

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1909.

No. 2

County Finances.

Financial report of the County Treasurer, showing the condition of the treasury at the close of business Dec. 31, 1908.

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand Nov. 30, 1908.	\$3020 06
Rec. delinquent taxes.	484 40
General fund.	526 40
Poor fund.	8 18
State and County taxes.	3775 78
Liquor taxes.	333 33
Library fund.	25 00
State of Mich.	2450 89
Hunters licenses.	106 25
Total.	10,710 29

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid general fund.	2430 18
Interest.	118 45
Poor orders.	719 04
Circuit Court orders.	451 42
Criminal fees orders.	2 04
Probate Court orders.	33 12
Soldiers' relief orders.	2 60
Liquor tax.	169 33
State of Michigan.	556 99
Curtis & Wylie.	2313 16
Cash on hand Dec. 1, 1908.	3914 96
Total.	10,710 29

Dated at Charlevoix, Mich., Jan. 2nd, 1909.

D. S. PAYTON,
County Treasurer.

DEEDS RECORDED.

List of transfers for the week ending Jan. 2nd, 1909.

Joseph Whitefield to Geo. S. Aldrich part of lot 3 of sec 33 in t 33 n of r 7 w. \$250.00.

Wilbur P. Squiers et al to Henry L. Winters, part of a w 1/2 of the s 1/2 of sec 14 t 32 n of r 7 w. \$150.00.

Andrew Ross to Hannah Ross, part of lot 4 in blk 3 of Dixon's add in Charlevoix. \$1.00 and o. v. c.

Luceba R. Beggan to John Scot, et al of n 1/2 n 1/2 of sec 9 in t 32 n of r 6 w. \$100.00.

Moses Hart to Mary Louisa Hart, lot 1 of sec 10 in t 32 n of r 7 w. \$1.00 and o. v. c.

William H. Wallace to Mrs. Annis M. Oldham, part of sec 35 in t 34 n of r 8 w. \$1,000.00.

First State Bank of Petoskey to Enos W. Lane, the n 1/2 of s 1/2 also all of lot 1 both in sec 14 t 33 n of r 7 w. \$273.00.

A. J. Rice to Yuill Brothers, n 1/2 of s 1/2 of sec 14 t 33 r 4 w. \$475.00. Timber Deed.

Boyer City State Bank to Reuben M. Cory, the w 1/2 of lot 38 in blk F in Boyne. \$1,100.00.

Frank Atkins to John and Thos. Yuill, the n 1/2 of n 1/2 of sec 36 t 33 n r 4 w. \$200.00.

Emma Decker to John Martin, all of n 1/2 of n 1/2 of sec 21 t 32 n r 6 w. \$465.00.

N. H. Murner to Cobb & Mitchell's Inc., the n 1/2 of s 1/2 of sec 10 t 32 n of r 5 w also a right of way across the n 1/2 of s 1/2 of sec 10 t 32 n of r 5 w 50 ft. wide. \$200.00.

Jacob L. Clute to R. T. Huntley et al, the n 1/2 of 13 in blk C Miller's add to Boyne City. \$1.00 o. v. c.

ROMEO A. EMBREY,
Register of Deeds.

COUNTY NORMAL NOTES.

The class began work again Monday morning after a vacation of two weeks.

Margaret Ryan took charge of Miss Lewis' room Monday morning until she arrived.

Miss Teresa Donovan, class of '08, who is teaching near Lawrence, spent the holidays with her aunt, Mrs. John Dougherty.

Miss Bessie Cramer, class of '08, spent the holidays with relatives in Indiana.

The class received a very pretty calendar from the Charlevoix County Herald, of East Jordan.

Bessie Hanshaw, class '07, who is teaching the Hilton school, visited her sister, Mrs. Ward Bennett, at Glen Haven, during the holidays.

The tender leaves of a harmless lung-healing mountainous shrub, give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its marvelous curative properties. Tight, tickling, or distressing coughs, quickly yield to the healing soothing action of this splendid prescription—Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so safe and good for children, as well.

Containing no opium, chloroform or other harmful drugs, mothers should in safety always demand Dr. Shoop's. If other remedies are offered, tell them Not Be your own judge! Sold by James Gidley.

Dr. Zavitz a Benedict.

Dentist W. E. Zavitz went to his old home in Canada to spend the Holidays, but he forgot to mention the fact that there was something of more importance connected with his trip. And so our townspeople were somewhat surprised Wednesday to learn that the Doctor had returned and with him was a charming lady whom he introduced as Mrs. Zavitz.

The wedding took place at Kingsville and the below, clipped from the London, Ont., Advertiser, is an account of the wedding:

A very quiet but interesting marriage was solemnized on Wednesday, Dec. 23, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jackson, Kingsville, when Miss Beatrice May Jackson, their eldest daughter, was united in marriage to Dr. William Ellis Zavitz, formerly of Theford, now of East Jordan, Mich. Rev. B. S. Black, of the Kew Beach Presbyterian church, Toronto, officiated. Kingsville thus loses one of its most popular young ladies. Though the bride's residence there has been of somewhat short duration, her many appreciable qualities have won her a host of admiring friends, who mingled regrets with their congratulations when the time came for her to take her departure.

Dr. Zavitz, whose home has been in Theford, and who is widely and favorably known, is a graduate of Chicago Dental College. Recently he began to practice his profession in the town of East Jordan, and with bright prospects he has decided to remain there.

The ceremony was performed at high noon. The bride was given away by her father, and looked charming in a gown of Albee blue silk. Her going-away suit was of green chiffon broadcloth, with hat to match. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents, among the number a handsome sum of money from her father.

The happy couple left on the 8:30 car for Detroit and other eastern points.

After a visit to their former homes Dr. and Mrs. Zavitz will return to East Jordan. The best wishes of a large circle of friends accompany them.

Hundreds Here Will Welcome the Advice.

Here is a simple home-made mixture as given by an eminent authority on Kidney diseases, who makes the statement that it will relieve almost any case of Kidney trouble if taken before the stage of Bright's disease. He states that such symptoms as lame back, pain in the side, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night; painful and discolored urination, are readily overcome. Here is the recipe. Try it:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Take a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

A well-known druggist here in town is authority that these ingredients are all harmless and easily mixed at home by shaking well in a bottle. This mixture has a peculiar healing and soothe-effect upon the entire Kidney and Urinary structure, and often overcomes the worst forms of Rheumatism in just a little while. This mixture is said to remove all blood disorders and cure the Rheumatism by forcing the kidneys to filter and strain from the blood and system all uric acid and foul, decomposed waste matter, which cause these afflictions. Try it if you aren't well. Save the prescription.

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.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Marriage Licenses issued past week.
J. H. Campbell, 29, Charlevoix
Linda Cook, 22, Charlevoix
Elisha M. Geor, 30, Charlevoix
Sadie B. Baoot, 26, Charlevoix
G. Will Morehouse, 23, Boyne City
Gertrude Lind, 23, Boyne City

The Frozen Ship.

WARREN W. LAMPORN.

There's a story written in a rare old tome Of a ship that voyaged to the icking's home. From the sunny southland where the soft winds blow To the far-off regions of eternal snow.

But she little reckoned on her cruel fate As she boldly entered the Arctic gate. Little saw the storm-clouds gathering o'er her path. Little heard the muttering of the icking's wrath.

But he swept the waters with his chilly breath Till the waves all 'round her rigid grew as death. And he shook his legions of hoar-frost and snow

Down o'er all the landscape and the sea below; And across the portals, cold and bleak and wild. Like a chain of mountains great-icebergs he piled.

And there, all securely in his wild domain That lone ship he fettered with his icy chain; And he held her firmly through the passing years.

Held her spite of famine and of bitter tears, Held her spite of longing in the far-off home For the loved and lost who nevermore might come.

For the stern old icking's heart is cold and hard. Every cry for pity finds it closed and barred; All who would adventure his forbidden path Ever must be mindful of his vengeful wrath.

Ever deep and deeper grew the ice and snow. Empty grew the larder and the fire sank low; And at last a silence like a dreamless sleep Wrapped that fated vessel and the frozen deep.

But when in the gleaming of the bright polestar Sailed another vessel to those realms afar, Lo, like some strange phantom, in the pale moonlight That lost ship came drifting down upon her sight.

Drifting, slowly drifting through the ice and snow Toward the opened portal and the sea below; For the icking's anger now was overpast. And the chains that bound her riven were at last.

With his cruel vengeance fully satisfied, He had set her drifting on the waters wide; Drifting, slowly drifting through the ice and snow Toward the opened portal and the sea below.

But a scene sepulchral fell upon their sight As they climbed aboard her in the dead of night. As they saw all 'round them, cold and stiff in death, Forms to statues frozen by the icking's breath.

There, his wheel still claspings, stood the helmsman dead. Yonder hung the lookout in the shroud o'er head. O'er his hint and tinder bent the steward low. Trying to rekindle the dead fire's glow.

And low on his locker still the ship's boy lay Where in frozen slumber he had passed away. Dreams of home and heaven leaving still their trace In the smiles that lingered on his fair young face.

And the faithful captain sat where he had traced. All their tale of suffering in that frozen waste; Saddest tale I venture ever yet was told Of unequal struggle with remorseless cold.

Thus were found that ship's crew, that ill-fated band, Each where he had perished at the icking's hand; Thus together drifting through the ice and snow Toward the Arctic portals and the sea below.

'Twas a sight for pity, 'twas a sight for tears. Thus with death imprisoned through the passing years, Thus alone to perish on the frozen wave, None to hear or help them and no sheltering grave.

Over them the night winds in their grief moaned loud As they onward hurried through the icy shroud. And the sleet that glistened where the moonlight gleamed Like the tears of angels o'er them weeping seemed.

Oh, they tell of secrets yet to be revealed, Fame and fortune waiting in that far off field; But all who would venture the forbidden path Let them e'er be mindful of the icking's wrath!

Let them heed the story written long ago Of the ship that perished in the ice and snow; Of the men who hangered cold and still in death, Changed to frozen statues by the icking's breath.

The Modesty of Women

Naturally makes them shrink from the indelicate questions, the obnoxious examinations, and unpleasant local treatments, which some physicians consider essential in the treatment of diseases of women. Yet, if help can be had, it is better to submit to this ordeal than let the disease grow and spread. The trouble is that so often the woman undergoes all this annoyance and shame for nothing. Thousands of women who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription write in appreciation of the cure which dispenses with the examinations and local treatments. There is no other medicine so sure and safe for delicate women as "Favorite Prescription." It cures debilitating drains, irregularity and female weakness. It always helps. It almost always cures. It is strictly non-alcoholic, non-secret, all its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper; contains no deleterious or habit-forming drugs, and every active medicinal root entering into its composition has the full endorsement of those most eminent in the several schools of medical practice. Some of these numerous and strongest of professional endorsements of its ingredients, will be found in a pamphlet wrapped around the bottle, also in a booklet mailed free on request, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. These professional endorsements should have far more weight than any amount of the ordinary lay, or non-professional testimonials.

The most intelligent women now-a-days insist on knowing what they take as medicine instead of opening their mouths like a lot of young birds and gulping down whatever is offered them. "Favorite Prescription" is of known composition. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound. It sticks to the Doctor, free of charge. It is sold by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorates and regulates stomach, liver and bowels.

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

There is no Quinine, nothing whatever harsh or sickening in Preventics. These little Candy Cold Cure Tablets act as by magic. A few hours—and your threatening Cold is broken. Candylike in taste, Preventics please the children—and they break the feverishness, always. And least of all is the economy. A large box—48 Preventics—25 cents. Ask your druggist. He knows! Sold by James Gidley.

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.

Shermans' Market.

Phone No. 49. Prompt delivery.

Croup positively stopped in 20 minutes with Dr. Shoop's Croup Remedy. One test alone will surely prove this truth. No vomiting, no distress. A safe and pleasing syrup—50c. Sold by James Gidley.

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.

East Jordan Planing Mills Co.,

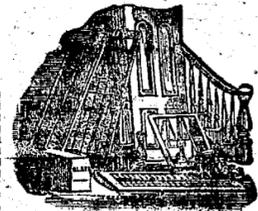
B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

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

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS



You Can Help Us! We Can Help You!

It will be to our mutual advantage for you to let us show you how. Then let us get together.

Here's the Clothing Question

That confronts you right now. Ever notice that success usually travels in double-harness? One success naturally links with another for the mutual benefit of both parties. Then let us get together on this clothing question. The best is not one bit too good for our customers and by long odds, it is the most profitable. Drop in and look at our clothing, ready to wear. The Schloss Bros.' clothing is correct in make, correct in style and correct in price.

We have a splendid assortment of Overcoats ranging from \$8 to \$20 made up in the usual Schloss Bros.' style.

We are offering special inducements to people in need of first class suits and can meet the most conservative purse at prices ranging from \$8 to \$18 per suit.

This is the only place in town where you can get the real genuine Echo home-made Mittens at 50c per pair.



Shoes That Satisfy

At Prices That Please.

Every pair of Shoes admitted to this stock has passed our rigid examination. The shape must be smart and comfortable, the leather must be high grade and comfortable, the making must be without a fault and comfortable.

No matter how low the prices are, and all of our prices are very low for the prices they represent, the quality must be high.

High shoes, low shoes, dress and every day shoes. And here are some pointed economies: Boys' Shoes at \$1.40 to \$2.00. Sturdy and comfortable. Girls' Shoes at \$1.25 to \$2.25. Pretty enough to please the girl, lasting enough to please her mother. Babies' Shoes at 25c to \$1.00. Kindly little shoes that keep the feet "cooey." Women's Dress Boots at \$1.50 to \$4.00. Button and lace. Men's Shoes, the genuine Pingree make—which means the best in the world—at \$3.50, \$4.00 to \$6.00.

The Best Corset

Values that \$1 can buy

Our celebrated J. C. C. Corsets are unexcelled in quality, fit, wear and price.

Now as to Underwear

Let us speak about garments that are not too high in price, that are fine in quality and garments that wear like iron and do not irritate the skin. They are right from start to finish. This kind of garment costs you \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.25 the garment according to the weight and quality of the goods. How long they last and how little they cost when you consider the solid comfort and satisfaction they give. Sensible, serviceable, satisfactory, that is just what they are.

When Quality counts, we win.



"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL" Our Motto.

FRED E. BOOSINGER.

A Life's Romance.

From London comes a story of the good old-fashioned stamp, a real life romance, in which two workhouse foundlings have been translated to a mansion of wealth and made heirs of a rich West End couple. It seems almost too good to be true, yet the Marylebone board of guardians have given it publicity. About five weeks ago a letter was received by the workhouse committee. It was evident the writer was a cultured and wealthy woman. "We have no children," said the writer, "and we are anxious to adopt a baby boy and girl. Have you any foundlings in your workhouse?" In reply to a letter the writer called. She was a handsome and fashionably dressed woman. They took her to the children's ward and showed her two little foundlings, babies about fifteen months old. They were plump, well-nourished, extremely pretty and healthy children. "How sweet they are!" exclaimed the woman, fondling the babies. "What are their names?" "William Seymour and Mary Oxford," was the answer, but the explanation of these aristocratic names was the little ones had been found abandoned in Seymour and Oxford streets. "We shall have to change them," said the woman, and she was prepared to take them away then and there until it was pointed out to her that certain legal formalities must be complied with. A member of the board of guardians then paid a visit to Kent, where is the country seat of the couple who wished to adopt the children. Both made a stipulation that their name should not be divulged. They offered to enter a \$500 bond for the care and maintenance and education of the children. "The children shall be as our own children," they said. The deed has been drawn up and the babies' adoptive mother and father have signed the papers by which two little waifs ultimately will become inheritors of a large fortune. Such is destiny!

Inauguration Expenses.

The District of Columbia is once more agitating for an appropriation by congress to pay the expenses of the inauguration on the fourth of March next. Probably many persons imagine that the nation does pay for this pageant, but it does not give a penny. The entire expense is assumed by the residents of the District of Columbia, and it is a big sum for a community that has little commerce. All the money for the parades, etc., is furnished by the citizens through subscriptions, save what can be secured by selling seats on grandstands and tickets to the so-called "inaugural ball." Of course, the states which send military organizations to participate pay their way, but at the same time the District committee has to do something toward entertaining them. The cost has become a burden and really it ought to be made a national affair, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The District needs no advertising, and it gets mighty little business out of the affair. It is a national function and congress ought to be willing to stand for the necessary expenses.

Lord Roberts can talk as well as Kaiser Wilhelm, another fighting man. And Lord Roberts talks in the house of lords and not to a newspaper interviewer. "Bobs" call for an army of a million men to defend England from a German army of invasion was a surprisingly frank expression. Great Britain and all Europe will sit up and take notice on being told that the incomparable British navy must stay at home to keep a German army from swooping down upon London and dictating terms. Between the Kaiser and Lord Roberts, The Hague will have to work overtime to bring about that reduction of armaments. Everybody is waiting for the other fellow to unload.

Three groups of men in modern life challenge attention and admiration for their ubiquity and their audacity, says the Boston Herald. They are the explorer, the pioneer trader and advance agent of commerce, and the religious propagandist. Science, commerce and religion are fundamental facts in contemporary life, as the motives of truth-seeking, gain-getting and altruism, which are back of them. Of the three great missionary faiths of the world, Buddhism, Mahomedanism and Christianity, the Christian religion has planted its outpost on the most continents and has developed the most effective propaganda machine.

The employees of the British ship-building firm, the president of which offered to take them into the business on a profit-sharing basis if they would agree not to strike, have accepted the offer, and will try the arrangement for a year. They evidently did not think that the labor leaders who advised them to reject the proposition were safe guides.

Russia wants to buy the Wright airships. Russia would like to go up for once without being blown up.

Honor the Jew

Race Entitled to Distinction for Achievements

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL, Playwright, and Head of Zionist Movement.



HE active prejudice against Jews is bad enough, but we suffer almost more from the conspiracy of silence. Among 12,000,000 people of any one race there would, of course, be many criminals. When a Jew is caught in a crime nobody fails to record the fact. But when a Jew is praised for some great virtue his Jewishness is left unmentioned as a rule. For instance, on three successive days last year three great Jews died, and not one paper that I saw mentioned that they were Jews. I refer to Mendeleeff, the great Russian chemist; Viscount Goschen, of the house of lords, and chancellor of the exchequer, and a French Jew, whose name escapes me, who left £1,000,000—a million pounds, not dollars—to the Pasteur institute.

The greatest dramatic success of America in recent years was "The Music Master," written by a Jew, Charles Klein; produced by a Jew, David Belasco, and played by a Jew, David Warfield. Many people call Mr. Warfield the best American actor, but few mention him as a Jew.

The chess champion of the world is an American Jew. The Nobel prize in physics was given to an American last year, Albert A. Michelson, who measured the velocity of light. How many know that he is a Jew?

When Mr. Guggenheim and his New York firm did something unheard of in American finance and stood a clear loss of \$1,400,000 to protect innocent investors, many papers spoke of it, but not one that I saw mentioned the fact that this was "Jewish finance."

Everybody said that this was an unprecedented case of business uprightiness, but the Jews got no credit for it. We are branded as a people who have only one god, money. Yet some of the highest minded souls in America are Jews. On my visit to New York city I have been entertained by such men as Oscar Straus of the president's cabinet; Judge Mayer Sulzberger of Philadelphia, who got more votes in his district than Roosevelt at the last election. I was in the house when the news came and he never mentioned it; I learned it outside. Then there is Dr. Jacob Hollander, who established the finances of Puerto Rico; Dr. Schechter, the head of the Jewish Theological seminary, who came here from Cambridge university, where he was almost idolized; Louis Loeb, the eminent painter, one of whose masterpieces Mr. Daniel Guggenheim gave to the Metropolitan museum. Men like these ought to contradict the Shylock legend.

There are rays of light arriving on the earth to-day which have been journeying since the epoch when Europe was still one immense forest, the haunt of wild beasts and impenetrable by man, who himself had scarcely yet risen above the level of the brute. Other rays already had set out on their journey when Hesiod, Homer's contemporary, maintained that the distance between heaven and hell had been measured by Vulcan's anvil, which he declared had taken nine days and nine nights to fall from heaven to earth and an equal number of days and nights to fall from the earth to

the abode of lost souls. Never, in fact, do we really see the stars as they actually are at the moment when we are looking at them. Instead we see them as they were when they emitted the rays of light which are reaching us now. The histories of all the worlds are thus eternally traveling through space!

Every star is a sun shining with its own light and thousands, and in some cases millions, of times more luminous than our globe. Yet, so numerous, so closely packed are the stars on celestial maps, as well as the photographs of the heavens, that to our eyes they appear truly like star dust.

In the uttermost depths of space we discover great compact masses of stars and nebulae which would transport us still farther into still other immensities.

There is nothing, however, to prove to us that this universe exists alone in the infinite. Another universe, comprising an equal number of stars, may exist at a million times the parallax of the limit of our universe, considered here as the one-thousandth second of the arc. There may be a third universe at some other distance, and yet a fourth at another, and a hundred and even a thousand millions of universes either similar or not to ours and to each other. Moreover, the universes may be separated from one another by absolutely empty spaces in which there is no ether, and may thus be quite invisible to each other.

Our humanity and its entire history resembles but a minute ant heap, and our most immense astronomic journeyings never can carry us beyond the mere threshold of the infinite.

Specialists Among Thieves

By WILLIAM M. CLEMENS, Expert in Criminology.

Large numbers of communion cups are stolen from different churches every year, both here and abroad. In one Presbyterian church, where every communicant is provided with a separate cup, during the past year 216 of these miniature chalices have been stolen. The very valuable large jewel-studded chalice and paten, however, appear to have no fascination for the thief or thieves, though they might be as easily carried away as the small cups.

In New Jersey there is a man who is undergoing imprisonment at the present time—a confirmed thief—who never steals anything but toys.



There has recently developed among thieves and burglars a movement toward special lines of work so that we now have specialists among "crooks" as well as in the learned professions. During the past year the establishment of a well-known New York firm of opticians was broken into. The place contained a magnificent stock of valuable lenses, microscopical instruments, gold chains and similar goods worth several thousand dollars. The robber took none of these things, though they were lying around ready to his hand. He simply secured about a hundred glass eyes and decamped. Two other shops were likewise robbed of glass eyes during October.

FACES BIG WHALE ALONE IN A BOAT

MONSTER LEVIATHAN COMES ALONG AND SWALLOWS DECOYS OF MASSACHUSETTS HUNTER.

CRAFT IS NEARLY SWAMPED

Badly Scared Sportsman Expected to Duplicate First Part of Jonah's Performance, But Lives to Tell Tale.

Barnstable, Mass.—Probably there is no man who has more respect for a whale, even if it did dine on ten of his wood decoys, than William F. Hallett, who has a camp on Sandy Neck. He relates the following story that put gray hairs on his head and made 15 minutes seem like four hours one morning while coot shooting on the back of Cape Cod.

Mr. Hallett said he went out just before daylight in the morning and put out about thirty decoys, all wood. He thought he was about a mile or a mile and a half from the beach, in about twenty feet of water. The wind was light, with no sea. Just as the sun came up he saw a black whale following the shore down from Plymouth point, about the same distance from the shore as he was. He thought nothing about it, as the birds had commenced to fly and the gunning was good. The next thing he knew the whale came up and was blowing about 100 yards off. The great creature lay a few minutes on the water, looking around, first at him and then at the bunch of woods. Mr. Hallett said it was no doubt, thinking which would make the best starter for breakfast.

Mr. Hallett said to his best judgment the whale was about eighty feet long and fifteen feet across the back, and had a large hump on its head about half way from the blow-hole to the nose that was a light gray color.

During the time the whale was sizing up Mr. Hallett and his outfit he was circling around the boat slowly. Hallett said he did not dare to make a



The Whale Sucked Down Ten of the Wooden Decoys.

move to haul in the anchor and try to row away, as he thought if the whale saw him move it would be more likely to take after him; so he sat low in the bottom of the skiff, with his hair standing on end, expecting that every minute would be the last, as the whale seemed to take more notice of him than it did of the decoys.

After the whale had made three turns around the outfit it backed off and made a dash for the bunch of woods with its mouth open. The whale sucked down ten of the pine woods, limes and all. After it apparently tried to swallow one that had got stuck in its throat, the whale seemed to get angry and lay on the water and thrashed its tail until the water was like a boiling vat.

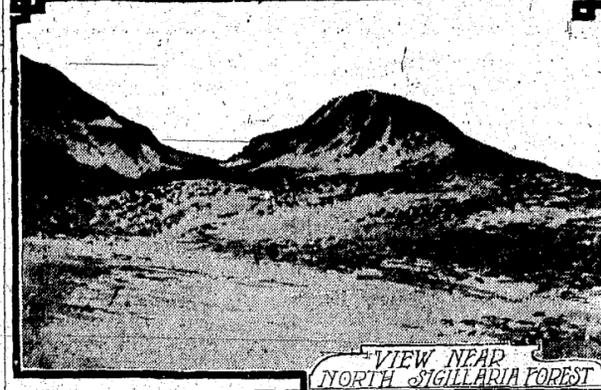
Mr. Hallett was kept busy bailing as the spray from the tail and flukes flew all over him. About the time that Hallett thought he would have to give up, as his boat was low in the water, and one or two more sweeps of the mighty tail would send him to the bottom, the whale turned around until it headed off toward Provincetown. Then it went as straight as a string and as fast as a steamboat out of sight.

Mr. Hallett said that he did not stop to pick up any of the woods that were left—he just pulled in the anchor and rowed for the beach. He said he had read stories about shipwrecked sailors being happy to reach land, but none could compare with the way he felt when he jumped out on the beach and looked off to the north and saw that great body rushing through the water toward the open sea, and knowing there were ten wooden decoys as freight taking up the space that a few minutes before, the chances were, that he would be selected to fill.

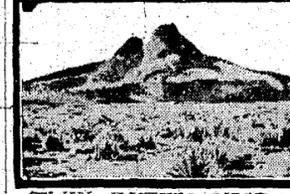
Skunks Raid Bee Hives. Chardon, O.—Skunks have been giving bee owners in Chardon considerable trouble by developing a liking for the little honey producers. It is claimed they make a peculiar noise enticing the bees from the hives, and then eat them. Charles Hall has lost several valuable swarms this fall in this manner. He trapped five. Farmers have been losing many chickens killed by skunks.

THE PAINTED DESERT AS A PARK

ARIZONA SEEKS ITS PRESERVATION BY NATION



VIEW NEAR NORTH SIGILLARIA FOREST



TWIN BUTTES NEAR INDIAN WELLS.

If present plans do not miscarry, and if the people of Arizona are permitted to have their way, a little corner of the Painted desert, equal to two townships in area, will soon be declared a national monument, and set aside for preservation forever in its present condition, for the use and enjoyment of the whole people.

There is no more beautifully indefinite term in American geography than "the Painted desert." There are railroad maps that confine the name to a narrow strip of territory along the Little Colorado river; but anyone familiar with the southwest knows that there are at least a half score of other regions of equal or greater extent, fully as deserving of the title. George Wharton James defines the Painted desert region as extending from the Rio Grande west to the Calico mountains, the Salton sea, the Mojave desert. Its northern limits are somewhere among the plateaus of southern Utah, while its southern boundary must be sought somewhere down in northern Mexico. It includes the Colorado desert, the Grand canyon, the Mongolian plateau, the Tonto basin, the Verdi, Hassayampa and Salt river valleys, the Petrified forest and the Superstition mountains. Not all of this vast region is desert in character, and only a relatively small portion of its desert expanses deserves to be described as painted.

Yet the conditions of color and barrenness that first suggested the name exist in places throughout this whole vast stretch of country. Parts of it are as fertile as any of the world's garden spots. It contains some of the noblest virgin forests in America, including a number of national forests, aggregating many millions of acres in extent. It is crossed by the Continental divide. The lofty peaks of the San Francisco and San Mateo mountains, as well as the lesser heights of the Zuni, Superstition, Mogollon, Pinal and other ranges are within its borders. It is crossed by one of the great rivers of America—the Colorado; and a hundred smaller streams, such as the Little Colorado, the Gila and Virgin rivers, Bill Williams Fork and Havasu, Walnut, Oak, Willow, Diamond and Bluewater creeks drain other portions. Portions of the desert area are mere wastes of natural sand—but other portions are chaotic "bad lands," upon which the Master Painter of the universe has spread a divine harmony of color that shames the wildest flights of the imagination.

Transcontinental travelers never fail to wonder at and admire the standing rocks, red cliffs, black lava precipices, extinct volcanic craters and tall white walls that lend variety to the view the whole way from Isleta to Gallup. West of the Colorado river, the chocolate-colored mountains and hills that shade from gray to black, and from brown to crimson compel the notice of the least observant. All these are of the Painted desert—but they are no more than tantalizing hints of the greater glories that lie beyond the car window perspective.

Most of those who forsake the Pullmans and ever after boast of a close view of the Painted desert inspect it only as an incident of a trip to the strange towns of the Hopi Indians—a long and wearisome journey of a hundred miles or more from Canyon Diablo, Winslow or Holbrook. The portions one sees on such a trip are not those most worthy of inspection—for the wagon roads follow the lines of least resistance, irrespective of the scenery. Nevertheless, no traveler over either route will ever forget the wide outlook over the gandy, superheated sands, the fantastic sky lines, the black, grim volcanic craters and basalt cliffs, the orange and carmine "bad lands" of the Painted desert.

Its coloring is as rich as that of the Grand canyon, and more varied. The prospect is limited only by the powers of human vision. The winds and storms and rushing waters of ages have chiseled basalt, clay and sand-

stone into images, columns, monuments, towers and strange, fantastic forms that have no names. Irrespective of its coloring, it would deserve a rank among the world's wonders. Yet its coloring is the greatest wonder of all. Here may be seen a red wall 500 feet high and 100 miles long. Yonder is a coal black cliff of hardened lava rising from a valley floor of snowy alkali. From any vantage point, one may survey a glowing landscape that shows 100 shades of pink, gray, red, chocolate, carmine, crimson, mauve, brown, yellow and olive. Near Indian Wells is a seemingly interminable line of tall rock sentinels, all garbed in different hues, on guard in this land of enchantment. No wonder the Spanish explorers, when they first beheld it more than 350 years ago, named it "El Pintado Desierto."

Nine miles north of Adamana is Dead River canyon, from the rim of which one obtains a view of the Painted desert that can hardly be matched for scenic interest. The drive requires not more than two hours, over a road that derives more than ordinary interest from the circumstance that it crosses the old Central Overland-stage route, the far western extension of the historic Santa Fe trail. Although this has not been traversed for more than a quarter of a century, the dusty ruts worn by the wheels of the stage coaches, freighting caravans and prairie schooners of the emigrants, bound for the far-off land of gold in the exciting years that began with '49, are still plainly visible.

Just on the brink of the canyon is an ancient cedar tree, the only one for miles around. Tradition has it that here was the famous rendezvous and camping place of a band of desperadoes and cattle rustlers that terrorized this part of Arizona for many years. Hence the spot is locally famous as the "Robbers' Roost."

To describe even the small portion of the Painted desert visible from Robbers' Roost is as hopeless as to describe an Arizona sunset. As far as the eye can carry is a succession of buttes, terraces and castellated hills that seem to display all the colors of the rainbow. Pervading all is the mystic purple haze of the arid lands that blends chaos itself into a symphony of color more celestial than of this world. Away off to the northwest is a black, flat-topped mesa, beyond which lies the land of the Hopi Indians. To the north is the land of the Navajos—the American Bedouins. But this is desolation itself, uninhabited even by the hardy tribes that find in the desert a congenial home. At one's feet is the sandy, boulder-strewn bed of a forgotten river whose healing flow ceased ages ago, when this gorgeous land of thirst bore a far different aspect—green with tropic vegetation and melodious with the songs of birds. From the parched desolation rise shimmering heat waves, so that one shrinks from the descent into the canyon as from a fiery furnace.

However, it is not as bad as it looks. A circuitous path leads to the canyon floor, over glittering beds of gypsum and thick deposits of mineral paint. Near the bottom the edge of a vast deposit of silicified wood is reached. This is not the famous Petrified forest of Arizona, which is 15 miles south, but in many respects it is not less wonderful. Officially it is known as the North Sigillaria forest. It is proposed to set aside 72 square miles of it as a national monument, that it may be forever preserved as a public possession.

If one's eyes be sharp he may find many strange and curious things mingled with the sand, silex and rock fragments. There are corals and the fossil bones of fishes that disported themselves in ocean depths when this lofty Arizona plateau was far below sea level. There are the fossilized remains of prehistoric birds, animals and reptiles for which science has not yet invented names. On a larger scale are a thousand freaks of erosion—the work of sandstorm and rainstorm, of wind, water, frost, snow, heat and all the irresistible forces of nature. Yonder stands a host of gigantic, silent, stone figures—some of almost angelic beauty, and others diabolic in their grotesqueness—among which Colorado's Garden of the Gods might be lost and passed by unnoticed, so numerous are the greater wonders.

The safest way of not being miserable is not to expect to be happy.

The VANISHING FLEETS

BY
ROY NORTON
(CONTRIBUTOR OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS MAGAZINE)

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 secret messages and is compelled to leave Norma Roberts, who with military officers also leaves Washington on mysterious expedition for an isolated point on the Florida coast. Hawaii is captured by the Japs. 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. The unorthodox source of great mystery and fleet, murmuring: "The gods save Nippon." Fleeting 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 Japan. 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 meetings of English fleet mysteriously disappears. A sailor picked up on a raft being the only evidence of the loss. Powers begin to fear for the safety of Hillier, making a failure of effort to deliver message to the president.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

The motor car was placed at Hillier's disposal as promised, and before night fell he found himself back in his room at the hotel no worse and no better for his experience. For ten days thereafter he made useless attempts to forward his message by every means that his ingenuity could suggest. Once he allowed it out of his hands, trusting it through extremity to the care of a fisherman, and on the following day, with seals unbroken, it was returned to him by a polite officer of the United States army in civilian dress. Were it not for the gravity of his task he would have come to regard it as a joke, a boy's game of prisoner's base or tag, in which he was always "it."

And then, as if to reproach him for his failure, there came from the clearness of the sky a swift and terrible thunderbolt. It was a message from England reporting the disappearance of that immense fleet which was to follow on his heels, and depended upon the delivery of his message for its immunity from attack. He had taken too long!

Stunned by this overwhelming disaster, shuddering in each nerve, and with every fiber of his body quivering, he sought the seclusion of his room, threw himself upon his bed and buried his face in the pillows. Repeatedly there ran through his mind the self-reproach that had it not been for his failure this shocking toll of war might never have been collected. An armada of greater strength than that which had fought off Cape Trafalgar had sailed gallantly out to its doom, trusting to him to avert disaster, and he in this hour of stress, when the fate of nations hinged upon his resource, had proved inefficient! Over and over he reviewed the struggle he had made to accomplish his mission, but found even in this stern self-criticism no flaw of endeavor. But in his hour of bitterness he thought that God might have more kind.

CHAPTER X. An Emperor Disappears.

Such was the effect of the strange happenings of May and June that the poise of all Europe seemed trembling and unstable. Men who in all their lives had respected law and society began to question the value of communal authority, when even the most carefully reared power proved unable to protect itself against what appeared to be only one invention. Taxation had created government, which in turn had devised armies and navies and expended more and more money in their equipment. It had now been demonstrated that the discovery of some one new force, some one engine of destruction more powerful than any other known, could destroy the values of navies and armies in a day. And yet in this frame of mind, where anarchy seemed less terrible and governments at best but weak organizations, the greed for aggrandizement and conquest reasserted itself.

In Russia the revolutionists took heart and hoped to possess the land. In the Balkans, reeking with the blood of past strife, new forces were forming for independence. Rulers of neighboring powers studied the map of Turkey, dreaming of what portion might be seized. China, rehabilitated for aggression by Japan herself, regretted a compact with the smaller country which prevented its seizure, now that it was so terribly weakened. But the most threatening attitude of all was that of Germany toward Great



Told Them They Might Search Him.

Britain. The Hohenzollerns, a line of warriors, still held the ancient throne, and the kaiser was ambitious for his country's advancement. An astute ruler of exceptional capacity, he already had advanced Germany's flag of trade beyond all seas, and by this means alone practically dominated all of South America. In all earlier days of this trade conquest the United States had been busied in her home enterprises, saying to herself that when she chose she could find a way to take the traffic of the southern continent with ease. With her eyes swaddled in silly egotism, she had waited till too late, and then, when her bandages were removed, suddenly learned that commercial brains were not confined to America alone. The sleeping giant had lost commercial supremacy in a continent which was hers by right of location and needs, to a race of industrious workers across the sea.

Nor had Germany neglected her fight for trade at home. There, too, she found egotists, so swollen with self-sufficiency that by disastrous tariff methods they had been bested. England, falling to protect her producers had driven her own farmers and carriers from the field, until, as one disgruntled farmer said: "You can't pick up a cabbage in a stall which don't bear the words 'made in Germany,'" and if a new crown was needed for the king, Germany would have stood a fair chance of booking the order. In a natural revulsion which had reached fever heat before the Japanese-American war broke out, England was trying to obstruct this encroachment. The feeling thus engendered between the two nations culminated in one of envy on the part of Great Britain and one of hatred on the part of Germany. The kaiser, calmly reviewing times and conditions, decided that the time had come to strike.

England, with power sadly diminished through the loss of her great fleet, and at the mercy of the United States in her richest colony, stood open to attack. While she was still mourning defeat, Germany took exception to the tariff laws in a very carefully worded message. It was one that under normal circumstances would have provoked demands for apologies, or, in a refusal of such, almost instant war. But now the lion was driven to temporize. That the kaiser hoped for an open rupture and intended to leave no stone unturned for such an outcome, was demonstrated by his sending more curtly worded notes.

The English press retailed these to the public, and accused the kaiser of deliberately plotting war with a foreign country to offset the spread of socialism which threatened him at home, hoping by combat abroad to reunite his own people.

The kaiser demanded an apology from the British press; but Englishmen were not accustomed to bending the knee, even though the lack of flex-

ibility might cause the loss of life. Lacking nothing in bravery, they reluctantly faced a crisis rather than brook humiliating domination. Their answer therefore was bellicose.

Germany at once began an ominous assembling of her fleets in strategic waters from which on a moment's notice they might sail forth. France stood diplomatically aloof, hoping perhaps that when the world had wearied of fighting she might be in a position to gain by plunging into the fray. Alsace Lorraine was still mourned, and her monument in the Place de la Concorde draped.

Then, at the very moment when it seemed that England would be compelled to beat back an invading army from her shores there came an unexpected lull. The British press had been predicting a declaration of war within 24 hours, when the change took place. At the first day's delay the well informed wondered, and when two days had passed, and finally three, it became certain that some very unusual event had taken place in Berlin.

Rumors began to creep to London, to Paris, and soon the whole world knew, despite Germany's attempts to keep the matter a secret, that on the very eve of a crisis the kaiser, the most dominant figure in Europe, had disappeared. Nor was that all.

As if to emphasize the fact that it could have been through no mental aberration that he had gone, the chancellor of Germany had disappeared at the same time. That something inexplicable had taken place was known within a few hours after the kaiser and chancellor were last seen. On the night of their disappearance they had been closeted together with the most trusted military adviser of the empire. This latter officer, fatigued by duties which had tried him beyond his years, had left the consultation at midnight. In the room where it was held there was a telephone used only by certain privileged ones who, by means of a staged signal to the switchboard operator, could gain communication. Who these were none but the kaiser knew.

This operator told the secret service men of the empire that a few minutes past midnight he had answered a call and received the password which caused him to make the desired connection with the emperor's telephone, and a conversation of some minutes ensued, which, owing to the arrangement of the instruments, he was unable to hear.

The guards of the palace were called to the council room and instructed by the kaiser in person to admit a man who would present a plain card within a few minutes. They reported that a carriage drove up to the outer gates and a gentlemanly appearing stranger who spoke perfect German handed out a slip of pasteboard on which nothing whatever was printed or engraved. Fearing, despite

ILLUSTRATED
BY
A. WEIL

their master's instructions, that the man might be an anarchist, the guards had hesitated, whereupon the visitor, reading their suspicions, told them that they might search him if they wished, which they did. This was carried out with even more than ordinary care, and the man was found to have absolutely nothing in his pockets. He was dressed in the regulation dinner suit, as if he had lately come from some club.

Still suspecting something unusual in such a singular visit and admission at this hour of the morning, the guards escorted him to the council room and waited at attention in the doorway when his presence was announced. To their surprise the emperor smiled as if in recognition, bade his visitor "Good evening" in English, and dismissed the soldiers. Reassured by this action, the men had resumed their accustomed posts, thinking no more of the matter, and regarding it simply as one of the unusual appointments which are made in such troublous times.

In less than an hour, during all of which time the guard at the door had heard voices in seeming conversation participated in by the three persons with the room, he heard the emperor and the chancellor burst into most unusual and hearty laughter. A few minutes later he was surprised when the emperor came from the room and went to his dressing chamber, from which he emerged in the plainest of civilian clothing, after which he beckoned to his two companions.

His imperial majesty cautioned the guard to let no one know that he was leaving or of the nocturnal visitor, and, still accompanied by the unknown man and the chancellor, passed from the palace. From this on he was traced to the very carriage door, which was closed behind the party by another attendant. The vehicle drove away in the night, the glow of the men's cigars being the last thing noticed by the man who escorted them, thus showing that all were on very friendly and intimate terms.

The conveyance itself was traced for several miles into the country, through the fact of its having passed several other rigs. There was nothing in its appearance to distinguish it from any other, and only the fact that the streets at that time of night were deserted enabled the officers to gather any idea of its direction. Others had been observed; but all were identified and accounted for, and it was by a process of elimination only that the one carrying the kaiser and his companions was tracked. The return journey of the vehicle, if such there had been, was not noticed, and therefore led to the theory that somewhere within the empire the kaiser and chancellor were being held prisoner.

The puzzling feature of the occurrence was that the emperor must have been acquainted and even on terms of friendliness with the man who decoyed him away. No anarchistic attempt could be deduced from the situation, because with the careful search that had been made it was certain that there could have been no assassination unless a most remarkable concealment had been made of all evidences of the crime. Nor was it even tenable that the party had crossed the border line, because in a condition of threatened war all travelers were being closely watched.

Over every foot of the empire and into the most inaccessible portions, search was being made for the place where the nation's ruler and the chancellor might be held; but so far there had been nothing whatever that threw even the faintest ray of light on their whereabouts. The attempts of the secret service men and members of his majesty's family to keep his disappearance a secret failed, and indeed was unnecessary, for the people themselves had to be enlisted in a quest involving the whole country.

It was at this juncture that a Roman horse trader, scenting a reward, offered his services and a suggestion to the police which was promptly acted upon. He described having met the carriage which was supposed to have taken away the emperor, and, following the instincts of the horseman, he scrutinized the animals more closely than the conveyance. He said he was walking round a turn in the road, and was almost run over before he had time to gain a free way. One of the horses almost brushed him in passing, and he noticed not only a singularity of gait, but a peculiar white mark on the animal's flank.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Be Slow in Judgment.
Climate determines every phase of human existence and makes the habits of all nations. Be charitable, then, to the "failings" of the whole world.

COOK USES A ROLLING PIN TO HOLD HER JOB

REFUSES TO BE FIRED AND RULES HOUSEHOLD UNTIL POLICE CONQUER HER.

New York.—When Mrs. Willard R. Spader, wife of a broker prominent in Wall street, went to the kitchen of her home to give her cook, Mary Corcoran, orders regarding preparations for dinner, she says she found Mary sitting on the edge of the kitchen table with a bottle beside her.

"Why, Mary," cried Mrs. Spader, in dismay, "you have been drinking."

"'Tis none of your business," shouted Mary, according to Mrs. Spader. "I come from County Connaught, and I refuse to have me personal privileges trod on."

Mrs. Spader hired Mary five weeks ago and she is a good cook. Mrs. Spa-



"Come on and Fight It Out Now, It's Fired I Am."

der hesitated for a moment, but then took the dreaded step and announced that she would need Mary's services no longer and at the same time handed over \$35, the cook's wages for a month. "It's fired I am, is it?" shouted the cook, according to Mrs. Spader. "Indeed I'm not; I refuse to be fired by anyone."

With that, Mrs. Spader alleges, the cook picked up a rolling pin and started toward her. Mrs. Spader fled to her room and summoned the butler. He was delegated to go and tell Mary that she had been discharged.

The butler started kitchenward, and, according to his story, as he entered he saw the cook among a mass of broken dishes and hurling other dishes against the wall. And all the time the butler alleges she shouted: "It's fired I am, is it?"

The butler says he tried to reason with the woman, but she turned upon him with a rolling pin in her hand. The butler retreated with the cook close upon his heels.

By this time the staff of servants was demoralized. Mrs. Spader was in her room and most of the servants had locked themselves in their rooms. Flourishing the rolling pin, Mary wandered through the house from room to room, battering on the locked doors with her weapon and daring anyone to come out and fight. They pleaded with her through barricaded doors, but she refused to desist.

Mrs. Spader finally decided to telephone to the police. When Policeman Fitzgibbon arrived he says Mary was seated in the parlor, rolling pin in her hand. He tried to convince her that she had been fired and she shied a book at him, he says.

Fitzgibbon summoned Policeman Clark. Then, the policemen say, she backed to the wall so that they could not surround her, and waving the rolling pin, dared them to "come on and fight it out now, if it's fired I am."

The policemen sent for the police wagon, and, assisted by the driver, they closed in on Mary. In the struggle she kicked off both shoes, but was made a prisoner, and, without the shoes, was taken in the wagon to the station house, and locked up.

CUTS TEETH AT AGE OF 89.

Seattle Woman is Nursing a Set of Grand New Molars.

Seattle, Wash.—Mrs. Helen Barber, 89 years old, is cutting a new set of teeth. Mrs. Barber lives on the west side with her son-in-law, having been a resident of this city when it was not yet a postoffice.

It has been 30 years since Mrs. Barber has consulted a doctor. Up to a year ago, when her husband died, she did her own housework.

In 1859 she crossed the plains and Rocky mountains with her husband to Sacramento, coming from there to Washington. She was born near Troy, N. Y.

Farmer Works with Broken Neck.

Granville, Mass.—Hubbard Hollister, an elderly farmer, has been performing routine duties about his place since July 31 with a broken neck. At that time a neighbor struck him. To-day he decided to consult a physician relative to his "stiff neck." Dr. A. T. Schoonmaker and Dr. H. W. Van Allen applied X-rays and found that two vertebrae were fractured. Hollister may live indefinitely, it is stated.

Building a New Lighthouse.

The foundation for the recently completed harbor of refuge lighthouse, Del aware bay, is a solid block of concrete 18 feet deep, 40 feet in diameter at the base and 26 feet at the top.

BOY OR GIRL FIRST?

WHICH IS PREFERABLE TO START A FAMILY.

Many Reasons Why Boy Would Seem Most Desirable, and Equally Good Arguments in Favor of the Girl.

It is better that the first child in a family should be a boy. Then if the father dies the post of head of the family falls to him naturally. He becomes its protector. Whether or not the father dies, the oldest child, if a boy, can stand between the younger children and the world, in their play-contact with it. True, there are no "little mother" possibilities in him, and he is an indifferent nurse; therefore, in many reformed families, the birth of a daughter, as the first child is preferred.

That is one of the drawbacks about being an elder sister. She is too handy to have around the house. She becomes the maid of all work. We know of several charming women, now well along in spinsterhood, whose destiny, unfulfilled may be charged to the fact that they were elder sisters. They were always nursing babies—somebody else's babies. The cares of the household descended on them prematurely, and their old-fashioned ways, the sobering marks of responsibility in face and manner, lessened their appeal to the capricious and roving fancy of young men. To the handicap of diminished opportunity was added the handicap of diminished charm.

It is well, then, for a girl to have an older brother. It is not always fortunate for her to have two or three younger sisters. Humanity's natural sense of justice has long discerned this. Jacob, if you remember, had to take Leah to wife before he was allowed to espouse her younger sister, Rebecca. The feeling, very marked among the Jews and sometimes stereotyped into a custom, has strength among all peoples. In return for an elder sister's sacrifices, the family sense of fair play requires that her younger sisters shall not become her competitors. They are expected to stand aside, to remain in the background, until she has had a chance to annex a man.

Sometimes—pretty often, indeed—the event shows that the younger sister has not kept far enough in the background. The capricious and roving fancy of the elder sister's "steady" is attracted by the vision of fresher charms in the same family circle, and woman's invincible foe, youth, strikes her down through the arm of a daughter of the same mother. Probably ten thousand novels and plays have been written about this theme—the characteristic theme of "Cinderella"—and apparently most of them have seen the light in England. The rivalry of sisters seems to be more definite and overt there than elsewhere.

"Shall the elder sister rule?" then, is at all times a live and poignant issue. The rebellion of the younger one against a rule represented as tyrannical is often a sympathetic episode and sometimes the oldest daughter has a general popularity as slight as a stepmother's. The suitor, at any rate, will not have regard for the claims of primogeniture—unless they are reinforced by dowry discrimination—and he is a tame lover who will let the rule "first come, first served" determine his choice of a wife. Still, admitting numerous exceptions, the rule is a good one, as applied to sisters.

Beebohm's Argument.

Hubert Henry Davies, the playwright, who has spent much time in London, tells of an amusing interview between the owner of a publication in the British capital, whereof George Bernard Shaw had been the dramatic critic, and Max Beerbohm, on the occasion of the latter's assumption of the duties laid down by G. B. S.

The owner advised Max of the salary that had been paid George Bernard, observing at the same time: "Being comparatively inexperienced you, Mr. Beerbohm, cannot, of course, expect so much."

"Oh, yes, I shall!" hastily interposed Max. "Indeed, I shall expect more! Shaw knows the drama so thoroughly that it is an easy matter for him to write of it, whereas I, knowing nothing whatever about it, shall find it dreadfully hard work!"—Harper's Weekly.

Hot Water for Gardens.

The proprietor of baths at Acqui (Italy), uses his supply of hot water to force the growth of garden produce. He has an inexhaustible supply of hot water from a natural spring, the temperature being 167 degrees Fahrenheit.

By means of pipes the surplus water not required for the baths is carried to a garden on the outskirts of the town. The warm liquid flows beneath a number of forcing frames containing melons, tomatoes, asparagus, etc. A supply of these delicacies is ready for the market at a very early period.

Another Chicago Novelty.

"Yes, they have a new sort of fun in Chicago that is quite the rage."

"What is it called?"

"It's called a moving-in party. When the hostess learns that the emigrant next door is to be occupied she calls her guests by telephone, and they come and draw out for the front windows, and then sit there and up the new neighbor's stuff as the movers carry it in."

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

The Scrap Book

Overlooked the Boots.
That Lord Brougham was fully capable of a quick report is shown by the following:

"You, my lord," said Wellington, angry with him, "will be remembered not for having been a great lawyer or for having written profound philosophical essays, but for having given your name to a peculiar style of carriage."
"And your grace," answered Brougham, "will be remembered not for having gained the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo, but for having given your name to a fashionable kind of boots!"
"Oh," said Wellington, "d—the boots! I forgot 'em."

WORK

You can climb to the top of the loftiest hill
If you work.
You can make of yourself whatsoever you will
If you work.

A faith you must have, rooted deep in your soul:
A purpose unshaken, a firm self control.
Strive on, without ceasing. You'll reach to the goal
If you work.

Asked and Received.
"Patrick was a clerk in a suburban grocery store. It was a busy season, and the grocer was waiting upon two or three customers at the same time. He was in a hurry, and everything had to be where he could get it without much trouble or he would be delayed and probably lose money, so when he found that the pound weight was gone he was bothered."
"Patrick," he called out, "where's the pound weight?"
"The pound weight, is it?" said Patrick complacently. "Sure, an' it's Mistor Jones has the pound weight."
"Mr. Jones has it? What do you mean by saying that Mr. Jones has the pound weight? How did Mr. Jones get it?"
"An' shure, didn't yer tell me to be perlitte to the regular customers?"
"Of course."

"Well, thin, Mistor Jones comes into the store for a pound of tay. An', says he, when I asked him what quality of tay he would have, 'Whatever yer give me,' says he, 'give me the weight.' So I put the pound weight in the package with the tay, perlitte like, an' it's himself that's gone with it."

A Delicate Reply.

A senator, discussing a certain measure before congress, said:
"That needs delicate handling. It is like the position of the young man on his honeymoon. This young man's honeymoon was peculiar because, while still in mourning, he had married his deceased wife's sister. A friend of his, a chap he had not seen for years, accosted him on the honeymoon in a Niagara restaurant. The friend, after being introduced to the bride, said sympathetically:
"But who are you in mourning for, old man?"
"For my sister-in-law," was the delicate reply."

The Countess of Ayr.

At a country dance in England a glided youth from town was complaining that there was nobody fit to dance with.
"Shall I introduce you to that young lady over there?" asked his hostess. "She is the daughter of the Countess of Ayr."
Delighted, the young man assented, and after waltzing with the fair scion of a noble house ventured to ask after her mother, the Countess of Ayr.
"My father, you mean," said the girl. "No, no, no," said the bewildered youth. "I was asking after your mother, the Countess of Ayr."
"Yes," was the reply, "but that's my father."
Utterly at a loss, the young man rushed off in search of his hostess and said the girl she had made him dance with was "quite mad—told me the Countess of Ayr was her father."
"So he is," answered the lady of the house. "Let me introduce you to him, Mr. So-and-so, Mr. Smith, the county surveyor."

The Joke Was on Them.

Two capricious young ladies planned to have some fun when a certain young man called to spend the evening. They thought it would be great sport to imitate everything he did. When the young man entered the parlor he blew his nose, which each of the girls promptly imitated. Thinking it a peculiar incident, the young man proceeded to stroke his hair. Both girls followed. Then he straightened his collar. They did the same, and a few dimples and smiles began to appear in spite of them. Now it was the young man's turn. He was positive of his ground and calmly stooped down and turned up his trousers.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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.

Does the Baby Thrive

If not, something must be wrong with its food. If the mother's milk doesn't nourish it, she needs **Scott's Emulsion**. It supplies the elements of fat required for the baby. If baby is not nourished by its artificial food, then it requires

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Half a teaspoonful three or four times a day in its bottle will have the desired effect. It seems to have a magical effect upon babies and children. A fifty-cent bottle will prove the truth of our statements.

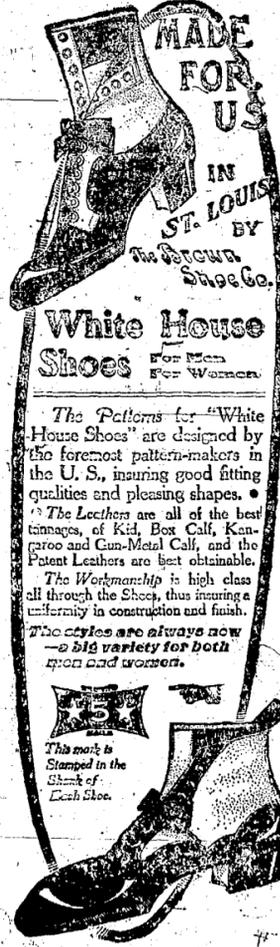
Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World."
SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York

Nothing Is Lost.
Everything disappears, but nothing is lost. The civilization of man is nothing but a huge material pyramid constructed out of the work of all that has ever existed, just as our chalky mountains are made of the debris of nameless creatures who have subsisted under the forms of microscopic animal life.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

Something He Couldn't Wear.

A wealthy American who became a convert to Rome was very generous to Pope Leo XIII. in money matters. He had done many generous things, and the pope had rewarded him with orders and medals galore, for once a year this convert made a pilgrimage to Rome, where he was kindly received by the holy father as a son, and generally, until the orders were exhausted, each time was bestowed with some fresh honor. On such occasions all these brave medals were attached to the rich American's breast.
"I'll soon end that," the pope remarked to a confidant who was at his side during the levee. "Next time I shall give him a snuffbox," which he did, and a beautiful jeweled box it was.

The following year the American turned up again and was granted an audience, when, to the holy father's consternation, the faithful son of the church appeared not with all his medals, but with the snuffbox attached to his waistcoat.
"The next time," the pope said, with a comical sigh, "I shall present him with a marble topped table. It is the only thing I can think of that he can't tie to his waistcoat."



MADE FOR US IN ST. LOUIS BY W. BROWN SHOE CO.

White House Shoes For Men For Women

The Patterns 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 tannages, of Kid, Box Calf, Kangaroo and Gun-Metal Calf, and the Patent Leathers are best obtainable.

The Workmanship is high class all through the Shoe, thus insuring a uniformity in construction and finish.

The styles are always new—a big variety for both men and women.

This mark is stamped in the Stock of each Shoe.

Get them at the **LITTLE WHITE SHOE STORE**
C. A. Hudson, Prop'r.

Ladies' Equity Notes.

Mrs. Howey is the recipient of a box of beautiful flowers—roses and chrysanthemums—from Roseburg, Ore.

Mrs. Sadie Crowell has been sick for several days but is now improving. Mrs. Isabell Thomas is also reported sick.

The President of the East Jordan Board of Trade, W. P. Suter, sent a letter of invitation to the Mich. State Union of the Farmers Society of Equity, in session at Grand Rapids Dec. 29, to hold their annual meeting in October at East Jordan. This matter was referred to the board of directors for decision with recommendations in favor of East Jordan.

Frank Kidder and James, Howey Co-organizers for the Farmers Society of Equity, will hold a meeting at the Korthase school house, R. F. D. 4 from Boyne City. Meeting will be on Jan. 15 at 7:00 p. m. This society will organize Michigan this summer and endeavor to hold their price on all farm crops, so farmers should give their time and attention to these meetings.

The meeting of the East Jordan Local Union that should have taken place on Wednesday afternoon, had to be postponed on account of the storm and roads. This was a disappointment as several of our merchants had agreed to be present and take their part on the question before the meeting—Co-operation of the Farmer and Merchant. This local will now meet on Thursday, Jan. 14, at 1:30 p. m. Election of officers and other business. Farmers don't forget this date.

James Howey returned home from Grand Rapids last Saturday. He went to attend the convention, D. O. Dryden, national president of the A. S. of E. and Hon. H. B. Sherman, national organizer for the Farmer's Society of Equity, were present. Both these gentlemen are good orators. A large majority of the delegates were in favor of organizing the Farmers Society in Michigan. This was accomplished and it took place on Dec. 29. Mr. Sherman will begin organizing in Michigan on Jan. 20 and will hold at least two meetings in each county beginning in the southern part of state.

Program for local convention to be held Jan. 12 in Echo township: called to order by chairman; opening hymn; Olive Bartholomew; prayer, Rev. John Hackett; roll call of locals; Equity song, Alice Shepard; Address of Welcome, Mrs. Barclay; recitation, Fannie Vance; naming of committees on organization, bylaws, resolutions, and advance, pieces, local union work; recitation, Blanche Carney. Dinner. Afternoon: Equity song, Mrs. Shepard and Murray; paper, Mrs. Sadie Crowell; select reading, Minnie Hustler; report of committees; Opportunities of Farm Women, Nellie Thompson; recitation, Rose Bartholomew; The Bible in our locals, Mrs. John Hackett; endless chain letter, Mrs. Nettie Ross; election of local convention officers for April 13, 1909.

National organizer Hon. H. B. Sherman, made an excellent speech at the convention on the ladies organization, the work they are doing, and the stand they have taken, and said that their society would yet spread from the shores of the Atlantic to the Golden Gate of the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. This society would be one great sisterhood of farm women and will yet become the strong right arm of the Farmers' Society of Equity. Mr. Sherman recommended that a committee be appointed on ways and means to put this society before the people and help to perfect the organization. Pres. W. E. Grolick also made a good speech highly endorsing the ladies' society and appointed a committee to look up ways and means to aid the Ladies with instructions that they keep at work until next convention and report. Resolutions were made and passed that we work toward the organization of a national union and also that our headquarters for the United States should remain at East Jordan. This action of Farmers' Society of Equity should give us strong encouragement to redouble our efforts, so that East Jordan may become a household word because of the work begun here for the farm women.

PROBATE ORDER: State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.
At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix, in said County, on the fourth day of January A. D. 1909, present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Eugenia Smith deceased.
John L. Sisson having filed in said court her petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of her death the leg. & heirs of said dec. and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died se'd.
It is ordered, that the 8th day of Feb. A. D. 1909 at ten o'clock in forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.
It is further ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.
JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate.

East Jordan Lumber Co.



Special Sale On Ladies' Furs For One Week.

Our New Gingham

Are in. Come and see the patterns. Sure you will want some.

Gents' Furnishings and Shoes

Our stock in heavy warm working wear is complete and with the long cold winter facing us, it's worth your while to buy now. See our window for warm footwear. Don't neglect your feet. You'd look bad without them. Better take care and have them stay with you.

Hardware

We are selling out our Horse Blankets at reduced prices. We also have a full line of Lumbering Tools, such as Decking Chains, Draft Chains, Toggie Chains, Skidding Tongue, and everything wanted in the woods. We also carry a full line of Dr. Daniels' Horse Remedies.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

W.A. Loveday
Notary Public
With Seal.

ALSO

Real Estate Insurance Agency.

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

PLENTY OF IT—ALL THE BEST

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

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

Then, you must remember the argument our prices offer.

WILL RICHARDSON
Phone No. 136.

Dr. W. E. Zavitz
DENTIST

Office in E. J. L. Co's. Block

Office Hours: 8:00 a. m. to 12 noon, 1:00 p. m. to 5:00 p. m.

After hours by appointment only.

Phone No. 216

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

Frank Phillips
Tonsorial Artist.

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

Third door north of Postoffice.

Briefs of the Week

Round-up Farmers' Institute at East Jordan Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 26-27.

The fire department was called out Thursday morning to extinguish a small blaze in W. P. Porter's residence.

Special meeting of Mystic Lodge F. & A. M. this Saturday evening. Full attendance of all members requested—Secretary.

The Hotel Bartlett at Charlevoix changed owners this week. J. S. Baker, proprietor of the Charlevoix Beach Hotel, being the new owner. It will be known as Baker's Inn.

Joshua Honer, 43 years old, of Central Lake, was arrested Tuesday on serious charges made by his daughter Lulu, who is 14 years old. He was unable to furnish \$1,000 bonds and is in jail.

Astoria County Supervisors have decided that that county shall remain "wet" for at least another year. If Charlevoix goes "dry," then we may expect to see a saloon located just across the border.

A two-days Round-Up Farmers' Institute will take place at East Jordan, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 26-27. Programs are being arranged and will be published next week. Several speakers of ability will be here. Sessions will be held in the Electric Theatre.

Elijah Holben, a well-known pioneer of South Arm township died at his home on the West Side last Saturday. Mr. Holben was aged 64 years and located in South Arm township in 1863. He leaves two daughters—Mrs. Bert Clark of this place and Mrs. George Williams of Charlevoix.

"The most artistic calendar we have ever seen" is what recipients of The Herald's new year's remembrance are saying. An effort was made to give our friends something different than the usual run of calendars and that our efforts are appreciated is certainly gratifying. We have a few left and any who desire one can secure same by applying at this office.

The dry goods, millinery and shoe stock of J. F. Homer & Co. of Central Lake was destroyed by fire last Wednesday evening. The building was owned by Samuel Crampton of Elk Rapids and had been occupied by Mr. Homer for several years. Mr. Homer had just left the store for the night when the fire occurred. It is thought that the chimney burned out and that burning soot fell into some bales of cotton and started the fire. The loss on the goods is estimated at about \$6,000, with \$4,000 insurance. The building was covered by insurance.

The Board of Supervisors met at Charlevoix this week, where they O. K'd the bonds of the new county officers, audited bills, went over some minor matters, and adjourned to meet February 9th, in order to handle the local option petitions according to law. Over 2,400 names are signed to the petition, which assures the matter being submitted at the spring election. A portion of Marion township according to a petition presented, will be set into Charlevoix township. Supervisors Meech, Baxter and Graft were appointed a committee to investigate the merits of the American Ballot Machine, manufactured by C. E. Lorraine of this village. Sheriff McWain has been reappointed as Truant Officer, Wm. F. Bashaw who has satisfactorily filled the position; and Harry Curkendall has been reappointed deputy sheriff.

Orzo McIntire was a Belleaire visitor for part of the week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Christenson a son, Wednesday.

Charles Wellenbach of Belleaire was an East Jordan visitor first of the week.

Mrs. L. Nyquist returned this week from Lapland, where she has been visiting relatives.

For Sale—Both hard and soft dry block wood. Apply to A. R. Nowland, or phone 104-4 rings.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Brady of Grand Haven were guest of East Jordan friends this week.

Mrs. Phyllis Hurlbert entertained several of her friends Wednesday evening, with cards and a lunch.

The annual meeting of the church and congregation will be held in the Presbyterian church parlors next Monday evening when business of importance is to be transacted. It is most desirable that all persons interested be in attendance. The pastor entered on his third year of service on January 1.

Slideboards, Chiffoniers and Book-cases at WHITTINGTON'S.

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

Mrs. Elsie Galloway of East Jordan came over Wednesday night on the train to spend New Years with her parents and Miss Lillian Johnston, returning Saturday morning to East Jordan, where she will assist with the work at the Cooperage boarding house for Mr. Fred Bayless.—Central Lake Torch.

Every member ought to be present at the first celebration this year of the Lord's Supper next Sunday morning in the Presbyterian church. New members will be received, Sunday School at 11:45. Mr. W. Sloan was last Sunday elected superintendent in place of Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Stone assistant superintendent, Miss Edith Ramsey secretary, Miss Agnes Lewis treasurer.

Besides 90 large caps from each 25c package of Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee, I now put in a 25c clever siftered "No-Drip" Coffee Strainer Coupon. Look for it! The satisfaction of Health Coffee is, besides, most perfect. Made only from pure toasted cereals, malt, nuts, etc. Sold by G. L. Sherman & Son.

WILSON.

A blizzard and a thaw alternately this winter.

Afton school began again Monday morning after two weeks vacation.

Chas. Hudkins is at Charlevoix this week meeting with the Board of Supervisors.

Mrs. Decker has sold her farm in Wilson to John Martin and expects to move away in the near future.

Gladys and Florine Hudkins visited their aunt, Mrs. Willis Kocher near Chestonia several days last week.

Our bridal couple, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McGonigal, visited relatives in East Jordan and vicinity a few days last week.

Elmer Hayner has accepted a position as foreman of White's Camp at Springwater, and has engaged Earl Butterbee to work for him the rest of the winter. Mr. Butterbee and family now occupy rooms in Mr. Hayner's house for convenience to his work.

A nice selection of Rocking Chairs for young, middle age and old at WHITTINGTON'S.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending Jan'y 2nd, 1909.

Croskill, Albert Ferguson, Mrs. Robt. Keaton, Harry L. Lanway, P. Loomer, Mike Morehouse, Chas. H. Malone, A. J. Galster, A. J. Parker, Frank Sparks, M. T. Vangola, T. FRANK A. KENYON, P.M.

Rocking Chairs in abundance at WHITTINGTON'S.

Extension Tables, Library Tables, and Center Tables at WHITTINGTON'S.

Steam Pipes as Hosts.

When Commissioner Allen had charge of the patent office in Washington he was very punctilious about the respect due him and his position and demanded full tribute from everybody.

One day as he was sitting at his desk two men came in without knocking or announcement and without removing their hats.

Allen looked up and impaled the intruders with his glittering eye. "Gentlemen," he said severely, "who are visitors to this office to see me are always announced and always remove their hats."

"Huh," replied one of the men, "we ain't visitors, and we don't give a hoot about seeing you. We came in to fix the steam pipes."—Saturday Evening Post.

She Would Cure Him.

"My husband is so poetic," said one lady to another on a street car.

"Whereupon an honest-looking woman, with a big market basket at her feet, interjected with, "Excuse me, mum, but have you ever tried rubbing his joints with hartshorn liniment?"

Called His Name.

On the occasion of a dinner Sydney Smith was the guest, and when the evening was over the host thanked the wit heartily for the entertainment he had afforded. "I shall not forget you, Mr. Smith," he added. "Thank you. Take care you don't forget yourself tomorrow"—it was Saturday—"in church," rejoined Smith, whereat the host, Kershaw by name, rather bridled up.

"I hope, sir, I know how to behave myself in church!" "Well," said Smith good temperedly, "if I catch you smiling I will call you by name." "You may," rejoined the visitor. "The thing is absurd. I will give you a donation to the York hospital if it happens."

On the ensuing morning Smith read the prayers reverently, as he always did, then ascended the pulpit, looked around the church and rested his eye on the visitor, whose name was Kershaw. That gentleman said afterward that he did not know what possessed him, but so it was he gave a broad smile. Thereupon the preacher was seized with a violent inclination to sneeze, and, applying his handkerchief with suitable action, he sounded "ker-ker-shaw" three times over.

Aunt Mahaly's Expedient.

"These stockings are so full of holes that they are worthless, Aunt Mahaly," said a lady to an old colored woman with a large family, who was a pensioner of her family.

"No'm, dey ain't!" replied Aunt Mahaly, calmly appropriating them. "Rastus en Verbena got such black laigs dat de holes won't show nohow, en dem chilluns what got yaller, meent kin wear two pairs at de same time. En you knows, Mis' Jo, dat de holes in all dem stockin's ain't gwine hit de same places."

Dr. C. H. Pray Dentist

Offices Over Postoffice.

Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.,
And Evenings.

Phone No. 223.

A Good Investment

One of our Savings Bank Books—unlike other investments, you pay for it a little at a time, as you deposit. No matter how 'stocks' may fluctuate your investment pays 3 1/2 per cent interest.

The more you deposit the greater your investment becomes, and at no time have you placed your money beyond your reach. Doesn't a safe investment of this kind interest you?

State Bank of East Jordan

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

OFFICERS.

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

DIRECTORS.

W. P. PORTER, CHAS. H. SCHAEFFER,
W. L. FRENCH, FRANK M. SEVERANCE,
M. H. ROBERTSON, CLARK HAIGIE,
GEO. G. GLENN, CARL STROEBEL.

Mrs. Suleeba and daughter Miriam, Mrs. C. S. Griesby, Allan Griesby and W. T. Griesby returned to their homes Monday.

The funeral services of Chas. H. Fairchild, a former well-known citizen, were held at the Methodist church on Sunday morning. Rev. W. W. Lampert delivered the funeral discourse and Rev. L. S. Matthews offered prayer. Mr. Fairchild was a native of Buffalo, N. Y. and was born in 1837. When yet a boy he came with his parents to Mich. and when, in 1877, he was married to Miss Eliza Andrews, he settled at St. Louis, Gratiot County. But in 1884 they came to East Jordan where they have since lived. For seventeen years Mr. Fairchild has been a great sufferer and was long confined to his invalid chair. Last spring he went to Jennings to live with his daughter, Goldie, and died at her home on Thursday, at the age of sixty-one. The remains were brought here on Saturday accompanied by his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Yorgan Hanson and were met by Mr. and Mrs. John Hanson of Boyne City, the latter also being his daughter. They have the sympathy of many friends and former neighbors.

We are in receipt of the Christmas number of "Gleaning in Bee Culture," published by A. I. Root, and a very pretty and useful magazine it is. It is well gotten up—good paper and cuts and readable articles. In this number is a group of the members of the National Bee Keepers Convention held in Detroit in October. There is an excellent picture of our fellow townsman, Ira D. Bartlett, in the group.

South Arm Grange, No. 815, elected the following officers at their last regular meeting:

Master—Frank St. John
Overseer—James Nice
Lecturer—Iva Burbank
Steward—Charles Cushman
A. S.—R. V. Liskum
Treasurer—Ralph Ranney
Secretary—Ursula Crawford
Gatekeeper—Rouben Murphy
Chaplain—Sadie Murphy
Flora—Nathalie Liskum
Ceres—Minnie Crawford
Pomona—Ruth Nice
L. A. S.—Nina Kiser
I. D.—James Keat

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to return thanks to our friends and old-time neighbors for sympathy and many acts of kindness during the funeral services of our husband and father.

MRS. CHAS. FAIRCHILD,
MR. and MRS. JOHN HANSON,
MR. and MRS. YORGAN HANSON.

CARPET CARPET

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

If your Stomach, Heart, or Kidneys are weak, try at least, a few doses only of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. In five or ten days only, the result will surprise you. A few cents will cover the cost. And here is why help comes so quickly. Dr. Shoop doesn't drug the stomach, nor stimulate the heart or kidneys. Dr. Shoop's Restorative goes directly to the weak and ailing nerves. Each organ has its own controlling nerve. When these nerves fail, the depending organs, must of necessity falter. This plain, yet vital truth, clearly tells why Dr. Shoop's Restorative is so universally successful. Its success is leading druggists everywhere to give it universal preference. A test will surely tell. Sold by James Gidley.

To the Ladies of East Jordan:

Please call and examine our line of goods before purchasing elsewhere.

We have a nice line of goods to show you, clean, up-to-date stock in every department.

All goods marked down 20 to 30 per cent.

All WASH GOODS—madras, dimities, batiste, lawns, cotton challies, gingham, percales, muslins, and German calicoes, 20 per cent off.

DRY GOODS—panamas, serges, voiles, melrose, broadcloth, pecilians, and all the cheaper grades of dress goods at 25 percent off.

All Suits, Ladies', Misses', and Children's Coats at 30 per cent off until all are sold.

B. C. Hubbard & Co.

The Boston Store's Gigantic Money-Raising Sale

Is now on and will continue for one week more.

We invite you to call and see for yourselves the marvelous bargains we are offering in ever line of our big stock.

A. DANTO, Prop'r

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.

Real Tailoring

Is what we give you—no bluff. Would you rather wear clothes that are chopped out and put together by machinery or wear those made by hand throughout by a real tailor. Give us a call and we will demonstrate what real tailoring is.

A. W. FREIBERG.



Dr. F. P. Ramsey

Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.

OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK,
East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

A. E. Carlisle

General Dray and Baggage.

Wood Delivered. Household Goods Carefully Handled.
Fishing Parties a Specialty.
Phone 174. East Jordan, Mich.

Lemieux & Lancaster

GENERAL Blacksmithing and Carriage Work.
HORSE SHOEING a Specialty.
All Work Guaranteed, our Patronage Respectfully Solicited State of East Jordan.

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.

If you buy your ties, shirts, collars, socks, handkerchiefs, underwear, and all furnishings of us, you will make no mistake. Attractive values.

The FAIR STORE

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

Old Man Hornbeck's Conversion

BY C. E. G. PEABODY

(Copyright, by Short-story Pub. Co.)

It was in the spring of the year, and the wild flowers were running riot over the mesas as only the wild flowers of California can when once coaxed out by the warm spring rains. The wash, usually nothing but a sloussy streak of gleaming sand and rocky boulders, was now raised, by the melting snows in the mountains, to the dignity of a turbulent river. Hobbiling along the road like a gigantic grasshopper with the rheumatism came Seth Lane, a moving blot upon a peaceful landscape.

"Blid rollin' in the mud," said old Seth as, mud-encased, he paused before Welch and apologetically mopped his leathery face with a piece of flour sacking which, owing to the old man's rigid sense of economy, did duty for a handkerchief.

"So I see," said Welch, severely. "It would seem to me that an old man like—"

"Bin biddin' old man Hornbeck good-by," interrupted Lane, blandly. "He's bin livin' down there by the bend near the wash."

"On the claylands?" asked Welch, absently.

"Yes, on them claylands," chuckled the old man. "He kin up here about four months ago from the Downey country, where he had been raisin' hogs an' alfalfa, an' doin' well, too. But he thought he wasn't makin' money fast enough, so he kin up here in the citrus belt, where he could git rich in a hurry. I rather liked Hornbeck when he first kin here, 'cause he was so straightforward an' honest. Why, he is the only man I ever trusted in my life to buy my terbacker! There kin a time, however, when I had my faith somewhat shattered in him. But here I am tryin' to hush my punks when I ain't even planted the seed yet; so I'll git back where the trail starts, an' commence right!"

"You see, Hornbeck, he kin up here lookin' for an orange ranch an' Newby got hold of him. An' when Newby gits hold of a man you kin bet that somebody is gittin' experience an' that it ain't Newby. When that man Newby comes around me walkin' on his toes like a cat, an' smellin' of hair oil an' cussedness, I always feel like holdin' my nose an' yellin' 'polecat!' He was an undertaker before the boom struck the country, an' then he went into the real estate business, jes' like everybody else he didn't git ashamed of it an' quit when the boom busted, but hung on like the toothache when you are 40 miles from a jawsmith! An' when the little church, that you kin see down there by them blue gums, got so poor that they couldn't afford to hire a preacher, Newby volunteered to fill the pulpit for what he could find on the plate. That wasn't much, but it gave him a certain genteel standin' an' that was what he was after."

"Well, Newby nosed out Hornbeck just like a dog does a rat, an' the text thing I heard was that he had sold Hornbeck his ten-acre ranch down near the wash for \$5,000, which was highway robbery. Hornbeck hadn't been here long before he commenced to look thoughtful, as if he was doin' a heap of thinkin', an' I saw right away that he had something on his mind. I had a pretty good idea what it was, too, for he wasn't the first man to see a great light in this settlement."

"Seth," said he one day to me, "is that man Newby honest?"

"Well, said I, 'I saw Newby's grandmother yesterday an' she still had her false teeth! But then she knew Newby before she had any use for false teeth, an' I suppose she knows enough now to keep her mouth shut when Newby is around. If it wasn't for that, I'm bettin' that Newby would have them teeth!"

"I asked him," said Hornbeck, with a grin, "if them orange trees was all avarice!" an' he said they was."

"So they be," said I, with a chuckle, "but did Newby say anything about them bein' Australians trimmed in to look like the Washington navel?"

"An' I asked him if the water right was a good one!" shouted Hornbeck, "an' he said that it was just as good a right as my neighbor had, and that he'd raise ducks!"

"So he does," said I, "but did Newby say anything about them ducks bein' Pekins, what git along better with out water?"

"Seth," said he, kinder solemn-like, "all the money that I have is in this ranch, an' I can't afford to lose it."

"Hornbeck," says I, "you're stuck, an' there ain't no use denyin' it. Everybody around here knows it but you, an' it was time that you was grappin' the situation! Newby has bin tryin' to unhook that claybank on some one for the last ten years! Now there ain't but one thing for you to do. You can't expect to stay on this ranch an' make a livin'. You'd have to put more in it than you could ever dream of takin' out. Now what you want to do is to slick this place up, put a gilt-edge polish on it an' sell out to the first tenderfoot sucker that comes along."

"But I can't do that," said he. "I never beat a man in my life, an' I'm too old to commence now."

"Well, about two weeks later I saw Hornbeck again, an' he drew me aside an' said:

"I've bin thinkin' the matter over, Seth, an' I've about come to the conclusion that I have been denyin' myself the consolation of religion in my old age."

"Well, I laughed, an' laughed, an' laughed, an' then I commenced an' laughed all over again, for Hornbeck had a reputation for free thinkin' that had followed him and extended over three counties."

"What's the joke?" said I, thinkin' that the real laugh was yet to come.

"There ain't no joke," said he, as solemn as an owl. "I've seen the error of my ways, an' henceforth I walk the straight and narrow way."

"Well," said I, "if you hold on to that ranch you will need all the religion you can git!"

"Well, sir, in spite of what he said to prepare me for what he knew would be an awful shock, you could have knocked me down with a feather when I heard that he had been to church. You never saw such a change come over a man in your life as came over Hornbeck when he got religion. Before that he would laugh an' joke an' tell a funny story with the best of us. But now he went around with his mouth droopin' down like a rainy moon, an' he had a way of lookin' at you an' shakin' his head an' groanin', an' then walkin' on, that made you feel like askin' who was dead. Next to Newby he was the biggest walkin' tombstone around here, an' I saw that Newby was gittin' a little nervous for fear that Hornbeck was after his job."

"Well, one Sunday I was comin' along the road, havin' bin huntin', when I met Hornbeck an' Newby on their way home from church. "Seth," said Hornbeck, "we are about to feed the inner man after a feast of the soul down at the church under the beautiful guidance of Brother Newby. Will you fine us, an' while we eat chicken listen to the beautiful thoughts that flow so gently from the lips of our dear friend an' brother?"

"Well, that word chicken caught me, an' I went along. Mrs. Hornbeck has a reputation for cookin', an' I knew I would be taken care of; besides I saw that Newby didn't want me along, so I went just to spite him. Well, sir, Hornbeck was very quiet during the meal, and looked as if he had something on his mind that was worryin' him. When the meal was over he turned to Newby, and said:

"Brother, I have had a terrible weight upon my soul ever since I fined the church an' saw the blessed light, an' I fear for the welfare of a dear friend of mine. I know he means all right now, no matter what his intentions may have been in the past; but he is in doubt how to make the proper retribution. Some time ago this man discovered gold on the land of another. Now, instead of makin' his discovery known to the owner, he concealed the fact an' bought the land for what it was worth for farmin' purposes."

"I saw Newby set up with a sudden start an' turn kinder green an' white around his gills. But I didn't know at that time that Hornbeck had dropped a gold nugget on the plate that mornin' at church. "Was it wrong for him to secure this land with the secret knowledge that he possessed?" asked Hornbeck, leanin' forward an' lookin' at Newby anxiously.

"Wrong?" gasped Newby, holdin' up his hands in horror, "why he will be lost forever unless he allows the poor man he robbed at least a portion of his ill-gotten gains!"

"I'm in doubt, in doubt!" said Hornbeck, with a groan.

"He's lost if he doesn't!" exclaimed Newby.

"He's a dern fool if he does," said I. "Well, sir, for more'n four weeks every time that Newby would send the plate around Hornbeck would groan an' drop a gold nugget on it. An' every time that he done it Newby would twist and squirm an' try to look pleasant, but he made a mighty poor job of it. I'm hanged if I didn't git in the habit of goin' to church every Sunday just to see Newby squirm."

"Well, I saw the whole thing then, just as plain as day. Hornbeck had discovered gold on the Newby ranch before he bought it. It didn't surprise me much, for it lays up agin the mountains, an' I've always said that they would find gold around there somewhere. But what tickled me was the fact that Hornbeck was cute enough to keep it hid an' git Newby to let the place go under the impression that he was sellin' it to a sucker. Well, sir, when I really grasped the situation I laughed till I thought I would bust! An' every time I saw Newby I would hold my sides an' laugh agin. An' then Newby would shake his head an' groan, an' then pass on like a man goin' to his own funeral. But what worried me was Hornbeck gittin' religion, for when a man gits religion as bad as Hornbeck did there is no tellin' where he is goin' to break out at. I saw that Newby's game was to work upon Hornbeck up till he made him think that it was his duty to give the ranch back, an' I couldn't see no way of headin' him off, for every time that I tried to speak to Hornbeck about it, and tell him not to make a fool of himself, he would commence groanin' an' keep it up till I left him in disgust."

"Well, sir, the way that Newby went at Hornbeck was beautiful to see. He preached a series of powerful sermons on 'The Curse of Wealth,' 'Legal Dishonesty' an' 'Moral Theft,' an' every one of them was aimed straight at Hornbeck, who would twist an' squirm

around on his seat. An' never one did he miss droppin' a gold nugget to the plate, an' once when the sermon was extra powerful I saw him drop two.

"Well, yesterday Hornbeck looked me up an' asked me to come up an' take dinner with him; Newby would be there, he said.

"All right," said I, "I'll come to oblige you; besides, it would be a shame if you had to throw away any of that chicken!"

"Well, sir, what I saw an' heard there nearly took away my appetite for chicken. We hadn't got more'n a fairly started before Newby commenced to worry Hornbeck by insinuatin' that his mansion in the skies had a mortgage on it, an' that it would be just as well to lift it before he moved in. I set right across from Hornbeck, an' I managed to git in one good kick on his shins, but he kept them out of the way after that, an' I had to set there an' eat chicken, powerless to help myself. Well, finally Hornbeck broke down an' commenced sobbin' like a child, while I felt like wringin' that miserable Newby's neck. I made up my mind that I would do it too, just as soon as the chicken was all gone!"

"Oh, brother, brother," sobbed Hornbeck, "if I hadn't found it! If I hadn't found it! If I could only git down to the Downey country an' spend the rest of my life workin' among them poor lost souls down there, I might be almost happy an' forget the dark, dark page of my life! Oh, if I hadn't found it! If I hadn't found it!"

"Well, now that you have found it," said I, in disgust, "you had better hang on to it."

"Why don't you go down to the Downey country an' carry the light to the poor lost souls?" asked Newby, watchin' Hornbeck as a dog does a rat.

"I can't," he groaned. "This ranch hangs like a millstone around my neck! If I was only free I would gladly go."

"Brother," said Newby, as if struck by a sudden thought, "why not sell the ranch? I would buy it myself if I thought it would further the blessed cause of religion."

"Brother," sobbed Hornbeck, seizin' hold of Newby's hand an' wringin' it, "if you would it would make me the happiest man on the face of the earth! I feel it in my heart that it should belong to you of all persons!"

"About the price, brother?" asked Newby, with a purr of satisfaction.

"Well," said Hornbeck, with a deep sigh, "I gave you \$5,000 for it, you know, an' I have made some improvements. Say \$5,500, an' I will be free to move to the Downey country an' save souls."

"See here, Hornbeck," I began, when Newby cut me short.

"You're a man of sin!" said he piously.

"I'll give you \$6,000, Hornbeck!" I shouted.

"Seth," said he, earnestly, "I would prefer to have this ranch pass into the hands of a godly man. If you would fine the church, an'—"

"I'll give you—"

"Draw up the papers, brother," said he, turnin' sadly to Newby, "the tempter is abroad an' I may fall!"

"Well, sir, I'm durned if that miserable Newby didn't have a deed all ready drawn with the exception of the price! I grabbed my hat an' was leavin' in disgust when Hornbeck asked me to remain an' take his acknowledgment. I'm a justice of the peace, you know. I refused at first, but he said he would give me a dollar if I would, an' as I knew that it would be my only chance to git any of the derned fool's money I consented."

"For the last time, Hornbeck," said I, as I took up the pen, "I'll give you—"

"You're a man of sin!" groaned Newby.

"Turn from thy evil ways an' see the blessed light!" groaned Hornbeck, in turn.

"That settled it! I took the dern addle-pated, idiot's acknowledgement, an' fled."

"Well, this mornin' I went up to bid him good-by an' collect the dollar that he owed me. I wasn't any too soon, for Hornbeck, with all his household goods loaded on a lumber wagon, was just turnin' on the main road on his way for Downey."

"Seth," said he, as we shook hands, "fine the church! There's more in it than you have any idea of. Giddap!"

"No, thank-ee," said I; "I've seen too many horrible examples to do, likewise!"

"Just then Newby come runnin' up, all out of breath.

"Brother Hornbeck! Brother Hornbeck!" he cried in his thin, squaky voice.

"Whoa!" said Hornbeck, pullin' in his horses; and then seein' who it was, he said:

"Good-by, brother, put thy faith in the Lord an' be happy! Giddap!"

"But, Brother Hornbeck! Brother Hornbeck!" cried Newby, runnin' alongside of the wagon, "what was it—that is—you know—what was it you found?"

"Found that I had been beat, you miserable scoundrel!" roared Hornbeck, "Giddap!"

"Well, sir, when it dawned upon me that Hornbeck had been simply workin' Newby to unload the ranch upon him, I fell right down in the middle of the road an' rolled an' laughed, an' laughed an' rolled. That's how I kin be so mucky. An' while it ain't for me to criticize, not bein' a church member in regular standin', it did seem to me that Newby, when he stood there in the middle of the road shakin' his fist at the disappearin' Hornbeck, used language that was not becomin' for a man who is supposed to administer to the spiritual welfare of the people in this here settlement!"

The Hand-Writing on the Wall

Daniel the Prophet Interprets it for King Belshazzar.

BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

(Copyright, 1904, by the Author, W. B. Mason.)

Scripture authority—Book of Daniel, Chapter 5.

Analysis of Book of Daniel.—The book of Daniel consists of two distinct volumes, the prophecies of the latter being synchronous with some of the historical events narrated in the former: e. g. the first vision occurred in the first year of Belshazzar (B. C. 605); the second in 552; the third in the first year of Darius (539); the last in the third year of Cyrus (534). The historical part (Chapters 2-4) is in Chaldee; the prophetic in Hebrew. In the former Daniel is spoken of in the third person, in the latter in the first. The book is generally divided into two nearly equal parts. The first of these (3-6) contains chiefly historical incidents while the second (7-12) is entirely apocalyptic. This division, however, takes no account of the difference of language, nor of the change of person at the beginning of Chapter 8. It seems better to divide the book into three parts. The first chapter forms an introduction. The next six chapters (2 to 7) give a general view of the progressive history of the powers of the world, and of the principles of the Divine government as seen in the events of the life of Daniel. The remainder of the book (8 to 12) traces in minutest detail the fortunes of the people of God.

SERMONETTE.

"Weighed and found wanting!"—Tragic words these.

They mark a culmination of a career.

The period of testing has passed, and now the judgment.

The destiny of a life is not determined by one act.

The sum total of a life is made up of the progressive deeds which step by step lead up to the logical and inevitable conclusion.

The Belshazzar we see at that magnificent feast in which deliberate and studied affront is given to the true God, is the Belshazzar who has been evolved from years of voluptuousness and godless pleasures.

Great light had shone upon him; great privileges had been his to improve, but he had chosen the base things and turned away from the light; and behold, at last, the life goes out in the blackness of a night of ignominy and shame.

He had lived in contact day by day with the man of God, Daniel, who held such exalted place in his father's kingdom. He had witnessed the judgment upon his father because he had dishonored God, and he had heard his father the king acknowledge the majesty and power of the true God when at last he was restored to his right mind again and given back his throne.

But, deaf to all that Daniel might say, and blind to all that might have convinced him of the error of his ways, he plunged on in his downward course until at last the judgment day came. He was put into God's balances and "found wanting."

God is weighing men to-day. Day after day. Week after week. Month after month. Year after year the process of building the life goes on until at last God weighs in the soul and finds—

—What? Finds what that life has been putting there during the years of stewardship.

We are determining now what God will find when he weighs us in at the last.

May we build with God now in order that we may not be found wanting in that great day of final testing.

THE STORY.

WHO is this Daniel whose name seems to be upon every one's lips? Thus questioned Darius, the Median king, on that first day after his army had taken possession of Babylon, and he and his chief captains were seeking to restore order and quiet to the city. One by one, as the lords and chief men of the city had been brought before him that he might question them and learn of the affairs of the city, the name of Daniel had been repeatedly mentioned, until at last Darius had asked the question with which our story opens, and before those about him could make answer he broke out with a second question, saying:

"Was he the chief adviser of King Belshazzar?"

"Nay, he had been great in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, father of Belshazzar, but when the son came to the throne he set Daniel aside," replied one of the Chaldean lords who was present at the time.

"But how is it that they say he is now wearing the scarlet robes of royalty, as though he were ruler in the land?" asked Darius, impatiently.

"It was only last night, my lord, that such honor was conferred upon him," was the reply.

"On such a night and such an occasion?" echoed Darius, in astonishment. "It doth not commend the man to my esteem. Belshazzar hath miserably perished amidst the gorgeous scenes of his wicked revelry. Why escaped the man whom the king delighted to honor on such occasion?"

"But the king does not understand, else he would not so speak," ventured the man, half fearfully, lest his boldness of speech might offend the king.

"Nay, do I need to understand more

than to know that this Daniel was in favor with Belshazzar?" he asked, with a certain menace in his voice.

"But he was not in favor with Belshazzar because he spoke good concerning the king, but ill, for he did tell of thy coming, and behold thou art already in possession of the city," replied the man earnestly.

"A soothsayer?" questioned Darius, with growing interest.

"Nay, more," exclaimed the man, "a prophet of the great God, the God of the Hebrews."

"You do interest me. Tell me more."

"It was last night while the king was in the midst of his revelry and was drinking out of the golden vessels which had been brought from the Hebrews' temple at Jerusalem, that a mysterious hand did appear and write on the wall of the banquet hall over against the king. And a great terror fell upon the king and he called for all his wise men to tell him what the hand wrote, but there was none that could do so. Then it was that the king remembered and reminded Belshazzar of Daniel, who years before had told the dreams of Nebuchadnezzar. And in haste was this man Daniel sent for, and the king promised him great honors and riches if he would tell him the meaning of that which the mysterious hand had written upon the wall. And behold he did, and scarcely had this Daniel departed from the banquet hall wearing the scarlet robes and the gold chain which the king had placed upon him when thou and thy army descended upon the palace, and the rest thou dost know, how that Belshazzar and many of his lords who attempted to escape were slain and now the city is in thy hands, even as this Daniel said should come to pass."

Darius was silent for many minutes after the man had ceased speaking deep in thought.

"A hand writing on the wall," he repeated, as though to himself. "The gods of the Medes were never known to do this."

Then, looking up, Darius asked:

"Did this Daniel claim that it was his God who had put forth his hand and written upon the wall?"

"Yea, he did charge King Belshazzar with wickedly and willfully dishonoring the true God of heaven and declared that the handwriting on the wall was God's judgment upon him telling him plainly that God had weighed him in his balances and had found him wanting and that the kingdom had been given to the Medes and the Persians."

"Wonderful!" ejaculated King Darius, in amazement. "And why did not Belshazzar keep such a man as one of the counsellors of his kingdom?"

With a deprecating shrug of the shoulders the man made reply as follows:

"While Belshazzar was a mere strippling Daniel was serving in the court of his father, and in the prophet's solicitude for the affairs of the kingdom he sought to exert a right influence over the young prince and to shield him from the corrupting influences with which the court life was surrounded. This the young prince resented, for he was a strong-willed boy, and when he came to the throne he forced this man Daniel into retirement and had quite forgotten his existence until the incidents of last night called him forth."

"I would know this man Daniel," exclaimed the king. "Let him be brought hither."

With an intensity which marked the inner workings of his inmost heart, Darius watched the tall, stately figure as it entered the room and advanced toward him in response to his beckoning hand. He never could forget that face. Those deep-set eyes, that high forehead, the firm lines about the mouth. Jew it was plain to see he was and, despite the natural prejudices which he held against that race, there was an expression in that face and depth of meaning in those eyes which held him and won him. This was the man who could tell dreams and read mysterious writings, he thought to himself. And then aloud he asked:

"Thou art Daniel?"

"Thou hast said."

"Thy robes speak of regal authority?" Darius next said, as he let his eyes move from the face of the man before him to the scarlet robe he still wore.

"Belshazzar caused it to be put upon me," was the quiet response.

"A thing which would not commend thee to me," ejaculated Darius, "had I not heard of the handwriting on the wall, and of thy interpretation thereof in the name of thy God. Now the authority and honor with which Belshazzar did clothe thee I declare unto thee shall in truth be thine if thou wilt but serve me."

"I will," was the quiet response of Daniel.

A Woman's Apathy.

It is unquestionably true that one of the greatest obstacles in the woman's path of industrial progress has been her own apathy. She is reproached by the men in her trade for her lack of interest in trade unionism; she is reproached by the philanthropist for her lack of ambition—her seeming willingness to remain unskilled and underpaid. But in this new movement for the franchise, we have the women who are already in the ranks of the skilled workers, and who have long since proved their capacity for organization taking another great step forward. They have at last learned that their industrial regeneration can come only through their own efforts and the importance of this new spirit of independence, this enlarging of the working woman's sphere of activity to demand a "voice in the laws that regulate her toll," would be difficult to overestimate.—Edith Abbott in September Atlantic.

A VARIETY OF EXPEDIENTS.

Little Sinner Was Providing for Future Emergencies.

Muriel, a five-year-old subject of King Edward VII., has been thought by her parents too young to feel the weight of the rod, and has been ruled by moral suasion alone. But when, the other day, she achieved disobedience three times in five minutes, more vigorous measures were called for, and her mother took an ivory paper-knife from the table and struck her smartly across her little bare legs. Muriel looked astounded. Her mother explained the reason for the blow. Muriel thought deeply for a moment. Then, turning toward the door with a grave and disapproving countenance, she announced in her clear little English voice:

"I'm going up-stairs to fall God about that paper-knife. And I shall tell Jesus. And if that doesn't do, I shall put flannel on my legs!"—Everybody's Magazine.

FACT VERIFIED.



Kid—Say, mister, got change fer five dollars?

Kind Gentleman—Yes, my boy; here it is.

Kid—Thanks, boss; I just wanted to see it. I'd kinder got to thinkin' dere wasn't dat much money in circulation!

ECZEMA ALL OVER HIM.

No Night's Rest for a Year and Limit of His Endurance Scented Near—Owes Recovery to Cuticura.

"My son Clyde was almost completely covered with eczema. Physicians treated him for nearly a year without helping him any. His head, face, and neck were covered with large scabs which he would rub until they fell off. Thick blood and matter would run out and that would be worse. Friends coming to see him said that if he got well he would be disgraced for life. When it seemed as if he could possibly stand it no longer, I used some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. That was the first night for nearly a year that he slept in the morning there was a great change for the better. In about six weeks he was perfectly well. Our leading physician recommends Cuticura for eczema. Mrs. Alex. Cockburn, Shiloh, O., June 11, 1907."

The Family Skeleton. Visitor—By George! But you've added a great many beautiful volumes to your library since I was here last. Must cost something, old man?

Mr. Meeker—On the level, Bill, I'm on the verge of bankruptcy buying souvenir post card albums and book-case sections to hold them.—Puck.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, kills pain, cures wind colic. A bottle.

It's awfully hard for a crooked man to keep in the straight path.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE" that is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. BOYD. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 2c.

Work is only done well when it is done with a will.—Ruskin.

This woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved her life. Read her letter.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For years I suffered with the worst forms of female complaints, continually doctoring and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave to-day. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

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This woman says Lydia E. Pink

Two Costumes



The costume at the left is violet satin finished cloth. The blouse is trimmed in an odd way with bands of the material, buttons and straps of cord. The plastron and sash are of black liberty, the latter knotted low in front with fringed ends.

The wrist ruffles and those on the blouse are of lace, as is also the little guimpe. The plain skirt is simply finished at the bottom with rows of stitching.

Green velvet is used for the other costume. The blouse, with lapped tailor seams, crossed slightly in front where it is ornamented with passementerie buttons. The wide revers are also ornamented with these buttons and with motifs of passementerie. The crossed waistcoat is of tan-colored satin, trimmed with cord and embroidered dots. The chemisette is of dotted tulle, the girdle is of green liberty. The long sleeves and the skirt are trimmed to correspond with the blouse.

PARTY DRESS OF VELVETEEN.

Rich Costume Designed for Girl of from Fourteen to Sixteen Years.

There are so many beautiful shades in velveteen that it is difficult to know which to select; the skirt of this is quite plain; it is a circular shape. The velveteen is arranged in one deep fold over each shoulder, and smaller folds form the sleeve. The



vest is of finely tucked soft silk and insertion, and the under-sleeves are the same; the waist-band is shaped and cut in scallops in the front, buttoning over.

Materials required: 10 yards velveteen, 6 yards insertion, 1 yard silk, 36 inches wide.

The Smart Scarfs.

Just at the present moment the silks being used for the manufacture of the smartest scarfs have patterns which would seem to owe their inspiration to various phases of nature. Fruits and flowers figure very largely in the designs now as do all sorts of flowering plants and vines. The newest scarfs of this type show another phase of nature in their design. They have round balls of color suggesting suns crossed by fleecy clouds. As the majority of these scarfs are made of gray brocade, the cloud effect is perfectly apparent. One had red "suns," while dark blues and browns also appear in some of the patterns.

The Little Bertha.

All sorts of berthas are used for trimming the draped bodies of crepe, voile and chiffon cloth gowns. Sometimes these berthas are of broadcloth in a matching tone and embroidered or self-colored silks. Again they are of coarse net soutache, embroidered or appliqued in self or contrasting colors; but in nearly every instance they are shaped like the erstwhile popular jumper—the shoulder straps terminating just below the bust line and at the top extending out over the sleeve. To accompany these berthas there are bandings to finish the sleeve and narrow edges to finish the collar.

ROSES ON ALL WINTER HATS.

Of Every Color and Hue, and the Larger the Better.

Roses of every color and hue, big as cabbages, are smart on winter hats. It is the color that takes. Of course a luxuriant big rose, though of satin and silk and in the shades of pink never to be seen on a real flower, helps to enliven the feelings. A rose that makes one feel positively young and young faces more than ever like flowers themselves.

The ribbon roses which adorn a dressy hat just from Paris are made of many shades of pink satin ribbon in one instance, and in another of curious shades of dead white and greeny white to look like a bride rose.

It may seem folly to pay four dollars for a single artificial rose, yet that is what fashion is doing, and the ribbon roses cost as much if not more.

"The keynote of the year is simple elegance," said the milliner as she carefully extricated a large hat to fit on my head for the reception. Simple elegance.

Truly it looked so. It was a turban, rather large, and over the maline finished frame was folded a point lace scarf with little ermine and sable tails rounding the crown. A narrow twist of vieux bleu supple ribbon gave the color note—that was all. Other turbans—the coming hats—were as superb in scarfs of ottoman silk in rich colors.

Cretonne Bed-Spreads.

The renewal of things Colonial has brought about the fashion for bed-spreads of old world chintz. These substitute the spreads of Marselles. They hang nearly to the floor, are edged with three-inch linen-lace. There is an oblong piece made to match for the pillows. It is always better to use what is known as day pillows under this. They are stuffed with a hard substance and made to stand firm and full.

Fancy Muffs.

Fancy muffs will be a fad of the season, and in them there is a chance for employing all the cleverness in design and needlework that a woman possesses. In a muff brocade and feathers may be most charmingly combined, and a neckpiece to match may be evolved. Black velvet with black ostrich tips can be worked together with astonishingly artistic results, while artificial flowers, either as a substitute or in combination, are lovely.

The Turnover Back.

The very stiff linen collar has fallen into disrepute except for business wear. Softer neck effects are considered desirable, and the sheer, embroidered turnovers are being worn again in combination with fluffy jabots, ruffles and tasseled silk or velvet cravats. Worn thus, the turnover, of course, fastens in front like a linen collar, and the edges are held neatly together by a fancy brooch.

Silk Skirt; Cloth Coat.

Among the best of the new costumes is seen the combination of Ottoman silk and liberty broadcloth. The skirt is of silk, long, flowing, and untrimmed. The coat is also long, of the cloth, and usually has revers of silk.

FACTS ABOUT THE GRAPE LEAF-HOPPER

Insect Pest Which Causes Much Damage in Vineyards—By H. J. Quayle, Assistant Entomologist, California Agricultural College.

The grape leaf-hopper was first named and described by Thomas Say in the year 1825.

Specimens were taken that year from Missouri, and three or four years later it was reported as an important pest of the vine in the state of Massachusetts. Harris in 1841 wrote the first complete account of the insect, and fully appreciated the injury caused by it, and ever since that time it has occupied a very important place in the literature of grape insects in this country. Harris' account of the insect remained the standard for a long while, and no very thorough work was done on the life history of the insect until it was undertaken by Slingerland in 1901. In California it has been reported as a pest of the vine since 1875.

With the exception of the phylloxera, the vine hopper is undoubtedly the most destructive insect pest of the vine in sections where it has gained any foothold. Vineyardists in California are particularly concerned about it, for each year in some parts of the state it occurs in very great numbers, and in such sections it levies a heavy tax upon the vineyard interests. To give expression to this loss in money value, for example, in one vineyard of about 1,000 acres near Madera, the owner estimated that the damage done last year by hoppers would aggregate about \$10,000.

The grape leaf-hopper belongs to the class of injurious insects that obtain their food by sucking the juices from the plant. Scale insects and plant lice are other well-known pests belonging to this same general group, which obtain their food in much the same way that the mosquito sucks our blood. The sharp-pointed beak or proboscis of the hopper is thrust into the tissues of the grape leaf, and the liquid parts extracted therefrom. The feeding is done mostly on the underside of the leaf, and those leaves around the base of the vine are the ones first attacked.

The first indication of their work is a mottled appearance of the leaf, due to the pale spots formed wherever the



Experimental Vine Used in the Laboratory for Obtaining Data on the Life History of the Hopper. Cages Used for Confining the Insects Are Shown on the Leaves.

beak has been inserted and the green parts taken out. As the feeding continues these spots become more numerous, and this pale yellow color spreads over the entire surface; and finally the leaf turns brown and drops off. This injury has been observed as early as April or May, and thus the vine from the very beginning of the season is prevented from making its normal growth. As the hoppers increase in numbers the injury increases with the advancement of the season. In midsummer quite a large area about the crown of the vine will show all the leaves pale colored or completely dried up, and, in severe cases, the entire vine is thus affected. This drying up and dropping off of the leaves allows the sun to have free access to the fruit and may cause sunburn. We have seen the fruit thus exposed and badly sunburned as early as the middle of June. The falling off of the leaves prematurely also prevents the berry from maturing properly, since it is in the leaves of the plant that the sugar of the berry is manufactured. The grape thus loses much of its flavor and sweetness, and likewise the characteristic coloring, which is so desirable in certain table varieties, is not attained. The fruit, furthermore, is badly smutted by the exudations of the insects, and this serves as a harboring place for the collection of dust and dirt, and for the growth of fungi. The dropping of the leaves or any interference with their normal functions likewise has its effect on the growth of the wood of the vine. The canes fail to ripen normally for the next year's wood, and many of the buds fail to develop in the following spring. The vine may thus be more or less permanently stunted in growth, and even killed

in severe cases of grape leaf-hopper injury.

The grape leaf-hopper (*Typhlocyba cotnes Say*) is a widely distributed native American insect occurring in the United States practically wherever the vine is grown. It is frequently notably injurious in the grape belts of New York and Ohio, as well as other less important grape sections in this country. In Europe this species is replaced by two other related species, *Typhlocyba flavescens* and *Typhlocyba viticola*. The former seems to



Adult Grape Leaf Hopper Just Emerged.

be the more injurious of the two, and occurs throughout all of temperate Europe and northern Africa, while the latter is confined mostly to Italy and the neighboring islands.

The most satisfactory control method tried during the past two years was the use of the screen cage. This was found to capture about 85 to 95 per cent of the adult hoppers at a time in the spring before any eggs are deposited.

Spraying for the nymphs about June 1, or just before the spring brood becomes mature, will kill a satisfactory percentage of the nymphs or young, but will not kill many adults, or prevent eggs, which are present at this time, from hatching later. If the cage method has not been used, or satisfactorily operated, spraying for the nymphs will very materially aid in reducing the numbers of the spring generation.

Plowing or other farm practices cannot be relied upon, but when such measures are generally practiced throughout a neighborhood, they may aid in reducing the numbers somewhat.

THE CARE OF FERNS

Most ferns, especially those offered in greenhouses, are shade-loving. Their native homes are in canyons, or under trees in moist places, where the air is quiet, and their fronds are not disturbed. Many of them are from tropical countries and quite a number have originated in greenhouses, either as sports or from spores, as their seeds are called. Adiantums, or maiden-hair ferns, are more difficult to manage in the house, because they will not long survive the dry air of rooms, owing to the extreme delicacy and small size of their pinnae, which are sometimes almost as delicate as gauze. They are sensitive to dryness of the air, though they will often do well in shaded places outside, in lath houses, or shady verandas, and only the few succeed with them in the house. Many other kinds are admirably suited for house culture; among the different varieties of Nephrolepis, of which the Boston fern is one, the Asplenium Belangeri, Woodwardia, a native California fern, and Dicksonia Antarctica.

Ferns should not be placed in halls or situations exposed to draughts. They require great care in watering. People often think they have watered their plants when the water has only gone over the surface and around the sides of the pots, the center of the ball being still quite dry. This is especially the case when the pots are filled with roots. It is necessary that the ball should be thoroughly soaked. There is no regular rule as to the time for watering. Plants in vigorous growth require more frequent watering. Evaporation, also, has much to do with it. On dry, warm days, when evaporation is great, water may be needed twice a day, while if the air is cool and moist, two or three days might intervene without water. A healthy, vigorous plant absorbs much water, while a delicate one can absorb but little. The soil should be examined always, and if dry, watered; if not, refrain from watering. A dry pot, if tapped, gives a hollow sound like a ripe watermelon, while one that is wet gives a dull, heavy sound that indicates moisture.

When leaves shrivel and turn yellow, the soil has been too dry; if they turn yellow without shriveling, it indicates too much water has been given. In either case, the roots have been absorbed and lost their power of absorption.



EVIDENCE.
"Is your friend Uthman a vegetarian?"
"I believe he is."
"What makes you think so? Have you ever dined at his house?"
"No, but I smoked one or two of his cigars."

An Encouraging Average.
"I have been looking over my financial operations," said Mr. Esigo. "I must say they are more successful than usual."
"Have you been making large profits?"
"No. I don't expect anything like that."
"But you say you were successful?"
"Comparatively successful. During the month I have loaned money to five friends, and only three of them have quit speaking to me."

Sympathetic Envy.
"You seem to speak of birds with a sort of sympathetic envy," said the court official.
"Yes," answered the poet laureate; "I do envy the birds. You see, there are certain seasons of the year when they are protected by the game laws from ruthless attack."

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

Ponderous.
"Do that orator's opinions carry any weight?" asked one statesman.
"They ought to," answered the other. "They are heavy enough."

Worth Its Weight in Gold.
PETER'S EYE SALVE strengthens old eyes, tonic for eye strain, weak, watery eyes. Druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Each hour has its lesson and its life; and if we miss this we shall not find its lesson in another.—King.
FILES 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, 60c.

This would be a brighter world if the people who can't sing wouldn't.
Those Tired, Aching Feet of Yours need Allen's Foot-Powder. See at your Druggist's. Write A. S. Unstead, Le Roy, N. Y., for sample.
It's a bad thing to be known as a "good thing."



W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 52, 1908.

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PISO'S CURE

A TEARING TERRIBLE COUGH

bespeaks impending peril. Constant coughing irritates and inflames the lungs, leaving the ravaging attacks of deadly disease. PISO'S CURE soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces, clears the clogged air passages and stops the cough. The first dose will bring surprising relief. PISO'S CURE has held the confidence of people everywhere for half a century. No matter how serious and obstinate the nature of your cold, or how many remedies have failed, you can be convinced by a fair trial that the ideal remedy for such conditions is PISO'S CURE.

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"The Last Best West"

The government of Canada now gives to every acquirer of 160 acres of wheat-growing land free and an additional 160 acres at \$3.00 an acre. The 300,000 contented American settlers making their homes in Western Canada is the best evidence of the superiority of that country. They are becoming rich, growing from 25 to 30 bushels wheat to the acre; 60 to 120 bushels oats and 45 to 60 bushels barley, besides having splendid herds of cattle raised on the prairie grass. Dairying is an important industry.

The crop of 1908 still keeps Western Canada in the lead. The world will soon look to it as its food-producer.

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

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

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

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Kemp's Balsam

Will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the best cough cure. You cannot afford to take chances on any other kind.

KEMP'S BALSAM cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip, asthma and consumption in first stages.

It does not contain alcohol, opium, morphine, or any other narcotic, poisonous or harmful drug.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve bile from the system. Indigestion and too hearty eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Refuse Substitutes.

PLANTEN'S C & C BLACK CAPSULES

KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS RELIABLE

SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR URINARY DISCHARGES ETC. DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 50c. H. PLANTEN & SON 55 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes its luxuriant growth. Never falls out. Restores Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures itching scalp, dandruff, itching humors, etc. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

YOUR HID TANNED

HIDES make fine, warm robes. We are the oldest house doing this kind of work. Are responsible, and know how. Write for prices. THE WORTHINGTON & ALGER CO., Hillsdale, Mich.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

Semi-Annual CLEARANCE SALE Will Begin Jan. 7

Entire Stock Under Final Clearance

This Annual Bargain Event is looked for by many of our customers who realize that it is money in their pockets to wait for this Sale. We have the reputation of doing exactly as we advertise. Give this your careful attention. We cannot quote prices on everything but this Sale includes the entire stock.



MEN'S CLOTHING

Suits	
Mens \$18.00 Suits at \$13.79	
16.50 " " 12.38	
15.00 " " 11.39	
12.50 " " 9.38	
10.00 " " 7.48	
8.00 " " 5.98	
Boys' and Children's Suits	
\$8.00 values going at \$5.98	
6.50 " " 4.88	
5.00 " " 3.75	
4.00 " " 2.98	
3.00 " " 2.28	
2.50 " " 1.89	
2.00 " " 1.49	
Overcoats	
Mens and Boys' Overcoats, in all sizes and latest in style, all going at	
1-4 Off.	

MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS and Wool Shirts

\$2.25 values going at \$1.69	
1.75 " " 1.55	
1.25 " " .98	
1.00 " " .70	
.50 " " .38	
Hats and Caps	
\$3.00 values going at \$2.25	
2.50 " " 1.88	
2.00 " " 1.45	
1.50 " " 1.18	
1.00 " " .77	
.75 " " .57	
.50 " " .38	
Men's and Boys' Caps	
\$1.00 values going at .75	
.50 " " .38	
.25 " " .18c	
Collars	
Mens and Boys' Linen Col- lars, 10c each or 3 for 25c	

Men's Shoes

\$4.00 values going at \$2.98	
3.50 " " 2.63	
3.00 " " 2.23	
2.50 " " 1.89	
2.00 " " 1.49	
1.75 " " 1.38	
1.50 " " 1.19	
Ladies' Shoes	
\$3.50 values going at \$2.72	
3.00 " " 2.23	
2.50 " " 1.88	
2.00 " " 1.49	
1.75 " " 1.38	
1.50 " " 1.19	
Children's Shoes	
\$2.25 values going at \$1.69	
1.75 " " 1.38	
1.50 " " 1.19	
1.25 " " .98	
1.00 " " .79c	

Infants' Shoes

75c values are going at 58c	
50c " " 38c	
25c " " 19c	
15c " " 11c	
Men's, Ladies' and Children's Rubbers and Overshoes, at Cost.	
Umbrellas	
\$3.25 Umbrellas at \$1.98	
2.00 Umbrellas at 1.49	
1.50 Umbrellas at 1.19	
1.00 Umbrellas at .79	
Men's Gloves and Mittens	
Wool and Kid	
\$1.25 values are going at 99c	
1.00 " " 78c	
.50 " " 38c	
.25 " " 19c	

Furs

\$6.00 values going at \$4.49	
5.50 " " 3.98	
5.00 " " 3.58	
4.50 " " 3.18	
4.00 " " 2.78	
3.50 " " 2.38	
3.00 " " 1.98	
2.50 " " 1.58	
2.00 " " 1.17	
1.50 " " .77	
1.00 " " .37	
Muffs at a correspondingly low price.	
Children's Furs and Mitts at Cost.	
Bearskin Bonnets	
\$1.50 values going at \$1.15	
1.00 " " .75	
.50 " " .35	
.35 " " .23	
Yarns	
of all kinds and in all colors at very low prices.	

Ladies' Waists

\$8.00 values going at \$5.98	
7.50 " " 5.89	
6.00 " " 4.89	
5.50 " " 4.39	
5.00 " " 3.89	
4.50 " " 3.39	
4.00 " " 2.89	
3.50 " " 2.39	
3.00 " " 1.89	
2.50 " " 1.39	
2.25 " " 1.29	
2.00 " " 1.19	
1.75 " " .99	
1.50 " " .79	
1.25 " " .59	
1.00 " " .39	
.75 " " .19	
.50 " " .09	
.25 " " .09	
We have waists in all colors and materials.	
Ladies' Dress Skirts	
\$10.50 value, in voile, black and white, goes at \$7.79	
\$6.50 value Panama, at \$3.98	
6.25 Skirts going at 4.89	
6.00 Skirts going at 4.77	
5.75 Skirts going at 4.68	
5.25 Skirts going at 4.49	
4.50 Skirts going at 3.29	
2.75 Skirts going at 1.80	

LADIES' COATS

\$20.00 values go at \$14.98	
15.50 " " 11.29	
13.50 " " 10.49	
12.50 " " 8.98	
10.75 " " 7.79	
8.00 " " 5.98	
6.75 " " 4.98	
Misses' Coats	
\$10.00 values go at \$6.29	
9.50 " " 6.19	
6.50 " " 4.78	
6.00 " " 3.69	
Children's Coats	
\$6.50 values going at \$4.79	
6.00 " " 3.89	
5.50 " " 3.69	
4.50 " " 2.89	
4.00 " " 2.79	
3.00 " " 1.79	



It Will Pay You to Read This Carefully.

Ruching	
30c value at 22c per yd	
20c " " 19c "	
Collars	
Lace and Silk Collars, —50c value at 38c	
—25c value for 18c	
Laundered Collars, 15c value at only 11c	
Belts	
\$1.00 values at 78c	
.75 " " 58c	
.50 " " 38c	
.25 " " 19c	
.15 " " 11c	
Purses	
\$1.50 values at \$1.19	
1.00 " " .79	
.75 " " .58	
.50 " " .38	
.25 " " .19	

Pins, Etc.	
Pins, per paper, 4c	
Needles, per paper, 4c	
Hooks and Eyes, 4c	
Hatpins, black or white heads, 2 for 1c	
Safety Pins, pr paper 4c	
Pins at 1c per paper.	
Ribbons	
35c values for 28c	
25c values for 19c	
18c values for 12c	
15c values for 11c	
Handkerchiefs	
50c values for 39c	
25c " " 19c	
15c " " 11c	
10c " " 7c	
5c " " 4c	
Embroideries and Laces at cost.	

Elastic	
10c value, 8c per yd.	
8c " " 6 1/2c per yd.	
5c " " 4c "	
2c " " 1c "	
Hose Supporters	
50c values for 39c	
25c values for 19c	
10c values at 8c.	
Combs	
50c value for 39c	
25c value for 19c	
15c value for 11c	
10c value for 7c	
Buttons, Etc.	
15c value for 11c	
10c value for 8c	
8c value for 6c	
5c value for 4c	
8 pairs Shoe laces, 10c	

Underwear and Hosiery

Ladies' Underwear	
\$2.00 wool Union Suits go at \$1.69	
1.00 cotton Union Suits go at 79c	
1.00 woolen Pants, 79c	
1.00 " Suits, 79c	
50c Cotton Pants, 38c	
50c Cotton Vests, 38c	
25c Pants going at 19c	
25c Vests going at 19c	
50c cotton Union Suits going at only 38c	
Children's Underwear	
50c wool garments, 38c	
45c fleeced " 37c	
40c " " 33c	
35c " " 23c	
25c " " 19c	
Children's fleeced union Suits, 50c value, 39c	
Men's and Boys' Underwear	
\$1.00 woolen garments going at 79c	
50c fleeced garment 39c	
Hosiery	
50c ladies' wool hose 39c	
25c " " 19c	
15c " " 11c	
10c Ladies' Hose, at 8c	
25c Children's Hose, 19c	
15c " " 11c	
10c " " 8c	
50c Men's Socks at 38c	
25c " " 19c	
15c " " 11c	
Cotton Batts	
10c rolls for only 8c	
Bed Spreads, Cur- tains and Curtain Cloth at 1-4 Off.	

Dress Goods

WOOLENS	
\$1.50 value going at \$1.19	
1.25 " " .97c	
1.00 " " .77c	
.75 " " .57c	
.60 " " .44c	
.50 " " .37c	
.35 " " .27c	
.25 " " 18 1/2c	
.15 " " 11c	
SILKS	
\$1.50 value going at \$1.18	
1.25 " " .97c	
1.00 " " .78c	
.75 " " .58c	
.50 " " .38c	
WASH GOODS	
Lawns, Dimities, Batiste, Ginghams, Percales and Prints	
50c values going at 37c	
25c values going at 18 1/2c	
15c values now going at 14c	
10c values are going at 11c	
12c values are going at 8 1/2c	
10c values are going at 8c	
8c values are going at 6 1/2c	
PRINTS go at 4 1/2c per yd	

Ladies' Coats "La Vogue" make	
\$20.00 values go at \$14.98	
15.50 " " 11.29	
13.50 " " 10.49	
12.50 " " 8.98	
10.75 " " 7.79	
8.00 " " 5.98	
6.75 " " 4.98	
Misses' Coats	
\$10.00 values go at \$6.29	
9.50 " " 6.19	
6.50 " " 4.78	
6.00 " " 3.69	
Children's Coats	
\$6.50 values going at \$4.79	
6.00 " " 3.89	
5.50 " " 3.69	
4.50 " " 2.89	
4.00 " " 2.79	
3.00 " " 1.79	
Leggins at cost	
Table Linens and Towelling	
\$1.50 Table linen, \$1.18	
1.00 " " .78	
.75 " " .59	
.50 " " .38	
.30 " " .23	
Ready made linen Dress- er Scarfs, Lunch Cloths, Towels and Doylies at 1/4 off.	
TOWELING	
30c Toweling at 22c	
15c " " 11c	
12 1/2c " " 9 1/2c	
10c " " 7 1/2c	
9c " " 7c	
8c " " 6 1/2c	
6c " " 4 1-2c	

Blankets and Quilts	
\$6.50 Woolen Blankets, at \$4.79	
4.50 " " 2.49	
4.75 " " 2.89	
3.00 " " 1.97	
1.50 " " 1.18	
1.25 " " .98	
1.00 " " .78	
.85 " " .69	
.65 " " .52	
.50 " " .38	
Outing Flannel	
IN ALL COLORS	
12 1/2c values now going at 9 1/2c	
10c " " 8c	
8c " " 6 1/2c	
7c " " 5c	
6c " " 5c	

Kimonas, Dressing Saques, Etc.	
Long Kimonas \$2 value, \$1.49	
—\$1.00 value at 78c.	
Short Kimonas and Dressing Saques—\$1.00 values, 78c	
—50 " " 38c	
Wrappers, at 78c each.	
Fascinators	
IN BLACK AND WHITE.	
\$2.50 values going at \$1.69	
1.00 " " .78	
.50 " " .38	
.25 " " .19	

Petticoats	
"ELITE" MAKE	
In Silk, Netherdown and Satsum, in All Shades	
At 1-4 Off.	
50c outing flannel petticoats, 38c	
25c " " 19c	
Ladies' Kid and Woolen Gloves	
\$2.50, 16 button, \$1.79	
1.25 value at .98	
1.00 value at .78	
.65 value at .53	
.50 value at .39	
.25 value goes at .19	

Cottons, Bleached and Unbleached	
"Fruit of the Loom" 12 1/2c value, going at 9 1/2c.	
10c values at 8 1/2c	
9c " " 7 1/2c	
8c " " 6 1/2c	
7c " " 6c	
UNBLEACHED	
10c values at 8c	
9c " " 7 1/2c	
7c " " 5 1/2c	
6c " " 5c	
Sheeting, 30c value at 23c	
Tubing, 45 in 20c value, at 16c	
42 in 18c value, at 14c	
"Berkley" Lonsdale, 18c value at 14c; 15c value at 11c.	
Ladies' Outing Flannel Gowns	
\$1.25 values, going now at 98c	
1.00 " " 78c	
.75 " " 58c	
.50 " " 39c	

"Kabo" Corsets.	
\$3.00 values at \$2.29	
2.50 " " 1.86	
1.50 " " 1.19	
1.25 " " .89	
1.00 " " .79	
.50 " " .38	
Muslin and Knitted Corset Covers	
75c values going at 58c	
50c values going at 38c	
25c values going at 18c	
Children's Gaultlets and Mittens	
50c values go at 38c	
25c " " 18c	
15c " " 11c	

L. WIESMAN