,000 will make Chicago feel even worse than she did before.

Robert Sewell of Sidham, a Creek Indian, is one of the most widely traveled men in Oklahoma, having been in England and on the continent of Europe, besides having claimed a residence in both South America and Australia.

And now the provisions of the pure food law are to be stringently applied to patent medicines, and hereafter catarrh cures will have to cure catarrh and corn removers will be required to remove. To be sure, it requires a violent stretch of the imagination to put catarrh foods under the heading food.

"Blind Tom," noted a generation ago as a musical prodigy, died last month in the home of the daughter-in-law of his old master, for he was born a slave near Columbus, Ga. When a boy he amused the household by imitating the cries of birds and the sound of the wind and rain. He had a marvelous memory, and could play any musical composition which he heard. It is said that he could play one melody with his right hand, another with his left and whistle a third at the same time. Yet with all his musical gifts, says Youth's Companion, he was intellectually a child living in the care of guardians.

Commander Peary carries at the mainmast of the steamer Roosevelt the flag which has been with him on other expeditions and which marked the spot "farthest north" reached by the officer in his previous trip toward the pole. The flag has patches marking places where pieces were taken out to be left with a record at various points in the polar regions. If the flag shall actually be hoisted at the north pole and be brought back to the United States the ensign will have a history ranking it among the most notable of existing star-spangled banners.

Where Farms Fail

Lack of Social Advantages a Great Handicap

By JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER, United States Supreme Court.

It is difficult at the present time to hold people to the farm because of the lack of social advantages.

If we have a place of 160 acres, and another place there of 160 acres, social life becomes practically impossible. After a man has done a hard day's work he does not want to ride ten or twelve miles in order to attend a gathering of friends and obtain some diversion.

When we consider this condition, it is not surprising that there should be such a large drift toward the city. I am satisfied if you were to go into the slums, say of New York or Chicago, and tell men and women there that they would have better and more regular food and less work in the country, they would decline to go. In the city they have an opportunity to be with each other and to see what is going on.

I remember some Russian Mennonites who understood the advantage of community. They came to Kansas and took up sections of land, but instead of each family planting itself in its own particular section, they threw their land into a common farm and established their homes in the center.

They were, so to say, the hub of a wheel, and the spokes radiating out formed the boundaries of their holdings. Thus, after the day's work, they could enjoy their little diversions without undergoing a long and tiresome ride.

I am hopeful, however, that action will be taken which will result in the introduction of social reforms into the country, and when this is done I am sure it will be highly advantageous to all the people.

Self-Denial Not a Virtue

By C. F. D'ARCY.

There is an old paradox, "Where there is self-denial there is no virtue." The meaning is plain. Virtue is the habit of choosing the good. If this habit be supposed fully formed it is obvious that a state must be reached in which the good is chosen quite easily, without struggle, without self-denial. The ideally virtuous man is one who never has to deny himself, for his constant tendency is to choose the good in every case. Self-denial is then not to be considered as one of the virtues. It is a necessary element in every virtuous life because it is one of the principal conditions in the formation of virtue. But it is not itself virtue.

But goodness includes self-denial. When we contemplate the life of any one who did his duty in spite of strong temptations or who made great sacrifices for the sake of a good cause we regard him with the greatest admiration for his goodness. A man who was able from right motives to do a similar duty or to give equal assistance to the same good cause without encountering temptation or making any sacrifice would be quite as virtuous; but his conduct would not stir the same feelings of admiration, nor should we, with the same emphasis, call him good or great. A will which is capable of self-denial is one which contains the potentiality of the highest virtue.

It is impossible for the moral man to stand still, to reach a certain level of goodness and rest content with it. To rest content with great attainments is to fall. To cease to ascend is to begin to descend. For activity is of the essence of spiritual existence. The moral situation changes recurrently. And every new development makes a fresh call upon the moral resources. Every group of circumstances has its good, and demands the will which is necessary to make that good actual. In many cases, perhaps in most cases, there is no consciousness of struggle, for the institutions of society and the routine of life place duty before us so systematically that we become habituated to perform it without question or murmur.

But though this is true of most of our ordinary acts, scarcely an hour passes without the occurrence of cases in which a certain amount of struggle has to take place; various desires press conflicting claims and choice has to be made. The struggle may be so slight as to be almost imperceptible or it may be great enough to cause physical pain as well as deep mental anxiety. But whether the struggle be great or not, it is these moments in which it occurs which form the character.



Women Like Womanly Woman

By AMY F. ACTON, Attorney at Law, Boston.

On the principle that if one wishes friends one must be friendly, a woman, to be liked by women, must be fond of members of her own sex. At the very least, she must be loyal to them and not jeer nor listen to those who jeer at their failings, remembering that women have not a monopoly of weakness, but were made to match the men.

Nor will a woman be popular with other women who speaks disparagingly of men. She may have a grudge against individuals and her taste remain unimpeached, but she must have a normal attitude towards men in general, neither hating and distrusting

them nor showing an undue preference for them to the exclusion of feminine friendships.

High up on the list of unpopular ones will be found the bossy woman, who is sure she is right and insists that people do things her way; the tactless woman, who pushes ahead and tramples on all in her path; the factious woman, who calls a spade a spade, and speaks the whole truth, as she perceives it, on all occasions; the spiteful woman, who manufactures evil motives and speaks unkindly to her neighbors; the lachrymose woman, who whines and tells her troubles to any pair of reluctant ears within reach.

We all like the assertion of the positive, and women who are liked by other women will be found in possession of the positive virtues that appeal to all human beings alike. Such women are, in greater or less degree, sane, healthy, good-tempered, having the milk of human kindness in their breasts, and possessing sufficient knowledge of men and books to adapt them to this laboratory of theory and practice. Like which we call the world and give them a reasonable amount of happiness.

Amy F. Acton

THE MAN WHO KNOWS IT ALL.

We trace him, through the bustling throng, We find him at the play; O'er church and club and restaurant Extends his awesome way; In melancholy or in mirth, At breakfast, bath or ball, We meet the dread bore on earth— "The man who 'knows it all.'"

We mark him by his lofty air, And oke his lofty voice, That bids the venturesome beware, The timorous rejoice; Debate he likes to interdict— But, should occasion call, He'll condescend to contradict, "This man who 'knows it all.'"

Rum, riots, racing, Holy Writ; Fights, fashions or free trade; War, weather, womankind or wit; Mud, moon, or marmalade, On any topic 'neath the sun, To which one's thoughts may fall, He'll tell one more than books have done, "This man who 'knows it all.'"

I envy not you ruler high, His bixhtrigh or his berth; Not his ignominiously, HIS Kingdom is but earth, No parliament can shape the choice, Nor hold the words in thrall Of him who rules by force of voice— "The man who 'knows it all.'"

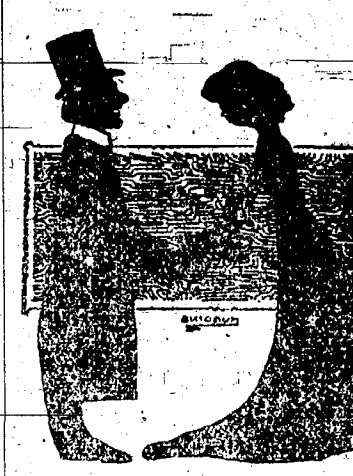
Mean Joke. The Artist—That poet played a mean joke on me yesterday. He said he had sold a poem and if I would walk up to his "den" he would open a small bottle.

The Actor—And did he keep his word? The Artist—Yes, I climbed up five stories to his "den" and he opened a small bottle of ink.—Chicago Daily News.

New Market. "I noticed you have taken the cow-catcher off the engine," said the passenger on the rural railroad. "Yes," replied the conductor with a wink, "we never run over any more cows. Since the farmers have discovered that the automobile owners pay more for killing a cow than the railroads they turn them out on the pike instead of on the tracks."—Chicago Daily News.

Strenuous, Indeed. "Great Caesar, man!" gasped the corpulent individual in the Turkish bath parlors. "You are nearly rubbing the skin off of me. I don't believe you ever had any experience as a rubber." "Yes, I have, sir," hastened the new employe. "I used to work in a livery stable and rub down horses."—Chicago Daily News.

SHOCKED.



There once called on a girl a young Dr. Who so quickly proposed that he said, "Yes" was all she could say. Ere she faintly answered, In his arms where so gently he lay. —Chicago News.

Different Names. "I understand," said the old-time friend, "that you are gettin' high" exclusive. "Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "that's what mother an' the girls call it." "What do you call it?" "Plain 'lonesome.'"—Washington Star.

The Allotment of Benefits. "You believe in the greatest good for the greatest number, do you not?" said the altruist. "Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "But this is a mercenary age. The greatest number doesn't count unless it has a dollar mark in front of it."—Washington Star.

Failed to See the Connection. "What did that man say when you told him you had seen a sea serpent?" "His conversation became suddenly irrelevant. He began to talk about local option and prohibition."—Washington Star.

A Warning. "I see where Waggsy died very suddenly. Was his death due to the heat?" "Well, yes, in a way. He asked too many people if it was hot enough for them."—Baltimore American.

All in Harmony. "That laundry trust is strictly up-to-date." "Yes, I understand it is going to install itself in a flat-iron building."—Baltimore American.

Reversed. The leap year girl had just proposed. "And do you think," asked the young man, "that your father is able to keep me in the style that I have been accustomed to?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Practical Situation. "Is a wife bound to obey her husband?" "Well, I must say I have seen many who were tied down to the job."—Baltimore American.

WITH THE NOMINEE

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS A UNIT FOR TAFT.

Party's Standard Bearer Assured of Loyal Support in the Empire State—Business Men Are Awake to His Value.

Mr. Taft is too wise and too considerate of the attitude he should maintain toward state politics to seek to influence New York or any other state in the selection of its officers. As a citizen and a party man, vitally interested in the outcome of the election, he naturally has his favorite for the governorship of New York. This preference is well known to be the present occupant of the office, which fact thoroughly discredits the efforts made in the past to represent Mr. Roosevelt as inimicable to the governor; for Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt are doubtless in agreement in this matter. The outlook in the state election is excellent for the Republican party. All attempts made to have it appear that the Empire state Republicans are seriously at odds is a part of the general misrepresentation of the Democrats. The Republicans will carry the state for Taft, no matter who may be the gubernatorial nominee.

Everything is shaping up beautifully. There is not a missing link in the record of the party upon national issues. Mr. Taft made himself solid with New York by his early announcement of the favorite son principle. He is known to have played fair before the convention met, and he will be given a square deal by New York at the election. The tremendous impression made by Mr. Taft, however, is not confined to politicians. The business men of the metropolis—the financiers and the men of wide affairs generally—are looking to Mr. Taft as their salvation from the flossam and jetsam that otherwise would overwhelm them.

Mr. Taft has been tested, and he is believed to be sound to the core. Business men generally put his qualifications beyond party and sum them up very succinctly. Mr. Taft knows the territory he is to work; he has traveled every part of it; he knows the line of goods his party has to offer; he knows the tastes of the people; he is acquainted with the obstacles to be overcome; he is fully informed as to the trade competition of other powers; he is just the man to represent the American people in every capacity a president is called upon to fill. This satisfies the business men. They know his acumen; they believe in his principles; they trust his wisdom.

For all these reasons, aside from the generally favorable political state of the case, New York will be solid for Taft. This is a matter of felicitation to the country in general that regards the New York vote as most important. The country wants Taft—certainly the section of the people who are most keenly sensitive to the elements in the nation's life on which depend its prosperity. Therefore, Taft will carry the bill for the country. His acceptability to the conservative business interests of the metropolis is indication of his general acceptability to this class the nation over.—Buffalo Express.

Tariff Revision.

In all probability the revision of the tariff will be the paramount issue in the campaign. The casual observer might say that inasmuch as both Taft and Bryan have declared for a modification of existing schedules, it will make little difference to us which undertakes the work; but this fallacy is one of the dangers to be guarded against in the present campaign. Mr. Taft and those who stand with him on the Republican national platform would carry out the McKinley idea of tariff revision, retaining the principle of protection for American industries and American labor, except with reference to products of monopolistic combinations.

Mr. Bryan, on the other hand, would smash the protective tariff, imposing only such duties as are necessary for revenue. In other words, Mr. Bryan would open our markets to the products of the cheap labor of the whole world except in cases where incidental protection results from the imposition of revenue duties.—Burlington Free Press.

Maybe Kern Is Right.

It pleases Mr. John W. Kern of Indiana to look upon his nomination for the vice-presidency with humorous nonchalance.

When excited friends first told him that he had been named he waved them aside and continued the narration of a funny story. Since then he has discoursed much about anecdotal friends at the bar, much about Indiana localism and much about his beard. He has not, so far as reported, said one word in serious appreciation of the honor and responsibility which a great national party has placed on his shoulders.

To us this course seems in the worst of bad taste. It also seems to be extremely poor politics. A man who looks upon his nomination to an exalted office merely as a joke gives the people a very convincing reason for not electing him to that office.—Chicago Evening Post.

If Henry Watterson keeps on the way he is now going, he will argue himself into the belief that he supported Bryan in 1896.—Rochester Democrat.

"The Democrats have been very good to me," says Mr. Bryan, with unctuousness. This is unquestionably true of the Democrats.

BRYAN UNDER A HANDICAP.

"Shouters" Will Want Reward in Extremely Improbable Event of Success.

Mr. Bryan disposes of some gossip about appointments in case of his election by saying that he has made no promises about officers and will make none. A Wise course.

It was said of Mr. Clay that had he been elected president he would have been overwhelmed by the multiplicity of the promises that had been made by him, and for him by friends, in the matter of patronage. Unselfish personal devotion did not explain the whole of the Clay following. Some of it was canny, and wanted assurances. Many men so disposed got assurances. Mr. Clay was approachable in a delicate way on such scores. If a little dictatorial at times, he was yet warm-hearted, and he desired very much to be president. In the White House, therefore, he would have been besieged by Clay men from all quarters, clamoring either for what had been promised them, or for what they thought they had deserved as laborers in his vineyard. And there would not have been patronage enough by a hundred per cent. to go round.

This was equally true probably of Mr. Blaine—another leader who had the knack of attaching men to him with bonds of extraordinary strength, but who at the same time found it necessary to talk "business" to some of his followers. He, too, had a good deal of "paper" out which it would have taxed him as president to redeem.

Mr. Bryan's leadership has been short as compared with the length either of Mr. Clay's or of Mr. Blaine's, but it has been long enough to bring many men under his spell, and thousands have associated themselves with his rise and the establishment of his power. Fully a regiment may be mustered who "found him first." As many more are known in their respective communities as men who stand "particularly close" to him, and with whom he always confers before taking any important step. Then we have the army of shouters, hoarse all through campaign years from use of his name, and convinced of their right to recognition at his hands.

Is it difficult to draw the picture of Mr. Bryan in the White House, with the original Bryan men, the men who stand "particularly close" to him, and the noble army of general shouters, all moving on him for remembrance in his hour of triumph? He might not wish himself in Hongkong, or his beslegers in Hades, but his condition, even without a single promise out, would move all sympathetic persons to genuine pity.

Mr. Taft and the Courts.

One great advantage Mr. Taft carries with him into the present contest. We believe that, in spite of the seething discontent, and in spite of immigration, the American people still believe in the supremacy of law. They had in 1787 the opportunity to put final power into the hands of an executive if they wished. They had the opportunity, also, to make of the courts a set of mere puppets of the temporary popular mood, or to make the legislature supreme. They did none of these things. They founded courts which were to act irrespective of pressure from executive, legislature or populace. If the people of today wish to amend the constitution they are free to do so and to remove this power of the courts to stand between the permanent and the temporary opinions of the masses. As long as we have courts, however, as the final arbiters of law, it is folly to endeavor, by short terms and by election, instead of appointment, to make them popular in tone. Very likely, during the term of the next president, four members of the supreme court of the United States will be changed. Who will be likely to put upon that bench the higher grade of men, Mr. Bryan or Mr. Taft? That is one of the most important questions the electors must face between now and November. In the opinion of some of the most intelligent citizens, it is the most important question to be faced.—Collier's Weekly.

Taft and Bryan Compared.

Taft is by nature, culture and action a conservative, with an experience of indicated value in jurisprudence and in administrative work. Bryan's skin holds the core of a radical, the temperament of an actor, the instinct of a Bohemian, and the easy resilience of an adventurer on every sea of expediency. Taft steers by the light of conscience, reason, judgment, constitution and history. Bryan begins life every morning and has sobered in demeanor only by his contact with occasions. Occasions have wrought no mental or moral change in him at all. No thoughtful man would make Bryan his executor. No thoughtful man should make Bryan his executive. The intimates of the two men are as unlike as the two men themselves. The people know that well. The judges, scientists, statesmen, publicists, scholars and men of leading who have and who share the friendship and the confidence of Taft, and the motley wear of the shouters, adventurers, bosses, time-servers and charlatans who fellowship and revel with Bryan, have been thrown on more than flashlight view at Denver, in Lincoln and elsewhere, for days past, and will be for months to come.

Mr. Bryan is said to be perfectly confident that he will be elected this year. Mr. Bryan has never been imperfectly confident. He was cocksure in 1896 and cocksure in 1900. The honest buyer in this vale of tears, and sustained by the solid fact of the \$60,000 a year which he makes out of his party.—N. Y. Sun.

CURLING AMERICA'S SPINE WITH DEATH-DEFYING THRILLERS

BY WILLARD W. GARRISON



TAKING A TRIP ON A THRILLER

OW, whee-ee, oo-oo, gee-ee-ee, but that was a bump!

It was our friend from the sand dunes of Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, Minnesota, Wisconsin, or any other state with plenty of farming districts, trying out a thriller at Coney Island, Atlantic City, one of Chicago's big amusement parks or for that matter at any city or town which supports these summer devices for extracting coin of the realm from three plebsians.

No matter how stolid he may be in life's ordinary pursuits or how emotionless in an urban wreck, his spine curls, his sympathetic nerve system tickles and he is compelled to give himself up to thrills. You can find him in every resort where there are scenic railways, roller-coasters, velvet-coasters, figure-eights, shoot-the-chutes, dip-the-dips, leap-the-gaps, ticklers and scores of other devices for shooting the electric currents up and down the spinal cord of the laughing, howling public.

He is a source of amusement for his tutored city brother who tickles the day ledger with a pen during daylight and cavorts about on amusement devices throughout the summer evenings. The city pleasure-seeker has much of this sport and the thrills fail to rise up in his anatomy the way they do in that of the man, woman and child who are taking their first turn at the game.

Statisticians claim that there are so many actual thrillers of different caliber and variety at work daily in the United States that if one should travel on every one of them, just once, the trip would take all summer. There were more this year than ever before. If all of the rides were strung out they would reach clear across the continent, high browed scientists claim.

But that only goes to show that America is amusement-crazy. The populace and the elite, too, can't get enough thrill. Not long ago, an Illinois man with an idea proposed to install an automobile in the parks of the country and this device was scheduled to run down an incline, turn a double somersault and alight upon its wheels again. America's thrillers are terrific, and getting more so each year, but the man from the middle west was perhaps a bit premature with his death-defying machine. Sometimes it didn't alight as per program.

The process of starting a thrill through the pleasure-seeker's frame consists of laying out a device which combines both speed and the unexpected. This subject has been studied by every amusement manager in the United States and they can't get the jumps, drops and bumps long enough or fast enough to attract your shekels from your bank account to their coffers with the desired rapidity.

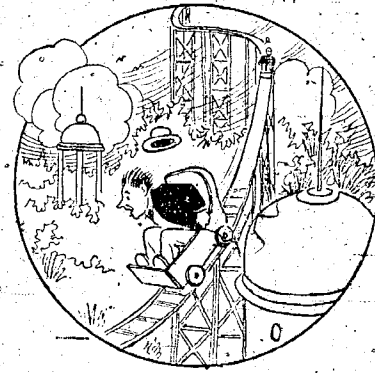
"Say, by heck, I'm afraid to ride on that shebang. It don't hev a safe lock, to me."

Well, hurtling through the air faster than an aeroplane in working order certainly doesn't look safe, but at the same time the visitor to the city, who made that remark did not know where he spoke. Every single device, no matter how small, how large or how "safe-looking," is required to undergo a rigid test by the building commissioners, before being allowed to accept the public's dimes. There must be a block system of lights, much the same as that used by railway systems, also stoppage devices on every incline to prevent cars, chairs or other seating vehicles from sliding backwards down an incline.

The framework of the device is tested for its strength and made to support far heavier weights than are ever



A GROUP OF THRILLERS



after made its burden. On the curves of riding thrillers there is the usual horizontal track above the wheels of the vehicle to prevent it from leaving the scheduled pathway. Persons possessing weak hearts are forbidden the thrills and few accept the chance to test that organ when in bad condition. There are also straps, chains, guards, etc., to hold the patron in the car and if he or she falls out it is little short of a miracle and only once or twice a season are accidents reported, so carefully do the amusement managers guard the lives of those who provide a method of bread-winning.

Perhaps the scenic railway is known more generally to those who would define their interiors with momentary thrills. This ride consists of a series of cars strung together. There are brakes between each car and the levers are manned by strong-armed boys from the railway yards. To them there are no thrills. It's monotonous as driving the cows home from pasture for them. Even catching a pair spooning while the train is running through the blackness of a mimic Canadian forest, can't make them feel weary. It happens on every trip.

The average scenic railway runs up a 45-degree incline or rather is hauled up by a chain and you are ready for the first dip. The brakemen release their levers and down the cars go faster than the New York-Chicago 18-hour limited. If the uninitiated puts his head between his knees he is apt to kick himself in the face on the journey up the hill which follows every dip. Therefore if you haven't yet been bounced around in this manner, hang to the iron guard, slick your hat under your arm, grit your teeth and make up your mind not to care if your hair does get mussed.

After the train has completed the first series of dips there is usually a journey through a dark recess, tragically known as the "cavern," this being installed to give the spooners a chance to gloat over their nerve. The rest is a repetition, generally.

Next in line as a death-defying contrivance is the coaster. There are fewer cars and not so many seats in each vehicle. Then, too, the coaster needs no hauling up a second incline, for there is only one, the difference being noticeable in the length of the descents. In some parks in both east and west there has been a tendency of late to turn the coaster into a semi-loop-the-loop, that is to say, the cars drop off the top of the runway onto a descent at an angle of about 70 degrees, dropping about 80 feet, and then start up the ascent at an angle which is not quite so abrupt. Some coasters have only one of these terrifying dips, while others have about 20—it seems to the first-nighter. Well, one isn't so bad, but about the third jump you begin to calculate that the seat must have slipped out the bottom of the car—you're so high in the air most of the time.

Passing on to another part of the resort, you strike the figure-eight. Every hamlet has its figure-eight these days. That contrivance is fashioned like an "S" and much resembles the coaster, except that the cars follow the lines of the figure, the dips are smaller and you naturally don't get so fussed up. It's tamer in fact, and for that reason graduation from the figure-eight entitles you to prestige, which should carry you fearlessly over the jumps which the coaster takes and allow you to blandly hand the "second-

ride-lady" 20 cents for another trip for yourself and friend.

Then there's the trolley. That's a new ride just put on in the west this season. You get into a round car and the device is dragged up an incline for the downward thrill. Starting down it enters a labyrinth of tracks, the car revolving in one direction and the descent carrying it in another. This gives a remarkable opportunity to learn how it feels to be jerked in two directions at the same time.

The Potsdam railway is a practical device, "made in Germany," which runs on an overhanging rail and which magnates among the Teutons threaten to make a conventional mode of travel there within a few years. The thrill in this consists of hoping it won't fall off this trip.

Amusement-loving Americans also have the aerostat. Cars are suspended at the ends of long cables, you are locked in and the device is started. It is like a Maypole, except that the cables don't become intertwined around the pole. As the speed increases the cars rise higher at the ends of the cables and, inclined, speed through ether far out over the heads of the multitude. Anyone who is susceptible to sea-sickness might possibly become immune by this treatment for the blues of everyday life. The giant swing, while it is not much like the aerostat, gives the same feeling to some.

Then there is the airship, which, majestically winds about the outside of a tall tower and then, winds down again. Merry-go-rounds are numerous and despite the fact that this is the father of all thrills, it still has its patrons among the children.

Among the time-honored creations is the shoot-the-chutes, which consists of a slide down a toboggan and a few bounces after the boat strikes the water of the lake at the bottom of the chute. If you're wise you'll not sit in the front seat. There's where the big bump comes and the occupants of the bow of the boat feel the leaps over the water most.

Having traveled on rides enough to stimulate an appetite for something in a different line we steer our downstate friend into the stationary devices for the same purpose. These are of every variety. You step into one at random. The floor starts to move with a circular motion toward the top

of the room. If it moves backwards from you, intuition tells you to step forward. Don't step too speedily or you'll find yourself walking on the ceiling, head down. Finally an opening is reached. You step out onto a floor which bounces up and down as you meander along. A moment later you walk upon what seems to be the top of an airship, loosely inflated. By that time, if you're one of the fair sex, you need protection. The recesses are all pitch dark.

Then, perhaps you are swayed by a wavelike motion of the entire room, which very naturally elicits very proper screams from the women folks. Freed from ocean-liner imitation, you are immediately introduced to a 200-miles-an-hour cyclone, coming from the floor, ceiling, walls and in fact from all sides. The floor begins to move sideways with a quick-jerky motion. You try to steady yourself on a rail, just perceptible in the blackness. Ouch! It's charged with electricity.

Ahead are several staircases and you feel rather relieved to think you're out of it at last. Reaching them safely you start up when, without warning, the whole contrivance begins to move backward and forward, compelling you to grab the rail for safety. In darkness again, you try to make your way through a typical labyrinth of rooms. Feeling along the wall with one foot ahead of you to ascertain the nearness of bottomless pits, etc., for your mind's eye sees lots that don't exist, you bump your nose against a few barriers and eventually push against a wall, which gives way and you find yourself alone in a turnstile, inclosed on all sides. When your terror has reached a burning point someone else behind pushes the wall as you did and you are liberated, only to again find yourself in the midst of weird ghostlike cries and see skeletons darting hither and thither (on pulleys). A little scream just at this moment might be appropriate. Just to get your mind off the terrors of the place, the next few turns are tame, when suddenly your feet slide out from under you and you find yourself shooting down a chute in a sitting position. Daylight ahead and once again, before you have time to think it over, you're landed among the crowds outside, thanks to the manly strength of the speller, whose arms received you where the chute ended.

COW BROKE UP BARN DANCE

Of course, realism is all well enough in its way, but it can easily be carried to an excess. Here, for instance, is the case of that barn dance in the east, where an actual barn was the scene of revelry.

And in the midst of the fun a blooded cow broke away from her stall and took an active interest in the proceedings, ripping the shirt waist from a college youth and hooking a roomy hole in the big fiddle. After which she pranced up the middle with her

head down, and six girls and three boys crawled onto the feed box and fell off in a shivering heap, and the athlete of the party, with wild yells, broke the record on a quick climb to the hayloft, and four girls hid under the straw cutter, and there was the merry mischief to pay. The cow quickly had her gambol out, and then backed into her stall with a satisfied moan and immediately resumed her cud.

But the barn dance was effectually broken up.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE YEARNING PESSIMIST.

I am longing for the country, with its many shades of green,
I am weary of the city; I would seek some shady scene
Where the wind is gently blowing past old-fashioned hollyhocks,
Where sweet williams in abundance bloom beside the brilliant phlox;
I would gladly lie out yonder, looking up—
I would gaze where some tree
Spreads its welcome shade above me and
"A song bird spilled its glee.

I am longing for the country; I would like to leave the town
Where the smoke pours in my window and the soot comes sweeping down;
I am weary of the clanging and the never-ceasing roar
That the builders are producing where they hurry things next door;
The steam is loudly hissing while I try to work away,
And I hear the foreman swearing as a foreman only may.

I am longing for the country, I would like to journey far
From the busy, dusty precincts where the rolling thousands are;
I would like to lie out yonder, far from all the noise and dirt,
Wearing but a pair of trousers and a short-sleeved undershirt,
Lying on my back and dreaming, 'neath some gentle swaying tree,
While the farmer's lovely daughter hummed a sweet old song to me.

I am longing for the country; but I fear that if I went
They would find some way to treat me with sad disillusionment;
Probably the farmer's daughter would not charm me with her grace,
She might play a squeaky organ and have freckles on her face,
And I don't suppose the farmer would be willing at the price
I could pay, to make provision to keep anything on his land.

Employed.
Magistrate—You are charged with having no visible means of support.
The Accused—It's not so, your honor.

"Have you got a job?"
"Yes."
"What do you do?"
"I am employed by the Society for the Diffusion of Wholesome Sentiment to pity the idle rich."
"Do you work hard at it?"
"I do; eight hours a day, which is all the union allows."
"What wages?"
"All I can collect from the society's sympathizers."
"Discharged."—Life.

THE ONLY THING LEFT.



First Sufferer—And to think that when we were boys we wanted to go to sea.
Second Sufferer—For goodness sake don't bring up childish memories now.
First Sufferer—I ain't got anything else to bring up.

Not Then.
A thing of beauty is a joy forever, but a warning I would sound, don't go to sea. Her early in the morning.
—Detroit Free Press.

Dramatic Note.
"I understand you've been working with a bunch of trained fleas."
"That's right—finest aggregation you ever saw. I've been teaching 'em tricks for a year, now, and they've got their act down to perfection. Going to take 'em out and exhibit 'em on the road this fall."
"Got any dates yet?"
"Provisional. The act's been rehearsed to perfection, but the managers are a little uncertain about how it'll hit the public. So I'm going to take it to a one-night stand, next week, and try it on the dog."—Cleveland Leader.

Too True.
"No one understands me!" he groaned—"no one on earth!"
"It is the old cry, wrung from many a tortured, youthful heart. The sufferer is generally mistaken, but the pain is no less poignant. Yet in this instance, the man's complaint was true. Nobody on earth could understand him.
For he was an announcer of trains at the Union depot.—Cleveland Leader.

The Correct Thing.
Mrs. Young (proudly)—The landlord was here to-day; I gave him the quarter's rent and showed him the baby.
Young (who was kept awake last night)—It would have been better, my dear, if you had given him the baby and shown him the quarter's rent.—Half Holiday.

Favorably Impressed.
Interviewer—Are you favorably impressed with this country?
Bminent Foreign Lecturer—Very. I'm raking in a thousand dollars a week.—N. Y. Weekly.

Boston Girl's Work.
Hub—I see three out of four of the Old South prizes given in Boston have been won by girls.
Gotham—What were the prizes for?
Cooking beans?—Yonkers Statesman.

HARD TIMES, INDEED.



"Poor man! so you are a victim of the late financial panic?"
"Yes, lady. You see, folks along de route is too poor now ter hand out free grub!"

SHE COULD NOT WALK.

For Months—Burning Humor on Ankles—Opiates Alone Brought Sleep—Eczema Yielded to Cuticura.

"I had eczema for over two years. I had two physicians, but they only gave me relief for a short time and I cannot enumerate the ointments and lotions I used to no purpose. My ankles were one mass of sores. The itching and burning were so intense that I could not sleep. I could not walk for nearly four months. One day my husband said I had better try the Cuticura Remedies. After using them three times I had the best night's rest in months unless I took an opiate. I used one set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and my ankles healed in a short time. It is now a year since I used Cuticura, and there has been no return of the eczema. Mrs. David Brown, Locke, Ark., May 18 and July 13, 1907."

Mother's Accomplishment.

In the Bohemian set of New York two of the popular members are a well known writer and his wife, who also has written several books. They have a daughter about four years old. Recently the little girl was visiting at the home of a friend and her small playmate asked her: "Can your mamma sew?"

The daughter of the literary pair evidently was a bit chagrined. She could not remember that she had ever seen her mamma sew. She is a truthful child and would not claim any advantages she was not sure of, yet she felt that mamma's honor was at stake. "I don't know if mamma can sew," she replied, dubiously, "but she can smoke a cigarette."

Strictly Fresh Eggs.

There are summer resorts, remote from any agricultural communities, where fresh farm products are even harder to obtain than in the city. It was at such a place that the new header, who had eaten four or five breakfasts there, began to wonder why the eggs were invariably served fried.

"See here?" he inquired one morning of the genial colored man who waited upon him, "why do you always fry eggs here? Don't you ever boil them?"
"Oh-oh, yes, sah!" responded the waiter, pleasantly. "Of co'se, yo' kin have 'em boiled; if yo' wants 'em. But you know, sah, yo' takes de risk!"

Astonished Great Pianist.

A collection of anecdotes of musical celebrities just published at Leipzig contains this one under the head of Anton Rubinstein. When the great pianist was making his tour of the United States he sat one day in a railroad train looking out upon the scenery. Suddenly a man sitting across the aisle spat over Rubinstein's head out of the open window. The master drew back and gazed in astonishment and anger at the vulgar American, who smiled and said, soothingly: "Don't worry, I know my distance."

ALMOST A SHADOW.

Gained 20 lbs. on Grape-Nuts.

There's a wonderful difference between a food which merely tastes good and one which builds up strength and good healthy flesh.

It makes no difference how much we eat unless we can digest it. It is not really food to the system until it is absorbed. A Yorkstate woman says:

"I had been a sufferer for ten years with stomach and liver trouble, and had got so bad that the least bit of food such as I then knew, would give me untold misery for hours after eating.
"I lost flesh until I was almost a shadow of my original self and my friends were quite alarmed about me.
"First I dropped coffee and used Postum, then began to use Grape-Nuts although I had little faith it would do me any good.
"But I continued to use the food and have gained twenty pounds in weight and feel like another person in every way. I feel as if life had truly begun anew for me.
"I can eat anything I like now in moderation, suffer no ill effects, be on my feet from morning until night. Whereas a year ago they had to send me away from home for rest while others cleaned house for me, this spring I have been able to do it myself all alone.
"My breakfast is simply Grape-Nuts with cream and a cup of Postum, with sometimes an egg and a piece of toast, but generally only Grape-Nuts and Postum. And I can work until noon and not feel as tired as one hour's work would have made me a year ago."
"There's a Reason."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pinks.

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

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

For State Senator

29th SENATORIAL DISTRICT
FRED R. MING
OF CHEBOYGAN.

Candidate for Republican nomination for State Senator, for second term. He asks the voters of the 29th Senatorial District to look up his vote on questions in which they were vitally interested, and if his support and vote on the 2c railroad law, the binder twine bill, the railroad commission bill, and other measures of equal importance to them has met with their approval, he asks for their support at the September primaries.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE THINGS THAT SENATOR MING STANDS FOR.

He believes that the law relative to state tax lands should be so amended that the actual home seeker should have first preference, and that these lands should not be sold to tax-tithe sharks to be denuded of timber by them, and again returned to the state a barren waste. But the portion of these lands that are not homesteaded should be deeded to the counties in which they lie, to be used by such counties for internal improvement, such as road and bridge building; for 95 percent of these lands lie in the newer counties of the state.

That all property should bear its just proportion of taxes, no more, less, and that all corporate property should be assessed under the same law as the farms, homes and business places are assessed.

That the regulation of the express companies in this state should come under the supervision of the state railway commissioners as other common carriers.

He believes that all bills introduced in the legislature should be open to free and fair discussion before the proper committees, but as the people send to the capital no secret lobbyists, no others should be allowed.

DEEDS RECORDED.

List of transfers for the week ending August 22nd, 1908.

John Lenosky to Louis J. Gass, s w 1/4 of n e 1/4 sec 31 t 32 n r 7 w. \$610.00.

Laura S. Thompson to Henry E. Sheldon, w 1/2 lot 7 and 8 blk H Stones second Add South Lake. \$700.00.

Hugh R. Miller to Richard T. Huntly, lots 1 and 2 blk 5 Millers original plat Spring Harbor. \$30.00.

Anna Watson to George and Janet Irwin, lots 66 to 73 both inclusive also lots 91 to 96 both inclusive 103 to 111 both inclusive blk A Watsons Add Talcott. \$400.00.

William Beebe to Fred Loser, part s w 1/2 of s w 1/2 sec 23 t 32 n r 7 w. \$625.

William F. Empey to Lottie M. Cutlin, part sec 24 t 32 n r 7 w. \$40.00.

Franklin E. Bushman to Mina Hite lot 59 Bushmans sub of the Westerly 131 acres of the Easterly 25 1/2 of lot 3 sec 9 t 32 n r 7 w. \$25.00.

Charles A. Brabant to Herman Goodman, part n w 1/4 of n w 1/4 sec 26 t 32 n r 7 w. \$60.00.

Samuel C. Smith to C. Maddock, part sec 35 t 33 n r 6 w. \$1,075.00.

Samuel Jackson to George Mayville, part sec 35 t 33 n r 6 w. \$1.00 and other con.

Mary A. Salter to William H Dreher, n 1/4 of lot 7 blk 7 Chax. \$267.00.

Moses H. Thompson to John W. Thompson, lots 9 and 10 blk 19 Nichols 2nd Add South Lake, \$1.00 and other con.

East Jordan Lbr. Co. to Horace B. Hippel et al part lot 3 sec 23 t 32 n r 7 \$1,000.00.

Julia A. and Minnie A. Weeks, part s 1/4 of s e 1/4 sec 25 t 32 n r 7 w. \$70.00.

Samuel Jackson to W. S. Shaw, w 1/2 of lot 56 blk H South Boyne. \$1,100.

ROMEO A. EMERY,
Register of Deeds.

So-Bos-So Killfly increases the milk about two quarts, costs to use about 10c per day, is perfectly harmless to animals and makes cows stand still when milking. Sold only by W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

"A Dangerous Friend" is a remarkable drama of every day events and is further remarkable for the fact that it is excellently handled by a splendid cast. Life as we see it about us every day, as we read it in the newspapers, as we meet it in our homes, is presented in a most fascinating style, it brings forward the same questions and is on the same plan as "Paid in Full," "The Servant in the House" and the "Witching Hour," and both author and actors deserve the good things which the theatre goes are saying about them. "A Dangerous Friend" will appear at Loveday Opera House this Saturday evening, Aug. 22nd.



Francis H. Dodds
Of Mount Pleasant.

Candidate for Republican Nomination for Congress from the Eleventh District at the Primaries Sept. 1st.

Ladies' Equity Notes.

Forget-me-not Local met with our sister, Mrs. John Thomas. Meeting opened in usual form with singing and prayer, all officers present, eight members, one visitor. Business of interest to the Society was discussed in proper form. Members are still uniting with the M. L. S. of E. and still there is room. A number of yards of calico were bought by the Society to make aprons which will be for sale, the proceeds for the benefit of the society. Those wishing them can call on the Pres., Mrs. Nellie Thompson. The Society have bought and disposed of 280 doz. eggs, the merchants of the town being glad to get them. Other topics were discussed with interest to all, and Bible reading was adopted which will be very instructive to our minds and we hope every member will take an interest and make our meeting a grand success. Meeting closed with singing and adjourned to meet with sister Crowell. We were then invited to the pleasant dining room and seated around the table spread with an abundance of cakes, delicious ice cream and fruit, which was enjoyed by all. A social chat followed and then we bade our kind host and hostess good night. Another meeting long to be remembered by the ladies of the M. L. S. of E.

Echo Items.

Mr. Bilo is very low—no hopes of his recovery.

Mrs. Colburn is visiting her son Fred Colburn.

Some farmers are trying to clear their land by setting fires which are doing considerable damage.

School will commence soon in the Vance school house. They are also making preparations to drive a well which is very much needed. Guess the children will be pleased.

The hill toward Freeman's is impassable and dangerous to horse and driver; also the hill north toward town. Where is our commissioner, is he sleeping?

Reverend Edda and wife visited the latter's mother and sister.

Mrs. A. C. Giegg who is visiting her

Hurrah for School

But First
Let's Go To

HUDSON'S

And Get a Pair of

Hoosier

School

Shoes



They have got the shoes for us, we know for that is where we got our Shoes last year.

Hard Pan for Boys

Buster Brown

Hoosier School

Shoes for Girls.

Shoes Everybody

Hudson's

Exclusive Shoe Store.

daughter, Mrs. James Thompson, also Mrs. Warner from Sunfield, Mich., will take in the sights at Charlevoix, Petoakey, Bay-View, also the Soo and across to Canada.

If rain doesn't reach here soon the farmers won't have many potatoes to dig and less to eat and the price way up in G.

George Vance and wife, and George Murray and daughter, went to the huckleberry plains. The four brought back ten bushels of huckleberries and Vance got pecked above his eyes with those little pesky flies.

John Thomas has seven old guineas and twenty eight little ones and one setting. It is quite a sight to see them retire for the night all sitting in a row on top of the hen-house.

G. A. R.'s at Fraverse.

To the Members of the Grand Traverse Soldiers' and Sailors' Association: The Traverse City board of Trade takes pleasure in extending to your organization and all its individual members a most cordial invitation to accept our hospitality during your annual encampment which takes place in this city on September 15, 16, 17 and 18.

In behalf of our people and through the courtesy of our city officials you will be extended the freedom of our city. We trust that each and every one of you will be able to present that we may exercise our efforts for your entertainment. We assure you that the reception that the people of Traverse City will extend to you will be from our hearts and we will exert our very best efforts to make your visit one of as great pleasure to you as we know it will be to our people.

Yours cordially,

Jno. R. Santo, President.

J. W. Hannen, Secretary.

Decorate Your Home by securing one of the handsome PICTURES offered as trade premiums at Votruba's Cash Store.

Danger in Delay.

Kidney Diseases Are Too Dangerous for East Jordan People to Neglect.

The great danger of kidney troubles is that they get a firm hold before the sufferer recognizes them. Health is gradually undermined. Backache, headache, nervousness, lameness, soreness, lumbago, urinary troubles, dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease follow in merciless succession. Don't neglect your kidneys. Cure your kidneys with the certain and safe remedy Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Peter Pellens, 119 First street, Cheboygan, Mich., says: My husband suffered from kidney disease for several months and all that he did to alleviate his suffering was of no avail. He at last commenced using Doan's Kidney Pills and after he had taken the contents of a few boxes, the kidney weakness was removed, and the backache, pains over the kidney regions and through the loins and hips disappeared. He is glad to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to other sufferers of kidney complaint.

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.

STATE FAIR RAILROAD RATES.

The Michigan Passenger association, which governs the granting of special rates on all railroads, has decided that the rate of fare this year for the state fair at Detroit, Sept. 3rd to 11th, will be one and two-thirds one way fare. That means that if the regular railroad fare from your station to Detroit and return is \$3 (seventy-five miles), the rate to the state fair this year will be going \$1.50 and returning \$1.00. Last year the rate was three cents per mile on most of the roads, and the railroads gave a rate of one-half fare, which for the distance mentioned above the fare would have been \$2.25 for the round trip, and in order to get that rate it was necessary to buy a state fair ticket at fifty cents, which was attached to the railroad ticket. It may be seen that the rate is twenty-five cents higher this year, but the state fair coupon will be eliminated from the railroad ticket.

Admission tickets to the state fair will be placed on sale in most of the newspaper offices in the state at the rate of thirty-five cents each, or three for \$1. These will go on sale early in July and will be withdrawn Aug. 29th.

This is the first time in the history of the state fair that tickets have been placed on sale out in the state at reduced rates. Orders for tickets, if received prior to Aug. 29th, will also be filled by mail on receipt of the above price by I. H. Butterfield, secretary, Detroit, Mich.

East Jordan Lumber Company. Don't be An ECHO. Stand apart from the commonplace crowd. Be different, not a listless follower. If your garb combines distinctiveness with with good taste, you're looked up to, not down upon. Here's how: "The Fornes," clever and graceful, two buttons, fancy pockets and flaps, with cuffs to match; trousers medium or full peg. The smartest suit of the season. Our measuring is critically exact and the making displays the Metropolitan exclusiveness of Klee & Company. We're showing today the new "200" shades in browns and greys. They're decidedly unordinary. We tailor for modest purses.



A New Line of "Better Skirts" Just Received. We Will Make Them To Your Measure. Do You Wear Shoes? If you need a pair, come and look over our stock of REAL LEATHER SHOES. In order to make room on our shelves we will sell Fifty pair of Men's Shoes at 1/4th Off. Every Pair a Bargain. Don't Miss This Opportunity. You Can't Thread a Sewing Machine Needle in the dark. YOU CAN with the BOYE THREADER. Come in and we will demonstrate the ease with which this little device does the work. East Jordan Lumber Co.

W.A. Loveday Notary Public With Seal.

Real Estate and Insurance Agency.

A. E. Carlisle General Dray and Baggage.

Frank Phillips Tonsorial Artist.

Michigan's Greatest School of Business. Are you prepared for business? Present-day conditions demand the remunerative, responsible positions are open for the trained. For the untrained there is no place. Our specialty is the preparing of young men and women for successful careers. We can prepare YOU and place you in the ranks of the busy office workers. Our lists of students placed are proof of the fact. Write for handsome new Catalog descriptive of our courses. It is free. D. McLACHLAN & CO., 19-27 S. Division St., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Good Coffee for Breakfast. Nothing better to fit one for a good day's work than a cup of coffee at breakfast time. But get good coffee. Poor coffee is little better, from a standpoint of health, than roasted snowflakes. There's nothing there which your system demands, or your palate relishes. Say—try our SAN MARTO, 25c per lb. Bulow & Son, STATE STREET EAST JORDAN

E. A. LEWIS Fresh Goods Every Week. And none but the Best Brands in All Lines. Try Our Peas 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.

Briefs of the Week

Register TODAY.
Prisoners next Tuesday.
Vote Dodds next Tuesday.
See "A Dangerous Friend" tonight.
WANTED—Girl for general house work; no washing. Inquire at this office.
Osage-Musk Melons, Sweet Potatoes, Fancy Bananas and Oranges at BELL'S.
Teachers' Institute at Charlevoix, beginning Aug. 31st and continuing for one week.
The Str. Knobloch has laid off its regular run between here and Charlevoix owing to lack of business.
The Pythian Sisters have arranged to run excursions to Charlevoix next Wednesday. Round trip, 50c. Good on any run.
Only one marriage license was issued last week by Clerk Lewis, viz: Joseph A. O'Donnell, 35, to Annie Gallagher, 20, both of St. James.
Mrs. Ella Wells, an aged lady who has been an inmate of the county farm since 1892, died Friday morning and the funeral services were held that afternoon.
Ladies take advantage of those excellent bargains in Fancy Work which we are closing out at cost in order to make room for confectionery goods.—F. B. HAMILTON.
Forest fires south of East Jordan have been causing considerable trouble and heavy loss during the past week. The area has been gradually increasing and only a good drenching rain will put a quietus to it.
The rubber game of base ball between the east and west sides of Main street was played Tuesday and resulted in a victory for the east side. We understand the defeated ones are preparing an elaborate feast to commemorate the event.
Att'y A. B. Nicholas desires us to announce his candidacy for the republican nomination for prosecuting attorney. We understand Pros. Att'y E. N. Clink, who is holding his first term, is also a candidate, and there's a nice little political scrap scheduled for the South Arm caucus this Saturday afternoon.
Manager Cross of the E. B. Clark Seed Co., has decided to commence sorting week from next Monday, Aug. 7th, instead of the 14th as announced last week. They have now about 2000 bushels in the warehouse. As they can only use about thirty women, those desiring to work should make application at once.
Judging from the cancellations of the show bookings being received by opera house managers even East Jordan, the live town, is likely to have a limited number of attractions during the next month or two, and it is possible that "A Dangerous Friend" may be the last until "County Fair" week when some more excellent attractions may be expected.
Congressman Townsend, one of the most brilliant orators in the state, has been engaged to deliver an address on the second day of the Charlevoix County Fair meet—Sept. 22, 23 and 24. Other speakers are being engaged and the event will be one well worth attending. The Fair Management is sparing no effort to make this the best fair ever held in Northern Michigan, and while all the attractions have not yet been secured, it is safe to say that they will be numerous enough to meet the highest expectation. Already the booths in the Floral Hall are engaged and others are asking for space. The ground privileges have practically all been let. Get your wife or sweetheart and take in the biggest event in Northern Michigan.
The action of the South Arm Republican Township Committee in sending out calls for the Nominating Convention Caucus first of the week for this Saturday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock is deserving of censure. To the voters of the rural districts, who are dependent upon newspaper notices for such things—and have been used to in days gone by—it gives no notice at all. Again, the caucus is called at 2:00 p.m., an hour which practically disfranchises every laboring man in East Jordan and vicinity. We understand that both Attorneys Clink and Nicholas are after this delegation to help enter the Convention. Prosecuting Attorney nomination, which makes the caucus of more than passing importance. Each man has his friends and it was the duty of the Township Committee to give every man in South Arm township both ample notice and an opportunity to express his choice outside the working hours. Two years ago the same contingency arose and at that time two weeks' notice was given and the caucus held under the primary system from 2:00 to 7:00 o'clock p. m. This action on the part of our Township Committee may be good politics but we're from Missouri.

Register TODAY.
Born to Mr. and Marshal Shehey a son, Sunday.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Rogers a daughter, Sunday.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Farmer a son, Friday last.
"A Dangerous Friend" at the Love-day Opera House, Aug. 29th.
Miss Baggs of Chicago is here guest of her cousin, Mrs. W. P. Porter.
Mrs. F. P. Ramsey was a Traverse City and Grand Rapids visitor last week.
George H. Barkmeir of San Jose, Ill., was guest of friends here the past week.
W. P. Squire left Friday for Chicago where he has business as President of our Board of Trade.
"A Dangerous Friend" is like all of Conrad's attractions—all right in every way. It's tonight—Saturday.
Mrs. Mary Gillett and Misses Bell Roy and Jessie Fay are taking the island trip from Petoskey this week.

Charlevoix County Fair, Sept. 22-24.
For Fresh Fruit go to F. B. HAMILTON'S CONFECTIONERY.
Miss Grace Barrett left Tuesday to resume her work at Detroit.
Mrs. H. J. McMillan was a Charlevoix visitor first of the week.
Dr. F. P. Ramsey can test your eyes and properly fit you with glasses.
Miss Lucy Benham of Petoskey was guest of Miss Bell Roy this week.
Have you seen those handsome New Fall Suits at B. C. Hubbard & Co.?
Mrs. George Hamilton of Standish was guest of her son, F. B., over Sunday.
Jas. Malpass and family entertained Mrs. J. A. McKee and children over Sunday.
Miss Mabel Church left Thursday for a visit with her sister, Miss Edith at Chicago.
Miss Katie Sayage of Central Lake was guest of Dr. and Mrs. F. P. Ramsey this week.
Mrs. H. H. Fuller and children have returned from their visit to her parents at Big Rapids.
Mrs. and Miss Grigsby's Sabbath school classes enjoyed a pleasant outing at Monroe Creek Wednesday.

Services at the Methodist church Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12:00 m. and League meeting at 6:30.
The monthly meeting of the W. F. M. S. will be held with Mrs. Richard Barnett on Tuesday afternoon Sept. 1. Visitors are invited.
A birthday surprise party was given Guy Graff last Saturday evening by about twenty-five of his friends in honor of his seventeenth birthday anniversary.
Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Porter returned Monday from Boyne City where he went a few weeks ago to receive medical treatment. He does not seem to be improved.
Mrs. E. P. Hubbard of B. C. Hubbard & Co. left Tuesday for Cincinnati and other points to purchase a fall and winter stock of ladies' furnishing goods.
Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Hamilton entertained the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crook, of Standish, Sunday. Also George Kellogg and wife and James Beaton of the same place.
Col. J. W. Rogers left Friday for Detroit where he visits a brother. From there he goes to Toledo where he attends the National G. A. R. Encampment, taking part as aide-de-camp to Commander Burton. George Pringle and son Arthur will also be in attendance.
The annual meeting of the Charlevoix and Emmett County Horse Shoen Association was held at Petoskey last week. M. A. Lemieux was among those in attendance and was elected the district's delegate to the State convention at Grand Rapids. "Mose" is a good horse shoer, but sometimes a prophet hath no honor in his own country, so he goes down to the city to show 'em how.
The excursion Sunday from Bay City over the M. C. and D. & C. railroads was well patronized, about 175 people coming in. Several took the opportunity of visiting friends in our city while the balance took in the Ham excursion to Charlevoix. The day was fine and all seemed to enjoy themselves. Excursion bills are being distributed in Southern Michigan and the southern tier of states advertising in heavy headlines a ten-day excursion for next Monday to "Mackinaw City, St. Ignace, East Jordan and Alpena," over the Michigan Central and Detroit & Charlevoix lines. Other excursions will be run in September and October and is a good time to invite your friends to come up. The Detroit & Charlevoix management is deserving of thanks for its interest in East Jordan's behalf.

Miss Teresa McRae is here from Mt. Pleasant, guest of Miss Fay Nicholas.
Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ashley are entertaining Ward Ashley of Ann Arbor, a nephew of the former.
Mrs. Young of Pennsylvania, who has been with her sister, Mrs. John Jamison, left Tuesday for her home.
Rev. Mr. Helwig of the Methodist church, Central Lake, visited with Rev. W. W. Lamport on Wednesday.
L. E. Bockes and family of Empire are now East Jordan residents, occupying the Chas. Lewandowsky residence.
See the "guarantee" at the Advance Sale window for "A Dangerous Friend"—Fred Conrad's guarantees mean just what they say.
Mrs. F. A. Kenyon, who is here from Holly visiting friends, sang a beautiful solo at the Presbyterian church last Sabbath morning.
Miss Susie Sheldon will have charge of the Epworth League service at the Methodist church at 6:30 Sabbath evening. Subject, "Crosses or the Cross."
Mrs. James Howard entertained the Methodist Ladies' Aid Society on Wednesday, Aug. 26th. There was a good attendance, with the usual fine program.
The supper given at B. E. Waterman's on Friday evening of last week by the Methodist Ladies' Aid Society was well patronized and proved a profitable and enjoyable affair.
A pleasant evening's entertainment was given by Mrs. Elmer Richards at her home Tuesday evening in honor of her nephew, George Richards of Port Huron, and her sister, Miss Eva Mackey.
Miss Louisa Loveday arrived home Tuesday from Shenandoah, Iowa, where she has been teacher of physical culture and expression in the Western Normal College. On her way home she stopped to visit friends in Illinois and southern Michigan.
The Epworth League gave a social on the lawn at the residence of Geo. A. Bell on Main street on Friday night which drew a good crowd of young people. There was an abundance of music interspersed with readings, and good ice cream helped to swell the treasury of the society.
Have you seen the new line of "KRYSTOL" glass shown at Mrs. H. D. Gazlay's Bazaar? All the brilliancy, artistic design and superior finish of the most expensive grades of cut glass are reproduced at one-twentieth the cost. To the first fifty purchasers we will give a souvenir piece. Call and look it over.

Old papers sold at this office.
Special bargains in Coffee at BELL'S. BELL sells choice lean pork at ten cents.
Leave your Laundry at MACK'S JEWELRY STORE.
Baby Go-Carts, Folding and Recliners at WHITTINGTON'S.
Try the Fanchon and Volgt's Snow Drift Flour at BELL'S.
A bargain on a Hay Rake at W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.
Some fine Refrigerators at the W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.
We are looking for cash trade, and we sell at cash prices.—Sherman & Son.
The H. E. Madcock Electric Co. will furnish Door Bells, complete for \$1.50.
A line from C. A. Baylies informs us that he is now located at Torch Lake.
Choice assortment of High Grade Cigars at F. B. HAMILTON'S CONFECTIONERY.
L. C. Madison is at Kendallville, Ind., this week attending a reunion of his regiment.
We are right in line on Rugs, Wall Paper, Mattings and Curtains.—C. H. WHITTINGTON.
New supply of Dry Batteries for launches just received at Spencer's Plumbing Shop.
Try Volgt's Cream Flake. Each large package contains a handsome dish.—E. A. LEWIS.
Fleek's Fly Chaser keeps flies from horses and cattle. For sale by Votruba's Cash Store at 25c quart.
We have a great many varieties of Breakfast Foods. Come and look them over.—E. A. LEWIS.
When in town don't fail to visit Tom Smith's 5 and 10c store as there are many useful articles offered there at Bargain Prices.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Johnson will next week occupy the dwelling room on the second floor of the Weikel block, formerly occupied by "Grandma" Weikel.
Over five-hundred people were in attendance at the annual Equity Farmers' Picnic held at Lanway's grove Thursday. The program as scheduled was carried out and all had a very enjoyable time.
Services as usual at the Presbyterian church Sunday. The pastor will preach as usual, his evening subject being: "Lesson from the Sorting Gap." Morning services at 10:30, evening 7:30. Sabbath school at 11:45; Junior C. E. at 3:00 p. m., Senior at 6:30.
We are handling Karperr people's upholstered furniture. We have now on the floor a large line of leather Rockers of all kinds. They are made by the above people and they put their guarantee on their goods. They are the largest upholstering concern in this country. We buy Direct from the house. We can give you the right price.—EMPEY BROS.
MAKE EASY MONEY home corresponding for newspapers; either sex; experience unnecessary; reporters and correspondents wanted in every section; send stamp for particulars.—EMPIRE PRESS SYNDICATE, Middleport, N. Y.
Pain anywhere stopped in 20 minutes sure with one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. The formula is on the 25 cent box. Ask your Doctor or Druggist about this formula. Stops womanly pains; headache, pains anywhere. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., for free trial, to prove value of his Headache, or Pink Pain Tablets. Sold by James Gidley.
When the Stomach, Heart or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Sold by James Gidley.

Wilson.
Cool and dry with an occasional frost to help thing along.
Mrs. Ed. Winstone and children visited relatives in Afton, Sunday.
Max Ostenburg is building a new house on his farm in Wilson twp.
Mrs. A. R. Nowland has been receiving a visit from her brother and niece the past week.
Miss Stella Shepard, who has been staying in Petoskey for some time, returned home last Saturday.
Mrs. Erastus Warner and children of Pella have been visiting at the farm home in Wilson the past week.
The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Marion Hudkins has been very ill but is now on the road to recovery.
Elroy Kunsman started last week for Dakota to work at his old job on the threshing machine.
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Morvan are the proud parents of a young daughter that came to their home last week.
Miss Hilda Stackus of Boyne City and Lila Hudkins of Alberta have been guests at Charles Hudkins the past week.
Mrs. Harlow Wilson and children of Kalamazoo are spending their annual vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Newville of Pleasant Valley.
Miss Agnes Shepard, who is very ill with St. Vitus Dance, was taken to East Jordan, West side, last Thursday, in order to be under the doctor's care. At last reports she was not much better.
Earle Vance of Central Lake visited his aunt, Mrs. Olin Smith, in this place last Thursday and Friday. This was a farewell visit, as he expects to start for Santa Clara, Cal., Sept. 1st there to make his future home.
Superintendent Tyler and Superintendent Watkins of the cattle and horse departments of the Michigan State Fair have arranged for a livestock parade, which will take place during the fair. It will be one of the best parades ever seen on a like occasion. These gentlemen are thoroughly familiar with what will please the livestock men of the state and are leaving no stone unturned to bring on something for attraction and interest.
There will be plenty of opportunity for the visitors at the fair this year to secure good meals. Ten churches in the city of Detroit have secured space and will furnish meals and lunches to state fair visitors. It goes without saying that church societies take great pride in furnishing good meals at reasonable prices, and they have assured the management of the fair that this year they will be better than ever.

Your Family

And its needs probably occupy nine-tenths of your waking thoughts. If you are wise you are thinking of the future as well as present needs. You are saving part of your income, of course. Are you investing it wisely?

A saving account with this bank gives you absolute safety and pays you 3½ per cent. interest.

State Bank of East Jordan

CAPITAL, \$50,000.00. SURPLUS, \$1,000.

OFFICERS.
 WM. P. PORTER, President. W. L. FRENCH, Vice President.
 GEO. G. GLENN, Cashier. BERT A. DOLE, Ass't Cashier.

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

Doesn't This Look Good to You?

Men's and Young Men's Suits, \$15.00 at **\$11.25**
 Men's and Young Men's Suits, \$12.00 at **9.79**
 Men's and Young Men's Suits, \$10.00 at **7.30**
 Men's and Young Men's Suits, \$8.00 at **5.25**
 Men's and Young Men's Suits, \$6.00 at **4.79**

There is something even more important than the money you save in our

AUGUST CLOTHING SALE

And that's the quality of clothes you can get at mighty low cost. Now you can buy cheap clothes at cheap prices any time, but it's only once a year that such fine clothes as we handle can be bought for so little money. We have summer suits that are appropriate for immediate wear and spring suits that are the very thing for next fall, so if you'll look ahead a bit you'll see what a good thing this is for you. Come in and see what you can get during August.



Shoe Specials

Ladies' Shoes—Selz Sample Line, sizes 5, 4½, 4.

1 Lot, worth \$2.00, —**\$1.19**
 1 Lot, worth \$2.50, —**\$1.39**
 1 Lot, worth \$3.50, —**\$1.98**

It will pay you to look them over and save money.

L. WIESMAN.

New Confectionery Store.

F. B. HAMILTON

—DEALER IN—

ICE CREAM, CONFECTIONERY

FRUITS, CIGARS and TOBACCOS

Opposite Exchange Hotel East Jordan

To The Ladies:

You are Cordially Invited To Call and Examine Our Line of

New Fall Suits

Priced from \$12.50 to \$30.

B. C. Hubbard & Company.

BLIND-FOLDED

By EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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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, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Dudley is taken to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzle which 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 it to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with protecting and protecting. Dudley mistakes for Wilton is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mortimer Barton, 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. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is struck by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slumming through Chinatown, Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and are stranded in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. The fugitives escape. Tim Terrill is seen in the mob. A newly formed mob is checked by shots from Giles' revolver. Police Chief Brown breaks down the door and the couple is rescued. Luella thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Knapp appears at the office with no trace of the previous night's debacle. Following his instructions Dudley has a notable day in the Stock Exchange, selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega, the object being to crush Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dudley discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mortimer Barton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where the boy is; the mysterious unknown woman employer of Dudley meets him by appointment with 'the boy' who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city. Dudley and his guards convey 'the boy' by train to the village of Livermore, as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soon after the party is quartered in the hotel a special train arrives in Livermore.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

I had never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Meeker face to face, but I doubted not that I should be able to pick him out. I was right. I knew him the moment I saw him. He was tall and broad of shoulder, long of arm, shifty of eye, and his square jaw was covered with a stubby red beard. His color heightened as we walked into the office and cut off the two doors of retreat.

"An unexpected pleasure," I said, giving him good day.

His hand slipped to the side pocket of his sack coat, and then back again, and he made a remark in an undertone that I fear was not intended for a pleasant greeting.

"There's a little dinner of a few friends going on upstairs," I said politely. "Won't you join us?"

Meeker scowled a moment with evident surprise.

"No, I won't," he growled.

"But it is a sad case for a man to dine alone," I said smoothly. "You will be very welcome."

"No, sir," said he, looking furtively at my men drawing near, between him and the doors.

"But I insist," I said politely. Then I added in a lower tone meant for him alone: "Resist, you bound, and I'll have you carried up by your four legs."

His face was working with fear and passion. He looked at the blocked way with the eye of a baited animal.

"I'll be damned first!" he cried. And seizing a chair he whirled around, dashed it through a window and leaped through the jagged panes before I could spring forward to stop him.

"Round in front, men!" I cried, motioning my followers to sally through the door. "Bring him back!" And an instant later I leaped through the window after the flying enemy.

There was a fall of six feet, and as I landed on a pile of broken glass, a bit shaken, with the rain beating on my head, it was a few seconds before I recovered my wits. When I looked no one was in sight. I heard the men running on the porch of the hotel, so the enemy was not to be sought that way. I set off full speed for the other corner, fifty yards away, half suspecting an ambush. But at the turn I stopped. The rain-soaked street was empty for block before me.

"Where is he?" cried Porter, the first of my men to reach my side.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I haven't seen him."

"He didn't come our way—that I'll swear," panted Fitzhugh.

"He was out of sight before I got my feet," said I. They must have a hiding-place—see by."

"He must have jumped the fence here," said Wilson, pointing to a cottage just beyond the hotel's back yard. "I'll see about it." And he vaulted the pickets and looked about the place.

He was back in a minute with a shake of the head.

"Well, it's no great matter," I said. "We can get away without another guest for the afternoon. Now get under cover, boys, or you'll be soaked through."

"Well, I reckon he wouldn't have been very pleasant company if you'd got him," said one of the men con-

solingly, when we had told our tale of the search for a guest.

"I suspect he would be less disagreeable in here than out with his gang," I returned dryly, and turned the subject. I did not care to discuss my plan to get a hostage now that it had failed.

The gray day plashed slowly toward nightfall. The rain fell by fits and starts. As the time wore on I suspected that my men grew uneasy, wondering what we were there for, and why I did not make some move. Then I reflected that this could not be. It was I who was wondering. Had the plans of the Unknown come to disaster through the difficulty of getting the telegraph on Sunday? The office here was closed. The Unknown, being a woman, I ungallantly reflected, would have neglected to take so small a circumstance into consideration, and she might even now be besieging the telegraph office in San Francisco in a vain effort to get word to Livermore.

On this thought I bestirred myself, and after much trouble and speech with the young man who combined in his person the offices of telegraph operator, station master, ticket seller, freight agent and baggage handler for the place. He objected to opening the office "out of office hours."

"There might be inducements discovered that would make it worth

while, I suppose?" I said, jingling some loose silver carelessly in my pocket.

He smiled.

"Well, I don't care if I do," he replied. "Whatever you think is fair, of course."

It was more than I thought fair, but the agent thawed into friendship at once and expressed his readiness to "call San Francisco" till he got an answer if it took till dark.

I might have saved my trouble and my coin. San Francisco replied with some emphasis that there was nothing for me, and never had been, and who was I, anyhow?

There was nothing to be done. I must possess my soul in patience in the belief that the Unknown knew what she was about and that I should get my orders in due time—probably after nightfall, when darkness would cover any necessary movement.

If the mission of to-day were prolonged into the morrow, what was to become of the Omega deal, and where would Doddridge Knapp's plans of fortune be found? I smiled to think that I should concern myself with this question when I knew that Doddridge Knapp's men were waiting and watching for my first movement with orders that probably did not stop at murder itself. Yet my trouble of mind increased with the passing time as I vainly endeavored to devise some plan to meet the difficulty that had been made for me.

As darkness came on, the apprehensions of danger which had made no impression on me by daylight, began to settle strongly on my spirits. I conceded my fears and depressions from the men, and with the lighting of the lamps made my dispositions to meet any attack that might come. I had satisfied myself that the rear bedroom, that faced the south, could not

be entered from the outside without the aid of ladders. The parlor showed a sheer drop to the street on the west and I felt assured we were safe on that side. But the front windows of the parlor, and the front bedroom which joined it, opened on the veranda roof in common with a dozen other rooms. Inside, the hallway, perhaps eight feet wide and 25 feet long, offered the only approach to our rooms from the stairs. The situation was not good for defense, and at the thought I had a mind even then to seek other quarters.

It was too late for such a move, however, and I decided to make the best of the position. I placed the boy in the south bedroom, which could be reached only through the parlor. With him I placed Wainwright and Fitzhugh, the two strongest men of the party. The north bedroom, opening on the hallway, the veranda roof and the parlor, looked to be the weakest part of my position, but I thought it might be used to advantage as a post of observation. The windows were guarded with shutters of no great strength. We closed and secured those of the parlor and the inner bedroom as well as possible. Those of the north bedroom I left open. By leaving the room dark it would be easy for a sentinel to get warning of an assault by way of the veranda roof. I stationed Porter in the hall and Abrams in the dark bedroom, while Lockhart, Wilson, Brown and I held the parlor and made ourselves comfortable until the time should come to relieve the men on guard.

I thrust open the door to the bedroom to see that the boy and his guards were safe, and this done I turned down the light, threw myself on the floor before the door that protected my charge and mused over the strange events that had crowded so swiftly upon me.

Subtle warnings of danger floated over my sense between sleeping and waking, and each time I dropped into a doze I awoke with a start to see

or and his gang was at my back, sure. "Did you hear anything?" I asked.

"Yes; there was a call out here a bit ago. And there's half a dozen men or more out there now—right at the corner."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; I was a-listening to 'em when you give me such a start."

"What were they saying?"

"I couldn't hear a word."

"Give warning at the first move to get into the house. Blaze away with your gun if anybody tries to climb on to the porch."

Porter had heard nothing, but was wide awake, watching by the light of the lamp that hung at the head of the stairway. And after a caution to vigilance I returned to my chair.

For half an hour I listened closely. The men were open-eyed but silent. The storm kept up its mournful murmur, but no sound that I could attribute to man came to my straining ears.

Suddenly there was a cry from the hall.

"Who's there?" It was Porter's voice.

An instant later there was a crash of glass; an explosion seemed to shake the house, and there was a rush of many feet.

I leaped to the door and flung it open. Lockhart, Wilson and Brown crowding close behind me. A body of men filled the hallway, and Porter was struggling in the hands of three ruffians. His revolver, whose shot we had heard, had been knocked from his hand and lay on the floor.

The sudden appearance of four more weapons in the open doorway startled the enemy into pausing for a moment. I sprang forward and gave the nearest of Porter's assailants a blow that sent him staggering into the midst of his band, and with a wrench Porter tore himself loose from the other two and was with us again.

"What does this mean?" I cried angrily to the invaders. "What are you here for?"

There were perhaps a dozen of them altogether and in the midst of the band I saw the evil face and snake-eyes of Tom Terrill. At the sight of his repulsive features I could scarce refrain from sending a bullet in his direction.

Darby Meeker growled an answer.

"You know what we're here for."

"You have broken into a respectable house like a band of robbers," I cried. "What do you want?"

"You know what we want, Mr. Wilton," was the surly answer. "Give us the boy and we won't touch you."

"And if not?"

There was silence for a few moments.

"What are you waiting for?" growled a voice from beyond the turn of the hall.

At the sound I thrilled to the inmost fiber. Was it not the growl of the Wolf? Could I be mistaken in those tones? I listened eagerly for another word that might put it beyond doubt.

"Well, are you going to give him up?" asked the hoarse voice of Meeker.

"There has got to be some better reason for it than your demand."

"Well, we've got reasons enough here. Stand ready, boys."

"Look out!" I said to my men, with a glance behind.

At I turned I saw without noting it that Wainwright and Fitzhugh had come out of the boy's room to take a hand in the impending trouble. Lockhart and Wilson slipped in front of me.

"Get back and look after the boy," whispered the former. "We can hold 'em here."

"Move ahead there!" shouted a fierce voice that again thrilled the ear and heart with the growl of the Wolf. "What are you afraid of?"

"Stand fast, boys," I said to my men. "Wainwright, keep close to the bedroom." Then I shouted defiance to the enemy. "The first man that moves forward gets killed! There are eight revolvers here."

Then I saw that Wainwright had come forward, despite my bidding, eager to take his share of the onslaught. And by some freak of the spirit of the perverse the boy, who had shown himself so timid during the day, had now slipped out of his room and climbed upon a chair to see what the excitement was about, as though danger and death were the last things in the world with which he had to reckon.

I caught a glimpse of his form out of the tail of my eye as he mounted the chair in his night dress. I turned with an exclamation to Wainwright and was leaping to cover him from a possible bullet, when there was a roar of rage and the voice of Terrill rang through the hall:

"Tricked again!" he cried with a dreadful oath. "It's the wrong boy!"

Gold in the North.

Perhaps the most northerly gold-fields in the world are those in Lapland, where the River Ivalo seems to be the center of an auriferous region, where gold dredging operations have been carried on for some time. Diggings to the depth of 300 feet have been completed with a view of finding out the real course of the ore. The gold discovered last year by a company, founded in the United States, amounted to only four pounds, valued at \$1,500. This was found along a part of the Ivalo river, and the largest nugget weighed about 123 grains. There are three companies digging gold there now, the latest being the Ivalo company, organized in the United States. Within the possessions of this company lies Kuitava, which was built in 1871 by the Finnish government for washing gold.

"Sew Up My Glove?"

"Say, please, will you sew up my glove for me?" broke in Flossie.

"Well, I've plenty of time at that rate," commented Purteile, complacently. "All I've got to do is to comb my hair and fasten the other side of this foolish collar."

THE ELEVENTH HOUR



AM so afraid we'll be late," said Laura, drawing her opera coat around her. "Do hurry, dear."

Then she led the way to the waiting automobile.

"I'm too excited to think straight," said Flossie, tumbling into the tonneau.

"It's the first time I've ever heard a bridesmaid and I know I am a perfect fright. My wrath has slipped down my back and goodness knows how my sash ends ever got around here in front."

"The ceremony is to be at eight sharp," jerked out Laura as the automobile rushed along at top speed. "I do wish I hadn't taken the responsibility of Vera's wreath. I promised I would be there an hour ahead of time to help adjust her veil and she left it to me to see that she had something borrowed and something blue."

"Would you believe it, I couldn't lay my eyes on a blue thing in our house. Finally I discovered this soiled blue feather and borrowed a bone hairpin."

"I wonder what on earth Eugene Purteile can think of me? I have been late for almost every affair that has been given for Vera and Tom. I almost wish he weren't best man."

"Well, we don't care what he thinks anyhow," consoled Flossie, trying in vain to thread a needle and looking as if she were a victim of St. Vitus' dance as she bobbed around. "If I could only find the eye of this needle I might be able to sew this rip in my new glove. I never saw it until I was coming down the stairs, so I grabbed up this sewing outfit."

A loud report from the side of the machine startled the two occupants. They screamed simultaneously and the automobile came to a halt.

"The chauffeur came to the door. 'Tire's busted,' he announced.

"Well, put another one on, quick," commanded Flossie, popping her head out to investigate, with her wreath hanging over her nose.

"Haven't got another, miss, and it is four blocks to the nearest car. If there was only something on wheels in sight you might get a lift."

"Let's walk, then," suggested Laura, coming out of her stupor. "Oh, we can't. It's starting to rain. Vera can't get married."

The siren of the oncoming touring car rent the misty night air and two huge searchlights illuminated the road. The chauffeur darted out and waved his arms and shouted in the path of the huge machine, which was tearing along at tremendous speed. The car slackened its pace just in time to avoid running him down. Immediately the head and shoulders of a man with muffled throat and silk hat appeared through the opened side door.

"What in the world is the matter?" shouted the man in an exasperated tone. "I'm late already. Go ahead!"

"He says some young ladies need assistance," explained the chauffeur.

Then Flossie's voice, high-pitched, called out: "Please wait, Mr. Purteile. It's us—the bridesmaids—and we're broken down. Please take us."

"Drive alongside," commanded the man, laughing.

With a hurry and scurry the bridesmaids tumbled into the big machine and the chauffeur obeyed the emphatic order to "let 'er go."

"Well, this is great," said Purteile, joyfully. "I had almost given up hope of participating in that ceremony, but they can't get along without the bridesmaids and the best man, too!"

"Oh, but I was to fix her wreath and veil," moaned Laura, "and I've got the something borrowed and something blue."

"Well, don't you worry about it," consoled Purteile. "I'm sure it wasn't your fault anyhow. You are always so prompt."

"H'm! I suppose it was mine," murmured Flossie to herself as she searched for her needle amid her flounces.

In a few minutes the automobile stopped before a house brilliantly illuminated and the passengers tumbled out and rushed wildly up the carpeted steps.

"Are the guests here? Are they waiting for the wreath?" cried Laura as the trio reached the rooms above.

"Oh, no, miss," replied an attending maid, leading the way to the bride to be. "Miss Vera's just having her hair done."

"Sew Up My Glove?"

"Say, please, will you sew up my glove for me?" broke in Flossie.

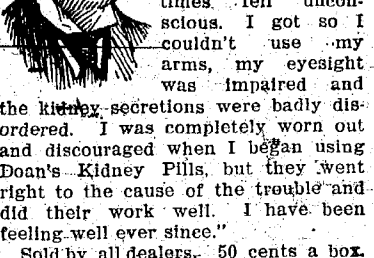
"Well, I've plenty of time at that rate," commented Purteile, complacently. "All I've got to do is to comb my hair and fasten the other side of this foolish collar."

FIVE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL.

Discharged Because Doctors Could Not Cure.

Levi P. Brockway, S. Second Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "After lying for five months in a hospital I was discharged as incurable and given only six months to live. My heart was affected, I had smothering spells and sometimes fell unconscious. I got so I couldn't use my arms, my eyesight was impaired and the kidney secretions were badly disordered. I was completely worn out and discouraged when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, but they went right to the cause of the trouble and did their work well. I have been feeling well ever since."

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



Miss Yellem (about to sing)—What is your favorite air, professor?

"Professor—Fresh air—and plenty of it! Good morning!"



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 *Wm. D. Galt* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Do you know that your chickens come over into my garden? "I thought they must be doing that." "Why did you think so?" "Because they never come back."

Much sympathy is wasted on people who ought to be ashamed to keep the undertaker waiting for a job.

How we enjoy meeting a man who has no tale of woe to tell!

A little learning and a little widow are dangerous things!

THE COME AND SEE SIGN

PUBLIC INSPECTION INVITED FROM 8 A.M. TO 4 P.M. SATURDAYS EXCEPTED LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

This sign is permanently attached to the front of the main building of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

What Does This Sign Mean? It means that public inspection of the Laboratory and methods of doing business is honestly desired. It means that there is nothing about the business which is not "open and above-board."

It means that a permanent invitation is extended to anyone to come and verify any and all statements made in the advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Is it a purely vegetable compound made from roots and herbs—without drugs?

Come and See. Do the women of America continually use as much of it as we are told? Come and See.

Was there ever such a person as Lydia E. Pinkham, and is there any Mrs. Pinkham now to whom sick women are asked to write? Come and See.

Is the vast private correspondence with sick women conducted by women-only, and are the letters kept strictly confidential? Come and See.

Have they really got letters from over one million, one hundred thousand women correspondents? Come and See.

Have they proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands of these women? Come and See.

This advertisement is only for doubters. The great army of women who know from their own personal experience that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female ills will still go on using and being benefited by it; but the poor doubting, suffering woman must, for her own sake, be taught confidence, for she also might just as well regain her health.

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

THE GREEN GAMP

By F. E. CHASE

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

In 58 years the establishment of J. Hicks, licensed pawnbroker, had suffered many changes, generally for the worse.

In 58 years many things had come into the little shop and gone again. Love and joy and death and bitterness, and pledges innumerable, waning with the years from the dignity of watches and wedding rings to the degradation of flat-irons and the bed blankets.

Commercially regarded, pledge No. 831 was a green silk umbrella with a heavy metal handle of considerable intrinsic value; sentimentally, it stood for Hicks' oldest and dearest friend; psychologically, it supplied him, other motives being lacking, with something to live for.

Its history was a simple one, but of exceptional interest.

It had been pawned one morning in the early years of his business life by a respectable elderly gentleman, who, after some haggling, accepted for it the sum of four dollars. With this sum and the customary ticket, he went out of Hicks' establishment, and was never again seen there or elsewhere.

Nearly a year from the date of this transaction, and just before the expiration of the term of the loan, a young man had turned up, and had inquired with evident anxiety regarding the pledged umbrella.

"It is most important," said the young man, "for—family reasons, that this article be redeemed. There is no objection, I presume, to my paying the loan and interest, on behalf of my—my relative, and taking the property out of your hands."

"None whatever," said Hicks, "provided you have the ticket." "Surely that is unimportant," urged the stranger, "so that you get your money. Suppose we say double the amount, by way of penalty for my carelessness in having lost the ticket."

"That won't do," said the broker. "Supposing it turned up?"

"But it can't turn up," said the young man, earnestly. "It is at the bottom of the sea with the man to whom you gave it."

"How can you prove that to me?" said Hicks. "No, no, my friend, I must have my ticket."

"But the thing is worthless—I will pay you ten times the loan to safeguard you against any claim—20 times! Good God!" he cried, excitedly. "I must have it, man; more depends upon it than you know." When he had gone, the broker took down the umbrella from its shelf and examined it with a new interest. It was an excellent umbrella, solidly respectable as to handle and stoutly serviceable as to fabric, yet scarcely deserving the valuation the young man had put upon it. Doubtless its value was sentimental merely, and yet—the claimant had been strangely eager. There was some mystery about it. Well, in 30 days it might be solved, for it, as the young man had said, its owner and the ticket were both at the bottom of the sea, the umbrella would become his when the loan matured.

But the matter turned out by no means so simply. Two days before the loan matured, the young man returned, clearly fortified with a better knowledge of the business and of his powers and privileges, paid the interest on the loan for another year, and thus renewed the matter for that period.

In 12 months more, just as Hicks' imagination was beginning to hover in close circles about his mysterious pledge, the young man again returned and renewed the loan as before, after again trying vainly to negotiate its surrender. In another 12-month the same performance took place, and again at the fourth and fifth anniversaries of the transaction. Each year Hicks' visitor looked thinner and more careworn, and his argument grew more languid and perfunctory; but if his pursuit was less eager it was not less persistent, and each annual recurrence of the date found him promptly on hand to protect his mysterious interests.

Between whiles the pawnbroker never saw him or heard from him, but there was scarcely a day that he did not think of him and of his pursuit, and scarcely a week that, in an ecstasy of baffled curiosity and greed—for to his inflamed imagination the simple gamp had become the key to treasures untold—he did not take down the article and re-examine it, rap it, sound it, rattle it, feel its fabric inch by inch, and, upon occasion, curse its silent secretiveness in good set terms.

Its metal head was large and heavy, solid, apparently, to all tests that he dared make.

"Thus time went on, the young man still coming doggedly year after year, every season older and grayer, such a middle-aged man, by and by an old man, older than his years, shabbier than once and feebler, but still unflinching in patience.

Thus more than half a century went by, and as the fifty-eight anniversary of what had now come to be the chief event of his life approached, Hicks felt a livelier hope than usual stir within him. His annual visitor had seemed unusually feeble at the time of his last visit, and the chance that he could have survived appeared comfortingly remote. A conviction, that at length the mystery of so many years would be somehow revealed to him, penetrated the old pawnbroker's

mind, and as the critical date approached, he felt an almost youthful eagerness of anticipation. As a rule his visitor had turned up a day or two earlier than was necessary, but this year he had not appeared on the morning of the final day.

By the terms of the loan the owner's rights expired at noon, and as that hour approached, Hicks took down the umbrella with an unsteady hand and deliberated upon a plan of investigation. He had amply provided himself with tools, and only awaited liberty to use them.

One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve!

Hicks had selected a cold chisel, from his lay-out, and was posing a hammer to strike, when a shadow fell upon his desk, and a familiar voice said:

"Yes, you've beaten. I haven't the price, I've tried hard, but when one hasn't money to pay for—well, even bigger things must go."

Hicks paused in his work and looked at his visitor.

"Let me show you," he said. "There is an easier way."

He took the umbrella from Hicks and, inserting an awl in one eye of the carved face on the umbrella head, with this leverage easily unscrewed the top, to the pawnbroker's amazement and disgust. The cavity thus discovered contained only a piece of folded paper, yellow with age. Upon this Hicks pounced with a kind of whine of animal greed and satisfaction.

But the stranger's hand fell upon his with an energy of which his feeble body scarcely seemed capable.

"Don't touch it!" he cried. "For God's sake don't. It is nothing—nothing to you; to me it is so much. No," he urged, as Hicks strove to withdraw his prize. "Not yet, at any rate. Not until you have heard my story."

He sank into a chair, his hand still grasping Hicks' wrist, and went on passionately:

"It belonged to her father—this umbrella. He was my employer, and a rich man; and I loved his daughter, and she loved me. But he found it out, and forbade me his house—forbade me to think of her. But I wouldn't give her up, and she wouldn't give me up, and so we used to write one another every day, and send the letters back and forth in this umbrella handle. The old man always carried it, wet or dry, and I used to watch my chance during the day and unscrew the top while he was out of the office, and put in my letter, and she did the same at home. It seemed a great joke then to make him our postman."

Hicks slowly withdrew his hand, leaving the yellow paper between them on the desk.

"Business went wrong," continued the stranger after a pause. "The old man got involved worse and worse, tried the wrong way out of it, and had to skip. He realized on everything he had—even this, as it turned out—and left between two days, taking her with him. They sailed for South America on the Ginevra—you remember—she was never heard from—never even spoken. And never a word from her—it was all so sudden—I knew that—but something might have been done—I couldn't understand. I guess I went pretty near out of my mind. My body just went round with out me, somehow, for months, doing the old things without my knowing anything about it, when all at once I thought of the old umbrella route, as we used to call it. It was a chance. Perhaps she didn't have any other. All their things had been scattered by sale, but I hunted and hunted. There were a hundred chances that he had taken it with him, but I took the one that he hadn't. By and by I thought of the pawn shops, and went the rounds. I guess yours was about the last, and when I got my eyes on the old thing, it was like coming home. But the ticket stuck me, and I couldn't tell my story to such a man as you were then. You've changed a good deal in 58 years."

He paused, and looked longingly at the letter.

"That's what I wanted. I knew it was there. Her last letter to me. The last one she ever wrote. It made me wild at first to think that if I could only get my hands on the thing for a minute, I could have it out. But you never let me touch it. What'd you think it was—money?"

Hicks nodded.

"Money!" cried the other. "I've wanted money pretty bad, but never the way I wanted that letter. But I couldn't seem to tell at first, and by and by, when I got to know it was there waitin' for me, it didn't seem to matter much, so that I could keep it safe. And I have!" he cried. "And here it is."

"Fifty-eight years," exclaimed Hicks. "You old fool! Why didn't you tell me this 58 years ago?"

—And pushing the letter toward his companion, he turned away.

With a little weak moan of satisfaction the stranger seized the paper and carefully opened it.

It may have been five minutes before the old pawnbroker ventured to turn and look at him.

He sat just as he had left him, hid-dled together in his chair, the letter in his hand, his chin on his breast—dead.

EFFECTIVE BLOUSES



THE first garment shown is a pretty shade of blue taffetas, worn with a cashmere skirt the same color. It is tucked from the shoulders to bust, the neck is cut away to show a vest of tucked figured net, the edges of fronts being trimmed with lace, they hook invisibly below the bust. The sleeves are gathered into a double puff and have undersleeves of tucked net.

The second is in the same material as the skirt, our model being in a dark shade of green cashmere. It has a fitting lining to which the vest of spotted silk is fixed; the material fronts are trimmed with cords and buttons. The collar is faced with velvet.

NOW THE DRAPED WAISTCOAT.

It is Worn with Fancy Jackets and Becomes Woman of Slim Figure.

The draped waistcoat has come in again. It is to be worn with fancy jackets, and will prove especially becoming to thin figures. Being made to wear with a princess skirt, or a skirt having a princess belt, it is very short, coming just to the top of the princess belt. It is much shorter at the sides than the front and very much shorter in the back than anywhere else. The back is absolutely plain and tight-fitting, and it is most important that it should fit well, otherwise the effect of the outer jacket cannot be successful. The drapery begins at the shoulder seams, where the material is laid in folds. There are more folds which come from the under arm seam, so that the front of the waistcoat is entirely draped, the folds being arranged to give an equal fullness across the bust. The waistcoat is double-breasted and has four buttons, covered with the material.

Such a waistcoat is usually worn over a thin shirtwaist that is not particularly elaborate because it will hardly be seen, although it should be very well fitting and of sheer material, otherwise the costume will be too warm, and one may not remove a coat worn over a waistcoat. There is almost always a high collar and a fancy jabot worn with such waistcoats, and either a jabot or a lace bow of some dimension is necessary to make the proper effect. A waistcoat seems never to look so well with a shirtwaist which has not a jabot as with one which has.

Ribbons for Fall.

Many of the new fall and winter costumes will be finished off with a sash, due largely to the director's style now in vogue. These will be made of broad satin of soft pliable quality, and will swathe the waist in soft folds, the ends falling gracefully down the side or front of the costume. Already this fashion is beginning to show in the latest summer styles, as many of the lingerie princess frocks are now completed with a ribbon sash fastened to the back only. In some fall gowns the sash is on the Turkish idea, being wound lightly around the waist and hips, and then falling in soft folds almost to the bottom of the costume. The up-to-date sash must be of a shade to harmonize with the costume, rather than to contrast.

FOR SUMMER WEAR.



One of the prettiest summer hats seen this season was worn at a recent outdoor wedding. It was white, soft, lacy straw, the wide brim turned up in a most fascinating manner at left side and edged with a narrow band of hydrangea blue velvet ribbon. The top was a mass of hydrangeas in delicate shades and a large bunch of satin ribbon loops matching the velvet band was artistically fastened at back.

THE DUELIST'S WATERLOO

By Stewart B. Stone.

When Monsieur Paul Eugene Leroy-Ledoux, chevalier of the order of the Red Broadsword and the most famous, most persistent duelist in Paris, informed Arthur Dunlap that the Gallic honor of the former was outrageously touched, and that only the sight of the American gentleman's blood could at all appease him, it was Mr. Dunlap's time to be vexed.

It was all a foolish, airy trifle about a lady—about a little blonde lady of the daintiest charm, it is true; but still it was the merest nothing, and Mr. Dunlap was very busy just then turning little, green certificates of stock into good, hard money. Mr. Dunlap, who knew the lady very well, had winked at her in the course of a funny story at the box party; and Monsieur Paul had jumped to his feet and there had been a flung glove and the boiling of bluest Latin blood.

Monsieur Paul repaired to his apartments at the Durham and made ready his shining instruments of carnage. There was just room on the rapier's slim point for the insolent Yankee's red blood, mused monsieur; and, if the American chose pistols, monsieur had a pair that glistened like brass in the sunlight.

Arthur Dunlap, after he had figured out the deal in Dubuque & Northern, partook of a sizzling drink or so, and proceeded to devise the matter of weapons and things, for he was the challenged party. The devising was finished just as the brass-satyr clock on the mantel jingled two o'clock in the warm, dark morning, and at this time Mr. Dunlap clambered into bed with a smile of content—this was the sizzling drink, no doubt.

This was the fashion of the combat of honor outraged, as borne by the representatives of Mr. Dunlap to the fiery Frenchman at the Durham next morning. The principals were to seat themselves on stools, side by side, in the pitch dark convention room at the Durham. The flip of a coin by the seconds should decide which of the combatants should depart from the great room, leaving his rival in the still dark, black chamber. The loser, seated on the stool, should press one of two buttons, releasing one of two doors at the end of the hall. Behind one of the doors would lurk the little blonde lady of the boisterous box party; behind the other—grim, white old boxer, the polar bear of the zoological gardens. In the matter of whether the lady or the bear should come forth to embrace the man on the stool in the dark, the great god Chance should say. You know where Mr. Dunlap got the conceit; his rival did not.

To the terms of this duel Monsieur Paul made most voluble, shrug-shouldered Latin objection.

"Pet essee rideekious—I will not haff eet so—zee idea—zee deesgrace," he chattered, but the seconds were inexorable, and Monsieur Paul was obliged to submit.

When the hour for the duel arrived the combatants took their places on the stools in the big, empty room and the lights were switched off. There was a mumbling in the small anteroom, and voices of the seconds were heard announcing:

"Heads win. Mr. Dunlap will leave the room. Monsieur Paul will remain seated and press the button."

There was the sound of a man descending from a stool and his quick stride across the floor until Mr. Dunlap joined the party in the anteroom—then silence and darkness in the assembly room of the Hotel Durham.

The scraping of the Frenchman for the button on the stool was heard, and then the swinging of a door at the end of the gloomy hall. Something stepped out upon the bare floor and there came the noise of a body shuffling its way up the hall toward Monsieur Paul on the stool. A sweet, baffling smell—say of a garden in old Araby—became evident, and then—"Mademoiselle!" the Frenchman shrieked in the darkness, "are you there—answer—my God!"

The great hall flared up into a second, and there stood revealed the immense, shaggy form of an Arctic bear in the act of embracing a pale, perspiring dandy—a dandy who toppled the next second in a swoon to the floor, while the only bear that ever laughed and waffled old world perfume walked away on the shoulder of her fiancé, Arthur Dunlap, U. S. A.

Horrors of the Police Court.

"What is your name?" asked the justice.

"Leggitt Fergrubb, your honor," answered the prisoner, a red nosed specimen of the genus homo.

"You are charged with vagrancy, having no visible means of support, and being a common nuisance in the neighborhood. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I han't got no visible means of support, your honor, but that ain't my fault. I'm out of work."

"Have you tried to get work?"

"I couldn't begin to tell you, your honor, how hard I've tried."

"I suppose not. How long is it since you have had any occupation?"

"'Bout a year. Or it might be two years."

"What was your last job?"

"I had a position in a barber shop."

"A position? What kind?"

"Juxtaposition, your honor; I was next."

"Six months in the workhouse?"

"I cared the police justice. 'Till the next case!"

The General Demand

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

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

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

He'd Pull Hard.

"Senator Folger, who journeyed to Albany at the risk of his life to cast the vote that doomed racing in New York, had collected a number of instances of race-track trickery," said an Albany legislator.

"Discussing one day, the way jockeys so often sold races, he said that there was a Gloucester jockey once, the rider of a favorite, who was overheard to say in a saloon, the night before the favorite ran:

"I shan't win unless the reins break."

Happy Man.

Mrs. Henpeck—Her husband simply won't listen to her!

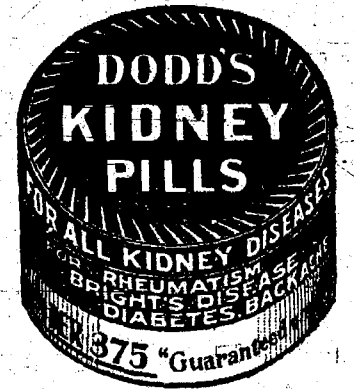
Henpeck—How on earth does the lucky fellow manage it?—Stray Stories.

Your Druggist Will Tell You That Murine Eye Remedy Cures Smart, Makes Weak Eyes Strong, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain and Sells for 50c.

When any calamity has been suffered the first thing to be remembered is how much has been escaped.

It Cures While You Walk Allen's Foot-Powder for corns and bunions. Hot, sweaty, callous, itching feet. 25c all Druggists.

Nothing can atone for want of truth.—Ruskin.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, 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. *Allen's* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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.

A DAISY FLY KILLER

LASTS THE ENTIRE SEASON. It leads, everything for destroying flies, mosquitoes, and other annoying insects and destroying them. Dealers or mail by mail postpaid for 25c. Dr. J. C. KENNON, 145 N. 4th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ASTHMA and HAY FEVER. INSTANTLY CURED BY KINMONTH'S ASTHMA CURE. Over 1000 patients cured during the past 3 years. A 50 cent trial bottle and full directions on receipt. 25c. Dr. J. C. KENNON, 145 N. 4th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

35 GOOD POST CARDS 10 cts. A different one each day. Greatly enjoyed on receipt. Mr. Morgan, 3822 Vernon Avenue, Chicago.

WANTED. Agents wanted for our celebrated "Lucky" Cigarettes. Write to J. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 33, 1908.

Epilepsy, Fits

Convulsions, or Spasms and St. Vitus' Dance are Nervous Diseases. Most cases can be cured by strengthening and building up the nervous system. To do this a nerve medicine is needed. Dr. Miles' Nervine will be found efficacious and satisfactory. It has cured many cases of these diseases and we believe it will cure you. We can give you names of many who have been cured through its use. Write for advice.

"My son John had epilepsy for years, and after being treated by specialists for over 2 years he still continued to have spells. I had almost given up in despair, but knowing the virtue of Dr. Miles' Anti-Epileptic Pills for sick headache, I concluded to try the Nervine. During June, 1906, I gave him a teaspoonful three times a day, then in July I gave it as directed, and I could see that he was improving, and he has not had a spell since August 23, 1906, and has taken no medicine since Jan. 1907. I am writing the case just as it is, hoping it will induce others to try it."

W. R. ALLISON, Mooresville, N. C.
Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Nervine, and we authorize him to return price of first bottle (only) if it fails to benefit you.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. C. H. Pray Dentist

Offices Over Postoffice.

Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.,
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Dr. W. E. Zavitz DENTIST

Office in E. J. L. Co's. Block
Office Hours: 8:00 a. m. to 12 noon, 1:00 p. m. to 5:00 p. m.
After hours by appointment only.
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Dr. F. P. Ramsey Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.
OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK
East Jordan, Mich.
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Lemieux & Lancaster GENERAL Blacksmithing and Carriage Work.

HORSE SHOEING a Specialty.
All Work Guaranteed.
our Patronage Respectfully Solicited
State-st. East Jordan.

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 WARE. 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?

Petoskey Rug Mfg. Carpet Co.
Std., Petoskey, Mich.

East Jordan & Southern R. R.
TIME TABLE.
(In effect June 28, 1908)

LEAVE EAST JORDAN at 8:40 a. m., and 1:45 p. m.; Arriving at Bellaire at 9:40 a. m., and 2:45 p. m.
LEAVE BELLAIRE at 10:10 a. m., and 4:10 p. m.; Arriving at East Jordan at 11:10 a. m., and 6:10 p. m.

All trains daily except Sunday.
Trains run by central standard time.
W. P. PORTER, E. J. CROSSMAN,
Gen. Manager. Traffic Mgr.

CARRIAGE AND DAIRY EXHIBITS

Under Same Roof at West Michigan State Fair.

New Exhibitors of Vehicles—Great Interest in Dairy Department, Where the Monthly Test of the State Bureau will be given During the Fair—Special Awards in This Class.

The new carriage building which was erected at the West Michigan State Fair grounds last year will, except for the space devoted to the dairy department, be completely filled with exhibits of carriages at the coming fair, which will be given Sept. 14-18.

Reservations of space have been made by ten of the largest carriage exhibitors of this state and adjoining states, and it is probable that other new exhibitors will be added to the list. In this list are included three firms which were not at the West Michigan State Fair last year. This department is under the able direction of Hon. J. K. Flood, of Hart, Mich., and bids fair to become one of the most attractive features on the grounds. The ten exhibitors who engaged space before August 15th are the following: American Carriage company, Brown Carriage company, Durant-Dort Carriage company, Flint Wagon Works, Laporte Carriage company, Lull Carriage company, Owosso Carriage and Sleigh company, W. A. Patterson company, Pontiac Buggy company, the Studebaker company.

Much interest is being manifested in the dairy department, which is housed in the carriage building. Last year, for the first time, a cold storage room was provided for this department, resulting in an exhibition of butter and cheese far exceeding the exhibitions of previous years both in quality and quantity.

Superintendent T. F. Marston, of Bay City, and his assistant, E. A. Hazen, of Bloomingdale, are taking an active interest in the building up of this department of the fair and have promised the board of directors that the dairy department this year will surpass any ever seen in this section, and will equal that of the Detroit fair.

In addition to the regular exhibits, the fair management has arranged with the State Dairy and Food Department to hold its regular monthly scoring test at the fair. This will be under the personal direction of Commissioner Colon C. Lillie. In connection with this event Messrs. Marston and Hazen have secured no less than fifteen special premiums, which will be awarded exhibitors of butter, cheese, bread, pies, etc.

The carriage building, with its great exhibit of vehicles and the dairy department installed therein, is certain to be a magnet for large numbers of fair visitors this year.

FREE FAIR ATTRACTIONS.

High Class Vaudeville will be a Feature of West Michigan State Fair.

Visitors to all West Michigan State Fairs of previous years have commented on the excellence of the free attractions provided for their entertainment. In view of this fact, the announcement of the specialties secured for their edification during this year's fair, Sept. 14-18, will be of more than passing interest.

With the securing of the last of the contracts the fair management is able to assure patrons of a clean, wholesome, high-grade vaudeville and circus program, in which figure some thrilling innovations, at the coming and greatest fair in the history of the organization. As usual, these performances will be given from a platform facing the grand stand, during the intervals between the heats of the racing events.

As the headliner in an amusement bill replete with novelties, Mat Gay, a sensational back somersault high diver, has been secured. From a platform elevated 80 feet above the ground level Gay will dive backward into a narrow tank of shallow water. Hardy, "the American Blondin," furnishes a sensational high-wire act that is a genuine thriller. Hardy is without a peer in his profession, and though the fair management made repeated overtures for his appearance last year, they were unable to secure his services on account of a European engagement.

Other engagements are with the Nops, premier Roman ring artists; the celebrated Malvern troupe of acrobats; Milo, Gazellos, single trapeze artist; the Beldinos, in a new and original pasting act, and the "Bijou Colored Comedy Four," dancers and comedians of note. The last attraction is one of a kind which has long been sought by the fair management, and the act is one scream of merriment from start to finish.

All these acts will be given each afternoon of the fair from a platform in plain view of the entire assemblage—the free amusement program alone being worth the admission to



BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE Lansing Business University

Where complete and thorough courses are given in Bookkeeping, Geography, Short-hand, Typewriting, etc. Examinations in all departments who devote their entire time to the students' advancement. Best Pupils receive special prizes in central Michigan. Now students may enter at any time, as we give INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION. Tuition reasonable; payments made easy; carfare paid to Lansing. Students assisted to places where they can do light work for their board, if desired.

We have large, well-ventilated halls, modern equipment and free employment department. SPECIAL WEEK FREE Catalog for the asking. For full information write the manager today. H. J. BECK, Manager, Lansing, Mich.

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

Weak women should read my "Book No. 4 for Women." It tells of Dr. Shoop's Night Cure. Tells how these soothing, healing, antiseptic suppositories, bring quick and certain help. The Book is free. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. James Gidley.

August time, tells on the nerves. But the spiritless, no ambition feeling can be easily and quickly altered by taking what is known by druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Within 48 hours after beginning to use the Restorative, improvement will be noticed. Of course, full health will not immediately return. The gain, however, will surely follow. And best of all, you will realize and feel your strength and ambition as it is returning. Outside influences depress first the "inside nerves"—then the stomach, heart, and kidneys will usually fail. Strengthen these failing nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly health will be yours again. Sold by James Gidley.

CALIFORNIA-BEE-BEER.

A Wonderful Medicinal Beer, highly recommended by medical authorities for a health restoring drink. Easy to keep. They make Beer every twenty four hours—ready to drink.

See David Rainey or write (East Jordan R. F. D. 5) and learn more about them. It is a fine drink. Saves doctor bills in the home.

PROBATE ORDER: State of Michigan.

The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.
At a session of said court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix, in said County, on the third day of August, A. D. 1908.
Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Mary Matilda Liskum, deceased.
Nathan Liskum having filed in said court his petition, praying for license to sell the best of said estate in certain real estate therein described.
It is ordered, that the 14th day of Sept. A. D. 1908, at ten o'clock forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted.
It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.
JOHN M. HARRIS,
Judge of Probate.
a true copy.

Free! Free!

A Handsome Decorated
DINNER SET!

THIS IS OUR LIBERAL OFFER:

Any person whose purchases after this date amount to \$50.00 we will deliver to you a Handsome Decorated Dinner Set. Absolutely Free.

Guaranteed not to craze. Worth \$10.00 a set.

EMPEY BROS.

East Jordan, Mich., July 1st, 1908.

To Consumptives.

Edward A. Wilson's Preparation of Hypophosphites and Blodgett's 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,
60 Ann Street, New York City, N. Y.

HORSE SHOW AT WEST MICH. FAIR

Will Eclipse All Previous Exhibitions.

Premiums increased from \$3,300 to \$4,500—Entries Coming from Other States—Notable Exhibits of Percherons, Hackneys, Shetlands, Carriage, Light Harness and Saddle Horses Assured.

Always noted for its great horse shows, the West Michigan State Fair, which is to be held in Grand Rapids Sept. 14-18, assures its patrons the greatest exhibit of horses of all classes that has ever been offered in its history.

The added premiums—\$4,500—is offered this season against \$3,300 last year—are already attracting entries of the highest class. This circumstance, combined with that of the Indiana State Fair being held this year the week previous, instead of the same week, as has been the case for a number of years past, makes a more than ordinarily successful horse show this year a certainty.

Percherons have always made the best showing among heavy draft animals. Last season's exhibition of this class was a notable one, but the inquiries and entries already received make it evident that this year's exhibit will completely eclipse it. In 1907 there was but one exhibitor from outside the state. This year the fact that the Indiana State Fair falls one week earlier will impel many Indiana and Illinois breeders to ship their strings to Grand Rapids, where they will be entered in competition with the best the state has to offer.

Although at previous fairs premiums have been offered for hackneys, there has never, until the present season, been an entry in this class. This year the fair management has already received the entries of two big strings of hackneys, while others are anticipated.

The outlook for the Shetland pony exhibit is good. The amount of premiums in this class has been practically doubled, resulting in the promise of some fine exhibits from Indiana and Illinois. There are few breeders of Shetlands in the state, and exhibits in this division are necessarily from outside.

The exhibits of carriage horses, light harness horses and saddlers have always been far above the average at the West Michigan fair, but this year's entries betoken an exhibition in this division second to none of the famous metropolitan horse shows.

The harness races will be two in number each day, with two daily running events. The good purses offered for each of these is certain to bring out the speediest horses traveling the racing circuits of this section.

Horse breeders and fanciers cannot fail to be interested in the inducements the West Michigan State Fair is offering them this year, and lovers of horse flesh are guaranteed a rare exhibit. Noted for keeping its promises, the fair association promises its 1908 patrons the greatest horse show it has ever attempted.

WHO OWNS THE FAIR?

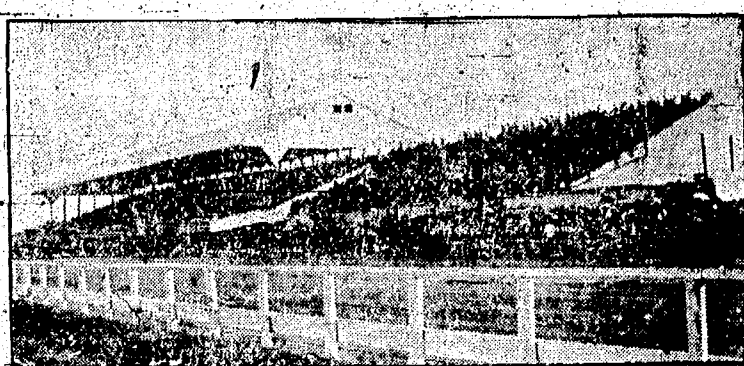
Is the Property of the People—Revenues Devoted to Improvements.

Visitors to the West Michigan State Fair have been heard to express some wonder as to whom the ownership of the fair is vested in and who profits by the revenues derived. That there may be no misapprehension on this score we are pleased to inform our readers that the fair is owned by the members of the association, and that anyone may join that body on payment of the membership fee of \$1.

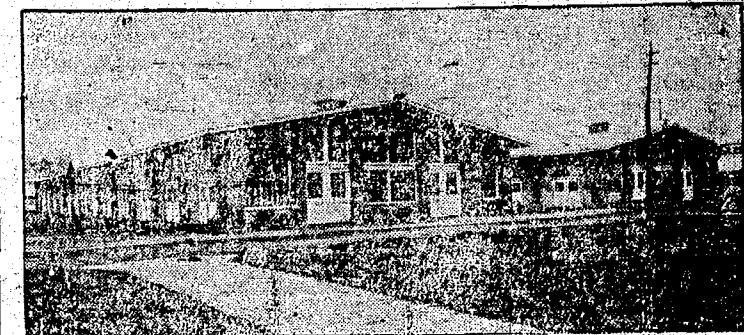
The fair was organized for the benefit of the entire people of this section, and there is absolutely no restriction to membership, no race, party or color lines being drawn. The payment of the membership fee entitles new members to precisely the same privileges as charter members.

The fair is now being conducted by a number of public-spirited citizens of Grand Rapids and western Michigan, and there is no profit accruing to any officer or individual connected with it. All officers, superintendents and directors furnish their services without compensation, the secretary being the only officer drawing salary, and that merely a nominal one. All the profits of these fairs have been and for several years to come must be devoted to improvements of the grounds, the erection of new buildings and repairs to the old ones.

Comstock Park, in which is located the grounds of the fair, was originally donated to the Western Michigan Agricultural and Industrial Society by the late Hon. C. C. Comstock, and in turn came into the possession of the West Michigan State Fair. By the terms of the deed, should the grounds at any time cease to be used for fair purposes they will revert to the city of Grand Rapids for use as



GRAND STAND AND BLEACHERS AT STATE FAIR GROUNDS, DETROIT.



TWO OF THE BEAUTIFUL HORSE BARN AT THE STATE FAIR GROUNDS, DETROIT.

Canning Fruit?

If you are, then you will be interested in knowing that Sherman's Market has a big stock of the needfuls for the fruit-canning season.

BALL FRUIT JARS

We handle the genuine Ball Fruit Jar, the best jar made. Tops are ground flat and smooth so that covers fit tightly. We carry all sizes—two quarts, quarts and pints. Prices the lowest.

Prompt delivery a specialty. Give us a call.

Shermans' Market.

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.

Rheumatism

I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible, but I can now surely kill the pains and pangs of this deplorable disease.

In Germany with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I successfully treated many many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, it uniformly cures all curable cases of this heretofore much dreaded disease. Those sand-like granular wastes, found in Rheumatic Blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual excuse to suffer longer without relief. We sell, and in confidence recommend

Dr. Shoop's

Rheumatic Remedy

Served as coffee, the new coffee substitute known to grocers everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee, will trick even a coffee in its ether. Not a grain of real coffee is it either. Pure healthful roasted grains, malt, nuts, etc., have been so cleverly blended as to give a wonderfully satisfying coffee taste and flavor. And it is "made in a minute," too. No tedious 20 to 30 minutes boiling. G. L. Sherman & Son.

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