

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1909.

No. 1

Gidley-Grigsby Nuptials.

As the year 1908 was rapidly passing into history, the shades of evening had gathered, the clock struck the hour of eight, Thursday, Dec. 31st, in the Presbyterian church its first church wedding occurred.

A large company of guests were present to witness the ceremony that made two hearts beat as one when Mrs. Myrtle Grigsby, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Grigsby, who has won the hearts of the people by her charming personality, and Mr. James Gidley a prominent druggist, were united in marriage. The father of the bride officiated, Rev. W. W. Lamport assisting. It was an event of unusual social importance, and one of the prettiest weddings ever in East Jordan. The bride was gowned in white Persian lawn and French Valenciennes lace, a veil and orange blossoms, and carried bride roses. The Matron of honor, Mrs. W. T. Grigsby of Cheboygan, wore a messaline silk dress of Copenhagen blue, maid of honor Miss Mary Porter white over yellow satin. Bridesmaids, Misses Ethel Fortune and Eva Lewis were dressed in blue silk, Madge Nicholas and Francis Missus pink silk carrying carnations and smilax. George Spencer as best man, Allen Grigsby brother of the bride, Fred Gilbert, John Cuson and Tom Lalonde as ushers wore the conventional black and white gowns. The groom looked especially nice in his black suit. The ring ceremony was used, Little Miriam, Suleeba of Grand Rapids, niece of the bride as ring bearer, looking very sweet in white and blue, carried the ring in a cream rose. The ribbon bearers, Anna Jameson, Constance Lovelady, Edgardo French and Ezana McMillan, were white and are members of the bride's Sunday School class.

The bride was given away at the altar by her brother, C. S. Grigsby of Kalamazoo. The church was prettily decorated in green and white with three large arches in green decorated with white chrysanthemums. From the top of the center arch hung a large white bell decorated with smilax. The letters M. G. and J. G. were suspended from the side arches white under the bell and on a white rug stood the bride and groom during the ceremony, attended by the matron of honor and best man. The bridesmaids and ushers forming a half circle back with the matron of honor and C. S. Grigsby at one side, with the two ministers, and Little Miriam holding the ring, altogether it formed a beautiful picture. The ceremony was so impressive, during which the matron of honor, sister of the bride, played sweet and low music on the organ. Preceding the ceremony, T. S. Suleeba, of Grand Rapids, of the bride, dressed in "Dear Heart," and "Myrtle," and "Your eyes." Mrs. Suleeba, soloist in the church of that name, sang "I am a pilgrim here," accompanied by three instrumentalists.

The blow which knocked out Corbett was a revelation to the prize fighters. From the earliest days of the ring the knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach punches were thrown in to worry and weary the fighter, but if a scientific man had told one of the old fighters that the most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him for an ignoramus. Dr. Pierce is bringing home to the public a parallel fact; that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the ring as well as in it. We protect our heads, throats, feet and lungs, but the stomach is utterly indifferent to, until disease finds the solar plexus and knocks us out. Make your stomach sound and strong by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you protect yourself in your most vulnerable spot. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures "weak stomach," indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, bad thin and impure blood and other diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" has a specific curative effect upon all mucous surfaces and hence cures catarrh, no matter where located or what stage it may have reached. In Nasal Catarrh it is well to cleanse the passages with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy fluid while using the "Discovery" as a constitutional remedy. Why the "Golden Medical Discovery" cures catarrhal diseases, as of the stomach, bowels, bladder and other pelvic organs will be plain to you if you will read a booklet of extracts from the writings of eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients and explaining their curative properties. It is mailed free on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. This booklet gives all the ingredients entering into Dr. Pierce's medicine from which it will be seen that they contain not a drop of alcohol, pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free, paper-bound, for 21 one-cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 31 stamps. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

The out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Grigsby of Kalamazoo, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Grigsby of Cheboygan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Moran of Boyne City, Mrs. C. Robertson of East Port, Mrs. T. S. Suleeba and daughter Miriam of Grand Rapids. The happy couple are enjoying a trip and will be home after January twelfth.

DEEDS RECORDED.

List of transfers for the week ending Dec. 26th, 1908.

Wm. J. Cadwell to Albert Mitchell, lot 9 blk 2 of Cadwells & Chapman's Add to Boyne. \$125.00.

Peter F. McIntire to Solon A. Bennett, lot 7 of F. M. McIntire's add to Boyne. \$200.00.

Elizabeth Miller to Jonas Redman, lot 9 of blk 7 of Mason's add Charlevoix. \$650.00.

Robert F. Kane to Ella Kane, n w 1/4 of sec 21 in t 34 n r 7 w. \$500.

Jos. Lalonde to John McLean, part of w 1/4 of sec 35 t 33 n r 7 w. \$1,700.

Wm. W. Bailey to Frank Healey, lot 7 of Bailey & Wilson's 1st add to Boyne. \$150.00.

Frank Healy to Elwin C. Goodwin, lot 7 of Bailey & Wilson's add to the city of Boyne. \$150.00.

Wm. R. Barnett to Joseph Emrey, part of sec 24 of t 32 n of r 7 w. \$465.

Title & Trust Co. to State Security & Realty Co., part of lot 3 of sec 9 t 32 n r 7 w. \$1.00 and o v c.

Geo. V. Jaquays to Vincell Brezina, part of Gov. lot 3 or fraction 3 sec 23 t 32 n r 7. \$300.00.

State Bank of East Jordan to Hugh Dickey, part of lot 12 blk 4 East Jordan. \$400.00.

John A. Fallis to Fred G. and Retta M. Fallis, part of lot 21 and all of lots 22 and 23 B. A. Isaman's add to South Arm. \$1325.00.

Fred G. Fallis to the Everett Clark Seed Co., all of lots 16, 22, 23, and part of lot 21 of Isaman's add to South Arm. \$1850.00.

Mary Ann Kerry to Geo. M. Kerry, Sr., lot 231 in blk 11 of Nichols & Morgan's add to Boyne. \$85.00.

Hattie Florence Shepard to Mary E. Shaffer, n w 1/4 of lot 3 of sec 34 in t 32 n of r 5 w. \$400.00.

H. S. Harsha to Joseph Whitfield, all of lot 3 sec 33 t 33 n of r 7 w. \$125.00.

Joseph Lalonde to Moses Lalonde, Sr., lot 17 blk 17 of Nicholls' 2nd add to East Jordan. \$1,000.

Georgia Briggs to Frank Blair, lot 5 blk B of Milers add Bay Springs now Boyne. \$1,000.

Charles Jeffries to Joseph Cooper, part of lot 7 blk 5 of Charlevoix. \$450.

ROMEO A. EMREY, Register of Deeds.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Marriage Licenses issued past week.

Wm. A. McConigal, 26	Alberta Estella C. Shepard, 27
George F. Tager, 30	Petoskey Cora E. Scroggie, 27
Joseph A. Pyke, 29	Hayes twp Jennie Blanchard, 32
East Jordan Fred Weeks, 19	East Jordan Pearl Lanway, 18
East Jordan Frank S. Detlaff, 33	South Arm twp Marie Bersika, 25
Milwaukee, Wis. East Murray, 19	Bay Shore Carrie Bassett, 18
Charlevoix	

RICHARD LEWIS, County Clerk.

The Knock-out Blow.

The blow which knocked out Corbett was a revelation to the prize fighters. From the earliest days of the ring the knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach punches were thrown in to worry and weary the fighter, but if a scientific man had told one of the old fighters that the most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him for an ignoramus. Dr. Pierce is bringing home to the public a parallel fact; that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the ring as well as in it. We protect our heads, throats, feet and lungs, but the stomach is utterly indifferent to, until disease finds the solar plexus and knocks us out. Make your stomach sound and strong by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you protect yourself in your most vulnerable spot. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures "weak stomach," indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, bad thin and impure blood and other diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition.

Ladies' Equity Notes.

James Howey went to Grand Rapids on Monday to attend a meeting of the Michigan State Union held there on Tuesday. Plans are to be made to organize Michigan during the coming year. Mr. Howey will report on this meeting at the local meeting next Wednesday afternoon at the hall. Members attend this meeting.

N. M. Ashley of Sebree, Ky., writes headquarters that he very highly endorses the ladies' organization and says the ladies' organization can be of great help to the country at large in many ways. They can provide ways and means to meet the wants of their communities and improve the methods of sociability and provide means for the general uplift of their associates, which in its result will benefit the entire community. We believe it would be to the greatest interest of the ladies of the U. S. A. if they would give this more of their earnest and undivided support. The ladies ought to know more about many articles that go to make quite a large part of our production and has to do with our marketing very greatly, viz: poultry eggs, butter, etc. These subjects should be considered by the ladies society, and recommendations made to the F. S. of E. for them to act on from time to time in their meetings when prices have to be made. This character of work be much appreciated by the F. S. of E. I will send you names of ladies in Kentucky that you may interest sufficiently to act when occasion offers and I will suggest to our ladies. Please send literature you think would interest.

We were delighted to read in the last issue of the Herald a letter from State Secretary Mrs. Bertha Hammond. This letter was read with much interest by the members here and we hope to hear from her again through the columns of the Herald. The East Jordan members unite in wishing her a Happy New Year also to all members where ever located.

Christmas is always the season for joy and gladness and our locality has been the scene of many pleasant entertainments and happy gatherings. One of the very pleasantest occurred on the 23rd at the home of Mrs. John Thacker, when the Goldenrod Local ladies accepted the invitation of Mrs. Thacker to eat Christmas dinner with her. The ladies arrived early and assisted with preparing dinner. When dinner was ready Mrs. Thacker presented each of her friends with a Christmas gift. Then 12 were seated at this beautiful and bountiful table, with four men as guests of honor. The happy and smiling faces of our kind host and hostess added much to our Christmas cheer. Dinner over our president called meeting to order and opened with prayer by Elder Toppers. The usual order of business was carried out. This local will aid the Central home by sending towels and making a quilt. Several select readings were given and then adjourned to meet with Mrs. Nellie Thompson in two weeks. We did not have a Santa Claus but a Merry Widow created an endless amount of amusement. This meeting will long be remembered by those present and the members that stayed at home missed it all.

Coughs that are tight or distressing tickling coughs, get quick and certain help from Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. On this account druggists everywhere are favoring Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is entirely free from Opium, Chloroform, or any other stupefying drug. This tender leaves of a harmless lung-healing mountainous shrub give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its curative properties. Those leaves have the power to calm the most distressing cough, and to soothe and heal the most sensitive bronchial membrane. Mothers should for safety's sake alone, always demand Dr. Shoop's. It can with perfect freedom even to the youngest babes. Test it once yourself and see! Sold by James Gidley.

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.

New York Newspaper Prints Prescription.

A well-known authority on Rheumatism gives the following valuable, though simple and harmless, prescription, which any one can easily prepare at home:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargin, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.

Mix by shaking well in a bottle, and take a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

He states that the ingredients can be obtained from any good prescription pharmacy at small cost, and, being of vegetable extraction, are harmless to take.

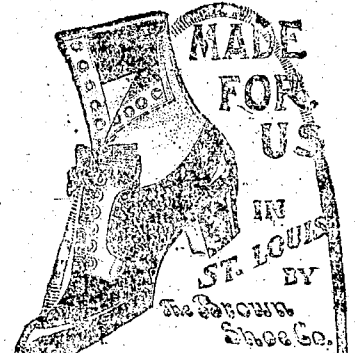
This pleasant mixture, if taken regularly for a few days, is said to overcome almost any case of Rheumatism. The pain and swelling, if any, disappears with each dose, until permanent results are obtained, and without injuring the stomach. While there are many so-called Rheumatism remedies, patent medicines, etc., some of which give relief, few really give permanent results, and the above will, no doubt, be greatly appreciated by many sufferers here at this time.

Inquiry at the drug stores of this neighborhood elicits the information that these drugs are harmless and can be bought separately, or the druggists here will mix the prescription for our readers if asked to.

When a young man sits in the parlor talking nonsense to his best girl—that's capital. But, when he has to stay in evenings after they're married—that's labor.

The merchants of a town should combine to keep every foreign ad out of their home paper by buying all the space the editor has to spare and utilize it for their own good. This would place the editor under obligations to them and he could freely and conscientiously blow the trumpet in their interest only.

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.



White House Shoes For Men For Women

The Pattern for "White House Shoes" are designed by the foremost pattern-makers in the U. S., insuring good fitting qualities and pleasing shapes. The Leathers are all of the best grades, of Kid, Box Calf, Kangaroo and Gen-Metal Calf, and the Patent Leathers are best obtainable. The Workmanship is high class all through the Shoes, thus insuring uniformity in construction and finish. The prices are always low—a big variety for both men and women.

This mark is stamped in the Shank of Each Shoe.

Get them at the LITTLE WHITE SHOE STORE

C. A. Hudson, Prop'r.

NONE BUT THE BEST.

That's the kind of Groceries and Meats you get at our Market. We will do our best to satisfy you. We aim to carry high grade goods. It is a pleasure to please our patrons.

Sherman's Market.

Phone No. 49. Prompt delivery.

East Jordan Planing Mills Co.

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

Custom Planing Mill

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Doors, Window and Glass, Siding, Ceiling and Flooring, Mouldings, Turned Work, and Scroll Sawing.

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, SING

PLENTY OF IT—ALL TH

That's the combination you want to look for when you go to buy Groceries—that is, if you are at all particular, something which makes a noise like about the best thing in the market—and your appetite.

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

Then, you must remember the argument our prices offer.

WILL RICHARDSON

Phone No. 156.

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

Staple and Fancy Groceries

Fresh and Cured Meats

We carry a complete line at prices that appeal to you. A trial order will be appreciated however small.

Bulow & Son, STATE STREET EAST JORDAN

Michigan's Greatest

Are you prepared for business? Present-day conditions remunerative, responsible positions are open for the trained there is no place. Our specialty is the preparing of your successful careers. We can prepare YOU and place you in office workers. Our lists of students placed are proof of handsome new Catalog descriptive of our courses. It is

D. McLACHLAN & CO., 19-27 S. Division St.,

Bonding Bank Officials.
 Before a poor clerk can secure a position in a bank, he is required to give bonds for the faithful performance of his duty. Should he become a defaulter, his bondsmen are responsible for his sin to the amount named in their bonds. But who ever heard of a bank director being required to give bonds for the honest performance of his duty? Are bank presidents required to give security? No! And yet directors and presidents are just as likely to be tempted as the poor clerk who has no wealthy friends, says the New York Weekly. When a bank, through mismanagement, is forced into suspension, it is got the poor clerk who is responsible, but the officers, who have absolute control of the funds, and often, as was revealed during the financial panic a year ago, use them for selfish and unlawful purposes, in the hopes that their private investments will prove profitable. If their speculations fail, the depositors are the sufferers; for these very honest bank officers are always above suspicion until a series of unfortunate investments makes exposure unavoidable, and then the duped depositors learn, to their bitter cost, that there are some bank officers, as well as clerks, who cannot resist temptation. Therefore, we say, compel the officials to give bonds, and thus enforce honesty in the management of our monetary institutions.

Thought Japs Great Spies.
 The Japanese word for "good morning" is, phonetically, "O-hi-o." Among those assembled at Yokohama for fleet reviews was a man from Ohio, U. S. A., writes Frederic S. Isham, author of "The Lady of the Mount." When he first went into the dining room of the hotel, one of the Japanese waiters murmured "Ohio!" when he got onto his train for Tokyo people said to him, and apparently to one another of him, "Ohio." He took a trip into the mountains, and there the girls called out to him, "Ohio!" he traveled to extreme ends of the island, and still even small children and babies murmured or lisped the magic syllables, "Ohio." He returned to Yokohama with one conviction firmly fixed in his mind: that he voiced to a friend: "I tell you, my man, they've the greatest spy system in this country of any nation in the world. Had me 'placed' all the way from Shimabashi to Kobe! Wonderful people when you get to understand them."

There is an energetic woman down in New Jersey, who is also a devoted mother, who is not expending her energy in working for her "rights," but in exercising them. She has just completed, largely with her own hands, a four-story concrete house which is the admiration of the neighborhood. The woman has an invalid husband and three young children, and she was determined to have a suitable home for them. She planned the house, mixed the concrete, constructed the molds in which the material was shaped and did much other hard work on the structure, her only assistants being three ordinary laborers. And she has a house which is said to embody new and commendable ideas, in which she and her family take great joy. Somehow, there does not appear to be much of an argument for woman suffrage in this, but there is a suggestion of what affection, capacity and a sturdy spirit can accomplish.

The sale of penny Christmas stamps for the benefit of the Red Cross fund is an enterprise which deserves general support. The use of the little decorative stamps for holiday packages is almost universal and if there is good to be gained by their purchase they should be used even more profusely. Although the cost is but a penny each, a goodly fund may be raised in this way, suggests the Indianapolis Star. The Red Cross work is of the most practical kind, its services being needed just now, among other things, in the work of fighting tuberculosis. Its success comes from voluntary contributions and it was a happy thought to give the public a chance to contribute to the cause during the season of gift-giving.

The Swedish National Commission for the Prevention of Tuberculosis has recommended the gradual establishment of 4,600 retreats for consumptives, to be scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country. The total cost will be nearly 11,000,000 crowns.

The immigration tide has turned and there are more persons entering this country than there were last year. And we are glad, reports the New Haven Evening Register. The immigration is still gaining in numbers because the gain in the number of the temporary residents.

Partnership will carry the Wright brothers to the moon. That is why it is

Sane Politics

Their Important Bearing on Business

By DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, President of Columbia University.



The most urgent matters for the American people to settle to-day, and to settle right, relate to the fundamental principles which shall control their political policies, as these policies are related to business.

Three, and only three, paths are open to us. First, we may, if we choose, adopt the policy of laissez faire, or let alone, which has been powerfully advocated by political philosophers of high authority.

Second, we may take the opposite course and endeavor to exercise collective ownership and control of the agencies and instrumentalities of productive industry and of transportation, which is socialism.

Third, we may, while preserving to ourselves the extraordinary moral, economic and political benefits which flow from individual initiative and the adequate reward of individual endeavor, lay the collective hand so heavily upon business activity that the individual's self-interest shall, if it be possible, be held always subordinate to the common good.

To many, like myself, it is sufficient to state these three alternatives to recommend the one last named.

This is such measure of individual and corporate oversight and control as changing circumstances may require in order to prevent self-interest in its excess from damaging the common good, without checking its beneficent activities.

The questions involved in entering on this course of action are in part ethical, in part economic and in part political.

When we pass from controlling principles to concrete matters, we find ourselves face to face with the fact that in order to settle wisely the relations of our present-day politics to business, we must deal with three chief problems—that of banking and currency; that of the transportation systems of the country; and that of the large corporations which carry on the manufacture and sale of products.

No one of these three great questions is properly a matter for partisan exploitation or for party difference. Each of the three should be settled as common-sense business men would settle any question, after a close study of all the facts and with the public interest always uppermost as a controlling motive in pointing to any given solution or settlement. The American people cannot solve these questions of banking and currency, of the railways and of the great industrial corporations, either with rhetoric or in passion. They can only solve them by intelligent, solicitous study and reflection.

America's Hope Is in Public Schools

By ELLA LYMAN CABOT, Member Massachusetts Board of Education.

These great expectations from our public school teachers are, even when they take the form of severe criticism, a compliment in disguise. Expectation is the sincerest flattery. Our public schools are on the whole such transmuting influences for good that we expect them to turn straw into gold; to undo in a few hours of the day any evil tendencies of inheritance or surroundings; to instill wisdom and virtue into 60 pupils at the same time and to turn bewildered little foreigners into loyal Americans. And further, we expect our teachers to do all this on an average salary of \$10 a week.

This overwhelming hope of the people for results from their schools is undoubtedly a great stimulus to the teachers. We do not turn to any other body of people—to the churches, the legislature or the courts—with anything like the eager faith with which we turn to the public school. And in the eyes of the best teachers we see a look that shows the response to an almost impossibly high standard.

I count the influence of the public schools as the greatest single influence in our nation. But until parents and citizens take enough interest to follow intelligently and with active help the work of the schools, these schools can never do their best.

Hell's Punishment Fits the Sin

By Rev. Charles F. Thwing, D. D., President Western Reserve University, Cleveland, O.

This conception is the origin of much of the current unbelief as to future retribution. The belief that punishment is to be adjusted to the guilt of the offender removes this objection.

That punishment is thus varied becomes still more evident from the probability that the punishment of the sinner consists of his remorse; and remorse, we must believe, differs according to the heinousness of sin. The idea that punishment is wholly arbitrary and inflicted by some power without is fast disappearing. It is not to be denied that punishment may be arbitrary, and may be inflicted from without, neither is this to be affirmed; but it is to be affirmed that the probability is strong that the distinctive punishment is remorse.



BICYCLE RIDER TAKES PLUNGE THROUGH WINDOW

LANDS IN LAP OF WOMAN EATING DINNER, CAUSING GREAT EXCITEMENT.

Denver.—Diners in the Indian room of the Savoy were almost thrown into a panic when a man plunged headlong through one of the heavy plate glass windows and landed squarely in the lap of Mrs. R. A. Kincaid, who was sitting with her husband at a table near the window. The man was Dave Thompson, an employe of the hotel, and as the result of his strange experience, is now lying at the county hospital.

While riding a wheel with a coaster brake down Seventeenth avenue Thompson tried to turn into the alley between the Shirley and the Savoy.



The Body of a Man Shot Through the Air.

The brake refused to work and, losing control of the wheel, he was thrown through the window of the Savoy facing Seventeenth avenue near the alley. It was the Indian room that Thompson had chosen for his plunge. It was crowded, every table being taken, when he made his sensational appearance. The astonished diners heard the crash of the glass and sat spellbound as through the shower of fragments from it they saw the body of a man shooting through the air. It went over the table where the Kincaids were dining, taking the table cloth covered with dishes with it, and, before Mrs. Kincaid knew what had happened, Thompson fell into her lap. She screamed with fright. The other women in the room echoed her cries and pandemonium reigned. Broken glass and blood from Thompson's wounds went flying everywhere and added to the excitement.

Policemen, waiters, chambermaids, bellboys, clerks and guests of the hostelry came running into the room, attracted by the uproar. And in the meantime, dazed and half unconscious, Thompson lay in Mrs. Kincaid's lap. Mr. Kincaid was the first to recover his composure. He assisted Thompson to his feet, and seeing that the man was suffering called others to help carry him to his automobile outside. With Mrs. Kincaid he took the injured man in the machine to the county hospital. There an examination revealed that Thompson had sustained severe cuts about the body and severed an artery in his right shoulder. He is not thought to be seriously injured.

The wheel was found outside the hotel entirely demolished.

MODERN ENOCH ARDEN.

Pathetic Story Unfolded by Priest of Philippine War Veteran.

Corvallis, Ore.—Revelation that George McDonald, or Morgan, who died at the city jail recently, was another Enoch Arden, with an unusually pathetic career, has come to light in a dispatch from San Francisco.

The dispatch says McDonald went to the Philippines during the war days, leaving a wife and daughter. After the war he returned to find his wife married to another man, having received a report he had been killed. No message preceded him and his arrival was not made known to the woman. He came on north to Oregon, keeping his secret and his sorrow. He was at Eugene and Springfield, then came to Corvallis, where his death took place in the city jail, following a debauch probably induced by his trouble.

He had told Father Butler of Corvallis that he was married by Rev. Father Netterville, at St. Dominic's church, San Francisco, and that his wife's second marriage was performed by Father Nugent of St. Rose's church, San Francisco. Coroner M. S. Bovee has communicated with Father Nugent to help locate the dead man's daughter.

Man Whirls on Shaft Alive.

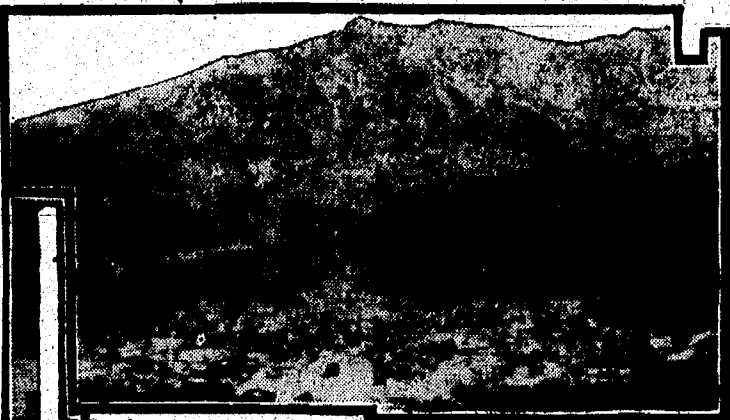
Shenandoah, Pa.—In the act of oiling machinery at Ellangowan colliery, John Sands was caught in a shafting at 140 revolutions a minute.

He was whirled around several times, when every stitch of his clothing was torn from his body, and then he was hurled 20 feet, sustaining a broken arm, dislocating both shoulders and being badly cut and bruised, but he will recover.

When an old maid makes a goose of herself it merely proves that she is no chicken.—New York Times.

SOLID MOUNTAIN OF MARBLE

WHERE NATURE RIBBED OLD MOTHER EARTH WITH EXQUISITE STONE.



THE LITTLE TOWN OF MARBLE

their laurels within the next ten years, otherwise the products of the mine and the farm will be surpassed in value by the returns from the marble industry now being developed in that state.

Although this industry is scarcely two years old, it is coming to the front with amazing strides. Two years ago the town of Marble, for many years an abandoned mining camp, had a population of four people. To-day it is a bustling little community of 1,000 persons, all supported directly or indirectly by the marble business.

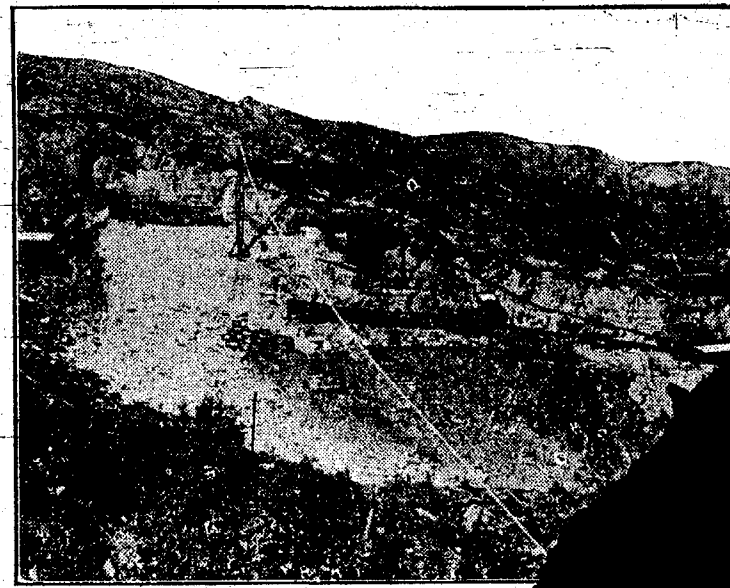
Finishing mills, electric power plants, cable and electric trams, and 100 or more cottages have been erected within the past eight months, and many structures of various kinds are now under way.

Long before the finishing mill was completed, and actually before the company was ready to ship, one cubic foot of finished marble, contracts had been made with Cuyahoga county, Ohio, officials to supply \$500,000 worth of marble to finish the interior of the new Cleveland courthouse, another contract of \$175,000 had been made to supply the marble used in the construction of the Youngstown, O., courthouse and still another contract had been made for a \$100,000 Cheesman park memorial in Denver.

With the development of these quarries the use of white marble for interior as well as exterior finish will greatly increase, particularly in the Missouri-River valley, in the Rocky mountain region and on the Pacific coast; and judging from the favorable reception this marble has received in

A CORE OF SOLID STATUARY MARBLE, 11 FT. LONG, 2 1/2 IN. DIAMETER

White House mountain in Colorado, nearly 14,000 feet high, at the base of which is the little town of Marble, is one solid mass of pure statuary marble. If 5,000 feet of this marble were mined each day for 1,000 years, the quarries would not be exhausted; and if all other known deposits of white marble in the world were heaped up in one mass, it would be but a foothill as compared with the white marble deposit composing this mountain. Again, conceive if you can a building one mile square and 30 stories



The Marble Deposit is Exposed for a Distance

high. Such a structure could be chiseled out of this mountain of solid white statuary marble, and still there would be fields of unknown extent above and below and on all sides. So great is the deposit of white marble, that if perchance every person in the civilized world should expire to-day, a monument of generous proportions could be provided for each individual. These statements, extravagant as they may appear to be, are actually more than conservative and it is possible to easily verify them by actual measurements.

For present-day requirements there has been exposed one section of solid white marble one mile long, 355 feet thick, and extending back at least a mile and a half, as indicated by drillings. The cores from these drillings show that all of the marble clear to the bottom in this cross section of the deposit is sound and beautiful.

Of this immense deposit 41 per cent. is pure white statuary marble and 59 per cent. is divided between golden vein and a beautiful dark vein. The golden vein marble gives the warm coloring that is found in onyx. The statuary marble is flawless and without a trace of color or shadow, and in quality is equal or superior to the most famous Italian and Grecian marble.

This marble can be quarried in blocks or pillars of any dimensions, a 50-ton derrick and the maximum capacity of the modern railroad car alone limiting the size of the commercial product. At this time the output is 1,500 cubic feet per day, but within ten years it is confidently believed the production will reach 10,000 cubic feet per day, the demand alone limiting the output.

For a verity the gold, silver, copper and zinc miners and the farmers of Colorado will be obliged to look to

the far east for product with the eastern

A B... Recently... Italy and... color at... What... the single... talent gat... Mulberry streets. A... heightened when a large, quiet... who had been sitting modestly... table nearby, suddenly volunteered... contribute a few operatic songs... did so, arousing wild applause... his countrymen. And the pa... search of local color joined... please, for the man certain... good voice.

So insistent became the... finally the quiet man, who... paid his bill and vanished... "Do you know who that was?" asked an Italian of the party of strangers. And when they, one and all, had answered in the negative, the Italian, puffing up with pride, replied: "That was Caruso."

Caruso, indeed, it was. The celebrated tenor is said to enjoy nothing better than to steal away and take a meal now and then in the Italian quarter of New York.

Sixty Miles of Logs... The largest raft of logs ever... from Nova Scotia to Boston... posed of enough logs to... miles, if placed end to end... composed of 7,000 logs... together in a mass of 40... length, 50 feet wide, and... depth. It floated with... logs above water and... merged.

The VANISHING FLEETS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WEIL

SYNOPSIS.

"Vanishing Fleets," a story of "what might have happened," opens in Washington with the United States and Japan on the verge of war. Guy Hillier, secretary of the British embassy, and Miss Norma Roberts, chief aide of inventor Roberts, are introduced as lovers. At the most inopportune moment Japan declares war. Japan takes the Philippines. The entire country is in a state of turmoil because of the government's indifference. Guy Hillier starts for England with a secret message and is compelled to leave Norma Roberts, who with military officers also leaves Washington on a mysterious expedition for an isolated point on the Florida coast. Hawaii is captured by the Japs. All ports are closed. Jap fleet is fast approaching western coast of America. Siego, Japanese spy, discovers secret preparations for war. He follows auto carrying presidential cabinet, and sends reports of great mystery and fear, murmuring: "The gods save Nippon." Fleeing to Pacific coast, Siego is shot down just as journey to get awful news to Japan seems successful. Japan announces intention to attack seaports. Tokio learns of missing Japanese fleet and whole world becomes convinced that United States has some powerful war agency. England decides to send a fleet to America waters as a Canadian protection against what the British suppose is a terrible submarine flotilla. Hillier is also sent to Canada to attempt to force his way through American lines with a message to the president in order that protection for the fleet may be assured. Japan appeals to Britain for aid. British fleet departs, and misgivings of English fleet mysteriously disappears, a sailor picked up on a raft being the only evidence of the loss. Powers begin to fear for their safety.

CHAPTER IX.

Barred by Bayonets.

Rested by his sea voyage, and glowing with a determination to win his way across the border, but with no definite idea as to what method he should pursue, Guy Hillier landed in Montreal. His first effort was to gain what details he could as to the nature of the embargo which had been placed on travelers between the two countries, after which he lost no time in personally studying the habits of the border camps. Long residence in America had lessened the broadness of his A's, and with a little practice his R's were almost those of the average New Yorker.

The meager information he succeeded in gathering was not altogether trustworthy, as he was soon to learn. He had been told that certain Americans in Canada at the time the line of blue was drawn, were permitted to pass, and thus regain their homes, and on this he based his first sally. There was no trouble whatever in gaining the encampments near the interviewing the officers in command of that section of the defense. A smart-appearing sentry passed him over to the guardianship of a soldier off duty, who conducted him to one of the regulation tents which dotted the hillside back of the line.

On the orderly's presenting his card, a voice from within hailed: "Come in!" and he entered the little house of canvas to find three officers engaged in some game of cards which he did not understand.

"What can I do for you?" the commander inquired, rising from his camp stool and still holding the visitor's card in his hand.

"I am anxious to cross the line," Hillier replied.

The officer laughed and shook his head. "I'm sorry, sir, but we have had as high as 100 applications of this nature in one day, and my orders forbid my acceding to any such request."

"But you pass Americans, do you not?"

Again the officer smiled tolerantly, replying with good nature: "Not under conditions like these. We have no choice in the matter. If you are an American, I thoroughly appreciate your anxiety to go home; but I cannot help you."

"It began to look less easy. Is there no way at all?" asked Hillier.

"My dear sir," the officer answered, "the prophet Moses leading his band across the Red sea had an easier trip than you could make through our lines."

For a moment the courier lost patience, and then as a last resort he decided to make a clean breast of his errand. "Colonel," he said, "I am not an American; I am the secretary of the British embassy in Washington—or was up to the time of this war. I come as a special messenger from my country, bearing important dispatches, which I am to deliver into the hands of his excellency, the president of the United States. The accomplishment of my mission may have a grave bearing on this conflict, and it possibly may prevent bloodshed."

The colonel turned to one side and throw down the playing cards which he had been holding before making any reply. His companions looked highly interested, but their faces gave no hope.

"Mr. Hillier, there have been at least 20 men before me with similar important messages, many of whom have come direct from other foreign powers. The first of these I took from them and sent forward by special couriers of my own. In each case I was given a reprimand. Come here," he said, and preceded Hillier out into the open, where a bulletin board was nailed against a tree. In the very center of a collection of orders pasted thereon was one which read:

"General Order No. 27,007: Order No. 16,094, which was delivered to all

officers, bulletined and read to all men, permits of no modification whatever. It read: 'No man shall pass through the lines, either in or out, and under no circumstances shall any communication be passed, either in or out, save on the written permit duly sealed and signed by the president of the United States.'"

"Is that emphatic enough?" he asked, turning to Hillier, who reluctantly admitted that it allowed of no misinterpretation.

"But," said the latter half jokingly, "suppose I make a run for it?"

"In that case, Mr. Hillier," the officer answered gravely, "my men would unhesitatingly drill you full of holes, and I should be sorry to see a man whom I take to be a gentleman make such an attempt. This may look like play; but underneath gloved hands along this border are the claws of war. Don't, please, make me unsheath them!"

The secretary, baffled, declined the proffer of a drink, and was promptly escorted back across the Canadian lines; but on the way he made new plans. He was only rebuffed by his first failure, and with doggedness he set his jaws and swore that by some means or other he would go to Washington. Time was becoming more and more valuable, so much of it had been



He Swam to the Point Where the Soldier Stood.

expended in his first inquiries and overtures. He would now be driven to stealth and disguise.

He returned to the city, bought a shabby suit of clothes from a second-hand dealer, checked his luggage in the hotel, put the precious dispatches in a pocket within his shirt, and called for an automobile. The machine carried him rapidly down a well-rolled road till night fell, when he paid the chauffeur, and as an additional precaution for the sake of secrecy walked ahead till satisfied that he had put many miles between himself and anyone who might have observed his coming.

He had seen enough during the day to be convinced that under ordinary circumstances it would be impossible to pass the sentries, whose beats were exceptionally short, and who formed almost a continuous line as far as he had been able to observe. His inquiries had elicited the information that somewhere in the vicinity a small river flowed between the two countries, and he purposed using this tributary of the St. Lawrence as a means to gain the other country. His plan was rendered more tenable because the moon, being in the full, favored him. The night itself seemed most propitious, as from the west a dark bank of clouds was slowly coming forward, promising to lend obscurity at a time when it should be most needed.

Cautiously he proceeded along the river bank, gaining a position in as close proximity to the moving sentries as he dared, then slipped off his clothing, secured it into a bundle, and awaited the moment of darkness.

At the very instant when the edge of the cloud began creeping across the

water he lowered himself quietly into the water and began swimming toward the boundary line. In his days at Oxford he had been an athlete of note, and in all his later years had maintained excellent physical condition, and was thoroughly at home in the water. He swam with a low stroke, catching breath from the corner of his mouth as he turned his face sidewise, and exposing as little of himself to view as possible. The bundle of clothing lashed to his shoulders proved something of an impediment, but not sufficient to stay his progress. The current caught him now and then, throwing him out of his course, and when he discovered this to be the case he was almost against a bank. Thereafter he lifted his head at intervals, in order that he might remain in the center of the stream. He surmised that he was nearing the line of sentries, and elevated his chin for another glance, when a sudden blinding flash of light smote him in the eyes, causing him instinctively to duck his head. When he came up for air after swimming for some distance under water, the light was still on him, and a drawing voice hailed him from the shore.

"Stranger, when you get tired of swimming you might come in. I guess you'd better, because there's four or five men up beyond me might take you for a duck, and they're all pot hunters."

His chance was lost. He wondered why he had not thought of search lights, and realized that nothing but the brilliance of the night had prevented their employment at an earlier hour. Fairly gritting his teeth in anger, he swam to the point where the soldier stood, and crawled out upon the beach, seating himself until he could fully recover from his effort and regain his breath. A tall, lean man, whose color emblems showed him to be from Missouri, stood above

as it leveled its ray along the line he saw here and there field booths with double lines of wire entering and emerging from them. "One's" telegraph and telephone, and the other's this freak thing that shows men's photographs. Yes," he concluded, "your picture taken in five different positions has been in there since you first tried to cross the line to-day, and anyway if you'd got past us fellows, you'd have been picked up before you got very far into the interior."

Hillier sat stupefied. "Has anybody ever really got across this line?"

"Yes, three or four of them, here and there, mostly out west where the hills is rougher; but they all got gathered in sooner or later. One of 'em who tried it was a Jap, and the boys accidentally shot him. Another fellow was an Englishman, who made it over from Canada into Detroit, so I've heard."

"What happened to him?" Hillier asked, suspecting that this was the first bearer of the message who had preceded him.

"They didn't want to turn him loose, because he knew too much; so they decided he was a 'rag,' and run him in till the war is over."

Hillier knew now what had been his predecessor's fate, but made no reply. His informant after a pause, continued: "There's been only one accident besides that which happened to the Jap, and that was a poor devil that undertook to go over in one of these newfangled airships. He certainly got his tire punctured all right, and came down mighty sudden." The soldier stopped for a moment and heaved a long sigh, and then concluded in a softer voice: "I was awfully sorry for that fellow. He wa'n't no spy nor nothing like that, but just a young newspaper chap doing the best he knew how to get the goods. He was done for when the boys picked him up. The colonel felt about as sorry as anybody else, and got special permission from the Canadian government to send a 'squad' back with him as a guard of honor."

By this time Hillier had donned the dry garments that had been provided, and stood awaiting the further instructions of his captor. "Well, what am I to do?" he inquired, seeing that the man stood motionless.

"Oh, you can go back across the line, or if you want to one of the boys will find a place for you to bunk till morning. You see, you're kind of a distinguished guest. We all had orders to treat you nicely, and the colonel will have a machine here to take you back wherever you want to go to-morrow."

Baffled by vigilance and overcome by courtesy the secretary, after bidding his captor good-by, retired for the night to a camp cot in the quarters of a lieutenant of infantry. It was long before he succumbed to a sleep of utter exhaustion. He was awakened by a bugle call in the morning, and found his host, shaving himself before a small mirror suspended from the tent pole.

"Good morning, Mr. Hillier," the officer said. "Not quite as pleasant quarters as the secretary of the British embassy is entitled to, and not many conveniences; but you're welcome to my razor if you'll wait a minute."

Hillier sat up, rubbing his eyes. Neatly stretched out on a camp stool before him were his shabby clothes, improved by washing, not only dry but pressed. He stared at them in surprise, while the officer laughingly continued:

"Yes, we did the best we could for them; but I don't think you made a friend of my orderly, as he swears he has worked on them all night long, and has requested a day's leave on the strength of it."

Thanking the officer for his hospitality, Hillier slowly garbed himself and stepped through the tent fly. Below him and stretching away as far as the eye could discern were gray-brown embankments, one line within the other, and excavated with military precision.

"Intrenchments," came a voice behind him, observing his curious inspection. "We have to keep the boys busy, and besides the government didn't want to take any chances. Those pits stretch across this continent now, and there won't be any trouble for a good many years to come for people to tell just where the border is located. Like 'em?" he concluded, whimsically.

"No, I can't say that I do," Hillier responded with equal good nature; "but they look business like."

"Oh, they're the goods sure enough," his informant continued; "but that isn't all. See that little mound over there?" and he pointed a bare brown arm over his guest's shoulder. Hillier nodded assent and looked inquiringly at his companion. "Behind that there's a brace of Gatling guns. Got them too every little ways. Never had to fire 'em yet, and hope we never will. But you never can tell. Same work's been done along the Mexican border line; but it's easier to guard. This war certainly has educated a lot of fellows; so that when it's over there'll be plenty of men can show callouses that were never decorated with 'em before. This country's bottled up now as tight as if the Lord Almighty had set a cap over it," and he laughed at his own joke.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Polite Chinese Children. While very young the little Chinese is taught "manners," how to come into a room, to bow very low to parents or those older than himself—even till his head nearly touches the floor—and to "chin-chin." This is their polite greeting, which takes the form of our hand-shaking.

OUR GLORIFIED DEAD

By REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D.,
Pastor of the Chicago Ave. (Moody's) Church, Chicago.



The question to be answered is, where goes the spirit at death? It Goes to Be with Christ. Our Lord said to the converted malefactor: "To-day thou shalt be with me." The attempt to make this mean "Verily I say unto thee to-day, thou shalt be with me in Paradise" is futile, whether it be to accommodate those who believe that the spirit goes to purgatory, or those who insist that it sleeps with the body in the grave. Our Lord could not have said "I say unto thee yesterday" or "I say unto thee to-morrow," and to make him say "I say unto thee to-day" is a reflection upon his intelligence.

Paul defined this earthly existence as being at home in the body while we are absent from the Lord and death as being absent from the body while we are present with the Lord (2 Cor., 5:6). Paul was conscious of two opposing forces, one drawing him toward death, the other drawing him toward the duties and burdens of life. "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ" (Phil., 1:23). He was willing to die, for he was anxious to see again the glorified Christ whom he saw on the way to Damascus, and he was willing to live because he believed that the church on earth had need of his services.

The Spirit Goes to Be with Christ in Paradise. Our Lord said to the man dying at his side: "Thou shalt be with me in Paradise." Paradise is a word of Persian origin which means a garden. We can see in it the bloom of flowers, while we hear the song of birds and the flowing of fountains. The word "Eden" in the second chapter of Genesis is translated Paradise in the Septuagint. The garden of delights which the serpent entered has been restored and no serpent will enter it again. The word Paradise occurs in two other places. In a vision Paul was caught up into Paradise and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter" (2 Cor., 12:4). It is clear from this scripture that in Paradise there is to be a larger revelation than any we have had or could endure here. Its language conveys truth too sacred to express to those who know only the coarse words of earth. A few hours of conversation with Moses, Paul and John will doubtless teach us more than we can learn here in a lifetime.

In Revelations 2:7 the word "Paradise" occurs again. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God." In other words, when the soul enters Paradise, instead of falling asleep, which means life at its lowest, it receives more abundant life.

All these symbols and facts exclude the idea of purgatory. In the garden of delights there is no fire to cleanse or consume. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth." Death continues the life of blessedness. Paradise is doubtless not the final abode of the saved, but the place of waiting where the glorified spirits will remain with Jesus until he shall return to earth for their glorified bodies. "For them that sleep with Jesus will God bring with him."

Death in Introducing the Christian to the Presence of Christ in Paradise Enlarges His Sphere of Opportunity and Activity. "To die is gain." There is certainly no gain in losing consciousness in the grave nor in going to purgatory. Paul declared that to depart and be with Christ is far better than remaining in the body. "For the soul to fall asleep and lie down in a bed of decaying matter cannot be far better than continuing to live and serve God."

When Paul said, "The time of my departure is at hand," he used a word which carries with it the idea of hitting anchor, spreading sail and going out of the land-locked harbor into the open sea. To him death was not contraction but expansion. Not sailing into harbor and casting anchor, as many of our hymns declare, but sailing out of harbor into the ocean of a larger sphere and greater opportunities.

There is only one thing better than dying and that is to be alive when the Lord of life shall come in glory. We do not desire death and try to shun it, for we want to do all the good we can, and remain, if possible, to the day of his glorious appearing; but when death does come, we shall welcome it as a vanquished enemy, made to serve its conqueror by setting at liberty the spirit that is kept now within the bounds of fleshly limitations.

Only Teetotalers Wanted. Read the "Help Wanted—Male" columns of any great city daily and you will note that advertisements for chauffeurs almost invariably say: "Only total abstainers need apply."

Keeping Busy. The methods employed by the Anti-Saloon League have been used by the people to close up over 6,000 saloons since the first of the year. They are now locking up 31 a day.

HAD ASKED FOR AN ANSWER.

Willis Wanted to Be Certain His Prayer Had Been Heard.

Willis had not been a very good boy that day, and in consequence of certain inexcusable derelictions he had been sent to bed with the sun. After supper his father climbed the stairs to the youngster's room and throwing himself down on the bed alongside of the delinquent, began to talk to him.

"Willie," he said gravely, "did you say your prayers before you went to bed?"

"Yessir," said Willis.

"And did you ask the Lord to make you a good boy?" asked the parent.

"Yep," said Willis, "and I guess it'll work this time."

"Good," said the father. "I'm glad to hear that."

"Yes," said Willis, "but I don't think we'll know before to-morrow. You've got to give the Lord time, you know."

"And what makes you think it will work this time, my son?" queried the anxious father.

"Why, after the amen I put in an R. S. V. P.," explained the boy.—Harper's Weekly.

INVALIDS' BAD PLIGHT.

After Inflammatory Rheumatism, Hair Came Out, Skin Peeled, and Bed Sores Developed—Only Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About four years ago I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My skin peeled, and the high fever played havoc with my hair, which came out in bunches. I also had three large bed sores on my back. I did not gain very rapidly, and my appetite was very poor. I tried many 'sure cures' but they were of little help, and until I tried Cuticura Resolvent I had had no real relief. Then my complexion cleared and soon I felt better. The bed sores went very soon after a few applications of Cuticura Ointment, and when I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for my hair it began to regain its former glossy appearance. Mrs. Lavina J. Henderson, 138 Broad St., Stamford, Conn., March 6 and 12, 1907."

A HIGH WIND.



Giles—They have very high— in America.

Brown—Yes, they do. Giles—There's a bit in the papers I read this morning about a safe being blown open there.—London Mail.

Home Joys for Johnnie.

"Johnnie," said my husband the other evening upon his return from work, to our three-year-old, "have you been a good boy to-day?"

"Yes, father," came the prompt reply.

"Very well," said his fond parent. "You may go upstairs and bring down my slippers."

When Johnnie had delightedly performed this act of devotion, his father said: "Now, if you will promise to be good to-morrow, you may carry my shoes upstairs and put them away."—Harper's Bazar.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

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

Hoodoo, I.

A poor devil asked for alms. The inquisitive man questioned him. After a few interrogations, he said to his companions: "Boys, don't give him a cent; he's a fraud." The beggar replied: "Gents, I am under a hoodoo. I'm an unlucky man. I do believe if I were to seize him by the forelock it would come right out and leave me as bare as a barber's pole." Then they all chipped in.

DISTEMPER

In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. \$3.00 and \$1.00. Any good druggist, or send by manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goschen, Ind.

Trade of the United States with its American neighbors in 1907 amounted to nearly \$1,000,000,000, against a little more than a third as much a decade ago.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Women are almost as absurd as men are foolish.

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

Sometimes a woman is known to the company she avoids.

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

The proportion of left-handed people is one in six.

The Scrap Book

Just Like a Man.
Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and a body of ladies from her church, all interested in woman's suffrage, once took a little newswy from the gutter and educated him superbly. They sent him through school and college and finally made a minister of him. This young minister, the work of their hands, preached his first sermon in their church. That was a proud Sunday morning for the good ladies. They thought they had at last firmly planted among the male sex a strong and splendid supporter. So they filled the church that Sunday morning. Who could tell but that their young charge might preach in their honor a woman suffrage sermon? Imagine their emotion when the youth arose in the pulpit, looking calmly and even sternly at the congregation, and announced that his text would be from St. Paul: "Let the women keep silence in the church."

DREAMERS—ALL.
We are dreamers all, in this dream of life. And a very good dream, with its toll, its strife, its song and laughter, its love and cheer, its loss and worry and grief and fear. We are dreamers all in a different way in this tolling world of the workaday. And, God be praised, in the dew, the dust, there are dreams of comfort and dreams of trust.

We are dreamers all, from the child that leaps
To the gray haired prophet that crawls
and creeps
Dreaming, trusting and tolling on
To the dream of God on the hills of dawn.
—Baltimore Sun.

Ready For the Trial.
The average novelist, it is well known, thinks little of the average playwright, and the playwright thinks less, if possible, of the novelist.
At the Players' club in New York they say that Clyde Fitch at a dinner one time sat opposite a popular novelist. The novelist criticized the American play. He seemed to think very little of it. Finally, yawning, he said: "When I am played out as a novelist I intend to write for the stage."
"Begin at once, then," said Mr. Fitch.

Bulgarian Atrocity.
On his return to England from the Russo-Turkish war David Christie Murray, the novelist, went at once to Hawarden to report on the situation in the Balkans to Mr. Gladstone. He wore his campaigning overcoat, a wonderful creation of camel's hair lined with bearskin. As he was leaving Hawarden Mr. Gladstone, helping him on with his overcoat, asked, "Where did you obtain possession of this extraordinary garment, Mr. Murray?"
"I bought it, sir, in Bulgaria," answered Murray. "Ah," said Gladstone, with a perfectly grave face and frowning back a bit to look at it. "I have had much to do of the Bulgarian atrocities of late years, but this is the only one of which I have had ocular demonstration."

Not a Member.
The rector of a rural English church was in London for a visit. A knotty theological point had presented itself for solution which required reference to the authorities. Being a guest of the Athenaeum club, whose extensive library was always a feature of interest, he resolved to make use of it. Approaching an attendant who, it happened, was but recently employed, he asked "whether Justin Martyr was in the library."
"I don't think he is a member, my lord," was the solemn reply, "but I'll go and ask the porter."

Pathetic Appeal.
During the early days of street cars many of the conductors made money "knocking down" fares. At one time the evil became so great that it is difficult to tell whom to trust.
An old fellow who was in hard luck and that it was necessary to get employment as a conductor, and he went the president of one of the New York companies and asked him for a job.
"Do you really want the job, Bill?" asked the president.
"I do, indeed!"
"All right, Bill," he answered. "You have it, but for heaven's sake bring back the car!"

Truth Will Not Be Compelled.
Truth is such a fly away, such a shy one, so untransportable and unbarable a commodity, that it is as bad to catch as light. Shut the shutters for so quick to keep all the light in is all in vain. It is gone before you can cry "Hold!" And so it happens with any philosophy. Translate, collect, distill all the systems and it stands for nothing, for truth will not be compelled in any mechanical manner.
—The Waldo Emerson.

Mr. H. H. Maddock Electrical Co.
received a complete line of lamps including 25, 35, 40 and 50 watt power; also a large supply of tungsten—25 watts, 25 c. p.; 40 and 50 p. and 100 watts, 50 c. p.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites should always be kept in the house for the following reasons:
First—Because, if any member of the family has a hard cold, it will cure it.
Second—Because, if the children are delicate and sickly, it will make them strong and well.
Third—Because, if the father or mother is losing flesh and becoming thin and emaciated, it will build them up and give them flesh and strength.
Fourth—Because it is the standard remedy in all throat and lung affections.

No household should be without it.

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World."
SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York

Conscience.
Conscience enables us not merely to learn the right by experiment and induction, but intuitively and in advance of experiment. So in addition to the experimental way whereby we learn justice from the facts of human history we have a transcendental way and learn it from the facts of human nature and from immediate consciousness.—Theodore Parker.

Beyond All Music.
At one of the Yorkshire Inns, relates a Liverpool contemporary, there is a pianist who can improvise accompaniments to any song that any singer wishes to sing. He cannot read a note of music, yet, in the local vernacular, he "can play owt." Recently, however, he met with an unexpected check. A man hummed over an air, but the pianist failed to get the key. "Let's try it again," he said. And they tried it again. Still it was of no use. A third trial brought no better result. Then the pianist turned to the singer in anger and said: "Sitth, aw've tried tha on t' white 'uns, aw've tried tha on t' black 'uns and aw've tried tha on t' black and white 'uns mixed. It's no use. Tha's singing between t' crackat!"

His Last Job.
Bill Nye in his earlier days once approached the manager of a lecture bureau with an application for employment and was asked if he had ever done anything in that line.
"Oh, yes," said Bill.
"What have you done?"
"Well," replied Bill, "my last job was in a dime museum, sitting in a barrel with the top of my head sticking out—posing as the largest ostrich egg in captivity."

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A Lesson in Language.
"An Irish lawyer," said a Texas judge, "was examining a Mexican. The questions, after a deal of bullying, ran like this:
"Understand, por, that ye are to go in and state to the court what ye know about this case in yer own language."
"You want me to repeat the story in my own language?" asked the witness.
"O! do, sor. That's what O! said."
Then the Mexican smiled and began:
"Eto, miyer venia a mia casa."
"The lawyer brought his fist down on the table with a bang."
"Are ye thryin' to make fools of us all?" he roared. "What's that ye're saying anyhow?"
"I am speaking my own language, as you told me to do," said the witness.
"O! didn't mane for ye to spake yer own language when I said for ye to spake your own language. Can't ye spake as I'm spakin' to you?"
"I can try, sir," said the Mexican. And, with another smile, he began:
"Well, thin, yer honor, this gosssoon come to my house, and sez he to my old woman, says he, 'I want to spake wid ye,' says he."
"What do ye mane, sor, by spakin' in that way?" roared the lawyer.
"Shure," replied the witness, "ye axed me to spake in the language ye use yerself, and shure I'm atther thryin' to oblige ye."

One Leg Left.
Rufus Choute once by overwork had shattered his health. Edward Everett expostulated with him on one occasion, saying:
"My dear friend, if you are not more self considerate you will ruin your constitution."
"Oh," replied the legal wag, "the constitution was destroyed long ago. I'm living on the bylaws."

Here.
There is in Katherine M. Abbott's book, "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border," a little story which illustrates the importance of accurate statement. In Saybrook, Conn., in the days of cottage prayer meetings 100 years ago a lady directed her servant to go to each neighbor and say that "Mrs. Bowles will have the prayer meeting here tonight."
The servant carried out her instructions to the letter. Mrs. Bowles says the prayer meeting will be here tonight.
Accordingly each lady arranged her chairs, put on her best gown, made ready for the coming of the parson and stayed at home.

Lasting Effects.
There is nothing innocent or good that dies and is forgotten. Let us hold to that faith or none. An infant, a prattling child, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it and will play its part through them in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea.—Dickens.

The Wrong Costume.
"Your Englishman must always be correct," said an American author. "He has a wardrobe of smooth, sleek, dark clothes for town, a wardrobe of knickers and thick woollens for Alpine winter sports, a wardrobe of flannels for the seashore, and so on, with other wardrobes for deerstalking, for fox hunting, for driving, even for smoking and drinking.
"I remember once in my early youth I was shooting over a duke's covers. A very grave and elegant young marquis was stationed near me. Suddenly the duke shouted to the marquis:
"There goes a hare! Let him have it!"
"But the marquis shook his head.
"I can't, duke," he said. "I'm in my pheasant costume."

Right on Time.
On a Pullman sleeper about 7 in the morning, when the passengers were almost ready to leave their berths, a tiny baby in the drawing room began to cry lustily. Just at that identical moment the porter opened the door and sang out, "First call for breakfast!"

He Ate Everything.
Willie, who is six years old, has fond parents who try to break him of the habit of taking things on his plate that he cannot eat and leaving much to go to waste. He is in a fair way to improve under their watchfulness. The other day Willie was invited to a birthday party. His mother dressed him in his best clothes.
"Now, mind, Willie," was the last thing she said to him, "eat everything you take on your plate."
Willie came home that evening with severe pains. The little girl in whose honor the party was given was thirteen years old. Her mother had baked a birthday cake, and part of the scheme of ornamentation of it were thirteen wax candles. There were three of them on the piece that was put on Willie's plate.

A Deceiver.
Labiche was once asked to support as a candidate for the academy a certain literary mendicant, but hesitated for a long time and yielded only when he was told that if the ambitious author should fail to be elected he would die of it. Failure nevertheless did come, and the following year, when a second vacancy occurred, Labiche's vote was once more solicited in the man's behalf. "No," shouted Labiche in vehement indignation, "I will not vote for a man who does not keep his word. He did not die."

East Jordan Lumber Co.

We are busy this week

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and will have some remarkable bargains to offer you when this task is completed.

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The Willy Earl.
Lord Reginald Bareacres once courted ardently the daughter of a New Jersey millionaire. At a reasonable moment in a dim conservatory he laid his heart at the young girl's feet. She, however, being of a rare type, spurned him. Rising to his feet, Lord Reginald said:
"I have bared to you the most sacred feelings of my inmost heart. May I ask that you will never reveal to a living soul what has passed between us?"
"I am not a gossip, Lord Reginald," the girl said haughtily.
"But promise me," he continued.
"Give me your solemn promise."
"I promise," she said. "But why, Lord Reginald, are you so persistent?"
"Because," he answered, sighing with relief, "I purpose tomorrow to turn my attention to your older sister."

The Old, Old Story.
A youth who had been spending his summer by the sea was unexpectedly joined by his father and took the opportunity to ask for a new tennis racket.
"What?" cried his father. "A new tennis racket? Why, I bought you one a month ago. No, sir; you can't have it. Why, when I was a boy I didn't have tennis rackets and all those things, let alone having new ones every month. This can't go on. Look here—what are you going to do about it yourself? Some day your sons will want a new tennis racket every five minutes. What are you going to do about it?"
"Oh," said the boy calmly, winking at his father, "I'll put up the same old story. I'll tell 'em about when I was a boy."

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

Briefs of the Week

Boys next Friday.
Board of Supervisors, next Monday.
A. M. Haight, was a Port Huron business visitor this week.
The Charlevoix Sentinel has commenced publication of annual tax sale list.

Looket and Watch Chain Locket. Finder return to postoffice and receive reward.

The State Bank of East Jordan issued some handsome 1909 Calendars this week.

The Board of Trade held their first 1909 meeting next Monday evening. All members of Board invited to be present.

Harold and Mary Lamport and J. B. Roe, who have been spending the holidays at home with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Lamport, returned to their school work today.

G. M. Montgomery of Grand Rapids, Pa., father of Blanche Montgomery, who is teaching at Thumb Lake, is visiting with his brothers-in-law, James and J. H. Milford.

The Leone Mills is guest of friends at Boyne City.

Wm. H. Bashaw of St. Lawrence County, N. Y. is guest of his brother, Lewis Bashaw.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid meet with Mrs. Wm. Johnson next Wednesday afternoon, January 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Lee of Gladwin, Mich. have been visiting at the home of their daughter, Mrs. E. A. Ashley.

Services at the Methodist church as usual on the Sabbath. The pastor will preach a new year sermon in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Hamilton are receiving a visit from the latter's mother, Mrs. Charles Crook, of Standish.

Medames G. L. Sherman and J. L. Wiesman left last week for St. Louis, Mich., where they take treatment at the sanitarium.

Fred Weeks and Miss Pearl Lanway were married at the Methodist parsonage on Wednesday evening Dec. 23, Rev. W. W. Lamport officiating.

Lou Otto spent the holidays with friends at Oberlin, Ohio.

Extension Tables, Library Tables, and Center Tables at WHITTINGTON'S. J. A. Lancaster is receiving a visit from his brother, William, of Van's Harbor, Md.

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

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.

When a man points a gun at you, knock him down. Don't stop to look if it is loaded, but knock him down and don't be at all particular what you do it with. If there is going to be a coroner's inquest, let it be over the other fellow, he won't be missed.

The poor editor was dying; but when the doctor placed his ear to the patient's heart and muttered sadly, "Poor fellow circulation almost gone," the editor raised himself and gasped: "This false, we have the largest circulation of any paper in the county!" then sank back upon his pillow with a triumphant smile upon his face. He was consistent to the end—lying about his circulation.

"John G. Peterson of Ironton, from eighteen rows of beets, thirty rods long, received \$27.03. Where is there another crop that will show as good returns?"—Exchange. East Jordan claims to have some of the best soil in Northern Michigan, so we can't let this go unchallenged. From above computation, 5c per rod was received. Victor and Bruce Cross, a couple of youngsters, grew 29 rows of string beans, 8 rods long, and received \$23.14 or 10c per rod for their product. And the crop would have averaged 25 per cent more with proper weather. Give us something harder.

The annual election of Sunday School officers occurred at the Methodist church Monday evening. For the twentieth time M. H. Robertson was chosen superintendent; and the board had good reason for the choice for the school has grown to be one of the best to be found. The average attendance for the past year has been 120 and only the overcrowded capacity of the room prevents a larger growth. The other officers were also re-elected, Miss Ella Barnette assistant supt., Hazel Cummings and Beta Carr secretaries, Mrs. Mattie Palmister treasurer and Pearl Sheldon organist.

The second semester of East Jordan Public Schools commences next Monday. Efforts were made to have the new school building in readiness, but owing to several set-backs will not be ready for a couple of weeks. Several changes of importance take place during this term. The primary department is to be reorganized and divided into a kindergarten and first grade. Miss Frieberg will have charge of the kindergarten and a new teacher will be added for the first grade. The high school, proper, and kindergarten will occupy the new building. The seventh and eighth grades will occupy the present high school room and an additional teacher added to assist Miss Dolan. Miss Primeau of Northport has been tendered this position. The fifth grade will be removed from the old Catholic church to the Central Building.

New Year Sunday services in the Presbyterian church morning and evening at 10:30 and 7:00, appropriate music and sermons. The pastor urges the attendance on the first Sunday of the year of all members of the church and congregation, and asks them to make a special effort to that end, and to be present at both hours of worship. Let us begin the new year well and start with new resolves to do better than in the past. "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad." Sunday School at 11:45, Junior C. E. at 3:00, and Senior C. E. at 6:00. The president will be glad to see all active and associate members in their places. The society has made a splendid record this year, and it must not fall behind itself through the new year, but improve and grow.

At a regular meeting of Stevens Post G. A. R. the following officers were elected:

Commander, Geo. Hayner; Sr. Vice Com., Ira Miles; Jr. Vice Com., John Gee; Chaplain, Samuel Richardson; Quartermaster, Wm. Harrington; Officer of the Day, Elias Hammond; Officer of Guard, Geo. Pringle.—Geo. J. Bowen, Adjutant.

At last meeting of East Jordan Temple No. 85 Pythian Sisters, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

P. C. of T.—Estella Sherman
M. E. C.—Anna Goodman
E. S. of T.—Florence Jepson
E. J. of T.—Essie Wiesman
M. of T.—Alice Kimball
M. of R. & S.—Jessie Fay
M. of F.—Leona Madison
P. of T.—Sarah Fay
G. of O. T.—Laurie Kenyon

CHADDOCK DISTRICT.

Happy New Year—1909.
Mrs. Maude Andrews of Traverse City is visiting at the home of her parents.

Cash Brooks has moved to Price's Mill south of town for the winter.

A family reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Heller Christmas day.

The Misses Eva Heller, Leah Persons and Bertha McCalmon are each having a week's vacation from their schools.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Chew of Bay township visited at the home of their nephew, J. E. Chew, first of the week. Archie E. Chew of Bryant, Ind., visited relatives here last Thursday.

The Peninsular Grange last Wednesday evening elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

Master—Fred Heller.
Overseer—Joe Kenny.
Director—Mrs. Fred Heller.
Steward—Fred Crowell.
Asst. Steward—Webb Hotz.
Chaplain—Lydia Persons.
Treas.—M. Kuhling.
Secretary—Eva Heller.
Gate Keeper—Frank Shepard.
Ceres—Hattie Gunsolus.
Pomona—Winifred Cliff.
Flora—Leah Persons.
Lady Asst. Steward—Mabin Cliff.
Organist—Mary Gunsolus.

ECHO ITEMS.

School closed Xmas eve to be opened after New Years by a new teacher. Henry Vance is busy now buzzing wood instead of the girls. Hold down your job.

A fine Christmas tree and a nice program was presented at the Vance school house Christmas eve for the Sunday School and scholars. Each child was ready to do their part and the singing was fine. Each child received gifts that made their eyes sparkle and hearts glad. A box of presents for the Sunday School—the giver a young lady and her class.

Farmers are busy, cutting skidding, and making ready to haul out their logs to keep the wolf from their door. Lots of hard work and very little pay. Hustle down your logs for you know not what tomorrow will bring forth.

Mrs. James Thompson has added to her kitchen a new Maleable Range bought of Malpass Hardware Co.

Poultry is being slaughtered and sold at the low price of nothing minus the corn.

A small attendance at the dance at Wm. Bennett's, on account of the stormy night and poor roads; the girls stayed at home.

Not much enjoyment for the farm wives as some are having their phones taken out.

Preaching every four weeks at the Vance school house, by Elder Corey. A number of good cows for sale as I wish to lesson my stock. Anyone to buy, call phone 153 1 long, 3 short.

Making Her Reputation.

A well known young matron of Chicago is of such a high nervous temperament that if she drinks the very smallest amount of alcoholic stimulant before going to bed the result is sleeplessness for the remainder of the night. Some nights ago a number of friends dropped in for the evening, and the husband, who, by the way, is a southerner, suggested that he make a mint julep for each of the company. The suggestion was received with delight, and the juleps were promptly mixed.

In his wife's glass, however, he put only enough whisky to flavor the water, probably not more than a teaspoonful. Of this she sipped about half. The result, however, was the same. She was troubled with insomnia all night long, and it was not until 5 o'clock in the morning that she dropped off to sleep and, as a consequence, was not called for breakfast.

At 10 o'clock she came downstairs and hearing the voices of children on the front porch stopped to listen. Her heart filled with motherly pride as she heard her elder son, a boy of six, telling seven or eight children from the neighborhood that they must not make too much noise as his mamma was asleep. Imagine her horror, too, as the young hopeful added:

"She drank so much whisky last night that she couldn't come down to breakfast this morning."

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

Closing Out Sale of Chinaware

We have decided to close out our complete line of China and Glass Ware, and are offering same at greatly reduced prices. Now is your opportunity to purchase high grade china at below cost prices.

Mrs. H. D. Gazlay

Watch For L. WIESMAN'S

Big Sale Announcement Jan'y 7th

Our Immense Stock of Hosiery, Underwear, Dry Goods, Shoes, Rubbers, Clothing, Hats, Ladies' and Children's Coats Must Go Regardless of Cost.

L. WIESMAN

Big Christmas Clearance Sale

Commencing Monday, Jan'y 4th

To clean up all odds and ends of dishes, and make room for spring stock, we are able to offer you some very good bargains.

These goods that are special will be arranged on tables and marked so. Don't miss this Special Sale; there is more money in it for you than for us.

HARPER'S BAZAAR.

This is the season when all men and women make new resolutions, and this is a good idea. Start the year with fresh ambitions, fresh hopes, and a determination to do your best this year. This is the resolution we have made, and are going to put forth every effort to live up to it.



MARINE SUPPLIES.

GEORGE H. SPENCER.

A Dark Outlook.

When a minister, marrying a negro couple, started to ask the woman, "Do you take this man for better or for worse?" the woman startled the clergyman by blurting out: "No, Judge, I want him just as he is. If he gets any better he'll die, and if he gets any worse I'll kill him myself."

What He Ought to Get.

A popular London millionaire made his vast fortune by his business ability. Thinking that, as he had been so successful in trade and finance, he must also succeed in literature, he did as others have done—wrote a book of travels. Having a proper pride in his own work, he expected to receive a fairly good price from his publisher therefor.

To his intense disgust, instead of offering him a comfortable check for the copyright the publisher demanded that he should pay him for the risk of issuing the book. It was clear to him that this was an attempt to take advantage of his position as a rich man without experience in literature. He happened to be on friendly terms with a well known journalist, and the happy thought occurred to him to send the manuscript to the great litterateur and critic with a businesslike inquiry, "What do you think I should get for this?"

The journalist was equal to the occasion. After reading the manuscript he returned it with the laconic answer written across the top sheet, "Five years."

CARPET CARPET

Empey Bros. have the largest stock of Carpets ever 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.

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.



Dashy Harberdashers

appeal to the man who wants to be a four-flusher. Men of refined taste do not want to attract attention by the SCREAMING quality of their apparel. They want it to gradually dawn on the beholder.

THAT THEY ARE PERFECTLY DRESSED.

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FOR 10 CENTS we will send postpaid our FAMOUS COLLECTION

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1 lb. Prince of Wales
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1 lb. Early Arrowhead Cabbage
1 lb. Golden Wonder Potatoes
1 lb. 15 Varieties Garden Flower Seeds

Write today! Send 10 cents to buy your choice seed packet and receive the above "Famous Collection" with our free and instructive "Garden Guide." GREAT NORTHERN SEED CO., 436 Ross St., Rockford, Illinois

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.

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

DIRECTORS.

W. P. PORTER, CHAS. H. SCHAFFER, FRANK M. SEVERANCE,
W. L. FRENCH, M. H. ROBERTSON, CLARK HAIRE,
FRED SMITH, CARL STOESEL,
GEO. G. GLENN.

We wish our friends, one and all, a Happy New Year.—The Boston Store.

Earl Hagar of Hitchcock fell down stairs Monday evening and received a broken hip. He is manager of the East Jordan Lumber Co's store at that place.

Mrs. Suleeba and daughter Miriam of Grand Rapids, Mrs. C. S. Grigsby of Kalamao and Mrs. W. T. Grigsby of Chelogygan came on Monday to the Presbyterian parsonage to be present at the Gidley-Grigsby wedding.

Earl L. Crossman, one of East Jordan's popular and successful young men, was on Thursday evening united in marriage to Miss Gertrude Irene Davey, at Grand Rapids—the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crossman, parents of the groom and Miss LaVerne, sister, attended the wedding. The bride is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Davey of Comstock Park, and the wedding took place at the home of the bride's sister and brother, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Foote of 223 Pleasant St. Rev. A. W. Wishart officiated. The young couple will be "At Home," after March 1st, at 257 Morris Avenue, Grand Rapids. Mr. Crossman holds a responsible position with one of Grand Rapids' leading lumber firms.

The annual meeting of the Presbyterian church and congregation will be held on Monday evening, January 4th, in the church parlors, for the transaction of very important business. All interested in the progress of the church should be there without fail.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be observed a week from Sunday, January 10, at close of morning service. Friends intending to unite themselves with the church are required to be present at preparatory service the preceding Thursday evening, January 7, in the church parlors at 7:30.

One of the happy holiday events was the wedding of Wm. McGonigal and Miss Estella Shepard, which took place on Christmas eve at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Shepherd of Wilson. They were married by Rev. W. W. Lamport in the presence of relatives and other guests, after which a bountiful wedding feast was served. Both contracting parties have many friends in the community who will wish them much joy in their new relation. After a few weeks here, they will depart for Dacombe, Alberta, to make that their home.

New Year Greetings

..... From.....

Mack's Jewelry Store to all our friends past, present and prospective.

MY FILIPINO WATCH

BY CARROLL CARRINGTON

If a man have a big secret in his pocket he should sleep in a different town every night and put as many miles between his meals as he have the stomach for traveling; but mine, as secrets go, was not so very big at the beginning, and when I did stop by the wayside for longer than a night's lodging it was by compulsion of illness, which nobody in the world could recommend as companion to a man in the circumstances I have described.

During a very black week I lay in a room at the Santa Catalina hotel, where I had been overtaken by malaria while making a restless tour of the pleasure resorts of Southern California. At the week's end I pulled myself together, paid my bill and was on my way to the depot when I fell a victim to a coincidence.

It was during the first stages of the excitement attending that great run of tuna in Southern California waters two years ago, and young Walter Harvey of the Los Angeles branch of the hydrographic service was taking his first vacation in three years to put in a week of fishing for the big fish at Santa Catalina. That is how it came about that I met him coming from, while I was going toward, the depot. He seized my hand with the greatest appearance of delight.

"Talk about luck, my boy!" he cried. "Why, it's nothing short of providential. Where you going?—not away from here just as I arrive!—I should say not! Remember you promised to come fishing with me when I saw you in Frisco a month ago—just in from Manila the day before, weren't you? Haven't heard a word from you since—not a word! Where've you been?—and how's the Filipino watch? Was there really anything in that story you were giving me up there?"

"For heaven's sake, don't shout!" I retorted. He had turned me about and was walking me back to the hotel. "You can see that I still have the thing—and I may add that I am getting sufficiently tired of it."

Whereupon I took the secret out of my pocket and showed it to him.

It was nothing but a large silver watch, with Oriental designs on the back and some words in the native language of Luzon engraved in Roman lettering on the inside of the cover. Under these words was the name of "Emilio Aguinaldo."

I had picked it up on the outskirts of Manila the morning after our first battle with the Filipinos. The following night my room at the hotel had been broken into and ransacked while I was on a visit to friends elsewhere in the city; two days later I had been held up by four unknown assailants and robbed of everything I had on me, which happened not to include the mysterious watch, as I had thoughtfully hidden it; and a week later, after a narrow escape from being kidnaped, I had concluded Manila was no longer a place for a pleasure-seeker and embarked as speedily as I could for home, taking the watch with me. Nor had my flight altogether ended with the close of the voyage; for even after arriving on American soil I was still oppressed, in a degree grotesquely out of proportion to the insignificance of the incident, by a constant impulse to run away with my absurd prize, as though it had been the key to some famous international conspiracy.

I told Harvey at dinner that evening that I had business in the city which would certainly take me north the following day.

"After we've caught a 300-pound tuna, you may go," he replied.

The next morning was inauspiciously cold and dark, when we stumbled into our clothes after a wakeful night and stole forth from the hotel, meeting our Italian boatman on the veranda. He had come to wake us up.

I think we must have been fishing a half-hour when my companion gave a yawn and said it wasn't time for fishing yet and he couldn't for the life of him see why Andrea had called us so "beastly early."

"I not-a call-a you at all," said the Italian, shrugging his shoulders. "What a time you teenk catch-a da feesh?"

"Not for an hour yet," Harvey replied, winding his line around a peg in the bow of the boat and pulling out his pipe. "I'll have to smoke to keep awake. My neighbor in the next room woke me up at all hours by opening and closing his windows, stamping round his room and otherwise creating an all-night disturbance. He's a queer piece, that chap. Calls himself Señor Anafios."

"Spanish?" I observed quietly.

"Mexican grande, I'm told," puffed Harvey through his pipe. "Dead swell and very exclusive. Been here a week, they say, and knows nobody. Dresses with all the noisiness of royalty, but has one of those exquisite polishes you generally see on aristocrats from the Latin countries. As a matter of fact, though," concluded my friend lazily, "the bogar strikes me as having a sort of gypsy air. Looks like I imagine

one of those Egyptian magicians would look if Americanized."

"Vare wonderful, vare wonderful!" broke in the voice of Andrea, the Italian. He rested on his oars in some excitement. "One-a day he coma da feeshman's warf an' talk-a da feeshman, an' say, 'I show-a to you da dollare deespoer. You got-a da dollare?' Feeshman pull-a da dollare out-a da poek' an' hand-a man one-a meenit. You see? Passa da han' dees-a way" and Andrea made a sweep upward with one hand—"an' da dollare deespoer. Wait-a da dollare coma back; no coma back. Da man he wait-a, too, an' look-a da aire, but dollare coma no down—nevare. Vare wonderful, all feeshmans teenk. Try-a da more dollare—all go-a up, no coma down. Vare wonderful. Feeshmans teenk he hava da devil een-beem."

I felt for my watch. Harvey looked surprised.

"And didn't he give the dollars back?" he demanded.

"How giva back, when he no getta heemself?" asked the boatman.

Harvey was about to reply, but changed his mind and asked me what time it was.

"Half-past four," I replied, returning the watch to my pocket.

"And where are we, Andrea?"

"Closa da whistling buoy, sare. Half-a mile, I teenk."

I could see the tower of the buoy looming in the dark haze ahead of us. It seemed, as Andrea had said, about half a mile away.

"You want to get out of this," said Harvey, gazing around. "We're right in the line of the raft and the buoy, where there hasn't been a fish since the swimming season opened."

At that moment I felt a tap on the side of my coat. I turned questioning.

"Well," I said. "What is it?"

Andrea raised his brows with answering inquiry.

"What was it you wanted?" I repeated.

"I? I not-a want-a anyteeng."

"I thought you touched me."

"No, sare, I no touch-a you."

"Shut up talking," said Harvey. "Let's get to work."

For the next half-hour we circled slowly around the buoy and fished in silence. Then Harvey wound his line on the peg in the bow again and refilled his pipe.

"What's the time now?" he asked.

The next moment I could have fallen out of the boat with consternation.

My watch was gone!

I had worn it in a small inside pocket of my coat, without any chain, thinking it safer that way. I had consulted it but a half-hour before and, replacing it carefully, had buttoned my coat over it. Under the coat I wore a sweater, so there was no chance that I had mistakenly placed it in a waistcoat pocket.

The watch had simply been removed in some miraculous way from the pocket in which I was accustomed to keeping it, and in which I remembered with terrible distinctness having placed it such a little while before.

And now miracle was to follow miracle—or else we hadn't done with the first one yet—for while I was still frenziedly fumbling about my clothes I became aware of Andrea leaning forward in strange excitement, with his finger pointed seaward.

"What the deuce is happening anyhow?" cried Harvey, getting to his feet.

I was doubly dumb. Straight ahead of us in the haze of the dawn, I could descry the outlines of a vessel some two or three miles farther seaward. Our own boat was fully three miles from shore; the whistling buoy we could see quite distinctly on a line perhaps a quarter of a mile to the south of us.

Andrea was hauling a glass out of a locker and fixing it to his eyes.

"Vare wonderful!" he muttered under his breath. "I noa see da boat-a look lak heem before, teenk so!"

Well, I had. Here, in a part of the Pacific at least six weeks' travel from where I had last seen one, was a Filipino junk!

It was bearing with good speed southward, but coming in also. It seemed in a fair way to pass quite close to the whistling buoy, at which we also were heading. If we should stop at the buoy the strange craft would come within speaking distance of us, unless she should change her course. Trembling under a three-fold mystery—the hotel stranger, the junk, the magical disappearance of my watch—I urged Andrea to give me the glass and row with all his might for the buoy. Harvey I silenced with a shake of the head.

In ten minutes we had run the boat alongside the buoy and were resting on the side hidden from the Filipino vessel. By poking the glass around the corner I could see the incongruous visitor still coming on, now within a mile of us.

From a dazed inspection of this marvel I was shaken abruptly by a hand on my arm. I whirled about to find Harvey staring at me, his face the color of a bone.

"Pratt," he gasped, dragging me around so where I could follow with my eyes the direction he was indicating with his other hand, "do you see that?"

He pointed to a box-like receptacle in the base of the buoy. It ran all the way through, from our side to the other, and was simply one of the inlets for the air that blew the whistle. Lying face up and ticking away as busily as ever, on the wet floor of the buoy was my Filipino watch!

It was enough to take the wits clean out of any man, this startling transition of the watch out here in the ocean, with the Filipino junk in sight, as an evident influence, a Filipino magician on shore, and the devil only

knew what else in the wind. To attempt an explanation of how the watch had got out of my pocket and jumped across a half-mile of ocean to the whistling buoy was, of course beyond me, and I could only crouch it to the boat with my two shivering companions and stare.

And so, while we were all crouching and staring, a visible link in the phenomena came before us. A human hand appeared in the aperture in the buoy, from nowhere that we could see and, laying hold of the watch, withdrew!

Not one of us moved.

We must have sat gazing into the buoy like men dreaming for as long as you would take to catch your breath after a hard fall; then—

"Santa Maria!"

The Italian's voice rose in almost a shriek. We stiffened in our seats and looked to where he was pointing.

Less than 200 yards away a man's head was bobbing upon the surface of the ocean.

I turned the glass upon it. At first I could see only the back of it, for it was moving away from us toward the Filipino vessel, which now stood half a mile out; but did not all of us know whose head it was? The foreign magician, of course—the Filipino whom we had left three miles ashore in the Catalina hotel.

The next moment he turned and I saw his face. He was swimming rapidly toward the junk.

Andrea caught at his oars and tore them into the waves. The boat moved from the buoy. I gripped the sides, and shouted to the Italian to row with all his might.

He was already doing so. But not in the direction I had meant. The boat had turned its nose shoreward and was splashing across the waves with a speed that bent me in the middle with every pull of the oars.

"You cursed fool!" I cried, springing for the Italian's wrists. "If you don't turn this boat around, I'll—"

But he did not hear me, nor feel my grasp upon him. He was rowing with the strength of a madman; terror had put a glare in his eyes, had deadened his senses of hearing and feeling. I called to Harvey for aid. My friend sat speechless in the bow, gripping both sides of the boat for support.

I hardly like to say what happened in the next instant, for at first it will not be credited; on top of the things already mentioned. But this is a narrative—not a story made to order while you wait—and must be kept to the facts.

While I still had hold of Andrea's hands, the Italian fell in a heap in the bottom of the boat. Harvey gave a hoarse cry of mingled prayer and curse, and I was left to clutch the nearest seat and gasp while the little craft tore over the white-caps with the speed of an express train.

What was moving it? I looked forward and saw the head again on the water. We should be upon it in a second—we should, at this rate, crash into the junk a second later. What was the invisible power or attraction that pulled us thitherward at so terrific a speed? Impressions of old witch stories flew before my mind—of tricks of sorcery and magic, at which I had always loved to scoff. Then the boat gave a jar, and the man swimming ahead of us was lifted clear out of the water.

He was hanging on to a thick line which stretched far ahead into the sea—Harvey's tuna line, with an immense tuna careering seaward at the other end of it!

"Hang on!" I yelled—for I could see the Filipino was more frightened now than anybody else. "Hang on for your life! Work your way toward the boat."

He had sense enough left to know that if he let go the boat would strike him. He was only ten feet out on the line. The distant tuna had evidently risen near the surface, thus raising the line clear of the water near the boat. The Filipino junk was now but a hundred yards ahead, although sailing away as hard as it could, plainly in a confusion of fright.

"Cut the line!" shrieked the Filipino. "Then I will let go and you can pick me up."

"Harvey!" I cried, for he was in my way—"cut the line, or we'll be dashed to pieces."

He found his wits barely in time to save us. One slash of his knife did the business. The moment after, we had bumped up to the junk, and the Filipino had let go the line and was swimming toward us. He was a superb swimmer, and apparently indefatigable. He called in Filipino to the junk to stop. Before we could realize it we were hauled aboard of her by about a dozen Malays. Their captain saluted as we came over the side. Our Filipino stamped his foot.

"To sea!" he cried, shaking the water from his clothes. "To sea as fast as you can go. These gentlemen are very persistent—they do not like to part with what does not belong to them. They have decided to stay with us as far as Honolulu, and perhaps go all the way to Manila. See!" and he fished the watch out of a bag at his neck. "I had not only to take it out of the gentleman's pocket, but later to remove it from our appointed rendezvous and bring it aboard with my own hands. All my fine clothes are left at the hotel. It's too bad. But I have the chief's watch. Let the voyage home be a merry one for that."

Well, all our fine clothes were left at the hotel, too—or somewhere near it—and we had not the chief's watch. We decided that the voyage would be merry enough for us by stopping at Honolulu.

"Ecce oes all like-a da dollare," mumbled Andrea, the Italian, as we followed a guide to our allotted quarters. "See-a go away; no see-a come back. Vare wonderful!"

DESTRUCTIVE WORK OF THE CATALPA MIDGE

Insect Attacks Buds and Ends of Branches Causing Crooked, Irregular Growth—By H. A. Gossard, M. S., Entomologist, Ohio.

Three distinct forms of injury are chargeable to the larvae of the catalpa midge:

1. To the leaves, causing a form of leaf spot.
2. To the terminal buds and ends of the branches.
3. To the seeds in the pods.

The adult flies must first appear in May, since the spots on the leaves appear in that month or early in June. On June 22, 1908, larvae could be found in abundance on the leaves and also in the terminal buds. Adults could be seen here and there on the leaves and could be captured in abundance by sweeping catalpas with



Dead Tips Due to Midge Larvae Working in Buds and Tender Wood.

Some adults, that had issued some time after July 4, were still living in the cage at the time of this observation. The average life of the fly is probably from three to four days to a week or ten days.

Young cultivated groves do not suffer so much as older uncultivated ones. The larvae fling themselves to the ground when full grown and pupate very near to the surface. The fragile adult flies cannot make their way to the surface, if plowing has buried the immature stages under several inches of earth. Plowing in late fall or early spring will accomplish most, but cultivation throughout the summer will help.

Three or four pounds of kailit scattered under a tree over a circle approximating that of the spread of the limbs will in all probability destroy the larvae in the soil as well as stimulate the tree. Small trees will not need more than half this amount. It may be applied in May to prevent the first brood from issuing and if necessary can be repeated in late June to catch the large July hatching. Stir lightly into the soil with a garden rake. Sulphuric acid of potash, applied at the rate of 30 lbs per acre, has been found effective against the pear midge in the soil by Dr. Marechal of France.

If, in early spring, the leaves, grass and trash beneath the trees are raked together from a wide circle around the trunks and burned, and these cleared circles are then drenched with kerosene emulsion diluted with eight to ten parts of water, the hibernating stages of the insect will be destroyed.

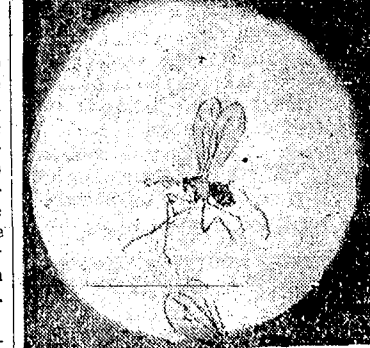
While methods of planting probably have little or no effect on the multiplication of the midge, it seems to have a direct relation to correction or injuries caused by the midge. If the trees are planted not more than four to eight feet apart each way, a straight skyward growth is forced and, although the young trees start off with crooked trunks due to successive forkings, caused by terminal injury, after a few years the trunks will have become quite straight. After the trees have attained an age of five or six years alternate trees can be cut out, if necessary, and the trees may be trusted after this age to grow fairly straight.



EGGS OF THE MIDGE



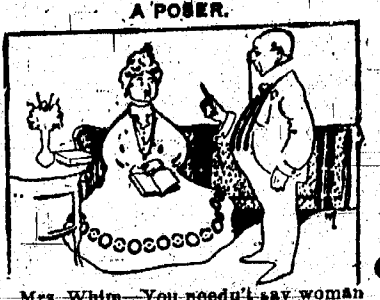
LARVAE OF THE MIDGE



ADULT FEMALE MIDGE

Stages in Development of Midge—Much Enlarged Adult Midge, Being About One-Sixteenth of an Inch Long.

From three to four weeks. While most of the larvae descended into the sand to pupate, some did not, but transformed wherever they happened to be. Some midges were obtained in each of three glass tubes, containing nothing but cuttings harboring the larvae. The pupa, to casual observation, seemed to differ but little from the larvae, except that it had become somewhat shorter. The larvae were seen to disengage themselves from the leaves by their jerking habit, and drop to the ground. In the latter part of June the upper layer of earth to the depth of one-fourth to one-half inch was removed from beneath an infested catalpa tree and put into a glass-covered case in the laboratory. This earth

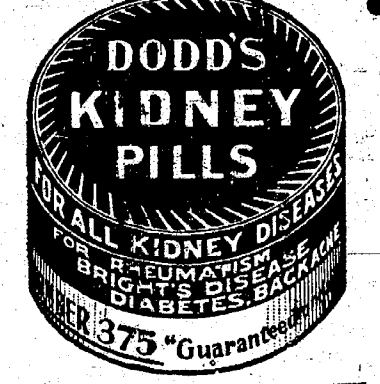


A POSER.
Mrs. Whim—You needn't say woman has no mechanical genius. I can do anything on earth with only a hair-pin.

Mr. Whim—Well, sharpen this lead-pencil with it.

Apparatus to Empty Canal Boats.
Following in some ways the general lines of the car dumpers in use on the Great Lakes, an apparatus is to be built in Philadelphia for the Lehigh Navigation Company which will take hold of a canal boat, elevate it 60 feet in the air, and empty its contents either on the wharf for conveyance to a storage pile, or into the hold of another vessel.

The average man has ten friends who want to sit up the first night he is sick, one who will sit up the tenth night, and one who will hire a nurse to hire a paid nurse the twelfth night.



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CURE

Kathleen, the Embassadress

By Alan Sanders

(Copyright, Ford Pub. Co.)

"Come in!" My office door opened very gently, and a little face I knew well peeped round. In sheer astonishment I dropped my pen.

"Kathleen!" I said. "How in the world did you get down here? You're not by yourself, surely?"

"Oh, no, course, nurse's with me," and the blue eyes smiled at me so sweetly; "but she's gone shopping. I'm not to go till she comes for me."

"But what will mother and auntie say? They'll think you're lost."

"I'm too grown-up to get lost," she said, with a dignified little air.

"I could not help smiling. 'Now, you little rogue,' I said, 'when I've helped you off with that pretty blue coat and hat I shall expect to be told why you've honored me with a visit to the city in business hours.'"

She settled herself sedately in a chair opposite to me, quite unconscious of the pretty picture she made with her mass of fair hair and sweet little face.

"It's a most 'portant visit," she said. "I've come to ask you to my party next We'n'sday."

"Indeed? I shall be delighted to come. So that's what brought you down here, is it?"

"I had heard great tales about this party, but not from Kathleen. This was evidently her surprise for me."

"Shall I be expected to do anything in particular?" I asked.

"You'll have to make believe all the time; like you always do at our house."

"This was certainly a candid statement. I wondered if the rest of the family shared the same view. I hoped not, because I was as a rule

party next We'n'sday," my little visitor kissed me good-by, and I tried to settle down to work again.

But a pair of blue eyes would keep dancing in front of me on my blotting-pad. Sometimes I thought they were Kathleen's, and sometimes I thought they were—some one else's. Kathleen's eyes and her Aunt Merva's were strangely alike. I had noticed it before.

The room seemed quite cheerless now that she had gone.

In the intervening days the postman left strange notes for me.

Sometimes the missives were stuck together with jujubes, but I had no difficulty in deciphering the signs. They read: "Don't forget the party next We'n'sday." As to the crosses—well, the most ignorant person knows what those mean in a letter.

"We'n'sday" came at last, and, of course, I went to the party. It was a great success. The house was turned upside down by a merry crowd of little folks who kept the fun going until long after they ought to have been in bed.

Kathleen quipped it all very prettily, and after the last little guest had departed and the blue eyes could scarcely keep open, she persisted that she wasn't a little bit tired, "only hungry." That was a subterfuge she was always guilty of at bedtime.

Next day I saw Kathleen in the park, and we discussed the party.

"You were a funny man," she said. "I was glad to know that I had given satisfaction in this direction."

"Did you learn all those stories from pitsher-books, or were they just make-believe?"

"Both," I said. "And you didn't cry when you had to go home like little Charlie did, did you?"

"I assured her that I was able to refrain from weeping."

"And you liked me the best of all the little girls there?"

"Of course, I did."

"Quite sure?" she said, coaxingly.

"Quite sure," I repeated.

"Then mummie was wrong," she said, triumphantly.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well when mummie and Aunt Merva came to say 'Good night,' I heard auntie say how fond you were of me, and mummie said: 'Yes, and I know some one else he's very fond of, too, or would be if she'd let him, and auntie went quite funny, and said: 'Don't be ridiculous, Daisy—Daisy's what daddy calls mummie—but mummie only laughed and said: 'I don't think you're always kind to him.'"

Kathleen stopped to take breath after this long recital, and then went on: "So after mummie went down stairs, and auntie brought me—a sweetie 'fore I fell 'sleep, I asked if it was true if you liked some little girl better'n me. Auntie said 'No,' and then I asked her if she wasn't always kind to you. Auntie said: 'P'raps not, sometimes.' Then I said she ought to love you like I did, 'cos you were lonely and had no nice little girl of your own like my daddy had. Then she stooped down to kiss me, and her cheek was quite wet, just as if she'd been crying. I've never seen Auntie Merva cry before."

There was a serious look in Kathleen's blue eyes.

"What made Auntie Merva cry, do you think?" she asked, quite distressed.

"I think I can guess," I said, and with a full heart I kissed the little up-turned face.

Kathleen had told me something I wanted to know—something that I have been grateful to her for telling me, all my life.

Meant to Cheat the Dogs.

In a certain part of Scotland, according to Dean Ramsey, the shepherds used to take their collies with them to church. The dogs behaved well during the sermon, but began to be restless during the last psalm, and saluted the final blessing with joyful barks. In one church the congregation resolved to stop this unseemly detail; so, when a strange minister was about to pronounce the blessing, all remained seated instead of rising as he expected. He hesitated and paused, till an old shepherd cried: "Say awa', sir; we're a' sittin' to cheat the dogs."

Evening Dresses



Soft ivory satin is used for the first costume shown. It has an empire skirt, set in small tucks at the back, and up front is trimmed with gold embroidered galloon; the galloon is also carried across the front for about 20 inches, then ends under the deep cross-fold that is continued all round. The bodice is cut with kimono sleeves, gauged on the top of arm; the square neck is outlined with the galloon, so are the sleeves and the bands into which the puffed sleeves are gathered. The folds of gold tissue which finish the top skirt are drawn through a gold buckle at side of front.

Materials required: Seven yards satin, 42 inches wide, 6 yards galloon, 1/2 yard gold tissue 18 inches wide.

The second is in pale mauve silk. The skirt is trimmed with lace insertion, the bodice is trimmed with insertion, and has a tucker of net drawn up with baby ribbon. A breadth of silk nion of a darker shade of mauve is edged with ball fringe, and draped round the top of the high-waisted skirt, and falls in long sash ends behind.

Materials required: Fourteen yards silk, 9 yards insertion, 3 yards nion, 20 inches wide, 3 yards fringe.

DO YOU FEAR GROWING OLD?

Remain Lovable and Keep the Mind Alert to the Times.

The future is not half so creepy to the girl "standing with unwilling feet where the brook and river meet," as it is to that same girl when she reaches "the between age" and finds age staring her in the face.

Every woman hates to grow old, and the more vital has been her life, the more filled with joy and popularity, the greater that hatred.

It is not pleasant to picture oneself friendless, lonely and not wanted around; to feel one's hair and eyes and teeth get the worse for wear, and know that however tight your grip, youth refuses to be held.

An old woman who is lovable never, yet lacked love; the trouble is that so many of us forget to keep lovable. We grow sour, or discontented or capricious and then blame our lack of friends on our years.

The woman who need not fear growing old is the woman who keeps alive to the times, whose mind is alert to the best in the world to-day rather than raking over the past; who does not worry, therefore does not "fuss," whose aim is a young heart and in achieving it forgets to fret over wrinkles and bodily age.

MODISH COIFFURE.



In this illustration is shown the new and fashionable arrangement of the hair. It is slightly parted in the front and drawn softly to the back, where there is a loose psyché knot formed of puffs and around which is fastened a band of velvet or satin ribbon.

What It Means to Be Smart.

Dress is the keynote of the situation at country house parties. A smart woman is expected to make as many alterations as a quick-change artist at a music hall. She wants tailor-made gowns, shooting and motoring suits, smart frocks for luncheons, dainty dresses for tea and splendid costumes for dinner; and no gown, whether day or evening, must make a second appearance.—The Tattler.

Domestic Crepe Blouses.

Since the popularity of white cotton crepe for everyday blouses a domestic cotton crepe for 15 cents a yard has been brought out. It is not nearly as good style as the Japanese article, but, as the other is expensive, this serves as a good substitute. It washes well and can be trimmed with a little cotton lace.

HARD PILLOWS ON DIVAN.

Should Be Arranged So as to Support the Softer Ones.

Every one does not know that a wide divan is made more comfortable by having at its back two huge, hard pillows that will support the softer ones.

It is usual to heap up a great variety of these extra soft ones on a large divan so that anyone sitting or reclining may arrange them according to one's comfort.

These are needed, it is true, but they also need a support. The wall is usually too far back from the front edge of the divan to serve. The two large pillows made of the material which covers the divan are not only comfortable, but artistic.

They may be stuffed with excelsior into coarse muslin or ticking, then covered with the chosen fabric. They look better with a heavy cord around the edging.

If the end of the divan is against the wall as well as its side, a third pillow may be added to give an added framework to the little pillows.

This is not an expensive trick, but if a housewife ever tries it she will never let the divan go without this part of its equipment.

Gray and Pink Veils.

Even on inclement days the girl of to-day wants to look her best. She does not wear any old hat and frock for fear of rain, but she dresses herself from head to foot in a costume built for the weather.

It is now her custom to save her good and expensive fish net veils for dry weather, so on wet days she wears a close face veil of deep rose pink chiffon and over this a thin veil of gray sewing silk.

These are snugly pinned over her hat, covering the trimming, and neatly tucked into place at the nape of the neck and at the top.

Hint for Washing Hair.

To avoid tangling the hair when washing it, first separate it into two parts by running the comb from the forehead straight down the back of the head. Then divide each of these parts into two and make four small braids instead of one large one. When the washing is done, if each braid is taken out and combed by itself there will be few, if any, tangles. This is an especially good idea in washing a child's hair.

Baby Carriage Robe.

These little affairs are made like pillow covers, with a flap at the top that overlaps the front and closes with a small button. The flap is scalloped, embroidered and also finished with a monogram. The other portion is left quite plain, or a simulated hem is outlined with a white braid stitch. Being made in this shape it can conveniently be used at times to hold small articles of infant clothing.

Princess Business Gown.

The smartest of broadcloth princess gowns are being shown for business wear. They are made perfectly plain, buttoned all the way down the front and have long buttoned sleeves.

CONSTITUTIONAL OBJECTION.



Mrs. Thrifty—Well, if you're thirsty I'll give you a glass of water to drink.

Wearily Willy—I dare not touch water, mum. I've got an iron constitution and it might rust it.

Bessie's Task.

"Mamma," said little Bessie, at table one noon, "I'm to write something to read at school next Friday, but I've forgotten what the teacher called it."

"An essay, perhaps," suggested Bessie's father.

"An oration," offered the little maid's high-school brother, teasingly.

"A valedictory," prompted a senior sister.

"No," said Bessie, suddenly brightening. "I remember now what it is—it's an imposition."

She Spoke Too Quick.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—I see by this paper that women are barred from the Island of Ferdinand de Noronha, belonging to Brazil.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—That's like the selfish men! Don't want the women to have any privileges!

"I forgot to say, dear, that the island is only used for convicts!"

The Mistral.

The mistral is a cold northwest wind which does much damage at certain seasons in France and Italy. From the close of autumn to the beginning of spring, it is especially violent. It dries up the soil and causes dangerous storms on the Mediterranean sea.

A Natural Cause.

"I think," said the smart child, reflectively, "that Hungary must be the most human-like of all the nations."

"Why so, my child?" asked the fond papa.

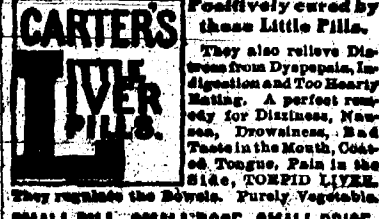
"Because," the smart child answered, "it is governed by its Diet."

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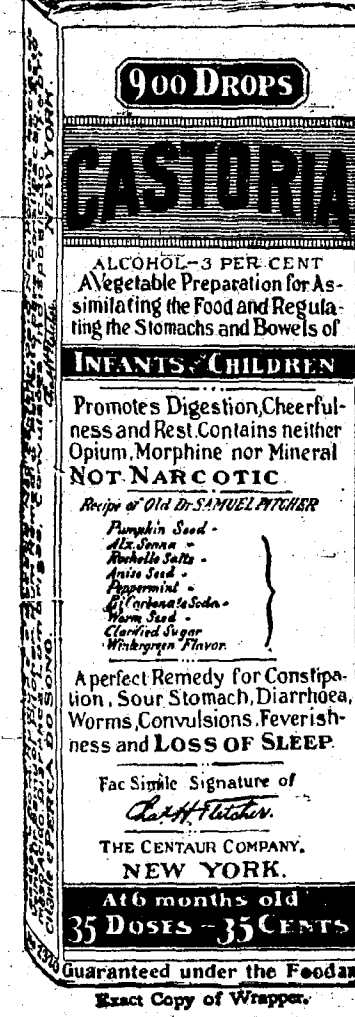
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"Then Mummie Was Wrong," She Said Triumphantly.

particularly serious after Kathleen had gone to bed.

"Auntie Merva will be there, of course," I ventured to suggest.

"Course she will," replied Kathleen.

Then she made a tour of the room, came back and resumed her seat, and asked me seriously: "Is this where you play—all by yourself in the daytime?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I do."

"Do you keep your toys in those big tin boxes?"

"Well, they're not toys like those in your nursery."

"Do you sit here all by yourself, then?"

"I nodded."

"And never feel lonely?"

"Sometimes," I said, smiling in spite of myself at the serious little face.

"I heard mummie tell daddy one day you were a lonely man."

"Oh!"

I was certainly hearing some home truths.

"But you won't be lonely when you come to my party, will you?"

"No, dear. I like to come as often as I can to your house," and I spoke the truth.

By this time Kathleen's nurse had returned—I expect she had been waiting outside all the time—and with strict injunctions "not to forget the



"The papers say, Horatio, that married men live longer than bachelors. Is that so?"

Horatio (moeckly)—It seems longer!

NOT REALLY SO.



ADVANCE WARNING TO THE PUBLIC

Our Entire Stock of High Grade Merchandise

Consisting of every known article that man, woman or child wears. This mammoth, up-to-date stock must be sold within the next 14 DAYS, irrespective of market values or profits.

News of Vital Importance! The Reason Why! The Story Briefly Told

During the past few months several eastern manufacturers and jobbers have offered us their merchandise at less than the cost of raw material in order to realize ready money. This opportunity we grasped and paid SPOT CASH, thus giving us the same class of merchandise 50 per cent cheaper than we heretofore paid for it. This mighty purchase arrived and to commence the coming season, we intend to give our patrons the benefit of our cash purchase, right at the beginning of the spring season, when other merchants are exacting their highest and best profits on their wares. This will be the greatest carnival of value giving ever presented in this section of the state. One legitimate sale, which will allow the public to buy their spring wants at half the regular prices. Everything has been ticketed and is now on exhibition, and to be sold at these prices only during specified time of sale—Beginning

Saturday, January 2nd to Saturday, January 16th

DO YOU REALIZE THE MEANING OF THIS?

Read These Prices, Then Come and See for Yourself.

Children's Coats	Wash Goods	Men's Suits	Shoe Department
<p>Infants' Coats, 5, different colors, regular price \$2.50, sale price \$1.89</p> <p>Children's Coats, regular price \$3.50, sale price \$2.25</p> <p>Ladies' Coats</p> <p>To close out \$12.50 values now \$7.50</p> <p>\$18.50 values now \$12.75</p> <p>\$7.50 values now \$4.98</p> <p>Misses' Coats \$7.00 values now \$4.50</p> <p>\$4.50 values now \$3.25</p> <p>Wrappers</p> <p>\$1.25 and \$1.00 values, all colors now 79c</p> <p>Ladies' Skirts</p> <p>\$12.00 value now \$8.75</p> <p>8.00 values now \$5.25</p> <p>5.00 values now \$3.50</p> <p>4.00 values now \$2.75</p> <p>Dress Goods</p> <p>300 yds Black, All Wool, 54 in. wide, \$1.25 and \$1.00 values now 79c</p> <p>75c values in all colors 48c</p> <p>65c and 50c values now 39c</p> <p>Table Linen</p> <p>\$1.50 values now 98c</p> <p>1.00 values now 79c</p> <p>50c values now 39c</p> <p>Outing Flannel</p> <p>300 yds, dark colors. 12c and 11c now 8c</p> <p>10c values now 7 1/2c</p> <p>7c values now 5c</p> <p>Unbleached Cotton</p> <p>1,000 yds. regular 9c, our best value, now 7c</p> <p>Our 8c value now 6 1/2c</p> <p>Flannelettes</p> <p>15c values now 10c</p> <p>12c and 10c values now 8c</p> <p>Cretons and Silkleens at bargain prices.</p>	<p>100 yards all colors 15c values now 11c</p> <p>12c and 10c values now 8c</p> <p>Our best Gingham, fancy patterns, in all colors 15c values now 11c</p> <p>12c and 10c values now 8c</p> <p>8c best Apron Gingham 6c</p> <p>1,000 yards calicoes, our best American print 5c</p> <p>White Bed Spreads</p> <p>\$2.00 values now \$1.63</p> <p>1.25 values now 89c</p> <p>1,000 yards of crash toweling worth 6c now 4 1/2c</p> <p>15c value now 12c</p> <p>12c and 10c values now 8c</p> <p>Blankets</p> <p>50 pair Blankets at Bargain prices. Comforters at wholesale prices.</p> <p>Corsets</p> <p>The very best in the city, the R. & G. and American Lady make</p> <p>\$1.00 value now 79c</p> <p>50c value now 39c</p>	<p>Twenty-five Men's Suits, fancy all wool or worsted, up-to-date styles. 15.00 values now going at \$11.00</p> <p>11.00 values now going at 7.50</p> <p>8.00 values now going at 5.48</p> <p>Young Men's Suits</p> <p>\$11.00 and \$10.00 values now 7.50</p> <p>\$7.50 values now going at 4.98</p> <p>Twenty-five Boy's Suits with knickerbockers, 3.50 values for 2.25</p> <p>6.00 values will go at 4.50</p> <p>2.50 values will go for 1.87</p> <p>Boys' Overcoats</p> <p>3.75 values are now going at 2.37</p> <p>3.50 values are now going at 2.19</p> <p>Men's Overcoats</p> <p>A beautiful line to close out</p> <p>15.00 values now going at 9.98</p> <p>12.00 values now going at 8.00</p> <p>8.00 values now going at 4.98</p> <p>Men's Single Pants</p> <p>One hundred pairs all sizes, all colors, 5.00, 4.00 and 3.50 values now 2.63</p> <p>Fifty pair worsted pants 2.75 values now selling at 1.79</p> <p>2.00 values are now selling at 1.63</p> <p>1.25 and 1.00 values now 69c</p> <p>Men's All Wool Mackinaws 2.00 values now selling at 1.63</p> <p>Men's Negligee, 50c values now 39c</p> <p>1.00 values will go at this sale for 79c</p> <p>Gents' Furnishings</p> <p>Twenty dozen Men's Fleece Lined Underwear 50c value, sale price 39c</p> <p>Fifteen dozen Men's All Wool Underwear 1.00 value now 79c</p> <p>One hundred Single Undershirts, samples from Crowley Bros., to close out at less than cost.</p> <p>Men's All Wool Over Shirts</p> <p>2.25 values are now going at 1.79</p> <p>1.75 values are now going at 1.29</p> <p>1.00 values will go at this sale for 79c</p> <p>Men's Cotton Shirts 50c value now 39c</p> <p>35c values are selling at 19c</p>	<p>Fifty pair Hard Pan Shoes direct from the factory, worth 2.75, now 2.19</p> <p>3.50 values, very heavy, now 2.75</p> <p>3.00 values now selling at 2.25</p> <p>Ladies' Shoes</p> <p>Fifty pair 1.75 and 1.50 now 1.19</p> <p>2.75 and 2.50 shoes are now 1.98</p> <p>2.50 shoes will go at this sale for 1.79</p> <p>One hundred pairs Children's Shoes at Bargain Price.</p> <p>All Rubbers at Bargain Prices</p> <p>Combs</p> <p>A beautiful line of Back Combs</p> <p>50c value now 39c</p> <p>25c value now 19c</p> <p>Side Combs to match</p> <p>Embroidery</p> <p>100 yards Corset Cover Embroidery 50c value now 39c</p> <p>39c values now 25c</p> <p>25c values now 19c</p> <p>1,000 yards embroidery to close out 8c value now 5c</p> <p>Facinators</p> <p>50c values in black and white now 39c</p> <p>25c values now 19c</p> <p>Laces and Ribbons at Bargain prices</p> <p>Call for all Notions at Bargain prices</p> <p>Gloves and Mittens at Bargain prices</p> <p>Men's Hats and Caps at Bargain prices</p> <p>Trunks and Suit Cases at Bargain prices</p> <p>Stockings</p> <p>20c values now going at 11c</p> <p>25c values now going at 19c</p> <p>Fifty pair of samples at less than cost to close out.</p> <p>Twenty dozen Men's Socks</p> <p>20c values are going at 12c</p> <p>25c values are now going at 19c</p> <p>50c values are now going at 39c</p>



American Lady

Ladies' Underwear

25c values going now at **19c**

50c values going at **39c**

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14 Bargain Days

Sale Opens Saturday, Jan'y 2, Ends the 16th