

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 13 EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1909. No. 5

The Farmers In Session

Round-up Institute Here a Successful Affair.

The Farmer's Institute, held in the Electric Theatre on Tuesday and Wednesday, was an interesting and educational meeting. The farmers were out in good numbers but the citizens of East Jordan seemed to realize only at the closing session that there was anything of interest going on. If space would allow we would like to give in full a report, but can only touch on a few points. The speakers were all enthusiastic in their subjects and the farmers responded well. Such a meeting as that is a public benefactor like a park, a historic monument, good roads. It helps raise the taste, the intelligence of the people. The Institute opened with Pres. Wm. Mears of Boyne Falls, Jno. A. Newville sec'y and H. E. Olney local manager, in their respective places. The first subject "Sandy Loams, how to handle them" by A. P. Gray of Traverse City, was full of interest and the audience showed they were interested. He brought in and discussed the subject of "Fertilizers, commercial and home made" in the same speech. He likened the commercial to baby food, it helped to start the seed but the home product was the stand by. Fertility is one of the great objects of farming.

"Corn Culture" was the next subject and this was handled very ably and interestingly by A. L. Hopkins of Bear Lake. He was alive to his subject and had a faculty of giving it out to his hearers, as he did on other subjects during the Institute. He would get your attention so close, and then in a few minutes bring laughter that would let up the strain a little. He said raising beans takes 47 per cent of the fertility from the ground, potatoes six per cent, 25 bushel of beans taking more fertility than 200 bushel potatoes. He gave a number of good suggestions as to raising these as well as corn, the subject he was handling.

Prof. Ketchum of Hastings followed with the subject "Teaching Agriculture in schools, more particularly in the rural schools," to keep the boys and girls in touch with the farm, because farming has become a scientific subject in all its parts. He held the audience with his inspiration on the subject, and left a lasting and helpful impression, closing with a short poem "My Work" by Henry Van Dyke.

The evening session opened with a few fitting remarks by the President and then A. P. Gray read a paper on "Making the Boy Worth his Weight in Gold." He told how he came to take that subject and make a study of it, quoting from Emerson, "To make a good man we should begin two hundred years before he was born." Cultivate virtue by leading him in the right way. Don't prohibit anything until you are obliged to, for as soon as you begin to prohibit they begin to do wrong. It's much better to allure them than to drive. Education does not end with the individual, but every one educated helps others, uneducated are a detriment to the community. Let the boy once distrust the love and tenderness of his parents, and the last result of his yielding affection, so far as the world goes—is utterly gone. He is on the sure road to a bitter fate. His heart will take on a hard iron covering that will flash out plenty of fire in his after contact with the world, but it will never, never melt. It was a grand subject and ably handled.

"Good Roads" was discussed by R. A. Brintnall, and he ought to be interested—and is—as he uses the highway freely in carrying Uncle Sam's treasures—the mail. Good roads are something everybody uses. The road laws of Michigan are far in advance of any other state. Inefficiency and short sightedness is the reason the laws are better than the roads. The non-enforcement of the law is the fact that the American people put too much politics in it. Good roads are essential to good farms. Discussion by Mr. Hopkins of Bear Lake helped to corroborate what the speaker said and the subject was an exceedingly interesting feature of the evening.

"The American Schools" by Prof. Ketchum of Hastings, was then taken into consideration and this subject is (Continued on Fourth Page.)

Game Warden Calls.

Dep'ty Game and Fish Warden G. A. Smith of Traverse City paid East Jordan a visit, coming in on the late train Saturday night and leaving Monday afternoon. He inspected the fish-houses but found no particular cause for complaint, except that some of our fishermen do not fully understand the local fish laws. The matter of appointing a local deputy was gone over but, as yet, none has been appointed.

Below we print the local acts covering the south arm of Pine Lake.

An Act to provide for the protection of fish in the waters of the south arm of Pine lake in the township of South Arm, county of Charlevoix, and to regulate the time and manner of taking or catching of fish therein.

[ACT 123, P. A. 1901.]
THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN ENACT:

(248) Section 1. It shall not be lawful for any person to attempt to take or catch, by any means whatever, any fish in the south arm of Pine lake in the township of South Arm, in the county of Charlevoix, within three hundred feet of the mouth of any stream entering into said lake south of line running east and west three hundred feet north and parallel with the north line of the swing bridge connecting the villages of South Arm and East Jordan, from and including the fifteenth day of April, both inclusive.

(249) Sec. 2. In all prosecutions under this act it shall be prima facie evidence, on the part of the people, of the violation of the provisions of this act, to show that the defendant was found upon the waters of said lake with spear, net, set lines, hook and line or any other device used in taking or catching fish in said waters.

(250) Sec. 3. Any person violating the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not to exceed twenty-five dollars and costs of prosecution, or by imprisonment in the county jail, not to exceed thirty days, or both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court.

An Act to provide for the lawful spearing of whitefish and Mackinaw trout in Pine lake and Round lake, Charlevoix county.

[ACT 130, P. A. 1905.]
THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN ENACT:

(251) Section 1. It shall hereafter be lawful, during the month of November, for any person to take whitefish by means of a spear, in the waters of Pine lake and Round lake, Charlevoix county, providing such spearing does not interfere with any other kind of fish.

A Most Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts from native medicinal roots and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and antiferment. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherry bark, Bloodroot, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherry bark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure many severe, obstinate, hang-on, chronic coughs, bronchial and laryngeal troubles, and chronic sore throat with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering hang-on coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from lungs; that it has performed its most marvelous cures.

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago, says of glycerine: "In dispensa it serves an excellent purpose. Holding a fixed quantity of the peroxide of hydrogen in solution, it is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon enlarged, disordered stomachs, especially if there is ulceration or catarrhal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach). It is a most efficient preparation. Glycerine will relieve many cases of pyrosis (heartburn) and excessive gastric (stomach) acidity."

"Golden Medical Discovery" enriches and purifies the blood curing blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings and old sores, or ulcers.
Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet, telling all about the native medicinal roots composing this wonderful medicine. There is no alcohol in it.

White Ribbons Meet.

The W. C. T. U. meeting at Mrs. M. E. Heston's on Friday last was of unusual merit. It was in charge of vice-president Mrs. Martha Griesby. The program was arranged by Mrs. W. P. Porter and Mrs. H. A. Carr. It opened by singing "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," Mrs. Helen B. Lamport at the piano. The devotional by Rev. A. D. Griesby. Mrs. Blanche Robertson-Pole was heard with usual pleasure in two vocal solos playing her own accompaniment—"A Hymn of Faith" by Metcalf, and "An Orchard" (Cradle Song) by L. Denza. The Misses Gladys Kenney and Verschel Lorraine in an instrumental duet "Silver Bells" was another enjoyable number. Twelve questions in parliamentary law by Supt. M. E. Heston, with her enthusiasm, ought to bring good results as it was educational as well as a pleasing feature of the afternoon. The mind's eye was intelligently directed to India in the address, "Medical Temperance—Missions," given by Dr. Winifred E. Heston in a charming manner. This was the first time we have had the pleasure of listening to her return from her missionary work as a doctor in India, and we hope to hear her often as she regains her health. In her remarks she said the natives of India did not partake of liquor to a great extent, yet were not entirely free from it; in some parts of the country there are trees that are tapped the same as we tap our maples, the sap, which, when gathered and set in the sun for a couple of days, is drunk. This has a worse effect than the alcohol as it makes them crazy. It is not an unusual sight to see a tree with receptacles for catching the sap hanging nearly the full length of it. The foreign dignitaries only serve wine at their large dinners. She, with others, were very often invited to these dinners, and felt they would like to return the compliment by entertaining those whose hospitality they had enjoyed; on approaching the subject to them as to whether they would come if wine was not served, they refused to accept unless they could quit some of the beverage they were so fond of.

Some of those of the same profession as she claim that in the tropical climate it is necessary as a stimulant to health and that if she had indulged her health would not have broken down, but they failed to make a convert of her. She used no alcohol in her work only in one or two extreme cases, where she felt there was no other remedy that quite did the work, but hopes to eradicate that in time. These were but a few of the interesting thoughts she gave us.

By request of Dr. Heston, Rev. A. D. Griesby gave a short talk on the use of the beverage in England among the people and especially the clergy as it has been said an Englishman likes his wine, but in his experience, while living there, there were many of his profession who never served it at their tables. A short business session followed and the successful afternoon closed with the W. C. T. U. benediction.—Polissetta.

DEEDS RECORDED.

List of transfers for the week ending Jan. 23rd, 1909.
James S. Stackus to Addie S. Handy n 1/2 of s w 1/4 of n w 1/4 of sec 3 t 32 n r 6 w. \$50.00.
Nancy J. Morrison to Margaret O'Leary, part of s 1/2 of s e 1/2 of sec 27 in t 34 n r 8 w. \$300.00.
Ira B. McClean to Edward Winkler, lot 16 of Johnson's add to Boyne. \$1.00 and o v c.
Sextus L. Upright to Roy B. Brown lot 3 of Lee & Montague add to Talcott. \$900.00.
Martha J. Ayers to John Seymour, lot 60 to Boyne. \$1,400.
F. G. Wilkinson to Edw. B. Hite, s w 1/2 of the n w 1/4 of sec 13 t 32 n r 7 w. \$750.00.
Roy B. Brown to Sextus L. Upright, lots 50, 68, 69 and 70 of Lee & Montague's add to Talcott. \$900.00.
Edwin Painter to Laura E. & Bert Van Buren, part of lot 11-sec 35 t 33 n r 6 w. \$125.00.
Helen M. Stone and Bertha E. Hurlbert to Sarah Hurlbert, part of gov lot or fraction No 1 sec 23 t 32 n r 7 w. \$1.00.
ROMEO A. EMREY,
Register of Deeds.

For Sale—Both hard and soft dry block wood. Apply to A. R. Nowland or phone 161-4 rings.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

List of marriage licenses issued during the week ending, Jan. 23.
Delbert R. Brice, 26, Boyne City
Charly A. Johnson, 24, Empire, Mich.
Arthur I. McClement, 35, Iowa
Gertrude P. Smith, 30, Charlevoix
D. S. PAYTON,
County Clerk.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending Jan'y 23rd, 1909.

Borch, Chas. Hoyt, Will
Lee, John Harmon, Eleanor A.
Schlund, Miss Emma, Lewis, Wm. H.
Teepie, Mrs. Mable Mills James
Anthony, George Pierce, Fay N.
Dreazv, Miss Velda Smith Wm.
Feldhusen, Miss Bell Smith, Jett
Graham, Max Allen Walker, Vern
Harrissoo, Hope Warden Mrs. Amy
Jackabofah, Peter Warren, Mrs. Mary
FRANK A. KENYON, P. M.

Prepare the Mixture Yourself as Advised.

Mix the following by shaking well in a bottle, and take in teaspoonful doses after meals and at bedtime:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. A local druggist is the authority that these simple, harmless ingredients can be obtained at nominal cost from our home druggist.

The mixture is said to cleanse and strengthen the clogged and inactive kidneys, overcoming backache, bladder weakness and urinary trouble of all kinds, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease.

Those who have tried this say that it positively overcomes pain in the back, clears the urine of sediment and regulates urination, especially at night, curing even the worst forms of bladder weakness.

Every man or woman here who feels that the kidneys are not strong or acting in a healthy manner should mix this prescription at home and give it a trial, as it is said to do wonders for many persons.

"MO-KA" COFFEE

Is packed in one-pound yellow bags. It is the best Coffee sold at the price—

20 cts. per pound.

If you try a package of MO-KA you will want it again. It always the same good quality.

High Grade Popular Price

For Sale In East Jordan By
Chas. A. Brabant
Geo. A. Bell
J. J. Votruba Co.

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



Specialties in Dry Goods

What we mean by specialties are goods that are seasonable and just what you need at this time of the year.

We call your attention especially to the well-known "Iron Clad" Hosiery at 25c and 50c, acknowledged to be the best on the market.

In our Dress Goods department we have made special features in suiting goods at 10c, 12 1/2c, 25c and 50c that includes the best things to wear that are thoroughly reliable.

Then there is our CLOTHING department. You will find suits of clothing at \$10, \$12.50, \$15 and \$20, which we have been selling at from \$3 to \$8 a suit more than we are now asking. They are the genuine Schloss Bros.' make. The name itself is a guarantee of the quality. You will find in them styles that reflect the latest dictates of Dame Fashion and the prices are on a lower level than even an exacting buyer would demand. There is no use of our talking to you about the materials, fit and workmanship. You will have to see the garments themselves.

Many are experiencing difficulty in getting the right kind of UNDERWEAR. Let us take up this underwear problem with you and show you what is offered at \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.50 the garment. We make a specialty of garments at these prices. All we ask is a comparison.

The Very Best \$1.00 Corsets

WE'VE EVER KNOWN.

To the many women who want a Corset for \$1.00, we want to say we consider their trade important enough to call out our best efforts in securing them fullest value for their money.

"The J. C. C. 'College Girl'" and "Peerless" are the very best \$1.00 Corsets to be found anywhere. Either one or the other of these corsets will suit the average figure to perfection.

We are sole agents for the well-known and reliable Home Journal Patterns.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL" Our Motto.

FRED E. BOOSINGER.



Little Things That Tell.

As has been often shown, it is little things that tell. A two-cent postage stamp does not represent a large outlay. Yet in times of depression personal and business correspondence falls off, the result being a large decrease in the purchase of stamps and a corresponding diminution of postal revenue.

Emperor William, held down by a parsimonious government to an income of \$10,000,000 a year, is said by some to be in financial straits and suffering at times for the necessities of life. It must be hard on an emperor who has worked for years kaiserling industriously at all hours of the day and night to hear his children crying for breakfast food and automobiles.

About the time the trustees of the University of Minnesota were adopting a rule that professors in that institution who reach the age of 65 must retire, on the ground that their services are of lessened value, distinguished men in London were assembled to do honor to Lord Ripon, who recently resigned from the cabinet at the age of 81.

Up to 1880 applications for patents were accompanied by models; since then mechanical drawings have taken the place of the models. Wide-spread publicity was given to a report that the great accumulation of models in the patent office, over a hundred and fifty thousand in number, was to be destroyed.

This is the list of mile records for speed made by land travelers: Electric locomotive, 27 seconds, 1903; automobile, 23 1/2 seconds, 1906; steam locomotive, 32 seconds, 1893; motor-paced cycle, 1 minute, 6 1/5 seconds, 1904; bicycle, unpaced, 1 minute, 49 2/5 seconds, 1904; running horse, 1 minute, 55 1/2 seconds, 1890; pacing horse, 1 minute, 55 seconds, 1906; trotting horse, 1 minute, 58 1/2 seconds, 1905; man, skating, 2 minutes, 36 seconds, 1906; man, running, 4 minutes, 12 1/2 seconds, 1887; man, walking, 6 minutes, 23 seconds, 1890.

Some young doctor at the head of an infants' science academy says the mother is the worst enemy of the baby. We should take our chances, however, if we had to be a baby again, with a real live mother as against a patent incubator.

One of the great works of the bureau of manufactures of the department of commerce and labor is to assist American manufacturers by information that will increase the export trade. That work has been well done.

Outgrow Wagner

Great Composer Now Part of History Only

By WALTER DAMROSCH, Famous Orchestra Leader.



Wagner was a theorist. Of course I never attempted to belittle his greatness, for I have devoted many years of my life, many hours of study and some of my best efforts to bring the American people to a realization and an intimate understanding of his genius.

Wagner has his deep effect upon absolute music as well as upon opera. It is in the theater that his largest influence has been felt. All the opera composers that have come after Wagner have benefited by his example, notably the new Italian composers.

Music is coming into its own again and we shall some day know that it is capable of expressing our highest thoughts and aspirations, unassisted by any sister art.

Beyond a competence for old age, which need not be great and may be very small, wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness.

Money and Human Happiness

By ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Great fortunes are few. The aggregate of wealth embraced in these is small compared with the amount in very moderate fortunes.

Gigantic fortunes, in the nature of things, must be fewer and harder to build up in the future than in the past. Most great enterprises are now in the corporate form.

Meanwhile, our immediate duty is to distribute surplus wealth to the best of our abilities in such forms as we believe best calculated to improve existing conditions, and to secure its more equitable distribution hereafter by heavy progressive death duties.

We must all learn the great truth that only competence is desirable, almost necessary, wealth non-essential, and what it does come it is only a sacred trust to be administered only for the general good.



There is every indication that men are growing better. The moral scandals of our time signify not that men are worse, but that they have not yet learned to resist.

The newer types of sin grow out of the interdependence of our time. Men come into new relations, and the abuse of a new relation constitutes a new form of sin.

But goodness is developing as well as sin. The earlier goodness took the form of personal ministrations. But the Good Samaritan is no longer the pattern. As our relations become various and complex the upholder of laws and moral standards becomes more precious.

GET POLAR BEAR IN ODD MANNER

BIG BRUIN, JARRED FROM ICE BERG, LIGHTS ON DECK OF LARGE OCEAN FREIGHTER.

VESSEL BUTTS INTO OBSTACLE

Sailors Attempt to Clear Deck When Supposed Lump Lets Out a Growl—Captain Swears to Truth of Tale.

New York.—If anyone foolishly believes that the age of romance is dead, that sailormen have become machinists and dull arithmeticians, or that polar bears are no longer met with except in the dreary captivity of zoological gardens, then let him seek out Capt. Fritz Franke of the steel-ocean freighter Karthage, which slipped into this port the other day carrying a mixed cargo of a live polar bear in a pigpen and the finest sea story of many a long year.

Capt. Franke swore seven sea oaths on the story and called his whole afterguard to verify him.

But let Capt. Franke tell the story himself just as he told it, and then if you don't believe it go over to Hoboken and see the bear for yourself.

"On December 6, while we were running before the worst gale I ever encountered in all my life at sea, the first officer came to me, his face as white as a ghost's.

"The ship is afire," he cried. "Come out and see for yourself."

"I went with him and, sure enough, some cans of calcium carbide that we were carrying on our after deck had broken loose and were afire. It was a magnificent sight. The more water that came aboard the higher the carbides burned, it being the nature of the stuff, as you know, to burn fiercely when wetted.

"I smiled, knowing that the carbides would burn themselves out without injuring the vessel, which has steel decks. At that moment the lookout raised a blood-curdling cry.

"Icebergs! Icebergs ahead!"

"Before I could give an order the vessel crashed into the berg, which



The Polar Bear Came Tumbling Down Upon Our Deck.

was dead ahead. Nothing saved the vessel except that we had come up to the berg under half-steam and against a terrific head sea. It was night, of course, and the weather was very thick, of course, otherwise of course we would have seen the berg in time."

"How about that heavy head sea, captain?"

"Why, the wind had shifted, you lubber. But listen, now comes the bear part. We crashed, as I have said, into the icebergs, and at least 20 tons of ice came tumbling down upon our bows. I gave the order to full steam astern; and when we got clear of the berg I ordered, all hands forward to shovel away the loose ice that had fallen on us."

"It was then that I got my surprise. Two men who had tackled an especially big block of ice suddenly leaped back, screaming. The ice, it seems, was not ice at all, but a polar bear that had been on the berg and had fallen on our bows when we struck. Strange, was it not? The first intimation my men had that the piece of ice was bear was when the piece of ice growled.

"What did we do then? Why, we tied the bear hand and foot and put it in a pen we have for hogs, but in which at the time there were fortunately no hogs. We have the bear still and will take it back to Hamburg with us and present it to the animal gardens there."

Sleeper Locked in Garbage Can. Pittsburg, Pa.—A man who gave the name of Tony Kirschmer and said he lived in Pittsburg crawled into a garbage can in the basement of the Union station and was awakened when a load of garbage was dumped on him and the lid fastened the other morning.

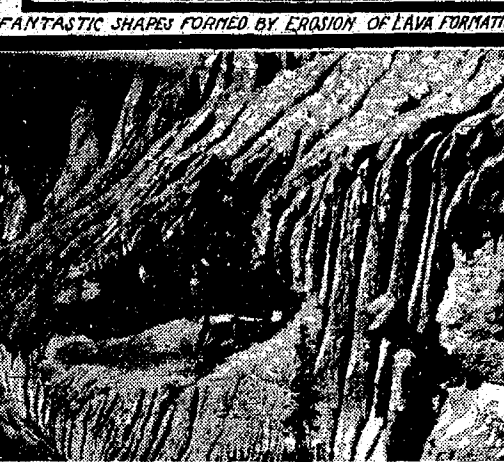
Banging at the sides of the can, he attracted the attention of a colored porter, who called Policeman Andrew Welsh to the scene.

WHEELER NATIONAL MONUMENT

FANTASTIC FORMATIONS IN COLORADO PRESERVED TO NATION BY PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION



VIEW THROUGH CREVICE



FANTASTIC SHAPES FORMED BY EROSION OF LAVA FORMATION



VIEW THROUGH CREVICE

Historical interest also attaches to the region as it is believed that the ill-fated expedition of Gen. John C. Fremont was overtaken by disaster in this immediate vicinity and was forced to turn back.

This expedition which proved so unfortunate, was the fourth which Gen. Fremont made across the continent, and was undertaken at his own expense after he had resigned from the army in 1848. His object was the finding of a practicable passage to California by way of the upper waters of the Rio Grande.

In attempting to cross the great Sierra, covered with snow, his guide lost his way, and Gen. Fremont's party encountered horrible suffering from cold and hunger, a portion of them being driven to cannibalism. All of his animals and one-third of his men perished, and he was forced to retrace his steps to Santa Fe. And it is supposed that it was in this spot which has been designated as the Wheeler national monument that this terrible tragedy was enacted, and skeletons of mules, bits of harness and camp equipment found there give credence to the belief.



VIEW THROUGH CREVICE

The Wheeler national monument, in the Rio Grande National Forest, Colorado.

The tract included by the proclamation is situated on the south slope and near the summit of the continental divide at an elevation of approximately 11,500 feet above sea level.

The principal value of the land as a national monument lies in the fact that the fantastic forms resulting from the rapid erosion of rock and soil make the spot one of exceptional beauty.

The numerous winding canyons, broken ridges, pinnacles and buttes form such striking and varied scenes that it will be much visited by tourists when it has been made accessible by road or trail.

GRADE TOUCH ON TYPEWRITER. Good and Bad Work on Machine Easily Distinguished.

"When in anything typewritten you see the periods and commas punched black and deep," said an experienced typewriter, "you may know that the work was done by a beginner or by one who has not yet done sufficient work to have acquired a perfect touch."



VIEW THROUGH CREVICE

force applied to the B key might produce of that type a fair impression on the paper, but the same force applied to a period might drive that, a mere point, clear through the paper. In fact, it is not unusual for beginners on typewriters to punch holes in the paper with their periods.

"But as the learner progresses in her art she comes to realize that some types must be touched more lightly than others and gradually her periods become less black and deep, and with further practice she comes instinctively, automatically, to grade her touch on all the letters and signs until at last she is able to produce typewriting that is nothing less than artistic in effect, true and uniform and beautiful.

The VANISHING FLEETS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WEIL

BY ROY NORTON

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SYNOPSIS.

"Vanishing Fleets," a story of "what might have happened," opens in Washington with the United States and Japan in the verge of war. Guy Hillier, secretary of the British embassy, and Miss Norma Roberts, chief aide of inventor Roberts, are introduced as lovers who declare war and take the Philippines. The entire country is in a state of turmoil because of the government's interference. Guy Hillier starts for England. Norma Roberts with military officers also leaves Washington on mysterious expedition for the Philippines. Hawaii is captured by the Japs. All ports are closed. Since Japanese spy discovers secret preparations for war. He follows the 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 amid misgivings of English. Fleet mysteriously disappears, a sailor picked up on a raft being the only evidence of the loss. Powers begin to fear for their safety. Hillier makes a failure of effort to deliver message to the president. War between Great Britain and Germany is declared. The Kaiser disappears. King Edward of England is confronted by Admiral Bevis of the United States, and upon promising to present the missing British admiral, the monarch agrees to accompany Bevis on tour, which the latter says will uncover the agent of war and end all conflicts.

CHAPTER XII.

The Dreadnought Returns.

The falling of the heavens would have created little more consternation and excitement in London than the sight which met the residents' eyes on the morning following the king's visit to the Hippodrome. The fog which settled unexpectedly on that night of June dissipated itself as stealthily as it had come, and floated out with the dawn, leaving in its stead a clear sky. And then, as if a rare discovery had been made simultaneously by thousands instead of one, a swarm of people, defying the rush of motors, of omnibuses and hansom, debouched on the Thames embankment by the stately pile of buildings where parliament convenes, filled the roads, jammed each other against the river wall, and scorned the constables, who vainly strove to maintain order and uninterrupted traffic.

There, resting serenely on the bosom of the river where in times before Roman galleys had floated, was the pride of the British navy, the Dreadnought. Neither an officer of the watch, a sailor, nor a marine bestrode her decks. Inert and untenanted, silent and lifeless, she lay close by the great gray buildings like the last survivor of a defeated army who had crept home to bring a report of disaster and was resting in the shadow of the last refuge. Her unmasked guns stared wide-eyed and mournful; from her crippled funnels came no wisp of curling smoke; from her channels stretched no anchor chains; and she paid no heed to the vagaries of the sluggish current; her prow which had defiantly parted so many seas was nosed into the mud in helplessness; but as an only solace there floated from her stern the un sullied banner of the United Kingdom, and whipped as she was she had come back to her people with colors still flying.

The miracle of her position was greater than the marvel of her return; for above and below that spot on the river were bridges impassable for a boat of half her size, beneath which tugs and other craft were wont to lower their jointed stacks. In all the world there was no known strength or mechanical contrivance that could transport over shallows and bridges 22,000 tons of steel, and then leave it in this prohibited place. Her very appearance bore mute testimony of singular strife. True, she was intact to a point flush with the great steel domes which held her menacing and frowning guns; but her fighting masts, her top rig, and the upper bands of her funnel were riven off as if by one devastating line shot taken full beam or square astern. The wreckage of this hamper had been removed, so that no debris jittred her deserted decks.

For many days of gloom it had been accepted as a fact that nothing but annihilation could account for the disappearance of the squadron which had doggedly sailed away into the mysterious west to vanquish a terrible and unknown enemy or meet a glorious death. Little hope had been sustained as the days of silence went by that any explanation of that defeat might be forthcoming, or that any vessel might return; and now before London's gathered populace was a grim relic which only added to conjecture. From no source could the secret of this mysterious visitation be learned; and so the crowd watched and waited.

A boat, whose flag distinguished her as being of the river patrol, obeyed a hail from the shore, pulled noisily up the stream against the outgoing tide, and circled round the loathian as though suspecting danger from within. Her chief officer, after due caution, and receiving no response, cautiously directed her along side, and boarded the Dreadnought over the starboard

quarter. The ever increasing crowd along the embankment drew in its breath in expectancy, waiting for a revelation. "It heard him shout 'Below, there!' and leaped forward, listening for whatever response might be given; but nothing was heard save the steady lap of the water and the farthest sounds of early river traffic.

The officer advanced along the deck to the companionway, and leaned curiously into it repeating his hail, and once more there was a wait and no reply. He backed away from the entrance, and hesitated. It was plain that he desired witnesses before invading the precincts of a stricken craft, and in a moment more he stepped to the rail, held a short conversation with those on the decks of his boat and then waited till he was joined by others of that force that guards the Thames. Three men clambered aboard and stood by him until they were joined by two others, who, obeying a low-spoken order, stationed themselves at the head of the companionway. The officer and his assistants advanced slowly, stepped into the darkness and disappeared into the depths of the battle ship, while the suspense along the embankment and on the patrol became more intense. It was several minutes before the investigators reappeared, and then they



In a Moment More He Stepped to the Rail.

had gone only a short way into the vessel. They walked to the rail, and the crowd remained waiting. With British taciturnity they declined to answer any of the questions which were shouted to them from the shore.

The little boat swung off, turned her nose out into the stream and steamed hurriedly away at full speed, bent on summoning others of her service; and in less than half an hour returned accompanied by a small flotilla, which spread out and stationed its members close up against the sides of the stranded craft. Another officer of higher authority joined those waiting on the decks of the Dreadnought, and led the way below, ready to learn the worst. He went as into a plague ship manned by the dead expecting to meet nothing but grewsome relics of tragedy, and prepared for shocking sights.

From place to place he advanced almost on tiptoe, and followed by his companions who stared into darker corners or glanced fearfully behind when the echoes of their falling feet clumped hollowly through the steel cavern. Once a weird shriek caused them to spring toward each other with nervous fright, and when the ship's cat came mewing up to them, begging in its animal way for companionship, they looked foolishly at one another, like boys who had been startled in the midst of ghost tales told by a campfire in the woods.

Cabin after cabin and wardroom after wardroom was opened and searched; but nowhere could be found sign of disturbance or conflict. There

was not another living being aboard to greet them, nor did they find more awful testimonial of war.

In the captain's quarters, clean and business-like, the roll-topped desk was closed, and the books on top of it were in order as for inspection. At its side stood a typewriter, with the tin resting lightly upon it, and a stenographer's case notebook beside neatly checked and showing that the last letter or order had been completed. On the wardroom table lay a magazine open and turned page downward as though the reader had desired to keep his place and had stepped away from it on a sudden call. In the galleys of this great floating home pots, pans and kettles were placed in orderly array in their racks—no thrifty housewife could have left her kitchen in better state. In the chartroom the traced highways of the ocean's bed were drawn up in their closed cases, and the holts were not loaded or littered with ammunition as would have been the case had the battle ship been in action when overcome by the enemy. There was nothing above or below offering a key to the enigma.

Puzzled and overcome, the patrolmen took temporary charge of the ship, while a boat hurried away from the miniature flotilla, carrying a detailed report to the admiralty, where the news was received with amazement no less than that which had brought the crowd on the embankment. Subordinates of departments called for their tardy superiors, telephone bells jangled, and British phlegm gave way to excitement; but even in this remarkable state precedent was maintained and routine observed, so that from man to man, going constantly upward, the report reached the first lord of the admiralty.

Then for the first time it was learned that this high and mighty official was missing from his home and had been summoned to the palace in the night. No delay could be brooked

ardly as his fellow officer who had now been gone for many days. The nobles looked at one another askance, and asked what times were these when no person might be so august as to be immune from seizure. Where was the limit to be reached? What could be expected next? Was there no possible protection even for the heads of government and society?

In the offices of the admiralty those of more or less prominence in the department held a conference and detailed men to take charge of the Dreadnought. There could be no attempt to rehabilitate her at that time, inasmuch as it would be impossible ever again to bring her into service without destroying a span of the bridge below; therefore no coroner's inquest could have convened with more solemnity than did those men who took charge of and boarded this great dead thing of the sea.

A derelict cast upon an open sandy beach offered more chance of salvage than the greatest vessel of the greatest navy of the world, nosed in the mud and practically wallied in. And while she lay in this state of helplessness there was forming round English shores a formidable flotilla of other war vessels flying the British flag, which had been summoned from all waters of the globe, to protect the mother country from German invasion or if need arose gallantly to seek death beds in the sea in the attempt to fend off the American terror should it be directed against the island ruler of the waves.

As they advanced, captains of this great navy arrived in London in response to urgent summons and hastened to the admiralty. One and all they were asked to pass expert opinion on the condition of the Dreadnought, and offer a solution of the methods used to bring her to that singular anchorage in the river; but, like children groping in the mist, they could formulate no tenable theory nor give any lucid explanation. They looked at each other in amazement, wagged their heads and admitted their inability. Plague would have left dead men at their posts, or battle would have

left more serious scars than the cutting away of the fighting masts and wrecking of the stacks; but even then who would navigate her to home waters, and what could account for her presence in a place where even a small sea-going craft could not go? If that nation in the west had a submarine of terrific speed and unknown power it might perhaps destroy a ship; but by what means could it force it under cover of a bridge of solid masonry and steel?

And so the men of the sea—passed down and back, while the people of London spent the time in trying to see the latest evidence of disaster, took turns in crowding to the embankment, and then went to their homes. Business came to a halt, shops were unopened and desks were closed. In the government offices men moved helplessly, and in homes throughout the country families sat within doors gravely discussing the latest manifestation of power.

Nor was the public aware that in higher circles another cause for anxiety had been uncovered, which was nothing less than the disappearance of the prime minister. A king, a prime minister and the first lord of the admiralty taken at one time! It was sufficient to make others of prominence look at one another questioning when their turn might come and what the end would be. No one was safe in this great crisis, when thrones tottered on their settings and men were whisked away in the night, when the most powerful vessels of war created by all the wisdom of science and ingenuity of invention might be dominated and handled like toys.

There was no ground for belief that any power other than the United States might have been the controlling spirit in this long series of untoward events, but from that nation came no word, only a silence more menacing than the thunder of distant guns, and more terrible and ominous than an open display of invincible arms. It took no great stretch of imagination to people the air with phalanx on phalanx of stern and implacable foemen bent on invasion when the time seemed ripe. A country which could flaunt the world was capable of anything, and it was not believable that she was acting without a purpose. But what means did she take? What would be her next move? How had she accomplished those victories already scored upon her tally sheet? Only one hope for partial explanation remained, and that was based upon the return to sanity of a maddened sailor who had come to them on a life raft from the unknown, as the only witness of a disaster, and the only living link.

And even while the anxious officials thought of him a group of surgeons and specialists were standing round a cot in a hospital watching this man breathe his last. Now that his importance had increased a hundredfold Death was intervening and sealing his lips. He passed away as silently as he had been found, his jumbled wits giving no new and tangible clue. Speechless he had been picked up on a life raft in mid ocean, and speechless he voyaged out into another world.

Night fell over London, infolding a stricken city where none came upon the streets and men within doors whispered to each other, dreading what the morrow might bring forth. The heart of Britain, beating with dogged determination to the last, was broken. America was the master of fate, and could deal out its awards or blows with the inexorableness of a god.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RABBIT LEAPS IN AUTO; DOG KILLED BY FUMES

FLEEING QUARRY JUMPS INTO CAR, PURSUER FALLS VIC. TIM TO GASOLINE.

New York.—Charles Crampsey, a Newark business man, had a strange experience while driving through Caldwell, N. J., with two friends in his automobile. As the car was going along the mountain road on the outskirts of the town the occupants saw a dog pursuing a rabbit.

The rabbit and its pursuer came diagonally across a field toward the road on which the automobile was speeding, but they were running at a speed that was far in excess of the vehicle.

As the rabbit reached the roadway it had to leap on a stone wall that ran parallel with the highway. The



The Frightened Rabbit Leaped Into the Speeding Auto.

elevation brought it almost on a level with the tongue of the car, and the next instant it had sprung across the intervening space and landed squarely in the seat beside Mr. Crampsey, who was driving the automobile.

The dog also had to leap the stone wall, but the automobile had gone by when he poised for a spring after his quarry and he missed landing where the rabbit did.

The rabbit, after a frightened glance seemed to come to the conclusion that the automobile was a safe refuge and made no effort to escape from Mr. Crampsey, who had put a protecting arm around it. And now comes the strange part of the adventure, according to Mr. Crampsey. The dog, not to be balked by the rabbit, gave chase to the automobile which was carrying away his prey. With loud yelps he chased after the machine.

Mr. Crampsey had put on full speed and his machine was making a quick run over the country road. The dog was game, however, and he soon began to gain on the automobile. As he reached the automobile the dog was seen to reel, and the next moment fell over dead.

Mr. Crampsey, who had been looking back, watching the futile chase of the dog, stopped the machine. The party got out and went back to where the dog lay dead. One of Mr. Crampsey's friends, who was a veterinary surgeon, said the dog, whose heart had been weakened by the fierce race after the rabbit, had succumbed to the gasoline fumes and was suffocated.

Mr. Crampsey said he would take the rabbit, which made no effort to escape, even when left alone in the automobile while the occupants were investigating the death of the dog, to his home in Newark and make a pet of it for his children.

FINDS BULLFROG IN TROUSERS

What Happened When This Wife Searched Husband's Pockets.

Hardy, Ark.—Mrs. Maud Pepon, wife of Henry Pepon, a farmer on Blue Clay creek, got up the other morning and proceeded to search her husband's trousers, as was her usual custom, but instead of finding the customary collection of small change she grasped a giant bullfrog.

Her wild shrieks woke her husband, who leaped from his bed, intending to tell her it was all a joke, but she already had rushed out of the door and into the adjoining woods, still screaming. Pepon pursued her, and both might have been running yet had not their wild flight been suddenly halted by a big black bear rushing ferociously at them from the opposite direction. The Pepons whirled instantly and rushed for their dwelling, the bear after them, and gaining. Just as they neared the clearing they noticed their house was on fire, probably due to the overturning of a kerosene lamp in their hasty exit.

To escape the bear they both jumped into a well, from which, almost dead, they were rescued, after neighbors shot the bear. The dwelling was burned to ashes.

Pepon is too excited to admit that he put the frog in his pocket to break his wife of a bad habit. He, however, has coined a moral like this:

"It's cheaper to let your wife search your pockets than to scare her with a bullfrog."

The Irony of Fate.

He—Did she win anything in the Americk contest?

She—Yes. She won five packages of tobacco and the congratulations of the occupant.

WHY NOT OWN LAND?

ONE OF THE BEST WAYS TO MAKE MONEY IS TO INVEST IN WESTERN CANADA.

"Deep down in the nature of every properly constituted man is the desire to own some land." A writer in the Iowa State Register thus tersely expresses a well-known truth. The question is where is the best land to be had at the lowest prices, and this the same writer points out in the same article. The fact is not disguised that the writer has a personal interest in the statement of his case, and there is no hidden meaning when he refers to Western Canada as presenting greater possibilities than any other part of the American Continent; to the man who is inclined to till the soil for a livelihood and possible competence. What interests one are the arguments advanced by this writer, and when fairly analyzed the conclusion is reached that, no matter what personal interest the writer may have had, his reasons appear to have the quality of great soundness. The climatic conditions of Western Canada are fully as good as those of Minnesota, the Dakotas or Iowa, the productivity of the soil is as great, the social conditions are on a parity, the laws are as well established and as carefully observed. In addition to these the price of land is much less, easier to secure. So, with these advantages, why shouldn't this—the offer of Western Canada—be embraced? The hundreds of thousands of settlers now there, whose homes were originally in the United States, appear to be—satisfied. Once in awhile complaints are heard, but the Canadians have never spoken of the country as an Eldorado no matter what they may have thought. The writer happened to have at hand a few letters, written by former residents of the United States, from which one or two extracts are submitted. These go to prove that the writer in the Register has a good basis of fact in support of his statements regarding the excellency of the grain growing area of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. On the 29th of April of this year (W. R. Conley, of Loughede, Alberta, wrote a friend in Detroit. He says: "The weather has been just fine ever since I came here in March, and I believe one could find if he wanted to some small bunches of snow around the edge of the lake. There is a frost nearly every morning; at sunrise it begins to fade away; then those blue flowers open and look as fresh as if there had been no frost for a week. There is no reason why this country should not become a garden of Eden; the wealth is in the ground and only needs a little encouragement from the government to induce capital in here. There is everything here to build with: good clay for brick; coal underneath, plenty of water in the spring lakes, and good springs coming out of the banks."

EASY FOR THE PAINTER.

Worthy Individual Had All the Details in His Mind.

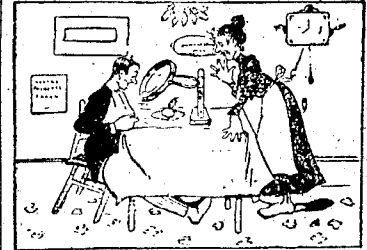
A Chicago artist relates how a wealthy individual from Kansas City, with his wife and three sons and four daughters, once called upon him.

"Here we are!" exclaimed the head of the family. "Nearly a dozen of us, Mr. Painter. How much for a painting of the whole of us, discount for cash?"

"That will depend," answered the artist, hiding a smile with his hand, "upon the dimensions, style, etc."

"Oh, that's all fixed," responded the other breezily, with the air of a man who knows exactly what he wants. "We are to be dashed off in one piece as large as life, sitting on the lawn of my place just outside of little old K. C., singing 'Hail Columbia!'"—Harper's Weekly.

MAKING THE MOST OF IT.



"Don't be alarmed, Miss Hash, this microscope is merely to enable me to see what I'm eating!"

DREADFUL DANDRUFF.

Girl's Head Encrusted—Feared Loss of All Her Hair—Baby Had Milk-Crust—Missionary's Wife Made

Two Perfect Cures by Cuticura.

"For several years my husband was a missionary in the Southwest. Every one in that high and dry atmosphere has more or less trouble with dandruff and my daughter's scalp became so encrusted with it that I was alarmed for fear she would lose all her hair. After trying various remedies, in desperation, I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. They left the scalp beautifully clean and free from dandruff, and I am happy to say that the Cuticura Remedies were a complete success. I have also used successfully the Cuticura Remedies for so-called 'milk-crust' on baby's head. Cuticura is a blessing. Mrs. J. A. Darling, 310 Fifth St., Carthage, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1908."

Thy yesterday is thy past; thy to-day is thy future; thy to-morrow is a secret—Wycliffe.

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

The Farmers In Session Round-up Institute Here a Successful Affair.

(Continued From First Page)

always of interest to all, and he made it especially so. He gave a few statistics to open with. It costs four hundred million dollars for the nation and ten million for the state to run the schools. He paid a glowing tribute to our university and to the American teachers for the good habits, morals, skill, knowledge and patriotism they teach. His closing thought was let us stand by the flag. He recited a poem "Life's Mission." "America" was sung led by the speaker, and the inspired evening closed.

The first subject Wednesday morning was "Profit from the Apple Orchard," and again Mr. Gray was introduced by the president. The profits of the fruit production are on an average higher than other products, being nearly ten per cent profit. He gave five points as to raising apples, namely, fertilizing, cultivating, spraying, pruning and thinning. The last was a pretty hard thing to do. It had taken him four years to have the grit to do it, but it was far more profitable as the fruit which remained was of better quality and brought better prices.

N. P. Hull then took up the subject "Money from Sheep." He was given an ovation when he took the floor. He is Master of the State Grange and a practical farmer. He kept the audience in a seemingly breathless attitude or laughter. The afternoon session convened at 1:30. Reports of committees were read by the secretary, and the president and secretary were re-elected. Mr. Mears gave a few remarks fitting to the occasion. The secretary rose and said "them's my sentiments too," which created a broad smile in the audience.

A bunch of spring wheat gleanings from one of the fields of our own county sent up by our Village President, H. I. McMillan, was an interesting feature of the opening of the afternoon session.

"Modern Helps for the Farm" was then given by Mr. Gray, who began by giving the ladies a few suggestions, by order of his wife. He spoke of the advantage of the Correspondence school when one could not spend time, nor had the means to attend our agricultural school at Lansing. Many other grand helps were brought out.

"Dairying with Silo," was next by N. P. Hull. He started out in his genial way with a story, then took up his subject and handled it without gloves, with little side lights in story form that kept the audience smiling. He summed it up as a good business proposition for the farmer.

E. B. Ward of Charlevoix led the discussion that followed but he thought the first speaker had covered the ground faithfully, so he said but little, giving some good advice to the housewives as to disposing of their products from the dairy. A lively discussion by the audience followed.

The president then announced that he had saved the best for the last, Miss Jennie Buell, lecturer of State Grange at Ann Arbor. Her subject was "New Outlooks for Farm Folks."

She spoke with a great deal of earnestness and had a very pleasing voice and manner. She gave some excellent statistics as to the yielding of crops in the past three years. Progression was a part of her theme. She told of President Roosevelt being interested in the rural life and of the questions he sent out for the people to discuss in their Grange or other meetings, the temper of rural conscience, country life and other thoughts. She dwelt on the sanitary life that ought to prevail on the farms. She advocated the thought that the boys or young people should have a social center some place where they could meet, where they could have programs of interest. Light, air and water are a necessity to healthful homes. It is a pity that we have to come to death's door, before we accept the fresh air. The health of the nation lies at the door of the home keeper. Her closing was a story representing the sociability we must come in touch with those of our kind, especially the housewives. They need more society and they are coming to see it more and more. These Institutes, Grange, Equity meetings are a Godsend to the women on our farms.

This was the closing of an interesting and instructive convention. The meeting adjourned until next year when we hope to greet them again.

Cures Indigestion.

Every family here ought to keep some Diapepsin in the house, as any one of you may have an attack of Indigestion or Stomach trouble, at any time, day or night.

This harmless preparation will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour stomach in five minutes afterwards.

If your meals don't tempt you, or what little you do eat seems to fill you, or lays like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of Indigestion.

Ask your Pharmacist for a case of Pape's Diapepsin and take one triangule after supper tonight. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, Nausea, D-bilitating Headaches, Dizziness or Intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is a certain cure for all stomach misery, because it will take hold of your food and digest it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Actual, prompt relief for all your stomach misery is at your pharmacist, waiting for you.

These large 50-cent cases, contain more than sufficient to cure a case of Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

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.

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 No! Be your own judge! Sold by James Gidley.



Mayer's HONORBILT Shoes for Men

The newest and most perfect shoes for men on the market. Stylish and up-to-date in every particular—fit perfectly, look swell and wear well—built On Honor both inside and out and made from the finest leather obtainable.

Your dealer has or can get Mayer "Honorbilt" shoes for you. Send us his name and receive Free our beautiful new style book.

We also make "Western Lady" and "Martha Washington" shoes. Our trademark is stamped on every sole.

F. MAYER BOOT & SHOE CO. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Get them at the LITTLE WHITE SHOE STORE

C. A. Hudson, Prop'r.

His Only Capture.

Voltaire had once taken a box at the opera and was installed in it with some ladies when the Duke of Lauzun arrived and asked for a box. He was respectfully informed that all the boxes were taken. "That may be," he said, "but I see Voltaire in one." "Turn him out!" In those times such things could happen, and Voltaire was turned out. He brought an action against the duke to recover the price of the box.

"What!" exclaimed the advocate for the duke. "Is it M. de Voltaire who dares to plead against the Duke of Lauzun, whose great-grandfather was the first to get on the walls of La Rochelle against the Protestants, whose grandfather took twelve cannons from the Dutch at Utrecht, whose father captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy, who?"

"Oh, but excuse me," interrupted Voltaire; "I am not pleading against the Duke of Lauzun who was first on the walls at La Rochelle, nor against the duke who captured twelve cannon from the Dutch at Utrecht, nor against the duke who captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy. I am pleading against the Duke of Lauzun who never captured anything in his life but my box at the opera."

The Door of Opportunity.

A well known Chicago merchant was once asked to talk to the boys of a business school. He prefaced his address by a few extempore remarks.

"Boys," said he, "as I approached the entrance to this schoolroom I observed on a panel of the door a word most appropriate to an institution of this kind. That one word expressed the quality most useful to the average boy when he steps into the field of business. Can you tell me what it is?"

"Pull!" shouted several of the pupils, with a burst of laughter, while the horrified merchant recognized that he had taken his text from the wrong side of the door.

A Witty Reply.

Lord Houghton's sister was often annoyed at her brother's indiscriminate hospitality. "Do you remember, my dear," he asked her at dinner one day, "whether that famous scoundrel X. was hanged or acquitted?" "He must have been hanged or you would have had him to dinner long ago," replied the lady.

Character Molds the Face.

It is not in words explicable with what divine lines and lights the exercise of godliness and charity will mold and gild the hardest and coldest countenance, neither to what darkness their departure will consign the loveliest, for there is not any virtue the exercise of which even momentarily will not impress a new fairness upon the features. Neither on them only, but on the whole body, the moral and intellectual faculties have operation, for all the movements and gestures, however slight, are different in their modes, according to the mind that governs them, and on the gentleness and decision of right feeling follows grace of actions and through continuance of this grace of form.—John Ruskin.

His Father Was Doing Well.

Long after the death of the elder George Grossmith the British income tax commissioners by mistake sent to the son, the well known actor, a notice assessing the income of the deceased at \$10,000. Mr. Grossmith returned the document to the proper quarter, with the following note written across it: "I am glad to learn my father is doing so well in the next world; \$10,000 is a great deal more than he ever made in this. Kindly forward this notice to his new address and remember me affectionately to him."

Trapped.

A gentleman went into a Louisville restaurant and ordered a bowl of soup. When it was brought an innocent fly was struggling in its midst. The gentleman reached in his pocket and dropped something in the plate and then called the waiter.

"Waiter, there is a fly in this soup. Bring me another bowl."

The waiter took the bowl out and presently returned bearing a steaming bowl of soup.

"Did you just pick that fly out, or did you get another bowl of soup?"

"I got you all another bowl, boss."

"Well, wait a minute," said the customer, and with his spoon he fished around in the bowl and brought up the half dollar he dropped in the bowl before giving it to the negro.

The negro's eyes popped out greedily and as he turned shamefacedly away was heard to mumble:

"Doggone it, that's just my luck."

Making Sure.

A Scotsman went to an English race meeting and boldly staked a sovereign. The horse he backed proved a winner, and he went to the bookie to claim his winnings. The sporting man begrudgingly handed him seven sovereigns. The Scot looked at each one very carefully before placing it in his pocket.

"Well," said the bookie, with a snarl, "are you afraid they're bad?"

"Oh, no," said the Scotsman; "but I was just lookin' to mak' sure the bad 'un I gie'd ye wisna among them."

Just a Supposition.

A philanthropic lady of San Francisco met on one of her tours a little boy who was swearing roundly. She seized him at once and gave him a good shaking, adding: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! I never heard such language since the day I was born!" The boy, into whose desolate home she had just been bringing light, pulled himself loose. "Yes'm," he said, "I s'pose dere was a good deal of 'cussin' do day you was born."

East Jordan Lumber Co.

"FLAXEN"

In White Dress Goods this Spring we have the "Flaxen" goods—a linen finish. Looks like linen, wears like linen, as sheer as Persian mull, and at the price of cotton. Just the thing for embroidering on for waists, dresses, children's dresses and underwear.

Embroidery

We are showing a beautiful new line of Embroidery which is an exceptional value at 10c per yard.

Boy's Suits

See our window display of Boy's Suits. We have Boy's Suits that Suit Boys. The Styles are Correct and the goods are the best the woolen mills can produce. You can buy a good Boy's Suit at \$3.75 or you can pay more and get still better. We have them in prices from \$3.75 to \$10.

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, Toggle Chains, Skidding Tonges, and everything wanted in the woods. We also carry a full line of Dr. Daniels' Horse Remedies.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Heart Troubles

The heart may be weak just the same as the eyes, stomach or other organs. It often happens that a person is born with a weak heart. Then again disease, fevers, over-exertion, anxiety, nervousness, rheumatism, etc. weaken the heart. The result is shortness of breath, palpitation, pain in the heart, or in some of the nerves of the chest or abdomen. The heart should be strengthened with a tonic, and for this nothing equals Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

"I had LaGrippe last fall as I thought in a mild form. I was weak, tired, feeling, and short of breath could hardly go about, and a good deal of the time sort of an asthmatic breathing and extremely nervous. I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nervine and now I feel so much better in every way. I am so thankful that I began taking this medicine, and shall not hesitate to tell others how much good it has done me." MRS. F. J. MORTON, Freeville, New York.

Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and we authorize him to return price of first bottle (only) if it fails to benefit you. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Field's Head For Business.

When Eugene Field was managing editor of the Denver Tribune, newspapers in that city were not conducted with metropolitan preciseness. Field's official position gave him access to the money drawer. He would take out such amount as he needed and drop in a memorandum, known as a "tab" for the guidance of the bookkeeper. In this manner he generally contrived to have his salary expended several weeks in advance.

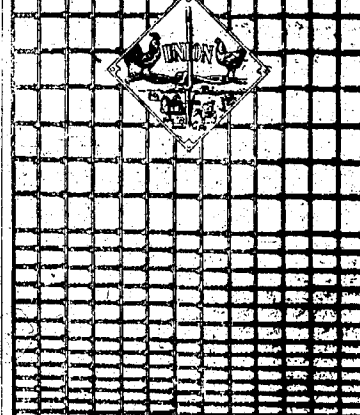
One day Field was in a hurry and, as usual, in need of cash. Rushing to the money drawer, he hastily scooped out coins and bills, transferred them to his overcoat pocket and started away. But apparently he was struck by the thought that this would be confusing to the accountant, for he returned and scribbling a "tab," placed it in the raided drawer. When Fred Skiff, the business manager, opened the drawer a little later he found nothing but the slip of paper bearing the legend: Took all there was. GENE.

Fickle Fortune.

"My fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not. I therefore have counseled my friends never to trust to her fairer side, though she seemed to make peace with them, but to place all things she gave them, so as she might ask them again without their trouble; she might take them from them, not pull them; to keep always a distance between her and themselves. He knows not his own strength that hath not met adversity. Heaven prepares good men with crosses, but not ill can happen to a good man. Contraries are not mixed. Yet that which happens to any man may to every man. But it is in his reason what he accounts it and will make it.—Ben Jonson.

RANGER REVOLVING BARE WIRE

HEAVY SINGLE WIRE STRONG DURABLE GREEN WHITE ZINC COATED DE WALT FENCE CO. DE KALB, ILL. KANSAS CITY, MO.



Union Lock Poultry Fence Square, close mesh. The most serviceable fence on the market for poultry yards, orchards and gardens, and at no greater cost than netting. Write for catalog of fencing for all purposes. UNION FENCE CO., DE KALB, ILL., KANSAS CITY, MO.

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

January thaw.

Then it froze up.

Skating was fine.

Ground hog, Tuesday.

Spring plowing begun.

Circuit Court next Monday.

The shingle mill will commence operations again next Monday.

There's a lot of foolishness in this world; and we all do our part.

The less a certain East Jordan man does, the more important his walk.

The new Edison Records—February—are now on sale at Mack's Jewelry Store.

Some fine Grocery bargains are offered by the East Jordan Lumber Co. in their adv in this issue.

A smash-up occurred between engines No. 4 and 5 of the E. J. & S. R. R. Saturday noon, caused by the heavy fog.

The ladies of the Methodist church will hold a Bake Sale this Saturday, Jan. 30th, at Gannett's Drug Store. Everybody come.

Circuit Court convenes at Charlevoix next Monday. On the docket here are eight criminal cases and a like number of civil cases.

The law firm of Clink & Fitch was dissolved this week, Atty Clink continuing the business in the Monroe Block. We understand Atty Fitch intends to open a law office in the near future.

The E. J. & S. R. R. have a notice from the Pere Marquette to the effect that Baggage (check No. 114) checked to Grand Rapids from East Jordan remains unclaimed. The party to whom this baggage belongs should call at the local station at once.

South Lake Lodge No. 180, Knights of Pythias, and their sister organization, held installation and supper Wednesday evening. A delightful time was enjoyed, over one hundred were present, and the moon had gone to rest ere the gathering broke up.

At the Republican County Convention held at Boyne City, Thursday, to elect delegates to the State Convention, J. H. Milford, F. A. Kenyon and H. I. McMillan were those from East Jordan elected delegates. Those at Boyne from here were: H. I. McMillan, R. L. Lorraine, F. A. Kenyon and J. H. Graff.

The annual Praise Service of the Presbyterian Woman's Missionary Society will be held in the Presbyterian church next Sunday evening. The meeting will be one of unusual interest this year. Dr. Heston, who has spent five years in India, will tell of mission work in that country, and there will be special music by the ladies' quartette and the chorus choir.

Contractors Wilhelm & Munroe were at Bellaire this week where they met with the council and took up the matter of rebuilding the municipal fighting plant. They are at present drafting plans to submit to the council. The work will include a cement pipe and bulkhead, cement spillway and apron, a new cement power house and new sheet-piling.

Local actors to shine. "The Girl from the West," a four act comedy drama will be staged by the K. of P. Lodge in about ten days. Frederick Hoffman has been engaged to direct the piece. He comes highly recommended both as a director and an impersonator of rare ability in the dramatic line. An excellent cast is being selected and patrons of the theatre may rest assured of seeing a fine production. Watch for cast and program.

Through the efforts of C. S. Guile, register of Deeds of Antrim County, a meeting of fruit growers and others interested has been called to meet at the Court House at Bellaire, Friday, Feb. 12th, for the purpose of forming a fruit-growers' association, for the development of the intermediate valley as a fruit producing region. As East Jordan expects to land a canning factory in the not far distant future, this is something that we are vitally interested in.

Richard Drescher, son of M. R. Drescher, D. & C. railway agent at Deward, has been promoted to engineer. Drescher one day recently performed an act that showed presence of mind and probably had its effect in advancing him in the company's service. The day was unusually foggy and it was impossible to see more than a few feet ahead of a train. The mill tracks at this point run down a steep grade, the tracks also being between rows of houses. While "Dick" was taking a train of logs to the mill he suddenly came upon a 3-year-old girl playing with her little sleigh on the track. Dick blew the whistle and put on the emergency brakes. The train stopped just two car lengths from the child. —Detroit News.

Miss Genevieve Senecal was a Deward visitor this week.

Sideboards, Chiffoniers and Bookcases at WHITTINGTON'S.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Davis, of Jordan township, a son, Wednesday.

Wood for Sale. Both green and dry. Apply at Malpass Hardware Co's.

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

Call and hear the new Edison Phonograph Records at Mack's. February line just received.

Rev. W. W. Lamport is at Pellston again this week assisting his brother-pastor there in revival services.

Com'r J. H. Milford is at Boyne Falls this week, substituting for the principal of the schools there—Miss Callaghan.

The Methodist Ladies' Aid meet with Mrs. J. W. Rogers next Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 3rd. All members and visitors cordially welcomed.

The W. F. M. S. of the Methodist church meet with Mrs. Andrew Reed next Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 2nd, at 2:30. All ladies interested in missionary work are invited to attend.

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.

The residence of Cyril S. Grigsby at Kalamazoo was burglarized last Sunday evening while Mr. and Mrs. Grigsby were at church. The house had been ransacked from top to bottom, but it is presumed the burglars were alarmed as nothing of value has yet been missed.

The pastor invites the public to attend Bible study in the church parlors of the Presbyterian church on Thursday evenings at 7:30. The interest seems to be increasing if one may judge from the attendance, forty eight being present this week. A very hearty welcome to all. Come and bring your Bible.

Mrs. Anna Robinson went to East Jordan Monday. * * Eugene Richmond spent Sunday with his mother at East Jordan. * * John A. Petre of East Jordan was a business visitor in this village Thursday. * * Thomas Lancaster-drove to East Jordan Friday on business, returning the same day. * * Mrs. Fred Rayworth went to East Jordan Wednesday night, where she will get Lewis Beckman's baby and take the child to Ann Arbor to be operated upon in the university hospital. She will be gone about six weeks. —Central Lake Torch.

A girl in St. Ignace played post-office at a party the other night and yelled, and shrieked and howled and ran behind the door and scratched the young man's face in seven places, upset a lamp, kicked over the piano stool and when he finally kissed her on the tip of the ear she fainted dead away and said she could never look anybody in the face again. They lead the bashful, modest, gentle, sobbing creature home and the next day she ran away with a lightning rod peddler who had a hair lip and ten children.

The pastor of the Presbyterian church will preach next Sunday morning at 10:30. He extends a hearty invitation to those not accustomed to attend public worship and of strangers in the city to be present. The annual Praise service of the Ladies' Missionary Society in the evening at 7:00. Everybody welcome, no charge, special music by the chorus choir and the ladies' quartette. Full program elsewhere in this paper. Silver offering will be taken. Sunday School is at 11:45. Junior C. E. at 3:00 and Senior C. E. at 6:00. Teachers' meeting next Tuesday at the home of James Malpass. The meetings during the month will be led by Mr. Lewis. All interested in Bible study welcome.

Annual Praise Service.

The Presbyterian Woman's Missionary Society will hold their Annual Praise Service next Sunday evening, January 31st, in the Presbyterian church. Mrs. Boosinger, who is president of the society, will preside and the following program will be given:

Song—"Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning." Congregation Scripture Reading and Prayer

Mrs. Grigsby Quartette, "The Lord is My Shepherd" Mesdames Haire Bush, Fuller, Miss Comstock

Address—Dr. Winifred Heston Anthem—"Publish Glad Tidings" Chorus Choir

Offering Song—"The Son of God goes forth to War" Congregation Prayer and Benediction

Rev. Grigsby

If wives don't want to catch their husbands they shouldn't watch them. A bride-to-be can easily understand why her fiance's mother is in doubt whether any woman is good enough for her son, but a good many wives can't explain it.

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.

The fish tug Violet, which has been carrying the Beaver Island mail since the Beaver laid up for the season, left here Friday for St. James with five sacks of mail but was caught in the drift ice four miles out from Cross Village, with the crew consisting of Captain Ed Martin, Engineer Barney Martin and helper Charles Cross, on board. The tugs Parmalee and McCann were sent to the rescue but were unable to reach the imprisoned tug. Tuesday, Captain Martin made his way over the ice and was able to take some provisions out. Captain Martin reported that they had been reduced to two cans of tomatoes found among the freight, which, while they didn't go very far, tasted mighty good. Wednesday the tug Alice C. from Manistique, attempted to get the tug out but on account of the heavy wind, was forced to abandon the effort. Captain Martin is at Cross Village, the two other members of the crew being left aboard.—Charlevoix Courier.

STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN

Capital \$50,000 Surplus \$1500

Officers: W. P. Porter, President; W. L. French, Vice Pres.; Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier; B. A. Dole, Ass't Cashier. Directors: W. P. Porter, W. L. French, Chas. M. Schaffer, P. M. Severance, M. H. Robertson, Carl Stroebel, Fred Smith, Clark Haire, Geo. G. Glenn.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

CHADDOCK DISTRICT.

Our January thaw has caught cold. Quite a few farmers attended the Farmer's Institute this week in East Jordan.

Miss Lavina Anderson is visiting relatives in Boyne City this week.

An "old rag time" dancing party at the Grange hall last Saturday evening.

A surprise party at the home of S. A. Cliff last Friday evening.

J. E. Chew returned Tuesday evening from a four day visit at Bay Shore and Petoskey.

Miss Stewart reports the following pupils neither absent nor tardy for the past month: Lytle and Gale Sweet, Agnes Vogel, Mary Zoulek and John H. Chew.

With tugs running on Lake Michigan, cattle out grazing, and farmers grubbing out stumps in January, this is not the "Alaska region" climate pictured by our southern neighbors. Northern Michigan the best place in the U. S.—next.

A Reason For His Donation.

The late Father Walters, who was loved by his parishioners, was particularly chummy with a clergyman of the Methodist faith. One day Father Walters was approached by his friend, who solicited a subscription to help pay for a new sidewalk in front of his church.

"What is a Catholic priest, give to a Methodist church?" exclaimed Father Walters, with feigned amazement. "No, I'll not do that."

Then, after a moment's hesitation, during which the Methodist preacher seemed to be painfully embarrassed, he added, with a characteristic twinkle in his eye:

"But I'll give \$100 to the new sidewalk so that my people can get over to my church."—Youth's Companion.

Kind of Grandpa.

An old farmer was sitting in the garden under a pear tree enjoying his after dinner pipe and the weekly paper, and his little granddaughter played about among the flowers.

"Here, drampa," she said, "oo drink 'is nice milk."

"He didn't want it, of course, but rather than hurt the little child he gulped it down."

She took back the empty cup and toddled away. He heard her murmuring as she went:

"It's kind to drampa 'cause he's old."

Pretty soon she toddled back with another cup of buttermilk, and the good hearted old man, putting down his paper and pipe, tossed off the warm mixture with a feigned smile of joy.

"It's kind to drampa 'cause he's old," she repeated. And in a little while she brought another cup of milk. The grandfather drank four or five of these offerings, and then for fun he followed the little girl to see where she was getting all that milk.

Her way led straight to the hoppen, and as she filled her cup at the hop through the horrified farmer heard her say piously:

"It's kind to drampa 'cause he's old."

WILSON.

Lovely spring weather the past week.

Prices saw mill shut down at present for want of logs.

Elmer Hayner was home from White's Camp over Sunday.

Anthony Brown returned last week from a month's visit in southern Michigan.

Thos. Locke is enjoying a visit from his father, who came from the south last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Todd visited at Frank Bricker's near Boyne City one day recently.

Mrs. Arthur Graves and daughter Eva have gone to Pellston for the rest of the winter months.

Mr. Bancroft and family of South Arm were guests at Geo. Todd's and Fred Farmer's over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will McConigal and Miss Mamie Shepard visited friends in Boyne City the first of this week.

About forty-five patrons assembled at Wilson Grange Hall last Saturday evening. After a short business session, one candidate was obligated in 3rd and 4th degrees of the order and arrangements made to entertain Pomona which meets here on Feb. 11.

After recess the installation of officers took place conducted by Mr. Knudson of Ironton assisted by Elroy Kunnamaa of the home grange. The meeting closed with the harvest feast to which all did full justice. The next meeting will be in three weeks, Feb. 13.

COUNTY NORMAL NOTES.

Miss Himes received a letter from Lulu Crites, class of '07, who taught near Boyne Falls. Her school was closed on account of the snow and she is now visiting relatives in Indiana.

An open meeting of the lyceum was held Wednesday evening, Jan. 27.

Clare Finucan and Ruth Bowdish finished their practice teaching in fourth grade language last week.

Rocking Chairs in abundance at WHITTINGTON'S.

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

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

WANTED—Men and teams to haul logs from my place in Echo township to the E. J. L. Co's Mill. Apply to the undersigned or Frank Crowell, my foreman.

Eugene Bowen, R. F. D. No. 5, East Jordan, Mich.

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 it 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 fail. 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.

CARPET CARPET

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

How To Gain Flesh

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of Scott's Emulsion. It is strange, but it often happens.

Somehow the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking

SCOTT'S EMULSION

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

Great Sale of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats

This event is without doubt the greatest value-giving event in Mich. No store in the country is willing to take coat losses on reasonable garments as this one—as we will not carry over any goods no matter what the loss. With a view of final disposition of our winter stock, we collect into one magnificent group—

15 Women's Coats
19 Misses' Coats
14 Children's Coats

FOR SATURDAY ONLY... \$3.69



L. WIESMAN

Big Sweeping Out Sale On all Millinery, Velvets.

Ribbons, Silks and Fancy Feathers, Flats, Shapes and Plumes. Sale Now On. You cannot afford to miss it.

\$1.00 Paon Silk Velvets 75c; 40c Ribbon 30c; 35c Ribbon 25c; 25c Ribbon 19c; 15c Ribbon 12c. Watch our Window Display.

HARPER'S BAZAAR.

We're On The Job

WITH A FULL LINE OF Staple and Fancy Groceries Canned Goods, Fruits Baked Goods

Fresh and Smoked MEATS.

A nice assortment of Candies and all things good to eat.

Try us with a sample order of almost anything and you will be pleased.

N. MUMA & CO.

Expert Plumbing.

Should the plumbing of your house be out of order in any way, if you send for us we will put the matter right. We are out for jobbing as well as new work, and any work you may have done by us will be done by experienced workmen—done right; and at as little cost as it is possible to do good work for.



MARINE SUPPLIES.

GEORGE H. SPENCER.

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. 156.

BOGGS—HIS GREENGOODS COUP

By an Ex-Operative of the Secret Service

A True Story of a Countryman Who Got Away with a Stacked Pack

ONE evening when I looked in on Capt. Dixon, who had but recently retired from a position high in the United States secret service, I found him seriously engaged in reading the afternoon paper. "Amazing yarns, you newspaper men write," he greeted me cheerily.

"What gives you that thought?" I queried, thinking how much more amazing were the experiences in the life of this man than anything he was likely to find in the paper which he held crumpled in his hands, and hoping to get him started telling one of his adventures.

"I was just reading about a green-goods swindle pulled off in New York city yesterday. It is strange how men, who have sense enough to accumulate a sum of money, can be so foolhardy as to part with it on a palpable swindle like this one. And yet you know," he continued, "there are some shrewd business men roped in on this self-same proposition—men who are respected in their home community for their business sense."

I knew in a moment there was a story ready for me, so I quietly filled my pipe, he pushed over the bottle of favorite sherry, and this came from him:

The king of the green-goods sharks, was Hank Bonner, alias "Red," "Madison," "Shorty," and a hundred others. He worked in New York city, and it was my pleasure to make his acquaintance in a picturesque manner.

Hank didn't do indiscriminate advertising as do the green-goods sharks of the present time. Not Hank. He picked out his victims with care and made the selection of them a personal matter. He would make a "tour through the provinces," as he expressed it, and one of these tours that failed to land two or three victims was the rankest sort of a failure. When Hank had spotted his man he would return to the city and write him a personal letter, in which he hit out to a dot the man's weakest point of character, whether it was cupidity, vanity, or downright criminality. Hank wasn't taking chances in these letters, for he had seen his victim, talked with him, tried him out, and so studied him at close range that Hank generally knew more about the man than the latter knew about himself.

He kept a close tab on the men whom he had worked and never tried to pull off two jobs in the same neighborhood. He would nab a sucker from Maine one week and one from Texas the next. In making his tours he assumed different characters, sometimes a gentleman of wealth seeking a bit of recreation, sometimes an itinerant minister or a book agent. Whatever character he assumed he acted it to perfection, and never made a false play in all his record until he tangled up with a lanky swamp-angel from Louisiana.

Hank had been down there selling patent churns, and at a county seat some distance from the railroad he had spotted a victim named Simon Boggs. The sharp characteristic of Boggs' nature was his suspicion of everything and everybody. He must have been of Missouri ancestry, if there is anything in the slang expression that is current to-day. A really suspicious man is the easiest victim of a swindle in the world. He is so careful to investigate every detail of a proposition before he bites at it, that if you can once satisfy him in this investigation, he takes everything for granted after that and you don't have any further trouble with him.

Boggs had been written just the right sort of letter. It was a masterpiece. It is over there in one of my seraphooks, and you can read it sometime if you think it will interest you. It had the desired effect, for Boggs answered with a cautious letter, in which he said that he would have to be "shown" before he would invest in the money, but that he would take a small quantity if it was the real stuff. Boggs had more ready money than any man in his parish, and Hank knew that if he could rope Boggs in he would prove well worth the plucking.

An appointment was made with the wily Boggs and he came on to New York to look the situation over. Hank met him at the depot and took him to his rooms by a roundabout way in a hooded carriage so that Boggs never could have found it again. He was carried into a room where money seemed to be the cheapest commodity in the world. It lay about in piles on tables and chairs and the bed and floor were littered with it. His eyes grew as big as saucers at this vulgar disregard for Uncle Sam's currency.

He was told the customary "rag" about the stolen plates and the difficulty in working the money off in too large quantities in New York city, but was assured that every bill in the room would pass at the government treasury or any bank in the city. Boggs had to be shown. He was di-

rected to pick out three or four bills at random from the litter of the room. This he did, being careful to get four, the largest number mentioned, and also being careful that they were all fifty dollars in denomination. He was then spirited back to the uptown district, and he and Hank made a circuit of the banks where the bills were changed for those of smaller denomination without a murmur as they were as genuine as any that ever left the bureau of engraving and printing.

Boggs was very much pleased with this. Next he wanted to see the plates

Hank Bonner, alias "Red," "Madison," "Shorty," is Badly Stung by His Own Game Juggled by a Deceiving Farmer Who, When He Had Notified the Proper Authorities, Skipped for Parts Unknown After Disposing of His Farm Properties in the South.

town, through a confederate, \$20,000 in cash, all in \$1,000 bills.

He had something else with him, as Hank had learned to his sorrow, but Hank didn't suspect that at the time. Hank had as few confederates as possible, both because it made the splitting of the swag into fewer parts and because every additional man in on the deal was an added danger of detection. He worked his delivery of the goods always with only one man besides himself, Joe Lattimer, as old a criminal and as shrewd a bird as the redoubtable Hank.

with as much secrecy as on former occasions to the room of amazing wealth. He accepted the alligator bag without complaint, and counted the bills, one by one, as they were passed over to him by Hank and his assistant. There is no doubt that he detected the false bottom of the grip, but he gave no signs of it. He counted the money as Hank passed it over to him and poked it into the limitless maw of the alligator handbag as seriously as if he suspected nothing.

When he had been paid over the \$200,000, all in 50-dollar bills, and had poked them into the grip to be waited down through the pipe to the room below, he reached into his pocket for his wallet, and after fumbling about a bit pulled out the bottle of drugged whisky and sat it upon the table.

"Gents," he said, with gravity, "let's take a drink in honor of the occasion. I never close a trade of any size without taking a drink. It makes it easier to pay over money to have a little stimulant inside." Hank and his pal were so greedy to get their hands on Boggs' coin and get rid of the farmer that they readily consented, so each of them took a long pull at the flask and passed it back to Boggs, who held it out at arm's length, shook it to make it head, and gazed as fondly and lovingly at it as does a love-lorn young man at his sweetheart.

He didn't drink it at first, but began to talk, rambling along about how he got his start in the world and how he made his first dollar and the luck he had and the like until the effects of the liquor began to work on the two crooks. They were soon in a frame of mind bordering on oblivion and Boggs made a feint of drinking from the bottle and pressed them to have another pull at it. They accepted without much urging. This was the last straw, and before either of them realized it they crumpled up in their chairs and tumbled out upon the floor. Boggs was ready for the occasion and gagged and handcuffed both.

He examined the grip and saw where the money had gone. Then he secured the keys to the room below from the recumbent Joe, let himself in and scoured the basket of money which he stuffed into the grip, after attending to the hole in the bottom so that there was no danger of its leaking.

He locked the sleepers in their room and made his departure, not, however, until he had learned from the street lamp at the corner the location of the house. He caught the midnight train for his country home.

The next morning the chief of the secret service at Washington received a collect telegram informing him that two green-goods men with half-one plates of bills of three denominations would be found in a room upon the third floor of a certain house in New York city. This telegram was forwarded to me, as I chanced to be in the city at the time, and I made an investigation. I found Hank and Joe still sleeping and captured the plates and enough packages of green paper with bills upon the top and bottom to send Hank and Joe up for long terms.

Boggs was never prosecuted. Before we secured a confession from the two men he had bamboozled so neatly, he had cashed out his properties in Louisiana and left for parts unknown. There was really no charge against him but the stealing of the money from the two criminals, and neither of them cared to prosecute him on that score. They seemed to realize, in a rough sort of equitable way, that they deserved what they got, and I think both of them had a higher regard for Boggs because of it. They gave me a good description of Boggs and told me of several little peculiarities of speech and manner which he possessed, and I am sure that I met up with him down in Mexico some years later. He was a highly respected manufacturer and ranch owner then, and reputed to be the wealthiest man in the state of Sonora. I tried to draw him out or trap him into saying something about the incident with the men in New York, but he was too smooth for that ruse to work. He spoke of New York freely, but never without laughing and I am sure that his mirth was induced by the memory of the trick he turned there on the green-goods men.

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Going to Sleep.

What is this thing that knits up the raveled sleeve of care? Cobains, in his investigations on the mind, endeavored to fix the order in which the different parts of our organization go to sleep; namely—first, the legs and arms, then the muscles that support the head and back. The first sense that slumbers is that of sight, followed in regular succession by the senses of taste, smell, hearing and feeling. The triscera (contents of the body cavities), he says, fall asleep one after the other, but with different degrees of condensation.—New York Press.



"GENTS," HE SAID WITH GRAVITY, "LET'S TAKE A DRINK IN HONOR OF THE OCCASION."

from which they were printed and the printing plant. This was something that Hank hadn't counted on. He said it was impossible, but Boggs was adamant and refused to invest a dollar unless they showed him. Hank agreed to do so the next day, and during the night he bought a small hand-press and some ink and had half-tone plates made of both sides of the three denominations of the bills that he was purporting to have in such profusion, tens, twenties and fifties. He figured that Boggs wouldn't know the difference between a half-tone plate and a steel plate. There was one matter he overlooked, and that was the paper on which to print his bills.

Boggs was conducted, with great secrecy, to the printing plant which, as a matter of fact, was on the floor above the room where the profusion of money was displayed. He examined everything minutely and expressed his satisfaction with everything. Then he wanted to see the stock of paper, having learned somehow that government bills were printed on a specially prepared paper. Here he seemed to have Hank, but that gentleman was ready for the emergency. He regretted exceedingly that his paper supply was exhausted. Indeed, he said, it was a specially prepared paper, and his confederates were then engaged in manufacturing a large quantity of it, but it would not be ready for use for some two or three weeks.

This seemed to satisfy Boggs for the time, but he wanted to see the paper being made. Hank was amazed here for fair and had to decline, saying the process was so secret that even he had never visited the place. Boggs accepted this explanation to all appearances, but as a matter of fact he was not satisfied in his own mind. His suspicion was aroused to the last degree and he made a resolution to

see the paper before he invested heavily. Nevertheless, he invested \$100 in the money, a part of the \$200 he had secured in having the four bills changed, getting for it \$100, which he counted with great care, examining each bill as it was handed over to him. Hank had carelessly thrust a bundle containing a thousand dollars at Boggs, but the farmer had noted it and looked at every bill on both sides before he paid over the \$100 agreed upon. He returned to his swamps and passed the money with so little difficulty that he soon wrote Hank and arranged to come on to New York and take his entire stock and trade. This was what Hank had been playing for and he counted on getting his \$1,000 back and a lot more besides.

He made preparations accordingly, drawing out of the bank some \$15,000, the net proceeds of his years of swindling, and laying in a stock of paper that he thought would fool the farmer. He had a grip belt especially for this transaction, an ingenious contrivance with a false bottom. The grip was a plain alligator handbag and in the dovelike of its construction it was a work of art. Hank knew that he couldn't palm off bundles of green paper, veneered with bills, on the shrewd farmer, and he didn't have much faith in switching grips on him. His plan was to let the farmer place the bills in the grip while it stood on a table. The bills dropped through a hole in the table and down through a pipe to the room below where they were caught in a basket and brought up to Hank by his confederate as they were needed, for Hank had to make his \$15,000 serve for \$200,000.

Boggs arrived in due time, and he had with him, as Hank had taken the precaution to learn from Boggs' own

PATIENT SUFFERING.

Many Women Think They Are Doomed to Backache.

It is not right for women to be always ailing with backache, urinary ills, headache and other symptoms of kidney disease. There is a way to end these troubles quickly. Mrs. John H. Wright, 606 East First St., Mitchell, S. D., says: "I suffered ten years with kidney complaint and a doctor told me I would never get more than temporary relief. A dragging pain and lameness in my back almost disabled me. Dizzy spells came and went and the kidney secretions were irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of these troubles and I feel better than for years past."

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

VAIN THREATS.



Jimmy Juggins—If you do not consent to my marriage with your daughter, I swear I'll kill myself. Her Pa—Ha, that's good; you'll save me the trouble.

BREAKS A COLD PROMPTLY.

The following formula is a never failing remedy for colds: One ounce of Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, one ounce Toris Compound and one-half pint of good whiskey, mix and shake thoroughly each time and use in doses of a tablespoonful every four hours. This if followed up will cure an acute cold in 24 hours. The ingredients can be gotten at any drug store.

Rather Remarkable Certainty.

The lawyer for the plaintiff had finished his argument, and counsel for the defense stepped forward to speak, when the new judge interrupted him. His eyes were wide open and filled with wonder and admiration for the plea of the plaintiff.

"Defendant need not speak," he said. "Plaintiff wins."

"But, your honor," said the attorney for the defendant, "at least let me present my case."

"Well, go ahead, then," said the judge, wearily. The lawyer went ahead. When he had finished the judge gaped in even greater astonishment.

"Don't it beat all!" he exclaimed. "Now defendant wins."—Green Bag.

His Pedigree.

The calf, which Gideon King had taken the summer resident to see, surveyed his owner and the stranger with a wary eye. "Er—what breed is your calf?" asked the visitor.

Mr. King removed a wisp of straw from his mouth and said: "That critter's father gored a Justice of the peace, knocked a lightning-rod agent end over end, and lifted a tramp over a picket fence; and as for his mother, she chased the whole Ranbury brass band out o' town last Fourth of July. If that ain't breed enough to pay \$5 for, you-can't leave him be. I'm not pressing him on anybody."—Youth's Companion.

Opposed to Toll Roads.

Maryland, following the recent lead of Pennsylvania, is moving to abolish toll roads. Gov. Crothers has expressed the hope that before his term is ended every tollgate in the state will be abolished and every road free. He believes that the work of the good roads commission will ultimately result in wiping out the gates. "The toll-gate," says the governor, "is not of this age and has no proper place in this time. It is ridiculous to think of charging people money for coming to your city."

Valuable Conch Shells.

The conch shell is highly prized in India. In many of the temples they are blown daily to scare away the malignant spirits while the god receives his daily meal. A conch with the spiral twistings to the right instead of to the left is supposed to be worth its weight in gold. Some years ago a conch of that description was offered for sale in Calcutta, with a reserve price of a lakh of rupees placed on it. It was eventually bought in for \$20,000.

ROSY AND PLUMP

Good Health from Right Food.

"It's not a new food to me," remarked a Va. man, in speaking of Grape-Nuts.

"About twelve months ago my wife was in very bad health, could not keep anything on her stomach. The Doctor recommended milk hot water but it was not sufficiently nourishing. A friend of mine told me one day to try Grape-Nuts and cream. The result was really marvelous. My wife soon regained her usual strength and today is as rosy and plump as when a girl of sixteen."

"These are plain facts and nothing I could say in praise of Grape-Nuts would exaggerate in the least the value of this great food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., "The Road to Wellville," in page "Hero's Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually. Relieves colds and headaches due to constipation. Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine, manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

ACCOMMODATING.



Doctor (to man who has fallen)—You need a strong punch of some kind. Mr. Flynn (an old enemy)—Let me give it to him, doc!

Too Strong for Daddy.

It was raining outside, and little interrogative Irma was in one of her worst, or at least most trying, moods. Father, busily writing at his desk, had already reproved her several times for bothering him with useless questions. "I say, pa, what—?" "Ask your mother."

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 *Chas. H. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

His Explanation.

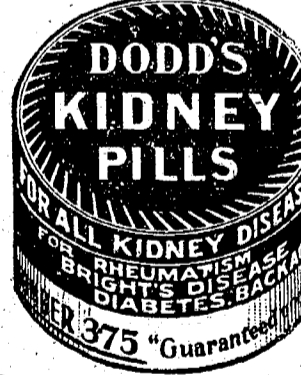
"What does you reckon dey means by sayin' 'Last of all come Satan'?" "Hit means dat he waits 'tweel all de crowd is in an den whirls in en' nabs de whole business!"—Exchange.

Garfield Tea, the Herb Laxative, agreeably stimulates the liver, corrects constipation and relieves a clogged system. Write for samples. Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I long to hand a full cup of happiness to every human being.—Dr. Payson.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. AZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Prolapsus, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 4 to 14 days of regular use.

Know what thou canst work at and do it like a Hercules.—Carlyle.



SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Inaction. A perfect remedy for Bile, Dizziness, Nausea, Dropsy, Headache, Pain in the Stomach, Constipation, and all the troubles and general debility that attend the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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

PISO'S CURE AN UNSURPASSED REMEDY! Piso's Cure is an extraordinary remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, hoarseness and throat and lung ailments. It goes direct to the seat of the trouble and generally restores healthy conditions. Mothers can give their children Piso's Cure with perfect confidence in its curative powers and freedom from opiate. Famous for half a century. At all druggists, 25 cts.

BY RIGHT OF LOVE

A Short Story of Rural Life

By MARY C. RINGWALT

(Copyright, by Bobba-Merrill Co.)

The doctor, John Norton, held the lines listlessly as he drove down the country road. The Smith baby was teething—he might have to lance her gums. Tommy Peterson, who had personally investigated the mystery of the forbidden fruit in the form of green apples, was on the road to recovery and new mischief. Even the judge no longer needed the ministrations of a doctor so much as those of a nurse. There were no critical cases to scatter his thoughts that swarmed about the anxiety of his own home.

His little mother was breaking down. It was all his fault, accused his morbid thoughts. Norton's forehead puckered in a calculating twist. Although the drought had made money "tight" among his farming clientele he could manage to borrow a hundred or two to send her to the "shore" for the complete rest and change that would alone be her salvation—but there was his mother's indomitable will to be reckoned with! Her alert knowledge of his affairs prevented kindly deception and he knew that no power on earth could persuade her to spend a borrowed penny on herself.

The pucker deepened—he was searching for hidden possibilities among his uncollected, uncollectible



With a New Spurt of Fury the Fight Continued.

ills. Then, even in that worried moment the doctor smiled. He had remembered Joe Riley's \$300.

"As the months had piled themselves up into years after Joe's operation, this promised bonanza had been the pig dream-castle built by the doctor and his mother in their twilight talks; the family joke of the saner breakfast hour. And yet only last week when the doctor had broached the subject to Joe anew there had seemed a definite purpose in the latter's eye as he begged Norton to wait until the first of the coming month. The first of September—why, that was today! Of course, nothing would come of it, but his despair clutched at even a straw of hope, and flicking Molly B. with his whip he hastened toward the tollgate, passing under its lifted white arm into Centerville, one of the little squat, one-story towns dotting Cloverdale county, over which the doctor's practice sprawled.

Old farmer White, his legs in faded blue overalls twisted about a keg of nails, was ornamenting the platform in front of Watson's as the doctor's buggy drew up.

"Hello, Pete!" "Hello yourself, Doc!"

The doctor leaned out of the buggy, peeping in through the open door to a laughing group of men pillowing over a counter.

"Say, Pete," he called, "ask Joe Riley to come out here a moment, will you?—I want to speak to him."

"Sure!" was the ready answer, but instead of entering the store he shuffled down the steps and approached the buggy, giving a low chuckle with the same shuffling quality as his walk. "Heard the news about him, Doc?" Pete puffed the question out slowly with rising rings of smoke from the pipe.

Norton shook his head. "Had a windfall. Brother dead in California. Left Joe \$2,000. Ain't that what you call luck?" The chuckle shuffled through his speech, punctuating it with dashes. "It weren't paid in till to-day, but Joe knew it was a coming a week or more ago. He's celebrating now by treating the boys to drinks. I—"

He stopped, suddenly conscious of the doctor's absent-minded gaze. The doctor sat silent, a shining light in his eyes. He was not a praying man, but there had been crises in his professional life when his heart uplifted to the Supreme Mystery in words of praise unspoken by his shy lips. And now he felt that a power outside himself, above, beyond himself, had laid a divine gift in the outstretched hand of his necessity.

The laughter trailed from the shop to the sidewalk, and Joe Riley stalked jocosely toward the buggy, the "boys" in his triumphant wake.

"Well, Doc," said Riley with boisterous joviality, "what is it to-day—tea, oats, or a clothes-wringer?"

The doctor laughed. "I guess it's congratulations, first, isn't it, Joe?"

"Pete's been leaking?" Riley playfully slapped the man's shoulder.

There followed a general exchange of bantering pleasantries, then in a little drift of silence the doctor said suddenly: "So this legacy was in your mind a week ago, Joe, when you asked me to wait to settle that little business affair of ours?"

Riley lifted one foot to the buggy step and bent over to tie a dragging shoe-string. "Yes, Doc, I had the legacy in mind all right."

Norton's smile held the radiance of sunshine after a storm. "The money couldn't have come in more handy, Joe. That little mother of mine is all worn out. Now I shall take your \$300 and send her to the shore for as long a time as I can coax her to stay."

"You ain't a-frying your chicken before you've caught it, be you, Doc?"

"—don't quite understand?" The doctor's mind fumbled for the point of humor in Joe's joke.

"This here sleek, bobbled fortune ain't no hack horse to haul a load of debts. She's to be ridden for sport—see?"

"Come, Joe," said the doctor quietly, "quit your fooling, I'm in dead earnest."

"So am I!" Norton's eyes blazed. "Joe Riley, I give you fair warning—I'll put up with no nonsense! You'll pay me that \$300 or I'll have the law on you!"

"And I'll laugh on you, Doc Norton!" cried Joe, mimicking the doctor's tone. "Your bill was outlawed yesterday—I had that in mind, too, when I asked you to give me another week!"

For an instant the doctor sat motionless, then he threw the lines out of his hands and jumped from the buggy. Dashing off his coat and tossing it on the sidewalk, he cried: "The bill's outlawed, is it? By heaven, we'll settle it without the law then!"

The astonished Riley slunk back from Norton's threatening fist. "You're making a pretty good bluff, Doc," he laughed derisively, "but it don't cut any ice with me! You bookish men ain't got the ginger to fight, and—"

A blow from Norton's fist stung a crimson trail down Riley's left cheek. With a cry of rage Joe sprang upon his antagonist.

Out of hurrying clouds of dust up and down the pike men came running. "Something was doing" in front of Watson's—in the field the plow was left in the furrow; in the butcher shop the cleaver hung down upon the chopping-block!

There was no time for explanations, and the crowd was not one of fine discrimination, but for the past ten years Doc Norton had come into intimate touch with their lives and hearts, and they championed him to a man.

"Go it, Doc! Steady there! That's the boy, Doc!" were cries given in an ascending scale of enthusiasm.

Riley's great bulk was now a wall of self-defense, now a battering ram of danger against his foe. But Norton's staying power, his habit of ignoring fatigue, aches and pain in the performance of a physician's duties, had stored the strength of resistance in every fiber of his being, while his alertness, both of mind and body, gained in telling force when brought into prolonged play with Riley's lumbering clumsiness.

The blow upon Joe's left cheek no longer showed—his whole face was a purpled crimson, drops of sweat trickling from his forehead, his breath coming and going pantingly.

"Come, Joe—give in," cried Norton. "Let's call it a finish."

"Never!" yelled back Riley. With a new spurt of fury the fight continued.

Suddenly Joe staggered, threw up his arms, reeling to one side. On the instant Norton dropped the attack, standing off guard. In a flash Joe swung down his arms, gave a lunge forward, a devilish gleam in his cunning eyes.

A moment more and Norton, tripped a second time, would have been tripped up and thrown to the ground, but in that moment an intuitive sense of danger made him spring aside before Riley's outstretched fingers could snatch at his ankles.

Riley, clutching at the air, lost his balance and pitched forward—as he struggled to regain his footing a hand of steel gripped the back of his shirt collar, a weight bore down upon his shoulders, forcing him firmly to the sidewalk, where he sprawled to the dust, Doc Norton's hold still on his collar.

A shout arose from lusty throats, and even Riley's cronies, who had so recently drunk his whiskey, now joined the crowd waving their hats when Joe Riley whimpered: "I'll settle."

THOUGHT CAME IN TIME.

Or Generous Friend of Hospital Might Have Been Offended.

Lakeside hospital is probably Samuel Mather's chiefest hobby.

If there is a deficit in the hospital finances at the end of the year Mr. Mather is usually only too happy to write out a check that will more than make it up.

This has gone on from year to year until whenever anything is broken or damaged about the place the nurses and other employees look upon the loss as just that much out of Mr. Mather's generous pocket. If a nurse drops a saucer she will smile and remark: "Poor Samuel!" Among many of the nurses the remark is almost a byword whenever anything goes wrong.

Not long ago, so runs the story, Mr. Mather was at the hospital visiting a member of his family who was ill. He was unfortunate enough to lean against a vase of flowers on a table. The vase fell to the floor and broke.

Two nurses were standing by. They exchanged glances and one of them mused absent-mindedly "Poor Sam—"

And then she happened to think—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Splendid.

"That's a fine looking maid you have now, dear."

"Yes, she's a darling, and she came to me highly recommended."

"Knows all about the latest styles of maiding, I suppose?"

"Oh, so far as knowing the duties of a maid goes, I don't suppose she knows a thing."

"But she came highly recommended, you said?"

"Yes, she broke the jaw of the last man who tried to kiss her."—Houston Post.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the Tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free by mail to Dr. J. C. HUNTER & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists.

Prince Rupert's Drops.

Prince Rupert's drops are drops of molten glass, consolidated by falling to water. Their form is that of a tadpole. The thick end may be hammered pretty smartly without its breaking, but if the smallest portion of the thin end is nipped off the whole flies into fine dust with explosive violence. These toys, if not invented by Prince Rupert, were introduced by him into England.

Hon. Emil Kiang, Vienna, Aus., one of the world's greatest horsemen, has written to the manufacturers: "SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND has become the standard remedy for distempers and throat diseases in the best stables of Europe. It relieves and saves much money for the owner." 50c and \$1 a bottle. All druggists. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Ind.

A Toast.

The latest thing in toasts comes from "up-state," and was responded to by the father of 12 daughters, who claims that he ought to know.

"To the Ladies—to their sweetness we give love; to their beauty admiration, and to their hats, the whole sidewalk."—New York Times.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Teething Disorders, Stomach Troubles and Destroy Worms; 20,000 testimonials of cures. All druggists. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

What a splendid thing it would be if people who lose their tempers were unable to find them again!

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of W. L. DOUGLAS. The World over to Cure a Cold in One Day! 25c.

One woman can be awfully fond of another—if they are a hundred miles apart.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a Powder For swollen, sweating feet, gives instant relief. The original powder for the feet. 25c at all Druggists.

Better one discreet enemy than two indiscreet friends.

Bad Taste in the Mouth, Appetite Bad, Head Heavy, Stomach Soar,

A general feeling of being tired and worn out— unfit for business or the duties or pleasures of life. Is that the Way You Feel? If it is, you should know that the famous tonic laxative,

Lane's Family Medicine (called also Lane's Tea) will give that perfect intercal cleanliness and wholesomeness which produces health and the feeling of comfort that makes life enjoyable. All druggists sell it in 25c. and 50c. packages.

Broadening His Purpose.

"Yes, the old millionaire left the college a hundred thousand to endow a Greek chair."

"That's fine."

"Well, the faculty thought it better to broaden the purpose of the gift. Instead of using the money for a single Greek chair they bought all the seats for the new stadium with it."

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours.—Locke.

Answer This Question

When shown positive and reliable proof that a certain remedy had cured numerous cases of female ills, wouldn't any sensible woman conclude that the same remedy would also benefit her if suffering with the same trouble?

Here are two letters which prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Red Banks, Miss. — "Words are inadequate to express what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from a female disease and weakness which the doctors said was caused by a fibroid tumor, and I commenced to think there was no help for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman after all other means had failed. My friends are all asking what has helped me so much, and I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Willie Edwards.

Hampstead, Maryland. — "Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was weak and nervous, and could not be on my feet half a day without suffering. The doctors told me I never would be well without an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors, and I hope this valuable medicine may come into the hands of many more suffering women."—Mrs. Joseph H. Dandy.

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful—or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the letters are published without their permission, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

What more proof can any one ask?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

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

Cabbage Seed 60 cts.

Per Salzer's catalog page 22. The biggest money making crop in vegetable is cabbage. Then comes radishes, rutabagas, pumpkins. Big catalog free, or send 10c in stamps and receive catalog and more kernels each of colored radishes, celery, rutabagas, 1500 each lettuce, rutabagas, turnips, 100 parsley, 100 tomatoes, 100 melons, 100 charming flower seeds, in all 1000 kernels, nearly worth \$1.00 of any seed's money. Or send \$2.00 and we add one pkg. of Earliest Peep O'Day Sweet Corn. SALZER SEED CO., Box W., La Grange, Wis.

DEFIANCE STARCH

For starching neck linens.

All shoes are made in much the same way. Here's the difference. Stylish White House Shoes fit. Not the ordinary binding fit. Not the fit that takes three weeks to break in. But the graceful fit that feels snug the first time. And stays snug and graceful all times.

WHITE HOUSE SHOES

FOR MEN \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00 FOR WOMEN \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00

BUSTER BROWN SHOES FOR BOYS ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE WHITE HOUSE FREE

Upon receipt of 4c to cover postage, we will mail to those sending our orders properly signed by a shoe dealer, the purchase of a pair of White House shoes, a complete set of four volumes of the "WHITE HOUSE HISTORY." Or will send for 25c, without certificate.

THE BROWN SHOE CO., 243 E. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.

MAPLEINE

A flavoring that is used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. Send 2c stamp for sample and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle.

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

The Reason I Make and Sell More Men's \$3.00 & \$3.50 Shoes Than Any Other Manufacturer is because I give the wearer the benefit of the most complete organization of trained experts and skilled workmen in the country.

The selection of the leathers for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making, is every department, is looked after by the best shoemakers in the shoe industry. It could show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would be astonished why they last so long. At better, and wear longer than any other make.

My Method of Tanning the Soles makes them More Flexible and Longer Wearing than any others.

Shoes for Every Member of the Family, Men, Boys, Women, Babies and Children.

CAUTION! No shoe dealer without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. East Color Style Use Exclusively. Catalog mailed free. W. L. DOUGLAS, 147 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

ACTIVE AGENTS MAKE \$25 TO \$100 WEEKLY

selling the famous new 10 typewriter. First practical, standard two and four roll, ribbon writing, portable typewriter ever sold for so low a price. Does more like 100 machines. Couldn't be better at any price. Everybody wants one. Big profit, easy sale, exclusive territory. Write for full particulars today to

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 3, 1909.

320 Acres of Wheat Land IN WESTERN CANADA WILL MAKE YOU RICH

Fifty bushels per acre have been grown. General average greater than in any other part of the continent. Under new regulations it is possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres free, and additional 160 acres at \$3 per acre.

"The development of the country has made marvelous strides. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable."—Extract from correspondence of National Editor, who visited Canada in August last.

The grain crop of 1908 will net many farmers \$20.00 to \$25.00 per acre. Grain-raising, mixed farming and dairying are the principal industries. Climate is excellent; social conditions the best; railway advantages unequalled; schools, churches and markets close at hand. Land may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For "Last Best West" pamphlets, maps and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent.

M. V. McINNES, 175 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIEZ, South St., Marquette, Mich.

LIVE STOCK AND ELECTROTYPES

In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by A. K. MILLIGAN & COMPANY, 12 W. 4th Street, Chicago, Ill.

DEFIANCE STARCH

For starching neck linens.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

Nature's Warning

East Jordan People Must Recognize and Heed It.

Kidney ills come quietly—mysteriously. But nature always warns you. Notice the kidney secretions. See if the color is unhealthy. If there are settlements and sediment, passages, frequent, scanty, painful. It's time then to use Doan's Kidney Pills. To ward off Bright's disease or diabetes. Clark Matthews, 537 Randolph street, Traverse City, Mich., says: "Kidney trouble clung to me for some time. My back was lame, my limbs sore and tender, the kidney action was weak and the secretions contained a sediment. Pains all through my body but especially around the kidney regions gave me no comfort day or night. I used several remedies and doctored faithfully but was not cured until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills. When I had used them for a few weeks, I was cured and there has been no return of the complaint."

For Sale by All Dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, Sole Agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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.

W.A. Loveday
Notary Public
With Seal.

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

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All Work Guaranteed.
our Patronage Respectfully Solicited
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Phone No. 223

The Scrap Book

Why He Struck Out.
A famous first baseman was advocating teetotalism among ball players, and in the midst of his argument he told a story.

"Leroy Vigors, a friend of mine," he said, "turned up to play in an amateur game with a skate-on. When Vigors stepped up to the bat he smiled a silly smile and said to the umpire: 'I shoo three bats an' three balls here. What am I to—hic—do?'"

"Hit the middle ball," said the umpire.

"But Vigors struck out."

"Dum ye, Vigors," said the coach, "why didn't you hit the middle ball, like the umpire told you?"

"I did," says Vigors, with an injured air, "only I hit it with the—hic—outside bat."

A LESSON.
Time to me this truth hath taught—
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing—
More offend from want of thought
Than from want of feeling.

Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been smoothed or turned aside
By a quiet voice of kindness.

Canine Intuition.
A railroad eating house in southern Georgia which enjoys the reputation of being one of the worst places of its kind in the state has an ancient darky who announces dinner to the incoming passengers by ringing a huge bell. One day the old negro was accompanied by a sad eyed, long eared hound, who at the first ringing of the bell lifted up his voice in a most dismal howl. The old darky stopped and gazed at him for a moment and, with a "Hush yer mouth," started ringing again. Again the old hound, with nose in the air, sent forth a long drawn howl.

This was too much for the bell ringer, and, turning on the hound, he remarked: "Now, what in de worl' is you makin' sech a fuss about? You don't have ter eat here, lessen yer wants ter."

A Loving Son.
Artemus Ward once told about two men he heard talking at a hotel in Maine. One of them said: "Well, Bill, I've sold that old mare."

"What!" says Bill. "That old flea bitten, broken down, spavined mare?"

"Yes."

"What did you get for her?"

"A hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars! Who did you sell her to?"

"Mother!"

Sauce For the Gander.
Shortly before the ceremony the prospective bridegroom called on Rev. C. W. Wendte, a Boston clergyman, to give instructions.

"I have heard," said he, "that you customarily omit the word 'obey' from the marriage service. Will you please oblige me by inserting it tomorrow?"

The clergyman promised to do so, and when the crucial moment came he said, "Wilt thou, Lucy, promise to love, honor and obey?"

"I will," promptly replied the bride.

The minister went on, "Wilt thou, Ralph, promise to love, honor and obey?"

The bridegroom hesitated, stammered, gulped, and responded, "I will," evidently not wishing to create a scene by desiring an amended question, but later he reproached the minister.

"But you asked me to use the word 'obey,'" protested Mr. Wendte, with a twinkle in his eye. "How was I to know that you wanted it for the lady only?"

Embarrassing.
When the new minister, a handsome and unmarried man, made his first pastoral call at the Fostlecks' he took little Anna up in his arms and tried to kiss her, but the child refused to be kissed. She struggled loose and ran off into the next room, where her mother was putting a few finishing touches to her adornment before going into the parlor to greet the clergyman.

"Ma'ma," the little girl whispered, "the man in the parlor wanted me to kiss him."

"Well," replied mamma, "why didn't you let him? I would if I were you."

Thereupon little Anna ran back into the parlor, and the minister asked: "Well, little lady, won't you kiss me now?"

"No, I won't," replied Anna promptly, "but mamma says she will!"

Education.
The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful and death less terrible.—Sydney Smith.

Scared the Angel of Death.
According to an ancient rabbinical story, the Angel of Death once obtained permission to take human shape and to reside partly in the world of life. He married, but his wife turned out to be a shrew, and the all powerful Angel of Death was worsted in the unequal struggle and fled ignominiously, deserting his wife and a son who had been born to him.

When the boy grew up and had become a physician the angel appeared to him and told him that he was his father, but that he had been compelled to retire from the joys of family life. The Angel of Death determined to help his son to professional success. At all his cases Death was to ap-

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Early Wakened.

When Dr. Blomfield was bishop of London he received several letters complaining that the architect of a new church in his diocese had disfigured the interior and exterior with "useless gewgaws." Consequently the bishop went down to the little town to make an inspection of the building and summoned the architect to meet him there.

The bishop could find nothing amiss with the exterior of the church nor with the interior until just as he reached the chancel he looked up and saw four wooden images apparently guarding the pulpit.

"What do those figures represent?" he inquired.

"The four evangelists, my lord," replied the architect.

"They appear to be asleep," said the bishop.

"Do you think so, my lord?"

"That's the way they look to me," said the bishop decidedly.

"John," called the architect to a man who was at work on one of the pews, "bring your chisel and open the eyes of the evangelists."

To Benefit the Poor.
A lot of minstrels went to an English country town and advertised to give a performance for "the benefit of the poor, tickets reduced to sixpence." The hall was crammed full. The next morning a committee for the poor called upon the treasurer of the concern for the amount the said benefit had netted. The treasurer expressed great astonishment at the demand.

"I thought," said the chairman of the committee, "you advertised this concert for the benefit of the poor?" The treasurer replied, "Didn't we put the tickets down to sixpence so that the poor could all come?"

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets—coaxes blood pressure away from pain centers. It is a delectable, pleasantly delightful, gentle, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

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It still enjoys an immense sale, while most of the preparations that came into prominence in the earlier period of its popularity have "gone by the board" and are never more heard of. There must be some reason for this long-time popularity and that is to be found in its superior merits. When once given a fair trial for weak stomach, or for liver and blood affections, its superior curative qualities are soon manifest; hence it has survived and grown in popular favor, while scores of less meritorious articles have suddenly flashed into favor for a brief period and then been as soon forgotten.

For a torpid liver with its attendant indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, perhaps dizziness, foul breath, nasty coated tongue, with bitter taste, loss of appetite, with distress after eating, nervousness and debility, nothing is as good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

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