

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 12

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1908.

No. 49

Judge Brown Thursday.

The star number of the High School Course of Entertainments will be next Thursday evening, when Judge Willis Brown of Salt Lake City will be here to deliver an address, his subject being "The Story of Dugan."

The history of Judge Willis Brown's work in the State of Utah and the testimony to his marvelous genius in devising the Juvenile Court laws, establishing the Court, inaugurating three new institutions, and conducting the court during the first years of its life until it became a fixed, permanent and well understood institution covering the entire State, and making Utah known as having the highest type of juvenile jurisprudence, has brought this young man the love and confidence of the best in the community in which he has lived and strived and carved out his conception of a jurisprudence and of activities which prevent rather than punish and which exemplify love rather than justice.

Salt Lake Daily Reporter—"Judge Willis Brown is doing more real good than any six ministers in Salt Lake," said Rev. Benjamin Young of the First M. E. Church, yesterday afternoon: "He is getting at the bottom of things and doing what is almost impossible for the ministers to do. He is finding out just how our boys live, what temptations are thrown in their way, who it is that tempts them, who is responsible for their every act, and he is likewise finding a way of bringing about good results in each case without a moment's delay." What Dr. Young has said, others have said in substance.

North Star Tent Elect.

At the regular review of North Star Tent No. 130, K. O. T. M. M., held Tuesday evening the following officers were elected for ensuing year:

Commander—M. A. Lemieux.
Lt. Commander—A. J. Kime.
Past Commander—W. P. Squier.
Record Keeper—W. F. Bashaw.
Finance Keeper—G. A. Lisk.
Chaplain—John Light, Sr.
Physician—Dr. J. A. Macgregor.
Surgeant—Anthony Kenny.
1st M. of G.—Stanton Gregory.
2nd M. of G.—E. L. Smith.
Sentinel—H. T. Bancroft.
F. C. of A.—A. J. Shearer.

County Finances.

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

RECEIPTS.	
Cash on hand Nov. 1.....	\$ 9835 09
Rec. from delinquent taxes.....	379 05
Redemption certificates.....	5 90
General fund.....	10802 00
Poor fund.....	20 94
Library fund.....	210 00
Primary school money.....	9558 60
Criminal fee fund.....	3 00
Hunter's licenses.....	200 00
Total.....	\$31066 57

DISBURSEMENTS.	
Paid general funds.....	\$14923 51
Interest.....	262 80
Poor orders.....	1463 43
Circuit court order.....	30 10
Criminal fee orders.....	2 80
Probate court orders.....	65 00
Soldiers relief orders.....	65 32
Cities, towns and villages.....	1814 95
Primary school money.....	9558 60
Cash on hand Nov. 30, 1908.....	3020 06
Total.....	\$31066 57

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

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Charles Gallagher, 25.....	St. James
Catherine Malloy, 17.....	St. James
Carl F. Myers, 30.....	Boyer City
J. Maud Ferguson, 21.....	Traverse City
Harry E. Glossenger, 25.....	Charlevoix
Alvina C. Genett, 21.....	Charlevoix
Hiram O. Ross, 32.....	Charlevoix
Carrie Yettaw, 23.....	Charlevoix
Fred Trimble, 22.....	Norwood
Etta Sutton, 18.....	Norwood
Charles Stohlman, 23.....	East Jordan
Essie DeChane, 18.....	East Jordan
Walter Crawford, 23.....	Boyer City
Evelyn Jordan, 21.....	Traverse City

RICHARD LEWIS,
County Clerk.

DEEDS RECORDED.

List of transfers for two weeks ending Nov. 28th, 1908.

Wallace Lake County Club to L. H. Gedge, one acre in lot 2 sec 6 t 33 n r 5 w. \$75.00.

Horace L. Gillett to George Long, n e 1/4 of n w 1/4 sec 24 and n 1/4 of n 1/4 of s e 1/4 sec 24 t 32 n r 4 w. \$410.

J. Janett Wilson to C. W. & Laura Kibby lot 284 blk 3 Nicholls & Morgan Add South Boyne. \$800.

Mary E. Dake to Eugene Turner, n 1/2 lot 16 blk 10 Chapman Addis & Cadwells add Spg Harbor. \$1,500.00.

Walter L. French to Erwin E. Hall lot 8 blk South Lake. \$450 & o v con.

Stroebel Bros. to Edna Griffith; lot 7 blk B Vances Add South Arm. \$350.

Laura E. Drake to Alvero Bancroft part sec 29 t 31 n r 7 w. \$1.00.

William H. Fanning to Honard S. Shaeffer, n 1/2 of s w 1/4 sec 34 t 32 n r 5 w. \$1.00 & o v con.

Stella H. Carlisle to Stroebel Bros. lot 7 blk B Vances Add. \$350.

Mary E. Shaeffer to William H. Fanning, n 1/2 of s w 1/4 sec 34 t 32 n r 5 w. \$1.00 & o v con.

Stella H. Carlisle to Stroebel Bros. lot 7 blk B Vances Add. \$350.

Samuel Jackson to Perry B. Wilkins, part lots 90 and 91 blk N Nicholls & Morgans Add Boyne. \$1.00.

Casper Ramsby to R. T. Huntly s 1/2 of lot 20 White & Co's add Boyne. \$725.

Guss Ruff to William C. Walsh, part n 1/2 of s w 1/4 sec 15 t 32 n r 5 w. \$1,000.

John Nicholls to W. H. Quick lot 167 blk w So Boyne. \$125.00.

John T. Collings to Henry Thielman, lot 66 blk 9 Collings & Cranes Add Boyne. \$125.

E. B. Ward to E. F. Vought lot 3 Eatons Add Chax. \$1,000.

Afferetta Bibby to Frank White, part sec 35 t 33 n r 6 w. \$1.00.

L. F. Knowles to Christ Mayers, lot 8 Knowles unrecorded plat Boyne. \$1.00.

A. G. Chaloupka to Louise M. Thielman, part blk 4 Chax. \$7,000.

Rosina Bixby to Rena Bixby, part lot 9 Higgins Add Talcott. \$200.00.

Annie Winsor to Clayton Bixby, part lot 11 and 12 Talcott. \$500.00.

Chas. J. Macy to Millard N. & Elizabeth Onney lot 95 U. & H. add Chax. \$200.

John T. Collins to Abnes C. Hawkes n w 1/4 of n e 1/4 sec 34 t 32 n r 7 w. \$1,000.

COUNTY NORMAL NOTES.

Jessie Durance spent Thanksgiving with Florence Sheldon in East Jordan.

Edith and Alma Brodie, Susie Sheldon, Hazel Holliday and Jessie Metz spent the Thanksgiving vacation at their homes near East Jordan.

Miss Annie Metcalf and Miss Edna Cross, former students of the normal class, visited with Miss Himes and Miss Reed last week. Miss Metcalf teaches the Rock Elm school near East Jordan and Miss Cross teaches in Antrim county.

The pupils of the training room visited the normal class Wednesday afternoon. A program was rendered by the pupils after which refreshments were served.

Maud Cross was appointed house-keeper this week.

Mildred Drescher left Tuesday evening for her home in Deward, where she spent her Thanksgiving vacation.

The children of the training room sent several boxes of fruit, vegetables, and clothing to the boys of the Beulah Home. In reply Mr. Swift sent the following letter:

Boyer City, Mich., Nov. 21, 1908.
Miss Albee E. Reed,
Charlevoix, Mich.
Dear Miss Reed:—

"The Blood is The Life."

Science has never gone beyond the above simple statement of scripture. But it has illuminated that statement and given it a meaning ever broadening with the increasing breadth of knowledge. When the blood is "bad" or impure it is not alone the body which suffers through disease. The brain is also clouded, the mind and judgement are affected, and many an evil deed or impure thought may be directly traced to the impurity of the blood. Foul impure blood can be made pure by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It enriches and purifies the blood, thereby curing, pimples, blotches, eruptions and other cutaneous affections, as eczema, tetter, or salt-rheum, hives and other manifestations of impure blood.

In the cure of scrofulous swellings, enlarged glands, open eating ulcers, or old sores, the "Golden Medical Discovery" has performed the most marvelous cures. In cases of old sores, or open eating ulcers, it is well to apply to the open sores Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve, which possesses wonderful healing potency when used as an application to the sores in conjunction with the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" as a blood cleansing constitutional treatment. If your druggist don't happen to have the "All-Healing Salve" in stock, you can easily procure it by inclosing fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, 603 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post. Most druggists keep it as well as the "Golden Medical Discovery."

You can't afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a medicine of known composition, having a complete list of ingredients in plain English on its bottle-wrapper, the same being attested as correct under oath. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

Our Business is Growing

Because we sell the Best Furniture made.
Because we sell at the lowest price.
Because we have confidence in our goods.
Because our patrons have confidence in us.
We Handle the Output of Reliable Factories.

—EMPEY BROS.

May Wipe Rheumatism From United States.

Few people here know that you can cure that dread American disease, Rheumatism, with just common, everyday drugs found in any drug store. The prescription is so simple that any one can prepare it at home at small cost. It is made up as follows: Get from any good prescription pharmacy Fluid extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime. These are all simple ingredients, making an absolutely harmless home remedy at little cost.

Rheumatism, as everyone knows, is a symptom of deranged kidneys. It is a condition produced by the failure of the kidneys to properly filter and strain from the blood the uric acid and other matter, which, if not eradicate, either in the urine or through the skin pores, remains in the blood, decomposes and forms about the joints and muscles, causing the untold suffering and deformity of Rheumatism.

This prescription is said to be a splendid healing, cleansing and invigorating tonic to the kidneys, and gives almost immediate relief in all forms of bladder and urinary troubles and backache.

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Because we sell the Best Furniture made.
Because we sell at the lowest price.
Because we have confidence in our goods.
Because our patrons have confidence in us.
We Handle the Output of Reliable Factories.

—EMPEY BROS.

SALES AGENTS WANTED.

\$38.00 per week or 400 per cent profit. All samples, stationery, and art catalogue free. We want one permanent agent in this locality for the largest picture and frame house in America. Experience unnecessary. We instruct you how to sell our goods and furnish the capital. If you want a permanent, honorable and profitable position, write us today for particulars, catalogue and samples. Frank W. Williams Company, 1214 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill. 43-4

CARPET CARPET

Empey Bros. have the largest stock of Carpets every shown in this city. Patterns are up-to-date. We have sold over two thousand yards of this carpet. People come and buy it the second time. What better recommendation do you want. Only 25c and 35c per yard.

To Consumptives.

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

Thousands of people say they have been relieved by it.

Those who have used it will have no other, and recommend it to their fellow sufferers.

It has cured many after they were given up as incurable by their physicians.

The undersigned as a consumptive can testify from his own experience as to its value.

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

For full particulars, testimonials, etc., address

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

The old fashioned way of dosing a weak stomach, or stimulating the heart or kidneys is all wrong. Dr. Shoop first pointed out this error. This is why his prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is directed entirely to the cause of these ailments—the weak inside or controlling nerves. It isn't so difficult, says Dr. Shoop to strengthen a weak stomach, heart or kidneys, if one goes at it correctly. Each inside organ has its controlling or inside-nerve. When these nerves fail, then those organs must surely falter. These vital truths are leading druggists everywhere to dispense and recommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Test it a few days and see! Improvement will promptly and surely follow. Sold by James Gidley.

When You See the STAR

Stamped in the Shank of a Shoe, that means the stamp of honest-made Shoes.



I am Sole Agent for the Star Brand Shoes

I have them in all leathers and all prices for men women and children.

"I walk on STARS, so can you."

Get them at the Little White Shoe Store.
Chas. A. Hudson, Prop.
Main Street.

CALUMET Baking Powder
Received Highest Award
World's Pure Food Exposition
Chicago, November, 1907
What does this mean?
It means that Calumet has set a new Standard in Baking Powder—the standard of the World.
Because this award was given to Calumet after thorough tests and experiments, over all other baking powders.
It means that Calumet is the best baking powder in every particular in the world.
And this means that Calumet produces the best, most delicious, lightest, and purest baking of all baking powders.
Doesn't that mean everything to you?

Mo-KA COFFEE
Gives Universal Satisfaction.
Its Purity, Strength and Delicious Flavor
Commend it to All Lovers of Good Coffee.
Sold only in 1-lb air-tight packages. Ask your Grocer for MO-KA Coffee.

Groceries and Meats
A FULL SUPPLY AND FRESH AS THE NEW MOWN HAY. TRY US.
Shermans' Market.
Phone No. 49. Prompt delivery.

Don't Wait Until Christmas is here when there is such a rush, to buy your presents. Now is the time to buy—when the stock is complete.
We have a fine line of China, Cut Glass, Lemonade and Water Sets, Dolls, Toys, Pillow Tops and Finished Pillows, Fancy Work, Stationery, Fancy Boxes, Toilet Sets and many other things that make beautiful gifts for Xmas.
HARPER'S BAZAAR.

Staple and Fancy Groceries
Fresh and Cured Meats
We carry a complete line at prices that appeal to you. A trial order will be appreciated however small.
Bulow & Son, STATE STREET, EAST JORDAN.

The VANISHING FLEETS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WEIL

BY ROY NORTON

COPIED AND PRINTED BY THE ASSOCIATED NEWS-PUBLISHERS

SYNOPSIS.

"Vanishing Fleets," a story of "what might have happened," opens in Washington with the United States and Japan on the verge of war. Guy Hillier, secretary of the British embassy, and Miss Norma Roberts, chief aide of inventor Roberts, are introduced as lovers. The government is much criticised because of its lack of preparation for strife. At the most inopportune moment Japan declares war. Japan takes the Philippines without loss of a man. The entire country is in a state of turmoil because of the government's indifference. Guy Hillier starts for England with secret messages and is compelled to leave Norma Roberts, who with military officers also leaves Washington on mysterious expedition for an isolated point on the Florida coast. Hawaii is captured by the Japs. Country, in turn, demands explanation of policy from government. All ports are closed. Hillier goes to England on last boat. England learns that Jap fleet is fast approaching western coast of America. Hillier decides to return to America by any means. Seigo, Japanese spy, discovers secret preparations for war.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

In his anxiety he was on the verge of rushing out and trusting to any convenient pretext, when a boy came hurrying past him, whistling as he went and homeward bound. Here was the spy's opportunity, and he accepted it. He hailed the lad, and in pigeon English told him he wanted to get aboard the vessel if he could.

"Well, you can't do it," came the response. "If you wanted to get on, why didn't you run after the ship instead of stopping me?"

"Where she go?" queried Seigo. "Oh, you want to know where she's going now, do you, Mr. Chiak. Well, a fellow on the dock said she was going to Guantanamo, and that means you couldn't go on her if you wanted to."

Then with a derisive laugh he took up the strain of his melody at exactly the same place he had left off when accosted; thrust his hands into his pockets and continued his way.

Seigo was elated. That accounted for it, then! The United States was playing some crafty game, using its Cuban naval station as a base; was conducting some experiment or outfitting some strange expedition with necessities that could not be obtained in the big island to the south. The only perturbing thought was that the navy, instead of being inactive, had some secret task on hand which had been taken away from home stations. He decided he must return to Washington with this single strand of information and there endeavor to secure others. He watched the lights of the ship grow dim, and then as furtively as he had come returned to the home of the laundryman.

The latter counted his pay and wondered why his guest departed for the north on the early train of that morning. Seigo offered no explanations for his erratic action, and as he traveled to Washington he was in a gleeful mood. In due time he arrived, and once more ensconced himself in his headquarters, hoping within a few days to gain more complete knowledge. He was handicapped in his quest, however, because he had no actual means of access to government circles where such data as he wished might best be obtained. But again accident favored him, and again it was in the night when he sallied forth.

The hour was late when Meredith brought him word that several visitors had called upon the president, and, not trusting to others a mission so important, he took upon himself the task of spying upon the great white building where the ruler of the country lived. From the darkness of his alleyway he emerged into a broader street, when an automobile went chugging past him, and then, just as it came beneath the rays of an arc light, a face leaned to the window, an arm was extended evidently for the purpose of shaking the ash from a cigar, and Seigo shrank back. In the shimmering white rays he recognized as one of the passengers in the machine no less a personage than the president, and with him was another man whom he believed to be the secretary of war.

From down the road came the sound of another motor, which in turn whizzed rapidly along, taking the same direction as the previous car. Seigo was not certain, but conjectured that within it were other officials, and, being a man of action, unhesitatingly dashed after it, heared the closed tonneau, and after a breathless run succeeded in swinging himself to the springs behind, maintaining his place by clutching the overhanging of the fenders.

Away through the outskirts he rode, hearing nothing from within and in constant danger of falling off his precarious perch. The car gained speed until his feet was great, for to be thrown would be to receive certain injury. His fingers were strained convulsively in their effort to hold on, and once he was almost cast off by a sharp declivity in the road. Now he could only trust to chance that the automobile on which he rode was following that of the president; but as mile after mile was reeled off without a sight of the other machine on either hand, he felt assured that the party was all one. He leaned out across one of the great rubber tires and peered ahead to where now and then

he could catch the glow of a red back lamp, and was content. His journey was not without discomfort, as the dust of the road whirled upward and into his nostrils in stifling volume, until he was begrimed and almost strangled; but he clung on grimly, waiting for the mysterious trip to end.

The big car stopped so suddenly that he had scant time to loosen his hold; fall off into the dirt and roll hastily into a ditch by the roadside where he might be hidden from sight. To his surprise the vehicle turned through a gateway into a field, where he heard the slow crunching of the great wheels over the stubble. He raised himself to his knees, and then in a crouching posture essayed to follow it in its wanderings, when he was arrested by a sharp challenge, betraying the fact that although the visitors had been expected no chance was being taken of entertaining others. Again he threw himself on his face, waiting patiently for other sounds. The great flat before him showed dimly in its yellow bareness, stretching down to where the broad expanse of river gleamed dully, and he could discern other lights than those of the motor on which he had been an undiscovered passenger. These suddenly vanished, and he surmised that the

could catch the glow of a red back lamp, and was content. His journey was not without discomfort, as the dust of the road whirled upward and into his nostrils in stifling volume, until he was begrimed and almost strangled; but he clung on grimly, waiting for the mysterious trip to end.

Worst of all, he realized that he was more largely responsible for the outbreak of war than any other man, and aside from the ignominy which must be imposed upon his people was, the appreciation of what might happen to his own precious head when resentment chanced to act against him. Yesterday he had been smiling, supercilious and confident. To-night as he ran, he was terrified, ashamed and despairing.

Information had come to him that the blockade was complete, and in no instance was he certain that any of his reports had passed through the lines. He rapidly reviewed the chances, and decided that he must get word to every man at his command to strive to pass a warning through to Canadian territory where it might be cabled to Japan. He counted, with Japanese reasoning, on his ability to bribe some one along the border, forgetting that when American patriotism is at full tide money has little



Clambered Through the Side Door of an Empty.

chauffeurs had extinguished them preparatory to leaving the cars. He could trace out no other shapes in the gloom. Not even a building raised its dark bulk in the night. He felt the necessity of advancing farther.

Foot by foot he wriggled forward, the splinters of the field imbedding themselves in his flesh unheeded, straining every nerve to avoid making a noise, and listening at intervals in the hope of catching some word of conversation which might give him a clue to the cause of this nocturnal mission. From a short distance ahead came the mutterings of low-pitched voices, and then a period of silence. He was past the machines now, still crawling carefully. Once more he paused, when he heard a sullen muffled crash from the direction of the water, and in an agony of surprise and terror rose to his knees, forgetting that he might be observed. His hands interlaced themselves in stress as he watched in breathless suspense for a moment, and then, almost moaning in despair, he crept rapidly back to the road, went cautiously down it for a hundred yards, and took madly to his heels with fright.

All caution was thrown aside, and as he ran like an insane man through the night, with his overworked lungs bellowing in and out until they felt aflame, he burst into sobs, muttering to himself again and again: "Only the gods can save Nippon! The gods help Nippon!"

CHAPTER VI.

The Flight of Seigo.

Seigo understood at last that the sleeping eagle was preparing to descend from its aerie with mercilessly

bared talons. In his flight to the city he counted every moment of value, and through his mind went but one thought: How to get news to Japan in time to avert disaster. What he had witnessed was so convincing that he was amazed at the devilish ingenuity of the Americans, who had led the whole world to believe their defenseless when they were in reality only luring other nations on to their doom. He was filled with resentment. The shoe was on the other foot now, and it made a noticeable difference. When he believed the United States powerless to defend itself, it had been only fit and proper that Japan should harry her, conquer if possible, and gain concessions of territory and money indemnity; but with the knowledge that the country was not only in a position to care for itself, but also to conquer an enemy, he viewed things in an entirely different light.

Worst of all, he realized that he was more largely responsible for the outbreak of war than any other man, and aside from the ignominy which must be imposed upon his people was, the appreciation of what might happen to his own precious head when resentment chanced to act against him. Yesterday he had been smiling, supercilious and confident. To-night as he ran, he was terrified, ashamed and despairing.

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value. He had large funds at command, and in a crisis like this was ready to pour them out lavishly.

His return to the capital was rapid, as he strained his physical powers to their utmost, and he was almost exhausted when he reached the section where his Chinese ally dwelt. With dragging steps he was turning down a street, when a sharp whispered calling of his name from the depths of a hallway arrested him. Stepping inside, he recognized his friend. The instant he was under the cover of darkness he was grasped by the arm and hurried through a doorway and up a flight of stairs. He would have remonstrated at this strange proceeding had not his conductor mumbled: "Come fast and ask nothing! It's your only chance to save your life!"

Through a long corridor where there were no lights, out to a back porch which overhung skeleton-like from the building in which the residents were evidently all asleep, down another flight of rickety stairs, and into a vacant space, presumably a back yard, he followed. Not until they reached this secluded place did he have a chance to ask an explanation, and then, before he could formulate a question, it was volunteered.

"The American secret service men have been after you. They are watching the house inside and out. They've seized your papers and everything else in the place. I escaped and brought you money with which to go."

"But my men?"

"Arrested as fast as they came; taken quietly away, and now in prison."

"Meredith, too?"

"Yes, he was taken in the street above."

Seigo gasped in astonishment. "But there must be some who got away?"

"No, not even one. You're the only man left. The Americans are a terrible people. They have hoodwinked you until the time was ripe, then reached out and caught you all as a fisherman with his net takes in a school of minnows. Even now they are waiting for you, and you'll have to act quick or they will get you too."

The spy felt suddenly that he had underestimated the enemy completely. An involuntary shudder contracted his muscles when he comprehended that not only had he been watched until the propitious time for his taking, but that he had been deliberately played with, an unconscious mouse beneath the eyes of a vigilant cat. Worst of all, this in itself was confirmation that none of the later reports he had sent out to Japan had reached their destination. Probably every message he had dispatched was now in the hands of the Americans. His only hope of conveying warning to his countrymen and for his own life depended on his escape from the clutches of these men, who could appear ignominant and torpid when in reality they were advised and alert. In a burst of impotent rage he shook his fists at the stars. His companion caught his arm.

"Listen!" he said. "You have but one chance. You must get away from Washington to-night. I have a friend, a Canton man, who is a gardener in the outskirts. If we can reach him he will take you in his wagon to a railway crossing before the light comes. There you can get aboard a freight train."

"Go as a tramp?"

"Yes, because all other trains will be searched."

Seigo shrugged his shoulders in disgust. He would have uttered a protest in words had not his companion checked him and continued:

"If you are careful you can get to Chicago, where other friends of mine will help you. Then you must try to reach Canada as best you can."

Seigo hesitated a minute before deciding; but it was obvious that no better means was available. Together the two men crept through alleyways and back streets to the outskirts of the city, until they came to the hovel where lived the truck farmer on whom they placed their hope. He, experienced in the ways of the Americans through long residence in California and standing in dread of the law, was at first loath to undertake the part assigned to him; but the clink of gold coin overcame his fears, and in the end Seigo sought sleep in the bottom of a covered wagon while being driven to the place where he was to assume a new role. He felt alone and deserted when the gardener departed, leaving him standing at an intersection of railway tracks waiting impatiently for a freight train on which he was to make his first excursion into trampdom.

It came at last, a heavy snorting locomotive pulling a long trailer of empties. It whistled shrilly for the crossing, watched for a signal from the lonely little tower, and came to a full stop. Seigo, with his heart in his mouth, clambered through the side door of an empty car and was soon traveling westward to the rhythmic clank of wheels on rails. Fatigue at last overcame him and he slowly dropped into a restless sleep in which he was pursued by demons and confronted by unknown terrors. He was aroused by a brakeman, who roughly punched him in the ribs with the toe of his boot and told him to "Hike out!" He sat up and blinked his eyes until again ordered to vacate, and then came to his senses sufficiently to make a plea for himself, which was unavailing. The brakeman was obdurate and threatening, until the spy crawled stiffly out.

He sat wearily down on a pile of ties, and the brakeman, still watchful, stood in front until the long train dragged past, then reached out a grimy hand, swung lightly onto the steps of the caboose, and shook his fist at the supposed Chinaman as he disappeared. A tramp of the most degraded sort approached him, and with the camaraderie of the homeless dropped into conversation with him. Food and rum made him an ally, and, finding an easy source of assistance without effort, the tramp avowed that he, too, was bound for Chicago.

Under this explicit tutelage the Japanese reached the metropolis of the west, where he bade his friend good-by and sought the Chinese to whom he had letters. Again he faced a reverse; for these men with one accord told him there was no possibility of evading the sentries to the north, and that his only means of escape must of necessity be in the far northwest. Sympathizers first, but traffickers always, they mulcted him of his money, and in return made it possible for him to travel to Seattle. They bought a ticket, provided him with a Chinese certificate of entry whose pictured corner was sufficiently close in resemblance, and saw him off on his journey.

Time and again in that long trip he was dragged out and compelled to show his papers, proving that he was always a suspect. Once a threat was made to hold him over; but his persuasive tongue secured immunity from arrest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Swallowed Her Week's Wages.

A Dundee (Scotland) girl swallowed a week's wages recently. To safeguard her money, which consisted of one gold and two silver coins, she carried it in her mouth. The accident was caused by her laughing heartily at a joke.

JEALOUS MAN CHAINS UP WIFE IN LOW HUT

FASTENS HER TO WALL OF SHACK WITH PADLOCK FOR THREE MONTHS.

El Centro, Cal.—A case of horrible cruelty has just come to light. It has been found that a woman at Glamis was chained to the interior of a low hut formed of railroad ties during all the almost unbearably hot weather since the first of July.

Francisco Pinea, a laborer on the Southern Pacific section at Glamis, became jealous of his young wife, and since the first week in July confined her to the interior of their small hut, whenever he went away to his work. The woman was bound with a heavy chain around her waist and crossed between her limbs, padlocked to a



The Brutal Husband Kept Her Chained to the Interior of the Hut.

staple in the railroad ties forming the walls of the place. The wife of a section foreman discovered the situation at the Pinea home, and after the man had gone to his work she secured a file and released the prisoner. The woman, still wearing the heavy chain, immediately took the train for Yuma, where she expected to find relatives. Disappointed in this, she went to the Wilson house, where the landlady saw her condition and notified the Yuma officers.

When Pinea returned to his home and discovered his wife gone he followed her to Yuma, and was at once arrested. He was given a sentence of seven days for vagrancy by Justice Redondo and Sheriff Meadows here was notified.

District Attorney Leman issued a warrant for Pinea on a charge of false imprisonment and Under Sheriff Buck went to Yuma to secure Pinea as soon as he is turned loose by the authorities there.

FISH HAS SNAKE'S TONGUE.

Salamander Found in Arkansas Is a Real Amphibian.

Little Rock, Ark. — Several years ago, during the flood water in the Mississippi river at St. Louis, a salamander was left stranded in the basement of a building on the river front and was captured after the flood had subsided.

A reptile similar to the one captured in St. Louis, was caught in the Fourche, a sluggish stream south of Little Rock, a few days ago by Philip Bloom. The reptile captured in the Fourche is a foot long. It has a forked tongue and has teeth set back in the head and hisses like a snake. It has gills like a fish and has ears shaped like a plume of feathers. The Reptile corresponds to that found in St. Louis.

There is no question as to its identification. It is a true amphibian, related to the frog family.

There was an ancient superstition that the salamander could live in fire without harm, and even extinguish it by the coldness of its body. Shakespeare refers to this supposed attribute by having one of his characters say: "I have maintained this salamander of yours with fire this two and twenty years."

Sir T. Brown, an inquisitive scientist, evidently experimented with some unfortunate specimen with the view possibly of seeing if it could be used as a fire extinguisher, for he writes: "Whereas, it is commonly said a salamander extinguisheth fire, we have found by experience that in hot coals 'dieth immediately."

On Barrel on Honeymoon.

Mazanoy City, Pa.—Perched on a barrel in an open delivery wagon, John Flier, a school teacher, and his bride, who was Miss May Snyder, were driven through the streets the other night to the accompaniment of jangling bells and shouting boys.

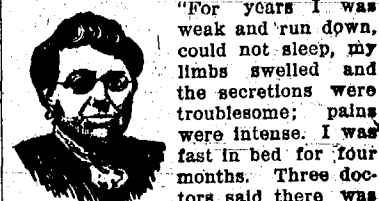
The couple arrived at the station after the train had started, but an obliging conductor stopped it 100 yards distant and took them aboard.

The wedding was the culmination of a high school romance.

Locomotive Pilot Disrobes a Woman. Muscatine, Ia.—Mrs. Samuel Neuber, wife of Judge Neuber of West Liberty, was struck by a train and hurled, stripped of clothing except her hose and one shoe, into a pond five feet deep. The pilot of the engine caught her skirts, tearing them from her, and tossed her into the icy water. She clambered out uninjured.

BED-BOUND FOR MONTHS.

Hope Abandoned After Physicians' Consultation.



Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew and Washington Sts., Centralia, Wash., says: "For years I was weak and run down, could not sleep, my limbs swelled and the secretions were troublesome; pains were intense. I was fast in bed for four months. Three doctors said there was no cure for me and I was given up to die. Being urged, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Soon I was better and in a few weeks was about the house, well and strong again."

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

THE NEWEST MODE.



Susie—What does the new baby at your house look like? Is it nice?
Sammy—Must be the latest thing in babies. Maw's as thick over it as if it just come from the milliner's.

WARNED OF THE CYCLONE.

Telephone Just a Few Seconds Ahead of High Wind.

Once upon a time a Kansas zephyr broke loose and meandered about the country, picking up various things. Bill Baumgartner's telephone, 20 miles away, rang:

"Is that you, Bill?" yelled an excited voice.

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"This is Frank. We've got a cyclone down here, and it's headed your way. Look out! I—" Frank's voice broke off suddenly. Bill heard a crash and a spluttering, then all was silence. He gathered up his family and rushed them to a deep ravine. They were just in time to dodge a funnel-shaped cloud that wrecked the house, picked up his barn, two cows, and a couple of miles of fence.—Hampton's Broadway Magazine.

SEVERE HEMORRHOIDS.

Sore, and Itching Eczema—Doctor Thought an Operation Necessary—Cuticura's Efficacy Proven.

"I am now 80 years old, and three years ago I was taken with an attack of piles (hemorrhoids), bleeding and protruding. The doctor said the only help for me was to go to a hospital and be operated on. I tried several remedies for months but did not get much help. During this time sores appeared which changed to a terrible itching eczema. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, injecting a quantity of Cuticura Ointment with a Cuticura Suppository Syringe. It took a month of this treatment to get me in a fairly healthy state and then I treated myself once a day for three months and, after that, once or twice a week. The treatments I tried took a lot of money, and it is fortunate that I used Cuticura. J. H. Henderson, Hopkinton, N. Y., Apr. 26, 1907."

A Riddle.

An English paper recently asked its readers for an answer to the following riddle:

What does a man love more than life, Hate more than death or mortal strife; That which contented men desire, The poor have, and the rich require; A miser spends, the spendthrift saves, And all men carry to their graves?

All sorts of answers were sent in, but the correct one was declared to be "Nothing."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it is entirely closed, and the sound vibrations are prevented from passing from the ear into the middle ear. As a result, the hearing is lost. And unless the inflammation can be taken out of this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, sent for circulars, free.

F. J. CLEGG & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Too Unkind.

"Didn't you say there was a statesman in your family?" inquired my deaf friend.

"Oh, no," I cried, hastening to correct his peculiar impression; "I merely said that a relative of mine was one of the United States senators from New York."—Bohemian Magazine.

Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.—George Eliot.

PISO'S

Coughing Spells are promptly relieved by a single dose of Piso's Cure. The regular use of this famous remedy will relieve the worst form of cough, cold, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and lung disease of the throat and lungs. Absolutely free from harmful drugs and opiates. For half a century the household remedy in millions of homes.

At all druggists, 25 cts.

25 cts.

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25 cts.

25 cts.

IT DID.



Mr. Holesate—So old Pepperpot had a kick coming on that last bill of goods, eh? Wouldn't that make you sore?

Mr. Litewate (the salesman)—It did me, sir. He kicked me out.

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

The deepest thoughts are always tranquillizing, the greatest minds are always full of calm, and richest lives have always at heart an unshaken repose.—Hamilton Wright Mable.

A SURGICAL OPERATION



If there is any one thing that a woman dreads more than another it is a surgical operation.

We can state without fear of a contradiction that there are hundreds, yes, thousands, of operations performed upon women in our hospitals which are entirely unnecessary and many have been avoided by

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

For proof of this statement read the following letters.

Mrs. Barbara Base, of Kingman, Kansas, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"For eight years I suffered from the most severe form of female troubles and was told that an operation was my only hope of recovery. I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has saved my life and made me a well woman."

Mrs. Arthur R. House, of Church Road, Moorestown, N. J., writes:

"I feel it is my duty to let people know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from female troubles, and last March my physician decided that an operation was necessary. My husband objected, and urged me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and to-day I am well and strong."

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, and backache.

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



The Best for Four Generations

There is no guess-work, no uncertainty, about this world-famous remedy. Since first prescribed by Dr. D. Jayne 78 years ago it has brought relief and effected cures in millions of cases of disease, and is today known and used in all parts of the world.

DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

If you have a Cough or Cold you cannot afford to experiment—you know Jayne's Expectorant to be a reliable remedy. It is also a splendid medicine for Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Croup, Whooping-Cough and Asthma. Get it at your druggist's—in three size bottles, \$1.00, 50c, and 25c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Sensitive Pills is a thoroughly reliable laxative, purgative, cathartic and stomach tonic.



CANDY For famous and delicious candies and chocolates, write to the maker for catalog, wholesale or retail. Confectionery, 212 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

MISS MODERNITY

By VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

(Copyright, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

I looked around and through the mass of kaleidoscopic color and movement, without what might be called "a lead"—a clue to the personality of her I sought. A young, maid, and shy perhaps, not yet quite a part of her own social world, and looking on with eager eyes of expectation yet as solitary as I felt myself to be. I pictured her doubtful glance in response to my own quick recognition; her slower acceptance of me—because of my disguise of years, bronzed skin and beard. Her hair would be twisted up, of course. A pity! I recalled a mane of bright curls on her shoulders, and, too, her dresses would be long now.

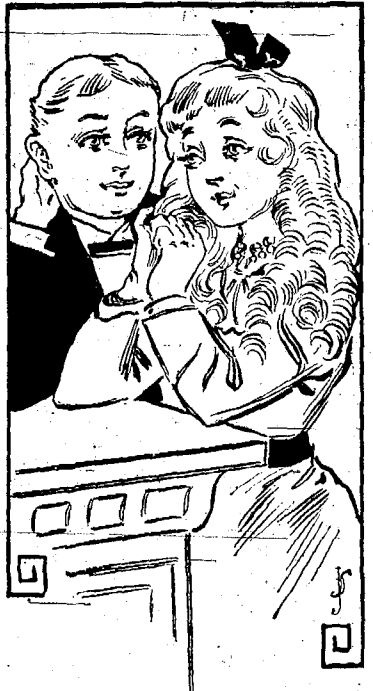
At least, I knew that I should find a welcome, a hand-clasp, when she should once recognize me, and perhaps a corner apart, and then reminiscences, memories—so far as a young girl can have memories of childhood. Then would follow a delightful sense of older brotherhood, on my part. Wouldn't I make her "have a good time"—that little comrade of long ago!

Between me and where the hostess was supposed to be, moved a restless glittering tide of humanity, crested like a hovering, tropical bird, and instead of my familiar—the night-wind in the palms—an orchestra in a gallery waited downward the sighing of a waltz. I was, indeed, a stranger to my old world, an alien to its social soil. An impulse stirred me to remain so for awhile, to be in the crowd but not of it, to remain unknown. Suddenly I had in inspiration, born like all true inspirations, not of thought, and I leaned forward to ask a brunette—

"Pardon me, are you Miss Devourney?" Two fawn-like eyes looked at me over a white shoulder, as she smiled a negative. I bowed and passed on to ask a splendid blonde.

"Pardon me, are you Miss Devourney?"

She looked back from under a brilliant tress, and I retracted with a bow. She I sought was not self-conscious.



A Sturdy Little Thing with Reddish Hair.

at any rate. A young woman stood midway up the broad staircase, leading to the gallery, and I moved on with the throng, making her my destination point.

"Pardon me, are you Miss Devourney?" I asked, when the crowd had drawn me near enough.

One white slipper was visible, and her train caught in one hand. "Not at all!" she said, surveying me with the clear directness of the twentieth century's feminine product.

"I am sorry," I murmured, pausing to let others pass us.

Instead of turning away indifferently, she veiled a glance which had been of perceptive swiftness, and said:

"Doubtless. But it is hardly flattering to be told so."

"But, you see, I assure you I only meant that if you were Miss Devourney I could linger for a moment, and not fight my way to the head of the stairs. Even a little conversation would be more enjoyable."

The vision in white satin seemed to be smiling inwardly. Outwardly she was maddeningly grave. I felt unaccountably old and far removed from her world.

Is she, Miss Devourney, then, a professional conversationalist?"

"I assure you I never heard her talk in my life!" I averred.

"Oh, that accounts for it. She is a good listener," murmured the vision.

Of course, I knew that I was being coldly chaffed, but I adroitly ranged myself on her side of the stairs wondering a little at her condescension.

"I'm sure I owe an apology for speaking," I ventured, "but I happened to look up and recognize you."

"Oh!"—the gray blade of her gaze was suddenly unheated.

"—as Miss Modernity—"

"Absurd!" she murmured. "Then please understand that I recognized you first as Mr. Antiquity, or I shouldn't have answered you."

"I fancy the meeting of extremes is inevitable," I said, politely. "May I not make a way for you to ascend or descend? It is crushing here, to say the least."

"Yes, if you will. I suppose I must let you. I—I was looking for some one when you came up and—"

Here the crowd made it necessary that I should force a way up to the gallery above. When we had gained it I added:

"You are exceedingly good, and I am favored beyond expression. You see, I'm a stranger yet to my own, a sort of Rip Van Winkle, and am keenly anxious to feel my ground beneath my feet for awhile. I don't know a soul here except—"

"Miss Devourney?" Here she sank on a seat behind the gallery rail. "I never heard of her in my life, and I thought I knew them all—the women here."

I looked around and spoke confidentially, marveling that I did so, yet realizing that it was no strange thing.

"Then I will make a confession: I never did, either."

Miss Modernity laughed, softly, but with evident enjoyment. It was a seal upon our sudden bond of confidence, and I was glad of the human sound which rippled through the mad clamor of voices around us, like the memory of a meadow brook in the midst of a noisy thoroughfare, her eyes as she turned them questioning, tolerantly, were full of humor.

"I was really looking for some one, and wanted to recognize her myself first. So I hit upon a name to give me an opportunity of speaking to different ones. I think it was quite ingenious!" She was an old friend—in fact, a playmate—

"Basket-ball or rag-dolls?" she interrupted.

"Neither. It was—er—stolen apples and rides bareback, and wading up stream—I mean on my back, you know."

"Fancy!" "Oh yes, all that sort of thing. But when anticipation has formed an ideal, one sometimes shrinks back from its fulfillment—as if the imagination is loth to relinquish that which it has found sweet."

She nodded quickly with a comprehension that was good to receive.

"—And I should like to confess that I represent that unenviable atom of masculinity, an ex-fiancee."

"Oh!—Hers, you mean?"

"Yes, she was only five, when she promised to marry me. When I went, we parted in the—"

"Usual way?" Miss Modernity was evidently interested.

"—the orchard, I think it was. I pulled her out of an apple-tree. You see she was a famous climber and had a way of tearing her clothes near; off. I used to go in pursuit—"

"Dear me—how—how pastoral! A hoyden or an athlete?"

"Neither, I assure you, but an adorable child of about 12 years. With promise of great beauty—"

Miss Modernity stirred uneasily.

"What was your ex-fiancee like?" she said suddenly.

"A sturdy little thing with reddish hair and freckles on her nose," I said, noticing Miss Modernity's slim, lissome lines.

"And her name?" she pursued, evidently with a kind intention to keep me to the subject most interesting.

"Her name was Betty."

"I do not know any girl by that name." She unfurled a fan of white feathers, waving it distractingly between us, while I was realizing that this was the kind of woman, whose youth combined grace, control, beauty, wit and gentle perception, to make a man's life and keep him clean. All this passed through my mind with sudden light and I said, stopping short: "I have not been duly presented to you. I am Everett O'Fall, of—"

"Of a score of brave battles," she smiled up at me, "I recognized you when you came up the stairs, even before you spoke to me, or do you think I should be here with you?"

I put my glasses on again, perplexedly scrutinizing the humor of those frank, gray eyes, as a voice broke upon us.

"My father!" she said, and I turned to face an old friend:

"O'Fall!—You wild man-of-the-woods, welcome home! We've had a search-warrant out for you! The governor wants you to receive with him at ten. Might have known I'd find you with Elizabeth!"

"Elizabeth!" I was stumbling man-like before the complexities of feminine transitions—the low knot of brown hair, the womanly contour of figure, the grace, the aplomb—then her laugh murmured toward me delightfully.

"No,—Betty!—Oh, I could not help it—it was too funny!"

"Miss Modernity, Miss Modernity, how could you?" I said. Her eyes grew softer.

"I wanted to know if you had forgotten me—if—" suddenly her hand slipped in mine with—a breathless aside, "Oh, Rally, you old owl, I am so glad!—So glad—come to-morrow!—Please!"

I read Miss Modernity's eyes, and left her with my face turned toward a glad to-morrow.

Truth and Quality

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

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

Her Qualifications.

A prominent educator tells of a unique recommendation made by the board of examination with reference to certain questions put to a primary school in an Indiana town.

"I desire to recommend Mary Wilson also for a reward of merit," stated one of the board in a note appended to the report. "Being very young, Mary naturally missed the point of all the questions in the examination papers, but her answers were in every instance so ladylike and refined that I think she should be awarded a medal."—Harper's Monthly.

Haderway.

The oddest named country home is in Jackson county, according to a Columbian who is a friend of the owner. The name as it appears at the front gate is "Haderway," and never fails to attract attention from passersby. For years the wife wanted to leave Kansas City and go to a farm. When the family finally moved they named the home "Haderway."—Columbia Herald.

RHEUMATISM PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of whiskey for rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce of Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago, but it as well as the other ingredients can be had from any good druggist.

Comforting.

Jones (sick)—My dear, what will you do if I should die.

Mrs. Jones—Is your insurance all paid up?"

Jones—Yes, dear.

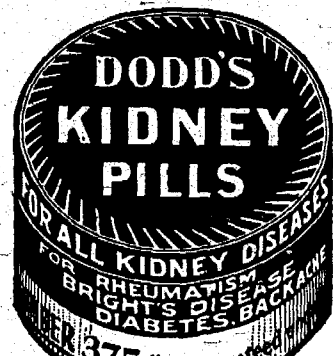
Mrs. Jones—I'd have the loveliest mourning gown that's ever been seen on this street.—Toledo Blade.

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

The less account a dog is the more a boy thinks of him.

Use Allen's Foot-Powder. Unexcelled, itching, sweating feet. No. 1 trial package free. A. B. Olinick, Le Roy, N. Y.

There are no vacations in the school for scandal.



W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 47, 1908.

Here's where the wear comes. Children's shoes need strong soles. Buster Brown Shoes have soles that wear. Mothers say they never saw children's soles wear so well.

BUSTER BROWN Blue Ribbon SHOES
For youngsters, \$1.50 to \$2.50

White House Shoes for grown-ups. Ask your dealer for them.

THE BROWN SHOE CO., Makers, St. Louis, U. S. A.

For Croup, Tonsilitis and Asthma

A quick and powerful remedy is needed to break up an attack of croup. Sloan's Liniment has cured many cases of croup. It acts instantly—when applied both inside and outside of the throat it breaks up the phlegm, reduces the inflammation, and relieves the difficulty of breathing.

Sloan's Liniment
gives quick relief in all cases of asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, tonsilitis, and pains in the chest. Price, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dis-eases from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Flat in the Stomach, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Small Bear Face-Simile Signature. *Beutlood* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

IF YOU'VE NEVER WORN SLICKER you've yet to learn the bodily comfort it gives in the wettest weather.

MADE FOR HARBOR SERVICE AND GUARANTEED WATERPROOF \$3.20 AT ALL GOOD STORES CATALOG FREE

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. Shoes at All Prices, for Every Member of the Family, Men, Boys, Women, Misses & Children. W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes cannot be equalled at any price. W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes are the best in the world. Send Order, Specify Exact Style, Size, Color, Name and price is stamped on bottom. Sold everywhere. Shoes made from factory to say, part of the world. Catalogue free. W. L. DOUGLAS, 187 Spink St., Brockton, Mass.

Western Canada the Pennant Winner "The Last Best West"

160 ACRES FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The government of Canada now gives to every actual settler 160 acres of wheat-growing land free and an additional 160 acres at \$3.00 an acre. The 300,000 contented American settlers making their homes in Western Canada is the best evidence of the superiority of that country. They are becoming rich, growing from 25 to 30 bushels wheat to the acre; 60 to 110 bushels oats and 45 to 60 bushels barley, besides having splendid herds of cattle raised on the prairie grass. Dairying is an important industry. The crop of 1908 still keeps Western Canada in the lead. The world will soon look to it as its food-producer.

"The thing which most impressed me was the magnitude of the country that is available for agricultural purposes."—National Editorial Correspondence, 1908.

Low railway rates, good schools and churches, markets convenient, prices the highest, climate perfect.

Lands are for sale by Railway and Land Companies. Descriptive pamphlets and maps sent free. For railway rates and other information apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

or to the authorized Canadian Gov't Agents M. V. McRINE, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIN, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Raw Furs Wanted

We pay express charges and guarantee satisfactory and prompt returns. Send us trial shipment. Will hold shipments the complete 12 months.

MILTON SCHREIBER & CO., New York

35-39 East 15th Street, NEW YORK CITY.

The Comfortable Way To Portland

And the straight way. Daily service via Union Pacific from Chicago to Portland.

Electric Block Signal Protection—the safe road to travel

Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Cars, Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars, Free Reclining Chair Cars, Coaches and Dining Cars.

Let me send you books fully describing Portland, the Northwest and the train service via

Union Pacific

Ask about the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle, Wash., 1909

Side trip, during season, to Yellowstone Park, at low rate on all through tickets. Write for Booklets

E. L. LOMAX, General Passenger Agent, OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

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

Ladies' Equity Notes.

The Ladies' Society met with Mrs. Alice Shepard on Wednesday and enjoyed a good meeting. Thanksgiving day was our topic, each lady taking part. The subject of the Beulah Home was introduced. We all feel a deep interest in this home for boys and it will no doubt receive aid from our society. Goldenrod local will meet with Mrs. Hackett on Dec. 9. The Equity ladies of Echo met with Mrs. Mary Wolvinton, Nov. 25. This was a very pleasant meeting and in discussing the future problems of the society the question of the brides that may come into the society was not forgotten and it becomes a law of this local that each bride shall be remembered with a gift. Meeting adjourned to meet with Mrs. Blanche Carney Dec 2nd.

Why does the artist persist in painting the farmer as an ignorant looking, uncouth, long bearded individual, such as no one even sees in city, village or country? The farmer is no longer the Rube shallow dudes used to make fun of. He is an honorable if not an honored citizen, engaged in one of the best callings on earth, doing more for the world of man and beast than all others combined, and it is time the artists got the "Rube" notion out of their heads, or off their pencils, at least.—Reuben Indignant.

Resolutions adopted by Forget-me-not local union.

Whereas, it is with saddened hearts that we learn of the death of our friend, Mrs. Gregg, and that again we are reminded of the uncertainty of life and as an expression of our sympathy for our sister, and esteemed president, Mrs. Nellie Thompson, it is hereby,

Resolved, that we extend to our sister our heartfelt sympathy in the death of her beloved mother, and

Resolved, that while we humbly bow to His will, we sincerely mourn her loss and will ever revere her memory, and

Resolved, that we commend our sister to the tender care of Him who alone can heal the broken heart, and

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be given to our sister, a copy placed in our minutes and also inserted in the Charlevoix County Herald.

MRS. TELLIE HOWEY,
MRS. ROSE BARTHOLEMEW,
Committee.

A Bunch of Bargains.

To Rent—Comfortable Barn, stalls for horses, cow and calf. \$2.00 per month.

J. G. Holliday.

For Sale—Palace Organ, 5 octaves, stops, walnut case, low back, suitable for small church, school or home. 0.00, \$5.00 down, \$3.00 per month.

J. G. Holliday.

For Sale—Story & Clark Organ, 5 staves, 9 stops, Rosewood case, high back, three mirrors, good looking, good instrument. \$40.00, \$5.00 down, \$4.00 per month.

J. G. Holliday.

For Sale—Farrand Cabinet Grand and Case Organ. 7 1/2 octave, fine tone, ornament to any home, and a bargain at \$85.00. \$5.00 down and \$5.00 per month.

J. G. Holliday.

For Sale—Wellington Piano in good condition, strong tone, recently tuned, would be hard to find a better bargain at \$200.00, \$50.00 down, balance \$90 per month.

J. G. Holliday.

For Sale—Moving picture machine, stereopticon lantern and gas burner—\$20.00. Also Model B gas lamp complete—\$15.00. Also song books and views with small reel of motion picture film—a complete outfit for giving entertainments at school houses, churches or small places—for \$6.00. Will earn more than a \$500.00 a year.

J. G. Holliday.

For Sale—\$40.00 Victor Talking machine with six dozen records—\$20.00.

J. G. Holliday.

For Sale—Edison Exhibition motion picture machine in perfect condition. 6 1/2 large screen or curtain, electric light bulbs, cord and everything to run an Electric Theatre. The outfit \$125.00.

J. G. Holliday.

Why It Succeeds.

Because It's For One Thing Only, and East Jordan People Appreciate This.

Nothing can be good for everything. Doing one thing well brings success. Doan's Kidney Pills do one thing only.

They cure sick kidneys. They cure backache, every kidney ailment.

Mrs. Dell Swartz, of 505 Elm Street, Cadillac, Mich., says: "After years of suffering from rheumatism, during which time I doctored and used all the remedies I knew of without success, I happened to hear of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box; I used them carefully for a few weeks and was cured of all traces of the disease. I am most thankful for the benefit I received and will gladly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all persons whom I know that are suffering as I did."

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

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

TOILET SIMPLE BUT THOROUGH.

Little Time Wasted on Morning's Ablutions of Nigger Baby.

Matrons of the west may be interested to hear the details of the Nigerian native baby's morning toilet. Anything over three months old is no longer a "baby" to the native mother-familias and is bathed with the other children (generally a numerous brood), in the chill morning air before sunrise. The little mite yells lustily while the cold water is splashed over its brown body, and generally continues the chorus when put aside to dry (towels do not form part of the household equipment). The bathing process finished, the infants are subjected to a sort of water cure treatment. The mother seizes a child, scoops up a handful of water, and using her thumb as a kind of spout, squirts it with extraordinary dexterity into the youngster's mouth and down its throat. Protests in the shape of loud gurgles, horrible chokings, and desperate strugglings are quite unheeded; the steady stream of water continues to pour down the child's throat until the mother's practiced touch on the patient's distended stomach tells her that the limit of capacity has been reached. All babies are submitted to this treatment, which is believed to have a most strengthening effect.

LESSON LEARNED FROM ORIENT.

Western Nations Appreciate the Value of Their Forests.

Scientific men speculate to the effect that the boundless desert of Sahara was once a garden supporting a mighty population and doubtless the seat of what was then human civilization. There is authentic history for it that the region called Mesopotamia was the granary of the east and the center of human endeavor when Cyrus the Great was king, but it is now a desert waste, and owls and bats inhabit the ruins of Babylon because of the denudation of the forests of that once splendid country. Spain paid a bigger price for the havoc she wrought among the trees of the valley of the Guadalquivir than the Berber invasion and the Moorish dominion cost her.

The nations of western Europe—England, France and Germany—appear to have learned the lesson and profited by it. In those countries timber culture is as much a regular crop as potatoes in Michigan, corn in Iowa, tobacco in Kentucky, or cotton in Mississippi, and in at least one of those countries it is the law of the land that for every tree felled another must be planted, and no tree is felled until it has attained to its zenith as a plant.

Heavenly Shades.

"I can't figure out what the meteor shades are," said a shopper. "I passed about eight windows in one store, each window had a different color, and each was labeled meteor shades. They were reds, blues, yellows—all the colors, in fact."

"Why," said the fashion editor, scornfully, "don't you know the meteor shades reproduce the colors of the tail of the meteor. Don't you have meteors where you come from?"

"Yes, we have them, but they go so fast that all we can see in detail are the shades of night."

Despair at Seventeen.

Oh, when I think we have only a single life to live, and that every moment that passes brings us nearer death, I am ready to go distracted; I do not fear death, but life is so short that to waste it is infamous. I try to tranquillize my mind by the thought that I shall certainly begin work in earnest this winter. But the thought of my 17 years makes me blush to the roots of my hair. Almost 17, and what have I accomplished? Nothing! This thought crushes me.—From the *Diary of Marie Bashkirtseff.*

We are looking for cash trade, and we sell at cash prices. —Sherman & Son.

Consumption

is, by no means, the dreadful disease it is thought to be—in the beginning.

It can always be stopped—in the beginning. The trouble is: you don't know you've got it; you don't believe it; you won't believe it—till you are forced to. Then it is dangerous.

Don't be afraid; but attend to it quick—you can do it yourself and at home. Take

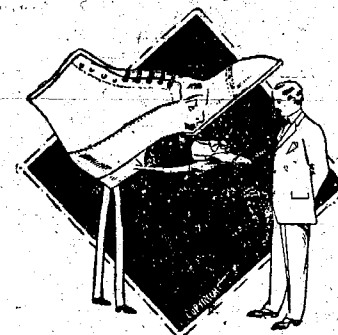
SCOTT'S EMULSION

of Cod Liver Oil and live carefully every way.

This is sound doctrine, whatever you may think or be told; and, if heeded, will save life.

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World."

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York



ONE SHOE SELLS ANOTHER

for us. Those who once enjoy the comfort of our foot wear always come back when they need more shoes.

THEY DON'T BUY SO OFTEN

as they used to, for our shoes last much longer than the ordinary. That means a saving as well as a pleasure of wearing shoes so comfortable you never know you have them on. Come and get a pair as a trial. Then you'll know what shoe comfort is.

SALE EXTRAORDINARY

Commencing Saturday, December 5th, and Continuing Ten Days.

- Men's Trousers, \$4.00, Sale price \$2.75
- Men's Trousers, 3.50, Sale price 2.25
- Men's Underwear, 2.00, Sale price 1.80
- Men's Overalls, 50c, Sale price 39c
- Fine Dress Shoes, 4.50, Sale price 3.25
- Fine Dress Shoes, 2.25, Sale price 1.72
- Men's Felt Shoes, 2.25, Sale price 1.75
- Men's Felt Shoes, 1.75, Sale price 1.25

The FAIR STORE

Wallace Weiss, Prop'r.

Next to Exchange Hotel.

A Kindly Misfortune.

A young man who works in a Denver bank indorsed a check for \$100 for a friend about two months ago. Later the check came back protested and the young bank employe had to make the amount good. He was very much broken up over the matter. "Well," he said to his wife. "I'll have to make up that \$100. I won't smoke another cigar until the amount I would have spent for tobacco equals the amount I have lost in this transaction."

He cut smoking out entirely. The other day the father of his friend paid back the \$100. Now the young bank employe and his wife are happy. He has the \$100, he's ahead about \$20 on cigar money, and he has no desire to use tobacco any more.—Denver Post.

The Eternal Feminine.

Amongst some African tribes, when a man professes his love for a woman and asks her in marriage, she invariably refuses him at first, lest it should appear that she had been thinking of him and was eager to become his wife! By so doing she maintains the modesty of her sex, as well as tests the love and abases the pride of her lover. This policy is also intended to be of use to the woman in her married life—as, should there be quarrelling, and the husband threaten to send her away, she can remind him of how he made repeated professions of his love and urgently pressed his suit before she consented to become his wife.—The Wide World Magazine.

Gentle Insinuation.

"My mission in life," said the satirist, "is to put the dunce cap on the heads of other people."

"Be careful," replied his friend, "that you don't catch cold."

PROBATE ORDER: State of Michigan.

The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix in said County, on the twenty-third day of October, A. D. 1908.

Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Oliver Hart, deceased.

Moses Hart, Jr., administrator, having filed in said Court his petition, praying for license to sell the interest of said estate in certain real estate therein described.

It is ordered, that the 21st day of Dec. A. D. 1908, at ten o'clock in forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said Court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks, previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate.

Clever Crabs.
The tree crab of the South Sea islands is akin to the hermit crab, but it is larger and it has its hind quarters sheathed in a shell. It is also known as the palm crab, because it climbs the coconut palm and picks the fruit, which it nips off close to the stem. It always takes care to choose a palm tree with plenty of stones at the foot, so that the cocoon may be broken by the fall. When the natives see that a crab is in a tree they tie a ruff of grass around the trunk. When the crab comes down again he is upset by the grass and falls heavily to the ground, where he lies stunned. He is then killed with a stone ax, his nippers are tied together and he is slung upon a spear to be carried to camp. The South Sea Islanders roast the palm-crab between two hot stones, and consider the flesh a great delicacy.

Painless Death for Animals.
How to destroy surplus kittens or puppies in a painless way, without killing into use, the old-fashioned method of a bag and a pall of water is told in the annual report of the London Institute for Lost and Starving Cats. The directions are as follows: "Take a dish cover, place it where it can be pressed into the mold of the garden, or, in default of this, on an old cushion, so that the latter bulges out all around and makes the cover air tight. Place the animals beneath and pour four ounces of pure chloroform on wadding. Push the wadding under the cover, hold the cover down for three or four minutes and then leave undisturbed for one hour. The body must be stiff before burial."

We handle the celebrated Rex Chocolates.—F. B. Hamilton.

Bargains In
Holiday Goods

Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Suspenders, Etc., Etc.

In fact Everything in our crowded stock will go at Bargain Prices from now until Christmas.

500 Sample Handkerchiefs

Have just been received from A. Croley, and we're going to sell them at less than cost.

Ladies' and Misses' Coats
Men's Overcoats

1/4 OFF until Christmas.

The Boston Store
A. Danto, Prop'r

East Jordan Lumber Company.

Suits And Overcoats

\$15 and \$20.

At these prices we can show you about one hundred styles of garments. They are popular prices and we have a better selection and better values than in any previous season. Quantity begets price and we use so many of both qualities that we have the manufacturers down to bed rock on costs.

We buy and sell more \$15.00 and \$20.00 clothes than all other local retailers combined—it's to your advantage to remember this point. If you can afford to pay more—we will give you equal value for your money—dollar by dollar up to \$65.00. At any price you name we will make you feel that you have your money's worth—any time you change your mind about something bought here, come and tell us—we'll change the clothes or its your money again.

WE GUARANTEE TO PLEASE.

The "Princess Coats"

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

Our NEW FURS

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

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Winter at last.
Coming Soon—"A Neglected Wife."
The Kind of Home Made Bread that will suit you, at F. B. Hamilton's.
 Prof. Dewey opens a writing school in the Town Hall next Monday evening.
 There were 27 deaths and 27 births in Charlevoix County the past month.
 Mancelona is again electric lightless, caused by the burning out of the coil on a dynamo.
 No boy between the ages of ten and one hundred should miss Judge Willis Brown's lecture next Thursday night.
 A letter received by our Board of Trade this week indicates that the canning factory proposition is still a very live issue.
WANTED—By the Bennett Handle Co., MAPLE BROOM HANDLE BOLTS, 44 inches long and seven inches and over in diameter.
 Frank B. Baird of Buffalo, N. Y., was here Saturday last in the interest of the East Jordan Iron Works of which he is the principal stockholder.
 Forced Sale—A Remington No. 6 Typewriter in first-class condition. Recently rebuilt. For Sale at a Bargain. Enquire at Loveday's Real Estate Office.
 The lady who won the prize at the Thanksgiving Masquerade Dance at Loveday Opera House was Miss Lelia Norton instead of the name given in our issue last week.
 At the regular meeting of Soronia Elve L. O. T. M. M. next Monday evening, election of officers for ensuing year will take place. All members are requested to be in attendance.
 Circuit Court opened Monday at Charlevoix and a number of cases have been disposed of. In the case of The People vs. W. J. Garland, violation of liquor law, Garland plead guilty and was fined \$200 or ninety days. He paid.
 The compilation of the official returns in the recent election shows that Gov. Warner's plurality is 9,530. Lieut. Gov. Kelly's plurality is 133,820. The average plurality of the 14 republican presidential electors is 158,690. The new constitution carried by a majority of 114,922.
 The new St. Francis Catholic church at Petoskey, which has been under construction for a number of years, was dedicated Thursday morning, November 23. Bishop Richter of Grand Rapids, conducted the consecration and dedication of the church, assisted by the clergy and acolytes. A large number of the clergy were present.
 A special train on the D. & C. R. R. Saturday last brought in several of the M. C. R. R. officers, who were on a tour of inspection. Among those here were: H. H. L'Hommeleu, general manager; W. C. Rowley, general freight agent; W. C. Lewis, assistant freight agent; Geo. W. Webb, chief engineer; M. C. Coyle, superintendent.
 The State Convention of Superintendents of the Poor will be held at Grand Rapids commencing Monday. Charlevoix County will be well represented. County Pres. J. W. Rogers left Tuesday last for Charlotte where he visits friends and will go to Grand Rapids, Monday. Secy. G. A. Meyer, Supt. Fred Smith and Keeper of the Farm John Mumberger will all be in attendance.
 Judge Willis Brown of Salt Lake City is the most entertaining and at the same time instructive speaker ever put on a lecture course in East Jordan. In fact, his address will be the most interesting and thought-provoking ever given here. A man who although a stranger to them, has been selected by some of the most particular committees to the country for five addresses in one season, must have something to say.
 Monday the supreme court held good the claim of William Curtis and James R. Wylie against the board of supervisors of Charlevoix county. The suit, which has been in the courts for several years, arose out of the disorganization of Manitow county, and attaching the territory to Charlevoix county. The complainants hold bonds to the amount of \$3,000 of Manitow county and sought to have them paid out of the funds turned over by Manitow county. The amount due will be raised by taxing the townships on Beaver Island. There is about \$2,300 now accumulated and in the hands of the county treasurer which will be applied on the indebtedness, the balance to be raised by taxation.
 Thrift in buying Furniture is not shown by how little you pay out but by the quality of goods you buy. We handle only the best lines of high grade goods at reasonable prices at this store.—EMERY BROS.

"A Neglected Wife."
 Go to Hamilton's for choice Xmas Candy.
 Rocking Chairs in abundance at WHITTINGTON'S.
 Miss Pearl Lewis was home from Charlevoix over Sunday.
 Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Smith returned home from St. Johns, Monday.
 A fine line of purses for the Holiday trade at B. C. Hubbard & Co's.
 Mrs. Geo. Jepson was guest of Charlevoix friends part of last week.
 Mrs. Cleo LaPeer of Charlevoix was guest of friends here the past week.
 We have a large assortment of high grade Box Candy.—F. B. Hamilton.
 Mrs. Nyquist left Tuesday for Louisiana where she visits a brother.
 You can get Fresh Sausage made every day, at Sherman's, only 10c per pound.
 About thirty of Mrs. Arthur Graves' friends gave her a surprise party last Friday evening.
 Judge Brown's lecture will be The event of the lecture course, better than the Dunbars.
 Remember the song service at the Methodist church Sunday evening. Everybody invited.
 Mr. and Mrs. Eber Burdick entertained Mrs. A. M. Burdick and Miss Gertrude Horn of Charlevoix, recently.

Elder Dudley was a Mancelona visitor Monday.
 WHITTINGTON has a fine assortment of Sideboards.
 C. A. Hudson was a Charlevoix visitor, Tuesday.
 Emmet county is circulating local option petitions.
 Miss Alice Horton was guest of Mancelona friends the past week.
 Garfield Robinson of Central Lake was an East Jordan business visitor this week.
 Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hubbard will occupy the residence of Second-st. being vacated by C. C. Mack and wife.
 W. H. White of Boyne City, said in a newspaper interview recently that that there was a 20 year cut of timber in the vicinity of that city.
 The Misses Grigsby returned home last Saturday after a month's vacation spent with relatives and friends in the southern part of the state.
 Mr. and Mrs. Sloan returned from Pennsylvania on Monday after a month's absence visiting Mr. Sloan's friends and relatives at his old home.
 An Onaway girl sent 25 cents for a recipe to promote and preserve beauty. She received the following reply: "Mind your mother and stay home nights.
 Course tickets for the remaining numbers of the entertainment course will be one dollar. This will save you 50 cents if you intend to hear them all.

Hat Pins

made out of Real Roses



Real Rose Hat Pins

It does not seem possible, yet it is true, that these Hat Pins are made out of real live roses, changed entirely into metal by a secret process, preserving every detail of the rose from which each pin is made. They can not break, and will last forever. This discovery is without doubt one of the lost arts of the ancient Egyptians. They are the most beautiful of all Hat Pins. No two are alike. Finished in five colors, to conform to the prevailing fashions in millinery. Made in six sizes, from the smallest rose bud to the full blown flower. These pins are made by the genuine "DELAMOTHE" secret process, the only process by which an open rose can be perfectly metalized. Don't buy an inferior imitation. All genuine "DELAMOTHE" Metalized Real Rose Hat Pins have the name stamped on the pin.
 We have the exclusive sale of "DELAMOTHE" products for this city. See the exhibit in our window of this wonderful discovery.

Also a Beautiful Line of Toilet Sets, Jewel Boxes, Hand Mirrors, Chains, Charms, Lockets, Jewelry, Watches, Etc., suitable for Christmas Gifts.

C. C. Mack
 The Jeweler.

Old papers sold at this office.
 Leave your Laundry at MACK'S JEWELRY STORE.
 Dr. F. P. Ramsey can test your eyes and properly fit you with glasses.
 When looking for a present don't forget to look at those odd Dressers at WHITTINGTON.

Outing Flannel Sale

75 pieces of light and dark colored outing in stripes, plaids and checks—very pretty patterns.

12c Values Going at 9 1/2 c
 10c Values Going at 8 1/2 c
 8c Values Going at 6 1/2 c
 6c Values Going at 5c

Great Reductions in Outing Flannel Blankets.

Our Sale on Ladies' Waists

Will continue one week longer—Dec. 5th to 12th.

L. WIESMAN



in everything but in nothing more so than in Plumbing. We stand squarely on Quality; and in having your Plumbing done of us, you get quality and moderate prices combined.

Our Plumbing is not, in any case, the cheap, unreliable kind, but the real, good, inexpensive kind.

MARINE SUPPLIES.

GEORGE H. SPENCER.

New Tailoring Shop

We have opened a Tailoring Shop in the Nachazel building, and are prepared to make Made-to-order Suits, Overcoats, Etc., in a workman-like manner and at reasonable cost.

A. W. Freiberg

The Question?

IS, will you—not can you? For every man or woman CAN if he or she WILL build up a cozy bank account from depositing small sums. Look about in your neighborhood and consider the men who have acquired property and are comfortably well off. Invariably begun in a small way. The time of plenty is your opportunity. You can start an account here with One Dollar or more, as you wish. Do it today.

State Bank of East Jordan
 CAPITAL, \$50,000.00. SURPLUS, \$1,000.

OFFICERS.
 WM. P. PORTER, President. W. L. FRENCH, Vice President.
 GEO. G. GLENN, Cashier. BERT A. DOLE, Ass't Cashier.
 DIRECTORS.
 WM. P. PORTER, CHAS. H. SCHAEFFER.
 W. L. FRENCH, FRANK M. SEVERANCE.
 M. H. ROBERTSON, CLARENCE HAIRE.
 FRED SMITH, CARL STROEBEL.
 GEO. G. GLENN.

Remember Mrs. H. D. Gazlay for Millinery, School Supplies, and Notions.

Rev. W. W. Lamport preached at the Mt. Bliss school house Sunday afternoon. Arrangements were made for another service Sunday, Dec. 13.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist church, will hold their next meeting at the home of Mrs. Wm. Howard Wednesday Dec. 9. Visitors always welcome.

The H. E. Maddock Electrical Co. have received a complete line of lamps including 2, 8, 16, 32 and 50 candle power; also a large supply of the Tungston—25 watts, 32 c. p.; 40 watts, 40 c. p.; and 100 watts, 80 c. p.

The young people's choir will give a song service at the Methodist church Sabbath evening, Dec. 6, similar to others that have been given. The pastor will present a short sketch of Bishop Heber, the English missionary and poet, and several of his fine hymns will be sung.

Strangers and newcomers are heartily invited to attend services in Presbyterian church morning and evening 10:30 and 7:00 standard time. A cordial welcome to everyone. A certain man wrote the other day to a physician to send him a bundle of x-rays to apply for some trouble he had. But personal attendance is necessary if you would get good from public worship. No absent treatment. Sunday School at 11:45, Senior C. E. at 6:00, Junior C. E. at 3:00.

At the regular meeting of the Women's Relief Corps, Thursday, the officers for the ensuing year were elected, resulting as follows:
 President—Mrs. Rosella Hammond
 Senior Vice—Mrs. Lastra Kenyon
 Junior Vice—Mrs. Mary Townsend
 Treasurer—Mrs. Leora Madison
 Chaplain—Mrs. Eunice Bowen
 Conductor—Mrs. Sarah Rogers.
 Guard—Mrs. Eliza Swafford
 Patriotic Instructor—Mrs. Swafford
 Press Cor.—Mrs. W. J. Smith
 Musician—Lillian Seymour
 Installing Officer—Mrs. Eunice Bowen.

A pain prescription is printed on each 25c box of Dr. Snoop'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.

Have you seen those fancy combs in B. C. Hubbard & Co.'s display window. They make fine Xmas presents.

Ice Outfit For Sale—Includes Buildings, Horse and Wagon, Tools, etc. Will be sold cheap. Andrew Berg Prop'r.

Pellaton M. E. church basement will be used as a gymnasium in which the boys and young men of the town will be drilled in college athletics. Two evenings of each week will be devoted to the little folks.

—Why pay more—when you can get not only 90 fine large cups of Dr. Snoop's Health Coffee from a 25c package—but a Coupon on a 25c silvered "No-Drip" Coffee Strainer besides? Look for the Coupon—I put them in now. The satisfaction is, besides most perfect. Sold by G. L. Sherman & Son.

Primary School Money.

On Saturday last County Treasurer Payton received a check for \$9,558.60 from the state treasurer—payment in full of Charlevoix County's Primary School money.

The different townships are apportioned as follows:

Bay	201 00
Boyer Valley	605 20
Chandler	238 52
City of Charlevoix	1,358 14
Evangeline	2,337 14
Eveline	498 40
Hays	423 64
Hudson	288 36
Marion	359 56
Melrose	325 74
Norwood	281 24
Peatine	183 12
St. James	327 52
South Arm	1,596 66
Wilson	441 44

Preventics, the new Candy Cold Cure Tablets, are sold by druggists to have four special specific advantages over all other remedies for a cold. First—They contain no Quinine, nothing harsh or sickening. Second—They give almost instant relief. Third—pleasant to the taste, like candy. Fourth—a large box—48 Preventics—at 25 cents. Also fine for feverish children. Sold by James Gidley.

The Greatest Bargain of the Year!



LIMITED OFFER DURING THE GRAND RAPIDS HERALD'S Bargain Days—December 17 to 31

Nothing like this ever heard of before. Six great magazines and Michigan's leading morning daily newspaper for a two-dollar bill! Better make a note of this before you forget. The picture explains itself. To celebrate The Herald's twenty-fifth anniversary, we make this marvelous offer. Then, after January 1, we raise the price of The Herald alone to all mail subscribers to \$2.50 a year, cash in advance.

Get in on this. Uncle Remus' Home Magazine, Vick's Magazine, World's Events, The Fruit Belt, Farm Press, and Home Herald. The first five for a year. The last one for sixteen weeks. And, best of all, the great Grand Rapids Herald every week-day morning in the year. All for \$2.00.

Can you beat it? Never! Send your two dollars, any form. If it arrives between December 17 and December 31, we will enroll you for this entire combination, which is the literary bargain of the age.

Address Circulation Dept., The Herald, Grand Rapids.

English Keen Observers.
Our English cousins are becoming great observers of trifles. Therefore, one is not surprised to find in a London paper this comment on certain national characteristics: "Detecting of foreigners is easiest at table. On Sunday this writer happened to be lunching at the Cafe Royal, where you may see more strangers to the square inch than in any London restaurant. While waiting for our food we speculated on the differences. And when a man or a woman held on to the fork we decided that this was English. For an American cuts the food and then eats it from the fork in the right hand. Those left-hand fork people, on aural investigation, were English. Over against us is a man whose hand and fingers are all conversational. They dart from face to the infinite, returning with a touch on the nose. In a second he jumps up to accede to the demands of a lady—his companion—who has forgotten the third button from the top of her blouse. His knife goes into the salt and his hands seek the gilded roof in surprise, protest, and the Britisher sits with knife and fork at the insular pose and knows that the man whose five fingers are in the air and whose knife is on the floor is a Latin. The pivot of the German's table manners is the table knife. He cherishes it, uses it, retains it, as the implement not only of feeding, but of argument. If you see a man waving a knife in the air in a discussion and hanging on to it when the water comes to change the plates, he is German."

A popular magazine devoted to household and domestic interests contains a symposium from disgruntled husbands in which those unhappy persons free their minds as to women in general and wives in particular. One man is especially bitter because of the lack of the intellectual seriousness of wives. They are ready to pursue any reigning fad, he declares, "but they rarely know anything thoroughly; even their own nominal calling, housewifery. This is the reason, he thinks, why all the lasting and profitable friendships he has known between men and women have been with other women than wives. If all this is true it looks like a reflection upon matrimony in general and men in particular than upon women. Men are free to choose their wives, and if they gravitate naturally to the light-minded ladies, whose fault is it? Or if association with their husbands causes women originally serious to become trivial, why, then, whose fault is it?"

The grave consequences of reckless tree felling are so widely and deplorably felt that the subject is likely to become a matter of international consultation and deliberation. The terrible devastating fires on the North American continent this year are recognized as a matter of deep concern elsewhere. A congress of the powers to devise means of combined action to prevent further denudation and to provide for the reforestation of waste lands might, suggests the Philadelphia Record, lead the way to most beneficial co-operative effort. To conserve the wood supply of the world, to regain to the higher land levels their natural and suitable water supply, and to restore arid and waste lands to conditions of use and fertility are aims to which the statesmanship of the nation may be most wisely directed.

It is being made plainer every day that the remedy for reckless running of automobiles must come largely from within. It is impossible for the police and constabulary to cover the entire ground. The automobilists should make their influence felt by frowning upon daring drivers and insisting upon the severest punishment of those who are constantly taking murderous risks.

In declining to entertain a neighborhood complaint against a crying baby, the Brookline health authorities show a proper appreciation of their responsibilities. It is their obvious duty to promote the birth rate as well as to reduce the death rate. Give the infants a chance to vociferate and multiply.

Turkey imported 6,000,000 pounds of soap last year. Young Turkey's apparent determination to wash the grime of centuries from its face will commend itself to the considerate judgment of mankind.

A leading authority has said that in 50 years disease germs could be eradicated if the world would get together. This is a subject even more germane to civilization than the abolition of warfare.

Airship to Be

It Will Carry Passengers and Travel Far

By COUNT ZEPPELIN, German Aeronaut.



THE most useful feature of the rigid system of aeronautics is the ease with which it may be developed to accomplish even greater things. I am not, however, at the present time meditating the construction of an airship that will carry a hundred passengers, but such a huge structure does not lie beyond the limits of the technically possible.

In all likelihood airships will soon be built to fly 60 kilometers (a kilometer=3,937 inches) an hour for two days—in all about 3,000 kilometers—or, making the passage more slowly, 6,000 kilometers in 4½ days. In figuring out to what limits the conquest of the air will be carried in one generation we may count pretty surely upon airships of this range, to judge by what has already been accomplished.

Aerial navigation, the art of properly steering a vessel through the air, encounters much more serious problems than navigation on rivers and sea. All is well if the aerial pilot has a clear day, and his eyes are the only guides he needs—provided he does not have to approach a mountainous region which exceeds the height to which he can or cares to ascend. But when the winds playing about the mountains unexpectedly shift their direction—now blowing strong, now blowing weak, now up, now down—the closest attention is required, the finest skill and practice, the most accurate knowledge of the vessel itself as to the readiness with which it will respond to turning the machinery on or off. In the darkness and the fog the boat must be kept clear of such territory either by rising above it or keeping to the side of it. In order to be able to do this charts are necessary. Where there are many elevations present it is difficult to find the lowest and broadest pass over the mountain ridge, which most airships will endeavor to reach in order to avoid high flights and thus effect a saving in gas. In the rarer atmosphere the balloon would become too tense, and gas would have to be released through the safety valves.

Encounters between airships will not be of infrequent occurrence. Rules and regulations for guarding against collisions must be created. Where charts do not exist on a sufficiently minute scale—at least on the ratio of 1 to 2,000—aironauts must provide maps by taking photographs from their ships of the various localities.

Similar difficulties attend the finding of landing places, though in one respect the task is not so hard, because the currents of air are less irregular at such places. The troublesome thing is, not to steer clear of but to get to a certain spot. In both cases the path to be taken should be indicated by proper lighting, perhaps by searchlights.

China Trains Women Best

By MME. WU TING FANG, Wife of Chinese Diplomat.

I was reared under the old rule. My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ho of Canton, followed traditions carefully, and they seem to me safe and admirable traditions. Chinese girls now want to learn everything which their brothers learned. I was taught that it was better for a girl to learn right behavior toward her future mother-in-law and husband. In my day girls were taught the four virtues and the three obediences. The first relate to proper conduct, a submissive demeanor, modesty and docility and proper employment of the time; that is to work faithfully at your tasks as the station requires—embroidery for ladies, weaving and other work for those in lower circles. The three obediences are those of a daughter to her father, a wife to her husband, and a mother to her son.

These duties are amply explained in Chinese religious guide books, and it seems an excellent way to train any girl, even here in this country. She is charged to be truthful, unselfish and loving. She is told that to be tranquil and reverent in the thoughts of her heart and the inner life will clearly manifest itself in outward actions. She is especially counseled never to search out the affairs of other people, like a busybody. She is warned to treat the handmaidens and slaves with forbearance and kindness, and not to exact too strict a reckoning with them on the spending of the household funds. The Chinese girl is taught even to make the toilet a time when she can reflect on the necessary virtues. One of the spiritual books tells her that even when she spreads powder on her face she should think that it be for whiteness and purity within as well as without. Always the Chinese girl is exhorted to be good, obedient and meek, and in my day the elders always thought that much learning would render her not so submissive toward her husband and sons.

Call to Women of Wealth

By JEAN M. GORDON, Factory Inspector, New Orleans.

American women of leisure must awaken to an appreciation of the democratic idea of Noblesse Oblige. They must learn that the day of alms-giving is passing. The great American public is becoming an educated one and is beginning to resent the hand of charity always being extended when it asks for justice. Picture to yourself what it would mean to this country if thousands of young women who now spend day-after-day with no definite object toward which to work would awaken to the debt they owe to "Helpers of Mankind," who have gone before leaving the world so much better for their having been here, and decide that from out of the fullness which has descended upon them, they would give back to the world an equal in public service. Think what it would mean to bring their trained minds and great wealth and leisure to the study of the economic conditions which are represented in the underpaid services and long hours of their less fortunate sisters in the mills and factories throughout this broad land!

Think what it would mean if from the protection with which their wealth and position surrounds them they took their stand on the great question of the dual code of morality!

Think what it would mean to the little children being stunted mentally and physically in our mills and factories, if these thousands of young women, many of them enjoying the wealth made out of these little human souls, if they refused to wear or buy anything made under any but decent living conditions!

Think what it would mean if they decided every child should have a seat in school, that every neighborhood should have a playground and a public bath!

PRINCE OF BEGGARS LIVES IN A PALACE

SUPPOSED LONDON PARALYTIC TRACED TO HOME IN FINE RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT.

London.—The prince of London's impostors is now lodging in Wandsworth jail. Various names known as Clement Gregory Hugh Clifford, Cecil Brown Smith, and Frederick Archdale de Smith, he has had seven addresses in the neighborhood of Clapham junction during the last two years, and has made a host of friends in the neighborhood. In the name of Clifford he was ordered by Mr. de Gray at the Southwestern police court immediately to pay \$415 to his wife, whom he had deserted, as alimony, or in default undergo three months' imprisonment with hard labor.

For some years he was the "paralyzed beggar" in the city who used



The Impostor Simulated Paralysis to Perfection.

to drag himself along painfully through Broad street and Throgmorton street, with a quivering tray of matches for sale. To the sympathetic city man he was a genuine "paralytic," with his head hanging aside, his face painfully distorted, and his right arm limp, withered, and useless.

A city detective, however, discovered that when "Clifford's" business was over he took train to Norwood, and one night found that he had changed his clothes in the train, and on arriving at the Crystal Palace station could run up two stairs at a time. He was residing in a well furnished villa and making \$1,500 a year "in the city." He retired to jail for a period, and on leaving went to Cambridge. There he was sentenced for failing to maintain his wife.

Two years ago he chose Clapham junction as a suitable residential district. In Broomwood road he had a board erected announcing that he was Mus. Bac., B. A. (Cantab), professor of singing, etc., of the Albert Hall and other concerts, gave lessons in voice production. He changed his address at various times, describing himself as a vocalist, minister of the gospel, professor of Cambridge university, novelist, journalist, and stock broker.

Three of his late landladies described him as "a Christian man." He insisted on family prayers, said one. "He was devout and well spoken. He had a nice tenor voice, and his rendering of 'A Wandering Minstrel' and 'O for the Wings of a Dove,' the latter of which I heard him sing in church, was beautiful."

DECLARES HE SAW GHOSTS.

Man Gives This Reason for His Attempt at Suicide.

Salisbury, Conn.—Because he claimed he saw many kinds of specters and ghostly forms of dead people, James Mackey, 25 years old, made an unsuccessful attempt upon his life by slashing himself with a razor. Young Mackey came to this city and secured employment in one of the lumber mills. He is said to have been a good worker, and while his actions were more or less suspicious at times no attention was paid to him.

Mackey frequently told his fellow workmen that he saw forms of dead persons, but the weird stories were not credited by his associates. Cries were heard near the railroad station, and a few moments afterward Mackey was found lying on the tracks with two ugly gashes in his throat and another gash in his wrist. A doctor was summoned and the man's wounds were dressed. Mackey was later removed to the county jail.

When seen in his cell he said he was sorry he had made the attempt upon his life, but that he was driven to distraction by the constant appearances after dark of unearthly figures from the spirit world.

Tobacco Kills Horse.

Lawrenceburg, Ind.—Hayden Davis, a well-known local race-horse trainer, lost a valuable running horse, Osterman, which was addicted to a habit that resulted in its death. The animal was an inveterate tobacco chewer. When Davis turned the horse out in a pasture it jumped a fence and got into the barn of a tobacco raiser in Logan township and ate so much of the weed that death resulted. The dead body of the animal was found in the tobacco barn, and several hundred pounds of new tobacco had been destroyed by the horse before its death.

BASEBALL UNDER GLASS

BIG GYM PROPOSED FOR DARTMOUTH



THE FACADE OF NEW "GYM" AT DARTMOUTH



DR. JOHN BOWLER, DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS AT DARTMOUTH

The college gymnasium has come to occupy a most conspicuous place in every quadrangle, and the buildings at most of our large universities and colleges are architecturally as artistic and complete as are the more imposing structures devoted to the exercise and development of the mind. But that the present type of building which is dedicated to the development of a sound body in which a sound mind can dwell is all that it can and should be are questions which arise with the new huge gym proposed for Dartmouth college. This institution of learning would take a great forward step and provide a structure large enough to accommodate all the major athletic sports, except rowing, and it is probable that Dartmouth's move will fix the type of future construction of college gymnasiums.

This plan for a huge gymnasium building, really a big athletic field under glass, is being fathered by the alumni of the college, and so enthusiastic are they over the project that there is little doubt but that they will be able to bring their plans to complete realization. The building which their plans provide will be so huge that track men will be able to practice on a track of eight laps to the mile, and with straightaways of more than 100 yards; so huge that baseball men will have space in which to bat the ball and to run, yet without encroaching upon the ample area reserved for shot-putters, jumpers and pole vaulters; so huge that the entire college may take exercise at one time under its roof.

The indoor dirt track, the largest in the United States is, perhaps, the most remarkable feature of the proposed gymnasium. It will be a regulation cinder track with built-up turns, ten feet in width and as nearly perfect as such a track can be.

The A. B. Shaws and Stephen Chases of the future Dartmouth shall need no more seek out, in the spring, some restricted stretch of dry, bare ground on which their hurdles may be set up. Entirely independent of however lagged a springtime, undisturbed by rain or any windy weather, they shall fit themselves at their pleasure for record-breaking flights over the high sticks.

This splendid indoor track will pass and return beneath the first floor of what is really the gymnasium proper, and circle out and around the two far-reaching shell-like wings that will extend on either side, and in which will be contained the expanses of native earth, 140 feet by 110 at least, which the baseball men and track squad may call their own.

This track as planned will be larger than the bicycle track erected at the Madison square garden in New York for the six-day bicycle races, and will be nearly twice as large as the indoor track in Mechanics' building, which is of 13 laps to the mile, or 130 yards. A building which thus provides for organized athletics, as well as for gymnastics, is the type of gymnasium which the college men of the present and future will applaud and covet. What is more, it is the type of gymnasium which they will insist upon having. College men everywhere will realize the important advantages which Dartmouth athletic teams must gain by this enormous addition to their equipment. They will insist upon having equal advantages.

On the second floor will be situated the gymnasium proper containing all the apparatus for gymnastic work, and an open floor space where basketball can be played, and where half the college could be given class drill at one time; also courts for court tennis, squash courts, boxing and fencing rooms and many other features.

In the upper story, too, there will be provided opportunity for training men for indoor athletics. A board track will run around the inside wall of the entire building, which, while this track is not in use, will be available for spectators of baseball practice and track sport taking place on the mother earth below.

On the ground floor, under the main building, the plans show a space where a swimming pool of large size will be constructed ultimately if present intentions can be carried out. On either side of this open cellar run out the huge wings, lofty shells surrounded by the galleries walls.

The roofs, all glass, and the windows, numerous and near together, should make these inclosed and sheltered spaces as bright as the day outside, and the proper temperature will be maintained by a system of steam heating fed from the central plant of the college.

The skylights of the wings will stretch 40 feet from the ground and will be protected with wire gratings so that the baseball can be batted as well as thrown, and Dartmouth ball teams, which for years have practiced in a chill and dimly lighted wooden "cage," on a dusty floor of rough boards, need never again come down to play Harvard having had less than a week of adequate practice before the event.

The greatest length of the gymnasium will be 360 feet.

The greatest width of the long wings, which make possible the long running stretch, will be 110 feet north and south, while the dimensions of the gymnasium proper contained in the cross are 200 feet north and south and 80 feet, a part of the greatest length of the building, east and west.

The baseball diamond will be located in the west wing, while in the east wing, in addition to the room for field events, there will be space for several handball courts.

Re-enforced concrete will be the material chiefly used in the building of the new gymnasium.

The design, while by no means ornate, possesses dignity and the beauty of long lines. The building in itself and by reason of its proposed location will handsomely round out the present group of college buildings at Hanover. It will certainly be an impressive structure, with its strong and simple Roman arch construction, its arched entrance. There will be, a decided hint of magnificence about it.

It is planned to build it in the form of a cross, parallel to the street as to its greatest length. It would be entered by the shorter arm of the cross, the other arm giving upon the athletic field, where almost as much level ground is now available as Harvard has reclaimed in Soldiers' Field. The gymnasium will be located north of the oval, nearly opposite the Alpha Delta Phi house.

The gymnasium proper, according to the plans, will be located within the arms of the cross and that section of the long building to which they join. The long wings will contain the huge open spaces.

On the main floor the trophy room will be situated, and this trophy room, it is believed, will be the very heart and soul of Dartmouth athletic life. It will be as large in itself as Bissell hall, 65 feet by 80. Two monstrous fireplaces will yawn at each other from opposite walls of enameled brick, every brick bearing the name of a Dartmouth man who gave of his substance for the building of the Dartmouth gym. The walls will all be of brick, and not a brick unnamed, so the optimistic and enthusiastic alumni leaders declare. In the bricks will be set bronze tablets bearing the names of the non-Dartmouth donors who have contributed to the good cause.

Beyond this trophy room, not empty of painted footballs, cups and banners even in 1909, will be the locker room with 1,000 steel lockers, the lavatories and shower baths and the dressing rooms of the athletic teams. These will give upon the field, now known as the oval, but capable of considerable enlargement.

The new gymnasium, however, which leading alumni are setting to work to provide with such entire faith in themselves, and in their fellows, will not only enable every student to keep "fit" all winter long, but will also enable the baseball and track teams to get such practice as should give them a fair chance to compete on equal terms with all rivals. In other words, there is a prospect at last of seeing Dartmouth nines and track teams which shall wear the green with as much credit to their college as the football elevens of the past dozen years have worn it.

Laborer's Valuable Invention.

A railroad section laborer in North Carolina has patented a tie-tamping machine, practical tests of which have shown that on both old and new roadbeds it will do the work of 50 men.

THE INVISIBLE CITY

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

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The bare possibility of the thing, and that it should have culminated in its amazing tragedy in the midst of the enthusiastic throng as the returning regiment marched up Fifth avenue, staggers the imagination. The soldiers had just reached Twenty-ninth street when a man who had been standing in the crowd at the southwest corner dropped suddenly into a huddling heap upon the sidewalk. At the same moment, as was afterward remarked, those standing near experienced a peculiar sensation of physical distress, attributed by some to fatigue, but quickly forgotten in the excitement of the spectacle.

A policeman rescued the man, who was supposed to be intoxicated, and extricated him from the crowd. But a single glance into his face was enough to refute the theory of intoxication; he was ghastly pale, with open eyes; his limbs hung like limp strings, and his head wagged helplessly upon his shoulders. An ambulance was called, and the man was removed to the hospital.

He was a short, slight man, of middle age, with black mustache and black, slightly grizzled hair. He was well dressed, and had all the appearance of an American professional man. The most cursory examination showed that the case was one of paralysis of the most complete sort. Not a muscle of the system appeared to be under control, though it was believed that the man was conscious. It was of course useless to interrogate him, and he was removed to a ward and undressed.

The first surprise came with the discovery that he was wearing next his skin a garment of something resembling woven glass, flexible as silk. It recalled the famous world's fair glass dress, but was much finer in workmanship. This strange coat of mail was in one piece and covered the entire body, limbs and feet, but down the back it was split in a zigzag tear.

This remarkable revelation aroused much curiosity, and the man's clothing was searched for some clue to his identity. There was not so much as a visiting card or a notebook—not even a watch or a pencil, but in an inner pocket was found a rather thick packet, wrapped in paper, like a bundle of letters. It was opened, and to the amazement of the attendants revealed a packed pile of \$1,000 banknotes—175 in all.

The staff immediately concluded that they had a bank robber or defaulter, and communicated at once with police headquarters. But there was no report of any such sum having disappeared. Advertisements were placed in various newspapers without success, except in the assembling of a horde of bogus claimants. Meanwhile the only man who could throw any light on the matter lay dumb and as good as dead upon his cot.

This state of things lasted for two months and a half. Early in April, 1899, the attendants observed a slight but unmistakable return of power to the paralyzed limbs. The improvement continued, but was confined to the left side alone. In a few weeks more, the patient was able to use his left arm feebly, and those around eagerly awaited the day when he should speak.

That day never came; the disease held the larynx fast. In a short time, however, he begged for signs for writing materials, and scrawled painfully with his left hand a series of characters that were wholly undecipherable by the attendants and doctors. Inspection by a linguist proved it to be very crabbed Russian, the translation being simply: "Where is my money?"

It was shown him, to his satisfaction, and a Russian interpreter was engaged. Strange revelations were expected, as a mystery of no common nature seemed involved, but no revelations were forthcoming. The patient made only the most ordinary requests. No language but Russian seemed intelligible to him, and in view of his decidedly American appearance, it was supposed that this had been his mother tongue, to which the stroke had thrown him back.

But in a few days he took to writing, slowly and with difficulty, for several hours every day, guarding his manuscripts with the most anxious care. They were kept under his pillow at night, and he was not willing that any one should so much as touch them. But his solicitude was not to be prolonged. His partial recovery had been attended by a dangerous lowering of vitality; his right side was dead already, while the left still lingered. In less than a week, as the house-surgeon was making his rounds, he was startled by a strange, guttural sound from the bed of the paralytic. He hastened toward it with the attendants, but the man had raised himself to a sitting posture, as if completely recovered. His mouth opened, and in a voice of no human sound he exclaimed loudly: "Vive l'Anarchie!" and fell back again—lifeless. The papers cracked under his pillow.

The mysterious patient was buried.

a mystery—and the funeral expenses were paid out of his money. The superintendent, who had possessed himself of the dead man's manuscript, sent it at once to a professor of languages for translation. When the English version was returned, he read it; he read it and kept his counsel. Then, the time of his annual vacation approaching, he left New York and told no one where he was going.

First of all he went to Santa Fe, N. M. Thence, by horseback, he traversed the mountain trails of the northwestern corner of the territory until he arrived at the "Lago de los Demonios"—the Lake of Demons. The water bearing this uncanny name lies in a round, cup-shaped valley, which 20 years ago was green and empty. Few persons ever passed, but one day a band of trappers found the valley two-thirds filled with blue water, and bordered with dangerous-looking blue mud. Their ponies snorted and held back from entering this mud, which was thereupon deemed bottomless. It was not surprising that a cloudburst or a deflected river should have filled the valley, but it was observed that, however the wind might blow, no wave ever ruffled the surface of the lake. It remained smooth and placid as if it had been a block of solid glass. Game deserted the neighboring hills and horses manifested the utmost reluctance to approach the strange water, so that it is not remarkable that the superstitious Mexicans should have come to believe in the evil influences of the place.

But about the middle of January, 1899, a passing traveler found the waters of the lake much lowered, with no quicksands in sight. More than that, a fresh breeze drove the blue water breaking upon the shore, and his horse manifested no reluctance to drink freely. Grouse drummed in the thickets, deer fed in the chaparral, and it was as if an evil spell had suddenly been lifted from the place. The traveler told of these things in Taos, and his report was speedily corroborated, but the lake continued to be known by its ill-omened name.

The superintendent rode around this mysterious sheet of water, explored the hills near by and meditated deeply for some hours. Then he returned to Santa Fe and to New York, with the air of a man who has accomplished his mission. His first act after returning was to re-read the dead man's statement:

"My real name is Paul Zphanoff," it ran, "and I am of Polish birth. My father was killed in the Polish insurrection of 1846; one of my brothers was accused of the distribution of socialistic literature, and died in the mercury mines; my other brother disappeared in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul on a similar charge, and his fate was never known. My mother died soon after this. It is not wonderful, then, that I should have grown up with the fever of revolution in my veins.

"In 1872 I fled from Russia to France, where I began my scientific studies at the University of Paris. Very soon I ran short of money, and continued so for many years, living among the poor, for all my funds were expended in apparatus and experiments. But I shall never cease to be thankful for those years, for I grew to know the poor—I saw the hideous industrial despotism as the slaves see it, only one degree less than that of the czar, and that which had made me a nihilist in Russia made me a socialist in Paris.

"Four years later came my arrest, on an absurd charge, but leading to a year's imprisonment. I shall not dwell upon this outrage, for it has been amply avenged. It was the one thing needed to precipitate my resolution, and when I was released I joined hands with the committee of the red terror.

"Then, in 1876, I made my grand discovery—the discovery which has resulted in making me the most powerful and irresponsible ruler that the century has seen. The police will remember, if no one else does, the sudden disappearance from half a dozen capitals of a hundred of the most dangerous and most suspected labor agitators and socialists of Europe. They had departed with me, and we had gone to realize the ideal of centuries of dreamers—an industrial and ungoverned community. But for its success we had conditions of isolation impossible heretofore.

"That was due entirely to my invention. Briefly speaking, it was based on an extension of the wave theory of force. Every one knows that matter in a comparatively low rate of molecular vibration produces sound, running up the gamut, till, after an interval of silence, heat and light rays are produced. Beyond the violet of the spectrum lie the Roentgen rays, and beyond this nothing has been known, chiefly on account of the impossibility of producing a sufficiently rapid rate of vibration. This difficulty I overcame by the use of my multiplying electric motors, and beyond the violet of the prism, further than the Roentgen discoveries, I found what I have termed the 'Hypnotic ray.'

"To these currents are due, I believe, all the phenomena of telepathy, hypnotism and mesmerism. Hitherto all these forces have been quite uncontrollable, generated no one knew how, but for the first time I was able to produce them mechanically at will, and even to transmit them by means of suitably contrived conductors as easily as an ordinary voltage of electricity. To this the Invisible City owed its being.

"In an almost unknown valley, in the mountains of New Mexico we chose our site, at the bottom of a deep, green, circular valley. Round about it we led the Hypnotic wires, with revolving discs at intervals, so that neither man nor beast was able

to come within sight of them without falling under their influence, and being made by the operation of my will to believe that they saw the valley filled with water, while our colony was establishing itself within. There were but a few scores of us at first, but we obtained accessions from all quarters, till, at the end of a year, the valley contained more than 600 inhabitants.

"We had taken a vow of individual poverty as austere as that of the Capuchins—but to me was the power, to me the glory. I alone knew the secret of the Hypnotic motors, and every soul in the place was blinded and unconsciously under my influence. Not one was able to pass outside the lines while the wires were charged, and the machines were never stopped. Meanwhile we increased in numbers and in collective wealth, for we had set about extensive mining operations, and daily took out an average of \$5,000 worth of gold dust. A scientifically cultivated zone of land supplied all our own needs, and the proceeds of our mine were devoted to the cause of socialism and anarchy. I alone went into the outer world from time to time to sell the gold and apply the money where it was most needed.

"Frequently emissaries were dispatched outside on special service, but not one of these ever returned. They were invariably caused to lose all memory of the city on departing, remembering only the blind purpose with which I had inspired them. Ravachol was one of these—Lucchini, the slayer of the Austrian empress, was among the latest. Whenever a king has been shot at or a millionaire assassinated during the last ten years it has been by my order, and as surely by my hand as if I myself had held the weapon.

"The city continued to grow, even beyond my expectations, and in 1889 was already densely populated. Ten years later, indeed, it contained upward of 90,000 toilers—nearly 100,000 automata. Frequently I made journeys to recruit new settlers, as well as to spy upon the machinations of our enemy, the world. I became well known in the business and social circles of four capitals, and it was upon one of these expeditions that I was so ill-starred as to meet Marie Lorraine.

"She was the daughter of a multi-millionaire, a man against whom all our hostility was directed, but I found myself loving her from the first. I struggled hard, I went back to the Invisible City, I worked, I plotted, I cursed, but I could not tear the love out of my soul. I had never known the like before; here was something absolutely beyond my control. To love meant desertion to the enemy and treachery of the most dastardly kind to the cause of liberty. For a year I did not go within 500 miles of her, and I devoted myself fiercely to the grim business of dynamite and stiletto, as half a dozen nations know to their cost.

"All was in vain. I was as completely enchanted as were the deluded victims of my powers. Strangely enough, to exercise these powers upon her I felt to be impossible. Yet I did not even know whether she had so much as dreamed of loving me, nor did I much care. Such love as mine, I knew well, was not to be balked by a mere woman's will. It was with my own will that the battle lay.

"There is no need to detail my struggles—they lasted for three years, and at last I gave up the unequal conflict. It was in the Invisible City, late at night, I remember, that I at last admitted defeat, and, once conquered, I made immediate preparations to open my new career, and completely close the old. Human life, I am glad to say, has never weighed much with me. Our immense water reservoir was situated on the hillside just above the city, and by night I employed myself secretly in weakening the gates. I also labored to turn the half dry course of a river that a cloudburst always changed to a roaring torrent, and to deflect it toward the reservoir. The valley would fill like a cup with the next cloudburst, and not a man could pass the lines, even under fear of death. For myself, the only danger was that which always menaced me in leaving the city—the Hypnotic wires should make the earth circuit to my body—for the constant neighborhood of the strange psycho-physical currents had produced an effect somewhat akin to polarization—to avoid a technical explanation. As a safeguard, I wore a complete garment of woven glass, manufactured by our own processes, and flexible as cloth.

"On the 3d of January, 1899, I secured what gold happened to be in the treasury, and left the Invisible City for the last time. I went straight to New York, where I exchanged the dust for \$1,000 bills."

At this point the narrative broke off abruptly, ended by the death of the mysterious writer. What was the true cause of his strange paralytic seizure? Had the wonderful "Hypnotic Ray" found him out, and avenged upon him the murder of 100,000 people?

No one will ever know. And meanwhile the Invisible City rests at peace beneath the blue waters of the Lake of Demons—invisible forever.

Egyptologist Doing Good Work.

Prof. Schiaparelli, the head of the Italian expedition in Egypt, is making headway in his investigations of the necropolis of Azini. Some 200 Egyptian sites are at work and a great number of funeral objects are being constantly brought to light, besides many inscriptions which are of great interest in connection with the early Egyptian history. In each burying place the explorers have found an effigy of the defunct carved in wood.

THE MANAGEMENT OF ALFALFA IN THE FIELD

After Getting a Good Stand It Should Be Cultivated Carefully—By A. M. TenEyck, Agronomist, Kansas.

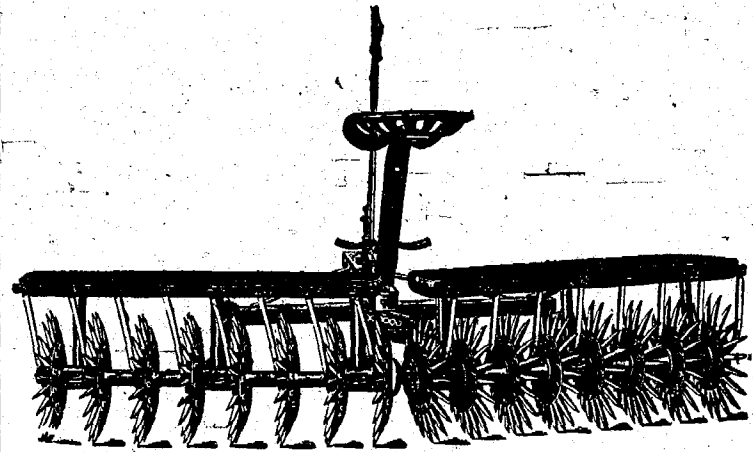
A good stand of alfalfa is a variable quantity as regards the number of plants required per unit area. In a newly-seeded field, where plenty of seed has been sown and the conditions have been favorable to start the young plants, as many as 120 plants per square foot have been counted. As few as ten strong young plants per square foot, fairly evenly distributed, may be considered a fair stand—thick enough to leave. It is questionable whether a very thick stand is as good as a thin or medium stand. Those who advocate sowing a small amount of seed claim that the thinner sown alfalfa starts stronger, and will be more productive and remain a good stand longer than that which is sown thicker. One advantage perhaps of the thicker seeding on fertile land is the less coarse growth of stem, which produces a finer quality of hay than the larger, coarser growth resulting from thin seeding.

Alfalfa plants gradually die out, so that a very thick stand may show a much smaller number of plants per unit area two or three years after

attempt to thicken up a thin stand of alfalfa on an old field, since the younger plants, even if they can be started, will hardly survive the season in competition with the old, well-established plants. The old field which has become weedy or full of grass had best be broken and rotated with corn or other crops for a year or so before reseeding. In fact, the preferable plan is to seed down other fields, using the alfalfa in rotation with corn and other crops, rather than attempt to keep the same fields in alfalfa continuously.

In the opinion of the writer three-fourths of the failures to grow alfalfa successfully have been due to lack of soil cultivation and to wrong methods of preparing the seed-bed and sowing the alfalfa. The cultivation of alfalfa after the plants are well established may also benefit the crop.

It pays to cultivate alfalfa just as it pays to cultivate corn and other crops. The next season after seeding, a heavy straight-tooth harrow may be used in the spring to loosen the surface soil and, as soon as the alfalfa has become well-established, the field may be



One Type of Alfalfa Harrow.

seeded. Some notes have been taken on this point at the Kansas experiment station. In the spring of 1903 an area of ten feet square was staked out in an alfalfa field seeded in the fall of 1902. On June 18, 1903, 1,133 plants were counted in this plot, or an average of 113.3 plants per square foot. It will be observed that this count was made some six months after seeding. On June 29, 1906, a re-counting of this field showed only 670 plants, or 6.8 plants per square foot. On August 9, 1907, the number of plants counted was 403, or 4.03 plants per square foot. This field was plowed up in the fall of 1907. The decrease in the number of plants between the first and last countings, a period of 50 months, was 730 per 100 square feet, which is a loss of 64.4 per cent.

Another plot seeded in the spring of

disked or cultivated with the spike-tooth disk-harrow regularly each spring and perhaps during the season after each cutting. By thorough cultivation late in the season, after the third or fourth cutting, it is often possible to destroy many weeds such as crab-grass and foxtail, the great weed enemies of alfalfa.

The same cultivations were repeated on each plot for the years 1904 and 1905. Another field was used the first season, 1903. The fields disked had been seeded several years and the alfalfa was a good stand and in thrifty condition.

Cultivation by disking has apparently not given increased yields of alfalfa on these fields. The same results may not follow under other conditions of soil and climate and should not be considered as disproving the bene-



Crowns of Alfalfa Roots Showing Effects of Disking.

1904 contained 1,130 plants on June 20, 1904, on an area five feet square, or 45.2 plants per square foot. On May 1, 1905, the number of plants in the plot had been reduced to 403, or 16.1 plants per square foot. On May 25, 1908, the plot contained only 148 plants, or an average of six plants per square foot. Only 13 per cent of the plants counted in the original seeding survived four years after seeding. Although the number of plants as shown by these counts was greatly reduced, yet these fields did not decrease in production, and the stand of alfalfa was, apparently, as good as ever. This is explained in this way: As the plants decrease in number, those that remain increase in size, sending out more shoots or stems, thus occupying the space. In time, however, as the field grows old, the stand of alfalfa becomes too thin to produce a maximum crop, when it is usually advisable to break up the old field after seeding down a new field.

It is sometimes possible and advisable to thicken up a thin stand of newly seeded alfalfa by reseeding. This may best be accomplished by harrowing early in the spring the field which was seeded the previous fall or spring, sowing a little seed, and covering it with the harrow. The earlier this work can be done the better. The difficulty in starting new plants among the older ones is that the plants which are well started will exhaust the soil moisture and plant-food and shade the younger, more feeble plants, often destroying them, especially if a period of dry, unfavorable weather should occur.

It is not advisable or practicable to

SOME REMARKS FROM MINNESOTA EDITORS.

What They Think of Western Canada.

A party of editors from a number of cities and towns of Minnesota recently made a tour of Western Canada, and having returned to their homes they are now telling in their respective newspapers of what they saw on their Canadian trip. The West St. Paul Times recalls the excursion of the Minnesota editors from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast ten years ago. Referring to what has happened in the interval the writer says: "Thousands of miles of new railway lines have been built, and the development of the country has made marvelous strides. Millions of acres, then lying in their wild and untouched state, have since been transferred into grain fields. Towns have sprung up as if by the wand of a magician, and their development is now in full progress. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable."

The Hutchinson Leader characterizes Western Canada as "a great country undeveloped. The summer outing," it says, "was an eye-opener to every member of the party, even those who were on the excursion through Western Canada ten years ago, over considerable of the territory covered this year, being amazed at the progress and advancement made in that short space of time. The time will come when Western Canada will be the bread-basket of the world. It was a delightful outing through a great country of wonderful possibilities and resources."

Since the visit of these editors the Government has revised its land regulations and it is now possible to secure 160 acres of wheat land at \$3.00 an acre in addition to the 160 acres that may be homesteaded.

The crops of 1908 have been splendid, and reports from the various districts show good yields, which at present prices will give excellent profits to the farmers.

From Milestone, Saskatchewan, there are reported yields of thirty bushels of spring wheat to the acre, while the average is about 20 bushels. The quality of grain to be shipped from this point will be about 600,000 bushels. Information regarding free lands and transportation will be freely given by the Canadian Government Agents.

A HINT TO GOLFERS.



The Visitor—What on earth does that chap carry that phonograph round for. Is he dotty?

The Member—No! But he's dumb. So he has that talking machine to give instructions to his caddy or to make a few well chosen remarks in case he fumbles his drive or does anything else annoying.

Like a Dream.

A bubble of air in the blood, a drop of water in the brain, and a man is out of gear, his machine falls to pieces, his thought vanishes, the world disappears from him like a dream at morning. On what a spider-thread is hung our individual existence. Fragility, appearance, nothingness. If it were not for our powers of self-detraction and forgetfulness, all the fairy world which surrounds and brands us would seem to us but a broken specter in the darkness—an empty appearance, a fleeting hallucination. Appeared—disappeared—there is the whole history of a man, or of a world, or of an infusoria.—Amiel.

UPWARD START

After Changing from Coffee to Postum.

Many a talented person is kept back because of the interference of coffee with the nourishment of the body.

This is especially so with those whose nerves are very sensitive, as is often the case with talented persons. There is a simple, easy way to get rid of coffee evils and a Tenn. lady's experience along these lines is worth considering. She says:

"Almost from the beginning of the use of coffee it hurt my stomach. By the time I was fifteen I was almost a nervous wreck, nerves all unstrung, no strength to endure the most trivial thing, either work or fun.

"There was scarcely anything I could eat that would agree with me. The little I did eat seemed to give me more trouble than it was worth. I finally quit coffee and drank hot water, but there was so little food I could digest, I was literally starving; was so weak I could not sit up long at a time.

"It was then a friend brought me a hot cup of Postum. I drank part of it and after an hour I felt as though I had had something to eat—felt strengthened. That was about five years ago, and after continuing Postum in place of coffee and gradually getting stronger, to-day I can eat and digest anything I want, walk as much as I want. My nerves are steady.

"I believe the first thing that did me any good and gave me an upward start, was Postum, and I use it altogether now instead of coffee." "There's a Reason."

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

Never read the above letter? A new one comes from time to time. Write for free brochure, true, and full of interesting interest.

fits, described above, which may be derived from cultivating alfalfa.

Sunshine in the Dairy Stable.—A farmer, whose cattle have always been kept in a stable on the north side of the barn, well lighted and ventilated, had occasion to enlarge his stable, building the extension with a southern exposure, into which the direct rays of the sun were permitted to enter with no obstruction. He discovered by accident, what he subsequently demonstrated by repeated experience, that the same creatures in the sunlight took on flesh more readily, ate less and produced more than when kept in the stable where the direct sunlight never entered. More than this, he proved conclusively that creatures suffering with various diseases, or reduced physical condition from divers causes, recovered more readily when afforded the energizing influences of the sunshine.

What is a Paying Cow?—When H. H. Dean of Ontario found that the average cow of Ontario and Quebec only averaged about 3,000 pounds of milk a year, according to estimates of testing associations, he was led to observe: "The first thing I want to emphasize in the production of milk is that we must have a good cow. What is a good cow? One that will produce at least 6,000 pounds of milk, or make not less than 250 pounds of butter, in one year, at a cost of not more than \$30 for feed. Such a cow as that is a profitable animal."

Good Feed for Hens.—Bran and buttermilk is a very good ration for hens, particularly if they are laying.

