

Second Annual Holiday Number

# Charlevoix COUNTY Herald.







## Only Five Shopping Days Before Christmas



Now is the time to buy things to decorate your house. A beautiful line of Tapestry, Portiers, fringed at top and bottom, price from **\$3.50** to **\$6.00** a pair.



We have decided to sell out before the Holidays, all Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats and Jackets in our stock if possible. To bring this about, we have decided to place them upon the market at just one-half the price.

It is hardly necessary to call your special attention to the big values we are offering in new winter Fur styles. All we ask is for you to compare these goods with those of similar character in the past. These furs have been carefully selected; are entirely new, and will interest every one including quality, style, workmanship and price.

We guarantee every garment purchased. Here is one of our numbers and special values made of first class "Isabella Opossum" extra well lined, and made up and trimmed in the best fashion. Priced by us at **\$7.50**. We have other Furs very desirable at from **\$5.00** to **\$15.00**. Please call and see them while the assortment is complete.

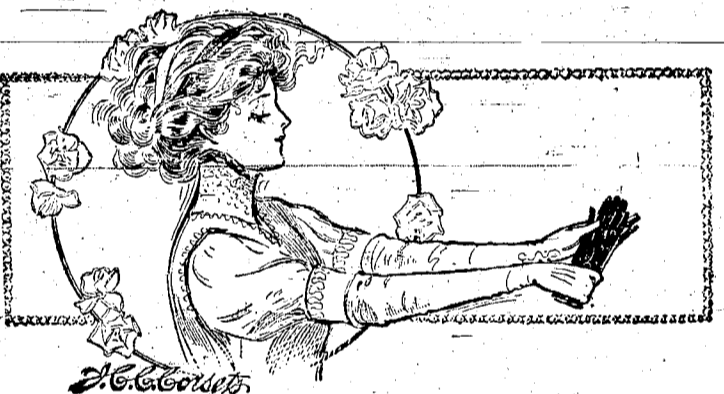


We would call your attention to our splendid line of Shoes, among others are the "Montpelier" W. B. Patent Kid; Blucher lace boot, new wave, dull tops, fast color eyelets, spike heels, short vamp, narrow toe without tip. These beautiful shoes sell for **\$3.50** and is only one of many kinds. You never regret it, if you buy reliable goods, and this can be extended through the whole line.

### Tempting Bargains for Christmas Shoppers

Special offerings from our large and well selected stock.

Dainty Christmas Handkerchiefs, a gift dear to every feminine heart. We are unquestionably headquarters for handkerchiefs. You really cannot afford to miss this comprehensive display, which comes for your choice, from the Handkerchief centers, Detroit and Chicago. These Handkerchief novelties popularly priced at **10c**, **15c**, **25c**, **50c** up to **\$1.00**. Pure Irish Linen for men, **25c** each. Lookers become buyers at this store because our values are irresistible.



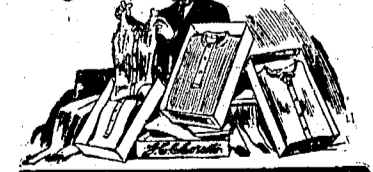
Stockings, Leggings, Gloves, and Ribbons at the popular prices.



Hand Bags in all the new and novel effects, from **25c** to **\$3.50**.

As to beautiful Linens, Towels, Napkins, Table Cloths, Bedspreads and kindred articles which are moderately priced by us at from **22c** to **\$3.50** giving everyone a price range to meet every purse.

### KNIT UNDERWEAR



Take it in substantial wear like underwear, we are showing women's fine ribbed, heavy fleeced lined vests and pants at **50c**, acknowledged to be the finest our customers have ever seen at the price.

### For Men's Presents

There is nothing more acceptable than a good pair of Suspenders. Of these articles, we have a combination box of Suspenders, Arm-Bands and Hose Supporters, all put in a neat Christmas box and priced at **\$1.00**.

Men's and Boys' **50c** and **\$1.00** Caps. A fine line to select from.

In our Glove department, we are showing the useful as well as the beautiful, from **50c**, **\$1.00** to **\$1.50**.



When it comes to Neckwear and such toggery, we know our showing is simply complete; a full line **25c** that look just like what most people sell at **50c** and when it comes to our **50c** line, they would easily pass for the **\$1.00** grade.

We are sole agents for the well known "Clarendon" Shirt, the great **\$1.50** Shirt, sold by us for **\$1.00**.

The Corliss Coon & Co Collars, the most perfect fitting Collars ever sold; price by us, two for **25c** equal to the **25c** grade.

Mufflers **50c** to **\$1.50**. We are only too glad to put our time against yours and help you make suitable selections.



Ask to see our Sweaters at from **50c** to **\$5.00**.



We urge you to call early and avoid the rush of the last few shopping days preceding Christmas. Of course we are glad to see you at any time, and it is solely for your comfort and convenience, that we urge early buying. You have so much better chance to make selections.

Extending to you a most hearty and sincere Merry Christmas, I am  
Yours Very Truly

# FRED E. BOOSINGER

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 12

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1908.

No. 51

## Santa Claus Headquarters

East Jordan Stores Present a Festive Appearance for the Holiday Trade.

A trip through the numerous business houses in East Jordan at any time during the next week will prove to the most skeptical person that it is no dream when the Herald makes the statement there is no village of its size in the state that can compare with ours in size, quality and beauty of the Christmas stocks carried by our merchants. The Holiday shopper will find one of the best varieties of articles to make glad the hearts of both old and young that has ever been carried during this season of the year by our merchants.

East Jordan merchants anticipate an unusually large Holiday trade this year, and have stocked-up accordingly. Also remember that special sales are being held by our merchants during the holiday season to induce you to spend your money here and to assist you in making a dollar buy more goods here than it will in other towns. East Jordan business men desire your custom and by looking over the columns of the Herald this week you will find that the bargains offered are not duplicated by any merchant in the county.

Don't miss one of the ads. This week if you are looking for information which will assist you in selecting Christmas presents for any member of the family or your friends.

### DEEDS RECORDED.

List of transfers for the week ending Dec. 12th, 1908.

Judson H. Bennett to Herbert C. Welter, n 1/2 of s 1/2 of s w 1/2 sec 24 t 33 n r 6 w. \$550.00.

Louis and Pauline Allard to Margaret Orłowski, lot 8 blk 8 Mason's add Chalevoix. \$400.00.

W. H. White Co. to Frank Polus, s w of s w 1/2 sec 28 t 32 n r 5 w. \$200.

Charles H. Bellinger to Geo. E. and Martha B. Dutton, part of s 1/2 of n 1/2 of n w 1/2 sec 24 t 34 n r 8 w. \$800.00.

Louis Peppin to Moses Hart Jr., n w 1/2 of n w 1/2 sec 28 t 32 n r 6 w. \$350.

Peter Lanway to James M. Isamun, s 1/2 of n w 1/2 of s w 1/2 sec 27 t 32 n r 7 w. \$350.00.

Hylon Heaton to T. A. Heaton, lot 13 blk 2 Chapman & Cadwells add Spg. Harbor. \$1.00.

Theodore Martin to Timothy Heaton, part n w 1/2 of n w 1/2 sec 36 t 33 n r 6 w. \$75.00.

George W. Blake to H. W. and Susie G. Dickens, part lot 12 blk 4 So Lake. \$400.00.

Thomas Cumming to Joseph Clark, e 1/2 of e 1/2 n e 1/2 sec 18 t 33 n r 8 w. \$850.00.

Margaret Orłowski to Margaret Allard, lot 8 blk 8 Mason's add Chalevoix. \$850.00.

Tony Barker to Henry A. Mann, part s 1/2 of e 1/2 of n e 1/2 sec 24 t 32 n r 6 w. \$200.00.

A. F. Herron to State Bank of East Jordan, all timber on s of Pleasant Valley road on s e 1/2 of s w 1/2 and n w 1/2 of s w 1/2 sec 12 t 32 n r 6 w. \$1.00 and over.

David S. Salisbury to State Bank of East Jordan, part lot 11 blk 4 South Lake. \$1.00.

ROMEO A. EMREY,  
Register of Deeds.

### COUNTY NORMAL NOTES.

Tuesday the class went to the training room to observe a lesson in language.

With the assistance of Mr. Howard the training room children have made some peg boards to be used in Arithmetic.

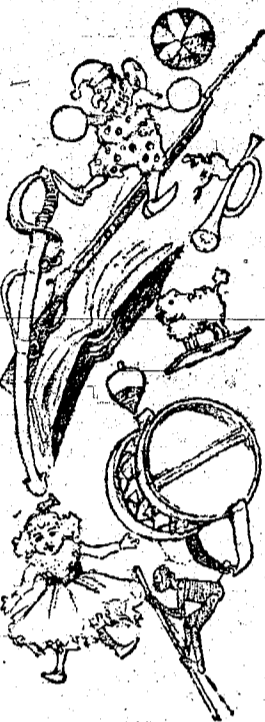
The children of the training room have finished the raffle picture frames they have been working on the past week. They are interested in bean bags at present and this gives them a quiet game for recess. Besides the work in keeping the score gives them good drill in Arithmetic.

Clare Finucan and Ruth Bowdish began practice teaching in the training room Monday.

An open meeting of the lyceum was held Friday evening. The following program was given: song, Christmas Bells, class; recitation, Selection from Snowbound, Olaf Finucan; essay, Present Conditions of Forest, Hazel Holiday; reading, Demosthenes, Edith

## The Christmas Stocking

A Parody by FRANK J. BONNELLE



How dear to this heart is the stocking of childhood when fond recollection presents it to view! On Christmas St. Nick came from frost-whitened wildwood with every loved toy which my infancy knew. The wide spreading chimney, the sled which stood by it, a horse and some books—I remember them all—a doll for my sister, and baby house nigh it, and then the full stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the bountiful stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! The well stuffed envelope I hailed as a treasure as early that morning I opened my eyes and found there the source of an exquisite pleasure, the purest and sweetest that nature supplies. How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing and back to my white sheeted bed went with all, then soon, with the emblems of love overflowing, was happy in what to my lot did befall—the Santa Claus stocking, the generous stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! How sweet through its round open top to explore it as poised on my knee it inclined to my view! Not a hot, tempting breakfast could make me ignore it for longer at most than a minute or two. And now, far removed from the loved situation, the tear of regret will intrusively fall as fancy reverts to my youth's habitation and sighs o'er the stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the plethoric stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! But grown people find there's a later sensation as grateful as any they felt long ago. It comes when they witness the glad exultation which on Christmas morning their own offspring show. And now, dear old Santa Claus, let me petition your favor for children, both large ones and small. Bring all the bright hopes to the fullest fruition that rest in each stocking which hangs on the wall—the wealthy child's stocking, the poor urchin's stocking; yes, all every stocking which hangs on the wall!

Brodie; debate, Resolved that the Tariff on Sugar should be Repealed, affirmative Jessie Durance, negative Pearl Hurst; recess; vocal duet, Longing, Susie Svelton and Maud Cross; recitation, The Children's Hour, Cecil Barkley; current events, Jessie Metz; story, Antonio Canova, Mildred Drescher; song, Ring Out, Wild Bells, class.

### The Story of a Medicine.

Its name—"Golden Medical Discovery" was suggested by one of its most important and valuable ingredients—Golden Seal root.

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that he could, by the use of pure, triple-refined glycerine, aided by a certain degree of constantly maintained heat and with the aid of apparatus and appliances designed for that purpose, extract from our most valuable native medicinal roots their curative properties much better than by the use of alcohol, so generally employed. So the now world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery" for the cure of weak stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, or biliousness and kindred derangements was first made, as it ever since has been, without a particle of alcohol in its make-up.

A glance at the full list of its ingredients, printed on every bottle-wrapper will show that it is made from the most valuable medicinal roots found growing in our American forests. All these ingredients have received the strongest endorsement from the leading medical experts, chemists and druggists of this country who recommend them as the best remedies for the diseases for which "Golden Medical Discovery" is advised.

A little book of these endorsements has been compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and will be mailed free to any one asking same by postal card, or letter addressed to the Doctor as above. From these endorsements, copied from standard medical books of all the different schools of practice, it will be found that the ingredients composing the "Golden Medical Discovery" are advised not only for the cure of the above mentioned diseases, but also for the cure of all catarrhal, bronchial and throat affections, accompanied with catarrhal discharges, hoarseness, sore throat, lingering, or hang-on-coughs, and all those wasting affections which, if not promptly and properly treated are liable to terminate in consumption. Take Dr. Pierce's Discovery in time and persevere in its use until you give it a fair trial and it is not likely to disappoint. Too much must not be expected of it. It will not perform miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. It will cure the affections that lead up to consumption, if taken in time.

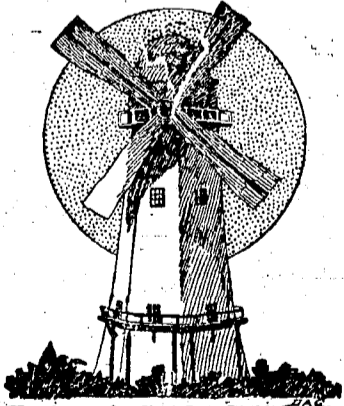
Forced Sale.—A Remington No. 6 Typewriter in first-class condition. Recently rebuilt. For Sale at a Bargain. Enquire at Loveday's Real Estate Office.

### MONSTER CHRISTMAS CAKE.

It Was Seven Feet High and the Largest Ever Made.

Reproduced below is a picture of a mammoth Christmas cake, said to be the largest one ever made. It was seen last Christmas in a shop in Leytonstone, England. Some idea of its size may be gauged when it is stated that it stood seven feet high and weighed no less than 1,680 pounds.

Those who may desire to turn out a rival cake may be interested to learn that the following ingredients were used in its manufacture: One hundred and fifty-two pounds of butter, 152 pounds of sugar, 325 pounds of flour, 110 pounds of raisins, 110 pounds of sultanas, 110 pounds of currants, 3,000 eggs, 35 pounds of citron peel, 35 pounds of lemon peel, 35 pounds of or-



"BARKING WINDMILL" CAKE

ange peel, 40 pounds of almonds, 30 pounds of milk (15 quarts), 120 pounds of almond paste, 100 pounds of icing sugar, 5 pounds of fresh lemon juice, 21 pounds of mixed spices, 1 pound of nutmegs and 1 pound of essence of lemon.

Rocking Chairs in abundance at WHITTINGTON'S.

Preventics, the new Candy Cold Cure Tablets, are said 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.

### MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Frank Ross, 24.....Charlevoix  
Ida DeGroot, 19.....Ellsworth  
John W. Kollhoff, 38.....Boyne Falls  
Florence Parm, 18.....Boyne Falls  
Albert Ziemke, 34.....Boyne City  
Bertha Bergmann, 34.....Wilson Twp  
John R. Struthers, 39.....Hayes twp  
Anna Sauder, 25.....Bratus  
Louis Barnes, 21.....Boyne City  
Ettie Wessels, 18.....Boyne City  
Adolph Lozen, 21.....East Jordan  
Fannie Clark, 18.....Ellsworth

RICHARD LEWIS,  
County Clerk.

### THE REV. IRL W. HICKS ALMANAC.

For 1909, ready Nov. 15, 1908. best ever sent out, beautiful covers in colors, the portrait of Prof. Hicks in colors, all the old features and several new ones in the book. The best astronomical year book and the only one containing the original "Hicks Weather Forecasts." By mail 35c, on news-stands 30c. One copy free with Word and Works, the best \$1 monthly in America. Discounts on almanacs in quantities. Agents wanted. Word and Works Pub. Co., 2501 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo. Every citizen owes it to himself, to his fellows and to Prof. Hicks to possess the "Hicks" forecasts,—the only reliable.

Dr. F. P. Ramsey can test your eyes and properly fit you with glasses.

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 ar 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.

## Your Holiday Shopping

Is not complete without a visit to this store where you will find a complete assortment of—



## Holiday Groceries

The finest and the best of everything needful for the Holiday feast.

Phone No. 49.

Prompt delivery.

G. L. SHERMAN & SON.

### PLUMBING

must be kept in good condition if you value your health. We can repair your plumbing, furnish you with new

### Bath-Room Fixtures,

new Sinks, Wash-Tubs, or anything you may need along this line. Our work is always very fine and our prices defy competition.



### MARINE SUPPLIES.

GEORGE H. SPENCER.

## Nickle Plated Ware

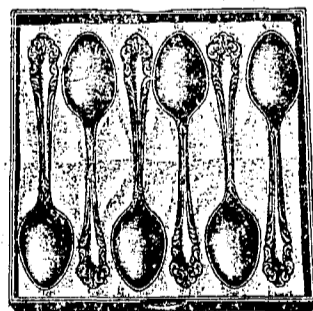
Is surely the best of all plated ware because it never tarnishes, never needs scouring or polishing. Just requires washing and wiping thoroughly and it shines just like new.

Tea and Coffee Pots 75c to \$2.50.

Handsome Serving Dishes—just what any house-keeper desires. Plain patterns, \$2.00 to \$2.25; Fancy patterns \$2.50 to \$4.00.

Silver Tea and Table Spoons of all kinds and styles. Prices to suit the most particular buyer. Silver Knives and Forks at \$2.50 to \$3.50 per set.

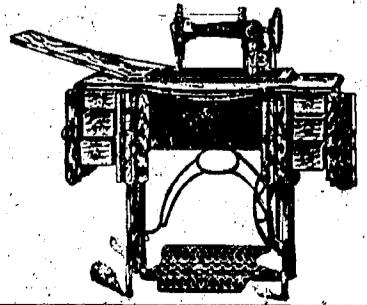
Silver Berry Spoons and Cold Meat Forks of the finest silver plate and latest styles and patterns. Prices 95c to \$2.50.



Air Pop Guns for the small children shooting cork and creating much sport. A splendid pastime and durable gun for only 25c.

Air Rifles \$1.22 cal. Rifles \$1.75 to \$4.00.

Special sale on Coaster Sleds, only 25c while they last. No excuse for any child to be without a Sled.



Sewing Machines to please the most particular seamstress. All the latest improvements. More attachments than any other machine. Ball bearing, runs easy and noiseless. Satisfaction guaranteed. \$35 Terms easy; one dollar down and one dollar per week.

A good, serviceable machine at only \$20. Will do family sewing a lifetime. Terms \$1-down, \$1 per week.

No trouble to show goods. Engraving Free.

# STROEBEL BROS.



College Men.

Neither in scholarship nor in fitness for the business of life does the product of the great colleges of the present day compare with the graduates turned out from the little colleges of a generation ago. Then, it is true, the boy with the diploma was often too stuffed with Latin and Greek and philosophy to be much of a practical man; now he knows a little about manners, more about clothes, something about "grinds," "peaches" and "profs," but the *sumum bonum* of his knowledge relates to drop kicks and line bucking. The old type was better, says the *Washington Post*, because, though impractical, he had a trained mind and was trained to discipline, whereas the new product has gotten most of his training in the ways of a good time. College life is, or should be, a period of training which prepares the youth for the business of a broader life. It will not do to cultivate exclusively the superficialities, which the atmosphere at most of the larger universities is doing. One of the reasons why men who come up from rude walks of life without the benefits of education frequently outstrip the college graduates is because such men have trained their powers through hard work, while the college man has vitiated his talents through overmuch play.

The bureau of engraving and printing at Washington has completed designs by Postmaster General Meyer for a new issue of United States postage stamps. It is expected that shipments to postmasters will commence some time in November. The new issue has been designed with the object of obtaining the greatest simplicity commensurate with artistic results. The profile has been taken in each instance, giving a bas-relief effect. All the stamps are of a similar design, containing a head in an ellipse, the only decoration being laurel leaves on either side of the ellipse. The lettering is in straight lines, at the top being "U. S. Postage" and at the bottom the words "Two Cents." The one-cent stamp contains the head of Franklin, while all the others will bear that of Washington, taken from busts by Houdon. The color are the reds and blues of the early stamps. Director Ralph of the bureau of engraving and printing regards the new stamp as the most artistic ever issued by the government.

David Lubin, formerly of California, has finally won complete success for his long-cherished plan to aid agriculture in a world-wide way. After appealing in vain to his own government to encourage agriculture by bounties on leading agricultural staples, instead of continuing a hopeless struggle he changed his base of operations in behalf of agricultural interests and appealed to the king of Italy with so much persuasiveness that his recommendations were adopted by that monarch much as he made them. The result is the endowment and permanent establishment at Rome of the International Institute of Agriculture. The test of its value is shortly to be made. Within a month delegates from 46 nations will meet at the first session of the general assembly of the institute, and working plans will be considered and probably adopted.

No labor movement of modern times is more needed or likely to do more good than the organization of wage-earning women. The woman has a harder time than the man in a single-handed fight to earn a respectable living and maintain herself in decent surroundings. Last month simultaneous conferences of the Women's Trade Union League were held in Boston, New York and Chicago. Women united in a cause are almost irresistible, and this is a cause which can have few enemies.

Approaching completion in the shipyard of the Elswick works at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, is the Brazilian battleship *Mina Geraes*, which has superior armament and arrangement to the British *Dreadnought* class, as well as being the heaviest battleship yet built in the world. The cruiser *Invincible* and the battleship *Superb*, of the *Dreadnought* class, are also to be seen at the shipyard.

A biography of the late Dr. Giffman, formerly president of Johns Hopkins university, says he "knew everything and yet was not a specialist in any line." He would probably have met the requirements of the writer of a current magazine article who complains about the prevalence of specialization and its evils.

A Toronto dealer advertises music by the pound, and probably the stamps pound when they play it.

Let 'Em Smoke

Women Benefit by Moderate Use of Tobacco

By DR. RACHEE SKIDELSKY,  
Noted Philadelphia Physician.



I feel sure that tobacco, if pure and properly used, might be beneficial to women. It is known to be valuable in functional disorders of the nerves. As men find it valuable to soothe their nerves in the midst of cares and worries, I do not see why women, whose worries are more numerous and whose nervous organizations are more delicate, should not find benefit in its proper use also.

I think that if a woman would sit down for five minutes before beginning her day and give the time to a cigarette she would be able to plan better her day's work. And five minutes thus used three times daily would, I think, be of much benefit to her.

Of course, I recommend the practice only to such as are in no danger of becoming addicted to the more extended use of cigarettes. It would depend upon how and where it was done. Were a woman to use a cigarette with the same feeling that she uses other medicine all would be well, otherwise it would be distasteful.

I would not sanction at all a woman smoking a cigarette in public or for bravado merely. With men and women alike, tobacco, like any other sedative, can become a violent poison when used to excess. It is this knowledge which keeps physicians generally from advising the use of tobacco for their women patients.

Aside from its value as a sedative, tobacco smoke has been praised by men who have made a study of its effects as a valuable disinfectant for the nasal and respiratory tracts. Hay smoke has the same effect in destroying germs which may lodge there. Inhalation, I think, always would have ill effects.

I speak from the general knowledge which every physician possesses. One prominent member of the Philadelphia County Medical society gave this knowledge as the reason why, in certain nervous disorders, he advised his patients to smoke good tobacco in moderation. I am afraid, however, that many of them would not be so frank as I am, in view of the widely spread prejudice among certain people against tobacco in any form. As a nerve sedative I regard tobacco as valuable alike to men and women. As to the manner and conditions and extent of its use—that is another matter entirely.

For ages men have found relief from petty worries, rest for worn nerves and general physical benefit in the moderate use of tobacco. We should probably hear less of the loudly proclaimed nervousness of the American woman were she to devote five minutes three times a day to a cigarette or two, preferably after meals.

The smoking habit would be as difficult to stop as the breathing habit.

**Teach Health Laws in Schools**  
By DR. HEALY H. ALMOND.

Let us all awake to the belief that the laws of health are the laws of God, as binding on us as if they had been thundered forth from Sinai; that if those which are now known with certainty were applied in practice, the improvement in human life, morality and happiness would be stupendous; that they should be the first and paramount subject of instruction by precept, habit and example in every school and in every home, and gradually but ultimately a code religiously observed in mills and shops and offices.

Many years ago I was a member of a school board. I ventured to propose regular open air drill for the children. I remember how the chairman, with a benevolent smile, suggested that we pass on to some practical business. Something of the same sort happened when I once complained of the fine assortment of evil gases and human exhalations in one school where the master was smitten with a fear of "drafts," and preserved each day's air carefully for use on the next.

In these particular directions, indeed, things are a little better now. But the main position of the enemy, where he grandly stands at bay, remains nearly as strong as ever.

Let marks be given freely for tests of vision and hearing, for strength of grip, for doing a long walk, say 25 miles, go as you please, in creditable time, and for a foot steeplechase or obstacle race, and marking here also by time. Nor do I see why marks should not be given also for boxing and gymnastics. Such reforms would not only fit pupils for pursuits in which strength and activity are directly useful, but also would enable them to withstand the severe strain of modern city life far better than an excess of study. The brain even of the future professor is more likely to be sound and masculine if it is supplied with blood from capacious lungs and a brisk circulation; and after all we cannot all be professors or devoted to research.

My own belief is that not more than six hours per diem should be devoted to sedentary work in schools, and certainly not more than one and a half in winter and two and a half in summer to games. The rest of the time should be largely occupied with military drill, with work in the gymnasiums, in the workshops, at targets, in various kinds of manual labor, or in singing—an excellent exercise for the lungs—or in playing musical instruments.

**Wonders of the Voice**  
By J. MOUNT BLEYER, M. D.,  
Consulting Physician Metropolitan Opera House, N. Y.

A great voice is a gift, and not even its possessor can tell whence it comes or how it is constructed. The singer finds that she is born with this wonderful machine, and must then learn how to use it. Tetraxini has the wonderful formation of the larynx and the cords which make for a superb voice; but she also has a method. This getting up some morning and discovering that you are a singer is veriest nonsense. The woman may be born with the vocal cords or strings, but something besides strings are needed, notably the brain with which to control the proper muscles with which to produce the proper tones. And a woman may have the cords without the quality. No two voices are alike, though they may be built exactly the same way, just as no two pianos or violins have the same tone until they are tightened and tuned and toned down to each other.

PUT A BURGLAR TO ROUT IN NIGHTIES

STUDENTS OF NEW JERSEY STATE NORMAL AND MODEL SCHOOLS IN MAN HUNT.

Trenton, N. J.—With guards with and guards without and guards all around their walls the State Normal and Model Schools here would seem to harbor anything but a bevy of young misses bent on learning how to teach. All of this guarding has come to pass because of an experience pretty Miss Roberta Duryea, a student of Freehold, N. J., had with a bold, bad burglar man the other night.

Near midnight Miss Duryea was awakened in her quarters in the main dormitory by a disturbance at her bedside.

"Who's there?" asked Miss Duryea drowsily.

She believed for a moment that her roommate, who had arranged to go



The Students, Scantily Clothed, Pursued the Frightened Burglar.

home for the night, had returned unexpectedly. Not receiving an answer Miss Duryea put forth a hand to feel if there was anybody near.

The burglar was standing within a foot of Miss Duryea's bedside and she touched him. She shrieked for help and the marauder struck her, a blow in the face, which was sufficient to mark her, but not to still her voice.

The girl's screams aroused the dormitory and the burglar plunged through a window which he had left open in anticipation of flight. Regardless of the cold and bitter weather the students, arrayed only in their beribboned nighties, took up the chase of the intruder. Some were armed with hammers, some with books, "rats," combs, brushes, shoes, and others with rulers, blackboard rubbers and suit cases. Several in the excitement chose their feather pillows for weapons.

But the brigade of flimsily dressed femininity did not overtake the burglar. He was too fleet. The chase stopped at the school gates, and there several policemen found the young women shivering in the cutting night air. The arrival of the police caused nearly as much of a commotion as the burglar. There was a wild retreat upon the dormitory and the seclusion of its rooms.

Miss Susie Kingman, preceptress of the institution, and her assistants, who had been foremost in the chase of the burglar, retired long enough to replace their nighties with apparel more suitable to the weather and the presence of the policemen, and then arranged with the bluecoats for the establishment of a permanent guard on the grounds.

**Rode on Runaway Mine Cage.**  
Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Alternately hoisted and lowered at full speed up the Lance colliery shafts some 30 or 40 times, Charles Edwards, a mine worker, had a thrilling experience, and was saved from death only by the coolness and quick action of Charles Young.

The trolley of a hoisting engine which Young was running became clogged and he found he could not stop it.

There was but a fraction of a second to act when he made the discovery, but it was enough. Young reversed the engine, and kept reversing it every time the cage was close to the top or bottom until other employes arrived and shut off the steam.

Edwards was in a state of collapse when taken from the cage.

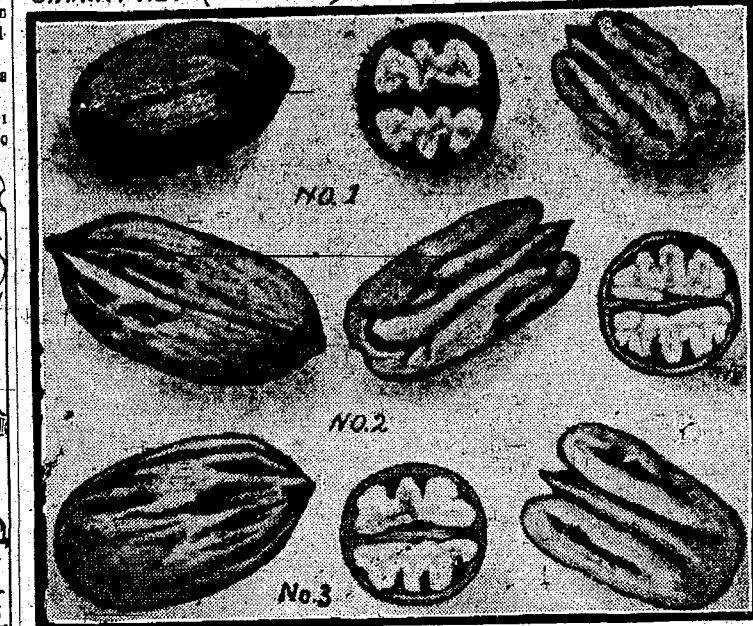
**Squirrels Nab Dynamite.**  
Winsted, Conn.—Alexander W. Regher, a laborer, left ten sticks of dynamite beside a large rock beneath a chestnut tree, while he drilled holes in a number of large stones preparatory to blowing them to pieces with dynamite.

When he went for the explosive he found squirrels busily engaged eating the stuff, little of which remained. He thinks they must have hoarded most of it, but hunters are wondering what will be the result if they happen to shoot one of the dynamite-filled squirrels.

**Stagers Miles in Torture.**  
Sellingsgrove, Pa.—Dellrious, his skull fractured and penetrated by the point of a heavy limb of the tree which he was alone attempting to fell, Noah Brown, 73 years old, of Krotzville, Snyder county, exhibited remarkable nerve staggering from the mountain to his home, two miles distant.

The NUTS POPULAR SEASON

DEMAND FOR THE DAINTY MEATS INCREASES WITH WINTER SEASON



NO. 1 WOLFORD, NO. 2 PRESIDENT, NO. 3 SOVEREIGN.

The constantly increasing consumption of nuts throughout the United States augurs well for a better appreciation of their food value. The time when nuts were considered merely as a luxury, or as something to be eaten out of hand at odd times, is rapidly passing away. In earlier days the native hickories, butternuts, walnuts, chestnuts, pecans, and many other nuts found in the United States were to be had in country regions for the gathering and were of no commercial importance. On the other hand, the English walnuts (to give them their most common name), almonds, coconuts, etc., brought from other countries, were relatively expensive luxuries.

Some nuts, like the native hazelnut and beechnut, still have practically no commercial value and, though palatable, are almost never offered for sale, doubtless because they are so small and difficult to gather in quantity. The chinquapin, a small nut allied to the chestnut, finds a limited sale in southern cities, but is doubtless seldom if ever seen in other markets. In general, however, conditions have changed and our principal native nuts are now staple market commodities and bring good prices. At the same time, owing to changes in market conditions, and to the growing of foreign nuts in quantity in this country, the price of the imported nuts has dropped so that they are well within the reach of the majority.

From available statistics it appears that in 1905 the total quantity of almonds, coconuts, Brazil nuts, filberts, peanuts, walnuts and other nuts, shelled and unshelled, imported into the United States was, in round numbers, \$6,238,000 pounds, with a value of \$6,138,000. In 1905 the total amount of crop in California reached 4,200,000 pounds and the walnut crop 12,800,000 pounds. The richest yield of peanuts was reported from the southern states, chiefly Virginia, Georgia and Tennessee, and amounted to 225,000,000 pounds.

The total quantity of home-grown nuts, including both native and introduced varieties, must far exceed the quantities imported, but in the nature of the case no estimates of the total quantities gathered and eaten are procurable. When we consider the constantly increasing demand for nuts and the large quantity which we import from other countries, the possibilities of the industry for the American nut grower are obvious. As the use of nuts has increased, many persons have turned their attention to the growing of native and foreign nuts on a commercial scale. This work has been forwarded by the department of agriculture, through the bureau of plant industry, and by the California, Florida, Michigan and other agricultural experiment stations. With nuts, as with other crops, it has been found that by selection and breeding, improved varieties are obtainable, of larger size, better flavor, thinner shells, or other desirable characteristics.

The increased demand for nuts is due in the main to two causes, namely, a better appreciation of their appetizing qualities and the numerous ways in which they form a palatable addition to the diet of the average family, and, secondly, to their use by the vegetarians and persons of similar belief—a group small in proportion to the total population, but still fairly large numerically—who use nuts, and more particularly the peanut, as a substitute for meat and other nitrogenous and fatty foods.

Even a cursory examination of the journals devoted to cookery and other branches of home economics and of the various books which are published on the subject will show the fairly general use of nuts for making soups, for stuffing poultry, for nut butters, nut salads, cakes, salted nuts, and

other dishes, and indeed several volumes devoted exclusively to nut-cookery have been published.

Many special nut foods, such as malted nuts, meat substitutes, etc., have been devised and extensively advertised by the manufacturers for general use in the diet and for the special needs of vegetarians and fruitarians. It is said that some of these American nut products contain soy beans, but apparently the peanut plays a very important part in their composition. In either case, since the peanut, like the soy bean, is a legume, these preparations might more properly be compared with the bean cheese and other soy-bean products, so much used in China, Japan and other eastern countries, than with such nuts as the walnut, almond or coconut.

The edible portion of nuts, with few exceptions, is very concentrated food, containing little water and much fat; in general, nuts are also rich in protein. Those ranking highest in this nutrient, the pignolia, a variety of pine nut imported from Spain, 33.9 per cent., the peanut with 25.9 per cent., and the butternut with 27.9 per cent., surpass most ordinary animal or vegetable foods in this respect. The almond, beechnut, and pistachio, with 21.4 per cent., 21.8 per cent., and 23.6 per cent., respectively, compare favorably with dried legumes. The Brazil nut contains 17.4 per cent. protein, the filbert 16.5 per cent., the walnut 18.2 per cent., the hickory nut 15.4 per cent., the pinenut 14.6 per cent., the pecan 12.1 per cent., and the dry chestnut but 10.7 per cent. The dry acorn, fresh chestnut and coconut, with 6.4, 6.4 and 6.6 per cent., respectively, are not as rich in protein as bread.

Of the nuts here included the richest in fat is the pecan, with an average of 70.7 per cent., but seven other varieties—the Brazil nut, butternut, candlenut, filbert, hickory nut, pinenut and walnut—contain upward of 60 per cent. The almond, coconut and pistachio yield between 50 and 60 per cent. of this nutrient. The beechnut, peanut, and pignolia contain about 50 per cent. In other words, in 13 of the varieties of nuts appearing in the foregoing table, half or more of the edible portion is fat or oil.

Only a few of the commonly used nuts yield any notable amounts of total carbohydrate matter, the dry chestnut, with 73 per cent., rating highest. Beechnuts, pinenuts and peanuts have about 18 per cent. The quantity of starch found is, with some exceptions, quite small, ranging from three per cent. in the beechnut to 27 per cent. in the chestnut.

The flavor of nuts is very largely dependent upon the oils which they contain, though in some there are also specific flavoring bodies. The nut oils readily become rancid, the very disagreeable flavor of spoiled nuts being due to this property. Some nuts (for instance, the chestnut) have a starchy flavor as well as a "nutty" taste. The small native nut is much more highly flavored than the large Italian or the Japanese chestnut. The almond possesses the cyanic-acid flavor, which is characteristic of peach pits, plum pits, etc., and this might be expected when it is remembered that the almond is the dried pit of an inedible fruit somewhat resembling the peach in appearance and closely related to it botanically. Most almonds are mild flavored. The so-called bitter almonds are, however, very strong, the cyanic acid yielding glucosid being present in considerable quantity. In raw peanuts there is a decided flavor resembling that of the closely related beans and peas, and to some persons this is not palatable. In the roasted peanut, which most of us prefer to the raw, the flavor is largely dependent upon the browned oils and starches or other carbohydrates.



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By DR. GEORGE F. BUTLER and HERBERT ILSLEY

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"I am afflicted very much, QUICKEN ME, O Lord, according to thy word."—Psalm 119:207.  
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**Why Such a Revival?**

1. To Lift Out of the Dust. "My soul cleaveth unto the dust, QUICKEN THOU ME according to thy word." Dust is the symbol of earthiness as opposed to heavenly-mindedness. David's soul had an attraction for dust. Drooping or dead things hold dust. It will stick so easily to living objects, and the cure for this dust magnetism is a larger infusion of life. The sick eagle wallows in the dust. It has not strength of wing to rise and shake it off, but the eagle full of life soars above the dust and gazes into the sun. Christians who are to-day wallowing in the dust of worldliness need an infusion of strong healthy life that they may "mount up on wings as eagles."

2. To Sustain Us Under Life's Burdens. "I am afflicted very much; quicken me, O Lord, according to thy word." Dust mars and hinders life, but it is not heavy. There are Christians not covered with dust living consecrated lives, who have on them heavy burdens of responsibility, calamity or sorrow. Such as these need quickening that they may have strength to bear their burdens. David was afflicted very much, and this word "afflicted" has a wider range than bodily disease. But he does not pray for a lessening of the burden. What he wants is more life to carry what he has and to assume larger burdens. Burden-bearing develops a strong, healthy man, while it crushes the weak and sickly. We need more life under these burdens that they may develop rather than crush us.

3. To Break All Bonds That Enslave Us. "Plead my cause, Deliver me. QUICKEN THOU ME according to thy word." This reveals to us a condition of bondage. "Deliver me; set me free," and this freedom comes through a revival—a quickening according to God's word. Some of us are bound by habit; the habit of doing nothing good. It is difficult to tell which is worse—the habit of doing what is wrong or the habit of neglecting what is right. Oh, for the quickening that will deliver us from these do-nothing bonds! Others are bound by the fear of men. When the apostles were filled with the Spirit they spoke the word of God with boldness; they feared neither the face nor the sword of their enemies.

**How to Get It.**  
Pray for it. Every text is a prayer: "QUICKEN THOU ME according to thy word." It is a personal prayer. It is well to pray for the pastor, for the church, for all Christendom, for the world. But we must not fail to pray for ourselves. "QUICKEN ME." If you are quickened somebody else will be, and if the fire begins in your soul the flames will catch the combustible material about you. You need to strike the match that can burn up a city. The fact is, all quickening must be individual. The Lord does not quicken the crowd. The tongue of flame at Pentecost sat not upon the crowd, but "upon each of them." A revival that comes in answer to prayer is God-given, and the only kind worth having. A revival gotten up is soon put down. A revival produced by a series of mechanics, whether of song or invitation or eccentricity, will not last. It can be destroyed by an opposite course of mechanics. It is simply a battle of force, with which God has little to do. The revival we call the Reformation was born in prayer. Luther's habit was to pray three hours a day. The knees of Melancthon were found after his death to have been made callous by kneeling. Pentecost was preceded by ten days of supplication and prayer. Peter and John were in the spirit of prayer on their way into the temple, when the great revival in which many were converted was commenced. After Christ had cast out the devil from the demoniac he said: "Such a this cometh forth only by prayer."

**When the Lights Go Out.**  
Mrs. Baker—Isn't it sad that according to the newspaper accounts, most of the people who are very sick seem to die during the night? Mrs. Barker: The sick men my husband sits up with seem to drop off about 3 a. m.—Harper's Weekly.

**A** VERY short, stout, sailor-appearing man, clean-shaven and wearing a fitless slop-shop suit of blue, with a rusty stovepipe hat on his head and a canvas bag in his hand, came rolling up the street, and after looking hesitatingly around at the numerous lodging-house signs in the windows of the neighborhood, started briskly up the steps of No. 112 and pressed the button.

"Mum," he said to the elderly woman who opened the door, "I see by these here notices that you hev rooms to let, and as that's what I'm arter I kinder callated I'd gin ye a call. How much be they?"

He abstracted a huge roll of bills from his trousers pocket and thrust them bunglingly into her hand.

"Do what ye can for me on that," he continued. "Count it out and see what's in it. 'Twas 300 when I skinned her, over, and I callated 'twould do. Stow the ditty-box under the berth and 'long 'bout eight bells I'll drift back and kinder tidy things up a bit for night. Good-day, mum!"

He gave his hat an awkward pull and waddled off hurriedly, leaving the lodging-mistress red in the face and short of breath with the surprise of her life.

"Save us, there's wan man for youse!" she gasped, following him with amazed eyes as he stumped down the street on his short legs, the huge trousers flopping in the wind, the rusty hat pulled down to his ears and the coatsleeves dangling to within an inch of the tips of his stubby fingers.

At noon the queer lodger returned, received his key and was shown to his quarters. Pausing on the threshold he turned to Mrs. Tull, the flesh of his face packed like hard putty, as immobile as a board, his unwinking eyes staring into her own.

"Mum," he said in voice like a foghorn, "my name is Colter, Cap'n Joshua S. Colter. This here is my cabin. D'ye see? 'Tis mine for one twelvemonth. Omit that time is up I callate I'm the size myself to load it clean to the skylight, and I don't never 'low to hev no petticoats fussin' up any vessel o' mine. I'll swab the docks and trim sails myself, and now you c'n go below and stay there. Show your fingerhead on my companionway agin without orders and I'll shove ye plumb overboard through the porthole."

At 11 o'clock the next morning, when she heard him bulkily descending the stairs, she stood in the back-parlor doorway to observe him, but had the doughty captain chanced to look that way he could have seen nothing but the tip of an inquisitive nose and the toe of a large boot. It was the same on the second and third mornings, but on the fourth the captain did not appear at 11 o'clock as usual. She felt some uneasiness over this fact, which grew greater when the next day also he remained invisible. For more than 48 hours not a sound had issued from his room. She waited until the next noon, and then, all remaining as quiet as the houses of the dead, she ventured up to the head of the stairs and stood a moment gazing steadfastly at the closed door of the mysterious "cabin."

Always at this stage of reflection, with persons of Ann Tull's grade of mind and experience, the police begin to figure. And within ten minutes afterward she was standing on the stairs pointing out to an inspector and a plain-clothes man the door behind which lurked some dark secret, she was sure.

"Looks to me as if he had run," said the inspector. "How much was he into you, Mrs. Tull?"

"Not wan cent. I know me business. 'Tis in advance I always do be getting it from strange wans."

"Well, I don't see as there's anything for us here," remarked the inspector taking a last look around. "Lock up the room and keep the key till his time is out, or till he comes back. But if anything more turns up let us know at the station." Then he went away with his man.

At eight o'clock a young lithographer, who with his brother, a house-painter, occupied the room directly over the captain's, came jumping down the stairs, and tearing the kitchen door open rushed upon Mrs. Tull, and putting his hands on her shoulders began to sob, crying brokenly:

"Oh, I am sorry, I am sorry! It was Jim and me that done it. I told him we'd be found out, and now it's some. What shall we do? Can't you hide us, Mrs. Tull, and say nothing? Then it will be all right for nobody

will ever know the difference. He had no friends to come asking for him."

"Lud's sake alive, what's all this?" "The—the cap'n!" he stammered. "We was playin' cards—in his room—me and Jim. He said Jim nipped on purpose, and Jim hit him."

"Was he looking, jist, whin Jim struck?" she asked, cynically.

"We didn't think at first he was hurt much," he replied whiningly. "But he didn't get up, and when we went to lift him we saw he was gone and—"

"Stop!" She put out one of her great raw-

him: Physically he was a good duplicate of his brother, of slight build, fair-complexioned, with a face of average intelligence now distorted with fear. He looked at the speaker shrinkingly, and as the last words of the confession left his lips and he became silent, said to his brother: "For God's sake, Britt, what have you been saying?"

"I couldn't help it, Jim," answered Britt, miserably. "I was goin' crazy, and had to let it out. Something forced me to, I don't know what. I had to speak. But I thought she'd hide us. I didn't suppose she'd go

man of 60, with shrewd black and snappy eyes, evidently a farmer in his Sunday clothes, called on Dr. Furnivall.

"Wal," he said, his eyes searching the floor as if for words, "my name is Alfred Greely, and I live in Winchester. I've got two boys in this here city, and one on 'em says they killed a man, and t'other says they didn't. It don't look noways reasonable to me that either on 'em could do such a thing, they hed sech a good bringin' up by their mother, but they've ben away from home a purty considerable time now, and p'aps they got inter-

"Not as ever I heard on," he answered.

The bars of the cell-door loomed inexorably between them, but the old man advanced, strengthened perhaps by a thought of the gray old mother and wife at home, and stoutly thrusting his arm to the elbow between the cold iron rods wrung his boy's hand.

"You needn't open the door, O'Leary," said Dr. Furnivall to the turnkey. "At any rate not yet. Remain here and remember what passes. Britt, if that is your name, come forward where we can see you. There! Now tell us when you first saw Capt. Colter?"

"I saw him Tuesday night, the first time—and then again Friday night. That was when we done it."

"How did your brother come to strike him?"

From the moment when his eyes first became settled in those of Dr. Furnivall the expression of his face began to change—from self-consciousness to nervousness, to perplexity, to surprise, to earnestness, and finally, as he interrupted himself to ask the question, to deep and absorbed thought. And almost instantly he continued, in the inflectionless tones of a long-dead man:

"I never saw Cap'n Colter in my life!"

The father uttered an exclamation of eagerness mingled with amazement, but Dr. Furnivall motioned for silence.

"Tell me," he said to the prisoner, "why you said you and your brother had done this thing?"

"I don't know."

"Did you ever do violence to anybody, you or your brother either?"

"No sir—we never hurt anybody."

"You like to read about people being hurt, in the accident columns, and in stories, don't you? . . . such things distasteful to you?"

"I read all I can get about them."

"Do you ever feel queer in the head—depressed or confused, or as if you wanted to get away from yourself?"

"I'm whirly-headed often, and I can't think sometimes. My head aches a good deal . . . go out in the night and run it off."

"That's all. Come, Mr. Greely, we'll have them out of here sooner or later. There's a large ball of red tape to unwind and we'll begin at once."

"But," faltered the wildered old man, his mind torn by a jellied and puzzled, "if they never done nothin' of the kind how in natur'—how—what did he say so for?"

Dr. Furnivall did not wish just yet to inform this loyal old father that his son was afflicted with insane errand tendencies, of a class to which self-inculpative confessions, wholly false, are so common that Quintilian held a suspicion of insanity to be inherent in all confessions. He wished to see the boy again and decide what would best be done with him. He had suspected from the first that this brother and not the other was the afflicted one, if either of them were, the fit of Jim in the police station being merely a natural faint induced by the horror of his position.

Two nights later Ann Tull was startled out of her sleep in the back parlor by a sound in the room overhead, the cabin of mystery. Her feet struck the floor with the suddenness of thought, and goaded by the multitudinous superstitions honestly inherited from generations of wild-headed ancestry, she plunged into her clothes and flew around the corner to the police station. Two officers heard her news and hastily accompanied her back. They crept softly up the stairs, the door of the "cabin" was wide open and the captain stood shaying before the mirror.

The captain looked at the policemen. He showed no surprise. On the contrary he began to address them at once as if he had been expecting this visit, explaining in short, vigorous and forceful phrases that his daughter wished him to live on the farm with her and her husband, while he wished to continue going to sea a little longer. A compromise had been effected by his taking this room near the water where he could get a sight of it when he liked, and inhale its odors, and nevertheless might be whirled in a half hour by train to his daughter in the country. That was where he had just been.

The next morning Dr. Furnivall called on the captain and accompanied him to the district attorney's office. The result was that before night the Greely boys were released. Britt, however, only exchanged the jail for an insane hospital, where he remains to-day.

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boned powerful hands and forced him into a chair. Then she noiselessly closed the kitchen door and returning stood ponderous and threatening before him.

"What at all d'yees mane by 'gone'?" she asked in a voice that frightened him with its strength of repressed ferocity.

"I mean he—he was—dead!" he stammered, his face as white as chalk.

"What did yees do wid-it?" Her body was trembling now, her voice broke huskily, and the black eyes blazed.

"We took him down stairs—and—and—over to the—the river."

With grim-set lips and without a word she threw a shawl over her head and marched the self-confessed criminal to the police station. There he told his story again, in greater detail, but essentially as he had given it to her. As he was finishing Jim was brought in by the two office men who had been hastily dispatched for

back on us this way and get us into trouble."

The brother turned frantically to the desk-man.

"We didn't do it!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "It is all a lie. I never saw the man in my life. I don't believe Britt ever did either. We never was in his room. We didn't know he was missing until tonight when we came home. They told us on the street, and he was as much surprised as I was."

Britt shook his head sorrowfully with a faint smile.

His brother gazed at him in terror, his face as white as a sheet. His lips began to twitch, his hands opened and shut spasmodically, his body trembled violently, his knees bent suddenly, and he fell to the floor in a dead faint.

"Epilepsy!" said the desk-man. "That settles it. He's an epileptic, with homicidal tendencies, very likely, just the kind to do a job like this one."

The next day a small, dark, nervous

bad comp'ny. I durno. They was allers goods boys to home. Anyways, mother has sent me here to kinder look out for 'em, and find out the truth of what they done, and stan' by 'em whatever it was."

He paused, lifting his head with a shade of sternly repressed shame in his eyes. "The world is wicked," he went on, with an effort, "and I dunno. None of us ain't perfect. P'aps they was led wrong by somebody. P'aps they was wrong themselves. But I got to do what I can. I reckon it'll cost a master sight of money—but there's the farm, with sunthin' like four thousan', and there's a little in the bank."

"It is the case of Capt. Colter, isn't it," affirmed rather than asked Dr. Furnivall, eying the visitor interestedly through his colored spectacles.

"Yes, sir."

"Was there ever a case of epilepsy in the family, that you know of—back to, say, your grandparents or great-grandparents?"



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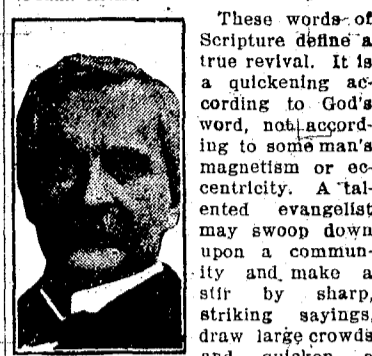
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He abstracted a huge roll of bills from his trousers pocket and thrust them bunglingly into her hand.

"Do what ye can for me on that," he continued. "Count it out and see what's in it. 'Twas '300 when I skinned her over, and I cal'lated 'twould do. Stow the ditty-box under the berth and long 'bout eight bells I'll drift back and kinder tidy things up a bit for night. Good-day, mum!"

He gave his hat an awkward pull and waddled off hurriedly, leaving the lodging-mistress red in the face and short of breath with the surprise of her life.

"Save us, there's wan man for youse!" she gasped, following him with amazed eyes as he stumped down the street on his short legs, the huge trousers flopping in the wind, the rusty hat pulled down to his ears and the coat-sleeves dangling to within an inch of the tips of his stubby fingers.

At noon the queer lodger returned, received his key and was shown to his quarters. Pausing on the threshold he turned to Mrs. Tull, the flesh of his face packed like hard putty, as immobile as a board, his unwinking eyes staring into her own.

"Mum," he said in voice like a fog horn, "my name is Colter, Cap'n Joshua S. Colter. This here is my cabin. D'ye see? 'Tis mine for one twelvemonth. Until that time is up I cal'late I'm the size myself to load it clean to the skylight, and I don't never 'low to hev no petticoats fustin' by any vessel o' mine. I'll swab the decks and trim sails myself, and now you go below and stay there. Show your fingerhead on my companionway age without orders and I'll shove ye plumb overboard through the porthole."

At 11 o'clock the next morning, when she heard him bulkily descending the stairs, she stood in the back-parlor doorway to observe him, but had the doughty captain chanced to look that way he could have seen nothing but the tip of an inquisitive nose and the toe of a large boot. It was the same on the second and third mornings, but on the fourth the captain did not appear at 11 o'clock as usual. She felt some uneasiness over this fact, which grew greater when the next day also he remained invisible. For more than 48 hours not a sound had issued from his room. She waited until the next noon, and then, all remaining as quiet as the houses of the dead, she ventured up to the head of the stairs and stood a moment gazing steadfastly at the closed door of the mysterious "cabin."

Always at this stage of reflection, with persons of Ann Tull's grade of mind and experience, the police begin to figure. And within ten minutes afterward she was standing on the stairs pointing out to an inspector and a plain-clothes man the door behind which lurked some dark secret, she was sure.

"Looks to me as if he had run," said the inspector. "How much was he into you, Mrs. Tull?"

"Not wan cint. I know no business. 'Tis in advance I always do be getting it from strange wans."

"Well, I don't see as there's anything for us here," remarked the inspector taking a last look around. "Lock up the room and keep the key till his time is out, or till he comes back. But if anything more turns up let us know at the station." Then he went away with his man.

At eight o'clock a young lithographer, who with his brother, a house-painter, occupied the room directly over the captain's, came jumping down the stairs, and tearing the kitchen door open rushed upon Mrs. Tull, and putting his hands on her shoulders began to sob, crying brokenly:

"Oh, I am sorry, I am sorry! It was Jim and me that done it. I told him we'd be found out, and now it's come. What shall we do? Can't you hide us, Mrs. Tull, and say nothing? Then it will be all right, for nobody

will ever know the difference. He had no friends to come asking for him."

"Lud's sake alive, what's all this?"

"The—the cap'n!" he stammered. "We was playin' cards—in his room—me and Jim. He said Jim nigged on purpose, and Jim hit him."

"Was he looking, jist, whin Jim struck?" she asked, cynically.

"We didn't think at first he was hurt much," he replied whinnyly. "But he didn't get up, and when we went to lift him we saw he was gone and—"

"Stop!" She put out one of her great raw-

him. Physically he was a good duplicate of his brother, of slight build, fair-complexioned, with a face of average intelligence now distorted with fear. He looked at the speaker shrinkingly, and as the last words of the confession left his lips and he became silent, said to his brother:

"For God's sake, Britt, what have you been saying?"

"I couldn't help it, Jim," answered Britt, miserably. "I was goin' crazy, and had to let it out. Something forced me to, I don't know what. I had to speak. But I thought she'd hide us. I didn't suppose she'd go

man of 60, with shrewd black and snappy eyes, evidently a farmer in his Sunday clothes, called on Dr. Furnivall.

"Wal," he said, his eyes searching the floor as if for words, "my name is Alfred Greely, and I live in Winchester. I've got two boys in this here city, and one on 'em says they—they killed a man, and t'other says they didn't. It don't look no ways reasonable to me that either on 'em could do such a thing, they hed sech a good bringin' up by their mother, but they've ben away from home a purty considerable time now, and p'aps they got inter

"Not as ever I heard on," he answered.

The bars of the cell-door loomed inexorably between them, but the old man advanced, strengthened perhaps by a thought of the gray old mother and wife at home, and stoutly thrusting his arm to the elbow between the cold iron rods wrung his boy's hand.

"You needn't open the door, O'Leary," said Dr. Furnivall to the turnkey. "At any rate not yet. Remain here and remember what passes. Britt, if that is your name, come forward where we can see you. There! Now tell us when you first saw Capt. Colter?"

"I saw him Tuesday night, the first time—and then again Friday night. That was when we done it."

"How did your brother come to strike him?"

From the moment when his eyes first became settled in those of Dr. Furnivall the expression of his face began to change—from self-consciousness to nervousness, to perplexity, to surprise, to earnestness, and finally, as he interrupted himself to ask the question, to deep and absorbed thought. And almost instantly he continued, in the inflectionless tones of a long-dead man:

"I never saw Cap'n Colter in my life!"

The father uttered an exclamation of eagerness mingled with amazement, but Dr. Furnivall motioned for silence.

"Tell me," he said to the prisoner, "why you said—and your brother had done this thing?"

"I don't know."

"Did you ever do violence to anybody, you or your brother either?"

"No sir—we never hurt anybody."

"You like to read about people being hurt in the accident, and in stories, don't you?—such things distasteful to you?"

"I read all I can get about them."

"Do you ever feel queer in the head—depressed or confused, or as if you wanted to get away from yourself?"

"I'm whirly-headed often, and I can't think sometimes. My head aches a good deal, and go out in the night and run it off."

"That's all. Come, Mr. Greely, we'll have them out of here sooner or later. There's a large ball of red tape to unwind and we'll begin at once."

"But," faltered the bewildered old man, his mind torn by a relief and puzzlement, "if they never done nothing of the kind—how in natur—how—what did he say so for?"

Dr. Furnivall did not wish just yet to inform this loyal old father that his son was afflicted with insane erabund tendencies of a class to which self-inculpative confessions, wholly false, are so common that Quintilian held a suspicion of insanity to be inherent in all confessions. He wished to see the boy again and decide what would best be done with him. He had suspected from the first that this brother and not the other was the afflicted one, if either of them were, the fit of Jim in the police station being merely a natural faint induced by the horror of his position.

Two nights later Ann Tull was startled out of her sleep in the back-parlor by a sound in the room overhead, the cabin of mystery. Her feet struck the floor with the suddenness of thought, and goaded by the multitudinous superstitions honestly inherited from generations of wild-headed ancestry, she plunged into her clothes and flew around the corner to the police station. Two officers heard her news and hastily accompanied her back. They crept softly up the stairs, the door of the "cabin" was wide open, and the captain stood shaving before the mirror.

The captain looked at the policemen. He showed no surprise. On the contrary he began to address them at once as if he had been expecting this visit, explaining in short, vigorous and forceful phrases that his daughter wished him to live on the farm with her and her husband, while he wished to continue going to sea a little longer. A compromise had been effected by his taking this room near the water where he could get a sight of it when he liked, and inhale its odors, and nevertheless might be whirled in a half hour by train to his daughter in the country. That was where he had just been.

The next morning Dr. Furnivall called on the captain and accompanied him to the district attorney's office. The result was that before night the Greely boys were released. Britt, however, only exchanged the jail for an insane hospital, where he remains to-day.

(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)  
(Copyright in Great Britain.)



"Oh, I'm sorry, I am sorry! It was Jim and me that done it."

boned powerful hands and forced him into a chair. Then she noiselessly closed the kitchen door and returning stood ponderous and threatening before him.

"What at all d'youes mane by 'gone'?" she asked in a voice that frightened him with its strength of repressed ferocity.

"I mean he—he was—dead!" he stammered, his face as white as chalk. "What did yeas do wid—it?" Her body was trembling now, her voice broke huskily, and the black eyes blazed.

"We took him down stairs—and—and—over to the—the river—"

With grim-set lips and without a word she threw a shawl over her head and marched the self-confessed criminal to the police station. There he told his story again, in greater detail, but essentially as he had given it to her. As he was finishing Jim was brought in by the two office men who had been hastily dispatched for

back on us, this way and get us into trouble."

The brother turned frantically to the desk-man.

"We didn't do it!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "It is all a lie. I never saw the man in my life. I don't believe Britt ever did either. We never was in his room. We didn't know he was missing until to-night when we came home. They told us on the street, and he was as much surprised as I was."

Britt shook his head sorrowfully with a faint smile.

His brother gazed at him in terror, his face as white as a sheet. His lips began to twitch, his hands opened and shut spasmodically, his body trembled violently, his knees bent suddenly, and he fell to the floor in a dead faint.

"Epilepsy!" said the desk-man. "That settles it. He's an epileptic, with homicidal tendencies, very likely, just the kind to do a job like this one."

The next day a small, dark, nervous

bad company. I dunno. They was allers goods boys to home. Anyways, mother has sent me here to kinder look out for 'em, and find out the truth of what they done, and stan' by 'em whatever it was." He paused, lifting his head with a shade of sternly repressed shame in his eyes. "The world is wicked," he went on, with an effort, "and I dunno. None of us ain't perfect. Paps they was led wrong by somebody. Paps they was wrong themselves. But I got to do what I can. I reckon I'll cost a master sight of money—but there's the farm, with sunthin' like four thousan', and there's a little in the bank—"

"It is the case of Capt. Colter, isn't it," affirmed rather than asked Dr. Furnivall, eyeing the visitor interestedly through his colored spectacles.

"Yes, sir."

"Was there ever a case of epilepsy in the family, that you know of—back to, say, your grandparents or great-grandparents?"

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

**A Christmas Warning.**  
"In giving Christmas presents to children," said Mrs. Frederick Schoff, the president of the National Mothers' Congress, "our first aim should be to transport, to overjoy, to enrapture."

"I once knew a little girl who, on fire with excitement, rushed in from her bedroom to see her presents on Christmas morning and after one look burst into loud sobs of disappointment and disgust."

"It was some such experience, I give no doubt, that had befallen a little girl friend of mine."

"Are you going to give me anything for Christmas?" she said one day to her aunt.

"Yes, if you're good," the aunt replied.

"The little girl gazed at her aunt with wistful earnestness. Then she said: 'Please, auntie, then, nothing useful.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**A Christmas Hope.**  
We do not pretend to be prophets, but we can all dare to hope. And this is what we hope: That some day the strong will help and not exploit the weak; that some day fraternity will be more than a rhetorical flourish; that some day love will beget justice rather than charity. And Christmas is the one day in the year that such a venturesome hope seems more than a will-o'-the-wisp.—World Today.

**A Christmas Hymn.**  
No tramp of marching armies,  
No banners flaming far;  
A lamp within a stable,  
And in the sky a star.

Their hymns of peace and goodness  
To earth the angels brought,  
Their "Gloria in Excelsis"  
To earth the angels taught

When in the lowly manger  
The holy mother maid  
In tender adoration  
Her babe of heaven laid.

Born lowly in the darkness  
And none so poor as he,  
The little children of the poor  
His very own shall be.

No rush of hostile armies then,  
But just the huddling sheep,  
The angels singing of the Christ  
And all the world asleep.

No flame of conquering banners,  
No legion sent afar,  
A lamp within a stable,  
And in the sky a star.

—Margaret E. Sangster in Collier's Weekly.

Go to Hamilton's for that box of Bon Bons that you are going to send "her."

**PRIDE.**  
You're holding your head too high;  
You're the slave of a foolish pride.  
With your face to the sunny sky  
You would try to look disguised.  
But you're trampling on the flowers,  
That around your pathway lie;  
You are crushing the blossoms beneath  
your feet,  
And you never can see in your blind conceit  
For you're holding your head too high.

**Swallowed the Objection.**  
—A "canibal" chief became converted and asked the missionary to admit him to the church.  
"But you have more than one wife," objected the missionary. "My church does not allow that."  
"The chief departed in dejection, but returned again in a few days and announced, with evident satisfaction, that he now had only one wife and was ready for baptism."  
"But," objected the clergyman doubtfully, "where are your other wives?"  
"Oh," replied the convert, "I have eaten them!"

**On the Safe Side.**  
The "colored lady" who entered service as cook gave her name as Julietta Price, but constantly referred to her husband as George Ledbetter. "How does it happen, Julietta," she was asked one day, "that you go by the name of Price, while your husband's name is Ledbetter?" "Well, you see, Mrs. Lawrence," she replied cheerfully, "it's this a-way. I hadn' been acquainted with George but fo' days when I married him, an' I didn' know how I was gonter lak him nor how he was gonter lak me. Now, these divorcements betwix' married folks is a heap er trouble an' a heap er expense, too, an' I 'lowed the safest way fer us to do was fer George to keep his maiden name an' to keep mine fell we see how our new experiment was gonter turn out."

**His Authority.**  
Dr. Magrath was eccentric. One day he was called up to visit a sick man and as he entered the room said cheerfully, "How do you do?" "Oh, doctor," replied the patient plaintively, "I am dead." Magrath immediately wheeled about and left the room and, actually reported that the man was dead. The mistake was discovered the following day, when some one took the doctor to task for issuing a false certificate. "I did it upon the very highest authority," Magrath explained, "for I had it from the man's own mouth."

### Annual Report of Liquor Licences.

County Treasurer's Office, Charlevoix, December 10, 1908.

To the County Clerk:  
The following is a statement of taxes collected or received by me upon the business of selling or keeping for sale or manufacturing distilled or brewed or malt or mixed liquors, during the year ending December 7, 1908.

Name of person, corporation, association, company or partnership paying a tax.	Residence	Kind of Business	Place of Doing Business	Am't of Tax Paid	Date of Payment
Frank Chaloupka	Charlevoix	Selling or offering for sale intoxicating liquor at retail.	Charlevoix	\$ 500 00	May 1
Herman Meyer & Charles Newbert	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 1
Levy A. Payne	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 1
Ludwig C. Holmes & S. Loney Williams	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 1
Leonard P. Adams	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 1
Central Land Co.	Detroit	Same as above	"	416 67	June 26
Elmer T. Nelson	Boysie City	Same as above	Boysie City	500 00	April 29
David Vaughn & Shire Pendleton	"	Same as above	"	500 00	April 29
John Denny	"	Same as above	"	500 00	April 30
Bert & Ross Isabell	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 1
Harold H. Garland	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 1
Wm. Chaddock & Hylon H. Heaton	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 2
Wilson E. Parmelee	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 2
Byron Lyke	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 2
Chas. O. Fry	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 2
Moxie Spangenberg	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 2
Adam & Jos. Delzelsky	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 2
Wm. & Minnie Garland	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 4
Wm. J. Thompson	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 6
Wm. A. Littlejohn	Boysie Falls	Same as above	Boysie Falls	500 00	April 30
George B. Kelly	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 1
Guss Ruff	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 1
Mitchell Lalond	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 1
John Fitzgibbons	East Jordan	Same as above	East Jordan	500 00	April 29
Jesse Allen	"	Same as above	"	500 00	April 30
Todd Wilks	"	Same as above	"	500 00	April 30
Alexander Bros.	"	Same as above	"	1000 00	April 30
Robert E. Pearsall	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 2
Ed Miner	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 2
Louisa Poppin	"	Same as above	"	900 00	May 7
Christopher Taylor	"	Same as above	"	458 34	June 4
Wm. Boyle	St. James	Same as above	St. James	500 00	May 5
Candy C. Gallagher	"	Same as above	"	500 00	May 5

DANIEL S. PAYTON,  
Treasurer of the County of Charlevoix.

STATE OF MICHIGAN  
COUNTY OF CHARLEVOIX  
Daniel S. Payton, Treasurer of said County, being duly sworn, says that the above and foregoing statement is true and correct.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public in and for said County, this 10th day of Dec., 1908.

ROMEO A. EMERY, Notary Public

**Lemieux & Lancaster**  
GENERAL  
Blacksmithing  
and Carriage Work.  
HORSE SHOEING a Specialty.  
All Work Guaranteed.  
our Patronage Respectfully Solicited  
State-st. East Jordan.

Go to Hamilton's for choice Xmas Candy.

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

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.

### Only 5 Days More Till Xmas.

At this store where you have found the best bargains the year round you will also find the best Xmas bargains. Our buying has been enormous, our price concessions wonderful—hence your Xmas money will spin out lots further here. Remember this week. Read every item of this Holiday News. There is a saving for you in every line of this advertisement.

Beautiful Collars 25c and 50c also Belts in all colors 25c to \$1.00. Belt Pins and Combs in all prices.  
A pretty assortment of Knocv. Aprons—beautifully trimmed with lace and insertion, 25, 35 and 60c. Examine this line before making your purchases elsewhere.

Handkerchieves in plain, bordered and embroidered. 5c to 50c.  
A line of fancy Ribbons and Silks, prices to suit.  
Linen: Lunch Cloth, Tray Cloth, Fancy Towels, Dress Scarfs and all kinds of Dollies at the lowest prices.

## L. WIESMAN

### 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.

### Stop That Cold

To check early colds or Grippe with "Preventics" means sure defeat for Pneumonia. To stop a cold with Preventics is safer than to let it run and be obliged to cure it afterwards. To be sure, Preventics will cure even a deeply seated cold, but taken early—at the sneeze stage—they break, or head off these early colds. That's surely better. That's why they are called Preventics.

Preventics are little Candy Cold Cures. No Quinine, no physic, nothing sickening. Nice for the children—and thoroughly safe too. If you feel chilly, if you sneeze, if you ache all over, think of Preventics. Promptness may also save half your usual sickness. And don't forget your child. If there is feverishness, nightor day. Herein probably lies Preventics' greatest efficiency. Sold in 5c boxes for the pocket, also in 25c boxes of 48 Preventics. Insist on your druggist giving you

## Preventics

JAMES GIDLEY.

### Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.  
When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.  
Third door north of Postoffice.



### A World of Playthings.

One of the greatest joys of Christmas Time is in making the little ones happy. Nothing can take the place of Toys—useful gifts and more costly ones might be appreciated in a measure, but it is the Toys that bring gladness to the children's hearts and make them look forward to Santa Claus' visit with eager anticipation.

East Jordan's greatest Toy store is now ready. We can supply everybody within reach of this store. The display of Toys is nothing short of marvelous. In variety and extent there is nothing like it elsewhere in Charlevoix county. All the newest Toys, the latest imported novelties, and multitudes of pretty Dolls and popular Games, and Toy Books and Automobiles, Express Wagons, Velocipedes, Tricycles, Sleds, etc. Bring the children and let them see more kinds of Toys than they have ever seen before.

### In Full Xmas Attire.

Our China and Crockery Departments are Ready to Meet Every Demand of Christmas Shoppers.

### NOTE THESE SUGGESTIONS:

- |                          |                        |                           |
|--------------------------|------------------------|---------------------------|
| Holiday Cut Glass        | Indian Novelties       | Fancy Mirrors             |
| Hand Painted China       | Ash Tray novelties     | Sterling Silver novelties |
| Plate Rail Plaques       | Hat Pin Holders        | Toilet Sets               |
| China & Glass Water Sets | Candle Sticks          | Albums                    |
| Vases, Steins, Statuary  | Novelties in Jewelry   | Cellar and Cuff Boxes     |
| Jardinieres              | Hair Ornaments         | Books and Stationery      |
| Fancy Lamps              | Back Combs             | Postal Card Albums        |
| Picture Bargains         | Latest Style Hand Bags | Choice line of Candies.   |

# HARPER'S BAZAAR STORE.



## Briefs of the Week

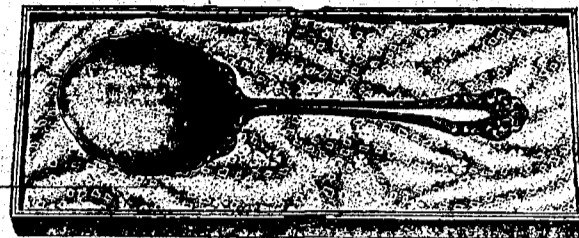
Firemen's Dance, Dec. 31st.  
 Bore to Mr. and Mrs. Guy King a ten-pound boy.  
 Have you seen those pretty Xmas presents at B. C. Hubbard & Co's?  
 Pros. Att'y Clink was at Charlevoix and Boyne City this week on official business.  
 Nuts, Oranges, Dates, Figs, Cluster Raisins and Almeria Grapes at Bell's Grocery.  
 South Arm Grange holds annual election of officers next Saturday evening. All members requested to be present.  
 Special attractions at the Electric Theatre this Saturday evening—Orchestra, two reels motion pictures, two songs; adults 10c; children 5c.  
 The Anti Saloon League have decided to establish headquarters for Northern Michigan at Traverse City. Rev. T. P. Bauer of Knox, Ind., will be in charge.  
 Absolutely pure, unadulterated Honey, the finest that can be produced, is being placed on the market by Ira D. Bartlett. Its tin cans and pails and also in the candied form in paraffined paper bags. Don't fail to try it.

Roy Sherman was a Boyne City visitor Wednesday.  
 Southern Holly for your Christmas decorations, at Bell's.  
 Sideboards, Chiffoniers and Bookcases at WHITTINGTON'S.  
 Mrs. Juliet Watkins of Bellaire is here guest of her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Hill.  
 We will have a large lot of Vegetable next week. Everything will be fresh.—E. A. LEWIS.  
 Mrs. Henry Roy left Monday for Chicago where she takes treatment in the West Side Hospital.  
 Mrs. Carl Andrews with daughter is here from St. Ignace guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stone.  
 Dentist W. E. Zavitz leaves Monday next for his old home, Thiedford, Canada, where he spends the holidays.  
 See the beautiful line of Belts, Combs and Barretts at Mrs. Hubbard's. Just the thing for Christmas.  
 The Laundry Basket will leave Mack's Jewelry Store next week Tuesday instead of Wednesday on account of it being Christmas week.

Bell has a full line of Dried Fruits, Lettuce and Celery for Christmas at LEWIS'S.  
 Decorate your home with Holly. Bell has it.  
 18 pounds of Granulated Sugar for one dollar at Bell's.  
 Beautiful line Shirt Waist Goods at B. C. Hubbard & Co's.  
 Extension Tables, Library Tables, and Center Tables at WHITTINGTON'S.  
 A nice selection of Rocking Chairs for young, middle age and old at WHITTINGTON'S.  
 The Laundry Basket will leave one day earlier (Tuesday) next week. Be sure and have your laundry ready.  
 Be sure to get 10c package of Candied Honey. You will miss a treat if you don't. Put up by Ira D. Bartlett.  
 Read B. C. Hubbard & Co's ad on 8th page of this issue. They are offering some rare values in ladies' goods.  
 WANTED—By the Bennett Handle Co., MAPLE BROOM HANDLE BOLTS, 44 inches long and seven inches and over in diameter.  
 This is the time of year to eat honey. Your system requires it. Try a 10c package of candied honey. A most luscious delicacy at the price of a staple—at your merchant's.  
 Services at the Methodist church on Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 12 o'clock. Junior League at 3 o'clock and Epworth League at 6 o'clock. All are cordially invited.  
 Between now and Jan'y 1st we will sell all our Skirts at Cost. The line includes silk Panamas, silk Voiles, silk imported Voiles, wool Voiles and Chiffon Panamas.—Miss Genevieve Senecal.  
 A fine line of Furniture at WHITTINGTON'S. Call and select your Christmas present.  
 At the St. Joseph Catholic church special preparations are being made this year to celebrate the Christmas day in a most solemn manner. The order of services of Christmas day itself will be as follows: at 6:00 a. m. according to standard time the beautiful song, "O, Wonderful Night," will be rendered by the children's choir; after that will be solemn high mass with a sermon on the birth of Christ, the promised Savior. Immediately after this high mass a low mass will be said. The second high mass with an appropriate sermon will be at 10:00 a. m. The solemn vespers will be chanted at 3:00 p. m. A special feature in the Christmas celebration will be the beautiful and most artistic crib consisting of several different figures. They are made by A. T. Kalotta of St. Louis, who is one of the best artists in statuary work in this country. This nice group of figures represents the birth of Christ in the stable of Bethlehem, showing at the same time the pious shepherds who were the first to come and adore the newborn Savior. Everybody will undoubtedly be delighted to see this work of art, which is a donation of Mrs. John Monroe.  
 \* Nice large juicy red apples at Bell's.

## Buy Christmas Gifts That Are Useful and Lasting

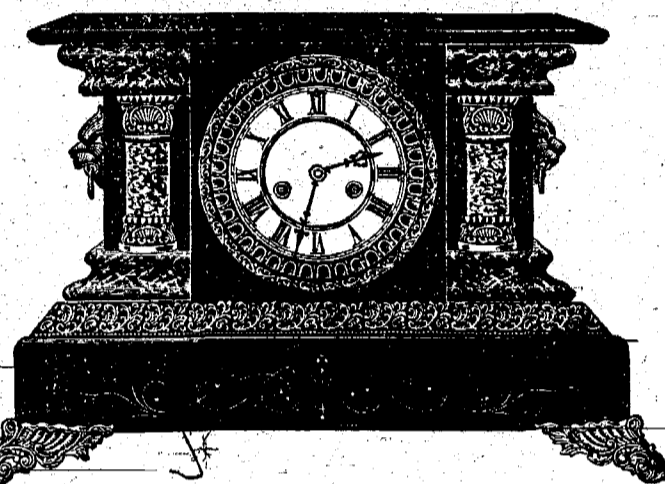
Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Collar & Cuff Boxes  
 Traveling, Shaving and Smoking Sets.



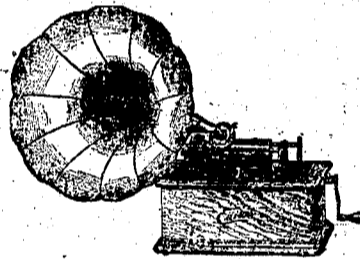
SILVERWARE, a very large assortment of the best at the very lowest prices, some at cost.

Cut Glass in great variety at prices we know are exceptionally low. Cut Glass Water Sets at \$2.50 and up Handsome 8-inch Berry Bowls \$3.00 and up, Etc.

Oneida Community Knives & Forks \$3.25 per set  
 Roger Bros. 1847 Knives and Forks \$3.50 per set

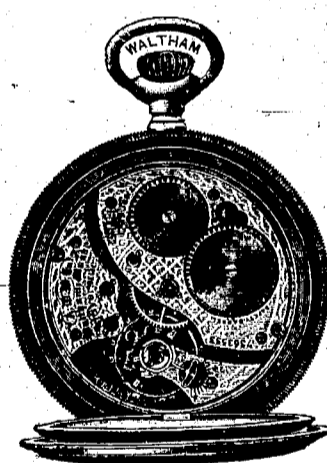


\$4.50 buys a nice Mantel Clock that will grace any home. Every clock guaranteed. Many styles to select from. They make useful Christmas gifts.



We have the new Edison Phonographs that play the two and four minute records. That will make an exceptionally good Christmas gift and every member of the family can enjoy it for years. We will sell you one for just a small payment down. About 1,500 records to select from.

All our Christmas Gifts are Useful and Lasting. We enjoy showing our stock and prices and we know they are right.



A beautiful stock of Locketts and Chains that will be sure to please and at prices we know are right and Guaranteed.

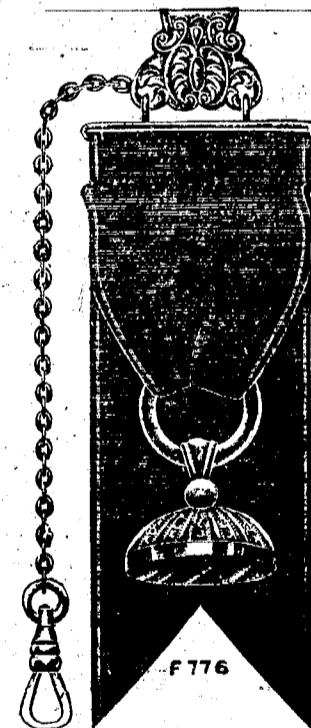
I am offering exceptional values in both Ladies' and Gent's Solid Gold and Gold Filled Watches, Chains, Charms, Eobs, Brooches, Scarf Pins, Cuff Links, etc. Be sure and look these over as they make Christmas gifts that last a lifetime.



Very pretty Hat Pins from 25c to \$3.75



Bracelets galore; from \$1.00 to \$7.25, the new designs and every one guaranteed.



RINGS: Several hundred, all Solid Gold, 75c to \$20.00 and up, especially low prices for Christmas.

## Systematic Saving

To drive a nail you must hit it not only once but several times to drive it right. It's persistent effort that counts in saving, as in all other endeavor. You can't save much money unless you go about it systematically. Start now—you'll be surprised to see how your account grows. We pay 3 1/2 per cent on savings from \$1.00 up.

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, Asst. Cashier  
 DIRECTORS.  
 W. P. PORTER, CHAS. H. SCHAFER,  
 W. L. FRENCH, FRANK M. SEVERANCE,  
 M. H. ROBERTSON, CLARENCE HAIRE,  
 FRED SMITH, CARL STROEBEL,  
 GEO. G. GLENN.

Do it now—buy a pail or bag of Honey. It's surely delicious and is guaranteed to please you, or money refunded.

The Theatre Orchestra entertained their friends to a Social Dance and Cards at the Eveday Opera House Friday evening. It was a pleasant affair.

Our Firemen will give a Dance at Lovday Opera House New Year's eve, Thursday, Dec. 31st. Plan to turn out and enjoy the evening. Bill 50cents.

C. A. Hudson's fame as a shoe seller is getting abroad. The past week he received an order for a pair of Martha Washington shoes, from Mrs. Marie Richardson of Oakland, California.

It will soon be time to look for the advance advertising of the "West-Henry Company" who promised to come back to East Jordan and present a successful play some time in January.

At the Latter Day Saints' Hall Sunday evening, Elder Dudley will take for his subject: "Other sheep" have I which are not of this fold. They also shall hear my voice and they shall be one shepherd and one fold.

Invitations are out announcing the approaching nuptials of Mr. James Gidley and Miss Myrtle, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Grigsby. The wedding takes place at the Presbyterian church, Thursday evening, Dec. 31st, at eight o'clock.

Several carloads of wood, on the grade above the Chemical Works, broke away Thursday afternoon and ran wild. Near the Argo Mill they struck several carloads of logs and a general smash-up resulted. Fortunately no one was injured.

N. Muma this week opened up a Grocery Store and Meat Market in connection with his bakery. He has secured the services of R. V. Sanford of South Boardman, who has had a number of years' experience in these lines, and they solicit a share of your patronage.

The supreme court this week affirmed the case of The People vs. John Coffey and remanded Mr. Coffey to the Circuit Court of Charlevoix for sentence. Mr. Coffey is a wealthy fisherman of Manistique, and was arrested for violating the fishing laws of the state. He claimed the law was unconstitutional and carried the matter from Justice Boosinger's court up to the Supreme. Pros. Att'y Clink represented The People in the case throughout.

Bell sells three pounds of Pure Sugar Candy for 25c.

Will Tate met with a severe accident at first of the week, which resulted in the loss of his right eye. He was handling a rifle when part of the mechanism flew back striking him in the eye. Drs. Sweet and Ramsey removed the eye, Monday.

The Superintendents of the Poor met in monthly session Monday. Bids from physicians for caring for the county poor were opened. Dr. F. P. Ramsey was appointed from East Jordan; Dr. Lewis of Charlevoix, Drs. Marshall and Bovee of Boyne City, and Dr. Coukle of Boyne Falls.

A Cadillac man who suspected that some one was peeping through the key hole of his office door, investigated with a syringe full of pepper-sauce. When he went home that evening he found his wife with an eye bandaged—a chip had struck her in the eye while she was chopping wood.

Judge of Probate Harris and Sheriff McWain were East Jordan visitors, Tuesday. Judge Harris held a hearing in the case of Henry Knapp, an inmate of the county house. He was adjudged insane and committed to the Traverse City asylum. Mabel Currier, aged 15, was ordered taken to the Industrial School at Adrian on account of being disorderly. Her parents had separated and she was left without a home or parental care.

Get your choice crisp Celery at Bell's Grocery.

All patrons of the theatre who saw the production of "Lena Rivers" as dramatized by Beulah Poynter, and presented to an East Jordan audience—one of the biggest ever in the local playhouse—will be pleased to learn that it is more than likely that they will have the opportunity early in February to see another of Miss Poynter's successful plays, "Molly Bawn." This new play is described as a "romantic comedy," and so far this fall and winter has been playing the larger cities and receiving the hearty approval of the critics. The fine patronage extended the Lena Rivers production at East Jordan has induced the management to consider the arrangement of a date for the new play, and if the deal is completed, we will see the same production and given by the same players who have made the "Molly Bawn" a success in the cities.

Just received a large shipment of Candy for the Christmas trade. We also have on hand a large assortment of new nuts.—E. A. LEWIS.

## Make This According to the Directions.

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

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

A well-known druggist here at home, who asked regarding this prescription, stated that the ingredients are all harmless, and can be obtained at a small cost from any good prescription pharmacy, or the mixture would be put up if asked to do so. He further stated that while this prescription is often prescribed in rheumatic afflictions with splendid results, he could see no reason why it would not be a splendid remedy for kidney and urinary troubles and backache, as it has a peculiar action upon the kidney structure, cleansing these most important organs and helping them to sift and filter from the blood the foul acids and waste matter which cause sickness and suffering. Those of our readers who suffer can make no mistake in giving it a trial.

## 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.

Any Article Engraved Free if bought at

# C. C. Mack's Jewelry Store



SEEMED WORSE EVERY DAY.

A Dangerous Case of Kidney Complaint and How It Was Checked.

Mrs. Lucy Quebeck, Mechanic St., Hope Valley, R. I., says: "Eight years ago I contracted severe kidney trouble and my back began to ache continually. Every day it seemed worse. The least pressure on my back tortured me, and I could not stoop without a bad twinge. The kidney secretions passed irregularly with pain, and I bloated badly. My head swam and spots flitted before my eyes. One doctor said I was incurable. However, I found prompt relief when I started using Doan's Kidney Pills, and the troubles I have related gradually disappeared."

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

AFFECTING SIGHT.



Cook (to her friend)—The proposal that the widower made me was really very moving. He brought his four children with him, and they all knelt before me.

BREAKS A COLD PROMPTLY

The following formula is a never failing remedy for colds:

One ounce of Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, one ounce Toris Compound and one-half pint of good whiskey, mix and shake thoroughly each time and use in doses of a table-spoonful every four hours.

This if followed up will cure an acute cold in 24 hours. The ingredients can be gotten at any drug store.

A Dead Bird.

Samuel Butler, the witty but eccentric author of "Erewhon"—which means "Nowhere"—and of many other remarkable and suggestive books, is now more read than during his lifetime. He died in 1902. In one of his notebooks he tells this incident, which must have amused the great Charles Darwin:

Frank Darwin told me his father was once standing near the hippopotamus cage when a little boy and girl, aged four and five, came up. The hippopotamus shut his eyes for a minute. "That bird's dead," said the little girl. "Come along," Youth's Companion.

Conscience.

A man who does not use his conscience often has terrible paroxysms of it; but a man who uses it all the time never comes into what is called a state of conscience. It comes on him as dew on flowers, and falls on him gently as rain on the ground. He is full of conscience, but it is not concentrated at any single point. It is distributed through the brain, the nerves, the muscles and the skin. It is in every part of him. It pervades his life. It does not, therefore, rise up into a freshet—Henry Ward Beecher.

Smile's Face Value.

Although most of us would hesitate to express what might be termed the face value of the "modern smile," we certainly realize at times that it is a form of currency which is depreciating. In the "modern smile" we recognize the crude, official thing which neither illuminates, cheers nor bridges awful gaps of silence. It may savor of suggesting a wave of imbecility to declare that we ought all to smile more, but it is certainly true that the charm of a woman's smile was once esteemed even above beauty.

LIVING ADVERTISEMENT

Glow of Health Speaks for Postum.

It requires no scientific training to discover whether coffee disagrees or not.

Simply stop it for a time and use Postum in place of it, then note the beneficial effects. The truth will appear.

"Six years ago I was in a very bad condition," writes a Tenn. lady, "I suffered from indigestion, nervousness and insomnia.

"I was then an inveterate coffee drinker, but it was long before I could be persuaded that it was coffee that hurt me. Finally I decided to leave it off a few days and find out the truth. "The first morning I left off coffee I had a raging headache, so I decided I must have something to take the place of coffee." (The headache was caused by the reaction of the coffee drug—caffeine.)

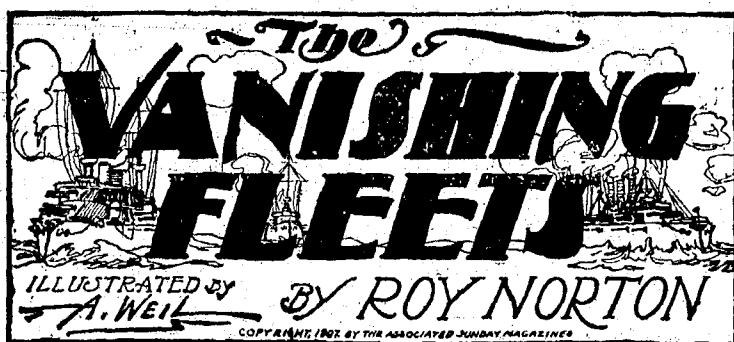
"Having heard of Postum through a friend who used it, I bought a package and tried it. I did not like it at first but after I learned how to make it right, according to directions on pkg., I would not change back to coffee for anything.

"When I began to use Postum—I weighed only 117 lbs. Now I weigh 175 and as I have not taken any tonic in that time I can only attribute my recovery of good health to the use of Postum in place of coffee.

"My husband says I am a living advertisement for Postum. I am glad to be the means of inducing my many friends to use Postum, too."

Name given by Postum Co., Bathing Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

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



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 conducted as lovers. The government is much criticised because of its lack of preparation for strife. At the most inopportune moment Japan declares war on the United States. The entire country is in a state of turmoil because of the government's indifference. Guy Hillier starts for England with secret message 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 turmoil, demands explanation of policy from government. Hillier returns to England with explanation on last boat. England learns that Jap fleet is fast approaching western coast of America. Hillier decides to return to America by any means. Siego, Japanese spy, discovers secret preparations for war. He follows a ship carrying presidential cabinet. He uncovers source of great mystery and flees, hurrying to the gods save Nippon. Fleeing to Pacific coast, Siego is shot down just as journey to get awful news to Japs seems successful. Japan announces intention to attack Seattle.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

One day, two days, and three, passed before Japan felt anxiety, or the world began its discussion as to the cause of the long delay. Then, when the fleet was more than a week overdue it became almost a certainty that some disaster had overtaken it, although from no section of the sea had there been a typhoon reported or anything but excellent barometric conditions. Ten days passed in this same way, and on the last report from Honolulu was identical with that which had been made on all those previous: "Nothing in sight, and nothing arrived."

Once more the world stood in expectancy, and vainly sought the solution for the latest enigma. Storms were eliminated; for no tempest could have wiped out such a magnificent body of ships so effectually as to leave none to bear the sad tidings to the nearest port. And then, as a full realization of what must have happened lapsed upon the watching powers, a shudder of dread passed through them all. It was plain that America had some new and terrific naval strength, some unheard of monster of the deep, that gave it the mastery of the seas. The evolution of submarines had been rapid; but no one had knowledge of a craft that could steam such a distance as would have been necessary to intercept the Japanese before they reached Honolulu, engage them and either destroy them completely or capture and convey them to an American port.

It must have been total destruction, the world argued, because in case of capture great battle ships themselves would scarcely have been able to make the complete trip to a Pacific coast of the supply of coal they carried in their bunkers. Forced drafts required great expenditure of fuel, and never at any time had there been any other intention than of replenishing at Hawaii. It seemed impossible that a civilized nation should have chosen deliberately to exterminate its enemies by wholesale; and yet there was no other conclusion tenable.

How terrific must have been that onslaught, coming up out of the waters of the sea, and how remorselessly executed! All losses of life in previous naval engagements sank into insignificance when compared with this sudden and swift obliteration of a fleet of warships, transports and colliers. It would be nearly impossible to spare lives in such a battle, and it seemed a certainty that the great steel monsters that had sailed away to easy conquest had become mere metal coffins for those who manned them, and were now resting some where on the floor of the heedless Pacific. If such was the case, it was time the United States ceased to exist as a nation, when peopled by inhuman monsters who calmly slew their adversaries when threatened.

Japan was left a helpless little island in the sea, without ships to assail an enemy—or to defend herself. Shorn of power and pride, she was plunged as deeply in mourning as only a few weeks before she had been exalted in glory. She plaintively bewailed the barbarities of her enemy, and proudly pointed to her own high state of civilization, which made such warfare impossible. She asserted that had she possessed such monsters of destruction as were evidently owned by the United States, she would have scorned to use them without notifying the whole world of her power. It was a country of desolation.

There was hardly a prominent home in Japan which had not contributed some member of its family to that splendid navy which had sailed so proudly away when early June was spreading its flowers over the empire; now there were sobs of bereavement and woe.

Across the ancient lands of the Pharaohs and up through the provinces of kings there swept a unanimous desire for an explanation. It could come from only one source—this land of mystery which had cut itself off from all the world and stood silent, guarding its secret, and suddenly grown ominous in its possibilities and potentialities.

Japan, hopeless and driven to extremities, appealed to her ally, Great Britain, for news. She showed no cowardly spirit by asking for aid of arms, and sought the assistance of her closest friend only that she might gain information. And Great Britain after due consideration responded.

The premier of the dominion of Canada was asked in the interests of humanity to pass a communication to the soldiers on the border, asking for particulars of the destruction of the Japanese fleet. It was duly accepted and forwarded, and back came the reply:

"The United States has no report whatever to impart on the subject most vitally concerning his majesty's closest ally beyond the fact that the fleet which came to invade the Pacific coast has been duly met, properly vanquished and rendered incapable of further harm. The United States regrets that such action became necessary, and, with all due respect to Great Britain and such other powers as may be interested, wishes to express a disinclination to reply to any further communications of this or a similar nature."

A slap in the face could have caused



They Shook Hands.

no greater consternation. The very terms of the reply showed insolence toward all the world, and demanded explanation. But who dared attempt it? What country was brave enough to take the risk of meeting those terrible submarines, which were capable in a night of destroying the most complete flotilla that ever had been mobilized and sent away? If they only knew what form these monsters took, what dire warning they gave as they advanced to the attack, there might be some means of offsetting them or perhaps repelling them. That information, at any cost, must be gained. In its reaching out for anything which might suggest a way, the British ministry sent for Hillier.

Guy, sleepless and worn from nights and days of anxiety, responded to the call, listlessly wondering what further information he could give as to the situation in America, or what if any duty could be expected of him when the ministry itself was unable to accomplish anything.

He was ushered into the room where on several previous occasions he had answered questions, and found there the same men who had met him on the day of his arrival in London; but there was a different attitude this time, however, and the officials before him seemed anxious and ill at ease. Plainly they were ready for any suggestion he might offer, or any measure that might seem possible.

"Mr. Hillier," the lord of the admiralty began, "in all the time you were in Washington did any rumors or stories or information reach you regarding some new form of submarine boat protected, or being experimented with, by the United States government?"

At first, on impulse, he almost an-

sured "No," but before his lips could formulate the monosyllable there suddenly returned to his memory several conversations he had had with Dr. Roberts on this subject, and also he recollected that in one of these talks Norma had participated. There was no reason so far as he could think why he should conceal this knowledge.

"Yes," he replied, "I do know something of the subject, but nothing tangible or of value. That which recurs to me is a conversation I had a few months ago with a scientific inventor who is a friend of mine."

"And his name, pray?"

"Dr. William Roberts."

Every man in the room gave a start and looked at his neighbor. The mention of the name seemed to have affected them. The prime minister repeated it with an exclamation. "That is the man," he said, "who is supposed to have gone insane, but who, at one time, according to our secret reports, was working on some electrical discovery which might be utilized for an improved submarine. What do you know of it?"

"I know only this," he said, "that Dr. Roberts told me he believed it perfectly feasible so to use electricity through metal as to change its structure and at the same time lessen the resistance, or skin friction, through the water of a boat so constructed."

"Were you at the time discussing submarines?"

"Yes, we were. The subject arose through his describing certain experiments in which he and his daughter were then engaged. His contention was that a submarine could never be made totally effective unless it gained a speed so far beyond anything known that it could traverse great distances and maneuver with such rapidity that

United States, your perfect knowledge of the Canadian border line, and your ability to talk personally to the president if he can be reached. We are not at war with the United States, and do not believe that vessels sent by us would be attacked unless war was declared. In the interests of the national dignity, however, we are compelled to make some kind of demonstration of strength off the American coast—this for the reassurance of our own people in Canada, if for no other purpose. We are going to send our most powerful fleet into Canadian waters, where it will be stationed until this war is at an end. You recognize the danger?"

Hillier sat thoughtfully for a moment and then said: "Yes, I think I do. You are afraid that if a great fleet was sent toward Canada it might be misinterpreted by the United States as a warlike move against her; there might be accidents; and then our vessels would disappear as completely as did those of Japan."

"You are right," the minister assented, and his companions nodded in approval. "Now, under those circumstances it is necessary for us to get word through, without any chance of miscarriage whatever, fully and clearly explaining to the United States that this demonstration is for the reassurance of Canada; that it has no intention of interfering with American affairs, and requesting that measures be taken to prevent its being attacked under misapprehension. If that message did miscarry or was delayed in its delivery to one sufficiently high in authority, the results might be fatal."

"And you wish me to make an attempt to deliver these advices?"

"Yes, because we have tried through other agencies and failed. This time there must be no failure, because the North Sea fleet is now being mobilized to its full strength, including the Dreadnought and her two sister ships, and will sail within a week after your departure. Do you think you can pass the lines?"

Guy's heart gave a great bound of satisfaction. Now he would have all the aid his government could give to penetrate the cordon and reach a place where he stood the best chance of finding Norma, or of learning where she was and what had happened to her and her father.

"No one can try harder, sir," he hastened to assert, "and I believe that if anyone can enter I can."

"When can you go?"

"As soon as you are ready."

"Then let it be to-night. One of our fastest dispatch boats, probably the Norfolk, will take you, and will land you wherever you deem it best to make the attempt. I suppose, however, you will endeavor to go through by way of Canada?"

He answered that such would be his intention, shook hands with them all, received his messages and left the chambers, his blood tingling with the excitement of action and elated because the call of duty was leading him back into the land where Norma lived and might be found.

In the chamber he left behind a group of men, who looked at each other and said: "He is the fourth man to try it; and is not only the best, but our last hope."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Lone Voyager.

A special train breaking records for speed swung shrieking into the archway of the Liverpool station, and Hillier, carrying nothing but light baggage, jumped out of his compartment and walked along the Queen's landing to the gangplank of the waiting Norfolk. Two men in sailor's uniform, who evidently had been posted for the purpose of keeping curious loungers away from the boat, halted him, and were joined almost on the instant by two officers in waiting. Hillier recognized one as a personal friend. They shook hands, boarded the ship, and almost before their feet were planted on the deck the landing stage was swung into the air and she proceeded to get under way.

It was plain to Hillier that no time was to be lost in this trans-Atlantic journey; for before the Norfolk had passed out of the river she was working under forced draught. He found himself the only passenger, and that instructions had been given placing the destination of the ship under his orders. That the government purposed to spare no expense, or effort in assisting him to a successful conclusion of his mission was evident. He was tired of hearing of war, and felt a secret sense of satisfaction as day after day passed in respite from such news.

Out of the North sea, sluggishly rolling in the swells and floundering through the waves, gathered a fleet almost as powerful as that which had been mobilized by Japan. Other nearby stations sent in their quota of cruisers, torpedo-boat destroyers and swift-moving dispatch boats. Five of the world's greatest battle ships formed the heart of this apparently invincible gathering, which was to cross the ocean to a land of mystery, always facing the possibility of destruction by a terrible and unknown engine of warfare.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lord and Marquis.

The title lord is applied to five grades of English nobility, dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts and barons, so that we cannot say that a lord is higher or lower than a marquis. The grades of nobility in England run in the above order, with the addition of the baronet. The latter, however, does not receive the title of lord. The son of a duke is by courtesy a marquis, and the son of a marquis is similarly an earl.

PINE PERILS.



Disgust of Timson, who has been dodging his tailor for the 1st six months, when he suddenly comes upon him at the summit of a mountain in Switzerland.

BAD ITCHING HUMOR.

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

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

Well Prepared.

"I learn," she said reproachfully, "that you were devoted to no fewer than five girls before you finally proposed to me. How do I know that you didn't make desperate love to all of them?"

"I did," he replied promptly.

"You did!" she exclaimed.

"Certainly," he returned. "You don't suppose for a moment that I would be foolhardy enough to try for such a prize as you are without practicing a little first, do you?"

"I did," he replied promptly.

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MISS SOPHIA KITTLESEN.

HEALTH VERY POOR—RESTORED BY PE-RU-NA.

Catarrh Twenty-five Years—Had a Bad Cough.

Miss Sophia Kittlesen, Evanston, Ill., writes: "I have been troubled with catarrh for nearly twenty-five years and have tried many cures for it, but obtained very little help. Then my brother advised me to try Peruna, and I did. My health was very poor at the time I began taking Peruna. My throat was very sore and I had a bad cough. Peruna has cured me. The chronic catarrh is gone and my health is very much improved. I recommend Peruna to all my friends who are troubled as I was. PERUNA TABLETS—Some people prefer tablets, rather than medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet equals one average dose of Peruna. Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative. Ask your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1909.



If You Work Outdoors

Any cold you contract should be cured without delay, and driven entirely out of the system—unless you wish to invite an attack of Pleurisy or Pneumonia.

Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant

is known as the most successful preparation ever discovered for Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Pleurisy, Asthma and diseases of similar nature. This famous remedy has been dispensed for over 78 years, and is sold by all druggists, in three sizes, bottles, \$1.00, 50c and 25c. Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is a splendid building-up tonic for systems weakened by Coughs or Colds.

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. Special Order: Write for Catalogue. Take No Substitutes. W. L. Douglas shoes are made in the U. S. A. and are guaranteed to give you the most service for your money. W. L. DOUGLAS, 187 Spruce St., Brockton, Mass.

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Selling the famous new \$15 typewriter. First practical standard two-hand keyboard, with writing portable typewriter ever sold for so low a price. Does work like the big machines. Couldn't be better at any price. Everybody wants one. Big profits, easy sale, exclusive territory. Write for full particulars today to: Dealer Typewriter Co., Dept. B, 281 Broadway, N. Y. City.

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SAINT ELIZABETH

By ANNA B. PATTEN.

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It was a steady downpour of rain, such as taxed the resources even of our merry house party, that sent me to seek amusement in the portrait gallery at Redfern hall. From the time of my arrival, a week before, I had loved to stroll there daily, speculating over the probable history of those knights in armor and bearded dames of the past. My special favorite, however, was the portrait of a lovely young girl kneeling before her prie dieu, telling her rosary. She was not strictly beautiful, but her face wore such a sweetly pensive expression, with so rapt and tender a look in the eyes, that she seemed to lack only the halo to become a saint. It was before this picture that I stood, absorbed in admiration, when the housekeeper passed through, on her way to her quarters. I took the opportunity of gratifying my curiosity. "That picture? Oh, that is Saint Elizabeth," she announced, in reply to my inquiry. "Poor thing!" brushing her apron across her eyes, "it's a sad story—the tragedy of the house, you know. I did not know, but was so anxious to learn that Mrs. Fairbanks was finally prevailed upon to return with her sewing and relate the history of my favorite portrait. "And a long story it is," she preluded, as we settled ourselves in a cozy alcove where we could be free from interruptions, yet within sight of Saint Elizabeth at her devotions. "A long story, though her life was short enough, poor dear! There's very few people as knows of it—but me. My mother was housekeeper at the time, and she told me all the facts of the case."

After a brief silence, during which Mrs. Fairbanks dropped her work and gazed pensively at the Madonna-like face, as if questioning whether she should divulge its hallowed history, she continued: "It was in Master Rupert's time. He was a queer piece, I should judge, from what mother said—a sort of mixture. His mother was a Spaniard, and he got his quick temper from that side of the house, but he was cold and self-contained on the surface, like all the Redferns; so, you see, when he did give way to his anger, it was something fearful. Mother said that at such times everybody got out of the way who could possibly do so. Still he was flattered and made much of, for he was rich and titled, and the young ladies smiled on him, and their mammas entertained him, but it was all of no use. He cared nothing for any of them. He just buried himself in the library with his books, or up in the studio with his pictures, for he was a fine artist and could have made a fortune with his brush if he had a minded to, which only goes to prove that the Bible tells the truth when it says: 'To him that hath shall be given.' Mrs. Fairbanks paused to take breath after this bit of Scriptural philosophy.

"So you see, after awhile the gentry folks they sort of gave him up. They all came to the conclusion that there never would be a mistress at the hall, but, bless me, they made a mistake! One summer Master Rupert flew off on a sketching trip—he was always doing that way, starting off without a moment's notice, and expecting his things to be all packed up and ready. Well, he met her by accident, in some out-of-the-way place in the mountains, and it was all up with him. He made up his mind to marry her on the spot. Every one wondered afterward at his choice. To be sure she had a lovely face, but then she was only a slim bit of a girl, with shy, shrinking ways; not at all the grand lady you'd think he'd have picked out for the mistress of this great house.

"As for the girl, poor little thing, living there in the wilds, she had nothing to say in the matter except her 'yes' at the altar. It was all fixed up between Sir Rupert and her mother; she simply obeyed her mother now, as she had done every hour of her life. It probably never occurred to her that she could do anything else. "Ah, but it was a gala day, they say, when the master brought his wife home! The bells were rung, bonfires were built, and flower-girls strewed blossoms in their path. She seemed awed by all the splendor, and a little frightened at being the center of so much attention. She shrank closer to her husband and glanced up at him timidly, but, instead of cheering her by a sweet word of encouragement, he just spoke stern like to her, as if to remind her of her duty. Oh, yes, he was fond of her; you could see that by the way his eyes followed her from place to place, but, like all the Redferns, he didn't believe in showing it.

"Well, there were gay goings-on for a time. The house was full of guests, and my lady was made much of, and some of her timidity was beginning to wear away; but now it was the master's turn to grow uneasy. It almost seemed as if he was jealous of every look and smile she gave another. You see, he knew he hadn't

touched her heart, and he feared to have it awakened. All at once he stopped inviting friends to the hall; he shut her up like a bird in a gilded cage, and gazed over her all to himself, in his cruel, selfish way. He loved to dress her up in jewels and fine clothes and pose her for different pictures—that is one of them that you admire so much.

"Then he took up his books again, and she must always be near by, curled up like a mouse in one of the lounging-chairs, ready to do his bidding. She yielded to him, as she had yielded to her mother, without a word of complaint. Only once she rebelled; that was when he scoffed at her devotion to her religion. Then she turned on him with a look in her eyes that told him he had gone too far. Perhaps he came to the conclusion that religion was not the worst rival a man could have; that, on the contrary, it was more than likely to keep a woman out of mischief. Anyway, it was plain enough to see, my mother said, that the poor, starved little creature must have some outlet for her pent-up affection, so she poured out her soul in devotion at the sacred shrine of the Virgin Mary. Perhaps she found there the mother love she had never known.

"Well, the master let her practice her whim undisturbed, so long as it did not interfere with his pleasure. The unused chapel was opened, and she spent hours at her avocations, and many a day in penitential fasting. A priest came over from the adjoining diocese to hear her confession, though what misdemeanors such a saint from heaven could have to lay bare the Lord alone knew. That was how she happened to get the name of Saint Elizabeth.

"Things went on in this same dull, prosy way for a time. With the coming of the cold winter season, Father Chapelle, who was getting along in years, found the journey too much to undertake, with all his parish duties, and sent one of the priests in his place. Mother said that young priest was a picture, with a voice to melt the heart of the most hardened sinner. He came into that gloomy house like a burst of sunshine, and not one of them all but felt better for his coming. As for Lady Elizabeth, she got so she leaned on him for comfort and advice at all times; he was her tower of defense in all her doubts and perplexities.

"It was some light gossip in the village that first started the rumor flying. How any one could have connected a thought of evil with such as they God alone knows, but there are some weak bodies as will soil their lips with any idle tale, and ill news travels fast. The only fear was that it might get to the master's ears, and he that unreasonable. He had taken no notice of the change, or, if he did, one priest was the same as another to him; but no one could help seeing the improvement in my lady. She had lost that listless look, and her whole manner was brighter and more hopeful. She tried now, in her timid, childish way, to minister to his happiness, using a thousand little-feminine devices to arouse his attention. She did not make much progress, for once let a man get settled in a groove of selfishness and it is hard to root him out of it; but he used to watch her in a puzzled way, as if trying to find an explanation for the change.

"One day the crash came! Late in the afternoon the master dashed into the courtyard at a furious pace, his horse's sides flecked with foam. He threw the reins to the groom, who came hurriedly out to answer the summons.

"Send Hawkins to me!" was his order, as he strode into the house. Hawkins lost no time in following, you may be sure. He found his master pacing up and down the room with that feverish glare in his eyes that boded no good to the object of his wrath.

"Where is your mistress? Send her to me!" he thundered. "She is in the chapel, my lord. Her orders were that she was not to be disturbed. Father Dominic comes directly."

"It would not do, miss, for me to repeat the master's reply," interpolated Mrs. Fairbanks, with a pious droop of her eyelids. "At any rate, it was something terrible, and Hawkins shook in his shoes while it went on; but in the midst of it the master stopped short as if struck with a sudden thought. 'Ah, I have it, just the thing!' he shouted, and he rushed out to the hall toward the chapel, Hawkins following, for he feared for his mistress's safety. What was his horror to see his master walk into the sacristy, take down Father Dominic's robe and proceed to fling it on over his shoulders, drawing the cowl carefully over his face! Hawkins stood like a log. He knew now what Master Rupert was about to do, before he saw him glide softly into the confession where my lady knelt, waiting to open her innermost thoughts to his jealous scrutiny."

"But what a terrible position for Hawkins, Mrs. Fairbanks! What did he do?"

"Terrific doesn't begin to express it! My mother used to say that Hawkins was never the same man from that day. You see, he was in a tight place; he dared not reveal himself to his master in his present state of excitement, nor could he betray the scandal to any other member of the household. All he could do was to pace up and down the ante-room, wondering what was going on in that secret place behind the drawn curtains. Suddenly he heard the door open softly, and, looking up, he saw Father Dominic himself walk into the sacristy, glance in astonishment at the empty

hook, and then walk swiftly toward the confessional.

"It was a minute before Hawkins could pull himself together. He had not once thought of this probable outcome of the tragedy. With terror the coming revelation, he sprang forward to intercept him, but he was late. Father Dominic lifted the curtain, and my lady, glancing up, startled by the interruption, saw his face. She sprang to her feet, staring dazedly from one quiet figure to the other. She drew her hand across her forehead in a bewildered way, then suddenly darted forward and tore the cowl from the other's face. When she saw what it revealed she gave a shriek of horror and sank down at his feet!"

"Not dead!" I exclaimed, quite overcome by this startling development. "Yes, stone dead! She never breathed again. It was her heart, the doctor said, and true enough, hadn't she had enough to break a heart of granite?"

"Oh, please go on, Mrs. Fairbanks. What happened next?"

The housekeeper shook her head mournfully. "There isn't much more to tell. Hawkins said as how he held his breath as the two men faced each other, both so white and stern. His master's eyes had lost their wild glare, they had a look of agony as they met those of the priest, and his hands had been clenched so fiercely that they had left the marks of the nails in his palms. He caught the priest fiercely by the arm. 'Is it true,' he whispered, hoarsely, 'what she confessed here at my feet, that she was trying to make me care for her—that worshiped her—night and morning she played for this—it was the hope of her life?' The priest bowed his head solemnly. "Too true, dear saint! Sometimes she was almost disheartened by your coldness toward her, but she never quite despaired."

"The master fell back as if he had been struck a blow.

"My God! and I had to sit silent for fear of revealing myself, and now it is too late! Strike me, priest, where I stand, a blasphemous hound. Do you hear? You will not? Your sacred calling forbids it, eh? But it would not have spared you from my hand. I came here to kill you, and now I have slain her, the innocent lamb! A life for a life, your Bible says—and before the priest could prevent him he drew a pistol from his pocket and shot himself through the heart."

In the silence that followed the somber close of the housekeeper's story I turned once more to the portrait of Saint Elizabeth, wondering whether she had at last found compensation for her short life's tragedy. A pale sunbeam that broke through the clouds just then touched the bowed girlish head as with the halo omitted by the painter; that was my question's only answer.

GIVE HIM THE HAT.

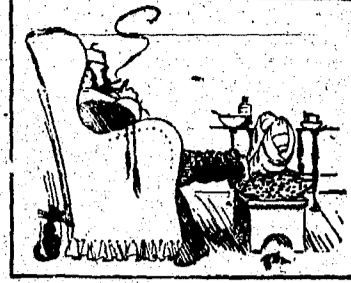
Summer Lying Opens with a Bang Out in Kansas.

Kansas opens the season for hunting and fishing stories with a crash that makes other people sit up and take notice. Comrade Thomas B. Murdock, Ninth Kansas cavalry, who has been publishing the Eldorado (Kan.) Republican for 40 years, makes a long-distance and successful leap for the center of the stage by his story in reply to one by Owen Wistar. Comrade Murdock turns to his war diary, and finds that in October, 1862, his company was at Fort Halleck, near Medicine Bow river. A mile or so northeast of the fort was a lake, which was nightly covered with wild fowls. "Every night there would be an acre or so of them bunched together in the middle of the lake. Murdock and some of his comrades put in their time for days preparing for a hunting excursion. They had a mountain howitzer that held an even bushel. They swiped four boxes of ammunition from the quartermaster and took from each cartridge the lead slug and six buckshot it contained. They put the powder into a flour sack and estimated that they had 700 Mississippi vager slugs and 4,200 buckshot. They pulled the howitzer out to the lake, and planted it so as to sweep the center, the muzzle being on a level with the water. A hurried survey showed them that there were about 17,000 ducks feeding in the moonlight, sweetly enjoying themselves and dreaming of no danger. When the lanyard was pulled the foundations of Medicine Bow mountain trembled. The boat was manned to gather up the booty, while two of the boys rushed back to the fort for a six-mule team to haul in the game. As a good soldier, Comrade Murdock had to make a careful count of the matter turned into the commissary, and he gives this as the result:

Canada geese ..... 162  
White geese ..... 147  
Brants ..... 184  
Mallards ..... 263  
Canvas backs ..... 134  
Blue bills ..... 27  
Pin tails ..... 40  
Teals ..... 100  
Unknown geese ..... 172  
Unknown ducks ..... 292  
Sparrows ..... 25  
Fly-up-the-creeks ..... 28

Grand total ..... 1,546  
And it should be recalled that the shot brought a sea of speckled trout to the surface of the water which were gathered up and taken to the fort. The Ben Holiday stage line, as far east as Virginia Dale and as far west as the North Platte river, was bountifully supplied with ducks, geese and mountain trout the next day, to the delight of the overland travel. As the Eagle man knows nothing about war, we will inform him that when the geese and ducks had all been picked, each soldier in the Kansas cavalry company had a pillow. We have ours yet.

NINETY-EIGHT FEET SHY.



Mr. Gouty—Thank heaven, I'm not a centipede.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

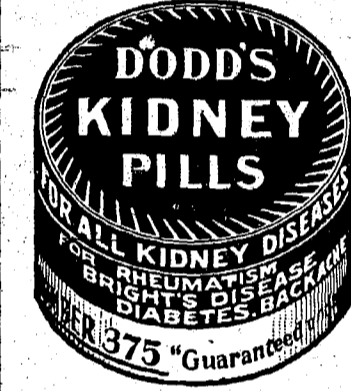
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It is prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, Price 75c.

Capitol Reflects Nation.

Every great nation is proud of its capitol. Every great state in the union has lavished millions of dollars in the adornment of its capitol. Every important city, which is a miniature commonwealth, should have a noble capitol, or city hall. In the chief building of a municipality is carried on the business which concerns every citizen.—Troy Record.

ED GEERS, "The grand old man," he is called for he is so honest, handling horses in races. He says: "I have used SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE for 12 years, always with best success. It is the only remedy I know to cure all forms of distemper and prevent horses in same stable having the disease." 50c and \$1 a bottle. All druggists, or manufacturers, Spohn Medical Co., Chemists, Goshen, Ind.

Some men seem to enjoy getting the short end of it occasionally so that they will have an excuse for registering a kick.



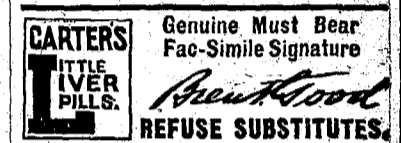
RAW FURS AND SKINS wanted. Ship to New York where highest prices can always be obtained. We pay express charges and guarantee satisfactory and prompt settlements. Send for price list. AMERICAN RAW FUR CO., 39 E 10th St., New York.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS at one price only, regular price 50c per Bottle.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve, in all cases, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.



JUST DOUBLE 320 ACRES INSTEAD OF 160 ACRES

As further inducement to wheat-raising lands of Western Canada, the Canadian Government has increased the area that may be taken by a homesteader to 320 acres—160 free and 160 to be purchased at \$3.00 per acre. These lands are in the grain-raising area, where mixed farming is also carried on with unqualified success. A railway will shortly be built to Hudson Bay, bringing the world's markets a thousand miles nearer these wheat-fields, where schools and churches are convenient, climate excellent, railways close to all settlements, and local markets good.

"It would take time to assimilate the revelations that a visit to the great empire lying to the North of us would offer at every turn. Correspondence of a National Editor, who visited Western Canada in August, 1908.

Lands may also be purchased from railway and land companies at low prices and on easy terms. For pamphlets, maps and information as to low railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agents. M. V. McINNES, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

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An aching back is instantly relieved by an application of Sloan's Liniment. This liniment takes the place of massage and is better than sticky plasters. It penetrates—without rubbing—through the skin and muscular tissue right to the bone, quickens the blood, relieves congestion, and gives permanent as well as temporary relief.

Sloan's Liniment

has no equal as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or joints. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston. Sloan's book on rheumatism, costochondritis, and poultry sent free. Mass., U. S. A.



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Children's Furs, Leggings and Caps to Match. Dress Skirts in Voiles, Panamas and Novelties.

These Goods Will All Be Closed-Out At The Cost Price.

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 \$25.00 Coats at.....\$18.50  
 \$20.00 Coats at.....\$15.00  
 \$12.50 Coats at.....\$9.00  
 \$10.50 Coats at.....\$8.50  
 Misses Coats \$10.50.....\$8.00  
 Misses Coats \$7.50.....\$5.50  
 Misses Coats \$5.00.....\$3.75

Children's Bear Skin, Caracal, Broadcloth and Moleskin, all sizes and prices.

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 \$12.50 Voile Skirts at \$9.00  
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Skirts to suit everyone and the prices are right.



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And continues until all are sold. These are not last years' goods but Fresh, Up-to-date Stock. We invite the ladies who have not yet selected their coats or skirts for winter to come and see what we have for them. Always glad to show our goods even if you are not prepared to buy.

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### BEAD CHRISTMAS TREES.

Novelty Invented by German Woman Approved by Kaiser.

If nature's supply of Christmas trees gives out, as some people have feared it might, there will still be Christmas trees as long as a German woman in this city remains alive. Out of green beads, wire and tiny waxen ornaments she constructs miniature trees which have been thought pretty enough to grace the court of Ludwig of Bavaria in his time and to amuse the children of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. That was when the inventor was living in her native country. Since coming to America she has made them for various well known people.

One of the advantages of these trees, she says, is that they are almost indestructible. They may be bent, crushed, packed into small compass, and when they are wanted again it is only necessary to straighten the branches out into the original shape.

When the inventor was a girl, fifty-five or sixty years ago, in Munich, she went to one of those schools where German girls are taught to do, as her daughter says, "everything with the hands." It was having to make wreaths out of beads that suggested to her the notion of making bead Christmas trees. She set to work and fashioned innumerable tiny loops of green beads, each at the end of a long, slender wire. She bound the loops together in threes, making trefols, and the trefols into branches and the branches into a tapering trunk, the trunk being formed of nothing at all but the individual wires massed together. Then she trimmed the tree with candles and those tiny waxen figures which the Germans are adepts at making and fixed it in a pot of sand and melted wax. Her parents were quite proud of it. Her father, who was director of the Hofgarten in Munich, showed it to his royal master, and King Ludwig immediately ordered one for the Christmas festivities at court.

After coming to this country she sent one to President Roosevelt and was grieved and surprised to find that he could not accept it. "I expect he thinks he gets some dynamite," said the daughter.—New York Tribune.



BEAD CHRISTMAS TREE.

### Weak Kidneys Make Weak Bodies.

Kidney Diseases Cause Half The Common Aches And Pains of East Jordan People.

As one weak link weakens a chain, so weak kidneys weaken the whole body and hasten the final breaking down.

Overwork, strains, colds and other causes injure the kidneys and when their activity is lessened the whole body suffers from the excess of uric poison circulated in the blood.

Aches and pains and languor and urinary ills come, and there is an ever increasing tendency toward diabetes and fatal Bright's disease. There is no real help for the sufferer except kidney help.

Doan's Kidney Pills act directly on the kidneys and cure every kidney ill. Mrs. L. J. Beals, living at 402 Liberty street, Petoskey, Mich., says: "Mr. Beals suffered severely from aches and pains arising from a disordered condition of the kidneys. We finally heard of Doan's Kidney Pills being a valuable kidney remedy, and began using them. After a week or so the weakness of the kidneys was corrected. Mr. Beals was so pleased with the result obtained from the use of Doan's Kidney Pills that he has since often recommended them to others."

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

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**A. E. Carlisle**  
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Wood Delivered, Household Goods Carefully Hauled.  
 Fishing Parties a Specialty.  
 Phone 174 East Jordan, Mich.

### Fortune For Toys For the Poor.

The poor children of Pittsburg and Allegheny are to benefit through the expenditure of an estate valued at \$31,000, left by the late George B. Nutt. The will provides that the estate shall go to the wife during her lifetime and then is to be divided among his children equally. If the children all die before their mother, at her death the estate is to be spent for the purchase of gifts and playthings for poor children, especially those in institutions. It was the wish of the decedent that the money be expended in small sums, to distribute it over as large an area as possible and benefit as many children as possible.

### Origin of the Christmas Tree.

There is a legend in Germany that when Eve plucked the fatal apple immediately the leaves of the tree shriveled into needle points and its bright green turned dark. It changed its nature and became the evergreen. In all seasons preaching the story of man's fall. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love gifts. The curse is turned into a blessing at the coming of the Christ Child, and we have our Christmas tree.

### Christmas Caution.

"Is it customary to hang up one stocking or do I inhale pair on Christmas eve?" said Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Only Jes' one," answered Miss Miami Brown. "If you hangs on to de mate you isn' takin' so many chances on somebody he'pin' hisse' to foot-wear 'stid o' leavin' presents."—Washington Star.

WANTED—By the Bennett Handle Co., MAPLE BROOM HANDLE BOLTS, 44 inches long and seven inches and over in diameter.

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Here's a stock that is filled with the most reliable staples, and all the tasty, tempting little niceties and table luxuries as well. From flour and sugar to the finer things, we carry an elaborate selection—in fact, anything you want that's good.

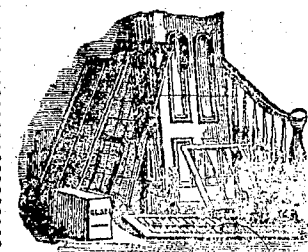
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## Christmas With The Pickwickians

NO chronicler of Christmas doings has done it so minutely as Dickens, and nowhere has Dickens described them better than in the "Pickwick Papers." One might read the paragraph relating to the observance of the holiday half a hundred times and not become weary.

Christmas spirit is everywhere in the chapters devoted to the making. From the beginning, the hero, his three friends and faithful servant start for Dingy Dell, to the hour of their return there is Christmas in every sentence:

As brisk as bees, if not altogether as light as fairies, did the four Pickwickians, assemble on the morning of the 23d day of December in the year of grace in which these their faithfully recorded adventures were undertaken and accomplished. Christmas was close at hand in all his bluff and hearty honesty. It was the season of hospitality, merriment and open heartedness. The old year was passing like an ancient philosopher to call his friends around him and amid the sound of feasting and revelry to pass gently and calmly away. Gay and merry was the time, and right gay and merry were at least four of the numerous hearts that were gladdened by its coming.

After traveling through a wide and open country where "the wheels skim over the hard and frosty ground," slowing up as they draw near a country town, where the horses are changed, then again "dashing along the open road; with the fresh air blowing in their faces and gladdening their very hearts within them," they arrive at Dingy Dell, where we are introduced to that famous personage, the fat boy. He is an old acquaintance of Mr. Pickwick, but to Sam Weller his face is strange. To follow this first meeting:

Having given this direction and settled with the coachman, Mr. Pickwick and his three friends struck into the footpath across the fields and walked briskly away, leaving Mr. Weller and the fat boy, confronted together for the first time. Sam looked at the fat boy with great astonishment, but without saying a word, and

the air of a man who could not and having shown his ignorance thereof, was smartly reproved by Mr. Pickwick. Meanwhile, "Mr. Weller and the fat boy having by their joint efforts cut-out a slide," all hands participated. Says the chronicler of the day's sport: It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony—to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the perilous hazard of tripping him up, to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first and turn slowly around on the slide, with his face toward the spot from which he had started, to contemplate the playful smile which manifested on his face when he had accomplished the distance and the eagerness with which he turned around when he had done so and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles, and when he was knocked down, which happened upon the average every third round, it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves and handkerchief with a growing confidence and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

Mr. Pickwick unfortunately breaks through the ice and gets a good wetting, but, being taken on a smart run to the house, put to bed and given unlimited quantities of hot punch, finds himself none the worse next morning, when the party departs from Dingy Dell.

Thus does Dickens tell us of one of the merriest Christmases that a reader could desire. There is no touch of sadness in the chronicle, and all that one could wish for is that the story were longer. Long live the tale, and long may we enjoy Christmas with the Pickwickians!

### LONG WALK FOR SANTA.

Tree Burned, Father Goes Eight Miles For New Toys.

Gifts intended for his eight children being destroyed when his lighting of the Christmas tree, just before midnight, caused a fire which damaged his home in Cleveland, Alfred Hammermeister trudged eight miles through snow before he could rouse a store



### Our Shoes Stand Above Them All

And All Our GENTS' FURNISHINGS, Too and to prove the truth of our assertion we are going to hold a SALE EXTRAORDINARY

And below are a few of the bargains:

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 Overshirts, 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 1.77
Men's Felt Shoes, 1.75	Sale price 1.25

### The FAIR STORE

Wallace Weiss, Prop'r.

Next to Exchange Hotel.

The I. 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, 50 c. p.

Why pay more—when you can get not only 40 fine large cups of Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee for a 25c package—but a Coupon on a 25c silver-plated "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.

### TONY PASTOR AS SANTA.

Veteran Actor Was the Friend of the Stage Children.

There are at present engaged in different capacities on the stage and in the theaters about 400 children to whom the holidays usually are days of toil, and many of these little folks are breadwinners for younger brothers and sisters. It was for them that the late Tony Pastor and his wife, Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, and "Aunt Louisa" Eldridge, now dead, inaugurated the Christmas festival which has become a perennial affair.

The little ones, all less than twelve years old, provide the stage entertainment on these occasions, and there never is any interference by the authorities. Christmas, 1907, was Tony Pastor's last appearance as the children's Santa Claus, and this year they will miss his genial face and kindly attentions. Last year he was master of ceremonies and introduced his tiny "top liners." At the end of the act he presented to each of the girls a beautifully dressed doll and to the boys boxes of candy or appropriate toys.

Admission was by invitation only, and when the programme began the house was crowded to the doors, the balcony being given up largely to poor children of the east side. Some of the actors were mere babies, but they went through the business like veterans, and the gravity of most of them when singing their comic songs was immensely amusing.

One of the players was presented as Baby Esmond, a perfect cherub, who played a love dirge and danced with one foot held in the air. Mr. Pastor said she was of "this year's crop," and when she had ended the performance he asked her to tell the audience her age. Without shrinking from the question, as her fellow actresses do, she lisped, "I'll be four next January."

Another of the same mature years was "Miss Mignon Jackson." If you please, she came out with a Teddy bear in her arms, sang a song and did such clever capering that every woman in the audience wanted to hug her.

Lillian Tobin, herself no bigger than a doll baby, sang "Poor John" and invited the audience to join her in the chorus, which it did with a will. At the end of the programme Mr. Pastor announced that a banquet was awaiting the children in the basement of Tammany hall.

After the little ones had been satisfied in that respect they were sent up to the main hall of the building, and there the really big feature of the evening took place. On the stage stood three Christmas trees, bending over from the weight of pretty things, while the stage itself was heaped with toys.

After that there was a second distribution for stage children only in the committee room of Tammany hall. Most of the children had written requests for certain articles, and as they appeared one by one and gave a name corresponding with that on Mrs. Fernandez's list the present asked for was delivered. Some of these were of costly quality, having been purchased with money donated to the cause. Mrs. Fernandez said the children of the stage nowadays ask for useful things rather than for playthings. Since these events were inaugurated it is estimated that more than \$50,000 has been spent for gifts.—New York Herald.

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.—EMPEY BROS.

## A Timely Suggestion

It's about the time of the year that YOU were thinking of Buying your Wife a Christmas Present, and what more suitable article could you buy than a fine pair of Shoes. They will please your Wife and at the same time be of some value to Her.



Get a Pair of the Julian & Koke make at Prices from \$3.00 to \$4.00.

And for the Husband, we have the famous WALK OVER SHOES. Most Shoes sell at \$4.00, and so EASY you can't help but smile when you put your feet into a Pair.

Easi Sed, Do not procrastinate, but come and see for yourselves.

### Hudson's Exclusive Shoe Store.

MAIN STREET.



MR. PICKWICK WENT SLOWLY AND GRAVELY DOWN THE SLOPE WITH HIS FEET ABOUT A YARD APART.

began to stow the things rapidly away in the cart, while the fat boy stood quietly by and seemed to think it a very interesting sort of thing to see Mr. Weller working by himself.

The conversation of these two characters is too long to reprint here, but not too much so to peruse with the greatest interest. We must pass over the story of the wedding, which was the day before Christmas event at Dingy Dell, at which Mr. Pickwick distinguished himself by a felicitous speech, and get to the story of the dance. Dickens' description of the old sitting room is a gem:

The best sitting room at Manor Farm was a good, long, dark paneled room, with a high chimney piece and a capacious chimney, up which you could have driven one of the new patent cabs, wheels and all. At the upper end of the room, seated in a shady bowyer of holly and evergreens, were the two best fiddlers and the only harp in Muggleton. In all sorts of recesses and on all kinds of brackets stood massive old silver candlesticks with four branches each. The carpet was up, the candles burned bright, the fire blazed and crackled on the hearth, and merry voices and light hearted laughter rang through the room. If any of the old English yeomen had turned into fairies when they died, it was just the place in which they would have held their revels.

After the dance was over, Mr. Pickwick having acquitted himself with great credit, the reader is told about the doings in the famous old kitchen. Here hung the mistletoe and did its mission well in adding to the jollity of the occasion. The artist whose pictures appear on his pages has done excellent justice to Dickens' text:

From the center of the ceiling of this kitchen old Wardle had just suspended with his own hands a huge branch of mistletoe, and this same branch of mistletoe instantaneously gave rise to a scene of general and most delightful struggling and confusion, in the midst of which Mr. Pickwick, with a gallantry which would have done honor to a descendant of Lady Tollinglower herself, took the old lady by the hand, led her beneath the mystic branch and saluted her in all courtesy and decorum. \* \* \* Weller, with his back to the fire, surveying the whole scene with the utmost satisfaction, and the fat boy took the opportunity of appropriating to his own use and summarily devouring a particularly fine mince pie that had been carefully put by for somebody else.

It was a pleasant thing to see Mr. Pickwick in the center of the group, now pulled this way and then that and first kissed on the chin and then on the nose and then on the spectacles, and to hear the peals of laughter which were raised on every side.

Finally we come to Christmas day, which was cold and cheerful and good "skating" weather. The party all went to a "pretty large sheet of ice," where Mr. Winkle, having assumed

keeper and gather another supply of presents so that the children's faith in Santa Claus might not be lost.

The children were asleep when Mr. and Mrs. Hammermeister completed decorating the tree. The father decided to light the candles as a test. They burned; so did the cotton snowballs. The blaze awakened the children. "Santy here?" they piped. "Is it mornin'?" The parents gathered them in their arms and rushed to the street. Firemen brought out a lot of fire ruined presents from the house.

"Santy been and gone and our things is burned up!" the children cried.

Hammermeister began his weary search for an open store. He employed the infrequent street cars for long stretches, but trudged mile after mile in fruitless search. Finally he routed a storekeeper from his bed and, burdening himself with a new supply, trudged home to turn sorrow into joy

Hunting Christmas Ghosts. Ghost-haunting bids fair to become the falling passion of Washington society. The fortunate owners of a peaked house, roped with ivy and densely surrounded by trees, are issuing cards for a Christmas specter hunt. The Christmas ghost hunt is imported from England, where the houses are ancient enough to harbor specters who were there before William the Conqueror. The comparative newness of this country leads some to predict that thefad over here will fall. There are exceptions, however, for even in Washington there is one of the treasure guarding ghosts—an out and out buccannier of the Spanish main variety, with cocked hat, gold lace, ruffles, high yellow boots, red jacket and an odor of antiquity. Those acquainted with him say that he clicks his chains of stolen doubloons.—Washington Star.

A Christmas Sentiment. However sincere we may be in our efforts to spread Christmas cheer, our charity is none the less a testimony to our sense of the fact that peace and good will have not come upon the earth. Poverty and wretchedness are not to be offset by yearly gifts of baskets of food and outgrown clothes.

We ought to make the spasmodic kindness of Christmas one of the constant forces of our industrial world. Equality and fraternity are born not of charity, but of justice.

Instead of commercializing Christmas we ought to Christianize commercialism.—New York Mail.

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## More Shopping Days Before Christmas

Watches Chains  
Rings Locketts  
Bracelets Locketts  
Brooches  
Sterling Silver and Silver-plated Flat Ware.

LADIES: Come and get a sample of Gold Plated Handy Pins—FREE.

### W. E. Palmiter

JEWELER

At Madison's Drug Store.

## Remember

That we have a large assortment of FANCY BOX CANDY, CIGARS, TOCACCOS, and other SMOKER'S ARTICLES, so THE AMERICAN CO'S high grade CHOCOLATE including the famous ROYAL OBLATE the "KING OF SWEETS."

Give us a call when you buy your Christmas Candy.

### F. B. HAMILTON

## 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

## A Cheerful Call To Christmas Buyers!

Our beautiful line of Christmas Gifts are ready for inspection. Come and look; your judgment will tell you what to do. You will be pleased with our fine display of Holiday Goods, because it is in close touch with time and anticipate your every want. The only occupation for Santa Claus is to advertise our beautiful line of holiday gifts in Dry Goods, Clothing and Shoes.

Our line of Corsets is unexcelled.

R & G

Douglas Shoes

Gents' Furnishings

The newest and noblest to be found anywhere.

# THE BOSTON STORE

A. DANTO, PROP'R.



# PRESENT BUYING TIME

And What to Buy, and Where to Buy, the  
All Absorbing Question.

"What shall I give, where will I most likely find something to please the one to receive?" And when you then think of Christmas presents we want your thoughts to be of this store, for this great store contains something that would please every member of your family and any of your friends. Here is a page full of good, practical suggestions. This above all—Let your gift be a Good Practical One. Give something that is useful as well as ornamental. That's what you'll find at this store. We strive to sell only merchandise that will give entire satisfaction, so that you need have no hesitation in presenting anything bought at this store. Every department is now in full holiday attire and requests your most critical inspection. This page offers only a comparatively few suggestions among the thousands to be found at this store. This list has been arranged to aid you in selecting handsome and useful gifts for every member of the family. Not only are our stocks larger than ever, but the lines are more varied and exceedingly low priced. We invite you to call and see the articles for yourself.



"I don't know what to get for——." We hear this about fourteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-five times each day. And we are here to help you solve the problem. Here are a few of the things that would make your friends happy to receive:

## Fur Coats      Fur Caps Set of Furs



If you have missed seeing our Fur Display so far do not put it off another day. A more comprehensive line we have never shown. Positively beautiful showing of stoles, throws, collars, small neck pieces and muffs. Furs such as Isabella fox, black and blue lynx, gray Siberian squirrel, Russian, Jap and river mink, and many others. The qualities are all guaranteed, and the styles the most approved of.

We will make the selections easy for you, through any suggestions we are able to make. Prices bound to please.

## Fine Linens are good gifts:

A gift of linens—fine in fibre, fair in looks! There's the remembrance that will make the housekeeper thrill with pleasure. For the worthy kinds of gift Linen this is the best store. Call and see them.

## Dress Goods

Full assortment of new Dress Fabrics showing fashion's latest designs and shades—rich in charming novelties and including all the favorite staple weaves—have been gathered for the Holiday trade.

## Beautiful Silks

You'd seek far to find a more acceptable gift for most women and girls than a silk waist or dress pattern. And you will seek in vain for a more beautiful and satisfying showing of quality silks than we have here.

## Petticoats, Handkerchiefs

Military Brushes

Toilet Sets

Hat Brushes

Books

Work Boxes

Dolls and Dolls

## Clothing      Shoes Gents' Furnishings

This Department is loaded with first-class fancy, dressy and useful articles suitable for Holiday Gifts.



Copyright 1908 by Friend Brothers  
Clothing Company, Milwaukee

We ask you to call and it won't take long to decide which is the proper present when you see. Come early while the stock and sizes are complete.

## Xmas Groceries.

If you are looking for Choice Candies, Nuts, and Fruits, this is the place to get them. We have a fine line of Bon Bons, Peanut Brittle, Crystals, Carmels, and Marshmallows; Walnuts, Brazils, Filberts, Almonds, Pecans, and Peanuts; Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Dates, Figs, Cranberries and Malaga Grapes. In fact anything you want for Xmas.

HOLLY and HOLLY WREATHS.

# EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY.