

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 12

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1908.

No. 41

A MILD REBUKE.



—San Francisco Chronicle.

ROOSEVELT HOT SHOT.

On Haskell.

Governor Haskell's utter unfitness for any public position of trust or for association with any man anxious to make an appeal on a moral issue to the American people has been abundantly shown.

As an American citizen who prizes his Americanism and citizenship far above any question of partisanship, I regard it as a scandal and disgrace that Governor Haskell should be connected with the management of a national campaign.

To Bryan.

In my judgment the measures you advocate would be wholly ineffective in curing an evil, and so far as they had any effect at all would merely throw the entire business of the country into hopeless and utter confusion.

I put Mr. Taft's deeds against your words. I ask that Mr. Taft be judged by all his deeds, for he wishes none of them forgotten. I ask that you be judged both by the words you wish remembered and by the words that seemingly you and your party now desire to have forgotten.

Coming Attraction.

Harry Shannon's powerful four-act comedy drama "The Banker's Child," will be presented at Loyeday Opera House on Saturday night Oct. 17.

This play is vastly different from the usual run of comedy dramas, being devoid of shooting. Still the climaxes are very strong. The play has been re-written the past summer and more comedy added. The Sterling, Ill., Press says:

"The Banker's Child" was presented here last night to a crowded house, hundreds being turned away. The bright particular stars are two little children, who find favor with the old folks as well as the young, they have a genuine aptitude for stage work, or rather play, for it does not appear to be work for them, though both had long and intricate parts. They are not stilted or tiresome like so many stage children, and they had a splendid opportunity to display their wonderful ability. Every seat was taken, including several extra rows of chairs, many standing besides."

Announcement.

I have now in a full new line of Winter Millinery, also School Supplies and Notions. We invite you to call and see for yourself the bargains we offer.

—MRS. H. D. GAZLAY.

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.

The Maiden's Dream.

WARREN W. LAMPSON.

She sits by the open fireplace,
With a far-away look in her eyes,
As if in the bright burning embers
Were the portals of paradise.
Of what are you dreaming, my maiden?
O tell me your thoughts I pray:
That you sit in the glow of the firelight,
Yet seem to be far, far away.
Are you building some stately palace?
Some beautiful castle in air?
Than all of earth's royal mansions
More wonderful, grand and fair.
And is there some favored princeling
Who dwells in your palace grand?
Does he kneel at your feet a suitor,
While you promise to give him your hand?
Are there sounds of voluptuous music
That float thro' your marble halls?
Is it feasting and drinking and dancing,
That low on your hearing falls?
Or is there instead some bright vision
Of service there pictured to you,
A lifeably given to others,
Unselfish, devoted and true?
Perhaps thro' some plague-stricken city
An angel of mercy you tread,
Or over some great field of battle
Bestrewn with the dying and dead.
Ah, the thoughts of a girl are winged
courses
That bear her away and away;
Her visions are wonderful visions
When Fancy's awake and at play.
But Fancy is vain and delusive,
Her visions are not what they seem;
And soon will the little maid waken
To find it was only a dream.
Yes, only a dream little maiden;
Yet, if aught of it ever come true,
May it be the unselfish service
The future shall bring to you.

Fatal Accident.

A man identified as Bert Grant, of East Jordan, was run over and killed by a G. R. & I. train, Saturday night, about one and one-half miles north of Carp Lake. The mangled body was found Sunday morning, by one of the section men, and the G. R. & I. R. notified. The remains were taken to Carp Lake, where Gasper Guereux identified them as that of his late companion, Bert Grant. The two men had been working together at LeRoy, and had started for East Jordan. On reaching Mackinaw City, Saturday night, they visited several saloons and, late in the night, started for Carp Lake, walking along the railroad track. In some way they became separated, and Guereux reached Carp Lake, only to learn of the sad fate of his companion. The remains were shipped here for interment. Funeral services were held from his parents' home, Tuesday, conducted by Rev. W. W. Lampson, and interment made in the cemetery here.

Our Exhibit at Hillsdale.

The East Jordan Board of Trade Exhibit at the Hillsdale Fair last week was a success in every sense of the word. Thousands viewed our display of fruits, grains and vegetables, and, as an outgrowth, already inquiries have been received relative to farming lands in this section and the E. B. Clark Seed Co., who had some of their seeds on exhibition, have received orders for some 200 bushels of seed. In a letter to The Herald from Percy Holliday, who is attending the college there, he says of the exhibit: "The East Jordan exhibit at the Hillsdale Fair occupied a prominent place in Agricultural Hall and was admired by thousands of people each

day of the fair. It was arranged in a very neat and orderly manner and Messrs. Olney and Bartlett deserve praise for their helpful work in the interest of East Jordan. Thousands of cards and circulars were distributed by them during the fair. As one person was heard to say 'East Jordan must be quite a town if it can send an exhibit this far.' It was the only town advertised on the grounds."

Make This According to the Directions.

What will appear very interesting to many people here is the article taken from a New York daily paper, giving a simple prescription, which is said to be a positive remedy for backache or kidney or bladder derangement, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease.

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime. A well-known druggist here at home when asked regarding this prescription, stated that the ingredients are all harmless, and can be obtained at a small cost from any good-prescription pharmacy, or the mixture would be put up if asked to do so. He further stated that while this prescription is often prescribed in rheumatic affections with splendid results, he could see no reason why it would not be a splendid remedy for kidney and urinary troubles and backache, as it has a peculiar action upon the kidney structure, cleansing these most important organs and helping them to sift and filter from the blood the foul acids and waste matter which causes sickness and suffering. Those of our readers who suffer can make no mistake in giving it a trial.

County Finances.

Financial report of the County Treasurer, showing the condition of the treasury, at the close of business, Sept. 30th, 1908.

Receipts.	
Cash on hand Sept 1st.....	\$6983 59
From Delinquent Taxes.....	602 53
Redemption certificates.....	88
General Fund.....	26 32
Poor Fund.....	4 40
Library Fund.....	15 00
Total.....	\$7631 72
Disbursements.	
Paid General Fund.....	\$1117 09
Interest.....	16 67
Poor Orders.....	541 44
Circuit Court Orders.....	10 00
Probate Court Orders.....	59 88
Soldiers' Relief Orders.....	10 00
Teachers' Institute.....	77 00
State of Michigan.....	408 55
Cash on hand Sept. 30, 1908....	5400 39
Total.....	\$7631 72

Dated at Charlevoix, Oct. 1, 1908.
D. S. PAYTON,
County Treasurer.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

David Frost, 70.....	Wilson twp.
Lucinda Price, 62.....	Wilson twp.
Charles Jubenville, 29.....	Boyne City
Eva M. Towers, 24.....	Boyne City
Frank E. Baker, 28.....	Boyne City
Mary M. Brown, 17.....	Boyne City
Thaddeus O. Bissel, 27.....	Boyne City
Cecil Rowan, 22.....	Boyne City

RICHARD LEWIS,
County Clerk.

Served as coffee, the new coffee substitute known to grocer's everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee, will trick even a coffee expert. Not a grain of real coffee in it either. Pure healthful toasted grains, malt, nuts, etc have been so cleverly blended as to give a wonderfully satisfying taste and flavor. And it is "made in a minute" too! No tedious 20 to 30 minutes boiling. Test it and see. Dr. Shoop created Health Coffee that the people might have a genuine coffee substitute, and one that would be thoroughly satisfying in every possible respect. Sold by G. L. Sherman & Son.

Teachers' Examination.

The annual examination for October will be held in the West Side school building in the village of East Jordan on Thursday and Friday, October 15-16, 1908, beginning at 8:30 a. m. standard time.

The questions in Reading will be based on "The Raven"—Poe. Only second and third grade certificates will be issued from this examination.

Paper will be furnished to applicants. Those desiring their papers transferred to other counties will write with pen, others may write with pencil.

J. H. MILFORD, Com.

COUNTY NORMAL NOTES.

The rainy weather of last week prevented the normal girls from playing basket ball.

The normal class received a picture of "The Bridge of Sighs" in Venice, from the class of '08. Miss Reed gave an interesting talk about the bridge which she saw during her trip last summer.

Clare Finucan took charge of Miss Lewis' room Monday morning until the boat got in.

Florence Sheldon spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents in East Jordan.

Miss Himes received two interesting letters last week from two of the former normal girls.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending Oct. 3, 1908:

Bronk, Mr. Jess (letter)
Kenney, Mrs. H. R. J. (card)
FRANK A. KENYON, P.M.

A pain prescription is printed on each 25c box of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. Ask your Doctor or Druggist if this formula is not complete. Head pains, womanly pains, pains anywhere get instant relief from a Pink Pain Tablet. James Gidley.

Just the Coat You Want.

THE prevailing models this season are along the "Directoire" lines. But the Parisian artists have vied with each other in producing so many different designs that it is easy for every woman to get the proper styles in a becoming garment.

The "Bischof" garments we show have been carefully made from these original creations. They contain all the foreign features which set the style, but so modified as to be thoroughly practical for every-day wear.

No matter what kind of cloth you prefer, no matter what you wish to pay, we can becomingly fit you in one of these models. And the longer you wear it the more satisfied you will be that in this "Bischof" line we give you the smartest and best made garments ever sold in this section. Because of their immense facilities and sales, the makers of these garments give such values as we have never seen before. Look for the label "B. S. & S."

It will pay you well to come in this week. To start buying at once we give you the choice of several models at special prices. Among them you will see—



1006

Nothing could be lovelier nor yet more simple in its way than this "Directoire" suit. It is an immensely popular tailor-made effect, and is serviceable as well as stylish. Made in diagonal worsted or tweeds with satin lining.



1012

A suit for business girls. Very simple and practical, yet one of the best styles of the season. Notice the odd little pockets. Made of fancy striped material with satin lining.



1008

A stunning suit, embodying all the new ideas. Lavishly trimmed with buttons, especially in the back, not the faintest sign of hips, slender little vest of contrasting color. Made of broadcloth in all colors with satin lining.

B. C. Hubbard & Company.

Cincinnati man has outgrown coffin he bought two years ago. Bargain sale purchases don't always pay.

Tennessee man and wife live together 20 years and never speak but twice. Do you envy him?

It begins to look as if "Castro's splendid isolation would be wantonly ripped up the back before long."

Says the Indianapolis News: "Suppose one of these sheath skirts should shrink? Well, the wearer could call a cab."

Between airships, balloons and aeroplanes the air is getting to be something of a highway in these progressive days.

When an automobilist "takes a flyer in the street" it generally means that pedestrians would be safer at home under the bed.

Esperanto has been officially recognized again. It seems to need re-introduction almost as frequently as poor relations.

There is such a thing as genuine gratitude; after all. A Goldfield miner has left his entire fortune to the girl who filled him four years ago.

The mother of a Philadelphia heiress denies that her daughter is engaged to an Englishman who possesses a title, but fails to explain why.

Some scientists have found that there are 5,200 ways in which death may come. We wonder whether he has included being mistaken for deer by reckless hunters?

Efforts are made to encourage cattle raising in Scotland. Still, it is likely that a large proportion of the roast beef of "old England" will continue to come from the United States.

When the Dutch have captured Castro will they please hold him and notify the nations of the earth so that there may be pulled off a chaste and orderly international spanking match?

Fritz Scheff is to become the wife of a literary man, and it is only reasonable to expect, therefore, that the stories sent out by her advance agent will in the future be properly edited.

Judge Thompson of the United States court has decided at Cincinnati that imitation whisky must be so labeled as to show just what it is. A simpler way would be just to label it poison.

It was from New York that Horace Greeley advised the young man to "Go West." The advice now comes from 3,000 miles farther eastward, and is addressed by Isaac Zangwill to an audience of Jews in London. He told his fellow religionists the other day that they ought to migrate to the western states of America, where there is room for them.

The most enduring memorial of Bishop Potter is the great, unfinished cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights, which will have cost, it is estimated, over \$20,000,000 when it is completed, well on in the present century. This was his own conception, and it was his influence alone that secured the financial backing which made its commencement possible.

Persons who wear orange-colored garments are supposed to be less susceptible to heat than those wearing other colors. To test the theory, the war department is having 5,000 suits of underwear colored orange for the use of soldiers in the Philippines. An orange hat lining is also being prepared, that the heads as well as bodies of the men may receive whatever benefit there may be in the color.

In a New York court a policeman arraigned a chauffeur who, the officer testified, was towing two "dead" automobiles and speeding at the rate of 20 miles an hour. "Three machines, each going 20 miles an hour," said the magistrate. "I should figure that the prisoner was going 60 miles an hour. I'll hold him for trial." And nobody punished the magistrate for his unprovoked assault on physics and mathematics.

The millionaire automobilist who went crashing with a 120-horse power flyer through carriages in crowded streets at Long Branch the other day will have his license revoked, and warrants were procured for his arrest. The reckless speeder is as much the enemy of the moderate autoist as of the rest of the public, and all should combine against him. It might be even justice to strap some of the merciless scorchers to their own vehicles and set them going on a steam railroad track, where they would meet something of their size.

And now the directors down to be accompanied by a bracelet worn just below the knee. The necessary number of rings for the fingers and bells for the toes will also be strictly in style.

We can see how perfect flying machines distributed all over the world, and so low in price as to be within reach of all, if not quite so low in flight, might cause the custom-house officials along the frontiers of the various countries to accumulate a stock of steady, premature gray hair.

The Railway

Three Periods of Its Development in America

By THEODORE P. SHONTS, President Interborough Metropolitan Company, New York.



Transportation facilities of a country are, and always have been, the true test of the nation's commercial development. Rome was the greatest road builder in the world in her day, and the supreme commercial power. Her highways, which are still the wonder of modern engineers, represented the most advanced stage of the art of transportation as it was then known, and made possible the development of her territory. So strongly was this essential feature recognized by her governing powers that with every territory subdued her first act was to commence the construction of roads to develop its transportation. The territory of the United States is so great that if it had not been for the discovery of steam as a motive power and the development of steam transportation lines, it would have been impossible in hundreds of years to develop the territory as it is developed today.

In studying the transportation history of this country we can divide it into three broad periods. First, was the pioneer construction—that is, the lines that were thrown out in advance of the population by those great, hardy, courageous men, who had foresight and faith, and risked their all on the correctness of their judgment—such men as the Huntingtons, the Crockers and the Hills.

The second period of railroad development involved problems of greater complexity than those of the pioneer days: The demands for transportation multiplied so rapidly that construction was unable to keep pace with it. Great cities grew up and with them an imperative demand for terminal facilities which would be sufficient not only for present needs, but would look well into the future. In the face of ruinous competition, which had forced rates down from one-half to one-third of what they were in any other country in the world, roadways and bridges had to be built, improved safety devices invented and installed, curves had to be eliminated and grades reduced so that the tonnage per train could be increased, and new and heavier equipment provided on a scale that had never been anticipated; and before this reconstruction work was completed, the ever increasing demands had outgrown the enlargements. It was then realized that a railroad never is completed and never can be completed; it cannot stand still but must continue to expend and improve and keep pace with the growth of the country it serves.

The third period is the period of governmental control and interference. Honestly conceived laws to compel a service that will meet with the reasonable approval of the patrons of a road and prevent discriminations, stock-watering and stock jobbery are right and proper; but to go far beyond that and impose unreasonable burdens and unfair restrictions look to the defeat of the very purpose which it is sought to attain.

Train Your Boy For Life

By JOHN A. HOWLAND.

The question is, Shall the parent be satisfied with training a boy simply to his own probably narrow idea of things, suddenly to turn him loose upon a strange world that is out of sympathy with the training and fails to understand?

There is no one distracting condition in the world to compare with that which results from misdirected energy and force. Somewhere out of these resulting conditions arises every evil in the calendar. If the great city be congested and overcrowded, or if fertile fields lie fallow for want of tillers while thousands are hungry, some misdirection of community force is the cause. From the problem of the state, on down to the problem of the least conspicuous individual within the state, misdirection may be traced as the primal cause.

The average parent refuses for an instant to regard the fixed conditions of time and place and opportunity as having a bearing upon the training of his children.

Suppose the farmer, deciding upon a horse farm, should stock that farm with heavy draft horses, determining the stock simply because he was fond of the Percheron, when it was manifest that the only paying market for horses demanded the saddle horse. Would not his neighbors call him foolish? What would his explanation mean were he to say in reply to questionings: "O, I don't care what the popular demand is—I'm going to breed the kind of horse I like best?"

Yet this is exactly the position of the average parents who are raising the child crops of the world.

Today there are tens of thousands of business men in their offices in the city with a keen, livelier interest in some small office boy who is rendering more than value received to them, than they think of applying in a practical way to their own sons at home.

Proofs of the World Invisible

By SIR ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE

That intelligent beings may exist around and among us unperceived during our whole lives, and yet capable, under certain circumstances, of making their presence known by acting on matter will be inconceivable to some, and will be doubted by many more; but we venture to say that no man acquainted with the latest discoveries and the highest speculations of modern science will deny its possibility. The existence of such preterhuman intelligences, if proved, would only add another and more striking illustration than any we have yet received of how small a portion of the great cosmos our senses give us cognizance of.

All the most powerful and universal forces of nature now are referred to minute vibrations of an almost infinitely attenuated form of matter; and the grandest generalizations of modern science the most varied natural phenomena have been traced back to these recondite forces. Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and probably vitality and gravitation are believed to be but modes of motion of a space filling ether; and there is not a single manifestation of force or development of beauty but is derived from one of the other of these.

And these manifestations of force are produced by a form of matter so impalpable that only by its effects does it become known to us. With such phenomena everywhere around us we must admit that if intelligences of what we may call an ethereal nature do exist we have no reason to deny them the use of these ethereal forces which are the overflowing fountain from which all force, all motion, all life upon the earth originate.

CHORUS GIRL WINS BOUT WITH HERO

Varsity man is muscular, but he goes down in defeat.

SHE CHOKED HIM, HE DECLARES

When the Policeman Came in She Said They Were Rehearsing and He Kept Still—Robbed of a Halo.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—The naive confession in a divorce petition filed in the local courts by Charles B. Aldrich, hero of many a University of Chattanooga football game, an athlete of interscholastic fame, actor and favorite nephew of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island, has robbed this society and matinee favorite of much of the halo settled upon him by his many admirers.

Mr. Aldrich confesses in his petition that the former chorus girl, Mona Ridgeway of the "Fallen by the Wayside" company, frightened him nearly to death by strangling him one night in their handsome apartments in this city and that she had him so badly scared that when a policeman burst in their door, he was afraid to do else than substantiate her reports that they were practicing a vaudeville act for the summer gardens and that no personal violence was contemplated.

Early in the fall the "Fallen by the Wayside" company played a week's engagement in Chattanooga. Aldrich was there as usual on Monday night. Attaches of the theater noted that he was back at the matinee performance on Tuesday, and some little surprise was manifested when he took a front box Tuesday night. By the middle of the week every one who knew him was wondering what attracted him so much that he could not miss a single performance, and it was not until frequenters of the night cafes saw him dining with a trim, stoutly built woman, evidently "a lady of the stage," that they guessed the attraction.

The next week the company played in Nashville, and Aldrich missed two



She Threw Him on the Bed and Choked Him.

classes. The following Saturday he did not show up when the university played the football team from a neighboring city, and it was said he was in Memphis, where the "Fallen by the Wayside" company was due Sunday. He came back to the university the following week and remained until the Christmas holidays, when he spent 12 days in Cincinnati and Columbus, where "Fallen by the Wayside" was being played. He returned and remained at the university during the month of January, but left February 1. By prearrangement he met Miss Ridgeway in St. Louis and they were married. Mrs. Aldrich did not give up her work, and Aldrich traveled with the company until it reached Philadelphia three weeks later. The husband then returned to Chattanooga. About March 15, just at a time when it was reported that Aldrich was deep in an entirely new college romance, his wife suddenly joined him.

Mrs. Aldrich had won her husband's admiration as a brunette, but when she reached Chattanooga to begin housekeeping she was a decided blonde, and to this the law student objected. Mrs. Aldrich, it is said, was equally critical of her husband's social conquests in the university circle.

But they concluded to live together, and Senator Aldrich fitted them up a cozy little apartment on the principal residence street of the city.

Everything seemed lovely until one morning about daybreak a policeman was startled to hear a man's cries for help coming from the fashionable apartment. He forced entrance to the Aldrich flat, but was informed by the mistress that she and her husband were practicing a new summer vaudeville skit.

The next day it was rumored around the college that the young student had arrived home after one a. m. in fine spirits and was surprised when he found his wife not in such a good humor. The realness of the quarrel is told in the divorce petition. Aldrich alleges that his blonde actress bride threw him across a bed and attempted to choke him. The husband spent the night at a hotel.

Good Jokes

TRUE TO LIFE.

"Thanks," said the tragedian; "many thanks for your good opinion. I always study from Nature—from Nature, sir. In my acting you see reflected Nature herself."

"Try this cigar," said an admirer of Nature reverently. "Now, where did you study that expression of intense surprise that you assume in the second act?"

"From Nature, sir—from Nature. To secure that expression, I asked an intimate friend to lend me five pounds. He refused. This caused me no surprise. I tried several more. Finally I asked one who was willing to oblige me; and as he handed me the note I studied in a glass the expression of my own face. I saw there surprise, but it was not what I wanted. It was alloyed with suspicion that the note might be a bad one. I was in despair."

"Well," said the other breathlessly. "Then an idea struck me. I resolved upon a desperate course. I returned the five pounds to my friend the next day and on his astounded countenance I saw the expression I was in search of."—Royal Magazine.

Barber—Your head is sadly in need of a shampoo, sir.

Tailor (in the chair)—Yes, and your clothes are decidedly seedy, but I don't nag you about it.—Royal Magazine.

DEEP SEA GOSSIP.



First Mermaid—What was the excitement about at the bottom awhile ago?

Second Mermaid—Why, haven't you heard? The swordfish and the sawfish fought a duel over the hand of Miss Octopus, and now they'll have to send for a scissors grinder to fix them up.

Alas! Full many a flower is born to blush unseen And waste its sweetness on the desert air. Full many a golfer gets upon the green In three strokes, and takes five to hole-out there. —Chicago Record-Herald.

MOST ECONOMICAL.

House-hunter—I thought you said this house was a perfect gem?
Agent—Indeed it is, madam.
"Why, the ceilings are very low."
"That's so; they'll be easy to keep clean."
"And the windows are dreadfully small."
"To keep the sun from fading the carpets."
"And there is no bathroom."
"That's to save soap, madam."—Royal Magazine.

FIDO FIRST.



Hubby—Pray do not misunderstand me, Jeannette, all I ask is that you should kiss me before and not after you have kissed the dog.

Wife—But Leopold, don't you think that the dog may have his preference, too?

In the Morning. Where lives the man with soul so dead Who to himself has never said: "Confound that loud alarm clock's clatter! I set the thing, but that's no matter!"

Not an Apt Pupil. "I have at last come to the conclusion," remarked Miss Pringle, "that men are not to be trusted."

"My dear," rejoined Miss DeYoung, "has it taken you all these years to discover that fact?"

And the subsequent silence couldn't have been broken with a rock crusher. —Chicago Daily News.

Judging by Looks.

Church—She says she is only 28. Do you think she looks it?
"Gotham—Why, yes; I think she looks like the kind of a woman who would say she was only 28."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE FLIGHT.

"Come fly with me!" the young man said. "Not in the crude old-fashioned way. My aeroplane waits overhead. And frets the bonds that bid it stay. 'Tis but a pleasure jaunt I ask. You'll try with me. This is no life-long journey's task—Come! Fly with me!"

"The fervid phrase of other days Has given way to simple fact; No more poetic fancy plays—Our speech is simple and exact. I don't request you'll live life through. And die with me; I merely am inviting you To fly with me." —Washington Star.

A POOR ACTOR.



"You don't act like a blind man." "Doing my best, sir; but when such chaps as you come along, it's hard to pretend not to see them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Never Gets Less.

All millinery fashions change Each season more than twice; The only constant thing at all About them is the price. —Detroit Free Press.

When Greek Met Greek.

Flopson—Young Waggles has got the laugh turned against him in his little joke against the Blazes Fire Insurance company.

Flopson—How?
Flopson—He insured 500 cigars, smoked them, and then sent in a claim, on the ground that they had been destroyed by fire.

Flopson—And they laughed at him, I suppose?
Flopson—No. They had him arrested on a charge of arson.—Royal Magazine.

A DESPERATE CHANCE.



First City Boarder—Let's climb that mountain this morning.
Second City Boarder—Great Scott man, would you take such chances?
First City Boarder—What do you mean?
Second City Boarder—Why, we might not get back in time for dinner and they're going to have three kinds of pie to-day.

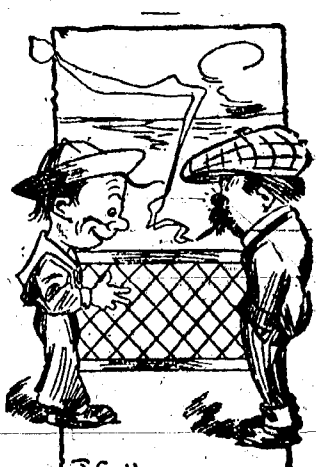
The Saucy Seesaw.

A girl bade her escort named Chaucer To tilt on a treeter and toss her. Said she, with a thud, As she fell in the mud: "Such a saucy seesaw I ne'er saw, sir!" —Judge.

A Hard Case.

Jones—His wife earns her own money.
Brown—Indeed! I did not know she was employed.
Jones—Oh, yes; hard at it all the time.
Brown—What does she do?
Jones—Works him to hand over.—Half-Holiday.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCE.



Passenger (with sunburned nose)—Where are the life-preservers kept, my man?
Deck Hand (with a wink)—Down on the lower deck for'd you'll find the bar.

THE SECRETS OF MONTE CARLO

BEING REMINISCENCES OF EXCITING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF MONSIEUR ANTOINE MARTIN, GENERAL DIRECTOR OF THE SURVEILLANCE DEPARTMENT—CHRONICLED BY THE CHEVALIER WILLIAM LE QUEUX.



(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.) [Copyright in Great Britain and the United States, by Wm. Le Queux.]

THEIR SERENE UGLINESSES

MANY are the strange phenomena in our garish, fevered world; wherein day by day there accumulate all the caprices, all the fantasies, all the eccentricities, all the superstitions, and all the ambitions; a turbulent world, where gold is king, where millions in hard, yellow napoleons dance before the dazzled eyes of the ruined, where millionaires toss away the maximum as though it were a five-franc piece, and princes, barons, grand dukes, and titled ladies and ladies of grande marque elbow with the scum of Europe to thoughtfully place down their stakes or eagerly grab their winnings.

Among the professional habits of the rooms—those men who for a few louis a day will place the money of any timid gambler ignorant of the game—was one who, although wild and reckless, was nevertheless a very good fellow. He had been an English officer and was known to the croupiers as Capt. Drummond, although I have reason to believe that was not his name. We were excellent friends, and on many occasions when weary, he would slip into my private room and gossip over a cigar.

One evening in late autumn he entered, laughing as usual, and sinking into the chair opposite me, exclaimed with a laugh:

"I'm in for a real good thing now, Martin. Congratulations!"

"Oh," I exclaimed, interested. "Has somebody died and remembered you?"

"Not that," he answered, grinning. "I only wish somebody would. I ran through my little bit too quickly, and I shouldn't be here. No, two girls have engaged me to play for them. They've got half a million francs over at the Credit Lyonnais, and intend putting it on the table."

"A pile of bank for you?" I laughed.

"Well, the roughest gamblers and second-hand professionals that I have seen. They saw me playing the morning inquired of Grouse, and I was spoke to me, and the result is that we start tomorrow on a regular six-foot. The girls won't tell where they hail from. They're either English or American. They gave me no names, as 'Tishie-Helen, and Mabel'."

"Well," I observed, after a pause, "it's fortunate for them that they've fallen into your hands, Drummond. Certainly, nobody else who takes casual millions could be trusted with a local half-million."

"Ah," he laughed. "You're in a complimentary mood to-day, my dear fellow. One thing is certain, that the bank will get some of the money, and Bonnier will rub his hands contentedly."

"What do they intend playing?"

"Ecolite, of course," the captain answered, biting at the end of his cigar. "They say there's not enough excitement in roulette-quarante."

"They'll find both games pretty exciting in about a week, when they begin to lose," I remarked.

"I expect there'll be some fun before we've finished," he laughed as we shook hands. "Just now I'm the gay adviser of a couple of girls, with half a million at my disposal! Last night I had to walk down to La Condamine and get a two-franc dinner. Couldn't afford the table d'hôte at the Paris. By Jove! this is a funny world, isn't it?"

I admitted that it was, and, with a merry air, he left me to go to his rooms to dress, for he had promised to dine that night with his fair employers over at the Metropole, and afterwards to instruct them in the intricacies of the game.

Next afternoon I saw them at the first roulette in the center. They had all three obtained chairs at the opening of the play, and were engrossed in the chances of the black and the red. Drummond's estimate that they were not very prepossessing was certainly correct. They were exceptionally ugly. Both were tall and thin, with willowy figures, narrow, bony faces of unhealthy pallor, their dark eyes burning with unnatural excitement as they watched their mentor place their louis in position on the various numbered squares. They were well dressed, in that severe tailor-made style which is peculiarly English, for only an Englishwoman can wear a tailor-made gown. All other nationalities look positively hideous in cloth dresses of masculine facture. Their faces were alike and their hats were alike, but the shades of their dresses were different, the older one, who I learned was Helen, being dressed in green, and Mabel in dark gray.

When Drummond, clipping the louis in his hand as he considered what combination of numbers he should play, a habit of his, had finished plac-

ing them a cheval and on plain, the croupier's warning voice rose above the chatter, and a few seconds later there came the announcement:

"Onze! Noir, impair et manque!"

"He had a louis en plein, one on the second six and one on the first dozen; therefore, after his losses had been raked in, he received, as his gain, 600 francs."

A look of extreme satisfaction overspread the features of the Misses Treherne, and the elder scribbled something in the little silver-bound book they had brought in which to record their winnings.

Drummond was exceedingly lucky that afternoon. Very soon the pile of gold and notes before him increased, until he deemed it wise to exchange a few hundred francs for notes. Indeed, in one hour the party had won 8,000 francs, Mabel placing the eight notes

of the Cafe de Paris with a friend, a police commissary from Clermont-Ferrand, and soon after the commencement of the meal the Misses Treherne entered and took the table next to ours. Drummond was not with them. He preferred eating with some of his friends down at the Europe to the companionship of this strangely plain pair who had come to fling away their money so recklessly. Both were in décolleté, Helen in pale blue and Mabel in rose, both scraggy and bony-necked, while the jewels they wore were noteworthy, even for Monte Carlo. "Manon" was to be performed that evening, and I judged by the fact they carried fans that they were going there.

In an undertone I explained to my friend Esteve who they were and their object in coming to Monte Carlo, whereat he laughed and, turning, glanced at them.

"Mon dieu!" he gasped. "What faces! No wonder they want to conceal their identity. But your friend Drummond and the bank will profit—so what does it matter?"

While eating I kept my ears open to catch their conversation.

"I do hate our table d'hôte," I heard Mabel exclaim in a low tone. "We never know but what we may meet somebody we know there, and it's so much quieter here."

"Whoever has come to you?" the elder sister asked. "Of late you're as nervous as a kitten."

"Well, I can't help it," the other replied—then, lowering her voice to a whisper, added: "I think sometimes that this man Drummond has his suspicions. Haven't you noticed the strange way he seems to regard us when we're not looking?"

"Pooh! It's merely your foolish fancy," Helen answered. "How can he know? how can anybody know?"

Her sister was silent for a few moments.

"We've lost to-day. I reckoned up

before we came out," she said at last. "We lost to-day 11,000 francs in three-quarters of an hour."

"Well? We can surely afford that. Remember what we won on the first day. We must expect some losses."

"What about our half a million?" Mabel asked.

They both laughed as if enjoying the huge joke of losing such a respectable amount.

The Misses Treherne finished their meal hurriedly, as it was growing late, and went forth to the theater, while we sat idling over our cigars and liqueurs, chatting as men of the same profession are apt to chat. Some half hour later, however, Drummond, smart in his dining jacket and well-laid black bow, strolled in, and, recognizing me, crossed and sat down at our table.

"Well?" I inquired, "and how's the play going?" for the talk at Monte Carlo is ever of the play.

"Going?" he exclaimed, as he helped himself to a Benedictine. "Why, as dead against us as it can. Those girls are bigger fools than I took them to be. They'll fling all they've got away, and then blame me, I expect."

"Lost much?" I inquired.

He handed the higher notes to

Stacked in little piles before them were about 5,000 francs in louis, and Drummond was testing his chance of playing always on the "transversales" of three numbers, for which the bank pays 11 times the stake.

"Rien ne va plus!" cried the croupier, as I approached.

"Dix! Noir pair et manque!"

Drummond won, having a louis on the numbers 10, 11 and 12.

Eleven louis were pushed towards him, his stake remained where he had placed it. With a good player's foresight, he put another louis upon the one already on the "transversale."

Again the cylinder revolved and the ball dropped.

"Douze! Rouge pair et manque!"

He had won. This time he received 22 louis, or 450 francs. To leave his stake there a third time was too risky, so, taking up one of the coins, he placed the other on the "transversale" of 16, 17 and 18, winning again as the last number came up.

That, however, was the last of his good fortune, for afterwards he lost persistently, until the whole of the day's capital had disappeared. Then they rose, and the two bony-faced girls strolled about discontentedly.

A week passed, and they lost heavily every time they played. One evening I was dining in the new restaurant

of the Cafe de Paris with a friend, a police commissary from Clermont-Ferrand, and soon after the commencement of the meal the Misses Treherne entered and took the table next to ours. Drummond was not with them. He preferred eating with some of his friends down at the Europe to the companionship of this strangely plain pair who had come to fling away their money so recklessly. Both were in décolleté, Helen in pale blue and Mabel in rose, both scraggy and bony-necked, while the jewels they wore were noteworthy, even for Monte Carlo. "Manon" was to be performed that evening, and I judged by the fact they carried fans that they were going there.

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"Lost much?" I inquired.

"Nearly a hundred thousand," he answered, without removing his cigar.

"What we've won they've banked in a

separate account. Something like 60,000 francs, I think."

"How do you get on with them?" I asked, being aware from observation that he had grown a bit careless of late. Jack Drummond was tired of these perpetual losses.

"The fact is, old fellow," he answered, "their faces have brought me infernally bad fortune, and I'm utterly sick of the whole affair. To-morrow they are going to draw out the remainder of the half a million, and we're going for the tables with the maximum—win or lose."

"You're desperate," I laughed, adding: "Save enough for the viatique."

"Now, that's cruel," he said, with a grim smile. "Well, I'll try and arrange so that they won't have to give a note-of-hand to Bonnier to enable them to return to London. Good-night," and, rising, he went jauntily out. Care and losses alike sat lightly on the shoulders of that born sportsman.

Next day I saw all three sitting at the center of the first left-hand table—the one where so many huge coups have been made from time to time during the past five or six years. It is a table particularly in favor with the professional gambler, for the wheel seems to run with greater regularity there than at the others, and it is therefore known to the habitués as "the lucky corner." At this table one afternoon zero turned up six times in succession, followed by the number six, which also came six times in succession, the most curious run which has ever been known during the years the rooms have been open. On that afternoon a fortunate gambler won 72,000 francs, on those 12-turns of the cylinder.

Play had already opened an hour before I entered. Drummond was sitting between the pair, and, as I stood watching, I saw that Mabel had beneath her hand her stout leather wallet already bulging with notes they had won. Before Drummond was a formidable pile of notes of equal value—each for 1,000 francs, and at every invitation to play he staked six notes, constituting the maximum upon the red or the black, the "pair" on the "impair."

Time after time he won the respectable sum of 5,000 francs, his original stake always remaining on the table, although he changed its position from time to time. After nearly half an hour he bent and consulted Helen's card, whereon she was keeping a register of the game, then placed 150 francs on plain on the number 34, and a similar amount on 17.

"Rein ne va plus!" cried the croupier sharply, a moment later adding: "Dix-sept! Noir, impair et manque!"

Drummond smiled. The girls bent and whispered to each other, and the croupier handed to Mabel a bundle of 500-franc notes, which she tried to push into her already filled wallet but could not.

"Well, you're rough playing," I heard Helen say to the captain. "We are going to the Credit Lyonnais to bank this lot for the night. We shan't be near them for a couple of days."

"How much have we won to-day?" he inquired.

"Oh, hundred and thirty-nine thousand francs," she answered, glancing at her bank as her sister and herself rose and left the table.

Their seats were quickly occupied by two men, and Drummond, who still had before him a pile of notes for about 7,000 francs, continued playing with the maximum upon the red or black, losing once or twice, but very often winning. He certainly had unusual luck, for when one is desperate, as the two sisters were, one is seldom able to make a coup.

About an hour had elapsed. I was busy in my room writing a report when an attendant entered breathlessly with scared face summoning me to the office of M. Bonnier, the director general, where, to my surprise, I found Drummond standing before him, pale and agitated, together with the chef de partie and two of the croupiers. Upon the director's table lay a pile of 1,000-franc notes.

It appeared that ten minutes before the croupier, in handling one of the notes which Drummond had lost, was attracted by the strange harshness of the paper, and examined it, only to find it spurious, but so well done as almost to defy detection. Play was instantly stopped, and, by the orders of the chef de partie, the captain was conducted to M. Bonnier. In reply to his interrogation, he explained that the notes were those given him that morning by the older Miss Treherne, and it was possible that she had been imposed upon. Such, however, was certainly not the case, for messages sent to the Metropole and to the Credit Lyonnais brought back disappointing information. At the hotel nothing had been seen of them since ten o'clock that morning, and at the bank it was stated that they had never had half a million deposited there. Within the past week they had deposited 160,000 francs, their winnings, but had drawn this out early that morning.

I succeeded in tracing the pair to the Italian frontier at Ventimilla, but after that nothing appears to have been seen of them.

From the number of forged 1,000-franc notes found in the bank at the various tables at the end of that day, it was apparent that nearly all the notes which Drummond had been placing for the past week had been spurious, and this accounted for the pair preferring to keep their winnings separate. As far as we could calculate, the Casino lost by the artful ingenuity of these sisters something like 300,000 francs, in addition to their gains of 349,000 francs which they carried away in their pockets.

As for Jack Drummond, he is still among the most habitual of players, and is still my friend.

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.

Populous China.
The population of the Chinese empire is largely a matter of estimate. There has never been such census of the empire as that which is taken every decade in this country. But the estimate of the Almanach de Gotha for 1900 may be taken as fairly reliable. According to that estimate, the population of the empire is, in round numbers, about 400,000,000. It is probably safe to say that if the human beings on earth were stood up in line every fourth one would be a Chinaman.

SPOON'S DISTEMPER CURE will cure any possible case of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, and the like among horses of all ages, and prevents all others in the same stable from having the disease. Also cures chicken cholera, and dog distemper. Any good druggist can supply you, or send to manufacturers, 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Free book, Spoon's Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Neither.
"See here, I'm tired of complaining about those noises. Shall I appeal to the police or leave it to Heaven?"
"Don't say anything to the police," replied the janitor, soothingly. "Leave it to me."

HELPFUL ADVICE



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

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

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

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

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

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

OUT OF DOOR WORKERS

Men who cannot stop for a rainy day, will find the greatest comfort and freedom of bodily movement in TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING SLICKERS' 300 SUITS' 300! Every garment bearing the sign of the fish guaranteed waterproof. Catalog free. A. J. TOWER, CO., 125 WEST 14TH ST., N. Y. C.

Small text at the bottom right of the advertisement.

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

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

NATIONAL.

For President—WILLIAM H. TAFT, of Ohio. For Vice President—JAMES S. SHERMAN, of New York.

STATE.

For Governor—FRED M. WARREN, of Oakland. For Lieutenant Governor—PATRIOT H. KELLY, of Ingham. For Justice of the Supreme Court—FLAVIUS L. BROOK, of Detroit. For Secretary of State—FREDERICK C. MARTINDALE, Detroit. For State Treasurer—ALBERT E. SLEEPER, Lexington. For Attorney General—JOHN E. BIRD, Adrian. For Auditor General—O. B. FULLER, Ford River. For State Land Commissioner—HUNTLEY RUSSELL, Grand Rapids. For Superintendent of Public Instruction—LUTHER L. WRIGHT, Ironwood. For Member of State Board of Education—W. J. MOKONK, Abion.

CONGRESSIONAL.

For Representative 11th district—FRANCOIS H. DODDS, of Mt. Pleasant.

LEGISLATIVE.

For State Senator—FRED B. MING, of Cheboygan. For Representative State Legislature—WM. J. PEARSON, of Boyne Falls.

COUNTY.

For Judge of Probate—JOHN M. HARRIS, of Boyne City. For Sheriff—FRANK MCWAIN, of Boyne City. For Clerk—DANIEL S. PAYTON, of Evetline. For Treasurer—RICHARD LEWIS, of Wilson. For Register of Deeds—ROMEO A. EMERY, of Charlevoix. For Prosecuting Attorney—A. B. NICHOLAS, of East Jordan. For Circuit Court Commissioner—A. G. URQUHART, of Boyne City. For Surveyor—E. A. ROBINSON, of Boyne Valley. For Coroners—DR. W. H. MARSHALL, of Boyne City. DR. A. M. WILKINSON, of Charlevoix.

BRYAN'S SPECIOUS RECORD.

Judge Taft Points Out the Weak Spots in the Nebraska's Political History.

(From Taft's Cincinnati Speech.) "What is it that we have to expect from Mr. Bryan? Have we anything to expect but what he promises? Have we anything to expect but what is based upon his eloquence and his adroitness as a public critic? Has he ever given any practical demonstration of his ability to meet problems and solve them? Has he ever done anything but formulate propositions in his closet of an utterly impracticable plausibility, and very little with a view of their operation? By their fruits we shall know them."

"With the record of promises and prophecies unfulfilled for a period of twelve years; with this record of a hunt for an issue upon which to achieve the presidency; with this record of repudiation, of negotiation and of running away from national responsibilities, Mr. Bryan comes forward and asks that the people now give him an opportunity to put into operation new reforms in respect to trusts and in respect to guaranty of bank deposits, wholly untried, wholly theoretical, and on their face bearing evidence of their impracticability and of having been devised by the ready brain of one looking for plausible arguments rather than real reforms. He only in a qualified way approved the postal savings bank recommended by the Republican platform, which is a tried and proved means of encouraging the wage-earner and small farmer to make deposits in a bank absolutely secure; but much prefers a system which takes a man's money to pay another man's default, and which instead of strengthening our banking system will break it down by destroying the value of the banking character and experience and capital and by offering inducement to reckless and speculative bankers without character or capital.

"The record of Mr. Bryan and his character, as it is understood by a twelve years' acquaintance with him, have impressed the business community of this country and those whose judgment determines whether or not capital shall be invested that he is not a safe man with whom to try experiments in government; that he loves financial theories that are full of sophistry and are impractical; that he advances propositions with but little sense of respect as to how they may be carried out in practice, and that he gives but little attention to the welfare of the conservative business community in his suggestions of reform. Certainly his record justifies this judgment of him by the business men. If he was to be elected, unquestionably because of his record, however much now he may seek to pose as a conservative because of his record, because of the failure of the theory which he has proposed for the last twelve years—his election will mean a paralysis of business, and we should have a recurrence of the disastrous business condition of the last Democratic administration."

A Treat For The Feet.



I have just opened up a fine line of LADIES' SHOES.

Patent Colt & Gun Metal: \$3.00 to \$4.00 Widths, C and D.

These Shoes were made expressly for me by the famous Shoe Makers, Julian & Kokenge Co., of Cincinnati, and are sure to please the most fastidious dressers.

Shoes for Every body —at the— Little White Shoe Store. Chas. A. Hudson, Prop. Main Street.

Ladies' Equity Notes.

The First Annual State Meeting of Michigan Ladies' Society of Equity met in Traverse City Oct. 1-2.

Meeting called to order by State President, Mrs. Howey, and opened with prayer. Mrs. Nellie Thompson of East Jordan was appointed secretary pro-tem. Our state secretary being absent we were, without minutes of previous meeting. Mrs. Frank Kidder gave a report of previous meeting held in April 1-2. Report accepted.

Seven county vice presidents have been appointed. Antrim county alone was represented—by county vice president Mrs. Kidder. She gave a good report of work done.

Motion made and seconded that all ladies present become delegates, with voting power. Carried.

Motion made by Mrs. Crowell, seconded by Mrs. Thompson that Mrs. Henry Verus of Empire act as committee on credentials. Carried.

Report accepted, delegates seated. Motion made and seconded that the state president appoint all committees. Carried.

Reports from Locals called for. Good reports were given by the delegates from the various locals, who came prepared to tell of the good work done and the esteem in which the society is held by its members. A new work was taken up during the summer, the plan to buy the eggs of the members in each local, setting our own price. This proved very satisfactory, two local buying and handling almost 500 dozen eggs.

Each local shows a steady increase in membership. History of our Society and account of a year's work done, given by President Howey, the Society being one year old October 2nd.

Motion made and seconded that we send greetings to A. S. of E. convention now in session.

Adjourned until 2:00 p. m. Afternoon session called at 2:30 p. m. after remaining in the convention hall to hear an address to the ladies given by our esteemed State President, U. S. Holdridge, in answer to our greetings.

The encouraging words of this address and the rousing cheers that were given the ladies will long be remembered. President Holdridge called for a standing vote of delegates in favor of the Ladies' Society as workers with them for Equity. Every man rose to his feet. Then it was the ladies' turn to cheer.

A good essay was read by Mrs. Thompson. Mrs. Kidder gave a fine talk on the help we can be to each other when organized, and the bond of sympathy that brought to her in her sorrow—forty-seven letters from Equity members over the state.

Plans were arranged to secure a state deputy to do organizing work. The Union decided to hold only one state meeting in a year. Business closed.

The M. L. S. of E. wishes to thank retiring President Holdridge for courtesies shown us during our meeting and in the year. The thanks of the Union are further extended to the editors of Up-To-Date Farming and The Charlevoix County Herald for space given us in their papers and courtesies received.

Adjourned to meet October, 1909. MRS. BERTHA HAMMOND, Sec.

Officers elected in the Michigan Society of Equity were: President, Mrs. James Howey, East Jordan; Vice President, Mrs. M. N. Drake, Trufant; Secretary, Mrs. Bertha Hammond, Traverse City; Treasurer, Mrs. Nellie Thompson, East Jordan. Directors elected were: Mrs. Frank Kidder, East Jordan; Mrs. Martha Meyers, Evart; Mrs. Sadie Crowell, East Jordan; Mrs. Alice Shepard, East Jordan; Mrs. U. S. Holdridge, Hersey.

Officers elected by the State Union of the American Society of Equity were: President, W. E. Grellick of Traverse City; Vice President, James Howey of East Jordan; Secretary, Charles Emmerson of Traverse City; Treasurer, L. E. Dufer of Sherwood; Organizer, George Sofer of Stanwood. Directors: W. H. Beman of Empire, C. A. Masten of Sherwood, M. N. Drake of Trufant. Delegates to attend National Convention were W. E. Grellick and M. N. Drake.

The wholesome, harmless green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub, give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its curative properties. Tickling or dry bronchial coughs quickly and safely yield to this highly effective Cough medicine. Dr. Shoop assures mothers that they can with safety give it to even very young babes. No opium, no chloroform—absolutely nothing harsh or harmful. It calms the distressing cough, and heals the sensitive membranes. Accept no other. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Sold by James Gidley.

Notice.

Dr. Barnett Blender, the well-known German Eye Specialist, will be in East Jordan October 22-23. Call on him about your eyes.

East Jordan Lumber Company.

Fine Suits for Autumn and Winter Wear



The new Suits are here and we believe that when you see them you will agree with us in saying that they are the acme of perfection in tailoring. The new patterns and colorings are amongst the most handsome and attractive we have ever brought to this city, and the styles are finer and better than usual.

While the fabrics are largely in the nature of novelties, they are far removed from the freakish fads which some people have been trying to force on the public. We draw a distinct line between freak clothing and desirable novelties.

Friend Made Clothes Make Friends: We've never heard of a man who didn't feel better satisfied with these garments than any he could obtain elsewhere. Did you ever stop to consider that a nice shoulder in a sack coat couldn't make the vest and trousers good. Some people go to buy a suit—try on the coat, and pay their good money—they've been educated to buy that way. We put the vest and trousers on and fit you from heel to collar. If it isn't right in the store it won't be any better when you get it home. It must be right or you can't have it from us.

Fine Suits, \$10.00 to \$45.00.

The "Princess Coat"



Is the thing and we have them and at prices better than ever.

Our NEW FURS

are in and are good style. The wear is guaranteed.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

W. A. Loveday Notary Public With Seal. ALSO Real Estate and Insurance Agency.

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



Attend to your Plumbing Requirements with neatness and dispatch. If it is a repair job send for us and we will have a first-class man on the job at once. If it is new work it will be done in a manner calculated to insure the best Sanitary results. We will guarantee satisfaction.

MARINE SUPPLIES. GEORGE H. SPENCER.

1909 CALENDAR SAMPLES At This Office.

E. A. LEWIS

Fresh Goods Every Week

And none but the Best Brands in All Lines.

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

JUST RECEIVED—A Fine Line CROCKERY. Orders Promptly Filled and Delivered. Phone 188.

Frank Phillips Tonsorial Artist.

When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.

Third door north of Postoffice.

Briefs of the Week

Tigers on top.
Roorbacks in order.
Front and Overcoats.
Excursion to Boyne, Sunday.
Boyne Falls is to have an Electric Light system.
See the moving pictures at Loveday Opera House tonight.
Truant Officer Bashaw is busy jacking up the tardy ones.
The partridge and quail season opens next Thursday, Oct. 15th.
Supervisors convene next Monday at Charlevoix for the annual fall meet.
Quite a crowd of East Jordanites took in the annual South bound excursion, Tuesday, over the E. J. & S. and P. M. railroads.
The Common Council met last Monday evening, audited a couple of bills, and discussed matters pertaining to our city's welfare at length.
The Hum will run a 50c Excursion to Boyne City, Sunday, leaving here at 10:00 a. m. As the season is getting late this may be their last excursion to that city.
Our Board of Trade met Thursday evening and received the report of Messrs H. L. Olney and Orrin Bartlett, who represented our town at the Hillsdale Fair.
Work on the new school building is progressing rapidly under the supervision of contractor H. S. Price. The foundations have all been laid and workmen are now busy on the brick work.
Joseph Migue, living on the West Side, was adjudged insane last week and Judge Harris committed him to the Traverse City asylum. Dep'ty Sheriff Turkendall escorted him thither.
F. B. Hamilton is getting things in order at his Confectionery and Tobacco store; to serve hot drinks during the fall and winter months. If you wish a nice, warm drink of bouillon, chocolate, coffee, etc., just drop in and sample the libe.

A very happy and jolly crowd of about sixty young people, connected with the Presbyterian church and C. E., met at the invitation of the Misses Grigsby at the Parsonage on Monday evening last. There was not a dull moment, games strange and novel being played. Everybody was made at home, acquaintances in some cases formed, and after partaking of refreshments the party broke up with pleasant memories of a pleasant evening.
The Charlevoix County Democrat, printed by the Boyne Journal office and edited by the Democrats of the County, made its appearance this week. It is six columns, four pages, and as a starter is pretty weak—containing only vague and chimerical statements relative to the Republican candidates. As every man on the Republican ticket this fall, from president to coroner, has been tried and found true to his trusts, it's still guess work what the object of the sheet is.
Among the plays of American authorship, which have found favor among the amusement going public, few have excelled in point of criticism and financial returns that which is credited to the delightful comedy drama, "The Banker's Child," written by Eubice Fitch, and received its first production in New York City, where it had a remarkable run, during which period it received the strongest endorsement of the metropolitan press. This excellent attraction will be here for one night only at Loveday Opera House.

Mrs. J. L. Wiesman is a Chicago visitor.
A. Dante is in Detroit this week purchasing stock.
Furnished Rooms to Rent. Inquire of F. B. Hamilton.
H. I. McMillan was down to Traverse City, Saturday.
Mr. and Mrs. Bert Fox, of Mancelona are visiting friends hereabouts.
Moving Pictures and Illustrated Song at the Opera House tonight—only 5c.
Mrs. D. E. Goodman left first of the week for a visit with friends at Kalamazoo.
Mrs. John Monroe is at Charlevoix this week, superintending repairs on one of her buildings there.
Mrs. H. D. Gazlay is in Chicago this week selecting a full line of Christmas Goods and Winter Millinery.
Miss Louisa Loveday left Thursday for Chicago, where she takes a post-graduate course in the Columbia School of Expression.

Com'r Milford was down to the county capitol this week.
Couches, Princess Dressers and Easy Chairs at WHITTINGTON'S.
Mrs. H. D. Gazlay visited relatives in Alba Thursday of last week.
Mrs. Jas. Howard entertained the Methodist missionary ladies, Tuesday afternoon.
Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Loveloy are spending several days this week with Petoskey friends.
Mrs. Jas. Keats returned home this week from a visit with Mrs. Lawrence Doerr at Mancelona.
A Junior Epworth League has been organized to meet at the Methodist church Sunday afternoons.
E. V. Madison was up from Charlevoix over Sunday, guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Madison.
Regular services at the Methodist church, Sunday. Allison Pinney will conduct the Epworth League, subject: "The Christian's Two Sufficient Guides."
Boyne City high school defeated East Jordan high school in the first game of the season at Boyne, Saturday last. Both teams played well and the result was no doubts at all times. Score: Boyne City, 4; East Jordan, 0.

Leave your Laundry at MACK'S JEWELRY STORE.
Baby Go-Carts, Folding and Recliners at WHITTINGTON'S.
Dr. F. F. Ramsey can test you eyes and properly fit you with glasses.
You can get Fresh Sausage made every day, at Sherman's, only 10c per pound.
We are looking for cash trade, and we sell at cash prices.—Sherman & Son.
We have a great many varieties of Breakfast Foods. Come and look them over.—E. A. Lewis.
The program of the fifty-sixth annual meeting of the Michigan State Teachers' Association, which is to be held at Saginaw, October 29-31, contains the names of some of the best speakers in the country. The general sessions will be addressed by Dean L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University; Pres. E. B. Bryan of Franklin College; Prof. W. C. Hewitt, of the Oshkosh Normal; Pres. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of Armour Institute; Senator William Alden Smith and a colleague whom he brings with him. The Michigan men who will speak before the general sessions are Supt. W. G. Coburn, Battle Creek, who is president of the Association; Hon. W. E. Burt, Saginaw; Hon. L. L. Wright, State Superintendent, of Public Instruction; Pres. L. H. Jones, State Normal College; and Dean John O. Reed, of the University. There are twelve sections or special meetings held Friday afternoon, when there is no general session. The various sections are: college, commissioners, education of the deaf, drawing, grammar school, high school, kindergarten, library, manual training, music, primary school and rural school. The program covers the educational field about as completely as it is possible for one meeting to do.



FOR NEXT WEEK ONLY
We Are Offering
18 LADIES' SUITS
9 LADIES' COATS at 1-4 Off
11 CHILDREN'S COATS
Remember we carry the famous "LaVogue" Ladies' Coats.
L. Wiesman.

Saving Pointers

The money you spend and the money you earn varies somewhat.
The money you save increases your income, if deposited with us in a savings account.
Small sums count.
System brings results.
Save something regularly from your earnings.
The start is important.
One dollar will start a savings account for you.

State Bank of East Jordan

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

OFFICERS.
WM. P. PORTER, President. W. L. FRENCH, Vice President.
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FRED SMITH, CARL STROEBEL,
GEO. G. GLENN.

Republican Rallies.

The Republican campaign commences in Charlevoix County next week with several meetings in local districts. Those already scheduled are as follows.
TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 13TH.
Marion Town Hall—Att'y L. F. Knowles.
Burgess School House—Att'y A. B. Nicholas, Sr.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCT. 14TH.
Hilton School House—Att'y L. F. Knowles.
Bay Shore—Att'y E. N. Clink.
THURSDAY EVENING, OCT. 15TH.
Norwood—Att'y L. F. Knowles.
Ironton—Att'y A. B. Nicholas, Sr.
FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 16TH.
Maple Grove—Att'y E. N. Clink.
Walker School House—Lisle Shannon.

J. Leahy, the optician will soon be here again. For date, see adv. in this issue.
Mr. and Mrs. Davis of Cheboygan called on Mr. and Mrs. Gazlay last week.
G. A. Russell of Galesburg, Kalamazoo county, who has been here guest of his daughter, Mrs. B. E. Waterman, left Thursday for his home.
The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church will hold the next meeting at the home of Mrs. Robt. Atkinson Wednesday, Oct. 14. Visitors always welcome.
Miss Margaret Bowman left first of the week for a visit with Detroit friends. From there she goes next week to Jackson to attend the annual meeting of the O. E. S. Miss Bowman, together with Mrs. Wm. Palmer, being delegates from the local lodge.
Hereafter pensioners will pay no postage on their pension paper. By act of Congress passed last session each pension voucher with the pensioner is required to fill out and return in a "penalty envelope," is returned to the pension agent without postage. This order will not go into effect until the December payment.

A West Side lady has eaten three bushels of rag weed and cured the hay fever.
"We are right in line on Rugs, Wall Paper, Mattings and Curtains.—C. H. WHITTINGTON.
There are some things in life that one should not miss. Harry Shannon's production of "The Banker's Child," is one of them. It is a great comedy drama in four acts, replete with original humor and strong situations which never fail to bring forth vociferous applause. Taking specialties contribute to the enjoyment of this powerful play. At Loveday Opera House one night only, Saturday, Oct. 17.
Next Sunday is memorable in the calendar of the Presbyterian church it being the day for taking up the annual offering for home missions. Scarcely a member of the congregation but has directly benefitted through the work of this great organization. This church and all the churches in the Presbytery having been made what they are today through its timely aid in years of weakness. For this we should be deeply grateful, and the Pastor urges all who received envelopes last Sunday to return them without fail next Sunday with a liberal offering. The pastor will preach on the subject. At the same time the annual offering will be received for board of education. Services at 10:30 and 7:00. Sunday School at 11:45. Junior C. E. at 3:00. Senior C. E. at 6:00, led by Miss Violet Grigsby who urges her many friends to be sure and be present and help her make the meeting interesting and profitable.

I Am Coming.

Dr. Barnett Blender, the highly recommended German Eye Specialist, will be in East Jordan at the Russell House, two days, Thursday and Friday, October 22-23. Embrace your opportunity and call and see him about your eyes. He will bring the latest instruments for testing the eye. It will pay you to wait for him. He has been in practice since 1887. Examination free. Remember the date.

If You Read This

It will be to learn that the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, liver complaint, torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowels, and all catarrhal diseases of the alimentary region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their results, as bronchitis, throat and lung disease (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherry bark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Hays, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley, Birmingham, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hyle, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago, and scores of others equally eminent in their several schools of practice.
"The Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for like purposes that has any such professional endorsement worth more than any number of ordinary testimonials. Open publicity of its formula is the best possible guaranty of its merits. A glance at this published formula will show that "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no poisonous, harmful or habit-forming drugs and no alcohol—chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Glycerine is entirely innocuous and besides is a most useful agent in the cure of all stomach or habit-forming affections. There is the highest medical authority for its use in all such cases. The "Discovery" is a concentrated glyceric extract of pure, medicinal roots and is safe and reliable. A booklet of extracts from eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients mailed free on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Remember The Place

To buy your Hats is where you can get the up-to-date styles, Good Quality and The Right Price.
Harpers' Millinery & Bazaar Store.

Bryan.
He talks in the morning and talks in the night.
He talks when he's wrong and he talks when he's right;
He talks in the office and talks in the hall,
He talks in the church and he talks at the ball.
He talks to the Senate and talks to the House.
He talks to the people as poor common souse;
He talks to the press and he talks to the crowd,
He talks and he talks with a voice long and loud;
Like an old clapper mill he'll sound to the end
And die disappointed for office and friend!
—John A. Joyce in Baltimore American.

Roosevelt on Taft.
I hope and believe that all far sighted citizens who wish to see this country prosperous in material things will support Mr. Taft, but above all I ask for support for him because he stands for the moral uplift of the nation, because his deeds have made good his words, and because the policies to which he is committed are of immeasurable consequence alike to the honor and interest of the whole American people.

"THE FAIR"

W. WEISS, Prop'r.

The New Shoe and Gents' Furnishing STORE

Is Leading in Prices and Quality. Come and Get the Best Goods at the Lowest Prices.
"The Best Grades of All Kinds of RUBBERS is carried.
Don't Forget Our SHOE REPAIRING DEPT Work Neatly Done.
The best Taps for Men's Shoes, 65c with Heels. - - 85c
Taps for Ladies' Shoes - - 45c with Heels. - - 65c

"The Fair"

W. Weiss, Prop'r.
Next to Exchange Hotel.

Loveday Opera House

Saturday, October 17th

HARRY SHANNON PRESENTS THE POWERFUL 4-ACT COMEDY DRAMA

THE BANKER'S CHILD

A PLAY THAT MAKES THE HEART BEAT WITH EMOTION.

Clever Singing and Dancing Specialties.
SPECIAL SCENERY GORGEOUS GOWNS

PRICES: 25, 35 and 50 Cents; Box Seats 75 Cents.
Seats on sale Wednesday at Mack's Jewelry Store.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to thank the many friends for their kindness during the illness and death of our son, and especially the choir and those who contributed the beautiful flowers.
MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH WEILER,
MR. AND MRS. B. M. ELLIS.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen—The saddest are these:
"It might have been"

CALUMET Baking Powder

Avoid the mishaps—the disappointments—the "bad luck" in baking, by avoiding Poor Baking Powder—the cheap, or big can kinds and the high-price Trust brands. They are unreliable—they too often fail—Don't trust them.
Put your faith in Calumet—the only strictly high-grade baking powder sold at a moderate cost. We absolutely guarantee that the results will please you. Guaranteed under all pure food laws—both State and National.
Refuse substitutes—get Calumet.
Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, 1907

BLIND FOLDED

By EADLE ASHLEY WALKOTT

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DORIS-FERRILL
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 a dark eye, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange eye to a later opportunity, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Dudley is summoned to the morgue where he finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the meaning of the eye. Dudley leaves for San Francisco in order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him. Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with protecting and protecting. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp as a messenger in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He learns nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. Dudley visits the beauty of Knapp and is struck by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slumming through Chinatown is permitted. The trip to 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 imprisoned in a hallway behind a door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. Tim Terrill is seen in the hallway. A noisy mob is checked by shots from Giles' revolver. Policeman Corson breaks down the door with an ax and the couple escape. Rescued by Giles, Dudley is taken to the office with no traces of the previous night's events. 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 lot of rival. Dudley discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mother Borton 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 faithful 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. The "gang" including Darby Meeker and Tim Terrill, lay siege to the hotel and endeavor to capture "the boy" who comes forward to see the fight. "Pricked again," cries Tim Terrill, when he sees the youngster's face. "It's the wrong boy," Dudley and Terrill meet in a battle of man to man. Dudley is knocked unconscious by Terrill's assistant and awakes to find himself in a hotel room under care of his guards. The hotel is guarded by Terrill's men who are instructed to kill the first man who tries to escape. Dudley gives the note to the one-eyed man. The boy is left behind and Dudley and his remaining guards make their escape by horseback and by stealing a locomotive. Decker Knapp and Decker meet face to face on the stock exchange. Decker is defeated. Dudley and Knapp prevent a coup to control the directors and declare Knapp's stock invalid. Mother Borton is mortally wounded and dies before she can tell Dudley the secret of his strange mission. The Davis street den is visited to rescue Barkhouse. A diagram that partially explains Dudley's mission is found. Barkhouse is released.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

"I did not need it till Sunday," continued Mrs. Knapp. "I have been worried much at the situation of the boy, but I did not dare go near him. Henry and I decided that his hiding place was not safe. We had talked of moving him a few days before you came. When I found that Henry had disappeared I was anxious to make the change, but I could not venture to attempt it until the others were out of town, for I knew I was watched. Then I was assured from Mother Borton that they did not know where the boy was hidden, and I let the matter rest. But a few days ago—on Saturday—she sent me word that she thought they had found the place. Then it came to me to send you to Livermore with the other boy—oh, I hope no harm came to the little fellow," she exclaimed anxiously.

"He's safe in my rooms in charge of Wainwright," I said. "He got back on the morning train, and can be had for the asking."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Mrs. Knapp. "I was afraid something would happen to him, but I had to take desperate chances. Well, you see my plan succeeded. They all followed you. But when I went to the hiding place the boy was gone. Henry had moved him weeks ago, and had died before he could tell me. Then I thought you might know more than you had told me—that Henry Wilton might have got you to help him when he made the change, and I wrote to you."

"And the key," I said, remembering the expression of the note. "Did you mean this diagram?"

"No," said Mrs. Knapp. "I meant the key to our cipher code. I was looking over Henry's letters for some hint of a hiding place and could not find the key to the cipher. I thought you might have given one. I found mine this afternoon, though, and there was no need of it, so it didn't matter after all."

"The pitching and tossing of the boat had ceased. And a minute later, with clang of bells and a groan of engine we were at the wharf and were helped ashore."

"Tell the captain to wait here for us with fires up," said Mrs. Knapp. "The carriage should be somewhere around here," she continued, peering anxiously about as we reached the foot of the wharf.

"This way," said a familiar voice, and a man stepped from the shadow.

"Dicky Nahl!" I exclaimed.

"Mr. Wilton!" mimicked Dicky.

"But it's just as well not to speak so

loud. Here you are. I put the hack's lights out just to escape unpleasant remark."

Mrs. Knapp entered the carriage and called to me to follow her.

"I remembered Mother Borton's warnings and my doubts of Dicky Nahl."

"You're certain you know where you are going?" I asked him in an undertone.

"No, I'm not," said Dicky frankly. "I've found a man who says he knows. We are to meet him. We'll get there between 3 and 4 o'clock. He won't say another word to anybody but her or you. I guess he knows what he is about."

"Well, keep your eyes open. Meeker's gang is ahead of us. Is the driver reliable?"

"Right as a judge," said Dicky cheerfully. "Now, if you'll get in with madame we won't be wasting time here."

I stepped into the carriage. Dicky Nahl closed the door softly and climbed on the seat by the driver, and in a moment we were rolling up Broadway in the gloomy stillness of the early morning hour.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Heart of the Mystery.

I was in the shadow of the mystery. A hundred questions rose to my lips; but behind them all frowned the grim wolf-visage of Doddridge Knapp, and I could not find the courage that could make me speak to them.

"Mrs. Knapp," I said, "you have called me by my name. I had almost

forgotten that I had ever borne it. I have lived more in the last month than in the 25 years that I remember before it, and I have almost come to think that the old name belongs to some one else. May I ask how you got hold of it?"

"It was simple enough. Henry had told me about you. I remembered that you were coming from the same town he had come from. I telegraphed to an agent in Boston. He went up to your place, made his inquiries and telegraphed me. I suppose you will be pleased to know," she continued with a droll affection of malice in her voice, "that he mailed me your full history as gathered from the town pump. It is at the house now."

"I tried to get something out of Mother Borton concerning you," continued Mrs. Knapp. "I even went so far as to see her once."

"I don't think you got any more out of her than she wanted to tell."

"Indeed I did not. I was afraid Mr. Richmond had not gone about it the right way. You know Mr. Richmond acted as my agent with her?"

"No, I didn't know. She was as close-mouthed with me as with you, I think."

"Well, I saw her. I wanted to get what information she had of you and of Henry."

"She had a good deal of it, if she wanted to give it up."

"So I suppose. But she was too clever for me. She spoke well of you, but not a word could I get from her about Henry. Yet she gave me the idea that she knew much."

"I should think she might. I had told her the whole story."

"She is used to keeping secrets, I suppose," replied Mrs. Knapp. "But I must reward her well for what she has done."

"She is beyond fear or reward."

"Dead?" cried Mrs. Knapp in a shocked voice. "And how?"

"She died, I fear, because she befriended me." And then I told her the story of Mother Borton's end.

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Knapp sadly. "Yet perhaps it is better so. She has died in doing a good act."

"The carriage had been rolling along swiftly. Despite the rain the streets were smooth and hard, and we made rapid progress. We had crossed a bridge, and with many turns made a course toward the southeast. Now the ground became softer, and progress was slow. An interminable array of trees lined the way on both sides, and to my impatient imagination stretched for miles before us. Then the road became better, the horses trotted briskly forward again, their hoofs patterring dully on the softened ground."

"All the better," I thought. "It's as good as a muffler if any one is listening for us."

"Here's the place," came the voice of Dicky, giving direction to the driver; and the carriage slackened pace and stopped. Looking out I saw that we were at a division of the road where a two-story house faced both of the branching ways.

"You'd better come out," said Dicky at the door, addressing his remark to me. "He was to meet us here."

"Be careful," cautioned Mrs. Knapp. I kept my hand on the revolver that lay in my overcoat pocket; and walked with Dicky on to the porch. It was a common roadside saloon, and at this hour it appeared wholly deserted. Even the dog, without which I knew no roadside saloon could exist, was as silent as his owners.

"Here's a roll," said Dicky. "He was to meet us, sure. What time have you got?"

I struck a match in a corner and looked at my watch by its flare.

"Five minutes to three."

"Whew!" he whispered, "we're regularly done. I thought he had a bad

"And the cockeyed barn?" inquired Mrs. Knapp, peering out.

I was struck silent by this, and looked blankly at the dark forbidding structure that fronted on the road.

"You're right," said Mrs. Knapp with a laugh. "Can't you make out that funny little window at the end there?"

I looked more closely at the building. In the dim light of the stars the coat of whitewash that covered it made it possible to trace the outlines of a window in the gable that fronted the road. Some freak of the builder had turned it a quarter of the way around, giving it a comical suggestion of a man with a droop to his eye.

"And the iron cow?" I asked.

"Stupid! a pump, of course," replied Mrs. Knapp, with another laugh. "Now see if there is a lane here by the barn."

A narrow roadway just wide enough for a single wagon joined the main road at the corner of the building.

"Then drive up it quietly," was Mrs. Knapp's direction.

Just beyond the barn I made out the figure of the pump in a conspicuous place by the roadside and felt more confident that we were on the right road.

The driver swore in an undertone as the hack lurched and groaned in a boggy series of ruts, and a branch whipped him in the face. I was forced to give a grunt myself, as another slapped my sore arm and sent a sharp twinge of pain shooting from the wound till it tingled in my toes. Dicky, protected between us, chuckled softly. I reflected savagely that nothing spoils a man for company like a mistaken sense of humor.

Suddenly the horses stopped so short that we were almost pitched out.

Mrs. Knapp rapped on the carriage door and I opened it.

"Have you come to the bars?" she asked presently.

"I guess so. We've come against something like a fence."

"Well, then," she replied, "when we get through, take the road to the left. That will bring us to the house."

"You are certain?"

"That is what Henry wrote in the cipher beneath the map. The house must be only a few hundred yards away."

The bars were there, and I lifted the wet and soggy boards with an anxious heart. Were we, after all, so near the hiding-place? And what were we to find?

On a sudden turn the house loomed up before us and a wild clamor of dogs broke the stillness of the night.

"I hope they are tied," I said, with a poor attempt to conceal my misgivings.

"We'll have a lively time in a quarter of a minute if they aren't," laughed Dicky, as he followed me.

But the baying and barking came no nearer, and I helped Mrs. Knapp out of the carriage. She looked at the house closely.

"This is the place," she said, in an unmistakable tone of decision. "We must be quick. I wish something would quiet those dogs; they will bring the whole country out."

It seemed an hour before we could raise any one, but it may not have been three minutes before a voice came from behind the door.

"Who's there?"

"It is L. M. K.," said Mrs. Knapp; then she added three words of gibberish that I took to be the passwords used to identify the friends of the boy.

At the words there was the sound of bolts shooting back and the heavy door opened enough to admit us. As we passed in, it was closed once more and the bolts shot home.

Before us stood a short, heavy-set man, holding a candle. His face, which was stamped with much of the bulldog look in it, was smooth shaven except for a bristling brown mustache. He looked inquiringly at us.

"Is he here—the boy?" cried Mrs. Knapp, her voice choked with anxiety.

"Yes," said the man. "Do we move again?"

"At once," said Mrs. Knapp, in her tone of decision.

"It will take ten minutes to get ready," said the man. "Come this way."

I was left standing alone by the door in the darkness, with a burden lifted from my mind. We had come in time. The single slip of paper left by Henry Wilton had been the means, through a strange combination of events, to point the way to the unknown hiding place of the boy.

In a few minutes the wavering light of the candle reappeared. Mrs. Knapp was carrying a bundle that I took to be the boy, and the man brought a valise and a blanket.

"It's all right," said Mrs. Knapp. "No—I can carry him—I want to carry him."

The man opened the door, then closed and locked it as I helped Mrs. Knapp into the carriage.

"Have you got him safe?" asked Dicky incredulously. "Well, I'll have to say that you know more than I thought you did." And the relief and satisfaction in his tone were so evident that I gladly repented of my suspicions of the lighthearted Dicky.

"Have you heard anything?" I asked him anxiously.

"I thought I heard a yell over here through the woods. We had better get out of here."

"Don't wait a second," said the man. "The south road comes over this other way. If you've heard anybody there, they will be here in five minutes. I'll follow you on a horse."

With an injunction to haste, I stepped after Mrs. Knapp into the carriage, the door was shut, Dicky mounted the seat, and we rolled down the road on the return journey.

"TO BE CONTINUED."



"NO—I CAN CARRY HIM—I WANT TO CARRY HIM."

BLIND AS TYPISTS

INVENTION OF TYPEWRITER IS BOON TO SIGHTLESS.

Braille Alphabet Results in Perfection of New Sort of "Mill"—Some Objections Regarding the Method of Teaching.

The introduction of the extreme simplicity of the Braille alphabet for the blind has been speedily followed by the invention of a machine that writes that character with great rapidity and ease, relates the New York Sun.

Most persons know of books printed for the use of the blind and employing an embossed character for finger reading wherein the attempt has been made to preserve the outlines of the Roman alphabet. That type has practically gone out of use except for those who acquired it long ago and are not inclined to change.

The objection to this character is that it may not readily be deciphered by touch. For such as have lost their sight after they have acquired the art of reading visually it was supposed that it would be easier to recognize by the sensitive finger tips forms already familiar to the eye. In the case of those born blind or becoming sightless in their early years this supposed advantage cannot exist.

The Braille character discards wholly all idea of resembling the Roman alphabet. It has been thought out with the sole purpose of making the best and most facile use of the tactile sense.

Its fundamental element is a cell of six embossed dots, each as large as the head of a good-sized pin, the dots arranged in two vertical columns of three each, the two columns so closely approximated as to establish the unity of this cell, yet sufficiently far apart to admit of distinct touch sense of the individual dots. The several letters are formed by the employment of one or more of these embossed dots, identification depending upon the number of these dots and their position in the fundamental cell.

The most common vowel in English, e, is represented by a single dot; this is differentiated from the only other letter represented by a single dot, a, by the fact that a is made from one of the dots in the upper line of the cell, e by a dot in the middle line. The more frequent letters are represented by combinations of two or three dots in different positions. The full alphabet is made without employing more than five dots, the number in j, q, x and z.

Because this alphabet is so neatly developed on a scientific basis the typewriter invented for it is of the simplest and durable construction. The unit of the machine is the Braille cell duplicated.

The paper in its carriage is moved in a sidewise travel over a small steel plate having six holes reproducing the dots of the cell. Over this plate is firmly mounted another GTP plate having six rounded depressions to serve as a matrix.

Any number of dots up to six and reproducing any position in the Braille cell may be made by plunger pins which operate upward through the holes in the lower plate and force the paper into the pits in the matrix block above. These plunger pins are actuated by cams set in motion by the touch of the keys.

The keyboard is of the utmost simplicity. It looks like a small section of a piano, with a white baseboard and six black keys rising therefrom. Each key sets in motion one of the plungers in the cell and by pressing down its corresponding key one may reproduce each dot necessary to complete the character. All the required keys called for in the character desired are depressed simultaneously and when they are released the carriage spaces onward along the line of writing. For space between words there is a space bar.

The paper employed is a special grade of very tough manila. This is essential in order to have a material in which the plunger pins will emboss the dots without piercing the paper.

The action of the instrument is only slightly heavier than that of ordinary writing machines and a speed of 30 or 40 words a minute is quite within the reach of an operator as soon as he has become adept. The writing is visible; that is, in the blind sense; the whole line may be read by the finger up to the last character embossed.

The American Climate.

On Shochun of the Chinese embassy on a sultry evening in Cape May condemned the American climate.

"It is much worse than the climate of China," he said. "It is perhaps the worst climate in the world. And yet you can joke about it."

"A physician joked me about it the other day."

"Accustom yourself, Mr. Ou Shochun," he said, "to our climate's ways. Our winters are arctic, our summers are subtropical. And very often our climate gets mixed, and arctic days and subtropical ones alternate. Inure yourself, like me, to these changes. In summer and winter sleep with four blankets."

"You do?" I gasped.

"I do. In summer," he added, "I put them under me."

Needs Money, Not Life.

"Now, Pat, would you sooner lose your money or your life?"

"Why, me, life, your reverence; I want me money for me old age."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

ONE KIDNEY GONE

But Cured After Doctors Said There Was No Hope.

Sylvanus O. Verrill, Milford, Me., says: "Five years ago a bad injury paralyzed me and affected my kidneys. My back hurt me terribly, and the urine was badly discolored. Doctors said my right kidney was practically dead. They said I could never walk again. I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. One box made me stronger and freer from pain. I kept on using them and in three months was able to get out on crutches, and the kidneys were acting better. I improved rapidly, discarded the crutches and to the wonder of my friends was soon completely cured."

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



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

EGGISM.



Mistress—Bridget, it always seems to me that the crackliest mistresses get the best cooks.

Cook—Ah, so on wid yer blarney!

DEEP CRACKS FROM ECZEMA

Could Lay Slate-Pencil in One-Handed in Dreadful State—Permanent Cure in Cuticura.

"I had eczema on my hands for about seven years and during that time I had used several so-called remedies, together with physicians' and druggists' prescriptions. The disease was so bad on my hands that I could lay a slate-pencil in one of the cracks and a rule placed across the hand would not touch the pencil. I kept using remedy after remedy, and while some gave partial relief, none relieved as much as did the first box of Cuticura Ointment. I made a purchase of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and my hands were perfectly cured after two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap were used. W. H. Dean, Newark, Del., Mar. 28, 1907."

ONLY A-GO-W.



Artist (who has been bothered by rustles breathing on him all the morning)—My good fellow, I assure you that you can see the sketch with more advantage from a little distance!

A Carlyle Wedding.

Craigputtock, where Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" was written, has just been the scene of a notable wedding. The bride was Mary Carlyle of Craigputtock, a grandniece of Thomas Carlyle, a farmer of Pinzie, Dumfriesshire, a son of Thomas Carlyle's favorite nephew. Pinzie is about four miles from Ecclefechan, Carlyle's birthplace, and this village is the original of the Entoph of "Sartor Resartus."—London Standard.

Even the Hash.

Embarrassed in the fashionable restaurant by the menu written in French, the Wall street man of business exclaimed:

"Hang these froids, entremets and hors d'oeuvres—bring me a plate of good plain hash, if you've got such a thing on the premises."

"You mean an olla podrida, sir," said the waiter, in a tone of dignified reproach. "And afterwards?"

AFRAID TO EAT.

Girl Starving on Ill-Selected Food.

"Several years ago I was actually starving," writes a Me. girl, "yet dared not eat for fear of the consequences. I had suffered from indigestion from overwork, irregular meals and improper food, until at last my stomach became so weak I could eat scarcely any food without great distress."

"Many kinds of food were tried, all with the same discouraging effects. I steadily lost health and strength until I was but a wreck of my former self."

"Having heard of Grape-Nuts and its great merits, I purchased a package, but with little hope that it would help me—I was so discouraged."

"I found it not only appetizing but that I could eat it as I liked and that it satisfied the craving for food without causing distress, and if I may use the expression, 'it filled the bill.'"

"For months Grape-Nuts was my principal article of diet. I felt from the very first that I had found the right way to health and happiness, and my anticipations were fully realized."

"With its continued use I regained my usual health and strength. To-day I am well and can eat anything I like, yet Grape-Nuts food forms a part of my bill of fare." "There's a Reason."

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

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

AUXONS

By JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

Richard Fanning threw down the morning paper and lay out at length on the silk-draped lounge. His hands were clasped back of his head. He was staring at the ceiling with a look of unutterable boredom.

The new valet moved a chair slightly and cleared his throat discreetly. He was but a new valet, and doubtless he felt that to look at that face just now was like listening at a keyhole. "Don't knock the furniture about, if you please, Edouard," suggested Fanning, not turning his eyes from the ceiling. "Upon my honor, I believe my nerves are going."

"Has monsieur any orders?" asked the new valet softly. It was the softness of his tones that had led Fanning to engage him. His former valet had possessed a hoarse croak that made excellent service of none effect. Of what value was money if one could not buy pleasing voice as well as ready hand?

"Oh, no orders," said Fanning with the same unchanging stare. "I am tired, Edouard—deadly tired. If I knew what to do, I give you my word I'd do it."

Edouard stood respectfully near, looking down.

"Why, for instance, does not monsieur travel?" he asked with quiet suggestion.

A tired smile curled one corner of Fanning's mouth.

"Because, for instance, my good Edouard," he replied, "I have traveled until I am more tired of that than anything else. Talk of travel to a man that knows Port Said by heart, and could find his way blindfolded about Teheran! Try something else, man."

Edouard laid his hand on a chair-back.

"But while monsieur has traveled, he has, perchance, never seen Auxons," he suggested again.

"Auxons? what is that?" asked Fanning, turning his eyes for a moment toward the face of the quiet Edouard.

"It is but a little town, monsieur—a little town in the mountains of my country," Edouard hastened to assure him; "but it is very old, and is not without interest."

Then for the first time Fanning laughed.

"Now, why should you imagine," he said, "that I have any desire to see very little old garlie-smelling French town on the map—or not on it? Give me my coat, Edouard—and don't be an idiot."

Receiving his coat, and being duly brushed, he went down to his club from whose almost empty windows he stared vacantly at the street outside and was consumed with weariness. No one was there whom he cared to meet, and he avoided the smiling old club Nestor with a haste that was almost rudeness. He was on the point of leaving when a certain Mr. Clermont strolled in and met him with evident pleasure. Mr. Clermont had brought European letters of introduction to the club three days ago.

"Well met!" cried Mr. Clermont. "I have wished to see you to say good-bye, as it may be that I shall leave New York for my own land to-morrow. And when shall I see you in Paris?"

"I do not think of going soon," said Fanning, with a weary smile that was scarcely at the trouble to smile at all. "You see, I have visited Paris so many times—"

"Ah, but have you seen Auxons?" asked Mr. Clermont with enthusiasm. "Depend upon it, my friend, it is worth the visit to France merely to see Auxons."

A flash of interest lit Fanning's eyes. Twice within an hour, this place of which he had never heard before had been mentioned by men of very different stations in life. He would have asked further, but at that moment Mr. Clermont was called away, and he did not see him again.

The unutterable dullness of the club drove him out, and in his wanderings he passed a public library, hesitated and turned back. A dark young man who seemed to be a stranger went up the marble steps after him. Fanning chose a book and sat down. Some times a book might be found that was fairly endurable.

A while later he was aroused by a voice at his side.

"Pardon, monsieur," the dark young man was saying in French. "but will you assist me in finding if there is a paper here, published in the little town of Auxons?"

For a moment Fanning was dumb with amazement. Then he courteously arose and began the search. But there was no such paper, as he presently communicated to the stranger.

and that he knew what was going to happen next. What did happen next was that the young man disappeared with a murmur of thanks, and that he restored the book to its place on the shelves.

"Why should I?" he kept asking wearily of the self that was already resolving upon a certain thing; and the self replied, "Why not?"

And perhaps it was because there was no reason for doing it that he did it.

"Edouard," he said, half an hour later, "do you know how to reach this Auxons of which you speak?"

"Assuredly, monsieur," said Edouard, after the slightest pause.

"Then we will start to-morrow," said Fanning. "There's money—take it, and manage the trip, and spare me the worries."

Edouard did not even raise his eyes. There were times when Edouard was very impulsive.

"Monsieur will find everything ready," he said very quietly.

A little branch of the Loire tumbled noisily down a gorge; a little old, old village held a scanty foothold on the slanting edge of it. Higher up on the slope, with the torrent a hundred feet down and the cliff a thousand feet up, hung the half-ruined chateau.

Fanning stood beneath the chateau and looked up and looked down.

"And this is Auxons?" he said. There was a note of contempt in his voice. He had come such a way—to see this!

"Monsieur is looking upon an old town," said Edouard in the very quiet tones Fanning had liked. "Its foundations were laid by the Gauls—it was old in the days of Caesar, monsieur. The chateau has sheltered Clovis and Charlemagne, and has been the abode of one family since before their day."

"Judging from its looks, they have fallen upon evil times," said monsieur, indifferently.

"It would seem so, monsieur," said Edouard. "Does monsieur wish that I tell the chateau's story in the chateau itself? One must be careful of the steps—see how the stones fall away! This is the chapel, monsieur—newer than the remainder of the chateau, and yet very old—so old that it, too, falls to decay."

They stood in the ruined chapel, its walls crumbling, its roof sagging. At the end, was a great stained glass window, almost entire, but the ivy had grown over it on the outside so that most of the light was shut off. The old chapel would have been in darkness, but that once in a while, the leaves, stirred by the wind, parted and let a dull glow through, as though it shone from the heart of an opal.

After a little, Fanning saw that the dark masses on the floor were heaps of stones fallen from the thick walls. After a little more he saw that the dark something beneath the winking glow of the great window was a tomb, with a marble slab closing it.

Edouard stood near him, very quiet.

"It is not a pleasant story, that of the chateau," he said, when Fanning had turned his eyes upon him and waited for him to speak. "It was, as I told monsieur, a very old family—very old and very noble. The men have been great men always—great statesmen, great generals, what you will;—and the time was when they helped kings with their money. Once their lands swept down that valley yonder, and as far as the eye could see in three directions from this hill top. But the revolution took away much, monsieur, and it was only because Auxons was so far away and hidden that it left them even the chateau."

Monsieur was inclined to find the story a little dull. He rested one foot on a heap of stones and lit a cigar, encircling the flame of the match with his hands. The yellow light, striking up into his face, showed how dull he found the story.

"For a hundred years, monsieur, they have been poor," Edouard went on, after the match had died out. "Some of them, one may suppose, died broken-hearted; but at last there was left only a broken old man, with his grandchildren. One of these was a girl."

For a single moment Edouard paused again; then the low, inflexible voice went on:

"One of them was a girl, and she was in a convent. Being educated. But at last the fortunes fell so low that she must be brought home; and then her brothers, grown desperate, left her with the old man and sold themselves as mercenaries to whatever government would buy."

"Is this a continued story, Edouard?" asked monsieur. "Because if it is, I will take the remainder of it at that little hole-in-the-wall you were pleased to call an inn."

"Monsieur will find that it is near the end," said Edouard with a voice that was like velvet. "Monsieur has but to note that, the brothers being gone away, the old man died; and that the girl, being left penniless, was glad to take a position with an English family as governess. Monsieur has but to remember, also, that she was just out of a convent, with the face of a Madonna and the eyes of an infant."

Monsieur spent some silent moments remembering this statement. During these moments the point of fire on the end of his cigar died out.

"Did you mention the name of this—this family, Edouard?" he asked, carelessly. It was a carelessness that was somewhat marred by a certain thickness of utterance, as of a dry tongue.

A light sound at the other end of the chapel drew his eyes. He saw two men moving slowly up through the shadows.

"The girl," said Edouard, "was Mademoiselle Adrienne Louise de la

Vivaseur. Monsieur will, perhaps, be kind enough to reflect if he has ever heard such a name."

Monsieur had, apparently, not heard such a name. There was silence. The ivy leaves parted and shot down a crimson ray upon the tomb.

"Monsieur finds the story more interesting?" asked Edouard of the velvet voice. "Monsieur will remember that she was the daughter of kings and nobles, and that blood of the crusaders ran in her veins. Yet her brothers found her one morning lying beside that tomb, dead, with a dead babe in her arms."

The two shadowy figures moved up a step nearer, but monsieur did not heed them. He was staring as if fascinated at the tomb with the spot of crimson dancing upon it.

There was silence so deep and so long that it might have lasted for years.

When monsieur moved, it was toward the tomb. The spot of red wavered and trembled upon a carved lettering.

"To One Forgotten," he read. He still had command of himself. "They placed that above her? Yet she is not forgotten," he said to Edouard.

"Monsieur takes that for her tomb?" asked Edouard, softly. "But, indeed, she is not buried there. She lay beside it to die, but the tomb was not for her. It is reserved, monsieur, for the man who played with the little convent girl, and sent her home to die."

To eyes accustomed to the shadows, it could be seen that monsieur's face had whitened. Yet he spoke lightly. He even smiled.

"To One Forgotten," he repeated, looking Edouard in the face. "But he is not forgotten. Perhaps he is not even dead."

"Monsieur," said Edouard, softly, "he is both!"

Edouard had stooped and touched something at his feet, and the slab of marble was mysteriously lifted and swung away. Thick darkness lay within.

Monsieur was aware that the two shadows had closed up, and were on either hand. He turned his eyes from one to the other of them.

Clermont, of the club, and the dark stranger of the library.

A sense came upon him that the club and the library were worlds of space and thousands of years away—that the only realities were these three dark figures and the tomb by whose cold side the daughter of kings and crusaders had lain down to die.

—It could not be more cold within than it had been without.

—And yet he had not meant— "I see," he said, wearily, at the end of that long pause. "No doubt you would prefer that I should do this thing voluntarily, Monsieur de la Vivaseur?"

"We should greatly prefer it, monsieur," said that one who had lately been Edouard.

Monsieur stepped into the tomb and sat down.

"You won't object to my smoking?" he asked, taking out a fresh cigar and a match. "It will shorten things, maybe."

—Monsieur de la Vivaseur's face was set.

"Adieu, monsieur," he said, giving another touch to that mysterious something on the floor.

There was a glow of a cigar in the darkness as the stone swung back and settled into its place.

At the farther end of the chapel a door opened, and a bent figure found its way among the stones.

"Have you brought the cement, Jean?" asked Monsieur de la Vivaseur.

"It is here, your grace," said the old man.

"Seal up the tomb—it has been opened for the last time," said monsieur, and the three went out, without looking back.

The old man listened for a furtive moment; with his ear at the edge of the marble slab. Silence.

Then he took the cement and sealed up every crevice, and went his way. The red glow from the window leaped from the tomb to the floor, and crept along it, over the fallen stones, and up the wall, as though it were eager to get away. Down among the shadows lay the dim gray shapes given over to the use of One Forgotten.

Danger from Springs.
In the summer, when so many thousands drink from tempting springs in the woods and on the hillsides, a warning recently given by Mons. E. A. Martel, the celebrated French explorer of caverns, should not go unnoticed. Contrary to a widely prevalent opinion, Mons. Martel says that springs of apparently pure water are, in many cases, merely the outflow of surface waters which have disappeared through fissures, carrying with them pollution from the soil, and not purified in their passage through the rocks. He thinks that even chalk is not an effectual filter, for surface water passing through it.

A Chance to Buy a Pagoda.
In the year 770 A. D. the Emperor Koken caused a million pagodas to be made. They were little objects of wood, only four and a half inches high. Into each was inserted a tiny scroll, with a verse of the Sutras inscribed thereon, and the whole number were, then handed over to the temple Horyuji at Nara. In the course of centuries these relics gradually became dispersed or were destroyed by fire, until only 3,000 remained, and the ancient temple, being now in financial straits, offers one of these pagodas with its inclosure to any person sufficiently charitable to subscribe 35 yen.—Japan Weekly Mail.

AVOID RISK IN BUYING PAINT.

You take a good deal of risk if you buy white lead without having absolute assurance as to its purity and quality. You know white lead is often adulterated, often misrepresented. But there's no need at all to take any chances. The "Dutch-Boy Painter" trade mark of the National Lead Company, the largest makers of genuine white lead, on a package of White Lead, is a positive guarantee of purity and quality. It's as dependable as the Dollar Sign. If you'll write the National Lead Company, Woodbridge Bldg., New York City, they will send you a simple and certain outfit for testing white lead; and a valuable book on paint, free.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!



"What's the matter over there?"
"The sword swallower is being choked by a fishbone."

Microscopic Writing.

A remarkable machine made by a lately deceased member of the Royal Microscopical society for writing with a diamond seems to have been broken up by its inventor. A specimen of its works is the Lord's prayer of 227 letters, written in the 1,237,000 of a square inch, which is at the rate of 53,880,000 letters or 15 complete Bibles, to a single square inch. To decipher the writing it is necessary to use a 1-12 inch objective, which is the high power lens physicians employ for studying the most minute bacteria.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Much Safer Size.

Mistress—Are you not rather small for a nurse?
Nurse—No, indeed, madam! The children don't fall so far when I drop them!—Stray Stories.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

There is nothing little to the really great in spirit.—Dickens.

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

Love does not stop at the boundaries of liking.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES
\$0.75 "Guaranteed"

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, Bloating, Taste in the Mouth, Constipated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

W.L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOES \$3.50

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, and wear longer than any other make.
Shows at All Prices, for Every Member of the Family, Men, Boys, Women, Misses & Children
W. L. Douglas, 107 N. 3rd St., New York, N. Y.
I will guarantee you a pair of my shoes for \$3.00 and \$3.50 and wear longer than any other make.
Send for Catalogue Free
Take No Substitutes. W. L. Douglas shoes are made in the U. S. A. and are guaranteed to give you the best value for your money.
W. L. DOUGLAS, 107 N. 3rd St., New York, N. Y.

THE DUTCH BOY PAINTER STANDS FOR PAINT QUALITY
IT IS FOUND ONLY ON PURE WHITE LEAD
MADE BY THE OLD DUTCH PROCESS

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with agents in all portions of the U. S. Can you sell the "Best Land in this Wonderful" Country from United States Government? If not, we can give you a subdivision on a commission basis. Amestrong, Quinlan & Co., 227 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

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makes laundry work a pleasure. 10c pkgs. 10c.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES
Color more people brighter and longer colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Wash and Mix Colors. MORSE DRUG CO., Quincy, Ill., U.S.A.

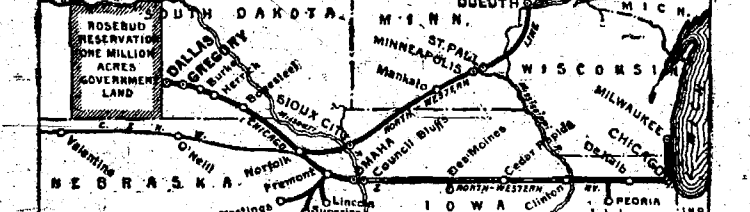
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The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of
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In Use For Over Thirty Years
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900 DROPS
ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine, nor Mineral NOT NARCOTIC
Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed - Licorice - Rochelle Salts - Sassafras - Castor Oil - Blueberry - Elix. of Sarsaparilla - Warm Seed - Clarified Sugar - Watergreen Flavor.
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac-Simile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins*
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.
At 6 months old 35 Doses - 35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

ROSEBUD GOVERNMENT LANDS

BEST REACHED FROM DALLAS

Dallas and Gregory, S. D., are reached only by the Chicago & North Western Railway. They are the only towns on the reservation border. Dallas and Gregory are the main registering points. President Roosevelt has designated Dallas for the final drawing October 19, 1908.



The Chicago & North Western Ry. is the only all-rail route to the reservation.

A million acres of fertile agricultural and grazing land in the great Missouri Valley Corn Belt is to be opened to Homesteaders October 5 to 17, 1908.

For information about how to get a homestead with details regarding rates, train schedules, address
W. B. KNISKERN
Pass'r Traffic Mgr., C. & N. W. Ry.
Chicago, Ill.

Shortest Line to Rosebud Reservation

The opening of the Rosebud Reservation, October 5 to 17, next, will give over 5000 people each a choice farm in Tripp County, South Dakota, for a small sum per acre. 838,000 acres will be opened. People drawing one of these farms must pay \$6.00 an acre: one-fifth down, balance in 5 years. Chamberlain and Presho, South Dakota, are places of registration. Both are located on the shortest line to the reservation from Chicago—the

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY

The best of these lands are located in the northern part of Tripp County, easily reached from both Chamberlain and Presho. All persons, except certain soldiers, must be present in one of these towns for registration. Presence at the drawing is not required. Those who draw one of these farms will be notified by mail. Rosebud folder, containing map, and giving full particulars free on request.

F. A. MILLER,
General Passenger Agent,
Chicago.

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

25c BUYS SAFETY RAZOR
It's come at last—a good, serviceable safety razor, packed in neat tin box
Mailed postpaid on receipt of price. Will do the work of expensive outfit of money refunded.
THE TURNER COMPANY,
24 Virginia St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES
In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by
A. J. BELL & COMPANY, 74 W. Adams St., Chicago

WE, WHOLESALEERS OF CALIFORNIA LANDS
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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.

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VIEWS OF AN EXPERT.

Small Banks Be Made Liable for One Another's Debts?

Recognized Authority on Financial Questions Discusses Practical Bearings of Proposed Guarantee Plan.

(By George E. Roberts, former Director of the Mint.)

The proposal to require the banks of the country, to guarantee each other's deposits, owes its present strength to the financial disturbance of last fall. It is urged as a means of preventing panics, and there is no disagreement about the desirability of accomplishing that purpose. Most of us agree that a repetition of the conditions which existed last fall should be made impossible, but this is by no means the only way to do it, or the best way.

For years the advocates of comprehensive currency reform have pointed out that with \$14,000,000,000 of bank deposits in the country and only about \$3,000,000,000 of money all told in the country, both in the banks and out, there should be some method provided by which, on the basis of good assets, the supply of lawful currency could be readily increased to meet exceptional demands, whether such demands were due to seasons of unusual business activity or to alarm among depositors. Their foresight and arguments did not avail, but they are hardly to be swept off their feet now by impatient zeal for this new, and, as they regard it, ill-considered scheme. They stand for a complete, and scientific treatment of the subject.

The guaranty of deposits is a crude and imperfect remedy at best. It does not recognize or attempt to cure the defects in our banking and currency systems, but aims only at persuading depositors not to draw their deposits. The losses to depositors by the failure of national banks has become an insignificant percentage, and is growing less every year, as a result of natural, evolutionary progress in banking. The standards are being constantly raised, and the efficiency of official inspection and supervision constantly improved. The true line of development is not by any revolutionary policy, but by holding individual bankers to yet stricter account, and at the same time enabling every properly conducted bank to readily obtain a supply of currency to meet all demands upon it.

The fundamental weakness in our currency system is in the fact that it is not readily responsive to the needs of the country. The legitimate demand for money varies from year to year, and from season to season in the same year. It is a familiar fact that there is a great deal more business to be handled from September 1st to December 31st each year than in any other four months of the year, but there is no more money in the country unless gold is imported for the purpose.

Would Lead to Reckless Banking.

As a remedial measure the guaranty of bank deposits is not only inadequate, but it is worse than inadequate, for it proposes to overturn the principle of individual responsibility by means of which the banking business has been raised to its present high standards, and upon which all individual and social progress is based.

The proposal contemplates that the public shall be relieved entirely from the exercise of judgment and discrimination in the choice of banks, and while it is highly desirable that all banks shall be made safe, to the end that even the most ignorant and confiding may be protected, it is still true that an alert public opinion has great influence in maintaining proper banking standards. We cannot afford to do without that influence.

Under present conditions the investments, the personal habits, the general character and abilities of the banker are under the constant scrutiny of the community, and a matter of public interest. Notwithstanding occasional instances in which the public has been deceived, it may be stated as a general proposition that an unblemished character and a reputation for good business ability and conservative judgment have been necessary to success in the banking business. The public looks over the individual who is to receive, and invest and be responsible for its money with some discrimination, and the elimination of the unit by the scrutiny and composite judgment of the community is a factor of the highest value in maintaining the standards of the banking business. It is, however, a factor entirely overlooked by the advocates of this scheme.

They calculate the insignificant percentage of loss to total deposits under present conditions, and assume that no greater losses would occur after character ceased to be a factor in the business, and all deposits were given blindly to whoever would bid highest for them. To the objection that this elimination of character as a factor in the acquisition of deposits must tend to promote reckless banking, reply is made that bankers will be deterred from recklessness by fear of losing their own money. The reply misses the point. All men are not deterred from recklessness by fear of losing their own money, but reckless men are now,

as a rule, kept out of the banking business by the unwillingness of the public to entrust money to their care.

Careful Banking Best.

Under present conditions there are compensations in favor of careful and conservative banking. There are people who are not influenced in their selection of a bank by the highest rate of interest offered on deposits, and who have their suspicions aroused by the tender of exceptional inducements. They know that such offers put a strain upon the business, and they deliberately prefer to place their money with a banker who will not subject himself to such strain. These depositors esteem safety above all other considerations, and they are numerous enough to exercise a very wholesome restraint upon reckless tendencies in the business. A banker now prizes the reputation of doing a safe business, and cannot afford to have a reputation for imprudence and speculative inclinations. And yet, although held in check by these powerful considerations, the pressure of competition carries the business near the danger line even now. There is too much competition for deposits, and the ambitions of the more venturesome members of the fraternity, and the pace they set, puts the whole system under strain.

But what are likely to be the conditions in the business when the public is no longer concerned about the management of a bank, and all the rewards for conservatism and restraints upon recklessness are removed? The considerations which in the past have tended to safeguard the business and advance its standards would be gone. The public would care nothing for the personality of the banker. Instead of looking to the institution which received the deposits, the depositor would rely on an outside fund. A banker might bet all the deposits on horse races without the fact becoming a matter of any concern to his customers.

And how would the conservative, prudent banker fare under these conditions? The legitimate reward for maintaining that character would be lost to him. He would get no deposits unless he bid as high for them as his rivals, for the government would stand behind the latter, and assure the public that they were just as safe as he, and tax him to make them so. In short the reckless and incompetent people, who are now either excluded from the banking business, or held in check by the distrust which a discriminating public feels towards them, would make the pace to which everybody else in the banking business would be obliged to conform or get out of the business.

Would Demoralize Business.

The hardest competitor in any line of business is the incompetent or dishonest man who does anything to get business. Such people get into the banking business even now, but their number and influence for mischief would be greatly increased if they were backed up by unlimited credit. In other lines there may be some question as to the quality or service offered by rivals, but all bankers deal in the same kind of money, and if deposits were made a joint liability, there is no reason why they should not go to the bankers who offer the greatest inducements to attract them. The careful banker would have no offset or protection against demoralizing competition, and he would be placed in the strange position of being liable for his competitor's obligations.

All efforts to make it appear that the interests of bankers are on one side of this question and the interests of depositors on the other are untrue to the facts. Nothing that in the long run is harmful to the banking business, that puts it under strain and tends to lower its standards, can be beneficial to depositors or the public. It cannot be advantageous to the community to have its savings and working capital pass into the hands of the venturesome class of bankers who will bid most for them. The actual waste and loss through unwise investments would inevitably increase. It would fall at first on the conservative bankers and penalize them. Instead of an elimination of the unit, which is the true process of evolution, the tendency would be to an elimination of the best. Eventually the burden of increasing waste would have to be borne by all depositors and the whole community.

Oklahoma Trial Inconclusive.

The fact that the first bank failure in Oklahoma after the law went into effect, was followed by immediate reimbursement of the depositors, proves nothing as to the practicability of the system in the long run. The fact that the State banks of Oklahoma have gained deposits since the system went into operation, while national banks within the State have lost, if true, proves nothing as to the merits of the system. The law itself requires that all public deposits must be kept in banks that belong to the system, and this provision alone would cause a considerable transfer of deposits and influence some banks to join the system. The real test of the policy will come in its influence upon the banking business in the long run. Will it tend to secure more careful and prudent investment of the vast sums which the people of the country keep in banks, or will it tend to weaken the personal responsibility for these funds and divert them into incapable and wasteful hands. It is a superficial view which lays all emphasis upon the immediate results of the law and gives no consideration to its violation of fundamental principles and the consequences which must follow.

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To check early colds or grippe with "Preventics" means sure defeat for Pneumonia. To stop a cold with Preventics is safer than to let it run and be obliged to cure it afterwards. To be sure, Preventics will cure even a deeply seated cold, but taken early—at the sneeze stage—they break, or head off these early colds. That's surely better. That's why they are called Preventics. Preventics are little Candy Cold Cures. No Quinine, no physic, nothing sickening. Nice for the children—and thoroughly safe too. If you feel chilly, if you sneeze, if you ache all over, think of Preventics. Promptness may also save half your usual sickness. And don't forget your child, if there is feverishness, "night" or day. Herein probably lies Preventics' greatest efficiency. Sold in 5c boxes for the pocket, also in 25c boxes of 48 Preventics. Insist on your druggists giving you

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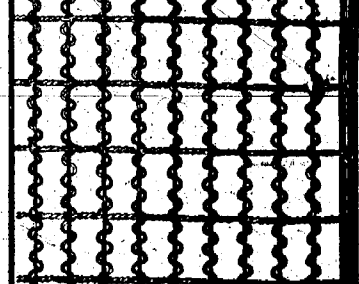


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